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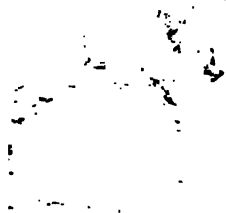


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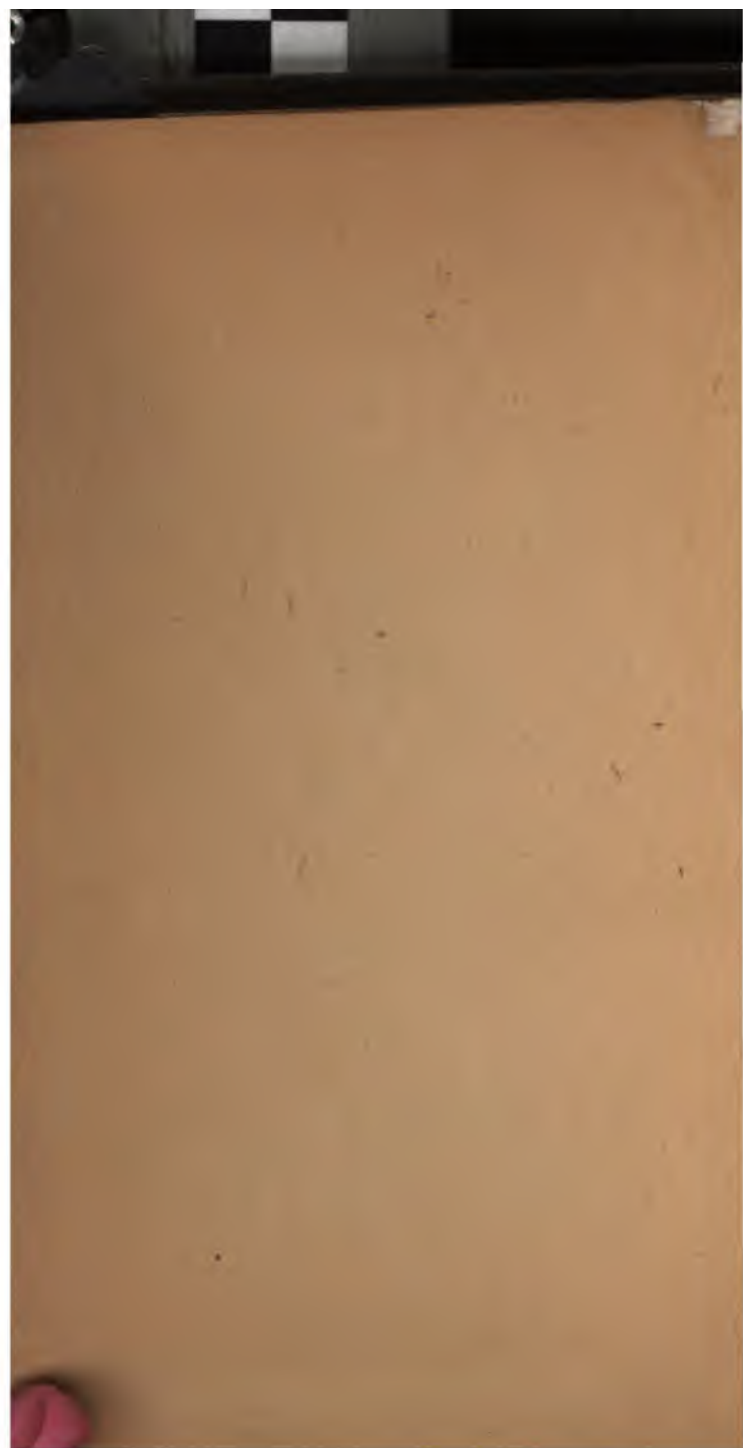
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Te decor eloquii, seu rerum pondera tangunt."*

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TO MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S WORKS INTO ENGLISH METRE.*

THOU ghost of Homer 'twere no fault to
call
His the translation, thine the original,
Did we not know 'twas done by thee so
well
Thou makest Homer Homer's self excel.

ON MR. CHAPMAN'S INCOMPAR- ABLE TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S WORKS.

WHAT none before durst ever venture on,
Unto our wonder is by Chapman done,
Who by his skill hath made great Homer's
Song
To veil its bonnet to our English tongue,
So that the learned well may question it,
Whether in Greek, or English, Homer writ.
O happy Homer, such an able pen
To have for thy Translator, happier than
Ovid, † or Virgil, ‡ who beyond their
strength
Are stretch'd, each sentence near a mile in
length.

But our renowned Chapman worthy praise
And meriting the never blasted bays,
Hath render'd Homer in a genuine sense,
Yea, and hath added to his eloquence :
And in his comments his true sense doth
show,
Felling Spondanus, what he ought to know,
Eustathius, and all that on them take
Great Homer's mystic meaning plain to
make,
Vield him more dark with far-fetch'd
allegories,
Sometimes mistaking clean his learned
stories :

* [From *Wits Recreations, selected from the
finest Fancies of Modern Muses*, Lond. 1640.]
† By Golding. ‡ By Phaer.

As 'bout the fly Menelaus* did inspire,
Juno's retreat, Achilles' strange desire ;
But he, to his own sense doth him re-
store,
And comments on him better than
before
Any could do, for which (with Homer)
we
Will yield all honour to his memory.

S. SHEPPARD. †

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of
gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms
seen ;
Round many western islands have I
been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his
demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies
When a new planet swims into his
ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle
eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his
men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS. ‡

* Menelaus, Agamemnon's brother, a soft-
pated Prince, as Homer covertly renders him
throughout his Iliads, and as Mr. Chapman hath
aptly observed in Homer.

† Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical and
Romantic, by S. Sheppard. Lond. 1651, pp
162-163.

‡ Poems : Lond. 1817, p. 89.





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"Homer Prince of Poets, translated according to the Greeke in twelue Bookes of his I By Geo: Chapman. At London printed for Samuel Macham." (no date.) Sm. folio.

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Homer's Iliads.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.*

Of all books† extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best. No one before him, Josephus affirms nor before him, saith Velleius Paterculus, was there any whom he imitated; nor after him any that could imitate him. And that Poesy may be no cause of detraction from all the eminence we give him, Spondanus (preferring it to all arts and sciences) unanswerably argues and proves; for to the glory of God, and the singing of his glories, no man dares deny, man was chiefly made. And what art performs this chief end of man with so much excitation and expression as Poesy; Moses, David, Solomon, Job, Esay, Jeremy, &c., chiefly using that to the end above said? And since the excellence of it cannot be obtained by the labour and art of man, as all easily confess it, it must needs be acknowledged a divine infusion. To prove which in a word, this distich, in my estimation, serves something nearly:

Great Poesy, blind Homer, makes all see
Thee capable of all Arts, none of thee.

For out of him, according to our most grave and judicial Plutarch, are all Arts deduced, confirmed, or illustrated. It is not therefore the world's vilifying of it that can make it vile; for so we might argue, and blaspheme the most incomparably sacred. It is not of the world indeed, but like truth, hides itself from it. Nor is there any such reality of wisdom's truth in all human excellence, as in Poets' fictions. That most vulgar and foolish receipt of poetical licence being of all knowing men to be exploded; accepting it, as if Poets had a tale-telling privilege above others, no Artist being so strictly and inextricably confined to all the laws of learning, wisdom, and truth as a Poet. For were not his fictions composed of the sinews and souls of all those, how could they differ far from, and be combined with eternity? To all sciences, therefore, I must still, with our learned and ingenious Spondanus, prefer it, as having a perpetual commerce with the divine Majesty; embracing and illustrating all his most holy precepts, and enjoying continual discourse with his thrice perfect and most comfortable spirit. And as the contemplative life is most worthily and divinely preferred by Plato to the active, as much as the head to the foot, the eye to the hand, reason to sense, the soul to the body, the end itself to all things directed to the end; quiet to motion, and eternity to time; so much prefer I divine Poesy to all worldly wisdom. To the only shadow of whose worth, yet, I entitle not the bold rhymes of every apish and impudent braggart, though he dares assume anything; such I turn over to the weaving of cobwebs; and shall but chatter on molehills (far under the hill of the Muses) when their fortunatest self-love and ambition hath advanced them highest. Poesy is the flower of the Sun, and disdains to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures and counsels from the vulgar, *ne evalescant* (saith our Spondanus.) We have example sacred enough, that true Poesy's humility, poverty and contempt, are badges of divinity, not vanity. Bray then, and bark against it, ye wolf-faced worldlings; that nothing but honours, riches, and magistracy, *nescio quos turgide spiratis* (that I may use the words of our friend still) *qui solas leges Justinianas crepatis; paragraphum unum aut alterum, plaris quædam vos ipsos facitis*, &c. I (for my part) shall ever esteem it much more manly and sacred, in this harmless and pious study, to sit till I sink into my grave, than shine in your vainglorious bubbles and impieties; all your poor policies, wisdoms and their trappings, at no more valuing than a musty nut. And much

* Prefixed to the Complete Translation of the Iliads of Homer. (fol.)

† All books of human wisdom.

less I weigh the frontless detractions of some stupid ignorants; that no more knowing me than their own beastly ends, and I ever (to my knowledge) blest from their sight, whisper behind me vilifyings of my translation; out of the French affirming them, when both in French, and all other languages but his own, our with-all-skill-enriched Poet is so poor and unpleasing that no man can discern from whence flowed his so generally given eminence and admiration. And therefore (by any reasonable creature's conference of my slight comment and conversion) it will easily appear how I shun them, and whether the original be my rule or not. In which he shall easily see, I understand the understandings of all other interpreters and commentors in places of his most depth, importance, and rapture. In whose exposition and illustration, if I abhor from the sense that others wrest and rack out of him, let my best detractor examine how the Greek word warrants me. For my other fresh fry, let them fry in their foolish galls; nothing so much weighed as the barkings of puppies, or foisting hounds, too vile to think of our sacred Homer, or set their profane feet within their lives' lengths of his thresholds. If I fail in something, let my full performance in other some restore me: haste spurring me on with other necessities. For as at my conclusion, I protest, so here at my entrance, less than fifteen weeks was the time in which all the last twelve books were entirely new translated. No conference had with any one living in all the novelties I presume I have found. Only some one or two places I have showed to my worthy and most learned friend, Master Harriots, for his censure how much mine own weighed; whose judgment and knowledge in all kinds, I know to be incomparable and bottomless; yea, to be admired as much, as his most blameless life, and the right sacred expense of his time, is to be honoured and revered. Which affirmation of his clear unmatchedness in all manner of learning I make in contempt of that nasty objection often thrust upon me; that he that will judge must know more than he of whom he judgeth; for so a man should know neither God nor himself. Another right learned, honest, and entirely loved friend of mine, Master Robert Hews, I must needs put into my confessed conference touching Homer, though very little more than that I had with Master Harriots. Which two, I protest, are all, and preferred to all. Nor charge I their authorities with any allowance of my general labour; but only of those one or two places, which for instances of my innovation, and how it showed to them, I imparted. If any tax me for too much periphrasis or circumlocution in some places, let them read Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessus, who either use such shortness as cometh nothing home to Homer; or, where they shun that fault, are ten parts more paraphrastical than I. As for example, one place I will trouble you (if you please) to confer with the original, and one interpreter for all. It is in the end of the third book, and is Helen's speech to Venus fetching her to Paris from seeing his cowardly combat with Menelaus; part of which speech I will here cite:

Οὐνεκα δὴ νῦν διοῖ Ἀλέξανδρον Μενέλαος
Νικήσας, &c.

For avoiding the common reader's trouble here, I must refer the more Greekish to the rest of the speech in Homer, whose translation *ad verbum* by Spondanus I will here cite, and then pray you to confer it with that which followeth of Valla.

Quoniam verò nunc Alexandrum Menelaus
Postquam vicit, vult odiosam me domum abducere,
Propterea verò nunc dolum (ceu dolos) cogitans advenisti?
Sede apud ipsum vadens, deorum abnega vias,
Neque unquam tuis pedibus revertaris in cœlum,
Sed semper circa eum ærumnas perfer, et ipsum serva
Donec te vel uxorem faciat, vel hic servam, &c.

Valla thus:

"Quoniam victo Paride, Menelaus me miseram est reportaturus ad lares, ideo tu, ideo falsâ sub imagine venisti, ut me deciperes ob tuam nimiam in Paridem benevolentiam: ed dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagis, dum illum observas atque custodis, deorum commercium reliquisti, nec ad eos reversura es amplius; adeò (quantum suspicor) aut uxor ejus efficiaris, aut ancilla," &c.

Wherein note if there be any such thing as most of this in Homer; yet only to express, as he thinks, Homer's conceit, for the more pleasure of the reader, he useth this over-

plus, *dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagis, dum illum observas, atque custodis, deorum commercium reliquisti.* Which (besides his superfluity) is utterly false. For where he saith *reliquisti deorum commercium*, Helen said, *ὄσων δ' ἀρέσκειν ἀλλοτρίων, deorum autem abnega, or abnuce, vias, ἀνείκειν (vel ἀνοίκειν as it is used poetically) signifying denegare, or adnuere;* and Helen (in contempt of her too much observing men) bids her renounce heaven, and come live with Paris till he make her his wife or servant; sceptically or scornfully speaking it: which both Valla, Eobanus, and all other interpreters (but these *ad verbum*) have utterly missed. And this one example I thought necessary to insert here, to show my detractors that they have no reason to vilify my circumlocution sometimes, when their most approved Grecians, Homer's interpreters generally, hold him fit to be so converted. Yet how much I differ, and with what authority, let my impartial and judicial reader judge. Always conceiving how pedantical and absurd an affectation it is in the interpretation of any author (much more of Homer) to turn him word for word, when (according to Horace and other best lawgivers to translators) it is the part of every knowing and judicial interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently, and to clothe and adorn them with words, and such a style and form of oration, as are most apt for the language into which they are converted. If I have not turned him in any place falsely (as all other his interpreters have in many, and most of his chief places), if I have not left behind me any of his sentence, elegance, height, intention, and invention, if in some few places (especially in my first edition, being done so long since, and following the common tract) I be something paraphrastical and faulty, is it justice in that poor fault (if they will needs have it so) to drown all the rest of my labour? But there is a certain envious windsucker, that hovers up and down, laboriously engrossing all the air with his luxurious ambition, and buzzing into every ear my detraction, affirming I turn Homer out of the Latin only, &c., that sets all his associates, and the whole rabble of my maligners on their wings with him, to bear about my impair, and poison my reputation. One that, as he thinks, whatsoever he gives to others, he takes from himself; so whatsoever he takes from others, he adds to himself. One that in this kind of robbery doth like Mercury, that stole good and supplied it with counterfeit bad still. One like the two gluttons, Philoxenus and Gnatho, that would still empty their noses in the dishes they loved, that no man might eat but themselves. For so this kestrel, with too hot a liver, and lust after his own glory, and to devour all himself, discourageth all appetites to the fame of another. I have stricken, single him as you can. Nor note I this, to cast any rubs or plasters out of the particular way of mine own estimation with the world; for I resolve this with the wilfully obscure:

Sine honore vivam, nulloque numero ero.

*Without men's honours I will live, and make
No number in the manless course they take.*

But, to discourage (if it might be) the general detraction of industrious and well-meaning virtue, I know I cannot too much diminish and deject myself; yet that passing little that I am, God only knows, to whose ever-implored respect and comfort I only submit me. In any further edition of these my silly endeavours shall chance, I will mend what is amiss (God assisting me) and amplify my harsh Comment to Homer's far more right, and mine own earnest and ingenious love of him. Notwithstanding, I know, the curious and envious will never sit down satisfied. A man may go over and over, till he come over and over, and his pains be only his recompense: every man is so loaded with his particular head, and nothing in all respects perfect, but what is perceived by few. Homer himself hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poor self put up with motion. And so little I will respect malignity, and so much encourage myself with mine own known strength, and what I find within me of comfort and confirmance (examining myself throughout with a far more jealous and severe eye than my greatest enemy, imitating this:

Judex ipse sui totum se explorat ad unguem, &c.),

that after these *Iliads*, I will (God lending me life and any meanest means) with more labour than I have lost here, and all unchecked alacrity, dive through his *Odysseys*. Nor can I forget here (but with all hearty gratitude remember) my most ancient,

learned, and right noble friend, Master Richard Stapilton, first most desertful move the frame of our Homer. For which (and much other most ingenious and utt undeserved desert) God make me amply his requiter; and be his honourable fam speedy and full restorer. In the mean space, I entreat my impartial and jud Reader, that all things to the quick he will not pare, but humanely and nobly par defects; and, if he find anything perfect, receive it unenvied.

OF HOMER.

OF her country and time, the difference is so infinite amongst all writers, that the no question, in my conjecture, of his antiquity beyond all. To which opinion nearest I will cite, Adam Cedrenus placeth him under David's and Solomon's rule; the Destruction of Troy under Saul's. And of one age with Solomon, Michael G Siculus affirmeth him. Aristotle (*in tertio de Poeticâ*) affirms he was born in the I Io, begot of a Genius, one of them that used to dance with the Muses, and a virg that isle compressed by that Genius, who being quick with child (for shame of the came into a place called Ægina, and there was taken of thieves, and broug Smyrna, to Mæon king of the Lydians, who for her beauty married her. After w she walking near the flood Meletes, on that shore being overtaken with the thr her delivery, she brought forth Homer, and instantly died. The infant was receiv Mæon, and brought up as his own till his death, which was not long after. according to this, when the Lydians in Smyrna were afflicted by the Æolians thought fit to leave the city, the captains by a herald willing all to go out that w and follow them, Homer, being a little child, said he would also *ἀναπεῖν* (that is, s and of that, for Melesigenes, which was his first name, he was called Homer. Plutarch.

The varieties of other reports touching this I omit for length; and in place t think it not unfit to insert something of his praise and honour amongst the great all ages; not that our most absolute of himself needs it; but that such auth testimonies of his splendour and excellence may the better convince the malice maligners.

First, what kind of person Homer was, saith Spondanus, his statue teacheth, Cedrenus describeth. The whole place we will describe that our relation may ho better coherence, as Nylander converts it. "Then was the Octagonon at Co tinople consumed with fire; and the bath of Severus, that bore the name of Zeux in which there was much variety of spectacle and splendour of arts; the works ages being conferred and preserved there, of marble, rocks, stones, and ima brass; to which this only wanted, that the souls of the persons they presented we in them. Amongst these master-pieces and all-wit-exceeding workmanships Homer, as he was in his age; thoughtful and musing, his hands folded bene bosom, his beard untrimmed and hanging down, the hair of his head in like so on both sides before, his face with age and cares of the world, as these in wrinkled and austere, his nose proportioned to his other parts, his eyes fixed or up to his eyebrows, like one blind, as it is reported he was." (Not born blind Velleius Paterculus, which he that imagines, saith he, is blind of all senses.) ' his under-coat he was attired with a loose robe, and at the base beneath his brazen chain hung." This was the statue of Homer, which in that conflagr perished. Another renowned statue of his, saith Lucian in his Encomion of I thenes, stood in the temple of Ptolemy, on the upper hand of his own. Cedrenus likewise remembereth a library in the palace of the king, at Constant that contained a thousand a hundred and twenty books; amongst which there v gut of a dragon of an hundred and twenty foot long; in which, in letters of g Iliads and Odyssees of Homer were inscribed; which miracle, in Basilisc Emperor's time, was consumed with fire.

For his respect amongst the most learned, Plato in *Ione* calleth him ἄριστον καὶ θεϊκότατον τῶν ποιητῶν, *Poetarum omnium et præstantissimum et divinissimum; in Phædonē* θεῖον ποιητὴν, *divinum Poetam*; and in *Theætetus*, Socrates citing divers of the most wise and learned for confirmation of his there held opinion, as Protagoras, Heraclitus, Empedocles, Epicharmus, and Homer: Who, saith Socrates, against such an army, being all led by such a captain as Homer, dares fight or resist, but he will be held ridiculous? This for Scaliger and all Homer's envious and ignorant detractors. Why, therefore, Plato in another place banisheth him with all other poets out of his Commonwealth, dealing with them like a Politician indeed, use men, and then cast them off, though Homer he thinks fit to send out crowned and anointed, I see not; since he maketh still such honourable mention of him, and with his verses, as with precious gems, everywhere enchaseth his writings. So Aristotle continually celebrateth him. Nay, even amongst the barbarous, not only Homer's name, but his Poems have been recorded and revered. The Indians, saith Ælianus (Var. Hist. lib. xii. cap 48), in their own tongue had Homer's Poems translated and sung. Nor those Indians alone, but the kings of Persia. And amongst the Indians, of all the Greek poets, Homer being ever first in estimation; whensoever they used any divine duties according to the custom of their households and hospitalities, they invited ever Apollo and Homer. Lucian in his Encomion of Demosthenes affirmeth all Poets celebrated Homer's birthday, and sacrificed to him the first fruits of their verses. So Thersagoras answereth Lucian, he used to do himself. Alex. Paphius, saith Eustathius, delivers Homer as born of Egyptian parents, Dmasagoras, being his father, and Æthra his mother; his nurse being a certain propheticess and the daughter of Oris, Isis' priest, from whose breasts, oftentimes, honey flowed in the mouth of the infant. After which, in the night, he uttered nine several notes or voices of fowls—viz., of a swallow, a peacock, a dove, a crow, a partridge, a redshank, a stare, a blackbird, and a nightingale; and, being a little boy, was found playing in his bed with nine doves. Sibylla being at a feast of his parents was taken with sudden fury, and sung verses whose beginning was Διμασάγορα πολόνικα: *polynice*, signifying much victory, in which song also she called him μεγάλας, *great in glory*, and στεφανίστην, signifying *garland-seller*; and commanded him to build a temple to the Pegridarii, that is, to the Muses. Herodotus affirms that Phæmius, teaching a public school at Smyrna, was his master; and Dionysius in 56 oration saith, Socrates was Homer's scholar. In short, what he was, his works show most truly; to which, if you please, go on and examine him.

TO THE

MOST HONOURED NOW LIVING INSTANCE OF THE ACHILLEAN VIRTUES
ETERNIZED BY DIVINE HOMER,

THE EARL OF ESSEX,

EARL MARSHAL, ETC.*

How irrational and brutish an impiety soever it be, not only to increase the curse of humanity in making the scum of the body the crown of the soul, but to murder and bury her in it; none needs to be benumbed with admiration, since her intellectual blood is shed with such authority, preferment, and profession; and to be a perfect

* Prefixed to "Seven Books of the Iliads" (1598).

villanizer of her faculties, is to seat Custom and Imputation, like Justice and Wisdom on both sides of his chair, crowning him with honour. And this even of a plagu necessity must come to pass; since all the means we have to make her excellenc known to us, and to forge out of that holy knowledge darts to enamour us with he unpainted beauties, are held with too true experience of their effects, the only parasite to entangle our estates in miseries and massacres. Her substance yet, being too pure and illustrate to be discerned with ignorant and barbarous sense; and the matter whereon she works too passive and drossy to propagate her earthly residence to eternity; she hath devised, in despite of that worm-eaten idol, another fruitless, dead and despised receptacle, to reverse her appearance with unspeakable profit, comfort and life to all posterities; and that is this poor scribbling, this toy, this too living preservative for the deathful tombs of nobility; being accounted in our most genteel and complimentary use of it, only the droppings of an idle humour; far unworthy the serious expense of an exact gentleman's time. So is poor learning the inseparable Genius of this Homeric writing I intend; wherein notwithstanding the souls of all the recorded worthies that ever lived, become eternally embodied even upon earth; as our understanding parts making transition in that we understand, the lives of worthily termed poets are their earthly Elysiums, wherein we walk with survival of all the deceased worthies we read of; every conceit, sentence, figure, and word being a most beautiful lineament of their souls' infinite bodies; and could a beauty be objected sense, composed of as many divine members, and that we had senses responsible for their full apprehension, they should impress no more pleasure to such a body, than sweetly enjoyed in this true manner of communication and combination of souls. But as it is not possible such a beauty and such organs of apprehension should be compared no more can any sensual delight compare with the felicity of the mind. And ought not this to be so, where the incomprehensible figure of God is diffused in sacred and everlasting beams, where we have in earth society with eternity? All this walks up the bosom of Death in the worthiest writing; and shall a man veil to a painted beggar on horseback, and go saucily by such a godlike resplendence with a wall-eye and a horned countenance? For as number, sound, and rhyme can challenge no inclusion of the soul without divine invention, judgment, and disposition, no more can the soul expect eternity on earth without such eternal writing. And to cast this with our vanities at our backs, is to bear the lives of beasts in our bosoms; in which base portage is ever borne contempt of fame, honour, and love of the best; which never has accompanied any humane or less than barbarous condition.

To you then, most abundant president of true noblesse, in whose manifest actions all these sacred objects are divinely pursued, I most humbly and affectionately consecrate this president of all learning, virtue, valour, honour, and society; who with his own soul hath eternized armies of kings and princes; whose imperial muse, great monarch of the world would say effected more of his conquests than his universal power. And therefore at Achilles' tomb, with most holy impression of fame, and the zeal of eternity, pronounced him most happy to have so firm an eternizer as Homer.

Most true Achilles, whom by sacred prophecy Homer did but prefigure in an admirable object, and in whose unmatched virtues shine the dignities of the soul, and the whole excellence of royal humanity, let not the peasant-common politics of the world, that count all things servile and simple, that pamper not their private sensualities, burying quick in their filthy sepulchres of earth the whole bodies and souls of honour, virtue, and piety, stir your divine temper from perseverance in godlike pursuit of eternity.

We must assure ourselves that the soul hath use, comfort, and benefit in dissolution and second being, of the fame, love, and example she proposed here, since she hath general combination with blessed Eternity; and fame, love, and example being all eternal.

Now if eternity be so victorious and triumphant a goddess that with her adamant foot, she treads upon sceptres, riches, senses, sensualities, and all the saffron-gilt pomp of ignorant braveries, only knowledge having the assentful spirit to tread under that foot, and be lifted to the height and sweetness of her bosom, what place with the greatest doth an eternizer merit? The foot and the back parts? how to be accounted

according to his unfashionable habit of poverty, that like the poisoned mists of thawing muckpits smokes from the hoarded treasure of soulless gold-worms? If the crown of humanity be the soul, and the soul an intellectual beam of God, the essence of her substance being intellection, and intellection or understanding the strength and eminence of her faculties, the differencing of men in excellency must be directed only by their proportions of true knowledge. Homerial writing then being the native deduction, image and true heir of true knowledge, must needs in desert inherit his father's dignity.

Help then, renowned Achilles, to prefer and defend your grave and blameless Prophet of Phœbus from the doting and vicious fury of the two Atrides, Arrogancy and Detraction; be dreadful bulwarks to bashful and fainting virtue against all those whose faces Barbarism and Fortune have congealed with standing lakes of Impudency; who being dammed up with their muddy ignorance, retain no feeling of that to which all their senses are dutifully consecrate: against our sieve-witted censors, through whose brains all things exact and refined, run to the earth in heaps; when nothing remains but stones and unserviceable rubbish. And gratulate in English extraction with free and honourable encouragement, this poor assay of Poesy's Greek Nectar: which I durst not more liberally pour out, for fear of vulgar profanation; if that divine sweetness and nourishment it hath wrought in divinest tempers should for want of palate and constitution in others want his due attribution. My hope of excuse therefore may be worthily grounded, since this penury being effected with such store of labour, and so much quintessence to be drawn from so little a project, it will ask as much judgment to peruse worthily as whole volumes of more perval inventions.

Besides this enforced breach of the commandment to live without care of tomorrow (which ever carries his confounded punishment with it, distracts invention necessary even in translation) interrupts the industry of conceit, and the discourse of the soul, and then the too true consideration, that whatsoever is laboured in this kind is esteemed but idleness and vanity, though of such sacred importance that all wholesome laws and constitutions have heretofore been exhaled, and the conceit, direction, and highest wing of most grave souls have taken strength and inspiration from it: This I say, most excellent Earl, could not as yet admit more English to this most excellent Poet and Philosopher: the flood and variety of my native language as it were with dumbness fettered in my unhappy bosom; and every comfort that might dissolve and encourage it, utterly bereft me; your honoured countenance yet and vouchsafed reacknowledgment of one so unworthy as myself, being the great objects of all my labours in their first dedication, shall draw on the rest.

And thus wishing for the worthy expense of my future life to follow by all opportunity your honoured attempts and admired disposition, I doubt not my zeal to the truth of your rare virtues will enable me, inferior to none, to turn my paper to crystal, from whence no time shall raze the engraven figure of your graces. In the meantime, if your Lordship descend to acceptance of these few disordered Iliads, I shall recompense their defects in their next edition. Nor can it be reputed an unworthy incitement to propose the true image of all virtues and humane government, even in the heart of this tumultuous season, to your other serious affairs; especially since it contains the true portrait of ancient stratagems and disciplines of war; wherein it will be worthy little less than admiration of your apprehensive judgment to note in many things the affinity they have with your present complements of field: the orations, counsels, attempts, and exploits, not to be exceeded by the freshest brains of this hot-spirited time; the horror of arms endlessly thundering; piety, justice, valour, and royalty, eternally shining in his soul-infused verse. To which (honourably pardoning this tedious induction, turn and hear your divine Homer) according to Spondanus' attraction, *magnificè canentem*.

By him that first, and ever freely consecrates his whole faculties to the honour of your princely virtues,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

TO THE READER.

I SUPPOSE you to be no mere reader, since you intend to read Homer; and therefore wish I may walk free from their common objections that can only read. When disorder is seen, that four books are skipped, as a man would say, and yet the poem continued according to the Greek alphabet—viz., that for Gamma which is Eta, and that for Delta which is Theta, &c.; then comes my known condemnation more grievously than charity would wish; especially with those that having no eyes to peruse and judge of the translation, and whatsoever the main matter deserves, will be glad to show they see something in finding fault with that form; and peradventure find their queasy stomachs turned at whatsoever is merited in the much-laboured work.

But to him that is more than a reader, I write; and so consequently to him that will disdain those easy objections which every speller may put together. The worth of a skilful and worthy translator, is to observe the sentences, figures, and forms of speech proposed in his author; his true sense and height, and to adorn them with figures and forms of oration fitted to the original, in the same tongue to which they are translated, and these things I would gladly have made the questions of whatsoever my labour have deserved: not slighted with the slight disorder of some books, which if I can in as fit place hereafter without check to your due understanding and course of Poet, then is their easy objection answered that I expect will be drowned in the foam of their eager and empty spleens. For likelihood of which ability, I have good authority that the books were not set together by Homer himself; Lycurgus first bringing them out of Ionia in Greece as an entire poem; before whose time his verses were severed into many works, one called the battle fought at the fleet; another the Doloniades; another, Agamemnon's fortitude; another, the Catalogue of ships; another, Patroclus' death; another, Hector's redemption; another, the funeral games, &c. which are the titles of several Iliads: and if those were ordered by others, why may I challenge as much authority, reserving the right of my precedent? But to omit what I can say further for reason to my present alteration, in the next edition when I come out by the dozen, I will reserve the ancient and common received form; in the meantime, do me the encouragement to confer that which I have translated with the same in Homer, and according to the worth of that, let this first edition pass; so may I do me but lawful favour, and make me take pains to give you this Emperor of wisdom (for so Plato will allow him) in your own language, which will more honour it, if my part be worthily discharged, than anything else can be translated. In the meantime, peruse the pamphlet of errors in the impression, and help to point them with your judgment, wherein, and in purchase of the whole seven, if you be quick and acceptive, you shall in the next edition have the life of Homer, a table, a preface, comment, true printing, the due praise of your mother tongue above all others in Poesy, and such demonstrative proof of our English wits above beyond-sea men, if we would use them, that a proficient wit should be the better to hear it.

TO THE MOST HONOURED EARL,

EARL MARSHAL.*

SPONDANUS, one of the most desertful commentators of Homer, calls all sorts of men learned to be judicial beholders of this more than artificial and no less than dramatic rapture; than which nothing can be imagined more full of soul and humane extract. For what is here prefigured by our miraculous artist, but the universal world, which I

* Prefixed to "Achilles' Shield," 1598.

so spacious and almost unmeasurable, one circlet of a shield represents and embraceth? In it heaven turns, the stars shine, the earth is enflowered, the sea swells and rageth, cities are built; one in the happiness and sweetness of peace, the other in open war and the terrors of ambush, &c. And all these so lively proposed, as not without reason many in times past have believed, that all these things have in them a kind of voluntary motion; even as those tripods of Vulcan, and that Dedalian Venus *αυτοκινητος*; nor can I be resolved that their opinions be sufficiently refuted by Aristonicus, for so are all things here described by our divinest poet, as if they consisted not of hard and solid metals, but of a truly living and moving soul. The ground of his invention he shows out of Eustathius, intending by the orbignity of the Shield, the roundness of the world; by the four metals, the four elements: viz., by Gold, fire; by Brass, earth for the hardness; by Tin, water, for the softness and inclination to fluxure; by Silver, air, for the grossness and obscurity of the metal before it be refined. That which he calls *αρηνη* *τριπλακα μαρμαρετω* he understands the Zodiac, which is said to be triple for the latitude it contains, and shining by reason of the perpetual course of the Sun made in that circle; by *αρηνηον τελαμωνα* the Axle-tree, about which heaven hath his motion, &c. Nor do I deny, saith Spondanus, Æneas' arms to be forged with an exceeding height of wit by Virgil, but compared with those of Homer they are nothing. And this is it, most honoured, that maketh me thus suddenly translate this Shield of Achilles, for since my publication of the other seven books, comparison hath been made between Virgil and Homer; who can be compared in nothing with more decisa and cutting of all argument, than in these two Shields; and whosoever shall read Homer thoroughly and worthily, will know the question comes from a superficial and too unripe a reader; for Homer's poems were writ from a free fury, an absolute and full soul; Virgil's out of a courtly, laborious, and altogether imitatory spirit; not a simile he hath but is Homer's; not an invention, person, or disposition, but is wholly or originally built upon Homeric foundations, and in many places hath the very words Homer useth; besides, where Virgil hath had no more plentiful and liberal a wit, than to frame twelve imperfect books of the troubles and travails of Æneas, Homer hath of as little subject finished eight and forty perfect; and that the trivial objection may be answered, that not the number of books, but the nature and excellence of the work commends it; all Homer's books are such as have been precedents ever since of all sorts of poems; imitating none, nor ever worthily imitated of any; yet would I not be thought so ill created as to be a malicious detractor of so admired a poet as Virgil, but a true justifier of Homer, who must not be read for a few lines with leaves turned over capriciously in dismembered fractions, but throughout; the whole drift, weight, and height of his works set before the apprehensive eyes of his judge. The majesty he enthrones, and the spirit he infuseth into the scope of his work, so far outshining Virgil, that his skirmishes are but mere scramblings of boys to Homer's; the silken body of Virgil's muse curiously dressed in gilt and embroidered silver, but Homer's in plain, massy, and unvalued gold; not only all learning, government, and wisdom being deduced as from a bottomless fountain from him; but all wit, elegancy, disposition and judgment. *Ομηρος* *πρωτος διδασκαλος και ηγμενω*, &c. Homer, saith Plato, was the prince and master of all praises and virtues; the emperor of wise men; an host of men against any depraver in any principle he held. All the ancient and lately learned have had him in equal estimation. And for any to be now contrarily affected, it must needs proceed from a mere wantonness of wit; an idle, unthrifty spirit; wilful because they may choose whether they will think otherwise or not, and have power and fortune enough to live like true men without truth; or else they must presume of puritanical inspiration, to have that with delicacy and squeamishness which others with as good means, ten times more time, and ten thousand times more labour could never conceive. But some will convey their imperfections under his Greek Shield, and from thence bestow bitter arrows against the traduction, affirming their want of admiration grows from defect of our language, not able to express the copy and elegancy of the original; but this easy and traditional pretext hides them not enough; for how full of height and roundness soever Greek be above English, yet is there no depth of conceit triumphing in it, but as in a mere admirer it may be imagined, so in a sufficient translator it may be expressed. And Homer that hath his chief holiness of estimation, for matter and instruction, would scorn to have his supreme worthiness glosing in

his courtship and privilege of tongue. And if Italian, French, and Spanish have not made it dainty, nor thought it any presumption to turn him into their languages, but a fit and honourable labour, and, in respect of their country's profit and their poesy's credit almost necessary, what curious, proud, poor shamefacedness should let an English man to traduce him, when the language she works withal is more conformable, fluent, and expressive; which I would your Lordship would command me to prove against all our whippers of their own compliment in their country's dialect.

O what peevish ingratitude and most unreasonable scorn of ourselves we commit to be so extravagant and foreignly witted, to honour and imitate that in a strange tongue, which we condemn and contemn in our native! for if the substance of the Poet's will be expressed, and his sentence and sense rendered with truth and elocution, he that takes judicial pleasure in him in Greek, cannot bear so rough a brow to him in English to entomb his acceptance in austerity.

But thou, soul-blind Scaliger, that never hadst anything but place, time, and term to paint thy proficiency in learning, nor ever writest anything of thine own impotent brain, but thy only impaisied diminution of Homer (which I may swear was the absolute inspiration of thine own ridiculous genius); never didst thou more palpably damn thy drossy spirit in all thy all-countries'-exploded filcheries, which are so gross illiterate, that no man will vouchsafe their refutation, than in thy senseless reprehension of Homer; whose spirit flew as much above thy grovelling capacity as heaven mounts above Barathrum; but as none will vouchsafe repetition nor answer of thy other unmaimed fooleries, no more will I of these; my Epistle being too tedious to your Lordship besides, and no man's judgment serving better (if your high affairs could admit the diligent perusal), than your Lordship's, to refute and reject him. But alas, Homer is now to be lift up by my weak arm, more than he is now depressed by more feeble oppositions, if any feel not their conceits so ravished with the eminent beauties of the ascendant muse, as the greatest men of all sorts and of all ages have been. Their most modest course is, unless they will be powerfully insolent, to ascribe the defect to their apprehension, because they read him but slightly, not in his surmised frugality of object, that most really and most feastfully pours out himself in right divinity occasion. But the chief and unanswerable mean to his general and just acceptance must be your Lordship's high and of all men expected precedent, without which he may like a poor snail, pull in his English horns, that out of all other languages (in regard to the country's affection and royalties of his patrons) hath appeared like an angel from the cloud, or the world out of chaos. When no language can make comparison of itself with ours, if he be worthily converted; wherein before he should have been borne lame and defective, as the French midwife hath brought him forth, he had never more question how your Lordship would accept him; and yet have two of their kind embraced him as a wealthy ornament to their studies, and the main battle of their armies.

If then your bounty would do me but the grace to confer my unhappy labours with theirs so successful and commended, (your judgment serving you much better than your leisure, and yet your leisure in things honourable being to be enforced by your judgment), no malicious and dishonourable whisperer, that comes armed with an army of authority and state against harmless and armless virtue, could wrest the wonted impression so much from itself to reject, with imitation of tyrannous content, any affection so zealous and able in this kind to honour your estate as mine. For kings and princes have been Homer's patrons, amongst whom, Ptolemy would say that had slight hands to entertain Homer, had as slight brains to rule his courtly wealth. And an usual severity he used, but a most rational (how precisely ridiculous soever it may seem to men made of ridiculous matter) that in reverent respect of the piety and perfect humanity he taught; whosoever writ or committed any part of detraction against Homer (as even such a man wanted not his malicious depraecation, he put him with torments to extremest death. O high and magically raised respect, from whence a true eye may see means to the absolute redress, or much wished extenuation, of all the unmanly degeneracies now tyrannizing amongst us, if that which teacheth happiness and hath unpainful corrosives in it (being entertained and observed), to eat out the heart of that raging ulcer, which, like a Lernean Fire, corruption furnaceth the universal sighs and complaints of this transposed world,

seriously and as with armed garrisons defended and heartened ; that which engenders and disperseth that wilful pestilence, would be purged and extirpate ; but that which teacheth, being overturned, that which is taught is consequently subject to eversion ; and if the honour, happiness and preservation of true humanity consist in observing the laws fit for man's dignity, and that the elaborate prescription of those laws must of necessity be authorized, favoured, and defended before any observation can succeed ; is it unreasonable to punish the contempt of that moving prescription with one man's death ; when at the heels of it follows common neglect of observation, and in the neck of it, an universal ruin ? This, my Lord, I enforce only to interrupt in others that may read this unsavoury stuff, the too open-mouthed damnation of royal and virtuous Ptolemy's severity. For to digest, transform, and sweat a man's soul into rules and attractions to society, such as are fashioned and tempered with her exact and long laboured contention of study, in which she tosseth with her imperial discourse before her, all cause of fantastical objections and reproofs ; and without which she were as wise as the greatest number of detractors that shall presume to censure her ; and yet by their flash and insolent castigations to be slighted and turned over their miserably vain tongues in an instant, is an injury worthy no less penalty than Ptolemy inflicted. To take away the heels of which running profanation, I hope your Lordship's honourable countenance will be as the unicorn's horn, to lead the way to English Homer's yet poisoned fountain ; for till that favour be vouchsafed, the herd will never drink, since the venomous galls of some of their fellows have infected it, whom, alas, I pity. Thus confidently affirming your name and dignities shall never be more honoured in a poor book than in English Homer, I cease to afflict your Lordship with my tedious Dedicatories, and to still sacred Homer's spirit through a language so fit and so favourable ; humbly presenting your Achillean virtues with Achilles' shield ; wishing as it is much more admirable and divine, so it were as many times more rich, than the Shield the Cardinal pawned at Antwerp.

By him that wisheth all the degrees of judgment and honour to attend your deserts to the highest,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

TO THE UNDERSTANDER.

YOU are not everybody, to you, as to one of my very few friends, I may be bold to utter my mind, nor is it more impair to an honest and absolute man's sufficiency to have few friends, than to an Homeric poem to have few commendars ; for neither do common dispositions keep fit or plausible consort with judicial and simple honesty, nor are idle capacities comprehensible of an elaborate poem. My Epistle dedicatory before my seven books, is accounted dark and too much laboured : for the darkness there is nothing good or bad, hard or soft, dark or perspicuous, but in respect ; and in respect of men's light, slight, or envious perusals (to whose loose capacities any work worthily composed is knit with a riddle) and that the style is material flowing, and not rank : it may perhaps seem dark to rank riders or readers that have no more souls than burbolts ; but to your comprehension, and in itself, I know it is not. For the affected labour bestowed in it I protest two mornings both ended it and the Reader's Epistle ; but the truth is, my desire and strange disposition in all things I write, is to set down uncommon, and most profitable coherents for the time ; yet further removed from abhorred affectation than from the most popular and cold digestion. And I ever imagine that as Italian and French Poems to our studious linguists win much of their discountred affection, as well because the understanding of foreign tongues is sweet to their apprehension, as that the matter and invention is pleasing ; so my far-fetched, and as it were beyond-sea manner of writing, if they would take as much pains for their poor country-

men as for a proud stranger when they once understand it, should be much more gracious to their choice conceits than a discourse that falls naked before them and hath nothing but what mixeth itself with ordinary table-talk. For my variety of new words, I have none ink-pot I am sure you know, but such as I give passport with such authority, so significant and not ill-sounding, that if my country language were an usurer, or a man of this age speaking it, he would thank me for enriching him. Why, alas, will my young master the reader affect nothing common, and yet like nothing extraordinary? Swaggering is a new word amongst them, and round-headed custom gives it privilege with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopeia without etymology or derivation; and why may not an elegancy authentically derived, and as I may say of the upper house, be entertained as well in their lower consultation with authority of Art, as their own forgeries licked up by nature? All tongues have enriched themselves from their original (only the Hebrew and Greek which are not spoken amongst us) with good neighbourly borrowing, and as with infusion of fresh air, and nourishment of new blood in their still growing bodies, and why may not ours? Chaucer, by whom we will needs authorize our true English, had more new words for his time than any man needs to devise now. And therefore for current wits to cry from standing brains, like a brood of frogs from a ditch, to have the ceaseless flowing river of our tongue turned into their frog-pool, is a song far from their arrogation of sweetness, and a sin would soon bring the plague of barbarism amongst us; which in faith it needs not be hastened with defences of his ignorant furtherers, since it comes with meal-mouthed toleration too savagely upon us. To be short; since I had the reward of my labours in their consumption, and the chief pleasure of them in mine own profit, no young prejudicate or castigatory brain hath reason to think I stand trembling under the airy stroke of his fevery censure, or that I did ever expect any flowing applause from his dry fingers; but the satisfaction and delight that might probably redound to every true lover of virtue, I set in the seat of mine own profit and contentment; and if there be any one in whom this success is enflowered, a few sprigs of it shall be my garland. Since then this never-equalled Poet is to be understood, and so full of government and direction to all estates; stern anger and the affrights of war, bearing the main face of his subject, soldiers shall never spend their idle hours more profitably, than with his studious and industrious perusal; in whose honours his deserts are infinite. Counsellors have never better oracles than his lines; fathers have no morals so profitable for their children as his counsels; nor shall they ever give them more honoured injunction than to learn Homer without book, that being continually conversant in him, his height may descend to their capacities, and his substance prove their worthiest riches. Husbands, wives, lovers, friends, and allies, having in him mirrors for all their duties; all sorts of which concourse and society in other more happy ages, have instead of sonnets and lascivious ballads, sung his Iliads. Let the length of the verse never discourage your endeavours; for talk our quiddital Italianists of what proportion soever their strutting lips affect, unless it be in these couplets into which I have hastily translated this Shield, they shall never do Homer so much right, in any octaves canzons, canzonets, or with whatsoever fustian Epigraphs they shall entitle their measures. Only the extreme false printing troubles my conscience, for fear of your deserved discouragement in the impair of your poet's sweetness; whose general divinity of spirit, clad in my willing labours (envious of none nor detracting any) I commit to your good nature and solid capacity.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

ARGUMENT.

APOLLO's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring
 Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the king ;
 For which her tender'd freedom he entreats ;
 But, being dismiss'd with contumelious threats,
 At Phœbus' hands, by vengeful prayer, he seeks
 To have a plague inflicted on the Greeks.
 Which had, Achilles doth a council cite,
 Emboldening Calchas, in the king's despite,
 To tell the truth why they were punish'd so.
 From hence their fierce and deadly strife did
 grow.

For wrong in which Æacides* so raves,
 That goddess Thetis, from her throne of waves
 Ascending heaven, of Jove assistance won,
 To plague the Greeks by absence of her son,
 And make the general himself repent
 To wrong so much his army's ornament.
 This found by Juno, she with Jove contends ;
 Till Vulcan, with heaven's cup, the quarrel ends.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Alpha the prayer of Chryses sings :
 The army's plague : the strife of kings.

ACHILLES' baneful wrath resound, O Goddess,
 that imposed
 Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many
 brave souls losed
 From breasts heroic ; sent them far to that
 invisible cave¹
 That no light comforts ; and their limbs to
 dogs and vultures gave :²
 To all which Jove's will gave effect ; from
 whom first strife begun³
 Betwixt Atrides, king of men, and Thetis'
 godlike son.
 What god gave Eris their command, and
 oped that fighting vein ?
 Jove's and Latona's son ; who fired against
 the king of men,
 For contumely shown his priest, infectious
 sickness sent
 To plague the army, and to death by
 troops the soldiers went.
 Occasion'd thus / Chryses, the priest, came
 to the fleet to buy,
 For presents of unvalued price, his daughter
 liberty.

* Æacides, surname of Achilles, being the grandchild of Æacus.

The golden sceptre and the crown of
 Phœbus in his hands
 Proposing ; and made suit to all, but most
 to the commands
 Of both th' Atrides, who most ruled.
 " Great Atreus' sons," said he,
 " And all ye well-greaved Greeks, the Gods,
 whose habitations be
 In heavenly houses, grace your powers
 with Priam's razed town,
 And grant ye happy conduct home ! To
 win which wish'd renown
 Of Jove, by honouring his son, far-shooting
 Phœbus, deign
 For these fit presents to dissolve the ran-
 somable chain
 Of my loved daughter's servitude." The
 Greeks entirely gave⁴
 Glad acclamations, for sign that their de-
 sires would have
 The grave priest revered, and his gifts
 of so much price embraced.
 The General yet bore no much mind, but
 viciously disgraced
 With violent terms the priest, and said :—
 " Dotard ! avoid our fleet,
 Where lingering be not found by me ; nor
 thy returning feet
 Let ever visit us again ; lest nor thy god-
 head's crown,
 Nor sceptre, save thee ! Her thou seek'st
 I still will hold mine own,
 Till age deflower her. In our court at
 Argos, far transfer'd
 From her loved country, she shall ply her
 web, and see prepared⁵
 With all fit ornaments my bed. Incense
 me then no more,
 But, if thou wilt be safe, be gone." This
 said, the sea beat shore,
 Obeying his high will, the priest trod off
 with hate and fear.
 And, walking silent, till he left far off his
 enemies' ear ;

* " See my bed made," it may be Englished.
 The word is *arruowan*, which signifies *contra-
 stantem*, as standing of one side opposite to
 another on the other side ; which yet others
 translate *capessentem et adornantem* ; which,
 since it shows best to a reader, I follow.

Phœbus, fair-hair'd Latona's son, he stirr'd
up with a vow,
To this stern purpose: "Hear, thou God
that bear'st the silver bow,
That Chrysa guard'st, rlest Tenedos with
strong hand, and the found^s
Of Cilla most divine dost walk! O Smin-
theus! if crown'd
With thankful offerings thy rich fane I ever
saw, or fired
Fat thighs of oxen and of goats to thee,
this grace desired
Vouchsafe to me: pains for my tears let
these rude Greeks repay,
Forced with thy arrows." Thus he pray'd,
and Phœbus heard him pray;
And, vex'd at heart, down from the tops of
steep heaven stoop'd; his bow,
And quiver cover'd round, his hands did
on his shoulders throw;
And of the angry deity the arrows as he
moved
Rattled about him. Like the night he
ranged the host, and roved
(Apart the fleet set) terribly; with his hard-
loosing hand
His silver bow twang'd; and his shafts did
first the mules command;
And swift hounds: then the Greeks them-
selves his deadly arrows shot.
The fires of death went never out; nine
days his shafts flew hot
About the army; and the tenth, Achilles
called a court
Of all the Greeks; heaven's white-arm'd
Queen (who, everywhere cut short,
Beholding her loved Greeks, by death
suggested it; and he [now I see
(All met in one) arose, and said: "Atrides,
We must be wandering again, flight must
be still our stay,
If flight can save us now, at once, sickness
and battle lay
Such strong hand on us. Let us ask some
prophet, priest, or prove
Some dream-interpretor (for dreams are
often sent from Jove)
Why Phœbus is so much incensed; if un-
performed vows
He blames in us, or hecatombs; and if
these knees he bows
To death may yield his graves no more,
but offering all supply
Of savours burnt from lambs and goats,
avert his fervent eye,
An turn his temperate." Thus, he sat;
and then stood up to them
Calchas, surnamed Thestorides, of augurs
the supreme;

He knew things present, past, to co
and ruled the equipage
Of th' Argive fleet to Iliou, for his proph
rage
Given by Apollo; who, well-seen in th
they felt, proposed
This to Achilles: "Jove's beloved, w
thy charge see disclosed
The secret of Apollo's wrath? then cover
and take oath
To my discovery, that, with words
powerful actions both,
Thy strength will guard the truth in
because I well conceive
That he whose empire governs all, w
all the Grecians give
Confirm'd obedience, will be moved:
then you know the state
Of him that moves him. When a king
once mark'd for his hate
A man inferior, though that day his v
seems to digest
Th' offence he takes, yet evermore he
up in his breast
Brands of quick anger; till revenge
quench'd to his desire
The fire reserved. Tell me, then, if
soever ire
Suggests in hurt of me to him, thy
will prevent?"
Achilles answer'd: "All thou kn
speak, and be confident;
For by Apollo, Jove's beloved, (to
performing vows,
O Calchas, for the state of Greec
spirit prophetic shows
Skills that direct us) not a man of al
Grecians here,
I living, and enjoying the light shot th
this flowery sphere,
Shall touch thee with offensive l
though Agamemnon be
The man in question, that doth bo
mightiest empery
Of all our army." Then took he
prophet unapproved,
And said: "They are not unpaid
nor hecatombs, that moved
The God against us; his offence is
priest impair'd
By Agamemnon, that refused the
he prefer'd,
And kept his daughter. This is ca
heaven's Far-darter darts
These plagues amongst us; and t
will empty in our hearts
His deathful quiver, uncontain'd, t
loved sire [redempt
The black-eyed damsel be reassign

Took for her freedom ; not a gift ; but all
 the ransom quit ;
 And she convey'd, with sacrifice, till her
 enfranchis'd feet
 Tread Chryse's under ; then the God, so
 pleas'd, perhaps we may
 Move to remission. Thus, he saie ; and
 up, the great in sway,
 Heroic Agamemnon rose, eagerly bearing
 all ;
 His mind's seat overcast with fumes ; an
 anger general
 Fill'd all his faculties ; his eyes sparkled
 like kindling fire,
 Which sternly cast upon the priest, thus
 vented he his ire :
 " Prophet of ill ! for never good came
 from thee towards me
 Not to a word's worth ; evermore thou
 took'st delight to be
 Offensive in thy auguries, which thou contin-
 uest still ;
 Now casting thy prophetic gall, and
 vouching all our ill,
 Shot from Apollo, 's imposed since I re-
 fused the price
 Of fair Chryseis' liberty ; which would in
 no worth rise
 To my rate of herself, which moves my
 vows to have her home ;
 Past Clytemnestra loving her, that graced
 my nuptial room
 With her virginity and flower. Nor ask
 her merits less
 For person, disposition, wit, and skill in
 house-wiferies.
 And yet, for all this, she shall go, if more
 conducive
 That course be then her holding here. I
 rather wish the weal
 Of my loved army than the death. Provide
 yet instantly
 Supply for her, that I alone of all our
 royalty
 Lose not my winnings : 'tis not fit, ye
 see all I lose mine
 Forced by another, see as well some other
 may resign
 His prize to me. " To this replied the swift-
 foot, god-like son
 Of Theseus thus : " King of us all, in all
 ambidol
 Most covetous of all that breathe, why
 should the great-soul'd Greeks
 Supply thy lost prize out of theirs ? nor
 what thy appetite seeks
 Our common treasury can find ; so little it
 doth guard [which most is shared,
 Of what our razed towns yielded us ; of all

And given our soldiers ; which again to
 take into our hands
 Were ignominious and base. Now then,
 since God commands,
 Part with thy most-loved prize to him ; not
 any one of us
 Exacts it of thee ; yet we all, all loss thou
 suffer'st thus,
 Will treble, quadruple, in gain, when Jupiter
 bestows
 The sack of well-wall'd Troy on us ; which
 by his word he owes."
 " Do not deceive yourself with wit," he
 answer'd, " god-like man,
 Though your good name may colour it ;
 'tis not your swift foot can
 Outrun me here ; nor shall the gloss, set
 on it with the God,
 Persuade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou
 maintain in sure abode
 Thine own prize, and slight me of mine ?
 Resolve this : if our friends,
 As fits in equity my worth, will right me
 with amends,
 So rest it ; otherwise, myself will enter
 personally
 On thy prize, that of Ithacus, or Ajax, for
 supply ;
 Let him on whom I enter rage. But come,
 we'll order these
 Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to
 sacred seas
 Our black sail ; in it rowers put, in it fit
 sacrifice ;
 And to these I will make ascend my so
 much envied prize,
 Bright-cheek'd Chryseis. For conduct of
 all which, we must choose
 A chief out of our counsellors. Thy ser-
 vice we must use)
 Idomeneus ; Ajax, thine ; or thine, wise
 Ithacus ;
 Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou son
 of Peleus,
 Which fittest were, that thou might'st see
 these holy acts perform'd,
 For which thy cunning zeal so pleads ;
 and he, whose bow thus storm'd
 For our offences, may be calm'd."
 Achilles, with a frown,
 Thus answer'd : " O thou impudent ! of
 no good but thine own
 Ever respectful ; but of that, with all craft
 covetous ;
 With what heart can a man attempt a
 service dangerous,
 Or at thy voice be spirited to fly upon a foe,
 Thy mind thus wretched ? For myself, I
 was not injured so

By any Trojan, that my powers should bid
 them any blows ;
 In nothing bear they blame of me : Phthia,
 whose bosom flows
 With corn and people, never felt impair of
 her increase
 By their invasion ; hills enow, and far-
 resounding seas,
 Pour out their shades and deeps between ;
 but thee, thou frontless man,
 We follow, and thy triumphs make with
 bonfires of our bane :
 Thine, and thy brother's vengeance sought,
 thou dog's eyes, of this Troy
 By our exposed lives ; whose deserts thou
 neither dost employ
 With honour nor with care. And now,
 thou threat'st to force from me
 The fruit of my sweat, which the Greeks
 gave all ; and though it be,
 Compared with thy part, then snatch'd up,
 nothing ; nor ever is
 At any sack'd town ; but of fight, the
 fetcher in of this,
 My hands have most share ; in whose toils
 when I have emptied me
 Of all my forces, my amends in liberality,
 Though it be little, I accept, and turn
 pleased to my tent ;
 And yet that little thou esteem'st too great
 a continent
 In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthia
 therefore now
 My course is ; since 'tis better far, than
 here t' endure that thou
 Should'st still be ravishing my right, draw
 my whole treasure dry,
 And add dishonour." He replied : " If
 thy heart serve thee, fly ;
 Stay not for my cause ; others here will aid
 and honour me ;
 If not, yet Jove I know is sure ; that coun-
 sellor is he
 That I depend on. As for thee, of all our
 Jove-kept kings
 Thou still art most my enemy ; strifes,
 battles, bloody things,
 Make thy blood-feasts still. But if
 strength, that these moods build upon,
 Flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it ; and
 so 'tis not thine own,
 But in his hands still. What then lifts
 thy pride in this so high ?
 Home with thy fleet, and Myrmidons ; use
 there their empery ;
 Command not here. I weigh thee not,
 nor mean to magnify
 Thy rough-hewn rages, but, instead, I thus
 far threaten thee :

Since Phœbus needs will force from
 Chryseis, she shall go ;
 My ships and friends shall waft her home
 but I will imitate so
 His pleasure, that mine own shall take
 person, from thy tent
 Bright-cheek'd Briseis ; and so tell
 strength how eminent
 My power is, being compared with thine
 all other making fear
 To vaunt equality with me, or in
 proud kind bear
 Their beards against me." Thetis's
 this stood vex'd, his heart
 Bristled his bosom, and two ways drew
 discursive part ;
 If, from this thigh his sharp sword draw
 he should make room about
 Atrides' person, slaughtering him,
 his anger out,
 And curb his spirit. While these two
 strived in his blood and mind,
 And he his sword drew, down from his
 Athenia stoop'd, and shined
 About his temples, being sent by the
 wristed Queen.
 Saturnia, who out of her heart had
 loving been,
 And careful for the good of both,
 stood behind, and took
 Achilles by the yellow curls, and only
 her look
 To him appearance ; not a man of
 rest could see.
 He turning back his eye, amazed
 every faculty ;
 Yet straight he knew her by her eyes
 terrible they were,
 Sparkling with ardour, and thus said
 " Thou seed of Jupiter,
 Why comest thou ? to behold his
 that boasts our empery ?
 Then witness with it my revenge, and
 that insolence die
 That lives to wrong me." She replied
 " I come from heaven to see
 Thy anger settled, if thy soul will
 sovereignty
 In fit reflection. I am sent from
 whose affects [give us both
 Stand heartily inclined to both.
 And cease contention ; draw no
 use words, and such as may
 Be bitter to his pride, but just ; for
 in what I say,
 A time shall come when thrice the
 of that he forsook now,
 He shall propose for recompense of
 wrongs ; therefore throw

Reins on thy passions, and serve us." He answer'd : " Though my heart Burn in just anger, yet my soul must conquer th' angry part, And yield you conquest. Who subdues his earthly part for heaven, Heaven to his prayers subdues his wish." This said, her charge was given Fit honour ; in his silver hilt he held his able hand, And forced his broad sword up ; and up to heaven did re-ascend Minerva, who, in Jove's high roof, that bears the rough shield, took Her place with other deities. She gone, again forsook Patience his passion, and no more his silence could confine His wrath, that this broad language gave : " Thou ever steep'd in wine, Dog's face, with heart but of a hart, that nor in th' open eye Of fight darest thrust into a prease, nor with our noblest lie In secret ambush : These works seem too full of death for thee ; 'Tis safer far in th' open host to dare an injury To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king, Base spirits thou govern'st, or this wrong had been the last foul thing Thou ever author'd'st ; yet I vow, and by a great oath swear, Even by this sceptre, that, as this never again shall bear* Green leaves or branches, nor increase with any growth his size, Nor did since first it left the hills, and had his faculties And ornaments bereft with iron ; which now to other end Judges of Greece bear, and thou laws, received from Jove, defend ; (For which my oath to thee is great) ; so, whensoever need Shall learn with thirst of me thy host, no prayers shall ever breed Affection in me to their aid, though well-deserved woes Afflict thee for them, when to death man-slaughtering Hector throws Whole troops of them, and thou torment'st thy vex'd mind with conceit Of thy rude rage now, and his wrong that most deserved the right

* This simile Virgil directly translates.

Of all thy army." Thus, he threw his sceptre 'gainst the ground, With golden studs stuck, and took seat. Atrides' breast was drown'd In rising choler. Up to both sweet-spoken Nestor stood, The cunning Pyliau orator ; whose tongue pour'd forth a flood Of more-than-honey-sweet discourse ; two ages were increased Of divers-languaged men, all born in his time and deceased, In sacred Pylos, where he reign'd amongst the third-aged men. He, well-seen in the world, advised, and thus express'd it then : " O Gods, our Greek earth will be drown'd in just tears ; rapeful Troy, Her king, and all his sons, will make as just a mock, and joy, Of these disjunctions ; if of you, that all our host excel In counsel and in skill of fight, they hear this. Come, repel These young men's passions. Yare not both, put both your years in one, So old as I. I lived long since, and was companion With men superior to you both, who yet would ever hear My counsels with respect. My eyes yet never witness were, Nor ever will be, of such men as then delighted them ; [pheme, Pirithous, Exadius, and god-like Poly-Cæneus, and Dryas, prince of men, Ægean Theseus, A man like heaven's immortals form'd ; all, all most vigorous, Of all men that even those days bred ; most vigorous men, and fought With beasts most vigorous, mountain beasts, (for men in strength were nought Match'd with their forces) fought with them, and bravely fought them down. Yet even with these men I conversed, being call'd to the renown Of their societies, by their suits from Pylos far, to fight In the Asian kingdom ; and I fought, to a degree of might That help'd even their mights, against such as no man now would dare To meet in conflict ; yet even these my counsels still would bear, And with obedience crown my words. Give you such palm to them ; 'Tis better then to wreak your wraths. Atrides, give not stream

To all thy power, nor force his prize, but
yield her still his own,
As all men else do. Nor do thou encounter
with thy crown,
Great son of Peleus, since no king that
ever Jove allow'd
Grace of a sceptre equals him. Suppose
thy nerves endow'd
With strength superior, and thy birth a
very goddess gave,
Yet he of force is mightier; since what his
own nerves have
Is amplified with just command of many
other. King of men,
Command thou then thyself; and I with
my prayers will obtain
Grace of Achilles to subdue his fury; whose
parts are
Worth our intreaty, being chief check to
all our ill in war."
"All this, good father," said the king,
"is comely and good right;
But this man breaks all such bounds; he
affects, past all men, height;
All would in his power hold, all make his
subjects, give to all
His hot will for their temperate law; all
which he never shall
Persuade at my hands. If the Gods have
given him the great style
Of ablest soldier, made they that his
licence to revile
Men with vile language?" Thetis' son
prevented him, and said:
"Fearful and vile I might be thought,
if the exactions laid
By all means on me I should bear. Others
command to this,
Thou shalt not me; or if thou dost, far
my free spirit is
From serving thy command. Beside, this
I affirm (afford [my sword
Impression of it in thy soul) I will not use
On thee or any for a wench; unjustly
though thou takest
The thing thou gavest; but all things else,
that in my ship thou makest
Greedy survey of, do not touch without my
leave; or do
Add that act's wrong to this, that these may
see that outrage too;
And then comes my part; then be sure, thy
blood upon my lance
Shall flow in vengeance." These high
terms these two at variance
Used to each other; left their seats; and
after them arose
The whole court. To his tents and ships,
with friends and soldiers, goes

Angry Achilles. Atreus' son the swift sh
launch'd and put
Within it twenty chosen rowers, within
likewise shut
The hecatomb, t' appease the God; the
caused to come aboard
Fair-cheek'd Chryseis; for the chief, he
whom Pallas pour'd
Her store of counsels, Ithacus, aboard we
last; and then
The moist ways of the sea they sail'
And now the king of men
Bade all the host to sacrifice. They sac
ficed, and cast
The offal of all to the deeps; the ang
God they graced
With perfect hecatombs; some bulls, son
goats, along the shore
Of the unfruitful sea, inflamed. To heav
the thick fumes bore
Enwrapped savours. Thus, though all t
politic king made show
Respects to heaven, yet he himself all th
time did pursue
His own affections; the late jar, in whi
he thunder'd threats
Against Achilles, still he fed, and his affi
tions' heats
Thus vented to Talthybius, and gra
Eurybates,
Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all
messages.
"Haste to Achilles' tent; where ts
Briseis' hand, and bring
Her beauties to us. If he fail to yield b
say your king
Will come himself with multitudes, t
shall the horribler
Make both his presence and your char
that so he dares defer."
This said, he sent them with a charg
hard condition.
They went unwillingly, and trod the fr
less sea's shore; soon
They reach'd the navy and the tents,
which the quarter lay
Of all the Myrmidons, and found the c
Chief in their sway
Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor
Achilles glad [any glory
To see their presence; nor themselves
Their message, but with reverence sto
and fear'd th' offended king,
Ask'd not the dame, nor spake a w
He yet, well knowing the thing
That caused their coming, graced t
thus: "Heralds, ye men that bea
The messages of men and gods, y'
welcome, come ye near.

I nothing blame you, but your king ; 'tis he, I know, doth send
 You for Briseis ; she is his. Patroclus, honour'd friend,
 Bring forth the damsel, and these men let lead her to their lord.
 But, heralds, be you witnesses, before the most adored,
 Before us mortals, and before your most ungentle king, [bring
 Of what I suffer, that, if war ever hereafter
 My aid in question, to avert any severest bane
 It brings on others, I am 'scused to keep my aid in wane,
 Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting mischief, raves,
 Nor sees at once by present things the future ; how like waves
 Ills follow ill ; injustices being never so secure
 In present times, but after-plagues even then are seen as sure.
 Which yet he sees not, and so soothes his present lust, which, check'd,
 Would check plagues future ; and he might, in succouring right, protect
 Such as fight for his right at fleet. They still in safety fight,
 That fight still justly." This speech used, Patroclus did the rite
 His friend commanded, and brought forth Briseis from her tent,
 Gave her the heralds, and away to th' Achive ships they went.
 She sad, and scarce for grief could go. Her love all friends forsook,
 And wept for anger. To the shore of th' old sea he betook
 Himself alone, and casting forth upon the purple sea
 His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven advancing, this sad plea
 Made to his mother : Mother, since you brought me forth to breathe
 So short a life, Olympus had good right to bequeath
 My short life honour ; yet that right he doth in no degree,
 But lets Atrides do me shame, and force that prize from me
 That all the Greeks gave." This with tears he utter'd, and she heard,
 Set with her old sire in his deeps, and instantly appear'd
 Up from the grey sea like a cloud, satc by his side, and said :
 "Why weeps my son? What grieves thee? speak, conceal not what hath laid

Such hard hand on thee, let both know." He, sighing like a storm,
 Replied : "Thou dost know ; why should I things known again inform?
 We march'd to Thebes, the sacred town of king Cætion,
 Sack'd it, and brought to fleet the spoil, which every valiant son
 Of Greece indifferently shared. Atrides had for share
 Fair-cheek'd Chryseis. After which, his priest that shoots so far,
 Chryses, the fair Chryseis' sire, arriv'd at th' Achive fleet,
 With infinite ransom, to redeem the dear imprison'd feet
 Of his fair daughter. In his hands he held Apollo's crown, [Grecian son,
 And golden sceptre ; making suit to every But most the sons of Atreus, the others' orderers,
 Yet they least heard him ; all the rest received with reverend ears
 The motion, both the priests and gifts gracing, and holding worth
 His wish'd acceptance. Atreus' son yet (vex'd) commanded forth
 With rude terms Phœbus' reverend priest ; who, angry, made retreat,
 And pray'd to Phœbus, in whose grace he standing passing great
 Got his petition. The God an ill shaft sent abroad
 That tumbled down the Greeks in heaps. The host had no abode
 That was not visited. We ask'd a prophet that well knew
 The cause of all ; and from his lips Apollo's prophecies flew,
 Telling his anger. First myself exhorted to appease
 The anger'd God ; which Atreus' son did at the heart displease,
 And up he stood, used threats, perform'd. The black-eyed Greeks sent home
 Chryseis to her sire, and gave his God a hecatomb.
 Then, for Briseis, to my tents Atrides' heralds came,
 And took her, that the Greeks gave, all. If then thy powers can frame
 Wreak for thy son, afford it. Scale Olympus, and implore
 Jove (if by either word, or fact, thou ever didst restore
 Joy to his griev'd heart) now to help. I oft have heard thee vaunt,
 In court of Peleus, that alone thy hand was conversant

In rescue from a cruel spoil the black-
cloud-gathering Jove,
Whom other Godheads would have bound
(the Power whose pace doth move
The round earth, heaven's great Queen,
and Pallas); to whose bands
Thou camest with rescue, bringing up him
with the hundred hands
To great Olympus, whom the Gods call
Briareus, men
Ægeon, who his sire surpass'd, and was
as strong again,
And in that grace sat glad by Jove. Th'
immortals stood dismay'd [his aid.
At his ascension, and gave free passage to
Of all this tell Jove; kneel to him, embrace
his knee, and pray
If Troy's aid he will ever deign, that now
their forces may
Beat home the Greeks to fleet and sea;
embruing their retreat
In slaughter; their pains paying the wreak
of their proud sovereign's heat;
And that far-ruling king may know, from
his poor soldier's harms
His own harm falls; his own and all in
mine, his best in arms."
Her answer she pour'd out in tears: "O
me, my son," said she,
"Why brought I up thy being at all, that
brought thee forth to be
Sad subject of so hard a fate? O would to
heaven, that since
Thy fate is little, and not long, thou
might'st without offence
And tears perform it. But to live, thrall
to so stern a fate
As grants thee least life, and that least so
most unfortunate,
Grieves me t' have given thee any life.
But what thou wishest now,
If Jove will grant, I'll up and ask; Olym-
pus crown'd with snow
I'll climb; but sit thou fast at fleet, re-
nounce all war, and feed
Thy heart with wrath, and hope o. wear;
till which come, thou shalt need
A little patience. Jupiter went yesterday
to feast
Amongst the blameless Æthiops, in th'
ocean's deepen'd breast,
All Gods attending him; the twelfth, high
heaven again he sees,
And then his brass-paved court I'll scale,
cling to his powerful knees,
And doubt not but to win thy wish."
Thus, made she her remove,
And left wrath tying on her son, for his
enforced love.

Ulysses, with the hecatomb, arrived at
Chrysa's shore;
And when amidst the haven's deep mouth,
they came to use the oar,
They straight strook sail, then roll'd them
up, and on the hatches threw;
The top-mast to the kelsine then, with
balyards down they drew;
Then brought the ship to port with oars;
then forked anchor cast;
And, 'gainst the violence of storms, for
drifting made her fast.
All come ashore, they all exposed the
holy hecatomb
To angry Phœbus, and, with it, Chryseis
welcomed home;
Whom to her sire, wise Ithacus, that did
at th' altar stand,
For honour led, and, spoken thus, resign'd
her to his hand:
"Chryseis, the mighty king of men, great
Agamemnon, sends
Thy loved seed by my hands to thine; and
to thy God commends
A hecatomb, which my charge is to sacri-
fice, and seek
Our much-sigh-mix'd woe, his recure, in-
voked by every Greek."
Thus he resign'd her, and her sire re-
ceived her, highly joy'd.
About the well-built altar, then, they
orderly employ'd
The sacred offering, wash'd their hands,
took salt cakes; and the priest,
With hands held up to heaven, thus pray'd:
"O thou that all things seest,
Fautor of Chrysa, whose fair hand doth
guardfully dispose [Tenedos,
Celestial Cilla, governing in all power
O hear thy priest, and as thy hand, in free
grace to my prayers,
Shot fervent plague-shafts through the
Greeks, now hearten their affairs
With health renew'd, and quite remove th'
infection from their blood."
He pray'd; and to his prayers again the
God propitious stood.
All, after prayer, cast on salt cakes, drew
back, kill'd, flay'd the beeves,
Cut out and dubb'd with fat their thighs,
fair dress'd with doubled leaves,
And on them all the sweetbreads prick'd.
The priest, with small sere wood,
Did sacrifice, pour'd on red wine; by
whom the young men stood,
And turn'd, in five ranks, spits; on which
(the legs enough) they eat
The inwards; then in giggots cut the other
fit for meat,

And put to fire ; which, roasted well, they
drew. The labour done,

They served the feast in, that fed all to
satisfaction.

Desire of meat and wine thus quench'd,
the youths crown'd cups of wine

Drunk off, and fill'd again to all. That
day was held divine,

And spent in paeans to the Sun, who heard
with pleas'd ear ;

When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea,
and twilight hid the clear,

All soundly on their cables slept, even till
the night was worn.

And when the lady of the light, the rosy-
finger'd Morn,

Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to
the camp retired.

Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling
bark inspired,

The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sails on
his round breast they put,

The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship
her course did cut

So swiftly that the parted waves against her
ribs did rore ; [aloft the sandy shore,

Which, coming to the camp, they drew
Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept
his quarter as before.

But Peleus' son, swift-foot Achilles, at
his swift ships sate,

Burning in wrath, nor ever came to
councils of estate

That make men honour'd ; never trod the
fierce embattail'd field,

But kept close, and his loved heart pined ;
what fight and cries could yield

Thirsting at all parts to the host. And
now, since first he told

His wrongs to Thetis, twelve fair morns
their ensigns did unfold,

And then the ever-living gods mounted
Olympus, Jove

First in ascension. Thetis then, re-
member'd well to move

Achilles' motion, rose from sea, and, by
the morn's first light,

The great heaven and Olympus climb'd ;
where, in supremest height

Of all that many-headed hill, she saw the
far-seen son [seat alone,

Of Saturn, set from all the rest, in his free
Before whom, on her own knees fall'n, the

knees of Jupiter
Her left hand held, her right his chin, and
thus she did prefer

Her son's petition : " Father Jove ! If ever
I have stood [implored good

Aidful to thee in word or work, with this

Requite my aid, renown my son, since in so
short a race

(Past others) thou confine'st his life. An
insolent disgrace

Is done him by the king of men ; he forced
from him a prize

Won with his sword. But thou, O Jove
that art most strong, most wise,

Honour my son for my sake ; add strength
to the Trojans' side

By his side's weakness in his want ; and
see Troy amplified

In conquest, so much, and so long, till
Greece may give again

The glory reft him, and the more illustrate
the free reign

Of his wrong'd honour." Jove at this sate
silent ; not a word

In long space pass'd him. Thetis still
hung on his knee, implored

The second time his help, and said :
" Grant, or deny my suit,

Be free in what thou doest ; I know, thou
canst not sit thus mute

For fear of any ; speak, deny, that so I
may be sure,

Of all heaven's Goddesses 'tis I, that only
must endure

Dishonour by thee." Jupiter, the great
cloud-gatherer, grieved

With thought of what a world of griefs this
suit ask'd, being achieved ;

Swell'd, sigh'd, and answer'd : " Works of
death thou urgest. O, at this

Juno will storm, and all my powers inflame
with contumelies.

Ever she wrangles, charging me in ear of
all the Gods

That I am partial still, that I add the dis-
pleasing odds

Of my aid to the Ilians. Begone then, lest
she see ;

Leave thy request to my care ; yet, that
trust may hearten thee

With thy desire's grant, and my power to
give it act approve

How vain her strife is, to thy prayer my
eminent head shall move ;

Which is the great sign of my will with all
th' immortal states ; [rates

Irrevocable ; never fails ; never without the
Of all powers else ; when my head bows, all

heads bow with it still

As their first mover ; and gives power to
any work I will."

He said ; and his black eyebrows bent ;
above his deathless head

Th' ambrosian curls flow'd ; great heaven
shook ; and both were severed,

Their counsels broken. To the depth of
 Neptune's kingdom dived
 Thetis from heaven's height; Jove arose;
 and all the Gods received
 (All rising from their thrones) their Sire,
 attending to his court.
 None sate when he rose, none delay'd the
 furnishing his port
 Till he came near; all met with him, and
 brought him to his throne.
 Nor sate great Juno ignorant, when she
 beheld alone
 Old Nereus' silver-footed seed with Jove,
 that she had brought
 Counsels to heaven; and straight her
 tongue had teeth in it, that wrought
 This sharp invective: "Who was that
 (thou craftiest counsellor
 Of all the Gods) that so apart some secret
 did implore?
 Ever, apart from me, thou lovest to counsel
 and decree
 Things of more close trust than thou
 think'st are fit t' impart to me.
 Whatever thou determinest, I must ever be
 denied [speech thus replied
 The knowledge of it by thy will." To her
 The Father both of men and Gods:
 "Have never hope to know
 My whole intentions, though my wife; it
 fits not, nor would show
 Well to thine own thoughts; but what fits
 thy woman's ear to hear,
 Woman, nor man, nor God, shall know
 before it grace thine ear.
 Yet what, apart from men and Gods, I
 please to know, forbear
 T' examine, or inquire of that." She with
 the cow's fair eyes,
 Respected Juno, this return'd: "Austere
 king of the skies,
 What hast thou utter'd? When did I
 before this time inquire,
 Or sift thy counsels? Passing close you
 are still. Your desire
 Is served with such care, that I fear you
 can scarce vouch the deed
 That makes it public, being seduced by
 this old sea-god's seed,
 That could so early use her knees, em-
 bracing thine. I doubt, [working out
 The late act of thy bowed head was for the
 Of some boon she ask'd; that her son thy
 partial hand would please
 With plaguing others." "Wretch!" said
 he, "thy subtle jealousies
 Are still exploring; my designs can never
 'scape thine eye, [curiosity
 Which yet thou never canst prevent. Thy

Makes thee less cared for at my hands, and
 horrible the end [suspects inten
 Shall make thy humour. If it be what t
 What then? 'Tis my free will it should
 to which let way be given
 With silence. Curb your tongue in tim
 lest all the Gods in heaven
 Too few be and too weak to help t
 punish'd insolence,
 When my inaccessible hands shall fall
 thee." The sense
 Of this high threatening made her fear, a
 silent she sate down,
 Humbling her great heart. All the Go
 in court of Jove did frown
 At this offence given; amongst who
 heaven's famous artisan,
 Ephaistus, in his mother's care, this com
 speech began:
 "Believe it, these words will bre
 wounds, beyond our powers to heal
 If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye mak
 tumult here
 That spoils our banquet. Evermore we
 matters put down best.
 But, mother, though yourself be wise,
 let your son request
 His wisdom audience. Give good term
 our loved father Jove,
 For fear he take offence again, and
 kind banquet prove
 A wrathful battle. If he will, the heav
 Lightener can
 Take you and toss you from your thro
 his power Olympian
 Is so surpassing. Soften then with ge
 speech his spleen,
 And drink to him; I know his heart
 quickly down again."
 This said, arising from his throne, in
 loved mother's hand
 He put the double-handled cup, and sa
 "Come, do not stand
 On these cross humours; suffer, b
 though your great bosom grieve,
 And let blows force you; all my aid
 able to relieve
 Your hard condition, though these
 behold it, and this heart
 Sorrow to think it. 'Tis a task
 dangerous to take part
 Against Olympius. I myself the pro
 this still feel.
 When other Gods would fain have he
 he took me by the heel,
 And hurl'd me out of heaven. All d
 was in falling down;
 At length in Lemnos I strook earth;
 likewise-falling sun

And I, together, set; my life almost set
too; yet there
The Sinti cheer'd and took me up." This
did to laughter cheer
White-wristed Juno, who now took the cup
of him, and smiled.
The sweet peace-making draught went
round, and lame Ephaistus fill'd
Nectar to all the other Gods. A laughter
never left
Shook all the blessed deities, to see the lame
so deft
At that cup service. All that day, even till
the sun went down,
They banqueted, and had such cheer as
did their wishes crown.

Nor had they music less divine; Apollo
there did touch
His most sweet harp, to which, with voice,
the Muses pleased as much.
But when the sun's fair light was set, each
Godhead to his house
Address'd for sleep, where every one, with
art most curious,
By heaven's great both-foot-halting God, a
several roof had built.
Even he to sleep went, by whose hand
heaven is with lightning gilt,
High Jove, where he had used to rest when
sweet sleep seized his eyes;
By him the golden-throned Queen slept,
the Queen of deities.

COMMENTARIUS.

SINCE I dissent from all other translators, and interpreters, that ever assayed exposition of this miraculous poem, especially where the divine rapture is most exempt from capacity in grammarians merely, and grammatical critics, and where the inward sense or soul of the sacred muse is only within eye-shot of a poetical spirit's inspection (lest I be prejudiced with opinion, to dissent, of ignorance, or singularity) I am bound, by this brief comment, to show I understand how all other extants understand; my reasons why I reject them; and how I receive my author. In which labour, if, where all others find discords and dissonances, I prove him entirely harmonious and proportionate; if, where they often alter and fly his original, I at all parts stand fast, and observe it; if, where they mix their most pitiful castigations with his praises, I render him without touch, and beyond admiration (though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her), I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm her, that, the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our Homer, he shall now gird his temples with the sun, and be confessed (against his good friend) *numquam dormitare*. But how all translators, censors, or interpreters, have slept, and been dead to his true understanding, I hope it will neither cast shadow of arrogance in me to affirm, nor of difficulty in you to believe, if you please to suspend censure, and diminution, till your impartial

conference of their pains and mine be admitted. For induction and preparative to which patience, and persuasion, trouble yourselves but to know this. This never-enough-glorified poet (to vary and quicken his eternal poem) hath inspired his chief persons with different spirits, most ingenious and inimitable characters, which not understood, how are their speeches, being one by another as conveniently and necessarily known as the instrument by the sound? If a translator or interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly-described person (being deceived in his character) so violates, and vitiates the original, to make his speech grave, and him valiant; can the negligence and numbness of such an interpreter or translator be less than the sleep and death I am bold to sprinkle upon him? Or could I do less than affirm and enforce this, being so happily discovered? This, therefore (in his due place) approved and explained, let me hope my other assumptions will prove as conspicuous.

This first and second book I have wholly translated again; the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth books deferring still imperfect, being all Englished so long since, and my late hand (overcome with labour) not yet rested enough to refine them. Nor are the wealthy veins of this holy ground so amply discovered in my first twelve labours as my last; not having competent time, nor my profit in his mysteries being so ample, as when driving through his thirteenth and last books, I drew the main depth, and saw the round coming of this

silver bow of our Phœbus; the clear scope and contexture of his work; the full and most beautiful figures of his persons. To those last twelve, then, I must refer you, for all the chief worth of my clear discoveries; and in the mean space I entreat your acceptance of some few new touches in these first. Not perplexing you in first or last with anything handled in any other interpreter, further than I must conscientiously make congression with such as have diminished, mangled, and maimed, my most worthily most tendered author.

¹ 'Αἶδι προλαβέν. αἴδης (being compounded *ex à privativa*, and *εἶδω*, *video*) signifies *locus tenebrosus*, or, according to Virgil, *sine luce domus*; and therefore (different from others) I so convert it.

² Κύνεσσιν, οἰωνοῖσι τε πάσι (Διός, &c.) is the vulgar reading, which I read, *κύνεσσιν οἰωνοῖσι τε* (πάσι Διός δὲ τελεῖστο βουλή) because *πάσι* referred to *κύνεσσιν*, &c., is redundant and idle; to the miseries of the Greeks by Jove's counsel, grave, and sententious.

³ Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα, &c., *ex quo quidem primum*: Here our common readers would have *tempore* understood, because *βουλή* (to which they think the poet must otherwise have reference) is the feminine gender. But Homer understands Jove; as in *Tav*, verse 273, he expounds himself in these words: *ἀλλὰ ποθὶ Ζεὺς*, &c., which Pindarus Thebanus, in his epitome of these Iliads, rightly observes in these verses:—

"Conficiebat enim summi sententia Regis,
Ex quo contulerant discordi pectore pugnas
Sceptraque Atrides, et bello clarus Achilles."

⁴ Ἐπενθήμησαν Ἄχαιοί, *comprobarunt Græci* all others turn it; but since *ἐπενθήμω* signifies properly, *fausta acclamatione ad significationem approbationis*, I therefore accordingly convert it, because the other intimates a comprobation of all the Greeks by word; which was not so, but only by inarticulate acclamations or shouts.

⁵ Ἀμφιβέβηκας ἀμφιβεβῶσιν signifies properly *circumambulo*, and only metaphoricé *protego*, or *tueor*, as it is always in this place translated; which suffers alteration with me, since our usual phrase of walking the round in towns of garrison, for the defence of it, fits so well the property of the original.

⁶ Πρὸ γὰρ ἦκε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρη. *Præmiserat enim Dea alba ulnis Juno*. Why Juno should send Pallas is a thing not

noted by any; I therefore answer, because Juno is Goddess of state. The allegory, therefore, in the *prosopopœia* both of Juno and Pallas, is, that Achilles, for respect to the state there present, the rather used that discretion and restraint of his anger. So in divers other places, when state is represented, Juno procures it; as in the eighteenth book, for the state of Patroclus his fetching off, Juno commands the sun to go down before his time, &c.

⁷ Ὡς φάτο δακρυχέων: *sic dixit lachrymans*, &c. These tears are called, by our commentators, unworthy, and fitter for children or women than such an hero as Achilles; and therefore Plato is cited in iii. de *Repub.* where he saith, *Ὀρθῶς ἄρα*, &c. *Meritò igitur clarorum virorum ploratus è medio tollemus*, &c. To answer which, and justify the fitness of tears generally (as they may be occasioned) in the greatest and most renowned men (omitting examples of Virgil's *Æneas*, Alexander the Great, &c.), I oppose against Plato, only one precedent of great and most perfect humanity (to whom infinitely above all others we must prostrate our imitations) that shed tears; viz., our All-perfect and Almighty Saviour, who wept for Lazarus. This then, leaving the fitness of great men's tears, generally, utterly unanswerable, these particular tears of unvented anger in Achilles are in him most natural; tears being the highest effects of greatest and most fiery spirits, either when their abilities cannot perform to their wills, or that they are restrained of revenge, being injured, out of other considerations; as now the consideration of the state and gravity of the counsel and public good of the army-curbed Achilles. Who can deny that there are tears of manliness and magnanimity, as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So Diomed wept for cursed heart, when Apollo strook his scourge from him, and hindered his horse-race, having been warned by Pallas before not to resist the deities; and so his great spirits being curbed of revenge for the wrong he received then. So when not-enough-vented anger was not to be expressed enough by that tear-starting affection in courageous and fierce men, our most accomplished expresser helps the illustration in a simile of his fervour, in most fervent-spirited fowls, resembling the wrathful fight of Sarpedon and Patroclus to two vultures fighting, and crying on a rock; which thus I have afterwards Englished, and here for example inserted:—

" Down jump'd he from his chariot ; down
 leap'd his foe as light ;
 And as, on some far-seeing rock, a cast of
 vultures fight,
 Fly on each other, strike, and truss ; part,
 meet, and then stick by,
 Tag both with crooked beaks and seres ; cry,
 fight, and fight, and cry.
 So fiercely fought these angry kings," &c.

Wherein you see that crying in these
 eagerly-fought fowls (which is like tears in
 angry men) is so far from softness or faint-
 ness, that to the superlative of hardiness
 and courage, it expresseth both. Nor must
 we be so gross to imagine that Homer

made Achilles or Diomed blubber, or sob,
 &c., but, in the very point and sting of
 their unvented anger, shed a few violent
 and seething-over tears. What ass-like
 impudence is it then for any merely vain-
 glorious and self-loving puff, that every-
 where may read these inimitable touches
 of our Homer's mastery, anywhere to
 oppose his arrogant and ignorant castiga-
 tions, when he should rather (with his much
 better understander Spondanus) submit
 where he oversees him faulty, and say
 thus ; " Quia tu tamen hoc voluisti, sacro-
 sanctæ tuæ authoritati per me nihil de-
 trahetur."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove calls a vision up from Somnus' den
To bid Atrides muster up his men.
The King, to Greeks dissembling his desire,
Persuades them to their country to retire.
By Pallas' will, Ulysses stays their flight ;
And wise old Nestor heartens them to fight.
They take their meat ; which done, to arms
they go,
And march in good array against the foe.
So those of Troy ; when Iris, from the sky,
Of Saturn's son performs the embassy.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Beta the dream and synod cites ;
And catalogues the naval knights.

THE other Gods, and knights at arms, all
night slept ; only Jove
Sweet slumber seized not ; he discoursed
how best he might approve
His vow made for Achilles' grace, and
make the Grecians find
His miss in much death. All ways cast,
this counsel served his mind
With most allowance ; to despatch a harm-
ful dream to greet
The king of men, and gave this charge :
" Go to the Achive fleet,
Pernicious dream, and, being arrived in
Agamemnon's tent, [him to convent
Deliver truly all this charge. Command
His whole host arm'd before these towers ;
for now Troy's broad-way'd town
He shall take in ; the heaven-housed Gods
are now indifferent grown ;
Juno's request hath won them ; Troy now
under imminent ills
At all parts labours." This charge heard,
the Vision straight fulfils ;
The ships reach'd, and Atrides' tent, in
which he found him laid,
Divine sleep pour'd about his powers. He
stood above his head
Like Nestor, graced of old men most, and
this did intimate :
" Sleeps the wise Atreus'-tame-horse
son? a councillor of state
Must not the whole night spend in sleep ;
to whom the people are
For guard committed, and whose life
stands bound to so much care.

Now hear me, then, Jove's messenger,
who, though far off from thee,
Is near thee yet in ruth and care, and gives
command by me
To arm thy whole host. Thy strong hand
the broad-way'd town of Troy
Shall now take in ; no more the Gods dis-
sentiously employ
Their high-housed powers ; Juno's sui-
hath won them all to her ;
And ill fates overhang these towers, ad-
dress'd by Jupiter.
Fix in thy mind this, nor forget to give i-
action, when
Sweet sleep shall leave thee." Thus h-
fled ; and left the king of men
Repeating in discourse his dream, and
dreaming still, awake,
Of power, not ready yet for act. O foo-
he thought to take
In the next day old Priam's town ; no-
knowing what affairs
Jove had in purpose, who prepared, b-
strong fight, sighs and cares
For Greeks and Trojans. The drea-
gone, his voice still murmured
About the king's ears ; who sate up, p-
on him in his bed
His silken inner weed, fair, new ; and the
in haste arose,
Cast on his ample mantle, tied to his so-
feet fair shoes,
His silver-hilted sword he hung about h-
shoulders, took
His father's sceptre never stain'd ; whi-
then abroad he shook,
And went to fleet. And now great heave-
Goddess Aurora scaled,
To Jove, and all Gods, bringing light
when Agamemnon call'd
His heralds, charging them aloud to c-
to instant court
The thick-hair'd Greeks. The hera-
call'd ; the Greeks made quick reso-
The Council chiefly be composed of
great-minded men,
At Nestor's ships, the Pylian king ;
there assembled then,
Thus Atreus' son begun the court : " He-
friends : A dream divine,
Amidst the calm night in my sleep,
through my shut eyes shine,

Within my fantasy. His form did passing
 naturally
 Resemble Nestor; such attire, a stature
 just as high.
 He stood above my head, and words thus
 fashion'd did relate:
 'Sleeps the wise Atreus'-tame-horse son?
 A councillor of state
 Must not the whole night spend in sleep;
 to whom the people are
 For guard committed, and whose life
 stands bound to so much care.
 Now hear me then, Jove's messenger, who,
 though far off from thee,
 Is near thee yet in love and care, and gives
 command by me
 To arm thy whole host. Thy strong hand
 the broad-way'd town of Troy
 Shall now take in; no more the Gods dis-
 sentiously employ
 Their high-housed powers; Saturnia's suit
 hath won them all to her;
 And ill fates over-hang these towers, ad-
 dress'd by Jupiter.
 Fix in thy mind this." This express'd, he
 took wing and away,
 And sweet sleep left me. Let us then by
 all our means assay
 To arm our army; I will first (as far as fits
 our right)
 Try their addictions, and command with
 full-sail'd ships our flight;
 Which if they yield to, oppose you." He
 said, and up arose
 Nestor, of sandy Pylos king, who willing
 to dispose
 Their counsel to the public good, proposed
 this to the state:
 "Princes and Councillors of Greece, if
 any should relate
 This vision but the king himself, it might
 be held a tale,
 And move the rather our retreat; but since
 our General
 Affirms he saw it, hold it true, and all our
 best means make
 To arm our army." This speech used, he
 first the Council brake;
 The other sceptre-bearing States arose too,
 and obey'd
 The people's Rector. Being abroad, the
 earth was overlaid
 With flocks to them, that came forth, as
 when of frequent bees¹
 Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing
 the degrees
 Of their egression endlessly, with ever
 rising new [still as it faded, grew,
 From forth their sweet nest; as their store,
 And never would cease sending forth her
 clusters to the spring.
 They still crowd out so; this flock here, that
 there, belabouring
 The loaded flowers; so from the ships and
 tents the army's store
 Troop'd to these princes and the court,
 along th' unmeasured shore;
 Amongst whom, Jove's ambassadress,
 Fame, in her virtue shined,
 Exciting greediness to hear. The rabble,
 thus inclined,
 Hurried together; uproar seized the high
 court; earth did groan
 Beneath the settling multitude; tumult was
 there alone.
 Thrice-three vociferous heralds rose, to
 check the rout, and get
 Ear to their Jove-kept governors; and in-
 stantly was set
 That huge confusion; every man set fast,
 and clamour ceased:
 Then stood divine Atrides up, and in his
 hand compress'd
 His sceptre, th' elaborate work of fiery
 Mulciber, [his messenger;
 Who gave it to Saturnian Jove; Jove to
 His messenger, Argicides, to Pelops, skill'd
 in horse;
 Pelops to Atreus, chief of men; he, dying,
 gave it course
 To prince Thyestes, rich in herds; Thyestes
 to the hand
 Of Agamemnon render'd it, and with it the
 command
 Of many isles and Argos all. On this he
 leaning, said:
 "O friends, great sons of Danaus,
 servants of Mars, Jove laid
 A heavy curse on me, to vow, and bind
 it with the bent
 Of his high forehead; that this Troy of all
 her people spent,
 I should return; yet now to mock our
 hopes built on his vow,
 And charge ingloriously my flight, when
 such an overthrow
 Of brave friends I have authored. But to
 his mightiest will
 We must submit us, that hath razed, and
 will be razing still
 Men's footsteps from so many towns;
 because his power is most,
 He will destroy most. But how vile such
 and so great an host
 Will show to future times! that, match'd
 with lesser numbers far,
 We fly, not putting on the crown of our so
 long-held war,

Of which there yet appears no end. Yet
 should our foes and we
 Strike truce, and number both our powers ;
 Troy taking all that be
 Her arm'd inhabitants ; and we, in tens,
 should all sit down
 At our truce banquet : every ten allow'd
 one of the town
 To fill his feast-cup ; many tens would their
 attendant want ;
 So much I must affirm our power exceeds
 th' inhabitant.
 But their auxiliary bands, those brandishers
 of spears, [our hinderers,
 From many cities drawn, are they that are
 Not suffering well-raised Troy to fall.
 Nine years are ended now,
 Since Jove our conquest vow'd ; and now,
 our vessels rotten grow,
 Our tackling fails ; our wives, young sons,
 sit in their doors and long
 For our arrival ; yet the work, that should
 have wreak'd our wrong,
 And made us welcome, lies unwrought.
 Come then, as I bid, all
 Obey, and fly to our loved home ; for now,
 nor ever, shall
 Our utmost take in broad-way'd Troy."
 This said, the multitude
 Was all for home ; and all men else that
 what this would conclude
 Had not discover'd. All the crowd was
 shoved about the shore,
 In sway, like rude and raging waves,
 roused with the fervent blore
 Of th' east and south winds, when they
 break from Jove's clouds, and are borne
 On rough backs of th' Icarian seas : or like
 a field of corn
 High grown, that Zephyr's vehement gusts
 bring easily underneath,
 And make the stiff up-bristled ears do
 homage to his breath ;
 For even so easily, with the breath Atrides
 used, was sway'd
 The violent multitude. To fleet with
 shouts, and disarray'd,
 All rush'd ; and, with a fog of dust, their
 rude feet dimm'd the day ;
 Each cried to other, ' Cleanse our ships,
 come, launch, aboard, away.'
 The clamour of the runners home reach'd
 heaven ; and then past fate
 The Greeks had left Troy, had not then
 the Goddess of estate
 Thus spoke to Pallas : " O foul shame,
 thou untamed seed of Jove,
 Shall thus the sea's broad back be charged
 with these our friends' remove ?

Thus leaving Argive Helen here? the
 Priam graced? thus Troy?
 In whose fields, far from their loved ow
 for Helen's sake, the joy
 And life of so much Grecian birth
 vanish'd? Take thy way
 T' our brass-arm'd people ; speak them fa
 let not a man obey
 The charge now given, nor launch o
 ship." She said, and Pallas did
 As she commanded ; from the tops
 heaven's steep hill she slid,
 And straight the Greeks' swift ships s
 reach'd ; Ulysses (like to Jove
 In gifts of counsel) she found out ; who
 that base remove
 Stirr'd not a foot, nor touch'd a ship ; b
 grieved at heart to see
 That fault in others. To him close
 blue-eyed Deity
 Made way, and said : " Thou wisest Gre
 divine Laertes' son,
 Thus fly ye homewards, to your shi
 shall all thus headlong ran?
 Glory to Priam thus ye leave ; glory to
 his friends,
 If thus ye leave her here, for whom
 many violent ends
 Have closed your Greek eyes, and so
 from their so loved home.
 Go to these people, use no stay, with
 terms overcome
 Their foul endeavour, not a man a fl
 sail let hoise."
 Thus spake she ; and Ulysses k
 'twas Pallas by her voice ;
 Ran to the runners ; cast from him
 mantle, which his man
 And herald, grave Eurybates, the
 censian
 That follow'd him, took up. Himse
 Agamemnon went, [des
 His incorrupted sceptre took, his scept
 And with it went about the fleet. A
 prince, or man of name,
 He found flight-given, he would res
 with words of gentlest blame :
 " Good sir, it fits not you to fly, or
 as one afraid,
 You should not only stay yourself, bu
 the people staid.
 You know not clearly, though you
 the king's words, yet his mind ;
 He only tries men's spirits now, and,
 his trials find
 Apt to this course, he will chastise.
 you, nor I, heard all
 He spake in council ; nor durst pre
 near our General,

Lest we incensed him to our hurt. The
 anger of a king
 Is mighty; he is kept of Jove, and from
 Jove likewise spring
 His honours, which, out of the love of wise
 Jove, he enjoys."
 Thus he the best sort used; the worst,
 whose spirits brake out in noise,
 He cudgell'd with his sceptre, chid, and
 said: "Stay, wretch, be still,
 And hear thy betters; thou art base, and
 both in power and skill
 Poor and unworthy, without name in
 council or in war. [most irregular,
 We must not all be kings. The rule is
 Where many rule. One lord, one king,
 propose to thee; and he,
 To whom wise Saturn's son hath given
 both law and empery
 To rule the public, is that king." Thus
 ruling, he restrain'd
 The host from flight; and then again the
 Council was maintain'd
 With such a concourse, that the shore rung
 with the tumult made;
 As when the far-resounding sea doth in his
 rage invade
 His sandy confines, whose sides groan with
 his involved wave,
 And make his own breast echo sighs. All
 safe, and audience gave.
 Thersites only would speak all. A most
 disorder'd store
 Of words he foolishly pour'd out, of which
 his mind held more
 Than it could manage; anything, with
 which he could procure
 Laughter, he never could contain. He
 should have yet been sure
 To touch no kings; t' oppose their states
 becomes not jesters' parts.
 But he the filthiest fellow was of all that
 had deserts
 In Troy's brave siege; he was squint-eyed,
 and lame of either foot;
 So crook-back'd, that he had no breast;
 sharp-headed, where did shoot
 (Here and there persed) thin mossy hair.
 He most of all envied
 Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen
 would chide.
 Nor could the sacred King himself avoid
 his saucy vein;
 Against whom since he knew the Greeks
 did vehement hates sustain,
 Being angry for Achilles' wrong, he cried
 out railing thus:
 "Atrides, why complain'st thou now?
 what wouldst thou more of us?
 Thy tents are full of brass; and dames,
 the choice of all, are thine,
 With whom we must present thee first,
 when any towns resign
 To our invasion. Want'st thou then, be-
 sides all this, more gold
 From Troy's knights to redeem their sons,
 whom to be dearly sold
 I or some other Greek must take? or
 wouldst thou yet again
 Force from some other lord his prize, to
 soothe the lusts that reign
 In thy encroaching appetite? It fits no
 prince to be [progeny
 A prince of ill, and govern us, or lead out
 By rape to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving
 infamy,
 By ills eternal; Greekish girls, not Greeks,
 ye are: Come, fly
 Home with our ships; leave this man here
 to perish with his preys,
 And try if we help'd him or not; he wrong'd
 a man that weighs
 Far more than he himself in worth; he
 forced from Thetis' son,
 And keeps his prize still. Nor think I that
 mighty man hath won
 The style of wrathful worthily; he's soft,
 he's too remiss;
 Or else, Atrides, his had been thy last of
 injuries."
 Thus he the people's Pastor chid; but
 straight stood up to him
 Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceed-
 grave and grim,
 This bitter check gave: "Cease, vain fo-
 to vent thy railing vein
 On kings thus, though it serve thee well,
 nor think thou canst restrain,
 With that thy railing faculty, their wills in
 least degree;
 For not a worse, of all this host, can
 with our King than thee,
 To Troy's great siege; then do not take
 into that mouth of thine
 The names of kings; much less revile the
 dignities that shine
 In their supreme states, wresting thus th'
 motion for our home,
 To soothe thy cowardice; since ourselves
 yet know not what will come
 Of these designments: if it be our go-
 to stay or go.
 Nor is it that thou stand'st on;
 revilest our General so,
 Only because he hath so much, not
 by such as thou
 But our heroes. Therefore this thy
 vein makes me vow

(Which shall be curiously observed) if ever
 I shall hear
 This madness from thy mouth again, let
 not Ulysses bear
 This head, nor be the father call'd of young
 Telemachus,
 If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee
 not, and thus
 Whip thee to fleet from council; send,
 with sharp stripes, weeping hence
 This glory thou affect'st to rail." This
 said, his insolence
 He settled with his sceptre; strook his back
 and shoulders so
 That bloody wales rose. He shrunk round;
 and from his eyes did flow
 Moist tears, and, looking filthily, he sate,
 fear'd, smarted, dried
 His blubber'd cheeks; and all the prease,
 though grieved to be denied
 Their wish'd retreat for home, yet laugh'd
 delightously, and spake
 Either to other: "O ye Gods, how in-
 finitely take [counsels, great
 ysses' virtues in our good! author of
 an ordering armies, how most well this act
 became his heat,
 To beat from council this rude fool! I
 think his saucy spirit,
 Hereafter, will not let his tongue abuse the
 sovereign merit,
 Tempt from such base tongues as his."
 Thus spake the people; then
 city-razer Ithacus stood up to speak
 again,
 Holding his sceptre. Close to him grey-
 eyed Minerva stood,
 And, like a herald, silence caused, that all
 the Achive brood
 From first to last) might hear and know
 the counsel; when, inclined
 to all their good, Ulysses said: "Atrides,
 now I find
 These men would render thee the shame
 of all men; nor would pay
 Their own vows to thee, when they took
 their free and honour'd way
 From Argos hither, that, till Troy were by
 their brave hands razed,
 They would not turn home: yet, like
 babes, and widows, now they haste
 that base refuge. 'Tis a spite to see
 men melted so
 womanish changes; though 'tis true,
 that if a man do go
 a month to sea, and leave his wife
 far off, and he,
 tired with winter's storms, and toss'd
 with a tumultuous sea,

Grows heavy, and would home. Us then,
 to whom the thrice three year
 Hath fill'd his revoluble orb since our
 arrival here,
 I blame not to wish home much more;
 yet all this time to stay,
 Out of our judgments, for our end; and
 now to take our way
 Without it, were absurd and vile. Sustain
 then, friends; abide [prophesied
 The time set to our object; try if Calchas
 True of the time or not. We know, ye
 all can witness well,
 (Whom these late death-conferring fates
 have fail'd to send to hell)
 That when in Aulis, all our fleet assembled
 with a freight
 Of ills to Iliou and her friends, beneath
 the fair grown height
 A platan bore, about a fount, whence
 crystal water flow'd,
 And near our holy altar, we upon the
 Gods bestow'd
 Accomplish'd hecatombs; and there ap-
 pear'd a huge portent,
 A dragon with a bloody scale, horrid to
 sight, and sent
 To light by great Olympius; which, crawl-
 ing from beneath
 The altar, to the platan climb'd, and ruth-
 less crash'd to death
 A sparrow's young, in number eight, that
 in a top-bough lay
 Hid under leaves; the dam the ninth, that
 hover'd every way,
 Mourning her loved birth, till at length,
 the serpent, watching her,
 Her wing caught, and devour'd her too
 This dragon, Jupiter,
 That brought him forth, turn'd to a stone
 and made a powerful mean^s
 To stir our zeals up, that admired, when
 of a fact so clean
 Of all ill as our sacrifice, so fearful an
 ostent
 Should be the issue. Calchas, then, thus
 prophesied th' event:
 'Why are ye dumb strook, fair-hair'd
 Greeks? Wise Jove is he hath show
 This strange ostent to us. 'Twas late
 and passing lately done,
 But that grace it foregoes to us, for suffe-
 ring all the state
 Of his appearance (being so slow) nor time
 shall end, nor fate.
 As these eight sparrows, and the da
 (that made the ninth) were eat
 By this stern serpent; so nine years we a
 t' endure the heat

Of ravenous war, and, in the tenth, take
in this broad-way'd town.
Thus be interpreted this sign; and all
things have their crown
As be interpreted, till now. The rest,
then, to succeed
Believe as certain. Stay we all till that
most glorious deed
Of taking this rich town, our hands are
honour'd with." This said,
The Greeks gave an unmeasured shout;
which back the ships repaid
With terrible echoes, in applause of that
persuasion [comparison
Divine Ulysses used; which yet held no
With Nestor's next speech, which was
this: "O shameful thing! ye talk
Like children all, that know not war. In
what air's region walk
Our oaths, and covenants? Now, I see
the fit respects of men
Are vanish'd quite; our right hands given,
our faiths, our counsels vain,
Our sacrifice with wine, all fled in that
profaned flame
We made to bind all; for thus still we vain
persuasions frame,
And strive to work our end with words, not
joining stratagems
And hands together, though, thus long,
the power of our extremes
Hath urged us to them. Atreus' son, firm
as at first hour stand:
Make good thy purpose; talk no more in
councils, but command
In active field. Let two or three, that by
themselves advise,
Faint in their crowning; they are such as
are not truly wise;
They will for Argos, ere they know if that
which Jove hath said
Be false or true. I tell them all, that high
Jove bow'd his head,
As first we went aboard our fleet, for sign
we should confer
These Trojans their due fate and death;
almighty Jupiter
All that day darting forth his flames, in an
unmeasured light,
On our right hands. Let therefore none
once dream of coward flight,
Till (for his own) some wife of Troy he
sleeps withal, the rape
Of Helen wreaking, and our sighs enforced
for her escape.
If any yet dare dote on home, let his dis-
honour'd haste
His black and well-built bark but touch,
that (as he first disgraced

His country's spirit) fate, and death, may
first his spirit let go.
But be thou wise, king, do not trust thyself,
but others. Know
I will not use an abject word. See all thy
men array'd
In tribes and nations: that tribes, tribes;
nations, may nations aid.
Which doing, thou shalt know what chiefs,
what soldiers play the men,
And what the cowards; for they all, will
fight in several then,
Easy for note. And then shalt thou, if
thou destroy'st not Troy,
Know if the prophecy's defect, or men thou
dost employ
In their approved arts, want in war; or
lack of that brave heat
Fit for the venturous spirits of Greece, was
cause to thy defeat."
To this the king of men replied: "O
father, all the sons
Of Greece thou conquer'st in the strife of
consultations. [could make,
I would to Jove, Athenia, and Phœbus, I
Of all, but ten such counsellors; then in-
stantly would shake
King Priam's city, by our hands laid hold
on and laid waste.
But Jove hath order'd I should grieve, and
to that end hath cast
My life into debates past end. Myself, and
Thetis' son,
Like girls, in words fought for a girl, and
I th' offence begun:
But if we ever talk as friends, Troy's thus
deferred fall
Shall never vex us more one hour. Come
then, to victuals all,
That strong Mars all may bring to field.
Each man his lance's steel
See sharpen'd well, his shield well lined
his horses meated well,
His chariot carefully made strong, that
these affairs of death
We all day may hold fiercely out. No man
must rest, or breathe;
The bosoms of our targeteers must all be
steep'd in sweat;
The lancer's arm must fall dissolved; our
chariot-horse with heat
Must seem to melt. But if I find one
soldier take the chase,
Or stir from fight, or fight not still fix'd in
his enemy's face,
Or hid a shipboard, all the world, for force,
nor price, shall save
His hated life; but fowls and dogs be his
abhorred grave."

He said ; and such a murmur rose, as
on a lofty shore

The waves make, when the south-wind
comes, and tumbles them before

Against a rock, grown near the strand,
which diversely beset

Is never free ; but, here and there, with
varied uproars beat.

All rose then, rushing to the fleet, per-
fuming their tents, and eat ;

Each offering to th' immortal gods, and
praying to 'scape the heat

Of war and death. The king of men an
ox of five years' spring

T' almighty Jove slew : call'd the peers ;
first Nestor, then the king

Idomeneus ; after them th' Ajaces ; and
the son

Of Tydeus ; Ithacus the sixth, in counsel
paragon

To Jove himself. All these he bade ; but
at-a-martial-cry^a

Good Menelaus, since he saw his brother
Employ'd at that time, would not stand on
invitation,

But of himself came. All about the
offering overthrown

Stood round, took salt-cakes, and the king
himself thus pray'd for all :

"O Jove, most great, most glorious,
that, in that starry hall,

Sitt'st drawing dark clouds up to air, let
not the sun go down.

Darkness supplying it, till my hands the
palace and the town

Of Priam overthrow and burn ; the arms
on Hector's breast

Dividing ; spoiling with my sword thousands,
in interest

Of his bad quarrel, laid by him in dust, and
eating earth."

He pray'd ; Jove heard him not, but
made more plentiful the birth

Of his sad toils, yet took his gifts. Prayers
past, cakes on they threw ;

The ox then, to the altar drawn, they kill'd,
and from him drew

His hide ; then cut him up ; his thighs (in
two hewn), dubb'd with fat,

Prick'd on the sweetbreads ; and with
wood, leaveless, and kindled at

Apposed fire, they burn the thighs ; which
done, the inwards, slit,

They broil'd on coals and eat ; the rest, in
giggots cut, they spit,

Roast cunningly, draw, sit, and feast ;
nought lack'd to leave allay'd

Each temperate appetite ; which served,
Nestor began and said :

"Atrides, most graced king of men,
now no more words allow,

Nor more defer the deed Jove vows. Let
heralds summon now

The brazen-coated Greeks, and us range
everywhere the host,

To stir a strong war quickly up." This
speech no syllable lost ;

The high-voiced heralds instantly he
charged to call to arms

The curl'd-head Greeks ; they call'd ; the
Greeks straight answer'd their alarms.

The Jove-kept kings, about the king all
gather'd, with their aid

Ranged all in tribes and nations. With
them the grey-eyed Maid

Great Ægis (Jove's bright shield) sustain'd,
that can be never old,

Never corrupted, fringed about with ser-
pents forged of gold,

As many as sufficed to make an hundred
fringes, worth

A hundred oxen, every snake all sprawl-
ing, all set forth

With wondrous spirit. Through the host
with this the Goddess ran,

In fury, casting round her eyes, and
furnish'd every man

With strength, exciting all to arms, and
fight incessant. None

Now liked their loved homes like the wars.
And as a fire upon

A huge wood, on the heights of hills, that
far off hurls his light ;

So the divine brass shined on these, thus
thrusting on for fight,

Their splendour through the air reach'd
heaven. And as about the food

Caister, in an Asian mead, flocks of the
airy brood,

Cranes, geese, or long-neck'd swans, here,
there, proud of their pinions fly,

And in their falls lay out such throats, that
with their spiritual cry

The meadow shrieks again ; so here, these
many-nation'd men

Flow'd over the Scamandrian field, from
tents and ships ; the din

Was dreadful, that the feet of men and
horse beat out of earth.

And in the flourishing mead they stood,
thick as the odorous birth

Of flowers, or leaves bred in the spring ;
or thick as swarms of flies

Through then to sheep-cotes, when each
swarm his erring wing applies

To milk dew'd on the milk-maid's pails ;
all eagerly disposed [heaps closed,
To give to ruin th' Ilians. And as in rude

Though huge goatherds are at their food,
the goatherds easily yet
Sort into sundry herds ; so here the chiefs
in battle set

Here tribes, here nations, ordering all,
Amongst whom shined the king.

With eyes like lightning-loving Jove, his
forehead answering,

In breast like Neptune, Mars in waist.
And as a goodly bull

Most eminent of all a herd, most strong,
most masterful,

So Agamemnon, Jove that day made over-
heighten clear

That heaven-bright army, and prefer'd to
to all the heroes there.

Now tell me, Muses, you that dwell in
heavenly roofs, (for you

Are Goddesses, are present here, are wise,
and all things know,

We only trust the voice of fame, know
nothing), who they were

That here were captains of the Greeks,
commanding princes here.

The multitude exceed my song, though
fitted to my choice

Ten tongues were, harden'd palates ten,
a breast of brass, a voice

Infract and trump-like ; that great work,
unless the seed of Jove,

The deathless Muses, undertake, maintains
a pitch above

All mortal powers. The princes then, and
navy that did bring

These so innarrable troops, and all their
soils, I sing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE GRECIAN SHIPS AND CAPTAINS.

Peneleus, and Leitus, all that Bœotia
bred,

Arcesilaus, Clonius, and Prothoenor, led ;
Th' inhabitants of Hyria, and stony Aulida,

Schæne, Scoie, the hilly Eteon, and holy
Thespia,

Of Gæna, and great Mycalesse, that hath
the ample plain, [remain

Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did
in Eryth, and in Eleon, in Hylen, Peteona,

In fair Ocalea, and, the town well-built,
Meteona,

Copæa, Eutresis, Thisbe, that for pigeons
doth surpass, [of grass,

Of Coroneia, Hallart, that hath such store
All these that in Platæa dwelt, that (Iliada
did possess,

And Hypothebs, whose well-built walls are
rare and fellowless,

In rich Onchestus' famous wood, to watery
Neptune vow'd,

And Arne, where the vine-trees are with
vigorous bunches bow'd,

With them that dwelt in Midca, and Nissa
most divine,

All those whom utmost Anthedon did
wealthily confine.

From all these coasts, in general, full fifty
sail were sent ;

And six-score strong, Bœotian youths in
every burthen went.

But those who in Aspledon dwelt, and
Minian Orchomen,

God Mars his sons did lead (Ascalaphus
and Ialmen),

Who in Azidon Actor's house did of
Astyoche come ;

The bashful maid, as she went up into the
higher room,

The War-god secretly compress'd. In safe
conduct of these,

Did thirty hollow-bottom'd barks divide
the wavy seas.

Brave Schedius and Epistrophus, the
Phocian captains were,

(Naubolida-Iphitus' sons all-proof 'gainst
any fear ;

With them the Cyparisiens went, and bold
Pythonians,

Men of religious Clrysa's soil, and fat
Daulidians,

Panopæans, Anemores, and fierce Hyam-
polists ;

And those that dwell where Cephissus casts
up his silken mists ;

The men that fair Lilæa held, near the
Cephisian spring ;

All which did forty sable barks to that
designment bring.

About th' entoil'd Phocensian fleet had
these their sail assign'd ;

And near to the sinister wing the arm'd
Bœotians shined.

Ajax the less, Oileus' son, the Locrians
led to war ;

Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesser man
by far,

Little he was, and ever wore a breastplate
made of linne,

But for the manage of his lance he general
praise did win.

The dwellers of Calliarus, of Bessa, Opoën,
The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias,

Of Tarphis, and of Thronius, near flood
Boagrius' fall ;

Twice-twenty martial barks of these, less
Ajax sail'd withal.

Who near Eubœa's blessed soil their
 habitations had,
 Strength-breathing Abants, who their seats
 in sweet Eubœa made,
 The Histieans rich in grapes, the men of
 Chalcida,
 The Cerinths bordering on the sea, of rich
 Eretria,
 Of Dion's highly-seated town, Charistus,
 and of Styre,
 All these the duke Alphenor led, a flame of
 Mars his fire,
 Surnamed Chalcodontiades, the mighty
 Abants' guide,
 Swift men of foot, whose broad-set backs
 their trailing hair did hide,
 Well-seen in fight, and soon could pierce
 with far extended darts
 The breastplates of their enemies, and
 reach their dearest hearts.
 Forty black men of war did sail in this
 Alphenor's charge.
 The soldiers that in Athens dwelt, a city
 buildd large,
 The people of Eristhius, whom Jove-sprung
 Pallas fed,
 And plenteous-feeding Tellus brought out
 of her flowery bed ;
 Him Pallas placed in her rich fane, and,
 every ended year,
 Of bulls and lambs th' Athenian youths
 please him with offerings there ;
 Mighty Menestheus, Peteus' son, had their
 divided care ;
 For horsemen and for targeteers none
 could with him compare,
 Nor put them into better place, to hurt or
 to defend ;
 But Nestor (for he elder was) with him did
 sole contend ;
 With him came fifty sable sail. And out
 of Salamine
 Great Ajax brought twelve sail, that with
 th' Athenians did combine.
 Who did in fruitful Argos dwell, or
 strong Tiryntha keep,
 Hermion, or in Asinen, whose bosom is so
 deep,
 Trœzena, Eion, Epidaure, where Bacchus
 crowns his head,
 Ægina, and Maseta's soil, did follow
 Diomed,
 And Sthenelus, the dear-loved son of
 famous Capaneus,
 Together with Euryalus, heir of Mecisteus,
 The king of Talœonides ; past whom, in
 deeds of war,
 The famous soldier Diomed of all was held
 by far.

Four-score black ships did follow these
 The men fair Mycene held,
 The wealthy Corinth, Cleon that fo
 beauteous site excell'd,
 Aræthyrea's lovely seat, and in Ornai
 plain,
 And Sicyona, where at first did kin
 Adrastus reign,
 High-seated Gonoëssa's towers, and Hy
 perisius,
 That dwelt in fruitful Pellenen, and i
 divine Ægius,
 With all the sea-side borderers, and wid
 Helice's friends,
 To Agamemnon every town her nati
 birth commends,
 In double fifty sable barks. With him
 world of men
 Most strong and full of valour went, as
 he in triumph then
 Put on his most resplendent arms, since
 did overshine
 The whole heroic host of Greece, in pow
 of that design.
 Who did in Lacedæmon's rule th' u
 measured concave hold,
 High Pharis', Sparta's, Messe's towers,
 doves so much extoll'd ;
 Bryseia's and Augia's ground ; strong La
 Oetylon,
 Amyclas, Helos' harbour-town, that No
 tune beats upon ;
 All these did Menelaus lead (his broth
 that in cries
 Of war was famous) ; sixty ships conve
 these enemies
 To Troy in chief ; because their king v
 chiefly injured there,
 In Helen's rape ; and did his best to m
 them buy it dear.
 Who dwelt in Pylos' sandy soil, ;
 Arene the fair,
 In Thryon, near Alpheus' flood, and A
 full of air,
 In Cyparisseus, Amphigen, and I
 Pteleon,
 The town where all the Iliots dwelt,
 famous Doreon, [po
 Where all the Muses, opposite, in strif
 To ancient Thamyris of Thrace, did
 him cruelly
 (He coming from Eurytus' court, the
 Echalian king),
 Because he proudly durst affirm he c
 more sweetly sing
 Than that Pierian race of Jove ;
 angry with his vaunt,
 Bereft his eyesight, and his song, tha
 the ear enchant,

And of his skill to touch his harp dis-
 furnished his hand.
 All these in ninety hollow keels grave
 Nestor did command.
 The richly-blest inhabitants of the Arca-
 dian land
 Below Cyllene's mount (that by Epyrus'
 tomb did stand)
 Where dwell the bold near-fighting men,
 who did in Phœneus live,
 And Orchomen, where flocks of sheep the
 shepherds clustering drive,
 In Ripe, and in Stratie, the fair Mantinean
 town,
 And strong Enispe, that for height is ever
 weather-blown ;
 Tegea, and in Stymphalus, Parrhasia
 strongly wall'd,
 All these Alcæus' son to field (king Aga-
 penor) call'd ;
 In sixty barks he brought them on, and
 every bark well-mann'd
 With fierce Arcadians, skill'd to use the
 utmost of a band.
 King Agamemnon, on these men, did
 well-built ships bestow
 To pass the gulfy purple sea, that did no
 sea rites know.
 They who in Hermin, Buphrasis, and
 Elis, did remain,
 What Olen's cliffs, Alsius, and Myrsin did
 contain,
 Were led to war by twice two dukes and
 each ten ships did bring,
 Which many venturesous Epians did serve
 for burthening,
 Beneath Amphimachus his charge, and
 valiant Thalpius,
 Son of Eurytus-Actor one, the other
 Creatus,
 Diores Amaryncides the other did employ ;
 The fourth divine Polixenus, Agasthenes
 his joy.
 The king of fair Angeiades, who from
 Dulichius came,
 And from Echimaus' sweet isles, which hold
 their holy frame
 By ample Elis' region, Meges Phylides
 led ;
 Whom duke Phyleus, Jove's beloved, begat,
 and whilom fled
 To large Dulichius, for the wrath that fired
 his father's breast.
 Twice-twenty ships with ebon sails were in
 his charge address'd.
 The warlike men of Cephale, and those
 of Ithaca,
 Woody Neritus, and the men of wet
 Crocyliã,

Sharp Ægilipha, Samos' isle, Zacynthus,
 sea-enclosed,
 Epirus, and the men that hold the conti-
 nent opposed ;
 All these did wise Ulysses lead, in counsel
 peer to Jove ;
 Twelve ships he brought, which in their
 course vermilion sterns did move.
 Thoas, Andremon's well-spoke son, did
 guide the Ætoliens well,
 Those that in Pleuron, Olenon, and strong
 Pylene dwell,
 Great Chalcis, that by sea-side stands, and
 stony Calydon ;
 (For now no more of Ceneus' sons survived ;
 they all were gone ;
 No more his royal self did live, no more
 his noble son,
 The golden Meleager now, their glasses all
 were run.)
 All things were left to him in charge, th'
 Ætoliens' chief he was,
 And forty ships to Trojan wars the seas
 with him did pass.
 The royal soldier Idomen did lead the
 Cretans stout,
 The men of Gnosus, and the town
 Gortyna wall'd about,
 Of Lictus, and Miletus' towers, of white
 Lycastus' state,
 Of Phæstus, and of Rhytius, the cities
 fortunate,
 And all the rest inhabiting the hundred
 towns of Crete ;
 Whom warlike Idomen did lead, co-partner
 in the fleet
 With kill-man Merion. Eighty ships with
 them did Troy invade.
 Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and
 bigly made,
 Brought nine tall ships of war from Rhodes,
 which haughty Rhodians mann'd,
 Who dwelt in three dissever'd parts of that
 most pleasant land,
 Which Lyndus and Jalissus were, and
 bright Camirus, call'd.
 Tlepolemus commanded these, in battle
 unappall'd ;
 Whom fair Astyoche brought forth, by
 force of Hercules, [Selleës,
 Led out of Ephyra with his hand, from river
 When many towns of princely youths he
 levell'd with the ground.
 Tlepolem, in his father's house (for building
 much renown'd)
 Brought up to headstrong state of youth,
 his mother's brother slew,
 The flower of arms, Licynius, that some-
 what aged grew ;

Then straight he gather'd him a fleet,
 assembling bands of men,
 And fled by sea, to shun the threats that
 were denounced then
 By other sons and nephews of th' Alciden
 fortune.

He in his exile came to Rhodes, driven in
 with tempests rude.

The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and
 great with Jove did stand,
 The King of men and Gods, who gave
 much treasure to their land.

Nireus out of Syma's haven three well-
 built barks did bring ;
 Nireus, fair Aglaia's son, and Charopes
 the king ;
 Nireus was the fairest man that to fair
 Iliou came

Of all the Greeks, save Peleus' son, who
 pass'd for general fame ;
 But weak this was, not fit for war, and
 therefore few did guide.

Who did in Cassus, Nisyus, and Crapa-
 thus abide, [soils,
 In Co, Euryppylus his town, and in Calydna's
 Phidippus and bold Antiphus did guide to
 Trojan toils
 (The sons of crowned Thessalus, derived
 from Hercules),
 Who went with thirty hollow ships well-
 order'd to the seas.

Now will I sing the sackful troops Pelas-
 gian Argos held,
 That in deep Alus, Alope, and soft Trechina
 dwell'd,
 In Phthia, and in Hellade where live the
 lovely dames,
 The Myrmidons, Hellenians, and Achives,
 robb'd of fames ;
 All which the great Æacides in fifty ships
 did lead.

For these forgat war's horrid voice, because
 they lack'd their head
 That would have brought them bravely
 forth ; but now at fleet did lie
 That wind-like user of his feet, fair Thetis'
 progeny,
 Wroth for bright-cheek'd Briseis' loss,
 whom from Lyrnessus' spoils
 (His own exploit) he brought away as trophy
 of his toils,
 When that town was depopulate ; he sunk
 the Theban towers ;
 Myneta, and Epistrophus, he sent to
 Pluto's bowers,
 Who came of king Evenus' race, great
 Helepiades ;
 Yet now he idly lives enraged, but soon
 must leave his ease.

Of those that dwelt in Phylace, and
 flowery Pyrason
 The wood of Ceres, and the soil that sheep
 are fed upon
 Iton, and Antron built by sea, and Pteleus
 full of grass,
 Protesilaus, while he lived, the worthy
 captain was,
 Whom now the sable earth detains ; his
 tear torn-faced spouse
 He woful left in Phylace, and his half-
 finish'd house ;
 A fatal Dardan first his life, of all the
 Greeks, bereft,
 As he was leaping from his ship ; yet were
 his men unleft
 Without a chief ; for though they wish'd to
 have no other man
 But good Protesilaus their guide, Podarces
 yet began
 To govern them (Iphitis' son, the son of
 Phylacus),
 Most rich in sheep, and brother to short-
 lived Protesilaus,
 Of younger birth, less, and less strong ; yet
 served he to direct
 The companies, that still did more their
 ancient duke affect.

Twice-twenty jetty sails with him the swell-
 ing stream did take.
 But those that did in Pheres dwell, at the
 Boebeian lake,
 In Boebe, and in Glaphyra, Ialocus builded
 fair,
 In thrice six ships to Pergamus did through
 the seas repair,
 With old Admetus' tender son, Eumelus,
 whom he bred
 Of Alcest, Pelius' fairest child of all his
 female seed.

The soldiers that before the siege Me-
 thone's vales did hold,
 Thaumacie, flowery Melibœ, and Olison
 the cold,
 Duke Philoctetes governed, in darts of
 finest sleight ;
 Seven vessels in his charge convey'd their
 honourable freight, [bow ;
 By fifty rowers in a bark, most expert in the
 But he in sacred Lemnos lay, brought
 miserably low
 By torment of an ulcer grown with Hydra's
 poison'd blood,
 Whose sting was such, Greece left him
 there in most impatient mood ;
 Yet thought they on him at his ship, and
 choosed, to lead his men,
 Medon, Oileus' bastard son, brought forth
 to him by Rhen.

From Trica, bleak Ithomen's cliffs, and
 hapless Oechaly,
 Eurytus' city, ruled by him in wilful
 tyranny,
 In charge of Æsculapius' sons, physician
 highly praised,
 Machaon, Podalirius, were thirty vessels
 raised,
 Who near Hyperia's fountain dwell, and
 in Ormenius,
 The snowy tops of Titanus, and in
 Asterius,
 Evemon's son, Eurypylus, did lead into the
 field ;
 Whose towns did forty black-sail'd ships to
 that encounter yield.
 Who Gyrtion, and Argissa, held, Orthen,
 and Elon's seat,
 And chalky Oloëssone, were led by Poly-
 peste,
 The issue of Pirithous, the son of Jupiter.
 Him the Athenian Theseus' friend Hip-
 podamy did bear,
 When he the bristled savages did give
 Kammusia,
 And drove them out of Pelius, as far as
 Æthica.
 He came not single, but with him Leon-
 teus, Coron's son,
 An arm of Mars, and Coron's life Cenëus'
 seed begun.
 Twice twenty ships attended these.
 Guniëus next did bring
 From Cyphus twenty sail and two ; the
 Eonians following ;
 And fierce Penebi, that about Dodone's
 frozen mould
 Did plant their houses ; and the men that
 did the meadows hold,
 Which Titaësius decks with flowers, and
 his sweet current leads
 Into the bright Penelus, that hath the
 silver heads ;
 Yet with his admirable stream doth not
 his waves commix,
 But glides aloft on it like oil ; for 'tis the
 flood of Styx,
 By which th' immortal Gods do swear.
 Teuthredon's honour'd birth,
 Frothous, led the Magnets forth, who near
 the shady earth
 Of Pelus, and Pencion, dwell ; forty re-
 vengeful sail
 Did follow him. These were the dukes
 and princes of avall
 That came from Greece. But now the
 man, that overshadowed them all,
 Sing, Muse ; and their most famous steeds
 to my recital call,

That both th' Atrides followed. Fair
 Pheretiades
 The bravest mares did bring by much ;
 Eumelius managed these,
 Swift of their feet as birds of wings, both
 of one hair did shine,
 Both of an age, both of a height, as
 measured by a line,
 Whom silver-bow'd Apollo bred in the
 Pierian mead,
 Both slick and dainty, yet were both in war
 of wondrous deed.
 Great Ajax Telamon for strength pass'd
 all the peers of war,
 While vex'd Achilles was away ; but he
 surpass'd him far.
 The horse that bore that faultless man
 were likewise past compare ;
 Yet lay he at the crook'd-stern'd ships, and
 fury was his fare,
 For Atreus' son's ungracious deed ; his
 men yet pleased their hearts
 With throwing of the holed stone, with
 hurling of their darts,
 And shooting fairly on the shore ; their
 horse at chariots fed
 On greatest parsley, and on sedge that in
 the fens is bred.
 His princes' tents their chariots held, that
 richly cover'd were ;
 His princes, amorous of their chief, walk'd
 storming here and there
 About the host, and scorn'd to fight ; their
 breaths as they did pass
 Before them flew, as if a fire fed on the
 trembling grass ;
 Earth under-groan'd their high raised feet,
 as when offended Jove, [drove
 In Arime, Typhœus with rattling thunder
 Beneath the earth ; in Arime, men say, the
 grave is still,
 Where thunder-tomb'd Typhœus, and is a
 monstrous hill ;
 And as that thunder made earth groan, so
 groan'd it as they past,
 They trod with such hard-set-down steps,
 and so exceeding fast.
 To Troy the rainbow-girded Dame right
 heavy news relates
 From Jove, as all to council drew in Priam's
 palace-gates,
 Resembling Priam's son in voice, Polites,
 swift of feet ;
 In trust whereof, as sentinel, to see when
 from the fleet
 The Grecians sallied, he was set upon the
 lofty brow
 Of aged Æsayetes' tomb ; and this did Iris
 show :

"O Priam, thou art always pleased with
 indiscreet advice,
 And framest thy life to times of peace,
 when such a war doth rise
 As threats inevitable spoil. I never did
 behold
 Such and so mighty troops of men, who
 trample on the mould.
 In number like Autumnus' leaves, or like
 the marine sand,
 All ready round about the walls to use a
 ruining hand.
 Hector, I therefore charge thee most, this
 charge to undertake.
 A multitude remain in Troy, will fight for
 Priam's sake,
 Of other lands and languages; let every
 leader then
 Bring forth well-arm'd into the field his
 several bands of men."
 Strong Hector knew a Deity gave charge
 to this assay,
 Dismiss'd the council straight; like waves,
 clusters to arms do sway;
 The ports are all wide open set; out rush'd
 the troops in swarms,
 Both horse and foot; the city rung with
 sudden-cried alarms.
 A column stands without the town, that
 high his head doth raise,
 A little distant, in a plain trod down with
 divers ways,
 Which men do Bateia call, but the Im-
 mortals name
 Myrine's famous sepulchre, the wondrous
 active dame.
 Here were the auxiliary bands, that came
 in Troy's defence,
 Distinguish'd under several guides of
 special excellence.
 The duke of all the Trojan power great
 helm-deck'd Hector was,
 Which stood of many mighty men well-
 skill'd in darts of brass. [a man,
 Æneas of commixed seed (a Goddess with
 Anchises with the Queen of love) the troops
 Dardanian
 Led to the field; his lovely sire in Ida's
 lower shade
 Begat him of sweet Cyprides; he solely
 was not made
 Chief leader of the Dardan powers, Ante-
 nor's valiant sons,
 Archilochus and Acamas, were join'd com-
 panions.
 Who in Zelia dwelt beneath the sacred
 foot of Ide,
 That drink of black Æsepus' stream, and
 wealth made full of pride,
 The Aphnii, Lycaon's son, whom Phœbus
 gave his bow,
 Prince Pandarus, did lead to field. Who
 Adrestinus owe,
 Apesus' city, Pityæ, and mount Tereüs,
 Adrestus and stout Amphius led; who did
 their sire displease,
 (Merops Percosius, that excell'd all Troj-
 in heavenly skill
 Of futures-searching prophecy) for, much
 against his will,
 His sons were agents in those arms; whom
 since they disobey'd,
 The fates, in letting slip their threads, their
 hasty valours stay'd.
 Who in Percotes, Practius, Arisba, did
 abide, [did guide
 Who Sestus and Abydus bred, Hyrtacide
 Prince Asius Hyrtacides, that, through
 great Seles' force,
 Brought from Arisba to that fight the great
 and fiery horse.
 Pylæus, and Hippothous, the stout Pe-
 lasgians led, [nourished
 Of them Larissa's fruitful soil before had
 These were Pelasgian Pithus' sons, son of
 Teutamidas, [valiant Acama
 The Thracian guides were Pirous, and
 Of all that the impetuous flood of Helle-
 pont enclosed.
 Euphemus, the Ciconian troops, in his
 command disposed,
 Who from Trœzenius-Ceades right nobly
 did descend.
 Pyraechmes did the Pæons rule, the
 crooked bows do bend;
 From Axius, out of Amydon, he had the
 in command,
 From Axius, whose most beauteous stream
 still overflows the land.
 Pylæmen with the well-arm'd heart, the
 Paphlagonians led,
 From Enes, where the race of mules fit to
 the plough is bred.
 The men that broad Cytorus' bounds, a
 Sesamus enfold, [much extoll'
 About Parthenius' lofty flood, in houses
 From Cromna and Ægialius, the men their
 arms did bear,
 And Erythinus situate high, Pylæmen
 soldiers were.
 Epistrophus and Dius did the Hal-
 lians guide,
 Far-fetch'd from Alybe, where first
 silver mines were tried.
 Chromis, and augur Eunomus, he had
 sians did command,
 Who could not with his auguries
 strength of death withstand,

But suffer'd it beneath the stroke of great
Æacides,
In Xanthus; where he made more souls
dive to the Stygian seas.
Phorcys, and fair Ascanius, the Phry-
gians brought to war,
Well train'd for battle, and were come out
of Ascania far.
With Methles, and with Antiphus (Py-
læmen's sons) did fight
The men of Meion, whom the fen Gygæa
brought to light,
And those Meionians that beneath the
mountain Tmolus sprung.
The rude unletter'd Caribæ, that bar-
barous were of tongue,
D'ld under Naustes' colours march, and
young Amphimachus
(Nomion's famous sons), to whom, the
mountain Pthirorus,

That with the famous wood is crown'd,
Miletus, Mycales
That hath so many lofty-marks for men
that love the seas,
The crooked arms Mæander bow'd with
his so snaky flood,
Resign'd for conduct the choice youth of
all their martial brood.
The fool Amphimachus, to field, brought
gold to be his wrack,
Proud-girllike that doth ever bear her
dower upon her back;
Which wise Achilles mark'd, slew him,
and took his gold in strife,
At Xanthus' flood; so little Death did fear
his golden life.
Sarpedon led the Lycians, and Glaucus
unreproved,
From Lycia, and the gulfy flood of Xan-
thus far removed.

COMMENTARIUS.

¹ *Hæc Hæva, &c. Sicut examina pro-*
deunt apum frequentium, &c. In this
simile Virgil (using the like in imitation) is
preferred to Homer; with what reason I
pray you see. Their ends are different;
Homer intending to express the infinite
multitude of soldiers everywhere dispersing;
Virgil, the diligence of builders. Virgil's
simile is this: I. Æneid:—

“Qualis apes æstate novâ per florea rura
Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos
Educunt fetus; aut cum liquentia mella
Stipant; et dulci distendant nectare cellas;
Aut onera accipiunt venientum; aut, agmine
facto,
Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent:
Fervet opus, redolent thymo fragrantia
mella.”

Now compare this with Homer's, but in
my translation; and judge if, to both
their ends, there be any such betterness in
Virgil's, but that the reverence of the
scholar, due to the master (even in these
his maligners), might well have contained
their lame censures of the poetical fury
from these unmannerly and hateful com-
parisons. Especially, since Virgil hath
nothing of his own, but only elocution;
his invention, matter, and form, being all
Homer's; which laid by a man, that which
he addeth is only the work of a woman, to
netify and polish. Nor do I, alas, but
the foremost rank of the most ancient and

best learned that ever were, come to the
field for Homer; hiding all other poets
under his ensign. Hate not me then, but
them; to whom, before my book, I refer
you. But much the rather I insist on the
former simile; for the word *λαδδον*, *ca-*
tervatim, or *confertim*, which is noted
by Spondanus to contain all the *ἀπόδοις*,
reddition, or application of the comparison,
and is nothing so. For though it be all
the reddition Homer expresseth, yet he
intends two special parts in the application
more, which he leaves to his judicial
reader's understanding, as he doth in all
his other similes; since a man may
pervially (or, as he passeth) discern all
that is to be understood. And here,
besides the throngs of soldiers expressed
in the swarms of bees, he intimates the
infinite number in those throngs or com-
panies, issuing from fleet so ceaselessly
that there appeared almost no end of their
issue; and thirdly, the everywhere dis-
persing themselves. But Spondanus would
excuse Homer for expressing no more of
his application, with affirming it impossible
that the thing compared, and the com-
parison, should answer in all parts; and
therefore alleges the vulgar understanding
of a simile, which is as gross as it is vulgar,
that a similitude must *uno pede semper*
claudicare. His reason for it is as absurd as
the rest; which is this, *Si ea inter se*

omnino responderent, falleret illud axioma, nullum simile est idem; as though the general application of the compared and the comparison would make them anything more the same, or all one; more than the swarms of bees and the throng of soldiers are all one or the same; for answering most aptly. But that a simile must needs halt of one foot still showeth how lame vulgar tradition is, especially in her censure of poesy. For who at first sight will not conceive it absurd to make a simile, which serves to the illustration and ornament of a poem, lame of a foot, and idle? The incredible violence suffered by Homer in all the rest of his most inimitable similes, being expressed in his place, will abundantly prove the stupidity of this tradition; and how injuriously short his interpreters must needs come of him in his strait and deep places, when in his open and fair passages they halt and hang back so.

² Τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν Θεός, &c. *hunc quidem clarum (or illustrem) fecit Deus*, as it is by all translated; wherein I note the strange abuse (as I apprehend it) of the word ἀρίζηλος, beginning here, and continuing wheresoever it is found in these Iliads. It is by the transition of ζ into δ in derivation, according to the Doric; for which cause our interpreters will needs have Homer intend ἀρίζηλος, which is *clarus* or *illustris*, when he himself saith ἀρίζηλος, which is a compound of ἀρά, which is *valde*, and ζήλος, and signifies, *quem valde æmulamur*, or *valde æmulandus*, according to Scapula. But because ζήλος is most authentically expounded, *impetus mentis ad cultum divinum*, that exposition I follow in this place, and expound τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν Θεός, *hunc quidem magnum impulsum ad cultum divinum fecit Deus*; because he turned so suddenly and miraculously the dragon to a stone. To make it ἀρίζηλον, and say *clarum* or *illustrem fecit Deus qui ostendit*, or *ostenderat*, which follows in the verse, and saith thus much in our tongue, *God that showed this, made it clear*, is very little more than, *God that showed this, showed it*. One way it observes the word (betwixt which, and the other, you see what great difference) and is fair, full, grave; the other alters the original, and is ugly, empty, idle.

³ Αὐτόματος δὲ οἱ ἔλθε βοῆν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος, &c. *Spontaneus autem ei venit voce bonus Menelaus*; and some say *bello strenuus Menelaus*, which is far estranged from the mind of our Homer, βοῆ signifying *voci-*

feratio, or *clamor*, though some will have it *pugna*, ex consequenti, *because fights are often made with clamour*. But in *bello strenuus* (unless it be ironically taken) here strained beyond sufferance, and is to be expounded *vociferatione bonus Menelaus*; which agreeth with that part of his character in the next book, that telleth his manner of utterance or voice, which *μαλὰ λυγρῶς, valde stridulè, or arguto cu stridore*, λυγρῶς being commonly and most properly taken in the worse part, as signifieth *shrilly, or noisefully, squeaking*, howsoever in the vulgar conversion it is that place most grossly abused. To the consideration whereof, being of much importance, I refer you in his place, as in the meantime show you, that, in the first and next verse, Homer (speaking scotically) breaks open the fountain of his ridiculous humour following, never any interpreter understood, or touched; being yet the most ingenious conceit person that any man can show in a heroical poem, or in any comic poet. As that you may something perceive here before you read to him in his several places, I will, as I can in haste, give you him here together as Homer at all presents him—viz., simple, well-meaning, standing still affectedly on telling truth small, and shrill-voiced (not sweet, eloquent, as some most against the habit would have him), short spoken, after the country the Laconical manner, yet speak thick and fast, industrious in the field and willing to be employed, and (being *mollis bellator* himself) set still to call every hard service the hardest; even the wit of Ajax played upon, about which he would still be diligent, and what he wanted of the martial fury and face himself, that he would be bold to sue out of Ajax, Ajax and he, to any blows; Antilochus and he for (Antilochus, old Nestor's son, a most ingenious, valiant, and excellently for person); sometimes valiant, or daring what coward is not?) sometimes falling upon sentence and good matter in speeches (as what meanest capacity is not?) Nor useth our most inimitable imitator of nature this cross and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and avoid too broad a taxation of so eminent a person, than to follow the true life of nature, being often, or always, expressed so disparate in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that some poor c

have stood upon, to make fools always foolish, cowards at all times cowardly, &c., is far from the variant order of nature, whose principles being contrary, her productions must needs contain the like opposition.

But now to the first; *αὐτόματος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε*, &c., *spontaneus autem ei venit*, &c., about which a passing great piece of work is picked out by our greatest philosophers, touching the unbidden coming of Menelaus to supper or council, which some commend, others condemn in him; but the reason why he staid not the invitement, rendered immediately by Homer, none of them will understand—viz., *Ἦδὲ γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν*, &c., *sciebat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat*; of which verse his interpreters cry out for the expunction, only because it was never entered in their apprehension, which I more than admire (for the easiness of it) so freely offering itself to their entertainment, and yet using the hoof of Pegasus, only with a touch breaking open (as above said) the fountain of his humour.

For thus I expound it (laying all again together, to make it plain enough for you); Agamemnon, inviting all the chief commanders to supper, left out his brother; but he, seeing how much his brother was troubled about the dream, and busied, would not stand upon invitement, but came of himself. And this being spoken *scopically*, or by way of irrision, argueth what manner of man he made of him. *Ineptus enim* (as it is affirmed in Plutarch, 1. Symp. and second question) *fuit Menelaus, et locum dedit proverbio, qui ad consilium dandum accessisset non vocatus*. And to this place he had reference, because a council of war was to be held at this supper. And here, I say, Homer opened the vein of his simplicity, not so much in his going unbidden to supper, and council, as in the reason for it ironically rendered, that he knew his brother was busy, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very sense of our poet is not safe, our interpreters would have razed.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

PARIS, betwixt the hosts, to single fight,
Of all the Greeks, dares the most hardy knight.
King Menelaus doth accept his brave,
Conditioning that he again should have
Fair Helena, with all she brought to Troy,
if he subdued; else Paris should enjoy
Her, and her wealth, in peace. Conquest doth
grant

Her dear wreath to the Grecian combatant;
But Venus to her champion's life doth yield
Safe rescue, and conveys him from the field
Into his chamber, and for Helen sends,
Whom much her lover's foul disgrace offends;
Yet Venus for him still makes good her charms,
And ends the second combat in his arms.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Gamma the single fight doth sing
Twixt Paris and the Spartan king.

WHEN every least commander's will best
soldiers had obey'd,
And both the hosts were ranged for fight,
the Trojans would have fray'd
The Greeks with noises, crying out, in
coming rudely on;
At all parts like the cranes that fill, with
harsh confusion,
Of brutish clangs all the air, and in
ridiculous war
(Eschewing the unsuffer'd storms, shot
from the winter's star)
Visit the ocean, and confer the Pygmei
soldier's death.

The Greeks charged silent, and like men,
bestow'd their thrifty breath
In strength of far-resounding blows, still
entertaining care
Of either's rescue, when their strength did
their engagements dare.

And as, upon a hill's steep tops, the south
wind pours a cloud,
To shepherds thankless, but by thieves,
that love the night, allow'd,
A darkness letting down, that blinds a
stone's cast off men's eyes;

Such darkness from the Greeks' swift feet
(made all of dust) did rise.
But, ere stern conflict mix'd both strengths,
fair Paris stept before

The Trojan host; athwart his back a pan-
ther's hide he wore,

A crooked bow, and sword, and shook two
brazen-headed darts;

With which well-arm'd, his tongue pro-
voked the best of Grecian hearts
To stand with him in single fight. Whom
when the man, wrong'd most
Of all the Greeks, so gloriously saw stall
before the host:

As when a lion is rejoiced (with hunge
half forlorn),

That finds some sweet prey, as a hart
whose grace lies in his horn,
Or sylvan goat, which he devours, though
never so pursued

With dogs and men; so Sparta's kin
exulted, when he view'd

The fair-faced Paris so exposed to his s
thirsted wreak,

Whereof his good cause made him sure
The Grecian front did break,

And forth he rush'd, at all parts arm'd
leapt from his chariot,
And royally prepared for charge. Whic
seen, cold terror shot

The heart of Paris, who retired as hea
long from the king

As in him he had shunn'd his death. An
as a hilly spring

Presents a serpent to a man, full unde
neath his feet,

Her blue neck, swoln with poison, raise
and her sting out, to greet

His heedless entry, suddenly his walk
alterth,

Starts back amazed, is shook with fear, an
looks as pale as death;

So Menelaus Paris scared; so that divi
faced foe

Shrunk in his beauties. Which beheld
Hector, he let go

This bitter check at him: "Accurse
made but in beauty's scorn,

Impostor, woman's man! O heaven, th
thou hadst ne'er been born,

Or, being so manless, never lived to b
man's noblest state,

The nuptial honour! which I wish,
cause it were a fate

Much better for thee than this shat
This spectacle doth make

A man a monster. Hark how loud
Greeks laugh, who did take

Thy fair form for a continent of parts as fair. A rape
 Thou madest of nature, like their queen.
 No soul; an empty shape
 Takes up thy being; yet how spite to every shade of good
 Fills it with ill! for as thou art, thou couldst collect a brood
 Of others like thee, and far hence fetch ill enough to us,
 Even to thy father; all these friends make those foes mock them thus
 In thee, for whose ridiculous sake so seriously they lay
 All Greece and fate upon their necks. O wretch! Not dare to stay
 Weak Menelaus? But 'twas well; for in him thou hadst tried
 What strength lost beauty can infuse, and with the more grief died
 To feel thou robb'dst a worthier man, to wrong a soldier's right.
 Your harp's sweet touch, curl'd locks, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite,
 Given thee by Venus, would have done your fine dames little good,
 When blood and dust had ruffled them; and had as little stood
 Thyself in stead; but what thy care of all these in thee flies [sectionious cowardice
 We should inflict on thee ourselves. In thee hath terrified our host; for which thou well deservest
 A coat of tombstone, not of steel, in which, for form, thou servest."
 To this thus Paris spake (for form, that might inhabit heaven):
 "Hector, because thy sharp reproof is out of justice given,
 I take it well; but though thy heart, inured to these affrights,
 Cuts through them as an axe through oak, that more used more excites
 The workman's faculty, whose art can make the edge go far;
 Yet I, less practised than thyself in these extremes of war,
 May well be pardon'd, though less bold; in these your worth exceeds;
 In others mine. Nor is my mind of less force to the deeds
 Required in war, because my form more flows in gitts of peace.
 Reproach not, therefore, the kind gifts of golden Cyprides.
 All heaven's gifts have their worthy price; as little to be scorn'd
 As to be won with strength, wealth, state; with which to be adorn'd,

Some men would change state, wealth, or strength. But, if your martial heart
 Wish me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part
 Of shame to give it over thus, cause all the rest to rest,
 And, 'twixt both hosts, let Sparta's king and me perform our best
 For Helen and the wealth she brought; and he that overcomes,
 Or proves superior any way, in all your equal dooms,
 Let him enjoy her utmost wealth, keep her, or take her home;
 The rest strike leagues of endless date, and hearty friends become;
 You dwelling safe in gleby Troy, the Greeks retire their force
 T' Achaia, that breeds fairest dames, and Argos, fairest horse."
 He said, and his amendful words did Hector highly please,
 Who rush'd betwixt the fighting hosts, and made the Trojans cease,
 By holding up in midst his lance. The Grecians noted not
 The signal he for parley used, but at him fiercely shot,
 Hurl'd stones, and still were levelling darts. At last the king of men,
 Great Agamemnon, cried aloud: "Argives! for shame, contain;
 Youths of Achaia, shoot no more; the fair-helm'd Hector shows
 As he desired to treat with us." This said, all ceased from blows,
 And Hector spake to both the hosts: "Trojans, and hardy Greeks,
 Hear now what he that stirr'd these wars, for their cessation seeks.
 He bids us all, and you, disarm, that he alone may fight
 With Menelaus, for us all, for Helen and her right,
 With all the dower she brought to Troy; and he that wins the day, [way,
 Or is, in all the art of arms, superior any The queen, and all her sorts of wealth, let him at will enjoy;
 The rest strike truce, and let love seal firm leagues 'twixt Greece and Troy."
 The Greek host wonder'd at this brave; silence flew everywhere;
 At last spake Sparta's warlike king: "Now also give me ear,
 Whom grief gives most cause of reply. I now have hope to free
 The Greeks and Trojans of all ills, they have sustain'd for me,

And Alexander, that was cause I stretch'd
 my spleen so far.
 Of both then, which is nearest fate, let his
 death end the war ;
 The rest immediately retire, and greet all
 homes in peace.
 Go then (to bless your champion, and give
 his powers success)
 Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sun (the
 Gods on whom ye call)
 Two lambs, a black one and a white, a
 female and a male ;
 And we another, for ourselves, will fetch,
 and kill to Jove.
 To sign which rites bring Priam's force,
 because we well approve
 His sons perfidious, envious, and (out of
 practis'd bane
 To faith, when she believes in them) Jove's
 high truce may profane.
 All young men's hearts are still unstead ;
 but in those well-weigh'd deeds
 An old man will consent to pass things
 past, and what succeeds
 He looks into, that he may know, how
 best to make his way
 Through both the fortunes of a fact, and
 will the worst obey."
 This granted, a delightful hope, both
 Greeks and Trojans fed,
 Of long'd-for rest from those long toils,
 their tedious war had bred.
 Their horses then in rank they set, drawn
 from their chariots round,
 Descend themselves, took off their arms,
 and placed them on the ground,
 Near one another ; for the space 'twixt both
 the hosts was small.
 Hector two heralds sent to Troy, that they
 from thence might call
 King Priam, and to bring the lambs, to
 rate the truce they swore.
 But Agamemnon to the fleet Talthybius
 sent before,
 To fetch their lamb ; who nothing slack'd,
 the royal charge was given.
 Iris, the rain-bow, then came down,
 ambassadress from heaven,
 To white-arm'd Helen.¹ She assumed at
 every part the grace
 Of Helen's last love's sister's shape, who
 had the highest place
 In Helen's love, and had to name Laodice ;
 most fair
 Of all the daughters Priam had, and made
 the nuptial pair
 With Helicaon, royalsprout of old Antenor's
 seed. (about a weed,
 She found queen Helena at home, at work
 Woven for herself ; it shined like fire, w
 rich, and full of size,
 The work of both sides being alike ;
 which she did comprise
 The many labours warlike Troy and bras
 arm'd Greece endured
 For her fair sake, by cruel Mars and h
 stern friends procured.
 Iris came in in joyful haste, and said : "
 come with me,
 Loved nymph, and an admired sight
 Greeks and Trojans see,
 Who first on one another brought a war
 full of tears,
 Even thirsty of contentious war. Now eve
 man forbears,
 And friendly by each other sits, ea
 leaning on his shield,
 Their long and shining lances pitch'd fa
 by them in the field.
 Paris, and Sparta's king, alone must ta
 up all the strife ; [his wife
 And he that conquers only call fair Hele
 Thus spake the thousand-colour'd Dan
 and to her mind commends
 The joy to see her first espoused, her nati
 towers, and friends ;
 Which stirr'd a sweet desire in her ;
 serve the which she hied,
 Shadow'd her graces with white veils, a
 (though she took a pride
 To set her thoughts at gaze, and see,
 her clear beauty's flood,
 What choice of glory swum to her
 tender womanhood)
 Season'd with tears her joys to see, m
 joys the more offence,
 And that perfection could not flow fr
 earthly excellence.
 Thus went she forth, and took with
 her women most of name,
 Æthra, Pitthæus' lovely birth, and Clyme
 whose fame
 Hath for her fair eyes memorized. Th
 reach'd the Scæan towers,
 Where Priam sat, to see the fight, with
 his counsellors ;
 Panthous, Lampus, Clytius, and st
 Hicetaon,
 Thymoetes, wise Antenor, and profou
 Ucalegon ;
 All grave old men ; and soldiers they l
 been, but for age
 Now left the wars ; yet counsellors t
 were exceeding sage.
 And as in well-grown woods, on trees, c
 spiny grasshoppers
 Sit chirping, and send voices out,
 scarce can pierce our ears²

For softness, and their weak faint sounds ;
 so, talking on the tower,
 These seniors of the people safe ; who when
 they saw the power
 Of beauty, in the queen, ascend, even those
 cold-spirited peers,
 Those wise and almost wither'd men,
 found this heat in their years,
 That they were forced (through whispering)
 to say : " What man can blame
 The Greeks and Trojans to endure, for so
 admired a dame,
 So many miseries, and so long? In her
 sweet countenance shine
 Looks like the Goddesses'. And yet (though
 never so divine)
 Before we boast, unjustly still, of her en-
 forced prize, [progenies,
 And justly suffer for her sake, with all our
 Labour and ruin, let her go ; the profit of
 our land
 Must pass the beauty." Thus, though
 these could bear so fit a hand
 On their affections, yet, when all their
 gravest powers were used,
 They could not choose but welcome her,
 and rather they accused
 The gods than beauty ; for thus spake the
 most-famed king of Troy :
 " Come, loved daughter, sit by me, and
 take the worthy joy
 Of thy first husband's sight, old friends,
 and princes near allied,
 And name me some of these brave Greeks,
 so manly beautified.
 Come, do not think I lay the wars, en-
 dured by us, on thee,
 The gods have sent them, and the tears in
 which they swam to me.
 Sit then, and name this goodly Greek, so
 tall, and broadly spread,
 Who than the rest, that stand by him, is
 higher by the head ;
 The bravest man I ever saw, and most
 majestic,
 His only presence makes me think him
 king amongst them all."
 The fairest of her sex replied : " Most
 reverend father-in-law,
 Most loved, most fear'd, would some ill
 death had seized me, when I saw
 The first mean why I wrong'd you thus ;
 that I had never lost
 The sight of these my ancient friends, of
 him that loved me most ;
 Of my sole daughter, brothers both, with
 all those kindly mates,
 Of one soil, one age, born with me, though
 under different fates.

But these boons envious stars deny ; the
 memory of these
 In sorrow pines those beauties now, that
 then did too much please ;
 Nor satisfy they your demand, to which I
 thus reply : [in empery ;
 That's Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the great
 A king, whom double royalty doth crown,
 being great and good,
 And one that was my brother-in-law, when
 I contain'd my blood,
 And was more worthy ; if at all I might be
 said to be,
 My being being lost so soon in all that
 honour'd me."
 The good old king admired, and said :
 " O Atreus' blessed son,
 Born under joyful destinies, that hast the
 empire won
 Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I
 discover here !
 I once march'd into Phrygia, that many
 vines doth bear,
 Where many Phrygians I beheld, well-
 skill'd in use of horse,
 That of the two men, like two gods, were
 the commanded force,
 Otrëus, and great Mygdonus, who on
 Sangarius' sands
 Set down their tents, with whom myself,
 for my assistant bands,
 Was number'd as a man in chief ; the
 cause of war was then
 Th' Amazon dames, that in their facts
 affected to be men.
 In all there was a mighty power, which yet
 did never rise
 To equal these Achaian youths, what have
 the sable eyes."
 Then (seeing Ulysses next) he said :
 " Loved daughter, what is he
 That, lower than great Atreus' son, seems
 by the head to me,
 Yet, in his shoulders and big breast, presents
 a broader show ?
 His armour lies upon the earth ; he up
 and down doth go,
 To see his soldiers keep their ranks, and
 ready have their arms,
 If, in this truce, they should be tried by
 any false alarms.
 Much like a well-grown bell-wether, or
 feltred ram, he shows,
 That walks before a wealthy flock of fair
 white-fleeced ewes."
 High Jove and Leda's fairest seed to
 Priam thus replies :
 " This is the old Laertes' son, Ulysses,
 call'd the wise ;

Who, though unfruitful Ithaca was made
his nursing seat,
Yet knows he every sort of sleight, and is
in counsels great."

The wise Antenor answer'd her: "'Tis
true, renowned dame;

For, some times past, wise Ithacus to Troy
a legate came,

With Menelaus, for your cause; to whom
I gave receipt

As guests, and welcomed to my house,
with all the love I might.

I learn'd the wisdoms of their souls, and
humours of their blood;

For when the Trojan council met, and
these together stood,

By height of his broad shoulders had
Atrides eminence,

Yet, set, Ulysses did exceed, and bred
more reverence.

And when their counsels and their words
they wove in one, the speech

Of Atreus' son was passing loud, small,
fast, yet did not reach^d

To much, being naturally born Laconical;
nor would^d [th' other, old;

His humour lie for anything, or was, like
But when the prudent Ithacus did to his

counsels rise, [earth his eyes;

He stood a little still, and fix'd upon the
His sceptre moving neither way, but held

it formally, [wrathful quality,
Like one that vainly doth affect. Of

And frantic (rashly judging him) you would
have said he was,

But when, out of his ample breast, he gave
his great voice pass,

And words that flew about our ears, like
drifts of winter's snow,

None thenceforth might contend with him,
though nought admired for show."

The third man, aged Priam mark'd, was
Ajax Telamon,

Of whom he ask'd: "What lord is that, so
large of limb and bone,

So raised in height, that to his breast I see
there reacheth none?"

To him the Goddess of her sex, the
large-veil'd Helen, said:

"That lord is Ajax Telamon, a bulwark in
their aid.

On th' other side stands Idomen, in Crete
of most command,

And round about his royal sides his Cretan
captains stand;

Oft hath the warlike Spartan king given
hospitable due

To him within our Lacene court, and all
his retinue.

And now the other Achive dukes I generally
discern;

All which I know, and all their names
could make thee quickly learn.

Two princes of the people yet, I nowhere
can behold,

Castor, the skilful knight on horse, and
Pollux, uncontrol'd

For all stand-fights, and force of hand;
both at a burthen bred;

My natural brothers; either here they have
not followed

From lovely Sparta, or, arrived within the
sea-borne fleet, [shame to meet."

In fear of infamy for me, in broad field
Nor so; for holy Tellus' womb inclosed

those worthy men
In Sparta, their beloved soil. The voice-

ful heralds then
The firm agreement of the Gods through

all the city ring;

Two lambs, and spirit-refreshing wine (the
fruit of earth) they bring,

Within a goat-skin bottle closed; Idæus
also brought

A massy glittering bowl, and cups, that all
of gold were wrought;

Which bearing to the king, they cried:
"Son of Laomedon

Rise, for the well-rode peers of Troy, and
brass-arm'd Greeks, in one,

Send to thee to descend the field, that they
firm vows may make;

For Paris and the Spartan king must fight
for Helen's sake,

With long-arm'd lances; and the man that
proves victorious,

The woman and the wealth she brought,
shall follow to his house;

The rest knit friendship, and firm leagues;
we safe in Troy shall dwell,

In Argos and Achaia they, that do in
dames excel."

He said; and Priam's aged joints with
chilled fear did shake,

Yet instantly he bade his men his chariot
ready make.

Which soon they did, and he ascends:
he takes the reins, and guide

Antenor calls; who instantly mounts to
his royal side,

And, through the Scæan ports to field,
the swift-foot horse they drive.

And when at them of Troy and Greece the
aged lords arrive,

From horse, on Troy's well-feeding soil,
'twixt both the hosts they go.

When straight up-rose the king of men,
up-rose Ulysses too;

The heralds in their richest coats repeat
(as was the guise)

The true vows of the Gods term'd theirs,
since made before their eyes.

Then in a cup of gold they mix the wine
that each side brings,

And next pour water on the hands of both
the kings of kings.

Which done, Atrides drew his knife, that
evermore he put

Within the large sheath of his sword ;
with which away he cut

The wool from both fronts of the lambs,
which (as a rite in use

Of execration to their heads, that brake
the plighted truce)

The heralds of both hosts did give the
peers of both ; and then,

With hands and voice advanced to heaven,
thus pray'd the king of men :

" O Jove, that Ida dost protect, and
hast the titles won [all-seeing Sun,

Most glorious, most invincible ; and thou
All-hearing, all-recomforting ; floods ;

earth ; and powers beneath,
That all the perjurers of men chastise even

after death ;

Be witnesses, and see perform'd the hearty
vows we make ; [take,

If Alexander shall the life of Menelaus
He shall from henceforth Helena, with all

her wealth, retain,

And we will to our household Gods, hoise
sail, and home again.

If by my honour'd brother's hand, be
Alexander slain,

The Trojans then shall his forced queen,
with all her wealth, restore,

And pay convenient fine to us, and ours
for evermore.

If Priam and his sons deny to pay this,
thus agreed, [perfidious deed,

When Alexander shall be slain ; for that
And for the fine, will I fight here, till

dearly they repay,
By death and ruin, the amends, that false-

hood keeps away."

This said, the throats of both the lambs
cut with his royal knife,

He laid them panting on the earth, till,
quite deprived of life,

The steel had robb'd them of their strength ;
then golden cups they crown'd,

With wine out of a cistern drawn ; which
pour'd upon the ground,

They fell upon their humble knees to all
the deities,

And thus pray'd one of both the hosts,
that might do sacrifice :

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" O Jupiter, most high, most great, and
all the deathless powers,

Who first shall dare to violate the late
sworn oaths of ours,

So let the bloods and brains of them, and
all they shall produce,

Flow on the stain'd face of the earth, as
now this sacred juice ;

And let their wives with bastardice brand
all their future race."

Thus pray'd they ; but, with wish'd effects
their prayers Jove did not grace ;

When Priam said : " Lords of both hosts,
I can no longer stay

To see my loved son try his life, and so
must take my way

To wind-exposed Ilium. Jove yet and
heaven's high States

Know only, which of these must now pay
tribute to the Fates."

Thus, putting in his coach the lambs, he
mounts and reins his horse ;

Antenor to him ; and to Troy, both take
their speedy course.

Then Hector, Priam's martial son, stepp'd
forth, and met the ground,

With wise Ulysses, where the blows of
combat must resound ;

Which done, into a helm they put two
lots, to let them know

Which of the combatants should first his
brass-piled javelin throw ;

When all the people standing by, with
hands held up to heaven,

Pray'd Jove the conquest might not be by
force or fortune given,

But that the man, who was in right the
author of most wrong,

Might feel his justice, and no more these
tedious wars prolong,

But, sinking to the house of death, leave
them (as long before)

Link'd fast in leagues of amity, that might
dissolve no more.

Then Hector shook the helm that held
the equal dooms of chance,

Look'd back, and drew ; and Paris first
had lot to hurl his lance.

The soldiers all sat down enrank'd, each
by his arms and horse

That then lay down and cool'd their hoofs.
And now th' allotted course

Bids fair-hair'd Helen's husband arm ; who
first makes fast his greaves

With silver buckles to his legs ; then on
his breast receives

The curets that Lycaon wore (his brother)
but made fit [and fasten'd it,

For his fair body ; next his sword he took,

E

All damask'd, underneath his arm ; his shield then, grave and great,
His shoulders wore ; and on his head his glorious helm he set ;

Topp'd with a plume of horse's hair, that horribly did dance,

And seem'd to threaten as he moved ; at last he takes his lance,

Exceeding big, and full of weight, which he with ease could use.

In like sort, Sparta's warlike king himself with arms indues.

Thus arm'd at either army both, they both stood bravely in,

Possessing both hosts with amaze, they came so chin to chin,

And with such horrible aspects, each other did salute.

A fair large field was made for them ; where wraths, for hugeness mute,

And mutual, made them mutually at either shake their darts

Before they threw. Then Paris first with his long javelin parts ;

It smote Atreides' orby targe, but ran not through the brass,

For in it (arming well the shield) the head reflected was.

Then did the second combatant apply him to his spear,

Which ere he threw, he thus besought almighty Jupiter :

"O Jove! vouchsafe me now revenge, and that my enemy, [deservedly

For doing wrong so undeserved, may pay The pains he forfeited ; and let these hands

inflict those pains, By conquering, ay, by conquering dead,

him on whom life complains ; That any now, or any one of all the brood

of men To live hereafter, may with fear from all offence abstain,

Much more from all such foul offence to him that was his host,

And entertain'd him as the man whom he affected most."

This said, he shook and threw his lance ; which strook through Paris' shield,

And, with the strength he gave to it, it made the curests yield,

His coat of mail, his breast, and all, and drave his entrails in,

In that low region where the guts in three small parts begin ;

Yet he, in bowing of his breast, prevented sable death.

This taint he follow'd with his sword, drawn from a silver sheath,

Which lifting high, he strook his helm fr where his plume did stand,

On which it piecemeal brake, and fell fro his unhappy hand.

At which he sighing stood, and stared up the ample sky,

And said : "O Jove, there is no God giv more illiberally

To those that serve thee than thyself, w have I pray'd in vain ?

I hoped my hand should have reveng the wrongs I still sustain,

On him that did them, and still dares th foul defence pursue ;

And now my lance hath miss'd his e my sword in shivers flew,

And he 'scapes all." With this, again rush'd upon his guest,

And caught him by the horse-hair plu that dangled on his crest,

With thought to drag him to the Gree which he had surely done,

And so, besides the victory, had wondr glory won

(Because the needle-painted lace, v which his helm was tied

Beneath his chin, and so about his da throat implied,

Had strangled him) ; but that, in th the Cyprian seed of Jove

Did break the string, with which was l that which the needle wove,

And was the tough thong of a steer ; so the victor's palm

Was, for so full a man-at-arms, onl empty helm.

That then he swung about his head, cast among his friends,

Who scrambled, and took 't up shouts. Again then he intends

To force the life-blood of his foe, and on him amain,

With shaken javelin ; when the Qu that lovers loves, again

Attended, and now ravish'd him from encounter quite,

With ease, and wondrous suddenly she, a Goddess, might.

She hid him in a cloud of gold, and made him known,

Till in his chamber, fresh and sweetly set him down,

And went for Helen ; whom she fou Scæa's utmost height,

To which whole swarms of city dam climb'd to see the sight.

* This place Virgil imitateth

To give her errand good success, she
 took on her the shape
 Of beldame Graea, who was brought by
 Helen, in her rape,
 From Lacedæmon, and had trust in all her
 secrets still,
 Being old, and had (of all her maids) the
 main bent of her will,
 And spun for her her finest wool. Like
 her, Love's Empress came,
 Pull'd Helen by the heavenly veil, and
 softly said: "Madame,
 My lord calls for you, you must needs
 make all your kind haste home;
 He's in your chamber, stays, and longs;
 sits by your bed; pray come,
 'Tis richly made, and sweet; but he more
 sweet, and looks so clear,
 So fresh, and movingly attired, that, seeing,
 you would swear
 He came not from the dusty fight, but
 from a courtly dance,
 Or would to dancing." This she made a
 charm for dalliance;
 Whose virtue Helen felt, and knew, by her
 so radiant eyes,
 White neck, and most enticing breasts, the
 deified disguise,
 At which amazed, she answer'd her:
 "Unhappy Deity!
 Why lovest thou still in these deceits to
 wrap my fantasy?
 Or whither yet, of all the towns given to
 their lust beside, [my guide,
 In Phrygia, or Mæonia, comest thou to be
 If there (of divers-languaged men) thou
 hast, as here in Troy,
 Some other friend to be my shame; since
 here thy latest joy
 By Menelaus now subdued, by him shall I
 be borne
 Home to his court, and end my life in
 triumphs of his scorn?
 And, to this end, would thy deceits my
 wanton life allure?
 Hence, go thyself to Priam's son, and all
 the ways abjure
 Of Gods, or godlike-minded dames, nor
 ever turn again
 Thy earth-affecting feet to heaven, but for
 his sake sustain
 Toils het; guard, grace him endlessly,
 till he requite thy grace
 By giving thee my place with him; or take
 his servant's place,
 If, all dishonourable ways, your favours
 seek to serve
 His never-pleas'd incontinence; I better
 will deserve,

Than serve his dotage now. What shame
 were it for me to feed
 This lust in him; all honour'd dames would
 hate me for the deed;
 He leaves a woman's love so shamed, and
 shows so base a mind,
 To feel nor my shame nor his own; griefs
 of a greater kind
 Wound me than such as can admit such
 kind delights so soon."
 The Goddess, angry that, past shame, her
 mere will was not done,
 Replied: "Incense me not, you wretch,
 lest, once incensed, I leave
 Thy cursed life to as strange a hate, as yet
 it may receive
 A love from me; and lest I spread through
 both hosts such despite,
 For those plagues they have felt for thee,
 that both abjure thee quite,
 And setting thee in midst of both, turn all
 their wraths on thee,
 And dart thee dead; that such a death
 may wreak thy wrong of me."
 This strook the fair dame with such fear,
 it took her speech away,
 And, shadow'd in her snowy veil, she durst
 not but obey;
 And yet, to shun the shame she fear'd, she
 vanish'd undescried
 Of all the Trojan ladies there, for Venus
 was her guide.
 Arrived at home, her women both fell to
 their work in haste;
 When she, that was of all her sex the most
 divinely graced,
 Ascended to a higher room, though much
 against her will, [Venus still,
 Where lovely Alexander was, being led by
 The laughter-loving Dame discern'd her
 moved mind by her grace,
 And, for her mirth sake, set a stool, full
 before Paris' face,
 Where she would needs have Helen sit;
 who, though she durst not choose
 But sit, yet look'd away for all the Goddess'
 power could use,
 And used her tongue too, and to chide
 whom Venus soothed so much,
 And chid, too, in this bitter kind: "And
 was thy cowardice such,
 So conquer'd, to be seen alive? O would
 to God, thy life
 Had perish'd by his worthy hand, to whom
 I first was wife!
 Before this, thou wouldst glorify thy valour
 and thy lance,
 And, past my first love's, boast them far.
 Go once more, and advance

Thy braves against his single power; this foil might fall by chance.
 Poor conquer'd man: 'twas such a chance, as I would not advise
 Thy valour should provoke again. Shun him, thou most unwise, [be his prize."
 Next next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy body He answer'd: "Pray thee, woman, cease, to chide and grieve me thus.
 Disgraces will not ever last. Look on their end. On us
 Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the victor's wreath, [love sink beneath
 As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our The hate of fortune? In love's fire, let all hates vanish. Come,
 Love never so inflamed my heart; no, not when, bringing home
 Thy beauty's so delicious prize, on Cranaë's blest shore [this he went before,
 I long'd for, and enjoy'd thee first." With She after, to the odorous bed. While these to pleasure yield, [down the field,
 Perplex'd Atrides, savage-like, ran up and

And every thickest troop of Troy, and their far-call'd aid,
 Search'd for his foe, who could not be by any eye betray'd;
 Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did they conceal his sight,
 All hated him so like their deaths, and owed him such despite.
 At last thus spake the king of men
 "Hear me, ye men of Troy,
 Ye Dardans, and the rest, whose power you in their aids employ.
 The conquest on my brother's part, ye discern is clear,
 Do you then Argive Helena, with all her treasure here,
 Restore to us, and pay the mulct, that by your vows is due,
 Yield us an honour'd recompense, and, as that should accrue
 To our posterities, confirm; that when ye render it,
 Our acts may here be memorized." Then all Greeks else thought fit.

COMMENTARIUS.

ἡ Ἥρα δ' αἰὸς Ἑλένη, &c. *Iris autem Helene, &c.* Elegantly and most aptly (saith Spondanus) is Helen called by Homer to the spectacle of this single fight, as being the chief person in cause of all the action. The chief end of whose coming yet, enviously and most vainly, Scaliger's Criticus taxeth; which was her relation to Priam of the persons he noted there; jesting (with his French wit) at this Greek father, and fount of all wit, for making Priam to seek now of their names and knowledges, when nine years together they had lien there before. A great piece of necessity to make him therefore know them before, when there was no such urgent occasion before to bring Priam to note them, nor so calm a convenience in their ordered and quiet distinction. But let his criticism in this be weighed with his other faults found in our master: as, for making lightning in winter before snow or rain; which the most ignorant upland peasant could teach him out of his observations. For which yet his Criticus hath the project impudence to tax Homer; most falsely repeating his words too; saying *ubi ningit*, when he saith, *νεύων ἢ πάλιν ὄμβρον, &c., παρὰ, or struens, vel*

multum imbrem, immensamve grandine vel nivem: preparing, or going about those moist impressions in the air, not present act with them. From this, immediately and most rapidly, he ranges Ulysses' reprehension, for killing the wooders with his bow, in the Odyssees. Then to his late vomit again in the Iliad the very next word, and envieth Achill horse for speaking (because himself would have all the tongue) when, in Sacred War, Balaam's ass could have taught him like hath been heard of. Yet now to Ulysses again with a breath, and challenge Ulysses' ship for suffering Neptune to turn it to a rock. Here is strange laying out for a master so curiously methodical. Now with what Graces, with what Muses, may ask, he was inspired, but with what Harpies, what Furies, putting the *putid mendacium* upon Homer? *Putidus, ceptus, frigidus, puerilis* (being terms fit for a scold or a bawd, than a man softened by learning;) he belcheth against him what all the world hath revered, and admired as the fountain of all wit, wisdom, and learning. What touch is it to me, that to bear spots of depravations, when a great master is thus muddily daubed

it? But whoever saw true learning, wisdom, or wit, vouchsafe mansion in any proud, vain-glorious, and braggartly spirit, when their chief act and end is to abandon and abhor it? Language, reading, habit of speaking, or writing in other learning, I grant in this reviler great and abundant; but, in this pösy, redundant I affirm him, and rammish. To conclude, I will use the same words of him, that he of Erasmus, (*in calce Epinomidis*), which are these (as I convert it):—"Great was his name, but had been futurely greater, would himself have been less; where now, bold with the greatness of his wit, he hath undertaken the more, with much less exactness; and so his confidence, set on by the renown of his name, hath driven him headlong, &c."

² "Ὅρα λαιρόεσσας ἰείρα. *Vocem suavem emittunt*, saith the interpreter (intending the grasshoppers, to whom he compareth the old counsellors); but it is here to be expounded, *vocem teneram* not *suavem* (λαιρούς in this place signifying *tener*) for grasshoppers sing not sweetly, but harshly and faintly, wherein the weak and tender voice of the old counsellors is to admiration expressed. The simile Spondanus highly commends as most apt and expressive; but his application in one part doth abuse it, in the other right it; and that is, to make the old men resemble grasshoppers for their cold and bloodless spininess, Tithon being for age turned to a grasshopper; but where they were grave and wise counsellors, to make them garrulous, as grasshoppers are stridulous; that application holdeth not in these old men, though some old men are so, these being ἑσθητοὶ ἀγορευταὶ *boni, et periti, concionatores*; the word ἑσθητοὶ signifying *frugi* also, which is temperate or full of all moderation, and, so, far from intimating any touch of garrulity. Nor was the conceit of our poet by Spondanus or any other understood in this simile.

³ Ἐπιτροχάδην ἀγόρευε, *succincte concionatur Menelaus*; he speaks succinctly, or copiously, say his interpreters; which is utterly otherwise, in the voice ἐπιτροχάδην, signifying *velociter*, properly, *modo eorum qui currunt*; he spake fast or thick.

καῖρα μὲν, &c., few words yet, he used, ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἀλα λυγίως, *sed valde acutè*, they expound it, when it is *valde stridulè*, shrilly, smally, or aloud; λυγίως (as I have noted before) being properly taken in the worse part; and accordingly expounded, maketh

even with his simple character at all parts, his utterance being noiseful, small, or squeaking; an excellent pipe for a fool. Nor is the voice or manner of utterance in a man the least key that discovereth his wisdom or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of Ulysses in the second book—that he knew Pallas by her voice.

ἐπεὶ οὐ πολὺμυθος, *quoniam non garrulus, or loquax*; being born naturally Laconical; which agreeth not the less with his fast or thick speaking; for a man may have that kind of utterance, and yet few words.

⁴ Ὅδ' ἔ' ἀφαιμαρτοεπής: *neque in verbis peccans*, say the commentators, as though a fool were perfectly spoken; when the word here hath another sense, and our Homer a far other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded: *nequemendax erat*, he would not lie by any means, for that affectedly he stands upon hereafter. But to make a fool *non peccans verbis*, will make a man nothing wonder at any peccancy or absurdity in men of mere language.

You see, then, to how extreme a difference and contrariety the word and sense lie subject; and that, without first finding the true figures of persons in this kind presented, it is impossible for the best linguist living to express an author truly, especially any Greek author; the language being so differently significant, which not judiciously fitted with the exposition that the place (and coherence with other places) requireth, what a motley and confused man a translator may present! As now they do all of Menelaus, who, whosoever he is called Ἀρηίφιλος, is there untruly translated *bellicosus*, but *cui Mars est charus*, because he might love the war, and yet be no good warrior, as many love many exercises at which they will never be good; and Homer gave it to him for another of his peculiar epithets, as a vain-glorious affection in him, rather than a solid affection.

And here haste makes me give end to these new annotations, deferring the like in the next nine books for more breath and encouragement, since time (that hath ever oppressed me) will not otherwise let me come to the last twelve, in which the first free light of my author entered and emboldened me; where so many rich discoveries importune my poor expression, that I fear rather to betray them to the world than express them to their price. But howsoever envy and prejudice stand

squirting their poison through the eyes of my readers, this shall appear to all competent apprehensions, I have followed the original with authentical expositions, according to the proper signification of the word in his place, though I differ therein utterly from others; I have rendered all things of importance with answerable life and height to my author, though with some periphrasis, without which no man

can worthily translate any worthy poet. And since the translation itself, and my notes (being impartially conferred) amply approve this, I will still be confident in the worth of my pains, how idly and unworthily soever I be censured. And thus to the last twelve books (leaving other horrible errors in his other interpreters unmoved) with those free feet that entered me, I haste, sure of nothing but my labour.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

omit

THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods in council, at the last, decree
 That famous Ilium shall expugn'd be;
 And that their own continued faults may prove
 The reasons that have so incens'd Jove.
 Minerva seeks, with more offences done
 Against the lately injured Atreus' son
 (A ground that clearest would make seen their
 sin),
 To have the Lycian Pandarus begin.
 He ('gainst the truce with sacred covenants
 bound)
 Gives Menelaus a dishonour'd wound.
 Machaon heals him. Agamemnon then
 To mortal war incenseth all his men.
 The battles join; and, in the heat of fight,
 Cold death shuts many eyes in endless night.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Delta is the Gods' Assize;
 The Truce is broke; wars freshly rise.

WRITING the fair-paved court of Jove, he
 and the Gods conferr'd
 About the sad events of Troy; amongst
 whom minister'd
 Bless'd Hebe nectar. As they sat, and did
 Troy's towers behold,
 They drank, and pledged each other round
 in full-crown'd cups of gold.
 The mirth at whose feast was begun by
 great Saturnides [Goddesses.
 In urging a begun dislike amongst the
 But chiefly in his solemn Queen, whose
 spleen he was disposed
 To tempt yet further, knowing well what
 anger it inclosed,
 And how wives' angers should be used.
 On which, thus pleas'd, he play'd:
 "Two Goddesses there are that still give
 Menelaus aid,
 And one that Paris loves. The two that
 sit from us so far
 (Which Argive Juno is, and she that rules
 in deeds of war),
 No doubt are pleas'd to see how well the
 late-seen fight did frame;
 And yet, upon the adverse part, the
 laughter-loving Dame
 Made her power good too for her friend;
 for, though he were so near
 The stroke of death in th' others' hopes,
 she took him from them clear.

The conquest yet is questionless the mar-
 tial Spartan king's.

We must consult then what events shall
 crown these future things;

If wars and combats we shall still, with
 even successes strike;

Or (as impartial) friendship plant on both
 parts. If ye like

The last, and that it will as well delight, as
 merely please

Your happy deities, still let stand old
 Priam's town in peace,

And let the Lacedæmon king again his
 queen enjoy."

As Pallas and heaven's Queen sat close,
 plotting ill to Troy,

With silent murmurs they received this ill-
 liked choice from Jove;

'Gainst whom was Pallas much incens'd,
 because the Queen of Love

Could not, without his leave relieve, in that
 late point of death

The son of Priam, whom she loathed; her
 wrath yet fought beneath

Her supreme wisdom, and was curb'd; but
 Juno needs must ease

Her great heart with her ready tongue,
 and said: "What words are these,

Austere, and too much Saturn's son? Why
 wouldst thou render still

My labours idle, and the sweat of my in-
 dustrious will

Dishonour with so little power? My chariot
 horse are tired

With posting to and fro for Greece, and
 bringing banes desired

To people-mustering Priamus, and his per-
 fidious sons;

Yet thou protect'st, and join'st with them,
 whom each just Deity shuns,

Go on, but ever go resolved, all other Gods
 have vow'd

To cross thy partial course for Troy, in all
 that makes it proud."

At this, the cloud-compelling Jove a far-
 fetch'd sigh let fly,

And said: "Thou fury! what offence of
 such impiety

Hath Priam or his sons done thee, that,
 with so high a hate,

Thou shouldst thus ceaselessly desire to raze
 and ruinate

So well a builded town as Troy? I think,
 hadst thou the power,
 Thou wouldst the ports and far-stretch'd
 walls fly over, and devour
 Old Priam and his issue quick, and make
 all Troy thy feast,
 And then at length I hope thy wrath and
 tired spleen would rest ;
 To which run on thy chariot, that nought
 be found in me
 Of just cause to our future jars. In this
 yet strengthen thee,
 And fix it in thy memory fast ; that if I
 entertain
 As peremptory a desire to level with the
 plain
 A city where thy loved live, stand not be-
 twixt my ire
 And what it aims at ; but give way, when
 thou hast thy desire,
 Which now I grant thee willingly, although
 against my will.
 For not beneath the ample sun, and
 heaven's star-bearing hill,
 There is a town of earthly men so honour'd
 in my mind
 As sacred Troy ; nor of earth's kings as
 Priam and his kind,
 Who never let my altars lack rich feast of
 offerings slain,
 And their sweet savours ; for which grace
 I honour them again."
 Dread Juno, with the cow's fair eyes, re-
 plied : " Three towns there are
 Of great and eminent respect, both in my
 love and care ;
 Mycene, with the broad highways ; and
 Argos, rich in horse ;
 And Sparta ; all which three destroy, when
 thou enviest their force,
 I will not aid them, nor malign thy free
 and sovereign will, [their ill,
 For if I should be envious, and set against
 I know my envy were in vain, since thou
 art mightier far.
 But we must give each other leave, and
 wink at either's war.
 I likewise must have power to crown my
 works with wished end,
 Because I am a Deity, and did from thence
 descend
 Whence thou thyself, and th' elder born ;
 wise Saturn was our sire ;
 And thus there is a twofold cause that
 pleads for my desire,
 Being sister, and am call'd thy wife : and
 more, since thy command
 Rules all Gods else, I claim therein a like
 superior hand.

All wrath before then now remit, and
 mutually combine
 In either's empire ; I, thy rule, and thou
 illustrate, mine ;
 So will the other Gods agree, and we shall
 all be strong.
 And first (for this late plot) with speed let
 Pallas go among
 The Trojans, and some one of them entice
 to break the truce,
 By offering in some treacherous wound th'
 honour'd Greeks abuse."
 The Father both of men and Gods agreed
 and Pallas sent,
 With these wing'd words, to both the hosts
 " Make all haste, and invent
 Some mean by which the men of Troy
 against the truce agreed,
 May stir the glorious Greeks to arms with
 some inglorious deed."
 Thus charged he her with haste that die
 before, in haste abound,
 Who cast herself from all the heights, with
 which steep heaven is crown'd.
 And as Jove, brandishing a star, which
 men a comet call,
 Hurls out his curled hair abroad, that from
 his brand exhale
 A thousand sparks to fleets at sea, at
 every mighty host, [trusted most
 Of all presages and ill-haps a sign made
 So Pallas fell 'twixt both the camps, as
 suddenly was lost ;
 When through the breasts of all that saw
 she strook a strong amaze
 With viewing, in her whole descent, her
 bright and ominous blaze.
 When straight one to another turn'd, as
 said : " Now thundering Jove
 (Great Arbitrer of peace and arms) will
 either establish love
 Amongst our nations, or renew such wars
 as never was."
 Thus either army did presage, when
 Pallas made her pass
 Amongst the multitude of Troy ; when
 now put on the grace
 Of brave Laodocus, the flower of
 Antenor's race,
 And sought for Lycian Pandarus, a man
 that, being bred [fit to slay
 Out of a faithless family, she thought
 The blood of any innocent, and break
 covenant sworn.
 He was Lyeaon's son, whom Jove into
 wolf did turn
 For sacrificing of a child ; and yet in a
 renown'd [standing forth
 As one that was inculpable. Him Pa

And round about him his strong troops
 that bore the shady shields ;
 He brought them from Æsepus' flood, let
 through the Lycian fields ;
 Whom standing near, she whisper'd thus :
 " Lycaon's warlike son,
 Shall I despair at thy kind hands to have a
 favour done ?
 Nor darest thou let an arrow fly upon the
 Spartan king ?
 It would be such a grace to Troy, and
 such a glorious thing,
 That every man would give his gift ; but
 Alexander's hand
 Would load thee with them, if he could
 discover from his stand
 His foe's pride strook down with thy shaft,
 and he himself ascend
 The flaming heap of funeral. Come, shoot
 him, princely friend.
 But first invoke the God of Light, that in
 thy land was born, [sheaf hath worn,
 And is in archers' art the best that ever
 To whom a hundred first-ew'd lambs vow
 thou in holy fire,
 When safe to sacred Zelia's towers thy
 zealous steps retire."
 With this the mad-gift-greedy man
 Minerva did persuade,
 Who instantly drew forth a bow, most
 admirably made
 Of th' antler of a jumping goat, bred in a
 steep up-land,
 Which archer-like (as long before he took
 his hidden stand,
 The evicke skipping from a rock) into the
 breast he smote,
 And headlong fell'd him from his cliff.
 The forehead of the goat
 Held out a wondrous goodly palm, that
 sixteen branches brought ;
 Of all which, join'd, an useful bow, a
 skilful bowyer wrought ;
 Which pick'd and polish'd, both the ends
 he hid with horns of gold.
 And this bow, bent, he close laid down,
 and bade his soldiers hold
 Their shields before him ; lest the Greeks,
 discerning him, should rise
 In tumults ere the Spartan king could be
 his arrow's prise.
 Mean space, with all his care he choosed,
 and from his quiver drew.
 An arrow, feather'd best for flight, and yet
 that never flew ;
 Strong headed, and most apt to pierce :
 then took he up his bow,
 And nock'd his shaft : the ground whence
 all their future grief did grow.

When—praying to his God the Sun, that
 was in Lycia bred,
 And king of archers, promising that he the
 blood would shed
 Of full an hundred first-fall'n lambs, all
 offer'd to his name,
 When to Zelia's sacred walls from rescued
 Troy he came,—
 He took his arrow by the nock, and to his
 bended breast* [pile did rest
 The oxy sinew close he drew, even till the
 Upon the bosom of the bow ; and as that
 savage prise [the wind did rise
 His strength constrain'd into an orb, as if
 The coming of it made a noise, the sinew-
 forged string
 Did give a mighty twang ; and forth the
 eager shaft did sing,
 Affecting speediness of flight, amongst the
 Achive throng.
 Nor were the blessed heavenly powers un-
 mindful of thy wrong,
 O Menelaus ; but, in chief, Jove's seed, the
 Pillager, [the arrow did confer,
 Stood close before, and slack'd the force
 With as much care and little hurt, as doth
 a mother use,
 And keep off from her babe, when sleep
 doth through his powers diffuse
 His golden humour, and th' assaults of
 rude and busy flies
 She still cheeks with her careful hand ; for
 so the shaft she plies
 That on the buttons made of gold, which
 made his girde fast,
 And where his currets double were, the fall
 of it she placed.
 And thus much proof she put it to : the
 buckle made of gold ;
 The belt is fasten'd, bravely wrought ; his
 currets' double fold ;
 And last, the charmed plate he wore,
 which help'd him more than all ;
 And, 'gainst all darts and shafts bestow'd,
 was to his life a wall.
 So, through all these, the upper skin the
 head did only race ;
 Yet forth the blood flow'd, which did much
 his royal person grace,
 And show'd upon his ivory skin, as doth a
 purple dye
 Laid by a dame of Caïra or lovely Mæony
 On ivory, wrought in ornaments to deck
 the cheeks of horse ;
 Which in her marriage room must lie ;
 whose beauties have such force

* Virgil useth these verses.

That they are wish'd of many knights, but
are such precious things,
That they are kept for horse that draw the
chariots of kings,
Which horse, so deck'd, the charioteer
esteems a grace to him ;
Like these, in grace, the blood upon thy
solid thighs did swim,
O Menelaus, down thy calves and ankles
to the ground ; [honour'd wound.
For nothing decks a soldier so, as doth an
Yet, fearing he had fared much worse, the
hair stood up on end
On Agamemnon, when he saw so much
black blood descend.
And stiffen'd with the like dismay was
Menelaus too,
But seeing th' arrow's stale without, and
that the head did go
No further than it might be seen, he call'd
his spirits again ;
Which Agamemnon marking not, but
thinking he was slain,
He gript his brother by the hand, and
sigh'd as he would break,
Which sigh the whole host took from him,
who thus at last did speak :
" O dearest brother, is't for this, that
thy death must be wrought,
Wrought I this truce ? For this hast thou
the single combat fought
For all the army of the Greeks ? For this
hath Iliion sworn,
And trod all faith beneath their feet ? Yet
all this hath not worn
The right we challenged, out of force ; this
cannot render vain
Our stricken right hands ; sacred wine ;
nor all our offerings slain.
For though Olympius be not quick in
making good our ill,
He will be sure, as he is slow ; and sharp-
lier prove his will.
Their own hands shall be ministers of
those plagues they despise,
Which shall their wives and children reach,
and all their progenies.
For both in mind and soul I know, that
there shall come a day
When Iliion, Priam, all his power, shall
quite be worn away ;
When heaven-inhabiting Jove shall shake
his fiery shield at all,
For this one mischief. This, I know, the
world cannot recall.
But be all this, all my grief still for thee
will be the same,
Dear brother. If thy life must here put
out his royal flame,

I shall to sandy Argos turn with infan-
my face ;
And all the Greeks will call for home ; o
Priam and his race
Will flame in glory ; Helena, untouch-
be still their prey ;
And thy bones in our enemies' earth o
cursed fates shall lay ;
Thy sepulchre be trodden down ; the pri
of Troy desire
Insulting on it, ' Thus, O thus, let Ag
memnon's ire
In all his acts be expiate, as now
carries home [overcot
His idle army, empty ships, and leaves he
Good Menelaus.' When this brave brea
in their hated breath,
Then let the broad earth swallow me, a
take me quick to death."
" Nor shall this ever chance," said h
" and therefore be of cheer,
Lest all the army, led by you, your passio
put in fear.
The arrow fell in no such place as dea
could enter at,
My girdle, cures doubled here, and
most trusted plate,
Objected all 'twixt me and death, the wh
scarce piercing one."
" Good brother," said the king, " I wish
were no further gone,
For then our best in medicines skill'd sh
ope and search the wound,
Applying balms to ease thy pains, and se
restore thee sound."
This said, divine Talthybius he call'd, a
bade him haste
Machaon (Æsculapius' son, who most
men was graced
With physic's sovereign remedies) to co
and lend his hand
To Menelaus, shot by one well-skill'd
the command
Of bow and arrows, one of Troy, or
the Lycian aid,
Who much hath glorified our foe, and
as much dismay'd.
He heard, and hasted instantly, and t
his eyes about
The thickest squadrons of the Greeks
find Machaon out.
He found him standing guarded well v
well-arm'd men of Thrace ;
With whom he quickly join'd, and sa
" Man of Apollo's race,
Haste, for the king of men commands
see a wound impress'd
In Menelaus, great in arms, by one
structed best

In th' art of archery, of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,
That them with much renown adorns, us with dishonour brands."

Machaon much was moved with this, who with the herald flew
From troop to troop amongst the host ; and soon they came in view

Of hurt Atrides, circled round with all the Grecian kings ;

Who all gave way ; and straight he draws the shaft, which forth he brings

Without the forks ; the girdle then, plate, cures, off he plucks,

And views the wound ; when first from it the clotted blood he sucks ;

Then medicines, wondrously composed, the skillful leech applied,

Which loving Chiron taught his sire, he from his sire had tried.

While these were thus employ'd to ease the Atrean martialist,

The Trojans arm'd, and charged the Greeks ; the Greeks arm and resist.

Then not asleep, nor mazed with fear, nor shifting off the blows,

You could behold the king of men ; but in full speed he goes

To set a glorious fight on foot : and he examples this

With toiling, like the worst, on foot ; who therefore did dismiss

His brass-arm'd chariot, and his steeds, with Ptolemeus' son, [Eurymedon ;

Son of Piraides, their guide, the good " Yet," said the king, " attend with them,

lest weariness should seize My limbs, surcharged with ordering troops

so thick and vast as these."

Eurymedon then rein'd his horse, that trotted neighing by ;

The king a footman, and so scours the squadrons orderly.

Those of his swiftly-mounted Greeks, that in their arms were fit,

Those he put on with cheerful words, and bad them not remit

The least spark of their forward spirits, because the Trojans durst

Take these abhor'd advantages, but let them do their worst ;

For they might be assured that Jove would patronize no lies,

And that who, with the breach of truce, would hurt their enemies,

With vultures should be torn themselves ; that they should raze their town,

Their wives, and children at their breast, led vassals to their own.

But such as he beheld hang off from that increasing fight,
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite :

" Base Argives, blush ye not to stand as made for butts to darts ?

Why are ye thus discomfited, like hinds that have no hearts,

Who, wearied with a long-run field, are instantly emboss'd,

Stand still, and in their beastly breasts is all their courage lost ?

And so stand you strook with amaze, nor dare to strike a stroke.

Would ye the foe should nearer yet your dastard spleens provoke,

Even where on Neptune's foamy shore our navies lie in sight,

To see if Jove will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight ?"

Thus he, commanding, ranged the host, and passing many a band,

He came to the Cretensian troops, where all did armed stand

About the martial Idomen ; who bravely stood before

In vanguard of his troops, and match'd for strength a savage boar ;

Meriones, his charioteer, the rearguard bringing on. [a sight alone,

Which seen to Atreus' son, to him it was And Idomen's confirmed mind with these

kind words he seeks :

" O Idomen ! I ever loved thyself past all the Greeks,

In war, or any work of peace, at table, everywhere ;

For when the best of Greece besides mix ever, at our cheer,

My good old ardent wine with small, and our inferior mates

Drink even that mix'd wine measured too, thou drink'st, without those rates,

Our old wine neat ; and evermore thy bowl stands full like mine,

To drink still, when and what thou wilt. Then rouse that heart of thine ;

And, whatsoever heretofore thou hast assumed to be,

This day be greater." To the king in this sort answer'd he :

" Atrides, what I ever seem'd, the same at every part

This day shall shew me at the full, and I will fit thy heart.

But thou shouldst rather cheer the rest, and tell them they in right

Of all good war must offer blows, and should begin the fight,

(Since Troy first brake the holy truce) and
not endure these braves,
To take wrong first, and then be dared to
the revenge it craves ;

Assuring them that Troy in fate must have
the worse at last,

Since first, and 'gainst a truce, they hurt,
where they should have embraced."

This comfort and advice did fit Atrides'
heart indeed,

Who still through new-raised swarms of
men held his laborious speed,

And came where both th' Ajaces stood ;
whom like the last he found

Arm'd, casqued, and ready for the fight.
Behind them, hid the ground

A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke.
And as a goat-herd spies,

On some hill's top, out of the sea, a rainy
vapour rise,

Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which,
though far off he rest,

Comes on as black as pitch, and brings a
tempest in his breast,

Whereat he, frightened, drives his herds
apace into a den ;

So, darkening earth with darts and shields,
shew'd these with all their men.

This sight with like joy fired the king,
who thus let forth the flame

In crying out to both the dukes : "O you
of equal name,

I must not cheer ; nay, I disclaim all my
command of you,

Yourselves command with such free minds,
and make your soldiers show,

As you nor I led, but themselves. O would
our father Jove,

Minerva, and the God of light, would all
our bodies move

With such brave spirits as breathe in you :
then Priam's lofty town

Should soon be taken by our hands, for
ever overthrown."

Then held he on to other troops, and
Nestor next behold,

(The subtle Pylian orator), range up and
down the field,

Embatellling his men at arms, and stirring
all to blows ;

Points every legion out his chief, and every
The forms and discipline of war ; yet his
commanders were

All expert, and renowned men. Great
Pelagon was there ;

Alastor ; manly Chromius ; and Hæmon
worth a throne ;

And Bias, that could armies lead. With
these he first put on

His horse troops with their chariots ;
foot (of which he choosed

Many, the best and ablest men, and whilom
he ever used

As rampire to his general power) he in the
rear disposed. (the midst enclose

The slothful, and the least of spirit, he
That, such as wanted noble wills, he
need might force to stand.

His horse troops, that the vanguard had
he strictly did command

To ride their horses temperately, to keep
their ranks, and shun

Confusion, lest their horsemanship and
courage made them run

(Too much presumed on) much too fast
and, charging so alone,

Engage themselves in th' enemy's strength
where many fight with one.

"Who his own chariot leaves to range
let him not freely go,

But straight unhorse him with a lance ;
'tis much better so.

And with this discipline," said he, "to
form, these minds, this trust,

Our ancestors have walls and towns level
with the dust."

Thus prompt, and long inured to arms,
this old man did exhort ;

And this Atrides likewise took in wonder
cheerful sort,

And said : "O father, would to heaven
that as thy mind remains

In wonted vigour, so thy knees could
undergo our pains.

But age, that all men overcomes, has
made his prize on thee ;

Yet still I wish that some young man
grown old in mind, might be

Put in proportion with thy years, and
mind, young in age,

Be fitly answer'd with his youth ; that
where conflicts rage,

And young men used to thrust for far
thy brave exampling hand

Might double our young Grecian spirit
and grace our whole command."

The old knight answer'd : "I myself
could wish, O Atreus' son,

I were as young as when I slew
Ereuthalion ;

But Gods at all times give not all their
gifts to mortal men.

If then I had the strength of youth
miss'd the counsels then

That years now give me ; and now you
want that main strength of youth ;

Yet still my mind retains her strength
you now said the sooth)

And would be where that strength is used,
 affording counsels sage
 To stir youth's minds up; 'tis the grace
 and office of our age;
 Let younger sinews, men sprung up whole
 ages after me,
 And such as have strength, use it, and, as
 strong in honour be."
 The king, all this while comforted,
 arrived next where he found
 Well-rode Menestheus (Petcus' son) stand
 still, environ'd round
 With his well-train'd Athenian troops; and
 next to him he spied [bands beside
 The wise Ulysses, deedless too, and all his
 Of strong Cephalians; for as yet th' alarm
 had not been heard
 In all their quarters, Greece and Troy were
 then so newly stirr'd,
 And then first moved, as they conceived,
 and they so look'd about
 To see both hosts give proof of that they
 yet had cause to doubt.
 Atides seeing them stand so still, and
 spend their eyes at gaze,
 Began to chide: "And why," said he,
 "dissolved thus in amaze,
 Thou son of Petcus, Jove-nursed king, and
 thou in wicked sleight
 A cunning soldier, stand ye off? Expect
 ye that the fight
 Should be by other men begun? 'Tis fit
 the foremost band
 Should show you there; you first should
 front who first lifts up his hand.
 First you can hear, when I invite the princes
 to a feast, [eat and drink the best;
 When first, most friendly, and at will, ye
 Yet in the fight, most willingly, ten troops
 ye can behold,
 Take place before ye." Ithacus at this his
 brows did fold,
 And said: "How hath thy violent tongue
 broke through thy set of teeth,
 To say that we are slack in fight, and to the
 field of death [we were busied then,
 Look others should enforce our way, when
 Even when thou spakest, against the foe
 to cheer and lead our men?
 But thy eyes shall be witnesses, if it content
 thy will, [do so affect thee still,
 And that (as thou pretend'st) these cares
 The father of Telemachus (whom I esteem
 so dear, [deeds done here)
 And to whom, as a legacy, I'll leave my
 Even with the foremost band of Troy hath
 his encounter dared,
 And therefore are thy speeches vain, and
 had been better spared."

He, smiling, since he saw him moved,
 recall'd his words, and said:
 "Most generous Laertes' son, most wise of
 all our aid,
 I neither do accuse thy worth, more than
 thyself may hold
 Fit, (that inferiors think not much, being
 slack, to be controll'd)
 Nor take I on me thy command; for well
 I know thy mind
 Knows how sweet gentle counsels are; and
 that thou stand'st inclined,
 As I myself, for all our good. On then;
 if now we spake
 What hath displeas'd, another time we full
 amends will make;
 And Gods grant that thy virtue here may
 prove so free and brave,
 That my reproofs may still be vain, and thy
 deservings grave."
 Thus parted they; and forth he went,
 when he did leaning find,
 Against his chariot, near his horse, him
 with the mighty mind,
 Great Diomedes, Tydeus' son, and Stheno-
 lus, the seed
 Of Capaneus; whom the king seeing like-
 wise out of deed,
 Thus cried he out on Diomed: "O me!
 in what a fear
 The wise great warrior, Tydeus' son, stands
 gazing everywhere
 For others to begin the fight! It was not
 Tydeus' use
 To be so daunted, whom his spirit would
 evermore produce
 Before the foremost of his friends in these
 affairs of fright,
 As they report that have beheld him labour
 in a fight.
 For me, I never knew the man, nor in his
 presence came;
 But excellent, above the rest, he was in
 general fame.
 And one renown'd exploit of his, I am
 assured, is true;
 He came to the Mycencian court, without
 arms, and did sue,
 At godlike Polynices' hands, to have some
 worthy aid
 To their designs that 'gainst the walls of
 sacred Thebes were laid.
 He was great Polynices' guest, and nobly
 entertain'd, [requested gain'd
 And of the kind Mycencian state what he
 In mere consent; but when they should
 the same in act approve
 (By some sinister prodigies, held out to
 them by Jove),

They were discouraged : thence he went,
and safely had his pass
Back to Asopus' flood, renown'd for
bulrushes and grass.
Yet, once more, their ambassador, the
Grecian peers address
Lord Tydeus to Eteocles ; to whom being
given access,
He found him feasting with a crew of
Cadmeans in his hall ;
Amongst whom, though an enemy, and
only one to all ;
To all yet he his challenge made at every
martial feat, [was so great.
And easily foil'd all, since with him Minerva
The rank-rode Cadmeans, much incensed
with their so foul disgrace,
Lodged ambuscadoes for their foe, in some
well-chosen place
By which he was to make return. Twice
five-and-twenty men,
And two of them great captains too, the
ambush did contain.
The names of those two men of rule were
Mæon, Hæmon's son,
And Lycophontes, Keep-field call'd, the
heir of Autoplon,
By all men honour'd like the Gods ; yet
these and all their friends
Were sent to hell by Tydeus' hand, and
had untimely ends.
He trusting to the aid of Gods, reveal'd
by augury ;
Obeying which, one chief he saved, and did
his life apply
To be the heavy messenger of all the others'
deaths ;
And that sad message, with his life, to
Mæon he bequeathes.
So brave a knight was Tydeus : of whom a
son is sprung,
Inferior far in martial deeds, though higher
in his tongue."
All this Tydides silent heard, awed by
the reverend king ;
Which stung hot Sthenelus with wrath,
who thus put forth his sting :
" Atrides I when thou know'st the truth,
speak what thy knowledge is,
And do not lie so ; for I know, and I will
brag in this,
That we are far more able men than both
our fathers were ;
We took the seven-fold ported Thebes,
when yet we had not there
So great help as our fathers had ; and
fought beneath a wall,
Sacred to Mars, by help of Jove, and
trusting to the fall

Of happy signs from other Gods, by whom
we took the town
Untouch'd ; our fathers perishing there by
follies of their own ;
And therefore never more compare our
father's worth with ours."
Tydides frown'd at this, and said : " Sup-
press thine anger's powers,
Good friend, and hear why I refrain'd ;
thou seest I am not moved
Against our General, since he did but
what his place behoved,
Admonishing all Greeks to fight ; for, in
Troy prove our prize,
The honour and the joy is his. If here
our ruin lies,
The shame and grief for that, as much, is
his in greatest kinds.
As he then his charge, weigh we ours
which is our dauntless minds."
Thus, from his chariot, amply arm'd, he
jump'd down to the ground :
The armour of the angry king so horribly
did sound,
It might have made his bravest foe let fea-
take down his braves.
And as when with the west-wind flaws
the sea thrusts up her waves,
One after other, thick and high, upon the
groaning shores,
First in herself loud, but opposed with
banks and rocks she roars,
And, all her back in bristles set, spits ever
way her foam ; [overcom
So, after Diomed, instantly the field was
With thick impressions of the Greeks ; and
all the noise that grew
(Ordering and cheering up their men) from
only leaders flew.
The rest went silently away, you could not
hear a voice,
Nor would have thought, in all the
breasts, they had one in their choice
Their silence uttering their awe of the
that them controll'd ;
Which made each man keep bright his arm
march, fight still where he should.
The Trojans (like a sort of ewes, penn'd
a rich man's fold,
Close at his door, till all be milk'd ; as
never baaing hold
Hearing the bleating of their lambs) did
all their wide host fill
With shouts and clamours ; nor observ
one voice, one baaing still ;
But show'd mix'd tongues from many
land, of men call'd to their aid.
Rude Mars had th' ordering of their spirit
of Greeks, the learned Maid.

But Terror follow'd both the hosts, and
 Flight, and furious Strife
 The sister, and the mate, of Mars, that spoil
 of human life ;
 And never is her rage at rest, at first she is
 but small,
 Yet after (but a little fed) she grows so
 vast and tall,
 That while her feet move here in earth,
 her forehead is in heaven.*
 And this was she that made, even then,
 both hosts so deadly given.
 Through every troop she stalk'd, and stirr'd
 rough sighs up as she went ;
 But when in one field both the foes her
 fury did content,
 And both came under reach of darts, then
 darts and shields opposed
 To darts and shields ; strength answer'd
 strength ; then swords and targets closed
 With swords and targets ; both with pikes ;
 and then did tumult rise
 Up to her height ; then conquerors' boasts
 mix'd with the conquer'd's cries ;
 Earth flow'd with blood. And as from hills
 rain-waters headlong fall,
 That all ways eat huge ruts, which, met in
 one bed, fill a vall
 With such a confluence of streams, that on
 the mountain grounds
 Far off, in frighted shepherds' ears, the
 bustling noise rebounds :
 So grew their conflicts, and so shew'd their
 scuffling to the ear,
 With flight and clamour still commix'd,
 and all effects of fear.
 And first renown'd Antilochus slew
 (fighting, in the face
 Of all Achaia's foremost bands, with an
 undaunted grace)
 Ecbepolus Thalysiades ; he was an armed
 man ;
 Whom on his hair-plumed helmet's crest
 the dart first smote, then ran
 into his forehead, and there stuck ; the
 steel pile making way
 Quite through his skull ; a hasty night
 shut up his latest day.
 His fall was like a fight-razed tower ; like
 which, lying there dispread,
 King Elephenor (who was son to Chalco-
 don, and led
 The vallant Abants) covetous that he
 might first possess
 His arms, laid hands upon his feet ; and
 haled him from the press
 Of darts and javelins hurl'd at him. The
 action of the king
 When, great-in-heart, Agenor saw, he made
 his javelin sing
 To th' other's labour ; and along, as he
 the trunk did wrest,
 His side (at which he bore his shield) in
 bowing of his breast
 Lay naked, and received the lance ; that
 made him lose his hold
 And life together ; which, in hope of that
 he lost, he sold.
 But for his sake the fight grew fierce, the
 Trojans and their foes
 Like wolves on one another rush'd, and
 man for man it goes.
 The next of name, that served his fate,
 great Ajax Telamon
 Preferr'd so sadly. He was heir to old
 Anthemion,
 And deck'd with all the flower of youth ;
 the fruit of which yet fled,
 Before the honour'd nuptial torch could
 light him to his bed.
 His name was Simoisius ; for, some few
 years before, [by the shore
 His mother walking down the hill of Ida,
 Of silver Simois, to see her parents' flocks,
 with them
 She, feeling suddenly the pains of child-
 birth, by the stream
 Of that bright river brought him forth ;
 and so (of Simois)
 They call'd him Simoisius. Sweet was
 that birth of his
 To his kind parents, and his growth did
 all their care employ ;
 And yet those rites of piety, that should
 have been his joy
 To pay their honour'd years again in as
 affectionate sort,
 He could not graciously perform, his sweet
 life was so short ;
 Cut off with mighty Ajax' lance. For, as
 his spirit put on,
 He strook him at his breast's right pap,
 quite through his shoulder-bone,
 And in the dust of earth he fell, that was
 the fruitful soil
 Of his friends' hopes ; but where he sow'd,
 he buried all his toil.
 And as a poplar shot aloft, set by a river
 side,
 In moist edge of a mighty fen, his head in
 curls implied,
 But all his body plain and smooth, to
 which a wheelwright puts
 The sharp edge of his shining axe, and
 his soft timber cuts

* Virgū the same of Fame.

From his innate root, in hope to hew out
of his bole [compass in the whole,
The fell'fs, or out-parts of a wheel, that
To serve some goodly chariot; (but, being
big and sad, [the useful hope he had
And to be haled home through the bogs)
Sticks there, and there the goodly plant
lies withering out his grace:

So lay, by Jove-bred Ajax' hand, Anthemion's forward race,
Nor could through that vast fen of toils be
drawn to serve the ends

Intended by his body's powers, nor cheer
his aged friends.

But now the gay-arm'd Antiphus (a son
of Priam) threw

His lance at Ajax through the press,
which went by him, and flew

On Leucus, wise Ulysses' friend; his
groin it smote, as fain

He would have drawn into his spoil the
carcass of the slain,

By which he fell, and that by him: it
vex'd Ulysses' heart,

Who thrust into the face of fight, well-
arm'd at every part,

Came close, and look'd about to find an
object worth his lance;

Which when the Trojans saw him shake,
and he so near advance,

All shrunk; he threw, and forth it shined,
nor fell but where it fell'd;

His friend's grief gave it angry power, and
deadly way it held

Upon Democoon, who was sprung of
Priam's wanton force,

Came from Abydus, and was made the
master of his horse.

Through both his temples strook the dart,
the wood of one side shew'd,

The pile out of the other look'd, and so
the earth he strew'd

With much sound of his weighty arms.
Then back the foremost went;

Even Hector yielded; then the Greeks
gave worthy clamours vent,

Effecting then their first dumb powers;
some drew the dead, and spoil'd;

Some follow'd, that, in open flight, Troy
might confess it foil'd.

Apollo, angry at the sight, from top of
Ilion cried:

“ Turn head, ye well-rode peers of Troy,
feed not the Grecians' pride,

They are not charm'd against your points,
of steel, nor iron, fram'd;
Nor fights the fair-hair'd Thetis' son, but
sits at fleet inflam'd.”

So spake the dreadful God from Troy.
The Greeks, Jove's noblest seed

Encouraged to keep on the chase; and,
where fit spirit did need,

She gave it, marching in the midst. Then
flew the fatal hour [burn'd power;

Back on Diore, in return of Ilion's sun-
Diore Amaryncides, whose right leg's

ankle-bone [handful-charging stone
And both the sinews, with a sharp and
Pirus Imbrasides did break, that led the

Thracian bands,
And came from Ænos; down he fell, and
up he held his hands

To his loved friends; his spirit wing'd to
fly out of his breast; [address'd

With which not satisfied, again Imbrasides
His javelin at him, and so ripp'd his navel,

that the wound, [on the ground
As endlessly it shut his eyes, so, open'd,
It pour'd his entrails. As his foe went

then sufficed away, [pile convey,
Thoas Ætolius threw a dart, that did hit
Above his nipple, through his lungs

when, quitting his stern part,
He closed with him; and, from his breast

first drawing out his dart,
His sword flew in, and by the midst it

wiped his belly out;
So took his life, but left his arms; his

friends so flock'd about,
And thrust forth lances of such length

before their slaughter'd king,
Which, though their foe were big and

strong, and often brake the ring
Forged of their lances, yet (enforced) he

left th' affected prise.
The Thracian and Epeian dukes, laid close

with closed eyes
By either other, drown'd in dust; and

round about the plain, [did hotly reign
All hid with slaughter'd carcasses, yet st

The martial planet; whose effects he
any eye beheld,

Free and unwounded (and were led by
Pallas through the field,

To keep off javelins, and suggest, the least
fault could be found)

He could not reprehend the fight, so man
strew'd the ground,

THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

KING DIOMEDE (by Pallas' spirit inspired With will and power) is for his acts admired. Mere men, and men derived from Deities, And Deities themselves, he terrifies. Adds wounds to terrors. His inflamed lance Draws blood from Mars and Venus. In a trance He casts Æneas, with a weighty stone ; Apollo quickens him, and gets him gone. Mars is recured by Pæon ; but by Jove Rebuked for authoring breach of human love.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Epsilon Heaven's blood is shed
By sacred rage of Diomed.

THEN Pallas breathed in Tydeus' son ; to render whom supreme
To all the Greeks, at all his parts, she cast a hotter beam
On his high mind ; his body fill'd with much superior might ;
And made his complete armour cast a far more complete light.
From his bright helm and shield did burn a most unwearied fire,
Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp,* whose brightness men admire
Past all the other host of stars, when, with his cheerful face
Fresh wash'd in lofty Ocean waves, he doth the skies enchain.
To let whose glory lose no sight, still Pallas made him turn
Where tumult most express'd his power, and where the fight did burn.
An honest and a wealthy man, inhabited in Troy ;
Dares, the priest of Mulciber, who two sons did enjoy,
Idæus, and bold Phegeus, well-seen in every fight :
These (singled from their troops, and horsed) assail'd Minerva's knight,
Who ranged from fight to fight on foot. All hasting mutual charge,
And now drawn near, first Phegeus threw a javelin swift and large,

Whose head the king's left shoulder took, but did no harm at all ;
Then rush'd he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall,
But in his breast stuck 'twixt the paps, and strook him from his horse.
Which stern sight when Idæus saw, distrustful of his force
To save his slaughter'd brother's spoil, it made him headlong leap
From his fair chariot, and leave all ; yet had not 'scaped the heap
Of heavy funeral, if the God, great president of fire,
Had not (in sudden clouds of smoke, and pity of his sire
To leave him utterly unheard) given safe pass to his feet.
He gone, Tydides sent the horse and chariot to the fleet.
The Trojans seeing Dares' sons, one slain, the other fled,
Were strook amazed. The blue-eyed Maid (to grace her Diomed
In giving free way to his power) made this so ruthless fact
A fit advantage to remove the War-god out of act,
Who raged so on the Iliion side ;—she griped his hand, and said :
" Mars, Mars, thou ruiner of men, that in the dust hast laid
So many cities, and with blood thy god-head dost distain ;
Now shall we cease to show our breasts as passionate as men,
And leave the mixture of our hands, resigning Jove his right,
As Rector of the Gods, to give the glory of the fight
Where he affecteth, lest he force what we should freely yield ?"
He held it fit, and went with her from the tumultuous field,
Who set him in an herby seat on broad Scamander's shore.
He gone, all Troy was gone with him, the Greeks drave all before,
And every leader slew a man ; but first the king of men
Deserved the honour of his name, and led the slaughter then,

* This simile likewise Virgil learns of him.
VOL. III.

And slew a leader, one more huge than any man he led,

Great Odius, duke of Halizons ; quite from his chariot's head

He strook him with a lance to earth, as first he flight address'd ;

It took his forward-turned back, and look'd out of his breast ;

His huge trunk sounded, and his arms did echo the resound.

Idomeneus to the death did noble Phæstus wound,

The son of Meon-Borus, that from cloddy Terna came ;

Who, taking chariot, took his wound, and tumbled with the same

From his attempted seat : the lance through his right shoulder strook,

And horrid darkness strook through him ; the spoil his soldiers took.

Atrides-Menelaus slew, as he before him fled,

Scamandrius, son of Strophius, that was a huntsman bred ;

A skilful huntsman, for his skill Diana's self did teach, [to reach

And made him able with his dart infallibly All sorts of subtlest savages, which many a woody hill

Bred for him, and he much preserved, and all to shew his skill.

Yet not the dart-delighting Queen taught him to shun this dart,

Nor all his hitting so far off, the mastery of his art ;

His back received it, and he fell upon his breast withal ;

His body's ruin, and his arms, so sounded in his fall,

That his affrighted horse flew off, and left him, like his life.

Meriones slew Phereclus, whom she that ne'er was wife,

Yet Goddess of good housewives, held in excellent respect

For knowing all the witty things that grace an architect ;

And having power to give it all, the cunning use of hand.

Harmonides, his sire, built ships, and made him understand,

With all the practice it required, the frame of all that skill.

He built all Alexander's ships, that author'd all the ill

Of all the Trojans and his own, because he did not know

The oracles advising Troy (for fear of overthrow)

To meddle with no sea affair, but live by tilling land.

This man Meriones surprised, and drave his deadly hand

Through his right hip ; the lance's head ran through the region

About the bladder, underneath th' in-muscles and the bone ;

He, sighing, bow'd his knees to death, and sacrificed to earth.

Phylides stay'd Pedæus' flight—Antenor's bastard birth—

Whom virtuous Theano his wife, to please her husband, kept

As tenderly as those she loved. Phylides near him slept,

And in the fountain of the nerves did drench his fervent lance,

At his head's back-part ; and so far the sharp head did advance,

It cleft the organ of his speech, and th' iron, cold as death,

He took betwixt his grinning teeth, and gave the air his breath.

Eurypylos, the much renown'd and great Evemon's son, [Dolopion,

Divine Hypsenor slew, begot by stout And consecrate Scamander's priest ; he had a God's regard

Amongst the people ; his hard flight the Grecian follow'd hard,

Rush'd in so close, that with his sword he on his shoulder laid

A blow that his arm's brawn cut off ; nor there his vigour stay'd,

But drave down, and from off his wrist it hew'd his holy hand,

That gush'd out blood, and down it dropp'd upon the blushing sand ;

Death, with his purple finger, shut, and violent fate, his eyes.

Thus fought these, but distinguish'd well. Tydides so implies

His fury that you could not know whose side had interest

In his free labours, Greece or Troy ; but as a flood, increased

By violent and sudden showers, let down from hills, like hills

Melted in fury, swells and foams, and so he overfills

His natural channel ; that besides both hedge and bridge resigns

To his rough confluence, far spread ; and lusty flourishing vines

Drown'd in his outrage ; Tydeus' son, so overrun the field,

Strew'd such as flourish'd in his way, and made whole squadrons yield.

When Pandarus, Lycaon's son, beheld
 his ruining hand,
 With such resistless insolence, make lanes
 through every band,
 He bent his gold-tipp'd bow of horn, and
 shot him rushing in,
 At his right shoulder, where his arms were
 hollow; forth did spin
 The blood, and down his curets ran; then
 Pandarus cried out:
 "Rank-riding Trojans, now rush in. Now,
 now, I make no doubt
 Our bravest foe is mark'd for death; he
 cannot long sustain
 My violent shaft, if Jove's fair Son did
 worthily constrain
 My foot from Lycia." Thus he braved,
 and yet his violent shaft [life was safe;
 Strook short with all his violence, Tydide's
 Who yet withdrew himself behind his
 chariot and steeds,
 And call'd to Sthenelus: "Come friend,
 my wounded shoulder needs
 Thy hand to ease it of this shaft." He
 hasted from his seat
 Before the coach, and drew the shaft; the
 purple wound did sweat,
 And down his shirt of mail in blood, and
 as it bled he pray'd:
 "Hear me, of Jove Ægiocbus thou most
 unconquer'd maid,
 If ever in the cruel field thou hast assistful
 stood, [do me good.
 Or to my father, or myself, now love, and
 Give him into my lance's reach, that thus
 hath given a wound
 To him thou guard'st, preventing me, and
 brags that never more
 I shall behold the cheerful sun." Thus did
 the king implore.
 The Goddess heard, came near, and took
 the weariness of fight
 From all his nerves and lineaments, and
 made them fresh and light,
 And said: "Be bold, O Diomed, in every
 combat shine,
 The great shield-shaker Tydeus' strength
 (that knight, that sire of thine)
 By my infusion breathes in thee; and from
 thy knowing mind
 I have removed those erring mists that
 made it lately blind,
 That thou may'st difference Gods from
 men; and therefore use thy skill [a will
 Against the tempting Deities, if any have
 To try if thou presumest of that, as thine,
 that flows from them;
 And so assumest above thy right. Where
 thou discern'st a beam

Of any other heavenly power than she that
 rules in love,
 That calls thee to the change of blows,
 resist not, but remove:
 But if that Goddess be so bold (since she
 first stirr'd this war)
 Assault and mark her from the rest with
 some infamous scar."
 The blue-eyed Goddess vanished, and he
 was seen again
 Amongst the foremost; who before, though
 he were prompt and fain
 To fight against the Trojans' powers, now,
 on his spirits were call'd
 With thrice the vigour; lion-like, that hath
 been lately gall'd
 By some bold shepherd in a field, where
 his curl'd flocks were laid,
 Who took him as he leap'd the fold, not
 slain yet, but appaid,
 With greater spirit, comes again, and then
 the shepherd hides
 (The rather for the desolate place), and in
 his cote abides;
 His flocks left guardless; which, amazed,
 shake and shrink up in heaps;
 He, ruthless, freely takes his prey, and out
 again he leaps:
 So sprightly, fierce, victorious, the great
 heroic flew
 Upon the Trojans; and, at once, he two
 commanders slew,
 Hyppenor and Astynous; in one his lance
 he fix'd
 Full at the nipple of his breast; the other
 smote betwixt
 The neck and shoulder with his sword
 which was so well laid on
 It swept his arm and shoulder off. Thes
 left, he rush'd upon
 Abas and Polyëidus, of old Eurydamas
 The hapless sons; who could by dream
 tell what would come to pass:
 Yet, when his sons set forth to Troy, the
 old man could not read
 By their dreams what would chance to them;
 for both were stricken dead
 By great Tydides. After these, he takes
 into his rage
 Xanthus and Thoön, Phænops' sons, born
 to him in his age;
 The good old man even pined with years,
 and had not one son more
 To heir his goods; yet Diomed took both,
 and left him store
 Of tears and sorrows in their steads, since
 he could never see
 His sons leave those hot wars alive; so this
 the end must be

Of all his labours; what he heap'd, to
make his issue great,
Authority heir'd, and with her seed fill'd
his forgotten seat.
Then snatch'd he up two Priamists, that
in one chariot stood.
Echemon, and fair Chromius. As feeding
in a wood [leaps upon,
Oxen or steers are, one of which a lion
Tears down, and wrings in two his neck;
so, sternly, Tydeus' son
Threw from their chariot both these hopes
of old Dardanides,
Then took their arms, and sent their horse
to those that ride the seas.
Æneas, seeing the troops thus toss'd,
brake through the heat of fight,
And all the whizzing of the darts, to find
the Lycian knight,
Lycaon's son; whom having found, he
thus bespake the peer:
"O Pandarus, where's now thy bow?
thy deathful arrows where?
In which no one in all our host but gives
the palm to thee;
Nor in the sun-loved Lycian greens, that
breed our archery,
Lives any that exceeds thyself. Come, lift
thy hands to Jove, [man he prove,
And send an arrow at this man—if but a
That wins such god-like victories, and now
affects our host
With so much sorrow; since so much of
our best blood is lost
By his high valour; I have fear some God
in him doth threat, [of God is great."
Incensed for want of sacrifice; the wrath
Lycaon's famous son replied: "Great
counsellor of Troy, [Tydeus' joy;
This man, so excellent in arms, I think is
I know him by his fiery shield, by his
bright three-plumed casque,
And by his horse; nor can I say, if or
some God doth mask
In his appearance; or he be whom I
named, Tydeus' son:
But without God, the things he does for
certain are not done.
Some great Immortal, that conveys his
shoulders in a cloud,
Goes by, and puts by every dart at his
bold breast bestow'd, [let fly
Or lets it take with little hurt; for I myself
A shaft that shot him through his arms,
but had as good gone by;
Yet which I gloriously affirm'd had driven
him down to hell.
Some God is angry, and with me; for far
hence, where I dwell,

My horse and chariots idle stand, with
which some other way
I might repair this shameful miss: eleven
fair chariots stay
In old Lycaon's court, new made, new
trimm'd to have been gone,
Curtain'd, and arrass'd under foot; two
horse to every one,
That eat white barley and black oats, and
do no good at all:
And these Lycaon (that well knew how
these affairs would fall)
Charged, when I set down this design, I
should command with here,
And gave me many lessons more, all which
much better were
Than any I took forth myself. The reason
I laid down
Was but the sparing of my horse; since
in a sieged town,
I thought our horse-meat would be scant
when they were used to have
Their mangers full; so I left them, an
like a lackey slave
Am come to Iliion, confident in nothin'
but my bow,
That nothing profits me. Two shafts
vainly did bestow
At two great princes, but of both no
arrows neither slew;
Nor this, nor Atreus' younger son; a little
blood I drew,
That served but to incense them more
In an unhappy star
I therefore from my armoury have drawn
those tools of war
That day, when, for great Hector's sake
to amiable Troy [I ever joy
I came to lead the Trojan bands. But
In safe return, my country's sight,
wife's, my lofty towers,
Let any stranger take this head, if to
fiery powers
This bow, these shafts, in pieces burst,
these hands be not thrown;
Idle companions that they are to me
my renown."
Æneas said: "Use no such words;
any other way
Than this, they shall not now be used
We first will both assay
This man with horse and chariot. Come
then, ascend to me.
That thou mayst try our Trojan hero
how skill'd in field they be;
And in pursuing those that fly, or fly
being pursued,
How excellent they are of foot; and that
if Jove conclude

The scape of Tydeus again, and grace him with our flight, Shall serve to bring us safely off. Come, I'll be first shall fight.

Take thou these fair reins and this scourge; or, if thou wilt, fight thou, And leave the horses' care to me." He answer'd: "I will now Descend to fight; keep thou the reins, and guide thyself thy horse, Who with their wonted manager will better wield the force Of the impulsive chariot, if we be driven to fly, Than with a stranger; under whom they will be much more shy, And (fearing my voice, wishing thine,) grow resty, nor go on To bear us off; but leave engaged for mighty Tydeus' son Themselves and us. Then be thy part thy one-hooved horses' guide, I'll make the fight, and with a dart receive his utmost pride."

With this the gorgeous chariot both, thus prepared, ascend, And make full way at Diomed; which noted by his friend, "Mine own most-loved mind," said he, "two mighty men of war I see come with a purposed charge; one's he that hits so far With bow and shaft, Lycaon's son; the other fames the brood Of great Anchises, and the Queen that rules in amorous blood; (Æneas, excellent in arms) come up, and use your steeds, And look not war so in the face, lest that desire that feeds Thy great mind be the bane of it." This did with anger sting The blood of Diomed, to see his friend, that chid the king Before the fight, and then prefer'd his ablesse and his mind [far behind: To all his ancestors in fight, now come so Whom thus he answer'd: "Urge no flight, you cannot please me so; Nor is it honest in my mind to fear a coming foe, Or make a slight good, though with fight: my powers are yet entire, And scorn the help-tire of a horse. I will not blow the fire Of their hot valours with my flight; but east upon the blaze This body borne upon my knees. I entertain amaze?

Minerva will not see that shame. And since they have begun, They shall not both elect their ends; and he that scapes shall run, Or stay and take the other's fate. And this I leave for thee; [to me, If amply-wise Athenia give both their lives Rein our horse to their chariot hard, and have a special heed To seize upon Æneas' steeds; that we may change their breed, And make a Grecian race of them that have been long of Troy. For these are bred of those brave beasts which, for the lovely boy That waits now on the cup of Jove, Jove, that far-seeing God, Gave Tros the king in recompense; the best that ever trod The sounding centre, underneath the morning and the sun. Anchises stole the breed of them; for, where their sires did run, He closely put his mares to them, and never made it known To him that heir'd them, who was then the king Laomedon. Six horses had he of that race, of which himself kept four, And gave the other two his son; and these are they that scour The field so bravely towards us, expert in charge and flight. If these we have the power to take, our prize is exquisite, And our renown will far exceed." While these were talking thus, The fired horse brought th' assailants near, and thus spake Pandarus: "Most suffering-minded Tydeus' son, that hast of war the art, My shaft, that strook thee, slew thee not, I now will prove a dart." This said, he shook, and then he threw, a lance, aloft and large, That in Tydides' curests stuck, quite driving through his targe; Then bray'd he out so wild a voice that all the field might hear: "Now have I reach'd thy root of life, and by thy death shall bear Our praise's chief prize from the field." Tydides undismay'd Replied: "Thou err'st, I am not touch'd; but more charge will be laid To both your lives before you part; at least the life of one Shall satiate the throat of Mars." This said, his lance was gone;

Minerva led it to his face, which at his eye
 ran in,
 And, as he stoop'd, strook through his
 jaws, his tongue's root, and his chin.
 Down from the chariot he fell, his gay
 arms shined and rung,
 The swift horse trembled, and his soul for
 ever charm'd his tongue.
 Æneas with his shield and lance, leapt
 swiftly to his friend,
 Afraid the Greeks would force his trunk ;
 and that he did defend,
 Bold as a lion of his strength ; he hid him
 with his shield,
 Shook round his lance, and horribly did
 threaten all the field
 With death, if any durst make in. Ty-
 dides raised a stone
 With his one hand, of wondrous weight,
 and pour'd it mainly on
 The hip of Anchisiades, wherein the joint
 doth move
 The thigh ('tis call'd the huckle-bone)
 which all in shreds it drove ;
 Brake both the nerves, and with the edge
 cut all the flesh away.
 It stagger'd him upon his knees, and made
 the hero stay
 His strook-blind temples on his hand, his
 elbow on the earth ;
 And there this prince of men had died, if
 she that gave him birth
 (Kiss'd by Anchises on the green, where
 his fair oxen fed),
 Jove's loving daughter, instantly had not
 about him spread
 Her soft embraces, and convey'd within
 her heavenly veil
 (Used as a rampire 'gainst all darts that
 did so hot assail)
 Her dear-loved issue from the field. Then
 Sthenelus in haste,
 Remembering what his friend advised,
 from forth the press made fast
 His own horse to their chariot, and pre-
 sently laid hand [command.
 Upon the lovely-coated horse Æneas did
 Which bringing to the wondering Greeks,
 he did their guard commend
 To his beloved Deipylus, who was his in-
 ward friend,
 And, of his equals, one to whom he had
 most honour shown,
 That he might see them safe at fleet ; then
 stopt he to his own,
 With which he cheerfully made in to
 Tydeus' mighty race.
 He, mad with his great enemy's rape, was
 hot in desperate chase

Of her that made it, with his lance, arm'd
 less with steel than spite,
 Well knowing her no Deity that had to do
 in fight,
 Minerva his great patroness, nor, she that
 razeth towns,
 Bellona, but a Goddess weak, and foe to
 men's renowns ;
 Her, through a world of fight pursued, at
 last he overtook,
 And, thrusting up his ruthless lance, he
 heavenly veil he strook
 (That even the Graces wrought themselves
 at her divine command)
 Quite through, and hurt the tender back
 of her delicious hand.
 The rude point piercing through her palm
 forth flow'd th' immortal blood ;
 Blood, such as flows in blessed Gods, that
 eat no human food,
 Nor drink of our inflaming wine, and
 therefore bloodless are,
 And call'd Immortals ; out she cried, and
 could no longer bear
 Her loved son ; whom she cast from her
 and in a sable cloud,
 Phœbus, receiving, hid him close from a
 the Grecian crowd,
 Lest some of them should find his death
 Away flew Venus then,
 And after her cried Diomed : " Awa-
 thou spoil of men,
 Though sprung from all-preserving Jov
 these hot encounters leave,
 Is't not enough that silly dames th
 sorceries should deceive,
 Unless thou thrust into the war, and rob
 soldier's right ? [thee fear the fight
 I think a few of these assaults will ma
 Wherever thou shalt hear it named
 She, sighing, went her way
 Extremely grieved, and with her griefs
 beauties did decay,
 And black her ivory body grew. Th
 from a dewy mist
 Brake swift-foot Iris to her aid, from
 the darts that hiss'd
 At her quick rapture ; and to Mars th
 took their plaintive course,
 And found him on the fight's left hand,
 him his speedy horse,
 And huge lance, lying in a fog. T
 Queen of all things fair
 Her loved brother, on her knees, besoug
 with instant prayer,
 His golden-riband-bound-maned horse
 lend her up to heaven,
 For she was much grieved with a wor
 a mortal man had given,

Tydidēs, that 'gainst Jove himself durst
 now advance his arm.
 He granted, and his chariot (perplex'd
 with her late harm)
 She mounted, and on her waggoness was
 she that paints the air.
 The horse she rein'd, and with a scourge
 importuned their repair,
 That of themselves out-flew the wind, and
 quickly they ascend
 Olympus, high seat of the Gods. Th' horse
 knew their journey's end,
 Stood still, and from their chariot the
 windy-footed dame
 Dissolved, and gave them heavenly food ;
 and to Dione came
 Her wounded daughter, bent her knees :
 she kindly bade her stand,
 With sweet embraces help'd her up, stroked
 her with her soft hand,
 Call'd kindly by her name, and ask'd :
 "What God hath been so rude,
 Sweet daughter to chastise thee thus, as if
 thou wert pursued
 Even to the act of some light sin, and
 deprebended so ?
 For otherwise, each close escape is in the
 great let go."
 She answer'd : " Haughty Tydeus' son
 hath been so insolent,
 Since, he whom most my heart esteems
 of all my loved descent,
 I rescued from his bloody hand. Now
 battle is not given
 To any Trojans by the Greeks, but by the
 Greeks to heaven."
 She answer'd : " Daughter, think not
 much, though much it grieve thee ; use
 The patience, whereof many Gods examples
 may produce,
 In many bitter ills received, as well that
 men sustain
 By their afflictions, as by men repaid to
 them again.
 Mars suffer'd much more than thyself by
 Ephyialtes' power, [tower,
 And Otus', Aloeus' sons ; who in a brazen
 And in inextricable chains, cast that war-
 greedy God,
 Where twice-six months and one he lived,
 and there the period
 Of his sad life perhaps had closed, if his
 kind stepdame's eye,
 Fair Erebæa, had not seen ; who told it
 Mercury,
 And he by stealth enfranchised him ; though
 he could scarce enjoy
 The benefit of franchisement, the chains
 did so destroy

His vital forces with their weight. So Juno
 suffer'd more
 When, with a three-fork'd arrow's head,
 Amphitryo's son did gore
 Her right breast, past all hope of cure.
 Pluto sustain'd no less [bitterness
 By that self man, and by a shaft of equal
 Shot through his shoulder at hell gates ;
 and there, amongst the dead,
 Were he not deathless, he had died ; but
 up to heaven he fled,
 Extremely tortured, for recure, which in-
 stantly he won
 At Pæon's hand, with sovereign balm ;
 and this did Jove's great son.
 Unblest, great-high-deed-daring man,
 that cared not doing ill,
 That with his bow durst wound the Gods ;
 but, by Minerva's will,
 Thy wound the foolish Diomed was so
 profane to give ;
 Not knowing he that fights with Heaven
 hath never long to live ;
 And for this deed, he never shall have child
 about his knee
 To call him father, coming home. Besides,
 hear this from me,
 Strength-trusting man, though thou be
 strong, and art in strength a tower,
 Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and
 that a woman's power
 Contains not that superior strength, and
 lest that woman be
 Adrastus' daughter, and thy wife, the wise
 Ægiale ;
 When, from this hour not far, she wakes,
 even sighing with desire
 To kindle our revenge on thee, with her
 enamouring fire,
 In choosing her some fresh young friend,
 and so drown all thy fame,
 Won here in war, in her court-peace, and in
 an opener shame."
 This said, with both her hands she
 cleansed the tender back and palm
 Of all the sacred blood they lost ; and never
 using balm,
 The pain ceased, and the wound was cured
 of this kind Queen of love.
 Juno and Pallas, seeing this, assay'd to
 anger Jove,
 And quit his late-made mirth with them,
 about the loving Dame,
 With some sharp jest, in like sort built,
 upon her present shame,
 Grey-eyed Athenia began, and ask'd the
 Thunderer,
 If, nothing moving him to wrath, she boldly
 might prefer,

What she conceived, to his conceit ; and,
 staying no reply,
 She bade him view the Cyprian fruit he
 loved so tenderly,
 Whom she though hurt, and by this
 means, intending to suborn
 Some other lady of the Greeks (whom
 lovely veils adorn)
 To gratify some other friend of her much-
 loved Troy, [the Venerean joy,
 As she embraced and stirr'd her blood to
 The golden clasp, those Grecian dames
 upon their girdles wear,
 Took hold of her delicious hand, and hurt
 it, she had fear.
 The Thunderer smiled, and call'd to
 him love's golden Arbitress,
 And told her those rough works of war
 were not for her access ;
 She should be making marriages, embrac-
 ings, kisses, charms,
 Stern Mars and Pallas had the charge of
 those affairs in arms
 While these thus talk'd, Tydides' rage
 still thirsted to achieve
 His prize upon Anchises' son, though well
 he did perceive
 The Sun himself protected him ; but his
 desires (inflamed
 With that great Trojan prince's blood, and
 arms so highly famed)
 Not that great God did reverence. Thrice
 rush'd he rudely on,
 And thrice, betwixt his darts and death,
 the Sun's bright target shone ;
 But when upon the fourth assault, much
 like a spirit, he flew,
 The far-off-working Deity exceeding wrath-
 ful grew,
 And ask'd him : " What ! Not yield to
 Gods ? thy equals learn to know.
 The race of Gods is far above men creeping
 here below."
 This drove him to some small retreat ;
 he would not tempt more near
 The wrath of him that strook so far ; whose
 power had now set clear
 Æneas from the stormy field within the
 holy place
 Of Pergamus, where, to the hope of his so
 sovereign grace,
 A goodly temple was advanced ; in whose
 large inmost part
 He left him, and to his supply inclined his
 mother's heart,
 Latona, and the dart-pleas'd Queen ; who
 cured, and made him strong.
 The silver-bow'd fair God then threw in
 the tumultuous throng

An image, that in stature, look, and arms,
 he did create
 Like Venus' son ; for which the Greeks
 and Trojans made debate,
 Laid loud strokes on their ox-hide shields,
 and bucklers easily borne ;
 Which error Phœbus pleased to urge on
 Mars himself in scorn :
 " Mars, Mars," said he, " thou plague of
 men, smear'd with the dust and blood
 Of humans and their ruin'd walls, yet
 thinks thy Godhead good
 To fright this fury from the field, who next
 will fight with Jove ?
 First in a bold approach he hurt, the moist
 palm of thy love,
 And next, as if he did affect to have a
 Deity's power,
 He held out his assault on me." This
 said, the lofty tower
 Of Pergamus he made his seat ; and Mars
 did now excite [led to fight
 The Trojan forces, in the form of him that
 The Thracian troops, swift Acamas. " O
 Priam's sons," said he,
 " How long the slaughter of your men can
 ye sustain to see ?
 Even till they brave ye at your gates ?
 ye suffer beaten down [we renown
 Æneas, great Anchises' son, whose prowess
 As much as Hector's ; fetch him off from
 this contentious prease."
 With this, the strength and spirits of all
 his courage did increase ;
 And yet Sarpedon seconds him, with this
 particular taunt [unthankful vaunt,
 Of noble Hector ; " Hector, where is thy
 And that huge strength on which it built,
 that thou, and thy allies,
 With all thy brothers (without aid of us or
 our supplies,
 And troubling not a citizen) the city safe
 would hold ?
 In all which friends' and brothers' helps I
 see not, nor am told
 Of any one of their exploits (but all held
 in dismay [lion bay,
 Of Diomed, like a sort of dogs, that at a
 And entertain no spirit to pinch) we, your
 assistants here,
 Fight for the town as you help'd us ; and
 I, an aiding peer,
 No citizen, even out of care, that doth be-
 come a man [aid I can ;
 For men and children's liberties, add all the
 Not out of my particular cause ; far hence
 my profit grows,
 For far hence Asian Lycia lies, where
 gulfy Xanthus flows,

And where my loved wife, infant son, and
 treasure nothing scant,
 I left behind me, which I see those men
 would have that want ;
 And therefore they that have would keep :
 yet I, as I would lose
 Their sure fruition, cheer my troops, and
 with their lives propose
 Mine own life, both to general fight, and
 to particular cope [entertain no hope
 With this great soldier ; though, I say, I
 To have such gettings as the Greeks, nor
 fear to lose like Troy.
 Yet thou, even Hector, deedless stand'st,
 and carest not to employ
 Thy town-born friends, to bid them stand,
 to fight and save their wives,
 Lest as a fowler casts his nets upon the
 silly lives
 Of birds of all sorts, so the foe your walls
 and houses hales,
 One with another, on all heads ; or such
 as 'scape their falls,
 Be made the prey and prize of them (as
 willing overthrown)
 That help not for you with their force ;
 and so this brave-built town
 Will prove a chaos. That deserves in thee
 so hot a care,
 As should consume thy days and nights, to
 hearten and prepare
 Th' assistant princes ; pray their minds to
 bear their far-brought toils ;
 To give them worth with worthy fight ; in
 victories and foils
 Still to be equal ; and thyself, exampling
 them in all,
 Need no reproofs nor spurs. All this in
 thy free choice should fall."
 This stung great Hector's heart ; and
 yet, as every generous mind
 Should silent bear a just reproof, and shew
 what good they find
 In worthy counsels, by their ends put into
 present deeds,
 Not stomach, nor be vainly shamed ; so
 Hector's spirit proceeds :
 And from his chariot, wholly arm'd, he
 jump'd upon the sand,
 On foot so tolling through the host, a dart
 in either hand,
 And all hands turn'd against the Greeks :
 the Greeks despised their worst,
 And, thickening their instructed powers,
 expected all they durst.
 Then with the feet of horse and foot, the
 dust in clouds did rise.
 And as, in sacred floors of barns, upon
 corn-winnowers flies

The chaff, driven with an opposite wind
 when yellow Ceres dities,
 Which all the dilters' feet, legs, arms, thei
 heads and shoulders whites ;
 So look'd the Grecians grey with dust, tha
 strook the solid heaven,
 Raised from returning chariots, and troop
 together driven.
 Each side stood to their labours firm
 fierce Mars flew through the air,
 And gather'd darkness from the fight, and
 with his best affair,
 Obey'd the pleasure of the Sun, that wear
 the golden sword,
 Who bade him raise the spirits of Troy
 when Pallas ceased t' afford
 Her helping office to the Greeks ; and the
 his own hands wrought,
 Which, from his fane's rich chancel, cured
 the true Æneas brought,
 And placed him by his peers in field ; who
 did with joy admire
 To see him both alive and safe, and all hi
 powers entire :
 Yet stood not sifting how it chanced
 another sort of task,
 Than stirring th' idle sieve of news, did al
 their forces ask,
 Inflamed by Phœbus, harmful Mars, and
 Eris eagerer far.
 The Greeks had none to hearten them
 their hearts rose with the war ;
 But chiefly Diomed, Ithacus, and both th
 Ajaces used
 Stirring examples and good words ; thei
 own fames had infused
 Spirit enough into their bloods, to mak
 them neither fear
 The Trojans' force, nor Fate itself, but sti
 expecting were,
 When most was done, what would be more
 their ground they still made good,
 And in their silence, and set powers, lik
 fair still clouds, they stood,
 With which Jove crowns the tops of hills
 in any quiet day, [to drive awa
 When Boreas and the ruder winds (that us
 Air's dusky vapours, being loose, in man
 a whistling gale)
 Are pleasingly bound up, and calm, an
 not a breath exhale ;
 So firmly stood the Greeks, nor fled for a
 the Ilions' aid.
 Atides yet coasts through the troop
 confirming men so staid :
 "O friends," said he, "hold up you
 minds ; strength is but strength of will
 Reverence each other's good in fight, an
 shame at things done ill.

Where soldiers shew an honest shame, and
 love of honour lives,
 That ranks men with the first in fight,
 death fewer liveries gives
 Than life, or than where Fame's neglect
 makes cowards fight at length.
 I'll fight neither doth the body grace, nor
 shows the mind hath strength."
 He said, and swiftly through the troops a
 mortal lance did send,
 That rest a standard-bearer's life, renown'd
 Æneas' friend,
 Deïcoön Pergasides, whom all the Trojans
 loved
 As he were one of Priam's sons, his mind
 was so approved
 In always fighting with the first. The
 lance his target took,
 Which could not interrupt the blow, that
 through it clearly strook,
 And in his belly's rim was sheathed,
 beneath his girdle-stand.
 He sounded falling, and his arms with
 him resounded, dead.
 Then fell two princes of the Greeks by
 great Æneas' ire,
 Diocleus' sons (Orsilochus and Crethon),
 whose kind sire
 In bravely-built Phæra dwelt, rich, and
 of sacred blood.
 He was descended lineally from great
 Alphæus' flood,
 That broadly flows through Pylus' fields ;
 Alphæus did beget [was set ;
 Orsilochus, who in the rule of many men
 And that Orsilochus begat the rich
 Diocleus ;
 Diocleus sire to Crethon was, and this
 Orsilochus.
 Both these, arrived at man's estate, with
 both th' Atrides went,
 To honour them in th' Ilion wars ; and
 both were one day sent,
 To death as well as Troy ; for death hid
 both in one black hour.
 As two young lions (with their dam, sustan'd
 but to devour)
 Bred on the tops of some steep hill, and
 in the gloomy deep
 Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and
 prey on sheep,
 Steers, oxen, and destroy men's stalls, so
 long that they came short,
 And by the owner's steel are slain ; in such
 unhappy sort
 Fell these beneath Æneas' power. When
 Menelaus view'd,
 Like two tall fir-trees, these two fall, their
 timeless falls he rued,

And to the first fight, where they lay, a
 vengeful force he took ;
 His arms beat back the sun in flames, a
 dreadful lance he shook ;
 Mars put the fury in his mind, that by
 Æneas' hands,
 Who was to make the slaughter good, he
 might have strew'd the sands.
 Antilochus, old Nestor's son, observing he
 was bent
 To urge a combat of such odds, and
 knowing the event
 Being ill on his part, all their pains (alone
 sustain'd for him)
 Err'd from their end, made after hard,
 and took them in the trim
 Of an encounter. Both their hands and
 darts advanced, and shook,
 And both pitch'd in full stand of charge ;
 when suddenly the look
 Of Anchisiades took note of Nestor's valiant
 son,
 In full charge too ; which, two to one,
 made Venus' issue shun
 The hot adventure, though he were a
 soldier well-approved.
 Then drew they off their slaughter'd
 friends ; who given to their beloved,
 They turn'd where fight shew'd deadliest
 hate ; and there mix'd with the dead
 Pylæmen, that the targeteers of Paphla-
 gonia led,
 A man like Mars ; and with him fell good
 Mydon that did guide
 His chariot, Atymnus' son. The prince
 Pylæmen died
 By Menelaus ; Nestor's joy slew Mydon
 one before [did gon
 The other in the chariot. Atrides' lance
 Pylæmen's shoulder, in the blade. Anti-
 lochus did force
 A mighty stone up from the earth, and, a
 he turn'd his horse,
 Strook Mydon's elbow in the midst ; th
 reins of ivory
 Fell from his hands into the dust ; Anti-
 lochus let fly
 His sword withal, and, rushing in, a blow
 so deadly laid
 Upon his temples, that he groan'd, tumble
 to earth, and stay'd
 A mighty while preposterously (because
 the dust was deep)
 Upon his neck and shoulders there, even
 till his foe took keep
 Of his prized horse, and made them still
 and then he prostrate fell.
 His horse Antilochus took home. When
 Hector had heard tell,

Amongst the uproar, of their deaths, he laid
 out all his voice,
 And ran upon the Greeks. Behind came
 many men of choice,
 Before him march'd great Mars himself,
 match'd with his female mate,
 The dread Bellona. She brought on, to
 fight for mutual fate,
 A tumult that was wild and mad. He
 shook a horrid lance,
 And now led Hector, and anon behind
 would make the chance.
 This sight when great Tydides saw, his
 hair stood up on end ;
 And him, whom all the skill and power
 of arms did late attend,
 Now like a man in counsel poor, that,
 travelling, goes amiss,
 And having pass'd a boundless plain, not
 knowing where he is,
 Comes on the sudden where he sees a
 river rough, and raves
 With his own billows ravished into the
 king of waves,
 Murmurs with foam, and frights him back ;
 so he, amazed, retired,
 And thus would make good his amaze :
 " O friends, we all admired
 Great Hector, as one of himself, well-
 darting, bold in war,
 When some God guards him still from
 death, and makes him dare so far.
 Now Mars himself, form'd like a man, is
 present in his rage,
 And therefore, whatsoever cause impor-
 tunes you to wage
 War with these Trojans, never strive, but
 gently take your rod,
 Lest in your bosoms, for a man, ye ever
 find a God."
 As Greece retired, the power of Troy
 did much more forward prease,
 And Hector two brave men of war sent to
 the fields of peace ;
 Menesthes, and Anchialus ; one chariot
 bare them both. [heart, and wrath,
 Their falls made Ajax Telamon ruthless of
 Who lighten'd out a lance that smote
 Amphius Selages,
 That dwelt in Pegasus, rich in lands, and
 did huge goods possess,
 But Fate, to Priam and his sons, conducted
 his supply.
 The javelin on his girdle strook, and pierced
 mortally
 His belly's lower part ; he fell : his arms
 had looks so trim,
 That Ajax needs would prove their spoil ;
 the Trojans pour'd on him

Whole storms of lances, large, and sharp,
 of which a number stuck
 In his rough shield ; yet from the slain he
 did his javelin pluck,
 But could not from his shoulders force the
 arms he did affect,
 The Trojans with such drifts of darts the
 body did protect ;
 And wisely Telamonius fear'd their valorous
 defence, [with such expence
 So many, and so strong of hand, stood in
 Of deadly prowess ; who repell'd, though
 big, strong, bold, he were,
 The famous Ajax, and their friend did from
 his rapture bear.
 Thus this place fill'd with strength of
 fight, in th' army's other prease,
 Tlepolemus, a tall big man, the son of
 Hercules,
 A cruel destiny inspired, with strong desire
 to prove [son of cloudy Jove ;
 Encounter with Sarpedon's strength, the
 Who, coming on to that stern end, had
 chosen him his foe :
 Thus Jove's great nephew, and his son,
 'gainst one another go.
 Tlepolemus, to make his end more worth
 the will of fate, [the mortal state
 Began as if he had her power, and shew'd
 Of too much confidence in man, with this
 superfluous brave : [humour drave
 " Sarpedon, what necessity or needless
 Thy form to these wars ? which in heart I
 know thou dost abhor, [counsellor ?
 A man not seen in deeds of arms, a Lycian
 They lie that call thee son to Jove, since
 Jove bred none so late ;
 The men of elder times were they, that his
 high power begat,
 Such men as had Herculean force. My
 father Hercules
 Was Jove's true issue ; he was bold ; his
 deeds did well express
 They sprung out of a lion's heart. He
 whilom came to Troy
 (For horse that Jupiter gave Tros, for
 Ganymed, his boy),
 With six ships only and few men, and
 tore the city down,
 Left all her broadways desolate, and made
 the horse his own.
 For thee, thy mind is ill disposed, thy
 body's powers are poor,
 And therefore are thy troops so weak ; the
 soldier evermore
 Follows the temper of his chief ; and thou
 pull'st down a side.
 But say thou art the son of Jove, and hast
 thy means supplied

With forces fitting his descent, the powers
 that I compel
 Shall throw thee hence, and make thy head
 run ope the gates of hell."
 Jove's Lycian issue answer'd him: "Tle-
 polemus, 'tis true [threw;
 Thy father holy Ilium in that sort over-
 Th' injustice of the king was cause, that,
 where thy father had
 Used good deservings to his state, he
 quitted him with bad.
 Hesione, the joy and grace of king Lao-
 medon,
 Thy father rescued from a whale, and
 gave to Telamon
 In honour'd nuptials (Telamon, from whom
 your strongest Greek
 Boasts to have issued) and this grace might
 well expect the like;
 Yet he gave taunts for thanks, and kept,
 against his oath, his horse,
 And therefore both thy father's strength,
 and justice, might enforce
 The wreak he took on Troy; but this and
 thy cause differ far.
 Sons seldom heir their fathers' worths:
 thou canst not make his war.
 What thou assumest from him, is mine to be
 on thee imposed."
 With this, he threw an ashen dart; and
 then Tlepolemus loosed
 Another from his glorious hand. Both at
 one instant flew,
 Both strook, both wounded. From his
 neck Sarpedon's javelin drew
 The life-blood of Tlepolemus; full in the
 midst it fell;
 And what he threaten'd, th' other gave,
 that darkness, and that hell.
 Sarpedon's left thigh took the lance; it
 pierced the solid bone,
 And with his raging head ran through; but
 Jove preserved his son.
 The dart yet vex'd him bitterly, which
 should have been pull'd out,
 But none consider'd then so much, so
 thick came on the rout,
 And fill'd each hand so full of cause to ply
 his own defence;
 'Twas held enough, both fall'n, that both
 were nobly carried thence.
 Ulysses knew th' events of both, and
 took it much to heart
 That his friend's enemy should 'scape; and
 in a twofold part
 His thoughts contended, if he should
 pursue Sarpedon's life,
 Or take his friend's wreak on his men. Fate
 did conclude this strife,

By whom 'twas otherwise decreed than
 that Ulysses' steel
 Should end Sarpedon. In this doubt
 Minerva took the wheel
 From fickle Chance, and made his mind
 resolve to right his friend
 With that blood he could surest draw.
 Then did Revenge extend
 Her full power on the multitude; then did
 he never miss; [Prytanis,
 Alastor, Halius, Chromius, Noemon,
 Alcander, and a number more, he slew,
 and more had slain,
 If Hector had not understood; whose
 power made in amain,
 And strook fear through the Grecian troops,
 but to Sarpedon gave
 Hope of full rescue, who thus cried: "O
 Hector! help and save
 My body from the spoil of Greece, that to
 your loved town
 My friends may see me borne; and then let
 earth possess her own
 In this soil, for whose sake I left my
 country's; for no day
 Shall ever shew me that again, nor to my
 wife display,
 And young hope of my name, the joy of my
 much thirsted sight;
 All which I left for Troy, for them let Troy
 then do this right."
 To all this Hector gives no word; but
 greedily he strives
 With all speed to repel the Greeks, and
 shed in floods their lives,
 And left Sarpedon; but what face soever
 he put on
 Of following the common cause, he left
 this prince alone
 For his particular grudge, because, so late
 he was so plain
 In his reproof before the host, and that did
 he retain;
 However, for example sake, he would not
 shew it then,
 And for his shame too, since 'twas just
 But good Sarpedon's men
 Ventured themselves, and forced him on
 and set him underneath
 The goodly beech of Jupiter, where not
 they did unseath
 The ashen lance; strong Pelagon, his
 friend, most loved, most true,
 Enforced it from his maimed thigh; with
 which his spirit flew,
 And darkness over-flew his eyes; yet with
 a gentle gale,
 That round about the dying prince on
 Boreas did exhale,

He was revived, recomforted, that else had
grieved and died.

All this time flight drave to the fleet the
Argives, who applied

No weapon 'gainst the proud pursuit, nor
ever turn'd a head ;

They knew so well that Mars pursued, and
dreadful Hector led.

Then who was first, who last, whose lives
the iron Mars did seize,

And Priam's Hector? Helenus, surnamed
Ænopydes ;

Good Teuthras ; and Orestes, skill'd in
managing of horse ;

Bold Ænomaus ; and a man renown'd for
marial force,

Trechus, the great Ætolian chief ; Oresbius,
that did wear [and dwelt near

The gaudy mitre, studied wealth extremely,
Th' Atlantic lake, Cephisides, in Hyla ; by
whose seat

The good men of Bœotia dwelt. This
slaughter grew so great,

It flew to heaven ; Saturnia discern'd it,
and cried out

To Pallas : " O unworthy sight ! to see
a field so fought,

And break our words to Sparta's king, that
Iliou should be raced,

And he return revenged ; when thus we
see his Greeks disgraced,

And bear the harmful rage of Mars !
Come, let us use our care,

That we dishonour not our powers."
Minerva was as yare

As she at the despite of Troy. Her golden-
bridled steeds

Then Saturn's daughter brought abroad ;
and Hebe, she proceeds

To address her chariot ; instantly she gives
it either wheel,

Beam'd with eight spokes of sounding
brass ; the axle-tree was steel ;

The feliffs incorruptible gold, their upper
bands of brass,

Their matter most unvalued, their work of
wondrous grace ;

The naves, in which the spokes were
driven, were all with silver bound ;

The chariot's seat two hoops of gold and
silver strengthen'd round,

Edged with a gold and silver fringe ; the
team, that look'd before,

Was massy silver ; on whose top, gears all
of gold it wore,

And golden poitrils. Juno mounts, and her
hot horses rein'd,

That thirsted for contention, and still of
peace complain'd.

Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that
curiously she wore,

With glorious colours, as she sate on th'
azure floor of Jove,

And wore the arms that he puts on, bent
to the tearful field.

About her broad-spread shoulders hung his
huge and horrid shield,

Fringed round with ever-fighting snakes ;
through it was drawn to life

The miseries and deaths of fight ; in it
frown'd bloody Strife,

In it shined sacred Fortitude, in it fell
Pursuit flew,

In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which
held out to view

Were all the dire ostents of Jove ; on her
big head she placed

His four-plumed glittering casque of gold,
so admirably vast

It would a hundred garrisons of soldiers
comprehend.

Then to her shining chariot her vigorous
feet ascend ;

And in her violent hand she takes his
grave, huge, solid lance,

With which the conquests of her wrath she
useth to advance,

And overturn whole fields of men, to show
she was the seed

Of him that thunders. Then heaven's
Queen, to urge her horses' speed,

Takes up the scourge, and forth they fly:
the ample gates of heaven

Rung, and flew open of themselves ; the
charge whereof is given,

With all Olympus, and the sky, to the dis-
tinguish'd Hours,*

That clear, or hide it all in clouds, or pour
it down in showers.

This way their scourge-obeying horse made
haste, and soon they won

The top of all the topful heavens, where
aged Saturn's son

Sat sever'd from the other Gods ; then
stay'd the white-arm'd Queen

Her steeds, and ask'd of Jove, if Mars did
not incense his spleen

With his foul deeds, in ruining so many
and so great

In the command and grace of Greece, and
in so rude a heat ?

At which, she said, Apollo laugh'd, and
Venus, who still sue

To that mad God, for violence that never
justice knew ;

* The three Hours guardians of Heaven's gates

For whose impiety, she ask'd, if, with his
wished love,

Herself might free the field of him? He
bade her rather move

Athenia to the charge she sought, who
used of old to be

The bane of Mars, and had as well the
gift of spoil as he.

This grace she slack'd not, but her horse
scourged, that in nature flew

Betwixt the cope of stars and earth; and
how far at a view

A man into the purple sea may from a hill
descry,

So far a high-neighing horse of heaven at
every jump would fly.*

Arrived at Troy, where, broke in curls,
the two floods mix their force,

Scamander and bright Simois, Saturnia
stay'd her horse,

Took them from chariot, and a cloud of
mighty depth diffused

About them; and the verdant banks of
Simois produced

In nature what they eat in heaven.† Then
both the Goddesses

March'd, like a pair of timorous doves, in
hasting their access

To th' Argive succour. Being arrived,
where both the most and best

Were heap'd together (shewing all, like
lions at a feast

Of new-slain carcasses, or boars, beyond
encounter strong)

There found they Diomed; and there,
'midst all th' admiring throng,

Saturnia put on Stentor's shape, that had
a brazen voice, [she made a noise,

And spake as loud as fifty men; like whom
And chid the Argives: "O ye Greeks, in

name and outward rite [what despite,
But princes only, not in act; what scandal,

Use ye to honour? All the time the great
Æacides

Was conversant in arms, your foes durst
not a foot address

Without their ports; so much they fear'd
his lance that all controll'd,

And now they out-ray to your fleet." This
did with shame make bold

The general spirit and power of Greece;
when, with particular note

Of their disgrace, Athenia made Tydeus'
issue hot.

She found him at his chariot, refreshing of
his wound

Inflicted by slain Pandarus; his sweat did
so abound,

It much annoy'd him, underneath the
broad belt of his shield;

With which, and tired with his toil, his
soul could hardly yield

His body motion. With his hand he
lifted up the belt,

And wiped away that clotted blood the
fervent wound did melt.

Minerva lean'd against his horse, and near
their withers laid

Her sacred hand, then spake to him
"Believe me, Diomed,

Tydeus exampled not himself in thee his
son; not great, [much heat

But yet he was a soldier; a man of so
That in his embassy for Thebes, when

forbad his mind

To be too venturesome, and when feasts his
heart might have declined,

With which they welcomed him, he mad
a challenge to the best,

And foil'd the best; I gave him aid
because the rest of rest,

That would have seized another mind, he
suffer'd not, but used

The trial I made like a man, and their so
feasts refused.

Yet, when I set thee on, thou faint'st;
guard thee, charge, exhort

That, I abetting thee, thou shouldst be
the Greeks a fort,

And a dismay to Ilium, yet thou obey'st
nought,

Afraid, or slothful, or else both; hence
forth renounce all thought

That ever thou wert Tydeus' son." I
answer'd her: "I know

Thou art Jove's daughter, and, for that
in all just duty owe

Thy speeches reverence, yet affirm
generously that fear

Doth neither hold me spiritless, nor slothful
I only bear

* How far a heavenly horse took at one reach
or stroke in galloping or running; wherein
Homer's mind is far from being expressed in his
interpreters, all taking it for how far Deities
were borne from the earth; when instantly they
came down to earth: *τόσον ἐπιβήσκονσι*, &c.
tantum uno saltu conficiunt, vel, tantum sub-
sultim proferediuntur, decorum altizoni equi,
&c., *uno* being understood, and the horse's
swiftness highly expressed. The sense, other-
wise, is senseless and contradictory.

† *Ἀμβροσίην* is the original word, which
Scaliger taxeth very learnedly, asking how the
horse came by it on those banks, when the text
tells him Simois produced it; being willing to
express by hyperbole the delicacy of that soil.
If not, I hope the Deities could ever command
it.

Thy charge in zealous memory, that I
 should never war
 With any blessed Deity, unless (exceeding
 far
 The limits of her rule) the Queen, that
 governs chamber sport,
 Should press to field; and her thy will
 enjoin'd my lance to hurt.
 But, he whose power hath right in arms,
 I knew in person here,
 Besides the Cyprian Deity; and therefore
 did forbear,
 And here have gather'd in retreat these
 other Greeks you see,
 With note and reverence of your charge."
 "My dearest mind," said she,
 "What then was fit is changed. 'Tis
 true, Mars hath just rule in war,
 But, just war; otherwise he raves, not
 fights. He's alter'd far.
 He vow'd to Juno, and myself, that his
 aid should be used
 Against the Trojans, whom it guards;
 and therein he abused
 His rule in arms, infringed his word, and
 made his war unjust.
 He is inconstant, impious, mad. Resolve
 then; firmly trust
 My aid of thee against his worst, or any
 Deity;
 Add scourge to thy free horse, charge
 home; he fights perfidiously."
 This said; as that brave king, her
 knight, with his horse-guiding friend,
 Were set before the chariot, for sign he
 should descend,
 That she might serve for waggoness, she
 pluck'd the waggoner back,
 And up into his seat she mounts; the
 beechen tree did crack
 Beneath the burthen; and good cause, it
 bore so huge a thing,
 A Goddess so replete with power, and
 such a puissant king.
 She snatch'd the scourge up and the
 reins, and shut her heavenly look
 In Hell's vast helm from Mars his eyes;
 and full career she took
 At him, who then had newly slain the
 mighty Periphas, [strongest was
 Renown'd son to Ochesius, and far the
 Of all th' Ætolians; to whose spoil the
 bloody God was run.
 But when this man-plague saw th' ap-
 proach of god-like Tydeus' son,
 He let his mighty Periphas lie, and in full
 charge he ran
 At Diomed; and he at him. Both near;
 the God began,
 And, thirsty of his blood, he throws a
 brazen lance that bears
 Full on the breast of Diomed, above the
 reins and gears;
 But Pallas took it on her hand, and strook
 the eager lance
 Beneath the chariot. Then the knight of
 Pallas doth advance,
 And cast a javelin off at Mars, Minerva
 sent it on,
 That, where his arming girdle girt, his
 belly grazed upon,
 Just at the rim, and ranch'd the flesh; the
 lance again he got,
 But left the wound, that stung him so, he
 laid out such a throat
 As if nine or ten thousand men had bray'd
 out all their breaths
 In one confusion, having felt as many
 sudden deaths.
 The roar made both the hosts amazed.
 Up flew the God to heaven;
 And with him was through all the air as
 black a tincture driven
 To Diomed's eyes, as when the earth half-
 choked with smoking heat
 Of gloomy clouds, that stifle men, and
 pitchy tempests threat,
 Usher'd with horrid gusts of wind; with
 such black vapours plumed,
 Mars flew t' Olympus, and broad heaven,
 and there his place resumed.
 Sadly he went and sat by Jove, shew'd his
 immortal blood,
 That from a mortal-man-made wound
 pour'd such an impious flood,
 And weeping pour'd out these complaints:
 "O Father, storm'st thou not
 To see us take these wrongs from men?
 extreme griefs we have got
 Even by our own deep councils, held for
 gratifying them;
 And thou, our council's president, con-
 cludest in this extreme
 Of fighting ever; being ruled by one that
 thou hast bred; [full of head
 One never well, but doing ill; a girl so
 That, though all other Gods obey, her
 mad moods must command,
 By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any
 touch of hand,
 Correcting her; thy reason is, she is a
 spark of thee,
 And therefore she may kindle rage in men
 'gainst Gods, and she
 May make men hurt Gods, and those
 Gods that are besides thy seed.
 First in the palm's hit Cyprides; then
 runs the impious deed

On my hurt person ; and, could life give
 way to death in me,
 Or had my feet not fetch'd me off, heaps
 of mortality
 Had kept me consort." Jupiter, with a
 contracted brow,
 Thus answer'd Mars : "Thou many minds,
 inconstant changeling thou,
 Sit not complaining thus by me, whom
 most of all the Gods,
 Inhabiting the starry hill, I hate ; no
 periods
 Being set to thy contentions, brawls, fights,
 and pitching fields ;
 Just of thy mother Juno's moods, stiff-
 neck'd, and never yields,
 Though I correct her still, and chide, nor
 can forbear offence,
 Though to her son ; this wound I know
 tastes of her insolence ;
 But I will prove more natural ; thou shalt
 be cured, because
 Thou comest of me, but hadst thou been so
 cross to sacred laws,

Being borne to any other God, thou hadst
 been thrown from heaven
 Long since, as low as Tartarus, beneath the
 giants driven."
 This said, he gave his wound in charge
 to Pæon, who applied
 Such sovereign medicines, that as soon the
 pain was qualified,
 And he recured ; as nourishing milk, when
 runnet is put in,
 Runs all in heaps of tough thick curd,
 though in his nature thin,
 Even so soon his wound's parted sides ran
 close in his recure ;
 For he, all deathless, could not long the
 parts of death endure.
 Then Hebe bathed, and put on him fresh
 garments, and he sat
 Exulting by his sire again, in top of all his
 state.
 So, having, from the spoils of men, made
 his desired remove,
 Juno and Pallas reascend the starry court
 of Jove.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods now leaving an indifferent field,
The Greeks prevail, the slaughter'd Trojans
yield.

Hector, by Helenus' advice, retires
In haste to Troy, and Hecuba desires
To pray Minerva to remove from fight
The son of Tydeus, her affected knight,
And vow to her, for favour of such price,
Twelve oxen should be slain in sacrifice.
In mean space Glaucus and Tydides meet ;
And either other with remembrance greet
Of old love 'twixt their fathers, which inclines
Their hearts to friendship ; who change arms
for signs

Of a continued love for either's life.
Hector, in his return, meets with his wife,
And, taking in his armed arms his son,
He prophesies the fall of Iliion.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Zeta, Hector prophesies ;
Prays for his son ; wills sacrifice.

THE stern fight freed of all the Gods, con-
quest with doubtful wings
Flew on their lances ; every way the rest-
less field she flings
Betwixt the floods of Simois and Xanthus,
that confined
All their affairs at Iliion, and round about
them shined.

The first that weigh'd down all the field,
of one particular side,
Was Ajax, son of Telamon ; who, like a
bulwark, plied
The Greeks' protection, and of Troy the
knotty orders brake,
Held out a light to all the rest, and shew'd
them how to make
Way to their conquest. He did wound
the strongest man of Thrace.
The tallest and the biggest set, Eussorian
Acamas ;
His lance fell on his casque's plumed top,
in stooping ; the fell head
Drave through his forehead to his jaws ;
his eyes night shadowed.
Tydides slew Teuthranides Axylus, that
did dwell

In fair Arisba's well-built towers. He had
of wealth a well,

And yet was kind and bountiful ; he would
a traveller pray

To be his guest, his friendly house stood in
the broad highway,

In which he all sorts nobly used ; yet none
of them would stand

'Twixt him and death ; but both himself,
and he that had command

Of his fair horse, Calesius, fell lifeless on
the ground.

Euryalus, Opheltius and Dresus, dead did
wound ;

Nor ended there his fiery course, which
he again begins, [twins,

And ran to it successfully, upon a pair of
Æsepus, and bold Pedasus, whom good
Bucolion

(That first call'd father, though base born,
renown'd Laomedon)

On Nais Abarbaræa got, a nymph that, as
she fed

Her curled flocks, Bucolion woo'd, and
mix'd in love and bed.

Both these were spoil'd of arms and life,
by Mecistiades.

Then Polypœtes, for stern death, Astyalus
did seize ;

Ulysses slew Percosius ; Teucer Aretaön ;
Antilochus (old Nestor's joy) Ablerus ; the
great son

Of Atreus, and king of men, Elatus, whose
abode [river flow'd ;

He held at upper Pedasus, where Satnius'
The great heroe Leitus stay'd Phylacus in
flight [rest of light.

From further life ; Eurypylus, Melanthius
The brother to the king of men, Adrestus
took alive ;

Whose horse, affrighted with the flight,
their driver now did drive

Amongst the low-grown tamarisk trees ;
and at an arm of one

The chariot in the draught-tree brake ; the
horse brake loose, and ron

The same way other flyers fled, contending
all to town ;

Himself close at the chariot wheel, upon
his face was thrown,

And there lay flat, roll'd up in dust.
Atrides inwards drave ;

And, holding at his breast his lance,
Adrestus sought to save

His head by losing of his feet, and trusting to his knees; [hugs, and offers fees
 On which the same parts of the king he Of worthy value for his life, and thus pleads their receipt: [a worthy weight
 "Take me alive, O Atreus' son, and take Of brass, elaborate iron, and gold: a heap of precious things
 Are in my father's riches hid, which, when your servant brings
 News of my safety to his ears, he largely will divide
 With your rare bounties." Atreus' son thought this the better side,
 And meant to take it, being about to send him safe to fleet;
 Which when, far off, his brother saw, he wing'd his royal feet,
 And came in threatening, crying out: "O soft heart! what's the cause
 Thou sparest these men thus? have not they observed these gentle laws
 Of mild humanity to thee, with mighty argument
 Why thou shouldst deal thus; in thy house, and with all precedent
 Of honour'd guest-rites entertain'd? not one of them shall fly
 A bitter end for it from heaven, and much less, dotingly,
 'Scape our revengeful fingers; all, even th' infant in the womb, [no other tomb
 Shall taste of what they merited, and have Than razed Ilium; nor their race have more fruit than the dust."
 This just cause turn'd his brother's mind, who violently thrust
 The prisoner from him; in whose guts the king of men impress'd
 His ashen lance, which [pitching down his foot upon the breast
 Of him that upwards fell] he drew; then Nestor spake to all:
 "O friends, and household men of Mars, let not your pursuit fall,
 With those ye fell, for present spoil; nor, like the king of men,
 Let any scape unfell'd; but on, despatch them all, and then
 Ye shall have time enough to spoil." This made so strong their chase,
 That all the Trojans had been housed, and never turn'd a face,
 Had not the Priamist Helenus, an augur most of name, [Anchises' fame!
 Will'd Hector and Æneas thus: "Hector!

Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weighty burthen lies
 Of Troy and Lycia (being both of noblest faculties
 For counsel, strength of hand, and apt to take chance at her best
 In every turn she makes) stand fast, and suffer not the rest,
 By any way search'd out for 'scape, to come within the ports,
 Lest, fled into their wives' kind arms, they there be made the sports
 Of the pursuing enemy: exhort, and force your hands
 To turn their faces; and, while we employ our ventured hands,
 Though in a hard condition, to make the other stay,
 Hector, go thou to Ilium, and our queen-mother pray
 To take the richest robe she hath; the same that's chiefly dear
 To her court fancy; with which gem assembling more to her
 Of Troy's chief matrons, let all go, for fear of all our fates,
 To Pallas' temple, take the key, unlock the leavy gates,
 Enter, and reach the highest tower, where her Palladium stands,
 And on it put the precious veil with pure and reverend hands,
 And vow to her, besides the gift, a sacrificing stroke [felt the yoke
 Of twelve fat heifers of a year, that new (Most answering to her maiden state), if she will pity us,
 Our town, our wives, our youngest joy and him, that plagues them thus,
 Take from the conflict, Diomed, that fat in a fight,
 That true son of great Tydeus, that cunning lord of flight,
 Whom I esteem the strongest Greek; if we have never fled
 Achilles, that is prince of men, and who a Goddess bred,
 Like him; his fury flies so high, and men's wraths commands."
 Hector intends his brother's will, first through all his hands
 He made quick way, encouraging; and to fear afraid,
 All turn'd their heads, and made Greece turn. Slaughter stood still dismay'd
 On their parts, for they thought some God fall'n from the vault of stars,
 Was rush'd into the Ilium's aid, they m such dreadful wars.

* This Virgil imitates.

Thus Hector, toiling in the waves, and
 thrusting back the flood,
 Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leave: "So,
 so, now runs your blood
 In his right current; forwards now, Trojans,
 and far-call'd friends!
 Awhile hold out, till, for success to this
 your brave amends,
 I haste to Iliou, and procure our counsellors
 and wives
 To pray, and offer hecatombs, for their
 states in our lives."
 Then fair-helm'd Hector turn'd to Troy,
 and, as he trode the field,
 The black bull's hide, that at his back he
 wore about his shield,
 In the extreme circumference, was with
 his gait so rock'd,
 That, being large, it both at once his neck
 and ankles knock'd.
 And now betwix the hosts were met,
 Hippolochus' brave son,
 Glaucus, who in his very look hope of
 some wonder won,
 And little Tydeus' mighty heir; who see-
 ing such a man
 Offer the field, for usual blows, with won-
 drous words began:
 "What art thou, strong'st of mortal
 men, that putt'st so far before,
 Whom these fights never shew'd mine
 eyes? they have been evermore
 Sons of unhappy parents born, that came
 within the length
 Of this Minerva-guided lance, and durst
 close with the strength
 That she inspires in me. If heaven be thy
 divine abode, [with any God
 And thou a Deity thus inform'd, no more
 Will I change lances. The strong son of
 Dryus did not live
 Long after such a conflict dared, who god-
 lessly did drive
 Nysseus' nurses through the hill made
 sacred to his name,
 And call'd Nysseus; with a goad he
 punch'd each furious dame,
 And made them every one cast down their
 green and leavy spears.
 This th' homicide Lycurgus did; and those
 ungodly fears,
 He put the froes in, seized their God.
 Even Bacchus he did drive
 From his Nysseus; who was fain, with
 huge exclaims, to dive
 Into the ocean. Thetis there in her bright
 bosom took
 The flying Deity; who so fear'd Lycurgus'
 threats, he shook,

For which the freely-living Gods so highly
 were incensed,
 That Saturn's great son strook him blind,
 and with his life dispensed
 But small time after; all because th' im-
 mortals loved him not,
 Nor loved him since he strived with them;
 and his end hath begot
 Fear in my powers to fight with heaven.
 But, if the fruits of earth
 Nourish thy body, and thy life be of our
 human birth,
 Come near, that thou may'st soon arrive
 on that life-bounding shore,
 To which I see thee hoise such sail."
 "Why dost thou so explore,"
 Said Glaucus, "of what race I am, when
 like the race of leaves
 The race of man is, that deserves no
 question; nor receives
 My being any other breath: The wind
 in autumn strows
 The earth with old leaves; then the spring
 the woods with new endows;
 And so death scatters men on earth, so
 life puts out again
 Man's leavy issue. But my race, if, like
 the course of men,
 Thou seek'st in more particular terms, 'tis
 this, to many known:
 In midst of Argos, nurse of horse, there
 stands a walled town,
 Ephyre, where the mansion-house of Sisy-
 phus did stand, [land.
 Of Sisyphus-Æolides, most wise of all the
 Glaucus was son to him, and he begat
 Bellerophon,
 Whose body heaven endued with strength,
 and put a beauty on,
 Exceeding lovely. Prætus yet his cause
 of love did hate,
 And banish'd him the town; he might;
 he ruled the Argive state.
 The virtue of the one Jove placed beneath
 the other's power.
 His exile grew, since he denied to be the
 paramour
 Of fair Antea, Prætus' wife, who felt a
 raging fire
 Of secret love to him; but he, whom
 wisdom did inspire
 As well as prudence (one of them advising
 him to shun
 The danger of a princess' love, the other
 not to run
 Within the danger of the Gods, the act
 being simply ill).
 Still entertaining thoughts divine, subdued
 the earthly still.

She, ruled by neither of his wits, prefer'd
her lust to both,
And, false to Prætus, would seem true,
with this abhor'd untroth :
" Prætus, or die thyself," said she, " or let
Bellerophon die.
He urged dishonour to thy bed ; which
since I did deny,
He thought his violence should grant, and
sought thy shame by force."^{*}
The king, incensed with her report, re-
solved upon her course ;
But doubted how it should be run ; he
shunn'd his death direct ;
(Holding a way so near not safe) and
plotted the effect
By sending him with letters seal'd (that,
open'd, touch his life) [his wife.
To Rheus king of Lycia, and father to
He went ; and happily he went ; the Gods
walk'd all his way ;
And being arriv'd in Lycia, where Xanthus
doth display
The silver ensigns of his waves, the king of
that broad land
Received him with a wondrous free and
honourable hand.
Nine days he feasted him, and kill'd an ox
in every day,
In thankful sacrifice to heaven, for his fair
guest ; whose stay,
With rosy fingers, brought the world, the
tenth well-welcomed morn,
And then the king did move to see the
letters he had borne
From his loved son-in-law ; which seen, he
wrought thus their contents :
Chimæra, the invincible, he sent him to
convince,

Sprung from no man, but mere divine ; a
lion's shape before,
Behind a dragon's, in the midst a goat's
shagg'd form, she bore,
And flames of deadly fervency flew from
her breath and eyes ;
Yet her he slew ; his confidence in sacred
prodigies
Render'd him victor. Then he gave his
second conquest way
Against the famous Solymi, when (he
himself would say,
Reporting it) he enter'd on a passing
vigorous fight.
His third huge labour he approved against
a woman's spite,
That fill'd a field of Amazons ; he overcame
them all.
Then set they on him sly Deceit, when
Force had such a fall ;
An ambush of the strongest men, that
spacious Lycia bred,
Was lodged for him ; whom he lodged
sure : they never raised a head.
His deeds thus showing him derived from
some celestial race,
The king detain'd, and made amends,
with doing him the grace
Of his fair daughter's princely gift ; and
with her, for a dower,
Gave half his kingdom ; and to this, the
Lycians on did pour
More than was given to any king ; a goodly
planted field,
In some parts thick of groves and woods
the rest rich crops did yield.
This field the Lycians futurely (of future
wanderings there
And other errors of their prince, in the
unhappy rear
Of his sad life) the Errant call'd. The
princess brought him forth
Three children (whose ends grieved him
more, the more they were of worth)
Isander, and Hippolochus, and fair Lao-
domy,
With whom, even Jupiter himself left
heaven itself, to lie,
And had by her the man at arms, Sarpedon
call'd divine.
The Gods then left him, lest a man should
in their glories shine,
And set against him ; for his son, Isandrus
in a strife [light and life
Against the valiant Solymi, Mars reft o'
Laodamia, being envied of all th'
Goddesses,
The golden-bridle-handling Queen, th'
maiden Patroness,

^{*} *Bellerophontis literæ. Ad. Eras.* This long speech many critics tax as untimely, being, as they take it, in the heat of fight ; Hier. Vida, a late observer, being eagerest against Homer. Whose ignorance in this I cannot but note, and prove to you ; for, besides the authority and office of a poet, to vary and quicken his poem with these episodes, sometimes beyond the leisure of their actions, the critic notes not how far his forerunner prevents his worst as far ; and sets down his speech at the sudden and strange turning of the Trojan field, set on a little before by Hector ; and that so fiercely, it made an admiring stand among the Grecians, and therein gave fit time for these great captains to utter their admirations, the whole field in that part being to stand like their commanders. And then how full of decorum this gallant show and speech was to sound understandings, I leave only to such, and let our critics go cavil.

Slew with an arrow; and for this he
wander'd evermore
Alone through his Aleian field, and fed
upon the core
Of his sad bosom, flying all the loathed
consorts of men.
Yet had he one survived to him, of those
three children,
Hippolochus, the root of me; who sent
me here, with charge
That I should always bear me well, and
my deserts enlarge
Beyond the vulgar; lest I shamed my race,
that far excell'd
All that Epbyra's famous towers, or ample
Lycia held.
This is my stock, and this am I," This
cheer'd Tydides' heart,
Who pitch'd his spear down, lean'd,
and talk'd in this affectionate part:
"Certes, in thy great ancestor, and in
mine own, thou art
A guest of mine, right ancient: king
Oeneus twenty days
Detain'd, with feasts Bellerophon, whom
all the world did praise:
Betwixt whom mutual gifts were given:
my grandsire gave to thine
A girdle of Phœnician work, impurpled
wondrous fine.
Thine gave a two-neck'd jug of gold,
which, though I use not here,
Yet still it is my gem at home. But, if our
fathers were
Familiar, or each other knew, I know not,
since my sire
Left me a child, at siege of Thebes, where
he left his life's fire.
But let us prove our grandsires' sons, and
be each other's guests.
To Lycia when I come, do thou receive thy
friend with feasts;
Peloponnesus, with the like, shall thy
wish'd presence greet.
Mean space, shun we each other here,
though in the press we meet.
There are enow of Troy beside, and men
enow renown'd,
To right my powers, whom ever heaven
shall let my lance confound.
So are there of the Greeks for thee; kill
who thou canst. And now,
For sign of amity 'twixt us, and that all
these may know
We glory in th' hospitious rites our grand-
sires did commend,
Change we our arms before them all."
From horse then both descend,

Join hands, give faith, and take; and then
did Jupiter* elate
The mind of Glaucus, who, to show his
reverence to the state
Of virtue in his grandsire's heart, and gra-
tulate beside
The offer of so great a friend, exchanged,
in that good pride,
Curets of gold for those of brass, that did
on Diomed shine,
One of a hundred oxen's price, the other
but of nine.
By this, had Hector reach'd the ports of
Scæa, and the towers.
About him flock'd the wives of Troy, the
children, paramours,
Inquiring how their husbands did, their
fathers, brothers, loves.
He stood not then to answer them, but
said: "It now behoves
Ye should go all t' implore the aid of
heaven, in a distress
Of great effect, and imminent." Then
hasted he access
To Priam's goodly builded court, which
round about was run
With walking porches, galleries, to keep
off rain and sun.
Within, of one side, on a row, of sundry-
colour'd stones,
Fifty fair lodgings were built out, for
Priam's fifty sons,
And for as fair sort of their wives; and, in
the opposite view,
Twelve lodgings of like stone, like height,
were likewise built arew,
Where, with their fair and virtuous wives,
twelve princes, sons in law
To honourable Priam, lay. And here met
Hecuba,
The loving mother, her great son; and
with her needs must be
The fairest of her female race, the bright
Laodice.
The queen gript hard her Hector's hand,
and said: "O worthiest son,
Why leavest thou field? is't not because
the cursed nation

* Φέρας ἐξέλερο Ζεύς, *Mentem ademit Jov.*
the text hath it; which only I alter of all
Homer's original, since Plutarch against the
Stoics excuses this supposed folly in Glaucus.
Spondanus likewise encouraging my alterations,
which I use for the loved and simple nobility of
the free exchange in Glaucus, contrary to
others that, for the supposed folly in Glaucus,
turned his change into a proverb, χρῆσις
χαλχείων, golden for brazen.

Afflict our countrymen and friends? they
 are their moans that move
 Thy mind to come and lift thy hands, in
 his high tower, to Jove.
 But stay a little, that myself may fetch our
 sweetest wine
 To offer first to Jupiter; then that these
 joints of thine
 May be refresh'd; for, woe is me, how
 thou art toil'd and spent!
 Thou for our city's general state, thou for
 our friends far sent,
 Must now the press of fight endure; now
 solitude, to call [us all]
 Upon the name of Jupiter; thou only for
 But wine will something comfort thee; for
 to a man dismay'd
 With careful spirits, or too much with
 labour overlaid,
 Wine brings much rescue, strengthening
 much the body and the mind."
 The great helm-mover thus received the
 authoress of his kind:
 "My royal mother, bring no wine; lest
 rather it impair
 Than help my strength, and make my
 mind forgetful of th' affair
 Committed to it; and (to pour it out in
 sacrifice)
 I fear with unwash'd hands to serve the
 pure-lived Deities.
 Nor is it lawful, thus imbrued with blood
 and dust, to prove
 The will of heaven, or offer vows to cloud-
 compelling Jove.
 I only come to use your pains (assembling
 other dames,
 Matrons, and women honour'd most, with
 high and virtuous names)
 With wine and odours, and a robe most
 ample, most of price,
 And which is dearest in your love, to offer
 sacrifice
 In Pallas' temple; and to put the precious
 robe ye bear
 On her Palladium; vowing all, twelve
 oxen of a year,
 Whose necks were never wrung with yoke,
 shall pay her grace their lives,
 If she will pity our sieged town; pity our-
 selves, our wives;
 Pity our children; and remove, from
 sacred Ilion,
 The dreadful soldier Diomed. And, when
 yourselves are gone
 About this work, myself will go, to call
 into the field,
 If he will hear me, Helen's love; whom
 would the earth would yield,

And headlong take into her gulf, even
 quick before mine eyes;
 For then my heart, I hope, would cast her
 load of miseries,
 Borne for the plague he hath been born,
 and bred to the deface,
 By great Olympius, of Troy, our sire, and
 all our race."
 This said, grave Hecuba went home,
 and sent her maids about,
 To bid the matrons: she herself de-
 scended, and search'd out,
 Within a place that breathed perfumes,
 the richest robe she had;
 Which lay with many rich ones more,
 most curiously made
 By women of Sidonia; which Paris brought
 from thence,
 Sailing the broad sea, when he made that
 voyage of offence,
 In which he brought home Helena. That
 robe, transferr'd so far
 (That was the undermost), she took; it
 glitter'd like a star;
 And with it went she to the fane, with
 many ladies more;
 Amongst whom fair-cheek'd Theano un-
 lock'd the folded door;
 Chaste Theano, Antenor's wife, and o
 Cisseus' race, [king of Thrace]
 Sister to Hecuba, both born to that great
 Her th' Ilions made Minerva's priest; and
 her they follow'd all
 Up to the temple's highest tower; when
 on their knees they fall,
 Lift up their hands, and fill the fane with
 ladies' piteous cries.
 Then lovely Theano took the veil, and
 with it she implies
 The great Palladium, praying thus
 "Goddess of most renown
 In all the heaven of Goddesses, great
 guardian of our town,
 Reverend Minerva, break the lance of
 Diomed, cease his grace,
 Give him to fall in shameful flight, head-
 long, and on his face,
 Before our ports of Ilion, that instant
 we may,
 Twelve unyoked oxen of a year, in th
 thy temple slay,
 To thy sole honour; take their blood
 and banish our offence;
 Accept Troy's zeal, her wives', and save
 our infants' innocence."
 She pray'd, but Pallas would not grant
 Mean space was Hector come
 Where Alexander's lodgings were; th
 many a goodly room

Had built in them by architects, of Troy's
 most curious sort,
 And were no lodgings, but a house; nor
 no house, but a court;
 Or had all these contain'd in them; and
 all within a tower,
 Next Hector's lodgings and the king's.
 The loved of heaven's chief Power,
 Hector, here enter'd. In his hand a
 goodly lance he bore,
 Ten cubits long; the brazen head went
 shining in before,
 Help'd with a burnish'd ring of gold. He
 found his brother then
 Amongst the women; yet prepared to go
 amongst the men,
 For in their chamber he was set, trimming
 his arms, his shield,
 His cures, and was trying how his crooked
 bow would yield
 To his straight arms. Amongst her maids
 was set the Argive Queen,
 Commanding them in choicest works.
 When Hector's eye had seen
 His brother thus accompanied, and that
 he could not bear
 The very touching of his arms but where
 the women were,
 And when the time so needed men, right
 cunningly he chid.
 That he might do it bitterly, his cowardice
 he hid,
 That simply made him so retired, beneath
 an anger, feign'd
 In him by Hector, for the hate the citizens
 sustain'd
 Against him, for the foil he took in their
 cause; and again,
 For all their general foils in his. So
 Hector seems to plain
 Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and
 not his cowardice;*
 As that were it that shelter'd him in his
 effeminacies,
 And kept him, in that dangerous time
 from their fit aid in fight;
 For which he chid thus: "Wretched
 man! so timeless is thy spite
 That 'tis not honest; and their hate is just,
 'gainst which it bends.
 War burns about the town for thee; for
 these our slaughter'd friends

* Hector dissembles the cowardice he finds in Paris; turning it, as if he chid him for his anger at the Trojans for hating him, being conquered by Menelaus, when it is for his effeminacy. Which is all paraphrastical in my translation.

Besiege Troy with their carcasses, on whose
 heaps our high walls
 Are overlook'd by enemies; the sad sounds
 of their falls
 Without, are echo'd with the cries of wives
 and babes within; [cannot win
 And all for thee; and yet for them thy honour
 Head of thine anger. Thou should'st need
 no spirit to stir up thine,
 But thine should set the rest on fire, and
 with a rage divine
 Chastise impartially the best, that im-
 piously forbears.
 Come forth, lest thy fair towers and Troy
 be burn'd about thine ears."
 Paris acknowledged, as before, all just
 that Hector spake,
 Allowing justice, though it were for his
 injustice sake,
 And where his brother put a wrath upon
 him by his art,
 He takes it, for his honour's sake, as
 sprung out of his heart,
 And rather would have anger seem his
 fault than cowardice;
 And thus he answer'd: "Since, with right,
 you join'd check with advice,
 And I hear you, give equal ear: It is not
 any spleen
 Against the town, as you conceive, that
 makes me so unseem,
 But sorrow for it; which to ease, and by
 discourse digest
 Within myself, I live so close; and yet,
 since men might wrest
 My sad retreat, like you, my wife with her
 advice inclined
 This my address to the field; which
 was mine own free mind,
 As well as th' instance of her words; for
 though the foil were mine,
 Conquest brings forth her wreaths by turns,
 Stay then this haste of thine
 But till I arm, and I am made a consort
 for thee straight;—
 Or go, I'll overtake thy haste." Helen
 stood at receipt,
 And took up all great Hector's powers, 't
 attend her heavy words,
 By which had Paris no reply. This vent
 her grief affords:
 "Brother (if I may call you so, that had
 been better born
 A dog, than such a horrid dame, as all
 men curse and scorn,
 A mischief-maker, a man-plague) O would
 to God, the day
 That first gave light to me, had been a
 whirlwind in my way,

And borne me to some desert hill, or hid
 me in the rage
 Of earth's most far-resounding seas, ere I
 should thus engage
 The dear lives of so many friends : yet
 since the Gods have been
 Helpless foreseers of my plagues, they
 might have likewise seen
 That he they put in yoke with me, to bear
 out their award,
 Had been a man of much more spirit, and,
 or had noblier dared
 To shield mine honour with his deed ; or
 with his mind had known
 Much better the upbraids of men ; that so
 he might have shown
 (More like a man) some sense of grief for
 both my shame and his.
 But he is senseless, nor conceives what
 any manhood is,
 Nor now, nor ever after will ; and there-
 fore hangs, I fear,
 A plague above him. But come near,
 good brother ; rest you here,
 Who, of the world of men, stands charged
 with most unrest for me,
 Vile wretch, and for my lover's wrong ;
 on whom a destiny
 So bitter is imposed by Jove, that all
 succeeding times
 Will put, to our unended shames, in all
 men's mouths our crimes."
 He answer'd : " Helen, do not seek to
 make me sit with thee ;
 I must not stay, though well I know thy
 honour'd love of me.
 My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in
 whom my absence breathes
 Longings to see me ; for whose sakes,
 importune thou to deeds
 This man by all means, that your care may
 make his own make haste,
 And meet me in the open town, that all
 may see at last
 He minds his lover. I myself will now go
 home, and see
 My household, my dear wife, and son,
 that little hope of me ;
 For, sister, 'tis without my skill, if I shall
 evermore [right in me, restore.
 Return, and see them, or to earth, her
 The Gods may stoop me by the Greeks."
 This said, he went to see
 The virtuous princess, his true wife, white-
 arm'd Andromache.
 She, with her infant son and maid, was
 climb'd the tower, about
 The sight of him that sought for her, weep-
 ing and crying out.

Hector, not finding her at home, was
 going forth ; retired ;
 Stood in the gate ; her woman call'd, and
 curiously inquired
 Where she was gone ; bade tell him true, if
 she were gone to see
 His sisters, or his brothers' wives ; or
 whether she should be
 At temple with the other dames, t' implore
 Minerva's ruth.
 Her woman answer'd ; since he ask'd,
 and urged so much the truth,
 The truth was she was neither gone, to see
 his brothers' wives,
 His sisters, nor t' implore the ruth of Pallas
 on their lives ;
 But she (advertised of the bane Troy
 suffer'd, and how vast
 Conquest had made herself for Greece) like
 one distraught, made haste
 To ample Ilium with her son, and nurse,
 and all the way
 Mourn'd, and dissolved in tears for him.
 Then Hector made no stay,
 But trod her path, and through the streets,
 magnificently built,
 All the great city pass'd, and came where,
 seeing how blood was spilt,
 Andromache might see him come ; who
 made as he would pass
 The ports without saluting her, not know-
 ing where she was.
 She, with his sight, made breathless haste,
 to meet him ; she, whose grace
 Brought him withal so great a dower ; she
 that of all the race
 Of king Aetion only lived ; Aetion whose
 house stood
 Beneath the mountain Placius, environ'd
 with the wood
 Of Theban Hypoplax, being court to the
 Cilician land.
 She ran to Hector, and with her, tender of
 heart and hand,
 Her son, borne in his nurse's arms ; when,
 like a heavenly sign,
 Compact of many golden stars, the princely
 child did shine,
 Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius ; but
 whom the town did name [same
 Astyanax, because his sire did only prop the
 Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet
 smiled upon his joy.
 Andromache cried out, mix'd hands, and
 to the strength of Troy
 Thus wept forth her affection : " O nobles
 in desire,
 Thy mind, inflamed with others' good, will
 set thyself on fire :

Nor pitiest thou thy son, nor wife, who
 must thy widow be,
 If now thou issue; all the field will only
 run on thee.
 Better my shoulders underwent the earth,
 than thy decease;
 For then would earth bear joys no more;
 then comes the black increase
 Of griefs (like Greeks on Ilión). Alas,
 what one survives
 To be my refuge? one black day bereft
 seven brothers' lives,
 By stern Achilles; by his hand my father
 breathed his last,
 His high-wall'd rich Cilician Thebes* sack'd
 by him, and laid waste;
 The royal body yet he left unspoil'd;
 Religion charm'd
 That act of spoil; and all in fire he burn'd
 him complete arm'd;
 Built over him a royal tomb; and to the
 monument
 He left of him, th' Oreades (that are the
 high descent
 Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their
 own
 Did add to it, and set it round with elms;
 by which is shown,
 In theirs, the barrenness of death; yet
 might it serve beside
 To shelter the sad monument from all the
 ruffinous pride
 Of storms and tempests, used to hurt things
 of that noble kind.
 The short life yet my mother lived he
 saved, and served his mind
 With all the riches of the realm; which
 not enough esteem'd,
 He kept her prisoner; whom small time,
 but much more wealth, redeem'd;
 And she, in sylvan Hypoplace, Cilicia ruled
 again,
 But soon was overruled by death; Diana's
 chaste disdain
 Gave her a lance, and took her life. Yet,
 all these gone from me,
 Thou amply render'st all; thy life makes
 still my father be,
 My mother, brothers; and besides thou art
 my husband too,
 Most loved, most worthy. Pity then, dear
 love, and do not go,
 For thou gone, all these go again; pity
 our common joy,
 Lest, of a father's patronage, the bulwark
 of all Troy,

Thou leavest him a poor widow's charge:
 stay, stay then, in this tower,
 And call up to the wild fig-tree all thy re-
 tired power;
 For there the wall is easiest scaled, and
 fittest for surprise, [Diomed, thrice
 And there, th' Ajaees, Idomen, th' Atrides,
 Have both survey'd and made attempt; I
 know not if induced
 By some wise augur, or the fact was
 naturally infused
 Into their wits, or courages." To this,
 great Hector said:
 "Be well assured, wife, all these things in
 my kind cares are weigh'd.
 But what a shame and fear it is to think
 how Troy would scorn
 (Both in her husbands, and her wives,
 whom long-train'd gowns adorn)
 That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit
 I first did breathe
 Did never teach me that; much less, since
 the contempt of death
 Was settled in me, and my mind knew
 what a worthy was,
 Whose office is to lead in fight, and give
 no danger pass
 Without improvement. In this fire must
 Hector's trial shine;
 Here must his country, father, friends, be,
 in him, made divine.
 And such a stormy day shall come (in
 mind and soul I know)
 When sacred Troy shall shed her towers,
 for tears of overthrow;
 When Priam, all his birth and power, shall
 in those tears be drown'd.
 But neither Troy's posterity so much my
 soul doth wound,
 Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my
 brothers' woes
 (Who though so many, and so good, must
 all be food for foes),
 As thy sad state; when some rude Greek
 shall lead thee weeping hence,
 These free days clouded, and a night of
 captive violence
 Loading thy temples, out of which thine
 eyes must never see,
 But spin the Greek wives' webs of task,
 and their fetch-water be
 To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hy-
 peria's spring;*
 Which howsoever thou abhorrest, Fate's
 such a shrewish thing

* Thebes, a most rich city of Cilicia.

* The names of two fountains: of which one
 in Theasaly, the other near Argos, or, according
 to others, in Peloponnesus or Lacedæmon.

She will be mistress ; whose cursed hands,
when they shall crush out cries
From thy oppressions (being beheld by
other enemies)

Thus they will nourish thy extremes :
' This dame was Hector's wife,

A man that, at the wars of Troy, did
breathe the worthiest life

Of all their army.' This again will rub
thy fruitful wounds,

To miss the man that to thy hands could
give such narrow bounds.

But that day shall not wound mine eyes ;
the solid heap of night

Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against
thy plaints, and plight."

This said, he reach'd to take his son ;
who, of his arms afraid,

And then the horse-hair plume, with
which he was so overlaid,

Nodded so horribly, he cling'd back to his
nurse, and cried. [doff'd, and laid aside

Laughter affected his great sire, who
His fearful helm, that on the earth cast

round about it light ;

Then took and kiss'd his loving son, and
(balancing his weight

In dancing him) these loving vows to
living Jove he used,

And all the other bench of Gods : " O
you that have infused

Soul to this infant, now set down this
blessing on his star :

Let his renown be clear as mine ; equal
his strength in war ;

And make his reign so strong in Troy, that
years to come may yield

His facts this fame, when, rich in spoils, he
leaves the conquer'd field

Sown with his slaughters : ' These high
deeds exceed his father's worth.'

And let this echo'd praise supply the com-
forts to come forth

Of his kind mother with my life." This
said, th' heroic sire

Gave him his mother ; whose fair eyes
fresh streams of love's salt fire

Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to bear the
last of Hector's speech,

In which his vows comprised the sum of
all he did beseech

In her wish'd comfort. So she took into
her odoriferous breast

Her husband's gift ; who, moved to see her
heart so much oppress'd,

He dried her tears, and thus desired :
" Afflict me not, dear wife,

With these vain griefs. He doth not live,
that can disjoin my life

And this firm bosom, but my fate ; and
Fate, whose wings can fly ?

Noble, ignoble, Fate controls. Once born,
the best must die.

Go home, and set thy housewifery on these
extremes of thought ;

And drive war from them with thy maids ;
keep them from doing nought.

These will be nothing ; leave the cares of
war to men, and me

In whom, of all the Iliion race, they take
their highest degree."

On went his helm ; his princess home,
half cold with kindly fears ;

When every fear turn'd back her looks,
and every look shed tears.

Foe-slaughtering Hector's house soon
reach'd, her many women there

Wept all to see her : in his life great
Hector's funerals were ;

Never look'd any eye of theirs to see their
lord safe home,

Scaped from the gripes and powers of
Greece. And now was Paris come

From his high towers ; who made no stay,
when once he had put on

His richest armour, but flew forth ; the
flints he trod upon

Sparkled with lustre of his arms ; his long-
ebb'd spirits now flow'd

The higher for their lower ebb. *And as
a fair steed, proud

With full-given mangers, long tied up, and
now, his head-stall broke,

He breaks from stable, runs the field, and
with an ample stroke

Measures the centre, neighs, and lifts aloft
his wanton head,

About his shoulders shakes his crest, and
where he hath been fed,

Or in some calm flood wash'd, or, stung
with his high plight, he flies

Amongst his females, strength put forth,
his beauty beautifies,

And, like life's mirror, bears his gait ; so
Paris from the tower

Of lofty Pergamus came forth ; he shew'd
a sun-like power

In carriage of his goodly parts, address'd
now to the strife ; [he left his wife

And found his noble brother near the place
Him, thus respected, he salutes : " Right

worthy, I have fear
That your so serious haste to field, my stay

hath made forbear,

* His simile, high and expressive ; which
Virgil almost word for word hath translated

<p>And that I come not as you wish." He answer'd : " Honour'd man, Be confident ; for not myself, nor any others, can Reprove in thee the work of fight, at least, not any such As is an equal judge of things ; for thou hast strength as much As serves to execute a mind very impor- tant ; but Thy strength too readily flies off, enough will is not put</p>	<p>To thy ability. My heart is in my mind's strife sad, When Troy (out of her much distress, she and her friends have had By thy procurement) doth deprave thy noblesse in mine ears. But come, hereafter we shall calm these hard conceits of theirs, When, from their ports the foe expulsed, high Jove to them hath given Wish'd peace, and us free sacrifice to all the powers of heaven."</p>
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THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

HECTOR, by Helenus' advice, doth seek
 Adventurous combat on the boldest Greek.
 Nine Greeks stand up, acceptants every one,
 But lot selects strong Ajax Telamon.
 Both, with high honour, stand th' important
 fight,
 Till heralds part them by approached night.
 Lastly, they grave the dead. The Greeks erect
 A mighty wall, their navy to protect;
 Which angers Neptune. Jove, by hapless
 signs,
 In depth of night, succeeding woes divines.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Eta, Priam's strongest son
 Combats with Ajax Telamon.

THIS said, brave Hector through the ports,
 with Troy's bane-bringing knight,
 Made issue to th' insatiate field, resolved
 to fervent fight.
 And as the weather-wielder sends to sea-
 men prosperous gales,
 When with their shallow-polish'd oars,
 long lifted from their falls,
 Their wearied arms, dissolved with toil,
 can scarce strike one stroke more;
 Like those sweet winds appear'd these
 lords, to Trojans tired before.
 Then fell they to the works of death. By
 Paris' valour fell
 King Arëithous' hapless son, that did in
 Arna dwell,
 Menesthus, whose renowned sire a club
 did ever bear,
 And of Phylomedusa gat, that had her
 eyes so clear,
 This slaughter'd issue. Hector's dart
 strook Eioneus dead;
 Beneath his good steel casque it pierced,
 above his gorget stead.
 Glaucus, Hippolochus his son, that led the
 Lycian crew,
 Iphinous-Dexiades with sudden javelin
 slew,

* These next four books have not my last hand; and because the rest (for a time) will be sufficient to employ your censures, suspend them of these: spare not the other.

As he was mounting to his horse; his
 shoulders took the spear,
 And ere he sate, in tumbling down, his
 powers dissolved were.
 When grey-eyed Pallas had perceived
 the Greeks so fall in fight,
 From high Olympus' top she stoop'd, and
 did on Ilion light.
 Apollo, to encounter her, to Pergamus did
 fly,
 From whence he, looking to the field,
 wish'd Trojans' victory.
 At Jove's broad beech these godheads
 met; and first Jove's son objects:
 "Why, burning in contention thus, do thy
 extreme affects
 Conduct thee from our peaceful hill? is
 it to overway [Greeks the day?
 The doubtful victory of fight, and give the
 Thou never pitiest perishing Troy: yet
 now let me persuade,
 That this day no more mortal wounds
 may either side invade.
 Hereafter, till the end of Troy, they shall
 apply the fight, [turn it quite."
 Since your immortal wills resolve to over-
 Pallas replied: "It likes me well; for
 this came I from heaven;
 But to make either army cease, what
 order shall be given?"
 He said: "We will direct the spirit, that
 burns in Hector's breast,
 To challenge any Greek to wounds, with
 single powers impress'd;
 Which Greeks, admiring, will accept, and
 make some one stand out
 So stout a challenge to receive, with a
 defence as stout."
 It is confirm'd; and Helenus (king Priam's
 loved seed)
 By augury discern'd th' event that these
 two powers decreed,
 And greeting Hector ask'd him this:
 "Wilt thou be once advised?
 I am thy brother, and thy life with mine
 is evenly prized.
 Command the rest of Troy and Greece, to
 cease this public fight,
 And what Greek bears the greatest mind,
 to single strokes excite.

I promise thee that yet thy soul shall not descend to fates ;
 So heard I thy survival cast, by the celestial States."

Hector with glad allowance gave his brother's counsel ear,
 And, fronting both the hosts, advanced just in the midst his spear.
 The Trojans instantly surcease ; the Greeks Atrides stay'd.

The God that bears the silver bow, and war's triumphant Maid,
 On Jove's beech like two vultures sat, pleased to behold both parts
 Flow in to hear, so sternly arm'd with huge shields, helms, and darts.
 And such fresh horror as you see, driven through the wrinkled waves
 By rising Zephyr, under whom the sea grows black, and raves ;
 Such did the hasty gathering troops of both hosts make to hear ;
 Whose tumult settled, 'twixt them both, thus spake the challenger :

"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind, diffused
 Through all my spirits, commands me speak : Saturnus hath not used
 His promised favour for our truce, but, studying both our ills,
 Will never cease, till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills
 With ruin'd Troy, or we consume your mighty sea-borne fleet.
 Since then the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,
 Amongst you all, whose breast includes the most impulsive mind,
 Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd.
 Before whom thus I call high Jove, to witness of our strife :—
 If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
 Spolling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent,
 But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent
 May waste it in the funeral pile. If I can slaughter him,
 Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil his conquer'd limb,
 And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine [body I'll resign
 I'll hang them, as my trophies due ; his To be disposed by his friends in flamy funerals,
 And honour'd with erected tomb, where Hellespontus falls

Into Ægæum, and doth reach even to your naval road,
 That, when our beings in the earth shall hide their period,
 Survivors, sailing the black sea, may thus his name renew :

'This is his monument, whose blood long since did fates imbrue,
 Whom, passing far in fortitude, illustrate Hector slew,'

This shall posterity report, and my fame never die." [they shamed to deny.
 This said, dumb silence seized them all ;
 And fear'd to undertake. At last did Menelaus speak.
 Check'd their remissness, and so sigh'd, as if his heart would break :

"Ay me ! But only threatening Greeks, not worthy Grecian names !"
 This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,
 If Hector's honourable proof be entertain'd by none. [symbolized in one,
 But you are earth and water all, which, Have framed your faint unfiery spirits ; ye sit without your hearts,
 Grossly inglorious ; but myself will use acceptive darts,
 And arm against him, though you think I arm 'gainst too much odds ;
 But conquest's garlands hang aloft, amongst th' immortal Gods."

He arm'd, and gladly would have fought : but, Menelaus, then,
 By Hector's far more strength, thy soul had fled th' abodes of men,
 Had not the kings of Greece stood up, and thy attempt restrain'd ;
 And even the king of men himself, that in such compass reign'd,
 Who took him by the bold right hand, and sternly pluck'd him back :

"Mad brother, 'tis no work for thee, thou seek'st thy wilful wreck :
 Contain, though it despite thee much, nor for this strife engage
 Thy person with a man more strong, and whom all fear t' enrage ;
 Yea whom Æacides himself, in men-renowning war,
 Makes doubt t' encounter, whose huge strength surpasseth thine by far.
 Sit thou then by thy regiment ; some other Greek will rise
 (Though he be dreadless, and no war will his desires suffice,

* O verò Phrygia, neque enim Phrygæ salth his imitator.

That makes this challenge to our strength)
our valours to avow ;

To whom, if he can scape with life, he will
be glad to bow."

This drew his brother from his will, who
yielded, knowing it true,

And his glad soldiers took his arms ; when
Nestor did pursue

The same reproof he set on foot, and thus
supplied his turn :

"What huge indignity is this ! How will
our country mourn !

Old Peleus that good king will weep, that
worthy counsellor,

That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much
did ask me for

All men of name that went to Troy ; with
joy he did inquire

Their valour and their towardness, and I
made him admire.

But, that ye all fear Hector now, if his
grave ears shall hear,

How will he lift his hands to heaven, and
pray that death may bear

His grieved soul into the deep ! O would
to heaven's great King,

Minerva, and the God of light, that now
my youthful spring*

Did flourish in my willing veins, as when
at Phæa's towers,

About the streams of Jardanus, my gather'd
Pylean powers,

And dart-employ'd Arcadians, fought, near
raging Celadon :

Amongst whom, first of all stood forth great
Ereuthalion,

Who th' arms of Areithous wore, brave
Areithous,

And, since he still fought with a club, sur-
named Clavigerus,

All men, and fair-girt ladies both, for
honour call'd him so.

He fought not with a keep-off spear, or
with a far-shot bow,

But, with a massy club of iron, he brake
through armed bands.

And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not
with force of hands ;

With sleight (encountering in a lane, where
his club wanted sway)

He thrust him through his spacious waist ;
who fell, and upwards lay,

In death not bowing his face to earth ; his
arms he did despoil,

Which iron Mars bestow'd on him ; and
those, in Mars his toil,

* " O si præteritos referat mihi Jupiter annos
Qualis eram," &c.

Lycurgus ever after wore ; but, when he
aged grew,

Enforced to keep his peaceful house, their
use he did renew [loved well ;

On mighty Ereuthalion's limbs, his soldier,
And with these arms he challenged all,

that did in arms excel ;

All shook, and stood dismay'd, none durst
his adverse champion make.

Yet this same forward mind of mine, of
choice, would undertake

To fight with all his confidence ; though
youngest enemy [with him, I,

Of all the army we conduct ; yet I fought
Minerva made me so renown'd, and that

most tall strong peer

I slew ; his big bulk lay on earth, extended
here and there, [everywhere.

As it were covetous to spread the centre
O that my youth were now as fresh, and all

my powers as sound,

Soon should bold Hector be impugn'd :
yet you that most are crown'd

With fortitude of all our host, even you
methinks are slow,

Not free, and set on fire with lust, t'
encounter such a foe." [for the first ;

With this, nine royal princes rose. Atides
Then Diomed ; th' Ajaces then, that did

th' encounter th' first ;

King Idomen and his consorts ; Mars-like
Meriones ; [monides,

Evemon's son, Eurypylius ; and Andræ-
Whom all the Grecians Thoas call'd,

sprung of Andræmon's blood ;

And wise Ulysses ; every one, proposed for
combat, stood.

Again Gerenius Nestor spake : " Let
lots be drawn by all ;

His hand shall help the well-arm'd Greeks,
on whom the lot doth fall,

And to his wish shall he be help'd, if he
escape with life

The harmful danger-breathing fit of this
adventurous strife."

Each mark'd his lot, and cast it in to
Agamemnon's casque.

The soldiers pray'd, held up their hands
and this of Jove did ask,

With eyes advanced to heaven : " O Jove
so lead the herald's hand,

That Ajax, or great Tydeus' son, may ou-
wish'd champion stand,

Or else the king himself that rules the rich
Mycœnian land."

This said, old Nestor mix'd the lots
the foremost lot survey'd

With Ajax Telamon was sign'd, as all th'
soldiers pray'd ;

One of the heralds drew it forth, who brought and shew'd it round,
 Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renown'd.
 None knowing it, every man denied; but when he forth did pass
 To him which mark'd and cast it in, which famous Ajax was,
 He stretch'd his hand, and into it the herald put the lot, [duke denied not,
 Who, view'ing it, th' inscription knew; the But loyfully acknowledged it, and threw it at his feet,
 And said: "O friends, the lot is mine, which to my soul is sweet;
 For now I hope my fame shall rise, in noble Hector's fall.
 But, whilst I arm myself, do you on great Saturnius call.
 But silently, or to yourselves, that not a Trojan hear;
 Or openly, if you think good, siucc none alive we fear.
 None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright,
 At least for plain fierce swinge of strength, or want of skill in fight;
 For I will well prove that my birth, and breed in Salamine
 Was not all consecrate to meat, or mere effects of wine."
 This said, the well-given soldiers pray'd; up said to heaven their eyne:
 "O Jove, that Ida dost protect, most happy, most divine,
 Send victory to Ajax' side; fame, grace his goodly limb;
 Or (if thy love bless Hector's life, and thou hast care of him),
 Bestow on both like power, like fame."
 This said, in bright arms shone
 The good strong Ajax; who, when all his war attire was on,
 March'd like the hugely-figured Mars, when angry Jupiter
 With strength, on people proud of strength, sends him forth to infer
 Wreakful contention, and comes on with presence full of fear;
 So th' Achive rampire, Telamon, did 'twixt the hosts appear;
 Smiled; yet of terrible aspect; on earth, with ample pace,
 He boldly stalk'd, and shook aloft his dart with deadly grace.
 It did the Grecians good to see; but heart-
 quakes shook the joints
 Of all the Trojans. Hector's self felt thoughts, with horrid points,

Tempt his bold bosom; but he now must make no counterflight,
 Nor, with his honour, now refuse, that had provoked the fight.
 Ajax came near; and like a tower, his shield his bosom barr'd,
 The right side brass, and seven ox-hides within it quilted hard;*
 Old Tychius, the best currier, that did in Hyla dwell,
 Did frame it for exceeding proof, and wrought it wondrous well.
 With this stood he to Hector close, and with this brave began:
 "Now, Hector, thou shalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man,
 What other leaders arm our host, besides great Thetis' son,
 Who with his hardy lion's heart hath armies overrun;
 But he lies at our crook'd-stern'd fleet, a rival with our king
 In height of spirit; yet to Troy he many knights did bring,
 Coequal with Æacides, all able to sustain
 All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vain."
 The helm-graced Hector answer'd him:
 "Renowned Telamon,
 Prince of the soldiers came from Greece, assay not me like one
 Young and immortal, with great words, as to an Amazon dame;
 I have the habit of all fights, and know the bloody frame
 Of every slaughter; I well know the ready right hand charge,
 I know the left, and every sway of my secureful targe;
 I triumph in the cruelty of fixed combat fight,
 And manage horse to all designs; I think then with good right
 I may be confident as far as this my challenge goes,
 Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with empty shows.
 But, being a soldier so renown'd, I will not work on thee
 With least advantage of that skill I know doth strengthen me,
 And so, with privity of sleight, win that for which I strive,
 But at thy best, even open strength, if my endeavours thrive."

* Hinc illud: Dominus clypei septemplicis Ajax.

Thus sent his long javelin forth : it
 strook his foe's huge shield
 Near to the upper skirt of brass, which
 was the eighth it held.
 Six folds th' untamed dart strook through,
 and in the seventh tough hide
 The point was check'd: then Ajax threw;
 his angry lance did glide
 Quite through his bright orbicular targe,
 his cuirass shirt of mail,
 And did his manly stomach's mouth with
 dangerous taint assail ;
 But, in the bowing of himself, black death
 too short did strike ;
 Then both, to pluck their javelins forth,
 encounter'd lion-like,
 Whose bloody violence is increased by that
 raw food they eat,
 Or boars whose strength wild nourishment
 doth make so wondrous great.
 Again Priamides did wound in midst his
 shield of brass,
 Yet pierced not through the upper plate,
 the head reflected was.
 But Ajax, following his lance, smote
 through his target quite,
 And stay'd bold Hector rushing in ; the
 lance held way outright,
 And hurt his neck ; out gush'd the blood :
 yet Hector ceased not so,
 But in his strong hand took a flint, as he
 did backwards go,
 Black, sharp, and big, laid in the field ;
 the sevenfold targe it smit
 Full on the boss, and round about the brass
 did ring with it.
 But Ajax a far greater stone lift up, and
 (wreathing round, [to wound,
 With all his body laid to it) he sent it forth
 And gave unmeasured force to it ; the
 round stone broke within
 His ruddled target ; ~~the~~ loved knees to
 languish did begin ;
 And he lean'd, stretch'd out on his shield ;
 but Phoebus raised him straight.
 Then had they laid on wounds with swords,
 in use of closer fight ;
 Unless the heralds (messengers of Gods
 and godlike men)
 The one of Troy, the other Greece, had
 held betwixt them then
 Imperial sceptres ; when the one, Idæus,
 grave and wise,
 Said to them : " Now no more, my sons ;
 the Sovereign of the skies
 Doth love you both ; both soldiers are, all
 witness with good right ;
 But now night lays her mace on earth ; 'tis
 good t' obey the night."

" Idæus," Telamon replied, " to Hector
 speak, not me ;
 He that call'd all our Achive peers to
 station-fight, 'twas he ;
 If he first cease, I gladly yield." Great
 Hector then began :
 " Ajax, since Jove, to thy big form,
 made thee so strong a man,
 And gave thee skill to use thy strength, so
 much, that for thy spear
 Thou art most excellent of Greece, now
 let us fight for fear.
 Hereafter we shall war again, till Jove our
 herald be,
 And grace with conquest which he will ;
 heaven yields to night, and we.
 Go thou and comfort all thy fleet, all friends
 and men of thine,
 As I in Troy my favourers, who in the fane
 divine
 Have offer'd orisons for me ; and come, let
 us impart
 Some ensigns of our strife, to show each
 other's suppled heart,
 That men of Troy and Greece may say,
 Thus their high quarrel ends.
 Those that, encountering, were such foes,
 are now, being separate, friends."
 He gave a sword, whose handle was with
 silver studs through driven,
 Scabbard and all, with hangers rich. By
 Telamon was given
 A fair well-glossed purple waist.* Thus
 Hector went to Troy, [safety's joy,
 And after him a multitude, fill'd with his
 Despairing he could ever 'scape the
 puissant fortitude
 And unimpeached Ajax' hands. The Greeks
 like joy renew'd
 For their reputed victory, and brought him
 to the king ; [offering,
 Who to the great Saturnides preferr'd an
 † An ox that fed on five fair springs ; they
 flay'd and quarter'd him,
 And then, in pieces cut, on spits they
 roasted every limb ;
 Which neatly dress'd, they drew it off
 work done, they fell to feast ;
 All had enough ; but Telamon, the king
 fed past the rest
 With good large pieces of the chine. Thus
 thirst and hunger stay'd,
 Nestor, whose counsels late were best
 vows new, and first he said :

* Hector gives Ajax a sword ; Ajax, Hector a girdle. Both which gifts were afterward cause of both their deaths.

† Virgil imit.

"Atrides, and my other lords, a sort of
 Greeks are dead,
 Whose black blood, near Scamander's
 stream, inhuman Mars hath shed ;
 Their souls to hell descended are. It fits
 thee then, our king,
 To make our soldiers cease from war ; and,
 by the day's first spring,
 Let us ourselves, assembled all, the bodies
 bear to fire,
 With mules and oxen near our fleet ; that
 when we home retire,
 Each man may carry to the sons, of
 fathers slaughter'd here,
 Their honour'd bones. One tomb for all,
 for ever, let us rear,
 Circling the pile without the field ; at
 which we will erect
 Walls, and a ravelin, that may safe our
 fleet and us protect.
 And in them let us fashion gates, solid, and
 barr'd about,
 Through which our horse and chariots
 may well get in and out.
 Without all, let us dig a dike, so deep it
 may avail
 Our forces 'gainst the charge of horse, and
 foot, that come t' assail.
 And thus th' attempts, that I see swell, in
 Troy's proud heart, shall fail."
 The kings do his advice approve. So
 Troy doth court convent
 At Priam's gate, in th' Iliion tower, fearful
 and turbulent.
 Amongst all, wise Antenor spake : "Trojans,
 and Dardan friends,
 And peers assistants, give good ear to what
 my care commends
 To your consents, for all our good. Re-
 solve, let us restore
 The Argive Helen, with her wealth, to
 him she had before.
 We now defend but broken faiths : if,
 therefore, ye refuse, [we use."
 No good event can I expect of all the wars
 He ceased ; and Alexander spake,
 husband to th' Argive queen :
 "Antenor, to mine ears thy words harsh
 and ungracious been.
 Thou canst use better, if thou wilt ; but if
 these truly fit
 Thy serious thoughts, the Gods with age
 have left thy graver wit.
 To warlike Trojans I will speak : I clearly
 do deny [render willingly,
 To yield my wife, but all her wealth I'll
 Whate'er I from Argos brought, and vow
 to make it more ; [I may restore."
 Which I have ready in my house, if peace

Priam, surnamed Dardanides, godlike,
 in counsels grave,
 In his son's favour well-advised, this
 resolution gave :
 "My royal friends of every state, there is
 sufficient done,
 For this late council we have call'd, in th'
 offer of my son.
 Now then let all take needful food, then
 let the watch be set,
 And every court of guard held strong ; so,
 when the morn doth wet
 The high-raised battlements of Troy, Idæus
 shall be sent
 To th' Argive fleet, and Atreus' sons, t'
 unfold my son's intent,
 From whose fact our contention springs ;
 and, if they will, obtain
 Respite from heat of fight, till fire consume
 our soldiers slain ;
 And after our most fatal war let us im-
 portune still,
 Till Jove the conquest have disposed to his
 unconquer'd will."
 All heard, and did obey the king ; and,
 in their quarters, all,
 That were to set the watch that night, did
 to their suppers fall.
 Idæus in the morning went, and th' Achive
 peers did find
 In council at Atrides' ship ; his audience
 was assign'd ;
 And, in the midst of all the kings, the
 vocal herald said :
 "Atrides, my renowned king, and other
 kings, his aid,
 Propose by me, in their commands, the
 offer Paris makes,
 From whose joy all our woes proceed. He
 princely undertakes
 That all the wealth he brought from Greece
 (would he had died before)
 He will, with other added wealth, for your
 amends restore ;
 But famous Menelaus' wife he still means
 to enjoy, [peers of Troy.
 Though he be urged the contrary, by all the
 And this besides I have in charge, that, if
 it please you all,
 They wish both sides may cease from war,
 that rites of funeral
 May on their bodies be perform'd, that in
 the fields lie slain ;
 And after, to the will of Fate, renew the
 fight again."
 All silence held at first ; at last Tydides
 made reply :
 "Let no man take the wealth, or dame ;
 for now a child's weak eye

May see the imminent black end of Priam's empery."

This sentence, quick and briefly given, the Greeks did all admire.

Then said the king: "Herald, thou hear'st in him the voice entire

Of all our peers, to answer thee, for that of Priam's son.

But, for our burning of the dead, by all means I am won

To satisfy thy king therein, without the slenderest gain

Made of their spoiled carcasses; but freely, being slain,

They shall be all consumed with fire. To witness which I cite

High thundering Jove, that is the king of Juno's bed's delight."

With this, he held his sceptre up, to all the sky-throned Powers;

And grave Idæus did return to sacred Ilion's towers,

Where Ilians and Dardanians, did still their counsels ply,

Expecting his return. He came, and told his legacy.

All, whirlwind-like, assembled then, some bodies to transport,

Some to hew trees. On th' other part, the Argives did exhort

Their soldiers to the same affairs. Then did the new-fired sun

Smite the broad fields, ascending heaven, and th' ocean smooth did run;

When Greece and Troy mix'd in such peace, you scarce could either know.

Then wash'd they off their blood and dust, and did warm tears bestow

Upon the slaughter'd, and in cars convey'd them from the field.

Priam commanded none should mourn, but in still silence yield

Their honour'd carcasses to fire, and only grieve in heart.

All burn'd; to Troy Troy's friends retire, to fleet the Grecian part.

Yet doubtful night obscured the earth, the day did not appear,

When round about the funeral pile, the Grecians gather'd were.

The pile they circled with a tomb, and by it rais'd a wall,

High towers, to guard the fleet and them; and in the midst of all

They built strong gates, through which the horse and chariots passage had;

Without the rampire a broad dike, long and profound, they made,

On which they pallisadoes pitch'd; and thus the Grecians wrought.

Their huge works in so little time were to perfection brought,

That all Gods, by the Lightener set, the frame thereof admired;

'Mongst whom the earthquake-making God, this of their king inquired:

"Father of Gods, will any man, of all earth's grassy sphere,

Ask any of the Gods' consents to any actions there,

If thou wilt see the shag-hair'd Greeks with headstrong labours frame

So huge a work, and not to us due offerings first enflame?

As far as white Aurora's dews are sprinkled through the air,

Fame will renown the hands of Greece, for this divine affair;

Men will forget the sacred work, the Sun and I did raise

For king Laomedon (bright Troy) and th' will bear the praise."

Jove was extremely moved with him, and said: "What words are these,

Thou mighty shaker of the earth, the Lord of all the seas?

Some other God, of far less power, might hold conceits, dismay'd

With this rare Grecian stratagem,* art thou rest well apaid;

For it will glorify thy name, as far as light extends;

Since, when these Greeks shall see again their native soil and friends,

The bulwark batter'd, thou mayst quodour it with thy waves,

And cover, with thy fruitless sands, the fatal shore of graves;

That, what their fiery industries have divinely wrought

In raising it, in razing it thy power will prove it nought."

Thus spake the Gods among themselves; set was the fervent Sun;

And now the great work of the Greeks was absolutely done.

Then slew they oxen in their tents, and strength with food revived,

When out of Lemnos a great fleet odorous wine arrived,

Sent by Euneus, Jason's son, borne Hypsipyle.

The fleet contain'd a thousand tun, which must transported be

* The fortification that in the twelfth Book is razed.

Atreus' sons, as he gave charge, whose
 merchandise it was.
 Greeks bought wine for shining steel,
 and some for sounding brass,
 some for ox-hides, for oxen some, and
 some for prisoners.
 sumptuous banquet was prepared ; and
 all that night the peers
 fair-hair'd Greeks consumed in feast :
 so Trojans, and their aid.
 all the night Jove thunder'd loud ;
 pale fear all thoughts dismay'd.

While they were gluttonous in earth, Jove
 wrought their banes in heaven.
 They pour'd full cups upon the ground,
 and were to offerings driven
 Instead of quaffings ; and to drink, none
 durst attempt, before [adore.
 In solemn sacrifice they did almighty Jove
 Then to their rests they all repair'd ; bold zeal
 their fear bereaved ; [they received
 And sudden sleep's refreshing gift,* securely

* The sweet gift of patient sleep. 1598.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Omet

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHEN Jove to all the Gods had given command,
That none to either host should helpful stand,
To Ida he descends; and sees from thence
Juno and Pallas haste the Greeks' defence;
Whose purpose, his command, by Iris given,
Doth intervent. Then came the silent even,
When Hector charged fires should consume the
night,
Lest Greeks in darkness took suspected flight.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Theta, gods a Council have,
Troy's conquest, glorious Hector's brave.

THE cheerful Lady of the light, deck'd
in her saffron robe,
Dispersed her beams through every part of
this enflowered globe,
When thundering Jove a court of Gods
assembled by his will,
In top of all the topful heights, that crown
th' Olympian hill.
He spake, and all the Gods gave ear:
"Hear how I stand inclined,
That God nor Goddess may attempt t'
infringe my sovereign mind,
But all give suffrage that with speed I may
these discords end. [defend
What God soever I shall find endeavour to
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heaven
he, shamed, shall reascend;
Or, taking with him his offence, I'll cast
him down as deep
As Tartarus, the brood of night, where
Barathrum* doth steep
Torment in his profoundest sinks, where is
the floor of brass,
And gates of iron; the place, for depth, as
far doth hell surpass,
As heaven for height exceeds the earth;
then shall he know from thence
How much my power, past all the Gods,
hath sovereign eminence.
Endanger it the whiles and see: let down
our golden chain,
And at it let all deities their utmost
strengths constrain,

* Virgil maketh this likewise his place, adding
*Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub
umbras.* &c.—(ÆN. vi. 578.)

To draw me to the earth from heaven; you
never shall prevail,
Though, with your most contention, you
dare my state assail.
But when my will shall be disposed, to
draw you all to me,
Even with the earth itself, and seas, you
shall enforced be;
Then will I to Olympus' top our virtuous
engine bind,
And by it everything shall hang, by my
command inclined.
So much I am supreme to Gods, to me
supreme as much."
The Gods sat silent, and admired; his
dreadful speech was such.
At last his blue-eyed daughter spake
"O great Saturnides,
O father, O heaven's highest king, we
know we the excess
Of thy great power, compared with all
yet the bold Greeks' estate
We needs must mourn, since they must
fall beneath so hard a fate;
For, if thy grave command enjoin, we will
abstain from fight.
But to afford them such advice, as may
relieve their plight,
We will, with thy consent, be bold; that
all may not sustain
The fearful burthen of thy wrath, and with
their shames be slain."
He smiled, and said: "Be confident, thou
art beloved of me;
I speak not this with serious thoughts, but
will be kind to thee."
This said, his brass-hooved winged horse
he did to chariot bind,
Whose crests were fringed with manes
gold; and golden garments shined
On his rich shoulders; in his hand he took
a golden scourge,
Divinely fashion'd, and with blows the
willing speed did urge
Mid way betwixt the earth and heaven
to Ida then he came,
Abounding in delicious springs, and number
of beasts untame,
Where, on the mountain Gargarus, many
did a fane erect
To his high name, and altars sweet; and
there his horse he check'd,

Dissolved them from his chariot, and in a
 cloud of jet
 He cover'd them, and on the top took his
 triumphant seat,
 Beholding Priam's famous town, and all
 the fleet of Greece.
 The Greeks took breakfast speedily, and
 arm'd at every piece.
 So Trojans, who though fewer far, yet all
 to fight took arms,
 Dire need enforced them to avert their
 wives' and children's harms.
 All gates flew open; all the host did issue,
 foot and horse,
 In mighty tumult; straight one place
 adjoin'd each adverse force.
 Then shields with shields met, darts with
 darts, strength against strength opposed;
 The boss-piked targets were thrust on, and
 thunder'd as they closed
 In mighty tumult; groan for groan, and
 breath for breath did breathe,
 Of men then slain, and to be slain; earth
 flow'd with fruits of death.
 While the fair morning's beauty held, and
 day increased in height,
 Their javelins mutually made death trans-
 port an equal freight,
 But when the hot meridian point, bright
 Phoebus did ascend, [extend,
 Then Jove his golden balances did equally
 And, of long-rest-conferring death, put in
 two bitter fates
 For Troy and Greece; he held the midst;
 the day of final dates
 Fell on the Greeks; the Greeks' hard lots
 sunk to the flowery ground,
 The Trojans leapt as high as heaven:
 then did the claps resound
 Of his fierce thunder; lightning leapt
 amongst each Grecian troop;
 The sight amazed them; pallid fear made
 boldest stomachs stoop.
 Then Idomen durst not abide, Atrides
 went his way,
 And both th' Ajaces; Nestor yet, against
 his will did stay,
 That grave protector of the Greeks, for
 Paris with a dart
 Enraged one of his chariot horse; he smote
 the upper part
 Of all his skull, even where the hair, that
 made his foretop, sprung.
 The hurt was deadly, and the pain so sore
 the courser stung
 (Pierced to the brain), he stamp'd and
 plunged. One on another bears,
 Entangled round about the beam; then
 Nestor cut the gears

With his new-drawn authentic sword:
 meanwhile the fiery horse
 Of Hector brake into the press, with their
 bold ruler's force;
 Then good old Nestor had been slain, had
 Diomed not espied,
 Who to Ulysses, as he fled, importunately
 cried:
 "Thou that in counsels dost abound, O
 Laertiades,
 Why fliest thou? Why thus, coward-like,
 shunn'st thou the honour'd prease?
 Take heed thy back take not a dart: stay,
 let us both intend
 To drive this cruel enemy, from our dear
 aged friend."
 He spake, but wary Ithacus would find
 no patient ear,
 But fled forthright, even to the fleet; yet,
 though he single were,
 Brave Diomed mix'd amongst the fight,
 and stood before the steeds
 Of old Neleides, whose estate thus kingly
 he reeds:
 "O father, with these youths in fight,
 thou art unequal placed,
 Thy willing sinews are unknit, grave age
 pursues thee fast,
 And thy unruly horse as slow; my chariot
 therefore use,
 And try how ready Trojan horse, can fly
 him that pursues,
 Pursue the fiercer, and every way perform
 the varied fight;
 I forced them from Anchises' son, well-
 skill'd in cause of flight.
 Then let my squire lead hence thy horse;
 mine thou shalt guard, whilst I,
 By thee advanced, assay the fight; that
 Hector's self may try
 If my lance dote with the defects, that fail
 best minds in age,
 Or find the palsy in my hands, that doth
 thy life engage."
 This noble Nestor did accept, and
 Diomed's two friends, [ascends
 Eurymedon, that valour loves, and Sthenelus,
 Old Nestor's coach: of Diomed's horse
 Nestor the charge sustains,
 And Tydeus' son took place of fight:
 Neleides held the reins,
 And scourged the horse, who swiftly ran
 direct in Hector's face;
 Whom fierce Tydides bravely charged, but,
 he turn'd from the chase,
 His javelin Eniopeus smit, mighty The-
 beus' son,
 And was great Hector's charioteer; it
 through his breast did run

Near to his pap; he fell to earth, back
 flew his frightened horse,
 His strength and soul were both dissolved.
 Hector had deep remorse
 Of his mishap; yet left he him, and for
 another sought;
 Nor long his steeds did want a guide; for
 straight good fortune brought
 Bold Archeptolemus, whose life did from
 Iphitis spring;
 He made him take the reins and mount:
 then souls were set on wing;
 Then high exploits were undergone; then
 Trojans in their walls
 Had been infolded like meek lambs, had
 Jove wink'd at their falls,
 Who hurl'd his horrid thunder forth, and
 made pale lightnings fly [did apply.
 Into the earth, before the horse that Nestor
 A dreadful flash burnt through the air,
 that savour'd sulphur-like,
 Which down before the chariot the dazzled
 horse did strike.
 The fair reins fell from Nestor's hands, who
 did in fear entreat [fury's heat:
 Renown'd Tydides into flight to turn his
 "For know'st thou not," said he, "our
 aid is not supplied from Jove?
 This day he will give fame to Troy, which
 when it fits his love
 We shall enjoy: let no man tempt his
 unresisted will, [he exceeds him still."
 Though he exceed in gifts of strength; for
 "Father," replied the king, "'tis true;
 but both my heart and soul
 Are most extremely grieved to think how
 Hector will control
 My valour with his vaunts in Troy, that I
 was terror-sick
 With his approach; which when he boasts,
 let earth devour me quick."
 "Ah, warlike Tydeus' son," said he,
 "what needless words are these?
 Though Hector should report thee faint,
 and amorous of thy ease,
 The Trojans, nor the Trojan wives, would
 never give him trust,
 Whose youthful husbands thy free hand
 hath smother'd so in dust."
 This said, he turn'd his one-hooved horse
 to flight, and troop did take,
 When Hector and his men, with shouts,
 did greedy pursuit make,
 And pour'd on darts that made air sigh:
 then Hector did exclaim:
 "O Tydeus' son, the kings of Greece do
 most renown thy name
 With highest place, feasts, and full cups;
 who now will do thee shame;

Thou shalt be like a woman used, and they
 will say: 'Depart,
 Immartial minion, since to stand Hector
 thou hadst no heart.'
 Nor canst thou scale our turrets' tops, nor
 lead the wives to fleet
 Of valiant men, that wife-like fear'st my
 adverse charge to meet."
 This two ways moved him; still to fly,
 or turn his horse and fight.
 Thrice thrust he forward to assault, and
 every time the fright
 Of Jove's fell thunder drove him back,
 which he proposed for sign
 (To shew the change of victory) Trojans
 should victors shine.
 Then Hector comforted his men: "All my
 adventurous friends,
 Be men, and, of your famous strength,
 think of the honour'd ends.
 I know benevolent Jupiter, did by his beel
 profess [the Greeks distress
 Conquest and high renown to me, and to
 O fools, to raise such silly forts, not worth
 the least account,
 Nor able to resist our force; with ease
 our horse may mount,
 Quite over all their hollow dike: but
 when their fleet I reach,
 Let Memory to all the world a famous
 bonfire teach,
 For I will all their ships inflame, with
 whose infestive smoke,
 Fear-shrunk, and hidden near their keels
 the conquer'd Greeks shall choke."
 Then cherish'd he his famous horse: "O
 Xanthus, now," said he,
 "And thou Podargus, Æthon too, and
 Lampus, dear to me,
 Make me some worthy recompense, for
 much choice of meat,
 Given you by fair Andromache; bread
 the purest wheat,
 And with it, for your drink, mix'd wine,
 make ye wished cheer,
 Still serving you before myself, her husband
 young and dear.
 Pursue, and use your swiftest speed, that
 we may take for prize
 The shield of old Neleides, which Far
 lifts to the skies,
 Even to the handles telling it to be
 massy gold.
 And from the shoulders let us take,
 Diomed the bold,
 The royal cuirass Vulcan wrought, with
 art so exquisite.
 These if we make our sacred spoil, I do
 not, but this night,

Even to their navy to enforce the Greeks'
untorn'd flight."

This Juno took in high disdain, and
made Olympus shake
As she but stirr'd within her throne; and
thus to Neptune spake:

"O Neptune, what a spite is this!
thou God so huge in power,
Afflicts it not thy honour'd heart, to see
rude spoil devour

These Greeks that have in Helice, and
Æge offer'd thee [them the victors be.
So many and such wealthy gifts? Let
If we, that are the aids of Greece, would
beat home these of Troy,
And hinder broad-eyed Jove's proud will,
it would abate his joy."

He, angry, told her she was rash, and
he would not be one,
Of all the rest, should strive with Jove,
whose power was match'd by none.

Whiles they conferr'd thus, all the space
the trench contain'd before
(From that part of the fort that flank'd the
navy-anchoring shore)

Was fill'd with horse and targeteers, who
there for refuge came,

By Mars-swift Hector's power engaged;
Jove gave his strength the fame;
And he with spoilful fire had burn'd the
fleet, if Juno's grace

Had not inspired the king himself, to run
from place to place,

And stir up every soldier's power, to some
illustrious deed. [purple weed

First visiting their leaders' tents, his ample
He wore, to show all who he was, and did
his station take [battle make

At wise Ulysses' sable barks, that did the
Of all the fleet; from whence his speech
might with more ease be driven

To Ajax' and Achilles' ships, to whose
chief charge was given

The vanguard and the rearguard both,
both for their force of hand,

And trusty bosoms. There arrived, thus
urged he to withstand

Th' insulting Trojans: "O what shame,
ye empty-hearted lords,

Is this to your admired forms! where
are your glorious words,

In Lemnos vaunting you the best of all the
Grecian host?

"We are the strongest men," ye said, "we
will command the most.

Eating most flesh on high-horn'd beeves,
and drinking cups full-crown'd,

And every man a hundred foes, two
hundred, will confound;

Now all our strength, dared to our worst,
one Hector cannot tame,"

Who presently with horrid fire, will all our
fleet inflame.

O Father Jove, hath ever yet thy most
unsuffer'd hand

Afflicted, with such spoil of souls, the
king of any land,

And taken so much fame from him? when
I did never fail

(Since under most unhappy stars, this fleet
was under sail),

Thy glorious altars, I protest, but, above
all the Gods,

Have burnt fat thighs of beeves to thee,
and pray'd to raze th' abodes

Of rape-defending Ilians. Yet grant,
almighty Jove,

One favour; that we may at least with
life from hence remove,

Not under such inglorious hands, the
hands of death employ;

And, where Troy should be stoop'd by
Greece, let Greece fall under Troy."

To this even weeping king, did Jove re-
morseful audience give,

And shook great heaven to him, for sign
his men and he should live.

Then quickly cast he off his hawk, the
eagle prince of air,

That perfects his unspotted vows; who
seized in her repair

A sucking hind calf, which she truss'd in
her enforceive seres,

And by Jove's altar let it fall, amongst th'
amazed peers,

Where the religious Achive kings, with
sacrifice did please

The author of all oracles, divine Saturnides.
Now, when they knew the bird of Jove,

they turn'd courageous head.

When none, though many kings put on,
could make his vaunt, he led

Tydidēs to renew'd assault, or issued first
the dike,

Or first did fight; but, far the first, stone
dead his lance did strike

Arm'd Agelaus; by descent surnamed
Phradmonides;

He turn'd his ready horse to flight, and
Diomed's lance did seize

His back betwixt his shoulder-blades, and
look'd out at his breast;

He fell, and his arms rang his fall. Th'
Atrides next address'd

Themselves to fight; th' Ajaces next, with
vehement strength endued;

Idomeneus and his friend, stout Merion,
next dursued;

Of armies fatal to her wrath. Saturnia
whipp'd her horse,
And heaven gates, guarded by the Hours,
oped by their proper force ;
Through which they flew : whom when
Jove saw (set near th' Idalian springs)
Highly displeas'd, he Iris call'd, that hath
the golden wings,
And said : " Fly, Iris, turn them back, let
them not come at me,
Our meetings, severally disposed, will
nothing gracious be.
Beneath their o'erthrown chariot I'll shiver
their proud steeds,
Hurl down themselves, their wagon break,
and, for their stubborn deeds,
In ten whole years they shall not heal the
wounds I will impress
With horrid thunder ; that my maid may
know when to address
Arms 'gainst her father. For my wife, she
doth not so offend,
'Tis but her use to interrupt whatever I
intend."
Iris, with this, left Ida's hills, and up t'
Olympus flew,
Met near heaven-gates the Goddesses, and
thus their haste withdrew :
" What course intend you ? Why are
you wrapp'd with your fancies' storm ?
Jove likes not ye should aid the Greeks,
but threats, and will perform,
To crush in pieces your swift horse beneath
their glorious yokes,
Hurl down yourselves, your chariot break,
and those poison'd strokes
His wounding thunder shall imprint in
your celestial parts,
In ten full springs ye shall not cure ; that
she that tames proud hearts
(Thyself Minerva) may be taught to know
for what, and when,
Thou dost against thy father fight ; for
sometimes children
May with discretion plant themselves
against their fathers' wills,
But not where humours only rule, in
works beyond their skills.
For Juno, she offends him not, nor vexeth
him so much,
For 'tis her use to cross his will, her
impudence is such,*
The habit of offence in this she only doth
contract,
And so grieves or incenseth less, though
ne'er the less her fact.

* *Facile facit quod semper facit.*

But thou most grievest him, dogged dame,
whom he rebukes in time,
Lest silence should pervert thy will, and
pride too highly climb
In thy bold bosom, desperate girl, if
seriously thou dare
Lift thy unwieldy lance 'gainst Jove, as
thy pretences are."
She left them, and Saturnia said : " Ay
me, thou seed of Jove,
By my advice we will no more unfit con-
tention move
With Jupiter, for mortal men ; of whom,
let this man die, [with destiny ;
And that man live, whoever he pursues
And let him, plotting all events, dispose of
either host,
As he thinks fittest for them both, and
may become us most."
Thus turn'd she back, and to the Hours
her rich-maned horse resign'd,
Who them t' immortal mangers bound ;
the chariot they inclined
Beneath the crystal walls of heaven ; and
they in golden thrones
Consorted other Deities, replete with
passions.
Jove, in his bright-wheel'd chariot, his
fiery horse now beats
Up to Olympus, and aspir'd the Gods'
eternal seats.
Great Neptune loosed his horse, his car
upon the altar placed,
And heavenly-linen coverings did round
about it cast.
The Far-seer used his throne of gold :
the vast Olympus shook
Beneath his feet : his wife, and maid,
apart their places took,
Nor any word afforded him : he knew
their thoughts, and said :
" Why do ye thus torment yourselves ?
you need not sit dismay'd
With the long labours you have used in
your victorious fight,
Destroying Trojans, gainst whose lives
you heap such high despite.
Ye should have held your glorious course ;
for, be assured, as far
As all my powers, by all means urged,
could have sustain'd the war,
Not all the host of Deities should have
retired my hand
From vow'd inflictions on the Greeks :
much less you two withstand.
But you, before you saw the fight, much
less the slaughter there,
Had all your shining lineaments possess'd
with aspen fear,

And never had your chariot borne their charge to heaven again,
 But thunder should have smit you both, had you one Trojan slain."

Both Goddesses let fall their chins upon their ivory breasts, [Troy's unrests. Set next to Jove, contriving still, afflicted Pallas for anger could not speak; Saturnia, contrary, [made this bold reply: Could not for anger hold her peace, but "Not-to-be-suffer'd Jupiter, what need'st thou still enforce Thy matchless power? we know it well; but we must yield remorse To them that yield us sacrifice: nor need'st thou thus deride Our kind obedience, nor our griefs, but bear our powers applied To just protection of the Greeks, that anger tomb not all [stand, should fall." In Troy's foul gulf of perjury, and let them "Grieve not," said Jove, "at all done yet; for, if thy fair eyes please, This next red morning they shall see the great Saturnides Bring more destruction to the Greeks; and Hector shall not cease, [Æacides, Till he have roused from the fleet swift-foot In that day, when before their ships, for his Patroclus slain, [so the Fates ordain. The Greeks in great distress shall fight; for I weigh not thy displeas'd spleen, though to th' extremest bounds Of earth and seas it carry thee, where endless night confounds Japet, and my dejected Sire, who sit so far beneath, [winds that breathe, They never see the flying sun, nor hear the Near to profoundest Tartarus: nor, thither if thou went, [more impudent." Would I take pity of thy moods, since none To this she nothing did reply. And now Sol's glorious light [drowsy night. Fell to the sea, and to the land drew up the The Trojans grieved at Phœbus' fall, which all the Greeks desired, And sable night, so often wish'd, to earth's firm throne aspir'd. Hector (intending to consult) near to the gulfy flood, [exempt from blood, Far from the fleet, led to a place, pure and The Trojan forces: from their horse all lighted, and did hear Th' oration Jove-loved Hector made; who held a goodly spear, Eleven full cubits long, the head was brass, and did reflect A wanton light before him still, it round about was deck'd

With strong hoops of new-burnish'd gold: on this he lean'd, and said:
 "Hear me, my worthy friends of Troy, and you, our honour'd aid. A little since, I had conceit we should have made retreat, By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the Greeks' escheat; But darkness hath prevented us, and saft, with special grace, These Achives and their shore-haled fleet. Let us then render place To sacred Night; our suppers dress; and from our chariots free Our fair-maned horse, and meat them well; then let there convoy'd be, From forth the city presently, oxen and well-fed sheep, Sweet wine, and bread; and fell much wood, that all night we may keep Plenty of fires, even till the light bring forth the lovely morn, And let their brightness glaze the skies, that night may not suborn The Greeks' escape, if they for flight the sea's broad back would take; At least they may not part with ease, but, as retreat they make, Each man may bear a wound with him, to cure when he comes home, Made with a shaft or sharpen'd spear; and others fear to come, With charge of lamentable war, 'gainst soldiers bred in Troy. Then let our heralds through the town their offices employ To warn the youth, yet short of war, and time-white fathers, past, That in our god-built towers they see strong courts of guard be plac'd, About the walls; and let our dames yet flourishing in years, That, having beauties to keep pure, are most inclined to fears (Since darkness in distressful times more dreadful is than light) Make lofty fires in every house; and thus, the dangerous night, Held with strong watch, if th' enemy have ambuscadoes laid Near to our walls (and therefore seem in flight the more dismay'd, Intending a surprise, while we are all without the town) [man's renown. They every way shall be impugn'd, to every Perform all this, brave Trojan friends: what now I have to say Is all express'd; the cheerful morn shall other things display.

It is my glory (putting trust in Jove, and
 other Gods)
 That I shall now expulse these dogs fates
 sent to our abodes,
 Who bring ostents of destiny, and black
 their threatening fleet.
 But this night let us hold strong guards :
 to-morrow we will meet
 (With fierce-made war) before their ships,
 and I'll make known to all
 If strong Tydides from their ships can
 drive me to their wall,
 Or I can pierce him with my sword, and
 force his bloody spoil.
 The wished morn shall shew his power,
 if he can shun his foil
 I running on him with my lance. I think,
 when day ascends,
 He shall lie wounded with the first, and
 by him many friends.
 O that I were as sure to live immortal,
 and sustain
 No frailties with increasing years, but
 evermore remain
 Adored like Pallas, or the Sun, as all
 doubts die in me
 That heaven's next light shall be the last
 the Greeks shall ever see."
 This speech all Trojans did applaud ;
 who from their traces loosed
 Their sweating horse, which severally
 with headstalls they reposed,
 And fasten'd by their chariots ; when
 others brought from town
 Fat sheep and oxen, instantly, bread,
 wine ; and hewed down
 Huge store of wood. The winds transferr'd
 into the friendly sky
 Their supper's savour ; to the which they
 sat delightfully,
 And spent all night in open field ; fires
 round about them shined.
 As when about the silver moon, when air
 is free from wind,
 And stars shine clear, to whose sweet
 beams, high prospects, and the brows
 Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up
 themselves for shows,
 And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter
 in their sight,
 When the unmeasured firmament bursts to
 disclose her light,
 And all the signs in heaven are seen, that
 glad the shepherd's heart ;
 So many fires disclosed their beams, made
 by the Trojan part,
 Before the face of Ilion, and her bright
 turrets show'd.
 A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and
 every guard allow'd
 Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat
 oats and hard white corn,
 And all did wishfully expect the silver-
 throned morn.

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

To Agamemnon (urging hopeless flight)
Stand Diomed, and Nestor opposite.
By Nestor's counsel, legates are dismiss'd
To Thetis' son; who still denies t' assist.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Iota sings the Embassy,
And great Achilles' stern reply.

So held the Trojans sleepless guard; the
Greeks to flight were given,
The feeble consort of cold fear, strangely
infused from heaven;
Grief, not to be endured, did wound all
Greeks of greatest worth.
And as two lateral-sited winds, the West
wind and the North,
Meet at the Thracian sea's black breast,
join in a sudden bore, [upon the shore
Tumble together the dark waves, and pour
A mighty deal of froth and weed, with
which men manure ground;
So Jove and Troy did drive the Greeks,
and all their minds confound.
But Agamemnon most of all was tortured
at his heart, [bade them cite, apart,
Who to the voiceful heralds went, and
Each Grecian leader severally, not openly
proclaim. [together came.
In which he labour'd with the first; and all
They sadly sate. The king arose, and
pour'd out tears as fast
As from a lofty rock a spring doth his
black waters cast,
And, deeply sighing, thus bespake the
Achives: "O my friends,
Princes, and leaders of the Greeks, heaven's
adverse king extends
His wrath, with too much detriment, to
my so just design,
Since he hath often promised me, and
bound it with the sign
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy our
vengeful hands should race,
And safe return; yet, now engaged, he
plagues us with disgrace,
When all our trust to him hath drawn so
much blood from our friends.
My glory, nor my brother's wreak, were
the proposed ends,

For which he drew you to these toils, but
your whole country's shame,
Which had been huge to bear the rape of
so divine a dame,
Made in despite of our revenge. And yet
not that had moved
Our powers to these designs, if Jove had
not our drifts approved;
Which since we see he did for blood, 'tis
desperate fight in us
To strive with him; then let us fly; 'tis
flight he urgeth thus."
Long time still silence held them all; at
last did Diomed rise: *
"Atrides, I am first must cross
thy indiscreet advice,
As may become me, being a
king, in this our martial
court.
Be not displeas'd then; for thyself didst
broadly misreport
In open field my fortitude, and call'd me
faint and weak,
Yet I was silent, knowing the time; loth
any rites to break
That appertain'd thy public rule; yet all
the Greeks knew well,
Of every age, thou didst me wrong. As
thou then didst refell
My valour first of all the host, as of a man
dismay'd;
So now, with fit occasion given, I first
blame thee afraid.
Inconstant Saturn's son hath given inconstant
spirits to thee, [degree;
And, with a sceptre over all, an eminent
But with a sceptre's sovereign grace, the
chief power, fortitude
(To bridle thee), he thought not best thy
breast should be endued.
Unhappy king, think'st thou the Greeks
are such a silly sort,
And so excessive impotent, as thy weak
words import?
If thy mind move thee to be gone, the way
is open, go;
Mycenian ships enow ride near, that
brought thee to this woe;
The rest of Greece will stay, nor stir till
Troy be overcome
With full eversion; or if not, but (doters of
their home)

* Diomed
takes fit time
to answer his
wrong done
by Agamemnon
in the
fourth book.

Will put on wings to fly with thee ; myself
and Sthenelus

Will fight till (trusting favouring Jove) we
bring home Troy with us.*

This all applauded, and admired the
spirit of Diomed ;

When Nestor, rising from the rest, his
speech thus seconded :

“ Tydides, thou art, questionless, our
strongest Greek in war, [equal are
And gravest in thy counsels too, of all that
In place with thee, and stand on strength ;
nor is there any one

Can blame, or contradict thy speech ; and
yet thou hast not gone

So far, but we must further go. Thou’rt
young, and well might’st be

My youngest son, though still I yield thy
words had high degree

Of wisdom in them to our king ; since well
they did become

Their right in question, and refute in-
glorious going home.

But I (well-known thy senior far) will
speak, and handle all

Yet to propose, which none shall check ;
no, not our general.

A hater of society, unjust, and wild, is he
That loves intestine war, being stuff’d with
manless cruelty.

And therefore in persuading peace, and
home-flight, we the less

May blame our general, as one loth to
wrap in more distress

His loved soldiers : but because they
bravely are resolved

To cast lives after toils, before they part
in shame involved ;

Provide we for our honour’d stay ; obey
black night, and fall

Now to our suppers ; then appoint our
guards without the wall,

And in the bottom of the dike ; which
guards I wish may stand

Of our brave youth. And, Atreus’ son,
since thou art in command

Before our other kings, be first in thy
command’s effect.

It well becomes thee ; since ’tis both what
all thy peers expect,

* Continued thus in the edition of 1598 :—

And lest this madness seem, observe what reasons
I pursue :

We fight with love of Jove, with which one man
may worlds subdue.”

This speech was liked, which Nestor mark’d,
who like a right old man

Would fain prefer his graver years ; and there-
fore thus began :—

And in the royal right of things is no
impair to thee.

Nor shall it stand with less than right, that
they invited be

To supper by thee ; all thy tents are amply
stored with wine,

Brought daily in Greek ships from Thrace ;
and to this grace of thine

All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of
men to wait ;

And, many meeting there, thou mayst
hear every man’s conceit,

And take the best. It much concerns all
Greeks to use advice [our enemies

Of gravest natures, since so near our ships
Have lighted such a sort of fires, with
which what man is joy’d ?

Look, how all bear themselves this night
so live, or be destroy’d.”

All heard, and follow’d his advice.
There was appointed then

Seven captains of the watch, who forth
did march with all their men.

The first was famous Thrasymed, adviceful
Nestor’s son ; [Merion ;

Ascalaphus ; and Ialmen ; and mighty
Alphareus ; and Deipyrus ; and lovely

Lycomed, [an hundred soldiers led,
Old Creon’s joy. These seven bold lords

In every sever’d company, and every man
his pike,

Some placed on the rampire’s top, and
some amidst the dike.

All fires made, and their suppers took.
Atrides to his tent [sufficient

Invited all the peers of Greece, and food
Apposed before them, and the peers ap-
posed their hands to it.

Hunger and thirst being quickly quench’d,
to counsel still they sit.

And first spake Nestor, who they thought
of late advised so well,

A father grave, and rightly wise, who thus
his tale did tell :

“ Most high Atrides, since in thee I
have intent to end,

From thee will I begin my speech, to
whom Jove doth commend

The empire of so many men, and puts into
thy hand [mayst well command

A sceptre, and establish’d laws, that thou
And counsel all men under thee. It there-
fore doth behave

Thyself to speak most, since of all, thy
speeches most will move ;

And yet to hear, as well as speak ; and
then perform as well

A free just counsel ; in thee still must stick
what others tell.

For me, what in my judgment stands the most convenient
 I will advise, and am assured advice more competent
 Shall not be given; the general proof, that hath before been made
 Of what I speak, confirms me still, and now may well persuade,
 Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou, most royal king,
 Even from the tent, Achilles' love didst violently bring,
 Against my counsel, urging thee by all means to relent; [venture the event,
 But you, obeying your high mind, would Dishonouring our ablest Greek, a man th' immortals grace. [now embrace
 Again yet let's deliberate, to make him Affection to our general good, and bring his force to field;
 Both which kind words and pleasing gifts must make his virtues yield."
 "O father," answered the king, "my wrongs thou tell'st me right.
 Mine own offence mine own tongue grants: one man must stand in fight
 For our whole army; him I wrong'd; him Jove loves from his heart,
 He shows it in thus honouring him; who, living thus apart,
 Proves us but number, for his want makes all our weakness seen.
 Yet after my confess'd offence, soothing my humorous spleen,
 I'll sweeten his affects again with presents infinite, [openly recite:
 Which, to approve my firm intent, I'll Seven sacred tripods free from fire; ten talents of fine gold;
 Twenty bright caldrons; twelve young horse, well-shaped, and well controll'd,
 And victors too, for they have won the prize at many a race,
 That man should not be poor that had but what their winged pace
 Hath added to my treasury, nor feel sweet gold's defect. [were the most select,
 Seven Lesbian ladies he shall have, that And in their needles rarely skill'd, whom, when he took the town
 Of famous Lesbos, I did choose; who won the chief renown
 For beauty from their whole fair sex; amongst whom I'll resign [of mine
 Fair Briseis, and I deeply swear (for any fact That may discourage her receipt) she is untouch'd, and rests
 As he resign'd her. To these gifts (if Jove to our requests
 Vouchsafe performance, and afford the work, for which we wait,
 Of winning Troy) with brass and gold he shall his navy freight:
 And, entering when we be at spoil, that princely hand of his
 Shall choose him twenty Trojan dames, excepting Tyndaris,
 The fairest Pergamus enfolds; and, if we make retreat
 To Argos, call'd of all the world the Navel, or chief seat,
 He shall become my son-in-law, and I will honour him
 Even as Orestes, my sole son, that doth in honours swim.
 Three daughters in my well-built court unmarried are, and fair;
 Laodice, Chrysothemis, that hath the golden hair,
 And Iphianassa; of all three the worthiest let him take
 All jointureless to Peleus' court; I will her jointure make,
 And that so great as never yet did any maid prefer. [on her;
 Seven cities right magnificent, I will bestow Enope, and Cardamyle, Hira for herbs renown'd,
 The fair Æpea, Pegasus that doth with grapes abound,
 Antea girdled with green meads, Phera, surnamed Divine;
 All whose bright turrets on the seas, in sandy Fylos shine.
 Th' inhabitants in flocks and herds are wondrous confluent,
 Who like a God will honour him, and him with gifts present,
 And to his throne will contribute what tribute he will rate.
 All this I gladly will perform, to pacify his hate.
 Let him be mild and tractable; 'tis for the God of ghosts
 To be unrul'd, implacable, and seek the blood of hosts,
 Whom therefore men do much abhor; then let him yield to me,
 I am his greater, being a king, and more in years than he."
 "Brave king," said Nestor, "these rich gifts must make him needs relent.
 Choose then fit legates instantly to greet him at his tent.
 But stay; admit my choice of them, and let them straight be gone.
 Jove-loved Phoenix shall be chief, then Ajax Telamon,

And prince Ulysses ; and on them let these
two heralds wait,
Grave Odus and Eurybates. Come, lords,
take water straight,

Make pure your hands, and with sweet
words appease Achilles' mind,
Which we will pray the king of Gods may
gently make inclined."

All liked his speech ; and on their hands
the heralds water shed,
The youths crown'd cups of sacred wine to
all distributed.

But having sacrificed, and drunk to every
man's content,

With many notes by Nestor given, the
legates forward went.

With courtship in fit gestures used, he did
prepare them well,

But most Ulysses, for his grace did not so
much excel.

Such rites be seem ambassadors ; and
Nestor urged these,

That their most honours might reflect en-
raged Æacides.

They went along the shore, and pray'd the
God that earth doth bind

In brackish chains, they might not fail,
but bow his mighty mind.

The quarter of the Myrmidons they
reach'd, and found him set

Delighted with his solemn harp, which
curiously was fret

With works conceited, through the verge ;
the bawdrick that embraced

His lofty neck was silver twist ; this, when
his hand laid waste

Ætion's city, he did choose as his especial
prize, [exercise.

And, loving sacred music well, made it his
To it he sung the glorious deeds of great
heroes dead,

And his true mind, that practice fail'd,
sweet contemplation fed.

With him alone, and opposite, all silent sat
his friend,

Attentive, and beholding him, who now his
song did end.

Th' ambassadors did forwards press, re-
nown'd Ulysses led,

And stood in view. Their sudden sight his
admiration bred,

Who with his harp and all arose ; so did
Menoetius' son

When he beheld them : their receipt
Achilles thus begun :

"Health to my lords : right welcome
men, assure yourselves ye be :

Though some necessity, I know, doth make
you visit me,

Incensed with just cause 'gainst the Greeks."

This said, a several seat
With purple cushions he set forth, and did
their ease intreat,

And said : "Now, friend, our greatest
bowl, with wine unmix'd and neat,

Appose these lords, and of the depth let
every man make proof,

These are my best-esteem'd friends, and
underneath my roof."

Patroclus did his dear friend's will ; and
he that did desire

To cheer the lords, come faint from fight,
set on a blazing fire

A great brass pot, and into it a chine of
mutton put,

And fat goat's flesh. Automedon held,
while he pieces cut,

To roast and boil, right cunningly ; then of
a well-fed swine [it wondrous fine.

A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits
His good friend made a goodly fire ; of
which the force once past,

He laid the spit low, near the coals, to make
it brown at last,

Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and
took it from the racks.

This roasted and on dresser set, his friend
Patroclus takes

Bread in fair baskets ; which set on, Achilles
brought the meat, [seat

And to divinest Ithacus took his opposed
Upon the bench. Then did he will his
friend to sacrifice,

Who cast sweet incense in the fire to all the
deities.

Thus fell they to their ready food : hunger
and thirst allay'd, [they stay'd

Ajax to Phœnix made a sign, as if too long
Before they told their legacy. Ulysses saw
him wink,

And, filling the great bowl with wine, did
to Achilles drink :

"Health to Achilles : but our plights
stand not in need of meat,

Who late supp'd at Atrides' tent, though
for thy love we eat

Of many things, whereof a part would make
a complete feast.

Nor can we joy in these kind rites, that
have our hearts oppress'd,

O prince, with fear of utter spoil. 'Tis
made a question now,

If we can save our fleet or not, unless thy-
self endow

Thy powers with wonted fortitude. Now
Troy and her consorts,

Bold of thy want, have pitch'd their tents
close to our fleet and forts,

And made a firmament of fires ; and now no
 more, they say,
 Will they be prison'd in their walls, but
 force their violent way
 Even to our ships ; and Jove himself hath
 with his lightnings show'd
 Their bold adventures happy signs ; and
 Hector grows so proud
 Of his huge strength, borne out by Jove,
 that fearfully he raves,
 Presuming neither men nor Gods can
 interrupt his braves.
 Wild rage invades him, and he prays that
 soon the sacred morn
 Would light his fury ; boasting then our
 streamers shall be torn,
 And all our naval ornaments fall by his
 conquering stroke,
 Our ships shall burn, and we ourselves lie
 stifled in the smoke.
 And I am seriously afraid, heaven will
 perform his threats,
 And that 'tis fatal to us all, far from our
 native seats,
 To perish in victorious Troy. But rise,
 though it be late,
 Deliver the afflicted Greeks from Troy's
 tumultuous hate.
 It will hereafter be thy grief, when no
 strength can suffice [calamities.
 To remedy th' effected threats of our
 Consider these affairs in time, while thou
 mayst use thy power,
 And have the grace to turn from Greece
 fate's unrecover'd hour.
 O friend, thou know'st thy royal sire fore-
 warn'd what should be done,
 That day he sent thee from his court to
 honour Atreus' son :
 'My son,' said he, 'the victory let Jove and
 Pallas use
 At their high pleasures, but do thou no
 honour'd means refuse
 That may advance her. In fit bounds con-
 tain thy mighty mind,
 Nor let the knowledge of thy strength be
 factiously inclined,
 Contriving mischiefs. Be to fame and
 general good profess'd.
 The more will all sorts honour thee :
 Benignity is best.'
 Thus charged thy sire, which thou forgett'st :
 yet now those thoughts appease,
 That torture thy great spirit with wrath ;
 which if thou wilt surcease,
 The king will merit it with gifts ; and, if
 thou wilt give ear,
 I'll tell how much he offers thee, yet thou
 sitt'st angry here :

Seven tripods that no fire must touch ;
 twice ten pans, fit for flame ;
 Ten talents of fine gold ; twelve horse that
 ever overcame,
 And brought huge prizes from the field,
 with swiftness of their feet ;
 That man should bear no poor account,
 nor want gold's quickening sweet,
 That had but what he won with them ;
 seven worthiest Lesbian dames,
 Renown'd for skill in housewifery, and bear
 the sovereign fames
 For beauty from their general sex, which,
 at thy overthrow
 Of well-built Lesbos, he did choose ; and
 these he will bestow ;
 And with these her he took from thee,
 whom, by his state, since then,
 He swears he touch'd not, as fair dames
 use to be touch'd by men.
 All these are ready for thee now. And, if
 at length we take,
 By help of Gods, this wealthy town, thy
 ships shall burthen make
 Of gold and brass at thy desires, when we
 the spoil divide ;
 And twenty beauteous Trojan dames thou
 shalt select beside,
 Next Helen, the most beautiful ; and, when
 return'd we be [honour thee
 To Argos, be his son-in-law, for he will
 Like his Orestes, his sole son, maintain'd
 in height of bliss.
 Three daughters beautify his court, the
 fair Chrysothemis,
 Laodice, and Iphianesse ; of all the fairest
 take
 To Peleus thy grave father's court, and
 never jointure make ;
 He will the jointure make himself, so great
 as never sire
 Gave to his daughter's nuptials ; seven
 cities left entire ;
 Cardamyle, and Enope, and Hira full of
 flowers,
 Anthæa for sweet meadows praised, and
 Phera deck'd with towers,
 The bright Epea, Pedasus that doth God
 Bacchus please ;
 All, on the sandy Pylos' soil, are seated
 near the seas ;
 Th' inhabitants in droves and flocks ex-
 ceeding wealthy be,
 Who, like a God, with worthy gifts will
 gladly honour thee,
 And tribute of especial rate to thy high
 sceptre pay.
 All this he freely will perform, thy anger
 to allay.

But if thy hate to him be more than his
 gifts may repress,
 Yet pity all the other Greeks, in such
 extreme distress,
 Who with religion honour thee ; and to
 their desperate ill
 Thou shalt triumphant glory bring ; and
 Hector thou mayst kill,
 When pride makes him encounter thee,
 fill'd with a baneful sprite,
 Who vaunts our whole fleet brought not
 one, equal to him in fight."

Swift-foot Æacides replied : " Divine
 Laertes' son,
 'Tis requisite I should be short, and show
 what place hath won
 Thy serious speech, affirming nought but
 what you shall approve
 Establish'd in my settled heart, that in
 the rest I move
 No murmur nor exception ; for, like hell
 mouth I loathe,
 Who holds not in his words and thoughts
 one indistinguish'd troth.
 What fits the freeness of my mind, my
 speech shall make display'd :
 Nor Atreus' son, nor all the Greeks, shall
 win me to their aid ;
 Their suit is wretchedly enforced, to free
 their own despair,
 And my life never shall be hired with thank-
 less desperate prayers ;
 For never had I benefit, that ever foil'd the
 foe ; [he to field doth go ;
 Even share hath he that keeps his tent, and
 With equal honour cowards die, and men
 most valiant,
 The much performer, and the man that
 can of nothing vaunt.
 No overplus I ever found, when, with my
 mind's most strife
 To do them good, to dangerous fight I
 have exposed my life.
 But even as to unfeather'd birds the careful
 dam brings meat,
 Which when she hath bestow'd, herself
 bath nothing left to eat ;
 So, when my broken sleeps have drawn
 the nights t' extremest length,
 And ended many bloody days with still-
 employed strength,
 To guard their weakness, and preserve
 their wives' contents infract,
 I have been robb'd before their eyes :
 twelve cities I have sack'd
 Assail'd by sea, eleven by land, while this
 siege held at Troy ;
 And of all these, what was most dear, and
 most m'ght crown the joy

Of Agamemnon, he enjoy'd, who here
 behind remain'd ;
 Which when he took, a few he gave, and
 many things retain'd,
 Other to optimates and kings he gave, who
 hold them fast,
 Yet mine he forceth ; only I sit with my
 loss disgraced.
 But so he gain a lovely dame, to be his
 bed's delight,
 It is enough ; for what cause else do
 Greeks and Trojans fight ?
 Why brought he hither such an host ?
 was it not for a dame ?
 For fair-hair'd Helen ? And doth love
 alone the hearts inflame
 Of the Atrides to their wives, of all the
 men that move ?
 Every discreet and honest mind cares for
 his private love,
 As much as they ; as I myself loved Briseis
 as my life, [her for my wife.
 Although my captive, and had will to take
 Whom since he forced, preventing me, in
 vain he shall prolong
 Hopes to appease me, that know well the
 deepness of my wrong.
 But, good Ulysses, with thyself, and all
 you other kings,
 Let him take stomach to repel Troy's fiery
 threatenings.
 Much hath he done without my help, built
 him a goodly fort,
 Cut a dike by it, pitch'd with pales, broad
 and of deep import ;
 And cannot all these helps repress this
 kill-man Hector's fright ?
 When I was arm'd amongst the Greeks, he
 would not offer fight
 Without the shadow of his walls ; but to
 the Scæan ports,
 Or to the holy beech of Jove, come back'd
 with his consorts ;
 Where once he stood my charge alone, and
 hardly made retreat,
 And to make new proof of our powers, the
 doubt is not so great.
 To-morrow then, with sacrifice perform'd
 t' imperial Jove
 And all the Gods, I'll launch my fleet, and
 all my men remove ;
 Which (if thou wilt use so thy sight, o
 think'st it worth respect)
 In forehead of the morn, thine eyes shall
 see, with sails erect
 Amidst the fishy Hellespont, help'd wit
 laborious oars.
 And if the sea-god send free sail, th
 fruitful Phthian shores

Within three days we shall attain, where I
 have store of prize
 Left, when with prejudice I came to these
 indignities.
 There have I gold as well as here, and
 store of ruddy brass,
 Dames slender, elegantly girt, and steel as
 bright as glass.
 These will I take as I retire, as shares I
 firmly save,
 Though Agamemnon be so base to take
 the gifts he gave.
 Tell him all this, and openly, I on your
 honours charge,
 That others may take shame to hear his
 lusts command so large,
 And, if there yet remain a man he hopeth
 to deceive
 (Being dyed in endless impudence) that
 man may learn to leave
 His trust and empire. But alas, though,
 like a wolf he be,
 Shameless and rude, he durst not take my
 prize, and look on me.
 I never will partake his works, nor counsels,
 as before, [shall never more
 He once deceived and injured me, and he
 Tye my affections with his words. Enough
 is the increase
 Of one success in his deceits; which let
 him joy in peace,
 And bear it to a wretched end. Wise Jove
 hath reft his brain
 To bring him plagues, and these his gifts
 I, as my foes, disdain.
 Ev'n in the numbness of calm death I will
 revengeful be,
 Though ten or twenty times so much he
 would bestow on me,
 All he hath here, or anywhere, or
 Orchomen contains,
 To which men bring their wealth for
 strength; or all the store remains
 In circuit of Egyptian Thebes, where
 much hid treasure lies,
 Whose walls contain an hundred ports, of
 so admired a size,
 Two hundred soldiers may a-front with
 horse and chariots pass.
 Nor, would he amplify all his like sand,
 or dust, or grass,
 Should he reclaim me, till his wreak paid
 me for all the pains
 That with his contumely burn'd, like
 poison, in my veins.
 Nor shall his daughter be my wife, al-
 though she might contend
 With golden Venus for her form; or if she
 did transcend

Blue-eyed Minerva for her works; let him
 a Greek select [Gods protect
 Fit for her, and a greater king. For if the
 My safety to my father's court, he shall
 choose me a wife. [peached life
 Many fair Achive princesses of unim-
 In Helle and in Phthia live, whose sires
 do cities hold,
 Of whom I can have whom I will. And,
 more an hundredfold
 My true mind in my country likes to take
 a lawful wife [my life
 Than in another nation; and there delight
 With those goods that my father got,
 much rather than die here.
 Not all the wealth of well-built Troy,
 possess'd when peace was there,
 All that Apollo's marble fane in stony
 Pythos holds,
 I value equal with the life that my free
 breast enfolds.
 Sheep, oxen, tripods, crest-deck'd horse,
 though lost, may come again,
 But when the white guard of our teeth no
 longer can contain
 Our human soul, away it flies, and, once
 gone, never more
 To her frail mansion any man can her lost
 powers restore.*
 And therefore since my mother-queen,
 famed for her silver feet,
 Told me two fates about my death in my
 direction meet:

* More an hundred-fold.

My true mind in my country likes to my
 love
 Where the same stars have influence, the self-
 same air doth move,
 That may engender like affects, and to one end
 conduce
 Two that are one, and take a wife, without all
 laws' abuse
 Equal in honour; all consents inclining to our
 joys,
 That should by holy rites of kind, be partners in
 our choice.
 Thus my old father's well-got wealth shall well
 delight my youth
 Not match'd for pomp: the high are proud, rich
 are not rich in truth:
 Nor all the wealth Troy held before the arms
 she now enfolds;
 Nor what Apollo's stony fane in rocky Pythos
 holds,
 I value equal to my life, spent with a pleasant
 mind;
 Oxen, sheep, trevets, crest-deck'd horse, fortune
 or strength may find:
 But of an human soul no prize nor conquest can
 be made,
 When the white formers of his speech are forced
 to let it fade. 1598.

The one, that, if I here remain t' assist our victory,

My safe return shall never live, my fame shall never die ;

If my return obtain success, much of my fame decays, [live many days.

But death shall linger his approach, and I This being reveal'd, 'twere foolish pride, t' abridge my life for praise.

Then with myself, I will advise others to hoise their sail,

For, 'gainst the height of Iliou you never shall prevail :

Jove with his hand protecteth it, and makes the soldiers bold.

This tell the King in every part, for so grave legates should,

That they may better counsels use, to save their fleet and friends

By their own valours ; since this course, drown'd in my anger, ends.

Phoenix may in my tent repose, and in the morn steer course

For Phthia, if he think it good ; if not, I'll use no force."

All wonder'd at his stern reply ; and Phoenix, full of fears

His words would be more weak than just, supplied their wants with tears :

" If thy return incline thee thus, Peleus' renowned joy,

And thou wilt let our ships be burn'd with harmful fire of Troy,

Since thou art angry, O my son, how shall I after be [quished by thee ?

Alone in these extremes of death, relin-

I, whom thy royal father sent as orderer of thy force, [thee for this course,

When to Atrides from his court he left Yet young, and when in skill of arms thou

didst not so abound,

Nor hadst the habit of discourse, that makes men so renown'd.

In all which I was set by him, t' instruct thee as my son,

That thou might'st speak, when speech was fit ; and do, when deeds were done ;

Not sit as dumb, for want of words ; idle, for skill to move.

I would not then be left by thee, dear son, begot in love,

No, not if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time

Carved in my bosom and my brows, and grace me with the prime

Of manly youth, as when at first I left sweet Helle's shore

Deck'd with fair dames, and fled the grudge my angry father bore ;

Who was the fair Amyntor call'd, sur-named Ormenides,*

And for a fair-hair'd harlot's sake, that his affects could please,

Contemn'd my mother, his true wife, who ceaseless urged me [clasp my knee

To use his harlot Clytia, and still would To do her will ; that so my sire might turn his love to hate [fort her estate.

Of that lewd dame, converting it to com- At last I was content to prove to do my

mother good,

And reconcile my father's love ; who straight suspicious stood,

Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies pray'd

No dame might love, nor bring me seed : the deities obey'd

That govern hell ; infernal Jove, and stern Persephone. [stern father be.

Then durst I in no longer date with my Yet did my friends and near allies enclose me with desires

Not to depart ; kill'd sheep, boars, beeves ; roast them at solemn fires ;

And from my father's tuns we drunk exceeding store of wine.

Nine nights they guarded me by turns, their fires did ceaseless shine,

One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portal one,

Before my chamber ; but when day beneath the tenth night shone,

I brake my chamber's thick-framed doors, and through the hall-guard pass'd,

Unseen of any man or maid. Through Greece then, rich and vast,

I fled to Phthia, nurse of sheep, and came to Peleus' court ; [gracious sort

Who entertain'd me heartily, and in as As any sire his only son, born when his

strength is spent,

And bless'd with great possessions to leave to his descent.

He made me rich, and to my charge did much command commend.

I dwelt in th' utmost region rich Phthia doth extend,

And govern'd the Dolopians, and made thee what thou art,

O thou that like the Gods art framed : since, dearest to my heart,

I used thee so, thou loved'st none else ; nor anywhere wouldst eat,

Till I had crown'd my knee with thee, and carved thee tenderest meat,

* *Morem senum observat, qui de præteritis libenter solent meminisse.*

And given thee wine so much, for love,
 that, in thy infancy (continual eye)
 (Which still discretion must protect, and a
 My bosom lovingly sustain'd the wine thine
 could not bear.
 Then, now my strength needs thine as
 much, be mine to thee as dear.
 Much have I suffer'd for thy love, much
 labour'd, wished much,
 Thinking, since I must have no heir (the
 Gods' decrees are such)
 I would adopt thyself my heir : to thee
 my heart did give [I hoped to live.
 What any sire could give his son : in thee
 O mitigate thy mighty spirits : it fits not
 one that moves
 The hearts of all, to live unmoved, and
 succour hates for loves.
 The Gods themselves are flexible ; whose
 virtues, honours, powers,
 Are more than thine ; yet they will bend
 their breasts as we bend ours.
 Perfumes, benign devotions, savours of
 offerings burn'd,
 And holy rites, the engines are with which
 their hearts are turn'd,
 By men that pray to them ; whose faiths
 their sins have falsified.
 For prayers are daughters of great Jove,
 lame, wrinkled, ruddy-eyed,
 And ever following injury, who, strong and
 sound of feet,
 Flies through the world, afflicting men.
 Believing prayers yet
 (To all that love that seed of Jove), the
 certain blessing get
 To have Jove hear, and help them too ;
 but if he shall refuse,
 And stand inflexible to them, they fly to
 Jove, and use
 Their powers against him ; that the wrongs
 he doth to them may fall
 On his own head, and pay those pains
 whose cure he fails to call.
 Then, great Achilles, honour thou this
 sacred seed of Jove,
 And yield to them, since other men of
 greatest minds they move.
 If Agamemnon would not give the selfsame
 gifts he vows, [bent brows
 But offer others afterwards, and in his still-
 Entomb his honour and his word, I would
 not thus exhort,
 With wrath appeas'd, thy aid to Greece,
 though plagued in heaviest sort ;
 But much he presently will give, and after
 yield the rest.
 T' assure which he hath sent to thee the
 men thou lovest best,
 And most renown'd of all the host, that
 they might soften thee.
 Then let not both their pains and prayers
 lost and despised be,
 Before which none could reprehend the
 tumult of thy heart,
 But now to rest inxpiate were much too
 rude a part.
 Of ancient worthies we have heard, when
 they were more displeas'd,
 To their high fames, with gifts and prayers
 they have been still appeas'd.
 For instance, I remember well a fact per-
 form'd of old,
 Which to you all, my friends, I'll tell : The
 Curets wars did hold
 With the well-fought Ætoliens, where
 mutual lives had end
 About the city Calydon. Th' Ætoliens
 did defend
 Their flourishing country, which to spoil
 the Curets did contend.
 Diana with the golden throne, with Oeneus
 much incens'd,
 Since with his plenteous land's first fruits
 she was not reverenc'd,
 (Yet other Gods, with hecatombs, had
 feasts, and she alone,
 Great Jove's bright daughter, left unserved,
 or by oblivion,
 Or undue knowledge of her dues) much
 hurt in heart she swore ;
 And she, enrag'd, excited much, she sent
 a sylvan boar
 From their green groves, with wounding
 tusks ; who usually did spoil
 King Oeneus' fields, his lofty woods laid
 prostrate on the soil,
 Rent by the roots trees fresh adorn'd with
 fragrant apple flowers.
 Which Meleager (Oeneus' son) slew, with
 assembled powers
 Of hunters, and of fiercest hounds, from
 many cities brought ;
 For such he was that with few lives his
 death could not be bought,
 Heaps of dead humans, by his rage, the
 funeral piles applied.
 Yet, slain at last, the Goddess stir'd about
 his head and hide,
 A wondrous tumult, and a war betwixt the
 Curets wrought [Meleager fought,
 And brave Ætoliens : all the while fierce
 Ill-fared the Curets ; near the walls none
 durst advance his crest,
 Though they were many : but when wrath
 inflam'd his haughty breast
 (Which oft the firm mind of the wise with
 passion doth infest)

Since 'twixt his mother-queen and him
 arose a deadly strife,
 He left the court, and privately lived with
 his lawful wife,
 Fair Cleopatra, female birth of bright
 Marpessa's pain, [did reign,
 And of Ideus; who of all terrestrial men
 At that time, king of fortitude, and for
 Marpessa's sake,
 'Gainst wanton Phœbus, king of flames,
 his bow in hand did take,
 Since he had ravish'd her, his joy; whom
 her friends after gave
 The surname of Alcyone, because they
 could not save
 Their daughter from Alcyone's fate. In
 Cleopatra's arms
 Lay Meleager, feeding on his anger, for
 the harms
 His mother pray'd might fall on him; who,
 for her brother slain
 By Meleager, grieved, and pray'd the Gods
 to wreak her pain,
 With all the horror could be pour'd upon
 her furious birth.
 Still knock'd she with her impious hands
 the many-feeding earth,
 To urge stern Pluto and his Queen t' in-
 cline their vengeful ears,
 Fell on her knees, and all her breast dew'd
 with her fiery tears,
 To make them massacre her son, whose
 wrath enraged her thus.
 Erinnys, wandering through the air, heard,
 out of Erebus,
 Prayers fit for her unpleas'd mind. Yet
 Meleager lay
 Obscured in fury. Then the bruit of the
 tumultuous fray
 Rung through the turrets as they scaled;
 then came th' Ætolian peers
 To Meleager with low suits, to rise and
 free their fears;
 Then sent they the chief priests of Gods,
 with offer'd gifts t' atone
 His differing fury, bade him choose, in
 sweet-soil'd Calydon,
 Of the most fat and yielding soil, what with
 an hundred steers
 Might in a hundred days be plough'd, half
 that rich vintage bears,
 And half of naked earth to plough; yet
 yielded not his ire.
 Then to his lofty chamber-door, ascends
 his royal sire
 With ruthless plaints, shook the strong
 bars; then came his sisters' cries;
 His mother then; and all intreat; yet
 still more stiff he lies;

His friends, most reverend, most esteem'd;
 yet none impression took,
 Till the high turrets where he lay, and his
 strong chamber, shook
 With the invading enemy, who now forced
 dreadful way [dismay,
 Along the city. Then his wife, in pitiful
 Besought him, weeping; telling him the
 miseries sustain'd
 By all the citizens, whose town the enemy
 had gain'd;
 Men slaughter'd; children bondslaves
 made; sweet ladies forced with lust;
 Fires climbing towers, and turning them
 to heaps of fruitless dust.
 These dangers soften'd his steel heart;
 up the stout prince arose,
 Indued his body with rich arms, and freed
 th' Ætolians' woes,
 His smother'd anger giving air; which
 gifts did not assuage,
 But his own peril. And because he did
 not disengage
 Their lives for gifts, their gifts he lost.
 But for my sake, dear friend,
 Be not thou bent to see our plights to these
 extremes descend,
 Ere thou assist us; be not so by thy ill
 angel turn'd
 From thine own honour. It were shame
 to see our navy burn'd,
 And then come with thy timeless aid. For
 offer'd presents, come,
 And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of
 celestial room.
 But if without these gifts thou fight, forced
 by thy private woe,
 Thou wilt be nothing so renown'd, though
 thou repel the foe."
 Achilles answer'd the last part of this
 oration thus:
 "Phoenix, renown'd and reverend, the
 honours urged on us
 We need not. Jove doth honour me, and
 to my safety sees,
 And will, whiles I retain a spirit, or can
 command my knees.
 Then do not thou with tears and woes im-
 passion my affects,
 Becoming gracious to my foe. Nor fits
 it the respects
 Of thy vow'd love to honour him that hath
 dishonour'd me,
 Lest such loose kindness lose his heart
 that yet is firm to thee.
 It were thy praise to hurt with me the
 hurter of my state,
 Since half my honour and my realm thou
 mayst participate.

Let these lords then return th' event, and
do thou here repose,
And, when dark sleep breaks with the day,
our counsels shall disclose
The course of our return or stay." This
said, he with his eye
Made to his friend a covert sign, to hasten
instantly
A good soft bed, that the old prince, soon
as the peers were gone,
Might take his rest; when, soldier-like,
brave Ajax Telamon
Spake to Ulysses, as with thought Achilles
was not worth
The high direction of his speech, that
stood so sternly forth
Unmoved with th' other orators, and spake,
not to appease
Pelides' wrath, but to depart. His argu-
ments were these:
"High-issued Laertiades, let us insist no
more
On his persuasion: I perceive the world
would end before
Our speeches' end in this affair. We must
with utmost haste
Return his answer, though but bad. The
peers are elsewhere placed,
And will not rise till we return. Great
Thetis' son hath stored
Proud wrath within him, as his wealth,
and will not be implored,
Rude that he is; nor his friends' love, re-
spects, do what they can,
Wherein past all, we honour'd him. O
unremorseful man,
Another for his brother slain, another for
his son, [hath done
Accepts of satisfaction; and he the deed
Lives in beloved society long after his
amends,
To which his foe's high heart, for gifts,
with patience condescends;
But thee a wild and cruel spirit the gods
for plague have given,
And for one girl, of whose fair sex we
come to offer seven,
The most exempt for excellence, and many
a better prize.
Then put a sweet mind in thy breast,
respect thy own allies,
Though others make thee not remiss: a
multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royal family, and our
supremest care
Is to be most familiar, and hold most love
with thee
Of all the Greeks, how great an host
soever here there be."

He answer'd: "Noble Telamon, prince
of our soldiers here,
Out of thy heart I know thou speak'st, and
as thou hold'st me dear;
But still as often as I think, how rudely I
was used, [good, refused,
And, like a stranger, for all rites, fit for our
My heart doth swell against the man, that
durst be so profane [private bane,
To violate his sacred place; not for my
But since wrack'd virtue's general laws he
shameless did infringe;
For whose sake I will loose the reins, and
give mine anger swinge,
Without my wisdom's least impeach. He
is a fool, and base,
That pities vice-plagued minds, when pain,
not love of right, gives place.
And therefore tell your king, my lords, my
just wrath will not care
For all his cares, before my tents and navy
charged are
By warlike Hector, making way through
flocks of Grecian lives,
Enlighten'd by their naval fire; but when
his rage arrives
About my tent, and sable bark, I doubt
not but to shield
Them and myself; and make him fly the
there strong bounded field."
This said, each one but kiss'd the cup,
and to the ships retired;
Ulysses first. Patroclus then the men and
maids required
To make grave Phœnix' bed with speed,
and see he nothing lacks:
They straight obey'd, and laid thereon the
subtile fruit of flax,
And warm sheep-fells for covering; and
there the old man slept, [station kept.
Attending till the golden Morn her usual
Achilles lay in th' inner room of his tent
richly wrought, [Lesbos brought,
And that fair lady by his side, that he from
Bright Diomeda, Phorbas' seed. Patroclus
did embrace
The beauteous Iphis, given to him, when
his bold friend did race
The lofty Syrus that was kept in Enyeus'
hold. [man with cups of gold
Now at the tent of Atreus' son, each
Received th' ambassadors return'd. All
cluster'd near to know
What news they brought; which first the
king would have Ulysses show:
"Say, most praiseworthy Ithacus, the
Grecians' great renown,
Will he defend us? or not yet will his
proud stomach down?"

<p>Ulysses made reply : " Not yet will he appeased be, But grows more wrathful, prizing light thy offer'd gifts and thee, And wills thee to consult with us, and take some other course To save our army and our fleet, and says, with all his force, The morn shall light him on his way to Phthia's wished soil, For never shall high-seated Troy be sack'd with all our toil ; Jove holds his hand 'twixt us and it : the soldiers gather heart. Thus he replies, which Ajax here can equally impart, And both these heralds : Phoenix stays, for so was his desire, To go with him, if he thought good ; if not, he might retire." All wonder'd he should be so stern ; at last bold Diomed spake :</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">" Would God, Atrides, thy request were yet to undertake ;</p>	<p>And all thy gifts unoffer'd him, he's proud enough beside, But this ambassage thou hast sent will make him burst with pride. But let us suffer him to stay, or go, at his desire, Fight when his stomach serves him best, or when Jove shall inspire. Meanwhile, our watch being strongly held, let us a little rest After our food ; strength lives by both, and virtue is their guest. Then, when the rosy-finger'd Morn holds out her silver light, Bring forth thy host, encourage all ; and be thou first in fight." The kings admired the fortitude, that so divinely moved The skilful horseman, Diomed, and his advice approved. Then with their nightly sacrifice each took his several tent, Where all received the sovereign gifts soft Somnus did present.</p>
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THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

omit

THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Atrides, watching, wake the other peers,
And (in the fort, consulting of their fears)
Two kings they send, most stout, and honour'd
most,
For royal scouts, into the Trojan host ;
Who meeting Dolon, Hector's bribed spy,
Take him, and learn how all the quarters lie.
He told them, in the Thracian regiment
Of rich King Rhesus, and his royal tent,
Striving for safety ; but they end his strife,
And rid poor Dolon of a dangerous life.
Then with digressive wiles they use their force
On Rhesus' life, and take his snowy horse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Kappa the night exploits applies :
Rhesus' and Dolon's tragedies.

THE other princes at their ships soft-
finger'd sleep did bind,
But not the General ; Somnus' silks bound
not his labouring mind,
That turn'd and return'd many thoughts.
And as quick lightnings* fly,
From well-deck'd Juno's sovereign, out of
the thicken'd sky,
Preparing some exceeding rain, or hail,
the fruit of cold,
Or down-like snow that suddenly makes
all the fields look old,
Or opes the gulfy mouth of war with his
ensulphur'd hand,
In dazzling flashes pour'd from clouds, on
any punish'd land ;
So from Atrides' troubled heart, through
his dark sorrows, flew
Redoubled sighs ; his entrails shook, as
often as his view
Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gild the
Phrygian shade,
And heard the sounds of fifes, and shawms,
and tumults soldiers made.
But when he saw his fleet and host kneel
to his care and love,
He rent his hair up by the roots as sacrifice
to Jove,

* These are the lightnings before snow, &c., that Scaliger's Criticus so unworthily taxeth ; citing the place falsely, as in the Third book's annotations, &c.

Burnt in his fiery sighs, still breathed out of
his glorious heart,
And first thought good to Nestor's care
his sorrows to impart,
To try if royal diligence, with his approved
advice,
Might fashion counsels to prevent their
threaten'd miseries.
So up he rose, attired himself, and to
his strong feet tied
Rich shoes, and cast upon his back a ruddy
lion's hide,
So ample it his ankles reach'd, then took
his royal spear.
Like him was Menelaus pierced with an
industrious fear,
Nor sat sweet slumber on his eyes, lest
bitter fates should quite
The Greeks' high favours, that for him
resolved such endless fight.
And first a freckled panther's hide hid his
broad back athwart ;
His head his brazen helm did arm ; his
able hand his dart ;
Then made he all his haste to raise his
brother's head as rare,
That he who most excell'd in rule might
help t' effect his care.
He found him, at his ship's crook'd stern,
adorning him with arms ;
Who joy'd to see his brother's spirits
awaked without alarms,
Well weighing th' importance of the time
and first the younger spake :
"Why, brother, are ye arming thus ;
is it to undertake
The sending of some venturous Greek, t'
explore the foe's intent ?
Alas, I greatly fear, not one will give
that work consent,
Exposed alone to all the fears that flow in
gloomy night.
He that doth this must know death well
in which ends every fright."
"Brother," said he, "in these affairs we
both must use advice,
Jove is against us, and accepts great
Hector's sacrifice.
For I have never seen, nor heard, in on
day, and by one,
So many high attempts well urged, as
Hector's power hath done

Against the hapless sons of Greece; being chiefly dear to Jove,
 And without cause, being neither fruit of any Goddess' love,
 Nor helpful God; and yet I fear the deepness of his hand,
 Ere it be razed out of our thoughts, will many years withstand.
 But, brother, hie thee to thy ships, and Idomen disease,
 With warlike Ajax; I will haste to grave Neleides,
 Exhorting him to rise, and give the sacred watch command,
 For they will specially embrace incitement at his hand;
 And now his son their captain is, and Idomen's good friend,
 Bold Merion, to whose discharge we did that charge commend."
 "Command'st thou then," his brother ask'd, "that I shall tarry here
 Attending thy resolved approach, or else the message bear,
 And quickly make return to thee?" He answer'd: "Rather stay,
 Lest otherwise we fail to meet, for many a different way
 Lies through our labyrinthian host. Speak ever as you go,
 Command strong watch, from sire to son urge all t' observe the foe;
 Familiarly, and with their praise, exciting every eye, [authority.
 Not with unseason'd violence of proud We must our patience exercise, and work ourselves with them,
 Jove in our births combined such cares to either's diadem."
 Thus he dismiss'd him, knowing well his charge before: he went
 Himself to Nestor, whom he found in bed within his tent,
 By him his damask cuirass hung, his shield, a pair of darts,
 His shining casque, his arming waist; in these he led the hearts
 Of his apt soldiers to sharp war, not yielding to his years.
 He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchful ears
 Untimely feet told some approach; he took his lance in hand,
 And spake to him: "Ho, what art thou that walk'st at midnight? stand.
 Is any wanting at the guards, or lack'st thou any peer?
 Speak, come not silent towards me; say, what intend'st thou here?"

He answer'd: "O Neleides, grave honour of our host,
 'Tis Agamemnon thou may'st know, whom Jove afflicteth most
 Of all the wretched men that live; and will, whilst any breath
 Gives motion to my toiled limbs, and bears me up from death.
 I walk the round thus, since sweet sleep cannot inclose mine eyes,
 Nor shut those organs care breaks ope for our calamities.
 My fear is vehement for the Greeks; my heart, the fount of heat,
 With his extreme affects made cold, without my breast doth beat;
 And therefore are my sinews strook with trembling; every part
 Of what my friends may feel hath act in my dispersed heart.
 But, if thou think'st of any course may to our good redound
 (Since neither thou thyself canst sleep), come, walk with me the round;
 In way whereof we may confer, and look to every guard;
 Lest watching long, and weariness with labouring so hard,
 Drown their oppressed memories of what they have in charge.
 The liberty we give the foe, alas, is over large,
 Their camp is almost mix'd with ours, and we have forth no spies
 To learn their drifts; who may perchance this night intend surprise."
 Grave Nestor answer'd: "Worthy king, let good hearts bear our ill:
 Jove is not bound to perfect all this busy Hector's will;
 But I am confidently given, his thoughts are much dismay'd [our aid,
 With fear lest our distress incite Achilles to And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours, with further pride.
 But I will gladly follow thee, and stir up more beside;
 Tydides, famous for his lance; Ulysses, Telamon,
 And bold Phyleus' valiant heir. Or else, if any one
 Would haste to call king Idomen, and Ajax, since their sail
 Lie so removed, with much good speed, it might our haste avail.
 But, though he be our honour'd friend, thy brother I will blame,
 Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter shame

He should commit all pains to thee, that should himself employ,
 Past all our princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy ;
 And be so far from needing spurs to these his due respects,
 He should apply our spirits himself, with prayers and urged affects.
 Necessity (a law to laws, and not to be endured)
 Makes proof of all his faculties, not sound if not inured."
 "Good father," said the king, "sometimes you know I have desired
 You would improve his negligence, too oft to ease retired.
 Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compass of his brain, [should abstain
 But with observing my estate, he thinks, he Till I commanded, knowing my place ; unwilling to assume,
 For being my brother, anything might prove he did presume.
 But now he rose before me far, and came t' avoid delays,
 And I have sent him for the man yourself desired to raise.
 Come, we shall find them at the guards we placed before the fort,
 For thither my direction was they should with speed resort."
 "Why now," said Nestor, "none will grudge, nor his just rule withstand.
 Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command."
 Thus put he on his arming truss, fair shoes upon his feet,
 About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meet,
 Of purple, large and full of folds, curl'd with a warmful nap,
 A garment that 'gainst cold in nights did soldiers use to wrap ;
 Then took he his strong lance in hand, made sharp with proved steel,
 And went along the Grecian fleet. First at Ulysses' keel
 He call'd, to break the silken fumes that did his senses bind.
 The voice through th' organs of his ears straight rung about his mind.
 Forth came Ulysses, asking him : "Why stir ye thus so late ?
 Sustain we such enforce cause ?" He answer'd, "Our estate
 Doth force this perturbation ; vouchsafe it, worthy friend,
 And come, let us excite one more, to counsel of some end

To our extremes, by fight, or flight." He back, and took his shield,
 And both took course to Diomed : they found him laid in field,
 Far from his tent ; his armour by ; about him was disspread
 A ring of soldiers, every man his shield beneath his head ;
 His spear fix'd by him as he slept, the great end in the ground,
 The point, that bristled the dark earth, cast a reflection round
 Like pallid lightning thrown from Jove ; thus this heroic lay, [head had stay
 And under him a big ox-hide ; his royal On arras hangings, rolled up ; whereon he slept so fast,
 That Nestor stir'd him with his foot, and chid to see him cast
 In such deep sleep, in such deep woes ; and ask'd him why he spent
 All night in sleep, or did not hear the Trojans near his tent ?
 Their camp drawn close upon their dike, small space 'twixt foes and foes ?
 He, starting up, said, "Strange old man, that never takest repose,
 Thou art too patient of our toil : have we not men more young,
 To be employ'd from king to king ? thine age hath too much wrong."
 "Said like a king," replied the sire, "for I have sons renown'd,
 And there are many other men, might go this toilsome round ;
 But, you must see, imperious Need hath all at her command.
 Now on the eager razor's edge,* for life or death, we stand.
 Then go (thou art the younger man) and if thou love my ease,
 Call swift-foot Ajax up thyself, and young Phyleides."
 This said, he on his shoulders cast a yellow lion's hide,
 Big, and reach'd earth ; then took his spear, and Nestor's will applied,
 Raised the heroes, brought them both. All met ; the round they went,
 And found not any captain there asleep or negligent,
 But waking, and in arms, gave ear to every lowest sound.
 And as keen dogs keep sheep in cotes, or folds of hurdles bound,

* Ἐπὶ ἔρυπθ' ἰσθραῖα ἀκμή. This went into a proverb, used by Theocritus, in *Dioscoria*, out of Homer.

And grin at every breach of air, envious
 of all that moves ;
 Still listening when the ravenous beast
 stalks through the hilly groves ;
 Then men and dogs stand on their guards,
 and mighty tumults make,
 Sleep wanting weight to close one wink ;
 so did the captains wake,
 That kept the watch the whole sad night,
 all with intentive ear
 Converted to the enemy's tents, that they
 might timely hear
 If they were stirring to surprise ; which
 Nestor joy'd to see.
 "Why so, dear sons, maintain your
 watch, sleep not a wink," said he,
 "Rather than make your fames the scorn
 of Trojan perjury."
 This said, he foremost pass'd the dike,
 the others seconded ;
 Even all the kings that had been call'd to
 council from the bed,
 And with them went Meriones, and Nes-
 tor's famous son ; [consultation.
 For both were call'd by all the kings to
 Beyond the dike they choos'd a place,
 near as they could from blood,
 Where yet appear'd the falls of some, and
 whence, the crimson flood
 Of Grecian lives being pour'd on earth by
 Hector's furious chase,
 He made retreat, when night repour'd
 grim darkness in his face.
 There sat they down, and Nestor spake :
 "O friends, remains not one
 That will rely on his bold mind, and view
 the camp alone,
 Of the proud Trojans, to approve if any
 straggl'g mate
 He can surprise near th' utmost tents, or
 learn the brief estate
 Of their intentions for the time, and mix
 like one of them [renown'd extreme
 With their outguards, expiscating if the
 They force on us will serve their turns,
 with glory to retire,
 Or still encamp thus far from Troy ? This
 may he well inquire,
 And make a brave retreat untouch'd ; and
 this would win him fame
 Of all men canopied with heaven, and
 every man of name
 In all this host shall honour him with an
 enriching meed,
 A black ewe and her sucking lamb (re-
 wards that now exceed
 All other best possessions, in all men's
 choice requests) ; [and royal feasts."
 And still be bidden by our kings to kind

All revered one another's worth ; and
 none would silence break,
 Lest worse should take best place of
 speech ; at last did Diomed speak :
 "Nestor, thou ask'st if no man here
 have heart so well inclined
 To work this stratagem on Troy? yes, I
 have such a mind.
 Yet, if some other prince would join, more
 probable will be
 The strengthen'd hope of our exploit:
 two may together see
 (One going before another still) sly danger
 every way ;
 One spirit upon another works, and takes
 with firmer stay
 The benefit of all his powers ; for though
 one knew his course,
 Yet might he well distrust himself, which
 th' other might enforce."
 This offer every man assumed ; all would
 with Diomed go ; [too ;
 The two Ajaces, Merion, and Menelaus
 But Nestor's son enforced it much ; and
 hardy Ithacus,
 Who had to every venturous deed a mind
 as venturous.
 Amongst all these thus spake the king :
 "Tydides, most beloved,
 Choose thy associate worthily ; a man the
 most approved
 For use and strength in these extremes.
 Many thou seest stand forth ;
 But choose not thou by height of place,
 but by regard of worth,
 Lest with thy nice respect of right to any
 man's degree,
 Thou wrong'st thy venture, choosing one
 least fit to join with thee,
 Although perhaps a greater king." This
 spake he with suspect
 That Diomed, for honour's sake, his
 brother would select.
 Then said Tydides : "Since thou givest
 my judgment leave to choose,
 How can it so much truth forget Ulysses
 to refuse,
 That bears a mind so most exempt, and
 vigorous in th' effect
 Of all high labours, and a man Pallas doth
 most respect ?
 We shall return through burning fire, if I
 with him combine,
 He sets strength in so true a course, with
 counsels so divine."
 Ulysses, loth to be esteem'd a lover of
 his praise,
 With such exceptions humbled him as did
 him higher raise ;

And said : " Tydides, praise me not more than free truth will bear,
 Nor yet inspire me ; they are Greeks that give judicial ear.
 But come, the morning hastes, the stars are forward in their course,
 Two parts of night are past, the third is left t' employ our force."
 Now borrow'd they for haste some arms: bold Thrasymedes lent
 Adventurous Diomed his sword (his own was at his tent),
 His shield, and helm tough and well-tann'd, without or plume or crest,
 And call'd a morion, archers' heads it used to invest.
 Meriones lent Ithacus his quiver and his bow,
 His helmet fashion'd of a hide ; the work-Much labour in it, quilting it with bow-strings, and without
 With snowy tusks of white-mouth'd boars 'twas armed round about
 Right cunningly, and in the midst an arming cap was placed,
 That with the fix'd ends of the tusks his head might not be rased.
 This, long since, by Autolyucus was brought from Eleon, [was Ormenus' son.
 When he laid waste Amyntor's house, that In Scandia, to Cytherius, surnamed Amphidamas,
 Autolyucus did give this helm ; he, when he feasted was
 By honour'd Molus, gave it him, as present of a guest ; [bequest.
 Molus to his son Merion did make it his
 With this Ulysses arm'd his head ; and thus they, both address'd,
 Took leave of all the other kings. To them a glad ostent,
 As they were entering on their way, Minerva did present,
 A bernshaw consecrate to her, which they could ill discern
 Through sable night ; but, by her clange, they knew it was a hern.
 Ulysses joy'd, and thus invoked : " Hear me, great seed of Jove,
 That ever dost my labours grace with presence of thy love,
 And all my motions dost attend : still love me, sacred dame,
 Especially in this exploit, and so protect our fame
 We both may safely make retreat, and thriftily employ
 Our boldness in some great affair baneful to them of Troy."

Then pray'd illustrate Diomed : " Vouchsafe me likewise ear,
 O thou unconquer'd Queen of arms : be with thy favours near,
 As to my royal father's steps, thou went'st a bounteous guide,
 When th' Achives and the peers of Thebes he would have pacified,
 Sent as the Greeks' ambassador, and left them at the flood
 Of great Æsopus ; whose retreat thou madest to swim in blood
 Of his enambush'd enemies ; and, if thou so protect [heifer most select,
 My bold endeavours, to thy name an That never yet was tamed with yoke, broad-fronted, one year old,
 I'll burn in zealous sacrifice, and set the horns in gold."
 The Goddess heard ; and both the kings their dreadless passage bore
 Through slaughter, slaughter'd carcasses, arms, and discolour'd gore.
 Nor Hector let his princes sleep, but all to council call'd,
 And ask'd, " What one is here will vow, and keep it unappall'd,
 To have a gift fit for his deed, a chariot and two horse,
 That pass for speed the rest of Greece ? What one dares take this course,
 For his renown, besides his gifts, to mix amongst the foe,
 And learn if still they hold their guards, or with this overthrow
 Determine flight, as being too weak to hold us longer war ?"
 All silent stood ; at last stood forth one Dolon, that did dare
 This dangerous work, Eumedes' heir, a herald much renown'd.
 This Dolon did in gold and brass exceedingly abound,
 But in his form was quite deform'd, yet passing swift to run ;
 Amongst five sisters, he was left Eumedes' only son.
 And he told Hector, his free heart would undertake t' explore
 The Greeks' intentions, " but," said he, " thou shalt be sworn before,
 By this thy sceptre, that the horse of great Æacides,
 And his strong chariot bound with brass, thou wilt (before all these)
 Resign me as my valour's prize ; and so I rest unmoved
 To be thy spy, and not return before I have approved

(By venturing to Atrides' ship, where their consults are held)

If they resolve still to resist, or fly as quite expell'd."

He put his sceptre in his hand, and call'd the thunder's God, Saturnia's husband, to his oath, those horse should not be rode

By any other man than he ; but he for ever joy

(To his renown) their services, for his good done to Troy.

Thus swore he, and forswore himself ; yet made base Dolon bold ;

Who on his shoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold

A white wolf's hide, and with a helm of weasels' skins did arm

His weasel's head, then took his dart, and never turn'd to harm

The Greeks with their related drifts ; but being past the troops

Of horse and foot, he promptly runs, and as he runs he stoops

To undermine Achilles' horse. Ulysses straight did see,

And said to Diomed : "This man makes footing towards thee,

Out of the tents. I know not well, if he be used as spy

Bent to our fleet, or come to rob the slaughter'd enemy.

But let us suffer him to come a little further on,

And then pursue him. If it chance, that By his more swiftness, urge him still to run upon our fleet,

And (lest he scape us to the town) still let thy javelin meet

With all his offers of retreat." Thus stepp'd they from the plain

Amongst the slaughter'd carcasses. Dolon came on amain,

Suspecting nothing ; but once past, as far as mules outdraw

Oxen at plough, being both put on, neither admitted law,

To plough a deep-soil'd furrow forth, so far was Dolon past.

Then they pursued ; which he perceived, and stay'd his speedless haste,

Subtly supposing Hector sent to countermand his spy ;

But, in a javelin's throw or less, he knew them enemy.

Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they pursued like wind.

As when a brace of greyhounds are laid in with bare or hind,

Close-mouth'd and skill'd to make the best of their industrious course,

Serve either's turn, and, set on hard, lose neither ground nor force ;

So constantly did Tydeus' son, and his town-razing peer,

Pursue this spy, still turning him, as he was winding near

His covert, till he almost mix'd with their out-courts of guard.

Then Pallas prompted Diomed, lest his due worth's reward

Should be impair'd if any man did vaunt he first did sheathe

His sword in him, and he be call'd but second in his death.

Then spake he, threatening with his lance :

"Or stay, or this comes on, And long thou canst not run before thou be by death outgone."

This said, he threw his javelin forth ; which miss'd as Diomed would,

Above his right arm making way, the pile stuck in the mould.

He stay'd and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head.

They came in blowing, seized him fast ; he, weeping, offered

A wealthy ransom for his life, and told them he had brass,

Much gold, and iron, that fit for use in many labours was,

From whose rich heaps his father would a wondrous portion give,

If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his son did live.

Ulysses bade him cheer his heart. "Think not of death," said he,

"But tell us true, why runn'st thou forth, when others sleeping be ?

Is it to spoil the carcasses ? or art thou choicely sent

T' explore our drifts ? or of thyself seek'st thou some wish'd event ?"

He trembling answer'd : "Much reward did Hector's oath propose,

And urged me, much against my will, t' endeavour to disclose

If you determin'd still to stay, or bent your course for flight,

As all dismay'd with your late foil, and wearied with the fight.

For which exploit, Pelides' horse and chariot he did swear,

I only ever should enjoy." Ulysses smiled

So base a swain have any hope so high a price t' aspire,

And said, his labours did affect a great and precious hire,

And that the horse Pelides rein'd no mortal hand could use
 But he himself, whose matchless life a Goddess did produce.
 "But tell us, and report but truth, where left'st thou Hector now?
 Where are his arms? his famous horse? on whom doth he bestow
 The watch's charge? where sleep the kings? intend they still to lie
 Thus near encamp'd, or turn sufficed with their late victory?"
 "All this," said he, "I'll tell most true. At Iliu's monument
 Hector with all our princes sits, t' advise of this event;
 Who choose that place removed, to shun the rude confused sounds
 The common soldiers throw about: but, for our watch and rounds,
 Whereof, brave lord, thou makest demand, none orderly we keep.
 The Trojans, that have roofs to save, only abandon sleep,
 And privately without command each other they exhort [this slender sort
 To make prevention of the worst; and in its watch and guard maintain'd with us: th' auxiliary bands
 Sleep soundly, and commit their cares into the Trojans' hands,
 For they have neither wives with them, nor children to protect;
 The less they need to care, the more they succour dull neglect."
 "But tell me," said wise Ithacus, "are all these foreign powers
 Appointed quarters by themselves, or else commix'd with yours?"
 "And this," said Dolon, "too, my lords, I'll seriously unfold,
 The Præons with the crooked bows, and Cares, quarters hold
 Next to the sea; the Leleges, and Caucons, join'd with them,
 And brave Pelasgians. Thymer's mead, removed more from the stream,
 Is quarter to the Lycians, the lofty Mysian force,
 The Phrygians and Meonians, that fight with armed horse.
 But what need these particulars? if ye intend surprise
 Of any in our Trojan camp, the Thracian quarter lies
 Utmost of all, and uncommix'd with Trojan regiments,
 That keep the voluntary watch: new pitch'd are all their tents.

King Rhesus, Eioneus' son, commands them, who hath steeds
 More white than snow; huge, and well-shaped; their fiery pace exceeds
 The winds in swiftness; these I saw; his chariot is with gold
 And pallid silver richly framed, and wondrous to behold;
 His great and golden armour is not fit a man should wear,
 But for immortal shoulders framed: come then, and quickly bear
 Your happy prisoner to your fleet; or leave him here fast bound,
 Till your well-urged and rich return prove my relation sound."
 Tydides dreadfully replied: "Think not of passage thus,
 Though of right acceptable news thou hast advertised us,
 Our hands are holds more strict than so; and should we set thee free
 For offer'd ransom, for this scape, thou still wouldst scouting be
 About our ships, or do us scathe in plain opposed arms, [thy harms."
 But, if I take thy life, no way can we repent
 With this, as Dolon reach'd his hand to use a suppliant's part,
 And stroke the beard of Diomed, he strook his neck athwart
 With his forced sword, and both the nerves he did in sander wound,
 And suddenly his head, deceived, fell speaking on the ground.
 His weasel's helm they took, his bow, his wolf's skin, and his lance,
 Which to Minerva Ithacus did zealously advance,
 With lifted arm into the air; and to her thus he spake:
 "Goddess, triumph in thine own spoils; to thee we first will make
 Our invocations, of all powers throned on th' Olympian hill;
 Now to the Thracians, and their horse, and beds, conduct us still."
 With this, he hung them up aloft upon a tamarisk bough
 As eye-ful trophies, and the sprigs that did about it grow
 He pruned from the leavy arms, to make it easier view'd
 When they should hastily retire, and be perhaps pursued.
 Forth went they through black blood and arms, and presently aspired
 The guardless Thracian regiment, fast bound with sleep, and tired;

Their arms lay by, and triple ranks they,
 as they slept, did keep,
 As they should watch and guard their king ;
 who, in a fatal sleep,
 Lay in the midst ; their chariot horse, as
 they coachfellows were,
 Fed by them ; and the famous steeds, that
 did their general bear,
 Stood next him, to the hinder part of his
 rich chariot tied.
 Ulysses saw them first, and said : " Tydides,
 I have spied
 The horse that Dolon, whom we slew,
 assured us we should see.
 Now use thy strength ; now idle arms are
 most unfit for thee ;
 Prise thou the horse ; or kill the guard, and
 leave the horse to me."
 Minerva, with the azure eyes, breathed
 strength into her king,
 Who fill'd the tent with mixed death :
 the souls, he set on wing,
 Issued in groans, and made air swell into
 her stormy flood.
 Horror and slaughter had one power ; the
 earth did blush with blood.
 As when a hungry lion flies, with purpose
 to devour,
 On flocks unkept, and on their lives doth
 freely use his power ;
 So Tydeus' son assail'd the foe ; twelve
 souls before him flew ; [he slew,
 Ulysses waited on his sword, and ever as
 He drew them by their strengthless heels
 out of the horses' sight,
 That, when he was to lead them forth,
 they should not with affright
 Boggle, nor snore, in treading on the
 bloody carcasses ;
 For being new come, they were unused to
 such stern sights as these.
 Through four ranks now did Diomed the
 king himself attain,
 Who, snoring in his sweetest sleep, was
 like his soldiers slain.
 An ill dream by Minerva sent that night
 stood by his head, [quer'd Diomed.
 Which was Oenides' royal son, uncon-
 Meanwhile Ulysses loosed his horse,
 took all their reins in hand,
 And led them forth ; but Tydeus' son did
 in contention stand
 With his great mind to do some deed of
 more audacity ;
 If he should take the chariot, where his
 rich arms did lie, [on his back,
 And draw it by the beam away, or bear it
 Or if, of more dull Thracian lives, he
 should their bosoms sack.

In this contention with himself, Minerva
 did suggest

And bade him think of his retreat ; lest
 from their tempted rest

Some other God should stir the foe, and
 send him back dismay'd.

He knew the voice, took horse, and fled :
 the Trojans' heavenly aid,

Apollo with the silver bow, stood no blind
 sentinel

To their secure and drowsy host, but did
 discover well

Minerva following Diomed ; and, angry
 with his act,

The mighty host of Ilium he enter'd, and
 awaked

The cousin-german of the king, a coun-
 sellor of Thrace, [the desert place,

Hippocoon ; who when he rose, and saw
 Where Rhesus' horse did use to stand,

and th' other dismal harms,
 Men struggling with the pangs of death,

he shriek'd out thick alarms,
 Call'd ' Rhesus ! Rhesus ! ' but in vain ;

then still, ' Arm ! arm ! ' he cried.
 The noise and tumult was extreme on

every startled side
 Of Troy's huge host ; from whence in

throngs all gather'd, and admired
 Who could perform such harmful facts,

and yet be safe retired.
 Now, coming where they slew the scout,

Ulysses stay'd the steeds,
 Tydides lighted, and the spoils, hung on

the tamarisk reeds,
 He took and gave to Ithacus, and up he

got again.
 Then flew they joyful to their fleet. Nestor

did first attain
 The sounds the horse-hoo's strook through

air, and said : " My royal peers,
 Do I but dote, or say I true? methinks

about mine ears
 The sounds of running horses beat. O

would to God they were
 Our friends thus soon return'd with spoils :

but I have hearty fear,
 Lest this high tumult of the foe doth their

distress intend."
 He scarce had spoke, when they were

come ; both did from horse descend :
 All, with embraces and sweet words, to

heaven their worth did raise.
 Then Nestor spake : " Great Ithacus,

even heap'd with Grecian praise,
 How have you made these horse your

prize? pierced you the dangerous host,
 Where such gems stand? or did some

God your high attempts accost,

And honour'd you with this reward?
 why, they be like the rays
 The Sun effuseth. I have mix'd with
 Trojans all my days ;
 And now, I hope you will not say, I
 always lie aboard,
 Though an old soldier I confess ; yet did
 all Troy afford [possess'd.
 Never the like to any sense that ever I
 But some good God, no doubt, hath met,
 and your high valours bless'd ;
 For he that shadows heaven with clouds
 loves both as his delights,
 And she that supples earth with blood can-
 not forbear your sights."
 Ulysses answer'd : " Honour'd sire, the
 willing Gods can give
 Horse much more worth than these men
 yield, since in more power they live.
 These horse are of the Thracian breed ;
 their king, Tydides slew,
 And twelve of his most trusted guard ; and
 of that meaner crew
 A scout for thirteenth man we kill'd, whom
 Hector sent to spy [fight or fly."
 The whole estate of our designs,* if bent to

* The whole existence of our drifts. 1598.

Thus, follow'd with whole troops of
 friends, they with applauses pass'd
 The spacious dike, and in the tent of
 Diomed they placed
 The horse without contention, as his deserv-
 ing's meed,
 Which, with his other horse set up, on
 yellow wheat did feed.
 Poor Dolon's spoils Ulysses had ; who
 shrined them on his stern,
 As trophies vow'd to her that sent the
 good-aboding hern.
 Then enter'd they the mere main sea, to
 cleanse their honour'd sweat
 From off their feet, their thighs and necks ;
 and, when their vehement heat
 Was calm'd, and their swoln hearts re-
 fresh'd, more curious baths they used,
 Where odorous and dissolving oils* they
 through their limbs diffused.
 Then, taking breakfast, a big bowl, fill'd
 with the purest wine,
 They offer'd to the maiden Queen, that hath
 the azure eyne.

* Odorous and relaxive oils. 1598.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ATRIDES and his other peers of name
Lead forth their men; whom Eris doth inflame.
Hector (by Iris' charge) takes deedless breath,
Whiles Agamemnon plies the work of death,
Who with the first bears his imperial head,
Himself, Ulysses, and king Diomed,
Eurypylos, and Æsculapius' son,
(Enforced with wounds) the furious skirmish
shun.
Which martial sight when great Achilles views,
A little his desire of fight renews;
And forth he sends his friend, to bring him
word
From old Neleides, what wounded lord
He in his chariot from the skirmish brought;
Which was Machaon. Nestor then besought
He would persuade his friend to wreak their
harms,
Or come himself, deck'd in his dreadful arms.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Lambda presents the General,
In fight the worthiest man of all.

AURORA out of restful bed did from bright
Tithon rise,
To bring each deathless essence light, and
use, to mortal eyes;
When Jove sent Eris to the Greeks, sus-
taining in her hand
Stern signs of her designs for war. She
took her horrid stand
Upon Ulysses' huge black bark, that did
at anchor ride
Amidst the fleet, from whence her sounds
might ring on every side,
Both to the tents of Telamon, and th'
authors of their smarts,
Who held, for fortitude and force, the
navy's utmost parts.
The red-eyed Goddess, seated there,
thunder'd the Orthian song,
High, and with horror, through the ears of
all the Grecian throng.
Her verse with spirits invincible did all
their breasts inspire,
Blew out all darkness from their limbs, and
set their hearts on fire;
And presently was bitter war more sweet a
thousand times,
Than any choice in hollow keels to greet
their native climes.

Atrides summon'd all to arms, to arms
himself disposed.
First on his legs he put bright greaves, with
silver buttons closed;
Then with rich cuirass arm'd his breast,
which Cinyras bestow'd
To gratify his royal guest; for even to
Cyprus flow'd
Th' unbounded fame of those designs the
Greeks proposed for Troy,
And therefore gave he him those arms, and
wish'd his purpose joy.
Ten rows of azure mix'd with black, twelve
golden like the sun,
Twice ten of tin, in beaten paths, did
through this armour run.
Three serpents to the gorget crept, that like
three rainbows shined,
Such as by Jove are fix'd in clouds, when
wonders are divined.
About his shoulders hung his sword;
whereof the hollow hilt
Was fashion'd all with shining bars, ex-
ceeding richly gilt;
The scabbard was of silver plate, with
golden hangers graced.
Then took he up his weighty shield, that
round about him cast
Defensive shadows; ten bright zones of
gold-affecting brass
Were driven about it; and of tin, as full
of gloss as glass,
Swell'd twenty bosses out of it; in centre
of them all
One of black metal had engraven (full of
extreme appal,
An ugly Gorgon, compassed with Terror
and with Fear.
At it a silver bawdrick hung, with which he
used to bear
Wound on his arm, his ample shield; and
in it there was woven
An azure dragon, curl'd in folds, from
whose one neck was cloven
Three heads contorted in an orb. Then
placed he on his head
His four-plumed casque; and in his hands
two darts he managed,
Arm'd with bright steel that blazed to
heaven. Then Juno, and the maid
That conquers empires, trumpets served to
summon out their aid

In honour of the General, and on a sable cloud,
 To bring them furious to the field, sate thundering out aloud.
 Then all enjoin'd their charioteers, to rank their chariot horse
 Close to the dike. Forth march'd the foot, whose front they did r'enforce
 With some horse troops. The battle then was all of charioteers,
 Lined with light horse. But Jupiter disturb'd this form with fears,
 And from air's upper region did bloody vapours rain,
 For sad ostent much noble life should ere their times be slain.
 The Trojan host at Ilius' tomb was in battalia led
 By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchises' seed
 Who god-like was esteem'd in Troy, by grave Antenor's race [mas
 Divine Agenor, Polybus, unmarried Aca-
 Proportion'd like the states of heaven. In front of all the field,
 Troy's great Priamides did bear his all-ways-equal shield,
 Still plying th' ordering of his power. And as amidst the sky
 We sometimes see an ominous star blaze clear and dreadfully,
 Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appear again ;
 So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vanguard, shining plain,
 Then in the rear-guard hid himself, and labour'd everywhere
 To order and encourage all ; his armour was so clear,
 And he applied each place so fast, that, like a lightning thrown
 Out of the shield of Jupiter, in every eye he shone.
 And as upon a rich man's crop of barley or of wheat,
 Opposed for swiftness at their work, a sort of reapers sweat,
 Bear down the furrows speedily, and thick their handfuls fall ;
 So at the joining of the hosts ran slaughter through them all ;
 None stoop'd to any fainting thought of foul inglorious flight,
 But equal bore they up their heads, and fared like wolves in fight.
 Stern Eris, with such weeping sights, rejoiced to feed her eyes,
 Who only shew'd herself in field, of all the Deities ;

The other in Olympus' tops sat silent, and repined
 That Jove to do the Trojans grace should bear so fix'd a mind.
 He cared not, but, enthroned apart, triumphant sat in sway
 Of his free power, and from his seat took pleasure to display
 The city so adorn'd with towers, the sea with vessels fill'd,
 The splendour of refugent arms, the killer and the kill'd.
 As long as bright Aurora ruled, and sacred day increased,
 So long their darts made mutual wounds, and neither had the best ;
 But when, in hill-environ'd vales, the timber-feller takes
 A sharp set stomach to his meat, and dinner ready makes,
 His sinews fainting, and his spirits become surcharged and dull ;
 Time of accustom'd ease arrived, his hands with labour full ;
 Then by their valours Greeks brake through the Trojan ranks, and cheer'd
 Their general squadrons through the host ; then first of all appear'd
 The person of the king himself ; and then the Trojans lost [host :
 Bianor by his royal charge, a leader in the Who being slain, his charioteer, Oileus, did alight,
 And stood in skirmish with the king ; the king did deadly smite
 His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helm it ran,
 Enforcing passage to his brain, quite through the harden'd pan ;
 His brain mix'd with his clotted blood, his body strew'd the ground.
 There left he them, and presently he other objects found ;
 Isus and Antiphus, two sons king Priam did beget,
 One lawful, th' other wantonly. Both in one chariot met
 Their royal foe ; the baser born, Isus, was charioteer,
 And famous Antiphus did fight ; both which king Peleus' heir,
 (Whilome in Ida keeping flocks), did deprehend and bind
 With pliant osiers ; and, for price, them to their sire resign'd.
 Atrides, with his well-aim'd lance, smote Isus on the breast
 Above the nipple ; and his sword a mortal wound impress'd

Beneath the ear of Antiphus ; down from
 their horse they fell.
 The king had seen the youths before, and
 now did know them well,
 Remembering them the prisoners of swift
 Æacides, [Ida's foody leas.
 Who brought them to the sable fleet from
 And as a lion having found the furrow
 of a hind,
 Where she hath calved two little twins, at
 will and ease doth grind
 Their joints snatch'd in his solid jaws, and
 crusheth into mist
 Their tender lives ; their dam, though
 near, not able to resist,
 But shook with vehement fear herself, flies
 through the oaken chace
 From that fell savage, drown'd in sweat,
 and seeks some covert place ;
 So when with most unmatched strength the
 Grecian General bent
 'Gainst these two princes, none durst aid
 their native king's descent,
 But fled themselves before the Greeks :
 and where these two were slain,
 Pisander and Hippolochus (not able to
 restrain
 Their headstrong horse, the silken reins
 being from their hands let fall)
 Were brought by their unruly guides
 before the General.
 Antimachus begat them both, Antimachus
 that took
 Rich gifts, and gold, of Helen's love, and
 would by no means brook
 Just restitution should be made of Mene-
 laus' wealth,
 Bereft him, with his ravish'd queen, by
 Alexander's stealth.
 Atides, lion-like, did charge his sons, who
 on their knees
 Fell from their chariot, and besought
 regard to their degrees,
 Who, being Antimachus his sons, their
 father would afford [house did hoard
 A worthy ransom for their lives, who in his
 Much hidden treasure, brass, and gold,
 and steel, wrought wondrous choice.
 Thus wept they, using smoothing terms,
 and heard this rugged voice
 Breathe from the unrelenting king : " If
 you be of the breed
 Of stout Antimachus, that stay'd the
 honourable deed [decreed,
 The other peers of Iliion in council had
 To render Helen and her wealth ; and
 would have basely slain
 My brother and wise Ithacus, ambassadors
 t' attain
 The most due motion ; now receive wreak
 for his shameful part."
 This said, in poor Pisander's breast he
 fix'd his wreakful dart,
 Who upward spread th' oppressed earth ;
 his brother crouch'd for dread,
 And, as he lay, the angry king cut off his
 arms and head,
 And let him like a football lie for every
 man to spurn. [his valour turn,
 Then to th' extremest heat of fight he did
 And led a multitude of Greeks, where foot
 did foot subdue,
 Horse slaughter'd horse. Need feather'd
 flight, the batter'd centre flew
 In clouds of dust about their ears, raised
 from the horses' hooves,
 That beat a thunder out of earth as horrible
 as Jove's.
 The king, persuading speedy chace, gave
 his persuasions way
 With his own valour, slaughtering still.
 As in a stormy day
 In thick-set woods a ravenous fire wraps in
 his fierce repair
 The shaken trees, and by the roots doth
 toss them into air ;
 Even so beneath Atides' sword flew up
 Troy's flying heels,
 Their horse drew empty chariots, and
 sought their thundering wheels
 Some fresh directors through the field,
 where least the pursuit drives.
 Thick fell the Trojans, much more sweet
 to vultures than their wives.
 Then Jove drew Hector from the darts,
 from dust, from death and blood,
 And from the tumult : still the king firm
 to the pursuit stood,
 Till at old Ilius' monument, in midst of all
 the field,
 They reach'd the wild fig-tree, and long'd
 to make their town their shield.
 Yet there they rested not ; the king still
 cried, ' Pursue, pursue,'
 And all his unreprieved hands did blood
 and dust imbrue.
 But when they came to Scæa's ports, and
 to the beech of Jove,
 There made they stand ; there every eye,
 fix'd on each other, strove
 Who should outlook his mate amazed ;
 through all the field they fled.
 And as a lion, when the night becomes
 most deaf and dead,
 Invades ox herds, affrighting all, that he of
 one may wreak
 His dreadful hunger, and his neck he first
 of all doth break,

Then laps his blood and entrails up; so
 Agamemnon plied
 The manage of the Trojan chace, and still
 the last man died,
 The other fled, a number fell by his imper-
 rial hand,
 Some growelling downwards from their
 horse, some upwards strew'd the sand.
 High was the fury of his lance: but,
 having beat them close
 Beneath their walls, the both worlds' Sire
 did now again repose
 On fountain-flowing Ida's tops, being
 newly slid from heaven,
 And held a lightning in his hand; from
 thence this charge was given
 To Iris with the golden wings: "Thau-
 mantia, fly," said he,
 "And tell Troy's Hector, that as long as
 he enraged shall see
 The soldier-loving Atreus' son amongst the
 foremost fight, [must excite
 Depopulating troops of men, so long he
 Some other to resist the foe, and he no
 arms advance;
 But when he wounded takes his horse,
 attain'd with shaft or lance,
 Then will I fill his arm with death, even
 till he reach the fleet.
 And peaceful night treads busy day beneath
 her sacred feet."
 The wind-foot swift Thaumantia obey'd,
 and used her wings
 To famous Iliou, from the mount enchased
 with silver springs,
 And found in his bright chariot the hardy
 Trojan knight,
 To whom she spake the words of Jove, and
 vanish'd from his sight.
 He leapt upon the sounding earth, and
 shook his lengthful dart,
 And everywhere he breathed exhorts, and
 stirr'd up every heart.
 A dreadful fight he set on foot. His soldiers
 straight turn'd head.
 The Greeks stood firm. In both the hosts,
 the field was perfected.
 But Agamemnon, foremost still, did all his
 side exceed,
 And would not be the first in name unless
 the first in deed.
 Now sing, fair Presidents of verse, that
 in the heavens embower,
 Who first encounter'd with the king, of all
 the adverse power.
 Iphidamas, Antenor's son, ample and
 bigly set,
 Brought up in pasture-springing Thrace,
 that doth soft sheep beget,

In grave Cisseus' noble house, that was his
 mother's sire,
 Fair Theano; and when his breast was
 heighten'd with the fire
 Of gaysome youth, his grandsire gave his
 daughter to his love.
 Who straight his bridal-chamber left.
 Fame with affection strove,
 And made him furnish twelve fair ships, to
 lend fair Troy his hand.
 His ships he in Percepe left, and came to
 Troy by land.
 And now he tried the fame of Greece,
 encountering with the king,
 Who threw his royal lance and miss'd.
 Iphidamas did fling,
 And strook him on the arming waist,
 beneath his coat of brass,
 Which forced him stay upon his arm, so
 violent it was:
 Yet pierced it not his well-wrought zone;
 but when the lazy head
 Tried hardness with his silver waist, it
 turn'd again like lead.
 He follow'd, grasping the ground end, but
 with a lion's wile
 That wrests away a hunter's staff, he
 caught it by the pile,
 And pluck'd it from the caster's hand,
 whom with his sword he strook
 Beneath the ear, and with his wound his
 timeless death he took.
 He fell and slept an iron sleep; wretched
 young man, he died,
 Far from his newly-married wife, in aid
 of foreign pride,
 And saw no pleasure of his love; yet was
 her jointure great, [in his retreat
 An hundred oxen gave he her, and vow'd
 Two thousand head of sheep and goats, of
 which he store did leave.
 Much gave he of his love's first-fruits, and
 nothing did receive.
 When Coon (one that for his form might
 feast an amorous eye,
 And elder brother of the slain) beheld this
 tragedy,
 Deep sorrow sat upon his eyes, and (stand-
 ing laterally,
 And to the General undiscern'd) his javelin
 he let fly,
 That 'twixt his elbow and his wrist trans-
 fix'd his armless arm;
 The bright head shined on th' other side.
 The unexpected harm
 Impress'd some horror in the king; yet so
 he ceased not fight,
 But rush'd on Coon with his lance, who
 made what haste he might,

Seizing his slaughter'd brother's foot, to draw him from the field,
 And call'd the ablest to his aid, when under his round shield
 The king's brass javelin, as he drew, did strike him helpless dead ;
 Who made Iphidamas the block, and cut off Coon's head.
 Thus under great Atrides' arm Antenor's issue thrived, [mansion dived.
 And, to suffice precisest fate, to Pluto's He with his lance, sword, mighty stones, pour'd his heroic wreak
 On other squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warm blood did break
 Through his cleft veins ; but when the wound was quite exhaust and crude,
 The eager anguish did approve his princely fortitude.
 As when most sharp and bitter pangs distract a labouring dame,
 Which the divine Ilithyæ, that rule the painful frame
 Of human child-birth, pour on her ; th' Ilithyæ that are
 The daughters of Saturnia ; with whose extreme repair
 The woman in her travail strives to take the worst it gives ;
 With thought it must be, 'tis love's fruit, the end for which she lives,
 The mean to make herself new born : what comforts will redound ;
 So Agamemnon did sustain the torment of his wound.
 Then took he chariot, and to fleet bade haste his charioteer,
 But first pour'd out his highest voice to purchase every ear :
 " Princes and leaders of the Greeks, brave friends, now from our fleet
 Do you expel this boisterous sway. Jove will not let me meet
 Illustrate Hector, nor give leave that I shall end the day
 In fight against the Ilion power ; my wound is in my way."
 This said, his ready charioteer did scourge his spritful horse,
 That freely to the sable fleet perform'd their fiery course,
 To bear their wounded sovereign apart the martial thrust,
 Sprinkling their powerful breasts with foam, and snowing on the dust.
 When Hector heard of his retreat, thus he for fame contends :
 " Trojans, Dardanians, Lycians, all my close-fighting friends,
 Think what it is to be renown'd, be soldiers all of name,
 Our strongest enemy is gone, Jove vows to do us fame,
 Then in the Grecian faces drive your one-hooved violent steeds,
 And far above their best be best, and glorify your deeds."
 Thus as a dog-given hunter sets upon a brace of boars
 His white-tooth'd hounds, puffs, shouts, breathes terms, and on his emprise pours
 All his wild art to make them pinch ; so Hector urged his host
 To charge the Greeks, and, he himself most bold and active most,
 He brake into the heat of fight, as when a tempest raves,
 Stoops from the clouds, and all on heaps doth cuff the purple waves.
 Who then was first, and last, he kill'd, when Jove did grace his deed?
 Asseus, and Autonous, Opy, and Clytus' seed
 Prince Dolops, and the honour'd sire of sweet Euryalus, [ponous,
 Opheltes, Agelaus next, and strong Hip-Orus, Æsymnus, all of name. The common soldiers fell,
 As when the hollow flood of air in Zephyr's cheeks doth swell,
 And sparseth all the gather'd clouds white Notus' power did draw,
 Wraps waves in waves, hurls up the froth beat with a vehement flaw ;
 So were the common soldiers wrack'd in troops by Hector's hand.
 Then ruin had enforced such works as no Greeks could withstand :
 Then in their fleet they had been housed, had not Laertes' son
 Stir'd up the spirit of Diomed, with this impression :
 " Tydides, what do we sustain, forgetting what we are ?
 Stand by me, dearest in my love. 'Twere horrible impair
 For our two valours to endure a customary flight,
 To leave our navy still engaged, and but by fits to fight."
 He answer'd : " I am bent to stay, and anything sustain ;
 But our delight to prove us men will prove but short and vain,
 For Jove makes Trojans instruments, and virtually then
 Wields arms himself : our cross affairs are not 'twixt men and men."

This said, Thymbræus with his lance he tumbled from his horse,
Near his left nipple wounding him. Ulysses did enforce
Fair Molion, minion to this king that Diomed subdued,
Both sent they thence till they return'd, who now the king pursued
And furrow'd through the thicken'd troops. As when two chased boars
Turn head 'gainst kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores;
So, turn'd from flight, the forward kings shew'd Trojans backward death:
Nor fled the Greeks, but by their wills, to get great Hector breath.
Then took they horse and chariot from two bold city foes,
Merops Percosius' mighty sons. Their father could disclose,
Beyond all men, hid auguries, and would not give consent
To their egression to these wars, yet wilfully they went,
For Fates, that order sable death, enforced their tragedies.
Tydides slew them with his lance, and made their arms his prise.
Hypirochus, and Hippodus, Ulysses reft of light.
But Jove, that out of Ida look'd, then equalised the fight,
A Grecian for a Trojan then paid tribute to the Fates.
Yet royal Diomed slew one, even in those even debates,
That was of name more than the rest, Pæon's renowned son, [hip did run;
The prince Agastrophus; his lance into his His squire detain'd his horse apart, that hinder'd him to fly,
Which he repented at his heart; yet did his feet apply
His scape with all the speed they had alongst the foremost bands,
And there his loved life dissolved. This Hector understands,
And rush'd with clamour on the king, right soundly seconded
With troops of Trojans: which perceived by famous Diomed,
The deep conceit of Jove's high will stiffen'd his royal hair,
Who spake to near-fought Ithacus: "The fate of this affair
Is bent to us: come let us stand, and bound his violence."
Thus threw he his long javelin forth, which smote his head's defence

Full on the top, yet pierced no skin; brass took repulse with brass;
His helm (with three folds made, and sharp) the gift of Phœbus was.
The blow made Hector take the troop, sunk him upon his hand,
And strook him blind. The king pursued before the foremost band
His dart's recovery, which he found laid on the purple plain;
By which time Hector was revived, and, taking horse again,
Was far commix'd within his strength, and fled his darksome grave.
He follow'd with his thirsty lance, and this elusive brave:
"Once more be thankful to thy heels, proud dog, for thy escape.
Mischief sat near thy bosom now; and now another rape
Hath thy Apollo made of thee, to whom thou well mayst pray,
When through the singing of our darts thou find'st such guarded way.
But I shall meet with thee at length, and bring thy latest hour,
If with like favour any God be fautor of my power.
Meanwhile some other shall repay, what I suspend in thee."
This said, he set the wretched soul of Pæon's issue free,
Whom his late wound not fully slew. But Priam's amorous birth
Against Tydides bent his bow, hid with a hill of earth,
Part of the ruined tomb for honour'd Ilius built, [and richly gilt,
And as the cuirass of the slain, engraven Tydides from his breast had spoil'd, and from his shoulders raft
His target and his solid helm, he shot, and his keen shaft
(That never flew from him in vain) did nail unto the ground
The king's right foot; the spleenful knight laugh'd sweetly at the wound,
Crept from his covert, and triumph'd:
"Now art thou maim'd," said he,
"And would to God my happy hand had so much honour'd me
To have infix'd it in thy breast, as deep as in thy foot,
Even to th' expulsiure of thy soul: then blest had been my shoot
Of all the Trojans; who had then breathed from their long unrests,
Who fear thee, as the braying goats abhor the king of beasts."

Undaunted Diomed replied: "You braver with your bow,
 You slick-hair'd lover, you that hunt and flee at wenches so;
 Durst thou but stand in arms with me, thy silly archery [little suffer I
 Would give thee little cause to vaunt. As In this same tall exploit of thine, perform'd when thou wert hid,
 As if a woman, or a child that knew not what it did,
 Had touch'd my foot. A coward's steel hath never any edge.
 But mine, t' assure it sharp, still lays dead carcasses in pledge;
 Touch it, it renders lifeless straight, it strikes the fingers' ends
 Of hapless widows in their cheeks, and children blind of friends.
 The subject of it makes earth red, and air with sighs inflames,
 And leaves limbs more embraced with birds than with enamour'd dames."
 Lance-famed Ulysses now came in, and step before the king,
 Kneel'd opposite, and drew the shaft: the eager pain did sting
 Through all his body; straight he took his royal chariot there,
 And with direction to the fleet did charge his charioteer.
 Now was Ulysses desolate, fear made no friend remain,
 He thus spake to his mighty mind: "What doth my state sustain?
 If I should fly this odds in fear, that thus comes clustering on,
 'Twere high dishonour; yet 'twere worse, to be surpris'd alone.
 'Tis Jove that drives the rest to flight; but that's a faint excuse.
 Why do I tempt my mind so much? Pale cowards fight refuse.
 He that affects renown in war must like a rock be fix'd,
 Wound, or be wounded: valour's truth puts no respect betwixt."
 In this contention with himself, in flew the shady bands
 Of targeteers, who sieg'd him round with mischief-filled hands.
 As when a crew of gallants watch the wild muse of a boar,
 Their dogs put after in full cry, he rusbeth on before,
 Whets, with his lather-making jaws, his crooked tusks for blood,
 And, holding firm his usual haunts, breaks through the deepen'd wood,

They charging, though his hot approach be never so abhorr'd;
 So, to assail the Jove-loved Greek, the Ilians did accord,
 And he made through them: first he hurt, upon his shoulder blade,
 Deiope, a blameless man at arms; then sent to endless shade
 Thoon and Eunomus; and strook the strong Chersidamas,
 As from his chariot he leap'd down, beneath his targe of brass;
 Who fell, and crawl'd upon the earth with his sustaining palms,
 And left the fight: nor yet his lance left dealing martial alms,
 But Socus' brother by both sides, young Carops, did impress.
 Then princely Socus to his aid made brotherly access,
 And, coming near, spake in his charge: "O great Laertes' son,
 Insatiate in sly stratagems, and labours never done,
 This hour, or thou shalt boast to kill the two Hippasides
 And prise their arms, or fall thyself in my resolved access."
 This said, he threw quite through his shield his fell and well-driven lance,
 Which held way through his cuirasses, and on his ribs did glance,
 Plowing the flesh alongst his sides; but Pallas did repel [knowing well
 All inward passage to his life. Ulysses, The wound undeadly (setting back his foot to form his stand)
 Thus spake to Socus: "O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand,
 That stay'st my victory on Troy, and where thy charge was made
 In doubtful terms (or this or that) this shall thy life invade."
 This frighted Socus to retreat, and, in his faint reverse,
 The lance betwixt his shoulders fell, and through his breast did pierce,
 Down fell he sounding, and the king thus play'd with his misaise:
 "O Socus, you that make by birth the two Hippasides,
 Now may your house and you perceive death can outfly the flyer.
 Ah wretch, thou canst not 'scape my vows. Old Hippasus thy sire,
 Nor thy well-honour'd mother's hands, in both which lies thy worth,
 Shall close thy wretched eyes in death, but vultures dig them forth,

And hide them with their darksome wings ;
 but when Ulysses dies,
 Divinest Greeks shall tomb my corse with
 all their obsequies."

Now from his body and his shield the
 violent lance he drew,
 That princely Socus had infix'd ; which
 drawn, a crimson dew
 Fell from his bosom on the earth ; the
 wound did dare him sore.

And when the furious Trojans saw Ulysses'
 forced gore,
 Encouraging themselves in gross, all his
 destruction vow'd.

Then he retired, and summon'd aid.
 Thrice shouted he aloud,
 As did denote a man engaged. Thrice
 Menelaus' ear

Observed his aid-suggesting voice, and
 Ajax being near,
 He told him of Ulysses' shouts, as if he
 were enclosed [might be disposed
 From all assistance, and advised their aids
 Against the ring that circled him, lest,
 charged with troops alone,
 (Though valiant) he might be oppress'd,
 whom Greece so built upon.

He led, and Ajax seconded : they found
 their Jove-loved king
 Circled with foes. As when a den of
 bloody lucerns cling
 About a goodly-palmed hart, hurt with a
 hunter's bow,
 Whose scape his nimble feet enforce,
 whilst his warm blood doth flow,
 And his light knees have power to move ;
 but, master'd of his wound,
 Emboss'd within a shady hill, the lucerns
 charge him round,
 And tear his flesh ; when instantly fortune
 sends in the powers
 Of some stern lion, with whose sight they
 fly, and he devours ;
 So charged the Ilians Ithacus, many and
 mighty men. [Ajax then,
 But then made Menelaus in, and horrid
 Bearing a target like a tower, close was his
 violent stand, [the royal hand,
 And every way the foe dispersed ; when, by
 Kind Menelaus led away the hurt Laertes'
 son,
 Till his fair squire had brought his horse:
 victorious Telamon
 Still plied the foe, and put to sword a
 young Priamides,
 Doryclus, Priam's bastard son ; then did
 his lance impress
 Pandocus, and strong Pirasus, Lysander
 and Palertes.

As when a torrent from the hills, swoln
 with Saturnian showers,
 Falls on the fields, bears blasted oaks, and
 wither'd rosin flowers,
 Loose weeds, and all dispersed filth, into
 the ocean's force ;
 So matchless Ajax beat the field, and
 slaughter'd men and horse.

Yet had not Hector heard of this, who
 fought on the left wing
 Of all the host, near those sweet herbs
 Scamander's flood doth spring,
 Where many foreheads trode the ground,
 and where the skirmish burn'd
 Near Nestor and king Idomen ; where
 Hector overturn'd
 The Grecian squadrons, authoring high
 service with his lance,
 And skilful manage of his horse. Nor yet
 the discrepance
 He made in death betwixt the hosts had
 made the Greeks retire,
 If fair-hair'd Helen's second spouse had
 not repress'd the fire
 Of bold Machaon's fortitude, who with a
 three-fork'd head
 In his right shoulder wounded him. Then
 had the Grecians dread,
 Lest, in his strength declined, the foe
 should slaughter their hurt friend.

Then Crete's king urged Neleides his
 chariot to ascend,
 And getting near him, take him in, and
 bear him to their tents.

" A surgeon is to be preferr'd, with physic
 ornaments,
 Before a multitude ; his life gives hurt lives
 native bounds,
 With sweet insperion of fit balms, and
 perfect search of wounds."

Thus spake the royal Idomen. Neleides
 obey'd, [Greek convey'd
 And to his chariot presently the wounded
 The son of Æsculapius, the great physi-
 cian.

To fleet they flew. Cebriones perceived
 the slaughter done
 By Ajax on the other troops, and spake to
 Hector thus :

" Whiles we encounter Grecians here,
 stern Telamonius
 Is yonder raging, turning up in heaps our
 horse and men ;
 I know him by his spacious shield. Let
 us turn chariot then,
 Where, both of horse and foot, the fight
 most hotly is proposed,
 In mutual slaughters. Hark, their throats
 from cries are never closed."

This said, with his shrill scourge he
 strook the horse, that fast ensued
 Stung with his lashes, tossing shields, and
 carcasses imbrued.
 The chariot tree was drown'd in blood, and
 th' arches by the seat
 Dispurpled from the horses' hooves, and
 from the wheelbands beat.
 Great Hector long'd to break the ranks,
 and startle their close fight,
 Who horribly amazed the Greeks, and
 plied their sudden fright
 With busy weapons, ever wing'd; his
 lance, sword, weighty stones.
 Yet charged he other leaders' bands, not
 dreadful Telamon's;
 With whom he wisely shunn'd foul blows.
 But Jove (that weighs above
 All human powers) to Ajax' breast divine
 repressions drove,
 And made him shun who shunn'd himself:
 he ceased from fight amazed,
 Cast on his back his seven-fold shield, and
 round about him gazed
 Like one turn'd wild, look'd on himself in
 his distract retreat,
 Knee before knee did scarcely move. As
 when from herds of neat,
 Whole threaves of boors and mongrels
 chase a lion skulking near,
 Loth he should taint the well-prized fat of
 any stall-fed steer,
 Consuming all the night in watch, he,
 greedy of his prey,
 Oft thrusting on, is oft thrust off, so thick
 the javelins play
 On his bold charges, and so hot the burning
 fire-brands shine,
 Which he (though horrible) abhors, about
 his glowing eyne,
 And early his great heart retires; so Ajax
 from the foe,
 For fear their fleet should be inflamed,
 'gainst his swoln heart did go.
 As when a dull mill ass comes near a
 goodly field of corn,
 Kept from the birds by children's cries, the
 boys are overborne
 By his insensible approach, and simply he
 will eat; [still the children beat,
 About whom many wands are broke, and
 And still the self-providing ass doth with
 their weakness bear,
 Not stirring till his paunch be full, and
 scarcely then will stir:
 So the huge son of Telamon amongst the
 Trojans fared,
 Bore showers of darts upon his shield, yet
 scorn'd to fly as scared,

And so kept softly on his way: nor would
 he mend his pace
 For all their violent pursuits, that still did
 arm the chase
 With singing lances. But, at last, when
 their cur-like presumes
 More urged the more forborne, his spirits
 did rarify their fumes,
 And he revoked his active strength, turn'd
 head, and did repel
 The horse-troops that were new made in,
 'twixt whom the fight grew fell:
 And by degrees he stole retreat, yet with
 such puissant stay
 That none could pass him to the fleet. In
 both the armies' sway
 He stood, and from strong hands received
 sharp javelins on his shield,
 Where many stuck, thrown on before,
 many fell short in field,
 Ere the white body they could reach, and
 stuck, as telling how
 They purposed to have pierced his flesh.
 His peril pierced now
 The eyes of prince Eurypylos, Evemon's
 famous son,
 Who came close on, and with his dart
 strook duke Apisaon,
 Whose surname was Phasiades, even to
 the concrete blood
 That makes the liver; on the earth, out
 gush'd his vital flood.
 Eurypylos made in, and eased his shoulders
 of his arms;
 Which Paris seeing, he drew his bow, and
 wreak'd in part the harms
 Of his good friend Phasiades, his arrow
 he let fly [attainted thigh;
 That smote Eurypylos, and brake in his
 Then took he troop to shun black death,
 and to the flyers cried:
 "Princes, and leaders of the Greeks,
 stand and repulse the tide
 Of this our honour-wracking chase. Ajax
 is drown'd in darts,
 I fear past 'scape; turn, honour'd friends,
 help out his venturous parts."
 Thus spake the wounded Greek; the sound
 cast on their backs their shields,
 And raised their darts; to whose relief
 Ajax his person wields.
 Then stood he firmly with his friends, re-
 tiring their retire,
 And thus both hosts indifferent join'd, the
 fight grew hot as fire.
 Now had Neleides' sweating steeds
 brought him and his hurt friend
 Amongst their fleet. Æacides, that wisely
 did intend,

Standing astern his tall-neck'd ship, how
 deep the skirmish drew
 Amongst the Greeks, and with what ruth
 the insecution grew,
 Saw Nestor bring Machaon hurt, and from
 within did call, [form celestial,
 His friend Patroclus; who, like Mars in
 Came forth with first sound of his voice,
 first spring of his decay,
 And ask'd his princely friend's desire.
 "Dear friend," said he, "this day
 I doubt not will enforce the Greeks, to
 swarm about my knees;
 I see unsuffer'd need employ'd in their ex-
 tremities.
 Go, sweet Patroclus, and inquire of old
 Neleides
 Whom he brought wounded from the
 fight; by his back parts I guess
 It is Machaon; but his face I could not
 well descry,
 They pass'd me in such earnest speed."
 Patroclus presently
 Obey'd his friend, and ran to know. They
 now descended were,
 And Nestor's squire, Eurymedon, the
 horses did ungear;
 Themselves stood near th' extremest shore,
 to let the gentle air
 Dry up their sweat; then to the tent,
 where Hecamed the fair
 Set chairs, and for the wounded prince a
 potion did prepare.
 This Hecamed, by war's hard fate, fell
 to old Nestor's share,
 When 'Ibētis' son sack'd Tenedos; she
 was the princely seed
 Of worthy king Arsinous, and by the
 Greeks decreed
 The prize of Nestor; since all men in
 counsel he surpass'd.
 First, a fair table she apposed, of which
 the feet were graced
 With bluish metal mix'd with black; and
 on the same she put
 A brass fruit-dish, in which she served a
 wholesome onion cut
 For pittance to the potion, and honey
 newly wrought,
 And bread, the fruit of sacred meal. Then
 to the board she brought
 A right fair cup with gold studs driven,
 which Nestor did transfer
 From Pylus; on whose swelling sides four
 handles fixed were,
 And upon every handle sat a pair of doves
 of gold,
 Some billing, and some pecking meat;
 two gilt feet did uphold

The antique body; and withal so weighty
 was the cup
 That, being proposed brimful of wine, one
 scarce could lift it up,
 Yet Nestor drunk in it with ease, spite of
 his years' respect.
 In this the goddess-like fair dame a potion
 did confect
 With good old wine of Pramnus, and
 scraped into the wine
 Cheese made of goat's milk, and on it
 spersed flour exceeding fine.
 In this sort for the wounded lord the
 potion she prepared,
 And bade him drink. For company, with
 him old Nestor shared.
 Thus physically quench'd they thirst,
 and then their spirits revived
 With pleasant conference. And now Pa-
 troclus, being arrived,
 Made stay at th' entry of the tent. Old
 Nestor, seeing it,
 Rose, and received him by the hand, and
 fain would have him sit.
 He set that courtesy aside, excusing it
 with haste,
 Since his much-to-be-reverenced friend sent
 him to know who past
 (Wounded with him in chariot) so swiftly
 through the shore;
 "Whom now," said he, "I see and know,
 and now can stay no more;
 You know, good father, our great friend is
 apt to take offence,
 Whose fiery temper will inflame sometimes
 with innocence."
 He answer'd: "When will Peleus' son
 some royal pity show
 On his thus wounded countrymen? ah,
 is he yet to know
 How much affliction tires our host? how
 our especial aid, [miserably laid?
 Tainted with lances, at their tents are
 Ulysses, Diomed, our king, Eurypylos,
 Machaon,
 All hurt, and all our worthiest friends;
 yet no compassion
 Can supple thy friend's friendless breast:
 doth he reserve his eye
 Till our fleet burn, and we ourselves one
 after other die?
 Alas, my forces are not now as in my
 younger life.
 Oh would to God I had that strength I
 used in the strife
 Betwixt us and the Elians, for oxen to be
 driven,
 When Itymonius' lofty soul was by my
 valour given

As sacrifice to destiny, Hypirochus' strong son,
That dwelt in Elis, and fought first in our contention ;
We foraged, as proclaimed foes, a wondrous wealthy boot,
And he, in rescue of his herds, fell breathless at my foot.
All the Dorp boors with terror fled. Our prey was rich and great ;
Twice five and twenty flocks of sheep ; as many herds of neat ;
As many goats, and nasty swine ; a hundred fifty mares,
All sorrel, most with sucking foals. And these soon-money'd wares
We drave into Neleus' town, fair Pylos, all by night.
My father's heart was glad to see so much good fortune quite
The forward mind of his young son, that used my youth in deeds,
And would not smother it in moods. Now drew the Sun's bright steeds
Light from the hills ; our heralds now accited all that were
Endamaged by the Elians ; our princes did appear ;
Our boot was parted ; many men th' Epeians much did owe,
That, being our neighbours, they did spoil ; afflictions did so flow
On us poor Pyliaus, though but few. In brake great Hercules
To our sad confines of late years, and wholly did suppress
Our hapless princes. Twice-six sons renown'd Neleus bred, [and dead.
Only myself am left of all, the rest subdued
And this was it that made so proud the base Epeian bands,
On their near neighbours, being oppress'd, to lay injurious hands.
A herd of oxen for himself, a mighty flock of sheep,
My sire selected, and made choice of shepherds for their keep ;
And from the general spoil he cull'd three hundred of the best.
The Elians ought him infinite, most plagued of all the rest.
Four wager-winning horse he lost, and chariots intervented,
Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was presented
Was a religious three-foot urn ; Augeas was the king
That did detain them, and dismiss'd their keeper sorrowing

For his loved charge, lost with foul words.
Then both for words and deeds
My sire being worthily incensed, thus justly he proceeds
To satisfaction, in first choice of all our wealthy prise ;
And, as he shared much, much he left his subjects to suffice,
That none might be oppress'd with power, or want his portion due.
Thus for the public good we shared.
Then we to temples drew
Our complete city, and to heaven we thankful rites did burn
For our rich conquest. The third day ensuing our return
The Elians flew on us in heaps ; their general leaders were
The two Moliones, two boys, untrained in the fear
Of horrid war, or use of strength. A certain city shines [confines
Upon a lofty prominent, and in th' extreme
Of sandy Pylos, seated where Alpheus' flood doth run,
And call'd Thryessa ; this they sieged, and gladly would have won,
But, having pass'd through all our fields, Minerva as our spy
Fell from Olympus in the night, and arm'd us instantly ;
Nor muster'd she unwilling men, nor unprepared for force.
My sire yet would not let me arm, but hid away my horse,
Esteeming me no soldier yet ; yet shined I nothing less
Amongst our gallants, though on foot ; Minerva's mightiness
Led me to fight, and made me bear a soldier's worthy name.
There is a flood falls into sea, and his crook'd course doth frame
Close to Arena, and is call'd bright Minyæus' stream.
There made we halt, and there the sun cast many a glorious beam
On our bright armours, horse and foot insea'd together there.
Then march'd we on. By fiery noon we saw the sacred clear
Of great Alpheus, where to Jove we did fair sacrifice ;
And to the azure God, that rules the under-liquid skies,
We offer'd up a solemn bull ; a bull t' Alpheus' name ;
And to the blue-eyed Maid we burn'd a heifer never tame.

Now was it night; we supp'd and slept,
 about the flood, in arms.
 The foe laid hard siege to our town, and
 shook it with alarms,
 But, for prevention of their spleens, a
 mighty work of war
 Appear'd behind them; for as soon as
 Phoebus' fiery car
 Cast night's foul darkness from his wheels
 (invoking reverend Jove,
 And the unconquer'd Maid his birth) we
 did th' event approve,
 And gave them battle. First of all, I slew
 (the army saw)
 The mighty soldier Mulius, Augeas' son-in-
 law,
 And spoil'd him of his one-hooved horse;
 his eldest daughter was
 Bright Agamede, that for skill in simples
 did surpass,
 And knew as many kind of drugs, as earth's
 broad centre bred:
 Him charged I with my brass-arm'd lance,
 the dust received him dead.
 I, leaping to his chariot, amongst the fore-
 most press'd,
 And the great-hearted Elians fled frighted,
 seeing their best
 And loftiest soldier taken down, the general
 of their horse.
 I follow'd like a black whirlwind, and did
 for prize enforce
 Full fifty chariots, every one furnish'd with
 two arm'd men,
 Who eat the earth, slain with my lance;
 and I had slaughter'd then
 The two young boys, Moliones, if their
 world-circling sire,
 Great Neptune, had not saft their lives,
 and cover'd their retire
 With unpierced clouds. Then Jove
 bestow'd a haughty victory
 Upon us Pyliaus; for so long we did the
 chase apply,
 Slaughtering and making spoil of arms, till
 sweet Buprasius' soil, [recoil;
 Alesius, and Olenia, were famed with our
 For there Minerva turn'd our power, and
 there the last I slew
 As, when our battle join'd, the first. The
 Pyliaus then withdrew
 To Pylos from Buprasius. Of all th'
 immortals then,
 They most thank'd Jove for victory; Nestor
 the most of men.
 Such was I ever, if I were employ'd with
 other peers,
 And I had honour of my youth, which
 dies not in my years.

But great Achilles only joys hability of act
 In his brave prime, and doth not deign t'
 impart it where 'tis lack'd.
 No doubt he will extremely mourn, long
 after that black hour
 Wherein our ruin shall be wrought, and
 rue his ruthless power.
 O friend! my memory revives the charge
 Menœtius gave
 Thy towardness, when thou sett'st forth, to
 keep out of the grave
 Our wounded honour. I myself and wise
 Ulysses were
 Within the room, where every word then
 spoken we did hear,
 For we were come to Peleus' court, as we
 did mustering pass
 Through rich Achaia, where thy sire, re-
 nown'd Menœtius, was,
 Thyself and great Æacides, when Peleus
 the king
 To thunder-loving Jove did burn an ox for
 offering,
 In his court-yard. A cup of gold, crown'd
 with red wine, he held
 On th' holy incensory pour'd. You, when
 the ox was fell'd,
 Were dressing his divided limbs; we in the
 portal stood.
 Achilles seeing us come so near, his
 honourable blood
 Was strook with a respective shame; rose,
 took us by the hands,
 Brought us both in, and made us sit, and
 used his kind commands
 For seemly hospitable rites, which quickly
 were apposed.
 Then, after needfulness of food, I first of
 all disclosed
 The royal cause of our repair; moved you
 and your great friend
 To consort our renown'd designs; both
 straight did condescend.
 Your fathers knew it, gave consent, and
 grave instruction
 To both your valours. Peleus charged his
 most unequal'd son
 To govern his victorious strength, and
 shine past all the rest
 In honour, as in mere main force. Then
 were thy partings blest
 With dear advices from thy sire; 'My
 loved son,' said he,
 'Achilles, by his grace of birth, superior is
 to thee,
 And for his force more excellent, yet thou
 more ripe in years;
 Then with sound counsels, age's fruits,
 employ his honour'd ears,

Command and overrule his moods ; his
 nature will obey [his good assay.]
 In any charge discreetly given, that doth
 Thus charged thy sire, which thou forgett'st. Yet now at last approve,
 With forced reference of these, th' attraction
 of his love ;
 Who knows if sacred influence may bless
 thy good intent, [his full consent ?]
 And enter with thy gracious words, even to
 The admonition of a friend is sweet and
 vehement.
 If any oracle he shun, or if his mother-
 queen
 Hath brought him some instinct from Jove,
 that fortifies his spleen,
 Let him resign command to thee of all his
 Myrmidons, [our confusions,
 And yield by that means some repulse to
 Adorning thee in his bright arms, that his
 resembled form
 May haply make thee thought himself, and
 calm this hostile storm ;
 That so a little we may ease our over-
 charged hands,
 Draw some breath, not expire it all. The
 foe but faintly stands
 Beneath his labours ; and your charge
 being fierce, and freshly given,
 They easily from our tents and fleet may to
 their walls be driven."
 This moved the good Patroclus' mind ;
 who made his utmost haste
 T' inform his friend ; and as the fleet of
 Ithacus he past
 (At which their markets were disposed,
 councils, and martial courts,
 And where to th' altars of the Gods they
 made divine resorts)
 He met renown'd Eurypylus, Evemon's
 noble son,
 Halting, his thigh hurt with a shaft, the
 liquid sweat did run
 Down from his shoulders and his brows,
 and from his raging wound
 Forth flow'd his melancholy blood, yet still
 his mind was sound.
 His sight in kind Patroclus' breast to
 sacred pity turn'd,
 And (nothing more immortal for true
 ruth) thus he mourn'd :
 " Ah wretched progeny of Greece, princes,
 dejected kings,
 Was it your fates to nourish beasts, and
 stretch the outcast wings
 Of savage vultures here in Troy ? Tell me
 Evemon's fame,
 Do yet the Greeks withstand his force,
 whom yet no force can tame ?
 Or are they hopeless thrown to death by
 his resistless lance ?"
 " Divine Patroclus," he replied, " no more
 can Greece advance
 Defensive weapons ; but to fleet they head-
 long must retire ;
 For those that to this hour have held our
 fleet from hostile fire,
 And are the bulwarks of our host, lie
 wounded at their tents,
 And Troy's unvanquishable power, still as
 it toils, augments.
 But take me to thy black-stern'd ship, save
 me, and from my thigh
 Cut out this arrow ; and the blood, that
 is engored and dry,
 Wash with warm water from the wound ;
 then gentle salves apply,
 Which thou know'st best ; thy princely
 friend hath taught thee surgery,
 Whom, of all Centaurs the most just,
 Chiron did institute. [prosecute,
 Thus to thy honourable hands my ease I
 Since our physicians cannot help: Machaon
 at his tent [and patient ;
 Needs a physician himself, being leech
 And Podalirius, in the field, the sharp
 conflict sustains."
 Strong Menœtiades replied : " How shall
 I ease thy pains ?
 What shall we do, Eurypylus ? I am to
 use all haste, [have past,
 To signify to Thetis' son occurrents that
 At Nestor's honourable suit. But be that
 work achieved [ments unrelieved."
 When this is done, I will not leave thy tor-
 This said, athwart his back he cast,
 beneath his breast, his arm,
 And nobly help'd him to his tent. His
 servants, seeing his harm,
 Dispread ox-hides upon the earth, whereon
 Machaon lay. [clearly wash'd away
 Patroclus cut out the sharp shaft, and
 With lukewarm water the black blood ;
 then 'twixt his hands he bruised
 A sharp and mitigatory root ; which when
 he had infused
 Into the green, well-cleansed wound the
 pains he felt before
 Were well, and instantly allay'd ; the
 wound did bleed no more.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Trojans at the trench their powers en-
edge,
 Though greeted by a bird of bad presage.
 In five parts they divide their power to scale,
 And Prince Sarpedon forceth down the pale,
 Great Hector from the ports tears out a stone,
 And with so dead a strength he sets it gone
 At those broad gates the Grecians made to
guard
 Their tents and ships, that, broken, and un-
harr'd,
 They yield way to his power; when all contend
 To reach the ships; which all at last ascend.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

MY works the Trojans all the grace,
 And doth the Grecian fort deface.

PATROCLUS thus employ'd in cure of hurt
 Euryppylus;
 Both hosts are all for other wounds doubly
 contentious;
 One all ways labouring to expel, the other
 to invade.
 Nor could the broad dike of the Greeks,
 nor that strong wall they made
 To guard their fleet, be long unraised;
 because it was not raised
 By grave direction of the Gods, nor were
 their deities praised
 (When they begun) with hecatombs, that
 then they might be sure
 (Their strength being season'd well with
 heaven's) it should have force t'endure,
 And so, the safeguard of their fleet, and
 all their treasure there,
 Infallibly had been confirm'd; when, now,
 their bulwarks were
 Not only without power of check to their
 assaulting foe
 (Even now, as soon as they were built) but
 apt to overthrow;
 Such as, in very little time, shall bury all
 their sight
 And thought that ever they were made.
 As long as the despite
 Of great Æacides held up, and Hector
 went not down,
 And that by those two means stood safe
 king Priam's sacred town,

So long their rampire had some use,
 though now it gave some way;
 But when Troy's best men suffer'd fate,
 and many Greeks did pay
 Dear for their sufferance, then the rest
 home to their country turn'd,
 The tenth year of their wars at Troy, and
 Troy was sack'd and burn'd.
 And then the Gods fell to their fort; then
 they their powers employ
 To ruin their work, and less of that
 than they of Troy.
 Neptune and Phœbus tumbled down, from
 the Idalian hills,
 An inundation of all floods, that thence
 the broad sea fills
 On their huge rampire; in one glut, all
 these together roar'd; [the adored,
 Rhesus, Heptaporus, Rhodius, Scamander
 Careus, Simois, Grenicus, Æsepus; of
 them all
 Apollo open'd the rough mouths, and
 made their lusty fall
 Ravish the dusty champion, where many
 a helm and shield,
 And half-god race of men were strew'd:
 and, that all these might yield
 Full tribute to the heavenly work, Neptune
 and Phœbus won
 Jove to unburthen the black wombs of
 clouds, fill'd by the sun,
 And pour them into all their streams, that
 quickly they might send
 The huge wall swimming to the sea. Nine
 days their lights did spend
 To nights in tempests; and when all their
 utmost depth had made,
 Jove, Phœbus, Neptune, all came down,
 and all in state did wade
 To ruin of that impious fort. Great
 Neptune went before,
 Wrought with his trident, and the stones,
 trunks, roots of trees, he tore
 Out of the rampire; toss'd them all into
 the Hellespont,
 Even all the proud toil of the Greeks, with
 which they durst confront
 The to-be shunned Deities, and not a stone
 remain'd
 Of all their huge foundations, all with the
 earth were plain'd.

Which done, again the Gods turn'd back
 the silver-flowing floods
 By that vast channel, through whose vaults
 they pour'd abroad their broods,
 And cover'd all the ample shore again with
 dusty sand.
 And this the end was of that wall, where
 now so many a hand
 Was emptied of stones and darts, con-
 tending to invade ;
 Where clamour spent so high a throat ;
 and where the fell blows made
 The new-built wooden turrets groan. And
 here the Greeks were pent,
 Tamed with the iron whip of Jove, that
 terrors vehement
 Shook over them by Hector's hand ; who
 was in every thought
 The terror-master of the field, and like a
 whirlwind fought,
 As fresh as in his morn's first charge. And
 as a savage boar, [and hunters' store
 Or lion, hunted long, at last, with hounds'
 Is compass'd round ; they charge him close,
 and stand (as in a tower
 They had incased him) pouring on of
 darts an iron shower ;
 His glorious heart yet nought appall'd, and
 forcing forth his way,
 Here overthrows a troop, and there a
 running ring doth stay
 His utter passage ; when, again, that stay
 he overthrows,
 And then the whole field frees his rage ;
 so Hector wears blows,
 Runs out his charge upon the fort, and all
 his force would force
 To pass the dike ; which, being so deep,
 they could not get their horse
 To venture on, but trample, snore, and on
 the very brink
 To neigh with spirit, yet still stand off :
 nor would a human think
 The passage safe ; or, if it were, 'twas less
 safe for retreat,
 The dike being everywhere so deep ; and,
 where 'twas least deep, set
 With stakes exceeding thick, sharp, strong,
 that horse could never pass ;
 Much less their chariots after them ; yet
 for the foot there was
 Some hopeful service, which they wish'd.
 Polydamas then spake :
 " Hector, and all our friends of Troy,
 we indiscreetly make
 Offer of passage with our horse ; ye see the
 stakes, the wall,
 Impossible for horse to take ; nor can
 men fight at all,

The place being strait, and much more apt
 to let us take our bane
 Than give the enemy. And yet, if Jove
 decree the wane
 Of Grecian glory utterly, and so bereave
 their hearts
 That we may freely charge them thus, and
 then will take our parts ;
 I would with all speed wish th' assault,
 that ugly shame might shed
 (Thus far from home) these Grecians'
 bloods. But, if they once turn head
 And sally on us from their fleet, when in so
 deep a dike [our host is like
 We shall lie struggling not a man of all
 To live and carry back the news. And
 therefore, be it thus :
 Here leave we horse kept by our men, and
 all on foot let us
 Hold close together, and attend the grace
 of Hector's guide ;
 And then they shall not bear our charge,
 our conquest shall be dyed
 In their lives' purples." This advice pleased
 Hector, for 'twas sound ;
 Who first obey'd it, and full-arm'd betook
 him to the ground.
 And then all left their chariots when he
 was seen to lead,
 Rushing about him, and gave up each
 chariot and steed
 To their directors to be kept, in all procinet
 of war,
 There, and on that side of the dike. And
 thus the rest prepare
 Their onset : in five regiments they all their
 power divide,
 Each regiment allow'd three chiefs ; of all
 which even the pride
 Served in great Hector's regiment ; for all
 were set on fire
 (Their passage beaten through the wall)
 with hazardous desire
 That they might once but fight at fleet.
 With Hector captains were
 Polydamas, and Cebriones, who was his
 charioteer ;
 But Hector found that place a worse.
 Chiefs of the second band
 Were Paris, and Alcahous, Agenor. The
 command
 The third strong phalanx had, was given to
 th' augur Hellenus,
 Deiphobus, that god-like man, and mighty
 Asius,
 Even Asius Hyrtacides, that from Arisba
 rode
 The huge bay horse, and had his house
 where river Selicæ flow'd.

The fourth charge good Æneas led, and with him were combined Archelochus, and Acamas, Antenor's dearest kind, And excellent at every fight. The fifth brave company Sarpedon had to charge, who choosed, for his command's supply, Asteropæus great in arms, and Glaucus ; for both these Were best of all men but himself ; but he was fellowless. Thus fitted with their well-wrought shields, down the steep dike they go, And (thirsty of the wall's assault) believe in overthrow, Not doubting but with headlong falls to tumble down the Greeks From their black navy. In which trust, all on ; and no man seeks To cross Polydamas' advice with any other course, But Asius Hyrtacides, who (proud of his bay horse) Would not forsake them, nor his man, that was their manager, (Fool that he was) but all to fleet ; and little knew how near An ill death sat him, and a sure ; and that he never more Must look on lofty Ilium ; but looks, and all, before, Put on th' all-covering mist of fate, that then did hang upon The lance of great Deucalides ;* he fatally rush'd on The left hand way, by which the Greeks, with horse and chariot, Came usually from field to fleet ; close to the gates he got, Which both unbarr'd and ope he found, that so the easier might An entry be for any friend that was behind in flight ; Yet not much easier for a foe, because there was a guard Maintain'd upon it, past his thought ; who still put for it hard, Eagerly shouting ; and with him were five more friends of name, That would not leave him, though none else would hunt that way for fame (In their free choice) but he himself, Orestes, Iamenus, And Acamas, Asiades, Thoon, Oenomaus,

Were those that follow'd Asius. Within the gates they found Two eminently valorous, that from the race renown'd Of the right valiant Lapithes derived their high descent ; Fierce Leonteus was the one, like Mars in detriment,* The other mighty Polypæt, the great Pirthous' son. These stood within the lofty gates, and nothing more did shun The charge of Asius and his friends, than two high hill-bred oaks, Well-rooted in the binding earth, obey the airy strokes Of wind and weather, standing firm 'gainst every season's spite. Yet they pour on continued shouts, and bear their shields upright ; When in the mean space Polypæt and Leonteus cheer'd Their soldiers to the fleet's defence. But when the rest had heard The Trojans in attempt to scale, clamour and flight did flow Amongst the Grecians : and then, the rest dismay'd, these two Met Asius entering, thrust him back, and fought before their doors. Nor fared they then like oaks that stood, but as a brace of boars, Couch'd in their own bred hill, that hear a sort of hunters' shout, And hounds in hot trail coming on, then from their dens break out, Traverse their force, and suffer not, in wildness of their way, About them any plant to stand, but thickets offering stay Break through, and rend up by the roots, whet gnashes into air, Which tumult fills with shouts, hounds, horns, and all the hot affair Beats at their bosoms ; so their arms rung with assailing blows, And so they stirr'd them in repulse, right well assured that those Who were within, and on the wall, would add their parts, who knew They now fought for their tents, fleet, lives, and fame, and therefore threw Stones from the walls and towers, as thick as when a drift wind shakes Black clouds in pieces, and plucks snow, in great and plummy flakes

* Idomeneus

* Such maketh Virgil Pandarus and Eëneas.

From their soft bosoms, till the ground be
 wholly clothed in white ;
 So earth was hid with stones and darts,
 darts from the Trojan fight,
 Stones from the Greeks ; that on the helms
 and bossy Trojan shields
 Kept such a rapping, it amazed great Asius,
 who now yields
 Sighs, beats his thighs, and in a rage his
 fault to Jove applies :
 "O Jove," said he, "now clear thou
 show'st thou art a friend to lies,
 Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the
 making of it good,
 To all their ruins, which I thought could
 never be withstood ;
 Yet they, as yellow wasps, or bees* (that
 having made their nest
 The gasping cranny of a hill) when for
 a hunter's feast
 Hunters come hot and hungry in, and dig
 for honeycombs,
 They fly upon them, strike and sting, and
 from their hollow homes
 Will not be beaten, but defend their labour's
 fruit, and brood ;
 No more will these be from their port, but
 either lose their blood
 (Although but two against all us) or be our
 prisoners made."
 All this, to do his action grace, could not
 firm Jove persuade,
 Who for the general counsel stood, and,
 'gainst his singular brave,
 Bestow'd on Hector that day's fame. Yet
 he and these behave
 Themselves thus nobly at this port ; but
 how at other ports,
 And all amongst the stony wall, sole force,
 'gainst force and forts,
 Raged in contention 'twixt both hosts, it
 were no easy thing,
 Had I the bosom of a God, to tune to life
 and sing.
 The Trojans fought not of themselves, a
 fire from heaven was thrown
 That ran amongst them, through the wall,
 mere added to their own.
 The Greeks held not their own ; weak grief
 went with her wither'd hand,
 And dipp'd it deeply in their spirits ; since
 they could not command
 Their forces to abide the field, whom harsh
 necessity,
 (To save those ships should bring them
 home) and their good forts' supply,

Drave to th' expulsive fight they made ;
 and this might stoop them more
 Than need itself could elevate ; for even
 Gods did deplore
 Their dire estates, and all the Gods that
 were their aids in war,
 Who, though they could not clear their
 plights, yet were their friends thus far,
 Still to uphold the better sort ; for then did
 Polypæt pass
 A lance at Damasus, whose helm was
 made with cheeks of brass,
 Yet had not proof enough, the pile drave
 through it and his skull,
 His brain in blood drown'd, and the man,
 so late so spiritul,
 Fell now quite spiritless to earth. So
 emptied he the veins
 Of Pylon, and Ormenus' lives. And then
 Leonteus gains
 The life's end of Hippomachus, Anti-
 machus his son ; [his end begun
 His lance fell at his girdle-stead, and with
 Another end. Leonteus left him, and
 through the prease
 (His keen sword drawn) ran desperately
 upon Antiphates,
 And lifeless tumbled him to earth. Nor
 could all these lives quench
 His fiery spirit, that his flame in Menon's
 blood did drench,
 And raged up even to Iamen's, and young
 Orestes' life ;
 All heap'd together made their peace in
 that red field of strife.
 Whose fair arms while the victors spoil'd,
 the youth of Iliou
 (Of which there served the most and best)
 still boldly built upon
 The wisdom of Polydamas, and Hector's
 matchless strength,
 And follow'd, fill'd with wondrous spirit,
 with wish and hope at length,
 The Greeks' wall won, to fire their fleet
 But, having pass'd the dike,
 And willing now to pass the wall, this
 prodigy did strike
 Their hearts with some deliberate stay :
 high-flown eagle soar'd
 On their troops' left hand, and sustain'd ;
 dragon, all engored,
 In her strong seres, of wondrous size, and
 yet had no such check
 In life and spirit but still she fought ; and
 turning back her neck
 So stung the eagle's gorge, that down she
 cast her fervent prey
 Amongst the multitude ; and took up
 the winds her way,

* Apta ad rem comparatio.

Crying with anguish. When they saw a
 branded serpent sprawl
 So full amongst them from above, and
 from Jove's fowl let fall ;
 They took it an oment from him, stood
 frightened, and their cause
 Polydamas thought just, and spake :
 " Hector, you know, applause
 Of humour hath been far from me ; nor
 fits it, or in war,
 Or in affairs of court, a man employ'd in
 public care
 To blanch things further than their truth,
 or flatter any power ;
 And therefore for that simple course your
 strength hath oft been sour
 To me in councils ; yet again, what shows
 in my thoughts best,
 I must discover. Let us cease, and make
 their flight our rest
 For this day's honour, and not now attempt
 the Grecian fleet,
 For this, I fear, will be th' event, the
 prodigy doth meet
 So full with our affair in hand. As this
 high-flying fowl
 Upon the left wing of our host, implying
 our control,
 Hover'd above us, and did truss within her
 golden seres
 A serpent so embued and big, which yet,
 in all her fears,
 Kept life and fervent spirit to fight, and
 wrought her own release,
 Nor did the eagle's eyrie feed ; so though
 we thus far prease
 Upon the Grecians, and perhaps may over-
 run their wall,
 Our high minds aiming at their fleet, and
 that we much appal
 Their trussed spirits ; yet are they so
 serpent-like disposed
 That they will fight, though in our seres,
 and will at length be losed
 With all our outeries, and the life of many
 a Trojan breast [our nest
 Shall with the eagle fly, before we carry to
 Them, or their navy." Thus expounds the
 augur this oment,
 Whose depth he knows, and these should
 fear. Hector, with countenance bent,
 Thus answer'd him ; " Polydamas, your
 depth in augury
 I like not, and know passing well thou dost
 not satisfy
 Thyself in this opinion ; or if thou think'st
 it true,
 Thy thoughts the Gods blind ; to advise,
 and urge that as our due,
 That breaks our duties ; and to Jove,
 whose vow and sign to me
 Is pass'd directly for our speed ; yet light-
 wing'd birds must be,
 By thy advice, our oracles, whose feathers
 little stay
 My serious actions. What care I, if this,
 or th' other, way
 Their wild wings sway them ; if the right,
 on which the sun doth rise,
 Or, to the left hand, where he sets ? 'Tis
 Jove's high counsel flies
 With those wings that shall bear up us ;
 Jove's, that both earth and heaven,
 Both men and Gods, sustains and rules.
 One augury is given
 To order all men, best of all : Fight for
 thy country's right.
 But why fear'st thou our further charge ?
 For though the dangerous fight
 Strow all men here about the fleet, yet
 thou need'st never fear
 To bear their fates ; thy wary heart will
 never trust thee where
 An enemy's look is ; and yet fight, for, if
 thou darest abstain,
 Or whisper into any ear an abstinence so
 vain
 As thou advisest, never fear that any foe
 shall take
 Thy life from thee, for 'tis this lance."
 This said, all forwards make,
 Himself the first ; yet before him exulting
 clamour flew, [blew
 And thunder-loving Jupiter from lofty Ida
 A storm that usher'd their assault, and
 made them charge like him.
 It drave directly on the fleet a dust so
 fierce and dim
 That it amazed the Grecians, but was a
 grace divine
 To Hector and his following troops, who
 wholly did incline
 To him, being now in grace with Jove, and
 so put boldly on
 To raze the rampire ; in whose height they
 fiercely set upon
 The parapets, and pull'd them down,
 razed every foremost fight,
 And all the buttresses of stone, that held
 their towers upright,
 They tore away with crows of iron, and
 hoped to ruin all.
 The Greeks yet stood, and still repair'd
 the fore-fights of their wall
 With hides of oxen, and from thence, they
 pour'd down stones in showers
 Upon the underminers' heads. Within the
 foremost towers

Both the Ajaces had command, who
 answer'd every part,
 Th' assaulters, and their soldiers, repress'd,
 and put in heart ;
 Repairing valour as their wall ; spake some
 fair, some reproved,
 Whoever made not good his place ; and
 thus they all sorts moved :
 " O countrymen, now need in aid would
 have excess be spent, [excellent,
 The excellent must be admired, the meanest
 The worst do well. In changing war all
 should not be alike,
 Nor any idle ; which to know fits all, lest
 Hector strike
 Your minds with frights, as ears with
 threats. Forward be all your hands,
 Urge one another. This doubt down, that
 now betwixt us stands,
 Jove will go with us to their walls." To
 this effect aloud
 Spake both the princes ; and as high, with
 this, th' expulsion flow'd.
 And as in winter time, when Jove his cold
 sharp javelins throws
 Amongst us mortals ; and is moved to white
 earth with his snows ;
 The winds asleep, he freely pours, till
 highest prominents,
 Hill tops, low meadows, and the fields
 that crown with most contents
 The toils of men, seaports, and shores, are
 hid, and every place,
 But floods, that snow's fair tender flakes,
 as their own brood, embrace ;
 So both sides cover'd earth with stones, so
 both for life contend,
 To show their sharpness ; through the wall
 uproar stood up an end.
 Nor had great Hector and his friends the
 rampire overrun,
 If heaven's great Counsellor, high Jove, had
 not inflamed his son
 Sarpedon (like the forest's king when he on
 oxen flies)
 Against the Grecians ; his round targe he
 to his arm applies,
 Brass-leaved without, and all within thick
 ox-hides quilted hard,
 The verge nail'd round with rods of gold ;
 and, with two darts prepared,
 He leads his people. As ye see a mountain
 lion fare,
 Long kept from prey, in forcing which, his
 high mind makes him dare
 Assault upon the whole full fold, though
 guarded never so
 With well-arm'd men, and eager dogs ;
 away he will not go,

But venture on, and either snatch a prey,
 or be a prey ;
 So fared divine Sarpedon's mind, resolved
 to force his way
 Through all the fore-fights, and the wall ;
 yet since he did not see [mind as he,
 Others as great as he in name, as great in
 He* spake to Glaucus : " Glaucus, say,
 why are we honour'd more
 Than other men of Lycia, in place ; with
 greater store
 Of meats and cups ; with goodlier roofs ;
 delightful gardens ; walks ;
 More lands and better ; so much wealth,
 that court and country talks
 Of us and our possessions, and every way
 we go,
 Gaze on us as we were their Gods? This
 where we dwell is so ;
 The shores of Xanthus ring of this ; and
 shall we not exceed
 As much in merit as in noise? Come, be
 we great in deed
 As well as look ; shine not in gold, but in
 the flames of fight ;
 That so our neat-arm'd Lycians may say ;
 ' See, these are right
 Our kings, our rulers ; these deserve to eat
 and drink the best ;
 These govern not ingloriously ; these, thus
 exceed the rest,
 Do more than they command to do.' O
 friend, if keeping back
 Would keep back age from us, and death,
 and that we might not wrack
 In this life's human sea at all, but that de-
 ferring now
 We shunn'd death ever, nor would I half
 this vain valour show,
 Nor glorify a folly so, to wish thee to
 advance ;
 But since we must go, though not here ;
 and that, besides the chance
 Proposed now, there are infinite fates of
 other sorts in death,
 Which, neither to be fled nor scaped, a
 man must sink beneath ;
 Come, try we, if this sort be ours, and
 either render thus
 Glory to others, or make them resign the
 like to us."
 This motion Glaucus shifted not, but
 without words obey'd.
 Foreright went both, a mighty troop of
 Lycians followed.

* Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus, neither equalled by any (in this kind) of all that have written.

Which by Menestheus observed, his hair
stood up on end,
For, at the tower where he had charge, he
saw calamity bend
Her horrid brows in their approach. He
threw his looks about
The whole fights near, to see what chief
might help the misery out
Of his poor soldiers, and beheld where both
th' Ajaces fought,
And Teucer newly come from fleet; whom
it would profit nought
To call, since tumult on their helms, shields,
and upon the ports,
Laid such loud claps; for every way, de-
fences of all sorts
Were adding, as Troy took away; and
clamour flew so high
Her wings strook heaven, and drown'd all
voice; the two dukes yet so nigh,
And at the offer of assault, he to th' Ajaces
sent
Thoos the herald with this charge: "Run
to the regiment
Of both th' Ajaces, and call both, for both
were better here,
Since here will slaughter, instantly, be more
enforced than there.
The Lycian captains this way make, who
in the fights of stand
Have often show'd much excellence: yet
if laborious hand
Be there more needful than I hope, at least
afford us some;
Let Ajax Telamonius and th' archer Teucer
come."
The herald hasted and arrived; and both
th' Ajaces told,
That Peteus' noble son desired their little
labour would
Employ himself in succouring him. Both
their supplies were best,
Since death assail'd his quarter most; for
on it fiercely press'd
The well-proved mighty Lycian chiefs. Yet
if the service there
Allow'd not both, he pray'd that one part
of his charge would bear,
And that was Ajax Telamon, with whom he
wish'd would come [his room
The archer Teucer. Telamon left instantly
To strong Lycomedes, and will'd Ajax
Oiliades
With him to make up his supply, and fill
with courages
The Grecian hearts till his return; which
should be instantly
When he had well relieved his friend.
With this the company

Of Teucer he took to his aid; Teucer, that
did descend
(As Ajax did) from Telamon. With these
two did attend
Pandion, that bore Teucer's bow. When
to Menestheus' tower
They came, amongst the wall, they found
him, and his hearten'd power,
Toiling in making strong their fort. The
Lycian princes set
Black whirlwind-like, with both their
powers, upon the parapet.
Ajax, and all, resisted them. Clamour
amongst them rose.
The slaughter Ajax led; who first the last
dear sight did close
Of strong Epicles, that was friend to Jove's
great Lycian son. [marble stone
Amongst the high munition heap, a mighty
Lay highest, near the pinnacle, a stone of
such a paise
That one of this time's strongest men with
both hands could not raise,
Yet this did Ajax rouse and throw, and all
in sherds did drive
Epicles' four-topp'd casque and skull; who
(as ye see one dive
In some deep river) left his height; life left
his bones withal.
Teucer shot Glaucus, rushing up yet
higher on the wall,
Where naked he discern'd his arm, and
made him steal retreat
From that hot service, lest some Greek,
with an insulting threat,
Beholding it, might fright the rest. Sar-
pedon much was grieved
At Glaucus' parting, yet fought on, and
his great heart relieved
A little with Alcmaon's blood, surnamed
Thestorides,
Whose life he hurl'd out with his lance;
which following through the prease,
He drew from him. Down from the tower
Alcmaon dead it strook;
His fair arms ringing out his death. Then
fierce Sarpedon took
In his strong hand the battlement, and
down he tore it quite,
The wall stripp'd naked, and broad way
for entry and full fight
He made the many. Against him Ajax
and Teucer made;
Teucer the rich belt on his breast did with a
shaft invade;
But Jupiter averted death, who would not
see his son
Die at the tails of th' Achive ships. Ajax
did fetch his run,

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

NEPTUNE (in pity of the Greeks' hard plight)
 Like Calchas, both th' Ajaces doth excite,
 And others : to repel the charging foe.
 Idomeneus bravely doth bestow
 His kingly forces, and doth sacrifice
 Othryoneus to the Destinies,
 With divers other. Fair Deiphobus,
 And his prophetic brother Hellenus,
 Are wounded. But the great Priamides,
 Gathering his forces, heartens their address
 Against the enemy ; and then the field
 A mighty death on either side doth yield.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

The Greeks, with Troy's bold power dismay'd,
 Are cheer'd by Neptune's secret aid.

Jove helping Hector, and his host, thus
 close to th' Achive fleet,
 He let them then their own strengths try,
 and season there their sweet
 With ceaseless toils and grievances. For
 now he turn'd his face,
 Look'd down, and view'd the far-off land
 of well-rode men in Thrace,
 Of the renown'd milk-nourish'd men, the
 Hippemolgians,¹
 Long-lived, most just, and innocent ; and
 close-fought Mysians :
 Nor turn'd he any more to Troy his ever-
 shining eyes, [the Deities,
 Because he thought not any one, of all
 When his care left th' indifferent field,
 would aid on either side.
 But this security in Jove the great Sea-
 Rector spied,
 Who sat aloft on th' utmost top of shady
 Samothrace,
 And view'd the fight. His chosen seat
 stood in so brave a place,
 That Priam's city, th' Achive ships, all Ida,
 did appear [therefore seated there.
 To his full view ; who from the sea was
 He took much ruth to see the Greeks by
 Troy sustain such ill,
 And, mightily incensed with Jove, stoop'd
 straight from that steep hill,
 That shook as he flew off, so hard his
 parting press'd the height.
 The woods, and all the great hills near,
 trembled beneath the weight

Of his immortal moving feet. Three steps
 he only took,
 Before he far-off Ægas reach'd ; but, with
 the fourth, it shook
 With his dread entry. In the depth of
 those seas he did hold
 His bright and glorious palace, built of
 never-rusting gold ;
 And there arrived, he put in coach his
 brazen-footed steeds,
 All golden-maned, and paced with wings ;
 and all in golden weeds
 He clothed himself. The golden scourge,
 most elegantly done,
 He took, and mounted to his seat ; and
 then the God begun
 To drive his chariot through the waves.
 From whirlpits every way
 The whales exulted under him, and knew
 their king ; the sea
 For joy did open ; and, his horse so swift
 and lightly flew,
 The under axletree of brass no drop of
 water drew.
 And thus these deathless coursers brought
 their king to th' Achive ships.
 'Twixt th' Imber cliffs and Tenedos, a
 certain cavern creeps
 Into the deep sea's gulfy breast, and there
 th' Earth-shaker stay'd
 His forward steeds, took them from coach,
 and heavenly fodder laid
 In reach before them ; their brass hooves he
 girt with gyves of gold.
 Not to be broken, nor dissolved, to make
 them firmly hold
 A fit attendance on their king ; who went
 to th' Achive host,
 Which, like to tempests or wild flames,
 the clustering Trojans toss'd
 Insatiably valorous, in Hector's like com-
 mand,
 High sounding, and resounding shouts ;
 for hope cheer'd every hand
 To make the Greek fleet now their prize,
 and all the Greeks destroy.
 But Neptune, circler of the earth, with
 fresh heart did employ
 The Grecian hands. In strength of voice
 and body he did take
 Calchas' resemblance, and, of all, th'
 Ajaces first bespake,

Who of themselves were free enough:
 "Ajaces, you alone
 Sustain the common good of Greece, in
 ever putting on
 The memory of fortitude, and flying
 shameful flight.
 Elsewhere the desperate hands of Troy
 could give me no affright,
 The brave Greeks have withstood their
 worst; but this our mighty wall
 Being thus transcended by their power,
 grave fear doth much appal
 My careful spirits, lest we feel some fatal
 mischief here;
 Where Hector, raging like a flame, doth
 in his charge appear,
 And boasts himself the best God's son.
 Be you conceited so,
 And fire so, more than human spirits, that
 God may seem to do
 In your deeds, and, with such thoughts
 cheer'd, others to such exhort,
 And such resistance; these great minds
 will in as great a sort
 Strengthen your bodies, and force check to
 all great Hector's charge,
 Though ne'er so spirit-like; and though
 Jove still (past himself) enlarge
 His sacred actions." Thus he touch'd,
 with his fork'd sceptre's point,
 The breasts of both; fill'd both their
 spirits, and made up every joint
 With power responsive; when, hawk-like,
 swift, and set sharp to fly,
 That fiercely stooping from a rock, inac-
 cessible and high,
 Cuts through a field, and sets a fowl (not
 being of her kind)
 Hard, and gets ground still; Neptune so
 left these two, either's mind
 Beyond themselves raised. Of both which,
 Oileus first discern'd
 The masking Deity, and said: "Ajax,
 some God hath warn'd
 Our powers to fight, and save our fleet.
 He put on him the hue
 Of th' augur Calchas. By his pace, in
 leaving us, I knew,
 Without all question, 'twas a God; the
 Gods are easily known;
 And in my tender breast I feel a greater
 spirit blown,
 To execute affairs of fight; I find my
 hands so free [feather'd under me."
 To all high motion; and my feet seem
 This Telamonius thus received: "So, to
 my thoughts, my hands
 Burn with desire to toss my lance; each
 foot beneath me stands
 Bare on bright fire, to use his speed; my
 heart is raised so high
 That to encounter Hector's self, I long
 insatiately."
 While these thus talk'd, as overjoy'd
 with study for the fight,
 (Which God had stirr'd up in their spirits)
 the same God did excite
 The Greeks that were behind at fleet, re-
 freshing their free hearts
 And joints, being even dissolved with toil;
 and (seeing the desperate parts
 Play'd by the Trojans past their wall) grief
 strook them, and their eyes
 Sweat tears from under their sad lids;
 their instant destinies
 Never supposing they could scape. But
 Neptune, stepping in,
 With ease stirr'd up the able troops, and
 did at first begin
 With Teucer, and Peneleus, th' heroe
 Leitus, [chus,
 Deipyrus, Meriones, and young Antilo-
 All expert in the deeds of arms: "O
 youths of Greece," said he,
 "What change is this? In your brave
 fight, I only look'd to see
 Our fleet's whole safety; and, if you
 neglect the harmful field,
 Now shines the day when Greece to Troy
 must all her honours yield.
 O grief! so great a miracle, and horrible
 to sight,
 As now I see, I never thought could have
 profaned the light.
 The Trojans brave us at our ships, that
 have been heretofore
 Like faint and fearful deer in woods, dis-
 tracted evermore
 With every sound, and yet scape not, but
 prove the torn-up fare
 Of lynxes, wolves, and leopards, as never
 born to war.
 Nor durst these Trojans at first siege, in
 any least degree,
 Expect your strength; or stand one shock
 of Grecian chivalry.
 Yet now, far from their walls, they dare
 fight at our fleet maintain,
 All by our General's cowardice, that doth
 infect his men
 Who, still at odds with him, for that will
 needs themselves neglect,
 And suffer slaughter in their ships. Suppose
 there was defect
 (Beyond all question) in our king, to wrong
 Æacides,
 And he, for his particular wreak, from all
 assistance cease"

We must not cease t' assist ourselves.
 Forgive our General then,
 And quickly too. Apt to forgive are all
 good-minded men.
 Yet you, quite void of their good minds,
 give good, in you quite lost,
 For ill in others, though ye be the worthiest
 of your host.
 As old as I am, I would scorn, to fight with
 one that flies,
 Or leaves the fight as you do now. The
 General slothful lies,
 And you, though slothful too, maintain
 with him a fight of spleen.
 Out, out, I hate ye from my heart; ye
 rotten-minded men.
 In this ye add an ill that's worse than all
 your sloth's dislikes. [hension strikes,
 But as I know to all your hearts my repre-
 So thither let just shame strike too; for
 while you stand still here
 A mighty fight swarms at your fleet, great
 Hector rageth there,
 Hath burst the long bar and the gates."
 Thus Neptune roused these men.
 And round about th' Ajaces did their
 phalanxes maintain²
 Their station firm; whom Mars himself,
 had he amongst them gone,
 Could not disparage; nor Jove's Maid that
 sets men fiercer on:
 For now the best were chosen out, and they
 received th' advance
 Of Hector and his men so full, that lance
 was lined with lance,
 Shields thicken'd with opposed shields,
 targets to targets nail'd,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man to man
 grew, they so close assail'd,
 Plumed casques were hang'd in either's
 plumes, all join'd so close their stands,
 Their lances stood, thrust out so thick by
 such all-daring hands.
 All bent their firm breasts to the point,
 and made sad fight their joy
 Of both. Troy all in heaps strook first, and
 Hector first of Troy.
 And as a round piece of a rock, which with
 a winter's flood
 Is from his top torn; when a shower,
 pour'd from a bursten cloud,
 Hath broke the natural bond it held within
 the rough steep rock;
 And, jumping, it flies down the woods,
 resounding every shock,
 And on, uncheck'd, it headlong leaps, till
 in a plain it stay,
 And then, though never so impell'd, it stirs
 not any way.

So Hector, hereto throated threats, to go
 to sea in blood,
 And reach the Grecian ships and tents,
 without being once withstood.
 But when he fell into the strengths the
 Grecians did maintain,
 And that they fought upon the square, he
 stood as fetter'd then;
 And so the adverse sons of Greece laid on
 with swords and darts,
 Whose both ends hurt, that they repell'd
 his worst; and he converts
 His threats, by all means, to retreats; yet
 made as he retired,
 Only t' encourage those behind; and thus
 those men inspired:
 "Trojans! Dardanians! Lycians! All
 warlike friends, stand close;
 The Greeks can never bear me long, though
 tower-like they oppose.
 This lance, be sure, will be their spoil; if
 even the best of Gods,
 High thundering Juno's husband, stirs my
 spirit with true abodes."
 With this all strengths and minds he
 moved; but young Deiphobus,
 Old Priam's son, amongst them all was
 chiefly virtuous.
 He bore before him his round shield, tripp'd
 lightly through the prease,
 At all parts cover'd with his shield; and
 him Meriones
 Charged with a glittering dart, that took
 his bull-hide orby shield,
 Yet pierced it not, but in the top itself did
 piecemeal yield.
 Deiphobus thrust forth his targe, and
 fear'd the broken ends
 Of strong Meriones his lance, who now
 turn'd to his friends;
 The great heroee scorning much by such a
 chance to part
 With lance and conquest, forth he went to
 fetch another dart,
 Left at his tent. The rest fought on, the
 clamour heighten'd there
 Was most unmeasured. Teucer first did
 flesh the massacre,
 And slew a goodly man at arms, the
 soldier Imbrius, [at Pedasus
 The son of Mentor, rich in horse; he dwelt
 Before the sons of Greece sieged Troy;
 from whence he married
 Medesicaste, one that sprung of Priam's
 bastard-bed;
 But when the Greek ships, double-oar'd,
 arrived at Ilion,
 To Ilion he return'd, and proved beyond
 comparison

Amongst the Trojans ; he was lodged with Priam, who held dear
 His natural sons no more than him ; yet him, beneath the ear,
 The son of Telamon attain'd, and drew his lance. He fell,
 As when an ash on some hill's top (itself topp'd wondrous well)
 The steel hews down, and he presents his young leaves to the soil ;
 So fell he, and his fair arms groan'd, which Teucer long'd to spoil,
 And in he ran ; and Hector in, who sent a shining lance
 At Teucer, who, beholding it, slipp'd by, and gave it chance
 On Actor's son, Amphimachus, whose breast it strook ; and in [intent to win
 Flew Hector, at his sounding fall, with full The tempting helmet from his head ; but Ajax with a dart
 Reach'd Hector at his rushing in, yet touch'd not any part
 About his body ; it was hid quite through with horrid brass ;
 The boss yet of his targe it took, whose firm stuff stay'd the pass,
 And he turn'd safe from both the trunks ; both which the Grecians bore
 From off the field. Amphimachus Menestheus did restore,
 And Stichius, to th' Achaian strength. Th' Ajaces (that were pleased
 Still most with most hot services) on Trojan Imbrius seized.
 And as from sharply-bitten hounds, a brace of lions force
 A new-slain goat, and through the woods bear in their jaws the corse
 Aloft, lift up into the air ; so, up into the skies,
 Bore both th' Ajaces Imbrius, and made his arms their prise.
 Yet, not content, Oiliades, enraged to see there dead
 His much-beloved Amphimachus, he hew'd off Imbrius' head ;
 Which, swinging round, bowl-like he toss'd amongst the Trojan prease,
 And full at Hector's feet it fell. Amphimachus' decease,
 Being nephew to the God of waves, much vex'd the Deity's mind,
 And to the ships and tents he march'd, yet more to make inclined
 The Grecians to the Trojan bane. In hasting to which end,
 Idomeneus met with him, returning from a friend,

Whose ham late hurt, his men brought off ; and having given command
 To his physicians for his cure, much fired to put his hand
 To Troy's repulse, he left his tent. Him (like Andremon's son,
 Prince Thoas, that in Pleuron ruled, and lofty Calydon,
 Th' Ætolian powers, and like a God was of his subjects loved)
 Neptune encounter'd, and but thus his forward spirit moved :
 " Idomeneus, prince of Crete ! O whither now are fled
 Those threats in thee, with which the rest the Trojans menaced ?"
 " O Thoas," he replied, " no one of all our host stands now [know.
 In any question of reproof, as I am let to And why is my intelligence false ? We all know how to fight, [knowledge right.
 And, (fear disanimating none) all do our Nor can our harms accuse our sloth, not one from work we miss.
 The great God only works our ill, whose pleasure now it is
 That, far from home, in hostile fields, and with inglorious fate,
 Some Greeks should perish. But do thou, O Thoas, that of late
 Hast proved a soldier, and wast wont, where thou hast sloth beheld,
 To chide it, and exhort to pains, now hate to be repell'd,
 And set on all men." He replied, " I would to heaven, that he,
 Whoever this day doth abstain from battle willingly,
 May never turn his face from Troy, but here become the prey
 And scorn of dogs. Come then, take arms, and let our kind assay
 Join both our forces. Though but two, yet, being both combined,
 The work of many single hands we may perform. We find, [little mind,
 That virtue co-augmented thrives in men of But we have singly match'd the great."
 This said, the God again,
 With all his conflicts, visited the venturous fight of men.
 The king turn'd to his tent ; rich arms put on his breast, and took
 Two darts in hand, and forth he flew. His haste on made him look
 Much like a fiery meteor, with which Jove's sulphury hand
 Opes heaven, and hurls about the air bright flashes, showing aland

Abodes that ever run before tempest and
 plagues to men ;
 So, in his swift pace, show'd his arms. He
 was encounter'd then
 By his good friend Meriones yet near his
 tent ; to whom
 Thus spake the power of Idomen : " What
 reason makes thee come,
 Thou son of Molus, my most loved, thus
 leaving fight alone ?
 Is't for some wound ? The javelin's head,
 still sticking in the bone,
 Desirest thou ease of ? Bring'st thou news ?
 or what is it that brings
 Thy presence hither ? Be assured, my
 spirit needs no stings
 To this hot conflict. Of myself thou seest
 I come, and loth,
 For any tent's love, to deserve the hateful
 taint of sloth."
 He answer'd : Only for a dart, he that
 retreat did make,
 (Were any left him at his tent) for, that he
 had, he brake
 On proud Deiphobus his shield. " Is one
 dart all ?" said he,
 " Take one and twenty, if thou like, for in
 my tent they be ;
 They stand there shining by the walls. I
 took them as my prize
 From those false Trojans I have slain.
 And this is not the guise
 Of one that loves his tent, or fights afar off
 with his foe ;
 But since I love fight, therefore doth my
 martial star bestow,
 Besides those darts, helms, targets boss'd,
 and corslets bright as day."
 " So I," said Merion, " at my tent, and
 sable bark, may say,
 I many Trojan spoils retain, but now not
 near they be,
 To serve me for my present use ; and
 therefore ask I thee.
 Not that I lack a fortitude to store me with
 my own ; [men renown,
 For ever in the foremost fights, that render
 I fight, when any fight doth stir. And
 this perhaps may well
 Be hid to others, but thou know'st, and I
 to thee appeal."
 " I know," replied the king, " how much
 thou weigh'st in every worth,
 What need'st thou therefore utter this ? If
 we should now choose forth
 The worthiest men for ambushes, in all
 our fleet and host,
 (For ambushes are services that try men's
 virtues most,

Since there the fearful and the firm will, as
 they are, appear,
 The fearful altering still his hue, and rests
 not anywhere,
 Nor is his spirit capable of th' ambush
 constancy,
 But riseth, changeth still his place, and
 croucheth curiously
 On his bent haunches ; half his height
 scarce seen above the ground,
 For fear to be seen, yet must see ; his
 heart, with many a bound,
 Offering to leap out of his breast, and,
 ever fearing death,
 The coldness of it makes him gnash, and
 half shakes out his teeth ;
 Where men of valour neither fear, nor
 ever change their looks,
 From lodging th' ambush till it rise ; but,
 since there must be strokes,
 Wish to be quickly in their midst) thy
 strength and hand in these
 Who should reprove ? For if, far off, or
 fighting in the press,
 Thou shouldst be wound, I am sure the
 dart that gave the wound
 Should not be drawn out of thy back, or
 make thy neck the ground ;
 But meet thy belly, or thy breast, in thrust-
 ing further yet
 When thou art furthest, till the first, and
 before him, thou get.
 But on ; like children let not us stand
 bragging thus, but do ;
 Lest some hear, and past measure chide,
 that we stand still and woo.
 Go, choose a better dart, and make Mars
 yield a better chance."
 This said, Mars-swift Meriones, with
 haste, a brazen lance
 Took from his tent, and overtook, most
 careful of the wars, [harmful Mars,
 Idomeneus. And such two, in field, as
 And Terror, his beloved son, that without
 terror fights,
 And is of such strength that in war the
 frighter he affrights,
 When, out of Thrace, they both take arms
 against th' Ephyran bands,
 Or 'gainst the great-soul'd Phlegians, nor
 favour their own hands,
 But give the grace to others still. In such
 sort to the fight,
 March'd these two managers of men, in
 armours full of light.
 And first spake Merion : " On which
 part, son of Deucalion,
 Serves thy mind to invade the fight ? Is't
 best to set upon

The Trojans in our battle's aid, the right
 or left-hand wing,
 For all parts I suppose employ'd? To
 this the Cretan king
 Thus answer'd: "In our navy's midst are
 others that assist;
 The two Ajaces; Teucer too, with shafts
 the expertest
 Of all the Grecians, and, though small, is
 great in fights of stand;
 And these (though huge he be of strength)
 will serve to fill the hand
 Of Hector's self, that Priamist, that studier
 for blows.
 It shall be call'd a deed of height for him
 (even suffering throes
 For knocks still) to outlabour them, and,
 bettering their tough hands,
 Enflame our fleet. If Jove himself cast not
 his firebrands
 Amongst our navy, that affair no man can
 bring to field. [yield
 Great Ajax Telamonius to none alive will
 That yields to death, and whose life takes
 Ceres' nutritions,
 That can be cut with any iron, or pash'd
 with mighty stones;
 Not to Æacides himself he yields for
 combats set,
 Though clear he must give place for pace
 and free swinge of his feet.
 Since then, the battle (being our place of
 most care) is made good
 By his high valour, let our aid see all
 powers be withstood
 That charge the left wing, and to that let
 us direct our course,
 Where quickly feel we this hot foe, or make
 him feel our force."
 This order'd, swift Meriones went, and
 forewent his king,
 Till both arrived where one enjoin'd.
 When, in the Greeks' left wing,
 The Trojans saw the Cretan king, like fire
 in fortitude;
 And his attendant, in bright arms so
 gloriously indued,
 Both cheering the sinister troops: all at
 the king address'd,
 And so the skirmish at their sterns on both
 parts were increased,
 That, as from hollow bustling winds en-
 gender'd storms arise,
 When dust doth chiefly clog the ways
 which up into the skies
 The wanton tempest ravisheth, begetting
 night of day;
 So came together both the foes, both lusted
 to assay,

And work with quick steel either's death.
 Man's fierce corruptress, Fight,
 Set up her bristles in the field with lances
 long and light,
 Which thick fell foul on either's face. The
 splendour of the steel,
 In new-scour'd curets, radiant casques, and
 burnish'd shields, did seel
 Th' assailer's eyes up. He sustain'd a huge
 spirit, that was glad
 To see that labour, or in soul that stood
 not stricken sad.
 Thus these two disagreeing Gods, old
 Saturn's mighty sons, [pressions,
 Afflicted these heroic men with huge op-
 pove honouring Æacides (to let the Greeks
 still try
 Their want without him) would bestow,
 yet still the victory
 On Hector, and the Trojan power; yet for
 Æacides,
 And honour of his mother-queen, great
 Goddess of the seas,
 He would not let proud Ilium see the
 Grecians quite destroy'd,
 And therefore from the hoary deep he
 suffer'd so employ'd
 Great Neptune in the Grecian aid; who
 grieved for them, and storm'd
 Extremely at his brother Jove. Yet both
 one Goddess free'd,
 And one soil bred, but Jupiter precedence
 took in birth,
 And had more knowledge;* for which
 cause, the other came not forth
 Of his wet kingdom, but with care of not
 being seen t' excite
 The Grecian host, and like a man appear'd,
 and made the fight.
 So these Gods made men's valours great,
 but equal'd them with war
 As harmful as their hearts were good; and
 stretch'd those chains as far
 On both sides as their limbs could bear, in
 which they were involved
 Past breach, or loosing, that their knees
 might therefore be dissolved.

* The empire of Jove exceeded Neptune's (saith Plut. upon this place) because he was more ancient, and excellent in knowledge and wisdom; and upon this verse, viz. ἄλλα Ζεὺς πρότερος, &c. sets down this his most worthy to be noted opinion: viz. I think also that the blessedness of eternal life, which God enjoys is this; that by any past time he forgets not notions presently apprehended; for otherwise, the knowledge and understanding of things taken away, immortality should not be life, but time, &c. (Plut. de Iside et Osiride.)

Then, though a half-grey man he were,
 Crete's sovereign did excite
 The Greeks to blows, and flew upon the
 Trojans, even to flight ;
 For he, in sight of all the host, Othryoneus
 slew,
 That from Cabetes, with the fame of those
 wars, thither drew
 His new-come forces, and required, without
 respect of dower,
 Cassandra, fair'st of Priam's race ; assuring
 with his power,
 A mighty labour, to expel, in their de-
 spite, from Troy
 The sons of Greece. The king did vow,
 that done, he should enjoy
 His goodliest daughter. He (in trust of that
 fair purchase) fought ;
 And at him threw the Cretan king a lance,
 that singled out
 This great assumer, whom it strook just in
 his navel's stead. [him to the dead.
 His brazen curets helping nought, resign'd
 Then did the conqueror exclaim, and thus
 insulted then : [mortal men,
 "Othryoneus, I will praise, beyond all
 Thy living virtues, if thou wilt now
 perfect the brave vow
 Thou madest to Priam, for the wife he
 promised to bestow.
 And where he should have kept his word,
 there we assure thee here,
 To give thee for thy princely wife the
 fairest and most dear
 Of our great General's female race, which
 from his Argive hall
 We all will wait upon to Troy, if, with our
 aids, and all,
 Thou wilt but raze this well-built town.
 Come, therefore, follow me,
 That in our ships we may conclude this
 royal match with thee.
 I'll be no jot worse than my word." With
 that he took his feet,
 And dragg'd him through the fervent fight ;
 in which did Asius meet
 The victor, to inflict revenge. He came on
 foot before [so closely evermore
 His horse, that on his shoulders breathed ;
 His coachman led them to his lord ; who
 held a huge desire
 To strike the king, but he strook first, and
 underneath his chin,
 At his throat's height, through th' other
 side, his eager lance drave in ;
 And down he bustled like an oak, a
 poplar, or a pine,
 Hewn down for shipwood, and so lay.
 His fall did so decline

The spirit of his charioteer, that, lest he
 should incense
 The victor to impair his spoil, he durst not
 drive from thence
 His horse and chariot ; and so pleased,
 with that respective part,
 Antilochus, that for his fear he reach'd him
 with a dart
 About his belly's midst, and down his sad
 corse fell beneath
 The richly builded chariot, there labouring
 out his breath.
 The horse Antilochus took off ; when,
 grieved for this event,
 Deiphobus drew passing near, and at the
 victor sent
 A shining javelin ; which he saw, and
 shunn'd, with gathering round
 His body in his all-round shield, at whose
 top, with a sound,
 It overflow'd ; yet, seizing there, it did not
 idly fly
 From him that wing'd it, his strong hand
 still drave it mortally
 On prince Hypsenor ; it did pierce his liver,
 underneath
 The veins it passeth ; his shrunk knees sub-
 mitted him to death.
 And then did loved Deiphobus miraculously
 vaunt : [his spirit want
 "Now Asius lies not unrevenged, nor doth
 The joy I wish it, though it be now entering
 the strong gate
 Of mighty Pluto, since this hand hath sent
 him down a mate."
 This glory in him grieved the Greeks,
 and chiefly the great mind
 Of martial Antilochus, who though to grief
 inclined,
 He left not yet his friend, but ran and hid
 him with his shield ;
 And to him came two lovely friends, that
 freed him from the field,
 Mecisteus, son of Echius, and the right
 nobly born
 Alastor, bearing him to fleet, and did ex-
 tremely mourn.
 Idomeneus sunk not yet, but held his
 nerves entire,
 His mind much less deficient, being fec-
 with firm desire
 To hide more Trojans in dim night, or sin-
 himself in guard
 Of his loved countrymen. And then Alca-
 thus prepared
 Work for his valour, offering fate his ow-
 destruction,
 A great hero, and had grace to be th-
 loved son

Of Æsyetes, son-in-law to prince Æneas'
 sire,
 Hippodamia marrying ; who most enflamed
 the fire
 Of her dear parents' love, and took pre-
 cedence in her birth
 Of all their daughters, and as much ex-
 ceeded in her worth
 (For beauty answer'd with her mind, and
 both with housewifery)
 All the fair beauty of young dames that
 used her company,
 And therefore, being the worthiest dame,
 the worthiest man did wed
 Of ample Troy. Him Neptune stoop'd
 beneath the royal force
 Of Idomen, his sparkling eyes deluding,
 and the course
 Of his illustrious lineaments so out of nature
 bound,
 That back nor forward he could stir, but,
 as he grew to ground,
 Stood like a pillar, or high tree, and neither
 moved, nor feared ;
 When straight the royal Cretan's dart in
 his mid breast appear'd,
 It brake the curets, that were proof to
 ev'ry other dart,
 Yet now they cleft and rung ; the lance
 stuck shaking in his heart ;
 His heart with panting made it shake ; but
 Mars did now remit
 The greatness of it, and the king, now
 quitting the brag fit
 Of glory in Deiphobus, thus terribly ex-
 claim'd : [are evenly famed,
 " Deiphobus, now may we think that we
 That three for one have sent to Dis. But
 come, change blows with me,
 Thy vaunts for him thou slew'st were vain.
 Come, wretch, that thou may'st see
 What issue Jove hath. Jove begot Minos,
 the strength of Crete ; [beget
 Minos begot Deucalion ; Deucalion did
 Me Idomen, now Creta's king, that here
 my ships have brought
 To bring thyself, thy father, friends, all
 Iliou's pomp, to nought."
 Deiphobus at two ways stood, in doubt
 to call some one, [chance alone.
 With some retreat, to be his aid, or try the
 At last, the first seem'd best to him, and
 back he went to call
 Anchises' son to friend, who stood in troop
 the last of all,
 Where still he served ; which made him
 still incense against the king,
 That, being amongst his best their peer,
 he graced not anything

His wrong'd deserts. Deiphobus spake to
 him, standing near :
 " Æneas, prince of Troians, if any touch
 appear
 Of glory in thee, thou must now assist thy
 sister's lord,
 And one that to thy tenderest youth did
 careful guard afford,
 Alcathous, whom Creta's king hath chiefly
 slain to thee,
 His right most challenging thy hand.
 Come, therefore, follow me."
 This much excited his good mind, and
 set his heart on fire
 Against the Cretan, who child-like dissolved
 not in his ire,
 But stood him firm. As when in hills a
 strength-relying boar,
 Alone, and hearing hunters come, whom
 tumult flies before,
 Up-thrusts his bristles, whets his tusks, sets
 fire on his red eyes,
 And in his brave-prepared repulse doth
 dogs and men despise ;
 So stood the famous-for-his-lance, nor
 shunn'd the coming charge
 That resolute Æneas brought. Yet, since
 the odds was large,
 He call'd with good right to his aid war-
 skill'd Ascalaphus,
 Aphareus, Meriones, the strong Deipyrus,
 And Nestor's honourable son : " Come
 near, my friends," said he,
 " And add your aids to me alone. Fear
 taints me worthily,
 Though firm I stand, and show it not.
 Æneas great in fight,
 And one that bears youth in his flower,
 that bears the greatest might,
 Comes on with aim direct at me. Had I
 his youthful limb
 To bear my mind, he should yield fame, or
 I would yield it him."
 This said, all held, in many souls, one
 ready helpful mind,
 Clapp'd shields and shoulders, and stood
 close. Æneas, not inclined
 With more presumption than the king,
 call'd aid as well as he :
 Divine Agenor ; Helen's love who follow'd
 instantly,
 And all their forces following them ; as,
 after bell-wethers
 The whole flocks follow to their drink
 which sight the shepherd cheers.
 Nor was Æneas' joy less moved to see such
 troops attend
 His honour'd person ; and all these fought
 close about his friend ;

But two of them, past all the rest, had
 strong desire to shed
 The blood of either; Idomen, and Cy-
 therea's seed.
 Æneas first bestow'd his lance, which th'
 other seeing shunn'd,
 And that, thrown from an idle hand, stuck
 trembling in the ground.
 But Idomen's, discharged at him, had no
 such vain success,
 Which Enomaus' entrails found, in which
 it did impress
 His sharp pile to his fall; his palms tore
 his returning earth.
 Idomeneus straight stepp'd in, and pluck'd
 his javelin forth,
 But could not spoil his goodly arms, they
 press'd him so with darts.
 And now the long toil of the fight had
 spent his vigorous parts,
 And made them less apt to avoid the foe
 that should advance,
 Or, when himself advanced again, to run
 and fetch his lance,
 And therefore in stiff fights of stand he
 spent the cruel day.
 When, coming softly from the slain,
 Deiphobus gave way
 To his bright javelin at the king, whom he
 could never brook;
 But then he lost his envy too. His lance
 yet deadly took
 Ascalaphus, the son of Mars; quite through
 his shoulder flew,
 The violent head, and down he fell. Nor
 yet by all means knew
 Wide-throated Mars his son was fall'n, but
 in Olympus' top
 Sat canopied with golden clouds; Jove's
 counsel had shut up
 Both him and all the other Gods from that
 time's equal task,
 Which now, about Ascalaphus, strife set.
 His shining casque
 Deiphobus had forced from him, but in-
 stantly leap'd in [long javelin,
 Mars-swift Meriones, and strook, with his
 The right arm of Deiphobus, which made
 his hand let fall
 The sharp-topp'd helmet; the press'd
 earth resounding therewithal.
 When, vulture-like, Meriones rush'd in
 again and drew,
 From out the low part of his arm his
 javelin, and then flew
 Back to his friends. Deiphobus, faint with
 the blood's excess
 Fall'n from his wound, was carefully con-
 vey'd out of the press
 By his kind brother by both sides, Polites,
 till they gat
 His horse and chariot that were still set
 fit for his retreat,
 And bore him now to Ilion. The rest
 fought fiercely on,
 And set a mighty fight on foot. When
 next, Anchises' son
 Aphareus Caletorides, that ran upon him,
 strook
 Just in the throat with his keen lance; and
 straight his head forsook
 His upright carriage; and his shield, his
 helm, and all, with him
 Fell to the earth; where ruinous death
 made prize of every limb.
 Antilochus, discovering well that Thoon's
 heart took check,
 Let fly, and cut the hollow vein, that runs
 up to his neck,
 Along his back part, quite in twain; down
 in the dust he fell,
 Upwards, and, with extended hands, bade
 all the world farewell.
 Antilochus rush'd nimbly in, and, looking
 round, made prize
 Of his fair arms; in which affair his round-
 set enemies
 Let fly their lances, thundering on his
 advanced targe,
 But could not get his flesh. The God
 that shakes the earth took charge
 Of Nestor's son and kept him safe; who
 never was away, [lance did play,
 But still amongst the thickest foes his busy
 Observing ever when he might, far off, or
 near, offend;
 And watching Asius' son, in prease he
 spied him, and did send,
 Close coming on, a dart at him, that smote
 in midst his shield,
 In which the sharp head of the lance the
 blue-hair'd God made yield,
 Not pleased to yield his pupil's life; in
 whose shield half the dart
 Stuck like a truncheon burn'd with fire;
 on earth lay th' other part.
 He, seeing no better end of all, retired in
 fear of worse,
 But him Meriones pursued; and his lance
 found full course
 To th' other's life. It wounded him be-
 twixt the privy parts
 And navel, where, to wretched men that
 war's most violent smarts
 Must undergo, wounds chiefly vex. His
 dart Meriones
 Pursued, and Adamas so strived with it,
 and his misease,

As doth a bullock puff and storm, whom
in disdain'd bands
The upland herdsmen strive to cast; so,
fall'n beneath the hands
Of his stern foe, Asiades did struggle,
pant, and rave.
But no long time; for when the lance was
pluck'd out, up he gave
His tortured soul. Then Troy's turn came;
when with a Thracian sword
The temples of Deipyrus did Helenus
afford
So huge a blow, it strook all light out of
his cloudy eyes,
And cleft his helmet; which a Greek, there
fighting, made his prize,
It fell so full beneath his feet. Atrides
grieved to see
That sight, and, threatening, shook a lance
at Helenus, and he
A bow half drew at him; at once out flew
both shaft and lance.
The shaft Atrides' curests strook; and far
away did glance.
Atrides' dart of Helenus the thrust out
bow-hand struck,
And, through the hand, stuck in the bow.
Agenor's hand did pluck
From forth the nailed prisoner the javelin
quickly out;
And fairly, with a little wool, enwrapping
round about
The wounded hand, within a scarf³ he bore
it, which his squire
Had ready for him. Yet the wound would
needs he should retire.
Pisander, to revenge his hurt, right on
the king ran he. [on thee,
A bloody fate suggested him to let him run
O Menelaus, that he might, by thee, in
dangerous war
Be done to death. Both coming on,
Atrides' lance did err.
Pisander strook Atrides' shield, that brake
at point the dart
Not running through; yet he rejoiced as
playing a victor's part.
Atrides, drawing his fair sword, upon Pi-
sander flew;
Pisander, from beneath his shield, his
goodly weapon drew,
Two-edged, with right sharp steel, and long,
the handle olive-tree,
Well-polish'd; and to blows they go.
Upon the top strook he
Atrides' horse-hair'd-feather'd helm; Atrides
on his brow,
Above th' extreme part of his nose, laid
such a heavy blow

That all the bones crash'd under it, and
out his eyes did drop
Before his feet in bloody dust; he after,
and shrunk up
His dying body, which the foot of his
triumphing foe
Open'd, and stood upon his breast, and
off his arms did go,
This insultation used the while: "At length
forsake our fleet"⁴
Thus ye false Trojans, to whom war never
enough is sweet.
Nor want ye more impieties, with which
ye have abused
Me, ye bold dogs, that your chief friends
so honourably used.
Nor fear you hospitable Jove, that lets
such thunders go.
But build upon't, he will unbuild your
towers that clamber so,
For ravishing my goods, and wife, in flower
of all her years,
And without cause; nay, when that fair
and liberal hand of hers
Had used you so most lovingly. And now
again ye would
Cast fire into our fleet, and kill our
princes if ye could.
Go to, one day you will be curb'd, though
never so ye thirst
Rude war, by war. O father Jove, they
say thou art the first
In wisdom of all Gods and men, yet all
this comes from thee,
And still thou gratifiest these men, how
lewd soe'er they be,
Though never they be cloy'd with sins, nor
can be satiate,
As good men should, with this vile war
Satiety of state,
Satiety of sleep and love, satiety of ease,
Of music, dancing, can find place; yet
harsh war still must please
Past all these pleasures, even past these.
They will be cloy'd with these
Before their war joys. Never war gives
Troy satieties."
This said, the bloody arms were off, and
to his soldiers thrown,
He mixing in first fight again. And then
Harpallion,
Kind king Pylæmen's son, gave charge;
who to those wars of Troy
His loved father followed, nor ever did
enjoy
His country's sight again. He strook the
targe of Atreus' son
Full in the midst; his javelin's steel yet had
no power to run

The target through; nor had himself the heart to fetch his lance,
 But took him to his strength, and cast on every side a glance,
 Lest any his dear sides should dart. But Merion, as he fled,
 Sent after him a brazen lance, that ran his eager head
 Through his right hip, and all along the bladder's region
 Beneath the bone; it settled him, and set his spirit gone
 Amongst the hands of his best friends; and like a worm he lay
 Stretch'd on the earth, which his black blood imbrued, and flow'd away.
 His corse the Paphlagonians did sadly wait upon, [Ilion;
 Reposed in his rich chariot, to sacred The king his father following, dissolved in kindly tears,
 And no wreak sought for his slain son. But, at his slaughterers
 Incensed Paris spent a lance, since he had been a guest
 To many Paphlagonians; and through the prease it press'd.
 There was a certain augur's son, that did for wealth excel,
 And yet was honest; he was born, and did at Corinth dwell;
 Who, though he knew his harmful fate, would needs his ship ascend;
 His father, Polyidus, oft would tell him that his end
 Would either seize him at his house, upon a sharp disease,
 Or else among the Grecian ships by Trojans slain. Both these
 Together he desired to shun; but the disease, at last,
 And lingering death in it, he left, and war's quick stroke embraced.
 The lance betwixt his ear and cheek ran in, and drave the mind
 Of both those bitter fortunes out. Night strook his whole powers blind.
 Thus fought they, like the spirit of fire; nor Jove-loved Hector knew
 How in the fleet's left wing the Greeks his down-put soldiers slew
 Almost to victory; the God that shakes the earth so well
 Help'd with his own strength, and the Greeks so fiercely did impel.
 Yet Hector made the first place good, where both the ports and wall
 (The thick rank of the Greek shields broke) he enter'd, and did skall

Where on the gray sea's shore were drawn (the wall being there but slight)
 Protesilaus' ships, and those of Ajax, where the fight
 Of men and horse were sharpest set. There the Boeotian bands,
 Long-robb'd Iaons,* Locrians, and, brave men of their hands,
 The Pthian and Epeian troops did spritefully assail [could not prevail
 The god-like Hector rushing in; and yet To his repulse, though choicest men of Athens there made head;
 Amongst whom was Menestheus chief, whom Phidias followed;
 Stichius and Bias, huge in strength. Th Epeian troops were led
 By Mege's and Phylides' cares, Amphion, Dracius. [Meneptolemus;
 Before the Pthians Medon march'd, and And these, with the Boeotian powers, bore up the fleet's defence.
 Oileus by his brother's side stood close, and would not thence
 For any moment of that time. But, as through fallow fields
 Black oxen draw a well-join'd plough, and either evenly yids
 His thrifty labour, all heads couch'd so close to earth they plow
 The fallow with their horns, till out the sweat begins to flow,
 The stretch'd yokes crack, and yet at last the furrow forth is driven:
 So toughly stood these to their task, and made their work as even.
 But Ajax Telamonius had many helpfumen
 That, when sweat ran about his knees, and labour flow'd, would then
 Help bear his mighty seven-fold shield when swift Oiliades
 The Locrians left, and would not make those murderous fights of prease,
 Because they wore no bright steel casques nor bristled plumes for show,
 Round shields, nor darts of solid ash; but with the trusty bow,⁵
 And jacks well-quilted with soft wool, the came to Troy, and were,
 In their fit place, as confident as those that fought so near;
 And reach'd their foes so thick with shaft that these were they that brake
 The Trojan orders first; and then, the brave arm'd men did make

* By Iaons (for Ionians) he intends the Athenians.

Good work with their close fights before.
 Behind whom, having shot,
 The Locrians hid still; and their foes all
 thought of fight forgot
 With shows of those far-striking shafts,
 their eyes were troubled so.
 And then, assuredly, from the ships, and
 tents, th' insulting foe
 Had miserably fled to Troy, had not
 Polydamas [possible 'tis to pass
 Thus spake to Hector: "Hector, still im-
 Good counsel upon you. But say some
 God prefers thy deeds,
 In counsels wouldst thou pass us too? In
 all things none exceeds.
 To some God gives the power of war, to
 some the sleight to dance,
 To some the art of instruments, some doth
 for voice advance;
 And that far-seeing God grants some the
 wisdom of the mind,
 Which no man can keep to himself, that,
 though but few can find,
 Doth profit many, that preserves the public
 weal and state,
 And that, who hath, he best can prize.
 But, for me, I'll relate
 Only my censure what's our best. The
 very crown of war
 Doth burn about thee: yet our men, when
 they have reach'd thus far,
 Suppose their valours crown'd, and cease.
 A few still stir their feet,
 And so a few with many fight, spersed thinly
 through the fleet.
 Retire then, leave speech to the rout, and
 all thy princes call,
 That, here, in counsels of most weight, we
 may resolve of all,
 If having likelihood to believe that God
 will conquest give,
 We shall charge through; or with this
 grace, make our retreat, and live.
 For, I must needs affirm, I fear, the debt
 of yesterday
 (Since war is such a God of change) the
 Grecians now will pay.
 And since th' insatiate man of war remains
 at fleet, if there
 We tempt his safety, no hour more his hot
 soul can forbear."
 This sound stuff Hector liked, approved,
 jump'd from his chariot,
 And said: "Polydamas make good this
 place, and suffer not
 One prince to pass it; I myself will there
 go, where you see
 Those friends in skirmish, and return (when
 they have heard from me
 Command that your advice obeys) with
 utmost speed." This said,
 With day-bright arms, white plume, white
 scarf, his goodly limbs array'd,
 He parted from them, like a bill, removing,
 all of snow,
 And to the Trojan peers and chiefs he flew,
 to let them know
 The counsel of Polydamas. All turn'd, and
 did rejoice,
 To haste to Panthus' gentle son, being
 call'd by Hector's voice;
 Who, through the forefights making way,
 look'd for Deiphobus,
 King Helenus, Asiades, Hyrtasian
 Asius,
 Of whom, some were not to be found un-
 hurt, or undeceas'd,
 Some only hurt, and gone from field. As
 further he address'd,
 He found within the fight's left wing the
 fair-hair'd Helen's love
 By all means moving men to blows; which
 could by no means move
 Hector's forbearance; his friends' miss so
 put his powers in storm:
 But thus in wonted terms he chid: "You
 with the finest form,
 Impostor, woman's man, where are, in
 your care mark'd, all these?
 Deiphobus, King Helenus, Asius Hyrtas-
 cides,
 Othryoneus, Acamas? Now haughty Ilium
 Shakes to his lowest groundwork. Now
 just ruin falls upon
 Thy head past rescue." He replied:
 "Hector, why chidest thou now,
 When I am guiltless? Other times, there
 are for ease I know,
 Than these; for she that brought thee
 forth, not utterly left me
 Without some portion of thy spirit, to make
 me brother thee.
 But since thou first brought'st in thy force,
 to this our naval fight,
 I and my friends have ceaseless fought, to
 do thy service right,
 But all those friends thou seek'st are slain;
 excepting Helenus,
 Who parted wounded in his hand, and so
 Deiphobus;
 Jove yet averted death from them. And
 now lead thou as far
 As thy great heart affects, all we will
 second any war
 That thou endurest; and I hope, my own
 strength is not lost;
 Though least, I'll fight it to his best; nor
 further fights the most."

This calm'd hot Hector's spleen; and both turn'd where they saw the face
 Of war most fierce, and that was where their friends made good the place
 About renown'd Polydamas, and god-like Polypæt,
 Palmus, Ascanius, Morus that Hippotion did beget,
 And from Ascania's wealthy fields but even the day before
 Arrived at Troy, that with their aid they kindly might restore
 Some kindness they received from thence. And in fierce fight with these,
 Phalces and tall Orthæus stood, and bold Cebriones.
 And then the doubt that in advice Polydamas disclosed,
 To fight or fly, Jove took away, and all to fight disposed.
 And as the floods of troubled air to pitchy storms increase
 That after thunder sweeps the fields, and ravish up the seas,
 Encountering with abhorred roars, when the engrossed waves
 Boil into foam, and endlessly one after other raves;
 So rank'd and guarded th' Ilians march'd; some now, more now, and then
 More upon more, in shining steel; now captains, then their men.
 And Hector, like man-killing Mars, advanced before them all,
 His huge round target before him, through thicken'd, like a wall,
 With hides well couch'd with store of brass; and on his temples shined
 His bright helm, on which danced his plume; and in this horrid kind,
 (All hid within his world-like shield) he every troop assay'd
 For entry, that in his despite stood firm and undismay'd.
 Which when he saw, and kept more off, Ajax came stalking then,
 And thus provok'd him: "O good man, why fright'st thou thus our men?"

Come nearer. Not art's want in war makes us thus navy-bound,
 But Jove's direct scourge; his arm'd hand makes our hands give you ground.
 Yet thou hopest, of thyself, our spoil. But we have likewise hands
 To hold our own, as you to spoil; and ere thy countermands
 Stand good against our ransack'd fleet, your hugely-peopled town
 Our hands shall take in, and her towers from all their heights pull down.
 And I must tell thee, time draws on, when, flying, thou shalt cry
 To Jove and all the Gods to make thy fair-maned horses fly
 More swift than falcons, that their hoofs may rouse the dust, and bear
 Thy body, hid, to Iliion." This said, his bold words were
 Confirm'd as soon as spoke. Jove's bird, the high-flown eagle, took
 The right hand of their host; whose wings high acclamations strook
 From forth the glad breasts of the Greeks. Then Hector made reply:
 "Vain-spoken man, and glorious, what hast thou said? Would I
 As surely were the son of Jove, and of great Juno born,
 Adorn'd like Pallas, and the God that lifts to earth the morn,
 As this day shall bring harmful light to all your host; and thou
 If thou darest stand this lance, the earth before the ships shalt strow,
 Thy bosom torn up, and the dogs, with all the fowl of Troy,
 Be satiate with thy fat and flesh." This said, with shouting joy
 His first troops follow'd; and the last their shouts with shouts repell'd.
 Greece answer'd all, nor could her spirits from all show rest conceal'd.
 And to so infinite a height all acclamations strove,
 They reach'd the splendours, stuck about the unreach'd throne of Jove.

COMMENTARIUS.

'Αγαυόν Ἰππημολγῶν, &c., *illustrium Hippemolgorum*: Γλακτοφόρων, *lacte vescentium*, &c. Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessus (who I think translated Homer into hexameters out of Valla's

prose) take ἀγαυόν, the epithet to Ἰππημολγῶν, for a nation so called, and Ἰππημολγῶν, Γλακτοφόρων ἀβίων τε translates, *ut quæ sine ullis divitiis equino victitat lacte*; intending *gens Agavorum*, which

he takes for those just men of life likewise which Homer commends; utterly mistaking ἀγαθός, signifying *praclarus* or *illustris*, whose genitive case plural is used here; and the word, epithet to ἱεραπολογῶν, together signifying *illustrium Hippemolgorum*, and they being bred, and continually fed with milk (which the next word γλακτοφάγων signifies) Homer calls *most just, long-lived, and innocent*, in the words ἀβίων τε δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων—ἀβίος signifying *longævus ab a epitalico*, and βίος *vita*, but of some *snops*, being a compound *ex a privat.*, and βίος *victus*: and from thence had Valla his interpretation, *ut quæ sine ullis divitiis*; but where is *equino lacte*? But not to shew their errors, or that I understand how others take this place different from my translation, I use this note, so much as to intimate what Homer would have noted, and doth teach; that men brought up with that gentle and soft-spirit-begetting milk are long lived, and in nature most just and innocent. Which kind of food the most ingenious and grave Plutarch, in his oration *De Esu Carnium*, seems to prefer before the food of flesh, where he saith: "By this means also tyrants laid the foundations of their homicides, for (as amongst the Athenians) first they put to death the most notorious or vilest sycophant Epitedeius, so the second, and third; then, being accustomed to blood, they slew good like bad, as Niceratus, the emperor Theramenes, Polemarchus the philosopher, &c. So, at the first, men killed some harmful beast or other, then some kind of fowl, some fish; till taught by these, and stirred up with the lust of their palates, they proceeded to slaughter of the laborious ox, the man-clothing or adorning sheep, the house-guarding cock, &c., and by little and little cloyed with these, war, and the food of men, men fell to, &c."

² Ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Αἰαντας, &c., *Circum autem Ajaces*, &c. To judgment of this place, Spondanus calleth all sound judgments to condemnation of one Panædes, a judge of games on Olympus, whose brother Amphidamas being dead, Gannictor his son celebrated his funerals, calling all the most excellent to contention, not only for strength and swiftness, but in learning likewise, and force of wisdom. To this general contention came Homer and Hesiodus, who casting down verses on both parts, and of all measures (Homer by all consents questionless obtaining the

garland), Panædes bade both recite briefly their best; for which Hesiodus cited these verses, which, as well as I could, in haste, I have translated out of the beginning of his Second Book of Works and Days:

When Atlas birth (the Pleiades) arise,
Harvest begin; plough, when they leave the
skies.

Twice twenty nights and days these hide their
heads,

The year then turning, leave again their beds,
And show when first to whet the harvest steel.
This likewise is the field's law, where men dwell
Near Neptune's empire, and where, far away,
The winding valleys fly the flowing sea,
And men inhabit the fat region.

There naked plough, sow naked, naked cut down,
If Ceres' labours thou wilt timely use,
That timely fruits, and timely revenues,
Serve thee at all parts, lest, at any, Need
Send thee to others' grudging doors to feed, &c.*

These verses, howsoever Spondanus stands for Homer's, in respect of the peace and thrift they represent, are like enough to carry it for Hesiodus, even in these times' judgments. Homer's verses are these:—

—Thus Neptune roused these men.
And round about th' Ajaces did their phalanxes
maintain (amongst them gone)
Their station firm, whom Mars himself (had he
Could not disparage, nor Jove's Maid that sets
men fiercer on.

For now the best were chosen out, and they
received th' advance

Of Hector and his men so full, that lance was
lined with lance,
Shields thick'n'd with opposed shields, targets
to targets nail'd,

Helms stuck to helms, and man to man grew
they so close assail'd,

Plumed casques were hang'd in either's plumes,
all join'd so close their stands,

Their lances stood, thrust home so thick, by
such all-daring hands.

All bent their firm breasts to the point, and
made sad fight their joy

Of both. Troy all in heaps strook first, and
Hector first of Troy.

And as a round piece of a rock, &c.

Which martial verses, though they are as high as may be for their place and end of our Homer, are yet infinitely short of his best in a thousand other places. Nor think I the contention at any part true, Homer being affirmed by good authors to be a hundred years before Hesiodus; and by all others much the older, Hesiodus being near in blood to him. And this, for

* See Vol. II., page 222. It is evident from the alterations made in this passage in the complete version that Chapman spent as much pains on the revision of his Hesiod as of his Homer—Ed.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ATREUS, to behold the skirmish, brings
 Old Nestor, and the other wounded kings.
 Juno (receiving of the Cyprian dame
 Her Ceston, whence her sweet enticements
 came)
 Descends to Somnus, and gets him to bind
 The powers of Jove with sleep, to free her mind.
 Neptune assists the Greeks, and of the foe
 Slaughter inflicts a mighty overthrow.
 Ajax so sore strikes Hector with a stone,
 It makes him spit blood, and his sense sets gone.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In **E** with sleep, and bed, heaven's Queen
 Even Jove himself makes overscen.

NOT wine, nor feasts, could lay their soft
 chains on old Nestor's ear*
 To this high clamour; who required Ma-
 chaon's thoughts to bear
 His care in part, about the cause; "For,
 methink, still," said he,
 "The cry increases. I must needs the
 watch-tower mount to see
 Which way the flood of war doth drive.
 Still drink thou wine, and eat,
 Till fair-hair'd Hecamed hath given a little
 water heat
 To cleanse the quittance from thy wound."
 This said, the goodly shield
 Of warlike Thrasymed, his son, who had
 his own in field,
 He took, snatch'd up a mighty lance, and
 so stept forth to view
 Cause of that clamour. Instantly th' un-
 worthy cause he knew,
 The Grecians wholly put in rout, the
 Trojans routing still,
 Close at the Greeks' backs, their wall
 razed. The old man mourn'd this ill;
 And, as when with unwieldy waves the
 great sea forefeels winds
 That both ways murmur, and no way her
 certain current finds,
 But pants and swells confusedly, here goes,
 and there will stay,
 Till on it air casts one firm wind, and then
 it rolls away;

* This first verse (after the first four syllables)
 is to be read as one of our tens.

So stood old Nestor in debate, two thoughts
 at once on wing
 In his discourse, if first to take direct course
 to the king,
 Or to the multitude in fight. At last he did
 conclude
 To visit Agamemnon first. Mean time
 both hosts imbrued
 Their steel in one another's blood, nought
 wrought their healths but harms,
 Swords, huge stones, double-headed darts,
 still thumping on their arms.
 And now the Jove kept kings, whose
 wounds were yet in cure, did meet
 Old Nestor, Diomed, Ithacus, and Atreus'
 son, from fleet
 Bent for the fight which was far off, the
 ships being drawn to shore
 On heaps at first, till all their sterns a wall
 was raised before;
 Which, though not great, it yet sufficed to
 hide them, though their men
 Were something straited; for whose scope,
 in form of battle then,
 They drew them through the spacious
 shore, one by another still,
 Till all the bosom of the strand their sable
 bulks did fill,
 Even till they took up all the space 'twixt
 both the promontories.
 These kings, like Nestor, in desire to know
 for what those cries
 Became so violent, came along, all leaning
 on their darts,
 To see, though not of power to fight; sad
 and suspicious hearts
 Distempering them, and, meeting now
 Nestor, the king in fear
 Cried out: "O Nestor our renown! why
 shews thy presence here,
 The harmful fight abandoned? now
 Hector will make good
 The threatening vow he made, I fear, that,
 till he had our blood,
 And fired our fleet, he never more would
 turn to Ilion.
 Nor is it long, I see, before his whole will
 will be done.
 O Gods, I now see all the Greeks put on
 Achilles' ire
 Against my honour; no mean left to keep
 our fleet from fire."

He answer'd: "'Tis an evident truth,
not Jove himself can now,
With all the thunder in his hands, prevent
our overthrow.

The wall we thought invincible, and trusted
more than Jove,

Is scaled, razed, enter'd; and our powers
(driven up) past breathing, prove

A most inevitable fight; both slaughters so
commix'd,

That for your life you cannot put your
diligent'st thought betwixt

The Greeks and Trojans; and as close
their throats cleave to the sky.

Consult we then, if that will serve. For
fight advise not I;

It fits not wounded men to fight." Atrides
answer'd him: [a tired limb,

"If such a wall as cost the Greeks so many
And such a dike be pass'd, and razed, that,
as yourself said well,

We all esteem'd invincible, and would past
doubt repel

The world from both our fleet and us; it
doth directly show

That here Jove vows our shames and deaths.
I evermore did know

His hand from ours when he help'd us, and
now I see as clear

That, like the blessed Gods, he holds our
hated enemies dear,

Supports their arms, and pinions ours.
Conclude then, 'tis in vain

To strive with him. Our ships drawn up,
now let us launch again,

And keep at anchor till calm night; that
then, perhaps, our foes

May calm their storms, and in that time
our scape we may dispose.

'It is not any shame to fly from ill, although
by night.

Known ill he better does that flies, than he
it takes in fight."

Ulysses frown'd on him, and said:
"Accursed, why talk'st thou thus?"

Would thou hadst led some barbarous host,
and not commanded us

Whom Jove made soldiers from our youth,
that age might scorn to fly

From any charge it undertakes, and every
dazled eye

The honour'd hand of war might close.
Thus wouldst thou leave this town,

For which our many miseries felt entitle it
our own?

Peace, lest some other Greek give ear, and
hear a sentence such

As no man's palate should profane; at
least that knew how much

His own right weigh'd, and being a prince,
and such a prince as bears

Rule of so many Greeks as thou. This
counsel loathes mine ears:

Let others toil in fight and cries, and we
so light of heels

Upon their very noise, and groans, to hoise
away our keels.

Thus we should fit the wish of Troy, that,
being something near

The victory, we give it clear; and we were
sure to bear

A slaughter to the utmost man: for no man
will sustain

A stroke, the fleet gone; but at that, look
still, and wish him slain.

And therefore, prince of men, be sure, thy
censure is unfit."¹

"O Ithacus," replied the king, "thy
bitter terms have smit

My heart in sunder. At no hand, 'gainst
any prince's will

Do I command this. Would to God, that
any man of skill

To give a better counsel would, or old, or
younger man:

My voice should gladly go with his." Then
Diomed began:

"The man not far is, nor shall ask much
labour to bring in,

That willingly would speak his thoughts,
if spoken they might win

Fit ear; and suffer no impair, that I dis-
cover them,

Being youngest of you: since my sire, that
heir'd a diadem,

May make my speech to diadems decent
enough, though he

Lies in his sepulchre at Thebes. I boast
this pedigree:²

Portheus three famous sons begot, that in
high Calydon

And Pleuron kept, with state of kings, their
habitation;

Agrius, Melas, and the third the horseman
Oeneus, [generous

My father's father, that excell'd in actions
The other two. But these kept home, my

father being driven

With wandering and adventurous spirits,
for so the King of heaven

And th' other Gods set down their wills,
and he to Argos came,

Where he begun the world, and dwelt;
there marrying a dame,

One of Adrastus' female race, he kept a
royal house,

For he had great demesnes, good land,
and, being industrious,

He planted many orchard-grounds about
 his house, and bred
 Great store of sheep. Besides all this, he
 was well qualited,
 And pass'd all Argives, for his spear. And
 these digressive things
 Are such as you may well endure, since
 (being derived from kings,
 And kings not poor nor virtueless) you
 cannot hold me base,
 Nor scorn my words, which oft, though
 true, in mean men meet disgrace.
 However, they are these in short: Let us
 be seen at fight,
 And yield to strong necessity, though
 wounded, that our sight
 May set those men on that, of late, have
 to Achilles' spleen
 Been too indulgent, and left blows; but be
 we only seen,
 Not come within the reach of darts, lest
 wound on wound we lay;
 Which reverend Nestor's speech implied,
 and so far him obey."
 This counsel gladly all observed, went
 on, Atrides led. [followed,
 Nor Neptune this advantage lost but closely
 And like an aged man appear'd t' Atrides;
 whose right hand
 He seized, and said: "Atrides, this doth
 passing fitly stand
 With stern Achilles' wreakful spirit, that
 he can stand astern
 His ship, and both in fight and death the
 Grecian bane discern,
 Since not in his breast glows one spark of
 any human mind,
 But be that his own bane. Let God by
 that loss make him find
 How 'vile a thing he is. For know, the
 blest Gods have not given
 Thee ever over, but perhaps the Trojans
 may from heaven
 Receive that justice. Nay, 'tis sure, and
 thou shalt see their falls,
 Your fleet soon freed, and for fights here
 they glad to take their walls."
 This said, he made known who he was,
 and parted with a cry
 As if ten thousand men had join'd in battle
 then, so high
 His throat flew through the host; and so
 this great earth-shaking God
 Cheer'd up the Greek hearts, that they
 wish'd their pains no period.
 Saturnia from Olympus' top saw her
 great brother there,
 And her great husband's brother too,
 exciting everywhere

The glorious spirits of the Greeks; which
 as she joy'd to see,
 So, on the fountful Ida's top, Jove's sight
 did disagree
 With her contentment, since she fear'd that
 his hand would descend,
 And check the Sea-god's practices. And
 this she did contend
 How to prevent, which thus seem'd best:
 To deck her curiously,
 And visit the Idalian hill, that so the
 Lightener's eye
 She might enamour with her looks, and his
 high temples steep,
 Even to his wisdom, in the kind and golden
 juice of sleep.
 So took she chamber, which her son, the
 God of ferrary,
 With firm doors made, being joined close-
 and with a privy key
 That no God could command but Jove;
 where, enter'd she made fast
 The shining gates; and then upon her
 lovely body cast
 Ambrosia, that first made it clear, and
 after laid on it [so wondrous sweet
 An odorous, rich, and sacred oil, that was
 That ever, when it was but touch'd, it
 sweeten'd heaven and earth.
 Her body being cleansed with this, her
 tresses she let forth,
 And comb'd, her comb dipp'd in the oil,
 then wrapp'd them up in curls;
 And, thus her deathless head adorn'd, a
 heavenly veil she hurls
 On her white shoulders, wrought by her
 that rules in housewiferies,
 Who wove it full of antique works, of most
 divine device;
 And this with goodly clasps of gold she
 fasten'd to her breast.
 Then with a girdle, whose rich sphere a
 hundred studs impress'd,
 She girt her small waist. In her ears,
 tenderly pierced, she wore
 Pearls, great and orient; on her head, a
 wreath not worn before
 Cast beams out like the sun. At last, she
 to her feet did tie
 Fair shoes. And thus entire attired, she
 shined in open sky,
 Call'd the fair Paphian Queen apart from
 th' other Gods, and said:
 "Loved daughter! should I ask a grace,
 should I or be obey'd,
 Or wouldst thou cross me, being incensed,
 since I cross thee and take
 The Greeks' part, thy hand helping Troy?"
 She answer'd, "That shall make

No difference in a different cause. Ask, ancient Deity,
 What most contents thee. My mind stands inclined as liberally
 To grant it as thine own to ask; provided that it be
 A favour fit and in my power." She, given deceitfully,
 Thus said: "Then give me those two powers, with which both men and Gods Thou vanquishest, Love and Desire; for now the periods
 Of all the many-feeding earth, and the original
 Of all the gods, Oceanus, and Thetis whom we call
 Our mother, I am going to greet. They nursed me in their court,
 And brought me up, receiving me in most respectful sort
 From Phæa, when Jove under earth and the unfruitful seas [to appease
 Cast Saturn. These I go to see, intending Jars grown betwixt them, having long abstain'd from speech and bed;
 Which jars, could I so reconcile, that in their anger's stead
 I could place love, and so renew their first society,
 I should their best loved be esteemed, and honour'd endlessly."
 She answer'd: "'Tis not fit, nor just, thy will should be denied,
 Whom Jove in his embraces holds." This spoken, she untied,
 And from her odorous bosom took, her Ceston, in whose sphere
 Were all enticements to delight, all loves, all longings were,
 Kind conference, fair speech, whose power the wisest doth inflame.
 This she resigning to her hands, thus urged her by her name:
 "Receive this bridle, thus fair-wrought, and put it 'twixt thy breasts,
 Where all things to be done are done; and whatsoever rests
 In thy desire return with it." The great-eyed Juno smiled,
 And put it 'twixt her breasts. Love's Queen, thus cunningly beguiled,
 To Jove's court flew. Saturnia, straight stooping from heaven's height,
 Pieria and Emathia, those countries of delight,
 Soon reach'd, and to the snowy mounts, where Thracian soldiers dwell,
 Approaching, pass'd their tops untouch'd. From Athos then she fel,

Pass'd all the broad sea, and arrived in Lemnos, at the towers
 Of godlike Thoas, where she met the Prince of all men's powers,
 Death's brother, Sleep; whose hand she took, and said: "Thou king of men, Prince of the Gods too, if before thou heard'st my suits, again
 Give helpful ear, and through all times I'll offer thanks to thee.
 Lay slumber on Jove's fiery eyes, that I may comfort me
 With his embraces; for which grace I'll grace thee with a throne [done
 Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly By Mulciber, to which he forged a foot-stool for the ease
 Of thy soft feet, when wine and feasts thy golden humours please."
 Sweet Sleep replied: "Saturnia, there lives not any God,
 Besides Jove, but I would be calm; ay, if it were the flood,
 That fathers all the Deities, the great Oceanus;
 But Jove we dare not come more near than he commandeth us.
 Now you command me as you did, when Jove's great-minded son,
 Alcides, having sack'd the town of stubborn Iliion,
 Took sail from thence; when by your charge I pour'd about Jove's mind
 A pleasing slumber, calming him, till thou dravest up the wind,
 In all his cruelties, to sea, that set his son ashore
 In Cous, far from all his friends. Which, waking, vex'd so sore
 The supreme godhead, that he cast the gods about the sky,
 And me, above them all, he sought, whom he had utterly
 Hurl'd from the sparkling firmament, if all-gods-taming Night
 (Whom, flying, I besought for aid) had suffer'd his despite,
 And not preserved me; but his wrath with my offence dispensed,
 For fear t' offend her, and so ceased, though never so incensed.
 And now another such escape, you wish I should prepare."
 She answer'd: "What hath thy deep rest to do with his deep care?
 As though Jove's love to Iliion in all degrees were such
 As 'twas to Hercules his son, and so would storm as much

For their displeasure as for his? Away, I will remove

Thy fear with giving thee the dame, that thou didst ever love,

One of the fair young Graces born, divine Pasithæe."

This started Somnus into joy, who answer'd: "Swear to me,

By those inviolable springs, that feed the Stygian lake,

With one hand touch the nourishing earth, and in the other take

The marble sea, that all the gods, of the infernal state,

Which circle Saturn, may to us be wit-
What thou hast vow'd; that with all

truth, thou wilt bestow on me,
The dame I grant I ever loved, divine

Pasithæe."

She swore, as he enjoin'd, in all, and strengthen'd all his joys

By naming all th' infernal Gods, surnam'd the Titanois.

The oath thus taken, both took way, and made their quick repair

To Ida from the town, and isle, all hid in liquid air.

At Lecton first they left the sea, and there the land they trod;

The fountful nurse of savages, with all her woods, did nod

Beneath their feet: there Somnus stay'd, lest Jove's bright eye should see;

And yet, that he might see to Jove, he climb'd the goodliest tree

That all th' Italian mountain bred, and crown'd her progeny,

A fir it was, that shot past air, and kiss'd the burning sky;

There sate he hid in his dark arms, and in the shape withal

Of that continual prating bird, whom all the Deities call

Chalcis, but men Cymminds name. Saturnia tripp'd apace,

Up to the top of Gargarus, and shew'd her heavenly face

To Jupiter, who saw, and loved, and with as hot a fire,

Being curious in her tempting view, as when with first desire

(The pleasure of it being stolen) they mix'd in love and bed;

And, gazing on her still, he said: "Saturnia, what hath bred

This haste in thee from our high court, and whither tends thy gait,

That, void of horse and chariot, fit for thy sovereign state,

Thou lacquey'st here?" Her studied fraud replied: "My journey now

Leaves state and labours to do good; and where in right I owe

All kindness to the Sire of gods, and our good mother Queen

That nursed and kept me curiously in court (since both have been

Long time at discord) my desire is to atone their hearts;

And therefore go I now to see those earth's extremest parts.

For whose far-seat I spared my horse the scaling of this hill,

And left them at the foot of it; for they must taste their fill

Of travail with me, and must draw my coach through earth and seas.

Whose far-intended reach, respect, and care not to displease

Thy graces, made me not attempt, without thy gracious leave."

The cloud-compelling God her guile in this sort did receive:

"Juno, thou shalt have after leave, but, ere so far thou stray,

Convert we our kind thoughts to love, that now doth every way

Circle with victory my powers, nor yet with any dame,

Woman, or goddess, did his fires my As now with thee. Not when it loved the

parts so generous
Ixion's wife had, that brought forth the wise Pirithous;

Nor when the lovely dame Acrisius' daughter stirr'd

My amorous powers, that Perseus bore to all men else prefer'd;

Nor when the dame, that Phenix got, surprised me with her sight,

Who the divine-soul'd Rhadamanth and Minos brought to light;

Nor Semele, that bore to me the joy of mortal men,

The sprightly Bacchus; nor the dame that Thebes renowned then,

Alcmena, that bore Hercules; Latona, so renown'd;

Queen Ceres, with the golden hair; nor thy fair eyes did wound

My entrails to such depth as now with thirst of amorous ease."

The cunning dame seem'd much incensed, and said: "What words are these,

Unsufferable Saturn's son? What! here! in Ida's height!

Desirest thou this? how fits it us? or what if in the sight

Of any god thy will were pleased, that he
 the rest might bring
 To witness thy incontinence? 'twere a
 dishonour'd thing,
 I would not shew my face in heaven, and
 rise from such a bed.
 But, if love be so dear to thee, thou hast a
 chamber-stead.
 Which Vulcan purposely contrived with all
 fit secrecy ;
 There sleep at pleasure." He replied : " I
 fear not if the eye
 Of either god or man observe, so thick a
 cloud of gold [can behold,
 I'll cast about us that the sun, who furthest
 Shall never find us." This resolved, into
 his kind embrace
 He took his wife. Beneath them both fair
 Tellus strew'd the place
 With fresh-sprung herbs, so soft and thick
 that up aloft it bore
 Their heavenly bodies ; with his leaves, did
 dewy lotos store
 Th' Elysian mountain ; saffron flowers and
 hyacinths help'd make
 The sacred bed ; and there they slept :
 when suddenly there brake
 A golden vapour out of air, whence shining
 dews did fall,
 In which they wrapt them close, and slept
 till Jove was tamed withal.
 Mean space flew Somnus to the ships,
 found Neptune out, and said :
 " Now cheerfully assist the Greeks, and
 give them glorious head,
 At least a little, while Jove sleeps ; of whom
 through every limb
 I pour'd dark sleep, Saturnia's love hath
 so illuded him."
 This news made Neptune more secure in
 giving Grecians heart,
 And through the first fights thus he stirr'd
 the men of most desert :
 " Yet, Grecians, shall we put our ships,
 and conquest, in the hands
 Of Priam's Hector by our sloth? He thinks
 so, and commands
 With pride according ; all because Achilles
 keeps away.
 Alas, as we were nought but him ! we
 little need to stay
 On his assistance, if we would our own
 strengths call to field,
 And mutually maintain repulse. Come on
 then, all men yield
 To what I order. We that bear best arms
 in all our host,
 Whose heads sustain the brightest helms,
 whose hands are bristled most

With longest lances, let us on. But stay,
 I'll lead you all ;
 Nor think I but great Hector's spirits will
 suffer some appal,
 Though they be never so inspired. The
 ablest of us then,
 That on our shoulders worst shields bear,
 exchange with worsrer men
 That fight with better." This proposed,
 all heard it, and obey'd.
 The kings, even those that suffer'd wounds,
 Ulysses, Diomed,
 And Agamemnon, help'd t' instruct the
 complete army thus :
 To good gave good arms, worse to worse,
 yet none were mutinous.
 Thus, arm'd with order, forth they flew ;
 the great Earth-shaker led,
 A long sword in his sinewy hand, which
 when he brandish'd
 It lighten'd still, there was no law for him
 and it ; poor men
 Must quake before them. These thus
 mann'd, illustrious Hector then
 His host brought up. The blue-hair'd god
 and he stretch'd through the prease
 A grievous fight ; when to the ships and
 tents of Greece the seas
 Brake loose, and rag'd. But when they
 join'd, the dreadful clamour rose
 To such a height, as not the sea, when up
 the North-spirit blows
 Her raging billows, bellows so against the
 beaten shore ; [with violent bore
 Nor such a rustling keeps a fire, driven
 Through woods that grow against a hill ;
 nor so the fervent strokes
 Of almost-bursting winds resound against
 a grove of oaks ;
 As did the clamour of these hosts, when
 both the battles closed.
 Of all which noble Hector first at Ajax'
 breast disposed
 His javelin, since so right on him the great-
 soul'd soldier bore ;
 Nor miss'd it, but the bawdricks both that
 his broad bosom wore,
 To hang his shield and sword, it strook ;
 both which his flesh preserved.
 Hector, disdain'd that his lance had thus
 as good as swerved,
 Trode to his strength ; but, going off, great
 Ajax with a stone,
 One of the many props for ships, that
 there lay trampled on,
 Strook his broad breast above his shield,
 just underneath his throat,
 And shook him piecemeal ; when the stone
 sprung back again, and smote

Earth, like a whirlwind, gathering dust
 with whirring fiercely round,³
 For fervour of his unspent strength, in
 settling on the ground.
 And as when Jove's bolt by the roots rends
 from the earth an oak,
 His sulphur casting with the blow a strong
 unsavoury smoke,
 And on the fall'n plant none dare look but
 with amazed eyes,
 (Jove's thunder being no laughing game)
 so bow'd strong Hector's thighs,
 And so with tost-up heels he fell, away his
 lance he flung,
 His round shield follow'd, then his helm,
 and out his armour rung.
 The Greeks then shouted, and ran in,
 and hoped to hale him off,
 And therefore pour'd on darts in storms, to
 keep his aid aloof;
 But none could hurt the people's guide,
 nor stir him from his ground;
 Sarpedon, prince of Lycia, and Glaucus so
 renown'd,
 Divine Agenor, Venus' son, and wise
 Polydamas, [neglective was
 Rush'd to his rescue, and the rest. No one
 Of Hector's safety. All their shields, they
 couch'd about him close,
 Raised him from earth, and (giving him, in
 their kind arms, repose)
 From off the labour carried him, to his
 rich chariot,
 And bore him mourning towards Troy.
 But when the flood they got
 Of gulfy Xanthus, that was got by death-
 less Jupiter,
 There took they him from chariot, and all
 besprinkled there
 His temples with the stream. He breathed,
 look'd up, assay'd to rise,
 And on his knees stay'd spitting blood.
 Again then closed his eyes,
 And back again his body fell. The main
 blow had not done
 Yet with his spirit. When the Greeks saw
 worthy Hector gone,
 Then thought they of their work, then
 charged with much more cheer the foe.
 And then, far first, Oiliades began the
 overthrow.
 He darted Satnius Enops' son, whom
 famous Nais bore
 As she was keeping Enops' flocks on Sat-
 nius' river's shore,
 And strook him in his belly's rim, who
 upwards fell, and raised
 A mighty skirmish with his fall. And
 then Panthœdes seized
 Prothenor Areilyceides, with his revengeful
 spear,
 On his right shoulder, strook it through,
 and laid him breathless there;
 For which he insolently bragg'd, and cried
 out: "Not a dart
 From great-soul'd Panthus' son, I think,
 shall ever vainlier part,
 But some Greek's bosom it shall take, and
 make him give his ghost."
 This brag the Grecians stomach'd much;
 but Telamonius most,
 Who stood most near Prothenor's fall, and
 out he sent a lance,
 Which Panthus' son, declining, scaped,
 yet took it to sad chance
 Archilochus, Antenor's son, whom heaven
 did destinate
 To that stern end; 'twixt neck and head
 the javelin wrought his fate,
 And ran in at the upper joint of all the
 back long bone,
 Cut both the nerves; and such a load of
 strength laid Ajax on,
 As that small part he seized outweigh'd all
 th' under limbs, and strook
 His heels up, so that head and face the
 earth's possessions took,
 When all the low parts sprung in air; and
 thus did Ajax quit
 Panthœdes' brave: "Now, Panthus' son,
 let thy prophetic wit
 Consider, and disclose a truth, if this man
 do not weigh
 Even with Prothenor. I conceive, no one
 of you will say
 That either he was base himself, or sprung
 of any base; [by his face;
 Antenor's brother, or his son, he should be
 One of his race, past question, his like-
 ness shews he is."
 This spake he, knowing it well enough.
 The Trojans storm'd at this.
 And then slew Acamas, to save his brother
 yet engaged,
 Bœotius, dragging him to spoil; and thus
 the Greeks enraged:
 "O Greeks, even born to bear our darts
 yet ever breathing threats,
 Not always under tears and toils ye see our
 fortune sweats,
 But sometimes you drop under death. See
 now your quick among
 Our dead, intranced with my weak lance
 to prove I have ere long
 Revenged my brother. 'Tis the wish of
 every honest man
 His brother, slain in Mars his field, may
 rest wreak'd in his fane."

This stirr'd fresh envy in the Greeks, but
 urged Peneleus most,
 Who hurl'd his lance at Acamas; he
 scaped; nor yet it lost
 The force he gave it, for it found the flock-
 rich Phorbas' son,
 Ilioneus, whose dear sire, past all in Ilium,
 Was loved of Hermes, and enrich'd, and
 to him only bore
 His mother this now slaughter'd man.
 The dart did undergore
 His eye-lid, by his eye's dear roots, and
 out the apple fell,
 The eye pierced through; nor could the
 nerve that stays the neck repel
 His strong-wing'd lance, but neck and all
 gave way, and down he dropp'd.
 Peneleus then unsheathed his sword, and
 from the shoulders chopp'd
 His luckless head; which down he threw,
 the helm still sticking on,
 And still the lance fix'd in his eye; which
 not to see alone
 Contented him, but up again he snatch'd,
 and shew'd it all,
 With this stern brave: "Ilians, relate
 brave Ilioneus' fall
 To his kind parents, that their roofs their
 tears may overrun; [genor's son,
 For so the house of Promachus, and Ale-
 Must with his wife's eyes overflow, she
 never seeing more
 Her dear lord, though we tell his death;
 when to our native shore

We bring from ruin'd Troy our fleet, and
 men so long forgone."
 This said, and seen, pale fear possess'd all
 those of Ilium,
 And every man cast round his eye to see
 where death was not,
 That he might fly him. Let not then his
 graced hand be forgot,
 O Muses, you that dwell in heaven, that
 first imbrued the field
 With Trojan spoil, when Neptune thus
 had made their irons yield.
 First Ajax Telamonius the Mysian cap-
 tain slew, [threw
 Great Hyrtius Gyrtiades. Antilochus o'er-
 Phalces and Mermer, to their spoil. Me-
 riones gave end [did send
 To Morys and Hippotion. Teucer to fate
 Prothoon and Peniphetes. Atrides' javelin
 chaced
 Duke Hyperenor, wounding him in that
 part that is plac'd⁴
 Betwixt the short ribs and the bones, that
 to the triple gut
 Have pertinence; the javelin's head did
 out his entrails cut,
 His forced soul breaking through the wound;
 night's black hand closed his eyes.
 Then Ajax, great Oileus' son, had divers
 victories;
 For when Saturnius suffer'd flight, of all
 the Grecian race
 Not one with swiftness of his feet could so
 enrich a chace.

COMMENTARIUS.

¹ Ὅρχαμε λαῶν. *Princeps populorum* (the end of Ulysses' speech in the beginning of this book) which ascription our Spond. takes to be given in scorn, and that all Ulysses' speech is σκοπυαίη, or *scoffing*, which is spoken altogether seriously and bitterly to this title at the end, which was spoken ἡπιως, *molliter*, or *benigne*, of purpose to make Agamemnon bear the better the justice of his other austerity.

² Καὶ ἐγὼ γίνω εὐχομαι εἶναι, *et ego quoad genus glorior esse*. The long digression that follows this in the speech of Diomed (being next to Agamemnon's reply to Ulysses) bewrays an affectation he had by all anything-fit-means to talk of his pedigree; and by reason of that humour, hath shewn his desire elsewhere to learn the pedigrees of others, as in the Sixth Book, in his

inquiry of Glaucus' pedigree. And herein is expressed part of his character.

³ Στρόμβον δ' ὡς ἔστανε βαλὼν, &c. Overpassing, for speed, many things in this book that cry out for the praise of our Homer, and note of that which in most renders I know will be lost, I must only insist still on those parts that (in my poor understanding) could never yet find apprehension in any of our commentators or translators, as in this simile again of the whirlwind, to which the stone that Ajax hurled at Hector is resembled. Valla and Eobanus, Salel in French, so understanding, *Hector turned about with the blow, like a whirlwind*. Valla's words are these (translating *στρόμβον δ' ὡς ἔστανε βαλὼν, περὶ δ' ἔδραμε πάντα* which, *ad verbum*, say thus much in every common translation: *Tro-*

chum autem sicut concussit feriens, rotatusque est undique.) Quo icu Hector velut turbo, quem Strombum dicunt, rotato corpore, &c. Eobanus converting it thus:—

— Stetit ille tremens, ceu turbo rotatus.

Which, though it harp upon the other, makes yet much worse music, saying, *Hector stood trembling, being wheeled about like a whirlwind.* He stood, yet was turned about violently. How gross both are, I think the blindest see, and must needs acknowledge a monstrous unworthiness in these men to touch our Homer, esteeming it an extreme loss to the world to have this and the like undiscovered. For, as I apprehend it, being expressed no better than in my silly conversion (and the stone, not Hector, likened to the whirlwind) it is above the wit of a man to imitate our Homer's wit for the most fiery illustration both of Ajax' strength and Hector's; of Ajax, for giving such a force to it as could not spend itself upon Hector, but turn after upon the earth in that whirlwind-like violence; of Hector, for standing it so solidly; for without that consideration the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely. And here have we a ruled case against our plain and smug writers that, because their own unwieldiness will not let them rise themselves, would have every man grovel like them, their feathers not passing the pitch of every woman's capacity. And, indeed, where a man is understood, there is ever a proportion betwixt the writer's wit and the writee's (that I may speak with authority) according to my old lesson in philosophy: *Intellectus in ipsa intelligibilia transit.* But herein this case is ruled against such men, that they affirm these hyperthetical or superlative sort of expressions and illustrations are too bold and bombasted; and out of that word is spun that which they call our fustian; their plain writing being stuff nothing so substantial but such gross sowtege, or hairpatch, as every goose may eat oats through. Against which, and all these plebeian opinions, that a man is bound to write to every vulgar reader's understanding, you see the great Master of all elocution hath written so darkly that almost three thousand suns have not discovered him, no more in five hundred other places than here; and yet all pervial enough, you

may well say, when such a one as I comprehend them. But the chief end why I extend this annotation is only to intreat your note here of Homer's manner of writing, which, to utter his after-store of matter and variety, is so press, and puts on with so strong a current, that it far overruns the most laborious pursuer, if he have not a poetical foot and poesy's quick eye to guide it. The verse in question I refer you to before, which says *χερμάδιος*, signifying a stone of a handful, or that with one hand may be raised and cast, spoken of before, and (here being understood) shook Hector at all parts, in striking him, and like a whirlwind wheeled or whirred about; wherein he speaks not of bounding to the earth again, and raising a dust with his violent turnings, in which the conceit and life of his simile lies, but leaves it to his reader, and he leaves it to him. Notwithstanding he utters enough to make a stone understand it, how stupidly soever all his interpreters would have Hector (being strook into a trembling, and almost dead) turn about like a whirlwind. I conclude then with this question: What fault is it in me, to furnish and adorn my verse (being his translator) with translating and adding the truth and fulness of his conceit, it being as like to pass my reader as his, and therefore necessary? If it be no fault in me, but fit, then may I justly be said to better Homer, or not to have all my invention, matter, and form, from him, though a little I enlarge his form? Virgil, in all places where he is compared and preferred to Homer, doth nothing more. And therefore my assertion in the Second Book is true, that Virgil hath in all places, wherein he is compared and preferred to Homer by Scaliger, &c., both his invention, matter, and form, from him.

⁴ Οὐρα κατὰ λαπάρην, &c., *vulneravit ad illia* it is translated, and is in the last verses of this Book, where Menelaus is said to wound Hyperenor. But *λαπάρη* dicitur ea pars corporis quæ posita est inter costas nothas, et ossa quæ ad illia pertinent, quod inanis sit, et desiderat. Hipp. in lib. περὶ ἀγμάτων; and therefore I accordingly translate it. And note this beside, both out of this place, and many others, how excellent an anatomist our Homer was, whose skill in those times, methinks, should be a secret.

omit

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove waking, and beholding Troy in flight,
Chides Juno, and sends Iris to the fight
To charge the Sea-god to forsake the field;
And Phoebus to invade it, with his shield
Recovering Hector's bruised and crased powers.
To field he goes, and makes new conquerors,
The Trojans giving now the Grecians chace
Even to their fleet. Then Ajax turns his face,
And feeds, with many Trojan lives, his ire;
Who then brought brands to set the fleet on fire.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Jove sees in O his oversight,
Chides Juno, Neptune calls from fight.

THE Trojans, beat past pale and dike, and
numbers prostrate laid,
All got to chariot, fear-driven all, and
fear'd as men dismay'd.
Then Jove on Ida's top awaked, rose from
Saturnia's side,
Stood up, and look'd upon the war; and
all inverted spied
Since he had seen it; th' Ilians now in
rout, the Greeks in fight;
King Neptune, with his long sword, chief;
great Hector put down quite,
Laid flat in field, and with a crown of
princes compassed,
So stopp'd up that he scarce could breathe,
his mind's sound habit fled,
And he still spitting blood. Indeed, his
hurt was not set on
By one that was the weakest Greek. But
him Jove look'd upon
With eyes of pity; on his wife with horrible
aspect,
To whom he said: "O thou in ill most
cunning architect,
All arts and comments that exceed'st I not
only to enforce
Hector from fight, but, with his men, to
shew the Greeks a course.
I fear, as formerly, so now, these ills have
with thy hands
Their first fruits sown, and therefore could
load all thy limbs with bands.
Forgett'st thou, when I hang'd thee up,
how to thy feet I tied
Two anvils, golden manacles on thy false
wrists implied,

And let thee mercilessly hang from our re-
fin'd heaven
Even to earth's vapours; all the gods in
great Olympus given
To mutinies about thee, yet (though all
stood staring on)
None durst dissolve thee, for these hands
(had they but seized upon
Thy friend) had headlong thrown him off
from our star-bearing round,
Till he had tumbled out his breath, and
piece-meal dash'd the ground.
Nor was my angry spirit calm'd so soon,
for those foul seas,
On which, inducing northern flaws, thou
shipwrack'dst Hercules,
And toss'd him to the Coan shore, that
thou shouldst tempt again
My wrath's importance, when thou seest,
besides, how grossly vain
My powers can make thy policies; for
from their utmost force
I freed my son, and set him safe in Argos,
nurse of horse.
These I remember to thy thoughts, that
thou mayst shun these sleights,
And know how badly bed-sports thrive,
procured by base deceits."
This frighted the offending queen, who
with this state excused
Her kind unkindness: "Witness earth,
and heaven so far diffused,
Thou Flood whose silent gliding waves the
under ground doth bear,
(Which is the great'st and gravest oath,
that any God can swear)
Thy sacred head; those secret joys, that
our young bed gave forth,
(By which I never rashly swore) that he
who shakes the earth
Not by my counsel did this wrong to
Hector and his host;
But (pitying th' oppressed Greeks, their
fleet being nearly lost)
Relieved their hard condition, yet utterly
impell'd
By his free mind; which since I see is so
offensive held
To thy high pleasure, I will now advise
him not to tread
But where thy tempest-raising feet, O
Jupiter, shall lead."

Jove laugh'd to hear her so submit, and
 said: "My fair-eyed love,
 If still thus thou and I were one (in coun-
 sels held above)
 Neptune would still in word and fact be
 ours, if not in heart.
 If then thy tongue and heart agree, from
 hence to heaven depart,
 To call the excellent-in-bows, the Rain-
 bow, and the Sun,
 That both may visit both the hosts; the
 Grecian army one;
 And that is Iris; let her haste, and make
 the sea-god cease
 To assist the Greeks, and to his court
 retire from war in peace;
 Let Phœbus, on the Trojan part, inspire
 with wonted power
 Great Hector's spirits, make his thoughts
 forget the late stern hour,
 And all his anguish, setting on his whole
 recover'd man
 To make good his late grace in fight, and
 hold in constant wane
 The Grecian glories, till they fall, in flight
 before the fleet
 Of vex'd Achilles; which extreme will
 prove the mean to greet
 Thee with thy wish, for then the eyes of
 great Æacides [so near him prease)
 (Made witness of the general ill, that doth
 Will make his own particular look out,
 and by degrees [no extremities
 Abate his wrath, that, though himself for
 Will seem reflected; yet his friend may get
 of him the grace
 To help his country in his arms; and he
 shall make fit place
 For his full presence with his death, which
 shall be well fore-run;
 For I will first renown his life with
 slaughter of my son,
 Divine Sarpedon, and his death great
 Hector's power shall wreak,
 Ending his evils.* Then, at once, out shall
 the fury break
 Of fierce Achilles: and, with that, the
 flight now felt shall turn,
 And then last, till in wrathful flames the
 long-sieged Ilium burn.
 Minerva's counsel shall become grave mean
 to this my will; [take his fill
 Which no god shall neglect before Achilles
 Of slaughter for his slaughter'd friend;
 even Hector's slaughter thrown
 Under his anger; that these facts may then
 make fully known

* "Ending his ends" in the folio.—ED.

My vow's performance, made of late: and,
 with my bowed head,
 Confirm'd to Tbetis, when her arms em-
 braced my knees, and pray'd
 That to her city-razing son I would all
 honour shew."
 This heard, his charge she seem'd t'
 intend, and to Olympus flew.
 But, as the mind of such a man that hath
 a great way gone,
 And either knowing not his way, or then
 would let alone
 His purposed journey, is distract; and in
 his vexed mind
 Resolves now not to go, now goes, still
 many ways inclined;
 So reverend Juno headlong flew, and
 'gainst her stomach strived.
 For, being amongst th' immortal Gods in
 high heaven soon arrived,
 All rising, welcoming with cups her little
 absence thence,
 She all their courtships overpass'd with
 solemn negligence,
 Save that which fair-cheek'd Themis
 shew'd, and her kind cup she took,
 For first she ran and met with her, and
 ask'd: "What troubled look
 She brought to heaven? She thought, for
 truth, that Jove had terrified
 Her spirits strangely since she went." The
 fair-arm'd Queen replied:
 "That truth may easily be supposed;
 you, goddess Themis, know
 His old severity and pride; but you bear't
 out with show,
 And like the banquet's arbiter amongst th'
 Immortals fare,
 Though well you hear amongst them all,
 how bad his actions are;
 Nor are all here, nor anywhere, mortals,
 nor gods, I fear,
 Entirely pleas'd with what he does, though
 thus ye banquet here."
 Thus took she place, displeas'dly; the
 feast in general [to colour all,
 Bewraying privy spleens at Jove; and then,
 She laugh'd, but merely from her lips; for
 over her black brows
 Her still-bent forehead was not clear'd;
 yet this her passion's throes
 Brought forth in spite, being lately school'd:
 "Alas, what fools are we
 That envy Jove! or that by act, word,
 thought, can fantasy
 Any resistance to his will! he sits far off,
 nor cares,
 Nor moves, but says he knows his strength,
 to all degrees compares

His greatness past all other gods, and that
in fortitude,

And every other godlike power, he reigns
past all indued.

For which great eminence all you Gods,
whatever ill he does,

Sustain with patience. Here is Mars, I
think, not free from woes,

And yet he bears them like himself. The
great God had a son, [all men won

Whom he himself yet justifies, one that from
just surname of their best beloved, Ascala-

plus; yet he,
By Jove's high grace to Troy, is slain."

Mars started horribly,
As Juno knew he would, at this, beat with
his hurl'd-out hands

His brawny thighs, cried out, and said:
"O you that have commands

In these high temples, bear with me, if I
revenge the death

Of such a son. I'll to the fleet, and though
I sink beneath

The fate of being shot to hell, by Jove's
fell thunder-stone,

And lie all grimed amongst the dead with
dust and blood, my son

Revenge shall honour. Then he charged
Fear and Dismay to join

His horse and chariot. He got arms, that
over heaven did shine.

And then a wrath more great and grave in
Jove had been prepared

Against the gods than Juno caused, if
Pallas had not cared

More for the peace of heaven than Mars;
who leapt out of her throne,

Rapt up her helmet, lance, and shield, and
made her fané's porch groan

With her egression to his stay, and thus
his rage defers:

"Furious and foolish, th' art undone;
hast thou for nought thine ears?

Heard'st thou not Juno being arrived from
heaven's great King but now?

Or wouldst thou he himself should rise,
forced with thy rage, to show

The dreadful power she urged in him, so
justly being stirr'd?

Know, thou most impudent and mad, thy
wrath had not inferr'd

Mischief to thee, but to us all. His spirit
had instantly

Left both the gods, and turn'd his hands to
uproars in the sky,

Guilty and guiltless both to wrack in his
high rage had gone.

And therefore, as thou lovest thyself, cease
fury for thy son;

Another, far exceeding him in heart and
strength of hand,

Or is, or will be shortly slain. It were a
work would stand

Jove in much trouble, to free all from death
that would not die."²

This threat even nail'd him to his throne;
when heaven's chief Majesty

Call'd bright Apollo from his fane, and
Iris that had place

Of internunciess from the Gods, to whom
she did the grace

Of Jupiter, to this effect: "It is Saturnius'
will,

That both, with utmost speed, should
stoop to the Idalian hill,

To know his further pleasure there. And
this let me advise,

When you arrive, and are in reach of his
refulgent eyes,

His pleasure heard, perform it all, of what-
soever kind."

Thus moved she back, and used her
throne. Those two outstripp'd the wind,

And Ida all-enchased with springs they
soon attain'd, and found

Where far-discerning Jupiter, in his repose,
had crown'd

The brows of Gargarus, and wrapt an
odoriferous cloud

About his bosom. Coming near, they
stood. Nor now he show'd

His angry countenance, since so soon he
saw they made th' access

That his loved wife enjoind; but first the
fair ambassadress

He thus commanded: "Iris, go to Nep-
tune, and relate

Our pleasure truly, and at large. Com-
mand him from the fate

Of human war, and either greet the gods'
society, [he deny,

Or the divine sea make his seat. If proudly
Let better counsels be his guides, than such

as bid me war,

And tempt my charge, though he be strong,
for I am stronger far,

And elder born. Nor let him dare, to
boast even state with me

Whom all Gods else prefer in fear." This
said, down hasted she

From Ida's top to Iliou; and like a mighty
snow,

Or gelid hail, that from the clouds the
northern spirit doth blow;

So fell the windy-footed dame, and found
with quick repair

The watery God; to whom she said: "God
with the sable hair,

I came from Ægis-bearing Jove, to bid thee cease from fight,
 And visit heaven, or th' ample seas ;
 which if, in his despite,
 Or disobedience, thou deniest, he threatens thee to come,
 In opposite fight, to field himself ; and therefore warns thee home,
 His hands eschewing, since his power is far superior,
 His birth before thee ; and affirms, thy loved heart should abhor
 To vaunt equality with him, whom every deity fears."

He answer'd : " O unworthy thing ! though he be great, he bears
 His tongue too proudly, that ourself, born to an equal share
 Of state and freedom, he would force.

Three brothers born we are
 To Saturn ; Rhea brought us forth, this Jupiter, and I,
 And Pluto, god of under-grounds. The world indifferently

Disposed betwixt us ; every one his kingdom ; I the seas, [palatities
 Pluto the black lot ; Jupiter the principles
 Of broad heaven ; all the sky and clouds, was sorted out. The earth

And high Olympus common are, and due to either's birth.

Why then should I be awed by him ? Content he his great heart

With his third portion, and not think to amplify his part,

With terrors of his stronger hands on me, as if I were

The most ignoble of us all. Let him contain in fear

His daughters and his sons, begot by his own person. This

Holds more convenience. They must hear these violent threats of his."

" Shall I," said Iris, " bear from thee, an answer so austere ?

Or wilt thou change it ? Changing minds, all noble natures bear.

And well thou know'st, these greatest born, the Furies follow still."

He answer'd : " Iris, thy reply keeps time, and shews thy skill,

O 'tis a most praiseworthy thing, when messengers can tell,

Besides their messages, such things, as fit th' occasion well.

But this much grieves my heart and soul, that being in power and state

All ways his equal, and so fix'd by one decree in fate,

He should to me, as under him, ill language give, and chide.

Yet now, though still incensed, I yield, affirming this beside,

And I enforce it with a threat : That if without consent [regiment,

Of me, Minerva, Mercury, the Queen of And Vulcan, he will either spare high

Ilion, or not race

Her turrets to the lowest stone, and, with both these, not grace

The Greeks as victors absolute, inform him this from me ;

His pride and my contempt shall live at endless enmity."

This said, he left the Greeks, and rush'd into his watery throne,

Much miss'd of all th' heroic host. When Jove discern'd him gone,

Apollo's service he employ'd, and said : " Loved Phœbus, go

To Hector ; now th' earth-shaking god hath taken sea, and so

Shrunk from the horrors I denounced ; which standing, he, and all

The under-seated deities, that circle Saturn's fall,

Had heard of me in such a fight as had gone hard for them.

But both for them and me 'tis best, that thus they fly th' extreme,

That had not pass'd us without sweat. Now then, in thy hands take

My adder-fringed affrighting shield, which with such terror shake,

That fear may shake the Greeks to flight. Besides this, add thy care,

O Phœbus, far-off shooting God, that this so sickly fare

Of famous Hector be recured, and quickly so excite

His amplest powers, that all the Greeks may grace him with their flight,

Even to their ships, and Hellespont ; and then will I devise

All words and facts again for Greece, that largely may suffice

To breathe them from their instant toils."

Thus from th' Idæan height,
 Like air's swift pigeon-killer, stoop'd the far-shot God of light,

And found great Hector sitting up, not stretch'd upon his bed,

Not wheezing with a stopp'd-up spirit, not in cold sweats, but fed

With fresh and comfortable veins, but his mind all his own,

But round about him all his friends, as well as ever known.

And this was with the mind of Jove, that
 flew to him before
 Apollo came; who, as he saw no sign of
 any sore,
 Ask'd, like a cheerful visitant: "Why in
 this sickly kind,
 Great Hector, sitt'st thou so apart? Can
 any grief of mind
 Invade thy fortitude?" He spake, but with
 a feeble voice: [I thus rejoice
 "O thou, the best of deities! Why, since
 By thy so serious benefit, demand'st thou,
 as in mirth,
 And to my face, if I were ill? For, more
 than what thy worth
 Must needs take note of, doth not Fame
 from all mouths fill thine ears,
 That, as my hand at th' Achive fleet was
 making massacres
 Of men whom valiant Ajax led, his strength
 strook with a stone
 All power of more hurt from my breast?
 my very soul was gone,
 And once to-day I thought to see the
 house of Dis and Death."
 "Be strong," said he, "for such a spirit
 now sends the god of breath
 From airy Ida, as shall run through all
 Greek spirits in thee.
 Apollo with the golden sword, the clear
 far-seer, see,
 Him, who betwixt death and thy life,
 'twixt ruin and those towers,
 Ere this day oft hath held his shield.
 Come then, be all thy powers
 In wonted vigour, let thy knights with all
 their horse assay
 The Grecian fleet; myself will lead, and
 scour so clear the way,
 That flight shall leave no Greek a rub."
 Thus instantly inspired
 Were all his nerves with matchless strength;
 and then his friends he fired
 Against their foes, when to his eyes his
 cars confirm'd the god.
 Then, as a goodly-headed hart, or goat,
 bred in the wood,
 A rout of country huntsmen chase, with all
 their hounds in cry,
 The beast yet or the shady woods, or rocks
 excessive high,
 Keep safe, or our unwieldy fates (that
 even in hunters sway)
 Bar them the poor beast's pulling down;
 when straight the clamorous fray
 Calls out a lion, hugely maned, and his
 abhorred view
 Turns headlong in unturning flight (though
 venturous) all the crew;

So hitherto the chasing Greeks their
 slaughter dealt by troops;
 But, after Hector was beheld range here
 and there; then stoops
 The boldest courage; then their heels
 took in their dropping hearts,
 And then spake Andromonides, a man of
 far-best parts
 Of all th' Ætoliens, skill'd in darts, strenuous
 in fights of stand, [get the better hand
 And one of whom few of the Greeks could
 For rhetoric, when they fought with words;
 with all which being wise,
 Thus spake he to his Grecian friends: "O
 mischief! now mine eyes
 Discern no little miracle; Hector escaped
 from death,
 And all recover'd, when all thought his
 soul had sunk beneath
 The hands of Ajax. But some God hath
 saved and freed again
 Him that but now dissolved the knees of
 many a Grecian,
 And now I fear will weaken more; for,
 not without the hand
 Of him that thunders, can his powers
 thus still the forefights stand,
 Thus still triumphant. Hear me then:
 our troops in quick retreat
 Let's draw up to our fleet, and we, that
 boast ourselves the great,
 Stand firm, and try if these that raise so
 high their charging darts
 May be resisted. I believe, even this great
 heart of hearts
 Will fear himself to be too bold, in charg-
 ing thorough us."
 They easily heard him, and obey'd;
 when all the generous
 They call'd t' encounter Hector's charge,
 and turn'd the common men
 Back to the fleet. And these were they,
 that bravely furnish'd then
 The fierce foresight: th' Ajaces both, the
 worthy Cretan king,
 The Mars-like Meges, Merion, and Teu-
 cer. Up then bring
 The Trojan chiefs their men in heaps;
 before whom, amply paced,
 March'd Hector, and in front of him
 Apollo, who had cast
 About his bright aspect a cloud, and did
 before him bear
 Jove's huge and each-where shaggy shield;
 which, to contain in fear
 Offending men, the god-smith gave to
 Jove; with this he led
 The Trojan forces. The Greeks stood;
 a fervent clamour spread

The air on both sides as they join'd. Out
 flew the shafts and darts,
 Some falling short, but other some found
 butts in breasts and hearts.
 As long as Phœbus held but out his
 horrid shield, so long
 The darts flew raging either way, and
 death grew both ways strong ;
 But when the Greeks had seen his face,
 and, who it was that shook
 The bristled targe, knew by his voice, then
 all their strengths forsook
 Their nerves and minds. And then look
 how a goodly herd of neat,
 Or wealthy flock of sheep, being close, and
 dreadless at their meat,
 In some black midnight, suddenly, and not
 a keeper near,
 A brace of horrid bears rush in, and then
 fly here and there
 The poor affrighted flocks or herds ; so
 every way dispersed
 The heartless Grecians, so the Sun their
 headstrong chace reversed
 To headlong flight, and that day raised,
 with all grace, Hector's head.
 Arcesilaus then he slew, and Stichius ;
 Stichius led
 Bœotia's brazen-coated men ; the other
 was the friend [brought to end
 Of mighty-soul'd Menestheus. Æneas
 Medon and Jasus ; Medon was the brother,
 though but base,
 Of swift Olliades, and dwelt, far from his
 breeding place,
 In Phylace ; the other led th' Athenian
 bands, his sire
 Was Spelus, Bucolus his son. Mecistheus
 did expire
 Beneath Polydamas his hand. Polites,
 Echius slew,
 Just at the joining of the hosts. Agenor
 overthrew
 Clonius. Bold Deiochus felt Alexander's
 lance ;
 It strook his shoulder's upper part, and did
 his head advance
 Quite through his breast, as from the fight
 he turn'd him for retreat.
 While these stood spoiling of the slain,
 the Greeks found time to get
 Beyond the dike and th' undiked pales ; all
 scapes they gladly gain'd,
 Till all had pass'd the utmost wall ;
 Necessity so reign'd.
 Then Hector cried out : " Take no spoil,
 but rush on to the fleet ;
 From whose assault (for spoil or flight) if
 any man I meet,

He meets his death ; nor in the fire of holy
 funeral

His brother's or his sister's hands shall
 cast within our wall

His loathed body ; but, without, the throats
 of dogs shall grave

His manless limbs." This said, the scourge
 his forward horses drave

Through every order ; and, with him, all
 whipt their chariots on,

All threateningly, out-thundering shouts as
 earth were overthrown.

Before them march'd Apollo still ; and,
 as he march'd, digg'd down,

(Without all labour) with his feet, the dike ;
 till, with his own,

He fill'd it to the top, and made way both
 for man and horse

As broad and long as with a lance (cast out
 to try one's force)

A man could measure. Into this they
 pour'd whole troops as fast

As numerous ; Phœbus still, before, for all
 their haste,

Still shaking Jove's unvalued shield, and
 held it up to all.

And then, as he had choked their dike, he
 tumbled down their wall.

And look how easily any boy, upon the sea-
 ebb'd shore, [for it no more ;

Makes with a little sand a toy, and cares
 But as he raised it childishly, so in his
 wanton vein, [spurns it down again ;

Both with his hands and feet he pulls, and
 So slight, O Phœbus, thy hands made of

that huge Grecian toil,

And their late stand, so well-resolved, as
 easily madest recoil.

Thus stood they driven up at their fleet ;
 where each heard other's thought,

Exhorted, passing humbly pray'd, all, all
 the gods besought,

(With hands held up to heaven) for help :
 'mongst all, the good old man,

Grave Nestor, for his counsels call'd the
 Argives' guardian,

Fell on his aged knees, and pray'd, and to
 the starry host

Stretch'd out his hands for aid to theirs, of
 all thus moving most :

" O father Jove, if ever man, of all our
 host, did burn [safe return)

Fat thighs of oxen or of sheep (for grace of
 In fruitful Argos, and obtain'd the bowing
 of thy head

For promise of his humble prayers : O now
 remember him,

(Thou merely heavenly) and clear up th'
 foul brows of this dim

And cruel day ; do not destroy our zeal for Trojan pride."

He pray'd, and heaven's great Counsellor, with store of thunder tried

His former grace good, and so heard the old man's hearty prayers.

The Trojans took Jove's sign for them ; and pour'd out their affairs

In much more violence on the Greeks ; and thought on nought but fight.

And as a huge wave of a sea, swoln to his rudest height,

Breaks over both sides of a ship, being allurged by the wind,

For that's it makes the wave so proud ; in such a borne-up kind

The Trojans overgat the wall, and, getting in their horse,

Fought close at fleet, which now the Greeks ascended for their force.

Then from their chariots they with darts, the Greeks with bead-hooks fought, (Kept still aboard for naval fights) their heads with iron wrought

In hooks and pikes. Achilles' friend, still while he saw the wall,

That stood without their fleet, afford employment for them all,

Was never absent from the tent of that man-loving Greek,

Late-burt Eurypylyus, but sate, and every way did seek

To spend the sharp time of his wound, with all the ease he could

In medicines, and in kind discourse. But when he might behold

The Trojans past the wall, the Greeks flight-driven, and all in cries,

Then cried he out, cast down his hands, and beat with grief his thighs ;

Then, "O Eurypylyus," he cried, now all thy need of me [more necessity

Must bear my absence, now a work of Calls hence, and I must haste to call Achilles to the field.

Who knows, but, God assisting me, my words may make him yield ?

The motion of a friend is strong." His feet thus took him thence.

The rest yet stood their enemies firm ; but all their violence

(Though Troy fought there with fewer men) lack'd vigour to repel

Those fewer from their navy's charge, and so that charge as well

Lack'd force to spoil their fleet or tents. And as a shipwright's line

(Disposed by such a hand as learn'd from th' Artizan divine

The perfect practice of his art) directs or guards so well

The naval timber then in frame, that all the laid-on steel

Can hew no further than may serve, to give the timber th' end

Fore-purposed by the skilful wright ; so both hosts did contend.

With such a line or law applied, to what their steel would gain.

At other ships fought other men, but Hector did maintain

His quarrel firm at Ajax' ship ; and so did both employ

About one vessel all their toil ; nor could the one destroy

The ship with fire ; nor force the man, nor that man yet get gone

The other from so near his ship ; for God had brought him on.

But now did Ajax, with a dart, wound deadly in the breast

Caletor, son of Clytius, as he with fire address'd

To burn the vessel ; as he fell, the brand fell from his hand.

When Hector saw his sister's son lie slaughter'd in the sand,

He call'd to all his friends, and pray'd they would not in that strait

Forsake his nephew, but maintain about his corse the fight,

And save it from the spoil of Greece. Then sent he out a lance

At Ajax, in his nephew's wreak ; which miss'd, but made the chance

On Iycophonon Mastorides, that was the household friend [defend,

Of Ajax, born in Cythera ; whom Ajax did Being fled to his protection, for killing of a man

Amongst the god-like Cytherans. The vengeful javelin ran

Quite through his head, above his ear, as he was standing by

His fautor, then astern his ship, from whence his soul did fly,

And to the earth his body fell. The hair stood up an end

On Ajax ; who to Teucer call'd (his brother) saying : " Friend,

Our loved consort, whom we brought from Cythera, and graced

So like our father, Hector's hand hath made him breathe his last.

Where then are all thy death-borne shafts, and that unvalued bow

Apollo gave thee ?" Teucer straight his brother's thoughts did know,

Stood near him and dispatch'd a shaft,
 amongst the Trojan fight.
 It strook Pisenor's goodly son, young Clitus,
 the delight
 Of the renown'd Polydamas, the bridle in
 his hand,
 As he was labouring his horse, to please the
 high command
 Of Hector and his Trojan friends; and
 bring him where the fight
 Made greatest tumult; but his strife, for
 honour in their sight,
 Wrought not what sight or wishes help'd;
 for, turning back his look,
 The hollow of his neck the shaft came
 singing on, and strook,
 And down he fell; his horses back, and
 hurried through the field
 The empty chariot. Panthus' son made all
 haste, and withheld
 Their loose career; disposing them to
 Protiaon's son,
 Astynous, with special charge, to keep
 them ever on,
 And in his sight. So he again, amongst
 the foremost went. [Teucer sent;
 At Hector then another shaft, incensed
 Which, had it bit him, sure had hurt, and,
 had it hurt him, slain,
 And, had it slain him, it had driven all
 those to Troy again.
 But Jove's mind was not sleeping now;
 it waked to Hector's fame,
 And Teucer's infamy; himself (in Teucer's
 deadly aim)
 His well-wrought string dissevering, that
 served his bravest bow;
 His shaft flew quite another way, his bow
 the earth did strow.
 At all which Teucer stood amazed, and to
 his brother cried:
 "O prodigy! without all doubt, our
 Angel doth deride
 The counsels of our fight; he brake a
 string my hands put on
 This morning, and was newly made, and
 well might have set gone
 A hundred arrows; and, beside, he strook
 out of my hand
 The bow Apollo gave." He said: "Then,
 good friend, do not stand
 More on thy archery, since God (preventer
 of all grace
 Desired by Grecians) slights it so. Take
 therefore in the place
 A good large lance, and on thy neck a
 target cast as bright,
 With which, come fight thyself with some,
 and other some excite,
 That without labour at the least (though
 we prove worse men)
 Troy may not brag it took our ships.
 Come, mind our business, then."
 This said, he hasted to his tent, left
 there his shafts and bow,
 And then his double double shield did on
 his shoulders throw;
 Upon his honour'd head he placed his
 helmet, thickly-plumed,
 And then his strong and well-piled lance
 in his fair hand assumed,
 Return'd; and boldly took his place, by
 his great brother's side.
 When Hector saw his arrows broke, out
 to his friends he cried:
 "O friends, be yet more comforted; I
 saw the hands of Jove
 Break the great Grecian archer's shafts.
 'Tis easy to approve
 That Jove's power is direct with men; as
 well in those set high [suddenly,
 Upon the sudden, as in those depress'd as
 And those not put in state at all. As now
 he takes away
 Strength from the Greeks, and gives it us;
 then use it, and assay
 With join'd hands this approached fleet.
 If any bravely buy
 His fame or fate with wounds or death, in
 Jove's name let him die.
 Who for his country suffers death, sustains
 no shameful thing;
 His wife in honour shall survive, his
 progeny shall spring
 In endless summers; and their roofs with
 patrimony swell;
 And all this, though, with all their freight,
 the Greek ships we repel."
 His friends thus cheer'd, on th' other
 part, strong Ajax stirr'd his friends:
 "O Greeks," said he, "what shame is this,
 that no man more defends
 His fame and safety, than to live, and thus
 be forced to shrink:
 Now either save your fleet, or die; unless
 ye vainly think
 That you can live and they destroy'd:
 perceives not every ear
 How Hector heartens up his men; and
 hath his firebands here
 Now ready to inflame our fleet? he doth
 not bid them dance,
 That you may take your ease and see, but
 to the fight advance.
 No counsel can serve us but this: to mix
 both hands and hearts,
 And bear up close. 'Tis better much, t'
 expose our utmost parts

To one day's certain life or death, than
languish in a war [inferiors far.]
So base as this, beat to our ships by our
Thus roused he up their spirits and
strengths. To work then both sides went,
When Hector the Phocensian duke to
fields of darkness sent,
Fierce Schedius, Perimedes' son; which
Ajax did requite
With slaughter of Laodamas, that led the
foot to fight,
And was Antenor's famous son. Polydamas
did end
Otus, surnamed Cyllenius, whom Phydas
made his friend,
Being chief of the Epeians' bands: whose
fall when Meges view'd,
He let fly at his feller's life; who (shrinking-
in) eschew'd
The well-aim'd lance; Apollo's will denied
that Panthus' son
Should fall amongst the foremost fights;
the dart the mid-breast won
Of Crasmus; Meges won his arms. At
Meges, Dolops then
Bestow'd his lance; he was the son of
Lampus, best of men,
And Lampus of Laomedon, well-skill'd in
strength of mind,
He strook Phylides' shield quite through,
whose curets, better lined,
And hollow'd fitly, saved his life. Phyleus
left him then,
Who from Epirus brought them home, on
that part where the stream
Of famous Selees doth run; Euphetes did
bestow,
Being guest with him, those well-proved
arms, to wear against the foe,
And now they saved his son from death.
At Dolops, Meges threw
A spear well-piled, that strook his casque
full in the height; off flew
His purple feather, newly made, and in
the dust it fell.
While these thus strived for victory, and
either's hope served well,
Atrides came to Meges' aid, and, hidden
with his side,
Let loose a javelin at his foe, that through
his back implied
His lusty head, even past his breast; the
ground received his weight.
While these made-in to spoil his arms,
great Hector did excite
All his allies to quick revenge; and first
he wrought upon
Strong Menalippus, that was son to great
Hycetaon,

With some reproof. Before these wars, he
in Percote fed
Cloven-footed oxen, but did since return
where he was bred,
Excell'd amongst the Ilians, was much of
Priam loved,
And in his court kept as his son. Him
Hector thus reproved:
"Thus, Menalippus, shall our blood
accuse us of neglect?
Nor moves it thy loved heart, thus urged,
thy kinsman to protect?
Seest thou not how they seek his spoil?
Come, follow; now no more
Our fight must stand at length, but close;
nor leave the close before
We close the latest eye of them; or they
the lowest stone [Ilion.]
Tear up, and sack the citizens of lofty
He led; he follow'd like a god. And then
must Ajax needs
(As well as Hector) cheer his men, and
thus their spirits he feeds:
"Good friends, bring but yourselves to feel
the noble stings of shame
For what ye suffer, and be men. Respect
each other's fame;
For which who strives in shame's fit fear,
and puts on ne'er so far,
Comes oftener off than stick engaged;
these fugitives of war
Save neither life, nor get renown, nor bear
more minds than sheep."
This short speech fired them in his aid,
his spirit touch'd them deep,
And turn'd them all before the fleet into a
wall of brass;
To whose assault Jove stirr'd their foes,
and young Atrides was
Jove's instrument, who thus set on the
young Antilochus:
"Antilochus, in all our host, there is not
one of us
More young than thou; more swift of foot,
nor, with both those, so strong.
O would thou wouldst then (for thou canst)
one of this lusty throng,
That thus comes skipping out before (who-
ever, any where)
Make stick, for my sake, 'twixt both hosts,
and leave his bold blood there."
He said no sooner, and retired; but forth
he rush'd before
The foremost fighters, yet his eye did every
way explore
For doubt of odds; out flew his lance; the
Trojans did abstain
While he was darting; yet his dart he cast
not off in vain;

For Menalippus, that rare son of great
 Hycetaon, [flew upon ;
 As bravely he put forth to fight, it fiercely
 And at the nipple of his breast, his breast
 and life did part.
 And then, much like an eager hound, cast
 off at some young hart
 Hurt by the hunter, that had left his covert
 then but new,
 The great-in-war-Antilochus, O Mena-
 lippus, flew
 On thy torn bosom for thy spoil. But thy
 death could not lie
 Hid to great Hector ; who all haste made
 to thee, and made fly
 Antilochus ; although in war he were at
 all parts skill'd.
 But as some wild beast, having done some
 shrewd turn (either kill'd
 The herdsman, or the herdsman dog)
 and skulks away before
 The gather'd multitude makes in ; so
 Nestor's son forbore,
 But after him, with horrid cries, both
 Hector and the rest
 Showers of tear-thirsty lances pour'd ; who
 having arm'd his breast
 With all his friends, he turn'd it then.
 Then on the ships all Troy,
 Like raw-flesh-nourish'd lions rush'd, and
 knew they did employ
 Their powers to perfect Jove's high will ;
 who still their spirits enflamed,
 And quench'd the Grecians' ; one renown'd,
 the other often shamed.
 For Hector's glory still he stood, and ever
 went about
 To make him cast the fleet such fire, as
 never should go out ;
 Heard Thetis' foul petition ; and wish'd in
 any wise
 The splendour of the burning ships might
 satiate his eyes.
 From him yet the repulse was then to be
 on Troy conferr'd,
 The honour of it given the Greeks ; which
 thinking on, he stirr'd,
 With such addition of his spirit, the spirit
 Hector bore
 To burn the fleet, that of itself was hot
 enough before.
 But now he fared like Mars himself, so
 brandishing his lance
 As, through the deep shades of a wood, a
 raging fire should glance,
 Held up to all eyes by a hill ; about his
 lips a foam
 Stood as when th' ocean is enraged ; his
 eyes were overcome
 With fervour, and resembled flames, set
 off by his dark brows,
 And from his temples his bright helm
 abhorred lightnings throws ;
 For Jove, from forth the sphere of stars, to
 his state put his own,
 And all the blaze of both the hosts confined
 in him alone.
 And all this was, since after this he had
 not long to live,
 This lightning flew before his death, which
 Pallas was to give
 (A small time thence, and now prepared)
 beneath the violence [eminence
 Of great Pelides. In mean time, his present
 Thought all things under it ; and he, still
 where he saw the stands
 Of greatest strength and bravest arm'd,
 there he would prove his hands,
 Or nowhere ; offering to break through,
 but that pass'd all his power,
 Although his will were past all theirs, they
 stood him like a tower,
 Conjoin'd so firm, that as a rock, exceeding
 high and great,
 And standing near the hoary sea, bears
 many a boisterous threat
 Of high-voiced winds and billows huge,
 belched on it by the storms ;
 So stood the Greeks great Hector's charge,
 nor stirred their battellous forms.
 He (girt in fire borne for the fleet) still
 rush'd at every troop ;
 And fell upon it like a wave, high raised,
 that then doth stoop
 Out from the clouds ; grows, as it stoops,
 with storms, then down doth come
 And cuff a ship, when all her sides are hid
 in brackish foam,
 Strong gales still raging in her sails, her
 sailors' minds dismay'd,
 Death being but little from their lives : so
 Jove-like Hector fray'd
 And plied the Greeks, who knew not what
 would chance, for all their guards.
 And as the baneful king of beasts, leapt
 into oxen herds
 Fed in the meadows of a fen, exceeding
 great ; the beasts
 In number infinite ; 'mongst whom (their
 herdsmen wanting breasts
 To fight with lions, for the price of a black
 ox's life)
 He here and there jumps, first and last, in
 his bloodthirsty strife,
 Chased and assaulted ; and, at length,
 down in the midst goes one,
 And all the rest spersed through the fen ;
 so now all Greece was gone ;

So Hector, in a flight from heaven upon
the Grecians cast,

Turn'd all their backs; yet only one his
deadly lance laid fast,

Brave Mycænæus Periphus, Cypræus'
dearest son,

Who of the heaven's-Queen-loved king,
great Eurysthæus, won

The grace to greet in embassy the strength
of Hercules, [nobleness

Was far superior to his sire in feet, fight,
Of all the virtues; and all those did such a
wisdom guide

As all Mycæna could not match; and this
man dignified,

Still making greater his renown, the state
of Priam's son,

For his unhappy hasty foot, as he address'd
to run,

Stuck in th' extreme ring of his shield, that
to his ancles reach'd,

And down he upwards fell, his fall up from
the centre fetch'd

A huge sound with his head and helm;
which Hector quickly spied,

Ran in, and in his worthy breast his lance's
head did hide;

And slew about him all his friends, who
could not give him aid,

They grieved, and of his god-like foe fled
so extreme afraid.

And now amongst the nearest ships, that
first were drawn to shore,

The Greeks were driven; beneath whose
sides, behind them, and before,

And into them they pour'd themselves, and
thence were driven again

Up to their tents, and there they stood;
not daring to maintain

Their guards more outward; but, betwixt
the bounds of fear and shame,

Cheer'd still each other; when th' old man,
that of the Grecian name

Was call'd the pillar; every man thus by
his parents pray'd:—

“O friends, be men, and in your minds
let others' shames be weigh'd.

Know you have friends besides yourselves,
possessions, parents, wives,

As well those that are dead to you, as those
ye love with lives;

All sharing still their good, or bad, with
yours. By these I pray,

That are not present (and the more should
therefore make ye weigh

Their miss of you, as yours of them) that
you will bravely stand,

And this forced flight you have sustain'd,
at length yet countermand.”

Supplies of good words thus supplied
the deeds and spirits of all.

And so at last Minerva clear'd the cloud
that Jove let fall

Before their eyes; a mighty light flew
beaming every way,

As well about their ships, as where their
darts did hottest play. [his associates,

Then saw they Hector great in arms, and
As well all those that then abstain'd, as

As those that help'd the fates,
And all their own fight at the fleet. Nor

did it now content [hatches went,
Ajax to keep down like the rest; he up the

Stalk'd here and there, and in his hand a
huge great bead-hook held,

Twelve cubits long, and full of iron. And
as a man well-skill'd

In horse, made to the martial race, when,
of a number more,

He chooseth four, and brings them forth,
to run them all before

Swarms of admiring citizens, amidst their
town's high-way,

And, in their full career, he leaps from one
to one, no stay [or leap;

Enforced on any, nor fails he, in either seat
So Ajax with his bead-hook leap'd nimbly

from ship to ship,
As actively commanding all, them in their

men as well [repel,
As men in them, most terribly exhorting to

To save their navy and their tents. But
Hector nothing needs

To stand on exhortations now at home, he
strives for deeds.

And look how Jove's great queen of birds,
sharp-set, looks out for prey,

Knows floods that nourish wild-wing'd
fowls, and, from her airy way,

Beholds where cranes, swans, cormorants,
have made their foody fall,

Darkens the river with her wings, and stoops
amongst them all;

So Hector flew amongst the Greeks,
directing his command,

In chief, against one opposite ship; Jove
with a mighty hand

Still backing him and all his men. And
then again there grew

A bitter conflict at the fleet. You would
have said none drew [so freshly on.

A weary breath, nor ever would; they laid
And this was it that fired them both: the

Greeks did build upon
No hope but what the field would yield,

flight an impossible course;
The Trojans all hope entertain'd, that sword

and fire should force

Both ships and lives of all the Greeks : and thus, unlike affects
 Bred like strenuity in both. Great Hector still directs
 His powers against the first near ship.
 'Twas that fair bark that brought
 Protesilaus to those wars, and now her self to nought,
 With many Greek and Trojan lives ; all spoil'd about her spoil.
 One slew another desperately, and close the deadly toil
 Was pitch'd on both parts. Not a shaft, nor far-off striking dart
 Was used through all. One fight fell out, of one spiteful heart.
 Sharp axes, twybills, two-hand swords, and spears with two heads borne,
 Were then the weapons ; fair short swords, with sanguine hilts still worn,
 Had use in like sort ; of which last, ye might have numbers view'd
 Drop with dissolved arms from their hands, as many down-right hew'd
 From off their shoulders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in twain.
 And thus the black blood flow'd on earth, from soldiers hurt and slain.
 When Hector once had seized the ship, he clapt his fair broad hand
 Fast on the stern, and held it there, and there gave this command :
 " Bring fire, and all together shout. Now Jove hath drawn the veil
 From such a day as makes amends, for all his storms of hail ;
 By whose blest light we take those ships, that, in despite of heaven,
 Took sea, and brought us worlds of woe ; all, since our peers were given
 To such a laziness and fear ; they would not let me end
 Our lingering banes ; and charge thus home ; but keep home and defend.
 And so they ruled the men I led. But though Jove then withheld
 My natural spirit, now by Jove 'tis freed, and thus impell'd."
 This more inflamed them ; in so much that Ajax now no more
 Kept up, he was so drown'd in darts ; a little he forbore
 The hatches to a seat beneath, of seven foot long, but thought
 It was impossible to scape ; he sat yet where he fought,
 And hurl'd out lances thick as hail, at all men that assay'd
 To fire the ship ; with whom he found his hands so overlaid,
 That on his soldiers thus he cried : " O friends, fight I alone ?
 Expect ye more walls at your backs ? towns rampired here are none,
 No citizens to take ye in, no help in any kind.
 We are, I tell you, in Troy's fields ; have nought but seas behind,
 And foes before ; far, far from Greece ; for shame, obey commands,
 There is no mercy in the wars ; your healths lie in your hands."
 Thus raged he, and pour'd out his darts : whoever he espied
 Come near the vessel arm'd with fire, on his fierce dart he died.
 All that pleased Hector made him mad : all that his thanks would earn ;
 Of which twelve men, his most resolved, lay dead before his stern.

COMMENTARIUS.

I MUST here be enforced (for your easier examination) of a simile before, to cite the original words of it; which of all Homer's translators and commentators have been most grossly mistaken, his whole intent and sense in it utterly falsified. The simile illustrates the manner of Juno's parting from Jove, being commanded by him to a business so abhorring from her will, is this:

Ὅς δ' ὄτ' ἂν ἀΐξῃ νόος ἀνέρος ὅς τ' ἐπὶ πολλῇν
Γαίαν ἐληλυθώς, φρεσὶ πενκαλίμοισι νοήσῃ,
Ἐνθ' εἴηεν ἢ ἐνθα μενοιγῆσει τέ πολλά.
Ὅς κραίπνως μεμανία δειπῆτατο πότνια Ἥρη.

Which is thus converted *ad verbum* by Spondanus:

Sicut autem quando discurrit mens viri, qui per multam

Terram profectus, mentibus prudentibus considerarit,

Huc ieram vel illuc, cogitabitque multa;

Sic citò properans pervolavit veneranda Juno.

Which Lauren. Valla in prose thus translates:

Subvolavit Juno in cœlum eadem festinatione ac celeritate, quâ mens prudentis hominis, et qui multum terrarum peragravit, recursat, cum multa sibi agenda instant, huc se conferat an illuc.

Eobanus Hessus in verse thus:

Tam subitò, quàm sana viri mens plura scientis,
Quique peragrârit vastæ loca plurima terræ,
Multa movens animo, nunc huc, nunc avolat
illuc.

To this purpose likewise the Italian and French copies have it. All understanding Homer's intent was (as by the speediness of a man's thought or mind) to illustrate Juno's swiftness in hastening about the commandment of Jupiter, which was utterly otherwise: viz., to show the distraction of Juno's mind in going against her will, and in her despite, about Jove's commandment; which all the history before, in her inveterate and inflexible grudge to do anything for the good of the Trojans, confirmeth without question. Besides, her morosity and solemn appearance amongst the gods and goddesses (which Themis notes in her looks) shews if she went willingly, much less swiftly, about that business. Nor can the illustration of

swiftness be Homer's end in this simile, because he makes the man's mind, to which he resembles her going, stagger, inclining him to go this way and that, not resolved which way to go; which very poorly expresseth swiftness, and as properly agrees with the property of a wise man, when he hath undertaken, and gone far in a journey, not to know whether he should go forward or backward. Let us therefore examine the original words.

Ὅς δ' ὄτ' ἂν ἀΐξῃ νόος ἀνέρος, ὅς τ' ἐπὶ πολλῇν
Γαίαν ἐληλυθώς, &c.

Sicut verò quando discurrit vel prorumpit, vel cum impetu exurgit, mens viri, ἀναίσσῳ signifying *ruo*, *prorumpo*, vel *cum impetu exurgo*, as having travelled far on an irksome journey (as Juno had done for the Greeks, feigning to Jove and Venus she was going to visit πολυφόρβου πείρατα γαίης, *multa nutrientis fines terræ*), and then knows not whether he should go backward or forward, sustains a vehement discourse with himself on what course to resolve, and vexed in mind; which the words φρεσὶ πενκαλίμοισι express, being to be understood *mentibus amaris, vexatis, or distractis, with a spiteful, sorrowful, vexed, or distracted mind*, not *mentibus prudentibus*, as all most unwisely in this place convert it, though in other places it intimates so much. But here the other holds congruence with the rest of the simile, from which in the wise sense it abhors, πενκάλιμος signifying *amarus* more properly than *prudens*, being translated *prudens* merely metaphorically, according to the second deduction; where here it is used more properly according to the first deduction, which is taken from πενκῆ, the larcher tree, whose gum is exceeding bitter; and because things irksome and bitter (as afflictions, crosses, &c.) are means to make men wise, and take heed by others' harms, therefore, according to the second deduction, πενκάλιμος is taken for *cautus* or *prudens*. But now that the ἀπόδοσις or application seems to make with their sense of swiftness, the words ὡς κραίπνως μεμανία, being translated by them *sic citò properans*; it is thus to be turned in this place, *sic rapidè et impetu pulsa, so snatchingly or*

headlongly driven, flew Juno. As we often see with a clap of thunder doves or other fowls driven headlong from their seats, not in direct flight, but as they would break their necks with a kind of reeling; *μεμavia* being derived of *μαίω* or *μαίρω* signifying *impetu ferri, vel furibundo impetu ferri*, all which most aptly agreeth with Juno's enforced and wrathful parting from Jove, and doing his charge distractedly. This for me. If another can give better, let him shew it, and take it. But in infinite other places is this divine poet thus profaned, which for the extreme labour I cannot yet touch at.

² *Ἀργάλεον, &c.* *Difficile est, it is a hard thing* (saith Minerva to Mars, when she answers his anger for the slaughter of his son Ascalaphus) *for Jove to deliver the generation and birth of all men from death.*

Which commentors thus understand: There were some men that never died, as Tithon the husband of Aurora, Chiron, Glaucus made a sea-god, &c., and in Holy Writ (as Spondanus pleaseth to mix them) Enoch and Elias; but because these few were freed from death, Mars must not look that all others were. But this interpretation, I think, will appear to all men at first sight both ridiculous and profane: Homer making Minerva only jest at Mars here (as she doth in other places) bidding him not storm that his son should be slain more than better born, stronger, and worthier men; *for Jove should have enough to do (or it were hard for Jove) to free all men from death that are unwilling to die.* This mine, with the rest; the other others; accept which you please.

THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES, at Patroclus' suit, doth yield
His arms and Myrmidons; which brought to
field,

The Trojans fly. Patroclus hath the grace
Of great Sarpedon's death, sprung of the race
Of Jupiter; he having slain the horse
Of Thetis' son (fierce Pegasus) the force
Of Hector doth revenge the much-rued end
Of most renown'd Sarpedon on the friend
Of Thetides; first by Euphorbus harm'd,
And by Apollo's personal power disarm'd.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In III Patroclus bears the chance
Of death, imposed by Hector's lance.

THUS fighting for this well-built ship;
Patroclus all that space
Stood by his friend, preparing words to
win the Greeks his grace,
With power of uncontained tears; and,
like a fountain pour'd
In black streams from a lofty rock, the
Greeks so plagued, deplored.
Achilles, ruthless for his tears, said:
"Wherefore weeps my friend
So like a girl, who, though she sees her
mother cannot tend
Her childish humours, hangs on her, and
would be taken up,
Still viewing her with tear-drown'd eyes,
when she hath made her stoop.
To nothing liker I can shape thy so un-
seemly tears. [thine ears
What causeth them? hath any ill solicited
Befall'n my Myrmidons? or news from
loved Phthia brought,
Told only thee, lest I should grieve, and
therefore thus hath wrought
On thy kind spirit? Actor's son, the good
Menœtius,
Thy father, lives; and Peleus mine, great
son of Æacus,
Amongst his Myrmidons; whose deaths,
in duty we should mourn.
Or is it what the Greeks sustain, that doth
thy stomach turn,
On whom, for their injustice' sake, plagues
are so justly laid?
Speak, man, let both know either's heart."
Patroclus, sighing, said:

"O Peleus' son (thou strongest Greek
by all degrees that lives)
Still be not angry; our sad state such cause
of pity gives.
Our greatest Greeks lie at their ships sore
wounded; Ithacus,
King Agamemnon, Diomed, and good
Eurypylus;
But these much-medicine-knowing men,
physicians, can recure,
Thou yet unmedicinable still, though thy
wound all endure.
Heaven bless my bosom from such wrath
as thou soothest as thy bliss,
Unprofitably virtuous. How shall our
progenies,
Born in thine age, enjoy thine aid, when
these friends, in thy flower,
Thou leavest to such unworthy death? O
idle, cruel power;
Great Peleus never did beget, nor Thetis
bring forth thee,
Thou from the blue sea, and her rocks,
derivest thy pedigree.
What so declines thee? If thy mind shuns
any augury,
Related by thy mother-queen from heaven's
foreseeing eye,
And therefore thou forsakest thy friends,
let me go ease their moans
With those brave relics of our host, thy
mighty Myrmidons,
That I may bring to field more light to
conquest than hath been.
To which end grace me with thine arms,
since, any shadow seen
Of thy resemblance, all the power of
perjured Troy will fly,
And our so tired friends will breathe; our
fresh-set-on supply
Will easily drive their wearied off." Thus,
foolish man, he sued
For his sure death; of all whose speech
Achilles first renew'd
The last part, thus: "O worthy friend,
what have thy speeches been?
I shun the fight for oracles, or what my
mother queen
Hath told from Jove? I take no care,
nor note of one such thing;
But this fit anger stings me still, that the
insulting king

Should from his equal take his right, since
he exceeds in power.

This, still his wrong, is still my grief. He
took my paramour

That all men gave, and whom I won by
virtue of my spear,

That, for her, overturn'd a town. This
rape he made of her,

And used me like a fugitive, an inmate in
a town,

That is no city libertine, nor capable of
their gown.

But bear we this as out of date; 'tis past,
nor must we still

Feed anger in our noblest parts; yet thus,
I have my will

As well as our great king of men; for I did
ever vow

Never to cast off my disdain till, as it falls
Their miss of me knock'd at my fleet, and

told me in their cries

I was revenged, and had my wish of all my
enemies.

And so of this repeat enough. Take thou
my fame-blaz'd arms,

And my fight-thirsty Myrmidons lead to
these hot alarms.

Whole clouds of Trojans circle us with
hateful eminence;

The Greeks shut in a little shore, a sort of
citizens

Skiping upon them; all because their
proud eyes do not see

The radiance of my helmet there, whose
beams had instantly

Thrust back, and all these ditches fill'd
with carrion of their flesh,

If Agamemnon had been kind; where now
they fight as fresh,

As thus far they had put at ease, and at
our tents contend.

And may; for the repulsive hand of Diomed
doth not spend

His raging darts there, that their death
could fright out of our fleet;

Nor from that head of enmity, can my
poor hearers meet

The voice of great Atrides now. Now
Hector's only voice

Breaks all the air about both hosts, and,
with the very noise

Bred by his loud encouragements, his
forces fill the field,

And fight the poor Achaians down. But
on, put thou my shield

Betwixt the fire-plague and our fleet:
rush bravely on, and turn

War's tide as headlong on their throats.
No more let them ajourn

Our sweet home-turning: but observe the
charge I lay on thee

To each least point, that thy ruled hand
may highly honour me,

And get such glory from the Greeks, that
they may send again

My most sweet wench, and gifts to boot,
when thou hast cast a rein

On these so headstrong citizens, and forced
them from our fleet.

With which grace if the god of sounds*
thy kind egression greet,

Retire, and be not tempted on (with pride
to see thy hand

Rain slaughter'd carcasses on earth) to run
forth thy command

As far as Iliion, lest the gods, that favour
Troy, come forth

To thy encounter, for the Sun much loves
it; and my worth,

In what thou suffer'st, will be wrong'd,
that I would let my friend

Assume an action of such weight without
me; and transcend

His friend's prescription. Do not then
affect a further fight

Than I may strengthen. Let the rest,
when thou hast done this right,

Perform the rest.¹ O would to Jove, thou
Pallas, and thou Sun,

That not a man housed underneath those
towers of Iliion,

Nor any one of all the Greeks, how infinite
a sum

Soever all together make, might live un-
overcome,

But only we two, 'scaping death, might
have the thundering down

Of every stone stuck in the walls of this so
sacred town."

Thus spake they only 'twixt themselves
And now the foe no more

Could Ajax stand, being so oppress'd with
all the iron store

The Trojans pour'd on; with whose darts
and with Jove's will beside,

His powers were cloy'd, and his bright helms
did deafening blows abide;

His plume, and all head-ornaments, coul-
never hang in rest:

His arm yet labour'd up his shield, and
having done their best,

They could not stir him from his stand
although he wrought it out

With short respirings; and with swells
that ceaseless flow'd about

* Jupiter called the god of sounds, for the
chief sound his thunder.

His reeking limbs ; no least time given to
 take in any breath ;
 Ill strengthen'd ill ; when one was up,
 another was beneath.
 Now, Muses, you that dwell in heaven,
 the dreadful mean inspire
 That first enforced the Grecian fleet, to take
 in Trojan fire.
 First Hector, with his huge broad sword,
 cut off, at setting on,
 The head of Ajax' ashen lance ; which Ajax
 seeing gone, [while unware,
 And that he shook a headless spear, a little
 His wary spirits told him straight the hand
 of heaven was there ;
 And trembling under his conceit, which
 was that 'twas Jove's deed,²
 Who, as he poll'd off his dart's heads, so
 sure he had decreed
 That all the counsels of their war, he would
 poll off like it,
 And give the Trojans victory ; so trusted
 he his wit,
 And left his darts. And then the ship was
 heap'd with horrid brands
 Of kindling fire ; which instantly was seen
 through all the strands
 In unextinguishable flames, that all the
 ship embraced.
 And then Achilles beat his thighs, cried
 out, " Patroclus, haste,
 Make way with horse. I see at fleet, a fire
 of fearful rage.
 Arm, arm, lest all our fleet it fire, and all
 our power engage.
 Arm quickly, I'll bring up the troops." To
 these so dreadful wars
 Patroclus, in Achilles' arms, enlighten'd all
 with stars,
 And richly amell'd, all haste made. He
 wore his sword, his shield,
 His huge-plumed helm and two such spears,
 as he could nimbly wield.
 But the most famed Achilles' spear, big,
 solid, full of weight,
 He only left of all his arms ; for that far
 pass'd the might
 Of any Greek to shake but his ; Achilles'
 only ire
 Shook that huge weapon, that was given
 by Chiron to his sire,
 Cut from the top of Pelion, to be heroës'
 deaths.
 His steeds Automedon straight join'd ; like
 whom no man that breathes,
 Next Peleus' son, Patroclus loved ; for like
 him, none so great
 He found in faith at every fight, nor to out-
 look a threat.

Automedon did therefore guide for him
 Achilles' steeds,
 Xanthius and Balius swift as wind, begotten
 by the seeds
 Of Zephyr, and the Harpy born, Podarge,
 in a mead
 Close to the wavy ocean, where that fierce
 Harpy fed.
 Automedon join'd these before, and with
 the hindmost gears
 He fasten'd famous Pegasus, whom, from
 the massacres
 Made by Achilles, when he took Eëtion's
 wealthy town,
 He brought, and, though of mortal race,
 yet gave him the renown
 To follow his immortal horse. And now,
 before his tents,
 Himself had seen his Myrmidons, in all
 habiliments
 Of dreadful war. And when ye see, upon
 a mountain bred,
 A den of wolves,* about whose hearts
 unmeasured strengths are fed,
 New come from curry of a stag, their jaws
 all blood-besmeared,
 And when from some black-water fount
 they all together herd,
 There having plentifully lapp'd, with thin
 and thrust-out tongues,
 The top and clearest of the spring, go
 belching from their lungs
 The clotted gore, look dreadfully, and
 entertain no dread,
 Their bellies gaunt all taken up, with being
 so rawly fed ;
 Then say, that such, in strength and look,
 were great Achilles' men
 Now order'd for the dreadful fight ; and
 so with all them then
 Their princes and their chiefs did show,
 about their General's friend ;
 His friend, and all, about himself ; who
 chiefly did intend
 Th' embattelling of horse and foot. To
 that siege, held so long,
 Twice five and twenty sail he brought,
 twice five and twenty strong
 Of able men, was every sail. Five colonels
 he made
 Of all those forces ; trusty men, and all of
 power to lead,
 But he of power beyond them all. Menes-
 thius was one,
 That ever wore discolour'd arms ; he was
 a river's son

* A simile most lively expressive.

That fell from heaven, and good to drink
 was his delightful stream,
 His name unwearied Sperchius, he loved
 the lovely dame
 Fair Polydora, Peleus' seed, and dear in
 Borus' sight,
 And she to that celestial flood gave this
 Menesthus light,
 A woman mixing with a god. Yet Borus
 bore the name [dame,
 Of father to Menesthus, he marrying the
 And giving her a mighty dowry; he was
 the kind descent
 Of Perieres. The next man, renown'd with
 regiment,
 Was strong Eudorus, brought to life by
 one supposed a maid,
 Bright Polymela, Phylas' seed, but had the
 wanton play'd
 With Argus-killing Mercury; who (fired
 with her fair eyes,
 As she was singing in the quire of her that
 makes the cries
 In clamorous hunting, and could bear the
 crooked bow of gold)
 Stole to her bed in that chaste room, that
 Phœbe chaste did hold,
 And gave her that swift-warlike son,
 Eudorus, brought to light
 As she was dancing; but as soon, as she
 that rules the plight
 Of labouring women eased her throes, and
 show'd her son the sun,
 Strong Echechæus, Actor's heir, woo'd
 earnestly, and won
 Her second favour, feeing her with gifts of
 infinite prize;
 And after brought her to his house, where,
 in his grandsire's eyes,
 Old Phylas, Polymela's son obtain'd ex-
 ceeding grace,
 And found as careful bringing up, as of his
 natural race
 He had descended. The third chief was
 fair Mæmalides
 Pisandrus, who in skill of darts obtain'd
 supremest praise
 Of all the Myrmidons, except their lord's
 companion.
 The fourth charge, aged Phœnix had.
 The fifth, Alcimedon,
 Son of Laertes, and much famed. All
 these digested thus
 In fit place by the mighty son of royal
 Peleus,
 This stern remembrance he gave all:
 "You, Myrmidons," said he,
 "Lest any of you should forget his
 threatenings used to me

In this place, and, through all the time,
 that my just anger reign'd,
 Attempting me with bitter words, for being
 so restrain'd,
 For my hot humour, from the fight, re-
 member them as these:
 'Thou cruel son of Peleus, whom she that
 rules the seas
 Did only nourish with her gall, thou dost
 ungently hold
 Our hands against our wills from fight:
 we will not be controll'd,
 But take our ships, and sail for home, be-
 fore we loiter here
 And feed thy fury.' These high words ex-
 ceeding often were
 The threats that, in your mutinous troops,
 ye used to me for wrath
 To be detain'd so from the field. Now
 then, your spleens may bathe
 In sweat of those great works ye wish'd;
 now, he that can employ
 A generous heart, go fight, and fright these
 bragging sons of Troy."
 This set their minds and strengths on
 fire, the speech enforcing well,
 Being used in time; but, being their king's,
 it much more did impel,
 And closer rush'd-in all the troops. And
 as, for buildings high,
 The mason lays his stones more thick,
 against th' extremity
 Of wind and weather, and even then, if any
 storm arise,
 He thickens them the more for that, the
 present act so plies
 His honest mind to make sure work; so,
 for the high estate
 This work was brought to, these men's
 minds, according to the rate,
 Were raised, and all their bodies join'd,
 but their well-spoken king,
 With his so timely-thought-on speech
 more sharp made valour's sting,
 And thicken'd so their targets boss'd, so all
 their helmets then;
 That shields propp'd shields, helms helmet
 knock'd, and men encouraged men.
 Patroclus and Automedon did arm be-
 fore them all, [then the Gener-
 Two bodies, with one mind inform'd; an
 Betook him to his private tent, where from
 a coffer wrought
 Most rich and curiously, and given to
 Thetis to be brought
 In his own ship, top-fill'd with vests, war
 robes to check cold wind;
 And tapestries all golden-fringed, and cur'd
 with thrumbs behind:

He took a most unvalued bowl, in which
 none drank but he ;
 Nor he but to the deities ; nor any deity
 But Jove himself was served with that ;
 and that he first did cleanse
 With sulphur, then with fluences of
 sweetest water ruse ;
 Then wash'd his hands, and drew himself
 a mighty bowl of wine,
 Which (standing midst the place enclosed
 for services divine,
 And looking up to heaven and Jove, who
 saw him well) he pour'd
 Upon the place of sacrifice, and humbly
 thus implored :
 " Great Dodonæus, president of cold
 Dodone's towers ;
 Divine Pelasgius, that dwell'st far hence ;
 about whose bowers
 Th' austere prophetic Selli dwell, that still
 sleep on the ground,
 Go bare, and never cleanse their feet : as
 I before have found
 Grace to my vows, and hurt to Greece, so
 now my prayers intend.
 I still stay in the gather'd fleet, but have
 dismiss'd my friend,
 Amongst my many Myrmidons, to danger
 of the dart ;
 O grant his valour my renown, arm with
 my mind his heart,
 That Hector's self may know my friend
 can work in single war ;
 And not then only show his hands, so hot
 and singular,
 When my kind presence seconds him :
 but, fight he ne'er so well,
 No further let him trust his fight, but,
 when he shall repel
 Clamour and danger from our fleet, vouch-
 safe a safe retreat
 To him and all his companies, with fames
 and arms complete."
 He pray'd, and heaven's great Counsellor
 gave satisfying ear
 To one part of his orisons, but left the other
 there ;
 He let him free the fleet of foes, but safe
 retreat denied.
 Achilles left that utter part, where he his
 zeal applied ;
 And turn'd into his inner tent ; made fast
 his cup, and then
 Stood forth, and with his mind beheld the
 foes fight and his men,
 That follow'd his great-minded friend, em-
 battled till they brake
 With gallant spirit upon the foe. And as
 fell wasps, that make

Their dwellings in the broad highway,
 which foolish children use
 (Their cottages 'being near their nests) to
 anger and abuse
 With ever vexing them, and breed (to
 soothe their childish war)
 A common ill to many men ; since if a
 traveller
 (That would his journey's end apply, and
 pass them unassay'd)
 Come near and vex them, upon him the
 children's faults are laid,
 For on they fly as he were such, and still
 defend their own ;
 So fared it with the fervent mind of every
 Myrmidon,
 Who pour'd themselves out of their fleet
 upon their wanton foes,
 That needs would stir them, thrust so near,
 and cause the overthrows
 Of many others, that had else been never
 touch'd by them,
 Nor would have touch'd. Patroclus then
 put his wind to the stream,
 And thus exhorted : " Now, my friends,
 remember you express
 Your late-urged virtue, and renewm our
 great Æacides,
 That, he being strong'st of all the Greeks,
 his eminence may dim
 All others likewise in our strengths, that
 far off imitate him.
 And Agamemnon now may see his fault
 as general
 As his place high ; dishonouring him that
 so much honours all."
 Thus made he sparkle their fresh fire,
 and on they rush'd ; the fleet
 Fill'd full her hollow sides with sounds,
 that terribly did greet
 Th' amazed Trojans ; and their eyes did
 second their amaze
 When great Menœtius' son they saw, and
 his friend's armour blaze.
 All troops stood troubled with conceit that
 Peleus' son was there,
 His anger cast off at the ships ; and each
 look'd everywhere
 For some authority to lead the then pre-
 pared flight. [where the fight
 Patroclus greeted with a lance the region
 Made strongest tumult ; near the ship
 Protesilaus brought,
 And strook Pyrechen, who before the
 fair-helm'd Pæons fought,
 Led from Amydon, near whose walls the
 broad-stream'd Æxius flows.
 Through his right shoulder flew the dart,
 whose blow strook all the blows

In his power from his powerless arm, and
 down he groaning fell ;
 His men all flying, their leader fled. This
 one dart did repel
 The whole guard placed about the ship,
 whose fire extinct, half burn'd
 The Pæons left her ; and full cry to
 clamorous flight return'd.
 Then spread the Greeks about their ships ;
 triumphant tumult flow'd ;
 And, as from top of some steep hill the
 Lightener strips a cloud,
 And lets a great sky out from heaven, in
 whose delightful light,
 All prominent foreheads, forests, towers,
 and temples cheer the sight ;
 So clear'd these Greeks this Trojan cloud,
 and at their ships and tents
 Obtain'd a little time to breathe, but found
 no present vents
 To their inclusions ; nor did Troy, though
 these Pæonians fled,
 Lose any ground, but from this ship they
 needfully turn'd head.
 Then every man a man subdued. Patroclus
 in the thigh
 Strook Areilycus ; his dart the bone did
 break, and fly
 Quite through, and sunk him to the earth.
 Good Menelaus slew
 Accomplish'd Thoas, in whose breast,
 being naked, his lance he threw
 Above his shield, and freed his soul. Phylides,
 taking note
 That bold Amphiclus bent at him, prevented
 him, and smote
 His thigh's extreme part, where (of man)
 his fattest muscle lies,
 The nerves torn with his lance's pile, and
 darkness closed his eyes.
 Antilochus Atymnius seized, his steel lance
 did impress
 His first three guts, and loosed his life.
 At young Nestorides,
 Maris, Atymnius' brother, flew ; and at
 him Thrasymed,
 The brother to Antilochus ; his eager
 javelin's head [all the bone ;
 The muscles of his arm cut out, and shiver'd
 Night closed his eyes, his liveless corse his
 brother fell upon.
 And so by two kind brothers' hands, did
 two kind brothers bleed ;
 Both being divine Sarpedon's friends, and
 were the darting seed
 Of Amisodarus, that kept the bane of
 many men
 Abhor'd Chimæra ; and such bane now
 caught his children.

Ajax Olliades did take Cleobulus alive,
 Invading him stay'd by the press ; and at
 him then let drive
 With his short sword that cut his neck ;
 whose blood warm'd all the steel ;
 And cold Death with a violent fate his
 sable eyes did seal.
 Peneleus, and Lycon cast together off their
 darts ;
 Both miss'd, and both together then went
 with their swords ; in parts
 The blade and hilt went, laying on upon
 the helmet's height.
 Peneleus' sword caught Lycon's neck, and
 cut it thorough quite.
 His head hung by the very skin. The
 swift Meriones,
 Pursuing flying Acamas, just as he got
 access
 To horse and chariot, overtook, and strook
 him such a blow
 On his right shoulder, that he left his
 chariot, and did strow
 The dusty earth ; life left his limbs, and
 night his eyes possess'd.
 Idomenæus his stern dart at Erymas address'd,
 As, like to Acamas, he fled ; it cut the
 sundry bones
 Beneath his brain, betwixt his neck, and
 foreparts ; and so runs,
 Shaking his teeth out, through his mouth,
 his eyes all drown'd in blood,
 So through his nostrils and his mouth
 (that now dart-open stood)
 He breathed his spirit. Thus had death
 from every Grecian chief
 A chief of Troy. For, as to kids, or
 lambs, their cruell'st thief
 (The wolf) steals in, and, when he sees that
 by the shepherd's sloth
 The dams are persed about the hills, then
 serves his ravenous tooth
 With ease, because his prey is weak ; so
 served the Greeks their foes,
 Discerning well how shrieking flight did
 all their spirits dispose ;
 Their bidding virtues quite forgot. And
 now the natural spleen
 That Ajax bore to Hector still, by all
 means would have been
 Within his bosom with a dart ; but he
 knew the war,
 (Well cover'd in a well-lined shield) did
 well perceive how far
 The arrows and the javelins reach'd, but
 being within their sounds
 And ominous singings ; and observed the
 there-inclining bounds

Of Conquest, in her aid of him, and so obey'd her change ;
 Took safest course for him and his, and stood to her as strange.
 And as, when Jove intends a storm, he lets out of the stars
 From steep Olympus, a black cloud, that all heaven's splendour bars
 From men on earth ; so from the hearts of all the Trojan host,
 All comfort lately found from Jove, in flight and cries was lost.
 Nor made they any fair retreat. Hector's unruly horse
 Would needs retire him, and he left engaged his Trojan force ;
 Forced by the steepness of the dike, that in ill place they took,
 And kept them that would fain have gone. Their horses quite forsook
 A number of the Trojan kings, and left them in the dike ;
 Their chariots in their foreteams broke. Patroclus then did strike
 While steel was hot, and cheer'd his friends ; nor meant his enemies good ;
 Who when they once began to fly, each way received a flood,
 And choked themselves with drifts of dust. And now were clouds begot
 Beneath the clouds, with flight and noise ; the horse neglected not
 Their home intendments ; and, where rout was busiest, there pour'd on
 Patroclus most exorts and threats ; and then lay overthrown
 Numbers beneath their axle-trees ; who, lying in flight's stream,
 Made th' after chariots jolt and jump, in driving over them.
 Th' immortal horse Patroclus rode, did pass the dike with ease,
 And wish'd the depth and danger more ; and Menœtiades [Hector's haste ;
 As great a spirit had to reach retiring
 But his fleet horse had too much law, and fetch'd him off too fast.
 And as in Autumn the black earth is loaden with the storms
 That Jove in gluts of rain pours down, being angry with the forms
 Of judgment in authorized men, that in their courts maintain,
 With violent office, wrested laws, and (fearing gods, nor men)
 Exile all justice ; for whose faults, whole fields are overflown,
 And many valleys cut away with torrents headlong thrown

From neighbour mountains, till the sea receive them roaring in,
 And judg'd men's labours then are vain, plagued for their judge's sin ;
 So now the foul defaults of some all Troy were laid upon ;
 So like those torrents roar'd they back to windy Ilion ;
 And so like tempests blew the horse, with ravishing back again
 Those hot assailants, all their works at fleet now render'd vain.
 Patroclus, when he had dispersed the foremost phalanxes,
 Call'd back his forces to the fleet, and would not let them prease,
 As they desired, too near the town ; but 'twixt the ships and flood,
 And their steep rampire, his hand steep'd Revenge in seas of blood.
 Then Pronous was first that fell beneath his fiery lance,
 Which strook his bare breast, near his shield. The second Thestor's chance,
 Old Enops' son, did make himself ; who shrinking, and set close
 In his fair seat, even with th' approach Patroclus made, did lose
 All manly courage, insomuch that from his hands his reins
 Fell flowing down, and his right jaw Patroclus' lance attains ;
 Strook through his teeth, and there it stuck, and by it to him drew
 Dead Thestor to his chariot. It shew'd, as when you view
 An angler from some prominent rock draw with his line and hook
 A mighty fish out of the sea ; for so the Greek did pluck
 The Trojan gaping from his seat, his jaws oped with the dart ;
 Which when Patroclus drew, he fell ; his life and breast did part.
 Then rush'd he on Erylaus ; at whom he hurl'd a stone,
 Which strike his head so in the midst, that two was made of one ;
 Two ways it fell, cleft through his casque. And then Tlepolemus,
 Epaltes, Damastorides, Evippus, Echius, Ipheas, bold Amphoterus, and valiant Erymas,
 And Polymelus, by his sire surnamed Argeadas,
 He heap'd upon the much-fed earth. When Jove's most worthy son
 (Divine Sarpedon) saw these friends thus stay'd, and others run,

"O shame! Why fly ye?" then he cried,
 "now shew ye feet enow:
 On, keep your way; myself will meet the
 man that startles you;
 To make me understand his name that
 flaunts in conquest thus,
 And hath so many able knees so soon dis-
 solved to us."
 Down jump'd he from his chariot; down
 leap'd his foe as light:
 And as, on some far-looking rock, a cast of
 vultures fight,
 Fly on each other, strike and truss, part,
 meet, and then stick by,
 Tug both with crooked beaks and seres;
 cry, fight, and fight and cry:
 So fiercely fought these angry kings, and
 shew'd as bitter galls.
 Jove, turning eyes to this stern fight, his
 wife and sister calls,
 And, much moved for the Lycian prince,
 said: "O that to my son
 Fate, by this day and man, should cut a
 thread so nobly spun.
 Two minds distract me; if I should now
 ravish him from fight,
 And set him safe in Lycia; or give the
 Fates their right."
 "Austere Saturnius," she replied, "what
 unjust words are these?
 A mortal, long since mark'd by fate,
 wouldst thou immortalize?
 Do, but by no god be approved: free him,
 and numbers more,
 Sons of immortals, will live free, that
 death must taste before
 These gates of Ilion; every god will have
 his son a god, ^[honest period]
 Or storm extremely. Give him then an
 In brave fight by Patroclus' sword, if he
 be dear to thee,
 And grieves thee for his danger'd life; of
 which when he is free,
 Let Death and Somnus bear him hence,
 till Lycia's natural womb
 Receive him from his brothers' hands, and
 citizens'; a tomb
 And column raised to him. This is the
 honour of the dead."
 She said, and her speech ruled his power;
 but in his safety's stead,
 For sad osten of his near death, he steep'd
 his living name
 In drops of blood heaven swet for him,
 which earth drunk to his fame.
 And now, as this high combat grew to
 this too humble end,
 Sarpedon's death had this state more;
 'twas usher'd by his friend

And charioteer, brave Thrasymed; whom
 in his belly's rim
 Patroclus wounded with his lance, and
 endless ended him.

And then another act of name foreran
 his princely fate,
 His first lance missing, he let fly a second
 that gave date

Of violent death to Pedasus; who, as he
 joy'd to die

By his so honourable hand, did even in
 dying neigh.

His ruin startled th' other steeds, the
 gears crack'd, and the reins

Strapped his fellows; whose misrule Auto-
 medon restrains

By cutting the entangling gears, and so
 disundering quite

The brave-slain beast; when both the rest
 obey'd, and went foreright.

And then the royal combatants fought for
 the final stroke;

When Lycia's General miss'd again, his
 high-raised javelin took

Above his shoulder, empty way. But no
 such speedless flight

Patroclus let his spear perform, that on the
 breast did light

Of his brave foe; where life's strings close
 about the solid heart,

Impressing a recureless wound; his knees
 then left their part,

And let him fall; when like an oak, a
 poplar, or a pine,

New fell'd by arts-men on the hills, he
 stretch'd his form divine

Before his horse and chariot. And as a
 lion leaps ^{[herd in heaps,}

Upon a goody yellow bull, drives all the
 And under his unconquer'd jaws, the brave

beast sighing dies;
 So sigh'd Sarpedon underneath this prince

of enemies,

Call'd Glaucus to him, his dear friend, and
 said: "Now, friend, thy hands

Much duty owe to fight and arms; now
 for my love it stands

Thy heart in much hand to approve that
 war is harmful; now

How active all thy forces are, this one
 hour's act must show.

First call our Lycian captains up, look
 round, and bring up all,

And all exhort to stand, like friends, about
 Sarpedon's fall,

And spend thyself thy steel for me; for be
 assured no day

Of all thy life, to thy last hour, can clear
 thy black dismay

In woe and infamy for me, if I be taken
hence

Spoil'd of mine arms; and thy renown
despoil'd of my defence.

Stand firm then, and confirm thy men."

This said, the bounds of death

Concluded all sight to his eyes, and to his
nostrils breath.

Patroclus, though his guard was strong,
forced way through every doubt,

Climb'd his high bosom with his foot, and
pluck'd his javelin out,

And with it drew the film and strings of
his yet-panting heart;

And last, together with the pile, his princely
soul did part.

His horse (spoil'd both of guide and king,
thick-snoring and amazed,

And apt to flight) the Myrmidons made
nimble to, and seized.

Glaucus, to hear his friend ask aid, of
him past all the rest,

Though well he knew his wound uncured,
confusion fill'd his breast

Not to have good in any power, and yet so
much good will.

And (laying his hand upon his wound, that
pain'd him sharply still,

And was by Teucer's hand set on from
their assail'd steep wall,

In keeping burt from other men) he did on
Phœbus call,

The god of medicines, for his cure:

"Thou king of cures," said he,

"That art perhaps in Lycia with her rich
progeny,

Or here in Troy; but any where, since thou
hast power to hear;

O give a hurt and woful man (as I am
now) thine ear.

This arm sustains a cruel wound, whose
pains shoot every way,

Afflict this shoulder, and this hand, and
nothing long can stay

A flux of blood still issuing; nor therefore
can I stand [my hand

With any enemy in fight, nor hardly make
Support my lance; and here lies dead the

worthiest of men,
Sarpedon, worthy son to Jove: (whose power

could yet abstain

From all aid in this deadly need) give thou
then aid to me,

O king of all aid to men hurt; assuage th'
extremity

Of this arm's anguish, give it strength,
that by my precedent

I may excite my men to blows; and this
dead corse prevent

Of further violence." He pray'd, and kind
Apollo heard,

Allay'd his anguish, and his wound of all
the black blood clear'd

That vex'd it so, infused fresh powers into
his weaken'd mind;

And all his spirits flow'd with joy that
Phœbus stood inclined

(In such quick bounty) to his prayers. Then,
as Sarpedon will'd,

He cast about his greedy eye; and first of
all instill'd [inflamm'd their fight

To all his captains all the stings that could
For good Sarpedon. And from them, he

stretch'd his speedy pace

T' Agenor, Hector, Venus' son, and wise
Polydamas; [you now forget

And (only naming Hector) said: "Hector,
Your poor auxiliary friends, that in your

toils have swet
Their friendless souls out far from home.

Sarpedon, that sustain'd
With justice, and his virtues all, broad

Lycia hath not gain'd
The like guard for his person here; for

yonder dead he lies
Beneath the great Patroclus' lance. But

come, let your supplies,
Good friends, stand near him. O disdain

to see his corse defiled
With Grecian fury; and his arms, by their

oppressions spoil'd.
The Myrmidons are come enraged, that

such a mighty boot
Of Greeks Troy's darts have made at fleet."

This said, from head to foot
Grief strook their powers past patience, and

not to be restrain'd,
To hear news of Sarpedon's death; who,

though he appertain'd
To other cities, yet to theirs he was the

very fort,
And led a mighty people there, of all

whose better sort
Himself was best. This made them run in

flames upon the foe;
The first man Hector, to whose heart Sarpedon's

death did go.
Patroclus stirr'd the Grecian spirits; and

first th' Ajaces, thus:
"Now, brothers, be it dear to you, to fight

and succour us, [excellent.
As ever heretofore ye did, with men first

The man lies slain that first did scale, and
raze the battlement

That crown'd our wall, the Lycian prince.
But if we now shall add

Force to his corse, and spoil his arms, a
prise may more be had

Of many great ones, that for him will put
on to the death."

To this work these were prompt enough ;
and each side ordereth
Those phalanxes that most had rate of re-
solutions ;
The Trojans and the Lycian powers ; the
Greeks and Myrmidons.
These ran together for the corse, and closed
with horrid cries,
Their armours thundering with the claps
laid on about the prise.
And Jove, about th' impetuous broil, per-
nicious night pour'd out,
As long as for his loved son, pernicious
Labour fought.

The first of Troy the first Greeks foll'd ;
when, not the last indeed
Amongst the Myrmidons, was slain ; the
great Agacleus' seed,
Divine Epigeus, that before had exercised
command
In fair Budeius ; but because he laid a
bloody hand
On his own sister's valiant son, to Peleus
and his queen
He came for pardon, and obtain'd ; his
slaughter being the mean
He came to Troy, and so to this. He
ventured even to touch
The princely carcass : when a stone did
more to him by much,
Sent out of able Hector's hand ; it cut his
skull in twain,
And strook him dead. Patroclus, grieved
to see his friend so slain,
Before the foremost thrust himself. And
as a falcon frays
A flock of stares or caddesses ; such fear
brought his assays
Amongst the Trojans and their friends ;
and, angry at the heart,
As well as grieved, for him so slain, another
stony dart [in the neck
As good as Hector's he let fly, that dusted
Of Sthenelaus ; thrust his head to earth
first, and did break
The nerves in sunder with his fall : off fell
the Trojans too,
Even Hector's self, and all as far as any
man can throw
(Provoked for games, or in the wars to shed
an enemy's soul)
A light long dart. The first that turn'd,
was he that did control
The targeteers of Lycia, prince Glaucus ;
who to hell
Sent Bathyclæus, Chalcon's son ; he did
in Hellas dwell,

And shined for wealth and happiness
amongst the Myrmidons ;
His bosom's midst the javelin strook, his
fall gat earth with groans.
The Greeks grieved, and the Trojans joy'd,
for so renown'd a man ;
About whom stood the Grecians firm. And
then the death began
On Troy's side by Meriones ; he slew one
great in war,
Laogonus, Onetor's son, the priest of
Jupiter, [and ear
Created in th' Idæan hill. Betwixt his jaw
The dart stuck fast, and loosed his soul ;
sad mists of hate and fear
Invading him. Anchises' son despatch'd
a brazen lance
At bold Meriones ; and hoped to make an
equal chance
On him with bold Laogonus ; though
under his broad shield
He lay so close. But he discern'd, and
made his body yield
So low, that over him it flew, and trembling
took the ground,
With which Mars made it quench his thirst ;
and since the head could wound
No better body, and yet thrown from ne'
the worse a hand,
It turn'd from earth, and look'd awry.
Æneas let it stand,
Much angry at the vain event, and told
Meriones
He scaped but hardly, nor had cause to
hope for such success
Another time, though well he knew his
dancing faculty,
By whose agility he scaped ; for, had his
dart gone by
With any least touch, instantly he had been
ever slain.
He answer'd : " Though thy strength be
good, it cannot render vain
The strength of others with thy jests ; nor
art thou so divine,
But when my lance shall touch at thee, with
equal speed to thine,
Death will share with it thy life's powers ;
thy confidence can shun
No more than mine what his right claims."
Menœtius' noble son
Rebuked Meriones, and said : " What
need'st thou use this speech ?
Nor thy strength is approved with words,
good friend, nor can we reach
The body, nor make th' enemy yield, with
these our counterbraves ;
We must enforce the binding earth, to hold
them in her graves.

If you will war, fight. Will you speak?
give counsel. Counsel, blows.

Are th' ends of wars and words. Talk here,
the time in vain bestows."

He said, and led; and, nothing less for
anything he said,

(His speech being season'd with such right)
the worthy seconded.

And then, as in a sounding vale, near
neighbour to a hill,

Wood-fellers make a far-heard noise, with
chopping, chopping still,

And laying on, on blocks and trees; so
they on men laid load,

And beat like noises into air, both as they
strook and trode.

But, past their noise, so full of blood, of
dust, of darts, lay smit

Divine Sarpedon, that a man must have an
excellent wit

That could but know him, and might fail:
so from his utmost head,

Even to the low plants of his feet, his form
was altered. [flies in spring,

All thrusting near it every way, as thick as
That in a sheep-cote (when new milk

assembles them) make wing,
And buzz about the top-full pails. Nor

ever was the eye
Of Jove averted from the fight; he view'd,
thought, ceaselessly

And diversly upon the death of great
Achilles' friend;

If Hector there, to wreak his son, should
with his javelin end

His life, and force away his arms, or still
augment the field;

He then concluded that the flight of much
more soul should yield

Achilles' good friend more renown, and
that even to their gates

He should drive Hector and his host: and
so disanimates

The mind of Hector that he mounts his
chariot, and takes Flight

Up with him, tempting all to her; affirming
his insight

Knew evidently that the beam of Jove's
all-ordering scales

Was then in sinking on their side, sur-
charged with flocks of souls.

Then not the noble Lycians stay'd, but
left their slaughter'd lord

Amongst the corpses' common heap; for
many more were pour'd

About and on him, while Jove's hand held
out the bitter broil.

And now they spoil'd Sarpedon's arms,
and to the ships the spoil

Was sent by Menœtiades. Then Jove thus
charged the Sun:

"Haste, honour'd Phœbus, let no more
Greek violence be done [sable blood

To my Sarpedon; but his corse of all the
And javelins purged, then carry him, far

hence to some clear flood,
With whose waves wash, and then embalm

each thorough-cleansed limb
With our ambrosia; which perform'd,

divine weeds put on him,
And then to those swift mates and twins,

sweet Sleep and Death, commit
His princely person, that with speed they

both may carry it
To wealthy Lycia; where his friends and

brothers will embrace,
And tomb it in some monument, as fits a

prince's place." [Idalian hill,
Then flew Apollo to the fight, from the

At all parts putting into act his great
Commander's will;

Drew all the darts, wash'd, balm'd the
corse; which, deck'd with ornament,

By Sleep and Death,³ those feather'd
twins, he into Lycia sent.

Patroclus then Automedon commands to
give his steeds [madly he exceeds

Large reins, and all way to the chace; so
The strict commission of his friend; which

had he kept, had kept
A black death from him. But Jove's mind

hath evermore outstept
The mind of man; who both affrights, and

takes the victory [he can justify,
From any hardiest hand with ease; which

Though he himself commands him fight, as
now he put this chace [weighs the grace,

In Menœtiades his mind. How much then
(Patroclus) that Jove gives thee now, in

scales put with thy death,
Of all these great and famous men the

honourable breath. [Autonous,
Of which Adrestus first he slew, and next

Epistora, and Perimus, Pylartes, Elasus,
Swift Menalippus, Molius; all these were

overthrown [proud lion
By him, and all else put in rout; and then

Had stoop'd beneath his glorious hand, he
rag'd so with his lance, [the Ilions,

If Phœbus had not kept the tower, and help'd
Sustaining ill thoughts 'gainst the prince.

Thrice to the prominence
Of Troy's steep wall he bravely leap'd;

thrice Phœbus thrust him thence,
Objecting his all-dazzling shield, with his

resistless hand;
But fourthly, when, like one of heaven, he
would have stirr'd his stand,

Even to the last beam of my life, their necessary day.

And here, in place of us and ours, on thee shall vultures prey,

Poor wretch; nor shall thy mighty friend afford thee any aid,

That gave thy parting much deep charge, and this perhaps he said:

'Martial Patroclus, turn not face, nor see my fleet before

The cures from great Hector's breast, all gild with his gore,

Thou hew'st in pieces.' If thus vain were his far-stretch'd commands,

As vain was thy heart to believe his words lay in thy hands."

He, languishing, replied: "This proves thy glory worse than vain,

That when two gods have given thy hands what their powers did obtain,

(They conquering, and they spoiling me both of my arms and mind,

It being a work of ease for them) thy soul should be so blind

To oversee their evident deeds, and take their powers to thee;

When, if the powers of twenty such had dared t' encounter me,

My lance had strew'd earth with them all. Thou only doest obtain

A third place in my death; whom, first, a harmful fate hath slain

Effected by Latona's son; second, and first of men,

Euphorbus. And this one thing more concerns thee; note it then;

Thou shalt not long survive thyself; nay, now death calls for thee,

And violent fate: Achilles' lance shall make this good for me."

Thus death join'd to his words his end; his soul took instant wing,

And to the house that hath no lights descended, sorrowing

For his sad fate, to leave him young, and in his ablest age.

He dead, yet Hector ask'd him why, in that prophetic rage,

He so forespake him; when none knew but great Achilles might

Prevent his death, and on his lance receive his latest light?

Thus setting on his side his foot, he drew out of his wound

His brazen lance, and upwards cast the body on the ground;

When quickly, while the dart was hot, he charged Automedon,

Divine guide of Achilles' steeds, in great contention

To seize him too; but his so swift and deathless horse, that fetch

Their gift to Peleus from the gods, soon rapt him from his reach.

COMMENTARIUS.

¹ Αἱ γὰρ Ζεῦ τε πάτερ, &c. These last verses in the original by many austere ancients have suffered expunction, as being unworthy the mouth of an hero, because he seems to make such a wish in them. Which is as poorly conceited of the expungers as the rest of the places in Homer that have groaned or laughed under their castigations, Achilles not out of his heart (which any true eye may see) wishing it, but out of a frolic and delightful humour, being merry with his friend in private, which the verse following in part expresseth:

² Ὅς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον.
Sic hi quidem talia inter se loquebantur.

Inter se intimating the meaning aforesaid. But our divine master's most ingenious imitating the life of things (which is the soul of a poem) is never respected nor

perceived by his interpreters, only standing pedantically on the grammar and words, utterly ignorant of the sense and grace of him.

² Γινώσκει δ' Αἴας κατὰ θυμὸν, &c. Ἔργα θεῶν, &c. *Agnovit autem Ajax in animo inculpato opera deorum, ὀργισθὲν τε, exhorruitque.* Another most ingenious and spritful imitation of the life and ridiculous humour of Ajax I must needs note here, because it flies all his translators and interpreters, who take it merely for serious, when it is apparently scoptical and ridiculous, with which our author would delight his understanding reader, and mix mirth with matter. He saith, that Hector cut off the head of Ajax' lance, which he seeing would needs affect a kind of prophetic wisdom (with which he is never charged in Homer) and imagined strongly the cutting off his lance's head cast a

figure thus deep; that as Hector cut off that, Jove would utterly cut off the heads of their counsels to that fight, and give the Trojans victory. Which to take seriously and gravely is most dull, and, as I may say, Aiantical: the voice *κείρει* (which they expound *præcidebat*, and indeed is *tondebat*, *κείρω* signifying most properly *tondeo*) helping well to decipher the irony. But to understand gravely that the cutting off his lance's head argued Jove's intent to cut off their counsels, and to allow the wit of Ajax for his so far-fetched apprehension, I suppose no man can make less than idle and witless. A plain continuance, therefore, it is of Ajax' humour, whom in divers other places he plays upon, as in likening him, in the Eleventh Book, to a mill ass, and elsewhere to be noted hereafter.

² *Υπνῶ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάουσιν.* By Sleep and Death (which he ingeniously calleth twins) was the body of Jove's son, Sarpedon, taken from the fight, and borne to Lycia. On which place Eustathius doubts whether truly and indeed it was transferred to Lycia, and he makes the cause of his doubt this: That Death and Sleep are *inania quædam*, things empty and void; *ὅς στείρανια πρόσωπα, not solid or firm personæ, ἀλλ' ἀνεπέστατα πάθη, but qua nihil ferre possunt.* And, therefore, he thought there was *κενῆριον quoddam*, that is, some void or empty sepulchre or monument prepared for that hero in Lycia, &c., or else makes another strange translation of it by wonder; which Spondanus thinks to have happened truly, but rather would interpret it merely and nakedly a poetical fiction. His reason I will forbear to utter, because it is unworthy of him. But would not a man wonder that our great and grave

Eustathius would doubt whether Sleep and Death carried Sarpedon's person, personally, to Lycia; or not rather make no question of the contrary? Homer nor any poet's end in such poetical relations, being to affirm the truth of things personally done; but to please with the truth of their matchless wits, and some worthy doctrine conveyed in it. Nor would Homer have any one believe the personal transportance of Sarpedon by Sleep and Death, but only varieth and graceth his poem with these *prospopeias*, and delivers us this most ingenious and grave doctrine in it: That the hero's body, for which both those mighty hosts so mightily contended, Sleep and Death (those same *quædam inania*), took from all their personal and solid forces. Wherein he would further note to us, that, from all the bitterest and deadliest conflicts and tyrannies of the world, Sleep and Death, when their worst is done, deliver and transfer men: a little mocking withal the vehement and greedy prosecutions of tyrants and soldiers against, or for that, which two such deedless poor things take from all their empery. And yet, against Eustathius' manner of slighting their powers, what is there, of all things belonging to man, so powerful over him as Death and Sleep? And why may not our Homer (whose words I hold with Spondanus ought to be an undisputable deed and authority with us) as well personate Sleep and Death, as all men besides personate Love, Anger, Sloth, &c.? Thus only where the sense and soul of my most worthily revered author is abused, or not seen, I still insist; and glean these few poor corn ears after all other men's harvests.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A DREADFUL fight about Patroclus' corpse.
Euphorbus slain by Menelaus' force.
Hector in th' armour of Æacides.
Antilochus relating the decease
Of slain Patroclus to fair Thetis' son.
The body from the striving Trojans won.
Th' Ajaxes making good the after field ;
Make all the subject that this book doth yield.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Rho the venturous hosts maintain
A slaughterous conflict for the slain.

NOR could his slaughter rest conceal'd
from Menelaus' ear ;
Who flew amongst the foremost fights, and
with his targe and spear
Circled the body, as much grieved, and
with as tender heed
To keep it theirs, as any dam about her
first-born seed,
Not proving what the pain of birth would
make the love before ;
Nor to pursue his first attain't Euphorbus*
spirit forbore ;
But, seeing Menelaus chief in rescue of the
dead,
Assay'd him thus : " Atrides, cease, and
leave the slaughtered
With his embred spoil to the man, that
first, of all our state,
And famous succours, in fair fight, made
passage to his fate ;
And therefore suffer me to wear the good
name I have won
Amongst the Trojans, lest thy life repay
what his hath done."
" O Jupiter," said he, incensed, " thou
art no honest man
To boast so past thy power to do. Not
any lion can,
Nor spotted leopard, nor boar, whose mind
is mightiest
In pouring fury from his strength, advance
so proud a crest

* This Euphorbus was he that, in Ovid, Pythagoras saith he was in the wars of Troy.

As Panthus' fighting progeny. But Hype-
renor's pride, [so vilified
That joy'd so little time his youth, when he
My force in arms, and call'd me worst of
all our chivalry,
And stood my worst, might teach ye all to
shun this surcuirdie ;
I think he came not safely home, to tell his
wife his acts. [fate exacts,
Nor less right of thy insolence my equal
And will obtain me, if thou stay'st. Retire
then, take advice :
A fool sees nought before 'tis done, and
still too late is wise."
This moved not him but to the worse ;
since it renew'd the sting
That his slain brother shot in him, re-
member'd by the king,
To whom he answer'd : " Thou shalt pay,
for all the pains endured
By that slain brother, all the wounds sus-
tain'd for him, recured
With one made in thy heart by me. 'Tis
true thou madest his wife
A heavy widow, when her joys of wedlock
scarce had life,
And hurt'st our parents with his grief ; all
which thou gloriest in,
Forespeaking so thy death, that now their
grief's end shall begin.
To Panthus, and bring the snowy hand of
Phrontes, I will bring
Those arms, and that proud head of thine ;
and this laborious thing
Shall ask no long time to perform : nor
be my words alone,
But their performance ; Strength, and
Fight, and Terror thus sets on."
This said, he strook his all-round shield ;
nor shrunk that, but his lance
That turn'd head in it. Then the king
assay'd the second chance ;
First praying to the king of gods ; and
his dart entry got
(The force much driving back his foe) in
low part of his throat,
And ran his neck through. Then fell pride,
and he ; and all with gore
His locks, that like the Graces were, and
which he ever wore

In gold and silver ribands wrapp'd, were
piteously wet.
And when alone in some choice place, a
husbandman bath set
The young plant of an olive tree, whose
root being ever fed
With plenty of delicious springs, his
branches bravely spread,
And all his fresh and lovely head, grown
curl'd with snowy flowers,
That dance and flourish with the winds
that are of gentless powers ;
But when a whirlwind, got aloft, stoops
with a sudden gale ;
Tears from his head his tender curls, and
tosseth therewithal
His fix'd root from his hollow mines ; it
well presents the force
Of Sparta's king ; and so the plant, Eu-
phorbus and his corse.
He slain, the king stripp'd off his arms ;
and with their worthy prize,
(All fearing him) had clearly pass'd, if
heaven's fair eye of eyes
Had not, in envy of his acts, to his en-
counter stir'd
The Mars-like Hector ; to whose powers
the rescue he prefer'd
Of those fair arms, and took the shape of
Mentus, colonel
Of all the Cicones that near the Thracian
Hebrus dwell.
Like him, he thus puts forth his voice :
" Hector, thou scour'st the field
In headstrong pursuit of those horse, that
hardly are compell'd
To take the draught of chariots, by any
mortal's hand ; [their command,
The great grandchild of Æacus hath only
Whom an immortal mother bore. While
thou attend'st on these,
The young Atrides, in defence of Mence-
tiades,
Hath slain Euphorbus." Thus the god
took troop with men again ;
And Hector, heartily perplex'd, look'd
round and saw the slain
Still shedding rivers from his wound ; and
then took envious view
Of brave Atrides with his spoil ; in way to
whom he flew
Like one of Vulcan's quenchless flames :
Atrides heard the cry
That ever usher'd him, and sigh'd, and
said : * " O me, if I
Should leave these goodly arms, and him,
that here lies dead for me,
I fear I should offend the Greeks ; if I
should stay and be
Alone with Hector and his men, I may be
compass'd in ; [may quickly win
Some sleight or other they may use, many
Their wills of one, and all Troy comes ever
where Hector leads.
But why, dear mind, dost thou thus talk?
when men dare set their heads
Against the gods, as sure they do that
fight with men they love,
Straight one or other plague ensues. It
cannot therefore move
The grudge of any Greek that sees I yield
to Hector, he
Still fighting with a spirit from heaven.
And yet if I could see
Brave Ajax, he and I would stand, though
'gainst a god ; and sure
'Tis best I seek him, and then see if we two
can procure
This corse's freedom through all these. A
little then let rest
The body, and my mind be still ; of two
bads choose the best."
In this discourse, the troops of Troy
were in with him, and he
Made such a lion-like retreat, as when the
herdsmen see
The royal savage, and come on, with men,
dogs, cries, and spears,
To clear their horned stall ; and then the
kingly heart he bears
(With all his high disdain) falls off ; so
from this odds of aid
The golden-hair'd Atrides fled, and in his
strength display'd
Upon his left hand him he wish'd, ex-
tremely busied
About encouraging his men, to whom an
extreme dread
Apollo had infused. The king reach'd
Ajax instantly,
And said : " Come, friend, let us two
haste, and from the tyranny
Of Hector free Patroclus' corse." He
straight and gladly went ;
And then was Hector haling off the body,
with intent
To spoil the shoulders of the dead, and
give the dogs the rest,
His arms he having pris'd before ; when
Ajax brought his breast
To bar all further spoil ; with that he had,
sure Hector thought
'Twas best to satisfy his spleen ; which
temper Ajax wrought

* Note the manly and wise discourse of Menelaus with himself, seeing Hector advancing towards him.

With his mere sight, and Hector fled :
 the arms he sent to Troy,
 To make his citizens admire, and pray
 Jove send him joy.
 Then Ajax gather'd to the corse, and
 hid it with his targe :
 There setting down as sure a foot, as, in
 the tender charge
 Of his loved whelps a lion doth ; two hun-
 dred hunters near
 To give him onset, their more force make
 him the more austere,
 Drowns all their clamours in his roars ;
 darts, dogs, doth all despise,
 And lets his rough brows down so low
 they cover all his eyes ;
 So Ajax look'd and stood, and stay'd for
 great Priamides.
 When Glaucus Hippolochides saw Ajax
 thus depress
 The spirit of Hector, thus he chid : " O
 goodly man at arms,
 In fight a Paris, why should fame make
 thee fort 'gainst our harms,
 Being such a fugitive? now mark, how
 well thy boasts defend [shall descend
 Thy city only with her own. Be sure it
 To that proof wholly. Not a man of any
 Lycian rank
 Shall strike one stroke more for thy town ;
 for no man gets a thank
 Should he eternally fight here, nor any
 guard of thee.
 How wilt thou, worthless that thou art,
 keep off an enemy
 From our poor soldiers, when their prince,
 Sarpedon, guest and friend
 To thee, and most deservedly, thou flew'st
 from in his end,
 And left'st to all the lust of Greece? O
 gods, a man that was
 (In life) so huge a good to Troy, and to
 thee such a grace,
 (In death) not kept by thee from dogs ! If
 my friends will do well,
 We'll take our shoulders from your walls,
 and let all sink to hell ;
 As all will, were our faces turn'd. Did
 such a spirit breathe
 In all you Trojans, as becomes all men
 that fight beneath
 Their country's standard, you would see,
 that such as prop your cause
 With like exposure of their lives, have all
 the honour'd laws
 Of such a dear confederacy kept to them
 to a thread,
 As now ye might reprise the arms Sarpe-
 don forfeited

By forfeit of your rights to him, would you
 but lend your hands,
 And force Patroclus to your Troy. Ye
 know how dear he stands
 In his love, that of all the Greeks is, for
 himself, far best,
 And leads the best near-fighting men ; and
 therefore would at least
 Redeem Sarpedon's arms ; nay him, whom
 you have likewise lost. [and cost
 This body drawn to Ilion would after draw
 A greater ransom, if you pleased ; but Ajax
 startles you ;
 'Tis his breast bars this right to us ; his
 looks are darts enow
 To mix great Hector with his men. And
 not to blame ye are,
 You choose foes underneath your strengths ;
 Ajax exceeds ye far."
 Hector look'd passing sour at this, and
 answer'd : " Why darest thou,
 (So under) talk above me so? O friend, I
 thought till now
 Thy wisdom was superior to all th' in-
 habitants
 Of gleby Lycia ; but now impute apparent
 wants
 To that discretion thy words show, to
 say I lost my ground
 For Ajax' greatness. Nor fear I the field
 in combats drown'd,
 Nor force of chariots, but I fear a power
 much better seen
 In right of all war than all we : that god,
 that holds between
 Our victory and us his shield ; lets conquest
 come and go
 At his free pleasure ; and with fear converts
 her changes so
 Upon the strongest. Men must fight when
 his just spirit impels,
 Not their vain glories. But come on,
 make thy steps parallels
 To these of mine, and then be judge, how
 deep the work will draw.
 If then I spend the day in shifts, or thou
 canst give such law
 To thy detractive speeches then, or if the
 Grecian host
 Holds any that in pride of strength holds
 up his spirit most,
 Whom, for the carriage of this prince,
 that thou enforcest so,
 I make not stoop in his defence. You,
 friends, ye hear and know
 How much it fits ye to make good this
 Grecian I have slain,
 For ransom of Jove's son, our friend ; p'ay
 then the worthy men,

Till I endure Achilles' arms." This said,
 he left the fight,
 And call'd back those that bore the arms,
 not yet without his sight,
 In convoy of them towards Troy. For
 them he changed his own,
 Removed from where it rained tears, and
 sent them back to town.
 Then put he on the eternal arms, that
 the celestial states
 Gave Peleus; Peleus, being old, their use
 appropriates
 To his Achilles, that, like him, forsook
 them not for age.
 When he, whose empire is in clouds, saw
 Hector bent to wage
 War in divine Achilles' arms, he shook his
 head, and said:
 "Poor wretch, thy thoughts are far from
 death, though he so near hath laid
 His ambush for thee. Thou putt'st on
 those arms, as braving him
 Whom others fear; hast slain his friend,
 and from his youthful limb
 Torn rudely off his heavenly arms; himself
 being gentle, kind,
 And valiant. Equal measure then, thy life
 in youth must find.
 Yet since the justice is so strict, that not
 Andromache, [take of thee
 In thy denied return from fight, must ever
 Those arms, in glory of thy acts; thou
 shalt have that frail blaze
 Of excellence, that neighbours death: a
 strength even to amaze."
 To this his sable brows did bow; and
 he made fit his limb
 To those great arms, to fill which up the
 War-god enter'd him
 Austere and terrible, his joints and every
 part extends
 With strength and fortitude; and thus to
 his admiring friends
 High Clamour brought him. He so shined,
 that all could think no less
 But he resembled every way great-soul'd
 Æacides.
 Then every way he scour'd the field, his
 captains calling on;
 Asteropæus, Eunomus (that foresaw all
 things done),
 Glaucus, and Medon, Desinor, and strong
 Thersilochus
 Phorcis, and Mesthes, Chromius, and great
 Hippothous;
 To all these, and their populous troops,
 these his excitements were:
 "Hear us, innumerable friends, near-
 bordering nations, hear:

We have not call'd you from our towns,
 to fill our idle eye
 With number of so many men (no such
 vain empery
 Did ever joy us) but to fight; and of our
 Trojan wives,
 With all their children, manfully to save
 the innocent lives.
 In whose cares we draw all our towns of
 aiding soldiers dry.
 With gifts, guards, victual, all things fit;
 and hearten their supply
 With all like rights; and therefore now let
 all sides set down this,
 Or live, or perish; this of war the special
 secret is.
 In which most resolute design, whoever
 bears to town [ning the renown
 Patroclus (laid dead to his hand) by win-
 Of Ajax' slaughter, the half-spoil we
 wholly will impart
 To his free use, and to ourself the other
 half convert;
 And so the glory shall be shared, ourself
 will have no more
 Than he shall shine in." This drew all to
 bring abroad their store
 Before the body. Every man had hope it
 would be his,
 And forced from Ajax. Silly fools, Ajax
 prevented this
 By raising rapiers to his friend with half
 their carcasses,
 And yet his humour was to roar, and fear,
 and now no less
 To startle Sparta's king, to whom he cried
 out: "O my friend!
 O Menelaus! ne'er more hope to get off;
 here's the end
 Of all our labours. Not so much I fear to
 lose the corse
 (For that's sure gone, the fowls of Troy
 and dogs will quickly force
 That piece-meal) as I fear my head, and
 thine, O Atreus' son.
 Hector a cloud brings will hide all. In-
 stant destruction,
 Grievous and heavy, comes. O call our
 peers to aid us; fly."
 He hasted, and used all his voice, sent
 far and near his cry:
 "O princes, chief lights of the Greeks, and
 you that publicly
 Eat with our General and me; all men of
 charge; O know [that will show
 Jove gives both grace and dignity to any
 Good minds for only good itself, though
 presently the eye [hard for me t'espy,
 Of him that rules discern him not."

A number of them set on work, and in an orb they pull,
 That all ways all parts of the hide they may extend at full ;
 So here and there did both parts hale the corse in little place,
 And wrought it all ways with their sweat ; the Trojans hoped for grace
 To make it reach to Ilion, the Grecians to their fleet.
 A cruel tumult they stir'd up, and such, as should Mars see 't
 (That horrid hurrier of men) or she that betters him,
 Minerva, never so incensed, they could not disesteem.
 So baneful a contention did Jove that day extend
 Of men and horse about the slain. Of whom his god-like friend
 Had no instruction. So far off, and underneath the wall
 Of Troy, that conflict was maintain'd ; which was not thought at all
 By great Achilles, since he charged, that having set his foot
 Upon the ports, he would retire, well knowing Troy no boot
 For his assaults without himself ; since not by him, as well
 He knew, it was to be subdued. His mother oft would tell
 The mind of mighty Jove therein, oft hearing it in heaven ; [instruction given
 But of that great ill to his friend was no By careful Thetis. By degrees must ill events be known.
 The foes cleft one to other still, about the overthrown.
 His death with death infected both. Even private Greeks would say
 Either to other : " 'Twere a shame, for us to go our way,
 And let the Trojans bear to Troy the praise of such a prise :
 Which, let the black earth gasp, and drink our blood for sacrifice,
 Before we suffer. 'Tis an act much less infortunate,
 And then would those of Troy resolve, though certainly our fate
 Will fell us altogether here. Of all not turn a face."
 Thus either side his fellows' strength excited past his place,
 And thus through all th' unfruitful air, an iron sound ascended
 Up to the golden firmament ; when strange affects contended
 In these immortal heaven-bred horse of great *Æacides*,
 Whom (once removed from forth the fight) a sudden sense did seize
 Of good Patroclus' death ; whose hands they oft had undergone,
 And bitterly they wept for him. Nor could Automedon
 With any manage make them stir ; oft use the scourge to them,
 Oft use his fairest speech, as oft threats never so extreme,
 They neither to the Hellespont would bear him, nor the fight ;
 But still as any tombstone lays his never-stirred weight
 On some good man or woman's grave for rites of funeral ;
 So unremoved stood these steeds, their heads to earth let fall,
 And warm tears gushing from their eyes, with passionate desire
 Of their kind manager ; their manes, that flourish'd with the fire
 Of endless youth allotted them, fell through the yoky sphere,
 Ruthfully ruffled and defiled. Jove saw their heavy cheer,
 And, pitying them, spake to his mind :
 " Poor wretched beasts," said he,
 " Why gave we you t' a mortal king, when immortality
 And incapacity of age so dignifies your states ?
 Was it to haste the miseries pour'd out on human fates ?
 Of all the miserablest things that breathe and creep on earth,
 No one more wretched is than man. And for your deathless birth,
 Hector must fail to make you prise. Is't not enough he wears,
 And glories vainly in those arms ? Your chariots and rich gears,
 Besides you, are too much for him. Your knees and spirits again
 My care of you shall fill with strength, that so ye may sustain
 Automedon, and bear him off. To Troy I still will give [bloody feet arrive,
 The grace of slaughter, till at fleet their Till Phœbus drink the western sea, and sacred darkness throws
 Her sable mantle 'twixt their points." Thus in the steeds he blows
 Excessive spirit ; and through the Greeks and lians they rapt
 The whirring chariot, shaking off the crumbled centre wrapt

Amongst their tresses; and with them,
Automedon let fly
Amongst the Trojans, making way through
all as frightfully
As through a jangling flock of geese a
lordly vulture beats,
Given way with shrieks by every goose,
that comes but near his threats;
With such state fled he through the press,
pursuing as he fled;
But made no slaughter; nor he could,
alone being carried
Upon the sacred chariot. How could he
both works do,
Direct his javelin, and command his fiery
horses too?
At length he came where he beheld his
friend Alcimedon,
That was the good Laercius', the son of
Æmon's son;
Who close came to his chariot side, and
ask'd: "What god is he
That hath so robb'd thee of thy soul, to
run thus frantically
Amongst these forefights, being alone;
thy fighter being slain,
And Hector glorying in his arms?" He
gave these words again:
"Alcimedon, what man is he, of all
the Argive race, [and pace,
So able as thyself to keep, in use of press
These deathless horse; himself being gone,
that like the gods had th' art
Of their high manage? therefore take to
thy command his part,
And ease me of the double charge, which
thou hast blamed with right."
He took the scourge and reins in hand,
Automedon the fight:
Which Hector seeing, instantly, Æneas
standing near
He told him, he discern'd the horse, that
mere immortal were,
Address'd to fight, with coward guides, and
therefore hoped to make
A rich prize of them, if his mind would
help to undertake,
For those two could not stand their charge.
He granted, and both cast
Dry solid hides upon their necks, exceed-
ing soundly brast;
And forth they went, associate with two
more god-like men,
Aretus and bold Chromius; nor made they
question then
To prise the goodly-crested horse, and
safely send to hell
The souls of both their guardians. O fools,
that could not tell

They could not work out their return from
fierce Automedon
Without the liberal cost of blood; who
first made orison
To father Jove, and then was fill'd with
fortitude and strength;
When (counselling Alcimedon to keep at
no great length
The horse from him, but let them breathe
upon his back, because
He saw th' advance that Hector made,
whose fury had no laws
Proposed to it, but both their lives and
those horse made his prise,
Or his life theirs) he call'd to friend these
well-approved supplies;
Th' Ajaces, and the Spartan king, and said,
"Come, princes, leave
A sure guard with the corse, and then to
your kind care receive
Our threaten'd safeties. I discern the two
chief props of Troy
Prepared against us. But herein, what best
men can enjoy
Lies in the free knees of the gods.* My
dart shall lead ye all.
The sequel to the care of Jove I leave,
whatever fall."
All this spake good Automedon; then,
brandishing his lance,
He threw, and strook Aretus' shield, that
gave it entrance
Through all the steel, and, by his belt, his
belly's inmost part
It pierced, and all his trembling limbs gave
life up to his dart.
Then Hector at Automedon a blazing
lance let fly,
Whose flight he saw, and falling flat, the
compass was too high,
And made it stick beyond in earth, th' ex-
treme part burst, and there
Mars buried all his violence. The sword
then for the spear
Had changed the conflict, had not haste
sent both th' Ajaces in,
Both serving close their fellows' call, who,
where they did begin,
There drew the end. Priamides, Æneas,
Chromius
(In doubt of what such aid might work)
left broken-hearted thus

* In the Greek always this phrase is used, not
in the hands, but *ἐν γούνασι κείρας*, in the knees
of the gods lies our helps, &c.

Aretus to Automedon, who spoil'd his arms,
 and said :
 " A little this revives my life for him so
 lately dead,
 Though by this nothing countervail'd."
 And with this little vent
 Of inward grief, he took the spoil ; with
 which he made ascent
 Up to his chariot, hands and feet of bloody
 stains so full
 That lion-like he look'd, new turn'd from
 tearing up a bull.
 And now another bitter fight about
 Patroclus grew,
 Tear-thirsty, and of toil enough ; which
 Pallas did renew,
 Descending from the cope of stars, dismiss'd
 by sharp-eyed Jove
 To animate the Greeks: for now, inconstant
 change did move
 His mind from what he held of late. And
 as the purple bow
 Jove bends at mortals, when of war he will
 the signal show,
 Or make it a presage of cold, in such
 tempestuous sort
 That men are of their labours eased, but
 labouring cattle hurt ;
 So Pallas in a purple cloud involved herself,
 and went
 Amongst the Grecians, stirr'd up all ; but
 first encouragement
 She breathed in Atreus' younger son ; and,
 for disguise, made choice
 Of aged Phœnix' shape, and spake with his
 unwearied voice :
 " O Menelaus, much defame, and equal
 heaviness,
 Will touch at thee, if this true friend of
 great Æacides
 Dogs tear beneath the Trojan walls ; and
 therefore bear thee well,
 Toil through the host, and every man with
 all thy spirit impel."
 He answer'd : " O thou long-since born,
 O Phœnix, that hast won
 The honour'd foster-father's name of
 Thetis' god-like son,
 I would² Minerva would but give strength
 to me, and but keep
 These busy darts off ; I would then make
 in indeed, and steep
 My income in their bloods, in aid of good
 Patroclus ; much
 His death afflicts me, much. But yet, this
 Hector's grace is such
 With Jove, and such a fiery strength and
 spirit he has, that still [so royal will.
 His steel is killing, killing still." The king's

Minerva joy'd to hear ; since she did all
 the gods outgo
 In his remembrance. For which grace
 she kindly did bestow
 Strength on his shoulders, and did fill his
 knees as liberally
 With swiftness, breathing in his breast the
 courage of a fy,³
 Which loves to bite so, and doth bear man's
 blood so much good will,
 That still, though beaten from a man, she
 flies upon him still ;
 With such a courage Pallas fill'd the black
 parts near his heart,
 And then he hasted to the slain, cast off a
 shining dart,
 And took one Podes, that was heir to old
 Eetion,
 A rich man and a strenuous, and by the
 people done
 Much honour, and by Hector too, being
 consort and his guest ;
 And him the yellow-headed king laid hold
 on at his waist ;
 In offering flight, his iron pile strook
 through him, down he fell,
 And up Atrides drew his corse. Then
 Phœbus did impel
 The spirit of Hector, Phænops like, sur-
 named Asiades,
 Whom Hector used (of all his guests) with
 greatest friendliness,
 And in Abydus stood his house ; in whose
 form thus he spake :
 " Hector ! what man of all the Greeks
 will any terror make
 Of meeting thy strength any more, when
 thou art terrified
 By Menelaus ? who, before he slew thy
 friend, was tried
 A passing easy soldier, when now (besides
 his end
 Imposed by him) he draws him off, and not
 a man to friend,
 From all the Trojans. This friend is Podes,
 Eetion's son."
 This hid him in a cloud of grief, and set
 him foremost on.
 And then Jove took his snake-fringed shield
 and Ida cover'd all
 With sulphury clouds, from whence he le
 abhorred lightnings fall,
 And thunder'd till the mountain shook
 and with this dreadful state
 He usher'd victory to Troy, to Argos fligh
 and fate.
 Peneleus Bœotius was he that foremost fled
 Being wounded in his shoulder's height
 but there the lance's head

Strook lightly, glancing to his mouth,
 because it strook him near,
 Thrown from Polydamas. Leitus next left
 the fight in fear
 (Being hurt by Hector in his hand) because
 he doubted sore
 His hand in wished fight with Troy would
 hold his lance no more.
 Idomeneus sent a dart at Hector (rushing
 in,
 And following Leitus) that strook his
 bosom near his chin,
 And brake at top. The Ilians for his
 escape did shout.
 When Hector at Deucalides another lance
 sent out,
 As in his chariot he stood; it miss'd him
 narrowly,
 For, as it fell, Cœranus drave his speedy
 chariot by,
 And took the Trojan lance himself; he was
 the charioteer
 Of stern Meriones, and first on foot did
 service there,
 Which well he left to govern horse, for
 saving now his king,
 With driving 'twixt him and his death,
 though thence his own did spring,
 Which kept a mighty victory from Troy, in
 keeping death
 From his great sovereign. The fierce dart
 did enter him beneath
 His ear, betwixt his jaw and it, drave down,
 cut through his tongue,
 And strook his teeth out; from his hands
 the horses' reins he flung,
 Which now Meriones received as they
 bestrew'd the field,
 And bad his sovereign scourge away, he
 saw that day would yield
 No hope of victory for them. He fear'd
 the same, and fled.
 Nor from the mighty-minded son of
 Telamon lay hid,
 For all his clouds, high Jove himself, nor
 from the Spartan king. [varying
 They saw him in the victory, he still was
 For Troy. For which sight Ajax said:
 "O heavens, what fool is he
 That sees not Jove's hand in the grace now
 done our enemy?
 Not any dart they touch but takes, from
 whomsoever thrown,
 Valiant or coward; what he wants Jove
 adds, not any one
 Wants his direction to strike sure; nor ours
 to miss as sure.
 But come, let us be sure of this, to put the
 best in ure

That lies in us; which two-fold is, both to
 fetch off our friend,
 And so to fetch him off as we may likeliest
 contend
 To fetch ourselves off; that our friends
 surviving may have right
 In joy of our secure retreat, as he that fell
 in fight,
 Being kept as sure from further wrong: of
 which perhaps they doubt,
 And looking this way, grieve for us, not
 able to work out
 Our pass from this man-slaughterer, great
 Hector, and his hands,
 That are too hot for men to touch, but that
 these thirsty sands
 Before our fleet will be enforced to drink
 our headlong death.
 Which to prevent by all fit means, I would
 the parted breath
 Of good Patroclus, to his friend, with speed
 imparted were,
 By some he loves; for, I believe, no heavy
 messenger
 Hath yet inform'd him. But alas, I see
 no man to send,
 Both men and horse are hid in mists that
 every way descend.
 O father Jupiter, do thou the sons of
 Greece release
 Of this felt darkness; grace this day with
 fit transparencies;
 And give the eyes thou givest, their use;
 destroy us in the light,
 And work thy will with us, since needs
 thou wilt against us fight."
 This spake he weeping, and his tears
 Saturnius pity show'd,
 Dispersed the darkness instantly, and drew
 away the cloud
 From whence it fell; the sun shined out,
 and all the host appear'd;
 And then spake Ajax, whose heard prayer
 his spirits highly cheer'd:
 "Brave Menelaus, look about; and if
 thou canst descry
 Nestor's Antilochus alive, incite him in-
 stantly
 To tell Achilles that his friend, most dear
 to him, is dead." [he said,
 He said, nor Menelaus stuck at any thing
 As loth to do it, but he went. As from a
 grazier's stall
 A lion goes, when overlaid with men, dogs,
 darts, and all,
 Not easely losing a fat ox, but strong watch
 all night held,
 His teeth yet watering; oft he comes, and
 is as oft repell'd,

The adverse darts so thick are pour'd
 before his brow-hid eyes,
 And burning firebrands which, for all his
 great heart's heat, he flies,
 And, grumbling, goes his way betimes; so
 from Patroclus weut
 Atrides, much against his mind, his doubts
 being vehement
 Lest, he gone from his guard, the rest
 would leave for very fear
 The person to the spoil of Greece. And
 yet his guardians were
 Th' Ajaces and Meriones; whom much
 his care did press,
 And thus exhort: "Ajaces both, and you
 Meriones,
 Now let some true friend call to mind the
 gentle and sweet nature
 Of poor Patroclus; let him think, how
 kind to every creature
 His heart was living, though now dead."
 Thus urged the fair-hair'd king,
 And parted, casting round his eye.⁴ As
 when upon her wing
 An eagle is, whom men affirm to have the
 sharpest sight
 Of all air's region of fowls, and, though of
 mighty height,
 Sees yet within her leavy form of humble
 shrubs, close laid,
 A light-foot hare, which straight she stoops,
 trusses, and strikes her dead;
 So dead thou strook'st thy charge, O king,
 through all war's thickets so
 Thou look'dst, and swiftly found'st thy
 man exhorting 'gainst the foe,
 And heartening his plied men to blows used
 in the war's left wing;
 To whom thou saidst: "Thou god-loved
 man, come here, and hear a thing
 Which I wish never were to hear. I think
 even thy eye sees
 What a destruction God hath laid upon the
 sons of Greece,
 And what a conquest he gives Troy; in
 which the best of men,
 Patroclus, lies exanimate; whose person
 passing fair
 The Greeks would rescue and bear home;
 and therefore give thy speed
 To his great friend, to prove if he will do
 so good a deed
 To fetch the naked person off, for Hector's
 shoulders wear [grieved to bear
 His prised arms." Antilochus was highly
 This heavy news, and stood surprised with
 stupid silence long;
 His fair eyes standing full of tears; his
 voice, so sweet and strong,

Stuck in his bosom; yet all this wrought
 in him no neglect
 Of what Atrides gave in charge; but for
 that quick effect
 He gave Laodolus his arms (his friend that
 had the guide
 Of his swift horse) and then his knees were
 speedily applied
 In his sad message, which his eyes told all
 the way in tears.
 Nor would thy generous heart assist his
 sore-charged soldiers
 O Menelaus, in mean time, though left in
 much distress;
 Thou sent'st them god-like Thrasymede,
 and madest thy kind regress
 Back to Patroclus; where arrived, half
 breathless thou didst say
 To both th' Ajaces: "I have sent this
 messenger away
 To swift Achilles, who, I fear, will hardly
 help us now,
 Though mad with Hector; without arms
 he cannot fight, ye know.
 Let us then think of some best mean, both
 how we may remove
 The body, and get off ourselves from this
 vociferous drove,
 And fate of Trojans." "Bravely spoke at
 all parts," Ajax said,
 "O glorious son of Atreus. Take thou
 then straight the dead,
 And thou, Meriones; we two, of one mind
 as one name,
 Will back ye soundly, and on us receive
 the wild-fire flame
 That Hector's rage breathes after you,
 before it come at you."
 This said, they took into their arms the
 body; all the show,
 That might be, made to those of Troy, at
 arms' end bearing it.
 Out shriek'd the Trojans when they saw
 the body borne to fleet,
 And rush'd on. As at any boar, gash'd
 with the hunter's wounds,
 A kennel of the sharpest set and sorest
 bitten hounds
 Before their youthful huntsmen haste, and
 eagerly awhile [affected spoil;
 Pursue, as if they were assured of their
 But when the savage, in his strength as
 confident as they,
 Turns head amongst them, back they fly,
 and every one his way;
 So troop-meal Troy pursued awhile, laying
 on with swords and darts;
 But when th' Ajaces turn'd on them, and
 made their stand, their hearts

Drunk from their faces all their bloods, and
not a man sustain'd
The forechace, nor the after-fight. And
thus Greece nobly gain'd
The person towards home. But thus, the
changing war was rack'd
Out to a passing bloody length; for as
once put in act
A fire, invading city roofs, is suddenly
engrost,
And made a wondrous mighty flame, in
which is quickly lost
A house, long building, all the while a
boisterous gust of wind
Lumb'ring amongst it; so the Greeks, in
bearing of their friend,
More and more foes drew, at their heels a
tumult thundering still
Of horse and foot. Yet as when mules, in
haling from a hill
A beam or mast, through foul deep way,
well-clapp'd, and hearten'd, close
Lie to their labour, tug and sweat, and
passing hard it goes,

Urged by their drivers to all haste; so
dragg'd they on the corse,
Still both th' Ajaces at their backs, who
back still turn'd the force.
Though after it grew still the more. Yet
as a sylvan hill [narrow channel still,
Thrusts back a torrent, that hath kept a
Till at his oaken breast it beats, but there
a check it takes, [stir it makes,
That sends it over all the vale, with all the
Nor can with all the confluence break
through his rooty sides;
In no less firm and brave repulse, th' Ajaces
curb'd the prides
Of all the Trojans; yet all held the pursuit
in his strength, [Venus, who at length
Their chiefs being Hector, and the son of
Put all the youth of Greece besides in most
amazeful rout, [and shrieking out;
Forgetting all their fortitudes, distraught,
A number of their rich arms lost, fall'n from
them here and there,
About, and in the dike; and yet, the war
concludes not here.

COMMENTARIUS.

Ὅτι δ' ὄτ' ἀθήρ ταύρου βοῶς μέγ' ἰσχυρὸν βοεῖν
Ἀσπίσιν δὲ τὰν τοῖς μεθυσσοῦσι ἀλοιφῇ
Δεξάμενοι δ' ἄρα τοῖ γε διαστάτες ταννοῦσιν
Κυκλῶσ', ἄφαρ δέ τε ἰκμάς ἔβη, δύνει δέ τ'
ἀλοιφῇ
Πολλῶν ἐλεόντων, τάννται δέ τε πᾶσα διαπρῶ
Ὅτι οἱ γ' ἔβη και ἔβη νέκυν ὀλίγη ἐνὶ χώρῃ
Ἐλεον ἀμφοτέρω.

Thus translated *ad verbum* by Spon-
danus:—

Sicut autem quando vir tauri bovis magni
pellem
Populis fiederit distendendam temulentam pin-
guedine,
Accipientes autem utique hi dispositi extendunt
In orbem, statim autem humor exiit, penetratque
adepi,
Multis trahebantibus; tenditur autem tota undique;
Sic hi huc et illic cadaver parvo in spatio
Trahebant utrique.

Laurent. Valla thus in prose:—

Et quemadmodum si quis pinguem tauri
pellem à pluribus extendi juberet; inter
extendendum et humor et pingue desudat;
sic illi huc parvo in spatio distrahebant.

Eobanus thus in verse:—

— Ac si quis distendere pellem
Taurinam jubeat, crassam pinguedine multâ,
Multorum manibus, terræ desudet omasum,
Et liquor omnis humi; sic ipsum tempore parvo
Patroclum in diversa, manus numerosa trahē-
bat, &c.

To answer a hot objection made to me
by a great scholar for not translating
Homer word for word and letter for letter,
as out of his heat he strained it, I am en-
forced to cite this admirable simile, like the
other before in my Annotations at the end
of the Fifteenth Book, and refer it to my
judicial reader's examination whether such
a translation becomes Homer or not; by
noting so much as needs to be by one ex-
ample: whether the two last above-said
translators, in being so short with our ever-
lasting master, do him so much right as
my poor conversion, expressing him by
necessary exposition and illustration of his
words and meaning with more words or
not. The reason of his simile is to illus-
trate the strife of both the armies for the

body of Patroclus; which it doth perform most inimitably, their toil and sweat about it being considered, which I must pray you to turn to before. The simile itself, yet, I thought not unfit to insert here to come up the closer to them with whom I am to be compared, my pains and understanding converting it thus:—

— And as a huge ox-hide
A currier gives amongst his men, to supple and
extend
With oil, till it be drunk withal, they tug, stretch
out, and spend
Their oil and liquor liberally, and chafe the
leather so
They make it breathe a vapour out, and in their
liquors go,
A number of them set a-work, and in an orb they
pull,
That all ways all parts of the hide they may
extend at full;
So here and there did both hosts hale the corse
in little place,
And wrought it all ways with their sweat, &c.*

In which last words of the application considered, lies the life of this illustration: our Homer's divine invention wherein, I see not in any of their shorter translations touched at. But what could express more the toil about this body, forcing it this way and that, as the opposite advantage served on both sides? An ox's hide, after the tanning, asking so much labour and oil to supple and extend it, — *ταύριον μεθύουσαν ἀλοιφήν, distendendam, temulentam pinguedine; to be stretched out, being drunk with tallow, oil, or liquor; the word μεθύουσαν, which signifies temulentam, of μεθύω signifying ebrius sum (being a metaphor) and used by Homer, I thought fit to express so, both because it is Homer's, and doth much more illustrate than *crassam pinguedine multâ*, as Eobanus turns it. But Valla leaves it clearly out, and with his briefness utterly maims the simile, which (to my understanding being so excellent) I could not but with thus much repetition and labour inculcate the sense of it, since I see not that any translator hath ever thought of it. And therefore (against the objector that would have no more words than Homer used, in his translator) I hope those few words I use more, being necessary to express such a sense as I understand in Homer, will be at least borne withal; without which, and other such*

needful explanations, the most ingenious invention and sense of so matchless a writer might pass endlessly obscured and unthought on; my manner of translation being partly built on this learned and judicious authority: *Est sciti interpretis, non verborum numerum et ordinem sectari, sed res ipsas et sententias attentè perpendere, easque verbis et formulis orationis vestire idoneis et aptis ei lingua in quam convertitur.*

² — *εἰ γὰρ Ἀθήνη, &c.* Minerva appearing to Menelaus like Phoenix, and encouraging him (as you may read before) to fight, he speaks as to Phoenix, and wishes Minerva would but put away the force or violence of the darts, and he would aid and fight bravely; which is a continuance of his character, being expressed for the most part by Homer ridiculous and simple. The original words yet, because neither Eobanus nor Valla understood the character, they utterly pervert; as, if you please to examine them, you may see. The words are these, *βέλων δ' ἀπερίκτου ἐρωήν*, which Spondanus truly interprets, *telorum vero depulerit impetum; ἀπερίκτω* being a compound of *ἔρῳ*, signifying *arceo, repello, propulso, abigo*; and yet they translate the words, *et telis vim afferret*, as if Menelaus wished that Pallas would give force to his darts; which Eobanus follows, saying, *et tela valentia præstet*, most ignorantly and unsufferably converting it, supposing them to be his own darts he spake of, and would have blessed with Minerva's addition of virtue and power; where Homer's are plain; he spake of the enemy's darts, whose force if she would avert, he would fight for Patroclus.

³ *Καὶ οἱ μύϊς θάρσος ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ἐπέθηκε, &c.* *Et ei musca audaciam in pectoribus immisit.* Minerva inspired him with the courage of a fly, which all his interpreters very ridiculously laugh at in Homer; as if he heartily intended to praise Menelaus by it, not understanding his irony here, agreeing with all the other silliness noted in his character. Eobanus Hæssus, in pity of Homer, leaves it utterly out; and Valla comes over him with a little salve for the sore disgrace he hath by his ignorant readers' laughters, and expounds the words above-said thus: *Lenè namque ejus ingenium prudenti audaciâ implevit*, laying his medicine nothing near the place. Spondanus (disliking Homer with the rest in this simile) would not have Lucian forgotten in his merry encomium of a fly,

* There are some curious verbal differences between this passage as quoted here and as printed in the text (p. 217). — Ed.

and therefore cites him upon this place, playing upon Homer; which, because it is already answered in the irony to be understood in Homer (he laughing at all men so ridiculous) I forbear to repeat, and cite only Eustathius, that would salve it with altering the word *θάραος*, which signifies *confidentia*, or *audacia* (*per metathesin literarum*) for *θράος* which is *temeritas*; of which I see not the end, and yet cite all to shew how such great clerks are perplexed, and abuse Homer, as not being *satis competes mentis poeticae*; for want of which (which all their reading and language cannot supply) they are thus often gravelled and mistaken.

⁴ *Ὡς αἰετός*, &c. *Veluti aquila*. The sport Homer makes with Menelaus is here likewise confirmed and amplified in another simile, resembling him intentionally to a hare-finder, though, for colour's sake, he useth the word eagle; as in all other places where he presents him (being so eminent a

person) he hides his simplicity with some shadow of glory or other. The circumstances making it clear, being here, and in divers other places, made a messenger from Ajax and others to call such and such to their aid; which was unfit for a man of his place, if he had been in magnanimity and valour equal, or any thing near it. But to confirm his imperfection therein in divers other places, he is called *μαλθακὸς αἰχμητής*, *mollis bellator*; and therefore was fittest to be employed to call up those that were hardier and abler. In going about which business, Homer shews how he looked about, leering like a hare-finder; for to make it simply a simile illustrating the state of his address in that base affair had neither wit nor decorum. Both which being at their height in the other sense (because our Homer was their great master to all accomplishment) let none detract so miserably from him as to take this otherwise than a continuance of his irony.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES mourns, told of Patroclus' end ;
 When Thetis doth from forth the sea ascend
 And comfort him ; advising to abstain
 From any fight till her request could gain
 Fit arms of Vulcan. Juno yet commands
 To show himself. And at the dike he stauds
 In sight of th' enemy ; who with his sight
 Flies ; and a number perish in the flight.
 Patroclus' person (safe brought from the wars)
 His soldiers wash. Vulcan the arms prepares.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Sigma continues the alarms,
 And fashions the renowned arms.

THEY fought still like the rage of fire,
 And now Antilochus
 Came to Æacides, whose mind was much
 solicitous
 For that which, as he fear'd, was fall'n.
 He found him near the fleet
 With upright sail-yards, uttering this to
 his heroic conceit :
 " Ay me, why see the Greeks themselves,
 thus beaten from the field,
 And routed headlong to their fleet ? O let
 not heaven yield [was foretold,
 Effect to what my sad soul fears, that, as I
 The strongest Myrmidon next me, when I
 should still behold
 The sun's fair light, must part with it.
 Past doubt Meneetius' son
 is he on whom that fate is wrought. O
 wretch, to leave undone
 What I commanded ; that, the fleet once
 freed of hostile fire,
 Not meeting Hector, instantly he should
 his powers retire."
 As thus his troubled mind discoursed,
 Antilochus appear'd,
 And told with tears the sad news thus :
 " My lord, that must be heard
 Which would to heaven I might not tell ;
 Meneetius' son lies dead,
 And for his naked corse (his arms already
 forfeited,
 And worn by Hector) the debate is now
 most vehement."
 This said, grief darken'd all his powers.
 With both his hands he rent

The black mould from the forced earth,
 and pour'd it on his head,
 Smear'd all his lovely face ; his weeds,
 divinely fashioned,
 All filed and mangled ; and himself he
 threw upon the shore,
 Lay, as laid out for funeral, then tumbled
 round, and tore
 His gracious curls. His ecstasy he did so
 far extend,
 That all the ladies won by him and his
 now slaughter'd friend,
 Afflicted strangely for his plight, came
 shrieking from the tents,
 And fell about him, beat their breasts,
 their tender lineaments
 Dissolved with sorrow. And with them
 wept Nestor's warlike son,
 Fell by him, holding his fair hands, in fear
 he would have done
 His person violence ; his heart, extremely
 straiten'd, burn'd,
 Beat, swell'd, and sigh'd as it would burst.
 So terribly he mourn'd,
 That Thetis, sitting in the deeps of her
 old father's seas,
 Heard, and lamented. To her plaints the
 bright Nereides
 Flock'd all, how many those dark gulfs
 soever comprehend.
 There Glauce, and Cymodoce, and Spio,
 did attend,
 Nesrea, and Cymothoe, and calm Amphi-
 thoe,
 Thalia, Thoa, Panope, and swift Dyna-
 mene,
 Actrea, and Limnoria, and Halia the
 fair,
 Famed for the beauty of her eyes, Amathia/
 for her hair,
 Iæra, Proto, Clymene, and curl'd Dexa-
 mene,
 Pherusa, Doris, and with these the smooth
 Amphinome,
 Chaste Galatea so renown'd, and Callianira,
 came,
 With Doto and Orythia, to cheer the
 mournful dame :
 Apeudes likewise visited, and Callianassa
 gave
 Her kind attendance, and with her Agave
 graced the cave,

Nemertes, Maera, followed, Melita, Ianesse,
 With Ianira, and the rest of those Ne-
 reides
 That in the deep seas make abode; all
 which together beat
 Their dewy bosoms; and to all, thus
 Thetis did repeat
 Her cause of mourning: "Sisters, hear,
 how much the sorrows weigh,
 Whose cries now call'd ye. Hapless I
 brought forth unhappily
 The best of all the sons of men; who, like
 a well-set plant
 In best soils, grew and flourished; and
 when his spirit did want
 Employment for his youth and strength, I
 sent him with a fleet
 To fight at Ilion; from whence his fate-
 confined feet
 Pass all my deity to retire. The court of
 his high birth,
 The glorious court of Peleus, must enter-
 tain his worth
 Never hereafter. All the life he hath to
 live with me
 Must waste in sorrows. And this son I
 now am bent to see,
 Being now afflicted with some grief, not
 usually grave,
 Whose knowledge and recourse I seek."
 This said, she left her cave,
 Which all left with her; swimming forth,
 the green waves, as they swam,
 Cleft with their bosoms, curl'd, and gave
 quick way to Troy. Being come,
 They all ascended, two and two, and trod
 the honour'd shore,
 Till where the fleet of Myrmidons, drawn
 up in heaps, it bore.
 There stay'd they at Achilles' ship; and
 there did Thetis lay
 Her fair hand on her son's curl'd head,
 sigh'd, wept, and bade him say
 What grief drew from his eyes those tears?
 "Conceal it not," said she,
 "Till this hour thy uplifted hands have all
 things granted thee.
 The Greeks, all thrust up at their sterns,
 have pour'd out tears enow,
 And in them seen how much they miss re-
 mission of thy vow."
 He said, "'Tis true, Olympius hath
 done me all that grace,
 But what joy have I of it all, when thus
 thrusts in the place
 Loss of my whole self in my friend? whom,
 when his foe had slain,
 He spoil'd of those profaned arms, that
 Peleus did obtain

From heaven's high powers, solemnizing
 thy sacred nuptial bands,
 As th' only present of them all, and fitted
 well their hands,
 Being lovely, radiant, marvellous, \O would
 to heav'n thy throne,
 With these fair deities of the sea, thou
 still hadst sat upon,
 And Peleus had a mortal wife; since by
 his means is done
 So much wrong to thy grieved mind, my
 death being set so soon,
 And never suffering my return to grace of
 Peleus' court;
 Nor do I wish it; nor to live, in any man's
 But only that the crying blood, for
 vengeance of my friend
 Mangled by Hector, may be still'd; his
 foe's death paying his end."
 She, weeping, said: "That hour is near,
 and thy death's hour then nigh;
 Which, in thy wish served of thy foe, suc-
 ceedeth instantly."
 "And instantly it shall succeed," he
 answer'd, "since my fate
 Allow'd not to my will a power to rescue,
 ere the date
 Of his late slaughter, my true friend. Far
 from his friends he died,
 Whose wrong therein my eyes had light
 and right to see denied.
 Yet now I neither light myself, nor have so
 spent my light, [numbers infinite
 That either this friend or the rest (in
 Slaughter'd by Hector) I can help; nor
 grace with wish'd repair
 To our dear country; but breathe here
 unprofitable air,
 And only live a load to earth with all my
 strength, though none
 Of all the Grecians equal it. In counsel
 many a one
 Is my superior; what I have, no grace
 gets; what I want
 Disgraceth all. How then too soon can
 hastiest death supplant
 My fate-curs'd life? her instrument to my
 indignity
 Being that black fiend Contention; whom
 would to God might die
 To gods and men; and Anger too, that
 kindles tyranny
 In men most wise, being much more sweet
 than liquid honey, is [enmities;
 To men of power, to satiate their watchful
 And like a pliant fume it spreads through
 all their breasts; as late
 It stole stern passage thorough mine, which
 he did instigate

That is our General. But the fact so long
 past, the effect
 Must vanish with it, though both grieved ;
 nor must we still respect
 Our soothed humours. Need now takes
 the rule of either's mind.
 And when the loser of my friend his death
 in me shall find,
 Let death take all. Send him, ye gods ;
 I'll give him my embrace ;
 Not Hercules himself shunn'd death,
 though dearest in the grace
 Of Jupiter ; even him Fate stoop'd, and
 Juno's cruelty.
 And if such fate expect my life, where
 death strikes I will lie.
 Meantime I wish a good renown, that
 these deep-breasted dames
 Of Ilium and Dardania may, for the ex-
 tinguish'd flames
 Of their friends' lives, with both their
 hands wipe miserable tears
 From their so curiously-kept cheeks, and
 be the officers
 To execute my sighs on Troy, when
 (seeing my long retreat
 But gather'd strength, and gives my charge
 an answerable heat)
 They well may know 'twas I lay still, and
 that my being away
 Presented all their happiness. But any
 further stay
 (Which your much love perhaps may wish)
 assay not to persuade ;
 All vows are kept, all prayers heard ; now,
 free way for fight is made."
 The silver-footed Dame replied : " It fits
 thee well, my son,
 To keep destruction from thy friends ; but
 those fair arms are won
 And worn by Hector, that should keep
 thyself in keeping them,
 Though their fruition be but short, a long
 death being near him,
 Whose cruel glory they are yet. By all
 means then forbear [appear
 To tread the massacres of war, till I again
 From Mulciber with fit new arms ; which,
 when thy eye shall see
 The sun next rise, shall enter here with his
 first beams and me."
 Thus to her sisters of the sea she
 turn'd, and bade them ope
 The doors and deeps of Nereus ; she in
 Olympus' top
 Must visit Vulcan for new arms to serve
 her wreakful son,
 And bade inform her father so, with all
 things further done.

This said, they underwent the sea,
 self flew up to heaven.
 In mean space, to the Hellespont
 ships the Greeks were driven,
 In shameful rout ; nor could they
 from rage of Priam's son,
 Secure the dead of new assaults,
 horse and men made on
 With such impression. Thrice the
 the hands of Hector seized,
 And thrice th' Ajaces thump'd him
 With whose repulse displeas'd,
 He wreak'd his wrath upon the tr
 then to the corse again
 Made horrid turnings, crying out of
 puls'd men,
 And would not quit him quite for
 A lion almost sterv'd
 Is not by upland herdsmen driven
 urging to be served,
 With more contention, than his st
 by those two of a name ;
 And had perhaps his much-prais'd
 th' airy-footed Dame,
 Swift Iris, had not stoop'd in hast
 bassadress from heaven
 To Peleus' son, to bid him arm ; he
 sage being given
 By Juno, kept from all the gods ; st
 excited him :
 " Rise, thou most terrible of men, a
 the precious limb
 Of thy beloved ; in whose behalf, t
 flit now runs high
 Before the fleet, the either host fell
 mutually,
 These to retain, those to obtain. A
 whom most of all
 Is Hector prompt ; he's apt to d
 friend home, be your pall
 Will make his shoulders ; his head
 he'll be most famous ; rise,
 No more lie idle, set the foe a muc
 costly prize
 Of thy friend's value than let dog
 him a monument,
 Where thy name will be graver
 ask'd, " What deity hath sent
 Thy presence hither ?" She replied
 turnia ; she alone,
 Not high Jove knowing, nor one G
 doth inhabit on [I
 Snowy Olympus." He again : " H
 The work of slaughter, when mi
 are worn by Priam's son ?
 How will my goddess mother gri
 bade I should not arm
 Till she brought arms from M
 But should I do such harm

To her and duty; who is he, but Ajax,
 that can vaunt
 The fitting my breast with his arms; and
 he is conversant
 Amongst the first in use of his; and ramp-
 pires of the foe
 Slain near Patroclus builds to him." "All
 this," said she, "we know,
 And wish thou only wouldst but show thy
 person to the eyes
 Of these hot Ilians, that, afraid of further
 enterprise,
 The Greeks may gain some little breath."
 She woo'd, and he was won;
 And straight Minerva honour'd him, who
 Jove's shield clapp'd upon
 His mighty shoulders, and his head girt
 with a cloud of gold
 That cast beams round about his brows.
 And as when arms enfold
 A city in an isle, from thence a fume at
 first appears
 Being in the day) but when the Even her
 cloudy forehead rears,
 Whick show the fires, and up they cast their
 splendour, that men nigh,
 Seeing their distress, perhaps may set ships
 out to their supply;
 So (to shew such aid) from his head a light
 rose, scaling heaven,
 And forth the wall he stept and stood, nor
 brake the precept given
 By his great mother, mix'd in fight, but
 went abroad his voice;
 Then Pallas far-off echoed, who did be-
 twixt them home
 Still resound in a topsy height. And as
 a voice is heard [spher'd
 With emulous affection, when any town is
 With surge of such a foe as kills men's
 minds, and for the town
 Makes sound his trumpet; so the voice
 from Thetis' issue thrown
 Upon emulously th' ears of all. His brazen
 voice once heard,
 The minds of all were startled so, they
 yielded; and so fear'd
 "She fair-mantled horses, that they flew back,
 and their chariots turn'd,
 The sagging in their angurous hearts the
 up-labours that they mourn'd
 Sh' might utter; and their guides a repercu-
 sive dread
 Look from the horrid radiance of his re-
 fulgent beard,
 Which Pallas set on fire with grace. Thrice
 great Achilles spake,
 And thrice (in heat of all the charge) the
 Trojans started back.

Twelve men, of greatest strength in Troy,
 left with their lives exhaled
 Their chariots and their darts, to death with
 his three summons call'd.
 And then the Grecians spritely drew
 from the darts the corse,
 And hears'd it, bearing it to fleet; his
 friends with all remorse
 Marching about it. His great friend dis-
 solving then in tears
 To see his truly-loved return'd, so horsed
 upon an hearse,
 Whom with such horse and chariot he set
 out safe and whole,
 Now wounded with unpyting steel, now
 sent without a soul,
 Never again to be restored, never received
 but so;
 He follow'd mourning bitterly. The sun
 (yet far to go)
 Juno commanded to go down; who, in his
 power's despite,
 Sunk to the ocean, over earth dispersing
 sudden night.
 And then the Greeks and Trojans both
 gave up their horse and darts.
 The Trojans all to council call'd, ere they
 refresh'd their hearts
 With any supper—nor would sit; they
 grew so stiff with fear
 To see so long from heavy fight, *Aiacides*
 appear.
 Polydamas began to speak, who only
 could discern
 Things future by things past, and was
 now a friend to Hector, born
 in one night both. He thus advis'd:
 "Consider well, my friends,
 In this so great and sudden change, that
 now itself extends,
 What change is best for us t' oppose. To
 this stands my command:
 Make now the town our strength, not here
 abide light's rosy hand,
 Our wall being far off, and our foe, much
 greater, still as near.
 Till this foe came, I well was pleas'd to
 keep our watches here,
 My fit hope of the fleet's surprise inclin'd
 me so; but now
 'Tis stronger guarded, and, their strength
 increased, we must allow
 Our own proportionate amends. I doubt
 exceedingly
 That this indifferency of fight 'twixt us and
 th' enemy, [nothing so confine
 And these bounds we prefix to them, will
 Th' uncurb'd mind of *Aiacides*. For
 height of his design

Aims at our city and our wives ; and all
 bars in his way
 (Being back'd with less than walls) his
 power will scorn to make his stay,
 And over-run, as over-seen, and not his
 object. Then
 Let Troy be freely our retreat ; lest, being
 enforced, our men
 'Twixt this and that be taken up by vultures,
 who by night
 May safe come off, it being a time untimely
 for his might
 To spend at random ; that being sure. If
 next light show us here
 To his assaults, each man will wish, that
 Troy his refuge were.
 And then feel what he hears not now. I
 would to heaven mine ear
 Were free even now of those complaints,
 that you must after hear
 If ye remove not. If ye yield, though
 wearied with a fight
 So late and long, we shall have strength in
 counsel and the night.
 And (where we here have no more force,
 than need will force us to,
 And which must rise out of our nerves)
 high ports, towers, walls will do
 What wants in us ; and in the morn, all
 arm'd upon our towers,
 We all will stand out to our foe. 'Twill
 trouble all his powers,
 To come from fleet and give us charge,
 when his high-crested horse
 His rage shall satiate with the toil of this
 and that way's course,
 Vain entry seeking underneath our well-
 defended walls, [funerals.
 And he be glad to turn to fleet, about his
 For of his entry here at home, what mind
 will serve his thirst,
 Or ever feed him with sack'd Troy? the
 dogs shall eat him first."
 At this speech Hector bent his brows,
 and said : " This makes not great
 Your grace with me, Polydamas, that argue
 for retreat
 To Troy's old prison ; have we not enough
 of those towers yet ?
 And is not Troy yet charged enough, with
 impositions set
 Upon her citizens, to keep our men from
 spoil without,
 But still we must impose within? That
 houses with our rout
 As well as purses, may be plagued? Before-
 time, Priam's town
 Traffick'd with divers-languaged men, and
 all gave the renown
 Of rich Troy to it, brass and gold abound-
 ing ; but her store
 Is now from every house exhaust ; pos-
 sessions evermore
 Are sold out into Phrygia and lovely
 Mæony ;
 And have been ever since Jove's wrath
 And now his clemency
 Gives me the mean to quit our want with
 glory, and conclude
 The Greeks in sea-bords and our seas ; to
 slack it, and extrude
 His offer'd bounty by our flight. Fool what
 thou art, bewray
 This counsel to no common ear, for
 man shall obey ;
 If any will, I'll check his will. But what
 our self command,
 Let all observe. Take suppers all, keep
 watch of every hand.
 If any Trojan have some spoil, that takes
 his too much care, [any fair
 Make him dispose it publicly ; 'tis better
 The better for him, than the Greeks
 When light then decks the skies,
 Let all arm for a fierce assault. If great
 Achilles rise,
 And will enforce our greater toil, it
 rise so to him.
 On my back he shall find no wings,
 spirit shall force my limb
 To stand his worst, and give or take
 Mars is our common lord,
 And the desirous swordman's life he
 puts to sword."
 This counsel got applause of all, so
 were all unwise ;
 Minerva robb'd them of their brains,
 like the ill advice
 The great man gave, and leave the go-
 sence by the meaner given.
 All took their suppers ; but the Gre-
 spent all the heavy even
 About Patroclus' mournful rites ; Pel-
 leading all
 In all the forms of heaviness : he by
 side did fall,
 And his man-slaughtering hands imp-
 into his oft-kiss'd breast,
 Sighs blew up sighs ; and lion-like, gn-
 with a goodly crest,
 That in his absence being robb'd
 hunters of his whelps,
 Returns to his so desolate den : and
 his wanted helps,
 Beholding his unlook'd-for wants,
 roaring back again ;
 Hunts the sly hunter, many a vale reso-
 ing his disdain.

mourn'd Pelides his late loss, so weighty
 were his moans,
 which, for their dumb sounds, now gave
 words to all his Myrmidons :
 " gods," said he, " how vain a vow I
 made, to cheer the mind
 of sad Menœtius, when his son his hand
 to mine resign'd,
 that high-tower'd Opus he should see,
 and leave rased Ilium
 with spoil and honour, even with me !
 but Jove vouchsafes to none
 such passages to all his vows ; we both
 were destinate
 bloody one earth here in Troy ; nor
 any more estate
 may return hath Pelcus or Thetis ; but
 because
 I must undergo the ground, I'll keep
 no funeral laws
 O my Patroclus) for thy corse, before I
 hither bring [for offering,
 the arms of Hector, and his head, to thee
 twelve youths, the most renown'd of Troy,
 I'll sacrifice beside,
 before thy heap of funeral, to thee un-
 pacified.
 In mean time, by our crooked stems lie
 drawing tears from me,
 round about thy honour'd corse,
 these dames of Dardanie,
 Ilium, with the ample breasts (whom
 our long spears and powers
 labours purchased from the rich and
 by-us-ruin'd powers,
 of cities strong and populous with divers-
 languaged men)
 all kneel, and neither day nor night be
 licensed to abstain
 from solemn watches, their toil'd eyes
 held ope with endless tears."
 This passion past, he gave command to
 his near soldiers
 to put a tripod to the fire, to cleanse the
 fester'd gore
 from off the person. They obey'd, and
 presently did pour
 fresh water in it, kindled wood, and with
 an instant flame
 the belly of the tripod girt, till fire's hot
 quality came
 up to the water. Then they wash'd, and
 fill'd the mortal wound
 with wealthy oil of nine years old ; then
 wrapp'd the body round
 largeness of a fine white sheet, and put
 it then in bed ;
 when all watch'd all night with their lord,
 and spent sighs on the dead.

Then Jove ask'd Juno if at length she
 had sufficed her spleen,
 Achilles being won to arms ? or if she
 had not been
 The natural mother of the Greeks, she did
 so still prefer
 Their quarrel ? She, incens'd, ask'd :
 why he still was taunting her,
 For doing good to those she loved ? since
 man to man might show
 Kind offices, though thrall to death ; and
 though they did not know
 Half such deep counsels as disclosed be-
 neath her far-seeing state :
 She, reigning Queen of goddesses, and
 being ingenerate
 Of one stock with himself, besides the state
 of being his wife.
 And must her wrath, and ill to Troy, con-
 tinue such a strife
 From time to time 'twixt him and her ?
 This private speech they had.
 And* now the silver-footed Queen had her
 ascension made
 To that incorruptible house, that starry
 golden court [immortal sort,
 Of fiery Vulcan, beautiful amongst th'
 Which yet the lame god built himself.
 She found him in a sweat
 About his bellows, and in haste had twenty
 tripods beat,
 To set for stools about the sides of his well-
 builded hall, [to go withal,
 To whose feet little wheels of gold he put,
 And enter his rich dining-room ; alone,
 their motion free, [to see,
 And back again go out alone, miraculous
 And thus much he had done of them, yet
 handles were to add,
 For which he now was making studs.
 And while their fashion had
 Employment of his skilful hand, bright
 Thetis was come near ;
 Whom first fair well-hair'd Charis saw, that
 was the nuptial fere
 Of famous Vulcan, who the hand of Thetis
 took, and said :
 " Why, fair-train'd, loved, and honour'd
 dame, are we thus visited
 By your kind presence ? You, I think,
 were never here before.
 Come near, that I may banquet you, and
 make you visit more."
 She led her in, and in a chair of silver
 (being the fruit
 Of Vulcan's hand) she made her sit, a foot-
 stool of a suit

* See Appendix, " Achilles's Shield."

Apposing to her crystal feet; and call'd
 the god of fire,
 For Thetis was arrived, she said, and
 entertain'd desire
 Of some grace that his art might grant.
 "Thetis to me," said he,
 "Is mighty, and most reverend, as one that
 nourish'd me,
 When grief consumed me, being cast from
 heaven by want of shame
 In my proud mother, who, because she
 brought me forth so lame,
 Would have me made away; and then,
 had I been much distress'd,
 Had Thetis and Eurynome in either's silver
 breast
 Not rescued me; Eurynome that to her
 father had [them I made
 Reciprocal Oceanus. Nine years with
 A number of well-arted things, round
 bracelets, buttons brave,
 Whistles, and carcanets. My forge stood
 in a hollow cave,
 About which, murmuring with foam, th'
 unmeasured ocean
 Was ever beating; my abode known not
 to god nor man,
 But Thetis and Eurynome, and they would
 see me still;
 They were my loving guardians. Now
 then the starry hill,
 And our particular roof, thus graced with
 bright-hair'd Thetis here,
 It fits me always to repay, a recompense
 as dear [Charis, and appose
 To her thoughts, as my life to me. Haste,
 Some dainty guest-rites to our friend, while
 I my bellows loose
 From fire, and lay up all my tools." Then
 from an anvil rose
 Th' unwieldy monster, halted down, and
 all awry he went.
 He took his bellows from the fire, and
 every instrument
 Lock'd safe up in a silver chest. Then
 with a sponge he drest
 His face all over, neck and hands, and all
 his hairy breast;
 Put on his coat, his sceptre took, and then
 went halting forth,
 Handmaids of gold attending him, resem-
 bling in all worth
 Living young damsels, fill'd with minds
 and wisdom, and were train'd
 In all immortal ministry; virtue and voice
 contain'd, [these still waited on
 And moved with voluntary powers; and
 Their fiery sovereign, who (not apt to
 walk) sate near the throne

Of fair-hair'd Thetis, took her hand, and
 thus he courted her:
 "For what affair, O fair-train'd queen,
 reverend to me, and dear,
 Is our court honour'd with thy state, that
 hast not heretofore
 Perform'd this kindness? Speak thy
 thoughts, thy suit can be no more
 Than my mind gives me charge to grant.
 Can my power get it wrought?
 Or that it have not only power of only act
 in thought?"
 She thus: "O Vulcan, is there one, of
 all that are of heaven,
 That in her never-quiet mind Saturnius
 hath given
 So much affliction as to me; whom only
 he subjects,
 Of all the sea-nymphs, to a man; and
 makes me bear th' affects
 Of his frail bed; and all against the free-
 dom of my will;
 And he worn to his root with age? From
 him another ill
 Ariseth to me; Jupiter, you know, hath
 given a son, [education
 The excellent'st of men, to me; whose
 On my part well hath answered his own
 worth, having grown
 As in a fruitful soil a tree, that puts not
 up alone
 His body to a naked height, but jointly
 gives his growth
 A thousand branches; yet to him so short
 a life I brought,
 That never I shall see him more return'd
 to Peleus' court.
 And all that short life he hath spent in
 most unhappy sort;
 For first he won a worthy dame, and had
 her by the hands
 Of all the Grecians, yet this dame Atrides
 countermands;
 For which in much disdain he mourn'd
 and almost pined away.
 And yet for this wrong he received some
 honour, I must say;
 The Greeks, being shut up at their ships
 not suffer'd to advance
 A head out of their batter'd sterns; an
 mighty suppliance
 By all their grave men hath been made
 gifts, honours, all proposed
 For his reflection; yet he still kept close
 and saw enclosed
 Their whole host in this general plage
 But now his friend put on
 His arms, being sent by him to field, a
 many a Myrmidon

In conduct of him. All the day, they
fought before the gates
Of Scæa, and, most certainly, that day
had seen the dates
Of all Troy's honours in her dust, if
Phœbus (having done
Much mischief more) the envied life of
good Menœtius' son
Had not with partial hands enforced, and
all the honour given
To Hector, who hath prised his arms.
And therefore I am driven
To embrace thy knees for new defence to
my loved son. Alas,
His life, prefix'd so short a date, had need
spend that with grace.
A shield then for him, and a helm, fair
greaves, and cures, such
As may renown thy workmanship, and
honour him as much,
I sue for at thy famous hands." "Be
confident," said he,
"Let these wants breed thy thoughts no
care. I would it lay in me
To hide him from his heavy death, when
fate shall seek for him,
As well as with renowned arms to fit his
goodly limb;
Which thy hands shall convey to him;
and all eyes shall admire,
See, and desire again to see, thy satisfied
desire."
This said, he left her there, and forth
did to his bellows go,
Apposed them to the fire again, com-
manding them to blow.
Through twenty holes made to his hearth
at once blew twenty pair,
That fired his coals, sometimes with soft,
sometimes with vehement, air,
As he will'd, and his work required.
Amids the flame he cast
Tin, silver, precious gold, and brass; and
in the stock he placed
A mighty anvil; his right hand a weighty
hammer held,
His left his tongs. And first he forged a
strong and spacious shield
Adorn'd with twenty several hues; about
whose verge he beat
A ring, three-fold and radiant, and on the
back he set
A silver handle; five-fold were the equal
lines he drew
About the whole circumference, in which
his hand did shew
(Directed with a knowing mind) a rare
variety; (and sky;
For in it he presented earth; in it the sea

In it the never-wearied Sun, the Moon
exactly round,
And all those stars with which the brows
of ample heaven are crown'd,
Orion, all the Pleiades, and those seven
Atlas got,
The close-beam'd Hyades, the Bear, sur-
named the Chariot,
That turns about heaven's axle-tree, holds
ope a constant eye
Upon Orion, and, of all the cressets in the
sky, [Ocean Empery.
His golden forehead never bows to th'
Two cities in the spacious shield he
built, with goodly state
Of diverse-languaged men. The one did
nuptials celebrate,
Observing at them solemn feasts; the
brides from forth their bowers
With torches usher'd through the streets,
a world of paramours
Excited by them; youths and maids in
lovely circles danced;
To whom the merry pipe and harp their
spritely sounds advanced,
The matrons standing in their doors ad-
miring. Otherwhere
A solemn court of law was kept, where
throngs of people were.
The case in question was a fine, imposed
on one that slew
The friend of him that follow'd it, and for
the fine did sue;
Which th' other pleaded he had paid.
The adverse part denied,
And openly affirm'd he had no penny
satisfied. [cried 'twas best
Both put it to arbitrement: the people
For both parts, and th' assistants too gave
their dooms like the rest.
The heralds made the people peace: the
seniors then did bear
The voiceful heralds' sceptres, sat within
a sacred sphere,
On polish'd stones, and gave by turns their
sentence. In the court
Two talents gold were cast, for him that
judged in justest sort.
The other city other wars employ'd as
busily; [federalacy,
Two armies glittering in arms, of one con-
besieged it; and a parley had with those
within the town.
Two ways they stood resolved; to see the
city overthrown,
Or that the citizens should heap in two
parts all th'er wealth,
And give them half. They neither liked,
but arm'd themselves by stealth;

Left all their old men, wives, and boys,
 behind to man their walls,
 And stole out to their enemy's town. The
 Queen of martials
 And Mars himself, conducted them; both
 which, being forged of gold,
 Must needs have golden furniture, and
 men might so behold
 They were presented Deities. The people,
 Vulcan forged
 Of meaner metal. When they came, where
 that was to be urged
 For which they went, within a vale close to
 a flood, whose stream
 Used to give all their cattle drink, they
 there enambush'd them,
 And sent two scouts out to descry, when
 th' enemy's herds and sheep
 Were setting out. They straight came
 forth, with two that used to keep
 Their passage always; both which piped,
 and went on merrily,
 Nor dream'd of ambuscadoes there. The
 ambush then let fly,
 Slew all their white-fleeced sheep and neat,
 and by them laid their guard.
 When those in siege before the town so
 strange an uproar heard,
 Behind, amongst their flocks and herds
 (being then in counsel set)
 They then start up, took horse, and soon
 their subtle enemy met,
 Fought with them on the river's shore,
 where both gave mutual blows
 With well-piled darts. Amongst them all
 perverse Contention rose,
 Amongst them Tumult was enraged,
 amongst them ruinous Fate
 Had her red-finger; some they took in an
 unhurt estate,
 Some hurt yet living, some quite slain, and
 those they tugg'd to them
 By both the feet, stripp'd off and took their
 weeds, with all the stream
 Of blood upon them that their steels had
 manfully let out.
 They fared as men alive indeed drew dead
 indeed about. [new-car'd field,
 To these the fiery Artizian did add a
 Large and thrice plough'd, the soil being
 soft, and of a wealthy yield;
 And many men at plough he made, that
 drave earth here and there,
 And turn'd up stitches orderly; at whose
 end when they were,
 A fellow ever gave their hands full cups
 of luscious wine;
 Which emptied, for another stitch, the
 earth they undermine,

And long till th' utmost bound be reach'd
 of all the ample close.
 The soil turn'd up behind the plough, all
 black like earth arose,
 Though forged of nothing else but gold,
 and lay in show as light
 As if it had been plough'd indeed, miracu-
 lous to sight.
 There grew by this a field of corn, high,
 ripe, where reapers wrought,
 And let thick handfuls fall to earth, for
 which some other brought
 Bands, and made sheaves. Three binders
 stood, and took the handfuls reap'd
 From boys that gather'd quickly up, and
 by them armfuls heap'd.
 Amongst these at a furrow's end, the king
 stood pleased at heart,
 Said no word, but his sceptre shew'd.
 And from him, much apart,
 His harvest-bailiffs underneath an oak a
 feast prepared, [to see him shared,
 And having kill'd a mighty ox, stood there
 Which women for their harvest folks (then
 come to sup) had dress'd,
 And many white wheat-cakes bestow'd, to
 make it up a feast.
 He set near this a vine of gold, that
 crack'd beneath the weight
 Of bunches black with being ripe; to keep
 which at the height,
 A silver rail ran all along, and round
 about it flow'd
 An azure moat, and to this guard, a
 quickset was bestow'd
 Of tin, one only path to all, by which the
 pressmen came
 In time of vintage: youths and maids,
 that bore not yet the flame
 Of manly Hymen, baskets bore, of grapes
 and mellow fruit.
 A lad that sweetly touch'd a harp, to which
 his voice did suit,
 Center'd the circles of that youth, all whose
 skill could not do
 The wantons' pleasure to their minds, that
 danced, sung, whistled too.
 A herd of oxen then he carved, with high
 raised heads, forged all
 Of gold and tin, for colour mix'd, an
 bellowing from their stall
 Rush'd to their pastures at a flood, the
 echo'd all their throats,
 Exceeding swift, and full of reeds; and a
 in yellow coats
 Four herdsmen follow'd; after whom, nine
 mastives went. In head
 Of all the herd, upon a bull, that dead
 bellowed,

Two horrid lions ramp'd, and seized, and
tugg'd off bellowing still ;
Both men and dogs came ; yet they tore
the hide, and lapp'd their fill
Of black blood, and the entrails ate. In
vain the men assay'd
To set their dogs on ; none durst pinch,
but cur-like stood and bay'd
In both the faces of their kings, and all
their onsets fled.
Then in a passing pleasant vale, the
famous Artsman fed,
Upon a goodly pasture ground, rich flocks
of white-fleeced sheep,
Built stables, cottages, and cotes, that did
the shepherds keep
From wind and weather. Next to these,
he cut a dancing place,
All full of turnings, that was like the ad-
mirable maze
For fair-hair'd Ariadne made, by cunning
Daedalus ;
And in it youths and virgins danced, all
young and beautiful,
And glued in one another's palms. Weeds
that the wind did toss
The virgins wore ; the youths woven coats,
that cast a faint dim gloss
Like that of oil. Fresh garlands too, the
virgins' temples crown'd :
The youths gilt swords wore at their thighs,
with silver bawdricks bound.

Sometimes all wound close in a ring, to
which as fast they spun
As any wheel a turner makes, being tried
how it will run,
While he is set ; and out again, as full of
speed they wound,
Not one left fast, or breaking hands. A
multitude stood round,
Delighted with their nimble sport ; to end
which two begun,
Mids all, a song, and turning sung the
sport's conclusion.
All this he circled in the shield, with
pouring round about,
In all his rage, the Ocean, that it might
never out.
This shield thus done, he forged for him,
such curets as outshined
The blaze of fire. A helmet then (through
which no steel could find
Forced passage) he composed, whose hue
a hundred colours took,
And in the crest a plume of gold, that each
breath stirr'd, he stuck.
All done, he all to Thetis brought, and
held all up to her.
She took them all, and, like t' the hawk,
surnamed the ospringer,
From Vulcan to her mighty son, with that
so glorious show,
Stoop'd from the steep Olympian hill, hid
in eternal snow.

COMMENTARIUS.

Ἰ'Οε δ' ὄτ' ἀριζήλη φωνή, ὅτε τ' ἴαχε σάλπιγγ'
Ἄστυ περιτομένον θήλων ὑπὸ θυροραϊστῶν
Ἰ'Οε τὸν ἀριζήλη φωνὴ γένετ' Ἀιακίδαο.
Οἱ δ' ὡς οἶν αἰὼν ὅπου χάλκεον διακίβαο,
Πᾶσιν ὀριζήθ' θυμῶς.

Thus turned by Spondanus *ad ver-*
bam :—

Ut autem cognita facilis vox est, cum clangit
tuba

Urbes obsidentes hostes propter perniciosos :
Sic tunc clara vox fuit *Æacidae*.

Hi autem postquam igitur audiverunt vocem
ferream *Æacidae*,
Omnibus commotus est animus.

Valla thus :—

Sicut enim cum obsidentibus sævis urbem
hostibus, vel clarior vox, vel classicum per-
strepit ; ita nunc Achilles magis voce in-
clamavit. Quam cum audirent Trojani,
perturbati sunt animis."

Eobanus Hessus thus :—

Nam sicut ab urbe
Obsessâ increpuere tubæ, vel classica cantu
Ferreæ ; sic Troas vox perturbabat Achillis.

Mine own harsh conversion (which I will
be bold to repeat, after these, thus closely
for your easier examination) is this, as
before :—

— And as a voice is heard
With emulous attention, when any town is
spher'd
With siege of such a foe as kills men's minds,
and for the town
Makes sound his trumpet ; so the voice from
Thetis' issue thro'wn
Won emulously the ears of all. His hoarsen
voice once heard,
The minds of all were startled so, they yielded.

In conference of all our translations, I
would gladly learn of my more learned

reader if the two last conversions do anything near express the conceit of Homer, or if they bear any grace worth the signification of his words, and the sense of his illustration; whose intent was not to express the clearness or shrillness of his voice in itself, but the envious terror it wrought in the Trojans—*ἀριζήλη φωνή* not signifying in this place *clarus*, or *cognitu facilis vox*, but *emulanda vox*; *ἀριζήλος* signifying *quem valdè emulamur*, aut *valdè amulandus*, though these interpreters would rather receive it here for *ἀριθήςλος*, *verso δ* in ζ, *ut sit clarus, illustris*, &c. But how silly a curiosity is it to alter the word upon ignorance of the signification it hath in his place: the word *ἀριζήλος* being a com-

pound of *ἀρι*, which signifieth *valdè*, and *ζήλος*, which is *amulatio*: or of *ζήλος*, which signifies *amulor*. To this effect then (saith Homer, in this simile)—as a voice that works a terror, carrying an envy with it, sounds to a city besieged when the trumpet of a dreadful and mind-destroying enemy summons it, (for so *δρῶν θυμοποιήσεων* signifies; *θυμοποιήσις* signifying *animus destruens*, being a compound of *ψαίνω*, which signifies *destruo*, and *θυμός*, which is *animus*.)—that is, when the parle comes, after the trumpet's sound, uttering the resolution of the dreadful enemy before it. The further application of this simile is left out by mischance.

THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THETIS presenting armour to her son,
He calls a court, with full reflection
Of all his wrath. Takes of the king of men
Free-offer'd gifts. All take their breakfast then;
He only fasting, arms, and brings abroad
The Grecian host. And (hearing the abode
Of his near death by Xanthus prophesied)
The horse, for his so bold presage, doth chide.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Tæt gives the anger period,
And great Achilles comes abroad.

THE morn' arose, and from the ocean, in
her saffron robe,
Gave light to all; as well to gods, as men
of th' under globe.
Thetis stoop'd home, and found the prostrate
person of her son
About his friend, still pouring out himself
in passion;
A number more being heavy consorts to
him in his cares.
Amongst them all Thetis appear'd and,
sacred comforters,
Made these short words: "Though we
must grieve, yet bear it thus (my son)
It was no man that prostrated, in this sad
fashion
Thy dearest friend; it was a god that first
laid on his hand,
Whose will is law. The gods' decrees, no
human must withstand.
Do thou embrace this fabric of a god;
whose hand before
Ne'er forged the like; and such as yet, no
human shoulder wore."
Thus, setting down, the precious metal
of the arms was such
That all the room rung with the weight of
every slenderest touch.
Cold tremblings took the Myrmidons;
none durst sustain, all fear'd
T' oppose their eyes; Achilles yet, as soon
as they appear'd
Stern Anger enter'd. From his eyes, as if
the day-star rose,
A radiance terrifying men did all the state
enclose.

At length he took into his hands the rich
gift of the god,
And, much pleased to behold the art that
in the shield he show'd,
He brake forth into this applause: "O
mother, these right well
Shew an immortal finger's touch; man's
hand must never deal
With arms again. Now I will arm; yet,
that no honour make
My friend forgotten, I much fear, lest with
the blows of flies
His brass-inflicted wounds are filed; life
gone, his person lies
All apt to putrefaction." She bade him
doubt no harm
Of those offences, she would care, to keep
the petulant swarm
Of flies, that usually taint the bodies of the
slain,
From his friend's person: though a year,
the earth's top should sustain
His slaughter'd body, it should still rest
sound, and rather hold
A better state than worse, since time that
death first made him cold.
And so bade call a council, to dispose of
new alarms,
Where to the king, that was the pastor of
that flock in arms
He should depose all anger and put on a
fortitude
Fit for his arms. All this his powers with
dreadful strength indued.
She, with her fair hand, still'd into the
nostrils of his friend
Red nectar and ambrosia; with which she
did defend
The corse from putrefaction. He trod
along the shore,
And summon'd all th' heroic Greeks, with
all that spent before
The time in exercise with him, the mas-
ters, pilots too,
Victors, and all. All, when they saw
Achilles summon so,
Swarm'd to the council, having long left
the laborious wars,
To all these came two halting kings, true
servitors of Mars,

So help me

Iydides and wise Ithacus, both leaning on their spears,

Their wounds still painful; and both these sat first of all the peers.

The last come was the king of men, sore wounded with the lance

Of Coon Antenorides. All set, the first in utterance

Was Thetis' son, who rose and said: "Atrides, had not this

Conferr'd most profit to us both, when both, our enmities

Consumed us so, and for a wench, whom, when I choosed for prize,

In laying Lyrnessus' ruin'd walls amongst our victories,

I would to heaven, as first she set her dainty foot aboard, [javelin gored,

Diana's hand had tumbled off, and with a For then, th' unmeasurable earth had

not so thick been gnawn,

(In death's convulsions) by our friends; since my affects were drawn

To such distemper. To our foe, and to our foe's chief friend,

Our jar brought profit; but the Greeks will never given an end

To thought of what it prejudiced them. Past things yet past our aid;

Fit grief for what wrath ruled in them, must make th' amends repaid

With that necessity of love, that now forbids our ire; [the senseless fire

Which I with free affects obey. 'Tis for Still to be burning, having stuff; but men

must curb rage still,

Being framed with voluntary powers, as well to check the will

As gives it reins. Give you then charge, that for our instant fight

The Greeks may follow me to field, to try if still the night

Will bear out Trojans at our ships. I hope there is some one,

Amongst their chief encouragers, will thank me to be gone,

And bring his heart down to his knees in that submission."

The Greeks rejoiced to hear the heart of Peleus' mighty son

So qualified. And then the king (not rising from his throne

For his late hurt) to get good ear, thus order'd his reply:

"Princes of Greece, your states shall suffer no indignity,

If, being far off, ye stand and hear; nor fits it such as stand [now in hand

At greater distance, to disturb the council

By uproar, in their too much care of hearing. Some, of force,

Must lose some words; for hard it is, in such a great concourse

(Though hearers' ears be ne'er so sharp) to touch at all things spoke;

And in assemblies of such thrust, how can a man provoke

Fit power to hear, or leave to speak? Best auditors may there

Lose fittest words; and the most vocal orator fit ear.

My main end then, to satisfy Pelides with reply, [speech especially

My words shall prosecute; to him my Shall bear direction. Yet I wish, the court

in general

Would give fit ear; my speech shall need attention of all.

Oft have our peers of Greece much blamed my forcing of the prize

Due to Achilles; of which act, not I, but destinies,

And Jove himself, and black Erinnyes (that casts false mists still

Betwixt us and our actions done, both by her power and will)

Are authors. What could I do then? The very day and hour

Of our debate, that fury stole in that act on my power,

And more; all things are done by strife; that ancient seed of Jove,

Ate, that hurts all, perfects all: her feet are soft, and move

Not on the earth, they bear her still aloft men's heads, and there

The harmful hurts them. Nor was I alone her prisoner,

Jove, best of men and gods, hath been. Not he himself hath gone

Beyond her fetters: no, she made a woman put them on;

For when Alcmena was to vent the force of Hercules

In well-wall'd Thebes, thus Jove triumph'd: 'Hear, gods and goddesses,

The words my joys urged: In this day, Lucina, bringing pain

To labouring women, shall produce into the light of men

A man that all his neighbour kings shall in his empire hold,

And vaunt that more than manly race whose honour'd veins enfold

My eminent blood.' Saturnia conceived a present sleight,

And urged confirmation of his vaunt t' infringe it; her conceit

In this sort urged: 'Thou wilt not hold thy word with this rare man ;
 Or, if thou wilt, confirm it with the oath Olympian,
 That whosoever falls this day betwixt a woman's knees,
 Of those men's stocks that from thy blood derive their pedigrees,
 Shall all his neighbour towns command.' Jove, ignorant of fraud,
 Took that great oath, which his great ill gave little cause t' applaud.
 Down from Olympus' top she stoop'd, and quickly reach'd the place
 In Argos where the famous wife of Sthenelus, whose race
 He fetch'd from Jove by Perseus, dwelt. She was but seven months gone
 With issue, yet she brought it forth ; Alcmena's matchless son
 Delay'd from light ; Saturnia repress'd the teeming throes
 Of his great mother. Up to heaven she mounts again, and shows,
 In glory, her deceit to Jove. 'Bright-lightning Jove,' said she,
 'Now th' Argives have an emperor ; a son derived from thee
 Is born to Perseus Sthenelus, Eurystheus his name, [to him.' This came
 Noble and worthy of the rule thou sworest Close to the heart of Jupiter ; and Ate, that had wrought
 This anger by Saturnia, by her bright hair he caught,
 Held down her head, and over her made this infallible vow :
 That never to the cope of stars should reascend that brow,
 Being so unfortunate to all. Thus, swinging her about,
 He cast her from the fiery heaven ; who ever since thrust out
 Her fork'd sting in th' affairs of men. Jove ever since did grieve,
 Since his dear issue Hercules did by his vow achieve
 Th' unjust toils of Eurystheus. Thus fares it now with me,
 Since under Hector's violence the Grecian progeny
 Fell so unftly by my spleen ; whose falls will ever stick
 In my griev'd thoughts ; my weakness yet (Saturnius making sick
 The state my mind held) now recured, th' amends shall make even weight
 With my offence. And therefore rouse thy spirits to the fight

With all thy forces ; all the gifts, proposed thee at thy tent
 Last day by royal Ithacus, my officers shall present.
 And, if it like thee, strike no stroke, though never so on thorns
 Thy mind stands to thy friend's revenge, till my command adorns
 Thy tents and coffers with such gifts, as well may let thee know
 How much I wish thee satisfied." He answer'd : " Let thy vow,
 Renown'd Atrides, at thy will be kept, as justice would,
 Or keep thy gifts ; 'tis all in thee. The council now we hold
 Is for repairing our main field with all our fortitude.
 My fair shew made brooks no retreat ; nor must delays delude
 Our deeds' expectance. Yet undone the great work is. All eyes
 Must see Achilles in first fight depeopling enemies,
 As well as counsel it in court ; that every man set on [upon."
 May choose his man to imitate my exercise - Ulysses answer'd : " Do not yet, thou man made like the gods,
 Take fasting men to field. Suppose, that whatsoever odds
 It brings against them with full men, thy boundless eminence
 Can amply answer ; yet refrain to tempt a violence.
 The conflict wearing out our men was late, and held as long,
 Wherein, though most Jove stood for Troy, he yet made our part strong
 To bear that most. But 'twas to bear, and that breeds little heart.
 Let wine and bread then add to it ; they help the twofold part,
 The soul and body, in a man, both force and fortitude.
 All day men cannot fight and fast, though never so indued
 With minds to fight ; for, that supposed, there lurks yet secretly
 Thirst, hunger, in th' oppressed joints, which no mind can supply.
 They take away a marcher's knees. Men's bodies thoroughly fed,
 Their minds share with them in their strength ; and, all day combated,
 One stirs not, till you call off all. Dismiss them then to meat,
 And let Atrides tender here, in sight of all this seat,

The gifts he promised. Let him swear
 before us all, and rise
 To that oath, that he never touch'd in any
 wanton wise
 The lady he enforced. Besides, that he
 remains in mind
 As chastely satisfied; not touch'd, or
 privily inclined
 With future vantages. And last, 'tis fit he
 should approve
 All these rites at a solemn feast in honour
 of your love,
 That so you take no mangled law for
 merits absolute.
 And thus the honours you receive, resolving
 the pursuit
 Of your friend's quarrel, well will quit your
 sorrow for your friend.
 And thou, Atrides, in the taste of so severe
 an end,
 Hereafter may on others hold a juster
 government;
 Nor will it aught impair a king, to give a
 sound content
 To any subject soundly wrong'd." "I
 joy," replied the king,
 "O Laertiades, to hear thy liberal coun-
 selling;
 In which is all decorum kept, nor any
 point lacks touch
 That might be thought on to conclude a
 reconciliation such
 As fits example, and us two. My mind yet
 makes me swear,
 Not your impulsion; and that mind shall
 rest so kind and clear,
 That I will not forswear to God. Let then
 Achilles stay, [men here I pray
 Though never so inflamed for fight, and all
 To stay, till from my tents these gifts be
 brought here, and the truce
 At all parts finish'd before all. And thou
 of all I choose,
 Divine Ulysses, and command to choose of
 all your host
 Youths of most honour, to present to him
 we honour most,
 The gifts we late vow'd, and the dames.
 Mean space about our tents
 Talthybius shall provide a boar,¹ to crown
 these kind events
 With thankful sacrifice to Jove, and to the
 God of light."
 Achilles answer'd: "These affairs will
 shew more requisite,
 Great king of men, some other time, when
 our more free estates
 Yield fit cessation from the war, and when
 my spleen abates;

But now, to all our shames besides, our
 friends by Hector slain
 (And Jove to friend) lie unfetch'd off.
 Haste, then, and meat your men;
 Though I must still say, my command
 would lend them fasting forth,
 And altogether feast at night. Meat will
 be something worth,
 When stomachs first have made it way
 with venting infamy,
 And other sorrows late sustain'd, with
 long'd-for wrecks, that lie
 Heavy upon them, for right's sake. Before
 which load he got
 From off my stomach, meat nor drink, I
 vow, shall down my throat,
 My friend being dead, who digg'd with
 wounds, and bored through both his feet,
 Lies in the entry of my tent, and in the
 tears doth fleet
 Of his associates. Meat and drink have
 little merit then
 To comfort me; but blood, and death,
 and deadly groans of men."
 The great in counsels yet made good his
 former counsels thus:
 "O Peleus' son, of all the Greeks by much
 most valorous,
 Better and mightier than myself, no little
 with thy lance
 I yield thy worth; in wisdom, yet, no less
 I dare advance
 My right above thee, since above in years,
 and knowing more.
 Let then thy mind rest in thy words. We
 quickly shall have store
 And all satiety of fight, whose steel heaps
 store of straw [that doth withdraw
 And little corn upon a floor, when Jove,
 And join all battles, once begins t' incline
 his balances,
 In which he weighs the lives of men. The
 Greeks you must not press
 To mourning with the belly; death hath
 nought to do with that
 In healthful men that mourn for friends,
 His steel we stumble at,
 And fall at, every day you see, sufficient
 store, and fast.
 What hour is it that any breathes? We
 must not use more haste,
 Than speed holds fit for our revenge: nor
 should we mourn too much.
 Who dead is, must be buried; men's
 patience should be such,
 That one day's moan should serve one
 man: the dead must end with death,
 And life last with what strengthens life.
 All those that held their breath

From death in fight the more should eat,
 that so they may supply
 Their fellows that have stuck in field, and
 fight incessantly.
 Let none expect reply to this, nor stay ;
 for this shall stand
 Or fall with some offence to him that looks
 for new command,
 Whoever in dislike holds back. All join
 then, all things fit
 Allow'd for all ; set on a charge, at all
 parts answering it."
 This said, he choos'd, for noblest youths
 to bear the presents, these :
 The sons of Nestor, and with them re-
 nowm'd Meriones,
 Phylides, Thoas, Lycomed, and Meges, all
 which went,
 And Menalippus, following Ulysses to the
 tent
 Of Agamemnon. He but spake, and with
 the word the deed
 Had joint effect : the fitness well was
 answer'd in the speed.
 The presents, added to the dame, the
 General did enforce,
 Were twenty caldrons, tripods seven, twelve
 young and goodly horse ;
 Seven ladies excellently seen in all Mi-
 nerva's skill,
 The eighth Briseis who had power to
 ravish ev'ry will ;
 Twelve talents of the finest gold, all which
 Ulysses weigh'd
 And carried first ; and after him, the other
 youths convey'd
 The other presents, tender'd all in face of
 all the court.
 Up rose the king. Talthybius, whose
 voice had a report
 Like to a god, call'd to the rites. There
 having brought the boar,
 Atrides with his knife took say upon the
 part before,
 And lifting up his sacred hands to Jove, to
 make his vows,
 Grave silence strook the complete court ;
 when, casting his high brows
 Up to the broad heaven, thus he spake :
 "Now witness, Jupiter,
 First, highest, and thou best of gods ;
 thou Earth that all doest bear ;
 Thou Sun ; ye Furies under earth that
 every soul torment
 Whom impious perjury distains ; that
 nought incontinent
 In bed, or any other act to any slenderest
 touch [and let my plagues be such
 Of my light vows, hath wrong'd the dame ;

As are inflicted by the gods, in all ex-
 tremity
 Of whomsoever perjured men, if godless
 perjury
 In least degree dishonour me." This said,
 the bristled throat
 Of the submitted sacrifice, with ruthless
 steel he cut ;
 Which straight into the hoary sea Talthy-
 bius cast, to feed
 The sea-born nation. Then stood up the
 half-celestial seed
 Of fair-hair'd Thetis, strengthening thus
 Atrides' innocence :
 "O father Jupiter, from thee descends
 the confluence
 Of all man's ill ; for now I see the mighty
 king of men
 At no hand forced away my prise, nor first
 inflamed my spleen
 With any set ill in himself, but thou, the
 king of gods,
 Incensed with Greece, made that the mean
 to all their periods.
 Which now amend we as we may, and give
 all suffrages
 To what wise Ithacus advised ; take break-
 fasts, and address
 For instant conflict." Thus he raised the
 court, and all took away
 To several ships. The Myrmidons the
 presents did convey
 T' Achilles' fleet, and in his tents disposed
 them ; doing grace
 Of seat and all rites to the dames ; the
 horses put in place
 With others of Æacides. When, like
 Love's golden Queen,
 Briseis all in ghastly wounds had dead
 Patroclus seen,
 She fell about him, shrieking out, and with
 her white hands tore
 Her hair, breasts, radiant cheeks, and,
 drown'd in warm tears, did deplore
 His cruel destiny. At length she gat
 power to express
 Her violent passion, and thus spake this
 like-the-goddesses :
 "O good Patroclus, to my life the
 dearest grace it had,
 I, wretched dame, departing hence, en-
 forced, and dying sad,
 Left thee alive, when thou hadst cheer'd
 my poor captivity, [on misery
 And now return'd I find thee dead ; misery
 Ever increasing with my steps. The lord
 to whom my sire
 And dearest mother gave my life in nup-
 tials, his life's fire

I saw before our city gates extinguish'd ;
 and his fate
 Three of my worthy brothers' lives, in one
 womb generate,
 Felt all in that black day of death. And
 when Achilles' hand
 Had slain all these, and rased the town
 Mynetes did command,
 (All cause of never-ending griefs presented)
 thou took'st all
 On thy endeavour to convert to joy as
 general,
 Affirming, he that hurt should heal, and
 thou wouldst make thy friend,
 Brave captain that thou wert, supply my
 vowed husband's end,
 And in rich Phthia celebrate, amongst his
 Myrmidons,
 Our nuptial banquets ; for which grace,
 with these most worthy moans
 I never shall be satiate, thou ever being
 kind, [with one sweet mind.
 Ever delightful, one sweet grace fed still
 Thus spake she weeping ; and with her,
 did th' other ladies moan
 Patroclus' fortunes in pretext, but in sad
 truth their own.
 About Æacides himself the kings of
 Greece were placed,
 Entreating him to food ; and he entreated
 them as fast,
 (Still intermixing words and sighs,) if any
 friend were there
 Of all his dearest, they would cease, and
 offer him no cheer
 But his due sorrows ; for before the sun
 had left that sky [th' extremity.
 He would not eat, but of that day sustain
 Thus all the kings, in resolute grief and
 fasting, he dismiss'd ;
 But both th' Atrides, Ithacus, and war's
 old martialist,*
 Idomeneus and his friend, and Phoenix,
 these remain'd
 Endeavouring comfort, but no thought of
 his vow'd woe restrain'd.
 Nor could, till that day's bloody fight had
 calm'd his blood ; he still
 Remember'd something of his friend, whose
 good was all his ill.
 Their urging meat the diligent fashion of
 his friend renew'd
 In that excitement : " Thou," said he,
 " when this speed was pursued
 Against the Trojans, evermore apposedst
 in my tent [sweetly diligent,
 A pleasing breakfast ; being so free, and

Thou madest all meat sweet. Then the war
 was tearful to our foe,
 But now to me ; thy wounds so wound me,
 and thy overthrow ;
 For which my ready food I fly, and on thy
 longings feed.
 Nothing could more afflict me ; Fame
 relating the foul deed
 Of my dear father's slaughter, blood drawn
 from my sole son's heart,
 No more could wound me. Cursed man,
 that in this foreign part
 (For hateful Helen) my true love, my
 country, sire, and son,
 I thus should part with. Scyros* now
 gives education,
 O Neoptolemus, to thee, if living yet ; from
 whence
 I hoped, dear friend, thy longer life safely
 return'd from hence,
 And my life quitting thine, had power to
 ship him home, and show
 His young eyes Phthia, subjects, court ;
 my father being now
 Dead, or most short-lived, troublous age
 oppressing him, and fear
 Still of my death's news." These sad
 words, he blew into the ear
 Of every visitant with sighs, all echo'd by
 the peers,
 Remembering who they left at home. All
 whose so humane tears
 Jove pitied ; and, since they all would in
 the good of one
 Be much revived, he thus bespake Minerva :
 " Thetis' son,
 Now, daughter, thou hast quite forgot. O,
 is Achilles' care
 Extinguish'd in thee? prostrated in most
 extreme ill-fare,
 He lies before his high-sail'd fleet, for his
 dead friend ; the rest
 Are strengthening them with meat, but he
 lies desperately oppress'd
 With heartless fasting. Go thy ways, and
 to his breast instil [no ill
 Red nectar and ambrosia, that fast procure
 To his near enterprise." This spur he
 added to the free,
 And, like a harpy, with a voice that shrieks
 so dreadfully,
 And feathers that like needles prick'd, she
 stoop'd through all the stars,
 Amongst the Grecians, all whose tents were
 now fill'd for the wars ;

* Nestor.

* Scyros was an isle in the sea Ægeum, where Achilles himself was brought up, as well as his son,

Her seres strook through Achilles' tent, and
closely she instill'd

Heaven's most-to-be-desired feast to his
great breast, and fill'd

His sinews with that sweet supply, for fear
unsavoury fast

Should creep into his knees. Herself the
skies again enchased.

The host set forth, and pour'd his steel
waves far out of the fleet.

And as from air the frosty North-wind
blows a cold thick sleet,

That dazzles eyes, flakes after flakes in-
cessantly descending ;

So thick helms, curets, ashen darts, and
round shields, never ending,

Flow'd from the navy's hollow womb :
their splendours gave heaven's eye

His beams again : Earth laugh'd to see
her face so like the sky ;

Arms shined so hot, and she such clouds
made with the dust she cast,

She thunder'd, feet of men and horse im-
portuned her so fast.

In midst of all, divine Achilles his fair
person arm'd,

His teeth gnash'd as he stood, his eyes so
full of fire they warm'd,

Unsufer'd grief and anger at the Trojans
so combined.

His greaves first used, his goodly curets on
his bosom shined,

His sword, his shield ; that cast a bright-
ness from it like the moon.

And as from sea sailors discern a harmful
fire let run

By herdsmen's faults, till all their stall flies
up in wrastling flame ;

Which being on hills is seen far off ; but
being alone, none came

To give it quench ; at shore no neighbours,
and at sea their friends

Driven off with tempests ; such a fire, from
his bright shield extends

His ominous radiance, and in heaven im-
press'd his fervent blaze.

His crested helmet, grave and high, had
next triumphant place

On his curl'd head, and like a star it cast a
spurry ray, [golden hair did play,

About which a bright thicken'd bush of
Which Vulcan forged him for his plume.

Thus complete arm'd, he tri'd
How fit they were, and if his motion could
with ease abide

Their brave instruction ; and so far they
were from hindering it,

That to it they were nimble wings, and
made so light his spirit,

That from the earth the princely captain
they took up to air.

Then from his armoury he drew his
lance, his father's spear,

Huge, weighty, firm, that not a Greek but
he himself alone [mountain Pelion,

Knew how to shake ; it grew upon the
From whose height Chiron hew'd it for his

sire, and fatal 'twas [surnam'd Pelias.

To great-soul'd men, of Peleus and Pelion
Then from the stable their bright horse,

Automedon withdraws
And Aleymus ; put poitrils on, and cast
upon their jaws

Their bridles, hurling back the reins, and
hung them on the seat.

The fair scourge then Automedon takes
up, and up doth get

To guide the horse. The fight's seat last,
Achilles took behind ;

Who look'd so arm'd as if the sun, there
fall'n from heaven, had shined,

And terribly thus charged his steeds :
" Xanthus and Balius, [take of us,

Seed of the Harpy, in the charge ye under-
Discharge it not as when Patrocius ye left

dead in field :

But, when with blood, for this day's fast
observed, revenge shall yield

Our heart satiety, bring us off." Thus,
since Achilles spake

As if his awed steeds understood : 'twas
Juno's will to make

Vocal the palate of the one ; who, shaking
his fair head, [almost buried).

(Which in his mane, let fall to earth, he
Thus Xanthus spake : " Ablest Achilles,

now, at least, our care
Shall bring thee off ; but not far hence the
fatal minutes are

Of thy grave ruin. Nor shall we be then
to be reproved,

But mightiest Fate, and the great God.
Nor was thy best beloved

Spoil'd so of arms by our slow pace, or
courage's impair ; [the golden hair,

The best of gods, Latona's son, that wears
Gave him his death's wound ; though the
grace he gave to Hector's hand.

We, like the spirit of the west, that all
spirits can command

For power of wing, could run him off ; but
thou thyself must go,

So Fate ordains ; God and a man must
give thee overthrow."

This said, the Furies stopp'd his voice.
Achilles, far in rage,

Thus answer'd him : " It fits not thee,
thus proudly to presage

My overthrow. I know myself, it is my
fate to fall

Thus far from Phthia; yet that Fate shall
fail to vent her gall,

Till mine vent thousands." These words
used, he fell to horrid deeds;

Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made
fly his one-hooved steeds.

COMMENTARIUS.

¹ Κάπρον ἑτοιμασάτω, &c. *Aprum præparet mactandum Jovique Solique: he shall prepare a boar for sacrifice to Jove and the Sun.* It is the end of Agamemnon's speech in this book before to Ulysses, and promiseth that sacrifice to Jove and the Sun at the reconciliation of himself and Achilles. Our Commentors (Eustathius and Spondanus, &c.) will by no means allow the word *κάπρος* here for Homer's, but an unskilfulness in the divulger; and will needs have it *ὄς* or *ὄως*, which Spondanus says is altogether here to be understood, as Eustathius' words teach,—for to offer so fierce a beast to Jove as a boar, he says, is absurd, and cites Natalis, lib. i. cap. xvii., where he says Homer in this place makes a tame sow sacrificed to Jove, who was as tame and simply deceived as the rest. Eustathius' reason for it is, that *sus* is *animal salax*; and since the oath Agamemnon takes at this sacrifice to satisfy Achilles, that he hath not touched Briseis, is concerning a woman, very fitly is a sow here sacrificed. But this seems to Spondanus something ridiculous (as I hope you will easily judge it) and, as I conceive, so is his own opinion to have the original word *κάπρον* altered, and expounded *suem*. His reason for it he makes nice to utter, saying, he knows what is set down amongst the learned touching the sacrifice of a sow. But because it is (he says) *ἀπροσδιόνυσον, nihil ad rem* (though, as they expound it, it is too much *ad rem*;) he is willing to keep his opinion in silence, unless you will take it for a splayed or gelded sow; as if Agamemnon would in-

nuate that as this sow, being splayed, is free from Venus, so had he never attempted the dishonour of Briseis. And peradventure, says Spondanus, you cannot think of a better exposition; when a worse cannot be conjectured, unless that of Eustathius, as I hope you will clearly grant me when you hear but mine, which is this: The sacrifice is not made by Agamemnon for any resemblance or reference it hath to the lady now to be restored (which since these clerks will needs have it a sow, in behalf of ladies, I disdain) but only to the reconciliation of Agamemnon and Achilles; for a sacred sign whereof, and that their wraths were now absolutely appeased, Agamemnon thought fit a boar (being the most wrathful of all beasts) should be sacrificed to Jove; intimating that in that boar they sacrificed their wraths to Jupiter, and became friends. And thus is the original word preserved, which (together with the sacred sense of our Homer) in a thousand other places suffers most ignorant and barbarous violence. But here (being weary both with finding faults and my labour) till a refreshing come, I will end my poor Comment; holding it not altogether unfit, with this ridiculous contention of our Commentors, a little to quicken you, and make it something probable that their oversight in this trifle is accompanied with a thousand other errors in matter of our divine Homer's depth and gravity; which will not open itself to the curious austerity of belabouring art, but only to the natural and most ingenious soul of our thrice-sacred Poesy.

omit

THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

By Jove's permission, all the gods descend
To aid on both parts. For the Greeks contend
Juno, Minerva, Neptune, Mulciber,
And Mercury. The deities that prefer
The Trojan part are Phoebus, Cyprides,
Phoebe, Latona, and the foe to peace,*
With bright Scamander. Neptune in a mist
Preserves Æneas (daring to resist
Achilles;) by whose hand much scath is done;
Besides the slaughter of old Priam's son
Young Polydor, whose rescue Hector makes;
Him flying, Phoebus to his rescue takes.
The rest, all shunning their importuned fates,
Achilles beats even to the Ilian gates.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Upsilon, Strife stirs in heaven;
The day's grace to the Greeks is given.

THE Greeks thus arm'd, and made insatiate
With desire of fight, About thee, Peleus' son,
The foe, in ground of greatest height,
Stood opposite, raged. Then Jove charged
Themis from Olympus' top
To call a court: she every way dispersed,
and summon'd up
All deities; not any flood, besides
Oceanus,
But made appearance; not a nymph (that
arbores odorons,
The heads of floods, and flowery meadows,
make their sweet abodes)
Was absent there; but all at his court, that
is king of gods,
Assembled, and, in lightsome seats of
admirable frame,
Perform'd for Jove by Vulcan, sat. Even
angry Neptune came,
Nor heard the goddess with unwilling ear;
but with the rest
Made free ascension from the sea, and did
his state invest
In midst of all, began the council, and in-
quired of Jove
His reason for that session, and on what
point did move

* Mars.

His high intention for the foes; he thought
the heat of war
Was then near breaking out in flames. To
him the Thunderer:
"Thou know'st this council by the rest of
those fore-purposes
That still inclined me; my cares still must
succour the distress
Of Troy; though in the mouth of Fate,
yet vow I not to stir
One step from off this top of heaven, but
all th' affair refer
To any one. Here I'll hold state, and
freely take the joy
Of either's fate. Help whom ye please;
for 'tis assured that Troy
Not one day's conflict can sustain against
Æacides,
If Heaven oppose not. His mere looks
threw darts enow t' impress
Their powers with trembling; but when
blows, sent from his fiery hand,
(Thrice heat by slaughter of his friend)
shall come and countermand
Their former glories, we have fear, that
though Fate keep their wall,
He'll overturn it. Then descend; and
cease not till ye all
Add all your aids; mix earth and heaven
together with the fight
Achilles urgeth." These his words did
such a war excite,
As no man's power could wrestle down;
the gods with parted hearts
Departed heaven, and made earth war. To
guide the Grecian darts,
Juno and Pallas, with the god that doth
the earth embrace,
And most-for-man's-use Mercury (whom
good wise inwards grace)
Were partially and all employ'd; and with
them halted down
(Proud of his strength) lame Mulciber, his
walkers quite misgrown,
But made him tread exceeding sure. To
aid the Ilian side, [him accompanied
The changeable in arms went, Mars; and
Diana that delights in shafts, and Phœbus
never shorn, [of whom was born
And Aphrodite laughter-pleas'd, and she

Still young Apollo, and the flood that runs on golden sands
 Bright Xanthus. All these aided Troy; and, till these lent their hands,
 The Grecians triumph'd in the aid Æacides did add; [gloriously clad
 The Trojans trembling with his sight; so He overshined the field, and Mars no harmfuller than he,
 He bore the iron stream on clear. But when Jove's high decree
 Let fall the gods amongst their troops, the field swell'd, and the fight
 Grew fierce and horrible. The Dame,* that armies doth excite,
 Thunder'd with clamour, sometimes set at dike without the wall,
 And sometimes on the bellowing shore. On th' other side, the call
 Of Mars to fight was terrible, he cried out like a storm, [would inform
 Set on the city's pinnacles; and there he Sometimes his heartenings, other times where Simois pours on
 His silver current at the foot of high Calli-colon.
 And thus the blest gods both sides urged; they all stood in the mids,
 And brake contention to the hosts. And over all their heads
 The gods' king in abhorred claps his thunder rattled out.
 Beneath them Neptune toss'd the earth; the mountains round about
 Bow'd with affright and shook their heads; Jove's hill the earthquake felt,
 (Steep Ida) trembling at her roots, and all her fountains spilt,
 Their brows all crannied. Troy did nod; the Grecian navy play'd
 As on the sea; th' infernal king, that all things frays, was fray'd,
 And leapt affrighted from his throne, cried out, lest over him
 Neptune should rend in two the earth, and so his house, so dim,
 So loathsome, filthy, and abhor'd of all the gods beside,
 Should open both to gods and men. Thus all things shook and cried,
 When this black battle of the gods was joining: thus array'd
 'Gainst Neptune, Phœbus with wing'd shafts; 'gainst Mars, the blue-eyed maid;
 'Gainst Juno, Phœbe, whose white hands bore singing darts of gold,
 Her side arm'd with a sheaf of shafts, and (by the birth twofold

Of bright Latona) sister twin to him that shoots so far.
 Against Latona, Hermes stood, grave guard, in peace and war,
 Of human beings. 'Gainst the god, whose empire is in fire,
 The watery godhead, that great flood, to shew whose power entire
 In spoil as th' other, all his stream on lurking whirlpits trod,
 Xanthus by gods, by men Scamander, call'd. Thus god 'gainst god
 Enter'd the field. Æacides sustain'd a fervent mind
 To cope with Hector; past all these, his spirit stood inclined
 To glut Mars with the blood of him. And at Æacides [impress
 Apollo set Anchises' son; but first he did A more than natural strength in him, and made him feel th' excess
 Infused from heaven; Lycæon's shape gave show to his address,
 (Old Priam's son) and thus he spake:
 "Thou counsellor of Troy,
 Where now fly out those threats that late put all our peers in joy
 Of thy fight with Æacides? Thy tongue once, steep'd in wine,
 Durst vaunt as much." He answer'd him:
 "But why wouldst thou incline
 My powers 'gainst that proud enemy, and 'gainst my present heat?
 I mean not now to bid him blows: that fear sounds my retreat,
 That heretofore discouraged me, when after he had rased
 Lyrnessus, and strong Pedasus, his still breathed fury chased
 Our oxen from th' Idæan hill, and set on me; but Jove
 Gave strength and knees, and bore me off, that had not walk'd above
 This centre now but propt by him; Minerva's hand (that held
 A light to this her favourite, whose beams shew'd and impell'd
 His powers to spoil) had ruin'd me, for these ears heard her cry:
 'Kill, kill the seed of Ilion, kill th' Asian Lelegi.'
 Mere man then must not fight with him that still hath gods to friend,
 Averting death on others' darts, and giving his no end
 But with the ends of men. If God like fortune in the fight
 Would give my force, not with ease wing'd victory should light

* Pallas.

On his proud shoulders, nor he 'scape,
 though all of brass he boasts
 His plight consisteth." He replied: "Pray
 thou those gods of hosts,
 Whom he implores, as well as he; and his
 chance may be thine;
 Thou camest of gods like him; the Queen
 that reigns in Salamine
 Fame sounds thy mother; he derived of
 lower Deity,
 Old Nereus' daughter bearing him. Bear
 then thy heart as high,
 And thy unwearied steel as right; nor ut-
 terly be beat
 With only cruelty of words, not proof
 against a threat."

This strengthen'd him, and forth he
 rush'd; nor could his strengthening fly
 White-wristed Juno, nor his drifts. She
 every deity
 Of th' Achive faction call'd to her, and
 said: "Ye must have care,
 Neptune and Pallas, for the frame of this
 important war
 Ye undertake here. Venus' son, by Phœ-
 bus being impell'd
 Runs on Achilles; turn him back, or see
 our friend upheld
 By one of us. Let not the spirit of
 Æacides
 Be over-dared, but make him know the
 mightiest deities
 Stand kind to him; and that the gods,
 protectors of these towers
 That fight against Greece, and were here
 before our eminent powers,
 Bear no importance. And besides, that all
 we stoop from heaven,
 To curb this fight, that no impair be to his
 person given
 By any Trojans, nor their aids, while this
 day bears the sun.
 Hereafter, all things that are wrapt in
 his birth-thread, and spun
 By Parcas in that point of time his mother
 gave him air,
 He must sustain. But if Report perform
 not the repair
 Of all this to him, by the voice of some
 immortal state,
 He may be fearful (if some god should set
 on him) that Fate
 Makes him her minister. The gods, when
 they appear to men,
 And manifest their proper forms, are pass-
 ing dreadful then."

Neptune replied: "Saturnia, at no time
 let your care [only humans are,
 Exceed your reason; 'tis not fit. Where

We must not mix the hands of gods, our
 odds is too extreme.
 Sit we by, in some place of height, where
 we may see to them,
 And leave the wars of men to men. But if
 we see from thence
 Or Mars or Phœbus enter fight, or offer
 least offence
 To Thetis' son, not giving free way to his
 conquering rage,
 Then comes the conflict to our cares; we
 soon shall disengage
 Achilles, and send them to heaven, to settle
 their abode
 With equals, flying under-strifes." This
 said, the black-hair'd god
 Led to the tower of Hercules, built circular
 and high
 By Pallas and the Ilians, for fit security
 To Jove's divine son* 'gainst the whale, that
 drove him from the shore
 To th' ample field. There Neptune sat,
 and all the gods that bore
 The Greeks good meaning, casting all
 thick mantles made of clouds
 On their bright shoulders. Th' opposed
 gods sat hid in other shrouds
 On top of steep Callicolon, about thy
 golden sides,
 O Phœbus, brandisher of darts, and thine,
 whose rage abides
 No peace in cities. In this state, these
 gods in council sate,
 All lingering purpos'd fight, to try who
 first would elevate
 His heavenly weapon. High-throned Jove
 cried out to set them on,
 Said, all the field was full of men, and that
 the earth did groan
 With feet of proud encounterers, burn'd
 with the arms of men
 And barbed horse. Two champions for
 both the armies then
 Met in their midst, prepared for blows;
 divine Æacides,
 And Venus' son. Æneas first stepp'd
 threatening forth the prease,
 His high helm nodding, and his breast
 barr'd with a shady shield,
 And shook his javelin. Thetis' son did his
 part to the field.
 As when the harmful king of beasts (sore
 threaten'd to be slain
 By all the country up in arms) at first
 makes coy disdain

* Hercules.

Prepare resistance, but at last, when any one hath led
 Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turns yawning head,
 Fell anger lathers in his jaws, his great heart swells, his stern
 Lasheth his strength up, sides and thighs waddled with stripes to learn
 Their own power; his eyes glow, he roars, and in he leaps to kill,
 Secure of killing; so his power then roused up to his will
 Matchless Achilles, coming on to meet Anchises' son,
 Both near, Achilles thus inquired: "Why stand'st thou thus alone,
 Thou son of Venus? calls thy heart to change of blows with me?
 Sure Troy's whole kingdom is proposed; some one hath promised thee
 The throne of Priam for my life; but Priam's self is wise,
 And, for my slaughter, not so mad to make his throne thy prise.
 Priam hath sons to second him. Is't then some piece of land, [victorious hand
 Past others fit to set and sow, that thy The Ilians offer for my head? I hope that prise will prove
 No easy conquest. Once, I think, my busy javelin drove,
 With terror, those thoughts from your spleen. Retain'st thou not the time,
 When single on th' Idaean hill I took thee with the crime
 Of runaway? thy oxen left? and when thou hadst no face
 That I could see; thy knees bereft it, and Lyrnessus was
 The mask for that. Then that mask, too, I open'd to the air
 (By Jove and Pallas' help), and took the free light from the fair,
 Your ladies bearing prisoners; but Jove and th' other gods
 Then saft thee. Yet again I hope, they will not add their odds
 To save thy wants, as thou presumest. Retire then, aim not at
 Troy's throne by me; fly ere thy soul flies; fools are wise too late."
 He answer'd him: "Hope not that words can child-like terrify
 My stroke-proof breast. I well could speak in this indecency,
 And use tart terms; but we know well what stock us both put out,
 Too gentle to bear fruits so rude. Our parents ring about

The world's round bosom, and by fame their dignities are blown
 To both our knowledges, by sight neither to either known,
 Thine to mine eyes, nor mine to thine. Fame sounds thy worthiness
 From famous Peleus; the sea-nymph, that hath the lovely tress,
 Thetis, thy mother; I myself affirm my sire to be
 Great-soul'd Anchises; she that holds the Paphian deity,
 My mother. And of these this light is now t' exhale the tears
 For their loved issue; thee or me; childish, unworthy dares
 Are not enough to part our powers; for if thy spirits want
 Due excitation, by distrust of that desert I vaunt,
 To set up all rests for my life, I'll lineally prove
 (Which many will confirm) my race. First, cloud-commanding Jove
 Was sire to Dardanus, that built Dardania; for the walls
 Of sacred Ilion spread not yet these fields; those fair-built halls
 Of divers-languaged men, not raised; all then made populous
 The foot of Ida's fountful hill. This Jove-got Dardanus
 Begot king Erichthonius, for wealth past all compares [thousand mares,
 Of living mortals; in his fens he fed three All neighing by their tender foals, of which twice-six were bred
 By lofty Boreas, their dams loved by him as they fed,
 He took the brave form of a horse that shook an azure mane,
 And slept with them. These twice-six colts had pace so swift, they ran
 Upon the top-ayles of corn-ears, nor bent them any whit;
 And when the broad back of the sea their pleasure was to sit,
 The superficies of his waves they slid upon, their hoves
 Not dipp'd in dank sweat of his brows. Of Erichthonius' loves
 Sprang Tros, the king of Troians. Tros three young princes bred,
 Ilus, renown'd Assaracus, and heavenly Ganymed
 The fairest youth of all that breathed, whom, for his beauty's love,
 The gods did ravish to their state, to bear the cup to Jove.

Ilius begot Laomedon. God-like Laomedon
 Got Tithon, Priam, Clytius, Mars-like Hycetaon,
 And Lampus. Great Assaracus, Capys begot; and he
 Anchises; Prince Anchises, me. King Priam, Hector: we
 Sprang both of one high family. Thus fortunate men give birth,
 But Jove gives virtue; he augments, and he impairs the worth
 Of all men; and his will their rule; he, strong'st, all strength affords.
 Why then paint we, like dames, the face of conflict with our words?
 Both may give language that a ship, driven with a hundred oars,
 Would overburthen. A man's tongue is voluble, and pours
 Words out of all sorts every way. Such as you speak you hear.
 What then need we vie calumnies, like women that will wear
 Their tongues out, being once incensed, and strive for strife to part
 (Being on their way) they travel so: from words, words may avert;
 From virtue, not. It is your steel, divine Æacides,
 Must prove my proof, as mine shall yours." Thus amply did he ease
 His great heart of his pedigree; and sharply sent away
 A dart that caught Achilles' shield, and rung so it did fray
 The son of Thetis, his fair hand far-thrusting out his shield,
 For fear the long lance had driven through. O fool, to think 'twould yield,
 And not to know the god's firm gifts want to yield so soon
 To men's poor powers. The eager lance had only conquest won
 Of two plates, and the shield had five; two forged of tin, two brass,
 One, that was centre-plate, of gold; and that forbade the pass
 Of Anchisiades his lance. Then sent Achilles forth
 His lance, that through the first fold strook, where brass of little worth
 And no great proof of hides was laid; through all which Pelias ran [wan
 His iron head, and after it his ashen body
 Pass to the earth, and there it stuck, his top on th' other side,
 And hung the shield up; which hard down Æneas pluck'd, to hide
 His breast from sword blows, shrunk up round, and in his heavy eye
 Was much grief shadow'd, much afraid that Pelias stuck so nigh.
 Then prompt Achilles rushing in, his sword drew; and the field
 Rung with his voice. Æneas now, left and let hang his shield,
 And, all-distracted, up he snatch'd a two men's strength of stone,
 And either at his shield or casque he set it rudely gone,
 Nor cared where, so it strook a place that put on arms for death.
 But he (Achilles came so close) had doubtless sunk beneath
 His own death, had not Neptune seen and interposed the odds
 Of his divine power, uttering this to the Achaian gods:
 "I grieve for this great-hearted man; he will be sent to hell,
 Even instantly, by Peleus' son, being only moved to deal
 By Phœbus' words. What fool is he! Phœbus did never mean,
 To add to his great words his guard against the ruin then
 Summon'd against him. And what cause hath he to head him on
 To others' miseries, he being clear of any trespass done
 Against the Grecians? thankful gifts he oft hath given to us.
 Let us then quit him, and withdraw this combat; for if thus
 Achilles end him, Jove will rage; since his escape in fate [take date,
 Is purposed, lest the progeny of Dardanus Whom Jove, past all his issue, loved, begot
 of mortal dames.
 All Priam's race he hates; and this must propagate the names
 Of Trojans, and their sons' sons' rule, to all posterity."
 Saturnia said: "Make free your pleasure; save, or let him die,
 Pallas and I have taken many, and most public oaths,
 That th' ill day never shall avert her eye, red with our wroths,
 From hated Troy; no, not when all in studied fire she flames
 The Greek rage, blowing her last coal."
 This nothing turn'd his aims
 From present rescue, but through all the whizzing spears he pass'd,
 And came where both were combating; when instantly he cast

A mist before Achilles' eyes, drew from the earth and shield
 His lance, and laid it at his feet ; and then took up and held
 Aloft the light Anchises' son, who pass'd, with Neptune's force,
 Whole orders of heroes' heads, and many a troop of horse
 Leapt over, till the bounds he reach'd of all the fervent broil,
 Where all the Caucons' quarters lay. Thus, far freed from the toil,
 Neptune had time to use these words :
 " Æneas, who was he
 Of all the gods, that did so much neglect thy good and thee
 To urge thy fight with Thetis' son, who in immortal rates
 Is better and more dear than thee? Hereafter, lest, past fates,
 Hell be thy headlong home, retire, make bold stand never near
 Where he advanceth. But his fate once satisfied, then bear
 A free and full sail ; no Greek else shall end thee." This reveal'd,
 He left him, and dispersed the cloud, that all this act conceal'd
 From vex'd Achilles ; who again had clear light from the skies,
 And, much disdain the escape, said :
 " O ye gods, mine eyes
 Discover miracles : my lance submitted, and he gone
 At whom I sent it with desire of his confusion !
 Æneas sure was loved of heaven. I thought his vaunt from thence
 Had flow'd from glory. Let him go, no more experience
 Will his mind long for of my hands, he flies then now so clear.
 Cheer then the Greeks, and others try."
 Thus rang'd he everywhere
 The Grecian orders ; every man (of which the most look'd on
 To see their fresh lord shake his lance) he thus put charge upon :
 " Divine Greeks, stand not thus at gaze, but man to man apply (unequally
 Your several valours. 'Tis a task laid too
 On me, left to so many men, one man opposed to all.
 Not Mars, immortal and a god, not war's she-General,
 A field of so much fight could chase, and work it out with blows.
 But what a man may execute, that all limbs will expose,

And all their strength to th' utmost nerve (though now I lost some play
 By some strange miracle) no more shall burn in vain the day
 To any least beam. All this host, I'll ransack, and have hope,
 Of all not one again will scape, whoever gives such scope
 To his adventure, and so near dares tempt my angry lance."
 Thus he excited. Hector then as much strives to advance
 The hearts of his men, adding threats, affirming he would stand
 In combat with Æneas : " Give fear," said he, " no hand
 Of your great hearts, brave Ilians, for Peleus' talking son.
 I'll fight with any god with words ; but when their spears put on,
 The work runs high, their strength exceeds mortality so far,
 And they may make works crown their words ; which holds not in the war
 Achilles makes ; his hands have bounds ; this word he shall make good,
 And leave another to the field. His worst shall be withstood
 With sole objection of myself ; though in his hands he bear
 A rage like fire, though fire itself his raging fingers were,
 And burning steel flew in his strength."
 Thus he incited his ;
 And they raised lances, and to work with mixed courages ;
 And up flew Clamour. But the heat in Hector, Phœbus gave
 This temper : " Do not meet," said he, " in any single brave
 The man thou threaten'st, but in press ; and in thy strength impeach
 His violence ; for, far off, or near, his sword or dart will reach."
 The god's voice made a difference in Hector's own conceit
 Betwixt his and Achilles' words, and gave such overweight
 As weigh'd him back into his strength, and curb'd his flying out.
 At all threw fierce Æacides, and gave a horrid shout.
 The first, of all he put to dart, was fierce Iphition,
 Surnamed Otryntides, whom Nais the water-nymph made son
 To town-destroyer Otryntes. Beneath the snowy hill [his wife
 Of Tmolus, in the wealthy town of Ida, a

Were many able men at arms. He, rushing in, took full
 Pelides' lance in his head's midst, that cleft in two his skull.
 Achilles knew him one much famed, and thus insulted then :
 "Th' art dead, Otryntides, though call'd the terriblest of men.
 Thy race runs at Gygæus' lake, there thy inheritance lay,
 Near fishy Hyllus and the gulfs of Hermus ; but this day
 Removes it to the fields of Troy." Thus left he night to seize
 His closed eyes, his body laid in course of all the prease,
 Which Grecian horse broke with the strakes nail'd to their chariot wheels.
 Next (through the temples) the burst eyes, his deadly javelin steels
 Of great-in-Troy Antenor's son, renown'd Demoleon,
 A mighty turner of a field. His overthrow set gone
 Hippodamas ; who leapt from horse, and, as he fled before
 Æacides his turned back, he made fell Pelias gore,
 And forth he puff'd his flying soul : and as a tortured bull,
 To Neptune brought for sacrifice, a troop of youngsters pull
 Down to the earth, and drag him round about the hallow'd shore,
 To please the watery deity with forcing him to roar,
 And forth he pours his utmost throat ; so bellow'd this slain friend
 Of flying Iliou, w'th the breath that gave his being end.
 Then rush'd he so, and in his eye had heavenly Polydore,
 Old Priam's son, whom last of all his fruitful princess bore,
 And for his youth, being dear to him, the king forbade to fight.
 Yet (hot of unexperienced blood, to shew how exquisite
 He was of foot, for which of all the fifty sons he held [heat of the field,
 The special name) he flew before the first Even till he flew out breath and soul ; which, through the back, the lance
 Of swift Achilles put in air, and did his head advance
 Out at his navel. On his knees the poor prince crying fell,
 And gather'd with his tender hands his entrails, that did swell
 Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud as black as death conceal'd
 Their sight, and all the world from him. When Hector had beheld
 His brother tumbled so to earth, his entrails still in hand, [could he stand
 Dark sorrow overcast his eyes ; nor far off A minute longer, but like fire he brake out of the throng,
 Shook his long lance at Thetis' son ; and then came he along
 To feed th' encounter : "O," said he, "here comes the man that most
 Of all the world destroys my mind, the man by whom I lost
 My dear Patroclus. Now not long the crooked paths of war
 Can yield us any privy scapes. 'Come, keep not off so far,'
 He cried to Hector, 'make the pain of thy sure death as short,
 As one so desperate of his life hath reason.'"
 In no sort
 This frighted Hector, who bore close, and said ; "Æacides,
 Leave threats for children. I have power to thunder cummies
 As well as others, and well know thy strength superior far
 To that my nerves hold ; but the gods, not nerves, determine war.
 And yet, for nerves, there will be found a strength of power in mine
 To drive a lance home to thy life. My lance as well as thine
 Hath point and sharpness, and 'tis this." Thus brandishing his spear,
 He set it flying ; which a breath of Pallas back did bear
 From Thetis' son to Hector's self, and at his feet it fell.
 Achilles used no dart, but close flew in ; and thought to deal
 With no strokes but of sure dispatch, but, what with all his blood
 He labour'd, Phæbus clear'd with ease, as being a god, and stood
 For Hector's guard, as Pallas did, Æacides, for thine.
 He rapt him from him, and a cloud of much Night cast between
 His person and the point opposed. Achilles then exclaim'd :
 "O see, yet more gods are at work. Apollo's hand hath framed,
 Dog that thou art, thy rescue now ; to whom go pay the vows
 Thy safety owes him, I shall vent in time those fatal blows

That yet beat in my heart on thine, if any
 god remain [must maintain
 My equal fautor. In mean time, my anger
 His fire on other Ilians." Then laid he at
 his feet
 Great Demochus, Philetor's son; and
 Dryope did greet
 With like encounter. Dardanus and strong
 Laogonus,
 Wise Bias' sons, he hurl'd from horse; of
 one victorious
 With his close sword, the other's life he
 conquer'd with his lance.
 Then Tros, Alastor's son, made in, and
 sought to scape their chance
 With free submission. Down he fell, and
 pray'd about his knees
 He would not kill him, but take ruth, as
 one that destinies
 Made to that purpose, being a man born
 in the self same year
 That he himself was. O poor fool, to sue
 to him to bear
 A ruthless mind; he well might know, he
 could not fashion him
 In ruth's soft mould; he had no spirit to
 brook that interim
 In his hot fury; he was none of these
 remorseful men,
 Gentle and affable; but fierce at all times,
 and mad then.
 He gladly would have made a prayer,
 and still so hugg'd his knee
 He could not quit him; till at last his
 sword was fain to free
 His fetter'd knees that made a vent for his
 white liver's blood
 That caused such pitiful affects; of which
 it pour'd a flood
 About his bosom, which it fill'd, even till
 it drown'd his eyes,
 And all sense fail'd him. Forth then flew
 this prince of tragedies;
 Who next stoop'd Mulus even to death
 with his insatiate spear;
 One ear it enter'd, and made good his
 pass to th' other ear.
 Echeclus then, Agenor's son, he strook
 betwixt the brows;
 Whose blood set fire upon his sword, that
 cool'd it till the throes

Of his then labouring brain let out his
 soul to fixed fate,
 And gave cold entry to black death. Deu-
 calion then had state
 In these men's beings, where the nerves
 about the elbow knit,
 Down to his hand his spear's steel pierced,
 and brought such pain to it
 As led death jointly; whom he saw before
 his fainting eyes; [so that off flies
 And in his neck felt, with a stroke, laid on
 His head. One of the twice-twelve bones,
 that all the backbone make,
 Let out his marrow; when the head he,
 helm and all, did take,
 And hurl'd amongst the Ilians; the body
 stretch'd on earth.
 Rhigmus of fruitful Thrace next fell:
 he was the famous birth
 Of Pireus; his belly's midsts the lance took,
 whose stern force
 Quite tumbled him from chariot. In turn-
 ing back the horse,
 Their guider Areithous received another
 lance
 That threw him to his lord. No end was
 put to the mischance
 Achilles enter'd. But as fire, fall'n in a
 flash from heaven,
 Inflames the high woods of dry hills, and
 with a storm is driven
 Through all the sylvan deeps; and raves,
 till down goes everywhere
 The smother'd hill; so every way Achilles
 and his spear
 Consumed the champain, the black earth
 flow'd with the veins he tore,
 And look how oxen, yoked and driven
 about the circular floor
 Of some fair barn, tread suddenly the thick
 sheaves thin of corn,
 And all the corn consumed with chaff; so
 mix'd and overborne,
 Beneath Achilles' one-hooved horse, shields,
 spears, and men lay trod,
 His axle-tree and chariot-wheels, all
 spatter'd with the blood
 Hurl'd from the steeds' hooves and the
 strakes. Thus, to be magnified,
 His most inaccessible hands in human
 blood he dyed.

THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

In two parts Troy's host parted ; Thetis' son
 One to Scamander, one to Ilium,
 Pursues. Twelve lords he takes alive, to end
 In sacrifice for vengeance to his friend.
 Asteropæus dies by his fierce hand,
 And Priam's son, Lycaon. Over land
 The flood breaks where Achilles being engaged,
 Vulcan preserves him, and with spirit enraged,
 Sets all the champaign and the flood on fire.
 Contention then doth all the gods inspire.
 Apollo in Agenor's shape doth stay
 Achilles' fury, and, by giving way,
 Makes him pursue, till the deceit gives leave
 That Troy in safety might her friends receive.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Fly at the flood's shore doth express
 The labours of Æacides.

AND now they reach'd the goodly swelling
 channel of the flood,
 Gulf-eating Xanthus, whom Jove mix'd
 with his immortal brood ;
 And there Achilles cleft the host of Ilium ;
 one side fell
 On Xanthus, th' other on the town ; and
 that did he impel
 The same way that the last day's rage put
 all the Greeks in rout,
 When Hector's fury reign'd ; these now
 Achilles pour'd about
 The scatter'd field. To stay the flight,
 Saturnia cast before
 Their hasty feet a standing fog ; and then
 flight's violence bore
 The other half full on the flood. The
 silver-gulfed deep
 Received them with a mighty cry, the
 billows vast and steep
 Roar'd at their armours, which the shores
 did round about resound ;
 This way and that they swam, and shriek'd,
 as in the gulfs they drown'd.
 And as in fired fields locusts rise, as the
 unwearied blaze
 Piles still their rising, till in swarms all
 rush as in amaze,
 For scape into some neighbour flood ; so th'
 Achilleian stroke
 Here drove the foe. The gulfy flood with
 men and horse did choke.

Then on the shore the Worthy hid and
 left his horrid lance
 Amidst the tamarisks, and sprite-like did
 with his sword advance
 Up to the river ; ill affairs took up his
 furious brain
 For Troy's engagements ; every way he
 doubled slain on slain.
 A most unmanly noise was made, with
 those he put to sword,
 Of groans and outcries. The flood blush'd,
 to be so much engored
 With such base souls. And as small fish
 the swift-finn'd dolphin fly,
 Filling the deep pits in the ports, on whose
 close strength they lie,
 And there he swallows them in shoals ; so
 here, to rocks and holes
 About the flood, the Trojans fled ; and
 there most lost their souls :
 Even till he tired his slaughterous arm.
 Twelve fair young princes then
 He chose of all to take alive, to have them
 freshly slain
 On that most solemn day of wreek, re-
 solved on for his friend.
 These led he trembling forth the flood, as
 fearful of their end
 As any hind calves. All their hands he
 pinioned behind
 With their own girdles worn upon their
 rich weeds, and resign'd
 Their persons to his Myrmidons to bear to
 fleet ; and he
 Plunged in the stream again to take more
 work of tragedy.
 He met, then issuing the flood with all
 intent of flight, [in the night
 Lycaon, Dardan Priam's son ; whom lately
 He had surpris'd, as in a wood of Priam's
 he had cut
 The green arms of a wild fig-tree, to make
 him spokes to put
 In naves of his new chariot. An ill then,
 all unthought,
 Stole on him in Achilles' shape, who took
 him thence, and brought
 To well-built Lemnos, selling him to
 famous Jason's son :
 From whom, a guest then in his house
 (Imbrius Eetion),

Redeem'd at high rate, and sent home t'
 Arisba, whence he fled,
 And saw again his father's court; eleven
 days banqueted
 Amongst his friends; the twelfth God
 thrust his hapless head again
 In t' hands of stern Æacides, who now
 must send him slain
 To Pluto's court, and 'gainst his will.
 Him, when Achilles knew,
 Naked of helmet, shield, sword, lance (all
 which for ease he threw
 To earth, being overcome with sweat, and
 labour wearying
 His flying knees) he storm'd, and said:
 "O heaven, a wondrous thing
 Invades mine eyes; those Ilians, that
 heretofore I slew,
 Rise from the dark dead quick again:
 this man Fate makes eschew
 Her own steel fingers. He was sold in
 Lemnos, and the deep
 Of all seas 'twixt this Troy, and that (that
 many a man doth keep
 From his loved country) bars not him.
 Come then, he now shall taste
 The head of Pelias, and try if steel will
 down as fast
 As other fortunes, or kind earth can any
 surer seize
 On his sly person, whose strong arms have
 held down Hercules."
 His thoughts thus moved, while he stood
 firm, to see if he, he spied,
 Would offer flight (which first he thought)
 but when he had descried
 He was descried, and flight was vain, fear-
 ful, he made more nigh,
 With purpose to embrace his knees, and
 now long'd much to fly
 His black fate and abhorred death by
 coming in. His foe
 Observed all this, and up he raised his
 lance as he would throw;
 And then Lycaon close ran in, fell on his
 breast, and took
 Achilles' knees; whose lance, on earth
 now staid, did overlook
 His still-turn'd back, with thirst to glut his
 sharp point with the blood
 That lay so ready. But that thirst Lycaon's
 thirst withstood
 To save his blood; Achilles' knee in his
 one hand he knit,
 His other held the long lance hard, and
 would not part with it,
 But thus besought: "I kiss thy knees,
 divine Æacides: [present th' access
 Respect me, and my fortunes rue. I now
 Of a poor suppliant for thy ruth; and I am
 one that is
 Worthy thy ruth, O Jove's beloved. First
 hour my miseries
 Fell into any hand, 'twas thine. I tasted
 all my bread
 By thy gift since: O since that hour that
 thy surprisal led
 From forth the fair wood my sad feet, far
 from my loved allies,
 To famous Lemnos, where I found an
 hundred oxen's prize
 To make my ransom; for which now I
 thrice the worth will raise.
 This day makes twelve, since I arrived in
 Ilium, many days
 Being spent before in sufferance; and now
 a cruel fate
 Thrusts me again into thy hands. I should
 haunt Jove with hate,
 That with such set malignity gives thee my
 life again.
 There were but two of us for whom Laothoe
 suffer'd pain,
 Laothoe, old Alte's seed; Alte, whose
 palace stood
 In height of upper Pedasus, near Satnius'
 silver flood.
 And ruled the war-like Lelegi. Whose seed
 (as many more)
 King Priam married, and begot the god-
 like Polydore,
 And me accursed. Thou slaughter'dst
 him; and now thy hand on me
 Will prove as mortal. I did think, when
 here I met with thee,
 I could not scape thee; yet give ear, and
 add thy mind to it:
 I told my birth to intimate, though one sire
 did beget,
 Yet one womb brought not into light
 Hector that slew thy friend,
 And me. O do not kill me then, but let
 the wretched end
 Of Polydore excuse my life. For half our
 being bred [is forfeited."
 Brothers to Hector, he (half) paid, no more
 Thus sued he humbly; but he heard,
 with this austere reply:
 "Fool, urge not ruth nor price to me, till
 that solemnity,
 Resolved on for Patroclus' death, pay all
 his rites to fate.
 Till his death I did grace to Troy, and
 many lives did rate
 At price of ransom; but none now, of all
 the brood of Troy,
 (Whoever Jove throws to my hands) shall
 any breath enjoy

That death can beat out, specially that
 touch at Priam's race.
 Die, die, my friend. What tears are these?
 what sad looks spoil thy face?
 Patroclus died, that far pars'd thee: nay,
 seest thou not beside,
 Myself, even I, a fair yung man, and
 rarely magnified,
 And, to my father being a king, a mother
 have that sits
 In rank with goddesses; and yet, when
 thou hast spent thy spirits,
 Death and as violent a fate must overtake
 even me,
 By twilight, morn-light, day, high-noon,
 whenever destiny
 Sets on her man to hur! a lance, or knit
 out of his string
 An arrow that must read my life." This
 said, a languishing
 Lycaon's heart bent like his knees, yet left
 him strength t' advance
 Both hands for mercy as he kneel'd. His
 foe yet leaves his lance,
 And forth his sword files, which he hid in
 furrow of a wound
 Driven through the jointure of his neck;
 flat fell he on the ground,
 Stretch'd with death's pangs, and all the
 earth imbrued with timeless blood.
 Then gript Æacides his heel, and to the
 lofty flood
 Flung, swinging, his unpitied corse, to see
 it swim, and toss
 Upon the rough waves, and said: "Go,
 feed fat the fish with loss
 Of thy left blood; they clean will suck thy
 green wounds; and this saves
 Thy mother tears upon thy bed. Deep
 Xanthus on his waves
 Shall hoise thee bravely to a tomb, that in
 her burly breast
 The sea shall open, where great fish may
 keep thy funeral feast
 With thy white fat; and on the waves
 dance at thy wedding fate,
 Clad in black horror, keeping close in-
 accessible state.
 So perish Ilians, till we pluck the brows
 of Iliion [still upon
 Down to her feet, you flying still; I flying
 Thus in the rear, and (as my brows were
 fork'd with rabid horns)*
 Toss ye together. This brave flood, that
 strengthens and adorns

Your city with his silver gulfs, to whom so
 many bulls
 Your zeal hath offer'd; with blind zeal his
 sacred current gulfs,
 With casting chariots and horse; quick to
 his pray'd-for aid;
 Shall nothing profit. Perish then, till
 cruell'st death hath laid
 All at the red feet of Revenge for my slain
 friend; and all
 With whom the absence of my hands made
 yours a festival."
 This speech great Xanthus more enraged,
 and made his spirit contend
 For means to shut up the oped vein against
 him, and defend
 The Trojans in it from his plague. In
 mean time Peleus' son,
 And now with that long lance he hid, for
 more blood set upon
 Asteropæus, the descent of Pelegon, and he
 Of broad-stream'd Axius, and the dame, of
 first nativity
 To all the daughters that renown'd Acesa-
 menus' seed,
 Bright Peribœa, whom the flood, arm'd
 thick with lofty reed,
 Compress'd. At her grandchild now went,
 Thetis' great son; whose foe
 Stood arm'd with two darts, being set on
 by Xanthus, anger'd so
 For those youths' blood shed in his stream
 by vengeful Thetis' son
 Without all mercy. Both being near, great
 Thetides begun
 With this high question: "Of what race
 art thou that darest oppose
 Thy power to mine thus? cursed wombs
 they ever did disclose,
 That stood my anger." He replied:
 "What makes thy fury's heat
 Talk, and seek pedigrees? far hence lies
 my innative seat,
 In rich Pæonia. My race from broad-
 stream'd Axius runs;
 Axius, that gives earth purest drink, of all
 the watery sons
 Of great Oceanus; and got the famous for
 his spear,
 Pelegonus, that father'd me; and these
 Pæonians here,
 Arm'd with long lances, here I lead; and
 here th' eleventh fair light
 Shines on us since we enter'd Troy. Come
 now, brave man, let's fight."
 Thus spake he, threatening; and to him
 Pelides made reply
 With shaken Pelias; but his foe with two
 at once let fly,

* The word is *κεφαλαίων*, which they translate *condensans*, but properly signifies *dissipans*, ut *boves infestis cornibus*.

For both his hands were dexterous. One javelin strook the shield Of Thetis' son, but strook not through ; the gold, God's gift, repell'd The eager point ; the other lance fell lightly on the part Of his fair right hand's cubit ; forth the black blood spun ; the dart Glanced over, fastening on the earth, and there his spleen was spent That wish'd the body. With which wish Achilles his lance sent, That quite miss'd, and infix'd itself fast in the steep-up shore ; Even to the midst it enter'd it. Himself then fiercely bore Upon his enemy with his sword. His foe was tugging hard To get his lance out ; thrice he pluck'd, and thrice sure Pelias barr'd His wish'd evulsion ; the fourth pluck, he bow'd and meant to break The ashen plant, but, ere that act, Achilles' sword did check His bent power, and brake out his soul. Full in the navel-stead He ripp'd his belly up, and out his entrails fell, and dead His breathless body ; whence his arms Achilles drew, and said : " Lie there, and prove it dangerous to lift up adverse head Against Jove's sons, although a flood were ancestor to thee. Thy vaunts urged him, but I may vaunt a higher pedigree, From Jove himself. King Peleus was son to Æacus, Infernal Æacus to Jove, and I to Peleus. Thunder-voiced Jove far passeth floods, that only murmurs raise With earth and water as they run with tribute to the seas ; And his seed theirs exceeds as far. A flood, a mighty flood, Raged near thee now, but with no aid ; Jove must not be withstood. King Achelus yields to him, and great Oceanus, Whence all floods, all the sea, all founts, wells, all deeps humorous, Fetch their beginnings ; yet even he fears Jove's flash, and the crack His thunder gives, when out of heaven it tears atwo his rack."*

* The rack or motion of the clouds, for the clouds.

Thus pluck'd he from the shore his lance, and left the waves to wash The wave-sprung entrails, about which fauns and other fish Did shoal, to nibble at the fat which his sweet kidneys hid. This for himself : now to his men, the well-rod Pæons, did His rage contend ; all which cold fear shook into flight, to see Their captain slain : at whose mazed flight, as much enraged flew he. And then fell all these, Thrasius, Mydon, Astypylus, Great Ophelestes, Ænæus, Mnesus, Ther-silochus. And on these many more had fall'n, unless the angry flood Had took the figure of a man, and in a whirlpit stood, Thus speaking to Æacides : " Past all, power feeds thy will, Thou great grandchild of Æacus, and past all, th' art in ill, And gods themselves confederates ; and Jove, the best of gods, All deaths gives thee, all places not. Make my shores periods To all shore service. In the field let thy field-acts run high, Not in my waters. My sweet streams choke with mortality Of men slain by thee. Carcasses so glut me, that I fail [still assail To pour into the sacred sea my waves ; yet Thy cruel forces. Cease, amaze affects me with thy rage, Prince of the people." He replied : " Shall thy command assuage, Gulf-fed Scamander, my free wrath ? I'll never leave pursued Proud lion's slaughters, till this hand in her filed walls conclude Her flying forces, and hath tried in single fight the chance Of war with Hector ; whose event with stark death shall advance One of our conquests." Thus again he like a Fury flew Upon the Trojans ; when the flood his sad plaint did pursue To bright Apollo, telling him he was too negligent Of Jove's high charge ; importuning by all means vehement His help of Troy till latest Even should her black shadows pour On Earth's broad breast. In all his worst, Achilles yet from shore

Leapt to his midst. Then swell'd his waves,
 then raged, then boil'd again
 Against Achilles. Up flew all, and all the
 bodies slain
 In all his deeps (of which the heaps made
 bridges to his waves)
 He belch'd out, roaring like a bull. The
 unslain yet he saves
 In his black whirlpits vast and deep. A
 horrid billow stood
 About Achilles. On his shield the violence
 of the flood
 Beat so, it drave him back, and took his
 feet up; his fair palm
 Enforced to catch into his stay a broad
 and lofty elm,
 Whose roots he toss'd up with his hold, and
 tore up all the shore.
 With this then he repell'd the waves, and
 those thick arms it bore
 He made a bridge to bear him off; (for all
 fell in) when he
 Forth from the channel threw himself. The
 rage did terrify
 Even his great spirit,* and made him add
 wings to his swiftest feet,
 And tread the land. And yet not there
 the flood left his retreat,
 But thrust his billows after him, and black'd
 them all at top,
 To make him fear, and fly his charge, and
 set the broad field ope
 For Troy to scape in. He sprung out a
 dart's cast, but came on
 Again with a redoubled force. As when
 the swiftest flown,
 And strong'st of all fowls, Jove's black
 hawk, the huntress, stoops upon
 A much loved quarry; so charged he; his
 arms with horror rung
 Against the black waves. Yet again he
 was so urged, he flung
 His body from the flood, and fled; and
 after him again
 The waves flew roaring. As a man that
 finds a water-vein,
 And from some black fount is to bring his
 streams through plants and groves,
 Goes with his mattock, and all checks, set
 to his course, removes;
 When that runs freely, under it the pebbles
 all give way,
 And, where it finds a fall, runs swift; nor
 can the leader stay

His current then, before himself full paced
 it murmurs on; [vantage won;
 So of Achilles evermore the strong flood
 Though most deliver, gods are still above
 the powers of men.
 As oft as th' able god-like man en-
 deavour'd to maintain
 His charge on them that kept the flood
 (and charged as he would try
 If all the gods inhabiting the broad un-
 reached sky
 Could daunt his spirit) so oft still, the
 rude waves charged him round,
 Ramp'd on his shoulders; from whose depth
 his strength and spirit would bound
 Up to the free air, vex'd in soul. And now
 the vehement flood
 Made faint his knees; so overthwart his
 waves were, they withstood
 All the denied dust, which he wish'd; and
 now was fain to cry,
 Casting his eyes to that broad heaven, that
 late he long'd to try,
 And said: "O Jove, how am I left! No
 god vouchsafes to free
 Me, miserable man. Help now, and after
 torture me
 With any outrage. Would to heaven,
 Hector, the mightiest
 Bred in this region, had imbrued his javelin
 in my breast,
 That strong might fall by strong. Where
 now weak water's luxury
 Must make my death blush, one, heaven-
 born, shall like a hog-herd die,
 Drown'd in a dirty torrent's rage. Yet
 none of you in heaven
 I blame for this, but she alone by whom
 this life was given
 That now must die thus. She would still
 delude me with her tales,
 Affirming Phoebus' shafts should end within
 the Trojan walls
 My cursed beginning." In this strait,
 Neptune and Pallas flew
 To fetch him off. In men's shapes both
 close to his danger drew,
 And, taking both both hands, thus spake
 the shaker of the world:
 "Pelides, do not stir a foot, nor these
 waves, proudly curl'd
 Against thy bold breast, fear a jot; thou
 hast us two thy friends,
 Neptune and Pallas, Jove himself ap-
 proving th' aid we lend.
 'Tis nothing as thou fear'st with fate; she
 will not see thee drown'd.
 This height shall soon down, thine own
 eyes shall see it set aground.

* Note the continued height and admired expression of Achilles' glory.

Be ruled then, we'll advise thee well ; take
 not thy hand away [it can lay
 From putting all, indifferently, to all that
 Upon the Trojans, till the walls of haughty
 Iliou
 Conclude all in a desperate flight. And
 when thou hast set gone
 The soul of Hector, turn to fleet ; our
 hands shall plant a wreath
 Of endless glory on thy brows." Thus to
 the free from death
 Both made retreat. He, much impell'd by
 charge the godheads gave,
 The field, that now was overcome with
 many a boundless wave,
 He overcame. On their wild breasts they
 toss'd the carcasses,
 And arms, of many a slaughter'd man.
 And now the winged knees
 Of this great captain bore aloft ; against
 the flood he flies
 With full assault ; nor could that god
 make shrink his rescued thighs.
 Nor shrunk the flood, but, as his foe
 grew powerful, he grew mad,
 Thrust up a billow to the sky, and crystal
 Simois bade
 To his assistance : " Simois, ho, brother,"
 out he cried,
 " Come, add thy current, and resist this
 man half deified,
 Or Iliou he will pull down straight ; the
 Trojans cannot stand
 A minute longer. Come, assist, and in-
 stantly command
 All fountains in thy rule to rise, all torrents
 to make in,
 And stuff thy billows ; with whose height,
 engender such a din,
 With trees torn up and justling stones, as
 so immane a man
 May shrink beneath us ; whose power
 thrives do my power all it can ;
 He dares things fitter for a god. But,
 nor his form, nor force,
 Nor glorious arms shall profit it ; all
 which, and his dead corse,
 I vow to roll up in my sands, nay, bury in
 my mud,
 Nay, in the very sinks of Troy, that,
 pour'd into my flood,
 Shall make him drowning work enough ;
 and, being drown'd, I'll set
 A fort of such strong filth on him, that
 Greece shall never get
 His bones from it. There, there shall
 stand Achilles' sepulchre,
 And save a burial for his friends." This
 fury did transfer

His high-ridged billows on the prince, roar-
 ing with blood and foam
 And carcasses. The crimson stream did
 snatch into her womb
 Surprised Achilles ; and her height stood,
 held up by the hand
 Of Jove himself. Then Juno cried, and
 call'd (to countermand
 This watery Deity) the god that holds
 command in fire,
 Afraid lest that gulf-stomach'd flood
 would satiate his desire
 On great Achilles : " Mulciber, my best
 lov'd son !" she cried,
 " Rouse thee, for all the gods conceive
 this flood thus amplified
 Is raised at thee, and shews as if his waves
 would drown the sky,
 And put out all the sphere of fire. Haste,
 help thy empery.
 Light flames deep as his pits. Ourselves the
 West wind and the South
 Will call out of the sea, and breathe in
 either's full-charged mouth
 A storm t' enrage thy fires 'gainst Troy ;
 which shall (in one exhaled)
 Blow flames of sweat about their brows,
 and make their armours scald.
 Go thou then, and, 'gainst these winds
 rise, make work on Xanthus' shore,
 With setting all his trees on fire, and in his
 own breast pour
 A fervor that shall make it burn ; nor let
 fair words or threats [the heats
 Avert thy fury till I speak, and then subdue
 Of all thy blazes." Mulciber prepared a
 mighty fire,
 First in the field used ; burning up the
 bodies that the ire
 Of great Achilles rest of souls ; the quite-
 drown'd field it dried,
 And shrunk the flood up. And as fields,
 that have been long time cloy'd
 With catching weather, when their corn
 lies on the gavel heap,
 Are with a constant north-wind dried, with
 which for comfort leap
 Their hearts that sow'd them ; so this field
 was dried, the bodies burn'd,
 And even the flood into a fire as bright as
 day was turn'd.
 Elms, willows, tamarisks, were inflamed ;
 the lote-trees, sea-grass reeds,
 And rushes, with the galingale roots, of
 which abundance breeds
 About the sweet flood, all were fired ; the
 gliding fishes flew
 Upwards in flames ; the grovelling eels
 crept upright ; all which slew

Wise Vulcan's unresisted spirit. The flood
 out of a flame
 Cried to him : " Cease, O Mulciber, no
 deity can tame
 Thy matchless virtue ; nor would I, since
 thou art thus hot, strive.
 Cease then thy strife ; let Thetis' son, with
 all thy wish'd haste, drive
 Even to their gates these Ilians. What
 toucheth me their aid,
 Or this contention ?" Thus in flames the
 burning River pray'd.
 And as a caldron, underput with store of
 fire, and wrought
 With boiling of a well-fed brawn, up leaps
 hi wave aloft,
 Davins of sere wood urging it, and spend-
 ing flames apace,
 Till all the caldron be engirt with a con-
 suming blaze ;
 So round this flood burn'd ; and so sod
 his sweet and tortured streams,
 Nor could flow forth, bound in the fumes
 of Vulcan's fiery beams ;
 Who, then not moved, his mother's ruth
 by all his means he craves,
 And ask'd, why Vulcan should invade and
 so torment his waves
 Past other floods? when his offence rose
 not to such degree
 As that of other gods for Troy ; and that
 himself would free
 Her wrath to it, if she were pleased ; and
 pray'd her, that her son
 Might be reflected ; adding this, that he
 would ne'er be won
 To help keep off the ruinous day, in which
 all Troy should burn,
 Fired by the Grecians. This vow heard,
 she charged her son to turn
 His fiery spirits to their homes, and said it
 was not fit [Vulcan did remit
 A god should suffer so for men. Then
 His so unmeasured violence, and back the
 pleasant flood
 Ran to his channel. Thus these gods she
 made friends ; th' other stood
 At weighty difference ; both sides ran to-
 gether with a sound,
 That earth resounded, and great heaven
 about did surrebound.
 Jove heard it, sitting on his hill, and
 laugh'd to see the gods
 Buckle to arms like angry men ; and, he
 pleased with their odds,
 They laid it freely. Of them all, thump-
 buckler Mars began,
 And at Minerva with a lance of brass he
 headlong ran,

These vile words ushering his blows :
 " Thou dog-fly, what's the cause
 Thou makest gods fight thus? thy huge
 heart breaks all our peaceful laws
 With thy insatiate shamelessness. Re-
 member'st thou the hour
 When Diomed charged me, and by thee,
 and thou with all thy power
 Took'st lance thyself, and, in all sights,
 rush'd on me with a wound?
 Now vengeance falls on thee for all."
 Thus said, the shield fringed round
 With fighting adders, borne by Jove, that
 not to thunder yields,
 He clapt his lance on ; and this god, that
 with the blood of fields
 Pollutes his godhead, that shield pierced,
 and hurt the armed Maid.
 But back she leapt, and with her strong
 hand rapt a huge stone, laid
 Above the champain, black and sharp,
 that did in old time break
 Partitions to men's lands ; and that she
 dusted in the neck
 Of that impetuous challenger. Down to
 the earth he sway'd, [was all beray'd
 And overlaid seven acres' land. His hair
 With dust and blood mix'd ; and his arms
 rung out. Minerva laugh'd,
 And thus insulted : " O thou fool, yet hast
 thou not been taught
 To know mine eminence? thy strength
 opposeth thou to mine?
 So pay thy mother's furies then, who for
 these aids of thine,
 (Ever afforded perjured Troy, Greece ever
 left) takes spleen,
 And vows thee mischief." Thus she turn'd
 her blue eyes, when Love's Queen
 The hand of Mars took, and from earth
 raised him with thick-drawn breath,
 His spirits not yet got up again. But from
 the press of death
 Kind Aphrodite* was his guide. Which
 Juno seeing, exclaim'd :
 " Pallas, see, Mars is help'd from field !
 Dog-fly, his rude tongue named
 Thyself even now ; but that his love, that
 dog-fly, will not leave [did receive
 Her old consort. Upon her, fly." Minerva
 This excitation joyfully, and at the Cy-
 prian flew, [a blow that overthrew
 Strook with her hard hand her soft breast,
 Both her and Mars ; and there both lay
 together in broad field.
 When thus she triumph'd : " So lie all,
 that any succours yield

* Venus.

To these false Trojans 'gainst the Greeks ;
 so bold and patient
 As Venus, shunning charge of me ; and no
 less impotent
 Be all their aids, than hers to Mars. So
 short work would be made
 In our depopulating Troy, this hardest to
 invade
 Of all earth's cities." At this wish, white-
 wristed Juno smiled. [point of field,
 Next Neptune and Apollo stood upon the
 And thus spake Neptune : " Phœbus !
 come ; why at the lance's end
 Stand we two thus ? 'Twill be a shame,
 for us to re-ascend
 Jove's golden house, being thus in field ;
 and not to fight. Begin ;
 For 'tis no graceful work for me ; thou
 hast the younger chin,
 I older and know more. O fool ! what a
 forgetful heart
 Thou bear'st about thee, to stand here,
 prest to take th' Ilian part,
 And fight with me ! Forget'st thou then,
 what we two, we alone
 Of all the gods, have suffer'd here, when
 proud Laomedon
 Enjoy'd our service a whole year, for our
 agreed reward ?
 Jove in his sway would have it so ; and in
 that year I rear'd
 This broad brave wall about this town,
 that (being a work of mine)
 It might be irrepugnable. This service
 then was thine,
 In Ida, that so many hills and curl'd-head
 forests crown,
 To feed his oxen, crooked-shank'd, and
 headed like the moon.
 But when the much-joy-bringing hours
 brought term for our reward,
 The terrible Laomedon dismiss'd us both,
 and scared
 Our high deservings, not alone to hold our
 promised fee,
 But give us threats too. Hands and feet
 he swore to fetter thee,
 And sell thee as a slave, dismiss'd far hence
 to foreign isles.
 Nay more, he would have both our ears.
 His vow's breach, and reviles,
 Made us part angry with him then ; and
 dost thou gratulate now
 Such a king's subjects ? or with us not
 their destruction yow,
 Even to their chaste wives and their babes ?"
 He answer'd he might hold
 His wisdom little, if with him, a god, for
 men he would

Maintain contention ; wretched men that
 flourish for a time
 Like leaves, eat some of that earth yields,
 and give earth in their prime
 Their whole selves for it. Quickly then,
 let us fly fight for them,
 Nor shew it offer'd. Let themselves bear
 out their own extreme."
 Thus he retired, and fear'd to change
 blows with his uncle's hands ;
 His sister therefore chid him much, the
 goddess that commands
 In games of hunting, and thus spake :
 " Fliest thou, and leavest the field
 To Neptune's glory, and no blows ? O
 fool, why dost thou wield
 Thy idle bow ? no more my ears shall
 hear thee vaunt in skies
 Dares to meet Neptune, but I'll tell thy
 coward's tongue it lies."
 He answer'd nothing ; yet Jove's wife
 could put on no such reins,
 But spake thus loosely : " How darest thou,
 dog, whom no fear contains,
 Encounter me ? 'twill prove a match of
 hard condition.
 Though the great Lady of the bow and
 Jove hath set thee down
 For lion of thy sex, with gift to slaughter
 any dame
 Thy proud will envies ; yet some dames
 will prove th' hadst better tame
 Wild lions upon hills than them. But if
 this question rests
 Yet under judgment in thy thoughts, and
 that thy mind contests,
 I'll make thee know it." Suddenly with
 her left hand she catch'd
 Both Cynthia's palms, lock'd fingers fast,
 and with her right she snatch'd
 From her fair shoulders her gilt bow, and,
 laughing, laid it on
 About her ears, and every way her turnings
 seized upon,
 Till all her arrows scatter'd out, her quiver
 emptied quite.
 And as a dove, that, flying a hawk, takes to
 some rock her flight,
 And in his hollow breasts sits safe, her fate
 not yet to die ;
 So fled she mourning, and her bow left
 there. Then Mercury
 His opposite thus undertook : " Latona,
 at no hand [dangerous to stand
 Will I bide combat. 'Tis a work right
 At difference with the wives of Jove. Go,
 therefore, freely vaunt
 Amongst the deities, th' hast subdued, and
 made thy combatant

Yield with plain power." She answer'd
 not, but gather'd up the bow
 And shafts fall'n from her daughter's side,
 retiring. Up did go
 Diana to Jove's starry hall, her incorrupted
 veil
 Trembling about her, so she shook.
 Phœbus, lest Troy should fail
 Before her fate, flew to her walls; the
 other deities flew
 Up to Olympus, some enraged, some glad.
 Achilles flew
 Both men and horse of Iliion. And as a
 city fired
 Casts up a heat that purples heaven,
 clamours and shrieks expired
 In every corner, toil to all, to many
 misery,
 Which fire th' incensed gods let fall;
 Achilles so let fly
 Rage on the Trojans, toils and shrieks as
 much by him imposed.
 Old Priam in his sacred tower stood, and
 the flight disclosed
 Of his forced people, all in rout, and not a
 stroke return'd
 By fled resistance. His eyes saw in what a
 fury burn'd
 The son of Peleus, and down went weeping
 from the tower
 To all the port-guards, and their chiefs told
 of his flying power,
 Commanding th' opening of the ports, but
 not to let their hands
 Stir from them; for Æacides would pour in
 with his hands.
 "Destruction comes, O shut them strait,
 when we are in," he pray'd,
 "For not our walls I fear will check this
 violent man." This said,
 Off lifted they the bars, the ports haled
 open, and they gave
 Safety her entry with the host; which yet
 they could not save,
 Had not Apollo sallied out, and strook
 destruction,
 Brought by Achilles in their necks, back;
 when they right upon
 The ports bore all, dry, dusty, spent; and
 on their shoulders rode
 Rabid Achilles with his lance, still glory
 being the goad
 That prick'd his fury. Then the Greeks
 high-ported Iliion
 Had seized, had not Apollo stir'd Anteo-
 nor's famous son,
 Divine Agenor, and cast in an undertaking
 spirit [to strengthen it,
 To his bold bosom, and himself stood by
 And keep the heavy hand of death from
 breaking in. The god
 Stood by him, leaning on a beech, and
 cover'd his abode
 With night-like darkness; yet for all the
 spirit he inspired,
 When that great city-razer's force his
 thoughts strook, he retired,
 Stood, and went on; a world of doubts
 still falling in his way;
 When, angry with himself, he said:
 "Why suffer I this stay
 In this so strong need to go on? If like
 the rest, I fly,
 'Tis his best weapon to give chace, being
 swift, and I should die
 Like to a coward. If I stand, I fall too.
 These two ways
 Please not my purpose; I would live.
 What if I suffer these
 Still to be routed, and, my feet affording
 further length, ^{sylvan strength}
 Pass all these fields of Iliion, till Ida's
 And steep heights shroud me, and at Even
 refresh me in the flood,
 And turn to Iliion? O my soul, why
 drown'st thou in the blood
 Of these discourses? If this course, that
 talks of further flight,
 I give my feet, his feet more swift have
 more odds. Get he sight
 Of that pass, I pass least; for pace, and
 length of pace, his thighs
 Will stand out all men. Meet him then;
 my steel hath faculties
 Of power to pierce him; his great breast
 but one soul holds, and that
 Death claims his right in, all men say;
 but he holds special state
 In Jove's high bounty; that's past man,
 that every way will hold;
 And that serves all men every way." This
 last heart made him bold
 To stand Achilles, and stir'd up a mighty
 mind to blows.
 And as a panther, having heard the
 hounds' trail, doth disclose
 Her freckled forehead, and stares forth
 from out some deep-grown wood
 To try what strength dares her abroad;
 and when her fiery blood
 The hounds have kindled, no quench
 scrves of love to live or fear,
 Though strook, though wounded, though
 quite through she feels the mortal spear,
 But till the man's close strength she tries,
 or strows earth with his dart,
 She puts her strength out; so it fared with
 brave Agenor's heart,

And till Achilles he had proved, no
 thoughts, no deeds, once stirr'd
 His fixed foot. To his broad breast his
 round shield he preferr'd,
 And up his arm went with his aim, his
 voice out with this cry :
 " Thy hope is too great, Peleus' son, this
 day to show thine eye
 Troy's Iliion at thy foot. O fool ! the
 Greeks with much more woes,
 More than are suffer'd yet, must buy great
 Iliion's overthrows.
 We are within her many strong, that for
 our parents' sakes,
 Our wives and children, will save Troy ;
 and thou (though he that makes
 Thy name so terrible) shalt make a sacri-
 fice to her
 With thine own ruins." Thus he threw,
 nor did his javelin err,
 But strook his foe's leg near his knee ; the
 fervent steel did ring
 Against his tin greaves, and leapt back ;
 the fire's strong-handed king
 Gave virtue of repulse. And then Æacides
 assail'd
 Divine Agenor ; but in vain ; Apollo's power
 prevail'd,

And rapt Agenor from his reach ; whom
 quietly he plac'd
 Without the skirmish, casting mists to
 save from being chased
 His tender'd person ; and (he gone) to give
 his soldiers scape,
 The deity turn'd Achilles still, by putting
 on the shape
 Of him he thirsted ; evermore he fed his
 eye, and fled,
 And he with all his knees pursued. So
 cunningly he led,
 That still he would be near his reach, to
 draw his rage, with hope,
 Far from the conflict ; to the flood main-
 taining still the scope
 Of his attraction. In mean time, the other
 frighted powers
 Came to the city, comforted ; when Troy
 and all her towers
 Strooted with fillers ; none would stand to
 see who stay'd without,
 Who scaped, and who came short : the
 ports cleft to receive the rout
 That pour'd itself in. Every man was for
 himself : most fleet,
 Most fortunate. Whoever scaped, his
 head might thank his feet.

THE END OF THE ONE AND TWENTIETH BOOK.

THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALL Trojans housed but Hector; only he
Keeps field, and undergoes th' extremity.
Æacides assaulting, Hector flies,
Minerva stays him, he resists, and dies.
Achilles to his chariot doth enforce,
And to the naval station drags his corse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Hector, in Chi, to death is done,
By power of Peleus' angry son.

THUS, chased like hinds, the Ilians took
time to drink and eat,
And to refresh them, getting off the
mingled dust and sweat,
And good strong rampires on instead.
The Greeks then cast their shields
aloft their shoulders; and now Fate their
near invasion yields
Of those tough walls, her deadly hand
compelling Hector's stay
Before Troy at the Scaean ports. Achilles
still made way
At Phœbus, who his bright head turn'd,
and ask'd: "Why, Peleus' son,
Pursuest thou (being a man) a god? thy
rage hath never done.
Acknowledge not thine eyes my state?
esteems thy mind no more
Thy honour in the chase of Troy, but
puts my chase before
Their utter conquest? they are all now
housed in Iliion,
While thou hunt'st me. What wishest
thou? my blood will never run
On thy proud javelin." "It is thou," re-
plied Æacides,
"That putt'st dishonour thus on me, thou
worst of deities.
Thou turn'dst me from the walls, whose
ports had never entertain'd
Numbers now enter'd, over whom thy
saving hand hath reign'd,
And robb'd my honour; and all is, since
all thy actions stand
Past fear of reckoning. But held I the
measure in my hand,

It should afford thee dear-bought scapes."

Thus with elated spirits,
Steed-like, that at Olympus' games wears
garlands for his merits,
And rattles home his chariot, extending all
his pride, [aged Priam spied
Achilles so parts with the god. When
The great Greek come, spher'd round with
beams, and showing as if the star,
Surnamed Orion's hound, that springs in
autumn, and sends far
His radiance through a world of stars, of
all whose beams his own
Cast greatest splendour, the midnight that
renders them most shown
Then being their foil; and on their points,
cure-passing fevers then
Come shaking down into the joints of
miserable men;
As this were fall'n to earth, and shot along
the field his rays [Æacides,
Now towards Priam, when he saw in great
Out flew his tender voice in shrieks, and
with raised hands he smit
His reverend head; then up to heaven he
cast them, shewing it
What plagues it sent him; down again
then threw them to his son,
To make him shun them. He now stood
without steep Iliion,
Thirsting the combat; and to him thus
miserably cried
The kind old king: "O Hector, fly this
man, this homicide,
That straight will stroy thee. He's too
strong, and would to heaven he were
As strong in heaven's love as in mine;
vultures and dogs should tear
His prostrate carcass, all my woes quench'd
with his bloody spirits.
He has robb'd me of many sons and
worthy, and their merits
Sold to far islands. Two of them, ay me,
I miss but now,
They are not enter'd, nor stay here.
Laothoe, O 'twas thou,
O queen of women, from whose womb they
breathed. O did the tents
Detain them only, brass and gold would
purchase safe events

To their sad durance; 'tis within; old
 Altes, young in fame,
 Gave plenty for his daughter's dower; but
 if they fed the flame
 Of this man's fury, woe is me, woe to my
 wretched queen.
 But in our state's woe their two deaths
 will nought at all be seen,
 So thy life quit them. Take the town,
 retire, dear son, and save
 Troy's husbands and her wives, nor give
 thine own life to the grave
 For this man's glory. Pity me, me,
 wretch, so long alive,
 Whom in the door of age Jove keeps;
 that so he may deprive
 My being, in fortune's utmost curse, to see
 the blackest thread
 Of this life's miseries; my sons slain, my
 daughters ravished,
 Their resting chambers sack'd, their babes,
 torn from them, on their knees
 Pleading for mercy, themselves dragg'd to
 Grecian slaveries,
 And all this drawn through my red eyes.
 Then last of all kneel I,
 Alone, all helpless at my gates, before my
 enemy, [deformity
 That ruthless gives me to my dogs, all the
 Of age discover'd; and all this thy death,
 sought wilfully,
 Will pour on me. A fair young man at
 all parts it bessems,
 Being bravely slain, to lie all gash'd, and
 wear the worst extremes
 Of war's most cruelty; no wound, of
 whatsoever ruth,
 But is his ornament: but I, a man so far
 from youth,
 White head, white-bearded, wrinkled,
 pined, all shames must shew the eye.
 Live, prevent this then, this most shame
 of all man's misery."
 Thus wept the old king, and tore off his
 white hair; yet all these
 Retired not Hector. Hecuba then fell
 upon her knees,
 Stripp'd naked her bosom, shew'd her
 breasts, and bade him reverence them,
 And pity her. If ever she had quieted his
 exclaim,
 He would cease hers, and take the town,
 not tempting the rude field
 When all had left it: "Think," said she,
 "I gave thee life to yield
 My life recomfort; thy rich wife shall have
 no rites of thee,
 Nor do thee rites; our tears shall pay thy
 corse no obsequy,
 Being ravish'd from us; Grecian dogs,
 nourish'd with what I nursed."
 Thus wept both these, and to his ruth
 proposed the utmost worst
 Of what could chance them; yet he stay'd.
 And now drew deadly near
 Mighty Achilles; yet he still kept deadly
 station there.
 Look how a dragon, when she sees a
 traveller bent upon
 Her breeding den; her bosom fed with
 fell contagion,
 Gathers her forces, sits him firm, and at
 his nearest pace
 Wraps all her cavern in her folds, and
 thrusts a horrid face
 Out at his entry; Hector so, with unex-
 tinguish'd spirit,
 Stood great Achilles, stirr'd no foot, but
 at the prominent turret
 Bent to his bright shield, and resolved to
 bear fall'n heaven on it.
 Yet all this resolute abode did not so truly
 fit [galling spur
 His free election; but he felt a much more
 To the performance, with conceit of what
 he should incur
 Entering, like others, for this cause; to
 which he thus gave way:
 "O me, if I shall take the town, Poly-
 damas will lay
 This flight and all this death on me; who
 counsell'd me to lead
 My powers to Troy this last black night,
 when so I saw make head
 Incensed Achilles. I yet stay'd, though,
 past all doubt, that course
 Had much more profited than mine;
 which, being by so much worse
 As comes to all our flight and death, my
 folly now I fear
 Hath bred this scandal, all our town now
 burns my ominous ear
 With whispering: 'Hector's self-conceit
 hath cast away his host.'
 And, this true, this extremity that I rely on
 most
 Is best for me: stay, and retire with this
 man's life; or die
 Here for our city with renown, since all
 else fled but I.
 And yet one way cuts both these ways:
 what if I hang my shield
 My helm and lance here on these walls,
 and meet in humble field
 Renown'd Achilles, offering him Helen and
 all the wealth,
 Whatever in his hollow keels bore
 Alexander's stealth

For both th' Atrides? For the rest, what-
 ever is possess'd [be confess'd
 In all this city, known or hid, by oath shall
 Of all our citizens; of which one half the
 Greeks shall have,
 One half themselves. But why, loved soul,
 would these suggestions save
 Thy state still in me? I'll not sue; nor
 would he grant, but I,
 Mine arms cast off, should be assured a
 woman's death to die.
 To men of oak and rock, no words; vir-
 gins and youths talk thus,
 Virgins and youths that love and woo;
 there's other war with us;
 What blows and conflicts urge, we cry;
 hates and defiances;
 And, with the garlands these trees bear,
 try which hand Jove will bless."
 These thoughts employ'd his stay; and
 now Achilles comes, now near
 His Mars-like presence terribly came brand-
 ishing his spear,
 His right arm shook it, his bright arms
 like day came glittering on,
 Like fire-light, or the light of heaven shot
 from the rising sun.
 This sight outwrought discourse, cold fear
 shook Hector from his stand;
 No more stay now; all ports were left; he
 fled in fear the hand
 Of that Fear-master; who, hawk-like, air's
 swiftest passenger,
 That holds a timorous dove in chase, and
 with command doth bear
 His fiery onset, the dove hastes, the hawk
 comes whizzing on,
 This way and that he turns and winds,
 and cuffs the pigeon,
 And, till he truss it, his great spirit lays
 hot charge on his wing;
 So urged Achilles Hector's flight; so still
 fear's point did sting
 His troubled spirit, his knees wrought
 hard, along the wall he flew,
 In that fair chariot way that runs, beneath
 the tower of view,
 And Troy's wild fig-tree, till they reach'd
 where those two mother-springs
 Of deep Scamander pour'd abroad their
 silver murmurings;
 One warm and casts out fumes as fire;
 the other cold as snow,
 Or hail dissolved. And when the sun
 made ardent summer glow,
 There water's concrete crystal shined; near
 which were cisterns made,
 All paved and clear, where Trojan wives
 and their fair daughters had

Laundry for their fine linen weeds, in
 times of cleanly peace,
 Before the Grecians brought their siege.
 These captains noted these,
 One flying, th' other in pursuit; a strong
 man flew before,
 A stronger follow'd him by far, and close
 up to him bore;
 Both did their best, for neither now ran
 for a sacrifice,
 Or for the sacrificer's hide, our runners'
 usual prize;
 These ran for tame-horse Hector's soul.
 And as two running steeds,
 Back'd in some set race for a game, that
 tries their swiftest speeds,
 (A tripod, or a woman, given for some
 man's funerals)
 Such speed made these men, and on foot
 ran thrice about the walls.*
 The gods beheld them, all much moved;
 and Jove said: "O ill-sight!
 A man I love much, I see forced in most
 unworthy flight
 About great Ilium. My heart grieves; he
 paid so many vows,
 With thighs of sacrificed beeves, both on
 the lofty brows
 Of Ida, and in Ilium's height. Consult we,
 shall we free
 His life from death, or give it now t'
 Achilles' victory?"
 Minerva answer'd: "Alter Fate? one
 long since mark'd for death
 Now take from death? do thou; but
 know, he still shall run beneath
 Our other censures." "Be it then," re-
 plied the Thunderer,
 "My loved Tritonia, at thy will; in this
 will prefer
 Thy free intention, work it all." Then
 stoop'd she from the sky
 To this great combat. Peleus' son pur-
 sued incessantly
 Still-flying Hector. As a hound that
 having roused a hart,
 Although he tappish ne'er so oft, and
 every shrubby part
 Attempts for strength, and trembles in, the
 hound doth still pursue
 So close that not a foot he fails, but hunts
 it still at view;
 So plied Achilles Hector's steps; as oft as
 he assay'd
 The Dardan ports and towers for strength
 (to fetch from thence some aid

* Up and down the walls, it is to be under-
 stood.

With winged shafts) so oft forced he
 amends of pace, and slept
 'Twixt him and all his hopes, and still
 upon the field he kept
 His utmost turnings to the town. And
 yet, as in a dream,
 One thinks he gives another chase, when
 such a fain'd extreme
 Posseseth both, that he in chase the
 chaser cannot fly,
 Nor can the chaser get to hand his flying
 enemy;*
 So nor Achilles' chase could reach the
 flight of Hector's pace,
 Nor Hector's flight enlarge itself of swift
 Achilles' chase.
 But how chanced this? how, all this
 time, could Hector bear the knees
 Of fierce Achilles with his own, and keep
 off destinies,
 If Phœbus, for his last and best, through
 all that course had fail'd
 To add his succours to his nerves, and, as
 his foe assail'd
 Near and within him, fed his 'scape?
 Achilles yet well knew
 His knees would fetch him, and gave
 signs to some friends (making shew
 Of shooting at him) to forbear, lest they
 detracted so [the overthrow
 From his full glory, in first wounds, and in
 Make his hand last. But when they
 reach'd the fourth time the two founts,
 Then Jove his golden scales weigh'd up,
 and took the last accounts
 Of fate for Hector, putting in for him
 and Peleus' son
 Two fates of bitter death; of which high
 heaven received the one,
 The other hell; so low declined the light
 of Hector's life.
 Then Phœbus left him, when war's Queen
 came to resolve the strife
 In th' other's knowledge: "Now," said
 she, "Jove-loved Æacides,
 I hope at last to make renown perform
 a brave access
 To all the Grecians; we shall now lay low
 this champion's height,
 Though never so insatiate was his great
 heart of fight.
 Nor must he scape our pursuit still,
 though at the feet of Jove
 Apollo bows into a sphere, soliciting more
 love

* A most ingenious simile, used (as all our
 Homer besides) by Virgil, but this as a trans-
 lator merely.

To his most favour'd. Breathe thee then,
 stand firm, myself will haste
 And hearten Hector to change blows."
 She went, and he stood fast,
 Lean'd on his lance, and much was joy'd
 that single strokes should try
 This fadging conflict. Then came close
 the changed deity
 To Hector, like Deiphobus in shape and
 voice, and said:
 "O brother, thou art too much urged to
 be thus combated
 About our own walls; let us stand, and
 force to a retreat
 Th' insulting chaser." Hector joy'd at this
 so kind deceit,
 And said: "O good Deiphobus, thy love
 was most before
 (Of all my brothers) dear to me, but now
 exceeding more
 It costs me honour, that, thus urged, thou
 comest to part the charge
 Of my last fortunes; other friends keep
 town, and leave at large
 My rack'd endeavours." She replied:
 "Good brother, 'tis most true
 One after other, king and queen, and all
 our friends, did sue,
 Even on their knees, to stay me there, such
 tremblings shake them all
 With this man's terror; but my mind so
 griev'd to see our wall
 Girt with thy chases, that to death I long'd
 to urge thy stay.
 Come, fight we, thirsty of his blood; no
 more let's fear to lay
 Cost on our lances, but approve, if,
 bloodied with our spoils,
 He can bear glory to their fleet, or shut up
 all their toils
 In his one sufferance on thy lance." With
 this deceit she led,
 And, both come near, thus Hector spake:
 "Thrice I have compassed
 This great town, Peleus' son, in flight, with
 aversation [all flight is flown,
 That out of fate put off my steps; but now
 The short course set up, death or life.
 Our resolutions yet
 Must shun all rudeness; and the gods
 before our valour set
 For use of victory; and they being wor-
 thiest witnesses
 Of all vows, since they keep vows best,
 before their deities
 Let vows of fit respect pass both, when
 Conquest hath bestow'd
 Her wreath on either. Here I vow no fury
 shall be show'd,

That is not manly, on thy corse ; but, having
 spoil'd thy arms,
 Resign thy person ; which swear thou." "These fair and temperate terms
 Far fled Achilles ; his brows bent, and out
 flew this reply :
 "Hector, thou only pestilence in all
 mortality
 To my sere spirits, never set the point
 'twixt thee and me
 Any conditions ; but as far as men and
 lions fly
 All terms of covenant, lambs and wolves ;
 in so far opposite state
 (Impossible for love t' atone) stand we, till
 our souls satiate
 The god of soldiers. Do not dream that
 our disjunction can
 Endure condition. Therefore now, all
 worth that fits a man
 Call to thee, all particular parts that fit a
 soldier,
 And they all this include (besides the skill
 and spirit of war)
 Hunger for slaughter, and a hate that eats
 thy heart to eat
 Thy foe's heart. This stirs, this supplies
 in death the killing heat ;
 And all this need'st thou. No more flight.
 Pallas Athena
 Will quickly cast thee to my lance. Now,
 now together draw
 All griefs for vengeance, both in me, and
 all my friends late dead
 That bled thee, raging with thy lance." "This said, he brandished
 His long lance, and away it sung ; which
 Hector giving view,
 Stoop'd low, stood firm, foreseeing it best,
 and quite it overflow,
 Fastening on earth. Athena* drew it,
 and gave her friend,
 Unseen of Hector. Hector then thus
 spake : "Thou want'st thy end,
 God-like Achilles. Now I see, thou hast
 not learn'd my fate
 Of Jove at all, as thy high words would
 bravely intimate.
 Much tongue affects thee ; cunning words
 well serve thee to prepare
 Thy blows with threats, that mine might
 faint with want of spirit to dare.
 But my back never turns with breath ; it
 was not born to bear
 Burthens of wounds ; strike home before ;
 drive at my breast thy spear,

As mine at thine shall, and try then if
 heaven's will favour thee
 With scape of my lance. O would Jove
 would take it after me,
 And make thy bosom take it all ; an easy
 end would crown
 Our difficult wars, were thy soul fled,
 thou most bane of our town."
 Thus flew his dart, touch'd at the midst
 of his vast shield, and flew
 A huge way from it ; but his heart wrath
 enter'd with the view
 Of that hard scape, and heavy thoughts
 strook through him, when he spied
 His brother vanish'd, and no lance beside
 left ; out he cried :
 "Deiphobus ! another lance." Lance nor
 Deiphobus
 Stood near his call. And then his mind
 saw all things ominous,
 And thus suggested : "Woe is me, the
 gods have call'd, and I
 Must meet death here ; Deiphobus I well
 hoped had been by
 With his white shield ; but our strong walls
 shield him, and this deceit
 Flows from Minerva ; now, O now, ill
 death comes, no more flight,
 No more recovery. O Jove, this hath
 been otherwise ;
 Thy bright son and thyself have set the
 Greeks a greater prize
 Of Hector's blood than now ; of which,
 even jealous, you had care.
 But Fate now conquers ; I am hers ; and
 yet not she shall share
 In my renown ; that life is left to every
 noble spirit,
 And that some great deed shall beget that
 all lives shall inherit."
 Thus, forth his sword flew, sharp and
 broad, and bore a deadly weight,
 With which he rush'd in. And look how
 an eagle from her height
 Stoops to the rapture of a lamb, or cuffs a
 timorous hare ; [his mind's fare
 So fell in Hector ; and at him Achilles ;
 Was fierce and mighty, his shield cast a
 sun-like radiance,
 Helm nodded, and his four plumes shook,
 and, when he raised his lance,
 Up Hesperus rose 'mongst th' evening
 stars. His bright and sparkling eyes
 Look'd through the body of his foe, and
 sought through all that prise
 The next way to his thirsted life. Of all
 the ways, only one
 Appear'd to him, and that was where th'
 unequal winding bone,

* Pallas.

That joins the shoulders and the neck,
had place, and where there lay
The speeding way to death; and there his
quick eye could display

The place it sought, even through those
arms his friend Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him. There he aim'd,
and there his javelin tore

Stern passage quite through Hector's neck;
yet miss'd it so his throat

It gave him power to change some words;
but down to earth it got

His fainting body. Then triumph'd divine
Æacides:

"Hector," said he, "thy heart supposed
that in my friend's decease

Thy life was safe; my absent arm not
cared for. Fool! he left

One at the fleet that better'd him, and he
it is that rest

Thy strong knees thus; and now the dogs
and fowls in foulest use

Shall tear thee up, thy corse exposed to all
the Greeks' abuse."

He, fainting, said: "Let me implore,
even by thy knees and soul,

And thy great parents, do not see a cruelty
so foul

Inflicted on me. Brass and gold receive at
And quit my person, that the peers and
ladies of our state

May tomb it, and to sacred fire turn thy
profane decrees."

"Dog," he replied, "urge not my ruth,
by parents, soul, nor knees.

I would to God that any rage would let
me eat thee raw,

Sliced into pieces, so beyond the right of
any law

I taste thy merits. And, believe, it flies
the force of man

To rescue thy head from the dogs. Give
all the gold they can;

If ten or twenty times so much as friends
would rate thy price

Were tender'd here, with vows of more, to
buy the cruelties

I here have vow'd; and after that thy
father with his gold

Would free thyself; all that should fail to
let thy mother hold

Solemnities of death with thee, and do
thee such a grace

To mourn thy whole corse on a bed; which
piecemeal I'll deface

With fowls and dogs." He, dying, said:
"I, knowing thee well, foresaw

Thy now tried tyranny, nor hoped for any
other law

Of nature, or of nations; and that fear
forced much more

Than death my flight, which never touch'd
at Hector's foot before.

A soul of iron informs thee; mark, what
vengeance th' equal fates

Will give me of thee for this rage, when in
the Scæan gates

Phœbus and Paris meet with thee." Thus
death's hand closed his eyes,

His soul flying his fair limbs to hell,
mourning his destinies,

To part so with his youth and strength.
Thus dead, thus Thetis' son

His prophecy answer'd: "Die thou now;
when my short thread is spun,

I'll bear it as the will of Jove." This said,
his brazen spear

He drew, and stuck by; then his arms,
that all embrued were,

He spoil'd his shoulders of. Then all the
Greeks ran in to him,

To see his person, and admired his terror-
stirring limb;

Yet none stood by that gave no wound to
his so goodly form;

When each to other said: "O Jove, he is
not in the storm

He came to fleet in with his fire, he handles
now more soft."

"O friends," said stern Æacides, "now
that the gods have brought

This man thus down, I'll freely say, he
brought more bane to Greece

Than all his aiders. Try we then, thus
arm'd at every piece,

And girding all Troy with our host, if now
their hearts will leave

Their city clear, her clear stay slain, and
all their lives receive,

Or hold yet, Hector being no more. But
why use I a word

Of any act but what concerns my friend?
dead, undeplord,

Unsepulchred, he lies at fleet, unthought
on; never hour

Shall make his dead state, while the quick
enjoys me, and this power

To move these movers. Though in hell,
men say, that such as die

Oblivion seizeth, yet in hell in me shall
Memory

Hold all her forms still of my friend. Now,
youths of Greece, to fleet

Bear we this body, pæans sing, and all our
navy greet

With endless honour; we have slain Hector,
Of all Troy's glory, to whose worth all
vow'd as to a god."

This said, a work not worthy him he set
to ; of both feet
He bored the nerves through from the heel
to th' ankle, and then knit
Both to his chariot with a thong of whit-
leather, his head
Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot,
where he laid
The arms repurchased, and scoured on
his horse that freely flew.
A whirlwind made of startled dust drave
with them as they drew,
With which were all his black-brown curls
knotted in heaps and filed.
And there lay Troy's late Gracious, by
Jupiter exiled [parents seen ;
To all disgrace, in his own land, and by his
When (like her son's head) all with dust
Troy's miserable queen
Distain'd her temples, plucking off her
honour'd hair, and tore
Her royal garments, shrieking out. In like
kind Priam bore
His sacred person, like a wretch that never
saw good day,
Broken with outcries. About both, the
people prostrate lay,
Held down with clamour ; all the town
veil'd with a cloud of tears.
Ilium, with all his tops on fire, and all the
massacres,
Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of
no more overthrow
Than now fray'd life. And yet the king did
all their looks outshew.
The wretched people could not bear his
sovereign wretchedness,
Plaguering himself so, thrusting out, and
praying all the press
To open him the Dardan ports, that he
alone might fetch
His dearest son in ; and (all filed with
tumbling) did beseech
Each man by name, thus : " Loved friends,
be you content, let me,
Though much ye grieve, be that poor mean
to our sad remedy
Now in our wishes ; I will go and pray
this impious man,
Author of horrors, making proof if age's
reverence can
Excite his pity. His own sire is old like
me ; and he
That got him to our griefs, perhaps, may,
for my likeness, be
Mean for our ruth to him. Alas, you have
no cause of cares,
Compared with me ; I many sons, graced
with their freshest years,

Have lost by him, and all their deaths in
slaughter of this one
(Afflicted man) are doubled. This will
bitterly set gone
My soul to hell. O would to heaven, I
could but hold him dead
In these pined arms, then tears on tears
might fall, till all were shed
In common fortune. Now amaze their
natural course doth stop,
And pricks a mad vein." Thus he mourn'd,
and with him all brake ope
Their store of sorrows. The poor Queen
amongst the women wept,
Turn'd into anguish : " O my son," she
cried out, " why still kept
Patient of horrors is my life, when thine is
vanish'd ?
My days thou glorifiedst ; my nights rung
of some honour'd deed
Done by thy virtues : joy to me, profit to
all our care.
All made a god of thee, and thou madest
them all that they are,
Now under fate, now dead." These two
thus vented as they could
Their sorrow's furnace ; Hector's wife not
having yet been told
So much as of his stay without. She in
her chamber close
Sat at her loom ; a piece of work, graced
with a both sides gloss,
Strew'd curiously with varied flowers, her
pleasure was ; her care,
To heat a caldron for her lord, to bathe him
turn'd from war,
Of which she chief charge gave her maids.
Poor dame, she little knew
How much her cares lack'd of his case.
But now the clamour flew
Up to her turret ; then she shook, her work
fell from her hand,
And up she started, call'd her maids ; she
needs must understand
That ominous outcry : " Come," said she ;
" I hear through all this cry
My mother's voice shriek ; to my throat
my heart bounds ; ecstasy
Utterly alters me ; some fate is near the
hapless sons [suspicious
Of fading Priam. Would to God my words'
No ear had heard yet : O I fear, and that
most heartily,
That, with some stratagem, the son of
Peleus hath put by
The wall of Ilium, my lord ; and, trusty of
his feet,
Obtain'd the chase of him alone, and now
the curious heat

Of his still desperate spirit is cool'd. It let
 him never keep [foot must step,
 In guard of others; before all his violent
 Or his place forfeited he held." Thus fury-
 like she went,
 Two women, as she will'd, at hand; and
 made her quick ascent
 Up to the tower and press of men, her
 spirit in uproar. Round
 She cast her greedy eye, and saw her
 Hector slain, and bound
 T' Achilles' chariot, manlessly dragg'd to
 the Grecian fleet.
 Black night strook through her, under her
 trance took away her feet,
 And back she shrunk with such a sway that
 off her head-tire flew, [Venus threw
 Her coronet, caul, ribands, veil that golden
 On her white shoulders that high day when
 warlike Hector won [Eetion,
 Her hand in nuptials in the court of king
 And that great dower then given with her.
 About her, on their knees,
 Her husband's sisters, brothers' wives, fell
 round, and by degrees
 Recover'd her. Then, when again her
 respirations found
 Free pass (her mind and spirit met) these
 thoughts her words did sound:
 "O Hector, O me, cursed dame, both
 born beneath one fate,
 Thou here, I in Cilician Thebes, where
 Placus doth elate [Eetion,
 His shady forehead, in the court where king
 (Hapless) begot unhappy me; which would
 he had not done,
 To live past thee: thou now art dived to
 Pluto's gloomy throne,
 Sunk through the coverts of the earth; I,
 in a hell of moan,
 Left here thy widow; one poor babe born
 to unhappy both,
 Whom thou leavest helpless as he thee, he
 born to all the wroth
 Of woe and labour. Lands left him will
 others seize upon;
 The orphan day of all friends' helps robs
 every mother's son.
 An orphan all men suffer sad; his eyes
 stand still with tears:
 Need tries his father's friends, and fails;
 of all his favourers,

If one the cup gives, 'tis not long, the wine
 he finds in it
 Scarce moist his palate; if he chance to
 gain the grace to sit,
 Surviving fathers' sons repine; use con-
 tumelies, strike,
 Bid, 'leave us, where's thy father's place?'
 He, weeping with dislike,
 Retires to me, to me, alas, Astyanax
 is he
 Born to these miseries; he that late fed on
 his father's knee,
 To whom all knees bow'd, daintiest fare
 apposed him; and when sleep
 Lay on his temples, his cries still'd (his
 heart even laid in steep
 Of all things precious) a soft bed, a careful
 nurse's arms,
 Took him to guardianship. But now as
 huge a world of harms
 Lies on his sufferance; now thou want'st
 thy father's hand to friend,
 O my Astyanax; O my lord, thy hand
 that did defend
 These gates of Ilium, these long walls by
 thy arm measured still
 Amply and only. Yet at fleet thy naked
 corse must fill
 Vile worms, when dogs are satiate; far
 from thy parents' care.
 Far from those funeral ornaments that thy
 mind would prepare
 (So sudden being the chance of arms) ever
 expecting death.
 Which task, though my heart would not
 serve t' employ my hands beneath,
 I made my women yet perform. Many,
 and much in price,
 Were those integuments they wrought t'
 adorn thy exequies;
 Which, since they fly thy use, thy corse
 not laid in their attire,
 Thy sacrifice they shall be made; these
 hands in mischievous fire
 Shall vent their vanities. And yet, being
 consecrate to thee,
 Thy shall be kept for citizens, and their
 fair wives, to see."
 Thus spake she weeping; all the dames
 endeavouring to cheer
 Her desert state, fearing their own, wept
 with her tear for tear.

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ACHILLES orders justs of exequies
For his Patroclus ; and doth sacrifice
Twelve Trojan princes, most loved hounds and
horse,
And other offerings, to the honour'd corse.
He institutes, besides, a funeral game ;
Where Diomed, for horse-race, wins the fame ;
For foot, Ulysses ; others otherwise
Strive, and obtain ; and end the exequies.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Psi sings the rites of the decease,
Ordain'd by great Æacides.

THUS mourn'd all Troy : but when at
fleet and Hellespontus' shore
The Greeks arrived, each to his ship ; only
The Conqueror
Kept undispersed his Myrmidons, and
said : " Loved countrymen,
Disjoin not we chariots and horse ; but,
bearing hard our rein,
With state of both, march soft, and close,
and mourn about the corse ;
'Tis proper honour to the dead. Then
take we out our horse,
When with our friends' kind's woe our
hearts have felt delight to do
A virtuous soul right, and then sup."
This said, all full of woe
Circled the corse ; Achilles led, and thrice,
about him close,
All bore their goodly-coated horse.
Amongst all Thetis rose,
And stirr'd up a delight in grief, till all
their arms with tears,
And all the sands, were wet ; so much
they loved that Lord of Fears.
Then to the centre fell the prince ; and,
putting in the breast
Of his slain friend his slaughtering hands,
began to all the rest
Words to their tears : " Rejoice," said he,
" O my Patroclus, thou
Court'd by Dis now : now I pay to thy
late overthrow

All my revenges vow'd before. Hector
lies slaughter'd here
Dragg'd at my chariot, and our dogs shall
all in pieces tear
His hated limbs. Twelve Trojan youths,
born of their noblest strains,
I took alive ; and, yet enraged, will empty
all their veins
Of vital spirits, sacrificed before thy heap
of fire."

This said, a work unworthy him he put
upon his ire,
And trampled Hector under foot at his
friend's feet. The rest
Disarm'd, took horse from chariot, and all
to sleep address'd
At his black vessel. Infinite were those
that rested there.
Himself yet sleeps not, now his spirits
were wrought about the cheer
Fit for so high a funeral. About the steel
used then
Oxen in heaps lay bellowing, preparing
food for men ;
Bleating of sheep and goats fill'd air ;
numbers of white-tooth'd swine,
Swimming in fat, lay singeing there : the
person of the slain
Was girt with slaughter. All this done,
all the Greek kings convey'd
Achilles to the king of men ; his rage not
yet allay'd
For his Patroclus. Being arrived at Aga-
memnon's tent,
Himself bade heralds put to fire a caldron,
and present
The service of it to the prince, to try if
they could win
His pleasure to admit their pains to cleanse
the blood soak'd in
About his conquering hands and brows.
" Not by the king of heaven,"
He swore. " The laws of friendship damn
this false-heart licence given
To men that lose friends. Not a drop
shall touch me till I put
Patroclus in the funeral pile ; before these
curls be cut ;

His tomb erected. 'Tis the last of all care
 I shall take,
 While I consort the careful. Yet, for your
 entreaties' sake,
 And though I loathe food, I will eat. But
 early in the morn,
 Atrides, use your strict command that
 loads of wood be borne
 To our design'd place, all that fits to light
 home such a one
 As is to pass the shades of death, that fire
 enough set gone
 His person quickly from our eyes, and our
 diverted men
 May ply their business." This all ears did
 freely entertain,
 And found observance. Then they supp'd
 with all things fit, and all
 Repair'd to tents and rest. The friend the
 shores marital
 Sought for his bed, and found a place,
 fair, and upon which play'd
 The murmuring billows. There his limbs
 to rest, not sleep, he laid,
 Heavily sighing. Round about, silent and
 not too near,
 Stood all his Myrmidons; when straight,
 so over-labour'd were
 His goodly lineaments with chase of Hec-
 tor, that, beyond
 His resolution not to sleep, Sleep cast his
 sudden bond
 Over his sense, and loosed his care. Then
 of his wretched friend
 The soul appear'd; at every part the form
 did comprehend
 His likeness; his fair eyes, his voice, his
 stature, every weed
 His person wore, it fantasied; and stood
 above his head,
 This sad speech uttering: "Dost thou
 sleep? Æacides, am I
 Forgotten of thee? Being alive, I found
 thy memory [love abates.
 Ever respectful; but now, dead, thy dying
 Inter me quickly, enter me in Pluto's iron
 gates,
 For now the souls (the shades) of men,
 fled from this being, beat
 My spirit from rest, and stay my much-
 desired receipt
 Amongst souls placed beyond the flood.
 Now every way I err
 About this broad-door'd house of Dis. O
 help then to prefer
 My soul yet further: here I mourn, but,
 had the funeral fire
 Consumed my body, never more my spirit
 should retire

From hell's low region; from thence souls
 never are retrieved
 To talk with friends here; nor shall I; a
 hateful fate deprived
 My being here, that at my birth was fix'd;
 and to such fate
 Even thou, O god-like man, art mark'd;
 the deadly Iliou gate
 Must entertain thy death. O then, I
 charge thee now, take care
 That our bones part not; but as life com-
 bined in equal fare
 Our loving beings, so let death. When
 from Opunta's towers
 My father brought me to your roofs (since,
 'gainst my will, my powers
 Incensed, and indiscreet at dice, slew fair
 Amphidamas)
 Then Peleus entertain'd me well; then in
 thy charge I was
 By his injunction and thy love; and
 therein let me still
 Receive protection. Both our bones, pro-
 vide in thy last will,
 That one urn may contain; and make
 that vessel all of gold,
 That Thetis gave thee, that rich urn."
 This said, Sleep ceased to hold
 Achilles' temples, and the shade thus he
 received: "O friend,
 What needed these commands? my care,
 before, meant to commend
 My bones to thine, and in that urn. Be
 sure thy will is done.
 A little stay yet, let's delight, with some
 full passion
 Of woe enough, either's affects; embrace
 we." Opening thus
 His greedy arms, he felt no friend; like
 matter vaporous
 The spirit vanish'd under earth, and mur-
 mur'd in his stoop.
 Achilles started, both his hands he clapp'd,
 and lifted up,
 In this sort wondering: "O ye gods, I
 see we have a soul
 In th' under-dwellings, and a kind of man-
 resembling idol;
 The soul's seat yet, all matter felt, stays
 with the carcass here.
 O friends, hapless Patroclus' soul did all
 this night appear
 Weeping and making moan to me, com-
 manding everything
 That I intended towards him; so truly
 figuring [accident did turn
 Himself at all parts, as was strange." This
 To much more sorrow, and begat a greed-
 iness to mourn

In all that heard. When mourning thus,
 the rosy Morn arose,
 And Agamemnon through the tents waked
 all, and did dispose
 Both men and mules for carriage of matter
 for the fire ;
 Of all which work Meriones, the Cretan
 sovereign's squire,
 Was captain ; and abroad they went.
 Wood-cutting tools they bore
 Of all hands, and well-twisted cords. The
 mules march'd all before.
 Up hill, and down hill, overthwarts, and
 break-neck cliffs they pass'd ;
 But, when the fountful Ida's tops they
 scaled with utmost haste,
 All fell upon the high-hair'd oaks, and
 down their curled brows
 Fell bustling to the earth ; and up went all
 the boles and boughs
 Bound to the mules ; and back again they
 parted the harsh way
 Amongst them through the tangling shrubs ;
 and long they thought the day
 Till in the plain field all arrived, for all the
 woodmen bore
 Logs on their necks ; Meriones would
 have it so. The shore
 At last they reach'd yet, and then down
 their carriages they cast,
 And sat upon them, where the son of
 Peleus had placed
 The ground for his great sepulchre, and
 for his friend's, in one.
 They raised a huge pile, and to arms
 went every Myrmidon,
 Charged by Achilles ; chariots and horse
 were harnessed,
 Fighters and charioteers got up, and they
 the sad march led,
 A cloud of infinite foot behind. In midst
 of all was borne
 Patroclus' person by his peers. On him
 were all heads shorn,
 Even till they cover'd him with curls.
 Next to him march'd his friend
 Embracing his cold neck, all sad ; since
 now he was to send
 His dearest to his endless home. Arrived
 all where the wood
 Was heap'd for funeral, they set down.
 Apart Achilles stood,
 And when enough wood was heap'd on,
 he cut his golden hair,
 Long kept for Sperchius the flood, in hope
 of safe repair [left hopeless thus,
 To Phthia by that river's power ; but now
 Enraged, and looking on the sea, he cried
 out : " Sperchius,

In vain my father's piety vow'd, at my im-
 plored return
 To my loved country, that these curls
 should on thy shores be shorn,
 Besides a sacred hecatomb ; and sacrifice
 beside
 Of fifty wethers, at those founts, where
 men have edified [thy name.
 A lofty temple, and perfumed an altar to
 There vow'd he all these offerings ; but
 fate prevents thy fame,
 His hopes not suffering satisfied. And
 since I never move
 Shall see my loved soil, my friend's hands
 shall to the Stygian shore
 Convey these treasures." Thus he put in his
 friend's hands the hair ;
 And this bred fresh desire of moan ; and
 in that sad affair
 The sun had set amongst them all, had
 Thetis' son not spoke
 Thus to Atrides : " King of men, thy aid
 I still invoke,
 Since thy command all men still hear :
 dismiss thy soldiers now,
 And let them victual ; they have mourn'd
 sufficient ; 'tis we owe
 The dead this honour ; and with us let all
 the captains stay."
 This heard, Atrides instantly the soldiers
 sent away ;
 The funeral officers remain'd, and heap'd
 on matter still,
 Till of an hundred foot about they made
 the funeral pile,
 In whose hot height they cast the corse,
 and then they pour'd on tears.
 Numbers of fat sheep, and like store of
 crooked-going steers,
 They slew before the solemn fire ; stripp'd
 off their hides and dress'd.
 Of which Achilles took the fat, and
 cover'd the deceased
 From head to foot ; and round about he
 made the officers pile
 The beasts' naked bodies ; vessels full of
 honey and of oil
 Pour'd in them, laid upon a bier, and cast
 into the fire.
 Four goodly horse ; and of nine hounds,
 two most in the desire
 Of that great prince, and trencher-fed ; all
 fed that hungry flame.
 Twelve Trojan princes last stood forth,
 young, and of toward fame,
 All which (set on with wicked spirits) there
 strook he, there he slew,
 And to the iron strength of fire their noble
 limbs he threw.

Then breathed his last sighs, and these words : " Again rejoice, my friend, Even in the joyless depth of hell. Now give I complete end
To all my vows. Alone thy life sustain'd not violence ;
Twelve Trojan princes wait on thee, and labour to incense
Thy glorious heap of funeral. Great Hector I'll excuse,
The dogs shall eat him." These high threats perform'd not their abuse ;
Jove's daughter, Venus, took the guard of noble Hector's corse,
And kept the dogs off, night and day applying sovereign force
Of rosy balms, that to the dogs were horrible in taste,
And with which she the body fill'd. Renown'd Apollo cast
A cloud from heaven, lest with the sun the nerves and lineaments
Might dry and putrefy. And now some powers denied consents
To this solemnity ; the fire (for all the oily fuel
It had injected) would not burn ; and then the loving Cruel
Studied for help, and, standing off, invoked the two fair winds,
Zephyr and Boreas, to afford the rage of both their kinds
To aid his outrage. Precious gifts his earnest zeal did vow,
Pour'd from a golden bowl much wine, and pray'd them both to blow,
That quickly his friend's corse might burn, and that heap's sturdy breast
Embrace consumption. Iris heard : the winds were at a feast,
All in the court of Zephyrus, that boisterous blowing air,
Gather'd together. She that wears the thousand-colour'd hair
Flew thither, standing in the porch. They, seeing her, all arose,
Called to her, every one desired she would awhile repose,
And eat with them. She answer'd : " No, no place of seat is here ;
Retreat calls to the Ocean and Æthiopia, where
A hecatomb is offering now to heaven, and there must I [signify
Partake the feast of sacrifice. I come to That Thetis' son implores your aids (princes of North and West),
With vows of much fair sacrifice, if each will set his breast

Against his heap of funeral, and make it quickly burn ;

Patroclus lies there, whose decease all the Achaians mourn."

She said, and parted ; and out rush'd, with an unmeasured roar,

Those two winds, tumbling clouds in heaps, ushers to either's blow.

And instantly they reach'd the sea ; up flew the waves ; the gale

Was strong ; reach'd fruitful Troy ; and full upon the fire they fall.

The huge heap thunder'd. All night long from his choked breast they blew

A liberal flame up ; and all night swift-foot Achilles threw

Wine from a golden bowl on earth, and steep'd the soil in wine,

Still calling on Patroclus' soul. No father could incline

More to a son most dear, nor more mourn at his burned bones,

Than did the great prince to his friend at his combustions,

Still creeping near and near the heap ; still sighing, weeping still.

But when the day-star look'd abroad, and promised from his hill

Light, which the saffron morn made good, and sprinkled on the seas,

Then languish'd the great pile ; then sunk the flames ; and then calm Peace

Turn'd back the rough winds to their homes ; the Thracian billow rings

Their high retreat, ruffled with cuffs of their triumphant wings.

Pelides then forsook the pile, and to his tired limb

Chos'd place of rest ; where laid, sweet sleep fell to his wish on him.

When all the king's guard (waiting then, perceiving will to rise

In that great session) hurried in, and oped again his eyes

With tumult of their troop, and haste. A little then he rear'd [affair refer'd

His troubled person, sitting up, and this To wish'd commandment of the kings :

" Atrides, and the rest Of our commanders general, vouchsafe me this request

Before your parting : give in charge the quenching with black wine

Of this heap's relics ; every brand the yellow fire made shine ;

And then let search Patroclus' bones, distinguishing them well ;

As well ye may, they kept the midst, the rest at random fell

About th' extreme part of the pile; men's bones and horses' mix'd.
 Being found, I'll find an urn of gold t' enclose them, and betwixt
 The air and them two kels of fat lay on them, and to rest
 Commit them, till mine own bones seal our love, my soul deceased.
 The sepulchre I have not charged to make of too much state,
 But of a model something mean, that you of younger fate,
 When I am gone, may amplify with such a breadth and height
 As fits your judgments and our worths." This charge received his weight
 In all observance: first they quench'd with sable wine the heap,
 As far as it had fed the flame. The ash fell wondrous deep,
 In which his consorts, that his life religiously loved,
 Search'd, weeping, for his bones; which found, they conscientiously proved
 His will made to Æacides, and what his love did add.
 A golden vessel, double fat, contain'd them; all which, clad
 In veils of linen, pure and rich, were solemnly convey'd
 T' Achilles' tent. The platform then about the pile they laid [earth, and then
 Of his fit sepulchre, and raised a heap of Offer'd departure. But the prince retain'd there still his men,
 Employing them to fetch from fleet rich tripods for his games,
 Caldrons, horse, mules, broad-headed beeves, bright steel, and brighter dames.
 The best at horse-race he ordain'd a lady for his prize,
 Generally praiseful, fair and young, and skill'd in housewiferies
 Of all kinds fitting; and withal a trivet, that inclosed
 Twenty-two measures' room, with ears.
 The next prize he proposed
 Was (that which then had high respect) a mare of six years old,
 Unhandled, horsed with a mule, and ready to have foal'd.
 The third game was a caldron, new, fair, bright, and could for size
 Contain two measures. For the fourth, two talents' quantities
 Of finest gold. The fifth game was a great new standing bowl,
 To set down both ways. These brought in, Achilles then stood up,

And said: "Atrides and my lords, chief horsemen of our host,
 These games expect ye. If myself should interpose my most
 For our horse-race, I make no doubt but I should take again
 These gifts proposed. Ye all know well, of how divine a strain
 My horse are, and how eminent. Of Neptune's gift they are
 To Peleus, and of his to me. Myself then will not share
 In gifts given others, nor my steeds breathe any spirit to shake
 Their airy pasterns; so they mourn for their kind guider's sake,
 Late lost; that used with humorous oil to slick their lofty manes,
 Clear water having cleansed them first, and, his bane being their banes,
 Those lofty manes now strew the earth, their heads held shaken down.
 You then that trust in chariots, and hope with horse to crown
 Your conquering temples, gird yourselves; now, fame and prize stretch for,
 All that have spirits." This fired all; the first competitor
 Was king Eumelus, whom the art of horsemanship did grace,
 Son to Admetus. Next to him rose Diomed to the race,
 That under reins ruled Trojan horse, of late forced from the son [fusion
 Of lord Anchises, himself freed of near con-By Phœbus. Next to him set forth the yellow-headed king
 Of Lacedæmon, Jove's high seed; and, in his managing,
 Podargus and swift Æthe trod, steeds to the King of men;
 Æthe given by Echepolus, the Anchisaden,
 As bribe to free him from the war resolved for Ilium;
 So Delicacy feasted him, whom Jove bestow'd upon
 A mighty wealth; his dwelling was in broad Sicyone.
 Old Nestor's son, Antilochus, was fourth for chivalry
 In this contention; his fair horse were of the Pylion breed,
 And his old father, coming near, inform'd him (for good speed)
 With good race notes, in which himself could good instruction give:
 "Antilochus, though young thou art, yet thy grave virtues live

Beloved of Neptune and of Jove: their spirits have taught thee all
 The art of horsemanship, for which the less thy merits fall
 In need of doctrine. Well thy skill can wield a chariot
 In all fit turnings, yet thy horse their slow feet handle not
 As fits thy manage, which makes me cast doubts of thy success.
 I well know all these are not seen in art of this address
 More than thyself; their horses yet superior are to thine
 For their parts; thine want speed to make discharge of a design
 To please an artist. But go on, shew but thy art and heart
 At all points, and set them against their horses' heart and art;
 Good judges will not see thee lose. A carpenter's desert
 Stands more in cunning than in power. A pilot doth avert
 His vessel from the rock, and wrack, toss'd with the churlish winds,
 By skill, not strength: so sorts it here; one charioteer that finds
 Want of another's power in horse must in his own skill set
 An overplus of that to that; and so the proof will get
 Skill, that still rests within a man, more grace than power without.
 He that in horse and chariots trusts, is often hurl'd about
 This way and that, unhandsomely, all heaven wide of his end.
 He, better skill'd, that rules worse horse, will all observance bend
 Right on the scope still of a race, bear near, know when to rein,
 When give rein, as his foe before (well noted in his vein
 Of manage and his steeds' estate) presents occasion.
 I'll give thee instance now, as plain as if thou saw'st it done:
 Here stands a dry stub of some tree,* a cubit from the ground,
 (Suppose the stub of oak or larch, for either are so sound
 That neither rots with wet) two stones, white (mark you), white for view,
 Parted on either side the stub; and these lay where they drew

* A comment might well be bestowed upon this speech of Nestor.

The way into a strait; the race betwixt both lying clear.
 Imagine them some monument of one long since tomb'd there.
 Or that they had been lists of race for men of former years,
 As now the lists Achilles sets may serve for charioteers
 Many years hence. When near to these the race grows, then as right
 Drive on them as thy eye can judge; then lay thy bridle's weight
 Most of thy left side; thy right horse then switching, all thy throat
 (Spent in encouragements) give him, and all the rein let float
 About his shoulders; thy near horse will yet be he that gave
 Thy skill the prize, and him rein so his head may touch the nave
 Of thy left wheel; but then take care thou runn'st not on the stone
 (With wrack of horse and chariot) which so thou bear'st upon.
 Shipwrack within the haven avoid, by all means; that will breed
 Others delight, and thee a shame. Be wise then, and take heed,
 My loved son, get but to be first at turning in the course;
 He lives not that can cote thee then, not if he back'd the horse
 The gods bred, and Adrastus owed. Divine Arion's speed
 Could not outpace thee, or the horse Laomedon did breed,
 Whose race is famous, and fed here." Thus sat Neleides,
 When all that could be said was said.* And then Meriones
 Set fifthly forth his fair-maned horse. All leapt to chariot;
 And every man then for the start cast in his proper lot.
 Achilles drew; Antilochus the lot set foremost forth;
 Eumelus next; Atrides third; Meriones the fourth;
 The fifth and last was Diomed, far first in excellence.
 All stood in order, and the lists Achilles fix'd far thence
 In plain field; and a seat ordain'd fast by, in which he set
 Renowned Phoenix, that in grace of Peleus was so great,

* Nestor's aged love of speech was here briefly noted.

To see the race, and give a truth of all their passages.
 All start together, scourged, and cried, and gave their business
 Study and order. Through the field they held a winged pace.
 Beneath the bosom of their steeds a dust so dimm'd the race,
 It stood above their heads in clouds, or like to storms amazed.
 Manes flew like ensigns with the wind. The chariots sometime grazed,
 And sometimes jump'd up to the air; yet still sat fast the men,
 Their spirits even panting in their breasts with fervour to obtain.
 But when they turn'd to fleet again, then all men's skills were tried,
 Then stretch'd the pasterns of their steeds. Eumelus' horse in pride
 Still bore their sovereign. After them came Diomed's coursers close, [repose
 Still apt to leap their chariot, and ready to Upon the shoulders of their king their heads; his back even burn'd
 With fire that from their nostrils flew; and then their lord had turn'd
 The race for him, or given it doubt, if Phœbus had not smit
 The scourge out of his hands, and tears of helpless wrath with it
 From forth his eyes, to see his horse for want of scourge made slow,
 And th' others, by Apollo's help, with much more swiftness go.
 Apollo's spite Pallas discern'd, and flew to Tydeus' son,
 His scourge reach'd, and his horse made fresh. Then took her angry run
 At king Eumelus, brake his gears; his mares on both sides flew,
 His draught-tree fell to earth, and him the toss'd-up chariot threw
 Down to the earth, his elbows torn, his forehead, all his face
 Strook at the centre, his speech lost. And then the turned race
 Fell to Tydides; before all his conquering horse he drave,
 And first he glitter'd in the race; divine Athenia gave
 Strength to his horse, and fame to him. Next him drave Sparta's king.
 Antilochus his father's horse then urged with all his sting
 Of scourge and voice: "Run low," said he, "stretch out your limbs, and fly;
 With Diomed's horse I bid not strive, nor with himself strive I;

Athenia wings his horse, and him renowns; Atrides' steeds
 Are they ye must not fail but reach; and soon, lest soon succeeds
 The blot of all your fames, to yield in swiftness to a mare,
 To female Æthe. What's the cause, ye best that ever were,
 That thus ye fail us? Be assured, that Nestor's love ye lose
 For ever, if ye fail his son: through both your both sides goes
 His hot steel, if ye suffer me to bring the last prize home.
 Haste, overtake them instantly; we needs must overcome.
 This harsh way next us, this my mind will take, this I despise
 For peril, this I'll creep through: hard the way to honour lies,
 And that take I, and that shall yield." His horse by all this knew
 He was not pleased, and fear'd his voice, and for a while they flew.
 But straight more clear appear'd the strait Antilochus foresaw,
 It was a gasp the earth gave, forced by humours cold and raw,
 Pour'd out of Winter's watery breast, met there, and cleaving deep
 All that near passage to the lists. This Nestor's son would keep,
 And left the roadway, being about. Atrides fear'd,* and cried:
 "Antilochus, thy course is mad; contain thy horse, we ride
 A way most dangerous; turn head, betime take larger field,
 We shall be splitted." Nestor's son with much more scourge impell'd
 His horse for this, as if not heard; and got as far before
 As any youth can cast a quoit. Atrides would no more;
 He back again, for fear himself, his goodly chariot,
 And horse together, strew'd the dust, in being so dusty hot
 Of thirsted conquest. But he chid, at parting, passing sore:
 "Antilochus," said he, "a worse than thee earth never bore.
 Farewell, we never thought thee wise that were wise; but not so
 Without oaths shall the wreath, be sure, crown thy mad temples. Go."

* Menelaus in fear to follow Antilochus, who ye may see played upon him.

Yet he bethought him, and went too,
 thus stirring up his steeds :
 " Leave me not last thus, nor stand vex'd.
 Let these fail in the speeds
 Of feet and knees, not you. Shall these,
 these old jades, past the flower
 Of youth that you have, pass you?" This
 the horse fear'd, and more power
 Put to their knees, straight getting ground.
 Both flew, and so the rest.
 All came in smokes, like spirits. The
 Greeks, (set to see who did best,
 Without the race, aloft) now made a new
 discovery, [meneus' eye
 Other than that they made at first. Ido-
 Distinguish'd all, he knew the voice of
 Diomed, seeing a horse
 Of special mark, of colour bay, and was
 the first in course,
 His forehead putting forth a star, round
 like the moon, and white.
 Up stood the Cretan, uttering this : " Is it
 alone my sight,
 Princes and captains, that discerns another
 lead the race
 With other horse than led of late?
 Eumelus made most pace
 With his fleet mares, and he began the
 flexure as we thought ;
 Now all the field I search, and find no-
 where his view ; hath nought
 Befall'n amiss to him? Perhaps he hath
 not with success
 Perform'd his flexure ; his reins lost, or
 seat, or with the tress
 His chariot fail'd him, and his mares have
 outray'd with affright.
 Stand up, try you your eyes, for mine hold
 with the second sight ;
 This seems to me th' Ætolian king, the
 Tydean Diomed."
 " To you it seems so," rustically Ajax
 Oileus said,
 " Your words are suited to your eyes.
 Those mares lead still that led,
 Eumelus owes them, and he still holds
 reins and place that did,
 Not fall'n as you hoped : you must prate
 before us all, though last
 In judgment of all : y' are too old, your
 tongue goes still too fast,
 You must not talk so. Here are those
 that better thee, and look
 For first place in the censure." This
 Idomeneus took
 In much disdain, and thus replied : " Thou
 best, in speeches worst,
 Barbarous-linguaged ; others here might
 have reproved me first,

Not thou, unfit't of all. I hold a tripod
 with thee here,
 Or caldron, and our General make our
 equal arbiter,
 Those horse are first, that when thou pay'st
 thou then may'st know." This fired
 Oiliades more, and more than words this
 quarrel had inspired,
 Had not Achilles rose, and used this
 pacifying speech :
 " No more : away with words in war :
 it toucheth both with breach
 Of that which fits ye : your deserts should
 others reprehend
 That give such foul terms : sit ye still, the
 men themselves will end
 The strife betwixt you instantly, and either's
 own load bear
 On his own shoulders. Then to both the
 first horse will appear,
 And which is second." These words used,
 Tydides was at hand,
 His horse ran high, glanced on the way,
 and up they toss'd the sand
 Thick on their coachman ; on their pace
 their chariot deck'd with gold
 Swiftly attended, no wheel seen, nor
 wheel's print in the mould
 Impress'd behind them. These horse flew
 a flight, not ran a race.
 Arrived, amidst the lists they stood, sweat
 trickling down apace
 Their high manes and their prominent
 breasts ; and down jump'd Diomed,
 Laid up his scourge aloft the seat, and
 straight his prize was led
 Home to his tent. Rough Sthenelus laid
 quick hand on the dame,
 And handled trivet, and sent both home
 by his men. Next came
 Antilochus, that won with wiles, not swift-
 ness of his horse,
 Precedence of the gold-lock'd king, who
 yet maintain'd the course
 So close, that not the king's own horse gat
 more before the wheel
 Of his rich chariot, that might still the
 insecution feel
 With the extreme hairs of his tail (and that
 sufficient close
 Held to his leader, no great space it let
 him interpose
 Consider'd in so great a field). Then
 Nestor's wily son
 Gat of the king ; now at his heels, though
 at the breach he won
 A quoit's cast of him, which the king again
 at th' instant gain'd. [maned,
 Æthe Agamemnonides, that was so richly

Gat strength still as she spent ; which words
her worth had proved with deeds,
Had more ground been allow'd the race ;
and coted far his steeds,
No question leaving for the prize. And
now Meriones
A dart's cast came behind the king, his
horse of speed much less,
Himself less skill'd t' importune them, and
give a chariot wing.
Admetus' son was last, whose plight
Achilles pitying
Thus spake : " Best man comes last ; yet
right must see his prize not least,
The second his deserts must bear, and
Diomed the best."
He said, and all allow'd ; and sure the
mare had been his own,
Had not Antilochus stood forth, and in his
answer shown
Good reason for his interest : " Achilles,"
he replied,
" I should be angry with you much to see
this ratified.
Ought you to take from me my right,
because his horse had wrong,
Himself being good ? He should have
used, as good men do, his tongue
In prayer to their powers that bless good
(not trusting to his own),
Not to have been in this good last. His
chariot overthrown
O'erthrew not me : who's last ? who's
first ? men's goodness without these
Is not our question. If his good you pity
yet, and please
Princely to grace it ; your tents hold a
goodly deal of gold,
Brass, horse, sheep, women ; out of these
your bounty may be bold,
To take a much more worthy prize than
my poor merit seeks,
And give it here before my face, and all
these ; that the Greeks
May glorify your liberal hands. This
prize I will not yield. [a tried field.
Who bears this, whatsoever man, he bears
His hand and mine must change some
blows." Achilles laugh'd, and said :
" If thy will be, Antilochus, I'll see
Eumelus paid
Out of my tents. I'll give him th' arms,
which late I conquer'd in
Asteropæus, forged of brass, and waved
about with tin ;
'Twill be a present worthy him." This
said, Automedon
He sent for them. He went and brought ;
and to Admetus' son

Achilles gave them. He, well pleased,
received them. Then arose
Wrong'd Menelaus, much incensed with
young Antilochus.
He bent to speak, a herald took his sceptre
and gave charge
Of silence to the other Greeks ; then did
the king enlarge
The spleen he prison'd, uttering this : *
" Antilochus, till now
We grant thee wise ; but in this act what
wisdom utter'st thou ?
Thou hast disgraced my virtue, wrong'd
my horse, preferring thine,
Much their inferiors. But go to, Princes,
nor his nor mine
Judge of with favour, him nor me ; lest any
Grecian use
This scandal : ' Menelaus won, with Nes-
tor's son's abuse,
The prize in question, his horse worst ;
himself yet wan the best
By power and greatness.' Yet, because I
would not thus contest
To make parts taking, I'll be judge ; and
I suppose none here
Will blame my judgment, I'll do right ;
Antilochus, come near ;
Come, noble gentleman, 'tis your place ;
swear by th' earth-circling god,
(Standing before your chariot and horse,
and that self rod
With which you scourged them in your
hand) if both with will and wile
You did not cross my chariot." He thus
did reconcile
Grace with his disgrace, and with wit
restored him to his wit :
" Now† crave I patience : O king, what-
ever was unfit,
Ascribe to much more youth in me than
you : you, more in age
And more in excellence, know well, the
outrays that engage
All young men's actions ; sharper wits, but
duller wisdoms, still
From us flow than from you ; for which,
curb, with your wisdom, will.
The prize I thought mine, I yield yours,
and, if you please, a prize
Of greater value to my tent I'll send for,
and suffice
Your will at full, and instantly ; for, in this
point of time, [top to climb,
I rather wish to be enjoin'd your favour's

* Note Menelaus' ridiculous speech for conclusion of his character.

† Antilochus his ironical reply.

Than to be falling all my time from height
of such a grace,*

O Jove-loved king, and of the gods receive
a curse in place."

This said, he fetch'd the prize to him ;
and it rejoiced him so,

That as corn-ears shine with the dew, yet
having time to grow,

When fields set all their bristles up ; † in
such a ruff wert thou,

O Menelaus, answering thus: "Antilochus,
I now,

Though I were angry, yield to thee, be-
cause I see th' hadst wit,

When I thought not ; thy youth hath got
the mastery of thy spirit.

And yet, for all this, 'tis more safe not to
abuse at all

Great men, than, venturing, trust to wit to
take up what may fall ;

For no man in our host beside had easily
calm'd my spleen,

Stirr'd with like tempest. But thyself hast
a sustainer been

Of much affliction in my cause ; so thy
good father too,

And so thy brother ; at thy suit, I there-
fore let all go,

Give thee the game here, though mine own,
that all these may discern

King Menelaus bears a mind at no part
proud or stern."

The king thus calm'd, Antilochus re-
ceived, and gave the steed

To loved Noemon to lead thence ; and
then received beside

The caldron. Next, Meriones, for fourth
game, was to have

Two talents' gold. The fifth, unwon, re-
nown'd Achilles gave

To reverend Nestor, being a bowl to set on
either end ;

Which through the press he carried him :
"Receive," said he, "old friend,

This gift as funeral monument of my dear
friend deceased,

Whom never you must see again ; I make
it his bequest

To you as, without any strife, obtaining it
from all.

Your shoulders must not undergo the
churlish whoorbat's fall ;

Wrestling is past you, strife in darts, the
foot's celerity ;

Harsh age in his years fetters you, and
honour sets you free."

Thus gave he it. He took, and joy'd ;
but, ere he thank'd, he said :

"Now sure, my honourable son, in all
points thou hast play'd

The comely orator ; no more must I con-
tend with nerves ;

Feet fail, and hands ; arms want that
strength, that this and that swinge serves

Under your shoulders. Would to heaven,
I were so young-chinn'd now,

And strength threw such a many of bones,
to celebrate this show,

As when the Epians brought to fire,
actively honouring thus,

King Amaryncea's funerals in fair Dupra-
sius.

His sons put prizes down for him ; where
not a man match'd me

Of all the Epians, or the sons of great-
soul'd Ætolie,

No, nor the Pyliaus themselves, my
countrymen. I beat

Great Clytomedeus, Enops' son, at buffets.
At the feat

Of wrestling, I laid under me one that
against me rose,

Anceus, call'd Pleuronius. I made
Iphiclus lose

The foot-game to me. At the spear, I
conquer'd Polydore,

And strong Phyleus. Actor's sons, of all
men, only bore

The palm at horse-race, conquering with
lashing on more horse,

And envying my victory, because, before
their course,

All the best games were gone with me.
These men were twins ; one was

A most sure guide, a most sure guide ; the
other gave the pass

With rod and mettle. This was then. But
now young men must wage

These works, and my joints undergo the
sad defects of age ;

Though then I was another man. At that
time I excell'd

Amongst th' heroes.* But forth now ; let
th' other rites be held

For thy deceased friend ; this thy gift in
all kind part I take,

And much it joys my heart, that still, for
my true kindness' sake,

You give me memory. You perceive, in
what fit grace I stand

Amongst the Grecians ; and to theirs you
set your graceful hand.

* Ironick.

† This simile likewise is merely ironical.

* His desire of praise pants still.

The gods give ample recompense of grace again to thee,
For this and all thy favours." Thus, back through the thrust drave he,
When he had stay'd out all the praise of old Neleides.*

And now for buffets, that rough game, he order'd passages;
Proposing a laborious mule, of six years old, untamed,

And fierce in handling, brought, and bound, in that place where they gam'd;

And, to the conquer'd, a round cup. Both which he thus proclaims:

"Atrides and all friends of Greece, two men, for these two games,
I bid stand forth. Who best can strike, with high contracted fists,

(Apollo giving him the wreath) know all about these lists,

Shall win a mule, patient of toil; the vanquish'd, this round cup."

This utter'd; Panopeus' son, Epeus, straight stood up,

A tall huge man, that to the nail knew that rude sport of hand,

And, seizing the tough mule, thus spake: "Now let some other stand

Forth for the cup; this mule is mine, at cuffs I boast me best.

Is't not enough I am no soldier? who is worthiest

At all works? none; not possible. At this yet this I say,

And will perform this: who stands forth, I'll burst him, I will bray

His bones as in a mortar:† fetch surgeons enow to take

His corse from under me." This speech did all men silent make.

At last stood forth Euryalus, a man god-like, and son

To king Mecisteus, the grandchild of honour'd Talaon.

He was so strong that, coming once to Thebes, when Ædipus

Had like rites solemnized for him, he went victorious

From all the Thebans. This rare man Tydides would prepare,

Put on his girdle, ox-hide cords, fair-wrought; and spent much care

That he might conquer, hearten'd him, and taught him tricks. Both dress'd

Fit for th' affair, both forth were brought; then breast opposed to breast,

Fists against fists rose, and, they join'd, rattling of jaws was there,

Gnashing of teeth, and heavy blows dash'd blood out everywhere.

At length Epeus spied clear way, rush'd in, and such a blow

Drave underneath the other's ear, that his neat limbs did strow

The knock'd earth, no more legs had he, but as a huge fish laid

Near to the cold-weed-gathering shore, is with a North flaw fraid,

Shoots back, and in the black deep hides; so, sent against the ground,

Was foil'd Euryalus, his strength, so hid in more profound

Deeps of Epeus, who took up th' intranced About whom rush'd a crowd of friends,

that through the clusters bore

His faltering knees; he spitting up thick clods of blood, his head

Totter'd of one side, his sense gone; when, to a by-place led,

Thither they brought him the round cup. Pelides then set forth

Prize for a wrastling; to the best a trivet, that was worth

Twelve oxen, great and fit for fire; the conquer'd was t' obtain

A woman excellent in works; her beauty, and her gain,

Prized at four oxen. Up he stood, and thus proclaim'd: "Arise,

You wrastlers, that will prove for these." Out stepp'd the ample size

Of mighty Ajax, huge in strength; to him Laertes' son,

The crafty one, as huge in sleight. Their ceremony done

Of making ready, forth they stepp'd, catch elbows with strong hands,

And as the beams of some high house crack with a storm, yet stands

The house, being built by well-skill'd men; so crack'd their back-bones, wrinch'd

With horrid twitches; in their sides, arms, shoulders, all bepinch'd,

Ran thick the wales, red with the blood, ready to start out. Both

Long'd for the conquest and the prize; yet shew'd no play, being loth

To lose both. Nor could Ithacus stir Ajax; nor could he

Hale down Ulysses, being more strong than with mere strength to be

* Another note of Nestor's humour, not so much being to be plainly observed in all these Iliads as in this book.

† Note the sharpness of wit in our Homer; if where you look not for it you can find it.

Hurl'd from all vantage of his sleight.

Tired then with tugging play,

Great Ajax Telamonius said: "Thou wisest man, or lay

My face up, or let me lay thine; let Jove take care for these." [Laertiades

This said, he hoist him up to air; when His wiles forgat not, Ajax' thigh he strook behind, and flat

He on his back fell; on his breast Ulysses. Wonder'd at

Was this of all; all stood amazed. Then the much-suffering man, [monian

Divine Ulysses, at next close the Tela- A little raised from earth, not quite, but with his knee implied

Lock'd legs; and down fell both on earth, close by each other's side,

Both filed with dust; but starting up, the third close they had made,

Had not Achilles' self stood up, restraining them, and bade:

"No more tug one another thus, nor moil yourselves; receive

Prize equal; conquest crowns ye both; the lists to others leave."

They heard, and yielded willingly, brush'd off the dust, and on

Put other vests. Pelides then, to those that swiftest run, [comparison,

Proposed another prize; a bowl, beyond Both for the size and workmanship, past all the bowls of earth.

It held six measures; silver all; but had his special worth

For workmanship, receiving form from those ingenious men

Of Sidon. The Phœnicians made choice, and brought it then

Along the green sea, giving it to Thoas; by degrees

It came t' Eunæus, Jason's son, who young Priamides,

Lycæon, of Achilles' friend bought with it; and this, here

Achilles made best game for him that best his feet could bear.

For second he proposed an ox, a huge one, and a fat;

And half a talent gold for last. These thus he set them at:

"Rise, you that will assay for these." Forth stepp'd Oiliades;

Ulysses answer'd; and the third was, one esteem'd past these

For footmanship, Antilochus. All rank'd, Achilles show'd

The race-scope. From the start they glid. Oiliades bestow'd

His feet the swiftest; close to him flew god-like Ithacus.

And as a lady at her loom, being young and beauteous,

Her silk-shuttle close to her breast, with grace that doth inflame,

And her white hand, lifts quick and oft, in drawing from her frame

Her gentle thread, which she unwinds with ever at her breast

Gracing her fair hand; so close still, and with such interest

In all men's likings, Ithacus unwound, and spent the race

By him before; took out his steps with putting in their place

Promptly and gracefully his own; sprinkled the dust before,

And clouded with his breath his head. So facilely he bore

His royal person, that he strook shouts from the Greeks, with thirst

That he should conquer, though he flew: "Yet come, come, O come first,"

Ever they cried to him. And this even his wise breast did move

To more desire of victory; it made him pray, and prove,

Minerva's aid, his fautress still: "O goddess, hear," said he,

"And to my feet stoop with thy help, now happy fautress be."

She was, and light made all his limbs; and now, both near their crown,

Minerva tripp'd up Ajax' heels, and head-long he fell down [gently left

Amids the ordure of the beasts, there negligently they were slain there; and by this, Minerva's friend bereft

Oiliades of that rich bowl, and left his lips, nose, eyes,

Ruthfully smear'd. The fat ox yet he seized for second prize,

Held by the horn, spit out the tail, and thus spake all besmear'd:

"O villanous chance! this Ithacus so highly is endear'd

To his Minerva, that her hand is ever in his deeds.

She, like his mother, nestles him; for from her it proceeds,

I know, that I am used thus." This all in light laughter cast;

Amongst whom quick Antilochus laugh'd out his coming last

Thus wittily: "Know, all my friends, that all times past, and now,

The gods most honour most-lived men. Oiliades ye know

More old than I ; but Ithacus is of the foremost race,
 First generation of men. Give the old man his grace,
 They count him of the green-hair'd eld ; they may ; or in his flower ;
 For not our greatest flourisher can equal him in power
 Off-foot-strife, but Æacides." Thus soothed he Thetis' son,
 Who thus accepted it : " Well, youth, your praises shall not run
 With unrewarded feet on mine ; your half a talent's prize
 I'll make a whole one : take you, sir." He took, and joy'd. Then flies
 Another game forth. Thetis' son set in the lists a lance,
 A shield, and helmet, being th' arms Sarpedon did advance
 Against Patroclus, and he prised. And thus he named th' address :
 " Stand forth, two the most excellent, arm'd, and before all these
 Give mutual onset to the touch and wound of either's flesh.
 Who first shall wound, through other's arms his blood appearing fresh,
 Shall win this sword, silver'd, and hatch'd ; the blade is right of Thrace ;
 Asteropæus yielded it. These arms shall part their grace
 With either's valour ; and the men I'll liberally feast
 At my pavilion." To this game the first man that address'd [Diomed.
 Was Ajax Telamonius ; to him king Both, in opposed parts of the press, full arm'd, both entered
 The lists amidst the multitude, put looks on so austere,
 And join'd so roughly, that amaze surpris'd the Greeks in fear
 Of either's mischief. Thrice they threw their fierce darts, and closed thrice.
 Then Ajax strook through Diomed's shield, but did no prejudice ;
 His curets saft him. Diomed's dart still over shoulders flew,
 Still mounting with the spirit it bore. And now rough Ajax grew
 So violent, that the Greeks cried : " Hold, no more. Let them no more.
 Give equal prize to either." Yet the sword, proposed before
 For him did best, Achilles gave to Diomed. Then a stone,
 In fashion of a sphere, he show'd ; of no invention,

But natural, only melted through with iron. 'Twas the bowl
 That king Eetion used to hurl ; but he bereft of soul
 By great Achilles, to the fleet, with store of other prize,
 He brought it, and proposed it now both for the exercise
 And prize itself. He stood, and said : " Rise you that will approve
 Your arms' strengths now in this brave strife. His vigour that can move
 This furthest, needs no game but this ; for reach he ne'er so far
 With large fields of his own in Greece (and so needs for his car,
 His plough, or other tools of thrift, much iron) I'll able this
 For five revolved years ; no need shall use his messages
 To any town to furnish him, this only bowl shall yield
 Iron enough for all affairs." This said to try this field,
 First Polyætus issued ; next Leonteus ; third
 Great Ajax ; huge Epeus fourth ; yet he was first that stirr'd
 That mine of iron. Up it went, and up he toss'd it so,
 That laughter took up all the field. The next man that did throw
 Was Leonteus ; Ajax third, who gave it such a hand,
 That far past both their marks it flew. But now 'twas to be mann'd [strays
 By Polyætus ; and, as far as at an ox that A herdsman can swing out his goad, so far did he outraise
 The stone past all men ; all the field rose in a shout to see't ;
 About him flock'd his friends, and bore the royal game to fleet.
 For archery he then set forth ten axes edged two ways,
 And ten of one edge. On the shore, far-off, he caused to raise
 A ship-mast ; to whose top they tied a fearful dove by th' foot,
 At which all shot, the game put thus : He that the dove could shoot,
 Nor touch the string that fasten'd her, the two-edged tools should bear
 All to the fleet. Who touch'd the string, and miss'd the dove, should share
 The one-edged axes. This proposed ; king Teucer's force arose,
 And with him rose Meriones. And now lots must dispose

<p>Their shooting first ; both which let fall into a helm of brass, First Teucer's came, and first he shot, and his cross fortune was To shoot the string, the dove untouch'd ; Apollo did envy His skill, since not to him he vow'd, being god of archery, A first-fall'n lamb. The bitter shaft yet cut in two the cord, That down fell, and the dove aloft up to the welkin soar'd. The Greeks gave shouts. Meriones first made a hearty vow To sacrifice a first-fall'n lamb to him that rules the bow, And then fell to his aim, his shaft being ready nock'd before. He spied her in the clouds that here, there, everywhere did soar, Yet at her height he reach'd her side, strook her quite through, and down The shaft fell at his feet ; the dove the mast again did crown, There hung the head, and all her plumes were ruffled, she stark dead, And there, far off from him, she fell. The people wondered,</p>	<p>And stood astonish'd ; th' archer pleased. Æacides then shews A long lance, and a caldron new, engrall'd with twenty hues, Prized at on ox. These games were shew'd for men at darts ; and then Up rose the General of all ; up rose the king of men ; Up rose late-crown'd Meriones. Achilles seeing the king Do him this grace, prevents more deed ; his royal offering Thus interrupting : " King of men, we well conceive how far Thy worth superior is to all, how much most singular Thy power is, and thy skill in darts ; accept then this poor prize Without contention, and (your will pleased with what I advise) Afford Meriones the lance." The king was nothing slow To that fit grace. Achilles then the brass lance did bestow On good Meriones. The king his present would not save, But to renown'd Talthybius the goodly caldron gave.</p>
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THE END OF THE THREE AND TWENTIETH BOOK.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove, entertaining care of Hector's corse,
Sends Thetis to her son for his remorse;
And fit dismissal of it. Iris then
He sends to Priam; willing him to gain
His son for ransom. He, by Hermes led,
Gets through Achilles' guards; sleeps deep and
dead
Cast on them by his guide: when, with access
And humble suit made to Æacides,
He gains the body; which to Troy he bears,
And buries it with feasts, buried in tears.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Omega sings the Exequies,
And Hector's redemptory prise.

THE games perform'd; the soldiers wholly
dispersed to fleet,
Supper and sleep their only care. Constant
Achilles yet
Wept for his friend; nor sleep itself, that
all things doth subdue,
Could touch at him; this way and that he
turn'd, and did renew
His friend's dear memory, his grace in
managing his strength,
And his strength's greatness, how life
rack'd into their utmost length
Griefs, battles, and the wraths of seas, in
their joint sufferance.
Each thought of which turn'd to a tear.
Sometimes he would advance,
In tumbling on the shore, his side; some-
times his face; then turn
Flat on his bosom; start upright. Although
he saw the morn
Shew sea and shore his ecstasy, he left not,
till at last
Rage varied his distraction; horse, chariot,
in haste
He call'd for; and, those join'd, the corse
was to his chariot tied,
And thrice about the sepulchre he made
his fury ride,
Dragging the person. All this past; in his
pavilion
Rest seized him, but with Hector's corse
his rage had never done,

Still suffering it 't oppress the dust. Apollo
yet, even dead,
Pitied the prince, and would not see in-
humane tyranny fed
With more pollution of his limbs; and
therefore cover'd round
His person with his golden shield, that
rude dogs might not wound
His manly lineaments, which threat Achilles
cruelly
Had used in fury. But now Heaven let
fall a general eye
Of pity on him; the blest gods persuaded
Mercury,
Their good observer, to his stealth; and
every deity
Stood pleased with it; Juno except, green
Neptune, and the Maid
Graced with the blue eyes, all their hearts
stood hatefully appaid
Long since; and held it, as at first, to
Priam, Ilium,
And all his subjects, for the rape of his
licentious son,
Proud Paris, that despised these dames in
their divine access
Made to his cottage, and praised her that
his sad wantonness
So costly nourish'd. The twelfth morn
now shined on the delay
Of Hector's rescue, and then spake the
deity of the Day
Thus to th' immortals: "Shameless gods,
authors of ill ye are
To suffer ill. Hath Hector's life at all
times show'd his care
Of all your rites, in burning thighs of
beeves and goats to you,
And are your cares no more of him? vouch-
safe ye not even now,
Even dead, to keep him; that his wife, his
mother, and his son,
Father, and subjects, may be moved to
those deeds he hath done,
Seeing you preserve him that served you,
and sending to their hands
His person for the rites of fire? Achilles,
that withstands

All help to others, you can help ; one that hath neither heart
 Nor soul within him that will move or yield to any part [and mere wild,
 That fits a man ; but lion-like, uplandish, Slave to his pride, and all his nerves being naturally compiled
 Of eminent strength, stalks out and preys upon a silly sheep.
 And so fares this man : that fit ruth that now should draw so deep
 In all the world, being lost in him ; and shame (a quality
 Of so much weight, that both it helps and hurts excessively)*
 Men in their manners) is not known, nor hath the power to be,
 In this man's being. Other men a greater loss than he
 Have undergone ; a son, suppose, or brother of one womb ; [in his tomb
 Yet, after dues of woes and tears, they bury All their deplorings. Fates have given to all that are true men
 True manly patience ; but this man so soothes his bloody vein
 That no blood serves it ; he must have divine-soul'd Hector bound
 To his proud chariot, and danced in a most barbarous round
 About his loved friend's sepulchre ; when he is slain. "Tis vile, [now awhile
 And draws no profit after it. But let him Mark but our angers ; he is spent ; let all his strength take heed
 It tempts not our wraths ; he begets, in this outrageous deed,
 The dull earth with his fury's hate." White-wristed Juno said,
 Being much incensed, "This doom is one that thou wouldst have obey'd,
 Thou bearer of the silver bow, that we in equal care
 And honour should hold Hector's worth, with him that claims a share
 In our deservings. Hector suck'd a mortal woman's breast,
 Æacides a goddess's ; ourself had interest Both in his infant nourishment, and bringing up with state,
 And to the humane Peleus we gave his bridal mate,
 Because he had th' immortals' love. To celebrate the feast
 Of their high nuptials, every god was glad to be a guest ;

* Shame a quality that hurts and helps men exceedingly.

And thou fedd'st of his father's cates, touching thy harp in grace
 Of that beginning of our friend, whom thy perfidious face, [with Priam's son ;
 In his perfection, bluseth not to match O thou that to betray and shame art still companion."

Jove thus received her : "Never give these broad terms to a god.

Those two men shall not be compared ; and yet, of all that trod

The well-paved Ilium, none so dear to all the deities [most of prize

As Hector was ; at least to me ; for offerings His hands would never premit. Our altars ever stood [and every good

Furnish'd with banquets fitting us, odours Smoked in our temples ; and for this, foreseeing it, his fate

We mark'd with honour, which must stand. But, to give stealth estate

In his deliverance, shun we that ; nor must we favour one [Thetis' son,

To shame another. Privily, with wrong to We must not work out Hector's right.

There is a ransom due,
 And open course, by laws of arms ; in which must humbly sue [any god would stay,

The friends of Hector. Which just mean if And use the other, 'twould not serve ; for

Thetis night and day [Iris hither, I Is guardian to him. But would one call

Would give directions that for gifts the Trojan king should buy [shall resign."

His Hector's body, which the son of Thetis This said, his will was done ; the Dame that doth in vapours shine,

Dewy and thin, footed with storms, jump'd to the sable seas

"Twixt Samos and sharp Imber's cliffs ; the lake groan'd with the press

Of her rough feet, and, plummet-like, put in an ox's horn

That bears death to the raw-fed fish, she dived, and found forlorn

Thetis lamenting her son's fate, who was in Troy to have,

Far from his country, his death served. Close to her Iris stood,

And said : " Rise, Thetis ; prudent Jove, whose counsels thirst not blood,

Calls for thee." Thetis answer'd her with asking : " What's the cause

The great god calls ? My sad powers fear'd to break th' immortal laws,

In going filed with griefs to heaven. But he sets snares for none

With colour'd counsels ; not a word of him but shall be done."

She said, and took a sable veil ; a blacker
 never wore
 A heavenly shoulder and gave way. Swift
 Iris swum before.
 About both roll'd the brackish waves.
 They took their banks, and flew
 Up to Olympus ; where they found Saturnus
 (far-of-view)
 Sphered with heaven's ever-being states.
 Minerva rose, and gave
 Her place to Thetis near to Jove ; and
 Juno did receive
 Her entry with a cup of gold, in which she
 drank to her,
 Graced her with comfort, and the cup to
 her hand did refer.
 She drank, resigning it ; and then the sire
 of men and gods
 Thus entertain'd her : " Comest thou up
 to these our blest abodes,
 Fair goddess Thetis, yet art sad ; and that
 in so high kind
 As passeth sufrance ? This I know, and
 tried thee, and now find
 Thy will by mine ruled, which is rule to all
 worlds' government.
 Besides this trial yet, this cause sent down
 for thy ascent,
 Nine days' contention hath been held
 amongst th' Immortals here
 For Hector's person and thy son ; and
 some advices were
 To have our good spy Mercury steal from
 thy son the corse ;
 But that reproach I kept far off, to keep in
 future force
 Thy former love and reverence. Haste
 then, and tell thy son
 The gods are angry ; and myself take that
 wrong he hath done
 To Hector in worst part of all : the rather
 since he still
 Detains his person. Charge him then, if
 he respect my will
 For any reason, to resign slain Hector. I
 will send [commend
 Iris to Priam to redeem his son, and re-
 Fit ransom to Achilles' grace, in which
 right he may joy
 And end his vain grief." To this charge
 bright Thetis did employ
 Instant endeavour. From heaven's tops
 she reach'd Achilles' tent,
 Found him still sighing, and some friends
 with all their complement
 Soothing his humour ; other some with all
 contention
 Dressing his dinner, all their pains and
 skills consumed upon

A huge wool-bearer, slaughter'd there.
 His reverend mother then
 Came near, took kindly his fair hand, and
 ask'd him : " Dear son, when
 Will sorrow leave thee? How long time
 wilt thou thus eat thy heart,
 Fed with no other food, nor rest? 'twere
 good thou wouldst divert
 Thy friend's love to some lady, cheer thy
 spirits with such kind parts
 As she can quit thy grace withal. The joy
 of thy deserts
 I shall not long have ; death is near, and
 thy all-conquering fate,
 Whose haste thou must not haste with grief,
 but understand the state
 Of things belonging to thy life, which
 quickly order. I
 Am sent from Jove t' advertise thee, that
 every deity
 Is angry with thee, himself most, that rage
 thus reigns in thee
 Still to keep Hector. Quit him then, and
 for fit ransom, free
 His injured person." He replied : " Let
 him come that shall give
 The ransom, and the person take. Jove's
 pleasure must deprive
 Men of all pleasures." This good speech,
 and many more, the son
 And mother used, in ear of all the naval
 station.
 And now to holy Ilion Saturnus Iris sent :
 " Go, swift-foot Iris, bid Troy's king bear
 fit gifts, and content
 Achilles for his son's release ; but let him
 greet alone
 The Grecian navy ; not a man, except-
 ing such a one
 As may his horse and chariot guide, a
 herald, or one old,
 Attending him ; and let him take his
 Hector. Be he bold,
 Discouraged nor with death nor fear ; wise
 Mercury shall guide
 His passage till the prince be near ; and,
 he gone, let him ride
 Resolved even in Achilles' tent. He shall
 not touch the state
 Of his high person, nor admit the deadliest
 desperate
 Of all about him ; for, though fierce, he is
 not yet unwise,
 Nor inconsiderate, nor a man past awe of
 deities,
 But passing free and curious to do a
 suppliant grace."
 This said, the Rainbow to her feet, tied
 whirl-winds, and the place

Reach'd instantly. The heavy court Clamour and Mourning fill'd ;
 The sons all set about the sire ; and there stood Grief, and still'd
 Tears on their garments. In the midst the old king sate, his weed
 All wrinkled, head and neck dust-filed ; the princesses his seed,
 The princesses his sons' fair wives, all mourning by ; the thought
 Of friends so many, and so good (being turn'd so soon to nought
 By Grecian hands) consumed their youth, rain'd beauty from their eyes.
 Iris came near the king ; her sight shook all his faculties,
 And therefore spake she soft, and said : " Be glad, Dardanides ;
 Of good occurrents, and none ill, am I ambadressess.
 Jove greets thee ; who, in care, as much as he is distant, deigns
 Eye to thy sorrows, pitying thee. My ambassy contains
 This charge to thee from him : he wills thou shouldst redeem thy son,
 Bear gifts t' Achilles, cheer him so ; but visit him alone,
 None but some herald let attend, thy mules and chariot
 To manage for thee. Fear, nor death let daunt thee ; Jove hath got
 Hermes to guide thee, who as near to Thetis' son as needs
 Shall guard thee ; and being once with him, nor his, nor others', deeds
 Stand touch'd with, he will all contain ; nor is he mad, nor vain,
 Nor impious, but with all his nerves studious to entertain
 One that submits with all fit grace." Thus vanish'd she like wind.
 He mules and chariot calls ; his sons bids see them join'd, and bind
 A trunk behind it ; he himself down to his wardrobe goes, [odoriferous,
 Built all of cedar, highly roof'd, and That much stuff, worth the sight, contain'd.
 To him he call'd his queen,
 Thus greeting her : " Come, hapless dame ; an angel I have seen,
 Sent down from Jove, that bade me free our dear son from the fleet
 With ransom pleasing to our foe. What holds thy judgment meet ?
 My strength and spirit lays high charge on all my being to bear
 The Greeks' worst, venturing through their host," The queen cried out to hear

His venturous purpose, and replied : " O whither now is fled
 The late discretion that renown'd thy grave and knowing head
 In foreign and thine own ruled realms, that thus thou darest assay [horrible decay
 Sight of that man, in whose brow sticks the Of sons so many, and so strong ? thy heart is iron I think.
 If this stern man, whose thirst of blood makes cruelty his drink,
 Take, or but see thee thou art dead. He nothing pities woe,
 Nor honours age. Without his sight, we have enough to do
 To mourn with thought of him. Keep we our palace, weep we here,
 Our son is past our helps. Those throes, that my deliverers were
 Of his unhappy lineaments, told me they should be torn
 With black-foot dogs. Almighty fate, that black hour he was born,
 Spun in his springing thread that end ; far from his parents' reach,
 This bloody fellow then ordain'd to be their mean, this wretch,
 Whose stony liver would to heaven I might devour, my teeth
 My son's revengers made. Cursed Greek, he gave him not his death
 Doing an ill work ; he alone fought for his country, he [and cursed policy
 Fled not, nor fear'd, but stood his worst ; Was his undoing." He replied : " What-ever was his end [means to defend
 Is not our question, we must now use all His end from scandal ; from which act dissuade not my just will,
 Nor let me nourish in my house a bird presaging ill [any earthly spirit
 To my good actions ; 'tis in vain. Had Given this suggestion ; if our priests, or soothsayers, challenging merit
 Of prophets, I might hold it false, and be the rather moved
 To keep my palace ; but these ears and these self eyes approved
 It was a goddess. I will go ; for not a word she spake
 I know was idle. If it were, and that my fate will make [Achilles ; come,
 Quick riddance of me at the fleet, kill me, When getting to thee, I shall find a happy dying room
 On Hector's bosom, when enough thirst of my tears finds there
 Quench to his fervour." This resolved, the works most fair and dear

Of his rich screens he brought abroad ;
 twelve veils wrought curiously ;
 Twelve plain gowns ; and as many suits
 of wealthy tapestry ;
 As many mantles ; horsemen's coats ; ten
 talents of fine gold ;
 Two tripods ; caldrons four ; a bowl,
 whose value he did hold
 Beyond all price, presented by th' ambassa-
 dors of Thrace.
 The old king nothing held too dear, to
 rescue from disgrace
 His gracious Hector. Forth he came.
 At entry of his court
 The Trojan citizens so press'd, that this
 opprobrious sort
 Of check he used ; " Hence, cast aways ;
 away, ye impious crew ;
 Are not your griefs enough at home ? what
 come ye here to view ?
 Care ye for my griefs ? would ye see how
 miserable I am ?
 Is't not enough, imagine ye ? ye might
 know, ere ye came,
 What such a son's loss weigh'd with me.
 But know this for your pains,
 Your houses have the weaker doors ; the
 Greeks will find their gains
 The easier for his loss, be sure. But O
 Troy, ere I see
 Thy ruin, let the doors of hell receive and
 ruin me."
 Thus with his sceptre set he on the
 crowding citizens,
 Who gave back, seeing him so urge. And
 now he entertains
 His sons as roughly, Helenus, Paris,
 Hippothous,
 Pammon, divine Agathones, renown'd
 Deiphobus, [least in arms,
 Agavus, and Antiphonus, and last, not
 The strong Polites ; these nine sons the
 violence of his harms
 Help'd him to vent in these sharp terms :
 " Haste, you infamous brood,
 And get my chariot. Would to heaven
 that all the abject blood
 In all your veins had Hector scused : O
 me, accursed man,
 All my good sons are gone ; my light the
 shades Cimmerian
 Have swallow'd from me. I have lost
 Mestor, surnamed the fair ;
 Troilus, that ready knight at arms, that
 made his field repair
 Ever so prompt and joyfully ; and Hector,
 amongst men
 Esteem'd a god, not from a mortal's seed,
 but of th' eternal strain,

He seem'd to all eyes. These are gone ;
 you that survive are base,
 Liars and common free-booters ; all faulty,
 not a grace,
 But in your heels, in all your parts ; dancing
 companions
 Ye all are excellent. Hence, ye brats :
 love ye to hear my moans ?
 Will ye not get my chariot ? command it
 quickly, fly,
 That I may perfect this dear work." This
 all did terrify ;
 And straight his mule-drawn chariot came,
 to which they fast did bind
 The trunk with gifts. And then came
 forth, with an afflicted mind,
 Old Hecuba. In her right hand a bowl
 of gold she bore
 With sweet wine crown'd, stood near, and
 said : " Receive this, and implore,
 (With sacrificing it to Jove) thy safe return.
 I see
 Thy mind likes still to go, though mine
 dislikes it utterly.
 Pray to the black-cloud-gathering god,
 Idæan Jove, that views
 All Troy, and all her miseries, that he will
 deign to use
 His most-loved bird to ratify thy lopes ;
 that, her broad wing
 Spread on thy right hand, thou mayst
 know thy zealous offering
 Accepted, and thy safe return confirm'd ;
 but if he fail,
 Fail thy intent, though never so it labours
 to prevail."
 " This I refuse not," he replied, " for no
 faith is so great
 In Jove's high favour, but it must with
 held-up hands intreat."
 This said, the chambermaid, that held
 the ewer and basin by,
 He bade pour water on his hands ; when,
 looking to the sky,
 He took the bowl, did sacrifice, and thus
 implored : " O Jove,
 From Ida using thy commands, in all
 deserts above [in the sight
 All other gods, vouchsafe me safe ; and pity
 Of great Achilles ; and, for trust to that
 wish'd grace, excite
 Thy swift-wing'd messenger, most strong,
 most of air's region loved,
 To soar on my right hand ; which sight
 may firmly see approved
 Thy former summons, and my speed."
 He pray'd, and heaven's king heard,
 And instantly cast from his fist air's all-
 commanding bird,

The black-wing'd huntress, perfectest of all fowls, which gods call Percnos, the eagle. And how broad the chamber nuptial
 Of any mighty man hath doors, such breadth cast either wing;
 Which now she used, and spread them wide on right hand of the king.
 All saw it, and rejoiced, and up to chariot he arose,
 Drave forth, the portal and the porch resounding as he goes.
 His friends all follow'd him, and mourn'd as if he went to die;
 And bringing him past town to field, all left him; and the eye
 Of Jupiter was then his guard, who pitied him, and used
 These words to Hermes: "Mercury, thy help hath been profused
 Ever with most grace in consorts of travellers distress'd,
 Now consort Priam to the fleet; but so, that not the least
 Suspicion of him be attain'd, till at Achilles' tent
 Thy convoy hath arrived him safe." This charge incontinent
 He put in practice. To his feet his feather'd shoes he tied,
 Immortal, and made all of gold, with which he used to ride
 The rough sea and th' unmeasured earth, and equall'd in his pace
 The puffs of wind. Then took he up his rod, that hath the grace
 To shut what eyes he lists with sleep, and open them again
 In strongest trances. This he held, flew forth, and did attain
 To Troy and Hellespontus' strait. Then like a fair young prince,
 First-down-chinn'd, and of such a grace as makes his looks convince
 Contending eyes to view him, forth he went to meet the king.
 He, having pass'd the mighty tomb of Ilus, watering
 His mules in Xanthus, the dark Even fell on the earth; and then
 Idæus (guider of the mules) discern'd this grace of men, [Dardanides,
 And spake afraid to Priamus: "Beware, Our states ask counsel; I discern the dangerous access
 Of some man near us; now I fear we perish. Is it best
 To fly, or kiss his knees and ask his ruth of men distress'd?"

Confusion strook the king, cold fear extremely quench'd his veins,
 Upright upon his languishing head his hair stood, and the chains
 Of strong amaze bound all his powers. To both which then came near
 The prince-turn'd Deity, took his hand, and thus bespake the peer:
 "To what place, father, drivest thou out through solitary night,
 When others sleep? give not the Greeks sufficient cause of fright
 To these late travels, being so near, and such vow'd enemies?
 Of all which, if with all this load any should cast his eyes
 On thy adventures, what would then thy mind esteem thy state,
 Thyself old, and thy follower old? Resistance could not rate
 At any value; as for me, be sure I mind no harm
 To thy grave person, but against the hurt of others arm.
 Mine own loved father did not get a greater love in me
 To his good, than thou dost to thine." He answer'd: "The degree
 Of danger in my course, fair son, is nothing less than that
 Thou urgest; but some god's fair hand puts in for my safe state,
 That sends so sweet a guardian in this so stern a time
 Of night, and danger, as thyself, that all grace in his prime
 Of body and of beauty shew'st; all answer'd with a mind [blessed kind
 So knowing, that it cannot be but of some Thou art descended." "Not untrue," said Hermes, "thy conceit
 In all this holds; but further truth relate, if of such weight
 As I conceive thy carriage be, and that thy care conveys
 Thy goods of most price to more guard? or go ye all your ways
 Frighted from holy Ilion? so excellent a son
 As thou hadst (being your special strength) fall'n to destruction,
 Whom no Greek better'd for his fight?" "O, what art thou," said he,
 "Most worthy youth, of what race born, that thus recount'st to me
 My wretched son's death with such truth?" "Now, father," he replied,
 "You tempt me far, in wondering how the death was signified"

Of your divine son to a man so mere a stranger here
 As you hold me ; but I am one that oft have seen him bear
 His person like a god in field ; and when in heaps he slew
 The Greeks, all routed to their fleet, his so victorious view
 Made me admire, not feel his hand ; because Æacides,
 Incensed, admitted not our fight, myself being of access
 To his high person, serving him, and both to Ilion
 In one ship sail'd. Besides, by birth I breathe a Myrmidon,
 Polyctor, call'd the rich, my sire, declined with age like you.
 Six sons he hath, and me a seventh ; and all those six live now
 In Phthia, since, all casting lots, my chance did only fall
 To follow hither. Now for walk I left my General.
 To-morrow all the sun-burn'd Greeks will circle Troy with arms,
 The princes rage to be withheld so idly, your alarms
 Not given half hot enough, they think, and can contain no more."
 He answer'd : " If you serve the prince, let me be bold t' implore
 This grace of thee, and tell me true : lies Hector here at fleet,
 Or have the dogs his flesh ?" He said : " Nor dogs nor fowl have yet
 Touch'd at his person ; still he lies at fleet, and in the tent
 Of our great Captain, who indeed is much too negligent
 Of his fit usage. But, though now twelve days have spent their heat
 On his cold body, neither worms with any taint have eat,
 Nor putrefaction perish'd it ; yet ever, when the Morn
 Lifts her divine light from the sea, unmercifully borne
 About Patroclus' sepulchre, it bears his friend's disdain, [outrage reign
 Bound to his chariot ; but no fits of further
 In his distemper : you would muse to see how deep a dew
 Even steps the body, all the blood wash'd off, no slenderest shew
 Of gore or quittance ; but his wounds all closed, though many were
 Open'd about him. Such a love the blest immortals bear,

Even dead, to thy dear son, because his life shew'd love to them."
 He joyful answer'd : " O my son, it is a grace supreme
 In any man to serve the gods. And I must needs say this ;
 For no cause, having season fit, my Hector's hands would miss
 Advancement to the gods with gifts, and therefore do not they
 Miss his remembrance after death. Now let an old man pray
 Thy graces to receive this cup, and keep it for my love,
 Nor leave me till the gods and thee have made my prayers approve
 Achilles' pity, by thy guide brought to his princely tent."
 Hermes replied : " You tempt me now, old king, to a consent
 Far from me, though youth aptly errs. I secretly receive
 Gifts that I cannot broadly vouch ? take graces that will give
 My lord dishonour ? or what he knows not, or will esteem
 Perhaps unfit ? such briberies perhaps at first may seem
 Sweet and secure ; but futurity they still prove sour, and breed
 Both fear and danger. I could wish thy grave affairs did need
 My guide to Argos, either shipp'd, or lackeying by thy side,
 And would be studious in thy guard ; so nothing could be tried
 But care in me to keep thee safe, for that I could excuse,
 And vouch to all men." These words past, he put the deeds in use
 For which Jove sent him ; up he leapt to Priam's chariot ;
 Took scourge and reins, and blew in strength to his free steeds, and got
 The naval towers and deep dike straight. The guards were all at meat ;
 Those he enslumber'd, oped the ports, and in he safely let
 Old Priam with his wealthy prize. Forthwith they reach'd the tent
 Of great Achilles, large and high, and in his most ascent
 A shaggy roof of seedy reeds mown from the meads ; a hall
 Of state they made their king in it, and strengthen'd it withal
 Thick with fir rafters ; whose approach was let in by a door [men evermore
 That had but one bar, but so big that three

Raised it to shut, three fresh take down;
 which yet Æacides
 Would shut and ope himself. And this
 with far more ease
 Hermes set ope, entering the king; then
 leapt from horse, and said:
 "Now know, old king, that Mercury, a
 god, hath given this aid
 To thy endeavour, sent by Jove; and now
 away must I,
 For men would envy thy estate to see a
 deity
 Affect a man thus: enter thou, embrace
 Achilles' knee,
 And by his sire, son, mother, pray his ruth
 and grace to thee."
 This said, he high Olympus reach'd:
 the king then left his coach
 To grave Idæus, and went on, made his
 resolved approach,
 And enter'd in a goodly room, where with
 his princes sate
 Jove-loved Achilles, at their feast; two
 only kept the state
 Of his attendance, Alcimus, and lord
 Automedon,
 At Priam's entry. A great time Achilles
 gazed upon
 His wonder'd-at approach, nor eat; the
 rest did nothing see,
 While close he came up, with his hands
 fast holding the bent knee
 Of Hector's conqueror, and kiss'd that
 large man-slaughtering hand
 That much blood from his sons had drawn.
 And as in some strange land,
 And great man's house, a man is driven
 (with that abhorr'd dismay
 That follows wilful bloodshed still, his
 fortune being to slay
 One whose blood cries aloud for his) to
 plead protection,
 In such a miserable plight as fright the
 lookers-on;
 In such a stupefied estate Achille sat to
 see
 So unexpected, so in night, and so in-
 credibly,
 Old Priam's entry. All his friends one on
 another stared
 To see his strange looks, seeing no cause.
 Thus Priam then prepared
 His son's redemption: "See in me, O
 god-like Thetis' son, [being outrun
 Thy aged father; and perhaps even now
 With some of my woes, neighbour foes
 (thou absent) taking time
 To do him mischief; no mean left to
 terrify the crime

Of his oppression; yet he hears thy graces
 still survive,
 And joys to hear it, hoping still to see thee
 safe arrive
 From ruin'd Troy; but I, cursed man, of
 all my race shall live
 To see none living. Fifty sons the deities
 did give
 My hopes to live in; all alive when near
 our trembling shore
 The Greek ships harbour'd, and one womb
 nineteen of those sons bore.
 Now Mars a number of their knees hath
 strengthless left; and he
 That was, of all, my only joy, and Troy's
 sole guard, by thee,
 Late fighting for his country, slain; whose
 tender'd person now
 I come to ransom. Infinite is that I offer
 you,
 Myself conferring it, exposed alone to all
 your odds,
 Only imploring right of arms. Achilles,
 fear the gods,
 Pity an old man like thy sire; different in
 only this,
 That I am wretcheder, and bear that
 weight of miseries
 That never man did, my cursed lips en-
 forced to kiss that hand
 That slew my children." This moved
 tears; his father's name did stand,
 (Mention'd by Priam) in much help to his
 compassion;
 And moved Æacides so much, he could not
 look upon
 The weeping father. With his hand he
 gently put away
 His grave face: calm remission now did
 mutually display
 Her power in either's heaviness. Old
 Priam, to record
 His son's death and his deathman see, his
 tears and bosom pour'd
 Before Achilles; at his feet he laid his
 reverend head.
 Achilles' thoughts, now with his sire, now
 with his friend, were fed.
 Betwixt both, sorrow fill'd the tent. But
 now Æacides
 (Satiated at all parts with the ruth of their
 calamities)
 Start up, and up he raised the king. His
 milk-white head and beard
 With pity he beheld, and said: "Poor
 man, thy mind is scared
 With much affliction. How durst thy
 person thus alone [many a worthy son,
 Venture on his sight, that hath slain so

And so dear to thee? thy old heart is
made of iron : sit,
And settle we our woes, though huge, for
nothing profits it.
Cold mourning wastes but our lives' heats.
The gods have destinate
That wretched mortals must live sad ; 'tis
the immortal state
Of Deity that lives secure. Two tuns of
gifts there lie
In Jove's gate, one of good, one ill, that
our mortality
Maintain, spoil, order ; which when Jove
doth mix to any man,
One while he frolics, one while mourns.
If of his mournful can
A man drinks only, only wrongs he doth
expose him to ;
Sad hunger in th' abundant earth doth toss
him to and fro,
Respected nor of gods nor men. The
mix'd cup Peleus drank
Even from his birth ; heaven blest his
life ; he lived not that could thank
The gods for such rare benefits as set
forth his estate.
He reign'd among his Myrmidons, most
rich, most fortunate,
And, though a mortal, had his bed deck'd
with a deathless dame.
And yet, with all this good, one ill God
mix'd, that takes all name
From all that goodness ; his name now,
whose preservation here
Men count the crown of their most good,
not bless'd with power to bear
One blossom but myself, and I shaken as
soon as blown ;
Nor shall I live to cheer his age, and give
nutrition
To him that nourish'd me. Far off my
rest is set in Troy, [that did enjoy,
To leave thee restless and thy seed ; thyself
As we have heard, a happy life ; what
Lesbos doth contain,
in times past being a bless'd man's seat,
what the unmeasured main
Of Hellespontus, Phrygia, holds, are all
said to adorn
Thy empire, wealth and sons enow ; but,
when the gods did turn
Thy blest state to partake with bane, war
and the bloods of men
Circl'd thy city, never clear. Sit down
and suffer then ;
Mourn not inevitable things ; thy tears can
spring no deeds
To help thee, nor recall thy son ; im-
patience ever breeds

Ill upon ill, makes worst things worse, and
therefore sit." He said :
" Give me no seat, great seed of Jove,
when yet unransomed
Hector lies riteless in thy tents, but deign
with utmost speed
His resignation, that these eyes may see
his person freed,
And thy grace satisfied with gifts. Accept
what I have brought,
And turn to Phthia ; 'tis enough thy con-
quering hand hath fought
Till Hector falter'd under it, and Hector's
father stood
With free humanity safe." He frown'd
and said : " Give not my blood
Fresh cause of fury : I know well I must
resign thy son, [besides is done
Jove by my mother utter'd it ; and what
I know as amply ; and thyself, old Priam,
I know too.
Some god hath brought thee ; for no
man durst use a thought to go
On such a service. I have guards, and I
have gates to stay
Easy accesses ; do not then presume thy
will can sway,
Like Jove's will, and incense again my
quench'd blood, lest nor thou
Nor Jove get the command of me." This
made the old king bow,
And down he sat in fear. The prince
leapt like a lion forth,
Automedon and Alcimus attending ; all
the worth
Brought for the body they took down and
brought in, and with it
Idæus, herald to the king ; a coat em-
broider'd yet,
And two rich cloaks, they left to hide the
person. Thetis' son
Call'd out his women, to anoint and
quickly overrun
The corse with water, lifting it in private
to the coach,
Lest Priam saw, and his cold blood em-
braced a fiery touch
Of anger at the turpitude profaning it, and
blew
Again his wrath's fire to his death. This
done, his women threw
The coat and cloak on ; but the corse
Achilles' own hand laid
Upon a bed, and with his friends to chariot
it convey'd,
For which forced grace, abhorring so from
his free mind, he wept,
Cried out for anger, and thus pray'd : " O
friend, do not except

Against this favour to our foe, if in the
 deep thou hear,
 And that I give him to his sire ; he gave
 fair ransom ; dear
 In my observance is Jove's will ; and what-
 soever part [convert
 Of all these gifts by any mean I fitly may
 To thy renown here, and will there, it
 shall be pour'd upon
 Thy honour'd sepulchre." This said, he
 went, and what was done
 Told Priam, saying : " Father, now thy
 will's fit rites are paid,
 Thy son is given up ; in the morn thine
 eyes shall see him laid
 Deck'd in thy chariot on his bed ; in mean
 space let us eat.
 The rich-hair'd Niobe found thoughts that
 made her take her meat,
 Though twelve dear children she saw slain,
 six daughters, six young sons.
 The sons incens'd Apollo slew ; the maids'
 confusions
 Diana wrought, since Niobe her merits
 durst compare
 With great Latona's, arguing that she did
 only bear
 Two children, and herself had twelve ; for
 which those only two
 Slew all her twelve. Nine days they lay
 steep'd in their blood, her woe
 Found no friend to afford them fire,
 Saturnius had turn'd
 Humanes to stones. The tenth day yet,
 the good celestials burn'd
 The trunks themselves, and Niobe, when
 she was tired with tears,
 Fell to her food, and now with rocks and
 wild hills mix'd she bears
 In Sipylus the gods' wraths still, in that
 place where 'tis said
 The Goddess Fairies use to dance about
 the funeral bed
 Of Achelous, where, though turn'd with
 cold grief to a stone,
 Heaven gives her heat enough to feel what
 plague comparison
 With his powers made by earth deserves.
 Affect not then too far
 Without grief, like a god, being man, but
 for a man's life care,
 And take fit food ; thou shalt have time
 beside to mourn thy son ;
 He shall be tearful, thou being full ; not
 here, but Ilion
 Shall find thee weeping-rooms enow." He
 said, and so arose,
 And caus'd a silver-fleeced sheep kill'd ;
 his friends' skills did dispose

The flaying, cutting of it up, and cookly
 spitted it,
 Roasted, and drew it artfully. Automedon,
 as fit
 Was for the reverend sewer's place ; and
 all the brown joints served
 On wicker vessel to the board ; Achilles'
 own hands kerv'd ;
 And close they fell to. Hunger stanch'd ;
 talk, and observing time,
 Was used of all hands. Priam sat amazed
 to see the prime
 Of Thetis' son, accomplish'd so with
 stature, looks, and grace,
 In which the fashion of a god he thought
 had changed his place.
 Achilles fell to him as fast, admir'd as
 much his years
 Told in his grave and good aspect ; his
 speech even charm'd his ears,
 So order'd, so material. With this food
 feasted too,
 Old Priam spake thus : " Now, Jove's
 seed, command that I may go,
 And add to this feast grace of rest. These
 lids ne'er closed mine eyes,
 Since under thy hands fled the soul of my
 dear son ; sighs, cries,
 And woes, all use from food and sleep
 have taken ; the base courts
 Of my sad palace made my beds, where
 all the abject sorts
 Of sorrow I have varied, tumbled in dust,
 and hid ;
 No bit, no drop, of sustenance touch'd."
 Then did Achilles bid
 His men and women see his bed laid
 down, and covered
 With purple blankets, and on them an
 arras coverlid,
 Waistcoats of silk plush laying by. The
 women straight took lights,
 And two beds made with utmost speed,
 and all the other rites
 Their lord named used, who pleasantly the
 king in hand thus bore :
 " Good father, you must sleep without
 lest any counsellor
 Make his access in depth of night, as oft
 their industry
 Brings them t' impart our war-affairs ; of
 whom should any eye
 Discern your presence, his next steps to
 Agamemnon fly, [go to, signify,
 And then shall I lose all these gifts. But
 And that with truth, how many days you
 mean to keep the state
 Of Hector's funerals ; because so long
 would I rebate

Mine own edge set to sack your town, and all our host contain
 From interruption of your rites." He answer'd: "If you mean
 To suffer such rites to my son, you shall perform a part
 Of most grace to me. But you know with how dismay'd a heart
 Our host took Troy; and how much fear will therefore apprehend
 Their spirits to make out again, so far as we must send
 For wood to raise our heap of death; unless I may assure
 That this your high grace will stand good, and make their pass secure;
 Which if you seriously confirm, nine days I mean to mourn;
 The tenth keep funeral and feast; th' eleventh raise and adorn
 My son's fit sepulchre; the twelfth, if we must needs, we'll fight."
 "Be it," replied Æacides, "do Hector all this right;
 I'll hold war back those whole twelve days; of which, to free all fear,
 Take this my right hand." This confirm'd, the old king rested there;
 His herald lodged by him; and both in forepart of the tent;
 Achilles in an inmost room of wondrous ornament,
 Whose side bright-cheek'd Briseis warm'd. Soft sleep tamed gods and men,
 All but most-useful Mercury; sleep could not lay one chain
 On his quick temples, taking care for getting off again [did maintain
 Engaged Priam undiscern'd of those that The sacred watch. Above his head he stood with this demand:
 "O father, sleep'st thou so secure, still lying in the hand
 Of so much ill, and being dismiss'd by great Æacides?
 'Tis true thou hast redeem'd the dead; but for thy life's release,
 Should Agamemnon hear thee here, three times the price now paid
 Thy sons' hands must repay for thee." This said, the king, afraid,
 Start from his sleep, Idæus call'd, and, for both, Mercury
 The horse and mules, before loosed, join'd so soft and curiously
 That no ear heard, and through the host drave; but when they drew
 To gulfy Xanthus' bright-waved stream, up to Olympus flew

Industrious Mercury. And now the saffron morning rose,
 Spreading her white robe over all the world; when, full of woes,
 They scoured on with the corse to Troy, from whence no eye had seen,
 Before Cassandra, their return. She, like love's golden Queen,
 Ascending Pergamus, discern'd her father's person nigh,
 His herald, and her brother's corse; and then she cast this cry
 Round about Troy: "O Troians, if ever ye did greet [ye out and meet
 Hector return'd from fight alive, now look His ransom'd person. Then his worth was all your city's joy,
 Now do it honour." Out all rush'd; woman nor man in Troy
 Was left; a most unmeasured cry took up their voices. Close
 To Scaea's ports they met the corse; and to it headlong goes
 The reverend mother, the dear wife; upon it strow their hair,
 And lie entranced. Round about the people broke the air
 In lamentations; and all day had stay'd the people there,
 If Priam had not cried: "Give way, give me but leave to bear
 The body home, and mourn your fills." Then cleft the press, and gave
 Way to the chariot. To the court herald Idæus drave,
 Where on a rich bed they bestow'd the honour'd person, round
 Girt it with singers that the woe with skillful voices crown'd.
 A woful elegy they sung, wept singing, and the dames
 Sigh'd as they sung. Andromache the downright prose exclaims
 Began to all; she on the neck of slaughter'd Hector fell,
 And cried out: "O my husband! thou in youth badest youth farewell,
 Left'st me a widow, thy sole son an infant; ourselves cursed
 In our birth made him right our child; for all my care that nursed
 His infancy will never give life to his youth, ere that
 Troy from her top will be destroy'd; thou guardian of our state,
 Thou even of all her strength the strength, thou, that in care wert past
 Her careful mothers of their babes, being gone, how can she last?"

Soon will the swoln fleet fill her womb with
 all their servitude,
 Myself with them, and thou with me, dear
 son, in labours rude
 Shalt be employ'd, sternly survey'd by
 cruel conquerors ;
 Or, rage not suffering life so long, some
 one, whose hate abhors
 Thy presence (putting him in mind of his
 sire slain by thine,
 His brother, son, or friend) shall work thy
 ruin before mine,
 Toss'd from some tower, for many Greeks
 have eat earth from the hand
 Of thy strong father ; in sad fight his spirit
 was too much mann'd,
 And therefore mourn his people ; we, thy
 parents, my dear lord,
 For that thou makest endure a woe, black,
 and to be abhorr'd.
 Of all yet thou hast left me worst, not dying
 in thy bed,
 And reaching me thy last-raised hand, in
 nothing counselled,
 Nothing commanded by that power thou
 hadst of me to do [will end my woe,
 Some deed for thy sake. O for these never
 Never my tears cease." Thus wept she,
 and all the ladies closed
 Her passion with a general shriek. Then
 Hecuba disposed
 Her thoughts in like words : " O my son,
 of all mine much most dear,
 Dear while thou livedst too even to gods,
 and after death they were
 Careful to save thee. Being best, thou
 most wert envied ;
 My other sons Achilles sold ; but thee he
 left not dead.
 Imber and Samos, the false ports of
 Lemnos entertain'd
 Their persons ; thine, no port but death.
 Nor there in rest remain'd
 Thy violated corpse ; the tomb of his great
 friend was spher'd
 With thy dragg'd person ; yet from death
 he was not therefore rear'd.
 But, all his rage used, so the gods have
 tender'd thy dear'd state,
 Thou liest as living, sweet and fresh, as he
 that felt the fate
 Of Phœbus' holy shafts." These words the
 queen used for her moan,
 And, next her, Helen held that state of
 speech and passion :
 " O Hector, all my brothers more were
 not so loved of me
 As thy most virtues. Not my lord I held
 so dear as thee,
 That brought me hither ; before which I
 would I had been brought
 To ruin ; for what breeds that wish (which
 is the mischief wrought
 By my access) yet never found one harsh
 taunt, one word's ill,
 From thy sweet carriage. Twenty years
 do now their circles fill
 Since my arrival ; all which time thou didst
 not only bear
 Thyself without check, but all else, that my
 lord's brothers were,
 Their sisters' lords, sisters themselves, the
 queen my mother-in-law,
 (The king being never but most mild)
 when thy man's spirit saw
 Sour and reproachful, it would still reprove
 their bitterness
 With sweet words, and thy gentle soul.
 And therefore thy decease
 I truly mourn for ; and myself curse as the
 wretched cause ;
 All broad Troy yielding me not one, that
 any human laws
 Of pity or forgiveness moved t' entreat me
 humanly,
 But only thee ; all else abhorr'd me for my
 destiny."
 These words made even the commons
 mourn ; to whom the king said :
 " Friends,
 Now fetch wood for our funeral fire ; nor
 fear the foe intends
 Ambush, or any violence ; Achilles gave
 his word,
 At my dismissal, that twelve days he
 would keep sheathed his sword,
 And all men's else." Thus oxen, mules,
 in chariots straight they put,
 Went forth, and an unmeasured pile of
 sylvan matter cut ;
 Nine days employ'd in carriage, but when
 the tenth morn shined
 On wretched mortals, then they brought
 the fit-to-be-divined
 Forth to be burn'd. Troy swum in tears.
 Upon the pile's most height
 They laid the person, and gave fire. All
 day it burn'd, all night.
 But when th' eleventh morn let on earth
 her rosy fingers shine,
 The people flock'd about the pile, and first
 with blackish wine
 Quench'd all the flames. His brothers
 then, and friends, the snowy bones
 Gather'd into an urn of gold, still pouring
 on their moans.



CROWNE of all HOMERS WORKES
 Batrachomyomachia
 Or the Battale of Frogs and Mice
 His Hymns — and — Epigrams
 Translated according to the Original
 By George Chapman



London, Printed by John Bill, his MAJESTIES Printer.



rrapt they in soft purple veils the
urn, digg'd a pit,
it, ramm'd up the grave with stones,
l quickly built to it
chre. But, while that work and all
funeral rites
performance, guards were held at
parts, days and nights,

For fear of false surprise before they had
imposed the crown
To these solemnities. The tomb advanced
once, all the town
In Jove-nursed Priam's Court partook a
passing sumptuous feast.
And so horse-taming Hector's rites gave
up his soul to rest.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

Thus far the Ilian ruins I have laid
 Open to English eyes. In which, repaid
 With thine own value, go, unvalued book,
 Live, and be loved. If any envious look
 Hurt thy clear fame, learn that no state more high
 Attends on virtue than pined envy's eye.
 Would thou wert worth it that the best doth wound,
 Which this age feeds, and which the last shall bound.

Thus, with labour enough, though with more comfort in the merits of my divine Author, I have brought my Translation of his Iliads to an end. I, either therein, or in the harsh utterance or matter of my Comment before, I have, for haste, scattered with my burthen (less than fifteen weeks being the whole time that the last twelve Books' translation stood me in) I desire my present will (and I doubt not hability, if God give life, to reform and perfect all hereafter,) may be ingeniously accepted for the absolute work. The rather, considering the most learned, with all their helps and time, have been so often, and unanswerably, miserably taken halting. In the mean time, that most assistful and unspeakable Spirit, by whose thrice sacred conduct and inspiration I have finished this labour, diffuse the fruitul horn of his blessings through these goodness-thirsting watchings; without which, utterly dry and bloodless is whatsoever mortality soweth.

But where our most diligent Spondanus ends his work with a prayer to be taken out of these Mæanders and Euripian rivers (as he terms them) of ethnic and profane writers (being quite contrary to himself at the beginning) I thrice humbly beseech the most dear and divine mercy (ever most incomparably preferring the great light of his truth in his direct and infallible Scriptures) I may ever be enabled, by resting wondering in his right comfortable shadows in these, to magnify the clearness of his Almighty apparence in the other.

And with this salutation of Poesy given by our Spondanus in his Preface to these Iliads (" *All hail saint-succ: ea Poesy, that, under so much gall of fiction, such abundance of honey doctrine hast hidden, not revealing them to the unworthy worldly; wouldst thou but so much make me, that amongst thy novices I might be numbered, no time should ever come near my life that could make me forsake thee.*") I will conclude with this my daily and nightly prayer, learned of the most learned Simplicius:—

"*Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater, et Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur quâ tu nos ornasti; et ut tu nobis præstò sis ut iis qui per sese moventur; ut et à corporis contagio brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eosque superemus, et regamus, et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde ut nobis adjumento sis ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori supplicem oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caliginem prorsus abstergas, ut (quod apud Homerum est) norimus bene qui Deus, aut mortalis, habendus. Amen."*

FINIS.



HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.



***Homer's Odyssey.* Translated According to the Greeks. By George Chapman. Im
at London by Rich. Field, for Nathaniell Butter. [1616.]**

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods in council sit, to call
 Ulysses from Calypso's thrall,
 And order their high pleasures thus:
 Grey Pallas to Telemachus
 (In Ithaca) her way address;
 And did her heavenly limbs invest
 In Mentar's likeness, that did reign
 King of the Taphians, in the main
 Whose rough waves near Leucadia run,
 Advising wise Ulysses' son
 To seek his father, and address
 His course to young Tantalides,
 That govern'd Sparta. Thus much said,
 She shew'd she was Heaven's martial Maid,
 And vanish'd from him. Next to this,
 The Banquet of the wooers is.

ANOTHER.

Αἰψά. The Deities sit;
 The Man retired;
 Th' Ulysses wit
 By Pallas fired.

THE man,* O Muse, inform, that many a
 way
 Wound with his wisdom to his wished
 stay;
 That wander'd wondrous far, when he the
 town
 Of sacred Troy had sack'd and shiver'd
 down;
 The cities of a world of nations,
 With all their manners, minds, and
 fashions,
 He saw and knew; at sea felt many woes,
 Much care sustain'd, to save from over-
 throws
 Himself and friends in their retreat for
 home,
 But so their fates he could not overcome,

* The information or fashion of an absolute man; and necessary (or fatal) passage through many afflictions (according with the most sacred Letter) to his natural haven and country, is the whole argument and scope of this inimitable and miraculous poem. And therefore is the epithet πολέπρος given him in the first verse: πολέπρος signifying, *Home cujus ingenium velut per multas et varias vias vertitur in verum.*

Though much he thirsted it. O men un-
 wise,
 They perish'd by their own impieties,
 That in their hunger's rapine would not
 shun
 The oxen of the lofty-going Sun,
 Who therefore from their eyes the day
 bereft
 Of safe return. These acts, in some part
 left,
 Tell us, as others, deified seed of Jove.
 Now all the rest that austere Death out-
 strove
 At Troy's long siege at home safe anchor'd
 are,
 Free from the malice both of sea and war;
 Only Ulysses is denied access
 To wife and home. The grace of God-
 desses,
 The reverend nymph Calypso, did detain
 Him in her caves, past all the race of
 men
 Enflamed to make him her loved lord and
 spouse.
 And when the Gods had destined that his
 house,
 Which Ithaca on her rough bosom bears,
 (The point of time wrought out by ambient
 years)
 Should be his haven, Contention still ex-
 tends
 Her envy to him, even amongst his friends.
 All Gods took pity on him; only he
 That girds earth in the cincture of the
 sea,
 Divine Ulysses ever did envy,
 And made the fix'd port of his birth to fly.
 But he himself solemnized a retreat
 To th' Æthiops, far dissunder'd in their
 seat,
 (In two parts parted, at the sun's descent,
 And underneath his golden orient,
 The first and last of men,) t'enjoy their
 feast
 Of bulls and lambs, in hecatombs address;
 At which he sat, given over to delight.
 The other Gods in heaven's supreme
 height
 Were all in council met; to whom began
 The mighty Father both of God and
 man

Discourse, inducing matter that inclined
To wise Ulysses, calling to his mind
Faulful Ægisthus,* who to death was done
By young Orestes, Agamemnon's son.
His memory to the Immortals then
Moved Jove thus deeply: "O how falsely
men

Accuse us Gods as authors of their ill!
When, by the bane their own bad lives
instil

They suffer all the miseries of their states,
Past our inflictions, and beyond their
fates.

As now Ægisthus, past his fate, did wed
The wife of Agamemnon, and (in dread
To suffer death himself) to shun his ill,
Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,
In slaughtering Atrides in retreat.

Which we foretold him would so hardly
set

To his murtherous purpose, sending Mer-
cury

That slaughter'd Argus, our considerate
spy,

To give him this charge: 'Do not wed
his wife,

Nor murder him; for thou shalt buy his
life

With ransom of thine own, imposed on
thee

By his Orestes, when in him shall be
Atrides' self renew'd; and but the prime
Of youth's spring put abroad, in thirst to
climb

His haughty father's throne by his high
acts.'

These words of Hermes wrought not into
facts

Ægisthus' powers; good counsel he de-
spised,

And to that good his ill is sacrificed."

Pallas, whose eyes did sparkle like the
skies,

Answer'd: "O Sire! supreme of Deities,

Ægisthus pass'd his fate, and had desert
To warrant our infliction; and convert
May all the pains such impious men inflict
On innocent sufferers to revenge as strict
Their own hearts eating. But, that
Ithacus,

Thus never meriting, should suffer thus,
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind
Divides him from these fortunes. Though
unkind

Is piety to him, giving him a fate
More suffering than the most unfortunate,
So long kept friendless in a sea-girt soil,
Where the sea's navel is a sylvan isle,
In which the Goddess dwells that doth de-
rive

Her birth from Atlas,* who of all alive
The motion and the fashion doth command
With his wise mind, whose forces under-
stand

The inmost deeps and gulfs of all the seas,
Who (for his skill of things superior) stays
The two steep columns that prop earth
and heaven.

His daughter 'tis, who holds this homeless-
driven

Still mourning with her; evermore profuse
Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse
And make so languishingly, and possess†
With so remiss a mind her loved guest,
Manage the action of his way for home.
Where he, though in affection overcome,
In judgment yet more longs to shew his
hopes,

His country's smoke leap from her chimney
tops,

* In this place is Atlas given the epithet *ὀλοόφρων*, which signifies *qui universa mente agitat*, here given him for the power the stars have in all things. Yet this receives other interpretation in other places, as abovesaid.

† *Δόσηνος* is here turned by others, *infelix*, in the general collection; when it hath here a particular exposition, applied to express Ulysses' desert errors, *παρὰ τὸ στήναι, ut sit, qui vix locum invenire potest ubi consistat*.

‡ This is thus translated, rather to express and approve the allegory driven through the whole *Odysseys*. Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections; and the torments that breed in every pious mind; to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desires, at the proper and only true natural country of every worthy man, whose haven is heaven and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea in continual æsture and vexation. The words occasioning all this are *μαλακοῖς λόγοις; μαλακῆς* signifying, *qui lanquid, et animo remisso rem aliquam gerit*; which being the effect of Calypso's sweet words in Ulysses, is here applied passively to his own sufferance of their operation.

* These notes following I am forced to insert (since the words they contain differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to err out of that ignorance that may perhaps possess my depraver. *Ἀμύμονος* translated in this place *inculpabilis*, and made the epithet of Ægisthus, is from the true sense of the word, as it is here to be understood; which is quite contrary. As *ἀντίθεος* is to be expounded in some place *Divinus, or Deo similis*, but in another (soon after) *contrarius Deo*. The person to whom the epithet is given giving reason to distinguish it. And so *ὀλοόφρων*, an epithet given to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifies *mente perniciosus*; in the next, *qui universa mente gerit*.

And death asks in her arms. Yet never shall

Thy loved heart be converted on his thrall,
Austere Olympius. Did not ever he,
In ample Troy, thy altars gratify,
And Grecians' fleet make in thy offerings swim?

O Jove, why still then burns thy wrath to him?"

The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly,

Bold daughter, from thy pale of Ivory?
As if I ever could cast from my care
Divine Ulysses, who exceeds so far
All men in wisdom, and so oft hath given
To all th' Immortals throned in ample heaven

So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees,
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,

Stand to Ulysses' longings so extreme,
For taking from the God-foe Polypheme
His only eye; a Cyclop, that excell'd
All other Cyclops, with whose burthen swell'd

The nymph Thoosa, the divine increase
Of Phoreys' seed, a great God of the seas.
She mix'd with Neptune in his hollow caves,

And bore this Cyclop to that God of waves.
For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill

Erring Ulysses, but reserves him still
In life for more death. But use we our powers,

And round about us cast these cares of ours,

All to discover how we may prefer
His wish'd retreat, and Neptune make for-bear

His stern eye to him, since no one God can,

In spite of all, prevail, but 'gainst a man."
To this, this answer made the grey-eyed Maid;

"Supreme of rulers, since so well apaid

* *Ἐπος ἰδόντων*, viz. *vallum* or *clustrum dentium*, which, for the better sound in our language, is here turned, *Pale of Ivory*. The teeth being that rampire, or pale, given us by nature in that part for restraint and compression of our speech, till the imagination, appetite, and soul (that ought to rule in their examination, before their delivery) have given worthy pass to them. The most grave and divine poet, teaching therein, that not so much for the necessary chewing of our sustenance our teeth are given us, as for their stay of our words, lest we utter them rashly.

The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee,

To limit wise Ulysses' misery,
And that you speak as you referr'd to me
Prescription for the means, in this sort be
Their sacred order: Let us now address
With utmost speed our swift Argicides,
To tell the nymph that bears the golden tress

In th' isle Ogygia, that 'tis our will
She should not stay our loved Ulysses still,
But suffer his return; and then will I
To Ithaca, to make his son apply
His sire's inquest the more; infusing force
Into his soul, to summon the concourse
Of curl'd-head Greeks to council, and deter

Each wooer, that hath been the slaughterer
Of his fat sheep and crooked-headed bees,
From more wrong to his mother, and their leaves

Take in such terms as fit deserts so great.
To Sparta then, and Pylos, where doth beat

Bright Amathus, the flood, and epithet
To all that kingdom, my advice shall send
The spirit-advanced Prince, to the pious end
Of seeking his lost father, if he may
Receive report from Fame where rests his stay;

And make, besides, his own successive worth
Known to the world, and set in action forth."

This said, her wing'd shoes to her feet she tied,

Form'd all of gold, and all eternified;
That on the round earth or the sea sustain'd

Her ravish'd substance swift as gust of wind.

Then took she her strong lance with steel made keen,

Great, massy, active, that whole hosts of men,

Though all heroës, conquers, if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, back'd by so great a Sire.

Down from Olympus' tops she headlong dived,

And swift as thought in Ithaca arrived,
Close at Ulysses' gates; in whose first court

She made her stand, and, for her breast's support,

Lean'd on her iron lance; her form impress'd

With Mentas' likeness, come as being a guest.

There found she those proud wooers, that were then

Set on those ox-hides that themselves had slain,

Before the gates, and all at dice were playing.

To them the heralds, and the rest obeying, Fill'd wine and water; some, still as they play'd,

And some, for solemn supper's state, purvey'd,

With porous sponges cleansing tables, served

With much rich feast; of which to all they kerv'd.

God-like Telemachus amongst them sat, Grieved much in mind; and in his heart begat

All representation of his absent sire; How, come from far-off parts, his spirits would fire

With those proud wooers' sight, with slaughter parting

Their bold concourse; and to himself converting

The honours they usurp'd, his own commanding.

In this discourse, he first saw Pallas standing,

Unbidden entry; up rose, and address His pace right to her, angry that a guest

Should stand so long at gate; and, coming near,

Her right hand took; took in his own her spear,

And thus saluted: "Grace to your repair, Fair guest, your welcome shall be likewise fair.

Enter, and, cheer'd with feast, disclose th' intent

That caused your coming." This said, first he went,

And Pallas follow'd. To a room they came, Steep, and of state; the javelin of the Dame

He set against a pillar vast and high, Amidst a large and bright-kept armoury,

Which was, besides, with woods of lances graced

Of his grave father's. In a throne he placed

The man-turn'd Goddess, under which was spread

A carpet, rich and of deviceful thread; A footstool staying her feet; and by her chair

Another seat (all garnish'd wondrous fair, To rest or sleep on in the day) he set,

Far from the prease of wooers; lest at meat

The noise they still made might offend his guest,

Disturbing him at banquet or at rest, Even to his combat with that pride of

theirs,

That kept no noble form in their affairs. And these he set far from them, much the

rather

To question freely of his absent father. A table fairly-polish'd then was spread,

On which a reverend officer set bread, And other servitors all sorts of meat

(Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)

Served with observance in. And then the sewer

Pour'd water from a great and golden ewer,

That from their hands t' a silver caldron ran.

Both wash'd, and seated close, the voiceful man

Fetch'd cups of gold, and set by them; and round

Those cups with wine with all endeavour crown'd.

Then rush'd in the rude wooers, themselves placed;

The heralds water gave; the maids in haste Served bread from baskets. When, of all

prepared

And set before them, the bold wooers shared,

Their pages plying their cups past the rest.

But lusty wooers must do more than feast; For now, their hungers and their thirsts

allay'd,

They call'd for songs and dances; those, they said,

Were th' ornaments of feast. The herald straight

A harp, carved full of artificial sleight, Thrust into Phemius', a learn'd singer's,

hand,

Who, till he much was urged, on terms did stand,

But, after, play'd and sung with all his art. Telemachus to Pallas then (apart,

His ear inclining close, that none might hear)

In this sort said: "My guest, exceeding dear,

Will you not sit incensed with what I say? These are the cares these men take; feast and play.

Which easily they may use, because they eat,

Free and unpunish'd, of another's meat;

And of a man's, whose white bones wasting
lie

In some far region, with th' incessancy
Of showers pour'd down upon them, lying
ashore,

Or in the seas wash'd naked. Who, if he
wore

Those bones with flesh and life and in-
dustry,

And these might here in Ithaca set eye
On him return'd, they all would wish to be
Either past other in celerity

Of feet and knees, and not contend t'
exceed

In golden garments. But his virtues feed
The fate of ill death; nor is left to me

The least hope of his life's recovery,
No, not if any of the mortal race

Should tell me his return; the cheerful
face

Of his return'd day never will appear.
But tell me, and let Truth your witness
bear,

Who, and from whence you are? what
city's birth?

What parents? In what vessel set you
forth?

And with what mariners arrived you here?
I cannot think you a foot passenger.

Recount then to me all, to teach me well
Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell

In chance now first that you thus see us
here,

Or that in former passages you were
My father's guest? For many men have
been

Guests to my father. Studious of men
His sociable nature ever was."

On him again the grey-eyed Maid did pass
This kind reply: "I'll answer passing
true

All thou hast ask'd: My birth his honour
drew

From wise Anchialus. The name I bear
Is Mentas, the commanding islander

Of all the Taphians studious in the art
Of navigation; having touch'd this part

With ship and men, of purpose to maintain
Course through the dark seas t' other-

languaged men;

And Temesis sustains the city's name
For which my ship is bound, made known
by fame

For rich in brass, which my occasional need;
And therefore bring I shining steel in stead,
Which their use wants, yet makes my
vessel's freight,

That near a plough'd field rides at anchor's
weight,

Apart this city, in the harbour call'd
Rhethrus, whose waves with Neius' woods
are wall'd.

Thy sire and I were ever mutual guests,
At either's house still interchanging feasts.

I glory in it. Ask, when thou shalt see
Laertes, the old hero, these of me,

From the beginning. He, men say, no
more

Visits the city, but will needs deplore
His son's believed loss in a private field;

One old maid only at his hands to yield
Food to his life, as oft as labour makes

His old limbs faint; which, though he
creeps, he takes

Along a fruitful plain, set all with vines,
Which husbandman-like, though a king,
he proins.

But now I come to be thy father's guest;
I hear he wanders, while these woovers
feast.

And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this
hour)

I'll tell thee, out of a prophetic power,
(Not as profess'd a prophet, nor clear seen

At all times what shall after chance to
men)

What I conceive, for this time, will be
true:

The Gods' inflictions keep your sire from
you.

Divine Ulysses, yet, abides not dead
Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried

In any seas, as you did late conceive,
But, with the broad sea sieged, is kept
alive

Within an isle by rude and upland men,
That in his spite his passage home detain.

Yet long it shall not be before he tread
His country's dear earth, though solicited,
And held from his return, with iron chains;

For he hath wit to forge a world of trains,
And will, of all, be sure to make good one

For his return, so much relied upon.
But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed

So much* a son, as to be said the seed
Of Ithacus himself? Exceeding much

Thy forehead and fair eyes at his form
touch;

For oftentimes we met, as you and I
Meet at this hour, before he did apply

His powers for Troy, when other Grecian
states

In hollow ships were his associates.

* Τόσοι παῖς, *Tantus filius*. Pallas thus en-
forcing her question, to stir up the son the more
to the father's worthiness.

But, since that time, mine eyes could never
see

Renown'd Ulysses, nor met his with me."

The wise Telemachus again replied :
" You shall withal I know be satisfied.
My mother certain says I am his son ;
I know not ; nor was ever simply known
By any child the sure truth of his sire.
But would my veins had took in living fire
From some man happy, rather than one
wise,

Whom age might see seized of what youth
made prise.

But he whoever of the mortal race
Is most unblest, he holds my father's
place.

This, since you ask, I answer." She,
again :

" The Gods sure did not make the future
strain

Both of thy race and days obscure to thee,
Since thou wert borne so of Penelope.

The style may by thy after acts be won,
Of so great sire the high undoubted son.

Say truth in this then : what's this
feasting here ?

What all this rout? Is all this nuptial
cheer ?

Or else some friendly banquet made by
thee ?

For here no shots are, where all sharers be.
Past measure contumeliously this crew

Fare through thy house ; which should th'
ingenuous view

Of any good or wise man come and find,
(Impiety seeing play'd in every kind)

He could not but through every vein be
moved."

Again Telemachus : " My guest much
loved,

Since you demand and sift these sights so
far,

I grant 'twere fit a house so regular,
Rich, and so faultless once in government,
Should still, at all parts, the same form
present

That gave it glory while her lord was here.
But now the Gods, that us displeasure
bear,

Have otherwise appointed, and disgrace
My father most of all the mortal race.

For whom I could not mourn so were he
dead,

Amongst his fellow-captains slaughtered
By common enemies, or in the hands

Of his kind friends had ended his com-
mands,

After he had egregiously bestow'd
His power and order in a war so vow'd,

And to his tomb all Greeks their grace had
done,

That to all ages he might leave his son
Immortal honour ; but now Harpies have
Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred grave.
Obscure, inglorious, death hath made his
end,

And me, for glories, to all griefs contend.
Nor shall I any more mourn him alone,
The Gods have given me other cause of
moan.

For look how many optimates remain
In Samos, or the shores Dulichian,
Shady Zacynthus, or how many bear
Rule in the rough brows of this island
here ;

So many now my mother and this house
At all parts make defamed and ruinous,
And she her hateful nuptials nor denies,
Nor will despatch their importunities,
Though she beholds them spoil still as they
feast

All my free house yields ; and the little
rest

Of my dead sire in me perhaps intend
To bring ere long to some untimely end."

This Pallas sigh'd and answer'd : " O,"
said she,

" Absent Ulysses is much miss'd by thee,
That on these shameless suitors he might
lay

His wreakful hands. Should he now come,
and stay

In thy court's first gates, arm'd with helm
and shield,

And two such darts as I have seen him
wield,

When first I saw him in our Taphian
court,

Feasting, and doing his desert's disport ;
When from Ephyrus he return'd by us

From Ilus, son to Centaur Mermerus,
To whom he travell'd through the watery
dreads,

For bane to poison his sharp arrows'
heads,

That death, but touch'd, caused ; which he
would not give,

Because he fear'd the Gods that ever
live

Would plague such death with death ; and
yet their fear

Was to my father's bosom not so dear
As was thy father's love ; (for what he
sought

My loving father found him to a thought.)
If such as then Ulysses might but meet

With these proud wooers, all were at his
feet

But instant dead men, and their nuptials
Would prove as bitter as their dying galls.
But these things in the Gods' knees are
reposed,

If his return shall see with wreak inclosed,
These in his house, or he return no more.
And therefore I advise thee to explore
All ways thyself, to set these wooers gone ;
To which end give me fit attention :
To-morrow into solemn counsel call
The Greek heroes, and declare to all
(The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is.

Command to towns of their nativities
These frontless wooers. If thy mother's
mind

Stands to her second nuptials so inclined,
Return she to her royal father's towers,
Where th' one of these may wed her, and
her dowers

Make rich, and such as may consort with
grace

So dear a daughter of so great a race.
And thee I warn as well (if thou as well
Wilt hear and follow) take thy best-built
sail,

With twenty oars mann'd, and haste t'
inquire

Where the abode is of thy absent sire,
If any can inform thee, or thine ear
From Jove the fame of his retreat may
hear,

For chiefly Jove gives all that honours men.
To Pylos first be thy addression then,

To god-like Nestor; thence to Sparta
haste,

To gold-lock'd Menelaus, who was last
Of all the brass-arm'd Greeks that sail'd
from Troy ;

And try from both these, if thou canst
enjoy

News of thy sire's return'd life anywhere,
Though sad thou suffer'st in his search a
year.

If of his death thou hear'st, return thou
home,

And to his memory erect a tomb,
Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,
Pompous, and such as best may fit his
fame ;

And then thy mother a fit husband give.
These past, consider how thou mayst
deprive

Of worthless life these wooers in thy house,
By open force, or projects ingenious.

Things childish fit not thee ; th' art so no
more.

Hast thou not heard, how all men did
adore

Divine Orestes, after he had slain
Ægisthus murdering by a treacherous train
His famous father? Be then, my most
loved,

Valiant and manly, every way approved
As great as he. I see thy person fit,
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit ;
All given thee so to use and manage here
That even past death they may their
memories bear.

In meantime I'll descend to ship and men,
That much expect me. Be observant then
Of my advice, and careful to maintain
In equal acts thy royal father's reign."

Telemachus replied : " You ope, fair
guest,

A friend's heart in your speech, as well
express

As might a father serve t' inform his son ;
All which sure place have in my memory
won.

Abide yet, though your voyage calls away,
That, having bathed, and dignified your
stay

With some more honour, you may yet
beside

Delight your mind by being gratified
With some rich present taken in your
way,

That, as a jewel, your respect may lay
Up in your treasury, bestow'd by me,
As free friends use to guests of such
degree."

" Detain me not," said she, " so much
inclined

To haste my voyage. What thy loved
mind

Commands to give, at my return this way,
Bestow on me, that I directly may
Convey it home ; which, more of price
to me,

The more it asks my recompense to thee."

This said, away grey-eyed Minerva flew,
Like to a mounting lark ; and did endue
His mind with strength and boldness, and
much more

Made him his father long for than before ;
And weighing better who his guest might
be,

He stood amazed, and thought a Deity
Was there descended ; to whose will he
framed

His powers at all parts, and went so in-
flamed

Amongst the wooers, who were silent set,
To hear a Poet sing the sad retreat
The Greeks perform'd from Troy ; which
was from thence

Proclaim'd by Pallas, pain of her offence.

When which divine song was perceived
to bear
That mournful subject by the listening ear
Of wise Penelope, Icarus' seed,
Who from an upper room had given it heed,
Down she descended by a winding stair,
Not solely, but the state in her repair
Two maids of honour made. And when
this queen
Of women stoop'd so low, she might be
seen
By all her wooers. In the door, aloof,
Entering the hall graced with a goodly roof,
She stood, in shade of graceful veils,
implied
About her beauties; on her either side,
Her honour'd women. When, to tears
moved, thus
She chid the sacred singer: "Phemius,
You know a number more of these great
deeds
Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds,
And proper subjects, of a Poet's song,
And those due pleasures that to men
belong)
Besides these facts that furnish Troy's
retreat:
Sing one of those to these, that round your
seat
They may with silence sit, and taste their
wine;
But cease this song, that through these ears
of mine
Conveys deserved occasion to my heart
Of endless sorrows, of which the desert
In me unmeasured is, past all these men;
So endless is the memory I retain;
And so desertful is that memory,
Of such a man as hath a dignity
So broad, it spreads itself through all the
pride
Of Greece and Argos." To the queen
replied
Inspired Telemachus: "Why thus envies
My mother him that fits societies*
With so much harmony, to let him please
His own mind in his will to honour these?
For these ingenious and first sort of men,†
That do immediately from Jove retain

* Ἐπίηρος ἀοιδός. Cantor, *cujus tam apta est societas hominibus.*

† Ἄνδράων ἀλφειστήων. Ἄλφειστήων is an epithet proper to poets for their first finding out of arts and documents tending to elocution and government, inspired only by Jove, and are here called the first of men, since first they gave rules to manly life, and have their information immediately from Jove (as Plato in *Ione* witnesseth); the word deduced from ἄλφα, which

Their singing raptures, are by Jove as well
Inspired with choice of what their songs
impel,

Jove's will is free in it, and therefore theirs.
Nor is this man to blame, that the repairs
The Greeks make homeward sings; for his
fresh Muse

Men still most celebrate, that sings most
news.

And therefore in his note your ears
employ:

For not Ulysses only lost in Troy
The day of his return, but numbers more
The deadly ruins of his fortunes bore.

Go you then in, and take your work in
hand,

Your web, and distaff; and your maids
command

To ply their fit work. Words to men are
due,

And those reproving counsels you pursue,
And most to me of all men; since I bear
The rule of all things that are managed
here."

She went amazed away, and in her heart
Laid up the wisdom Pallas did impart
To her loved son so lately, turn'd again
Up to her chamber, and no more would
reign

In manly counsels. To her women she
Applied her sway; and to the wooers he
Began new orders, other spirits bewray'd
Than those in spite of which the wooers
sway'd

And (whiles his mother's tears still wash'd
her eyes,

Till grey Minerva did those tears surprise
With timely sleep, and that her wooers did
rouse

Rude tumult up through all the shady
house,

Disposed to sleep because their widow was)
Telemachus this new-given spirit did pass

On their old insolence: "Ho! you that
are

My mother's wooers! much too high ye
bear

Your petulant spirits; sit; and, while ye
may

Enjoy me in your banquets, see ye lay
These loud notes down, nor do this man

the wrong,
Because my mother hath disliked his song,

is taken for him *qui primas tenet aliquâ in re*, and will ἀλφειστήων then be sufficiently expressed with *ingeniosus*, than which no exposition goes further.

To grace her interruption. 'Tis a thing
Honest, and honour'd too, to hear one
sing

Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,
As this man flows in. By the morn's first
light,*

I'll call ye all before me in a Court,
That I may clearly banish your resort,
With all your rudeness, from these roofs of
mine. [bine.

Away; and elsewhere in your feasts com-
Consume your own goods, and make
mutual feast

At either's house. Or if ye still hold best,
And for your humours' more sufficed fill,
To feed, to spoil, because unpunish'd still,
On other findings, spoil; but here I call
Th' eternal Gods to witness, if it fall

In my wish'd reach once to be dealing
wrecks,

By Jove's high bounty, these your present
cheeks

To what I give in charge shall add more
reins

To my revenge hereafter; and the pains
Ye then must suffer shall pass all your
pride

Ever to see redress'd, or qualified."

At this all bit their lips, and did admire
His words sent from him with such phrase
and fire; [tinous,

Which so much moved them that An-
Eupitheus' son, cried out: "Telemachus!
The Gods, I think, have rapt thee to this
height

Of elocution, and this great conceit

Of self-ability. We all may pray,

That Jove invest not in this kingdom's
sway

Thy forward forces, which I see put forth
A hot ambition in thee for thy birth."

"Be not offended," he replied, "if I †
Shall say, I would assume this empery,

If Jove gave leave. You are not he that
sings:

The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things.

Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne;

A man may quickly gain possession

Of mighty riches, make a wondrous prize

Set of his virtues; but the dignities

That deck a king, there are enough beside

In this circumfluous isle that want no pride

To think them worthy of, as young as I,

And old as you are. An ascent so high

My thoughts affect not. Dead is he that
held

Desert of virtue to have so excell'd.

But of these turrets I will take on me

To be the absolute king; and reign as

free,

As did my father over all his hand

Left here in this house, slaves to my com-
mand."

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,

To this made this reply: "Telemachus!

The girlond of this kingdom let the knees

Of deity run for; but the faculties

This house is seized of, and the turrets
here,

Thou shalt be lord of, nor shall any
bear

The least part off of all thou dost possess,

As long as this land is no wilderness,

Nor ruled by out-laws. But give these

their pass,

And tell me, best of princes, who he was

That guested here so late? from whence?
and what?

In any region boasted he his state?

His race? his country? Brought he any
news

Of thy returning father? Or for dues

Of moneys to him made he fit repair?

How suddenly he rush'd into the air,

Nor would sustain to stay and make him
known!

His port shew'd no debauch'd compan-
ion."

He answer'd: "The return of my loved
sire

Is past all hope; and should rude Fame
inspire

From any place a flattering messenger

With news of his survival, he should bear

No least belief off from my desperate
love,

Which if a sacred prophet should approve,

* *Hæbet, prima luce.*

† Upon this answer of Telemachus, because it hath so sudden a change, and is so far let down from his late height of heat, altering and tempering so commandingly his affections, I thought not amiss to insert here Spondanus' further annotation which is this: *Prudenter Telemachus joco furorem Antinoi ac asperitatem emolliit. Nam ita dictum illius interpretatur, ut existimetur censere jocosa illa etiam ab Antino ad- versus se pronuntiata. Et primum ironice se Regem esse exoptat propter commoda qua Reges solent comitari. Ne tamen invidiam in se ambionis concitet, testatur se regnum Ithacæ non ambire, mortuo Ulyse, cum id alii possidere queant se longe prestantiores ac digniores: hoc unum ait se moliri, ut propriarum*

adum et bonorum solus sit dominus, tiz exclusis ac ejectis, qui vâ illa occupare ac dis- perdere conantur.

Call'd by my mother for her care's unrest,
It should not move me. For my late fair
guest,

He was of old my father's, touching here
From sea-girt Taphos ; and for name doth
bear

Mentas, the son of wise Anchialus ;
And governs all the Taphians studious
Of Navigation." This he said, but knew
It was a Goddess. These again withdrew
To dances and attraction of the song ;
And while their pleasures did the time
prolong,

The sable Even descended, and did steep
The lids of all men in desire of sleep.

Telemachus, into a room built high
Of his illustrious court, and to the eye
Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended,
And in his mind much weighty thought
contended.

Before him Euryclea (that well knew
All the observance of a handmaid's due,
Daughter to Opis Pisenorides)
Bore two bright torches ; who did so much
please

Laertes in her prime, that, for the price
Of twenty oxen, he made merchandize

Of her rare beauties ; and love's equal
flame,

To her he felt, as to his nuptial dame,
Yet never durst he mix with her in bed,
So much the anger of his wife he fled.

She, now grown old, to young Telemachus
Two torches bore, and was obsequious
Past all his other maids ; and did apply
Her service to him from his infancy.

His well-built chamber reach'd, she oped
the door,

He on his bed sat, the soft weeds he
wore

Put off, and to the diligent old maid

Gave all ; who fitly all in thick folds laid,
And hung them on a beam-pin near the
bed,

That round about was rich embroidered.

Then made she haste forth from him, and
did bring

The door together with a silver ring,
And by a string a bar to it did pull.

He, laid, and cover'd well with curled
wool

Woven in silk quilts, all night employ'd his
mind

About the task that Pallas had design'd.

THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS to court doth call
The wooers, and commands them all
To leave his house; and, taking then
From wise Minerva ship and men,
And all things fit for him beside,
That Euryclea could provide
For sea-rites till he found his sire,
He hoists sail; when Heaven stoops his fire.

ANOTHER.

Bęra. The old Maid's store
The voyage cheers.
The ship leaves shore,
Minerva steers.

Now when with rosy fingers, th' early
born
And thrown through all the air, appear'd
the Morn,
Ulysses' loved son from his bed appear'd,
His weeds put on, and did about him gird
His sword that thwart his shoulders hung,
and tied
To his fair feet fair shoes, and all parts
plied
For speedy readiness: who, when he trod
The open earth, to men shew'd like a
God.
The heralds then he straight charged to
consort
The curl'd-head Greeks, with loud calls, to
a Court.
They summon'd; th' other came in utmost
haste.
Who all assembled, and in one heap
placed,
He likewise came to council, and did bear
In his fair hand his iron-headed spear:
Nor came alone, nor with men-troops pre-
pared,
But two fleet dogs made both his train and
guard.
Pallas supplied with her high wisdom's
grace,
(That all men's wants supplies) State's
painted face.
His entering presence all men did admire;
Who took seat in the high throne of his
sire,

To which the grave peers gave him
reverend way.

Amongst whom, an Egyptian heroë
(Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun
The speech to all; who had a loved son
That with divine Ulysses did ascend
His hollow fleet to Troy; to serve which
end,

He kept fair horse, and was a man-at-
arms,

And in the cruel Cyclop's stern alarms
His life lost by him in his hollow cave,
Whose entrails open'd his abhorred grave,
And made of him, of all Ulysses' train,
His latest supper, being latest slain;
His name was Antiphus. And this old
man,

This crooked-grown, this wise Egyptian,
Had three sons more; of which one
riotous

A wooer was, and call'd Eurynomus;
The other two took both his own wish'd
course.

Yet both the best fates weigh'd not down
the worse,

But left the old man mindful still of moan;
Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:
"Hear, Ithacensians, all I fitly say:

Since our divine Ulysses' parting day
Never was council call'd, nor session,
And now by whom is this thus under-
gone?

Whom did necessity so much compel,
Of young or old? Hath any one heard
tell

Of any coming army, that he thus now
May openly take boldness to avow,
First having heard it? Or will any here
Some motion for the public good prefer?
Some worth of note there is in this com-
mand;

And, methinks, it must be some good
man's hand

That's put to it, that either hath direct
Means to assist, or, for his good affect,
Hopes to be happy in the proof he makes;
And that Jove grant, whate'er he under-
takes.

Telemachus (rejoicing much to hear
The good hope and opinion men did bear

Of his young actions) no longer sat,
But long'd t' approve what this man
pointed at,

And make his first proof in a cause so
good ;

And in the council's chief place up he
stood ;

When straight Pisenor (herald to his sire,
And learn'd in counsels) felt his heart on
fire

To hear him speak, and put into his hand
The sceptre that his father did command ;
Then, to the old Egyptian turn'd, he
spoke :

" Father, not far he is that undertook
To call this Council ; whom you soon shall
know.

Myself, whose wrongs my griefs will make
me show,

Am he that author'd this assembly here.

Nor have I heard of any army near,
Of which, being first told, I might iterate,

Nor for the public good can aught relate,
Only mine own affairs all this procure,

That in my house a double ill endure ;
One, having lost a father so renown'd,

Whose kind rule once with your command
was crown'd ;

The other is, what much more doth aug-
ment

His weighty loss, the ruin imminent
Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.

And of all this the wooers, that are sons
To our chief peers, are the confusions,

Importuning my mother's marriage
Against her will ; nor dares their blood's

bold rage
Go to Icarus', her father's court,

That, his will ask'd in kind and comely
sort,

He may endow his daughter with a dower,
And, she consenting, at his pleasure's

power
Dispose her to a man, that, thus behaved,
May have fit grace, and see her honour

saved.
But these, in none but my house, all their

lives
Resolve to spend ; slaughtering my sheep
and beeves,

And with my fattest goats lay feast on
feast,

My generous wine consuming as they list.
A world of things they spoil, here wanting

one,
That, like Ulysses, quickly could set gone
These peace-plagues from his house, that

spoil like war ;
Whom my powers are unfit to urge so far,

Myself immortal. But, had I the power,
My will should serve me to exempt this
hour

From out my life-time. For, past patience,
Base deeds are done here, that exceed

defence
Of any honour. Falling is my house,
Which you should shame to see so

ruinous.
Reverence the censures that all good men

give
That dwell about you ; and for fear to live
Exposed to heaven's wrath (that doth ever

pay
Pains for joys forfeit) even by Jove I pray,
Or Themis, both which, powers have to

restrain
Or gather councils, that ye will abstain
From further spoil ; and let me only waste

In that most wretched grief I have em-
braced

For my lost father. And though I am
free

From meriting your outrage, yet, if he,
Good man, hath ever with a hostile heart

Done ill to any Greek, on me convert
Your like hostility, and vengeance take

Of his ill on my life, and all these make
Join in that justice ; but, to see abused

Those goods that do none ill but being ill-
used,

Exceeds all right. Yet better 'tis for me,
My whole possessions and my rents to see

Consumed by you, than lose my life and
all ;

For on your rapine a revenge may fall,
While I live ; and so long I may complain

About the city, till my goods again,
Oft ask'd, may be with all amends repaid.

But in the mean space your misrule hath
laid

Griefs on my bosom, that can only speak,
And are denied the instant power of

wreak."
This said, his sceptre 'gainst the ground

he threw,
And tears still'd from him ; which moved

all the crew :
The court strook silent, not a man did

dare
To give a word that might offend his ear.
Antinous only in this sort replied :

" High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,
How have you shamed us in this speech of

yours !
Will you brand us for an offence not ours ?
Your mother, first in craft, is first in cause.

Three years are past, and near the fourth
now draws,

Since first she mock'd the peers Achaian.
All she made hope, and promised every
man :

Sent for us ever, left love's shew in
nought,

But in her heart conceal'd another
thought.

Besides, as curious in her craft, her loom
She with a web charged, hard to over-
come,

And thus bespake us : ' Youths, that seek
my bed,

Since my divine spouse rests among the
dead,

Hold on your suits but till I end, at most,
This funeral weed, lest what is done be lost.

Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere
fate

Of bitter death shall take into his state

Laertes the heroë, it shall deck

His royal corse ; since I should suffer check
In ill report of every common dame,

If one so rich should shew in death his
shame.'

This speech she used ; and this did soon
persuade

Our gentle minds. But this a work she
made

So hugely long, undoing still in night*

(By torches) all she did by day's broad
light,

That three years her deceit dived past our
view.

And made us think that all she feign'd was
true.

But when the fourth year came, and those
sly hours

That still surprise at length dames' craftiest
powers ;

One of her women, that knew all, dis-
closed

The secret to us, that she still unloosed
Her whole day's fair affair in depth of
night.

And then no further she could force her
sleight,

But, of necessity, her work gave end.

And thus, by me, doth every other friend,
Professing love to her, reply to thee ;

That even thyself, and all Greeks else may
see,

That we offend not in our stay, but she.
To free thy house then, send her to her
sire,

Commanding that her choice be left entire
To his election, and one settled will.

Nor let her vex with her illusions still

Her friends that woo her ; standing on her
wit,

Because wise Pallas hath given wiles to it
So full of art, and made her understand

All works in fair skill of a lady's hand.
But (for her working mind) we read of
none

Of all the old world, in which Greece hath
shown

Her rarest pieces, that could equal her :

Tyro, Alcmena, and Mycena were

To hold comparison in no degree,

For solid brain, with wise Penelope.

And yet, in her delays of us, she shows

No prophet's skill with all the wit she
owes ;

For all this time thy goods and victuals go
To utter ruin ; and shall ever so,

While thus the Gods her glorious mind
dispose.

Glory herself may gain, but thou shalt lose
Thy longings even for necessary food ;

For we will never go where lies our good,

Nor any other where, till this delay

She puts on all she quits with th' endless
stay

Of some one of us ; that to all the rest
May give free farewell with his nuptial
feast."

The wise young prince replied : " An-
tinous !

I may by no means turn out of my house
Her that hath brought me forth and
nourish'd me.

Besides, if quick or dead my father be
In any region, yet abides in doubt ;

And 'twill go hard, by means being so run
out,

To tender to Icarus again,
If he again my mother must maintain

In her retreat, the dower she brought with
her.

And then a double ill it will confer,
Both from my father and from God on me,

When, thrust out of her house, on her
bent knee,

My mother shall the horrid Furies raise
With imprecations, and all men dispraise

My part in her exposure. Never then
Will I perform this counsel. If your
spleen

Swell at my courses, once more I command
Your absence from my house. Some other's
hand

Charge with your banquets ; on your own
goods eat,

And either other mutually intreat,
At either of your houses, with your feast.

But if ye still esteem more sweet and best

* *Telam Penelopeo retexere.* Proverbium.

Another's spoil, so you still wreakless live,
Gnaw (vermin-like) things sacred, no laws
give

To your devouring ;* it remains that I
Invoke each ever-living Deity,
And vow, if Jove shall deign in any date
Power of like pains for pleasures so past
rate,

From thenceforth look, where ye have
revell'd so

Unwreak'd, your ruins all shall undergo."

Thus spake Telemachus ; t' assure whose
threat,

Far-seeing Jove upon their pinions set
Two eagles from the high brows of a hill,
That, mounted on the winds, together
still

Their strokes extended ; but arriving now
Amidst the Council, over every brow
Shook their thick wings, and, threatening
death's cold fears,

Their necks and cheeks tore with their
eager seres ;

Then, on the court's right-hand away they
flew,

Above both court and city : with whose
view,

And study what events they might foretell,
The Council into admiration fell.

The old heroe, Halitherses, then,
The son of Nestor, that of all old men,

His peers in that court, only could foresee
By flight of fowls man's fixed destiny,

"Twixt them and their amaze, this inter-
posed :

"Hear, Ithacensians, all your doubts
disclosed.

The woers most are touch'd in this
ostent,

To whom are dangers great and imminent ;
For now not long more shall Ulysses bear

Lack of his most loved ; but fills some place
near,

Addressing to these woers fate and death,
And many more this mischief menaceth

Of us inhabiting this famous isle.
Let us consult yet, in this long forewhile,

How to ourselves we may prevent this ill.
Let these men rest secure, and revel still ;

Though they might find it safer, if with us
They would in time prevent what threats

them thus ;
Since not without sure trial I foretell

These coming storms, but know their issue
well.

* The word is *keipere*, *κεῖρω* signifying, *insatiabili quadam edacitate voro*.

For to Ulysses all things have event,
As I foretold him, when for Iliion went
The whole Greek fleet together, and with
them

Th' abundant - in - all - counsels took the
stream.

I told him, that, when much ill he had past,
And all his men were lost, he should at
last,

The twentieth year, turn home, to all un-
known ;

All which effects are to perfection grown."
Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,

Opposed this man's presage, and answer'd
thus :

"Hence, great in years, go, prophesy at
home ;

Thy children teach to shun their ills to
come.

In these superior far to thee am I.
A world of fowls beneath the sun-beams

fly

That are not fit t' inform a prophecy.
Besides, Ulysses perish'd long ago ;

And would thy fates to thee had destined so,
Since so thy so much prophecy had spared

Thy wronging of our rights, which, for
reward

Expected home with thee, hath summon'd
us

Within the anger of Telemachus.
But this I will presage, which shall be true ;

If any spark of anger chance t' ensue
Thy much old art in these deep auguries,

In this young man incensed by thy lies,
Even to himself his anger shall confer

The greater anguish, and thine own ends
err

From all their objects ; and, besides, thine
age

Shall feel a pain, to make thee curse
presage

With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee
near.

But I will soon give end to all our fear,
Preventing whatsoever chance can fall,

In my suit to the young prince for us all,
To send his mother to her father's house,

That he may sort her out a worthy spouse,
And such a dower bestow, as may befit

One loved, to leave her friends and follow it.
Before which course be, I believe that none

Of all the Greeks will cease th' ambition
Of such a match. For, chance what can

to us,
We no man fear, no not Telemachus,

Though ne'er so greatly spoken. Nor care
we

For any threats of austere prophecy,

Which thou, old dotard, vaunt'st of so in vain.

And thus shalt thou in much more hate remain ;

For still the Gods shall bear their ill expense,

Nor ever be disposed by competence,
Till with her nuptials she dismiss our suits,

Our whole lives' days shall sow hopes for such fruits.

Her virtues we contend to, nor will go
To any other, be she never so

Worthy of us, and all the worth we owe."

He answer'd him : " Eurymachus, and all
Ye generous wooers, now, in general ;

I see your brave resolves, and will no more
Make speech of these points, and, much less, implore.

It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
And all the Gods besides, just witness bear,

What friendly premonitions have been spent
On your forbearance, and their vain event.

Yet, with my other friends, let love prevail
To fit me with a vessel free of sail,

And twenty men, that may divide to me
My ready passage through the yielding sea.

For Sparta, and Amathoan Pylos' shore
I now am bound, in purpose to explore

My long-lack'd father, and to try if fame
Or Jove, most author of man's honour'd name,

With his return and life may glad mine ear,

Though toil'd in that proof I sustain a year.

If dead I hear him, nor of more state, here

Retired to my loved country I will rear
A sepulchre to him, and celebrate

Such royal parent-rites, as fits his state ;
And then my mother to a spouse dispose."

This said, he sat ; and to the rest arose
Mentor, that was Ulysses' chosen friend,

To whom, when he set forth, he did commend
His complete family, and whom he will'd

To see the mind of his old sire fulfill'd.
All things conserving safe, till his retreat.

Who (tender of his charge, and seeing so set
In slight care of their king, his subjects there,

Suffering his son so much contempt to bear)

Thus gravely, and with zeal, to him began :

" No more let any sceptre-bearing man,

Benevolent, or mild, or humane be,
Nor in his mind form acts of piety,

But ever feed on blood ; and facts unjust
Commit, even to the full swinge of his lust ;

Since of divine Ulysses no man now,
Of all his subjects, any thought doth show.

All whom he govern'd, and became to them,

Rather than one that wore a diadem,
A most indulgent father. But, for all

That can touch me, within no envy fall
These insolent wooers, that in violent kind

Commit things foul by th' ill wit of the mind,

And with the hazard of their heads devour
Ulysses' house ; since his returning hour

They hold past hope. But it affects me much,

Ye dull plebeians, that all this doth touch
Your free states nothing ; who, strook dumb, afford

These wooers not so much wreak as a word,

Though few, and you with only number might
Extinguish to them the profaned light."

Evenor's son, Leocritus, replied :

" Mentor ! the raider, made a fool with pride,

What language givest thou, that would quiet us

With putting us in storm, exciting thus
The rout against us ? who, though more than we,

Should find it is no easy victory
To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts,

No not if Ithacus himself such guests
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,

And hope to force them from so sweet a fort.

His wife should little joy in his arrive,
Though much she wants him ; for, where she alive

Would her's enjoy, there death should claim his rights.

He must be conquer'd that with many fights.

Thou speak'st unfit things. To their labours then

Disperse these people ; and let these two men,

Mentor and Halitherses, that so boast
From the beginning to have govern'd most

In friendship of the father, to the son
Confirm the course he now affects to run.

But my mind says, that, if he would but
use

A little patience, he should here hear news
Of all things that his wish would understand,

But no good hope for of the course in
hand."

This said, the Council rose; when every
peer

And all the people in dispersion were
To houses of their own; the wooers yet
Made to Ulysses' house their old retreat.

Telemachus, apart from all the prease,
Prepared to shore, and, in the aged seas
His fair hands wash'd, did thus to Pallas
pray:

"Hear me, O Goddess, that but yesterday
Didst deign access to me at home, and
lay

Grave charge on me to take ship, and in-
quire

Along the dark seas for mine absent sire;
Which all the Greeks oppose; amongst
whom most

Those that are proud still at another's
cost,

Past measure, and the civil rights of men,
My mother's wooers, my repulse main-
tain."

Thus spake he praying; when close to
him came

Pallas, resembling Mentor both in frame
Of voice and person, and advised him
thus:

"Those wooers well might know, Tele-
machus,

Thou wilt not ever weak and childish be,
If to thee be instill'd the faculty

Of mind and body that thy father graced;
And if, like him, there be in thee enchain'd
Virtue to give words works, and works
their end.

This voyage, that to them thou didst com-
mend,

Shall not so quickly, as they idly ween,
Be vain, or given up, for their opposite
spleen.

But, if Ulysses nor Penelope
Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee

Of no more urging thy attempt in hand;
For few, that rightly bred on both sides
stand,

Are like their parents, many that are
worse,

And most-few better. Those then that the
nurse

Or mother call true-born yet are not so,
Like worthy sires much less are like to
grow.

But thou shew'st now that in thee fades
not quite

Thy father's wisdom; and that future light
Shall therefore show thee far from being
unwise,

Or touch'd with stain of bastard cowardice.
Hope therefore says, that thou wilt to the
end

Pursue the brave act thou didst erst intend.
But for the foolish wooers, they bewray

'They neither counsel have nor soul, since
they

Are neither wise nor just; and so must
needs

Rest ignorant how black above their heads
Fate hovers holding Death, that one sole
day

Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee, the way thou wishest shall no
more

Fly thee a step; I, that have been before
Thy father's friend, thine likewise now will
be,

Provide thy ship myself, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and soothe each
wooer's vein,

But under hand fit all things for the main;
Wine in as strong and sweet casks as you
can,

And meal, the very narrow of a man,
Which put in good sure leather sacks, and
see

That with sweet food sweet vessels still
agree.

I from the people straight will press for you
Free volunteers; and, for ships, crows
Sea-circled Ithaca contains, both new
And old built; all which I'll exactly view,
And choose what one soever most doth
please;

Which rigg'd, we'll straight launch, and
assay the seas."

This spake Jove's daughter, Pallas;
whose voice heard,

No more Telemachus her charge deferr'd,
But hasted home; and, sad at heart, did see

Amidst his hall th' insulting wooers flea
Goats and roast swine. 'Mongst whom
Antinous

Careless, discovering in Telemachus
His grudge to see them, laugh'd, met,
took his hand,

And said: "High-spoken, with the mind
so mann'd!

Come, do as we do, put not up your spirits
With these low trifles, nor our loving
merits

In gall of any hateful purpose steep,
But eat egregiously, and drink as deep.

The things thou think'st on, all at full shall
 be
 By th' Achives thought on, and perform'd
 to thee ;
 Ship, and choice oars, that in a trice will
 land
 Thy hasty fleet on heavenly Pylos' sand,
 And at the fame of thy illustrious sire."
 He answer'd : " Men, whom pride doth
 so inspire,
 Are not fit consorts for a humble guest ;
 Nor are constrain'd men merry at their
 feast.
 Is't not enough, that all this time ye have
 Oped in your entrails my chief goods a
 grave,
 And, while I was a child, made me par-
 take?
 My now more growth more grown my
 mind doth make,
 And, hearing speak more judging men than
 you,
 Perceive how much I was misgovern'd
 now.
 I now will try if I can bring ye home
 An ill Fate to consort you ; if it come
 From Pylos, or amongst the people here.
 But thither I resolve, and know that here
 I shall not touch in vain. Nor will I
 stay,
 Though in a merchant's ship I steer my
 way ;
 Which shews in your sights best ; since me
 ye know
 Incapable of ship, or men to row."
 This said, his hand he coyly snatch'd
 away
 From forth Antinous' hand. The rest the
 day
 Spent through the house with banquets ;
 some with jests,
 And some with railings, dignifying their
 feasts.
 To whom a jest-proud youth the wit
 began :
 " Telemachus will kill us every man.
 From Sparta, or the very Pylian sand,
 He will raise aids to his impetuous hand.
 O he affects it strangely ! Or he means
 To search Ephyra's fat shores, and from
 thence
 Bring deathful poisons, which amongst our
 bowls
 Will make a general shipwrack of our
 souls."
 Another said : " Alas, who knows but
 he
 Once gone, and erring like his sire at
 sea,

May perish like him, far from aid of
 friends?
 And so he makes us work ; for all the
 ends
 Left of his goods here we shall share ; the
 house
 Left to his mother and her chosen spouse."
 Thus they ; while he a room ascended,
 high
 And large, built by his father, where did
 lie
 Gold and brass heap'd up, and in coffers
 were
 Rich robes, great store of odorous oils, and
 there
 Stood tuns of sweet old wines along the
 wall ;
 Neat and divine drink, kept to cheer
 withal
 Ulysses' old heart, if he turn'd again
 From labours fatal to him to sustain.
 The doors of plank were, their close ex-
 quisite
 Kept with a double key, and day and night
 A woman lock'd within ; and that was she
 Who all trust had for her sufficiency,
 Old Euryclea, one of Opis' race,
 Son to Pisenor, and in passing grace
 With gray Minerva ; her the prince did
 call,
 And said : " Nurse ! draw me the most
 sweet of all
 The wine thou keep'st ; next that which
 for my sire
 Thy care reserves, in hope he shall retire.
 Twelve vessels fill me forth, and stop them
 well.
 Then into well-sew'd sacks, of fine ground
 meal
 Pour twenty measures. Nor, to any one
 But thou thyself, let this design be known.
 All this see got together ; I it all
 In night will fetch off, when my mother
 shall
 Ascend her high room and for sleep pre-
 pare.
 Sparta and Pylos I must see, in care
 To find my father." Out Euryclea cried,
 And ask'd with tears : " Why is your mind
 applied,
 Dear son, to this course ? whither will
 you go ?
 So far off leave us, and beloved so,
 So only ? and the sole hope of your
 race ?
 Royal Ulysses, far from the embrace
 Of his kind country, in a land unknown
 Is dead ; and, you from your loved
 country gone,

The wooers will with some deceit assay
To your destruction, making then their
prey

Of all your goods. Where, in your own
y'are strong,

Make sure abode. It fits not you so
young

To suffer so much by the aged seas,
And err in such a wayless wilderness."

"Be cheer'd, loved nurse," said he, "for,
not without

The will of God, go my attempts about.
Swear therefore, not to wound my mother's
ears

With word of this, before from heaven
appears

Th' eleventh or twelfth light, or herself shall
please

To ask of me, or hears me put to seas ;
Lest her fair body with her woe be
wore."

To this the great oath of the Gods she
swore ;

Which having sworn, and of it every due
Perform'd to full, to vessels wine she
drew,

And into well-sew'd sacks pour'd foody
meal.

In mean-time he, with cunning to conceal
All thought of this from others, himself
bore

In broad house, with the wooers, as be-
fore.

Then grey-eyed Pallas other thoughts did
own,

And like Telemachus trod through the
town,

Commanding all his men in th' even to
be

Aboard his ship. Again then question'd
she

Noemon, famed for aged Phronius' son,
About his ship ; who all things to be done

Assured her freely should. The sun then
set,

And sable shadows slid through every
street,

When forth they launch'd, and soon aboard
did bring

All arms, and choice of every needful thing
That fits a well-rigg'd ship. The Goddess
then

Stood in the port's extreme part, where her
men,

Nobly appointed, thick about her came,
Whose every breast she did with spirit en-
flame.

Yet still fresh projects laid the grey-eyed
Dame.

Straight to the house she hasted, and
sweet sleep

Pour'd on each wooer ; which so laid in
steep

Their drowsy temples, that each brow did
nod

As all were drinking, and each hand his
load

(The cup) let fall. All start up, and to
bed,

Nor more would watch, when sleep so sur-
feited

Their leaden eye-lids. Then did Pallas
call

Telemachus (in body, voice, and all
Resembling Mentor) from his native nest ;

And said, that all his arm'd men were
address

To use their oars, and all expected now
He should the spirit of a soldier show.

"Come then," said she, "no more let us
defer

Our honour'd action." Then she took on
her

A ravish'd spirit, and led as she did leap ;
And he her most haste took out step by
step.

Arrived at sea and ship, they found
ashore

The soldiers that their fashion'd long hair
wore ;

To whom the prince said : "Come, my
friends, let's bring

Our voyage's provision ; every thing
Is heap'd together in our court ; and
none,

No not my mother, nor her maids, but
one

Knows our intention." This express'd, he
led ;

The soldiers close together followed ;
And all together brought aboard their
store.

Aboard the prince went ; Pallas still
before

Sat at the stern, he close to her, the men
Up hasted after. He and Pallas then

Put from the shore. His soldiers then he
bade

See all their arms fit ; which they heard,
and had.

A beechen mast, then in the hollow
base

They put and hoisted, fix'd it in his
place

With cables ; and with well-wreathed halsers
hoise

Their white sails ; which gray Pallas now
employs

With full and fore-gales through the dark
 deep main.

The purple waves, so swift cut, roar'd
 again
 Against the ship sides, that now ran and
 plow'd

The rugged seas up. Then the men be-
 stow'd

Their arms about the ship ; and sacrifice
 With crown'd wine-cups to th' endless
 Deities

They offer'd up. Of all yet throned above,
 They most observed the grey-eyed seed of
 Jove ;

Who, from the evening till the morning rose,
 And all day long their voyage did dispose.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, and Heaven's wise* Dame
That never husband had, now came
To Nestor ; who his either guest
Received at the religious feast
He made to Neptune, on his shore ;
And there told what was done before
The Trojan turrets, and the state
Of all the Greeks since Ilion's fate.
This book these three† of greatest place
Doth serve with many a varied grace.
Which past, Minerva takes her leave.
Whose state when Nestor doth perceive,
With sacrifice he makes it known,
Where many a pleasing rite is shown.
Which done, Telemachus hath gain'd
A chariot of him ; who ordain'd
Pisistratus, his son, his guide
To Sparta ; and when starry-eyed
The ample heaven began to be,
All house-rites to afford them free,
In Pheris, Diocles did please ;
His surname Ortilochides.

ANOTHER.

Ῥόμμα. Ulysses' son
With Nestor lies,
To Sparta gone ;
Thence Pallas flies.

THE sun now left the great and goodly lake,
And to the firm heaven bright ascent did
make,
To shine as well upon the mortal birth,
Inhabiting the plow'd life-giving earth,
As on the ever-treaders upon death.
And now to Pylos, that so garnisheth
Herself with buildings, old Neleus' town,
The prince and Goddess come had strange
sights shown ;
For, on the marine shore, the people there
To Neptune, that the azure locks doth wear,
Beeves that were wholly black gave holy
flame.
Nine seats of state they made to his high
name ;
And every seat set with five hundred men,
And each five hundred was to furnish then
With nine black oxen every sacred seat.
These of the entrails only pleased to eat,

* Pallas.

† viz. Minerva, Nestor, and Telemachus.

And to the God enflamed the fleshy thighs.
By this time Pallas with the sparkling
eyes,
And he she led, within the haven bore,
Strook sail, cast anchor, and trod both the
shore.
She first, he after. Then said Pallas :
" Now
No more befits thee the least bashful brow ;
T' embolden which this act is put on
thee,
To seek thy father both at shore and sea,
And learn in what clime he abides so close,
Or in the power of what Fate doth repose.
Come then, go right to Nestor ; let us
see,
If in his bosom any counsel be,
That may inform us. Pray him not to
trace
The common courtship and to speak in
grace
Of the demander, but to tell the truth ;
Which will delight him, and commend thy
youth
For such prevention ; for he loves no lies,
Nor will report them, being truly wise."
He answer'd : " Mentor ! how, alas
shall I
Present myself ? how greet his gravity ?
My youth by no means that ripe form
affords,
That can digest my mind's instinct in words
Wise, and becoming th' ears of one so
sage.
Youth of most hope blush to use words
with age."
She said : " Thy mind will some conceit
impress,
And something God will prompt thy
towardness ;
For, I suppose, thy birth, and breeding too,
Were not in spite of what the Gods could
do."
This said, she swiftly went before, and he
Her steps made guides, and follow'd in-
stantly.
When soon they reach'd the Pylian throgs
and seats,
Where Nestor with his sons sat ; and the
meats,

That for the feast served ; round about
 them were
 Adherents dressing all their sacred cheer,
 Being roast and boil'd meats. When the
 Pylans saw
 These strangers come, in thrust did all
 men draw
 About their entry, took their hands, and
 pray'd
 They both would sit ; their entry first
 assay'd
 By Nestor's son, Pisistratus. In grace
 Of whose repair, he gave them honour'd
 place
 Betwixt his sire and brother Thrasymed,
 Who sat at feast on soft fells that were
 spread
 Along the sea sands ; kerved, and reach'd
 to them
 Parts of the inwards, and did make a
 stream
 Of spritely wine into a golden bowl ;
 Which to Minerva with a gentle soul
 He gave, and thus spake : " Ere you eat,
 fair guest,
 Invoke the Seas' King, of whose sacred
 feast
 Your travel hither makes ye partners now ;
 When, sacrificing as becomes, bestow
 This bowl of sweet wine on your friend,
 that he
 May likewise use these rites of piety ;
 For I suppose his youth doth prayers use,
 Since all men need the Gods. But you I
 chuse
 First in this cup's disposeure, since his years
 Seem short of yours, who more like me
 appears."
 Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant
 wine ;
 And since a wise and just man did design
 The golden bowl first to her free receipt,
 Even to the Goddess it did add delight ;
 Who thus invoked : " Hear thou, whose
 vast embrace
 Ensperses the whole earth, nor disdain thy
 grace
 To us that ask it in performing this :
 To Nestor first, and these fair sons of his,
 Vouchsafe all honour ; and, next them,
 bestow
 On all these Pylans, that have offer'd now
 This most renowned hecatomb to thee,
 Remuneration fit for them, and free ;
 And lastly deign Telemachus and me,
 The work perform'd, for whose effect we
 came,
 Our safe return, both with our ship and
 fame."

Thus pray'd she ; and herself herself obey'd,
 In th' end performing all for which she
 pray'd.
 And now, to pray, and do as she had done,
 She gave the fair round bowl t' Ulysses'
 son.
 The meat then dress'd, and drawn, and
 served t' each guest,
 They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.
 When appetite to wine and food allay'd,
 Horse-taming Nestor then began, and
 said :
 " Now life's desire is served, as far as
 fare,
 Time fits me to enquire what guests these
 are.
 Fair guests, what are ye? and for what
 coast tries
 Your ship the moist deeps? For fit mer-
 chandize,
 Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prize?
 The rough seas tempting, desperately
 erring,
 The ill of others in their good conferring?"
 The wise Prince now his boldness did
 begin ;
 For Pallas' self had harden'd him within ;
 By this device of travel to explore
 His absent father ; which two girlonds
 wore ;
 His good by manage of his spirits ; and
 then
 To gain him high grace in th' accounts of
 men,
 " O Nestor ! still in whom Neleus lives !
 And all the glory of the Greeks survives,
 You ask from whence we are, and I relate:
 From Ithaca (whose seat is situate
 Where Neius, the renowned mountain,
 rears
 His haughty forehead, and the honour
 bears
 To be our sea-mark) we assay'd the waves.
 The business, I must tell, our own good
 craves,
 And not the public. I am come t' enquire,
 If, in the fame that best men doth inspire
 Of my most-suffering father, I may hear
 Some truth of his estate now, who did bear
 The name (being join'd in fight with you
 alone)
 To even with earth the height of Ilion.
 Of all men else, that any name did bear,
 And fought for Troy, the several ends we
 hear ;
 But his death Jove keeps from the world
 unknown,
 The certain fame thereof being told by
 none ;

If on the continent by enemies slain,
Or with the waves eat of the ravenous main.
For his love 'tis that to your knees I sue,
That you would please, out of your own
clear view,

T' assure his sad end ; or say, if your ear
Hath heard of the unhappy wanderer,
To too much sorrow whom his mother
bore.

You then by all your bounties I implore,
(If ever to you deed or word hath stood,
By my good father promised, render'd good
Amongst the Trojans, where ye both have
tried

The Grecian sufferance) that in nought
applied

To my respect or pity you will glose,
But unclothed truth to my desires dis-
close."

"O my much-loved," said he, "since
you renew

Remembrance of the miseries that grew
Upon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece
Amongst Troy's people, I must touch a
piece

Of all our woes there, either in the men
Achilles brought by sea and led to gain
About the country, or in us that fought
About the city, where to death were brought
All our chief men, as many as were there.
There Mars-like Ajax lies ; Achilles there ;
There the in-counsel-like-the-Gods, his
friend ;*

There my dear son Antilochus took end,
Past measure swift of foot, and staid in
fight.

A number more that ill felt infinite ;
Of which to reckon all, what mortal man,
If five or six years you should stay here,
can

Serve such enquiry ? You would back again,
Affected with unsufferable pain,
Before you heard it. Nine years sieged
we them,

With all the depth and sleight of stratagem
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill past
end.

Yet still they toil'd us ; nor would yet Jove
send

Rest to our labours, nor will scarcely yet.
But no man lived, that would in public
set

His wisdom by Ulysses' policy,
(As thought his equal) so excessively
He stood superior all ways. If you be
His son indeed, mine eyes even ravish me

To admiration. And in all consent
Your speech puts on his speech's orna-
ment.

Nor would one say, that one so young
could use

(Unless his son) a rhetoric so profuse.
And while we lived together, he and I
Never in speech maintain'd diversity ;
Nor set in council but, by one soul led,
With spirit and prudent counsel furnished
The Greeks at all hours ; that with fairest
course,

What best became them they might put in
force.

But when Troy's high towers we had
levell'd thus,

We put to sea, and God divided us.
And then did Jove our sad retreat devise ;
For all the Greeks were neither just nor
wise ;

And therefore many felt so sharp a fate,
Sent from Minerva's most pernicious hate,
Whose mighty Father can do fearful
things.

By whose help she betwixt the brother
kings

Let fall contention ; who in council met
In vain, and timeless, when the sun was
set,

And all the Greeks call'd, that came charged
with wine.

Yet then the kings would utter their de-
sign,

And why they summon'd. Menelaus, he
Put all in mind of home, and cried, To
sea.

But Agamemnon stood on contraries,
Whose will was, they should stay and sacri-
fice

Whole hecatombs to Pallas, to forego
Her high wrath to them. Fool, that did
not know

She would not so be won ; for not with
ease

Th' eternal Gods are turn'd from what
they please.

So they, divided, on foul language stood.
The Greeks in huge rout rose, their wine-
heat blood

Two ways affecting. And that night's
sleep too,

We turn'd to studying either other's woe ;
When Jove besides made ready woes
enow.

Morn came, we launch'd ; and in our ships
did stow

Our goods, and fair-girt women. Half our
men

The people's guide, Atides did contain ;

* Patroclus.

And half, being now aboard, put forth to sea.

A most free gale gave all ships prosperous way.

God settled then the huge whale-bearing lake,

And Tenedos we reach'd ; where, for time's sake,

We did divine rites to the Gods ; but Jove, Inexorable still, bore yet no love

To our return, but did again excite

A second sad contention, that turn'd quite

A great part of us back to sea again ;

Which were th' abundant-in-all-counsels man,

Your matchless father, who, to gratify

The great Atrides, back to him did fly.

But I fled all, with all that follow'd me ;

Because I knew God studied misery,

To hurl amongst us. With me likewise fled

Martial Tydides. I the men he led

Gat to go with him. Winds our fleet did bring

To Lesbos, where the yellow-headed king,

Though late, yet found us, as we put to choice

A tedious voyage ; if we sail should hoise

Above rough Chius (left on our left hand)

To th' isle of Psyria, or that rugged land

Sail under, and for windy Mimas steer.

We ask'd of God that some ostent might clear

Our cloudy business ; who gave us sign

And charge, that all should, in a middle line,

The sea cut for Eubœa ; that with speed

Our long-sustain'd infortune might be freed.

Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,

And swiftly flew we through the fishy skies,

Till to Geræstus we in night were brought ;

Where (through the broad sea since we safe had wrought)

At Neptune's altars many solid thighs

Of slaughter'd bulls we burn'd for sacrifice.

The fourth day came, when Tydeus' son did greet

The haven of Argos with his complete fleet.

But I for Pylos straight steer'd on my course ;

Nor ever left the wind his foreright force,

Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came,

Dear son, to Pylos, uninform'd by fame,

Nor know one saved by Fate, or overcome.

Whom I have heard of since, set here at home,

As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshown.

The expert spear-men, every Myrmidon,

Led by the brave heir of the mighty-soul'd

Unpeer'd Achilles, safe of home got hold ;

Safe Philoctetes, Pœan's famous seed ;

And safe Idomenæus his men led

To his home, Crete, who fled the armed field,

Of whom yet none the sea from him withheld.

Atrides you have both heard, though ye be

His far-off dwellers, what an end had he,

Done by Ægisthus to a bitter death ;

Who miserably paid for forced breath ;

Atrides leaving a good son, that dyed,

In blood of that deceitful parricide,

His wreakful sword. And thou my friend

(as he

For this hath his fame) the like spirit in thee

Assume at all parts. Fair and great, I see,

Thou art in all hope ; make it good to th' end,

That after-times as much may thee commend."

He answer'd : " O thou greatest grace of Greece,

Orestes made that wreak his master-piece,

And him the Greeks will give a master-praise,

Verse finding him to last all after-days,

And would to God the Gods would favour me

With his performance, that my injury,

Done by my mother's wooers, being so foul,

I might revenge upon their every soul ;

Who, pressing me with contumelies, dare

Such things as past the power of utterance are.

But Heaven's great Powers have graced my destiny

With no such honour. Both my sire and I

Are born to suffer everlastingly."

" Because you name those wooers,

friend," said he,

" Report says, many such, in spite of thee,

Wooing thy mother, in thy house commit

The ills thou namest. But say ; proceedeth it

From will in thee to bear so foul a foil,

Or from thy subjects' hate, that wish thy spoil ?

And will not aid thee, since their spirits rely

(Against thy rule) on some grave augury ?

What know they, but at length thy father may

Come, and with violence their violence pay ?

Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him?
But if Minerva now did so esteem
Thee, as thy father in times past; whom,
past
All measure, she with glorious favours
graced
Amongst the Trojans, where we suffer'd so;
(O! I did never see, in such clear show,
The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,
To all our eyes, appear'd in all her trim)
If so, I say, she would be pleased to love,
And that her mind's care thou so much
couldst move,
As did thy father, every man of these
Would lose in death their seeking mar-
riages."

"O father," answer'd he, "you make
amaze

Seize me throughout. Beyond the height
of phrase

You raise expression; but 'twill never be,
That I shall move in any Deity
So blest an honour. Not by any means,
If Hope should prompt me, or blind Con-
fidence,

(The God of fools) or every Deity
Should will it; for 'tis past my destiny."

The burning-eyed Dame answer'd:
"What a speech

Hath past the teeth-guard Nature gave to
teach

Fit question of thy words before they fly!
God easily* can (when to a mortal eye
He's furthest off) a mortal satisfy;
And does the more still. For thy cared-
for sire,

I rather wish, that I might home retire,
After my sufferance of a world of woes,
Far off; and then my glad eyes might dis-
close

The day of my return, than straight retire,
And perish standing by my household
fire;

As Agamemnon did, that lost his life
By false Ægisthus, and his falsèr wife.

For Death to come at length, 'tis due to
all;

Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate
shall call

Their most-loved man, extend his vital
breath

Beyond the fix'd bounds of abhorred
Death."

"Mentor!" said he, "let's dwell no
more on this,

Although in us the sorrow pious is.

No such return, as we wish, Fates bequeath
My erring father; whom a present death
The deathless have decreed. I'll now use
speech

That tends to other purpose; and beseech
Instruction of grave Nestor, since he flows
Past shore in all experience, and knows
The sleights and wisdoms, to whose
heights aspire

Others, as well as my commended sire,
Whom Fame reports to have commanded
three

Ages of men; and doth in sight to me
Shew like th' Immortals. Nestor! the
renown

Of old Neleius, make the clear truth known,
How the most great in empire, Atreus' son,
Sustain'd the act of his destruction.

Where then was Menelaus? How was it
That false Ægisthus, being so far unfit
A match for him, could his death so en-
force?

Was he not then in Argos? or his course
With men so left, to let a coward breathe
Spirit enough to dare his brother's death?"

"I'll tell thee truth in all, fair son," said
he:

"Right well was this event conceived by
thee.

If Menelaus in his brother's house
Had found the idle liver with his spouse,
Arrived from Troy, he had not lived, nor
dead

Had the digg'd heap pour'd on his lustful
head;
But fowls and dogs had torn him in the
fields,

Far off of Argos; not a dame it yields
Had given him any tear, so foul his fact
Shew'd even to women. Us Troy's wars
had rack'd

To every sinew's sufferance, while he*
In Argos' uplands lived, from those works
free,

And Agamemnon's wife with force of word
Flatter'd and soften'd, who, at first, ab-
horr'd

A fact so infamous. The heavenly dame
A good mind had, but was in blood to
blame.

There was a Poet,† to whose care the
King

His Queen committed; and in every thing.
When he from Troy went, charged him to
apply

Himself in all guard to her dignity.

* *Volente Deo, nihil est difficile.*

* Ægisthus. † ἀοιδὸς ἀρχαί.

But when strong Fate so wrapt-in her affects,
That she resolved to leave her fit respects,
Into a desert isle her guardian led,
There left, the rapine of the vultures fed.
Then brought he willing home his will's won prize,
On sacred altars offer'd many thighs ;
Hung in the God's fanes many ornaments,
Garments and gold, that he the vast events
Of such a labour to his wish had brought,
As neither fell into his hope nor thought.
At last, from Troy sail'd Sparta's king
and I,
Both holding her untouched. And, that
his eye
Might see no worse of her, when both were
blown
To sacred Sunium (of Miverva's town
The goodly promontory) with his shafts
severe
Augur Apollo slew him that did steer
Atrides' ship, as he the stern did guide,
And she the full speed of her sail applied.
He was a man that nations of men
Excell'd in safe guide of a vessel, when
A tempest rush'd in on the ruffled seas ;
His name was Phrontis Onetorides.
And thus was Menelaus held from home,
Whose way he thirsted so to overcome,
To give his friend the earth, being his pur-
suit,
And all his exequies to execute.
But sailing still the wine-hued seas, to
reach*
Some shore for fit performance, he did
fetch
The steep mount of the Malians : and
there,
With open voice, offended Jupiter,
Proclaim'd the voyage, his repugnant mind,
And pour'd the puffs out of a shrieking
wind,
That nourish'd billows, heighten'd like to
hills ;
And with the fleet's division fulfills
His hate proclaim'd ; upon a part of
Crete
Casting the navy, where the sea-waves
meet
Rough Iardanus, and where the Cydons
live.
There is a rock on which the sea doth
drive,

Bare, and all broken, on the confines
set
Of Gortys, that the dark seas likewise
fret ;
And hither sent the South a horrid
drift
Of waves against the top, that was the
left
Of that torn cliff ; as far as Phæstus' strand.
A little stone the great sea's rage did
stand.
The men here driven scaped hard the ships'
sore shocks,
The ships themselves being wrack'd against
the rocks,
Save only five, that blue fore-castles bore,
Which wind and water cast on Egypt's
shore.
When he (there victling well, and store of
gold
Aboard his ships brought) his wild way did
hold,
And t' other languaged men was forced
to roam.
Mean space Ægisthus made sad work at
home,
And slew his brother, forcing to his
sway
Atrides' subjects ; and did seven years
lay
His yoke upon the rich Mycenian state.
But in the eighth, to his affrighting fate,
Divine Orestes home from Athens came ;
And what his royal father felt, the same
He made the false Ægisthus groan be-
neath :
Death evermore is the reward of death.
Thus having slain him, a sepulchral
feast
He made the Argives for his lustful guest,
And for his mother whom he did detest.
The self-same day upon him stole the
king.
(Good at a martial shout) and goods did
bring,
As many as his freighted fleet could bear.
But thou, my son, too long by no means
err,
Thy goods left free for many a spoilful
guest,
Lest they consume some, and divide the
rest,
And thou, perhaps, besides, thy voyage
lose.
To Menelaus yet thy course dispose
I wish and charge thee ; who but late
arrived
From such a shore and men, as to have
lived

* Οἶνον πόρον : οἶνον cuius facies vinum
representat.

In a return from them he never thought ;
And whom black whirlwinds violently
brought

Within a sea so vast, that in a year
Not any fowl could pass it anywhere,
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
With ship and men (or if thou pleasest
now

To pass by land, there shall be brought for
thee

Both horse and chariot ; and thy guides
shall be

My sons themselves) to Sparta the divine,
And to the king whose locks like amber
shine.

Intreat the truth of him, nor loves he
lies ;

Wisdom in truth is, and he's passing
wise."

This said, the Sun went down, and up
rose Night,

When Pallas spake : " O father, all good
right

Bear thy directions. But divide we now
The sacrifices' tongues, mix wine, and
vow

To Neptune, and the other ever blest,
That, having sacrificed, we may to rest.

The fit hour runs now, light dives out of
date ;

At sacred feasts we must not sit too late."
She said ; they heard ; the herald water
gave ;

The youths crown'd cups with wine, and
let all have

Their equal shares, beginning from the
cup

Their parting banquet. All the tongues
cut up,

The fire they gave them, sacrificed, and
rose,

Wine, and divine rites used, to each
dispose ;

Minerva and Telemachus desired

They might to ship be, with his leave,
retired.

He, moved with that, provoked thus
their abodes :

" Now Jove forbid, and all the long-lived
Gods,

Your leaving me, to sleep aboard a ship ;
As I had drunk of poor Penia's whip,

Even to my nakedness, and had no
sheet

Nor covering in my house ; that warm nor
sweet

A guest, nor I myself, had means to sleep ;
Where I, both weeds and wealthy cover-
ing keep

For all my guests. Nor shall Fame ever
say,

The dear son of the man Ulysses lay
All night a ship-board here, while my days
shine ;

Or in my court whiles any son of mine
Enjoys survival, who shall guests receive,

Whomever my house hath a nook to
leave."

" My much-loved father," said Minerva,
" well

All this becomes thee. But persuade to
dwell

This night with thee thy son Telemachus ;
For more convenient is the course for us,

That he may follow to thy house and
rest,

And I may board our black-sail ; that
address

At all parts I may make our men, and
cheer

All with my presence ; since of all men
there

I boast myself the senior, th' others are
Youths, that attend in free and friendly
care

Great-soul'd Telemachus, and are his
peers

In fresh similitude of form and years.
For their confirmance, I will therefore
now

Sleep in our black bark. But, when light
shall show

Her silver forehead, I intend my way
Amongst the Caucons, men that are to
pay

A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For
this,

Take you him home ; whom in the mora
dismiss,

With chariot and your sons, and give him
horse

Ablest in strength, and of the speediest
course."

This said, away she flew, form'd like the
fowl

Men call the ossifrage ; when every soul
Amaze invaded ; even th' old man ad-
mired,

The youth's hand took, and said : " O
most desired,

My hope says thy proof will no coward
show,

Nor one unskill'd in war, when Deities
now

So young attend thee, and become thy
guides ;

Nor any of the heaven-housed States
besides,

But Tritogenia's self, the seed of Jove,
The great in prey, that did in honour
move

So much about thy father, amongst all
The Grecian army. Fairest Queen, let fall
On me like favours: give me good re-
nown;

Which, as on me, on my loved wife let
down,

And all my children. I will burn to thee
An ox right bred, broad-headed, and yoke-
free,

To no man's hand yet humbled. Him
will I,

His horns in gold hid, give thy Deity."

Thus pray'd he, and she heard; and
home he led

His sons, and all his heaps of kindered;
Who entering his court royal, every one
He marshall'd in his several seat and
throne.

And every one, so kindly come, he gave
His sweet-wine cup; which none was let
to have

Before this 'leventh year landed him from
Troy;

Which now the butleress had leave t'
employ.

Who therefore pierced it, and did give it
vent.

Of this the old duke did a cup present
To every guest; made his maid many a
prayer

That wears the shield fringed with his
nurse's hair,

And gave her sacrifice. With this rich
wine

And food sufficed, sleep all eyes did
decline;

And all for home went; but his court
alone

Telemachus, divine Ulysses' son,
Must make his lodging, or not please his
heart.

A bed, all chequer'd with elaborate
art,

Within a portico that rung like brass,
He brought his guest to; and his bedfere
was

Pisistratus, the martial guide of men,
That lived, of all his sons, unwed till
then.

Himself lay in a by-room, far above,
His bed made by his barren wife, his
love.

The rosy-finger'd morn no sooner shone,
But up he rose, took air, and sat upon
A seat of white and goodly polish'd
stone,

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That such a gloss as richest ointments
wore,

Before his high gates; where the coun-
sellor

That match'd the Gods (his father) used
to sit,

Who now, by fate forced, stoop'd as low
as it.

And here sat Nestor, holding in his
hand

A sceptre; and about him round did
stand,

As early up, his sons' troop; Perseus,
The god-like Thrasymed, and Aretus,
Echephron, Stratius, the sixth and last
Pisistratus, and by him (half embraced
Still as they came) divine Telemachus;
To these spake Nestor, old Gerenius:

"Haste, loved sons, and do me a
desire,

That, first of all the Gods, I may aspire
To Pallas' favour; who vouchsafed to
me

At Neptune's feast her sight so openly.
Let one to field go, and an ox with
speed

Cause hither brought; which let the herds-
man lead;

Another to my dear guest's vessel go,
And all his soldiers bring, save only
two.

A third the smith that works in gold com-
mand

(Laertius) to attend, and lend his hand,
To plate the both horns round about with
gold;

The rest remain here close. But first, see
told

The maids within, that they prepare a
feast;

Set seats through all the court, see straight
address

The purest water, and get fuel fell'd."

This said, not one but in the service
held

Officious hand. The ox came led from
field;

The soldiers troop'd from ship; the smith
he came,

And those tools brought that served the
actual frame;

His art conceived; brought anvil, hammers
brought,

Fair tongs, and all, with which the gold
was wrought.

Minerva likewise came, to set the
crown

On that kind sacrifice, and make 't her
own.

Then th' old knight Nestor gave the smith the gold,
 With which he straight did both the horns infold,
 And trimm'd the offering so, the Goddess joy'd.
 About which thus were Nestor's sons employ'd :
 Divine Echephron, and fair Stratius,
 Held both the horns. The water odorous,
 In which they wash'd, what to the rites was vow'd,
 Aretus, in a caldron all bestrow'd
 With herbs and flowers, served in from th' holy room
 Where all were drest, and whence the rites must come.
 And after him a hallow'd virgin came,
 That brought the barley-cake, and blew the flame.
 The axe, with which the ox should both be fell'd
 And cut forth, Thrasymed stood by and held.
 Perseus the vessel held that should retain
 The purple liquor of the offering slain.
 Then wash'd the pious father, then the cake
 (Of barley, salt, and oil, made) took, and brake,
 Ask'd many a boon of Pallas, and the state
 Of all the offering did initiate.
 In three parts cutting off the hair, and cast
 Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,
 And all the cake broke ; manly Thrasymed
 Stood near, and sure ; and such a blow he laid
 Aloft the offering, that to earth he sunk,
 His neck-nerves sunder'd, and his spirits shrunk.
 Out shriek'd the daughters, daughter-in-laws, and wife
 Of three-aged Nestor, who had eldest life
 Of Clymen's daughters, chaste Eurydice.
 The ox on broad earth then laid laterally
 They held, while duke Pisistratus the throat
 Dissolved, and set the sable blood afloat,
 And then the life the bones left. Instantly
 They cut him up ; apart flew either thigh,
 That with the fat they dubb'd, with art alone,
 The throat-brisk, and the sweet-bread pricking on.

Then Nestor broil'd them on the coal-
 turn'd wood,
 Pour'd black wine on ; and by him young men stood,
 That spits fine-pointed held, on which, when burn'd
 The solid thighs were, they transfix'd, and turn'd
 The inwards, cut in cantles ; which, the meat
 Vow'd to the Gods consumed, they roast and eat.
 In mean space, Polycaste (call'd the fair,
 Nestor's young'st daughter) bathed Ulysses' heir ;
 Whom having cleansed, and with rich balms bespread,
 She cast a white shirt quickly o'er his head,
 And then his weeds put on ; when forth he went,
 And did the person of a God present ;
 Came, and by Nestor took his honour'd seat,
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meat
 Of all the spare parts roasted, off they drew,
 Sat, and fell to. But soon the temperate few
 Rose, and in golden bowls fill'd others wine.
 Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline,
 Nestor his sons bade fetch his high-maned horse,
 And them in chariot join, to run the course
 The prince resolved. Obey'd as soon as heard
 Was Nestor by his sons, who straight prepared
 Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,
 Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,
 As should the feast of Jove-fed kings compose,
 Purvey'd the voyage. To the rich coach rose
 Ulysses' son, and close to him ascended
 The duke Pisistratus, the reins intended,
 And scourged, to force to field, who freely flew ;
 And left the town that far her splendour threw,
 Both holding yoke, and shook it all the day.
 But now the sun set, darkening every way,
 When they to Pheris came ; and in the house
 Of Diocles (the son t' Orsiloclus,

Whom flood Alpheus got) slept all that night;
 Who gave them each due hospitable rite.
 But when the rosy-finger'd morn arose,
 They went to coach, and did their horse
 inclose,
 Drive forth the fore-court, and the porch
 that yields [fields
 Each breath a sound ; and to the fruitful

Rode scourging still their willing flying
 steeds,
 Who strenuously perform'd their wonted
 speeds.
 Their journey ending just when sun went
 down,
 And shadows all ways through the earth
 were thrown.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

RECEIVED now in the Spartan court,
Telemachus prefers report
To Menelaus of the throng
Of wooers with him, and their wrong.
Atides tells the Greeks' retreat,
And doth a prophecy repeat
That Proteus made, by which he knew
His brother's death; and then doth show
How with Calypso lived the sire
Of his young guest. The wooers conspire
Their prince's death. Whose treachery known,
Penelope in tears doth drown.
Whom Pallas by a dream doth cheer,
And in similitude appear
Of fair Iphthima, known to be
The sister of Penelope.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Δέσρα. Here of the sire
The son doth hear.
The wooers conspire;
The mother's fear.

In Lacedæmon* now, the nurse of whales,
These two arrived, and found at festivals,
With mighty concourse, the renowned
king.
His son and daughter jointly marrying.
Alector's daughter he did give his son
Strong Megapenthes, who his life begun
By Menelaus' bondmaid; whom he knew
In years when Helen could no more renew
In issue like divine Hermione,
Who held in all fair form as high degree
As golden Venus. Her he married now
To great Achilles' son, who was by vow
Betroth'd to her at Troy. And thus the
Gods
To constant loves give nuptial periods.
Whose state here past, the Myrmidons'
rich town
(Of which she shared in the imperial crown)
With horse and chariots he resign'd her to,
Mean space, the high huge house with
feast did flow

* Λακεδαιμόνα κητώσσαν which is expounded
Spartam ampliam, or μεγάλην magnam; where
κητώσσαν signifies properly *plurima cete nutri-*
entem.

Of friends and neighbours, joying with the
king,
Amongst whom did a heavenly Poet
sing,
And touch his harp. Amongst whom like-
wise danced
Two, who in that dumb motion advanced,
Would prompt* the singer what to sing
and play.
All this time in the utter court did stay,
With horse and chariot, Telemachus,
And Nestor's noble son Pisistratus.
Whom Eteoneus, coming forth, descried,
And, being a servant to the king, most
tried
In care and his respect, he ran and
cried:
"Guests, Jove-kept Menelaus! two such
mesa
As are for form of high Saturnius' strain.
Inform your pleasure, if we shall uncloze
Their horse from coach, or say they must
dispose
Their way to some such house as may
embrace
Their known arrival with more welcome
grace?"
He, angry, answer'd: "Thou didst
never show
Thyself a fool, Boethides, till now;
But now, as if turn'd child, a childish
speech
Vents thy vain spirits. We ourselves now
reach
Our home by much spent hospitality
Of other men; nor know if Jove will try
With other after-wants our state again;
And therefore from our feast no more de-
tain
Those welcome guests; but take their steeds
from coach,
And with attendance guide in their ap-
proach."

* Μολῶς ἔξόχορος *Cantum auspicientes*;
of which place, the critics affirm, that *sallatoret*
motu suo indicant cantori quo genere cantus
sallaturi forent.

This said, he rush'd abroad, and call'd
some more
Tried in such service, that together bore
Up to the guests, and took their steeds that
sweet
Beneath their yokes, from coach ; at man-
gers set,
Wheat and white barley gave them mix'd ;
and placed
Their chariot by a wall so clear it cast
A light quite thorough it. And then they
led
Their guests to the divine house ; which so
fed
Their eyes at all parts with illustrious
sights,
That admiration seized them. Like the
lights
The sun and moon gave, all the palace
threw
A lustre through it. Sate with whose
view,
Down to the king's most bright-kept baths
they went,
Where handmaids did their services pre-
sent ;
Bathed, balm'd them, shirts and well-napt
weeds put on,
And by Atrides' side set each his throne.
Then did the handmaid royal water bring,
And to a laver, rich and glittering,
Of massy gold, pour'd ; which she placed
upon
A silver caldron, into which might run
The water as they wash'd. Then set she
near
A polish'd table, on which all the cheer
The present could afford, a reverend dame
That kept the larder, set. A cook then
came,
And divers dishes, borne thence, served
again ;
Furnish'd the board with bowls of gold ;
and then,
His right hand given the guests, Atrides
said :
" Eat, and be cheerful ; appetite allay'd,
I long to ask, of what stock ye descend ;
For not from parents whose race nameless
end
We must derive your offspring. Men ob-
scure
Could get none such as you. The por-
traiture
Of Jove-sustain'd and sceptre-bearing kings
Your either person in his presence brings."
An ox's fat chine then they up did lift,
And set before the guests ; which was a
gift,

Sent as an honour to the king's own taste.
They saw yet 'twas but to be eaten placed,
And fell to it. But food and wine's care
past,
Telemachus thus prompted Nestor's son,
(His ear close laying, to be heard of
none) :*
" Consider, thou whom most my mind
esteems,
The brass-work here, how rich it is in
beams ;
And how, besides, it makes the whole
house sound ;
What gold, and amber, silver, ivory, round
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the
hall
Of Jupiter Olympius hath of all
This state the like. How many infinites
Take up to admiration all men's sights !"
Atrides over-heard, and said : " Love a
son,
No mortal must affect contention
With Jove, whose dwellings are of endless
date.
Perhaps of men some one may emulate,
(Or none) my house, or me ; for I am one
That many a grave extreme have under-
gone.
Much error felt by sea ; and till th' eighth
year,
Had never stay, but wander'd far and near,
Cyprus, Phoenicia, and Sidonia,
And fetch'd the far-off Æthiopia,
Reach'd the Erempi of Arabia,
And Lybia, where with horns ewes year
their lambs,
Where every full year ewes are three times
dams ;
Where neither king, nor shepherd, want
comes near
Of cheese, or flesh, or sweet milk ; all the
year
They ever milk their ewes. And here
while I
Err'd, gathering means to live, one, mur-
therously,
Unwares, unseen, bereft my brother's life,
Chiefly betray'd by his abhorred wife.
So hold I, not enjoying, what you see.
And of your fathers, if they living be,
You must have heard this ; since my suffer-
ings were
So great and famous ; from this palace here

* Telemachus to Pisistratus, in observation of the house, not so much that he heartily admired it, as to please Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he seem'd desirous he should not hear.

(So rarely-well-built, furnished so well,
 And substanticed with such a precious deal
 Of well-got treasure) banish'd by the doom
 Of Fate, and erring as I had no home.
 And now I have, and use it; not to take
 Th' entire delight it offers, but to make
 Continual wishes, that a triple part
 Of all it holds were wanting, so my heart
 Were eased of sorrows (taken for their
 deaths
 That fell at Troy) by their revived breaths.
 And thus sit I here weeping, mourning
 still
 Each least man lost; and sometimes make
 mine ill
 (In paying just tears for their loss) my joy.
 Sometimes I breathe my woes; for in annoy
 The pleasure soon admits satiety.
 But all these men's wants wet not so mine,
 eye
 (Though much they move me) as one sole
 man's miss;
 For which my sleep and meat even loath-
 some is
 In his renew'd thought; since no Greek
 hath won
 Grace for such labours as Laertes' * son
 Hath wrought and suffer'd, to himself
 nought else
 But future sorrows forging, to me hells
 For his long absence, since I cannot know
 If life or death detain him; since such woe
 For his love, old Laertes, his wise wife,
 And poor young son sustains, whom new
 with life
 He left as sireless." This speech grief to
 tears
 (Pour'd from the son's lids on the earth)
 his ears,
 Told of the father, did excite; who kept
 His cheeks dry with his red weed as he
 wept,
 His both hands used therein. Atrides
 then
 Began to know him, and did strife retain,
 If he should let himself confess his sire,
 Or with all fitting circumstance enquire.
 While this his thoughts disputed, forth
 did shine,
 Like to the golden † distaff-deck'd divine,
 From her bed's high and odoriferous room,
 Helen. To whom, of an elaborate loom,
 Adresta set a chair; Alcippe brought
 A piece of tapestry of fine wool wrought;
 Phyllo a silver cabinet conferr'd,
 Given by Alcandra, nuptially endear'd

To lord Polybius, whose abode in Thebes
 Th' Egyptian city was, where wealth in
 heaps
 His famous house held; out of which
 did go,
 In gift t' Atrides, silver bath-tubs two,
 Two tripods, and of fine gold talents ten.
 His wife did likewise send to Helen then
 Fair gifts, a distaff that of gold was
 wrought,
 And that rich cabinet that Phyllo brought,
 Round, and with gold ribb'd, now of fine
 thread full;
 On which extended (crown'd with finest
 wool,
 Of violet gloss) the golden distaff lay.
 She took her state-chair, and a foot-
 stool's stay
 Had for her feet; and of her husband thus
 Ask'd to know all things: "Is it known
 to us,
 King Menelaus, whom these men com-
 mend
 Themselves for, that our court now takes
 to friend?
 I must affirm, be I deceived or no,
 I never yet saw man nor woman so
 Like one another, as this man is like
 Ulysses' son. With admiration strike
 His looks my thoughts, that they should
 carry now
 Power to persuade me thus, who did but
 know,
 When newly he was born, the form they
 bore.
 But 'tis his father's grace, whom more and
 more
 His grace resembles, that makes me retain
 Thought that he now is like Telemachus,
 then
 Left by his sire, when Greece did under-
 take
 Troy's bold war for my impudency's sake."
 He answer'd: "Now wife, what you
 think I know,
 The true cast of his father's eye doth show
 In his eyes' order. Both his head and
 hair,
 His hands and feet, his very father's are.
 Of whom, so well remember'd, I should
 now
 Acknowledge for me his continual flow
 Of cares and perils, yet still patient.
 But I should too much move him, that
 doth vent
 Such bitter tears for that which hath been
 spoke;
 Which (shunning soft shew) see how he
 would cloak,

* Intending Ulysses.

† Diana.

purple weed his weepings
 r's son, Pisistratus, replied :
 of the people, kept of God !
 son ; but his abode
 ore here ; and he modest too ;
 indignity to do
 i, to use the boast of words,
 words are on wing ; whose
 rds
 as if a God did break
 ngst us, and vouchsafe to
 ther, old duke Nestor, sent
 sort hither ; his content
 ghten'd so as with your sight ;
 therewith words and actions
 mforts from you ; since he is
 eved and injured by the miss
 father ; suffering even at
 nds found to help him over-
 c sufferance, now his sire is
 people, not afforded one
 miseries that mate him thus.
 state is of Telemachus."
 ' said he, " how certain, now,
 oys that friend's son, that for
 one so many willing fights :
 solved, past all the Grecian
 ve, if our return by seas
 hunderer did ever please
 wishes. And to his respect
 a city to erect
 bound me ; whither bringing
 nd his son, and all his men,
 Ithaca, (some one sole town
 out him batter'd down)
 Argos live. And there would I
 rule, and take the empery
 . And often here would we,
 oving either's company,
 averse ; whom nothing should
 black veil did each all over
 aps hath been a mean to take
 himself with envy ; who did
 efore only the unblest,
 not reach his loved country's

These woes made every one with woe in
 love ;
 Even Argive Helen wept, the seed of Jove ;
 Ulysses' son wept ; Atreus' * son did weep,
 And Nestor's son his eyes in tears did
 steep.
 But his tears fell not from the present cloud
 That from Ulysses was exhaled, but flow'd
 From brave Antilochus' remember'd due,
 Whom the renown'd† Son of the Morning
 slew,
 Which yet he thus excused : " O Atreus'
 son !
 Old Nestor says, there lives not such a one
 Amongst all mortals as Atreides is
 For deathless wisdom. 'Tis a praise of his,
 Still given in your remembrance, when at
 home
 Our speech concerns you. Since then over-
 come
 You please to be with sorrow even to tears,
 That are in wisdom so exempt from peers ;
 Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,
 (If it be lawful) I affect no use
 Of tears thus after meals ; at least, at night ;
 But when the morn brings forth, with tears,
 her light,
 It shall not then impair me to bestow
 My tears on any worthy's overthrow.
 It is the only rite that wretched men
 Can do dead friends ; to cut hair, and com-
 plain.
 But Death my brother took, whom none
 could call
 The Grecian coward, you best knew of all.
 I was not there, nor saw, but men report
 Antilochus excell'd the common sort
 For footmanship, or for the chariot race,
 Or in the fight for hardy hold of place."
 " O friend," said he, " since thou hast
 spoken so,
 At all parts as one wise should say and do,
 And like one far beyond thyself in years,
 Thy words shall bounds be to our former
 tears.
 O he is questionless a right-born son,
 That of his father hath not only won
 The person, but the wisdom ; and that sire
 Complete himself that hath a son entire,
 Jove did not only his full fate adorn,
 When he was wedded, but when he was
 born.
 As now Saturnius, through his life's whole
 date,
 Hath Nestor's bliss raised to as steep a
 state,

* Menelaus

† viz. Memnon.

Both in his age to keep in peace his house,
And to have children wise and valorous.

But let us not forget our rear feast thus.
Let some give water here. Telemachus!
The morning shall yield time to you and me

To do what fits; and reason mutually."

This said, the careful servant of the king,
Asphalion, pour'd on th' issue of the spring;

And all to ready feast set ready hand.
But Helen now on new device did stand,
Infusing straight a medicine to their wine,
That, drowning cares and angers, did decline

All thought of ill. Who drunk her cup
could shed

All that day not a tear, nor not if dead
That day his father or his mother were;
Not if his brother, child, or chiefest dear,
He should see murder'd then before his face.

Such useful medicines, only borne in grace
Of what was good, would Helen ever have.
And this juice to her Polydamna gave,
The wife of Thoön, an Ægyptian born,
Whose rich earth herbs of medicine do adorn

In great abundance. Many healthful are,
And many baneful. Every man is there
A good physician out of Nature's grace;
For all the nation sprung of Pæon's race.

When Helen then her medicine had
infused,
She bad pour wine to it, and this speech
use!

"Atrides, and these good men's sons,
great Jove
Makes good and ill one after other move,
In all things earthly; for he can do all.
The woes past, therefore, he so late let
fa,

The comforts he affords us let us take;
Feast, and, with fit discourses, merry make.
Nor will I other use. As then our blood
Grieved for Ulysses, since he was so good;
Since he was good, let us delight to hear
How good he was, and what his sufferings
were.

Though every fight, and every suffering
deed,

Patient Ulysses underwent, exceed
My woman's power to number, or to name.
But what he did, and suffer'd, when he
came

Amongst the Trojans, where ye Grecians
all

Took part with sufferance, I in part can
call

To your kind memories. How with ghastly
wounds

Himself he mangled, and the Trojan
bounds

(Thrust thick with enemies) adventured on,
His royal shoulders, having cast upon
Base abject weeds, and enter'd like a slave.
Then, beggar-like, he did of all men crave,
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greek
fleet

Brought not besides. And thus through
every street

He crept discovering, of no one man
known.

And yet through all this difference, I alone
Smoked his true person, talk'd with him;
but he

Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we
agree,

Till I disclaim'd him quite; and so (as
moved

With womanly remorse of one that proved
So wretched an estate, what'er he were)
Won him to take my house. And yet even
there,

Till freely I, to make him doubtless, swore
A powerful oath, to let him reach the shore
Of ships and tents before Troy understood,
I could not force on him his proper good.
But then I bathed and soothed him, and
he then

Confess'd, and told me all; and, having
slain

A number of the Trojan guards, retired,
And reach'd the fleet, for sleight and force
admired.

Their husbands' deaths by him the Trojan
wives

Shriek'd for; but I made triumphs for their
lives.

For then my heart conceived, that once
again

I should reach home; and yet did still re-
tain

Woe for the slaughters Venus made for me,
When both my husband, my Hermione,
And bridal room, she robb'd of so much
right,

And drew me from my country with her
sleight.

Though nothing under heaven I here did
need,

That could my fancy or my beauty feed."

Her husband said: "Wife! what you
please to tell

Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.
And I myself, that now may say have seen
The minds and manners of a world of
men,

And great heroes, measuring many a ground,
 Have never, by these eyes that light me, found
 One with a bosom so to be beloved,
 As that in which th' accomplish'd spirit moved
 Of patient Ulysses. What, brave man,
 He both did act, and suffer, when we wan
 The town of Iliion, in the brave-built horse,
 When all we chief states of the Grecian force
 Were housed together, bringing Death and Fate
 Amongst the Trojans, you, wife, may relate;
 For you, at last, came to us; God, that would
 The Trojans glory give, gave charge you should
 Approach the engine; and Deiphobus,
 The god-like, follow'd. Thrice ye circled us
 With full survey of it; and often tried
 The hollow crafts that in it were implied.
 When all the voices of their wives in it
 You took on you with voice so like and fit,*
 And every man by name so visited,
 That I, Ulysses, and king Diomed,
 (Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)
 Tydides, and myself (as half appall'd
 With your remorseful plaints) would passing fain
 Have broke our silence, rather than again
 Endure, respectless, their so moving cries.
 But Ithacus our strongest fantasies
 Contain'd within us from the slenderest noise,
 And every man there sat without a voice.
 Anticlus only would have answer'd thee,
 But his speech Ithacus incessantly
 With strong hand held in; till Minerva's call
 Charging thee off, Ulysses saved us all."
 Telemachus replied: "Much greater is
 My grief, for hearing this high praise of his.
 For all this doth not his sad death divert,
 Nor can, though in him swell'd an iron heart.
 Prepare, and lead then, if you please, to rest;
 Sleep, that we hear not, will content us best."

* Helen counterfeited the wives' voices of those kings of Greece that were in the wooden horse, and calls their husbands.

Then Argive Helen made her handmaid go,
 And put fair bedding in the portico,
 Lay purple blankets on, rugs warm and soft,
 And cast an arras coverlet aloft.
 They torches took, made haste, and made the bed;
 When both the guests were to their lodgings led
 Within a portico without the house.
 Atrides, and his large-train-wearing spouse,
 The excellent of women, for the way,
 In a retired receipt, together lay.
 The morn arose; the king rose, and put on
 His royal weeds, his sharp sword hung upon
 His ample shoulders, forth his chamber went,
 And did the person of a God present.
 Telemachus accosts him, who begun
 Speech of his journey's proposition:
 "And what, my young Ulysses hero
 Provoked thee on the broad back of the sea,
 To visit Lacedæmon the divine?
 Speak truth. Some public [cause] or only thine?"
 "I come," said he, "to hear, if any fame
 Breathed of my father to thy notice came.
 My house is sack'd; my fat works of the field
 Are all destroy'd; my house doth nothing yield
 But enemies, that kill my harmless sheep
 And sinewy oxen, nor will ever keep
 Their steels without them. And these men are they
 That woo my mother, most inhumanely
 Committing injury on injury.
 To thy knees therefore I am come, t' attend
 Relation of the sad and wretched end
 My erring father felt, if witness'd by
 Your own eyes; or the certain news that fly
 From others' knowledges. For, more than is
 The usual heap of human miseries,
 His mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then
 (Without all ruth of what I can sustain)
 The plain and simple truth of all you know.
 Let me beseech so much, if ever vow
 Was made, and put in good effect to you
 At Troy (where sufferance bred you so much smart)
 Upon my father, good Ulysses' part;
 And quit it now to me (himself in youth)
 Unfolding only the unclosed truth."

He, deeply sighing, answer'd him : " O
shame,
That such poor vassals should affect the
fame

To share the joys of such a worthy's bed !
As when a hind, her calves late farrowed,
To give suck, enters the bold lion's den,
He roots of hills and herby valleys then
For food (there feeding) hunting ; but at
length

Returning to his cavern, gives his strength
The lives of both the mother and her brood
In deaths indecent ; so the wooers' blood
Must pay Ulysses' powers as sharp an end.
O would to Jove, Apollo, and thy friend
The wise Minerva, that thy father were
As once he was, when he his spirits did
rear

Against Philomelides, in a fight
Perform'd in well-built Lesbos, where,
down-right

He strook the earth with him, and gat a
shout

Of all the Grecians. O, if now full out
He were as then, and with the wooers
coped,

Short-lived they all were, and their nuptials
hoped

Would prove as desperate. But, for thy
demand

Enforced with prayers, I'll let thee under-
stand

The truth directly, nor decline a thought,
Much less deceive, or soothe thy search in
ought,

But what the old and still-true-spoken God,
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,
Disclosed to me, to thee I'll all impart,
Nor hide one word from thy solicitous
heart.

I was in Ægypt, where a mighty time
The Gods detain'd me, though my natural
clime

I never so desired, because their homes
I did not greet with perfect hecatombs.
For they will put men evermore in mind,
How much their masterly commandments
bind.

There is, besides, a certain island, call'd
Pharos, that with the high-waved sea is
wall'd,

Just against Ægypt, and so much remote,
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,
A hollow ship can sail. And this isle
bears

A port most portly, where sea-passengers
Put in still for fresh water, and away
To sea again. Yet here the Gods did
stay

My fleet full twenty days ; the winds, that
are
Masters at sea, no prosperous puff would
spare

To put us off ; and all my victuals here
Had quite corrupted, as my men's minds
were,

Had not a certain Goddess given regard,
And pitied me in an estate so hard ;
And 'twas Idothea, honour'd Proteus' seed,
That old sea-farer. Her mind I made
bleed

With my compassion, when (walk'd all
alone,

From all my soldiers, that were ever gone
About the isle on fishing with hooks
bent ;

Hunger their bellies on her errand sent)
She came close to me, spake, and thus
began :

' Of all men thou art the most foolish
man,

Or slack in business, or stay'st here of
choice,

And doest in all thy sufferances rejoice,
That thus long livest detain'd here, and no
end

Canst give thy tarrance. Thou doest
much offend

The minds of all thy fellows.' I replied :

' Whoever thou art of the Deified,
I must affirm, that no way with my will
I make abode here : but, it seems, some
ill

The Gods, inhabiting broad heaven, sus-
tain

Against my getting off. Inform me then,
For Godheads all things know, what God
is he

That stays my passage from the fishy
sea ?'

' Stranger,' said she, ' I'll tell thee true ;
there lives

An old sea-farer in these seas, that gives
A true solution of all secrets here ;

Who deathless Proteus is, th' Ægyptian
peer,

Who can the deeps of all the seas exquire ;
Who Neptune's priest is, and, they say,
the sire

That did beget me. Him, if any way
Thou couldst inveigle, he would clear
display

Thy course from hence, and how far off
doth lie

Thy voyage's whole scope through Nep-
tune's sky.

Informing thee, O God-preserved, beside,
If thy desires would so be satisfied

Whatever good or ill hath got event,
In all the time thy long and hard course
spent,
Since thy departure from thy house.' This
said ;

Again I answer'd : ' Make the sleights dis-
play'd

Thy father useth, lest his foresight see,
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
He flies the fix'd place of his used abode.
'Tis hard for man to countermine with
God.'

She straight replied : ' I'll utter truth in all :
When heaven's supremest height the sun
doth skall,

The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deeps,
and hides

Amidst a black storm, when the West
wind chides,

In caves still sleeping. Round about him
sleep

(With short feet swimming forth the foamy
deep)

The sea-calves, lovely Halosydnes call'd,
From whom a noisome odour is exhaled,
Got from the whirl-pools, on whose earth
they lie.

Here, when the morn illustrates all the
sky,

I'll guide, and seat thee in the fittest
place

For the performance thou hast now in
chace.

In mean time, reach thy fleet, and choose
out three

Of best exploit, to go as aids to thee.

But now I'll shew thee all the old God's
sleights :

He first will number, and take all the
sights

Of those his guard, that on the shore
arrives,

When having view'd, and told them forth
by fives,

He takes place in their midst, and there
doth sleep,

Like to a shepherd midst his flock of sheep.
In his first sleep, call up your hardest
cheer,

Vigour and violence, and hold him there,
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.

He then will turn himself to every one
Of all things that in earth creep and
respire,

In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.
Yet still hold you him firm, and much the
more

Press him from passing. But when, as
before,

When sleep first bound his powers, his
form ye see,

Then cease your force, and th' old heroe
free ;

And then demand, which heaven-born it
may be

That so afflicts you, hindering your retreat,
And free sea-passage to your native seas.

This said, she dived into the wavy seas ;
And I my course did to my ships address,

That on the sands stuck ; where arrived,
we made

Our supper ready. Then the Ambrosian
shade

Of night fell on us, and to sleep we fell.
Rosy Aurora rose ; we rose as well ;

And three of them on whom I most relied,
For firm at every force, I choosed, and
hied

Straight to the many-river-served seas ;
And all assistance ask'd the Deities.

Mean time Idothea the sea's broad
breast

Embraced ; and brought for me, and all
my rest,

Four of the sea-calves' skins but newly
fled

To work a wile which she had fashioned
Upon her father. Then, within the sand

A covert digging, when these calves should
land,

She sat expecting. We came close to
her ;

She placed us orderly, and made us wear
Each one his calves' skin. But we then
must pass

A huge exploit. The sea-calves' savour
was

So passing sour, they still being bred at
seas,

It much afflicted us ; for who can please
To lie by one of these same sea-bred
whales ?

But she preserves us, and to memory calls
A rare commodity ; she fetch'd to us

Ambrosia, that an air most odorous
Bears still about it, which she 'nointed
round

Our either nostrils, and in it quite drown'd
The nasty whale-smell. Then the great
event

The whole morn's date, with spirits patient,
We lay expecting. When bright noon did
flame,

Forth from the sea, in shoals the sea-calves
came,

And orderly, at last lay down and slept
Along the sands. And then th' old sea-
god crept

From forth the deeps, and found his fat calves there,
Survey'd, and number'd, and came never near

The craft we used, but told us five for calves.

His temples then diseased with sleep he salves ;

And in rush'd we, with an abhorred cry,
Cast all our hands about him manfully ;
And then th' old Forger all his forms began :

First was a lion with a mighty mane,
Then next a dragon, a pied panther then,
A vast boar next, and suddenly did strain
All into water. Last he was a tree,
Curl'd all at top, and shot up to the sky.

We, with resolved hearts, held him firmly still,

When th' old one (held too strait for all his skill

To extricate) gave words, and question'd me :

'Which of the Gods, O Atreus' son,' said he,

'Advised and taught thy fortitude this sleight,

To take and hold me thus in my despite?'

'What asks thy wish now?' I replied.

'Thou know'st :

Why doest thou ask? What wiles are these thou show'st?

I have within this isle been held for wind
A wondrous time, and can by no means find
An end to my retention. It hath spent

The very heart in me. Give thou then vent
To doubts thus bound in me (ye Gods know all),

Which of the Godheads doth so foully fall
On my address home, to stay me here,
Avert me from my way, the fishy clear

Barr'd to my passage?' He replied : 'Of force,

If to thy home thou wishest free recourse,

To Jove, and all the other Deities,
Thou must exhibit solemn sacrifice ;

And then the black sea for thee shall be clear,

Till thy loved country's settled reach. But where

Ask these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate

To thee and thy affairs appropriate,
That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread

Thy country's earth, nor see inhabited
Thy so magnificent house, till thou make good

Thy voyage back to the Ægyptian flood,

Whose waters fell from Jove ; and there hast given

To Jove, and all Gods housed in ample heaven,

Devoted hecatombs, and then free ways
Shall open to thee, clear'd of all delays.'

This told he ; and, methought, he brake my heart,

In such a long and hard course to divert
My hope for home, and charge my back

retreat
As far as Ægypt. I made answer yet :

'Father, thy charge I'll perfect ; but before

Resolve me truly, if their natural shore
All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe

enjoy,
That Nestor and myself left, when from Troy

We first raised sail? Or whether any died
At sea a death unwish'd? Or, satisfied,

When war was past, by friends embraced,
in peace

Resign'd their spirits?' He made answer :

'Cease
To ask so far. It fits thee not to be

So cunning in thine own calamity.
Nor seek to learn what learn'd thou

shouldst forget.
Men's knowledges have proper limits set,

And should not prease into the mind of God.
But 'twill not long be, as my thoughts

abode,
Before thou buy this curious skill with tears.

Many of those, whose states so tempt thine ears,

Are stoop'd by death, and many left alive ;
One chief of which in strong hold doth

survive,
Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their

retreat,
Are done to death. I list not to repeat

Who fell at Troy ; thyself was there in fight.

But in return swift Ajax lost the light,
In his long-oar'd ship. Neptune, yet, awhile

Soft him unwrack'd, to the Gyrean isle,
A mighty rock removing from his way.

And surely he had scaped the fatal day,
In spite of Pallas, if to that foul deed

He in her fane did, (when he ravished
The Trojan prophetess)* he had not here

Adjoin'd an impious boast, that he would bear,

Despite the Gods, his ship safe through the waves

Then raised against him. These his impious braves

* Cassandra.

When Neptune heard, in his strong hand
he took

His massy trident, and so soundly strook
The rock Gyraean, that in two it cleft ;
Of which one fragment on the land he left,
The other fell into the troubled seas ;
At which first rush'd Ajax Oiliades,
And split his ship ; and then himself afloat
Swum on the rough waves of the world's
vast moat,

Till having drunk a salt cup for his sin,
There perish'd he. Thy brother yet did
win

The wreath from death, while in the waves
they strove,
Afflicted by the reverend wife of Jove.

But when the steep mount of the Malian
shore

He seem'd to reach, a most tempestuous
blow,

Far to the fishy world that sighs so sore,
Straight ravish'd him again as far away,
As to th' extreme bounds where the
Agrians stay,

Where first Thyestes dwelt, but then his son
Ægisthus Thyestiades lived. This done,
When his return untouch'd appear'd again,
Back turn'd the Gods the wind, and set
him then

Hard by his house. Then, full of joy, he
left

His ship, and close t' his country earth he
cleft ;

Kiss'd it, and wept for joy ; pour'd tear on
tear,

To set so wishedly his footing there.
But see, a sentinel that all the year
Crafty Ægisthus in a watchtower set
To spy his landing, for reward as great
As two gold talents, all his powers did call
To strict remembrance of his charge, and
all

Discharged at first sight ; which at first he
cast

On Agamemnon, and with all his haste
Inform'd Ægisthus. He an instant train
Laid for his slaughter : Twenty chosen men
Of his plebeians he in ambush laid ;
His other men he charged to see purvey'd
A feast ; and forth, with horse and chariots
graced,

He rode t' invite him, but in heart em-
braced

Horrible welcomes, and to death did bring,
With treacherous slaughter, the unwary
king.

Received him at a feast, and, like an ox
Slain at his manger, gave him bits and
knocks.

No one left of Atrides' train, nor one
Saved to Ægisthus, but himself alone :
All strow'd together there the bloody court.'
This said, my soul he sunk with his report,
Flat on the sands I fell ; tears spent their
store ;

I light abhorr'd : my heart would live no
more.

When dry of tears, and tired with
tumbling there,

Th' old Tell-truth thus my daunted spirits
did cheer :

'No more spend tears nor time, O
Atreus' son ;

With ceaseless weeping never wish was won.
Use uttermost assay to reach thy home,

And all unwares upon the murderer come,
For torture, taking him thyself alive ;

Or let Orestes, that should far out-strive
Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the

light
Of such a dark soul ; and do thou the rite
Of burial to him with a funeral feast.'

With these last words I fortified my
breast,

In which again a generous spring began
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man ;

But, as a brother, I must ever mourn.
Yet forth I went, and told him the return

Of these I knew ; but he had named a third,
Held on the broad sea, still with life in-
spired ;

Whom I besought to know, though like
wise dead,

And I must mourn alike. He answered :

'He is Laertes' son ; whom I beheld
In Nymph Calypso's palace, who compell'd
His stay with her ; and, since he could not
see

His country earth, he mourn'd incessantly.
For he had neither ship instruct with oars,
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger
shores.

Where leave we him, and to thy self de-
scend ;

Whom not in Argos Fate nor Death shall
end,

But the immortal ends of all the earth,
So ruled by them that order death by birth,
The fields Elysian, Fate to thee will give ;
Where Rhadamanthus rules ; and where
men live

A never-troubled life, where snow, nor
showers,

Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitless
powers,

But from the ocean Zephyr still resumes
A constant breath, that all the fields per-
fumes.

Which, since thou marriedst Helen, are
thy hire,

And Jove himself is by her side thy sire.*

This said; he dived the deepsome watery
heaps;

I and my tried men took us to our ships,
And worlds of thoughts I varied with my
steps.

Arrived and shipp'd, the silent solemn
night

And sleep bereft us of our visual light.

At morn, masts, sails, rear'd, we sat, left
the shores,

And beat the foamy ocean with our oars.

Again then we the Jove-fall'n flood did
fetch,

As far as Ægypt; where we did beseech
The Gods with hecatombs; whose angers
ceased.

I tomb'd my brother that I might be
bless'd.

All rites perform'd, all haste I made for
home,

And all the prosperous winds about were
come,

I had the passport now of every God,
And here closed all these labours' period.

Here stay then till th' eleventh or twelfth
day's light,

And I'll dismiss thee well, gifts exquisite
Preparing for thee; chariot, horses three,
A cup of curious frame to serve for thee,
To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice,
Mindful of me while all suns light thy
skies."

He answer'd: "Stay me not too long
time here,

Though I could sit attending all the
year.

Nor should my house, nor parents, with
desire

Take my affections from you; so on fire
With love to hear you are my thoughts;
but so

My Pylian friends I shall afflict with woe,
Who mourn even this stay. Whatsoever
be

The gifts your grace is to bestow on me,
Vouchsafe them such as I may bear and
save

For your sake ever. Horse, I list not
have,

To keep in Ithaca, but leave them here
To your soil's dainties, where the broad
fields bear

Sweet cypers grass, where men-fed lote
doth flow,

Where wheat-like spelt, and wheat itself
doth grow,

Where barley, white, and spreading like a
tree;

But Ithaca hath neither ground to be
For any length it comprehends, a race
To try a horse's speed, nor any place
To make him fat in; fitter far to feed
A cliff-bred goat, than raise or please a
steed.

Of all isles, Ithaca doth least provide
Or meads to feed a horse, or ways to ride."

He, smiling, said: "Of good blood art
thou, son.

What speech, so young! what observa-
tion

Hast thou made of the world! I well am
pleas'd

To change my gifts to thee, as being con-
fess'd

Unfit indeed, my store is such I may.
Of all my house-gifts then, that up I lay

For treasure there, I will bestow on thee
The fairest, and of greatest price to me.

I will bestow on thee a rich carved cup,
Of silver all, but all the brims wrought up

With finest gold; it was the only thing
That the heroic Sidonian king

Presented to me, when we were to part
At his receipt of me; and 'twas the art

Of that great Artist that of heaven is free;
And yet even this will I bestow on thee."

This speech thus ended, guests came,
and did bring

Muttons for presents, to the God-like king,
And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous
makes,

Their riband-wreathed wives brought fruit
and cakes.

Thus in this house did these their feast
apply;

And in Ulysses' house activity
The wooers practis'd; tossing of the

spear,
The stone, and hurling; thus delighted,
where

They exercised such insolence before,
Even in the court that wealthy pavements
wore.

Antinous did still their strifes decide,
And he that was in person deified,

Eurymachus; both ring-leaders of all,
For in their virtues they were principal.

These by Noemon, son to Phronius,
Were sided now, who made the question

thus:

"Antinous! does any friend here know,
When this Telemachus returns, or no,

From sandy Pylos? He made bold to take
My ship with him; of which, I now should
make

Fit use myself, and sail in her as far
 As spacious Elis, where of mine there are
 Twelve delicate mares, and under their
 sides go
 Laborious mules, that yet did never know
 The yoke, nor labour; some of which
 should bear
 The taming now, if I could fetch them
 there."
 This speech the rest admired, nor dream'd
 that he
 Neleian Pylos ever thought to see,
 But was at field about his flocks' survey,
 Or thought his herdsmen held him so
 away.
 Eupitheus' son, Antinous, then replied :
 "When went he? or with what train dignified
 Of his selected Ithacensian youth?
 Prest men, or bondmen, were they? Tell
 the truth.
 Could he effect this? let me truly know.
 To gain thy vessel did he violence show,
 And used her 'gainst thy will? or had her
 free,
 When fitting question he had made with
 thee?"
 Noemon answer'd : "I did freely give
 My vessel to him : who deserves to live
 That would do other, when such men
 as he
 Did in distress ask? he should churlish
 be
 That would deny him. Of our youth the
 best
 Amongst the people, to the interest
 His charge did challenge in them, giving
 way,
 With all the tribute all their powers could
 pay.
 Their captain, as he took the ship, I knew,
 Who Mentor was, or God. A deity's
 shew
 Mask'd in his likeness. But, to think 'twas
 he,
 I much admire; for I did clearly see,
 But yester-morning, God-like Mentor here;
 Yet th' other ev'ning he took shipping
 there,
 And went for Pylos." Thus went he for
 home,
 And left the rest with envy overcome;
 Who sat, and pastime left. Eupitheus' son,
 Sad, and with rage his entrails overrun,
 His eyes like flames, thus interposed his
 speech :
 "Strange thing; an action of how proud
 a reach

Is here committed by Telemachus.
 A boy, a child, and we, a sort of us,
 Vow'd 'gainst his voyage, yet admit it thus :
 With ship and choice youth of our people
 too;
 But let him on, and all his mischief do;
 Jove shall convert upon himself his powers,
 Before their ill presumed he brings on ours.
 Provide me then a ship, and twenty men
 To give her manage; that, against again
 He turns for home, on th' Ithacensian seas,
 Or cliffy Samian, I may interprease,
 Way-lay and take him, and make all his
 craft
 Sail with his ruin for his father saft."
 This all applauded, and gave charge to
 do,
 Rose, and to greet Ulysses' house did go.
 But long time past not, ere Penelope
 Had notice of their far-fetch'd treachery.
 Medon the herald told her, who had heard
 Without the hall how they within conferr'd,
 And hasted straight to tell it to the queen,
 Who, from the entry having Medon seen,
 Prevents him thus : "Now herald, what
 affair,
 Intend the famous woovers, in your repair?
 To tell Ulysses' maids that they must cease
 From doing our work, and their banquets
 dress?
 I would to heaven, that, leaving wooing me,
 Nor ever troubling other company,
 Here might the last feast be, and most
 extreme,
 That ever any shall address for them.
 They never meet but to consent in spoil,
 And reap the free fruits of another's toil.
 O did they never, when they children were
 What to their fathers was Ulysses, hear?
 Who never did 'gainst any one proceed
 With unjust usage, or in word or deed?
 'Tis yet with other kings another right,
 One to pursue with love, another spite;
 He still yet just, nor would, though might,
 devour,
 Nor to the worst did ever taste of power.
 But their unrul'd acts shew their minds'
 estate.
 Good turns received once, thanks grow out
 of date."
 Medon, the learn'd in wisdom, answer'd
 her :
 "I wish, O queen, that their ingratitude
 were
 Their worst ill towards you; but worse by
 far,
 And much more deadly, their endeavours
 are,

Which Jove will fail them in. Telemachus
Their purpose is, as he returns to us,
To give their sharp steels in a cruel death ;
Who now is gone to learn, if fame can
breathe

News of his sire, and will the Pylian shore,
And sacred Sparta, in his search explore."

This news dissolved to her both knees
and heart,

Long silence held her ere one word would
part,

Her eyes stood full of tears, her small soft
voice

All late use lost ; that yet at last had
choice

Of wonted words, which briefly thus she
used :

"Why left my son his mother? why
refused

His wit the solid shore, to try the seas,
And put in ships the trust of his distress,

That are at sea to men unbridled horse,
And run, past rule, their far-engaged
course,

Amidst a moisture past all mean unstead ?
No need compell'd this. Did he it, afraid

To live and leave posterity his name?"

"I know not," he replied, "if th'
humour came

From current of his own instinct, or flow'd
From others' instigations ; but he vow'd

Attempt to Pylos, or to see desried
His sire's return, or know what death he
died."

This said, he took him to Ulysses' house
After the woers ; the Ulyssean spouse,

Run through with woes, let Torture seize
her mind,

Nor in her choice of state-chairs stood
inclined

To take her seat, but th' abject threshold
chos

Of her fair chamber for her loathed repose,
And mourn'd most wretch-like. Round
about her fell

Her handmaids, join'd in a continueate yell.
From every corner of the palace, all

Of all degrees tuned to her comforts' fall
Their own dejections ; to whom her com-
plaint

She thus enforced : "The Gods, beyond
constraint

Of any measure, urge these tears on me ;
Nor was there ever dame of my degree

So past degree grieved. First, a lord so
good,

That had such hardy spirits in his blood,
That all the virtues was adorn'd withal,

That all the Greeks did their superior call,

To part with thus, and lose. And now a
son,

So worthily beloved, a course to run
Beyond my knowledge ; whom rude tem-
pests have

Made far from home his most inglorious
grave.

Unhappy wenches, that no one of all
(Though in the reach of every one must
fall

His taking ship) sustain'd the careful mind,
To call me from my bed ; who this de-
sign'd

And most vow'd course in him had either
stay'd,

(How much soever hasted) or dead laid
He should have left me. Many a man I
have,

That would have call'd old Dolius my slave,
(That keeps my orchard, whom my father
gave

At my departure) to have run, and told
Laertes this ; to try if he could hold

From running through the people, and
from tears,

In telling them of these vow'd murderers?
That both divine Ulysses' hope, and his,
Resolve to end in their conspiracies."

His nurse then, Euryclea, made reply :

"Dear sovereign, let me with your own
hands die,

Or cast me off here, I'll not keep from thee
One word of what I know. He trusted me
With all his purpose ; and I gave him all

The bread and wine for which he pleased
to call.

But then a mighty oath he made me swear,
Not to report it to your royal ear

Before the twelfth day either should appear,
Or you should ask me when you heard him
gone.

Impair not then your beauties with your
moan,

But wash, and put untear-stain'd garments
on,

Ascend your chamber with your ladies here,
And pray the seed of goat-nursed Jupiter,
Divine Athenia, to preserve your son,

And she will save him from confusion.
Th' old king, to whom your hopes stand so
inclined

For his grave counsels, you perhaps may
find

Unfit affected, for his age's sake.
But heaven-kings wax not old, and there-
fore make

Fit prayers to them ; for my thoughts never
will

Believe the heavenly powers conceit so ill

The seed of righteous Arceciades,*
To end it utterly, but still will please
In some place evermore some one of them
To save, and deck him with a diadem;
Give him possession of erected towers,
And far-stretch'd fields, crown'd all of fruits
and flowers."

This eased her heart, and dried her
humorous eyes,
When having wash'd, and weeds of sacrifice
Pure, and unstain'd with her distrustful tears,
Put on, with all her women-ministers
Up to a chamber of most height she rose,
And cakes of salt and barley did impose
Within a wicker basket; all which broke
In decent order, thus she did invoke:

"Great Virgin of the goat-preserved God,
If ever the inhabited abode
Of wise Ulysses held the fatted thighs
Of sheep and oxen, made thy sacrifice
By his devotion, hear me, nor forget
His pious services; but safe see set
His dear son on these shores, and banish
hence

These woovers past all mean in insolence."

This said, she shriek'd, and Pallas heard
her prayer.

The woovers broke with tumult all the air
About the shady house; and one of them,
Whose pride his youth had made the more
extreme,

Said: "Now the many-woover-honour'd
queen

Will surely satiate her delayful spleen,
And one of us in instant nuptials take.
Poor dame, she dreams not, what design
we make

Upon the life and slaughter of her son."

So said he; but so said was not so done;
Whose arrogant spirit in a vaunt so vain
Antinous chid, and said: "For shame,
contain

These braving speeches: who can tell
who hears?

Are we not now in reach of others' ears?
If our intentions please us, let us call
Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall.
By watchful danger men must silent go:
What we resolve on, let's not say, but do."

This said, he choosed out twenty men, that
bore

Best reckoning with him, and to ship and
shore

All hasted, reach'd the ship, launch'd,
raised the mast,

Put sails in, and with leather loops made
fast

The oars; sails hoisted, arms their men
did bring,

All giving speed and form to everything.
Then to the high deeps their rigg'd vessel
driven,

They supp'd, expecting the approaching
even.

Mean space, Penelope her chamber kept
And bed, and neither eat, nor drank, nor
slept;

Her strong thoughts wrought so on her
blameless son,
Still in contention, if he should be done
To death, or 'scape the impious woovers'
design.

Look how a lion, whom men-troops combine
To hunt, and close him in a crafty ring,
Much varied thought conceives, and fear
doth sting

For urgent danger; so fared she, till sleep
All juncture of her joints and nerves did
steep

In his dissolving humour. When, at rest,
Pallas her favours varied, and address

An idol, that Iphthima did present
In structure* of her every lineament,
Great-soul'd Icarus' daughter, whom for
spouse

Eumelus took, that kept in Pheris' house.
This to divine Ulysses' house she sent,

To try her best mean how she might con-
tent

Mournful Penelope, and make relent
The strict addiction in her to deplore.

This idol, † like a worm, that less or more
Contracts or strains her, did itself convey,
Beyond the wards or windings of the
key,

Into the chamber, and, above her head
Her seat assuming, thus she comforted

Distress'd Penelope: "Doth sleep thus
seize

Thy powers, affected with so much disease?
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not
see

Thy tears nor griefs, in any least degree
Sustain'd with cause; for they will guard
thy son

Safe to his wish'd and native mansion,
Since he is no offender of their states,

And they to such are firmer than their
fates."

The wise Penelope received her thus,
Bound with a slumber most delicious,

* Δίπας, membrorum structura.

† Παρὰ κληίδος ἰμάτια. Ἰμάς, affectus cur-
culionis significat quod longior et gracilior
evaserit.

* Laertes, son to Arcecius, the son of Jupiter.

And in the port of dreams : " O sister,
 why
 Repair you hither, since so far off lie
 Your house and household? You were
 never here
 Before this hour, and would you now give
 cheer
 To my so many woes and miseries?
 Affecting fitly all the faculties
 My soul and mind hold, having lost before
 A husband, that of all the virtues bore
 The palm amongst the Greeks, and whose
 renown
 So ample was that Fame the sound hath
 blown
 Through Greece and Argos to her very
 heart.
 And now again, a son, that did convert
 My whole powers to his love, by ship is
 gone ;
 A tender plant, that yet was never grown
 To labour's taste, nor the commerce of
 men ;
 For whom more than my husband I com-
 plain ;
 And lest he should at any sufferance touch
 (Or in the sea, or by the men so much
 Estranged to him that must his consorts be)
 Fear and chill tremblings shake each joint
 of me.
 Besides, his danger sets on foes profess'd
 To way-lay his return, that have address'd
 Plots for his death." The scarce-discerned
 Dream,
 Said : " Be of comfort, nor fears so ex-
 treme
 Let thus dismay thee ; thou hast such a
 mate
 Attending thee, as some at any rate
 Would wish to purchase, for her power is
 great ;
 Minerva pities thy delights' defeat,

Whose grace hath sent me to foretell thee
 these."

" If thou," said she, " be of the God-
 desses,
 And heardst her tell thee these, thou mayst
 as well
 From her tell all things else. Deign then
 to tell,
 If yet the man to all misfortunes born,
 My husband, lives, and sees the sun
 adorn
 The darksome earth, or hides his wretched
 head
 In Pluto's house, and lives amongst the
 dead?"
 " I will not," she replied, " my breath
 exhale

In one continued and perpetual tale,
 Lives he or dies he. 'Tis a filthy use,
 To be in vain and idle speech profuse."
 This said, she, through the key-hole of the
 door,
 Vanish'd again into the open blore.
 Icarus' daughter started from her sleep,
 And Joy's fresh humour her loved breast
 did steep,
 When now so clear, in that first watch of
 night,
 She saw the seen Dream vanish from her
 sight.
 The woers shipp'd, the sea's moist waves
 did ply,
 And thought the prince a haughty death
 should die.
 There lies a certain island in the sea,
 Twixt rocky Samos and rough Ithaca,
 That cliffy is itself, and nothing great,
 Yet holds convenient havens, that two ways
 let
 Ships in and out, call'd Asteris ; and
 there
 The woers hoped to make their massacre.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

A SECOND COURT on Jove attends ;
 Who Hermes to Calypso sends,
 Commanding her to clear the ways
 Ulysses sought ; and she obeys.
 When Neptune saw Ulysses free,
 And so in safety plough the sea,
 Enraged, he ruffles up the waves,
 And splits his ship. Leucothea saves
 His person yet, as being a Dame
 Whose Godhead govern'd in the frame
 Of those seas' tempers. But the mean,
 By which she curbs dread Neptune's spleen,
 Is made a jewel, which she takes
 From off her head, and that she makes
 Ulysses on his bosom wear,
 About his neck, she ties it there,
 And, when he is with waves beset,
 Bids wear it as an amulet,
 Commanding him, that not before
 He touch'd upon Phœacia's shore,
 He should not part with it, but then
 Return it to the sea again,
 And cast it from him. He performs ;
 Yet, after this, bides bitter storms,
 And in the rocks sees death engrav'd,
 But on Phœacia's shore is saved.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

E. Ulysses builds
 A ship ; and gains
 The glassy fields ;
 Pays Neptune pains.

AURORA rose from high-born Tithon's bed,
 That men and Gods might be illustrated,
 And then the Deities sat. Imperial Jove,
 That makes the horrid murmur beat above,
 Took place past all, whose height for ever
 springs,

And from whom flows th' eternal power of
 things.

Then Pallas, mindful of Ulysses, told
 The many cares that in Calypso's hold
 He still sustain'd ; when he had felt before
 So much affliction, and such dangers more.

"O Father," said she, "and ye ever
 blest,

Give never king hereafter interest
 In any aid of yours, by serving you ;
 By being gentle, humane, just ; but grow
 Rude, and for ever scornful of your rights,
 All justice ordering by their appetites.

Since he, that ruled as it in right behoved,
 That all his subjects as his children loved,
 Finds you so thoughtless of him and his
 birth.

Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth,
 And grudge at what ye let him undergo,
 Who yet the least part of his sufferance
 know :

Thrall'd in an island, shipwreck'd in his
 tears,

And, in the fancies that Calypso bears,
 Bound from his birthright, all his shipping
 gone,

And of his soldiers not retaining one.
 And now his most-loved son's life doth
 inflame

Their slaughterous envies ; since his father's
 fame

He puts in pursuit, and is gone as far
 As sacred Pylos, and the singular
 Dame-breeding Sparta." This, with this
 reply,

The Cloud-assembler answer'd : "What
 words fly

Thine own remembrance, daughter? Hast
 not thou

The counsel given thyself, that told thee
 how

Ulysses shall with his return address
 His wooers' wrongs? And, for the safe
 access

His son shall make to his innative port,
 Do thou direct it, in as curious sort

As thy wit serves thee ; it obeys thy
 powers ;

And in their ship return the speedless
 wooers."

Then turn'd he to his issue Mercury,
 And said : "Thou hast made good our
 embassy

To th' other Statists ; to the Nymph then
 now,

On whose fair head a tuft of gold doth
 grow,

Bear our true-spoken counsel, for retreat
 Of patient Ulysses ; who shall get

No aid from us, nor any mortal man,
 But in a patch'd-up*-skiff (built as he can,

* *Ἐνὶ σκεδίῳ πολυδέσμου, in rate multis
 vinculis ligatus.*

And suffering woes enow) the twentieth day

At fruitful Scheria let him breathe his way,
With the Phæacians, that half Deities live,
Who like a God will honour him, and give
His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brass,
and gold,

More than for gain of Troy he ever told ;
Where, at the whole division of the prey,
If he a saver were, or got away
Without a wound, if he should grudge,
'twas well.

But th' end shall crown all ; therefore Fate
will deal

So well with him, to let him land, and see
His native earth, friends, house and
family."

Thus charged he ; nor Argicides denied,
But to his feet his fair wing'd shoes he tied,
Ambrosian, golden ; that in his command
Put either sea, or the unmeasured land,
With pace as speedy as a puff of wind.
Then up his rod went, with which he
declined

The eyes of any waker, when he pleased,
And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseased.

This took ; he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
Glid through the air, and Neptune's con-
fluence

Kiss'd as he flew, and check'd the waves
as light

As any sea-mew in her fishing flight
Her thick wings sousing in the savoury seas,
Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness ;
But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he
went

Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reach'd the ample cavern of the
Queen,

Whom he within found ; without seldom
seen.

A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame ;
The matter precious, and divine the
frame ;

Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breathed an odour round about the
isle.

Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her
loom,

About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars,
crown'd,

Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued
bittours bred,

And other birds their shady pinions
spread ;

All fowls maritimal ; none roosted there,
But those whose labours in the waters were.
A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it
grace.

Four fountains, one against another, pour'd
Their silver streams ; and meadows all
enflower'd

With sweet balm-gentle, and blue violets
hid,

That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant
mead.

Should any one, though he immortal were,
Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them, and be over-joy'd ;
And so stood Hermes' ravish'd powers
employ'd.

But having all admired, he enter'd on
The ample cave, nor could be seen un-
known

Of great Calypso (for all Deities are
Prompt in each other's knowledge, though
so far

Sever'd in dwellings) but he could not see
Ulysses there within ; without was he

Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to
view

Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty
drew

His heart of comfort. Placed here in her
throne,

That beams cast up to admiration,
Divine Calypso question'd Hermes thus :

"For what cause, dear and much-
esteem'd by us,

Thou golden-rod-adorned Mercury,
Arrivest thou here? thou hast not used t'
apply

Thy passage this way. Say, whatever be
Thy heart's desire, my mind commands it
thee,

If in my means it lie, or power of fact.

But first, what hospitable rites exact,
Come yet more near, and take." This
said, she set

A table forth, and furnish'd it with meat,
Such as the Gods taste ; and served in with
it

Vermilion nectar. When with banquet fit
He had confirm'd his spirits, he thus
express

His cause of coming : "Thou hast made
request,

Goddess of Goddesses, to understand
My cause of touch here ; which thou shalt
command,

And know with truth : Jove caused my
course to thee

Against my will, for who would willingly

Lackey along so vast a lake of brine,
Near to no city that the Powers divine
Receives with solemn rites and hecatombs?
But Jove's will ever all law overcomes,
No other God can cross or make it void.
And he affirms, that one the most annoy'd
With woes and toils of all those men that
fought

For Priam's city, and to end hath brought
Nine years in the contention, is with thee.
For in the tenth year, when Troy victory
Was won, to give the Greeks the spoil of
Troy,

Return they did profess, but not enjoy,
Since Pallas they incensed; and she the
waves

By all the winds' power, that blew ope
their graves.

And there they rested. Only this poor
one,

This coast, both winds and waves have
cast upon;

Whom now forthwith he wills thee to
dismiss,

Affirming that th' unalter'd Destinies
Not only have decreed he shall not die
Apart his friends, but of necessity
Enjoy their sights before those fatal hours,
His country earth reach, and erected
towers."

This strook a love-check'd horror through
her powers,

When, naming him, she this reply did
give:

"Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live,
In all things you affect; which still
converts

Your powers to envies. It afflicts your
hearts,

That any Goddess should, as you obtain
The use of earthly dames, enjoy the men,
And most in open marriage. So ye fared,
When the delicious-finger'd Morning
shared

Orion's bed; you easy-living States
Could never satisfy your emulous hates,
Till in Ortygia the precise-lived Dame,
Gold-throned Diana, on him rudely came,
And with her swift shafts slew him. And
such pains,

(When rich-hair'd Ceres pleased to give the
reins

To her affections, and the grace did yield
Of love and bed, amidst a three-cropp'd
field,

To her Iasion) he paid angry Jove,
Who lost no long time notice of their love,
But with a glowing lightning was his death.
And now your envies labour underneath

A mortal's choice of mine; whose life I
took

To liberal safety, when his ship Jove strook
With red-hot flashes, piece-meal in the
seas,

And all his friends and soldiers, succourless
Perish'd but he. Him, cast upon this coast
With blasts and billows, I, in life given
lost,

Preserved alone, loved, nourish'd, and did
vow

To make him deathless, and yet never
grow

Crooked, or worn with age, his whole life
long.

But since no reason may be made so
strong

To strive with Jove's will, or to make it
vain,

No not if all the other Gods should strain
Their powers against it, let his will be law;

So he afford him fit means to withdraw,
As he commands him, to the raging main.

But means from me he never shall obtain,
For my means yield nor men, nor ship, nor
oars,

To set him off from my so envied shores.
But if my counsel and good will can aid

His safe pass home, my best shall be
assay'd."

"Vouchsafe it so," said heaven's am-
bassador,

"And deign it quickly. By all means
abhor

T' incense Jove's wrath against thee, that
with grace

He may hereafter all thy wish embrace."

Thus took the Argus-killing God his
wings.

And since the reverend Nymph these awful
things

Received from Jove, she to Ulysses went;
Whom she ashore found, drown'd in dis-
content,

His eyes kept never dry he did so mourn,
And waste his dear age for his wish'd
return;

Which still without the cave he used to do,
Because he could not please the Goddess so.

At night yet, forced, together took their
rest,

The willing Goddess and th' unwilling
Guest;

But he all day in rocks, and on the shore,
The vex'd sea view'd, and did his fate
deplore.

Him, now, the Goddess coming near be-
spoke:

"Unhappy man, no more discomfort take

For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age ;

I now will passing freely disengage
Thy irksome stay here. Come then, fell
thee wood,

And build a ship, to save thee from the flood.
I'll furnish thee with fresh wave, bread, and
wine

Ruddy and sweet, that will the* piner pine;
Put garments on thee, give thee winds
foreright,

That every way thy home-bent appetite
May safe attain to it ; if so it please
At all parts all the heaven-housed Deities,
That more in power are, more in skill
than I,

And more can judge what fits humanity."
He stood amazed at this strange change
in her,

And said : " O Goddess ! thy intents
prefer

Some other project than my parting hence,
Commanding things of too high conse-
quence

For my performance. That myself should
build

A ship of power, my home assays to shield
Against the great sea of such dread to pass ;
Which not the best-built ship that ever was
Will pass exulting, when such winds as
Jove

Can thunder up their trims and tacklings
prove.

But could I build one, I would ne'er
aboard,

Thy will opposed ; nor won, without thy
word

Given in the great oath of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the least degree."

The Goddess smiled, held hard his hand,
and said :

" O y' are a shrewd one, and so habited
In taking heed ; thou know'st not what it is
To be unwary, nor use words amiss.

How hast thou charm'd me, were I ne'er so
sly !

Let earth know then, and heaven, so broad,
so high,

And th' under-sunk waves of th' infernal
stream,

(Which is an oath, as terribly supreme,
As any God swears) that I had no thought
But stood with what I spake, nor would
have wrought,

Nor counsell'd, any act against thy good ;
But ever diligently weigh'd, and stood

On those points in persuading thee, that I
Would use myself in such extremity.

For my mind simple is, and innocent,
Not given by cruel sleights to circumvent ;
Nor bear I in my breast a heart of steel,
But with the sufferer willing sufferance feel."

This said, the Grace of Goddesses led
home ;

He traced her steps ; and, to the cavern
come,

In that rich throne, whence Mercury arose,
He sat. The Nymph herself did then
appose

For food and beverage to him all best meat
And drink, that mortals use to taste and
eat.

Then sat she opposite, and for her feast
Was nectar and ambrosia address

By handmaids to her. Both, what was
prepared

Did freely fall to. Having fitly fared,
The Nymph Calypso this discourse began :

" Jove-bred Ulysses ! many-witted man !
Still is thy home so wish'd ? so soon,
away ?

Be still of cheer, for all the worst I say.
But, if thy soul knew what a sum of woes,
For thee to cast up, thy stern Fates impose,
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attain,
Undoubtedly thy choice would here re-
main,

Keep house with me, and be a liver ever.
Which, methinks, should thy house and
thee dissever,

Though for thy wife there thou art set on
fire,

And all thy days are spent in her desire ;
And though it be no boast in me to say

In form and mind I match her every way.
Nor can it fit a mortal dame's compare,

T' affect those terms with us that deathless
are."

The great in counsels made her this
reply :

" Renown'd, and to be revered, Deity !
Let it not move thee, that so much I vow,
My comforts to my wife ; though well I
know

All cause myself why wise Penelope
In wit is far inferior to thee ;

In feature, stature, all the parts of show,
She being a mortal, an immortal thou,
Old ever growing, and yet never old.

Yet her desire shall all my days see told,
Adding the sight of my returning day,

And natural home. If any God shall lay
His hand upon me as I pass the seas,

I'll bear the worst of what his hand shall
please ;

* Hungar

As having given me such a mind as shall
 The more still rise the more his hand lets
 fall.
 In wars and waves my sufferings were not
 small.
 I now have suffer'd much ; as much be-
 fore,
 Hereafter let as much result, and more."
 This said, the sun set, and earth shadows
 gave ;
 When these two (in an in-room of the
 cave,
 Left to themselves) left love no rites un-
 done.
 The early Morn up, up he rose, put on
 His in and out weed. She herself enchaces
 Amidst a white robe, full of all the
 Graces,
 Ample, and pleated thick like fishy scales ;
 A golden girdle then her waist impales ;
 Her head a veil decks ; and abroad they
 come ;
 And now began Ulysses to go home.
 A great axe first she gave, that two ways
 cut,
 In which a fair well-polish'd helm was
 put,
 That from an olive bough received his
 frame.
 A plainer then. Then led she, till they
 came
 To lofty woods that did the isle confine.
 The fir-tree, poplar, and heaven-scaling
 pine,
 Had there their offspring. Of which, those
 that were
 Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
 He choosed for lighter sail. This place
 thus shown,
 The Nymph turn'd home. He fell to felling
 down,
 And twenty trees he stoop'd in little space,
 Plain'd, used his plumb, did all with artful
 grace.
 In meantime did Calypso wimbles bring.
 He bored, closed, nail'd, and order'd every-
 thing ;
 And look how much a ship-wright will
 allow
 A ship of burthen (one that best doth know
 What fits his art) so large a keel he cast ;
 Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side-
 boards, mast ;
 With willow watlings arm'd her to resist
 The billows' outrage, added all she miss'd,
 Sail-yards, and stern for guide. The Nymph
 then brought
 Linen for sails, which with dispatch he
 wrought.

Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the
 frame
 In four days' space* to full perfection came.
 The fifth day, they dismiss'd him from the
 shore,
 Weeds neat and odorous gave him,
 victuals' store,
 Wine, and strong waters, and a prosperous
 wind,
 To which, Ulysses, (fit to be divined)
 His sails exposed, and hoised. Off he
 gat ;
 And cheerful was he. At the stern he sat,
 And steer'd right artfully. Nor sleep could
 seize
 His eye-lids. He beheld the Pleiades ;
 The Bear, surnamed the Wain, that round
 doth move
 About Orion, and keeps still above
 The billowy ocean ; the slow-setting star
 Bootes call'd, by some the Waggoner.
 Calypso warn'd him he his course should
 steer
 Still to his left hand. Seventeen days did
 clear
 The cloudy night's command in his moist
 way,
 And by the eighteenth light he might dis-
 play
 The shady hills of the Phæacian shore,
 For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
 The country did a pretty figure yield,
 And look'd from off the dark seas like a
 shield.
 Imperious Neptune, making his retreat
 From th' Æthiopian earth, and taking
 seat
 Upon the mountains of the Solymi,
 From thence, far off discovering, did descry
 Ulysses his fields plowing. All on fire
 The sight straight set his heart, and made
 desire
 Of wreak run over, it did boil so high.
 When, his head nodding, "O impiety,"
 He cried out, "now the Gods' inconstancy
 Is most apparent, altering their designs
 Since I the Æthiops saw, and here confines
 To this Ulysses' fate his misery.
 The great mark, on which all his hopes
 rely,
 Lies in Phæacia. But I hope he shall
 Feel woe at height, ere that dead calm be-
 fall."

* This four days' work (you will say) is too
 much for one man : and Pliny affirms, that
 Hiero (a king of Sicily) in five-and-forty days
 built two hundred and twenty ships, rigged
 them, and put to sea with them.

This said ; he, begging,* gather'd clouds
from land,
Frighted the seas up, snatch'd into his
hand
His horrid trident, and aloft did toss
(Of all the winds) all storms he could en-
gross,
All earth took into sea with clouds, grim
Night
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of
light,
The East and South winds justled in the
air,
The violent Zephyr, and North making-
fair,
Roll'd up the waves before them. And then
bent
Ulysses' knees, then all his spirit was spent.
In which despair, he thus spake : " Woe is
me !
What was I born to, man of misery !
Fear tells me now, that, all the Goddess
said,
Truth's self will author ; that Fate would
be paid
Grief's whole sum due from me, at sea,
before
I reach'd the dear touch of my country's
shore.
With what clouds Jove heaven's heighten'd
forehead binds !
How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds !
How all the tops he bottoms with the
deeps,
And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps !
Thus dreadful is the presence of our death.
Thrice, four times blest were they that sunk
beneath
Their fates at Troy, and did to nought con-
tend
But to renown Atrides with their end !
I would to God, my hour of death and
fate
That day had held the power to terminate,
When showers of darts my life bore unde-
press'd
About divine Æacides deceased.
Then had I been allotted to have died,
By all the Greeks with funerals glorified ;
(Whence death, encouraging good life,
had grown)
Where now I die, by no man mourn'd nor
known."
This spoke, a huge wave took him by
the head,
And hurl'd him o'er-board ; ship and all it
laid

Inverted quite amidst the waves, but he
Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about
the sea.
His stern still holding, broken off, his mast
Burst in the midst, so horrible a blast
Of mix'd winds strook it. Sails and sail-
yards fell
Amongst the billows ; and himself did
dwell
A long time under water ; nor could get
In haste his head out, wave with wave so
met
In his depression ; and his garments too,
Given by Calypso, gave him much to do,
Hindering his swimming ; yet he left not
so
His drenched vessel, for the overthrow
Of her nor him ; but gat at length again,
Wrastling with Neptune, hold of her ; and
then
Sat in her bulk, insulting over death,
Which, with the salt stream prest to stop
his breath,
He scaped, and gave the sea again to give
To other men. His ship so strived to live,
Floating at random, cuff'd from wave to
wave.
As you have seen the North-wind when he
drave
In autumn heaps of thorn-fed grass-
hoppers
Hither and thither, one heap this way
bears,
Another that, and makes them often meet
In his confused gales ; so Ulysses' fleet
The winds hurl'd up and down ; now
Boreas
Toss'd it to Notus, Notus gave it pass
To Eurus, Eurus Zephyr made pursue
The horrid tennis. This sport call'd the
view
Of Cadmus' daughter, with the narrow
heel,
Ino Leucothea, that first did feel
A mortal dame's desires, and had a
tongue,
But now had th' honour to be named
among
The marine Godheads. She with pity saw
Ulysses justled thus from flaw to flaw,
And, like a cormorand in form and flight,
Rose from a whirl-pool, on the ship did
light
And thus bespeak him : " Why is Neptune
thus
In thy pursuit extremely furious,
Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,
Even to thy death ? He must not serve
his will,

* *Ἰκxαyάτῃς*—*Mendicando colligo.*

Though 'tis his study. Let me then advise
 As my thoughts serve; thou shalt not be unwise
 To leave thy weeds and ship to the commands
 Of these rude winds, and work out with thy hands
 Pass to Phæacia; where thy austere Fate
 Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.
 Take here this tablet, with this riband strung,
 And see it still about thy bosom hung;
 By whose eternal virtue never fear
 To suffer thus again, nor perish here.
 But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,
 Then take it from thy neck, nor wear it more;
 But cast it far off from the continent,
 And then thy person far ashore present."
 Thus gave she him the tablet; and again,
 Turn'd to a cormorand, dived, past sight,
 the main.
 Patient Ulysses sigh'd at this, and stuck
 In the conceit of such fair-spoken luck,
 And said: "Alas, I must suspect even this,
 Lest any other of the Deities
 Add sleight to Neptune's force, to counsel me
 To leave my vessel, and so far off see
 The shore I aim at. Not with thoughts too clear
 Will I obey her; but to me appear
 These counsels best; as long as I perceive
 My ship not quite dissolved, I will not leave
 The help she may afford me, but abide,
 And suffer all woes till the worst be tried.
 When she is split, I'll swim: no miracle can,
 Past near and clear means, move a knowing man."
 While this discourse employ'd him,
 Neptune raised
 A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seized
 Him and his ship, and toss'd them through the lake.
 As when the violent winds together take
 Heaps of dry chaff, and hurl them every way;
 So his long wood-stack Neptune strook astray.
 Then did Ulysses mount on rib, perforce,
 Like to a rider of a running horse,

To stay himself a time, while he might shift
 His drenched weeds, that were Calypso's gift.
 When putting straight Leucothea's amulet
 About his neck, he all his forces set
 To swim, and cast him prostrate to the seas.
 When powerful Neptune saw the ruthless prease
 Of perils seige him thus, he moved his head,
 And this betwixt him and his heart he said:
 "So, now feel ills enow, and struggle so,
 Till to your Jove-loved islanders you row.
 But my mind says, you will not so avoid
 This last task too, but be with sufferance cloy'd."
 This said, his rich-maned horse he moved,
 and reach'd
 His house at Ægas. But Minerva fetch'd
 The winds from sea, and all their ways but one
 Barr'd to their passage; the bleak North alone
 She set to blow; the rest she charged to keep
 Their rages in, and bind themselves in sleep.
 But Boreas still flew high to break the seas,
 Till Jove-bred Ithacus the more with ease
 The navigation-skill'd Phæacian states
 Might make his refuge; Death and angry Fates
 At length escaping. Two nights, yet, and days
 He spent in wrestling with the sable seas;
 In which space, often did his heart propose
 Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,
 And threw the third light from her orient hair,
 The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air,
 Not one breath stirring. Then he might descry,
 Raised by the high seas, clear, the land was nigh.
 And then, look how to good sons that esteem
 Their father's life dear, (after pains extreme,
 Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long
 Down to his bed, and with affections strong

Wasted his body, made his life his load,
 As being inflicted by some angry God)
 When on their prayers they see descend at
 length
 Health from the heavens, clad all in spirit
 and strength,
 The sight is precious ; so, since here should
 end
 Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend
 Health to his country, held to him his sire,
 And on which long for him disease did
 tire.
 And then, besides, for his own sake to see
 The shores, the woods so near, such joy
 had he,
 As those good sons for their recover'd sire.
 Then labour'd feet and all parts to aspire
 To that wish'd continent ; which when as
 near
 He came, as Clamour might inform an
 ear,
 He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred
 rocks,
 Against which gave a huge sea horrid
 shocks,
 That belch'd upon the firm land weeds
 and foam,
 With which were all things hid there,
 where no room
 Of fit capacity was for any port,
 Nor from the sea for any man's resort,
 'The shores, the rocks, and cliffs, so promi-
 nent were.
 " O," said Ulysses then, " now Jupiter
 Hath given me sight of an unhoped-for
 shore,
 Though I have wrought these seas so long,
 so sore.
 Of rest yet no place shews the slenderest
 prints,
 The rugged shore so bristled is with flints,
 Against which every way the waves so
 flock,
 And all the shore shews as one eminent
 rock,
 So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand
 Is there for any tired foot to stand,
 Nor fly his death-fast following miseries,
 Lest, if he land, upon him foreright flies
 A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a
 cliff,
 Worse than vain rendering all his landing
 strife.
 And should I swim to seek a haven else-
 where,
 Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear
 I shall be taken with a gale again,
 And cast a huge way off into the main ;

And there the great Earth-shaker (having
 seen
 My so near landing, and again his spleen
 Forcing me to him) will some whale send
 out,
 (Of which a horrid number here about
 His Amphitrite breeds) to swallow me.
 I well have proved, with what malignity
 He treads my steps." While this dis-
 course he held,
 A cursed surge 'gainst a cutting rock im-
 pell'd
 His naked body, which it gash'd and tore.
 And had his bones broke, if but one sea
 more
 Had cast him on it. But she* prompted
 him,
 That never fail'd, and bade him no more
 swim
 Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,
 And hug the rock that him so rudely tore ;
 Which he with both hands sigh'd and
 clasp'd, till past
 The billow's rage was ; which scaped, back
 so fast
 The rock repulsed it, that it reft his hold,
 Sucking him from it, and far back he
 roll'd.
 And as the polypus that (forced from home
 Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land
 come
 For shelter 'gainst the storms that beat on
 her
 At open sea, as she abroad doth err)
 A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones,
 Needfully gathers in her hollow bones ;
 So he forced hither by the sharper ill,
 Shunning the smoother, where he best
 hoped, still
 The worst succeeded ; for the cruel friend,
 To which he cling'd for succour, off did
 rend
 From his broad hands the soaken flesh so
 sore,
 That off he fell, and could sustain no more.
 Quite under water fell he ; and, past fate,
 Hapless Ulysses there had lost the state
 He held in life, if, still the grey-eyed Maid
 His wisdom prompting, he had not assay'd
 Another course, and ceased t' attempt that
 shore,
 Swimming, and casting round his eye t'
 explore
 Some other shelter. Then the mouth he
 found
 Of fair Callicoe's flood ; whose shores were
 crown'd

* Pallas.

With most apt succours ; rocks so smooth
 they seem'd
 Polish'd of purpose ; land that quite re-
 deem'd
 With breathless coverts th' others' blasted
 shores.
 The flood he knew, and thus in heart im-
 plores :
 " King of this river ! hear ; whatever
 name
 Makes thee invoked, to thee I humbly
 frame
 My flight from Neptune's furies. Reverend
 is
 To all the ever-living Deities
 What erring man soever seeks their aid.
 To thy both flood and knees a man dis-
 may'd
 With varied sufferance succs. Yield then
 some rest
 To him that is thy suppliant profess'd."
 This, though but spoke in thought, the
 Godhead heard,
 Her current straight stay'd, and her thick
 waves clear'd
 Before him, smooth'd her waters, and, just
 where
 He pray'd, half-drown'd, entirely saved him
 there.
 Then forth he came, his both knees
 faltering, both
 His strong hands hanging down, and all
 with froth
 His cheeks and nostrils flowing, voice and
 breath
 Spent to all use, and down he sunk to
 death.
 The sea had soak'd his heart through ; all
 his veins
 His toils had rack'd t' a labouring woman's
 pains.*
 Dead weary was he. But when breath did
 find
 A pass reciprocal, and in his mind
 His spirit was recollected, up he rose,
 And from his neck did th' amulet un-
 loose,
 That Ino gave him ; which he hurl'd from
 him
 To sea. It sounding fell, and back did
 swim
 With th' ebbing waters, till it straight
 arrived
 Where Ino's fair hand it again received.
 Then kiss'd he th' humble earth ; and on
 he goes,
 Till bulrushes shew'd place for his repose,

* Ὀδὴε of ὠδῖου : à partu doleo.

Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his
 soul :
 " O me, what strange perplexities control
 The whole skill of thy powers in this event !
 What feel I ? If till care-nurse night be
 spent
 I watch amidst the flood, the sea's chill
 breath,
 And vegetant dews, I fear will be my
 death ;
 So low brought with my labours. Towards
 day
 A passing sharp air ever breathes at sea.
 If I the pitch of this next mountain scale,
 And shady wood, and in some thicket fall
 Into the hands of Sleep, though there the
 cold
 May well be check'd, and healthful slumbers
 hold
 Her sweet hand on my powers, all care
 allay'd,
 Yet there will beasts devour me. Best
 appaid
 Doth that course make me yet ; for there,
 some strife,
 Strength, and my spirit, may make me
 make for life ;
 Which, though impair'd, may yet be fresh
 applied,
 Where peril possible of escape is tried.
 But he that fights with heaven, or with the
 sea,
 To indiscretion adds impiety."
 Thus to the woods he hasted ; which he
 found
 Not far from sea, but on far-seeing ground,
 Where two twin underwoods he enter'd
 on,
 With olive-trees and oil-trees overgrown ;
 Through which the moist force of the
 loud-voiced wind
 Did never beat, nor ever Phœbus shined,
 Nor shower beat through, they grew so one
 in one,
 And had, by turns, their power t' exclude
 the sun.
 Here enter'd our Ulysses ; and a bed
 Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance,
 spread
 With all his speed. Large he made it, for
 there
 For two or three men ample coverings were,
 Such as might shield them from the
 winter's worst,
 Though steel* it breathed, and blew as it
 would burst.

* A metaphorical hyperbole, expressing the
 winter's extremity of sharpness.

Patient Ulysses joy'd, that ever day
 Shew'd such a shelter. In the midst he
 lay,
 Store of leaves heaping high on every
 side.
 And as in some out-field a man doth
 hide
 A kindled brand, to keep the seed of fire,
 No neighbour dwelling near, and his
 desire

Served with self-store, he else would ask of
 none,
 But of his fore-spent sparks rakes th' ashes on;
 So this out-place Ulysses thus receives,
 And thus naked virtue's seed lies hid in
 leaves.
 Yet Pallas made him sleep as soon as men
 Whom delicacies all their flatteries deign ;
 And all that all his labours could comprise
 Quickly concluded in his closed eyes.

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA in a vision stands
 Before Nausicaa; and commands
 She to the flood her weeds should bear,
 For now her nuptial day was near.
 Nausicaa her charge obeys,
 And then with other virgins plays.
 Their sports make waked Ulysses rise,
 Walk to them, and beseech supplies
 Of food and clothes. His naked sight
 Puts th' other maids, afraid, to flight;
 Nausicaa only boldly stays,
 And gladly his desire obeys.
 He, furnish'd with her favours shows,
 Attends her and the rest to town.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Zētra. Here olive leaves
 T' hide shame began.
 The maid receives
 The naked man.

THE much-sustaining, patient, heavenly
 man,
 Whom Toil* and Sleep had worn so weak
 and wan,
 Thus won his rest. In mean space Pallas
 went
 To the Phœacian city, and descent
 That first did broad Hyperia's lands divide,
 Near the vast Cyclops, men of monstrous
 pride,
 That prey'd on those Hyperians, since they
 were
 Of greater power; and therefore longer
 there
 Divine Nausithous dwelt not; but arose,
 And did for Scheria all his powers dispose,
 Far from ingenious art-inventing men.
 But there did he erect a city then;
 First drew a wall round, then he houses
 builds,
 And then a temple to the Gods, the fields
 Lastly dividing. But he, stoop'd by Fate,
 Dived to th' infernals; and Alcinous sate
 In his command, a man the Gods did teach
 Commanding counsels. His house held
 the reach

* ὕπνος καὶ καμῆτος ἀρημένος: Somno et labore
 afflictus. Sleep (καταχρηστικῶς) for the want of
 sleep.

Of grey Minerva's project; to provide
 That great-soul'd Ithacus might be supplied
 With all things fitting his return. She
 went
 Up to the chamber, where the fair descent*
 Of great Alcinous slept; a maid, whose
 parts
 In wit and beauty wore divine deserts.
 Well-deck'd her chamber was; of which
 the door
 Did seem to lighten, such a gloss it bore
 Betwixt the posts, and now flew ope to find
 The Goddess entry. Like a puff of wind
 She reach'd the virgin bed; near which
 there lay
 Two maids, to whom the Graces did convey
 Figure and manners. But above the head
 Of bright Nausicaa did Pallas tread
 The subtle air, and put the person on
 Of Dymas' daughter, from comparison
 Exempt in business naval. Like his seed
 Minerva look'd now; † whom one year did
 bread
 With bright Nausicaa, and who had gain'd
 Grace in her love, yet on her thus
 complain'd:
 "Nausicaa! why bred thy mother one
 So negligent in rites so stood upon
 By other virgins? Thy fair garments lie
 Neglected by thee, yet thy nuptials nigh;
 When rich in all attire both thou shouldst
 be,
 And garments give to others honouring
 thee,
 That lead thee to the temple. Thy good
 name
 Grows amongst men for these things; they
 inflame
 Father and reverend mother with delight.
 Come, when the Day takes any wink from
 Night,
 Let's to the river, and repurify
 Thy wedding garments. My society
 Shall freely serve thee for thy speedier aid,
 Because thou shalt no more stand on the
 maid.

* Nausicaa.

† Intending Dymas' daughter.

The best of all Phœacia woo thy grace,
Where thou wert bred, and owest thyself a
race.

Up, and stir up to thee thy honour'd sire,
To give thee mules and coach, thee and
thy tire,

Veils, girdles, mantles, early to the flood
To bear in state. It suits thy high-born
blood,

And far more fits thee, than to foot so far ;
For far from town thou know'st the bath-
founts are."

This said, away blue-eyed Minerva went
Up to Olympus, the firm continent

That bears in endless being the deified
kind,

That's neither soused with showers, nor
shook with wind,

Nor chill'd with snow, but where Serenity
flies

Exempt from clouds, and ever-beamy skies
Circle the glittering hill, and all their days
Give the delights of blessed Deity praise.

And hither Pallas flew, and left the maid,
When she had all that might excite her
said.

Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did
raise

Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her
praise

To admiration took ; who no time spent
To give the rapture of her vision vent
To her loved parents, whom she found
within.

Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple
shined ;

Her maids about her. But she chanced to
find

Her father going abroad, to council call'd
By his grave Senate ; and to him exhaled
Her smother'd bosom was : * " Loved sire,"
said she,

" Will you not now command a coach for
me,

Stately and complete? fit for me to bear
To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear

Before repurified? Yourself it fits
To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits
In place of council. And five sons you
have,

Two wed, three bachelors ; that must be
brave

In every day's shift, that they may go
dance ;

For these three last with these things must
advance

Their states in marriage ; and who else
but I,

Their sister, should their dancing rites
supply?"

This general cause she shew'd, and
would not name

Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
He understood her yet, and thus replied :

" Daughter! nor these, nor any grace
beside,

I either will deny thee, or defer,
Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go, my servants shall
Serve thy desires, and thy command in
all."

The servants then commanded soon
obey'd,

Fetch'd coach, and mules join'd in it.
Then the Maid

Brought from the chamber her rich weeds,
and laid

All up in coach ; in which her mother
placed

A maund of victuals, varied well in taste,
And other junkets. Wine she likewise
fill'd

Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,

Both for her daughter's, and her hand-
maid's use,

To soften their bright bodies, when they
rose

Cleansed from their cold baths. Up to
coach then goes

Th' obedient Maid ; takes both the scourge
and reins ;

And to her side her handmaid straight
attains.

Nor these alone, but other virgins, graced
The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy
placed,

Nausicaa scourged to make the coach-
mules run,

That neigh'd, and paced their usual speed,
and soon

Both maids and weeds brought to the river-
side,

Where baths for all the year their use
supplied.

* This familiar and near wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father, joined with that virgin modesty expressed in her after, is much praised by the gravest of Homer's expositors ; with her father's loving allowance of it, knowing her shamefacedness and judgment would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inserted, not as if this were more worthy the observation than other everywhere strewed flowers of precept ; but because this more generally pleasing subject may perhaps find more fitness for the stay of most readers.

Whose waters were so pure they would not stain,

But still ran fair forth; and did more remain

Apt to purge stains, for that purged stain within,

Which by the water's pure store was not seen.

These, here arrived, the mules uncoach'd, and drove

Up to the gulfy river's shore, that gave Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then took

Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook;

Then put them into springs, and trod them clean

With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,

Who should have soonest and most cleanly done.

When having thoroughly cleansed, they spread them on

The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where

The waves the pebbles wash'd, and ground was clear,

They bathed themselves, and all with glittering oil

Smooth'd their white skins; refreshing then their toil

With pleasant dinner, by the river's side. Yet still watch'd when the sun their clothes had dried.

Till which time, having dined, Nausicaa

With other virgins did at stool-ball play, Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.

Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,

The liking stroke strook, singing first a song,

As custom order'd, and amidst the throng

Made such a shew, and so past all was seen,

As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving Queen,

Along the mountains gliding, either over

Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,

Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chase,

Or swift-hooved hart, and with her Jove's fair race,

The field Nymphs, sporting; amongst whom, to see

How far Diana had priority (Though all were fair) for fairness; yet of all,

(As both by head and forehead being more tall)

Iafona triumph'd, since the dullest sight

Might easily judge whom her pains brought to light;

Nausicaa so, whom never husband tamed,

Above them all in all the beauties flamed.

But when they now made homewards, and array'd,

Ordering their weeds disorder'd as they play'd,

Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought

What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,

That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,

Whom she intended should become his aid,

Bring him to town, and his return advance.

Her mean was this,* though thought a stool-ball chance:

The queen now, for the upstroke, strook the ball

Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall

Amidst the whirlpools. At which out shriek'd all,

And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake;

Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make

That sudden outcry, and in mind thus strived:

"On what a people am I now arrived?

At civil hospitable men, that fear

The Gods? or dwell injurious mortals here?

Unjust, and churlish? like the female cry

Of youth it sounds. What are they? Nymphs bred high

On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,

In herby marshes, or in leavy woods?

Or are they high-spoke men I now am near?

I'll prove, and see." With this, the wary peer

Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough

Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow

In covert of his nakedness, and then

Put hasty head out. Look how from his den

A mountain lion looks, that, all embued

With drops of trees, and weather-beaten-hued,

* The piety and wisdom of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the Sacred Letter) not the least of things he makes come to pass *sine Numinis providentiâ*. As Spondanus well notes of him.

Bold of his strength, goes on, and in his eye

A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey
On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
His belly charging him, and he must part

Stakes with the herdsman in his beasts' attempt,

Even where from rape their strengths are most exempt ;

So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,

Even to the home-fields of the country's breed

Ulysses was to force forth his access,
Though merely naked ; and his sight did press

The eyes of soft-hair'd virgins. Horrid was

His rough appearance to them ; the hard pass

He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight,

About the prominent windings of the flood.

All but Nausicaa fled ; but she fast stood :
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear com-
prest.

And still she stood him, as resolved to know

What man he was ; or out of what should grow

His strange repair to them. And here was he

Put to his wisdom ; if her virgin knee

He should be bold, but kneeling, to em-
brace ;

Or keep aloof, and try with words of
grace,

In humblest suppliance, if he might ob-
tain

Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
Her grace to show and guide him to the
town.

The last he best thought, to be worth his
own,

In weighing both well ; to keep still
aloof,

And give with soft words his desires their
proof ;

Lest, pressing so near as to touch her
knee,

He might incense her maiden modesty.

This fair and filed speech then shew'd this
was he :

" Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of
thee,

Are you of mortal, or the deified race ?

If of the Gods, that th' ample heavens em-
brace,

I can resemble you to none above

So near as to the chaste-born birth of
Jove,

The beamy Cynthia. Her you full pre-
sent,

In grace of every God-like lineament,
Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
You promise of her very perfectness.

If sprung of humanes, that inhabit earth,
Thrice blest are both the authors of your
birth ;

Thrice blest your brothers, that in your
deserts

Must, even to rapture, bear delighted
hearts,

To see, so like the first trim of a tree,
Your form adorn a dance. But most blest
he,

Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'
engage

Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
And deck his house with your commanding
merit.

I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
Nor man, nor woman, I did ever see,
At all parts equal to the parts in thee.

T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
My eyes, and apprehensive faculties.

Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
Arrived, that render'd me most wretched
then,

Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a palm, whose issue
swell'd

About Apollo's fane, and that put on
A grace like thee ; for Earth had never
none

Of all her sylvan issue so adorn'd.

Into amaze my very soul was turn'd,

To give it observation ; as now thee

To view, O virgin, a stupidity

Past admiration strikes me, join'd with
fear

To do a suppliant's due, and press so
near,

As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it
strange,

For one of fresh and firmest spirit would
change

T' embrace so bright an object. But, for
me,

A cruel habit of calamity

Prepared the strong impression thou hast
made :

For this last day did fly night's twentieth
shade

Since I, at length, escaped the sable seas ;
When in the mean time th' unrelenting
 prease

Of waves and stern storms toss'd me up
 and down,

From th' isle Ogygia. And now God hath
 thrown

My wrack on this shore ; that perhaps I
 may

My miseries vary here ; for yet their stay,
I fear, Heaven hath not order'd, though,
 before

These late afflictions, it hath lent me
 store,

O queen, deign pity then, since first to
 you

My fate importunes my distress to vow.
No other dame, nor man, that this Earth
 own,

And neighbour city, I have seen or known.
The town then show me ; give my naked-
 ness

Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas
Linen or woollen you have brought to
 cleanse.

God give you, in requital, all th' amends
Your heart can wish, a husband, family,
And good agreement. Nought beneath the
 sky

More sweet, more worthy is, than firm
 consent

Of man and wife in household govern-
 ment.

It joys their wishers-well, their enemies
 wounds,

But to themselves the special good re-
 ounds."

She answer'd : " Stranger ! I discern in
 thee

Nor sloth, nor folly reigns ; and yet I see
Th' art poor and wretched. In which I
 conclude,

That industry nor wisdom make endued
Men with those gifts that make them best
 to th' eye ;

Jove only orders man's felicity.
To good and bad his pleasure fashions
 still

The whole proportion of their good and ill.
And he, perhaps, hath form'd this plight
 in thee,

Of which thou must be patient, as he
 free.

But after all thy wand'rings, since thy
 way,

Both to our earth, and near our city, lay,
As being exposed to our cares to relieve,
Weeds, and what else a humane hand
 should give

To one so suppliant and tamed with woe,
Thou shalt not want. Our city I will
 show,

And tell our people's name : This neigh-
 bour town,

And all this kingdom, the Phæacians own.
And (since thou seem'st so fain to know
 my birth,

And madest a question, if of heaven or
 earth,)

This earth hath bred me ; and my father's
 name

Alcinous is, that in the power and frame
Of this isle's rule is supereminent."

Thus, passing him, she to the virgins
 went,

And said : " Give stay both to your feet
 and fright.

Why thus disperse ye for a man's mere
 sight ?

Esteem you him a Cyclop, that long since
Made use to prey upon our citizens ?

This man no moist man* is, (nor waterish
 thing,

That's ever flitting, ever ravishing
All it can compass ; and, like it, doth
 range

In rape of women, never staid in change).
This man is truly manly,† wise, and
 staid,

In soul more rich the more to sense de-
 cay'd,

Who nor will do, nor suffer to be done,
Acts lewd and abject ; nor can such a one
Greet the Phæacians with a mind envious,
Dear to the Gods they are, and he is
 pious.

Besides, divided from the world we are,
The out-part of it, billows circular
The sea revolving round about our shore ;
Nor is there any man that enters more
Than our own countrymen, with what is
 brought

From other countries. This man, minding
 nought

But his relief, a poor unhappy wretch,
Wrack'd here, and hath no other land to
 fetch,

* *Διεπὲς βορρὸς. Cui vitalis vel sensualis humiditas inest. βορρὸς ἂν ᾖ, ut dicitur quasi βορρὸς, i. e. ὃ ἐν ποτῶν ὕδρ, quod nihil est magis fluxum quam homo.*

† *Ἄνθρωπος virili animo præditus, fortis, magnanimus. Nor are those affirmed to be men, qui servile quiddam et abjectum faciunt, vel, facere sustinent ; according to this of Herodotus in Polym. πολλοὶ μὲν ἀνδρωποιοὶ εἰσιν, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἴσθηται. Many men's forms sustain, but few are men.*

Him now we must provide for : from Jove*
come

All strangers, and the needy of a home ;
Who any gift, though ne'er so small it be,
Esteem as great, and take it gratefully.
And therefore, virgins, give the stranger

food,
And wine ; and see ye bathe him in the
flood,

Near to some shore to shelter most in-
clined.

To cold-bath-bathers hurtful is the wind,
Not only rugged making th' outward skin,
But by his thin powers pierceth parts
within.

This said, their flight in a return they
set,

And did Ulysses with all grace entreat,
Shew'd him a shore wind-proof, and full
of shade ;

By him a shirt and utter mantle laid,
A golden jug of liquid oil did add,
Bade wash, and all things as Nausicaa
bade.

Divine Ulysses would not use their aid ;
But thus bespake them : " Every lovely
maid,

Let me entreat to stand a little by,
That I, alone, the fresh flood may apply
To cleanse my bosom of the sea-wrought
brine,

And then use oil, which long time did not
shine

On my poor shoulders,† I'll not wash in
sight

Of fair-hair'd maidens, I should blush out-
right,

To bathe all bare by such a virgin light."

They moved, and mused a man had so
much grace,

And told their mistress what a man he
was.

* According to another translator :
" *Ab Jove nam supplex pauper procedit et
hostes,
Res brevis, at chara est, magni quoque muneris
instar.*"

Which I cite to shew his good when he keeps
him to the original, and near in any degree ex-
pounds it.

† He taught their youths modesty by his
aged judgment. As receiving the custom of
maids then used to that entertainment of men,
notwithstanding the modesty of that age, could
not be corrupted inwardly for those outward
kind observations of guests and strangers, and
was therefore privileged. It is easy to avoid
shew ; and those that most curiously avoid the
outward construction, are ever most tainted
with the inward corruption.

He cleansed his broad soil'd shoulders,
back, and head

Yet never tamed, but now had foam and
weed

Knit in the fair curls. Which dissolved,
and he

Slick'd all with sweet oil, the sweet charity
The untouch'd virgin shew'd in his attire

He clothed him with. Then Pallas put a
fig,

More than before, into his sparkling eyes,
His late soil set off with his soon fresh
guise.

His locks, cleansed, curl'd the more, and
match'd, in power

To please an eye, the Hyacinthian flower.
And as a workman, that can well combine

Silver and gold, and make both strive to
shine,

As being by Vulcan, and Minerva too,
Taught how far either may be urged to go

In strife of eminence, when work sets forth
A worthy soul to bodies of such worth,

No thought reproving th' act, in any place,
Nor Art no debt to Nature's liveliest

grace ;
So Pallas wrought in him a grace as great

From head to shoulders, and ashore did
seat

His goodly presence. To which such a
guise

He shew'd in going, that it ravish'd eyes.
All which continued, as he sat apart,

Nausicaa's eye struck wonder through her
heart,

Who thus bespake her consorts : " Hear
me, you,

Fair-wristed virgins ; this rare man, I
know,

Treads not our country earth, against the
will

Of some God throned on the Olympian hill.
He shew'd to me, till now, not worth the

note,
But now he looks as he had godhead got.

I would to heaven my husband were no
worse,

And would be call'd no better ; but the
course

Of other husbands pleased to dwell out
here.

Observe and serve him with our utmost
cheer."

She said ; they heard and did. He drunk
and eat

Like to a harpy ; having touch'd no meat
A long before time. But Nausicaa now

Thought of the more grace she did lately
vow

Had horse to chariot join'd, and up she rose;
Up cheer'd her guest, and said : " Guest,
now dispose

Yourself for town, that I may let you see
My father's court, where all the peers
will be

Of our Phœacian state. At all parts, then,
Observe to whom and what place y' are t'
attain ;

Though I need usher you with no advice,
Since I suppose you absolutely wise.

While we the fields pass, and men's labours
there,

So long, in these maids' guides, directly
bear

Upon my chariot (I must go before
For cause that after comes, to which this
more

Be my induction) you shall then soon end
Your way to town, whose towers you see
ascend*

To such a steepness. On whose either side
A fair port stands, to which is nothing wide
An enterer's passage ; on whose both hands
ride

Ships in fair harbours ; which once past, you
win

The goodly market-place (that circles in
A fane to Neptune, built of curious stone,
And passing ample) where munition,
Gables, and masts, men make, and polish'd
oars ;

For the Phœacians are not conquerors
By bows nor quivers ; oars, masts, ships
they are

With which they plow the sea, and
wage their war.

And now the cause comes why I lead the
way,

Not taking you to coach : The men that
sway

In work of those tools that so fit our state,
Are rude mechanicals, that rare and late
Work in the market-place ; and those are
they,

Whose bitter tongues I shun, who straight
would say,

(For these vile vulgar are extremely proud,
And foully-languaged) ' What is he, allow'd
To coach it with Nausicaa? so large set,
And fairly fashion'd? where were these
two met?

He shall be sure her husband. She hath
been

Gadding in some place, and, of foreign men

Fitting her fancy, kindly brought him
home

In her own ship. He must, of force, be
come

From some far region ; we have no such
man.

It may be, praying hard, when her heart
ran

On some wish'd husband, out of heaven
some God

Dropp'd in her lap ; and there lies she at
road

Her complete life-time. But, in sooth, if
she,

Ranging abroad, a husband, such as he
Whom now we saw, laid hand on, she was
wise ;

For none of all our nobles are of prize
Enough for her ; he must beyond sea
come,

That wins her high mind, and will have her
home.

Of our peers many have importuned her,
Yet she will none.' Thus these folks will
confer

Behind my back ; or, meeting, to my face
The foul-mouth rout dare put home this
disgrace.

And this would be reproaches to my fame,
For, even myself just anger would inflame,
If any other virgin I should see,
Her parents living, keep the company

Of any man, to any end of love,
Till open nuptials should her act approve.
And therefore hear me, guest, and take
such way,

That you yourself may compass, in your
stay,

Your quick deduction by my father's
grace ;

And means to reach the root of all your
race.

We shall, not far out of our way to town,
A never-fell'd grove find, that poplars
crown,

To Pallas sacred, where a fountain flows ;
And round about the grove a meadow
grows,

In which my father holds a manor-house,
Deck'd all with orchards, green, and
odorous,

As far from town as one may hear a shout.
There stay, and rest your foot-pains, till
full out

We reach the city ; where, when you may
guess

We are arrived, and enter our access
Within my father's court, then put you on
For our Phœacian state ; where, to be shown

* The city's description so far forth as may
in part, induce her promised reason, why she
took not Ulysses to coach with her.

My father's house, desire. Each infant there
 Can bring you to it; and yourself will clear
 Distinguish it from others, for no shows
 The city-buildings make compared with those
 That king Alcinous' seat doth celebrate.
 In whose roofs, and the court (where men
 of state,
 And suitors sit and stay) when you shall
 hide,
 Straight pass it, entering further, where
 abide
 My mother, with her withdrawn house-
 wiferies,
 Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies
 Her rock, all-purple, and of pompous show,
 Her chair placed 'gainst a pillar, all a-row
 Her maids behind her set; and to her here
 My father's dining-throne looks, seated
 where
 He pours his choice of wine in, like a God.
 This view once past, for th' end of your
 abode,
 Address suit to my mother, that her mean
 May make the day of your redition seen.
 And you may frolic straight, though far
 away
 You are in distance from your wished stay.
 For, if she once be won to wish you well,
 Your hope may instantly your passport seal;
 And thenceforth sure abide to see your
 friends,
 Fair house, and all to which your heart
 contends."
 This said, she used her shining scourge,
 and lash'd
 Her mules, that soon the shore left where
 she wash'd,
 And, knowing well the way, their pace was
 fleet,
 And thick they gather'd up their nimble
 feet.

Which yet she temper'd so,* and used her
 scourge
 With so much skill, as not to over-urge
 The foot behind, and make them straggle
 so
 From close society. Firm together go
 Ulysses and her maids. And now the sun
 Sunk to the waters, when they all had
 won
 The never-fell'd, and sound-exciting wood,
 Sacred to Pallas; where the god-like
 good
 Ulysses rested, and to Pallas pray'd:
 "Hear me, † of goat-kept Jove th' uncon-
 quer'd Maid!
 Now thoroughly hear me; since, in all the
 time
 Of all my wrack, my prayers could never
 climb
 Thy far-off ears; when noiseful Neptune
 toss'd
 Upon his watery bristles my emboss'd
 And rock-torn body. Hear yet now, and
 deign
 I may of the Phæacian state obtain
 Pity, and grace." Thus pray'd he, and she
 heard;
 By no means yet, exposed to sight,
 appear'd,
 For fear t' offend her uncle, the supreme
 Of all the Sea-Gods, ‡ whose wrath still
 extreme
 Stood to Ulysses, and would never cease,
 Till with his country shore he crown'd his
 peace.

* Not without some little note of our omni-
 sufficient Homer's general touch of the least
 fitness lying in his way, may this courtly dis-
 cretion he describes in Nausicaa be observed,
 if you please.

† More of our Poet's curious and sweet piety.
 ‡ Neptune.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

NAUSICAA arrives at town ;
And then Ulysses. He makes known
His suit to Arete ; who view
Takes of his vesture, which she knew,
And asks him from whose hands it came.
He tells, with all the hapless frame
Of his affairs in all the while
Since he forsook Calypso's isle.

ANOTHER.

*Hra. The honour'd minds,
And welcome things,
Ulysses finds
In Scheria's kings.

THUS pray'd the wise and God-observing
man.
The Maid, by free force of her palfreys,
wan
Access to town, and the renowned court
Reach'd of her father ; where, within the
port,
She stay'd her coach, and round about her
came
Her brothers, made as of immortal
frame,
Who yet disdain'd not, for her love, mean
deeds,
But took from coach* her mules, brought in
her weeds.
And she ascends her chamber ; where
purvey'd
A quick fire was by her old chamber-maid,
Eurymedusa, th' Aperean born,
And brought by sea from Apera t' adorn
The court of great Alcinous, because
He gave to all the blest Phæacians laws,
And, like a heaven-born power in speech,
acquired
The people's ears. To one then so
admired,
Eurymedusa was esteem'd no worse
Than worth the gift ; yet now, grown old,
was nurse

* *Hæc fuit illius sæculi simplicitas: nam
vel fraternus quoque amor tantus fuit, ut
libenter hæc redeuntis charissima sorori
operam præstiterint. Spond.*

To ivory-arm'd Nausicaa ; gave heat
To all her fires, and dress'd her privy meat.
Then rose Ulysses, and made way to
town ;
Which ere he reach'd, a mighty mist was
thrown
By Pallas round about him, in her care,
Lest, in the sway of envies popular,
Some proud Phæacian might foul language
pass,
Justle him up, and ask him what he was.
Entering the lovely town yet, through the
cloud
Pallas appear'd, and like a young wench
show'd
Bearing a pitcher, stood before him so
As if objected purposely to know
What there he needed ; whom he question'd
thus :
" Know you not, daughter, where
Alcinous,
That rules this town, dwells? I, a poor
distress'd
Mere stranger here, know none I may
request
To make this court known to me." She
replied :
" Strange father, I will see you satisfied
In that request. My father dwells just by
The house you seek for ; but go silently,
Nor ask, nor speak to any other, I
Shall be enough to shew your way. The
men
That here inhabit do not entertain
With ready kindness strangers, of what
worth
Or state soever, nor have taken forth
Lessons of civil usage or respect
To men beyond them. They, upon their
powers
Of swift ships building, top the watery
towers,
And Jove hath given them ships, for sail so
wrought,
They cut a feather, and command a
thought."*

* *Nées ἠαῖαι ὡσεὶ πτερόν ηἱ ὄντια, ναυες
veloces veluti penna, atque cogitatio.*

This said, she usher'd him, and after he
Tro'd in the swift steps of the Deity.
The free-sail'd seamen could not get a
sight

Of our Ulysses yet, though he forthright
Both by their houses and their persons
past ;

Pallas about him such a darkness cast
By her divine power, and her reverend
care,

She would not give the town-born cause to
stare.

He wonder'd, as he past, to see the
ports ;

The shipping in them ; and for all resorts
The goodly market-steads ; and aisles
beside

For the heroes ; walls so large and wide ;
Rampires so high, and of such strength
withal,

It would with wonder any eye appall.

At last they reach'd the court, and Pallas
said :

" Now, honour'd stranger, I will see obey'd
Your will, to shew our ruler's house ; 'tis
here ;

Where you shall find kings celebrating
cheer.

Enter amongst them, nor admit a fear.

*More bold a man is, he prevails the more,
Though man nor place he ever saw before.*

You first shall find the queen in court,
whose name

Is Arete, of parents born the same

That was the king her spouse ; their
pedigree

I can report.* The great Earth-shaker, he
Of Peribœa (that her sex out-shone,
And youngest daughter was t' Eurymedon,
Who of th' unmeasured-minded giants
sway'd

Th' imperial sceptre, and the pride allay'd
Of men so impious with cold death, and
died

Himself soon after) got the magnified

In mind, Nausithous ; whom the kingdom's
state

First held in supreme rule. Nausithous gat
Rhexenor, and Alcinous, now king.

Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruit
spring,

* For the more perspicuity of this pedigree,
I have here set down the diagram, as Spondanus
hath it. Neptune begat Nausithous of Peri-
bœa. By Nausithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous,
were begot. By Rhexenor, Arete, the wife of
her uncle Alcinous.

And whom the silver-bow-graced Phœbus
slew

Young in the court) his shed blood did
renew,

In only Arete, who now is spouse
To him that rules the kingdom in this
house,

And is her uncle, king Alcinous,
Who honours her past equal. She may
boast

More honour of him than the honour'd* most
Of any wife in earth can of her lord,
How many more soever realms afford,
That keep house under husbands. Yet no
more

Her husband honours her, than her blest
store

Of gracious children. All the city cast
Eyes on her as a Goddess, and give taste
Of their affections to her in their prayers,
Still as she decks the streets ; for, all affairs
Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.
Whom she affects, she wants no mind to
deign

Goodness enough. If her heart stand
inclined

To your dispatch, hope all you wish to find,
Your friends, your longing family, and all
That can within your most affections fall."

This said, away the grey-eyed Goddess
flew

Along th' untamed sea, left the lovely Ius
Scheria presented, out-flew Marathon,
And ample-streeted Athens lighted on ;
Where to the house, that casts so thick a
shade, †

Of Erechtheus she ingression made.

Ulysses to the lofty-built court

Of king Alcinous made bold resort ;

Yet in his heart cast many a thought,
before

The brazen pavement of the rich court bore
His enter'd person. Like heaven's two
main lights,

The rooms illustrated both days and nights.

On every side stood firm a wall of brass,
Even from the threshold to the inmost pass.

Which bore a roof up that all sapphire was.

The brazen thresholds both sides did enfold
Silver pilasters, hung with gates of gold ;

Whose portal was of silver ; over which

A golden cornice did the front enrich.
On each side, dogs, of gold and silver
framed,

The house's guard stood ; which the Deity
lamed †

* The honour of Arete (or virtue) alleg.

† πικρὸς, ἄπιστος.

‡ Vulcan.

With knowing inwards had inspired, and made

That death nor age should their estates invade.

Along the wall stood every way a throne,
From th' entry to the lobby, every one
Cast over with a rich-wrought cloth of state.

Beneath which the Phœacian princes sate
At wine and food, and feasted all the year.

Youths forged of gold, at every table there,
Stood holding flaming torches, that, in night,

Gave through the house each honour'd guest his light,

And, to encounter feast with house-wifery,

In one room fifty women did apply
Their several tasks. Some, apple-colour'd corn

Ground in fair querns, and some did spindles turn.

Some work in looms; no hand least rest receives,

But all had motion apt, as aspen leaves.

And from the weeds they wove, so fast they laid,

And so thick thrust together thread by thread,

That th' oil, of which the wool had drunk his fill,

Did with his moisture in light dews distill.

As much as the Phœacian men excell'd

All other countrymen in art to build
A swift-sail'd ship; so much the women there,

For work of webs, past other women were.
Past mean, by Pallas' means, they understood

The grace of good works; and had wits as good.

Without the hall, and close upon the gale,

A goodly orchard-ground was situate,

Of near ten acres; about which was led

A lofty quickset. In it flourished

High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore,

Sweet figs, pears, olives; and a number more

Most useful plants did there produce their store,

Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,

Nor hottest summer wither. There was still

Fruit in his proper season all the year.

Sweet Zephyr breathed upon them blasts that were

Of varied tempers. These he made to bear
Ripe fruits, these blossoms. Pear grew after pear,

Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape,
Fig after fig came; time made never rape
Of any dainty there. A spritely vine

Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine

Made ripe betimes; here grew another green.

Here some were gathering, here some pressing, seen.

A large-allotted several each fruit had;

And all th' adorn'd grounds their appearance made

In flower and fruit, at which the king did aim

To the precisest order he could claim.

Two fountains graced the garden; of which, one

Pour'd out a winding stream that over-run
The grounds for their use chiefly, th' other went

Close by the lofty palace-gate, and lent

The city his sweet benefit. And thus

The Gods the court deck'd of Alcinous.

Patient Ulysses stood a while at gaze,
But, having all observed, made instant pace

Into the court; where all the peers he found,

And captains of Phœacia, with cups crown'd

Offering to sharp-eyed Hermes,* to whom last

They used to sacrifice, when sleep had cast
His inclination through their thoughts.

But these

Ulysses pass'd, and forth went; nor their eyes

Took note of him, for Pallas stopp'd the light

With mists about him, that, unstay'd, he might

First to Alcinous, and Arete,

Present his person; and, of both them, she,

By Pallas' counsel, was to have the grace

Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace

He cast about her knee. And then off flew
The heavenly air that hid him. When his view,

With silence and with admiration strook
The court quite through; but thus he silence broke:

"Divine Rhexenor's offspring, Arete,
To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee,

* Mercury.

A man whom many labours have distrest
Is come for comfort, and to every guest :
To all whom heaven vouchsafes delightsome
lives,
And after to your issue that survives
A good resignation of the goods ye leave,
With all the honour that yourselves receive
Amongst your people. Only this of me
Is the ambition ; that I may but see
(By your vouchsafed means, and betimes
vouchsafed)
My country earth ; since I have long been
left

To labours, and to errors, barr'd from end,
And far from benefit of any friend."

He said no more, but left them dumb
with that,

Went to the hearth, and in the ashes sat,
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake,
And Echineus, th' old heroë, spake ;
A man that all Phæacians pass'd in years,
And in persuasive eloquence all the peers,
Knew much, and used it well ; and thus
spake he :

" Alcinous ! it shews not decently,
Nor doth your honour what you see admit,
That this your guest should thus abjectly
sit,

His chair the earth, the hearth his cushion,
Ashes as if apposed for food. A throne,
Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in
hand

To see his person placed in, and command
That instantly your heralds fill in wine,
That to the God that doth in lightnings
shine

We may do sacrifice ; for he is there,
Where these his reverend suppliants appear.
Let what you have within be brought
abroad,

To sup the stranger. All these would have
show'd

This fit respect to him, but that they stay
For your precedence, that should grace the
way."

When this had added to the well-inclined
And sacred order of Alcinous' mind,
Then of the great in wit the hand he
seised,

And from the ashes his fair person raised,
Advanced him to a well-adorned throne,
And from his seat raised his most loved
son,

Laodamas, that next himself was set,
To give him place. The handmaid then
did get

An ewer of gold, with water fill'd, which
placed

Upon a caldron, all with silver graced,

She pour'd out on their hands. And then
was spread

A table, which the butler set with bread,
As others served with other food the board,
In all the choice the present could afford.
Ulysses meat and wine took ; and then
thus

The king the herald call'd : " Pontonous !
Serve wine through all the house, that all
may pay

Rites to the Lightener, who is still in way
With humble suppliants, and them pursues
With all benign and hospitable dues."

Pontonous gave act to all he will'd,
And honey-sweetness-giving-minds* wine
fill'd,

Disposing it in cups for all to drink.
All having drunk what either's heart could
think

Fit for due sacrifice, Alcinous said :

" Hear me, ye dukes that the Phæacians
lead,

And you our counsellors, that I may now
Discharge the charge my mind suggests to
you,

For this our guest : Feast past, and this
night's sleep,

Next morn, our senate summon'd, we will
keep

Jousts, sacred to the Gods, and this our
guest

Receive in solemn court with fitting feast ;
Then think of his return, that, under hand
Of our deduction, his natural land

(Without more toil or care, and with
delight,

And that soon given him, how far hence
dissite

Soever it can be) he may ascend ;

And in the mean time without wrong
attend,

Or other want, fit means to that ascent.†

What, after, austere Fates shall make th'
event

Of his life's thread, (now spinning, and
began

When his pain'd mother freed his root of
man)

He must endure in all kinds. If some God
Perhaps abides with us in his abode,

And other things will think upon than we,
The Gods' will stand ; who ever yet were
free

* The word that bears this long epithet is translated only *dulce*: which signifies more. *Μελίχρονα οἶνον ἐκίρα*. *Vinum quod melleâ dulcedine animum perfundit, et oblectat.*

† Ascent to his country's shore.

Of their appearance to us, when to them
We offer'd hecatombs of fit esteem,
And would at least sit with us, even where
we

Order'd our session. They would likewise
be

Encounterers of us, when in way alone
About his fit affairs went any one.
Nor let them cloak themselves in any care
To do us comfort, we as near them are,
As are the Cyclops*, or the impious race
Of earthy giants, that would heaven out-
face."

Ulysses answer'd: "Let some other
doubt

Employ your thoughts than what your
words give out,

Which intimate a kind of doubt that I
Should shadow in this shape a Deity.

I bear no such least semblance, or in wit,
Virtue, or person. What may well befit
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly
know

Bears up and down the burthen of the woe
Appropriate to poor man, give that to me;
Of whose moans I sit in the most degree,
And might say more, sustaining griefs that
all

The Gods consent to; no one 'twixt their
fall

And my unpitied shoulders letting down
The least diversion. Be the grace then
shown,

To let me taste your free-given food in
peace.

*Through greatest grief the belly must have
ease;*

Worse than an envious belly nothing is.

It will command his strict necessities,
Of men most grieved in body or in mind,
That are in health, and will not give their
kind

* Eustathius will have this comparison of the Phæacians with the Giants and Cyclops to proceed out of the inveterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cause (as is before said) of their remove from their country; and with great endeavour labours the approbation of it; but (under his peace) from the purpose: for the sense of the Poet is clear, that the Cyclops and Giants being in part the issue of the Gods, and yet afterward their defiers, (as Polyp. hereafter dares profess) Antinous (out of bold and manly reason, even to the face of one that might have been a God, for the past manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and the rest in him, that if they graced those Cyclops with their open appearance, that, though descended from them, durst yet deny them, they might much more do them the honour of their open presence that adored them.

A desperate wound. When most with
cause I grieve,
It bids me still, "Eat, man, and drink, and
live;"

And this makes all forgot. Whatever ill
I ever bear, it ever bids me fill.

But this ease is but forced, and will not
last,

Till what the mind likes be as well
embraced;

And therefore let me wish you would
partake

In your late purpose; when the morn shall
make

Her next appearance, deign me but the
grace,

Unhappy man, that I may once embrace
My country earth. Though I be still
thrust at

By ancient ills, yet make me but see that;
And then let life go, when withal I see

My high-roof'd large house, lands, and
family."

This all approved; and each will'd every
one,

"Since he hath said so fairly, set him gone."
Feast past and sacrifice; to sleep all vow

Their eyes at either's house. Ulysses now
Was left here with Alcinous, and his

Queen,

The all-loved Arete. The handmaids then
The vessel of the banquet took away.

When Arete set eye on his array;
Knew both his out and under weed, which
she

Made with her maids; and mused by what
means he

Obtain'd their wearing; which she made
request

To know, and wings gave to these
speeches: "Guest!

First let me ask, what, and from whence
you are?

And then, who graced you with the weeds
you wear?

Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas,
And thence arrived here?" Laertiades

To this thus answer'd: "'Tis a pain, O
Queen,

Still to be opening wounds wrought deep
and green,

Of which the Gods have open'd store in
me;

Yet your will must be served. Far hence,
at sea,

There lies an isle, that bears Ogygia's
name,

Where Atlas' daughter, the ingenious
dame,

Fair-hair'd Calypso lives; a Goddess grave,
 And with whom men nor Gods society have;
 Yet I, past man unhappy, lived alone,
 By Heaven's wrath forced, her house companion.
 For Jove had with a fervent lightning cleft
 My ship in twain, and far at black sea left
 Me and my soldiers; all whose lives I lost.
 I in mine arms the keel took, and was tost
 Nine days together up from wave to wave.
 The tenth grim night, the angry Deities drave
 Me and my wrack on th' isle, in which doth dwell
 Dreadful Calypso; who exactly well
 Received and nourish'd me, and promise made
 To make me deathless, nor should age invade
 My powers with his deserts through all my days.
 All moved not me, and therefore, on her stays,
 Seven years she made me lie; and there spent I
 The long time, steeping in the misery
 Of ceaseless tears the garments I did wear,
 From her fair hand. The eighth revolved year
 (Or by her changed mind, or by charge of Jove)
 She gave provok'd way to my wish'd remove,
 And in a many-jointed ship, with wine
 Dainty in savour, bread, and weeds divine,
 Sign'd, with a harmless and sweet wind,
 my pass.
 Then seventeen days at sea I homeward was,
 And by the eighteenth the dark hills appear'd
 That your earth thrusts up. Much my heart was cheer'd,
 Unhappy man, for that was but a beam,
 To show I yet had agonies extreme
 To put in sufferance, which th' Earth-shaker sent,
 Crossing my way with tempests violent,
 Unmeasured seas up-lifting; nor would give
 The billows leave to let my vessel live
 The least time quiet; that even sigh'd to bear
 Their bitter outrage, which, at last, did tear
 Her sides in pieces, set on by the winds.
 I yet through-swum the waves that your shore binds,

Till wind and water threw me up to it;
 When, coming forth, a ruthless billow smit
 Against huge rocks, and an accessless shore,
 My mangled body. Back again I bore,
 And swum till I was fall'n upon a flood,
 Whose shores, methought, on good advantage stood
 For my receipt, rock-free, and fenced from wind;
 And this I put for, gathering up my mind.
 Then the divine night came, and treading earth,
 Close by the flood that had from Jove her birth,
 Within a thicket I reposed; when round
 I ruffled up fall'n leaves in heap; and found,
 Let fall from heaven, a sleep interminate.
 And here my heart, long time exerceate,
 Amongst the leaves I rested all that night,
 Even till the morning and meridian light.
 The sun declining then, delightful sleep
 No longer laid my temples in his steep;
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see
 Your daughter's maids play. Like a Deity
 She shined above them; and I pray'd to her,
 And she in disposition did prefer
 Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low than might
 Become the goodness of a Goddess' height.
 Nor would you therefore hope, supposed distress
 As I was then, and old, to find the least
 Of any grace from her, being younger far.
With young folks Wisdom makes her commerce rare.
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow
 Both wine,* that makes the blood in humans grow,
 And food; and bathed me in the flood; and gave
 The weeds to me which now ye see me have.
 This through my griefs I tell you, and 'tis true.
 Alcinous answer'd: "Guest! my daughter knew
 Least of what most you give her; nor became
 The course she took, to let with every dame

* Αἰθούσι οἶνον, Vinum calefacienti vim habens.

Your person lackey; nor hath with them brought
Yourself home too; which first you had besought."

"O blame her not," said he, "heroical lord,

Nor let me hear against her worth a word. She faultless is, and wish'd I would have gone

With all her women home, but I alone Would venture my receipt here; having fear

And reverend awe of accidents that were Of likely issue; both your wrath to move, And to inflame the common people's love Of speaking ill, to which they soon give place.

We men are all a most suspicious race."

"My guest," said he, "I use not to be stirr'd

To wrath too rashly: and where are preferr'd

To men's conceits things that may both ways fail,

The noblest ever should the most prevail.

Would Jove our Father, Pallas, and the Sun,

That, were you still as now, and could but run

One fate with me, you would my daughter wed,

And be my son-in-law; still vow'd to lead Your rest of life here. I a house would give,

And household goods, so freely you would live,

Confined with us. But 'gainst your will shall none

Contain you here, since that were violence done

To Jove our Father. For your passage home,

That you may well know we can overcome

So great a voyage, thus it shall succeed:

To-morrow shall our men take all their heed,

While you securely sleep, to see the seas In calmest temper; and, if that will please, Shew you your country and your house ere night,

Though far beyond Eubœa be that sight.

And this Eubœa, as our subjects say That have been there and seen, is far away, Farthest from us of all the parts they know;

And made the trial when they help'd to row

The gold-lock'd Rhadamanth, to give him view

Of earth-born Tityus; whom their speeds did shew

In that far-off Eubœa, the same day They set from hence; and home made good their way

With ease again, and him they did convey. Which I report to you, to let you see

How swift my ships are, and how matchlessly

My young Phœacians with their oars prevail,

To beat the sea through, and assist a sail." This cheer'd Ulysses, who in private pray'd:

"I would to Jove our Father, what he said, He could perform at all parts; he should then

Be glorified for ever, and I gain My natural country." This discourse they had;

When fair-arm'd Arete her handmaids bade A bed make in the portico, and ply

With* clothes, the covering tapestry. The blankets purple; well-napp'd waist-coats too,

To wear for more warmth. What these had to do,

They torches took and did. The bed purvey'd,

They moved Ulysses for his rest, and said:

"Come guest, your bed is fit, now frame to rest."

Motion of sleep was gracious to their guest;

Which now he took profoundly, being laid Within a loop-hole tower, where was convey'd

The sounding portico. The King took rest In a retired part of the house; where drest

The Queen herself a bed, and trundle-bed, And by her lord reposed her reverend head.

* A word is wanting here, which can now only be supplied by conjecture.—Ed.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Peers of the Phæacian State
A Council call, to console
Ulysses with all means for home.
The Council to a banquet come,
Invited by the King. Which done,
Assays for hurling of the stone
The youths make with the stranger-king.
Demodocus, at feast, doth sing
Th' adultery of the God of Arms
With Her that rules in amorous charms ;
And after sings the entercourse
Of acts about th' Epæan horse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Θῆρα. The council's frame
At fleet applied.
In strifes of game
Ulysses tried.

Now when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
The sacred power Alcinous did dispose
Did likewise rise ; and, like him, left his
ease

The city-razer Laertiades.

The Council at the navy was design'd ;
To which Alcinous, with the sacred mind,
Came first of all. On polish'd stones they
sate,

Near to the navy. To increase the state,
Minerva took the herald's form on her,
That served Alcinous, studious to prefer
Ulysses' suit for home. About the town
She made quick way, and fill'd with the re-
nown

Of that design the ears of every man,
Proclaiming thus : " Peers Phæacensian !
And men of Council, all haste to the
court,

To hear the stranger that made late resort
To king Alcinous, long time lost at sea,
And is in person like a Deity."

This all their powers set up, and spirit
instill'd,
And straight the court and seats with men
were fill'd.

The whole state wonder'd at Laertes' son,
When they beheld him. Pallas put him
on

A supernatural and heavenly dress ;
Enlarged him with a height, and good-
liness

In breast and shoulders, that he might
appear

Gracious, and grave, and reverend ; and
bear

A perfect hand on his performance there
In all the trials they resolved t' impose.

All met, and gather'd in attention close,
Alcinous thus bespake them : " Dukes, and
lords,

Hear me digest my hearty thoughts in
words.

This stranger here, whose travels found
my court,

I know not, nor can tell if his resort
From East or West comes ; but his suit is
this :

That to his country-earth we would dismiss
His hither-forced person, and doth bear
The mind to pass it under every peer ;
Whom I prepare, and stir up, making
known

My free desire of his deduction.

Nor shall there ever any other man
That tries the goodness Phæacensian
In me, and my court's entertainment, stay,
Mourning for passage, under least delay.

Come then, a ship into the sacred seas,
New-built, now launch we ; and from out
our prease

Choose two-and-fifty youths, of all, the
best

To use an oar. All which see straight im-
prest,

And in their oar-bound seats. Let others
hie

Home to our court, commanding instantly
The solemn preparation of a feast,

In which provision may for any guest
Be made at my charge. Charge of these
low things

I give our youth. You, sceptre-bearing
kings,

Consort me home, and help with grace to
use

This guest of ours ; no one man shall re-
fuse,

Some other of you haste, and call to us
 The sacred singer, grave Demodocus,
 To whom hath God given song, that can
 excite
 The heart of whom he listeth with delight."
 This said, he led. The sceptre-bearers
 lent
 Their free attendance; and with all speed
 went
 The herald for the sacred man in song.
 Youths two-and-fifty, chosen from the
 throng,
 Went, as was will'd, to the untamed sea's
 shore;
 Where come, they launch'd the ship, the
 mast it bore
 Advanced, sails hoised, every seat his oar
 Gave with a leather thong. The deep
 moist then
 They further reach'd. The dry streets
 flow'd with men,
 That troop'd up to the king's capacious
 court,
 Whose porticos were choked with the re-
 sort,
 Whose walls were hung with men, young,
 old, thrust there
 In mighty concourse; for whose promised
 cheer
 Alcinous slew twelve sheep, eight white-
 tooth'd swine,
 Two crook-haunch'd beeves; which flead
 and dress'd, divine
 The show was of so many a jocund guest,
 All set together at so set a feast.
 To whose accomplish'd state the herald
 then
 The lovely singer led; who past all mean
 The Muse affected, gave him good and ill,
 His eyes put out, but put in soul at will.
 His place was given him in a chair all
 graced
 With silver studs, and 'gainst a pillar
 placed;
 Where, as the centre to the state, he
 rests,
 And round about the circle of the guests.
 The herald on a pin above his head
 His soundful harp hung, to whose height
 he led
 His hand for taking of it down at will;
 A board set by with food, and forth did fill
 A bowl of wine, to drink at his desire.
 The rest then fell to feast, and, when the
 fire
 Of appetite was quench'd, the Muse in-
 flamed
 The sacred singer. Of men highest
 famed

He sung the glories, and a poem penn'd,
 That in applause did ample heaven ascend.
 Whose subject was, the stern contention
 Betwixt Ulysses and great Thetis' son,
 As, at a banquet sacred to the Gods,
 In dreadful language they express'd their
 odds.

When Agamemnon sat rejoiced in soul
 To hear the Greek peers jar in terms so
 foul;
 For augur Phœbus in presage had told
 The King of men (desirous to unfold
 The war's perplex'd end, and being there-
 fore gone
 In heavenly Pythia to the porch of stone,)
 That then the end of all griefs should
 begin
 "Twixt Greece and Troy, when Greece
 (with strife to win
 That wish'd conclusion) in her kings should
 jar,
 And plead, if force or wit must end the
 war.

This brave contention did the poet sing,
 Expressing so the spleen of either king,
 That his large purple weed Ulysses held
 Before his face and eyes, since thence dis-
 till'd

Tears uncontain'd; which he obscured, in
 fear

To let th' observing presence note a tear.
 But, when his sacred song the mere divine
 Had given an end, a goblet crown'd with
 wine

Ulysses, drying his wet eyes, did seize,
 And sacrificed to those Gods* that would
 please

T' inspire the poet with a song so fit
 To do him honour, and renown his wit.
 His tears then stay'd. But when again
 began,

By all the kings' desires, the moving man,
 Again Ulysses could not choose but yield
 To that soft passion, which again, with-
 held,

He kept so cunningly from sight, that
 none,

(Except Alcinous himself alone)
 Discern'd him moved so much. But he sat
 next,

And heard him deeply sigh; which his
 pretext

Could not keep hid from him. Yet he
 conceal'd

His utterance of it, and would have it held

* The continued piety of Ulysses through all
 places, times, and occasions.

From all the rest, brake off the song, and
 this
 Said to those oar-affecting peers of his :
 " Princes, and peers ! we now are
 satiate
 With sacred song, that fits a feast of
 state ;
 With wine, and food. Now then to field,
 and try
 In all kinds our approved activity ;
 That this our guest may give his friends to
 know,
 In his return, that we as little owe
 To fights and wrestlings, leaping, speed of
 race,
 As these our court-rites ; and commend
 our grace
 In all to all superior." Forth he led,
 The peers and people troop'd up to their
 head.
 Nor must Demodocus be left within ;
 Whose harp the herald hung upon the pin,
 His hand in his took, and abroad he
 brought
 The heavenly Poet, out the same way
 wrought
 That did the Princes, and what they would
 see
 With admiration, with his company
 They wish'd to honour. To the place of
 game
 These throng'd ; and after, routs of other
 came
 Of all sort, infinite. Of youths that strove,
 Many and strong rose to their trial's love.
 Up rose Acroncus,* and Ocyalus,
 Elatreus, Prymneus, and Anchialus,
 Nauteus, Eretmeus, Thoon, Prorcus,
 Ponteus, and the strong Amphialus,
 Son to Tectonides Polyneus.
 Up rose to these the great Euryalus,
 In action like the homicide of war.
 Naubolides, that was for person far
 Past all the rest, but one he could not
 pass,
 Nor any thought improve, Laodamas.
 Up Anabesineus then arose ;
 And three sons of the Sceptre-state, and
 those
 Were Halius, and fore-praised Laodamas,
 And Clytoneus like a God in grace.

* Since the Phæacians were not only dwellers
 by sea, but studious also of sea qualities, their
 names seem to usurp their faculties therein. All
 consisting of sea-faring signification, except
 Laodamas. As Acroncus, *summa seu extrema*
navis pars. Ocyalus, *velox in mari*. Elatreus,
 or Ἐλατήρ, ἑλατήριος, *Remex, &c.*

These first the foot-game tried, and from
 the lists
 Took start together. Up the dust in
 mists
 They hurl'd about, as in their speed they
 flew ;
 But Clytoneus first of all the crew
 A stitch's length in any fallow field
 Made good his pace ; when, where the
 judges yield
 The prize and praise, his glorious speed
 arriv'd.
 Next, for the boisterous wrestling game
 they strived ;
 At which Euryalus the rest outshone.
 At leap Amphialus. At the hollow stone
 Elatreus excell'd. At buffets, last,
 Laodamas, the king's fair son, surpass'd.
 When all had strived in these assays
 their fill,
 Laodamas said : " Come friends, let's
 prove what skill
 This stranger hath attain'd to in our
 sport.
 Methinks, he must be of the active sort,
 His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit
 shoulders show
 That Nature disposition did bestow
 To fit with fact their form. Nor wants he
 prime.
 But sour affliction, made a mate with
 time,
 Makes time the more seen. Nor ima-
 gine I,
 A worse thing to enforce debility
 Than is the sea ; though nature ne'er so
 strong
 Knits one together." " Nor conceive you
 wrong,"
 Replied Euryalus, " but prove his blood
 With what you question." In the midst
 then stood
 Renown'd Laodamas, and proved him
 thus :
 " Come, stranger-father, and assay with
 us
 Your powers in these contentions. If your
 show
 Be answer'd with your worth, 'tis fit that
 you
 Should know these conflicts. Nor doth
 glory stand
 On any worth more, in a man's com-
 mand,
 Than to be strenuous both of foot and
 hand.
 Come then, make proof with us, discharge
 your mind
 Of discontentments ; for not far behind

Comes your deduction.* Ship is ready now,
And men, and all things." "Why," said
he, "dost thou

Mock me, Laodamas! and these strifes
bind

My powers to answer? I am more inclin'd

To cares than conflict. Much sustain'd I
have,

And still am suffering. I come here to
crave,

In your assemblies, means to be dismiss'd,
And pray both kings and subjects to
assist."

Euryalus an open brawl began,
And said: "I take you, sir, for no such
man

As fits these honour'd strifes. A number
more

Strange men there are that I would choose
before.

To one that loves to lie a ship-board much,
Or is the prince of sailors; or to such

As traffic far and near, and nothing mind
But freight, and passage, and a foreright
wind;

Or to a victualler of a ship; or men
That set up all their powers for rampant
gain;

I can compare, or hold you like to be:

But, for a wrestler, or of quality
Fit for contentions noble, you abhor

From worth of any such competitor."
Ulysses, frowning, answer'd: "Stranger!

far
Thy words are from the fashions regular

Of kind, or honour. Thou art in thy guise
Like to a man that authors injuries.†

I see, the Gods to all men give not all
Manly addition, wisdom, words that fall,

Like dice, upon the square still. Some
man takes

Ill form from parents; but God often
makes

That fault of form up with observed repair
Of pleasing speech, that makes him held

for fair,
That makes him speak securely, makes
him shine

In an assembly with a grace divine.
Men take delight to see how evenly lie

His words asteeep in honey modesty.
Another, then, hath fashion like a God,

But in his language he is foul and broad:

And such art thou. A person fair is given,
But nothing else is in thee seat from
heaven;

For in thee lurks a base and earthy soul,
And t' hast compell'd me, with a speech

most foul,
To be thus bitter. I am not unseen

In these fair strifes, as thy words overween,
But in the first rank of the best I stand;

At least I did, when youth and strength of
hand

Made me thus confident; but now am worn
With woes and labours, as a human born

To bear all anguish. Suffer'd much I
have:

The war of men, and the inhumane wave,
Have I driven through at all parts: but
with all

My waste in sufferance, what yet may fall
In my performance at these strifes I'll try;

Thy speech hath moved, and made my
wrath run high."

This said, with robe and all, he grasp'd
a stone,

A little graver than was ever thrown
By these Phœacians in their wrestling rout.

More firm, more massy; which, turn'd
round about,

He hurried from him with a hand so
strong

It sung, and flew, and over all the throng,
(That at the others' marks stood) quite it
went;

Yet down fell all beneath it, fearing spelt
The force that drave it flying from his

hand
As it a dart were, or a walking wand;

And far past all the marks of all the rest
His wing stole way; when Pallas straight

imprest
A mark at fall of it, resembling then

One of the navy-given Phœacian men,
And thus advanced Ulysses: "One, though

blind,
O stranger, groping, may thy stone's fall

find,
For not amidst the rout of marks it fell,

But far before all. Of thy worth think
well,

And stand in all strifes. No Phœacian
here

This bound can either better or come
near."

Ulysses joy'd to hear that one man yet
Used him benignly, and would truth abet

In those contentions; and then thus
smooth

He took his speech down: "Reach me
that now, youth,

* The word is *πομπή*, signifying, *deductio*,
quâ transvehendâum curamus eum qui nobiscum
siquando est veratus.

† *Ἀτάσθαλος, dampnorum magnorum auctor.*

You shall, and straight I think, have one such more,
 And one beyond it too. And now, whose core
 Stands sound and great within him, since ye have
 Thus put my spleen up, come again and brave
 The guest ye tempted, with such gross disgrace,
 At wrestling, buffets, whirlbat, speed of race ;
 At all, or either : I except at none,
 But urge the whole state of you ; only one,
 I will not challenge in my forced boast,
 And that's Laodamas,* for he's mine host.
 And who will fight, or wrangle, with his friend ?
 Unwise he is, and base, that will contend
 With him that feeds him in a foreign place ;
 And takes all edge off from his own sought grace.
 None else except I here, nor none despise,
 But wish to know, and prove his faculties,
 That dares appear now. No strife ye can name
 Am I unskill'd in ; reckon any game
 Of all that are, as many as there are
 In use with men. For archery I dare
 Affirm myself not mean. Of all a troop
 I'll make the first foe with mine arrow stoop,
 Though with me ne'er so many fellows bend
 Their bows at mark'd men, and affect their end.
 Only was Philoctetes with his bow
 Still my superior, when we Greeks would show
 Our archery against our foes of Troy.
 But all, that now by bread frail life enjoy,
 I far hold my inferiors. Men of old,
 None now alive shall witness me so bold
 To vaunt equality with such men as these,
 (Echalian Eurytus, Hercules,
 Who with their bows durst with the Gods contend ;
 And therefore caught Eurytus soon his end,

* He names Laodamas only for all the other brothers ; since in his exception, the others' envies were curbed : for brothers either are or should be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas he calls his host, being eldest son to Alcinous : the heir being ever the young master ; nor might he conveniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, since he stood not in competition at these contentions.

Nor died at home, in age, a reverend man ;
 But by the great incensed Delphian
 Was shot to death, for daring competence
 With him in all an archer's excellence.
 A spear I'll hurl as far as any man
 Shall shoot a shaft. How at a race I can
 Bestir my feet, I only yield to fear,
 And doubt to meet with my superior here.
 So many seas so too much have misused
 My limbs for race, and therefore have diffused
 A dissolution through my loved knees."
 This said, he still'd all talking properties.
 Alcinous only answer'd : " O my guest,
 In good part take we what you have been prest
 With speech to answer. You would make appear
 Your virtues therefore, that will still shine where
 Your only look is. Yet must this man give
 Your worth ill language ; when, he does not live
 In sort of mortals (whencesoe'er he springs,
 That judgment hath to speak becoming things)
 That will deprave your virtues. Note then now
 My speech, and what my love presents to you ;
 That you may tell heroes, when you come
 To banquet with your wife and birth at home,
 (Mindful of our worth) what deservings Jove
 Hath put on our parts likewise, in remove
 From sire to son, as an inherent grace
 Kind, and perpetual. We must needs give place
 To other countrymen, and freely yield
 We are not blameless in our fights of field,
 Buffets, nor wrestlings ; but in speed of feet,
 And all the equipage that fits a fleet,
 We boast us best ; for table ever spread
 With neighbour feasts, for garments varied,
 For poesy, music, dancing, baths, and beds.
 And now, Phæacians, you that bear your heads
 And feet with best grace in enamouring dance,
 Enflame our guest here, that he may advance
 Our worth past all the world's to his home friends,
 As well for the unmatched grace that commends
 Your skills in footing of a dance, as theirs
 That fly a race best. And so, all affairs

At which we boast us best, he best may try,
As sea-race, land-race, dance, and poesy.
Some one with instant speed to Court
retire,
And fetch Demodocus his soundful lyre."

This said the God-graced king; and
quick resort
Pontonous made for that fair harp to
Court.

Nine of the lot-choosed public rulers
rose,
That all in those contentions did dispose,
Commanding a most smooth ground, and
a wide,

And all the people in fair game aside.
Then with the rich harp came Pon-
tonous,

And in the midst took place Demodocus.
About him then stood forth the choice
young men,

That on man's first youth made fresh entry
then,

Had art to make their natural motion sweet,
And shook a most divine dance from their
feet,

That twinkled* star-like, moved as swift,
and fine,

And beat the air so thin, they made it
shine.†

Ulysses wonder'd at it, but amazed
He stood in mind, to hear the dance so
phrased.

For, as they danced, Demodocus did sing,
The bright-crown'd Venus' love with
Battle's king;

As first they closely mix'd in th' house of
fire.

What worlds of gifts won her to his desire,
Who then the night-and-day-bed did defile
Of good king Vulcan. But in little while
The Sun their mixture saw, and came and
told.

The bitter news did by his ears take hold
Of Vulcan's heart. Then to his forge he
went,

And in his shrewd mind deep stuff did
invent.

His mighty anvil in the stock he put,
And forged a net that none could loose or
cut,

That when it had them, it might hold them
fast.

Which having finish'd, he made utmost
haste

Up to the dear room where his wife he
woo'd,

And, madly wrath with Mars, he all
bestrow'd

The bed, and bed-posts, all the beam
above,

That cross'd the chamber; and a circle
strove

Of his device to wrap in all the room.
And 'twas as pure, as of a spider's loom

The woof before 'tis woven. No man nor
God

Could set his eye on it, a sleight so odd
His art shew'd in it. All his craft bespent

About the bed, he feign'd as if he went
To well-built Lemnos, his most loved town

Of all towns earthly; nor left this unknown
To golden-bridle-using Mars, who kept

No blind watch over him, but, seeing steep
His rival so aside, he hasted home

With fair-wreathed Venus' love stung, who
was come

New from the Court of her most mighty Sire.
Mars enter'd, wrung her hand, and the
retire

Her husband made to Lemnos told; and
said:

"Now, love, is Vulcan gone, let us to bed,
He's for the barbarous Sintians." Well

appay'd

Was Venus with it; and afresh assay'd
Their old encounter. Down they went;

and straight

About them cling'd the artificial sleight
Of most wise Vulcan; and were so en-
snared,

That neither they could stir their course
prepared

In any limb about them, nor arise.
And then they knew, they would no more
disguise

Their close conveyance, but lay, forced,
stone-still.

Back 'rush'd the both-foot-crook'd, but
straight in skill,

From his near scout-hole turn'd, nor ever
went

To any Lemnos, but the sure event
Left Phœbus to discover, who told all.

Then home hopp'd Vulcan, full of grief
and gall,

Stood in the portal, and cried out so high,
That all the Gods heard: "Father of the
sky,

And every other deathless God," said he,
"Come all, and a ridiculous object see,

And yet not sufferable neither. Come,
And witness how, when still I step from
home,

* *Μαμαρυγὰς τοδῶν.* *Μαμαρυγή* signifies
splendor vibrans; a twinkled splendour: *μαμα-
ρύσσειν, vibrare veluti radios solares.*

† Air rarefied turns first.

Lame that I am, Jove's daughter doth profess

To do me all the shameful offices,
Indignities, despites, that can be thought ;
And loves this all-things-making-come-to-nought,

Since he is fair forsooth, foot-sound, and I
Took in my brain a little, legg'd awry ;
And no fault mine, but all my parents' fault,

Who should not get, if mock me with my halt.

But see how fast they sleep, while I, in moan,

Am only made an idle looker-on.

One bed their turn serves, and it must be mine ;

I think yet, I have made their self-loves shine.

They shall no more wrong me, and none perceive ;

Nor will they sleep together, I believe,
With too hot haste again. Thus both shall lie

In craft and force, till the extremity
Of all the dower I gave her sire (to gain
A dogged set-faced girl, that will not stain
Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)

He pays me back. She's fair, but was no maid."

While this long speech was making, all were come

To Vulcan's wholly-brazen-founded home.
Earth-shaking Neptune, useful Mercury,
And far-shot Phoebus. No She-Deity,
For shame, would show there. All the give-good Gods

Stood in the portal, and past periods
Gave length to laughters ; all rejoiced to see

That which they said, that no impiety
Finds good success at th' end. "And now," said one,

"The slow outgoes the swift. Lame Vulcan, known

To be the slowest of the Gods, outgoes
Mars the most swift. And this is that which grows

To greatest justice : that adultery's sport,
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort
(And lame craft too) is plagued, which grieves the more,

That sound limbs turning lame the lame* restore."

* Intending them sound of foot, when they outgo the soundest.

This speech amongst themselves they entertain'd ;

When Phoebus thus ask'd Hermes : "Thus enchain'd

Wouldst thou be, Hermes, to be thus disclosed ?

Though with thee golden Venus were reposed ?"

He soon gave that an answer : "O," said he,

"Thou king of archers, would 'twere thus with me.

Though thrice so much shame ; nay, though infinite

Were pour'd about me, and that every light,
In great heaven shining, witness'd all my harms,

So golden Venus slumber'd in mine arms."

The Gods again laugh'd ; even the watery state

Wrung out a laughter, but propitiate
Was still for Mars, and pray'd the God of fire

He would dissolve him, offering the desire
He made to Jove to pay himself, and said,

All due debts should be by the Gods repaid.

"Pay me no words," said he, "where deeds lend pain,

Wretched the words are given for wretched men.

How shall I bind you in th' Immortals' sight,

If Mars be once loosed, nor will pay his right ?"

"Vulcan," said he, "if Mars should fly, nor see

Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me."
"Your word, so given, I must accept,"

said he.

Which said, he loosed them. Mars then rush'd from sky.

And stoop'd cold Thracc. The laughing Deity

For Cyprus was, and took her Paphian state,

Where she a grove, ne'er cut, hath consecrate,

All with Arabian odours fumed, and hath
An altar there, at which the Graces bathe,
And with immortal balms besmooth her skin,

Fit for the bliss Immortals solace in ;
Deck'd her in to-be-studied attire,

And apt to set beholders' hearts on fire.

* This is τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μέγιστος, &c. *Parva magna dicere*; grave sentence out of lightest vapour.

This sung the sacred Muse, whose notes
and words
The dancers' feet kept as his hands his
chords.

Ulysses much was pleased, and all the crew.
This would the king have varied with a
new

And pleasing measure, and performed by
Two, with whom none would strive in
dancery ;

And those his sons were, that must there-
fore dance

Alone, and only to the harp advance
Without the words. And this sweet couple
was

Young Halius and divine Laodamas ;
Who danced a ball dance. Then the rich-
wrought ball,

(That Polybus had made, of purple all)
They took to hand. One threw it to the
sky,

And then danced back ; the other, capering
high,

Would surely catch it ere his foot touch'd
ground,

And up again advanced it, and so found
The other cause of dance ; and then did he
Dance lofty tricks, till next it came to be
His turn to catch, and serve the other still.
When they had kept it up to either's will,
They then danced ground tricks, oft mix'd
hand in hand,

And did so gracefully their change com-
mand,

That all the other youth that stood at
pause,

With deafening shouts, gave them the
great applause.

Then said Ulysses : " O past all men
here

Clear, not in power, but in desert as clear,
You said your dancers did the world sur-
pass,

And they perform it clear, and to amaze."

This won Alcinous' heart, and equal
prize

He gave Ulysses, saying : " Matchless
wise,

Princes and rulers, I perceive our guest,
And therefore let our hospitable best

In fitting gifts be given him : twelve chief
kings

There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdom ; and, the thirteenth, I

Exist, as crown to all. Let instantly
Be thirteen garments given him, and of
gold

Precious and fine, a talent. While we
hold

This our assembly, be all fetch'd, and
given,

That to our feast prepared, as to his
heaven,

Our guest may enter. And, that nothing be
Left unperform'd that fits his dignity,

Euryalus shall here conciliate
Himself with words and gifts, since past our
rate

He gave bad language." This did all com-
mend

And give in charge ; and every king did
send

His herald for his gift. Euryalus,
Answering for his part, said : " Alcinous !

Our chief of all, since you command, I
will

To this our guest by all means reconcile,
And give him this entirely-metall'd sword,

The handle massy silver, and the board,
That gives it cover, all of ivory,

New, and in all kinds worth his quality."

This put he straight into his hand, and
said :

" Frolic, O guest and father ; if words fled
Have been offensive, let swift whirlwinds
take

And ravish them from thought. May all
Gods make

Thy wife's sight good to thee, in quick
retreat

To all thy friends, and best-loved breeding
seat,

Their long miss quitting with the greater
joy ;

In whose sweet vanish all thy worst
annoy."

" And frolic thou to all height, friend,"
said he,

" Which heaven confirm with wish'd
felicity ;

Nor ever give again desire to thee
Of this sword's use, which with affects so
free,

In my reclaim, thou hast bestow'd on me."

This said, athwart his shoulders he put
on

The right fair sword ; and then did set the
sun.

When all the gifts were brought, which
back again

(With king Alcinous in all the train)
Were by the honour'd heralds borne to

Court ;
Which his fair sons took, and from the
resort

Laid by their reverend mother. Each his
throne

Of all the peers (which yet were overshadowed)

In king Alcinous' command) ascended ;
Whom he to pass as much in gifts contended,
And to his queen said : " Wife ! see
brought me here

The fairest cabinet I have, and there
Impose a well-cleansed in and utter weed ;
A caldron heat with water, that with speed
Our guest well-bathed, and all his gifts
made sure,

It may a joyful appetite procure
To his succeeding feast, and make him
hear,

The poet's hymn with the securer ear.
To all which I will add my bowl of gold,
In all frame curious, to make him hold
My memory always dear ; and sacrifice
With it at home to all the Deities."

Then Arete her maids charged to set on
A well-sized caldron quickly. Which was
done ;

Clear water pour'd in, flame made so entire,
It gilt the brass, and made the water fire.
In mean space, from her chamber brought
the queen

A healthy cabinet, where, pure and clean,
She put the garments, and the gold be-
stow'd

By that free State, and then the other vow'd
By her Alcinous, and said : " Now, guest,
Make close and fast your gifts, lest, when
you rest

A ship-board sweetly, in your way you meet
Some loss, that less may make your next
sleep sweet."

This when Ulysses heard, all sure he
made,
Enclosed and bound safe ; for the saving
trade

The reverend for her wisdom, Circe, had
In fore-years taught him. Then the hand-
maid bade

His worth to bathing ; which rejoiced his
heart,

For, since he did with his Calypso part,
He had no hot baths ; none had favour'd
him,

Nor been so tender of his kingly limb.
But all the time he spent in her abode,
He lived respected as he were a God.

Cleansed then and balm'd, fair shirt and
robe put on,
Fresh come from bath, and to the feasters
gone,

Nausicaa, that from the Gods' hands took
The sovereign beauty of her blessed look,
Stood by a well-carved column of the
room,

And through her eye her heart was over-
come

With admiration of the port impress
In his aspect, and said : " God save you,
guest !

Be cheerful, as in all the future state
Your home will shew you in your better
fate.

But yet, even then, let this remember'd be,
Your life's price I lent, and you owe it
me."

The varied in all counsels gave reply :
" Nausicaa ! flower of all this empery !
So Juno's husband, that the strife for noise
Makes in the clouds, bless me with strife of
joys,

In the desired day that my house shall
show,

As I, as to a Goddess there shall vow,
To thy fair hand that did my being give,
Which I'll acknowledge every hour I live."

This said, Alcinous placed him by his
side.

Then took they feast, and did in parts
divide

The several dishes, fill'd out wine, and
then

The strived-for, for his worth, of worthy
men,*

And reverenced of the State, Demodocus,
Was brought in by the good Pontonous.

In midst of all the guests they gave him
place,

Against a lofty pillar ; when this grace
The graced with wisdom did him : From
the chine,

That stood before him, of a white-tooth'd
swine,

Being far the daintiest joint, mix'd through
with fat.

He carved to him, and sent it where he sat
By his old friend the herald, willing thus :

" Herald, reach this to grave Demodocus,
Say, I salute him, and his worth embrace.

Poets deserve, past all the human race,
Reverend respect and honour ; since the
queen

Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in
men,

The Muse, informs them, and loves all their
race."

This reach'd the herald to him, who the
grace

Received encouraged ; which, when feast
was spent,

Ulysses amplified to this ascent :

" Demodocus ! I must prefer you far,
Past all your sort ; if, or the Muse of war,

* *Ἐπίπρον ἁριστεύων, Poetam cujus hominibus
digna est societas.

Jove's daughter, prompts you, that the
Greeks respects,

Or if the Sun, that those of Troy affects.
For I have heard you, since my coming,
sing

The fate of Greece to an admired string.
How much our sufferance was, how much
we wrought,

How much the actions rose to when we
fought.

So lively forming, as you had been there,
Or to some free relater lent your ear.
Forth then, and sing the wooden horse's
frame.

Built by Epeus, by the martial Dame
Taught the whole fabric: which, by force
of sleight,

Ulysses brought into the city's height,
When he had stuff'd it with as many men
As levell'd lofty Ilium with the plain.

With all which if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quick and elegant
You sung the rest, I will pronounce you
clear

Inspired by God, past all that ever were."
This said, even stirr'd by God up, he
began,

And to his song fell, past the form of
man;

Beginning where the Greeks a ship-board
went,

And every chief had set on fire his tent,
When th' other kings, in great Ulysses'
guide,

In Troy's vast market-place the horse did
hide,

From whence the Trojans up to Ilium drew
The dreadful engine. Where sat all drew
Their kings about it; many counsels given
How to dispose it. In three ways were
driven

Their whole distractions. First, if they
should feel

The hollow wood's heart, search'd with
piercing steel;

Or from the battlements drawn higher yet
Deject it headlong; or that counterfeit
So vast and novel set on sacred fire,
Vow'd to appease each anger'd Godhead's
ire.

On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
They then should have resolved; th' un-
alter'd law

Of fate presaging, that Troy then should
end,

When th' hostile horse she should receive
to friend,

For therein should the Grecian kings lie hid
To bring the fate and death they after did.

He sung, besides, the Greeks' eruption
From those their hollow crafts, and horse
foregone;

And how they made depopulation tread
Beneath her feet so high a city's head.
In which affair, he sung in other place,
That of that ambush some man else did
race

The Ilium towers than Laertiades;
But here he* sung, that he alone did seize,
With Menelaus, the ascended roof
Of Prince Deiphobus, and Mars-like proof
Made of his valour, a most dreadful fight
Daring against him; and there vanquish'd
quite,

In little time, by great Minerva's aid,
All Ilium's remnant, and Troy level laid.
This the divine expressor did so give
Both act and passion, that he made it live,
And to Ulysses' facts did breathe a fire
So deadly† quickening, that it did inspire
Old death with life, and render'd life so
sweet,

And passionate, that all there felt it fleet;
Which made him pity his own cruelty,
And put into that ruth so pure an eye
Of human frailty, that to see a man
Could so revive from death, yet no way can
Defend from death,—his own quick powers
it made

Feel there death's horrors, and he felt life
fade,

In tears‡ his feeling brain swet; for, in
things

That move past utterance, tears ope all
their springs.

Nor are there in the powers that all life
bears

More true interpreters of all than tears.

And as a lady mourns her sole-loved lord,
That fall'n before his city by the sword,
Fighting to rescue from a cruel fate
His town and children, and in dead estate
Yet panting, seeing him, wraps him in her
arms,

Weeps, shrieks, and pours her health into
his arms,

Lies on him, striving to become his shield
From foes that still assail him, spears
impell'd

Through back and shoulders, by whose
points embued,

They raise and lead him into servitude,

* As by the divine fury directly inspired so,
for Ulysses' glory.

† In that the slaughters he made were ex-
pressed so lively.

‡ Τῆκερ Ὀδυσσεύς. Τῆκερ, metaph. signi-
fying, *consumo, tabesco*.

Labour, and languor ; for all which the
dame
Eats down her cheeks with tears, and feeds
life's flame
With miserable sufferance ; so this king
Of tear-sweet anguish oped a boundless
spring ;
Nor yet was seen to any one man there
But king Alcinous, who sat so near
He could not 'scape him, sighs, so choked,
so brake
From all his tempers ; which the king did
take
Both note and grave respect of, and thus
spake :
" Hear me, Phœacian councillors and peers,
And cease Demodocus ; perhaps all ears
Are not delighted with his song, for, ever
Since the divine Muse sung, our guest hath
never
Contain'd from secret mournings. It may
fall,
That something sung he hath been grieved
withal,
As touching his particular. Forbear,
That feast may jointly comfort all hearts
here,
And we may cheer our guest up ; 'tis our
best
In all due honour. For our reverend guest
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
His love hath added to our festival.
A guest, and suppliant too, we should
esteem
Dear as our brother ; one that doth but
dream
He hath a soul, or touch but at a mind
Deathless and manly, should stand so
inclined.
Nor cloak you longer with your curious
wit,
Loved guest, what ever we shall ask of it.
It now stands on your honest state to tell,
And therefore give your name, nor more
conceal
What of your parents, and the town that
bears
Name of your native, or of foreigners
That near us border, you are call'd in
fame.
There's no man living walks without a
name,
Noble nor base, but had one from his
birth
Imposed as fit as to be borne. What
earth,
People, and city, own you? give to know.
Tell but our ships all, that your way must
show.

For our ships* know th' expressed minds of
men,
And will so most intently retain
Their scopes appointed, that they never
err,
And yet use never any man to steer,
Nor any rudders have, as others need.
They know men's thoughts, and whither
tends their speed,
And there will set them ; for you cannot
name
A city to them, nor fat soil, that Fame
Hath any notice given, but well they know,
And will fly to them, though they ebb and
flow
In blackest clouds and nights ; and never
bear
Of any wrack or rock the slenderest fear.
But this I heard my sire Nausithous say,
Long since, that Neptune, seeing us convey
So safely passengers of all degrees,
Was angry with us ; and upon our seas
A well-built ship we had, near harbour
come
From safe deduction of some stranger
home,
Made in his flitting billows stick stone still ;
And dimm'd our city, like a mighty hill
With shade cast round about it. This
report,
The old king† made ; in which miraculous
sort,
If God had done such things, or left
undone,
At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,
And truth relate us ; both [from] whence
you err'd,
And to what clime of men would be trans-
ferr'd,
With all their fair towns, be they as they
are ;
If rude, unjust, and all irregular,
Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
The mighty Deity. Which one of these
You would be set at, say, and you are
there.
And therefore what afflicts you? why, to
hear

* This *τερατολογία* or *affirmation of miracles*, how impossible soever in these times assured, yet in those ages they were neither absurd nor strange. Those inanimate things having (it seem'd) certain Genii, in whose powers, they supposed their ships' faculties. As others have affirm'd oaks to have sense of hearing ; and so the ship of Argos, was said to have a mast made of Dodonean oak, that was vocal, and could speak.

† Intending his father Nausithous.

The fate of Greece and Iliion, mourn you
so?

The Gods have done it ; as to all they do
Destine destruction, that from thence may
rise

A poem to instruct posterities.

Fell any kinsman before Iliion?

Some worthy sire-in-law, or like-near son,

Whom next our own blood and self-race
we love?

Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move
A knowing soul, and no displeasing thing?
Since such a good one is no underling
To any brother ; for, what fits true friends,
True wisdom is, that blood and birth
transcends."

THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES here is first made known ;
Who tells the stern contention
His powers did 'gainst the Cicons try ;
And thence to the Lotophagi
Extends his conquest ; and from them
Assays the Cyclop Polypheme,
And, by the crafts his wits apply,
He puts him out his only eye.

ANOTHER.

Ἰὼνα. The strangely fed
Lotophagi.
The Cicons fled.
The Cyclop's eye.

ULYSSES thus resolved the king's demands :
" Alcinoüs, in whom this empire stands,
You should not of so natural right dis-herit
Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.
To hear a poet, that in accent brings
The Gods' breasts down, and breathes them as he sings,
Is sweet, and sacred ;* nor can I conceive,
In any common-weal, what more doth give
Note of the just and blessed empery,
Than to see comfort universally
Cheer up the people, when in every roof
She gives observers a most human proof
Of men's contents. To see a neighbour's feast
Adorn it through ; and thereat hear the breast
Of the divine Muse ; men in order set ;
A wine-paget waiting ; tables crown'd with meat,
Set close to guests that are to use it skill'd ;
The cup-boards furnish'd, and the cups still fill'd ;
This shews, to my mind, most humanely fair.
Nor should you, for me, still the heavenly air,

* He begins where Alcinoüs commanded Demodocus to end.

† οἰνοχόος.

That stir'd my soul so ; for I love such tears
As fall from fit notes, beaten through mine ears
With repetitions of what heaven hath done,
And break from hearty apprehension
Of God and goodness, though they shew my ill.
And therefore doth my mind excite me still,
To tell my bleeding moan ; but much more now,
To serve your pleasure, that to over-flow
My tears with such cause may by sighs be driven,
Though ne'er so much plagued I may seem by heaven.
And now my name ; which way shall lead to all
My miseries after, that their sounds may fall
Through your ears also, and shew (having fled
So much affliction) first, who rests his head
In your embraces, when, so far from home,
I knew not where t' obtain it resting-room.
I am Ulysses Laertiades,
The fear of all the world for policies,
For which my facts as high as heaven resound.
I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd,
All over-shadow'd with the shake-leaf* hill,
Tree-famed Neritus ; whose near confines fill
Islands a number, well-inhabited,
That under my observance taste their bread ;
Dulichius, Samos, and the full-of-food†
Zacynthus, likewise graced with store of wood.
But Ithaca, though in the seas it lie,
Yet lies she so aloft she casts her eye
Quite over all the neighbour continent ;
Far northward situate, and, being lent

* Εἰροσίφυλλον, quietentem seu agitantem frondes.

† Quaedam quibus corpus alitur et vita sustentatur ὕλη appellantur.

But little favour of the morn and sun,
 With barren rocks and cliffs is over-run ;
 And yet of hardy youths a nurse of name ;
 Nor could I see a soil, where'er I came,
 More sweet and wishful. Yet, from hence
 was I
 Withheld with horror by the Deity,
 Divine Calypso, in her cavy house,
 Enflamed to make me her sole lord and
 spouse.
 Circe *Ææa* too, that knowing dame,
 Whose veins the like affections did en-
 flame,
 Detain'd me likewise. But to neither's
 love
 Could I be tempted ; which doth well ap-
 prove,
 Nothing so sweet is as our country's earth,
 And joy of those from whom we
Amor *patriæ.* claim our birth.
 Though roofs far richer we far off possess,
 Yet, from our native, all our more is less.
 To which as I contended, I will tell
 The much-distress-conferring facts that fell
 By Jove's divine prevention, since I set
 From ruin'd Troy my first foot in retreat.
 From Ilium ill winds cast me on the
 coast
 The Cicons hold, where I employ'd mine
 host
 For Ismarus, a city built just by
 My place of landing ; of which victory
 Made me expugner. I depeopled it,
 Slew all the men, and did their wives
 remit,
 With much spoil taken ; which we did
 divide,
 That none might need his part. I then
 applied
 All speed for flight ; but my command
 therein,
 Fools that they were, could no observance
 win
 Of many soldiers, who, with spoil fed
 high,
 Would yet fill higher, and excessively
 Feil to their wine, gave slaughter on the
 shore
 Cloven-footed beeves and sheep in mighty
 store.
 In mean space, Cicons did to Cicons cry,
 When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
 Many and better soldiers made strong
 head,
 That held the continent, and managed
 Their horse with high skill, on which they
 would fight,
 When fittest cause served, and again
 alight,

With soon seen vantage and on foot con-
 tend.
 Their concourse swift was, and had never
 end ;
 As thick and sudden 'twas, as flowers and
 leaves
 Dark spring discovers, when she light* re-
 ceives.
 And then began the bitter Fate of Jove
 To alter us unhappy, which even strove
 To give us sufferance. At our fleet we
 made
 Enforced stand ; and there did they invade
 Our thrust-up forces ; darts encounter'd
 darts,
 With blows on both sides ; either making
 parts
 Good upon either, while the morning
 shone,
 And sacred day her bright increase held on,
 Though much out-match'd in number ;
 but as soon
 As Phœbus westward fell, the Cicons won
 Much hand of us ; six proved soldiers fell,
 Of every ship, the rest they did compel
 To seek of Flight escape from Death and
 Fate.
 Thence sad in heart we sail'd ; and yet
 our state
 Was something cheer'd, that (being o'er-
 match'd so much
 In violent number) our retreat was such
 As saved so many. Our dear loss the less,
 That they survived, so like for like success.
 Yet left we not the coast, before we call'd
 Home to our country earth the souls ex-
 haled
 Of all the friends the Cicons overcame.
 Thrice call'd we on them by their several
 name,†
 And then took leave. Then from the angry
 North
 Cloud-gathering Jove a dreadful storm
 call'd forth
 Against our navy, cover'd shore and all
 With gloomy vapours. Night did head-
 long fall
 From frowning heaven. And then huri'd
 here and there
 Was all our navy ; the rude winds did
 tear
 In three, in four parts, all their sails ; and
 down
 Driven under hatches were we, prest to
 drown.

* After night, in the first of the morning.

† The ancient custom of calling home the dead.

Up rush'd we yet again, and with tough hand
 (Two days, two nights, entail'd) we gat near land,
 Labours and sorrows eating up our minds. The third clear day yet, to more friendly winds
 We masts advanced, we white sails spread, and sate.
 Forewinds and guides again did iterate
 Our ease and home-hopes; which we clear had reach'd,
 Had not, by chance, a sudden north-wind fetch'd,
 With an extreme sea, quite about again
 Our whole endeavours, and our course constrain
 To giddy round, and with our bow'd sails greet
 Dreadful Maleia, calling back our fleet
 As far forth as Cythera. Nine days more
 Adverse winds toss'd me; and the tenth, the shore,
 Where dwell the blossom-fed Lotophagi,
 I fetch'd; fresh water took in, instantly
 Fell to our food aship-board, and then sent
 Two of my choice men to the continent
 (Adding a third, a herald) to discover
 What sort of people were the rulers over
 The land next to us. Where, the first they met,
 Were the Lotophagi, that made them eat,
 Their country-diet, and no ill intent
 Hid in their hearts to them; and yet th' event
 To ill converted it, for, having eat
 Their dainty viands, they did quite forget
 (As all men else that did but taste their feast)
 Both countrymen and country, nor address
 Any return t' inform what sort of men
 Made fix'd abode there; but would needs maintain
 Abode themselves there, and eat that food ever.
 I made out after, and was fain to sever
 Th' enchanted knot by forcing their retreat,
 That strived, and wept, and would not leave their meat
 For heaven itself. But, dragging them to fleet,
 I wrapt in sure bands both their hands and feet
 And cast them under hatches, and away
 Commanded all the rest without least stay,

Lest they should taste the lote too, and forget
 With such strange raptures their despised retreat.
 All then abroad, we beat the sea with oars,
 And still with sad hearts sail'd by out-way-shores,
 Till th' out-law'd Cyclopes' land we fetch'd; a race
 Of proud-lived loiterers, that never sow,
 Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plow,
 But trust in God for all things; and their earth,
 Unsown, unplow'd, gives every offspring birth
 That other lands have; wheat, and barley, vines
 That bear in goodly grapes delicious wines;
 And Jove sends showers for all. No counsils there
 Nor councillors, nor laws; but all men bear
 Their heads aloft on mountains, and those steep,
 And on their tops too; and their houses keep
 In vaulty caves, their households govern'd all
 By each man's law, imposed in several,
 Nor wife, nor child awed, but as he thinks good,
 None for another caring. But there stood
 Another little isle, well stored with wood,
 Betwixt this and the entry: neither nigh
 The Cyclopes' isle, nor yet far off doth lie.
 Men's want it suffer'd, but the men's supplies
 The goats made with their inarticulate cries.
 Goats beyond number this small island breeds,
 So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds;
 No hunters, that the tops of mountains scale,
 And rub through woods with toil, seek them at all.
 Nor is the soil with flocks fed down, nor plow'd,
 Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd.
 Nor place the neighbour Cyclopes their delights
 In brave vermilion-prow-deck'd ships; nor wrights
 Useful, and skilful in such works as need
 Perfection to those traffics that exceed

Their natural confines ; to fly out and see
 Cities of men, and take in mutually
 The praise of others ; to themselves they
 live,
 And to their island that enough would
 give
 A good inhabitant ; and time of year
 Observe to all things art could order there.
 There, close upon the sea, sweet meadows
 spring,
 That yet of fresh streams want no watering
 To their soft burthens, but of special
 yield.
 Your vines would be there ; and your com-
 mon field
 But gentle work make for your plow, yet
 bear
 A lofty harvest when you came to shear ;
 For passing fat the soil is. In it lies
 A harbour so opportune, that no ties,
 Halsers, or gables need, nor anchors cast.*
 Whom storms put in there are with stay
 embraced,
 Or to their full wills safe, or winds aspire
 To pilots' uses their more quick desire.
 At entry of the haven, a silver ford
 Is from a rock-impressing fountain pour'd,
 All set with sable poplars. And this port
 Were we arrived at, by the sweet resort
 Of some God guiding us, for 'twas a night
 So ghastly dark all port was past our
 sight,
 Clouds hid our ships, and would not let
 the moon
 Afford a beam to us ; the whole isle won
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the
 bore,
 That then was up, shoved waves against
 the shore,
 That then to an unmeasured height put on ;
 We still at sea esteem'd us, till alone
 Our fleet put in itself. And then were
 strook
 Our gather'd sails ; our rest ashore we
 took,
 And day expected. When the morn gave
 fire,
 We rose, and walk'd, and did the isle
 admire ;
 The Nymphs, Jove's daughters, putting
 up a herd
 Of mountain goats to us, to render cheer'd
 My fellow soldiers. To our fleet we flew,
 Our crooked bows took, long-piled darts,
 and drew

Ourselves in three parts out ; when, by the
 grace
 That God vouchsafed, we made a gainful
 chace.
 Twelve ships we had, and every ship had
 nine
 Fat goats allotted [it], ten only mine.
 Thus all that day, even till the sun was set,
 We sat and feasted, pleasant wine and
 meat
 Plenteously taking ; for we had not spent
 Our ruddy wine aship-board ; supplement
 Of large sort each man to his vessel drew,
 When we the sacred city overthrew
 That held the Cicons. Now then saw we
 near
 The Cyclops' late-praised island, and might
 hear
 The murmur of their sheep and goats, and
 see
 Their smokes ascend. The sun then set,
 and we,
 When night succeeded, took our rest
 ashore.
 And when the world the morning's favour
 wore,
 I call'd my friends to council, charging
 them
 To make stay there, while I took ship and
 stream,
 With some associates, and explored what
 men
 The neighbour isle held ; if of rude dis-
 dain,
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewray'd
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,
 I boarded, and commanded to ascend
 My friends and soldiers, to put off, and
 lend
 Way to our ship. They boarded, sat, and
 beat
 The old sea forth, till we might see the
 seat
 The greatest Cyclop held for his abode,
 Which was a deep cave, near the common
 road
 Of ships that touch'd there, thick with
 laurels spread,
 Where many sheep and goats lay
 shadowed ;
 And, near to this, a hall of torn-up stone,
 High built with pines, that heaven and
 earth attone,
 And lofty-fronted oaks ; in which kept
 house
 A man in shape immane, and monstrous,
 Fed all his flocks alone, nor would afford
 Commerce with men, but had a wit
 abhorr'd,

* The descriptions of all these countries have
 admirable allegories besides their artly and
 pleasing relation.

His mind his body answering. Nor was he
 Like any man that food could possibly
 Enhance so hugely, but, beheld alone,
 Shew'd like a steep hill's top, all over-
 grown
 With trees and brambles; little thought
 had I
 Of such vast objects. When, arriv'd so
 nigh,
 Some of my loved friends I made stay
 aboard,
 To guard my ship, and twelve with me I
 shored,
 The choice of all. I took besides along
 A goat-skin flagon of wine, black and
 strong,
 That Maro did present, Evanteus' son,
 And priest to Phœbus, who had mansion
 In Thracian Ismarus (the town I took).
 He gave it me, since I (with reverence
 strook
 Of his grave place, his wife and children's
 good)
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood,
 Sacred to Phœbus, stood his house; from
 whence
 He fetch'd me gifts of varied excellence;
 Seven talents of fine gold; a bowl all
 fram'd
 Of massy silver; but his gift most fam'd
 Was twelve great vessels, fill'd with such
 rich wine
 As was incorruptible and divine.
 He kept it as his jewel, which none knew
 But he himself, his wife, and he that drew.
 It was so strong, that never any fill'd
 A cup, where that was but by drops in-
 still'd,
 And drunk it off, but 'twas before allay'd
 With twenty parts in water; yet so sway'd
 The spirit of that little, that the whole
 A sacred odour breathed about the bowl.
 Had you the odour smelt and scent it cast,
 It would have vex'd you to forbear the
 taste.
 But then, the taste gain'd too, the spirit it
 wrought
 To dare things high set up an end my
 thought.
 Of this a huge great flagon full I bore,
 And, in a good large knapsack, victuals'
 store;
 And long'd to see this heap of fortitude,
 That so illiterate was and upland rude
 That laws divine nor human he had
 learn'd.
 With speed we reach'd the cavern; nor
 discern'd

His presence there, his flocks he fed at
 field.
 Entering his den, each thing beheld did
 yield
 Our admiration; shelves with cheeses
 heap'd;
 Sheds stuff'd with lambs and goats, dis-
 tinctly kept,
 Distinct the biggest, the more mean dis-
 tinct,
 Distinct the youngest. And in their pre-
 cinct,
 Proper and peaceful, stood the troughs and
 pails,
 In which he milk'd; and what was given
 at meals,
 Set up a creaming; in the evening still
 All scouring bright as dew upon the hill.
 Then were my fellows instant to convey
 Kids, cheeses, lambs, aship-board, and
 away
 Sail the salt billow. I thought best not so,
 But better otherwise; and first would
 know,
 What guest-gifts he would spare me.
 Little knew
 My friends on whom they would have
 prey'd. His view
 Proved after, that his inwards were too
 rough
 For such bold usage. We were bold
 enough
 In what I suffer'd; which was there to
 stay,
 Make fire and feed there, though bear none
 away.
 There sat we, till we saw him feeding
 come,
 And on his neck a burthen lugging home,
 Most highly huge, of sere-wood, which the
 pile
 That fed his fire supplied all supper while.
 Down by his den he threw it, and up rose
 A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close
 Withdrew ourselves, while he into a cave
 Of huge receipt his high-fed cattle drove,
 All that he milk'd; the males he left
 without
 His lofty roofs, that all bestow'd about
 With rams and buck-goats were. And
 then a rock
 He lift aloft, that damm'd up to his flock
 The door they enter'd; 'twas so hard to
 wield,
 That two-and-twenty waggons, all four-
 wheel'd,
 (Could they be loaded, and have teams
 that were
 Proportion'd to them) could not stir it there.

Thus making sure, he kneel'd and milk'd
his ewes,
And braying goats, with all a milker's
dues ;

Then let in all their young ; then quick
did dress

His half milk up for cheese, and in a press
Of wicker press'd it ; put in bowls the
rest,

To drink and eat, and serve his supping
feast.

All works dispatch'd thus, he began his
fire ;

Which blown, he saw us, and did thus
inquire :

' Ho ! guests ! what are ye ? whence sail
ye these seas ?

Traffic, or rove ye, and like thieves oppress
Poor strange adventurers, exposing so
Your souls to danger, and your lives to
woe ?'

This utter'd he, when fear from our
hearts took

The very life, to be so thunder-strook
With such a voice, and such a monster
see ;

But thus I answer'd : * ' Erring Grecians,
we

From Troy were turning homewards ; but
by force

Of adverse winds, in far-diverted course,
Such unknown ways took, and on rude
seas toss'd,

As Jove decreed, are cast upon this coast.
Of Agamemnon, famous Atreus' son,

We boast ourselves the soldiers ; who hath
won

Renown that reacheth heaven, to overthrow
So great a city, and to ruin so

So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
Our prostrate bosoms, forced with prayers
to try

If any hospitable right, or boon
Of other nature, such as have been won

By laws of other houses, thou wilt give.
Reverence the Gods, thou great'st of all
that live.

* This his relation of Agamemnon, and his
glory and theirs for Troy's sack, with the piety
of suppliants' receipt, to him that was so bar-
barous and impious, must be intended spoken
by Ulysses, with supposition that his hearers
would note, still as he spake, how vain they
would shew to the Cyclops ; who respected
little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit
against Troy, or the Gods themselves. For
otherwise, the serious observation of the words
(though good and grave, if spoken to another)
want their intentional sharpness and life.

We suppliants are ; and hospitable Jove
Pours wreak on all whom prayers want
power to move,

And with their plagues together will
provide

That humble guests shall have their wants
supplied.'

He cruelly answer'd : ' O thou fool,' said
he,

' To come so far, and to importune me
With any God's fear, or observed love ;

We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed
Jove,

Nor other Blest ones ; we are better far.
To Jove himself dare I bid open war ;

To thee, and all thy fellows, if I please.
But tell me, where's the ship, that by the
seas

Hath brought thee hither ? If far off, or
near,

Inform me quickly.' These his temptings
were ;

But I too much knew not to know his mind,
And craft with craft paid, telling him the
wind

(Thrust up from sea by him that shakes
the shore)

Had dash'd our ships against his rocks, and
tore

Her ribs in pieces close upon his coast,
And we from high wrack saved, the rest
were lost.

He answer'd nothing, but rush'd in, and
took

Two of my fellows up from earth, and
strook

Their brains against it. Like two whelps
they flew

About his shoulders, and did all embrue
The blushing earth. No mountain lion
tore

Two lambs so sternly, lapp'd up all their
gore

Gush'd from their torn-up bodies, limb by
limb

(Trembling with life yet) ravish'd into him.
Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he
eat,

And even th' uncleaned entrails made his
meat.

We, weeping, cast our hands to heaven, to
view

A sight so horrid. Desperation flew,
With all our after lives, to instant death,
In our believed destruction. But when
breath

The fury of his appetite had got,
Because the gulf his belly reach'd his
throat,

Man's flesh, and goat's milk, laying layer
 on layer,
 Till near choked up was all the pass for
 air,
 Along his den, amongst his cattle, down
 He rush'd, and streak'd him. When my
 mind was grown
 Desperate to step in, draw my sword, and
 part
 His bosom where the strings about the
 heart
 Circle the liver, and add strength of hand.
 But that rash thought, more staid, did
 countermand,
 For there we all had perish'd, since it past
 Our powers to lift aside a log so vast,
 As barr'd all outscape; and so sigh'd
 away,
 The thought all night, expecting active
 day.
 Which come, he first of all his fire en-
 flames,
 Then milks his goats and ewes, then to
 their dams
 Lets in their young, and, wondrous
 orderly,
 With manly haste dispatch'd his house-
 wifery.
 Then to his breakfast, to which other two
 Of my poor friends went; which eat, out
 then go
 His herds and fat flocks, lightly putting by
 The churlish bar, and closed it instantly;
 For both those works with ease as much he
 did,
 As you would ope and shut your quiver
 lid.
 With storms of whistlings then his flock
 he drave
 Up to the mountains; and occasion gave
 For me to use my wits, which to their
 height
 I strived to screw up, that a vengeance
 might
 By some means fall from thence, and
 Pallas now
 Afford a full ear to my neediest vow.
 This then my thoughts prefer'd: a huge
 club lay
 Close by his milk-house, which was now in
 way
 To dry and season, being an olive-tree
 Which late he fell'd, and, being green,
 must be
 Made lighter for his manage. 'Twas so
 vast,
 That we resembled it to some fit mast,
 To serve a ship of burthen that was driven
 With twenty oars, and had a bigness given

To bear a huge sea. Full so thick, so
 tall,
 We judg'd this club; which I, in part,
 hew'd small,
 And cut a fathom off. The piece I gave
 Amongst my soldiers, to take down, and
 shave;
 Which done, I sharpen'd it at top, and
 then,
 Harden'd in fire, I hid it in the den
 Within a nasty dunghill reeking there,
 Thick, and so moist it issued everywhere.
 Then made I lots cast by my friends to
 try
 Whose fortune served to dare the bored-out
 eye
 Of that man-eater; and the lot did fall
 On four I wish'd to make my aid of all,
 And I the fifth made, chosen like the rest.
 Then came the Even, and he came from
 the feast
 Of his fat cattle, drave in all, nor kept
 One male abroad; if, or his memory slept
 By God's direct will, or of purpose was
 His driving in of all then, doth surpass
 My comprehension. But he closed again
 The mighty bar, milk'd, and did still
 maintain
 All other observation as before.
 His work all done, two of my soldiers
 more
 At once he snatch'd up, and to supper
 went.
 Then dar'd I words to him, and did
 present
 A bowl of wine, with these words:
 'Cyclop! take
 A bowl of wine, from my hand, that may
 make
 Way for the man's flesh thou hast eat, and
 show
 What drink our ship held; which in sacred
 vow
 I offer to thee to take ruth on me
 In my dismission home. Thy rages be
 Now no more sufferable. How shall men,
 Mad and inhuman that thou art, again
 Greet thy abode, and get thy actions
 grace,
 If thus thou ragest, and eat'st up their
 race.'
 He took, and drunk, and vehemently
 joy'd
 To taste the sweet cup; and again em-
 ploy'd
 My flagon's power, entreating more, and
 said:
 'Good guest, again afford my taste thy
 aid,

And let me know thy name, and quickly
 now,
 That in thy recompense I may bestow
 A hospitable gift on thy desert,
 And such a one as shall rejoice thy heart.
 For to the Cyclops too the gentle earth
 Bears generous wine, and Jove augments
 her birth,
 In store of such, with showers; but this
 rich wine
 Fell from the river, that is mere divine,
 Of nectar and ambrosia.' This again
 I gave him, and again; nor could the fool
 abstain,
 But drunk as often. When the noble juice
 Had wrought upon his spirit, I then gave
 use
 To fairer language, saying: 'Cyclop!
 now,
 As thou demand'st, I'll tell thee my name;
 do thou
 Make good thy hospitable gift to me.
 My name is No-Man; No-Man each
 degree
 Of friends, as well as parents, call my
 name.'
 He answer'd, as his cruel soul became:
 'No-Man! I'll eat thee last of all thy
 friends;
 And this is that in which so much amends
 I vow'd to thy deservings; thus shall be
 My hospitable gift made good to thee.'
 This said, he upwards fell, but then bent
 round
 His fleshy neck; and Sleep, with all crowns
 crown'd,
 Subdued the savage. From his throat
 brake out
 My wine, with man's-flesh gobbets, like a
 spout;
 When, loaded with his cups, he lay and
 snored;
 And then took I the club's end up, and
 gored
 The burning coal-heap, that the point
 might heat;
 Confirm'd my fellow's minds, lest Fear
 should let
 Their vow'd assay, and make them fly my
 aid.
 Straight was the olive lever, I had laid
 Amidst the huge fire to get hardening,
 hot,
 And glow'd extremely, though 'twas green;
 which got
 From forth the cinders, close about me
 stood
 My hardy friends; but that which did the
 good

Was God's good inspiration, that gave
 A spirit beyond the spirit they used to have;
 Who took the olive spar, made keen before,
 And plunged it in his eye, and up I bore,
 Bent to the top close, and help'd pour it in,
 With all my forces. And as you have seen
 A ship-wright bore a naval beam, he oft
 Thrusts at the auger's froofe, works still
 aloft,
 And at the shank help others, with a cord
 Wound round about to make it sooner bored,
 All plying the round still; so into his eye
 The fiery stake we labour'd to imply,
 Out gush'd the blood that scalded, his eye-
 ball
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorch'd
 all
 His brows and eye-lids, his eye-strings did
 crack,
 As in the sharp and burning rafter brake.
 And as a smith, to harden any tool,
 Broad axe, or mattock, in his trough doth
 cool
 The red-hot substance, that so fervent is
 It makes the cold wave straight to seethe
 and hiss;
 So sod and hiss'd his eye about the stake.
 He roar'd withal, and all his cavern brake
 In claps like thunder. We did frighted fly,
 Dispersed in corners. He from forth his eye
 The fixed stake pluck'd; after which the
 blood
 Flow'd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd
 the wood
 About his hovel. Out he then did cry
 For other Cyclops, that in caverns by
 Upon a windy promontory dwell'd;
 Who, hearing how impetuously he yell'd,
 Rush'd every way about him, and inquired,
 What ill afflicted him, that he expired
 Such horrid clamours, and in sacred Night
 To break their sleeps so? Ask'd him, if
 his fright
 Came from some mortal that his flocks had
 driven?
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were
 given?
 He answer'd from his den: 'By craft, nor
 might,
 No man hath given me death.' They then
 said right,
 'If no man hurt thee, and thyself alone,
 That which is done to thee by Jove is
 done;
 And what great Jove inflicts no man can
 fly.
 Pray to thy Father yet, a Deity,*

* Neptune.

And prove, from him if thou canst help acquire.

Thus spake they, leaving him ; when all on fire

My heart with joy was, that so well my wit
And name deceived him ; whom now pain
did split,

And groaning up and down, he groping tried
To find the stone, which found, he put aside ;
But in the door sat, feeling if he could
(As his sheep issued) on some man lay hold ;
Esteeming me a fool, that could devise
No stratagem to scape his gross surprise.

But I, contending what I could invent
My friends and me from death so imminent
To get deliver'd, all my wiles I wove
(Life being the subject) and did this approve :

Fat fleecy rams, most fair, and great, lay there,

That did a burthen like a violet bear.*
These, while this learn'd-in-villany did sleep,
I yoked with osiers cut there, sheep to sheep,

Three in a rank, and still the mid sheep bore

A man about his belly, the two more
March'd on his each side for defence. I then,
Choosing myself the fairest of the den,
His fleecy belly under-crept, embraced
His back, and in his rich wool wrapt me fast
With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.

And thus each man hung, till the morning shined ;

Which come, he knew the hour, and let abroad

His male-flocks first, the females un milk'd stood

Bleating and braying, their full bags so sore
With being unemptied, but their shepherd more

With being unsighted ; which was cause
his mind

Went not a milking. He, to wreak inclined,
The backs felt, as they pass'd, of those male dams,

Gross fool, believing, we would ride his rams.

Nor ever knew that any of them bore
Upon his belly any man before.

The last ram came to pass him, with his wool

And me together, loaded to the full,
For there did I hang ; and that ram hestay'd,
And me withal had in his hands, my head

Troubled the while, not causelessly, nor least.

This ram he groped, and talk'd to : ' Lazy beast !

Why last art thou now ? thou hast never used

To lag thus hindmost, but still first hast bruised

The tender blossom of a flower, and held
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field,

First still at fold at even, now last remain ?

Dost thou not wish I had mine eye again,
Which that abhorr'd man No-Man did put out,

Assisted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me down with wine ? but he

Must not escape my wreak so cunningly.

I would to heaven thou knew'st, and could but speak,

To tell me where he lurks now ; I would break

His brain about my cave, strew'd here and there,

To ease my heart of those foul ills, that were

Th' inflictions of a man I prized at nought.'

Thus let he him abroad ; when I, once brought

A little from his hold, myself first loosed,
And next my friends. Then drave we, and disposed,

His straight-legg'd fat fleece-bearers over land,

Even till they all were in my ships' command ;

And to our loved friends shew'd our pray'd-for sight,

Escaped from death. But, for our loss, outright

They brake in tears ; which with a look I stay'd,

And bade them take our boot in. They obey'd,

And up we all went, sat, and used our oars.

But having left as far the savage shores

As one might hear a voice, we then might see

The Cyclop at the haven ; when instantly
I stay'd our oars, and this insultance used :

' Cyclop ! thou shouldst not have so much abused

Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least

Against a man immortal, and a guest,

* Wool of a violet colour.

And eat his fellows : thou mightst know
there were
Some ills behind, rude swain, for thee to
bear,
That fear'd not to devour thy guests, and
break
All laws of humans. Jove sends therefore
wreak,
And all the Gods, by me.' This blew the
more
His burning fury ; when the top he tore
From off a huge rock, and so right a throw
Made at our ship, that just before the prow
It overflow and fell, miss'd mast and all
Exceeding little ; but about the fall
So fierce a wave it raised, that back it bore
Our ship so far, it almost touch'd the shore.
A bead-hook then, a far-extended one,
I snatch'd up, thrust hard, and so set us
gone
Some little way ; and straight commanded
all
To help me with their oars, on pain to fall
Again on our confusion. But a sign
I with my head made, and their oars were
mine
In all performance. When we off were set,
(Then first, twice further) my heart was so
great,
It would again provoke him, but my men
On all sides rush'd about me, to contain,
And said : 'Unhappy ! why will you
provoke
A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,
Given with his rock-dart, made the sea
thrust back
Our ship so far, and near hand forced our
wreck ?
Should he again but hear your voice re-
sound,
And any word reach, thereby would be
found
His dart's direction, which would, in his
fall,
Crush piece-meal us, quite split our ship
and all ;
So much dart wields the monster.' Thus
urged they
Impossible things, in fear ; but I gave way
To that wrath which so long I held deprest,
By great necessity conquer'd, in my breast :
' Cyclop ! if any ask thee, who imposed *
Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye en-
closed,

Say that Ulysses, old Laertes' son
Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won
Surname of City-razer, bored it out.
At this, he bray'd so loud, that round
about
He drave affrighted echoes through the air,
And said : 'O beast ! I was premonish'd
fair,
By aged prophecy, in one that was
A great and good man, this should come
to pass ;
And how 'tis proved now ! Augur Telemus,
Surnamed Eurymides (that spent with us
His age in augury, and did exceed
In all presage of truth) said all this deed
Should this event take, author'd by the
hand
Of one Ulysses, who I thought was
mann'd
With great and goodly personage, and bore
A virtue answerable ; and this shore
Should shake with weight of such a con-
queror ;
When now a weakling came, a dwarfy
thing,
A thing of nothing ; who yet wit did
bring,
That brought supply to all, and with his
wine
Put out the flame where all my light did
shine.
Come, land again, Ulysses ! that my hand
May guest-rites give thee, and the great
command,
That Neptune hath at sea, I may convert
To the deduction where abides thy heart,
With my solicitings, whose son I am,
And whose fame boasts to bear my father's
name.
Nor think my hurt offends me, for my sire
Can soon repose in it the visual fire,
At his free pleasure ; which no power
beside
Can boast, of men, or of the deified.'
I answer'd : 'Would to God I could
compel
Both life and soul from thee, and send to
hell
Those spoils of nature. Hardly Neptune
then
Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all
again.'
Then flew fierce vows to Neptune, both
his hands
To star-born heaven cast : 'O thou that all
lands
Gird'st in thy ambient circle, and in air
Shakest the curl'd tresses of thy sapphire
hair,

* Ulysses' continued insolence, no more to repeat what he said to the Cyclop, than to let his hearers know epithets, and estimation in the world.

If I be thine, or thou mayst justly vaunt
Thou art my father, hear me now, and
grant

That this Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
That dwells in Ithaca, and name hath won
Of City-ruiner, may never reach
His natural region. Or if to fetch
That, and the sight of his fair roofs and
friends,

Be fatal to him, let him that amends
For all his miseries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and fail of; nor that fate fulfil,
Till all his soldiers quite are cast away
In others' ships. And when, at last, the
day

Of his sole-landing shall his dwelling show,
Let Detriment prepare him wrongs enow.'

Thus pray'd he Neptune; who, his sire,
appear'd,

And all his prayer to every syllable heard.
But then a rock, in size more amplified
Than first, he ravish'd to him, and implied
A dismal strength in it, when, wheel'd
about,

He sent it after us; nor flew it out
From any blind aim, for a little pass
Beyond our fore-deck from the fall there
was,

With which the sea our ship gave back
upon,

And shrunk up into billows from the stone,
Our ship again repelling near as near
The shore at first. But then our rowers
were,

Being warn'd, more arm'd, and stronglier
stemm'd the flood

That bore back on us, till our ship made
good

The other island, where our whole fleet
lay,

In which our friends lay mourning for our
stay,

And every minute look'd when we should
land.

Where, now arrived, we drew up to the
sand,

The Cyclop's sheep dividing, that none
there

Of all our privates might be wrung, and
bear

Too much on power. The ram yet was
alone

By all my friends made all my portion
Above all others; and I made him then

A sacrifice* for me and all my men
To cloud-compelling Jove that all com-

mands,
To whom I burn'd the thighs; but my sad
hands

Received no grace from him, who studied
how

To offer men and fleet to overthrow.
All day, till sunset, yet, we sat and eat,

And liberal store took in of wine and meat,
The sun then down, and place resign'd to
shade,

We slept. Morn came, my men I raised,
and made

All go aboard, weigh anchor, and away.
They boarded, sat, and beat the aged sea;

And forth we made sail, sad for loss before,
And yet had comfort since we lost no
more.

* No occasion let pass to Ulysses' piety in
our Poet's singular wit and wisdom.

THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

MENT.

Ulysses us
 The Æolus,
 Grecian follow winds;
 Whom he binds,
 And t'one,
 Whom he'd alone
 Ulysses ce seen,
 Whom he men,
 The enclosure,
 To as did loose,
 Whom their guard again.
 Fort and did next attain
 To whom the Laestrygonians dwell.
 Where eleven ships lost, and fell
 On the Ægean coast, whose shore
 He sends Eurylochus t' explore,
 Dividing with him half his men;
 Who go, and turn no more again,
 All, save Eurylochus, to swine
 By Circe turn'd. Their stays incline
 Ulysses to their search; who got
 Of Mercury an antidote,
 Which moly was, 'gainst Circe's charms,
 And so avoids his soldiers' harms.
 A year with Circe all remain,
 And then their native forms regain.
 On utter shores a time they dwell,
 While Ithacus descends to hell.

ANOTHER.

Æolus. Great Æolus,
 And Circe, friends
 Finds Ithacus;
 And Hell descends.

To the Æolian island we attain'd,
 That swam about still on the sea, where
 reign'd
 The god-loved Æolus Hippotades.
 A wall of steel it had; and in the seas
 A wave-beat-smooth-rock moved about the
 wall.
 Twelve children in his house imperial
 Were born to him; of which six daughters
 were,
 And six were sons, that youth's sweet
 flower did bear.
 His daughters to his sons he gave as
 wives;
 Who spent in feastful comforts all their
 lives,

Close seated by their sire and his grave
 spouse.

Past number were the dishes that the
 house

Made ever savour; and still full the hall
 As long as day shined; in the night-time,
 all

Slept with their chaste wives, each his fair
 carved bed

Most richly furnish'd; and this life they
 led.

We reach'd the city and fair roofs of
 these,

Where, a whole month's time, all things
 that might please

The king vouchsafed us; of great Troy in-
 quired,

The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks re-
 tired;

To all which I gave answer as behoved.

The fit time come, when I dismissal
 moved,

He nothing would deny me, but address
 My pass with such a bounty, as might best
 Teach me contentment; for he did unfold
 Within an ox-hide, flead at nine years
 old,

All th' airy blasts that were of stormy
 kinds.

Saturnius made him Steward of his winds,
 And gave him power to raise and to
 assuage.

And these he gave me, curb'd thus of their
 rage,

Which in a glittering silver band I bound,
 And hung-up in my ship, enclosed so
 round

That no egression any breath could find;
 Only he left abroad the Western wind.

To speed our ships, and us with blasts
 secure.

But our securities made all unsure;
 Nor could he consummate our course
 alone,

When all the rest had got egression.
 Which thus succeeded: Nine whole days
 and nights

We sail'd in safety; and the tenth, the
 lights

Borne on our country-earth we might
 descrie,
 So near we drew ; and yet even then fell I,
 Being overwatch'd, into a fatal sleep ;
 For I would suffer no man else to keep
 The foot* that ruled my vessel's course, to
 lead
 The faster home. My friends then Envy
 fed
 About the bag I hung-up, and supposed
 That gold and silver I had there enclosed,
 As gift from Æolus, and said : 'O heaven !
 What grace and grave price is by all men
 given
 To our commander ! Whatsoever coast
 Or town he comes to, how much he en-
 grost
 Of fair and precious prey, and brought
 from Troy !
 We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy
 In our return these empty hands for all.
 This bag, now, Æolus was so liberal
 To make a guest-gift to him ; let us try
 Of what consists the fair-bound treasury,
 And how much gold and silver it contains.
Ill counsel present approbation gains.
 They op'd the bag, and out the vapours
 brake,
 When instant tempest did our vessel take,
 That bore us back to sea, to mourn anew
 Our absent country. Up amazed I flew,
 And desperate things discoursed ; if I
 should cast
 Myself to ruin in the seas, or taste
 Amongst the living more moan, and sus-
 tain ?
 Silent, I did so, and lay hid again
 Beneath the hatches, while an ill wind
 took
 My ships back to Æolia, my men strook
 With woe enough. We pump'd and landed
 then,
 Took food, for all this ; and of all my men
 I took a herald to me, and away
 Went to the court of Æolus, where they
 Were feasting still ; he, wife, and children,
 set
 Together close. We would not at their
 meat
 Thrust in ; but humbly on the threshold
 sat.
 He then, amazed, my presence wonder'd at,
 And call'd to me : 'Ulysses ! How thus
 back
 Art thou arrived here ? what foul spirit
 brake

* Πῆδα ἄριος—he calls the stern the foot of the ship.

Into thy bosom, to retire thee thus ?
 We thought we had deduction curious
 Given thee before, to reach thy shore and
 home ;
 Did it not like thee ? I, even overcome
 With worthy sorrow, answer'd : ' My ill
 men
 Have done me mischief, and to them hath
 been
 My sleep th' unhappy motive ; but do you,
 Dearest of friends, deign succour to my vow,
 Your powers command it.' Thus en-
 deavour'd I
 With soft speech to repair my misery.
 The rest with ruth sat dumb : but thus
 spake he :
 ' Avaunt, and quickly quit my land of thee,
 Thou worst of all that breathe : it fits not
 me
 To convoy, and take in, whom heavens ex-
 pose.
 Away, and with thee go the worst of woes,
 That seek'st my friendship, and the Gods
 thy foes.'
 Thus he dismiss'd me, sighing. Forth
 we sail'd,
 At heart afflicted : and now wholly fail'd
 The minds my men sustain'd, so spent
 they were
 With toiling at their oars, and worse did
 bear
 Their growing labours ; and they caused
 their grouth
 By self-will'd follies ; nor now ever thought
 To see their country more. Six nights and
 days
 We sail'd ; the seventh we saw fair Lamos
 raise
 Her lofty towers, the Læstrygonian state
 That bears her ports so far determinate ;
 Where* shepherd shepherd calls out, he at
 home
 Is call'd out by the other that doth come

* This place suffers different construction in all the Commentors : in which all err from the mind of the Poet, as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approve) especially about ἑρπύρας γὰρ οὐκ ἔστιν, &c. *Prope enim noctis et diei sunt viae* (or *similiter*, which ἑρπύρας signifies) ; which they will have to be understood, that the days in that region are long, and the nights short ; where Homer intends, that the equinoctial is there ; for how else is the course of day and night near or equal ? But therefore the night's-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other ; and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were so long, why should the night's-man be preferred in wages

From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleep,
 The other issuing; he whose turn doth keep
 The night observance hath his double hire;
 Since day and night in equal length expire
 About that region, and the night's watch weigh'd
 At twice the day's ward, since the charge that's laid
 Upon the nights-man (besides breach of sleep)
 Exceeds the days-man's; for one oxen keep,
 The other sheep. But when the haven we found,
 (Exceeding famous, and environ'd round
 With one continueate rock, which so much bent
 That both ends almost met, so prominent
 They were, and made the haven's mouth passing strait)
 Our whole fleet in we got; in whose receipt
 Our ships lay anchor'd close. Nor needed we
 Fear harm on any stays,* Tranquillity
 So purely sat there, that waves great nor small
 Did ever rise to any height at all.
 And yet would I no entry make, but stay'd
 Alone without the haven, and thence survey'd,
 From out a lofty watch-tower raised there,
 The country round about; nor anywhere
 The work of man or beast appear'd to me,
 Only a smoke from earth break I might see.
 I then made choice of two, and added more,
 A herald for associate, to explore
 What sort of men lived there. They went, and saw
 A beaten way, through which carts used to draw,
 Wood from the high hills to the town, and met
 A maid without the port, about to get
 Some near spring-water. She the daughter was
 Of mighty Læstrygonian Antiphias,
 And to the clear spring call'd Artacia went,
 To which the whole town for their water sent.

* For being cast on the stays, as ships are by weather.

To her they came, and ask'd who govern'd there,
 And what the people whom he order'd were?
 She answer'd not, but led them through the port,
 As making haste to shew her father's court.
 Whereenter'd, they behold, to their affright,
 A woman like a mountain-top in height,
 Who rush'd abroad, and from the council-place
 Call'd home her horrid husband Antiphias.*
 Who, deadly-minded, straight he snatch'd up one,
 And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;
 And to the fleet came. Antiphias a cry
 Drove through the city; which heard, instantly
 This way and that innumerable sorts,
 Not men but giants, issued through the ports,
 And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they threw
 Amongst our ships; through which an ill noise flew
 Of shiver'd ships, and life-expiring men,
 That were, like fishes, by the monsters slain,
 And borne to sad feast. While they slaughter'd these,
 They were engaged in all th' advantages
 The close-mouth'd and most dead-calm haven could give;
 I, that without lay, made some means to live,
 My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oars
 Set all my men; and, from the plagues those shores
 Let fly amongst us, we made haste to fly,
 My men close working as men loth to die.
 My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay
 On heaps in harbours could enforce no way
 Through these stern fates that had engaged them there.
 Forth our sad remnant sail'd, yet still remain'd
 The joys of men, that our poor few remain'd.
 Then to the isle *Ææa* we attain'd,
 Where fair-hair'd, dreadful, eloquent *Circe* reign'd,
Ææta's sister both by dame and sire,
 Both daughters to heaven's man-enlightening fire.

* Antiphias was king there.

And Perse, whom Oceanus begat.
The ship-fit port here soon we landed at,
Some God directing us. Two days, two
nights,

We lay here pining in the fatal spights
Of toil and sorrow; but the next third day
When fair Aurora had inform'd, quick way
I made out of my ship, my sword and
lance

Took for my surer guide, and made ad-
vance

Up to a prospect; I assay to see
The works of men, or hear mortality
Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a
height,

Rough and right hardly accessible, I might
Behold from Circe's house (that in a grove
Set thick with trees stood) a bright vapour
move.

I then grew* curious in my thought to try
Some fit inquiry, when so spritely fly
I saw the yellow† smoke; but my discourse
A first retiring to my ship gave force

To give my men their dinner, and to send
(Before th' adventure of myself) some friend.
Being near my ship, of one so desolate
Some God had pity, and would recreate
My woes a little, putting up to me
A great and high-palm'd hart, that fatally,
Just in my way itself, to taste a flood,
Was then descending; the sun heat had
sure

Importuned him, besides the temperature
His natural heat gave. Howsoever, I
Made up to him, and let my javelin fly,
That strook him through the mid-part of
his chine,

And made him, braying, in the dust con-
fine

His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew;
When I stept in, and from the death's
wound drew

My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him
lie

Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply
A withe a fathom long, with which his
feet

I made together in a sure league meet,
Stoop'd under him, and to my neck I
heaved

The mighty burthen, of which I received
A good part on my lance, for else I could
By no means with one hand alone uphold

(Join'd with one shoulder) such a deathful
load.

And so, to both my shoulders, both hands
stood

Needful assistants; for it was a deer
Goodly-well-grown: when (coming some-
thing near

Where rode my ships) I cast it down, and
rear'd

My friends with kind words; whom by
name I cheer'd,

In note particular, and said: 'See friends,
We will not yet to Pluto's house; our
ends

Shall not be hasten'd, though we be de-
clined

In cause of comfort, till the day design'd
By Fate's fix'd finger. Come, as long as
food

Or wine lasts in our ship, let's spirit our
blood,

And quit our care and hunger both in one.'

This said, they frolick'd, came, and look'd
upon

With admiration the huge-bodied beast;
And when their first-served eyes had done
their feast,

They wash'd, and made a to-be-strived-for
meal

In* point of honour. On which all did
dwell

The whole day long. And, to our venison's
store,

We added wine till we could wish no more.
Sun set, and darkness up, we slept, till
light

Put darkness down; and then did I excite
My friends to counsel,† uttering this:

'Now, friends,

Afford unpassionate ear; though ill Fate
lends

So good cause to your passion, no man
knows

The reason whence and how the darkness
grows;

The reason how the morn is thus begun;
The reason how the man-enlightening
sun

* Ἐπιούθεα δαίνα.

† The whole end of this counsel was to persuade his soldiers to explore those parts, which he knew would prove a most unpleasing motion to them: for their fellows' terrible entertainment with Antiphas, and Polyph. and therefore he prepares the little he hath to say with this long circumstance; implying a necessity of that service, and necessary resolution to add the trial of the event to their other adventures.

* Μεγαλῶς, curiosè cogito.

† Αἶθρα καπνῶν. Αἶθρῶ signifying *vutilus*, by reason of the fire mixed with it. *Fumus qui fit dum aliquid accenditur.*

Dives under earth ; the reason how again
 He rears his golden head. Those counsels,
 then,
 That pass our comprehension, we must
 leave
 To him that knows their causes ; and re-
 ceive
 Direction from him in our acts, as far
 As he shall please to make them regular,
 And stoop them to our reason. In our
 state
 What then behoves us ? Can we estimate,
 With all our counsels, where we are ? Or
 know
 (Without instruction, past our own skills)
 how,
 Put off from hence, to steer our course the
 more ?
 I think we cannot. We must then explore
 These parts for information ; in which way
 We thus far are : last morn I might dis-
 play
 (From off a high-raised cliff) an island lie
 Girt with the unmeasured sea, and is so
 nigh
 That in the midst I saw the smoke arise
 Through tufts of trees. This rests then to
 advise,
 Who shall explore this.' This strook
 dead their hearts,
 Remembering the most execrable parts
 That Læstrygonian Antiphas had play'd,
 And that foul Cyclop that their fellows
 bray'd
 Betwixt his jaws ; which moved them so,
 they cried.
 But idle tears had never wants supplied,
 I in two parts divided all, and gave
 To either part his captain. I must have
 The charge of one ; and one of God-like
 look,
 Eurylochus, the other. Lots we shook,
 Put in a casque together, which of us
 Should lead th' attempt ; and 'twas
 Eurylochus.
 He freely went, with two-and-twenty more ;
 All which took leave with tears ; and our
 eyes wore
 The same wet badge of weak humanity.
 These in a dale did Circe's house descry,
 Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous
 way.
 Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions, lay ;
 Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she
 made,
 That wolf nor lion would one man invade
 With any violence, but all arose,
 Their huge long tails wagg'd, and in fawns
 would close,

As loving dogs when masters bring them
 home
 Relics of feast, in all observance come
 And soothe their entries with their fawns
 and bounds,
 All guests still bringing some scraps for
 their hounds ;
 So, on these men, the wolves and lions
 ramp'd,
 Their horrid paws set up. Their spirits
 were damp'd
 To see such monstrous kindness, stay'd at
 gate,
 And heard within the Goddess elevate
 A voice divine, as at her web she wrought,
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly
 thought,
 As all the housewiferies of Deities are.
 To hear a voice so ravishingly rare,
 Polites (one exceeding dear to me,
 A prince of men, and of no mean degree
 In knowing virtue, in all acts whose mind*
 Discreet cares all ways used to turn, and
 wind)
 Was yet surprised with it, and said : ' O
 friends,
 Some one abides within here, that com-
 mends
 The place to us, and breathes a voice divine,
 As she some web wrought, or her spindle's
 twine
 She cherish'd with her song ; the pave-
 ment rings
 With imitation of the tunes she sings.
 Some woman, or some Goddess, 'tis :
 Assay
 To see with knocking.' Thus said he,
 and they
 Both knock'd, and call'd ; and straight
 her shining gates
 She open'd, issuing, bade them in to cates.
 Led, and unwise, they follow'd all ; but one,
 Which was Eurylochus, who stood alone
 Without the gates, suspicious of a sleight.
 They enter'd, she made sit ; and her deceit
 She cloak'd with thrones, and goodly
 chairs of state ;
 Set herby honey, and the delicate
 Wine brought from Smyrna, to them ;
 meal and cheese ;
 But harmful venoms she commix'd with
 these,
 That made their country vanish from their
 thought.
 Which eat, she touch'd them with a rod
 that wrought

* Καὶ ὁ, *cujus animus curas prudentes
 versat.*

Their transformation far past humane
wonts ;

Swine's snouts, swine's bodies, took they,
bristles, grunts,

But still retain'd the souls they had before,
Which made them mourn their bodies'
change the more.

She shut them straight in styes, and gave
them meat,

Oak-mast, and beech, and cornel-fruit,
they eat,

Grovelling like swine on earth, in foulest
sort.

Eurylochus straight hasted the report
Of this his fellows' most remorseful fate.

Came to the ships, but so excuriate
Was with his woe, he could not speak a
word :

His eyes stood full of tears, which shew'd
how stor'd

His mind with moan remain'd. We all
admired,

Ask'd what had chanced him, earnestly
desired

He would resolve us. At the last, our eyes
Enflam'd in him his fellows' memories,

And out his grief burst thus : ' You
will'd ; we went

Through those thick woods you saw ;* when
a descent

Shew'd us a fair house, in a lightsome
ground,

Where, at some work, we heard a heavenly
sound

Breath'd from a Goddess', or a woman's,
breast.

They knock'd, she oped her bright gates ;
each her guest

Her fair invitement made ; nor would they
stay,

Fools that they were, when she once led
the way.

I enter'd not, suspecting some deceit.

When all together vanish'd, nor the sight
Of any one (though long I look'd) mine
eye

Could any way discover.' Instantly,
My sword and bow reach'd, I bade show
the place,

When down he fell, did both my knees
embrace,

And pray'd with tears thus : ' O thou kept
of God,

Do not thyself lose, nor to that abode
Lead others rashly ; both thyself, and all.

Thou ventur'est thither, I know well, must
fall

* Seeing them, he thought of his fellows.

In one sure ruin : with these few then
fly ;

We yet may shun the others' destiny.'

I answer'd him : ' Eurylochus ! stay
thou,

And keep the ship then, eat and drink ; I
now

Will undertake th' adventure ; there is
cause

In great Necessity's unalter'd laws.'

This said, I left both ship and seas, and on
Along the sacred valleys all alone

Went in discovery, till at last I came
Where of the main-medicine-making Dame

I saw the great house ; where encounter'd
me

The golden-rod-sustaining Mercury,
Even entering Circe's doors. He met me in

A young man's likeness, of the first-
flower'd chin,

Whose form hath all the grace of one so
young.

He first call'd to me, then my hand he
wring,

And said : ' Thou no-place-finding-for-
repose,

Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes
Thy erring foot ? Th' art entering Circe's
house,

Where, by her medicines, black, and
sorcerous,

Thy soldiers all are shut in well-arm'd styes,
And turn'd to swine. Art thou arriv'd
with prize

Fit for their ransoms ? Thou comest out
no more,

If once thou enter'st, like thy men before
Made to remain here. But I'll guard thee
free,

And save thee in her spite : receive of me
This fair and good receipt ; with which
once arm'd,

Enter her roofs, for th' art to all proof
charm'd

Against the ill day : I will tell thee all
Her baneful counsel. With a festival

She'll first receive thee, but will spice thy
bread

With flowery poisons ; yet unaltered
Shall thy firm form be, for this remedy

Stands most approved 'gainst all her sor-
cery,

Which thus particularly shun : When she
Shall with her long rod strike thee,
instantly

Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and fly on
her

As to her slaughter. She, surpris'd with
fear

And love, at first will bid thee to her bed.
 Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcomed
 Thou may'st with all respect be, and
 procure
 Thy fellows' freedoms. But before, make
 sure
 Her favours to thee; and the great oath
 take
 With which the blessed Gods assurance
 make
 Of all they promise; that no prejudice
 (By stripping thee of form, and faculties)
 She may so much as once attempt on thee.
 This said, he gave his antidote to me,
 Which from the earth he pluck'd, and told
 me all
 The virtue of it, with what Deities call
 The name it bears; and Moly* they
 impose
 For name to it. The root is hard to loose
 From hold of earth by mortals; but Gods'
 power
 Can all things do. 'Tis black, but bears a
 flower
 As white as milk. And thus flew Mercury
 Up to immense Olympus, gliding by
 The sylvan island. I made back my way
 To Circe's house, my mind of my assay
 Much thought revolving. At her gates I
 stay'd
 And call'd; she heard, and her bright
 doors display'd,
 Invited, led; I follow'd in, but traced
 With some distraction. In a throne she
 placed
 My welcome person; of a curious frame
 'Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame;
 A foot-stool added. In a golden bowl
 She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul
 Deform'd things thinking; for amidst the
 wine
 She mix'd her man-transforming medicine;
 Which when she saw I had devour'd, she
 then
 No more observed me with her soothing
 vein,
 But strook me with her rod, and to her stye
 Bade, 'Out, away, and with thy fellows lie.'
 I drew my sword, and charged her, as I
 meant
 To take her life. When out she cried, and
 bent

* The herb Moly, which, with Ulysses' whole
 narration, hath in chief an allegorical exposition.
 Notwithstanding I say with our Spon-
 danus, *Credo in hoc vasto mundi ambitu ex-
 tate rex innumerar mirande facultatis; adeo,
 ut ne quidem ista quae ad transformanda cor-
 pora pertinet, jure à mundo eximi possit, &c.*

Beneath my sword her knees, embracing
 mine,
 And, full of tears, said: 'Who? of what
 high line
 Art thou the issue? whence? what
 shores sustain
 Thy native city? I amazed remain
 That, drinking these my venoms, th' art
 not turn'd.
 Never drunk any this cup but he mourn'd
 In other likeness, if it once had past
 The ivory bounders of his tongue and taste.
 All but thyself are brutishly declined:
 Thy breast holds firm yet, and unchanged
 thy mind.
 Thou canst be therefore none else but the
 man
 Of many virtues: Ithacensian,
 Deep-soul'd Ulysses: who, I oft was told,
 By that sly God that bears the rod of gold,
 Was to arrive here in retreat from Troy.
 Sheathe then thy sword, and let my bed
 enjoy
 So much a man, that when the bed we prove,
 We may believe in one another's love.'
 I then: 'O Circe, why entreat'st thou
 me
 To mix in any human league with thee,
 When thou my friends hast beasts turn'd?
 and thy bed
 Tender'st to me, that I might likewise lead
 A beast's life with thee, soften'd, naked
 stripp'd,
 That in my blood thy banes may more be
 steep'd.
 I never will ascend thy bed, before
 I may affirm, that in heaven's sight you
 swore
 The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt
 To do me ill is from your thoughts exempt.'
 I said; she swore: when, all the oath-
 rites said,
 I then ascended her adorned bed,
 But thus prepared: four handmaids served
 her there,
 That daughters to her silver fountains
 were,
 To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods,
 And to her uncut consecrated woods.
 One deck'd the throne-tops with rich clothes
 of state,
 And did with silks the foot-pace consecrate.
 Another silver tables set before
 The pompous throne, and golden dishes'
 store
 Served in with several feast. A third fill'd
 wine.
 The fourth brought water, and made fuel
 shine

In ruddy fires beneath a womb of brass.
Which heat, I bathed; and odorous water
was
Disperpled lightly on my head and neck,
That might my late heart-hurting sorrows
check

With the refreshing sweetness; and, for
that,
Men sometimes may be something delicate.
Bathed, and adorn'd, she led me to a
throne

Of massy silver, and of fashion
Exceeding curious. A fair foot-stool set,
Water apposed, and every sort of meat
Set on th' elaborately-polish'd board,
She wish'd my taste employ'd; but not a
word

Would my ears taste of taste; my mind
had food

That must digest; eye-meat would do me
good.

Circe (observing that I put no hand
To any banquet, having countermand
From weightier cares the light cates could
excuse)

Bowing her near me, these wing'd words
did use:

'Why sits Ulysses like one dumb, his
mind

Lessening with languors? Nor to food
inclined,

Nor wine? Whence comes it? out of any
fear

Of more illusion? You must needs for-
bear

That wrongful doubt, since you have heard
me swear.'

'O Circe! I replied, 'what man is he,
Awed with the rights of true humanity,

That dares taste food or wine, before he
sees

His friends redeem'd from their deformati-
ties?

If you be gentle, and indeed incline
To let me taste the comfort of your wine,

Dissolve the charms that their forced forms
enchain,

And show me here my honour'd friends
like men.'

This said, she left her throne, and took
her rod,

Went to her sty, and let my men abroad,
Like swine of nine years old. They

opposite stood,

Observed their brutish form, and look'd for
food;

When, with another medicine, every one
All over smear'd, their bristles all were
gone,

Produced by malice of the other bane,
And every one, afresh, look'd up a man.
Both younger than they were, of stature
more,

And all their forms much goodlier than
before.

All knew me, cling'd about me, and a cry
Of pleasing mourning flew about so high,
The horrid roof resounded; and the queen
Herself was moved to see our kind so keen:
Who bade me now bring ship and men
ashore,

Our arms, and goods in caves hid, and
restore

Myself to her, with all my other men.

I granted, went, and oped the weeping vein
In all my men; whose violent joy to see

My safe return was passing kindly free
Of friendly tears, and miserably wept.

You have not seen young heifers (highly
kept,

Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and driven
Home to their bovells, all so spritely given

That no room can contain them, but about
Race by their dams, and let their spirits out

In ceaseless bleating), of more jocund
plight

Than my kind friends, even crying out with
sight

Of my return so doubted; circled me
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully

Disposed their rapt minds, as if there they
saw

Their natural country, cliffy Ithaca,
And even the roofs where they were bred

and born,
And vow'd as much, with tears: 'O your
return

As much delights us, as in you had come
Our country to us, and our natural home.

But what unhappy fate hath reft our
friends?'

I gave unlook'd-for answer, that amends
Made for their mourning, bade them first of
all

Our ship ashore draw, then in caverns stall
Our foody cattle, hide our mutual prize,

'And then,' said I, 'attend me, that your
eyes,

In Circe's sacred house, may see each
friend

Eating and drinking banquets out of end.'

They soon obey'd; all but Eurylochus,
Who needs would stay them all, and

counsell'd thus:

'O wretches! whither will ye? why
are you

Fond of your mischiefs? and such gladness
show

For Circe's house, that will transform ye all
To swine, or wolves, or lions? Never shall
Our heads get out, if once within we be,
But stay compell'd by strong necessity.
So wrought the Cyclop, when t' his cave
our friends

This bold one led on, and brought all their
ends

By his one indiscretion.' I for this
Thought with my sword (that desperate
head of his

Hewn from his neck) to gash upon the
ground

His mangled body, though my blood was
bound

In near alliance to him. But the rest
With humble suit contain'd me, and re-
quest,

That I would leave him with my ship
alone,

And to the sacred palace lead them on.

I led them; nor Eurylochus would stay
From their attendance on me, our late
fray

Strook to his heart so. But mean time, my
men,

In Circe's house, were all, in several bair,
Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oil, and
deck'd

With in and out weeds, and a feast select
Served in before them; at which close we
found

They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing
round.

When (mutual sight had, and all thought
on) then

Feast was forgotten,* and the moan again
About the house flew, driven with wings of
joy.

But then spake Circe: 'Now, no more
annoy:

I know myself what woes by sea, and
shore,

And men unjust have plagued enough
before

Your injured virtues: here then feast as
long,

And be as cheerful, till ye grow as strong
As when ye first forsook your country-earth.

Ye now fare all like exiles; not a mirth,
Flash'd in amongst ye, but is quench'd
again

With still renew'd tears; though the beaten
vein

Of your distresses should, methink, be now
Benumb with sufferance.' We did well
allow

Her kind persuasions, and the whole year
stay'd

In varied feast with her When, now
array'd

The world was with the spring, and orby
hours

Had gone the round again through herbs
and flowers,

The months absolved in order, till the
days

Had run their full race in Apollo's rays,
My friends remember'd me of home, and
said,

If ever Fate would sign my pass, delay'd
It should be now no more. I heard them
well,

Yet that day spent in feast, till darkness
fell,

And sleep his virtues through our vapours
shed.

When I ascended sacred Circe's bed,
Implored my pass, and her performed vow

Which now my soul urged, and my soldiers
now

Afflicted me with tears to get them gone,
All these I told her, and she answer'd
these:

'Much-skill'd Ulysses Laertiades!
Remain no more against your wills with
me,

But take your free way; only this must be
Perform'd before you steer your course for
home:

You must the way to Pluto overcome,
And stern Persephone, to form your pass,

By th' aged Theban soul Tiresias,
The dark-brow'd prophet, whose soul yet
can see

Clearly, and firmly; grave Persephone,
(Even dead) gave him a mind that he
alone

Might sing truth's solid wisdom, and not
one

Prove more than shade in his comparison.
This broke my heart; I sunk into my
bed,

Mourn'd, and would never more be com-
forted

With light, nor life. But having now
express

My pains enough to her in my unrest,
That so I might prepare her ruth, and get

All I held fit for an affair so great,
I said: 'O Circe, who shall steer my course
To Pluto's kingdom? Never ship had
force

* *Ἐπιθαναστό τε πάντα. Commemorabantque omnia.* Intending all their miseries, escapes, and meetings.

To make that voyage.* The divine in voice
Said : ' Seek no guide, raise you your mast,
and hoise
Your ship's white sails, and then sit you at
peace,
The fresh North Spirit shall waft ye through
the seas,
But, having past the Ocean, you shall see
A little shore, that to Persephone
Puts up a consecrated wood, where grows
Tall firs, and sallows that their fruits soon
lose.
Cast anchor in the gulfs, and go alone
To Pluto's dark house, where, to Acheron
Cocytus runs, and Pyriphlegethon ;
Cocytus born of Styx, and where a rock
Of both the met floods bears the roaring
shock.
The dark heroe, great Tiresias,
Now coming near, to gain propitious pass,
Dig (of a cubit every way) a pit,
And pour to all that are deceased in it
A solemn sacrifice. For which, first take
Honey and wine, and their commixtion
make ;
Then sweet wine neat ; and thirdly water
pour ;
And lastly add to these the whitest flour.
Then vow to all the weak necks of the
dead
Offerings a number ; and, when thou shalt
tread
The Ithacensian shore, to sacrifice
A heifer never-tamed, and most of prize,
A pile of all thy most esteemed goods
Enflaming to the dear streams of their
bloods ;
And, in secret rites, to Tiresias vow
A ram coal-black at all parts, that doth
flow
With fat and fleece, and all thy flocks doth
lead.
When the all-calling nation of the dead*
Thou thus hast pray'd to, offer on the
place
A ram and ewe all black ; being turn'd in
face
To dreadful Erebus, thyself aside
The flood's shore walking. And then,
gratified
With flocks of souls of men and dames
deceased
Shall all thy pious rites be. Straight
address'd

* *Καὶρὰ ἔθνεα νεκρῶν.* Which is expounded
Inclita examina mortuorum ; but *κλειρός* is
the epithet of Pluto, and by analogy belongs to
the dead, *quod ad se omnes advocat.*

See then the offering that thy fellows slew,
Flay'd, and imposed in fire ; and all thy
crew
Pray to the state of either Deity,
Grave Pluto, and severe Persephone.
Then draw thy sword, stand firm, nor
suffer one
Of all the faint shades of the dead and
gone
T' approach the blood, till thou hast heard
their king,
The wise Tiresias ; who thy offering
Will instantly do honour, thy home ways,
And all the measure of them by the seas,
Amplly unfolding.* This the Goddess told ;
And then the Morning in her throne of
gold
Survey'd the vast world ; by whose orient
light
The Nymph adorn'd me with attires as
bright,
Her own hands putting on both shirt and
weed,
Robes fine, and curious, and upon my
head
An ornament that glitter'd like a flame ;
Girt me in gold ; and forth betimes I came
Amongst my soldiers, roused them all from
sleep,
And bade them now no more observance
keep
Of ease, and feast, but straight a shipboard
fall,
For now the Goddess had inform'd me all.
Their noble spirits agreed ; nor yet so clear
Could I bring all off, but Elpenor there
His heedless life left. He was youngest
man
Of all my company, and one that wan
Least fame for arms, as little for his brain ;
Who (too much steep'd in wine, and so
made fain
To get refreshing by the cool of sleep,
Apart his fellows, plunged in vapours
deep,
And they as high in tumult of their way)
Suddenly waked and (quite out of the stay
A sober mind had given him) would
descend
A huge long ladder, forward, and an end
Fell from the very roof, full pitching on
The dearest joint his head was placed
upon ;
Which, quite dissolved, let loose his soul
to hell.
I to the rest ; and Circe's means did tell
Of our return, as crossing clean the hope
I gave them first, and said : ' You think
the scope

<p>Of our endeavours now is straight for home ; No ; Circe otherwise design'd, whose doom Enjoin'd us first to greet the dreadful house Of austere Pluto and his glorious spouse, To take the counsel of Tiresias (The reverend Theban) to direct our pass. This brake their hearts, and grief made tear their hair. But grief was never good at great affair ;</p>	<p>It would have way yet. We went woful on To ship and shore, where was arrived as soon Circe unseen, a black ewe and a ram Binding for sacrifice, and, as she came, Vanish'd again, unwitness'd by our eyes ; Which grieved not us, nor check'd our sacrifice ; For who would see God, loth to let us see ? This way or that bent ; still his ways are free.</p>
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THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES' way to Hell appears ;
 Where he the grave Tiresias hears ;
 Enquires his own and others' fates ;
 His mother sees, and th' after states
 In which were held by sad decease
 Heroes, and Heroesses ;
 A number, that at Troy waged war ;
 As Ajax that was still at jar
 With Ithacus, for th' arms he lost ;
 And with the great Achilles' ghost.

ANOTHER.

Ἀάμβδα. Ulysses here
 Invokes the dead.
 The lives appear
 Hereafter led.

ARRIVED NOW at our ship, we launch'd,
 and set
 Our mast up, put forth sail, and in did get
 Our late-got cattle. Up our sails, we
 went,
 My wayward fellows mourning* now th'
 event.
 A good companion yet, a toeright wind,
 Circe (the excellent utterer of her mind)
 Supplied our murmuring consorts with,
 that was
 Both speed and guide to our adventurous
 pass.
 All day our sails stood to the winds, and
 made
 Our voyage prosperous. Sun then set, and
 shade
 All ways obscuring, on the bounds we fell
 Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell
 Whom a perpetual cloud obscures out-
 right ;
 To whom the cheerful sun lends never
 light ;
 Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining
 heaven,
 Nor when he stoops earth, and sets up the
 Even,
 But Night holds fix'd wings, feather'd all
 with banes,
 Above those most unblest Cimmerians.

* They mourned the event before they
 knew it.

Here drew we up our ship, our sheep
 drew,
 And walk'd the shore till we attain'd
 view
 Of that sad region Circe had fore-show'd,
 And then the sacred offerings to be vow'd
 Eurylochus and Persimedes bore.
 When I my sword drew, and earth's wom-
 did gore
 Till I a pit digg'd of a cubit round,
 Which with the liquid sacrifice we crown'd,
 First honey mix'd with wine, then sweet
 wine neat,
 Then water pour'd in, last the flour
 wheat.
 Much I importuned then the weak-ne-
 dead,
 And vow'd when I the barren soil she
 tread
 Of cliffy Ithaca, amidst my hall
 To kill a heifer, my clear best of all,
 And give in offering, on a pile compose
 Of all the choice goods my whole ho-
 enclosed.
 And to Tiresias himself, alone,
 A sheep coal-black, and the selectest on
 Of all my flocks. When to the pow-
 beneath
 The sacred nation that survive with dea
 My prayers and vows had done devotio
 fit,
 I took the offerings, and upon the pit
 Bereft their lives. Out gush'd the sal-
 blood,
 And round about me fled out of the floor
 The souls of the deceased. There cluster
 then
 Youths, and their wives, much-sufferin-
 aged men,
 Soft tender virgins that but new can-
 there
 By timeless death, and green their sorrows
 were.
 There men-at-arms, with armours all ea-
 brued,
 Wounded with lances, and with faulchi-
 hew'd,
 In numbers, up and down the ditch,
 stalk,
 And threw unmeasured cries about
 walk,

horrid that a bloodless fear surprised
 My daunted spirits. Straight then I advised
 My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifice,
 And set them in fire, and to the Deities,
 For Pluto and Persephone, apply
 Piteous prayers. Then drew I from my
 thigh
 My well-edged sword, stept in, and firmly
 stood
 Betwixt the prease of shadows and the
 blood,
 And would not suffer any one to dip
 Within our offering his unsolid lip,
 Before Tiresias that did all control.
 The first that press'd in was Elpenor's
 soul,
 His body in the broad-way'd earth as yet
 Unmourn'd, unburied by us, since we
 swet
 With other urgent labours. Yet his smart
 I wept to see, and rued it from my heart,
 Enquiring how he could before me be
 That came by ship? He, mourning,
 answer'd me :
 In Circe's house, the spite some spirit
 did bear,
 And the unspeakable good liquor there,
 Hath been my bane ; for, being to descend
 A ladder much in height, I did not tend
 My way well down, but forwards made a
 proof
 To tread the rounds, and from the very
 roof
 Fell on my neck, and brake it ; and this
 made
 My soul thus visit this infernal shade.
 And here, by them that next thyself are
 dear,
 Thy wife, and father, that a little one
 Gave food to thee, and by thy only son
 At home behind thee left, Telemachus,
 Do not depart by stealth, and leave me
 thus,
 Unmourn'd, unburied, lest neglected I
 Bring on thyself th' incensed Deity.
 I know that, sail'd from hence, thy ship
 must touch
 On th' isle *Ææa* ; where vouchsafe thus
 much
 (Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly
 Bestow on me thy royal memory
 To this grace, that my body, arms and all,
 May rest consumed in fiery funeral ;
 And on the foamy shore a sepulchre
 erect to me, that after-times may hear
 Of one so hapless. Let me these implore,

And fix upon my sepulchre the oar*
 With which alive I shook the aged seas,
 And had of friends the dear societies.
 I told the wretched soul I would fulfil
 And execute to th' utmost point his will ;
 And, all the time we sadly talk'd, I still
 My sword above the blood held ; when aside
 The idol of my friend still amplified
 His plaint, as up and down the shades he
 err'd.
 Then my deceased mother's soul appear'd,
 Fair daughter of Autolykus the great,
 Grave Anticlea, whom, when forth I set
 For sacred Ilium, I had left alive.
 Her sight much moved me, and to tears
 did drive
 My note of her decease ; and yet not she
 (Though in my ruth she held the highest
 degree)
 Would I admit to touch the sacred blood,
 Till from Tiresias I had understood
 What Circe told me. At the length did
 land
 Theban Tiresias' soul, and in his hand
 Sustain'd a golden sceptre, knew me well,
 And said : ' O man unhappy, why to hell,
 Admitt'st thou dark arrival, and the light
 The sun gives leavest, to have the horrid
 sight
 Of this black region, and the shadows
 here?
 Now sheathe thy sharp sword, and the pit
 forbear,
 That I the blood may taste, and then relate
 The truth of those acts that affect thy fate.'
 I sheathed my sword, and left the pit, till
 he,
 The black blood tasting, thus instructed
 me :
 ' Renown'd Ulysses ! All unask'd I know
 That all the cause of thy arrival now
 Is to enquire thy wish'd retreat for home ;
 Which hardly God will let thee overcome ;
 Since Neptune's will will his opposure try,
 With all his laid-up anger, for the eye
 His loved son lost to thee. And yet
 through all
 Thy suffering course (which must be
 capital)
 If both thine own affections, and thy
 friends'
 Thou wilt contain ; when thy access
 ascends
 The three-fork'd island, having scaped the
 seas,
 (Where ye shall find fed on the flowery leas

* Misenus apud Virgilium, *ingenti mole, &c.*

Fat flocks, and oxen, which the Sun doth own,
 To whom are all things as well heard as shown,
 And never dare one head of those to slay,
 But hold unarm'd on your wished way)
 Though through enough affliction, yet secure
 Your Fates shall land ye ; but presage says sure,
 If once ye spoil them, spoil to all thy friends,
 Spoil to thy fleet ; and if the justice ends ;
 Short of thyself, it shall be long before,
 And that length forced out with inflictions' store,
 When, losing all thy fellows, in a sail
 Of foreign built (when most thy Fates prevail
 In thy deliverance) thus th' event shall sort :
 Thou shalt find shipwreck raging in thy port,
 Proud men thy goods consuming, and thy wife
 Urging with gifts, give charge upon thy life,
 But all these wrongs revenge shall end to thee ;
 And force, or cunning, set with slaughter free
 Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet again
 Thou shalt a voyage make, and come to men
 That know no sea, nor ships, nor oars that are
 Wings to a ship, nor mix with any fare*
 Salt's savoury vapour. Where thou first shalt land,
 This clear-given sign shall let thee understand,
 That there those men remain : assume ashore
 Up to thy royal shoulder a ship oar,
 With which, when thou shalt meet one on the way
 That will in country admiration say
 " What dost thou with that wan upon thy neck ?"
 There fix that wan thy oar, and that shore deck
 With sacred rites to Neptune ; slaughter there
 A ram, a bull, and (who for strength doth bear

* Men that never eat salt with their food.

The name of husband to a herd) a boar.
 And, coming home, upon thy natural shore,
 Give pious hecatombs to all the Gods
 (Degrees observed). And then the periods
 Of all thy labours in the peace shall end
 Of easy death ; which shall the less extend
 His passion to thee, that thy foe, the Sea,
 Shall not enforce it, but Death's victory
 Shall chance in only-earnest-pray-vow'd age ;*
 Obtain'd at home, quite emptied of his rage ;
 Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest.
 And here hath Truth summ'd up thy vital rest.
 I answer'd him : ' We will suppose all these
 Decreed in Deity ; let it likewise please
 Tiresias to resolve me, why so near
 The blood and me my mother's soul doth bear,
 And yet nor word, nor look, vouchsafe her son ?
 Doth she not know me ? ' ' No,' said he,
 ' nor none
 Of all these spirits, but myself alone,
 Knows anything till he shall taste the blood.
 But whomsoever you shall do that good,
 He will the truth of all you wish unfold ;
 Who you envy it to, will all withhold.'
 Thus said the kingly soul, and made retreat
 Amidst the inner parts of Pluto's seat,
 When he had spoke thus by divine instinct.
 Still I stood firm, till to the blood's precinct
 My mother came, and drunk ; and then she knew
 I was her son, had passion to renew
 Her natural plaints, which thus she did pursue :
 ' How is it, O my son, that you alive
 This deadly-darksome region underdive ?
 ' Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
 And horrid currents, interpose their prease ?
 Oceanus in chief ; which none (unless
 More help'd than you) on foot now can transgress.

* *ἤπιος ὑπὸ λιπαρῶν*. Which all translate *senectute sub molli*. The epithet *λιπαρῶν* not of *λιπαρῶν*, viz. *pinguis*, or *λιπαρῶν*, *pinguitate*, but *λιπαρῶν* signifying *flagitantly erando*. To which pious age is ever altogether addicted.

l-built ship he needs that ventures
ere.
st thou from Troy but now, enforced
err
s time with thy soldiers? Nor hast
en,
is long day, thy country, and thy
een?
swer'd: 'That a necessary end
s infernal state made me contend;
rom the wise Tiresias' Theban soul
it an oracle involved unroll;
came nothing near Achaia yet,
n our loved earth happy foot had
t,
ishaps suffering, err'd from coast to
ast,
nce first the mighty Grecian host
Atrides led to Ilium;
his follower, to set war upon
rpeful Trojans; and so pray'd she
uld
te of that ungentle death unfold,
forced her thither; if some long
sease,
at the spleen of her that arrows
ase,
, envious of most eminent dames)
ade her th' object of her deadly
ns?
her's state and sons I sought, if they
fill my goods? or they became the
y
other, holding me no more
er of safe return, or if my store
e had kept together with her son?
er first mind held, or had been won
e chief Grecian from my love and
d?
his she answer'd; 'that affliction
:
blood still at home; and that to
ef
the days and darkness of her life
rs had consecrate. That none
ness'd
nous kingdom's throne, but th' in-
est
had in it still he held in peace;
kept like a prince, and his increase
n his subjects' good, administering
rs
stice, and the general applause
should merit, and all call'd him
g-
er kept the upland, labouring,
unn'd the city, used no sumptuous
ls,
r'd-at furnitures, nor wealthy weeds;

But in the winter strew'd about the fire
Lay with his slaves in ashes, his attire
Like to a beggar's: when the Summer
came,
And Autumn all fruits ripen'd with his
flame,
Where grape-charged vines made shadows
most abound,
His couch with fall'n leaves made upon
the ground,
And here lay he, his sorrow's fruitful state
Increasing, as he faded, for my fate;
And now the part of age that irksome is
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his
She led, and perish'd in; not slaughter'd
by
The dame that darts loved, and her
archery;
Nor by disease invaded, vast and foul,
That wastes the body, and sends out the
soul
With shame and horror; only in her moan,
For me and my life, she consumed her own.'
She thus; 'when I had great desire to
prove
My arms the circle where her soul did
move.
Thrice proved I, thrice she vanish'd like a
sleep,
Or fleeting shadow, which strook much
more deep
The wounds my woes made, and made ask
her why
She would my love to her embraces fly,
And not vouchsafe that even in hell we
might
Pay pious Nature her unalter'd right,
And give Vexation here her cruel fill?
Should not the Queen here, to augment the
ill
Of every sufferance, which her office is,
Enforce thy idol to afford me this?'
'O son, she answer'd, 'of the race of
men
The most unhappy, our most equal Queen
Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,
Nor suffer empty shades again t' invade
Flesh, bones, and nerves; nor will defraud
the fire
Of his last dues, that, soon as spirits expire
And leave the white bone, are his native
right,
When, like a dream, the soul assumes her
flight.
The light then of the living with most
haste,
O son, contend to. This thy little taste
Of this state is enough; and all this life
Will make a tale fit to be told thy wife.'

This speech we had ; when now repair'd
to me
More female spirits, by Persephone
Driven on before her. All th' heroes'
wives,
And daughters, that led there their second
lives,
About the black blood throng'd. Of whom
yet more
My mind impell'd me to inquire, before
I let them altogether taste the gore ;
For then would all have been dispersed,
and gone
Thick as they came. I, therefore, one by
one
Let taste the pit, my sword drawn from my
thigh,
And stand betwixt them made, when,
severally,
All told their stocks. The first, that
quench'd her fire,
Was Tyro, issued of a noble sire.
She said she sprung from pure Salmeoneus'
bed,
And Cretheus, son of Æolus, did wed ;
Yet the divine flood Enipeus loved,
Who much the most fair stream of all floods
moved.
Near whose streams Tyro walking, Neptune
came,
Like Enipeus, and enjoy'd the dame.
Like to a hill, the blue and snaky flood
Above th' immortal and the mortal stood,
And hid them both, as both together lay,
Just where his current falls into the sea.
Her virgin waist dissolved, she slumber'd
then ;
But when the God had done the work of
men,
Her fair hand gently wringing, thus he said :
' Woman ! rejoice in our combined bed ;
For when the year hath run his circle round
(Because the Gods' loves must in fruit
abound)
My love shall make, to cheer thy teeming
moans,
Thy one dear burthen bear two famous
sons ;
Love well, and bring them up : go home,
and see
That, though of more joy yet I shall be
free,
Thou dost not tell, to glorify thy birth,
Thy love is Neptune, shaker of the earth.'
This said, he plunged into the sea ; and
she,
Begot with child by him, the light let see
Great Pelias, and Neleus, that became
In Jove's great ministry, of mighty fame.

Pelias in broad Iolcus held his throne,
Wealthy in cattle ; th' other royal son
Ruled sandy Pylos. To these issue more
This queen of women to her husband bore,
Æson, and Pheres, and Amythaon
That for his fight on horseback stoop'd to
none.

Next her, I saw admired Antiope,
Asopus' daughter, who, (as much as she
Boasted attraction of great Neptune's love)
Boasted to slumber in the arms of Jove,
And two sons likewise at one burthen bore
'To that her all-controlling paramour,
Amphion, and fair Zethus ; that first laid
Great Thebes' foundations, and strong
walls convey'd

About her turrets, that seven ports enclosed.
For though the Thebans much in strength
reposed,

Yet had not they the strength to hold their
own,

Without the added aids of wood and stone.

Alcmena next I saw, that famous wife
Was to Amphitryo, and honour'd life
Gave to the lion-hearted Hercules,
That was of Jove's embrace the great
increase.

I saw, besides, proud Creon's daughter
there,

Bright Megara, that nuptial yoke did wear
With Jove's great son, who never field did
try

But bore to him the flower of victory.

The mother then of Ædipus I saw,
Fair Epicasta, that, beyond all law,
Her own son married, ignorant of kind ;
And he, as darkly taken in his mind,
His mother wedded, and his father slew.
Whose blind act heaven exposed at length
to view,

And he in all-loved Thebes the supreme
state

With much moan managed, for the heavy
fate

The Gods laid on him. She made violent
flight

To Pluto's dark house from the loathed light,
Beneath a steep beam strang'd with a
cord,

And left her son, in life, pains as abhorr'd
As all the furies pour'd on her in hell.
Then saw I Chloris, that did so excel

In answering beauties, that each part had
all.

Great Neleus married her, when gifts not
small

Had won her favour term'd by name of
dower.

She was of all Amphion's seed the flower ;

Amphion, call'd Iasides, that then
 Ruled strongly Myniaean Orchomen,
 And now his daughter ruled the Pylian
 throne,
 Because her beauty's empire overshone.
 She brought her wife-awed husband, Neleus,
 Nestor much honour'd, Periclymenus,
 And Chromius, sons with sovereign virtues
 graced;
 But after brought a daughter that sur-
 pass'd,
 Rare-beautied Pero, so for form exact
 That nature to a miracle was rack'd
 In her perfections, blazed with th' eyes of
 men;
 That made of all the countries' hearts a
 chain,
 And drew them suitors to her. Which her
 sire
 Took vantage of, and, since he did aspire
 To nothing more than to the broad-brow'd
 herd
 Of oxen, which the common fame so
 rear'd
 Own'd by Iphiclus, not a man should be
 His Pero's husband, that from Phylace
 Those never-yet-driven oxen could not
 drive:
 Yet these a strong hope held him to
 achieve,
 Because a prophet, that had never err'd,
 Had said, that only he should be preferr'd
 To their possession. But the equal fate
 Of God withstood his stealth; inextricate
 Imprisoning bands, and sturdy churlish
 swains
 That were the herdsmen, who withheld
 with chains
 The stealth-attempter; which was only he
 That durst abet the act with prophecy;
 None else would undertake it, and he
 must;
 The king would needs a prophet should be
 just.
 But when some days and months expired
 were,
 And all the hours had brought about the
 year,
 The prophet did so satisfy the king
 (Iphiclus, all his cunning questioning)
 That he enfranchis'd him; and, all worst
 done,
 Jove's counsel made th' all-safe conclusion.
 Then saw I Leda, link'd in nuptial
 chain
 With Tyndarus, to whom she did sustain
 Sons much renown'd for wisdom; Castor
 one,
 That pass'd, for use of horse, comparison;

And Pollux, that excell'd in whirlbat
 fight;
 Both these the fruitful Earth bore, while the
 light
 Of life inspired them; after which, they
 found
 Such grace with Jove, that both lived under
 ground,
 By change of days; life still did one
 sustain,
 While th' other died; the dead then lived
 again,
 The living dying; both of one self date
 Their lives and deaths made by the Gods
 and Fate.
 Iphimedia after Leda came,
 That did derive from Neptune too the
 name
 Of father to two admirable sons,
 Life yet made short their admirations;
 Who God-opposed Otus had to name,
 And Ephialtes far in sound of fame.
 The prodigal Earth so fed them, that they
 grew
 To most huge stature, and had fairest hue
 Of all men, but Orion, under heaven.
 At nine years old nine cubits they were
 driven
 Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathoms
 high.
 They threaten'd to give battle to the sky,
 And all th' Immortals. They were setting
 on
 Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
 Steep Ossa leavy Pelius, that even
 They might a highway make with lofty
 heaven;
 And had perhaps perform'd it, had they
 lived
 Till they were striplings; but Jove's son
 deprived
 Their limbs of life, before th' age that
 begins
 The flower of youth, and should adorn
 their chins.
 Phædra and Procris, with wise Minos'
 flame,
 Bright Ariadne, to the offering came,
 Whom whilom Theseus made his prise
 from Crete,
 That Athens' sacred soil might kiss her
 feet,
 But never could obtain her virgin flower,
 Till, in the sea-girt Dia, Dian's power
 Detain'd his homeward haste; where (in her
 fane,
 By Bacchus witness'd) was the fatal wane
 Of her prime glory. Mæra, Clymene,
 I witness'd there; and loathed Eriphyle,

That honour'd* gold more than she loved
her spouse.

But, all th' heroesses in Pluto's house
That then encounter'd me, exceeds my
might

To name or number, and ambrosian night
Would quite be spent, when now the
formal hours

Present to sleep our all-disposed powers,
If at my ship, or here; my home-made
vow

I leave for fit grace to the Gods and you."

This said; the silence his discourse had
made

With pleasure held still through the house's
shade,

When white-arm'd Arete this speech
began:

"Phæaciens! how appears to you this
man,

So goodly-person'd, and so match'd with
mind?

My guest he is, but all you stand combined
In the renown he doth us. Do not then

With careless haste dismiss him, nor the
main

Of his despatch to one so needy maim,
The Gods' free bounty gives us all just
claim

To goods enow." This speech, the oldest
man

Of any other Phæacensian,
The grave heroe, Echineus, gave

All approbation, saying: "Friends! ye
have

The motion of the wise queen, in such
words

As have not miss'd the mark, with which
accords

My clear opinion. But Alcinous,
In word and work, must be our rule." He
thus;

And then Alcinous said: "This then must
stand,

If while I live I rule in the command
Of this well-skill'd-in-navigation state:

Endure then, guest, though most importu-
nate

Be your affects for home. A little stay
If your expectance bear, perhaps it may

Our gifts make more complete. The cares
of all

Your due deduction asks; but principal
I am therein the ruler." He replied:

"Alcinous! the most duly glorified

With rule of all; of all men, if you lay
Commandment on me of a whole year's stay,
So all the while your preparations rise,
As well in gifts as* time, ye can devise
No better wish for me; for I shall come
Much fuller-handed, and more honour'd,
home,
And dearer to my people, in whose loves
The richer evermore the better proves."

He answer'd: "There is argued in your
sight
A worth that works not men for benefit,
Like prollers or impostors; of which crew,
The gentle black Earth feeds not up a few,
Here and there wanderers, blanching tales
and lies,
Of neither praise, nor use. You move our
eyes

With form, our minds with matter, and
our ears

With elegant oration, such as bears
A music in the order'd history

It lays before us. Not Demodocus
With sweeter strains hath used to sing to us

All the Greek sorrows, wept out in your
own.

But say; of all your worthy friends, were
none

Objected to your eyes, that consorts were
To Ilium with you? and served destiny
there?

This night is passing long, unmeasured,
none

Of all my household would to bed yet; on.
Relate these wondrous things. Were I
with you,

If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
Till the divine Aurora shew'd her head,
I should in no night relish thought of bed."

"Most eminent king," said he, "times
all must keep;

There's time to speak much, time as much
to sleep.

But would you hear still, I will tell you
still,

And utter more, more miserable ill
Of friends than yet, that scaped the dismal
wars,

And perish'd homewards, and in household
jars,

Waged by a wicked woman. The chaster
Queen

No sooner made these lady-ghosts unseen,
Here and there flitting, but mine eye-sight
won

The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,

* *Venustè et salis dictum.*

† Here he begins his other relation.

* Amphiarus was her husband, whom she
betrayed to his ruin at Thebes, for gold taken of
Adrastus her brother.

Sad, and about him all his train of friends,
That in Ægisthus' house endured their
ends

With his stern fortune. Having drunk the
blood,

He knew me instantly, and forth a flood
Of springing tears gush'd; out he thrust
his hands,

With will t' embrace me, but their old
commands

Flow'd not about him, nor their weakest
part.

I wept to see, and moan'd him from my
heart,

And ask'd: 'O Agamemnon! King of
men!

What sort of cruel death hath render'd
slain

Thy royal person? Neptune, in thy fleet?
Heaven and his hellish billows making
meet,

Rousing the winds? Or have thy men by
land

Done thee this ill, for using thy command,
Past their consents, in diminution

Of those full shares their worths by lot had
won

Of sheep or oxen? or of any town,
In covetous strife, to make their rights
thine own,

In men or women prisoners?' He replied:
'By none of these, in any right, I died;

But by Ægisthus and my murderous wife
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life

Hath thus been reft me, to my slaughter
led

Like to an ox pretended to be fed.
So miserably fell I; and with me

My friends lay massacred; as when you see
At any rich man's nuptials, shot, or feast,

About his kitchen white-tooth'd swine lie
drest.

The slaughters of a world of men thine
eyes,

Both private and in prease of enemies
Have personally witness'd; but this one

Would all thy parts have broken into
moan,

To see how strew'd about our cups and
cates,

As tables set with feast, so we with fates,
All gash'd and slain lay, all the floor em-
brued

With blood and brain. But that which
most I rued,

Flew from the heavy voice that Priam's
seed,

Cassandra breathed; whom, she that wit
doth feed

With baneful crafts, false Clytemnestra,
slew,

Close sitting by me; up my hands I threw
From earth to heaven; and tumbling on
my sword

Gave wretched life up; when the most
abhorrd,

By all her sex's shame, forsook the room,
Nor deign'd, though then so near this
heavy home,

To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.
Nothing so heap'd is with impieties,

As such a woman that would kill her
spouse

That married her a maid. When to my
house

I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,
To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in
th' art

Of only mischief hearty) not alone
Cast on herself this foul aspersion,

But loving dames, hereafter, to their lords
Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts
and words.'

'Alas,' said I, 'that Jove should hate
the lives

Of Atreus' seed so highly for their wives.
For Menelaus' wife a number fell;

For dangerous absence thine sent thee to
hell.'

'For this,' he answer'd, 'be not thou
more kind

Than wise to thy wife: never all thy
mind

Let words express to her. Of all she
knows,

Curbs for the worst still in thyself repose.
But thou by thy wife's wiles shalt lose no
blood;

Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.
Icarius' daughter, chaste Penelope,

We left a young bride, when for battle we
Forsook the nuptial peace, and at her
breast

Her first child sucking; who, by this hour,
blest,

Sits in the number of surviving men.
And his bliss she hath, that she can con-
tain,

And her bliss thou hast, that she is so
wise;

For, by her wisdom, thy returned eyes
Shall see thy son; and he shall greet his
sire

With fitting welcomes; when in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes my son's dear
sight,

And, as from me, will take from him the
light,

Before she adds one just delight to life,
Or her false wit one truth that fits a wife.
For her sake therefore let my harms advise,

That though thy wife be ne'er so chaste
and wise,

Yet come not home to her in open view,*
With any ship or any personal shew.

But take close shore disguised, nor let her
know,

For 'tis no world to trust a woman now.

But what says Fame? Doth my son yet
survive,

In Orchomen, or Pylos? or doth live

In Sparta with his uncle? yet I see

Divine Orestes is not here with me.'

I answer'd, asking: 'Why doth Atreus'
son

Enquire of me? who yet arrived where
none

Could give to these news any certain
wings?

And 'tis absurd to tell uncertain things.'

Such sad speech past us; and as thus
we stood,

With kind tears rendering unkind fortunes
good,

Achilles' and Patroclus' soul appear'd,

And his soul, of whom never ill was heard,
The good Antilochus, and the soul of him

That all the Greeks past both for force and
limb,

Excepting the unmatch'd Æacides,

Illustrious Ajax. But the first of these

That saw, acknowledged, and saluted me,

Was Thetis' conquering son, who (heavily

His state here taking) said: 'Unworthy
breath!

What act yet mightier imagineth

Thy venturous spirit? How doest thou
descend

These under regions, where the dead man's
end

Is to be look'd on, and his foolish shade?
I answer'd him: 'I was induced t' in-
vade

These under parts, most excellent of
Greece,

To visit wise Tiresias, for advice

Of virtue to direct my voyage home

To rugged Ithaca; since I could come

To note in no place, where Achaia stood,

And so lived ever, tortured with the blood

In man's vain veins. Thou therefore,

Thetis' son,

Hast equall'd all, that ever yet have won

* This advice he followed at his coming
home.

The bliss the earth yields, or hereafter
shall.

In life thy eminence was adored of all,
Even with the Gods; and now, even dead,

I see

Thy virtues propagate thy empery

To a renew'd life of command beneath;

So great Achilles triumphs over death.'

This comfort of him this encounter found:

'Urge not my death to me, nor rub
that wound;

I rather wish to live in earth a swain.

Or serve a swain for hire, that scarce can
gain

Bread to sustain him, than, that life once
gone,

Of all the dead sway the imperial throne.

But say, and of my son some comfort
yield,

If he goes on in first fights of the field,

Or lurks for safety in the obscure rear?

Or of my father if thy royal ear

Hath been advertised, that the Phthian
throne

He still commands, as greatest Myrrinidon?

Or that the Phthian and Thessalian rage
(Now feet and hands are in the hold of
age)

Despise his empire? Under those bright
rays,

In which heaven's fervour hurls about the
days,

Must I no more shine his revenger now,

Such as of old the Ilion overthrow

Witness'd my anger, th' universal host

Sending before me to this shady coast,

In fight for Grecia. Could I now resort,

(But for some small time) to my father's
court,

In spirit and power as then, those men
should find

My hands inaccessible, and of fire my
mind,

That durst, with all the numbers they are
strong,

Unseat his honour, and suborn his wrong.'

This pitch still flew his spirit, though so
low,

And this I answer'd thus: 'I do not
know

Of blameless Peleus any least report;

But of your son, in all the utmost sort,

I can inform your care with truth, and
thus:

From Scyros princely Neoptolemus

By fleet I convey'd to the Greeks, where he

Was chief, at both parts, when our gravity

Retired to council, and our youth to fight.

In council still so fiery was Conceit

In his quick apprehension of a cause,
That first he ever spake, nor pass'd the
laws

Of any grave stay, in his greatest haste.
None would contend with him, that coun-
sell'd last ;

Unless illustrious Nestor, he and I
Would sometimes put a friendly contrary
On his opinion. In our fights, the praise
Of great or common, he would never cease,
But far before fight ever. No man there,
For force, he forced. He was slaughterer
Of many a brave man in most dreadful
fight.

But one and other whom he reft of light,
In Grecian succour, I can neither name,
Nor give in number. The particular fame
Of one man's slaughter yet I must not
pass ;

Eurypylos Telephides he was,
That fell beneath him ; and with him the
falls

Of such huge men went, that they shew'd
like whales*

Rampired about him. Neoptolemus
Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous
Favours of mistresses he saw him wear ;
For past all doubt his beauties had no
peer

Of all that mine eyes noted, next to one,
And that was Memnon, Tithon's Sun-like
son.

Thus far, for fight in public, may a taste
Give of his eminence. How far surpast
His spirit in private, where he was not
seen,

Nor glory could be said to praise his
spleen,

This close note I excerpted. When we sat
Hid in Epeus' horse, no optimate
Of all the Greeks there had the charge to
ope

And shut the stratagem† but I. My scope
To note then each man's spirit in a strait
Of so much danger, much the better might
Be hit by me, than others, as, provoked,
I shifted place still ; when, in some I
smoked

Both privy tremblings, and close vent of
tears.

In him yet not a soft conceit of theirs
Could all my search see, either his wet
eyes

Plied still with wipings, or the goodly
guise

* This place (and a number more) is most miserably mistaken by all translators and commentators.

† The horse abovesaid.

His person all ways put forth, in least
part,

By any tremblings, shew'd his touch'd-at
heart.

But ever he was urging me to make
Way to their sally, by his sign to shake
His sword hid in his scabbard, or his
lance

Loaded with iron at me. No good chance
His thoughts to Troy intended. In th'
event,

High Troy depopulate, he made ascent
To his fair ship, with prise and treasure
store

Safe ; and no touch away with him he bore
Of far-off-hurl'd lance, or of close-fought
sword,

Whose wounds for favours war doth oft
afford,

Which he (though sought) miss'd in war's
closest wage.

*In close fights Mars dot's never fight, but
rage.*

This made the soul of swift Achilles
tread

A march of glory through the herby mead,
For joy to hear me so renown his son ;
And vanish'd stalking. But with passion
Stood th' other souls strook, and each told
his bane.

Only the spirit Telamonian*
Kept far off, angry for the victory
I won from him at fleet ; though arbitry
Of all a court of war pronounced it mine,
And Pallas' self. Our prise were th' arms
divine

Or great Æacides,† proposed t' our fames
By his bright Mother,‡ at his funeral
games.

I wish to heaven I ought not to have won ;
Since for those arms so high a head so
soon

The base earth cover'd, Ajax, that of all
The host of Greece had person capital,
And acts as eminent, excepting his
Whose arms those were, in whom was
nought amiss.

I tried the great soul with soft words, and
said :

' Ajax ! great son of Telamon, array'd
In all our glories ! what ! not dead resign
Thy wrath for those cursed arms ? The
Powers divine

In them forged all our banes, in thine own
one,

In thy grave fall our tower was overthrown.

* Ajax the son of Telamon.

† Achilles.

‡ Thetis.

We mourn, for ever maim'd, for thee as much

As for Achilles; nor thy wrong doth touch
In sentence, any but Saturnius' doom;
In whose hate was the host of Greece
become

A very horror; who express'd it well
In signing thy fate with this timeless hell.
Approach then, king of all the Grecian
merit,

Repress thy great mind and thy flaming
spirit,
And give the words I give thee worthy
ear.'

All this no word drew from him, but less
near

The stern soul kept; to other souls he fled,
And glid along the river of the dead.

Though anger moved him, yet he might
have spoke,

Since I to him. But my desires were
strook

With sight of other souls. And then I saw
Minos, that minister'd to Death a law,
And Jove's bright son was. He was set,
and sway'd

A golden sceptre; and to him did plead
A sort of others, set about his throne
In Pluto's wide-door'd house; when
straight came on

Mighty Orion, who was hunting there
The herds of those beasts he had
slaughter'd here

In desert hills on earth. A club he bore,
Entirely steel, whose virtues never wore.

Tityus I saw; to whom the glorious earth
Open'd her womb, and gave unhappy
birth.

Upwards, and flat upon the pavement, lay
His ample limbs, that spread in their
display

Nine acres' compass. On his bosom sat
Two vultures, digging, through his caul of
fat,

Into his liver with their crooked beaks;
And each by turns the concrete entrail
breaks

(As smiths their steel beat) set on either
side.

Nor doth he ever labour to divide
His liver and their beaks, nor with his hand
Offer them off; but suffers by command
Of th' angry Thunderer, offering to enforce
His love Latona, in the close recourse
She used to Pytho through the dancing
land,

Smooth Panopeus. I saw likewise stand,
Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,
Tormented Tantalus, yet could not slake

His burning thirst. Oft as his scornful cup
Th' old man would taste, so oft 'twas
swallow'd up,
And all the black earth to his feet descried.
Divine power (plagu'ing him) the lake still
dried.

About his head, on high trees, clustering
hung,

Pears, apples, granates, olives ever young,
Delicious figs, and many fruit-trees more
Of other burthen; whose alluring store
When th' old soul strived to pluck, the
winds from sight,

In gloomy vapours, made them vanish
quite.

There saw I Sisyphus in infinite moan,
With both hands heaving up a massy
stone;

And on his tip-toes racking all his height,
To wrest up to a mountain-top his freight;
When prest to rest it there (his nerves quite
spent)

Down rush'd the deadly quarry, the event
Of all his torture new to raise again;
To which straight set his never-rested pain.
The sweat came gushing out from every
pore,

And on his head a standing mist he wore,
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of
dust

Were raised about it. Down with these
was thrust

The idol of the force of Hercules,
But his firm self did no such fate oppress,
He feasting lives amongst th' Immortal
States,

White-ankled Hebe and himself made
mates

In heavenly nuptials. Hebe, Jove's dear
race,

And Juno's, whom the golden sandals
grace.

About him flew the clamours of the dead
Like fowls, and still stoop'd cuffing at his
head.

He with his bow, like Night, stalked up
and down,

His shaft still nock'd, and hurling round his
frown

At those vex'd hoverers, aiming at them
still,

And still, as shooting out, desire to still.
A horrid bawdrick wore he thwart his
breast,

The thong all gold, in which were forms
imprest,

Where art and miracle drew equal breaths,
In bears, boars, lions, battles, combats,
deaths.

Who wrought that work did never such
before,
Nor so divinely will do ever more.
Soon as he saw, he knew me, and gave
speech :
' Son of Laertes, high in wisdom's reach,
And yet unhappy wretch, for in this
heart,
Of all exploits achieved by thy desert,
Thy worth but works out some sinister
fate,
As I in earth did. I was generate
By Jove himself, and yet past mean op-
prest
By one my far inferior, whose proud
hest
Imposed abhorred labours on my hand.
Of all which one was, to descend this
strand,
And hale the dog from thence. He could
not think
An act that danger could make deeper
sink.
And yet this depth I drew, and fetch'd as
high,
As this was low, the dog. The Deity

Of sleight and wisdom, as of downright
power,
Both stoop'd, and raised, and made me
conqueror.'
This said, he made descent again as low
As Pluto's court; when I stood firm, for
show
Of more heroes of the times before,
And might perhaps have seen my wish of
more,
(As Theseus and Pirithous, derived
From roots of Deity) but before th'
achieved
Rare sight of these, the rank-soul'd multi-
tude
In infinite flocks rose; venting sounds so
rude,
That pale Fear took me, lest the Gorgon's
head
Rush'd in amongst them, thrust up, in my
dread,
By grim Persephone. I therefore sent
My men before to ship, and after went.
Where, boarded, set, and launch'd, the
ocean wave
Our oars and forewinds speedy passage gave.

THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

He shews from Hell his safe retreat
To th' isle *Ææa*, Circe's seat ;
And how he scaped the Sirens' calls,
With th' erring rocks, and waters' falls,
That Scylla and Charybdis break ;
The Sun's stolen herds ; and his sad wreck
Both of Ulysses' ship and men,
His own head scaping scarce the pain.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Mē. The rocks that err'd ;
The Sirens' call ;
The Sun's stolen herd ;
The soldiers' fall.

OUR ship now past the straits of th' ocean
flood,
She plow'd the broad sea's billows, and
made good
The isle *Ææa*, where the palace stands
Of th' early riser with the rosy hands,
Active Aurora ; where she loves to dance,
And where the Sun doth his prime beams
advance.
When here arrived, we drew her up to
land,
And trod ourselves the re-saluted sand,
Found on the shore fit resting for the
night,
Slept, and expected the celestial light.
Soon as the white-and-red-mix'd-finger'd
Dame
Had gilt the mountains with her saffron
flame,
I sent my men to Circe's house before,
To fetch deceased Elpenor to the shore.
Straight swell'd the high banks with fell'd
heaps of trees,
And, full of tears, we did due exequies
To our dead friend. Whose corse con-
sumed with fire,
And honour'd arms, whose sepulchre
entire,
And over that a column raised, his oar,
Curiously carved, to his desire before,
Upon the top of all his tomb we fix'd.
Of all rites fit his funeral pile was mix'd.
Nor was our safe ascent from Hell con-
ceal'd
From Circe's knowledge ; nor so soon
reveal'd

But she was with us, with her bread and
food,
And ruddy wine, brought by her sacred
brood
Of woods and fountains. In the midst
she stood,
And thus saluted us : ' Unhappy men,
That have (inform'd with all your senses)
been
In Pluto's dismal mansion. You shall die
Twice now, where others, that Mortality
In her fair arms holds, shall but once
decease.
But eat and drink out all conceit of
these,
And this day dedicate to food and wine,
The following night to sleep. When next
shall shine
The cheerful morning, you shall prove the
seas.
Your way, and every act ye must address,
My knowledge of their order shall design,
Lest with your own bad counsels ye in-
cline
Events as bad against ye, and sustain
By sea and shore, the woful ends that
reign
In wilful actions.' Thus did she advise
And, for the time, our fortunes were so
wise
To follow wise directions. All that day
We sat and feasted. When his lower
way
The Sun had enter'd, and the Even the
high,
My friends slept on their gables ; she and I
(Led by her fair hand to a place apart,
By her well-sorted) did to sleep convert
Our timid powers ; when all things Fate let
fall
In our affair she ask'd ; I told her all.
To which she answer'd : ' These things
thus took end.
And now to those that I inform attend,
Which you remembering, God himself
shall be
The blessed author of your memory.
First to the Sirens ye shall come, that
taint
The minds of all men whom they can
acquaint

With their attractions. Whosoever shall,
For want of knowledge moved, but hear
the call

Of any Siren, he will so despise
Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
That never home turns his affection's
stream,
Nor they take joy in him, nor he in
them.

The Sirens will so soften with their song
(Shrill, and in sensual appetite so strong)
His loose affections, that he gives them
head.

And then observe: They sit amidst a
mead.

And round about it runs a hedge or wall
Of dead men's bones, their wither'd skins
and all

Hung all along upon it; and these men
Were such as they had fawn'd into their
fen,

And then their skins hung on their hedge
of bones.

Sail by them therefore, thy companions
Beforehand causing to stop every ear
With sweet soft wax so close, that none
may hear

A note of all their charmings. Yet may
you,

If you affect it, open ear allow
To try their motion; but presume not so
To trust your judgment, when your senses
go

So loose about you, but give strait com-
mand

To all your men, to bind you foot and
hand

Sure to the mast, that you may safe ap-
prove

How strong in instigation to their love
Their rapturing tunes are. If so much they
move,

That, spite of all your reason, your will
stands

To be enfranchised both of feet and
hands,

Charge all your men before to slight your
charge,

And rest so far from fearing to enlarge
That much more sure they bind you.

When your friends
Have outsail'd these, the danger that
transcends

Rests not in any counsel to prevent,
Unless your own mind finds the tract and
bent

Of that way that avoids it. I can say
That in your course there lies a twofold
way,

The right of which your own taught pre-
sent wit,

And grace divine, must prompt. In
general yet

Let this inform you: Near these Sirens'
shore

Move two steep rocks, at whose feet lie
and roar

The black sea's cruel billows; the bless'd
Gods

Call them the Rovers. Their abhor'd
abodes

No bird can pass; nor not the doves,*
whose fear

Sire Jove so loves that they are said to
bear

Ambrosia to him, can their ravine scape,
But one of them falls ever to the rape

Of those sly rocks; yet Jove another still
Adds to the rest, that so may ever fill

The sacred number. Never ship could
shun

The nimble peril wing'd there, but did run
With all her bulk, and bodies of her men,

To utter ruin. For the seas retain
Not only their outrageous æsture there,

But fierce assistants of particular fear
And supernatural mischief, they expire,

And those are whirlwinds of devouring fire
Whisking about still. Th' Argive ship
alone,

(Which bore the care of all men) got her
gone,

* Πέλειαι τρήρως. *Columbe timide*. What these doves were, and the whole mind of this place, the great Macedon asking Chiron Asphipolites, he answered: They were the Pleiades or seven Stars. One of which (besides his proper imperfection of being ἀνδροειδής, i. e. *adeo exilis, vel subobscurus, ut vix appareat*) is utterly obscured or let by these rocks. Why then, or how, Jove still supplied the lost one, that the number might be full, Athenæus falls to it, and helps the other out: interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetual septenary number, though there appeared but six. But how lame and loathsome these prowers shew in their affected expositions of the poetical mind, this and an hundred others, spent in mere presumptuous guess at this inaccessible Poet. I hope will make plain enough to the most envious of any thing done, besides their own set censures, and most arrogant overweenings. In the 23. of the Iliads (being ψ) at the games celebrated at Patroclus' funerals, they tied to the top of a mast πέλειαν τρήρως, *timidam columbam*, to shoot at for a game, so that (by these great men's abovesaid expositions) they shot at the Pleiades.

† Νηὲ πᾶσι μάλιστ' ἀφ' ἧς. *Navis omnibus cura: the ship that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our critics will needs*

Come from Areta. Yet perhaps even she
 Had wrack'd at those rocks, if the Deity,
 That lies by Jove's side, had not lent her
 hand
 To their transmission; since the man, that
 mann'd
 In chief that voyage, she in chief did love.
 Of these two spiteful rocks, the one doth
 shove
 Against the height of heaven her pointed
 brow.
 A black cloud binds it round, and never
 show
 Lends to the sharp point; not the clear
 blue sky
 Lets ever view it, not the summer's eye,
 Not fervent autumn's. None that death
 could end
 Could ever scale it, or, if up, descend,
 Though twenty hands and feet he had for
 hold.
 A polish'd ice-like glibness doth enfold
 'The rock so round, whose midst a gloomy
 cell
 Shrouds so far westward that it sees to
 hell.
 From this keep you as far, as from his
 bow
 An able young man can his shaft bestow.
 For here the *whuling Scylla shrouds her
 face,
 That breathes a voice at all parts no more
 base

Than are a newly-kitten'd killing's cries,
 Herself a monster yet of boundless size,
 Whose sight would nothing please a mortal's eyes;
 No nor the eyes of any God, if he
 (Whom nought should fright) fell foul on
 her, and she
 Her full shape shew'd. Twelve foul feet
 bear about
 Her ugly bulk. Six huge long necks look'd
 out
 Of her rank shoulders; every neck doth
 let
 A ghastly head out; every head three set,
 Thick thrust together, of abhorred teeth,
 And every tooth stuck with a sable death.
 She lurks in midst of all her den, and
 streaks
 From out a ghastly whirlpool all her necks;
 Where (gloating round her rock) to fish she
 falls;
 And up rush dolphins, dogfish; some-
 whiles whales,
 If got within her when her rapine feeds;
 For ever-groaning Amphitrite breeds
 About her whirlpool an unmeasured store.
 No sea-man ever boasted touch of shore

restrain, *omnibus heroibus, Poetis omnibus, vel Historicis*, when the care of all men's preservation is affirmed to be the freight of it; as if poets and historians comprehended all things, when I scarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewise is garbage good enough for the monster. Nor will I tempt our spiced consciences with expressing the divine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirm any good of poor poesy, since no man gets any goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-eyed starters at profanation are for nothing so afraid of it; as that lest their galled consciences (scarce believing the most real truth, in approbation of their lives) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in these condemned vanities (as their impieties please to call them) which by much more learned and pious than themselves have ever been called the raptures of divine inspiration: by which, *Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit.*—Plat.

* Δειὸν λελακία, &c. *Graviter vociferans*; as all most untruly translate it. As they do in the next verse these words σκυλακος νεογλῆς, *atuli leonis*, no lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation. Δειὸν λελακία signifying *indignam, dissimilem, or horribilem vocem*

edens: but in what kind *horribilem*? Not for the gravity or greatness of her voice, but for the unworthy or disproportionable small whuling of it; she being in the vast frame of her body, as the very words πέλωρ κακὸν signify, *monstrum ingens*; whose disproportion and deformity is too poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered for fat and flat proser to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poet's words serve their comprehension; and therefore they add of their own, λάσκω, from whence λελακία is derived, signifying *crebro, or stridulè clamo*. And σκυλακος νεογλῆς is to be expounded, *catuli nuper or recens nati, not leonis*. But thus they botch and abuse the incomparable expressor, because they knew not how otherwise to be monstrous enough themselves to help out the monster. Imagining so huge a great body must needs have a voice as huge; and then would not our Homer have likened it to a lion's whelp's voice, but to the lion's own; and all had been much too little to make a voice answerable to her hugeness. And therefore found our inimitable master a new way to express her monstrous disproportion; performing it so, as there can be *nihil supra*. And I would fain learn of my learned detractor, that will needs have me only translate out of the Latin, what Latin translation tells me this? or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred other such? Which may be some poor instance, or proof, of my Grecian capacity, as far as old Homer goes in his two simple Poems, but not a syllable further will my silly spirit presume.

That there touch'd with his ship, but still
she fed

Of him and his ; a man for every head
Spoiling his ship of. You shall then
descry

The other humbler rock, that moves so nigh
Your dart may mete the distance. It
receives

A huge wild fig-tree, cur'd with ample
leaves,

Beneath whose shades divine Charybdis
sits,

Supping the black deeps. Thrice a day
her pits

She drinking all dry, and thrice a day
again

All up she belches, baneful to sustain.
When she is drinking, dare not near her
draught,

For not the force of Neptune (if once
caught)

Can force your freedom. Therefore, in
your strife

To scape Charybdis, labour all, for life
To row near Scylla, for she will but have

For her six heads six men ; and better save
The rest, than all make offerings to the
wave.'

This need she told me of my loss,
when I

Desired to know, if that Necessity,
When I had scaped Charybdis' outrages,
My powers might not revenge, though not
redress?

She answer'd : 'O unhappy ! art thou yet
Enflamed with war, and thirst to drink thy
sweat ?

Not to the Gods give up both arms and
will ?

She deathless is, and that immortal ill
Grave, harsh, outrageous, not to be sub-
dued,

That men must suffer till they be renew'd.
Nor lives there any virtue that can fly

The vicious outrage of their cruelty.
Shouldst thou put arms on, and approach
the rock,

I fear six more must expiate the shock.
Six heads six men ask still. Hoise sail, and
fly,

And, in thy flight, aloud on Cratis cry
(Great Scylla's mother, who exposed to
light

That bane of men) and she will do such
right

To thy observance, that she down will
tread

Her daughter's rage, nor let her shew a
head.

From thenceforth then, for ever past her
care,

Thou shalt ascend the isle triangular,
Where many oxen of the Sun are fed,
And fatted flocks. Of oxen fifty head
In every herd feed, and their herds are
seven ;

And of his fat flocks is their number even.
Increase they yield not, for they never die.

There every shepherdess a Deity,
Fair Phaethusa, and Lampetie,

The lovely Nymphs are that their guardians
be,

Who to the daylight's lofty-going flame
Had gracious birthright from the heavenly
Dame,

Still young Neæra ; who (brought forth
and bred)

Far off dismiss'd them, to see duly fed
Their father's herds and flocks in Sicily.

These herds and flocks if to the Deity
Ye leave, as sacred things, untouch'd, and
on

Go with all fit care of your home, alone,
(Though through some sufferance) you yet
safe shall land

In wished Ithaca. But if impious hand
You lay on those herds to their hurts, I
then

Presage sure ruin to thy ship and men.
If thou escapest thyself, extending home

Thy long'd-for landing, thou shalt loaded
come

With store of losses, most exceeding late,
And not consorted with a saved mate.'

This said, the golden-throned Aurora
rose,

She her way went, and I did mine dispose
Up to my ship, weigh'd anchor, and
away.

When reverend Circe help'd us to convey
Our vessel safe, by making well inclined

A seaman's true companion, a forewind,
With which she fill'd our sails ; when,
fitting all

Our arms close by us, I did sadly fall
To grave relation what concern'd in fate

My friends to know, and told them that the
state

Of our affairs' success, which Circe had
Presaged to me alone, must yet be made

To one nor only two known, but to all ;
That, since their lives and deaths were left
to fall

In their elections, they might life elect,
And give what would preserve it fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to fly
The heavenly-singing Sirens' harmony,
And flower-adorned meadow ; and that I

Had charge to hear their song, but fetter'd fast

In bands, unfavour'd, to th' erected mast ;
From whence, if I should pray, or use
command,

To be enlarged, they should with much
more band

Contain my strugglings. This I simply
told

To each particular, nor would withhold
What most enjoin'd mine own affection's
stay,

That theirs the rather might be taught t'
obey.

In meantime flew our ships, and straight
we fetch'd

The Sirens' isle ; a spleenless wind so
stretch'd

Her wings to waft us, and so urged our
keel.

But having reach'd this isle, we could not
feel

The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead,
And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread ;
The Sirens' devil charm'd all. Up then
flew

My friends to work, strook sail, together
drew,

And under hatches stow'd them, sat, and
plied

Their polish'd oars, and did in curls divide
The white-head waters. My part then came
on :

A mighty waxen cake I set upon,
Chopp'd it in fragments with my sword,
and wrought

With strong hand every piece, till all were
soft.

The great power of the sun, in such a beam
As then flew burning from his diadem,

To liquefaction help'd us. Orderly
I stopp'd their ears ; and they as fair did
ply

My feet and hands with cords, and to the
mast

With other halsers made me soundly fast.

Then took they seat, and forth our
passage strook,

The foamy sea beneath their labour shook.
Row'd on, in reach of an erected voice,

The Sirens soon took note, without our
noise ;

Tuned those sweet accents that made
charms so strong,

And these learn'd numbers made the
Sirens' song :

*' Come here, thou worthy of a world of
praise,*

That dost so high the Grecian glory raise ;

*Ulysses ! stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none pass'd ever but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd, and instructed more
By us, than any ever heard before.*

*For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labour'd ; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sus-
tain'd*

*By those high issues that the Gods or-
dain'd.*

*And whatsoever all the earth can show
I'll inform a knowledge of desert, we know.'*

This they gave accent in the sweetest
strain

That ever open'd an enamour'd vein.

When my constrain'd heart needs would
have mine ear

Yet more delighted, force way forth, and
hear.

To which end I commanded with all sign
Stern looks could make (for not a joint of
mine

Had power to stir) my friends to rise, and
give

My limbs free way. They freely strived to
drive

Their ship still on. When, far from will to
loose,

Eurylochus and Perimedes rose

To wrap me surer, and oppress'd me more
With many a halser than had use before.

When, rowing on without the reach of
sound,

My friends unstopp'd their ears, and me
unbound,

And that isle quite we quitted. But
again

Fresh fears employ'd us. I beheld a main
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend,

A horrid murmur hearing. Every friend
Astonish'd sat ; from every hand his oar

Fell quite forsaken, with the dismal roar
Where all things there made echoes : stone-

still stood

Our ship itself, because the ghastly flood
Took all men's motions from her in their

own.

I through the ship went, labouring up and
down

My friends' recover'd spirits. One by one
I gave good words, and said : That well

were known

These ills to them before ; I told them all ;
And that these could not prove more

capital

Than those the Cyclop block'd us up in ;
yet

My virtue, wit, and heaven-help'd counsels
set

Their freedoms open. I could not believe
 But they remember'd it, and wish'd them
 give
 My equal care and means now equal trust.
 The strength they had for stirring up they
 must
 Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid
 His powers in theirs up, and would add his
 aid
 To scape even that death. In particular
 then,
 I told our pilot, that past other men
 He most must bear firm spirits, since he
 sway'd
 The continent that all our spirits convey'd,
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there
 boil
 The fiery whirlpools that to all our spoil
 Inclosed a rock, without which he must
 steer,
 Or all our ruins stood concluded there.
 All heard me and obey'd, and little
 knew
 That, shunning that rock, six of them
 should rue
 The wrack another hid. For I conceal'd
 The heavy wounds, that never would be
 heal'd,
 To be by Scylla open'd; for their fear
 Would then have robb'd all of all care to
 steer,
 Or stir an oar, and made them hide
 beneath;
 When they and all had died an idle death.
 But then even I forgot to shun the harm
 Circe forewarn'd; who will'd I should not
 arm,
 Nor shew myself to Scylla, lest in vain
 I ventured life. Yet could not I contain,
 But arm'd at all parts, and two lances took,
 Up to the foredeck went, and thence did
 look
 That rocky Scylla would have first ap-
 pear'd
 And taken my life with the friends I fear'd.
 From thence yet no place could afford
 her sight,
 Though through the dark rock mine eye
 threw her light,
 And ransack'd all ways. I then took a
 strait
 That gave myself, and some few more,
 receipt
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; whence we
 saw
 How horridly Charybdis' throat did draw
 The brackish sea up, which when all
 abroad
 She spit again out, never caldron sod
 With so much fervour, fed with all the
 store
 That could enrage it; all the rock did roar
 With troubled waters; round about the
 tops
 Of all the steep crags flew the foamy
 drops,
 But when her draught the sea and earth
 dissunder'd,
 The troubled bottoms turn'd up, and she
 thunder'd,
 Far under shore the swart sands naked
 lay.
 Whose whole stern sight the startled blood
 did fray
 From all our faces. And while we on her
 Our eyes bestow'd thus to our rum's fear,
 Six friends had Scylla snatch'd out of our
 keel,
 In whom most loss did force and virtue
 feel.
 When looking to my ship, and lending eye
 To see my friends' estates, their heels
 turn'd high,
 And hands cast up, I might discern, and
 hear
 Their calls to me for help, when now they
 were
 To try me in their last extremities.
 And as an angler medicine for surprise
 Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks,
 From out the crook'd horn of a fold-bred
 ox,
 And then with his long angle hoists them
 high
 Up to the air, then sleightly hurls them by,
 When helpless sprawling on the land they
 lie;
 So easely Scylla to her rock had rapt
 My woful friends, and so unhelp'd, en-
 trapt
 Struggling they lay beneath her violent
 rape;
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape,
 Shriek'd as she tore, and up their hands to
 me
 Still threw for sweet life. I did never see,
 In all my sufferance ransacking the seas,
 A spectacle so full of miseries.
 Thus having fled these rocks (these cruel
 dames
 Scylla, Charybdis) where the king of
 flames
 Hath offerings burn'd to him, our ship put
 in
 The island that from all the earth doth win
 The epithet *Faultless*; where the broad of
 head
 And famous oxen, for the Sun are fed,

With many fat flocks of that high-gone
God.

Set in my ship, mine ear reach'd where we
rod

The bellowing of oxen, and the bleat
Of fleecy sheep, that in my memory's seat
Put up the forms that late had been im-
prest

By dread Ææean Circe, and the best
Of souls and prophets, the blind Theban
seer,

The wise Tiresias, who was grave decreer
Of my return's whole means. Of which
this one

In chief he urged; that I should always
shun

The island of the man-delighting Sun.

When, sad at heart for our late loss, I
pray'd

My friends to hear fit counsel (though
dismay'd

With all ill fortunes) which was given to
me

By Circe's and Tiresias' prophecy;

That I should fly the isle where was adored
The Comfort of the world, for ills abhorr'd
Were ambush'd for us there; and therefore
will'd

They should put off and leave the isle.
This kill'd

Their tender spirits; when Eurylochus
A speech that vex'd me utter'd, answering
thus:

'Cruel Ulysses! Since thy nerves
atound

In strength, the more spent; and no toils
confound

Thy able limbs, as all beat out of steel;

Thou ablest us too, as unapt to feel

The teeth of Labour and the spoil of Sleep,
And therefore still wet waste us in the
deep;

Nor let us land to eat, but madly now

In night put forth, and leave firm land to
strow

The sea with errors. All the rabid flight
Of winds that ruin ships are bred in night.

Who is it that can keep off cruel Death,
If suddenly should rush out th' angry
breath

Of Notus, or the eager-spirited West?

That cuff ships dead, and do the Gods
their best!

Serve black Night still with shore, meat,
sleep, and ease,

And offer to the Morning for the seas.'

This all the rest approved, and then
knew I

That past all doubt the devil did apply

His slaughterous works. Nor would they
be withheld;

I was but one, nor yielded but compell'd,
But all that might contain them I assay'd,
A sacred oath on all their powers I laid,
That if with herds or any richest flocks
We chanced t' encounter, neither sheep
nor ox

We once should touch, nor (for that
constant ill

That follows folly) scorn advice and kill,
But quiet sit us down and take such food
As the immortal Circe had bestow'd.

They swore all this in all severest sort;
And then we anchor'd in the winding port,
Near a fresh river, where the long'd-for
shore

They all flew out to, took in victuals' store,
And, being full, thought of their friends,
and wept

Their loss by Scylla, weeping till they
slept.

In night's third part, when stars began
to stoop,

The Cloud-assembler put a tempest up.
A boisterous spirit he gave it, drove out all
His flocks of clouds, and let such darkness
fall

That Earth and Seas, for fear, to hide were
driven.

For with his clouds he thrust out Night
from heaven.

At morn we drew our ships into a cave,
In which the Nymphs that Phœbus' cattle
drape

Fair dancing-rooms had, and their seats of
state.

I urged my friends then, that, to shun their
fate,

They would observe their oath, and take
the food

Our ship afforded, nor attempt the blood
Of those fair herds and flocks; because
they were

That dreadful God's that all could see and
hear.

They stood observant, and in that good
mind

Had we been gone; but so adverse the
wind

Stood to our passage, that we could not
go.

For one whole month perpetually did
blow

Impetuous Notus; not a breath's repair
But his and Eururus' ruled in all the air.

As long yet as their ruddy wine and bread
Stood out amongst them, so long not a
head

Of all those oxen fell in any strife
 Amongst those students for the gut and
 life.
 But when their victuals fail'd they fell to
 prey,
 Necessity compell'd them then to stray
 In rape of fish and fowl; whatever came
 In reach of hand or hook, the belly's flame
 Afflicted to it. I then fell to prayer,
 And (making to a close retreat repair,
 Free from both friends and winds) I wash'd
 my hands,
 And all the Gods besought, that held com-
 mands
 In liberal heaven, to yield some mean to
 stay
 Their desperate hunger, and set up the
 way
 Of our return restrain'd. The Gods, in-
 stead
 Of giving what I pray'd for, power of deed,
 A deedless sleep did on my lids distill,
 For mean to work upon my friends their
 fill.
 For whiles I slept, there waked no mean
 to curb
 Their headstrong wants; which he that
 did disturb
 My rule in chief at all times, and was chief
 To all the rest in counsel to their grief,
 Knew well, and of my present absence
 took
 His fit advantage, and their iron strook
 At highest heat. For, feeling their desire
 In his own entrails, to allay the fire
 That Famine blew in them, he thus gave
 way
 To that affection: 'Hear what I shall say,
 Though words will stanch no hunger,
 every death
 To us poor wretches that draw temporal
 breath
 You know is hateful; but, all know, to die
 The death of Famine is a misery
 Past all death loathsome. Let us, therefore
 take
 The chief of this fair herd, and offerings
 make
 To all the deathless that in broad heaven
 live;
 And in particular vow, if we arrive
 In natural Ithaca, to straight erect
 A temple to the haughty-in-aspect,
 Rich and magnificent, and all within
 Deck it with relics many and divine.
 If yet he stands incensed, since we have
 slain
 His high-brow'd herd, and, therefore, will
 sustain

Desire to wrack our ship, he is but one;
 And all the other Gods that we atone
 With our divine rites will their suffrage
 give
 To our design'd return, and let us live.
 If not, and all take part, I rather crave
 To serve with one sole death the yawning
 wave,
 Than in a desert island lie and sterve,
 And with one pined life many deaths ob-
 serve.'
 All cried 'He counsels nobly,' and all
 speed
 Made to their resolute driving; for the feed
 Of those coal-black, fair, broad-brow'd,
 sun-loved beeves
 Had place close by our ships. They took
 the lives
 Of seven, most eminent; about their fall
 Stood round, and to the States celestial
 Made solemn vows; but other rites their
 ship
 Could not afford them, they did, therefore,
 strip
 The curl'd-head oak of fresh young leaves,
 to make
 Supply of service for their barley-cake.
 And on the sacredly-enflamed, for wine,
 Pour'd purest water, all the parts divine
 Spitting and roasting; all the rites beside
 Orderly using. Then did light divide
 My low and upper lids; when, my repair
 Made near my ship, I met the delicate air
 Their roast exhaled. Out instantly I cried,
 And said: 'O Jove, and all ye Deified,
 Ye have oppress'd me with a cruel sleep,
 While ye conferr'd on me a loss as deep
 As Death descends to. To themselves
 alone
 My rude men left ungovern'd, they have
 done
 A deed so impious, I stand well assured,
 That you will not forgive though ye pro-
 cured.'
 Then flew Lampetie with the ample robe
 Up to her father with the golden globe,
 Ambadress t' inform him that my men
 Had slain his oxen. Heart-incensed then,
 He cried: 'Revenge me, Father, and the
 rest
 Both ever-living and for ever blest.
 Ulysses' impious men have drawn the blood
 Of those my oxen, that it did me good
 To look on, walking all my starry round,
 And when I trod earth all with meadows
 crown'd.
 Without your full amends I'll leave heaven
 quite;
 Dis and the dead adorning with my light,

The Cloud-herd answer'd : ' Son! thou shalt be ours,
 And light those mortals in that mine of flowers ;
 My red-hot flash shall graze but on their ship,
 And eat it, burning, in the boiling deep.'
 This by Calypso I was told, and she Inform'd it from the verger Mercury.
 Come to our ship, I chid and told by name
 Each man how impiously he was to blame.
 But chiding got no peace ; the beeves were slain,
 When straight the Gods forewent their following pain
 With dire ostents. The hides the flesh had lost
 Crept all before them. As the flesh did roast,
 It bellow'd like the ox itself alive.
 And yet my soldiers did their dead beeves drive
 Through all these prodigies in daily feasts.
 Six days they banqueted and slew fresh beasts ;
 And when the seventh day Jove reduced the wind
 That all the month raged, and so in did bind
 Our ship and us, was turn'd and calm'd,
 and we
 Launch'd, put up masts, sails hoised, and to sea.
 The island left so far that land nowhere
 But only sea and sky had power t' appear,
 Jove fix'd a cloud above our ship, so black
 That all the sea it darken'd. Yet from wrack
 She ran a good free time, till from the West
 Came Cephyr ruffling forth, and put his breast
 Out in a singing tempest, so most vast
 It burst the gables that made sure our mast :
 Our masts came tumbling down ; our cattle down
 Rush'd to the pump, and by our pilot's crown
 The main-mast pass'd his fall, pash'd all his skull,
 And all this wrack but one flaw made at full,
 Off from the stern the sternsman diving fell,
 And from his sinews flew his soul to hell.

Together all this time Jove's thunder chid,
 And through and through the ship his lightning glid,
 Till it embraced her round ; her bulk was fill'd
 With nasty sulphur, and her men were kill'd,
 Tumbled to sea, like sea-mews swum about,
 And there the date of their return was out.
 I toss'd from side to side still, till all broke
 Her ribs were with the storm, and she did choke
 With let-in surges ; for the mast torn down
 Tore her up piecemeal, and for me to drown
 Left little undissolved. But to the mast
 There was a leather thong left, which I cast
 About it and the keel, and so sat tost
 With baneful weather, till the West had lost
 His stormy tyranny. And then arose
 The South, that bred me more abhorred woes ;
 For back again his blasts expell'd me quite
 On ravenous Charybdis. All that night
 I totter'd up and down, till Light and I
 At Scylla's rock encounter'd, and the nigh
 Dreadful Charybdis. As I drave on these,
 I saw Charybdis supping up the seas,
 And had gone up together, if the tree
 That bore the wild figs had not rescued me ;
 To which I leapt, and left my keel, and high
 Clambering upon it did as close imply
 My breast about it as a reremouse could ;
 Yet might my feet on no stub fasten hold
 To ease my hands ; the roots were crept so low
 Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow
 The far-spread arms that (though good height I gat)
 I could not reach them. To the main bole flat
 I therefore still must cling ; till up again
 She belch'd my mast, and after that amain
 My keel came tumbling. So at length it chanced
 To me, as to a judge that long advanced
 To judge a sort of hot young fellows' jars,
 At length time frees him from their civil wars,
 When glad he riseth and to dinner goes ;
 So time, at length, released with joys my woes,

And from Charybdis' mouth appear'd my
keel.

To which, my hand now loosed and now
my heel,

I altogether with a huge noise dropp'd ;
Just in her midst fell, where the mast was
propp'd ;

And there row'd off with owers of my hands.
God and man's Father would not from her
sands

Let Scylla see me ; for I then had died
That bitter death that my poor friends
supplied.

Nine days at sea I hover'd ; the tenth
night

In th' isle Ogygia, where, about the bright
And right renown'd Calypso, I was cast
By power of Deity ; where I lived embraced
With love and feasts. But why should I
relate

Those kind occurrents ? I should iterate
What I in part to your chaste queen and
you

So late imparted. And, for me to grow
A talker over of my tale again,
Were past my free contentment to sustain."

THE END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

Opus novem dierum.

Idv Gop.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES (shipp'd, but in the even,
With all the presents he was given,
And sleeping then) is set next morn
In full scope of his wish'd return,
And treads unknown his country-shore,
Whose search so many winters wore.
The ship (returning, and arrived
Against the city) is deprived
Of form; and, all her motion gone,
Transform'd by Neptune to a stone.

Ulysses (let to know the strand
Where the Phœaciens made him land)
Consults with Pallas, for the life
Of every wooer of his wife.
His gifts she hides within a cave,
And him into a man more grave,
All hid in wrinkles, crooked, gray,
Transform'd; who so goes on his way.

ANOTHER.

Nō. Phœacia
Ulysses leaves:
Whom Ithaca,
Unwares, receives.

HE said; and silence all their tongues
contain'd,
In admiration, when with pleasure chain'd
Their ears had long been to him. At last
brake
Alcinous silence, and in this sort spake
To th' Ithacensian, Laertes' son:
"O Ithacus! However over-run
With former sufferings in your way for
home,
Since 'twas, at last, your happy fate to come
To my high-roof'd and brass-foundation'd
house,
I hope, such speed and pass auspicious
Our loves shall yield you, that you shall
no more
Wander, nor suffer, homewards, as before.
You then, whoever that are ever
graced
With all choice of authorized power to taste
Such wine with me as warms the sacred
rage,
And is an honorary* given to age,

* *Ἐποῖσιος οἶνος, quod pro honorario senibus datur.* And because the word so Englished hath no other to express it, sounding well, and helping our language, it is here used.

With which ye likewise hear divinely sing,
In honour's praise, the poet of the king,
I move, by way of my command, to this:
That where in an elaborate chest there
lies

A present for our guest, attires of price,
And gold engraven with infinite device;
I wish that each of us should add beside
A tripod, and a caldron, amplified
With size, and metal of most rate, and
great;

For we, in council of taxation met,
Will from our subjects gain their worth
again;

Since 'tis unequal one man should sustain
A charge so weighty, being the grace of all,
Which borne by many is a weight but
small."

Thus spake Alcinous, and pleased the
rest;

When each man closed with home and
sleep his feast.

But when the colour-giving light arose,
All to the ship did* all their speeds dis-
pose,

And wealth, thatt honest men makes,
brought with them.

All which even he that wore the diadem
Stow'd in the ship himself, beneath the
seats

The rowers sat in; stooping, lest their lets
In any of their labours he might prove.

Then home he turn'd, and after him did
move

The whole assembly to expected feast.

Among whom he a sacrifice addrest
And slew an ox to weather-wielding Jove;
Beneath whose empire all things are, and
move.

The thighs then roasting, they made
glorious cheer,

Delighted highly; and amongst them there
The honour'd-of-the-people used his voice,
Divine Demodocus. Yet, through this
choice

Of cheer and music, had Ulysses still
An eye directed to the Eastern hill,

* Intending in chief the senators, with every man's addition of gift.

† *Εὐνοῖα καλῶν, bene honestos facient as.*

To see him rising that illustrates all.
For now into his mind a fire did fall
Of thirst for home. And as in hungry
vow

To needful food a man at fixed plow
(To whom the black ox all day long hath
turn'd

The stubborn fallows up, his stomach
burn'd

With empty heat and appetite to food,
His knees afflicted with his spirit-spent
blood)

At length the long-expected sun-set sees,
That he may sit to food, and rest his
knees ;

So to Ulysses set the friendly light
The sun afforded, with as wish'd a sight.
Who straight bespake that oar-affecting
State ;

But did in chief his speech appropriate
To him by name, that with their rule was
crown'd.

" Alcinous ! of all men most renown'd,
Dismiss me with as safe pass as you vow
(Your offering past), and may the Gods to
you

In all contentment use as full a hand ;
For now my landing here and stay shall
stand

In all perfection with my heart's desire,
Both my so safe deduction to aspire,
And loving gifts ; which may the Gods to
me

As blest in use make as your acts are free ;
Even to the finding firm in love and life,
With all desired event, my friends and
wife.

When, as myself shall live delighted there,
May you with your wives rest as happy
here,

Your sons and daughters, in particular
state,

With every virtue render'd consummate ;
And, in your general empire, may ill never
Approach your land ; but good your good
quit ever."

This all applauded, and all jointly cried :
" Dismiss the stranger : He hath dignified
With fit speech his dismissal." Then the
king

Thus charged the herald : " Fill for
offering

A bowl of wine ; which through the whole
large house

Dispose to all men ; that, propitious

Our father Jove made with our prayers, we
may

Give home our guest in full and wished
way."

This said, Pontonous commix'd a bowl
Of such sweet wine as did delight the
soul.

Which making sacred to the blessed
Gods,

That hold in broad heaven their supreme
abodes,

God-like Ulysses from his chair arose,
And in the hands of th' empress did im-
pose

The all-round cup ; to whom (fair spoke)
he said :

" Rejoice, O Queen, and be your joys
repaid

By heaven, for me, till age and death
succeed ;

Both which inflict their most unwelcome
need

On men and dames alike. And, first, for
me,

I must from hence, to both : Live you here
free.

And ever may all living blessings spring ;
Your joy in children, subjects, and your
king."

This said, divine Ulysses took his way ;
Before whom the unalterable sway
Of king Alcinous' virtue did command
A herald's fit attendance to the strand
And ship appointed. With him likewise
went

Handmaids, by Arete's injunction sent.
One bore an out and in-weed, fair and
sweet,

The other an embroider'd cabinet,
The third had bread to bear, and ruddy
wine ;

All which, at sea and ship arrived, resign
Their freight conferr'd. With fair atten-
dants then,

The sheets and bedding of the man of
men,

Within a cabin of the hollow keel,
Spread, and made soft ; that sleep might
sweetly seel

His restless eyes ; he enter'd, and his bed
In silence took. The rowers ordered

Themselves in several seats, and then set
gone

The ship ; the gable from the hollow
stone

Dissolved, and weigh'd-up ; all, together,
close

Then beat the sea. His lids in sweet re-
pose

Sleep bound so fast, it scarce gave way to
breath

Inexcitable, most dear, next of all to
death.

And as amidst a fair field four brave horse
 Before a chariot, stung into their course
 With fervent lashes of the smarting
 scourge,
 That all their fire blows high, and makes
 them urge
 To utmost speed the measure of their
 ground ;
 So bore the ship aloft her fiery bound ;
 About whom rush'd the billows black and
 vast,
 In which the sea-roars burst. As firm as
 fast
 She plied her course yet ; nor her winged
 speed
 The falcon gentle could for pace exceed ;
 So cut she through the waves, and bore a
 man
 Even with the Gods in counsels ; that began
 And spent his former life in all misaise ;
 Battles of men, and rude waves of the
 seas ;
 Yet now securely slept, forgetting all.
 And when heaven's brightest star, that first
 doth call
 The early morning out, advanced her
 head,
 Then near to Ithaca the billow-bred
 Phæacian ship approach'd. There is a
 port,
 That th' aged sea-God Phorcys makes his
 fort,
 Whose earth the Ithacensian people own.
 In which two rocks inaccessible are grown
 Far forth into the sea, whose each strength
 binds
 The boisterous waves in from the high-
 flown winds
 On both the out-parts so, that all within
 The well-built ships, that once their har-
 bour win
 In his calm bosom, without anchor rest,
 Safe, and unstirr'd. From forth the haven's
 high crest
 Branch the well-brawn'd arms of an olive-
 tree ;
 Beneath which runs a cave from all sun
 free,
 Cool, and delightful, sacred to th' access
 Of Nymphs whose surnames are the
 Naiades ;
 In which flew humming bees, in which lay
 thrown
 Stone cups, stone vessels, shittles, all of
 stone ;
 With which the Nymphs their purple
 mantles wove,
 In whose contexture art and wonder
 strove.

In which pure springs perpetually ran ;
 To which two entries were ; the one for
 man,
 On which the North breathed ; th' other
 for the gods,
 On which the South ; and that bore no
 abodes
 For earthy men, but only deathless feet
 Had there free way. This port these men
 thought meet
 To land Ulysses, being the first they knew.
 Drew then their ship in, but no further drew
 Than half her bulk reach'd, by such
 cunning hand
 Her course was managed. Then her men
 took land,
 And first brought forth Ulysses, bed, and
 all
 That richly furnish'd it, he still in thrall
 Of all-subduing sleep. Upon the sand
 They set him softly down ; and then the
 strand
 They strew'd with all the goods he had,
 bestow'd
 By the renown'd Phæacians, since he
 show'd
 So much Minerva. At the olive root
 They drew them then in heap, most far
 from foot
 Of any traveller ; lest, ere his eyes
 Resumed their charge, they might be
 others' prize.
 These then turn'd home ; nor was the
 sea's supreme
 Forgetful of his threats, for Polypheme
 Bent at divine Ulysses, yet would prove
 (Ere their performance) the decree of Jove.
 " Father ! no more the Gods shall honour
 me,
 Since men despise me, and those men that
 see
 The light in lineage of mine own loved
 race.*
 I vow'd Ulysses should, before the grace
 Of his return, encounter woes enow
 To make that purchase dear ; yet did not
 vow
 Simply against it, since thy brow had bent
 'To his reduction, in the fore-consent
 Thou hadst vouchsafed it ; yet, before my
 mind
 Hath full power on him, the Phæacians
 find
 Their own minds' satisfaction with his
 pass ;
 So far from suffering what my pleasure was,

* The Phæacians were descended originally
 from Neptune.

That ease and softness now is habited
 In his secure breast : and his careless head
 Return'd in peace of sleep to Ithaca.
 The brass and gold of rich Phæacia
 Rocking his temples ; garments richly
 woven,
 And worlds of prize, more than was ever
 stroven
 From all the conflicts he sustain'd at Troy,
 If safe he should his full share there enjoy."
 The shower-dissolver answer'd : " What
 a speech
 Hath pass'd thy palate, O thou great in
 reach
 Of wrackful empire ! Far the Gods remain
 From scorn of thee ; for 'twere a work of
 pain
 To prosecute with ignominies one
 That sways our ablest and most ancient
 throne.
 For men, if any so beneath in power
 Neglect thy high will, now or any hour
 That moves hereafter, take revenge to thee,
 Soothe all thy will and be thy pleasure
 free."
 " Why then," said he, " thou blacker of
 the fumes
 That dim the sun, my licensed power
 resumes
 Act from thy speech ; but I observe so
 much
 And fear thy pleasure, that, I dare not
 touch
 At any inclination of mine own,
 Till thy consenting influence be known.
 But now this curious-built Phæacian ship,
 Returning from her convoy, I will strip
 Of all her fleeting matter, and to stone
 Transform and fix it (just when she hath
 gone
 Her full time home, and jets before their
 prease
 In all her trim) amidst the sable seas,
 That they may cease to convoy strangers
 still,
 When they shall see so like a mighty hill
 Their glory stick before their city's grace,
 And my* hands cast a mask before her
 face."
 " O friend," said Jove, " it shews to me
 the best
 Of all earth's objects, that their whole
 prease, drest
 In all their wonder, near their town shall
 stand,
 And stare upon a stone, so near the land,

So like a ship, and dam up all their lights,
 As if a mountain interposed their sights."
 When Neptune heard this, he for Scheria
 went,
 Whence the Phæacians took their first
 descent.
 Which when he reach'd, and, in her
 swiftest pride,
 The water-treader by the city's side
 Came cutting close, close he came swiftly
 on,
 Took her in violent hand, and to a stone
 Turn'd all her sylvan substance ; all below
 Firm'd her with roots, and left her. This
 strange show
 When the Phæacians saw, they stupid
 stood,
 And ask'd each other, who amidst the flood
 Could fix their ship so in her full-speed
 home,
 And quite transparent make her bulk
 become?
 Thus talk'd they ; but were far from
 knowing how
 These things had issue. Which their king
 did show,
 And said : " O friends, the ancient pro-
 phecies
 My father told to me, to all our eyes
 Are now in proof. He said, the time would
 come,
 When Neptune, for our safe conducting
 home
 All sorts of strangers, out of envy fired,
 Would meet our fairest ship as she retired,
 And all the goodly shape and speed we
 boast
 Should like a mountain stand before us
 lost
 Amidst the moving waters ; which we see
 Perform'd in full end to our prophecy.
 Hear then my counsel, and obey me then :
 Renounce henceforth our convoy home of
 men,
 Whoever shall hereafter greet our town ;
 And to th' offended Deity's renown
 Twelve chosen oxen let us sacred make,
 That he may pity us, and from us take
 This shady mountain. They, in fear,
 obey'd,
 Slew all the beeves, and to the Godhead
 pray'd ;
 The dukes and princes all ensphering
 round
 The sacred altar ; while whose tops were
 crown'd,
 Divine Ulysses, on his country's breast
 Laid bound in sleep, now rose out of his
 rest :

* Ἀμφικάλπτω, *superinjicit aliquid tan-
 quam tegmen seu operimentum.*

Nor (being so long removed) the region knew.

Besides which absence yet, Minerva threw
A cloud about him, to make strange the more

His safe arrival, lest upon his shore
He should make known his face, and utter all

That might prevent th' event that was to fall.

Which she prepared so well, that not his wife,

Presented to him, should perceive his life ;
No citizen, no friend, till righteous fate
Upon the wooers' wrongs were consummate.

Through which cloud all things show'd
now to the king

Of foreign fashion : the enflower'd spring
Amongst the trees there ; the perpetual waves ;

The rocks, that did more high their fore-
heads raise

To his rapt eye than naturally they did ;
And all the haven, in which a man seem'd
hid

From wind and weather, when storms
loudest chid.

He therefore, being risen, stood and
view'd

His country earth ; which, not perceived,
he rued ;

And, striking with his hurl'd-down hands
his thighs,

He mourn'd, and said : " O me ! Again
where lies

My desert way ? To wrongful men and
rude,

And with no laws of human right endued ?
Or are they human, and of holy minds ?

What fits my deed with these so many
kinds

Of goods late given ? What with myself
will floods

And errors do ? I would to God, these
goods

Had rested with their owners ; and that I
Had fall'n on kings of more regality,

To grace out my return, that loved indeed,
And would have given me consorts of fit
speed

To my distresses' ending ! But, as now
All knowledge flies me where I may bestow

My labour'd purchase : here they shall not
stay,

Lest what I cared for, others make their
prey.

O Gods ! I see the great Phæacians then
Were not all just and understanding men ;

That land me elsewhere than their vaults
pretended ;

Assuring me my country should see ended
My miseries told them, yet now eat their
vaults.

O Jove ! great Guardian of poor sup-
pliants,

That others sees, and notes too, shutting in
All in thy plagues that most presume on
sin,

Revenge me on them. Let me number
now

The goods they gave, to give my mind to
know

If they have stolen none in their close
retreat."

The goodly caldrons then, and tripods,
set

In several ranks from out the heap, he told.
His rich wrought garments too, and all his
gold,

And nothing lack'd ; and yet this man did
mourn

The but supposed miss of his home return,
And creeping to the shore with much com-
plaint ;

Minerva (like a shepherd, young, and
quaint,

As kings' sons are, a double mantle cast
Athwart his shoulders, his fair goers
graced

With fitted shoes, and in his hand a dart)
Appear'd to him, whose sight rejoiced his
heart.

To whom he came, and said : " O friend !
Since first

I meet your sight here, be all good the
worst

That can join our encounter. Fare you
fair,

Nor with adverse mind welcome my re-
pair,

But guard these goods of mine, and
succour me.

As to a God I offer prayers to thee,
And low access make to thy loved knee.

Say truth, that I may know, what country
then,

What common people live here, and what
men ?

Some famous isle is this ? Or gives it vent,
Being near the sea, to some rich conti-
nent ?"

She answer'd : " Stranger, whatsoever
you are,

Y'are either foolish, or come passing far,
That know not this isle, and make that
doubt trouble,

For 'tis not so exceedingly ignoble,

But passing many know it ; and so many,
That of all nations there abides not any,
From where the morning rises and the sun,
To where the even and night their courses
run,

But know this country. Rocky 'tis, and
rough,

And so for use of horse unapt enough,
Yet with sad* barrenness not much in-
fested,

Since clouds are here in frequent rains
digested,

And flowery dews. The compass is not
great,

The little yet well-fill'd with wine and
wheat.

It feeds a goat and ox well, being still
Water'd with floods, that ever over-fill
With heaven's continual showers ; and
wooded so,

It makes a spring of all the kinds that
grow.

And therefore, Stranger, the extended
name

Of this dominion makes access by fame
From this extreme part of Achaia
As far as Ilion, and 'tis Ithaca."

This joy'd him much, that so unknown
a land

Turn'd to his country. Yet so wise a hand
He carried, even of this joy, flown so high
That other end he put to his reply

Than straight to show that joy, and lay
abroad

His life to strangers. Therefore he be-
stow'd

A veil on truth ; for evermore did wind
About his bosom a most crafty mind,

Which thus his words show'd : " I have
far at sea,

In spacious Crete, heard speak of Ithaca,
Of which myself, it seems, now reach the
shore,

With these my fortunes ; whose whole
value more

I left in Crete amongst my children there,
From whence I fly for being the slaughterer
Of royal Idomen's most-loved son,

Swift-foot Orsilochus, that could out-run
Profess'd men for the race. Yet him I
slew,

Because he would deprive me of my due
In Trojan prize ; for which I suffer'd so

(The rude waves piercing) the redoubled
woe

Of mind and body in the wars of men.
Nor did I gratify his father then

With any service, but, as well as he
Sway'd in command of other soldiery,
So, with a friend withdrawn, we waylaid
him,

When gloomy night the cope of heaven
did dim,

And no man knew ; but, we lodged close,
he came,

And I put out to him his vital flame,
Whose slaughter having author'd with my

sword,

I instant flight made, and straight fell
aboard

A ship of the renown'd Phœnician state ;
When prayer, and pay at a sufficient rate,
Obtain'd my pass of men in her command ;

Whom I enjoin'd to set me on the land
Of Pylos, or of Elis the divine,

Where the Epeians in great empire shine.
But force of weather check'd that course to

them,

Though (loth to fail me) to their most ex-
treme

They spent their willing powers. But,
forced from thence,

We err'd, and put in here, with much
expense

Of care and labour ; and in dead of night,
When no man there served any appetite

So much as with the memory of food,
Though our estates exceeding needstood.

But, going ashore, we lay ; when gentle
sleep

My weary powers invaded, and from ship
They fetching these my riches, with just

hand

About me laid them, while upon the sand
Sleep bound my senses ; and for Sidon

they

(Put off from hence) made sail, while here
I lay,

Left sad alone." The Goddess laugh'd,
and took

His hand in hers, and with another look
(Assuming then the likeness of a dame,
Lovely and goodly, expert in the frame

Of virtuous housewiferies) she answer'd
thus :

" He should be passing sly, and covetous
Of stealth,* in men's deceits, that coted
thee

In any craft, though any God should be
Ambitious to exceed in subtilty,

Thou still-wit-varying wretch ! Insatiate
In over-reaches : Not secure thy state

* *Ἐπίκλοτος, furandi avidus.*

† *Σχέδια ποικιλομήτα, varia et multiplicia habens consilia.*

* *Αυτρός, velut tritix, jejunaque naturā.*

Without these wiles, though on thy native shore
 Thou sett'st safe footing? but upon thy shore
 Of false words still spend, that even from thy birth
 Have been thy best friends? Come, our either worth
 Is known to either. Thou of men art far,
 For words and counsels, the most singular;
 But I above the Gods in both may boast
 My still-tried faculties. Yet thou hast lost
 The knowledge even of me, the seed of Jove,
 Pallas Athenia, that have still out-strove
 In all thy labours their extremes, and stood
 Thy sure guard ever, making all thy good
 Known to the good Phæacians, and received.
 And now again I greet thee, to see weaved
 Fresh counsels for thee; and will take on me
 The close reserving of these goods for thee,
 Which the renown'd Phæacian States bestow'd
 At thy deduction homewards, only moved
 With my both spirit and counsel. All which grace
 I now will amplify, and tell what case
 Thy household stands in; uttering all those pains
 That of mere need yet still must rack thy veins.
 Do thou then freely bear, nor one word give
 To man nor dame to shew thou yet dost live,
 But silent suffer over all again
 Thy sorrows past, and bear the wrongs of men."
 "Goddess," said he, "unjust men, and unwise,
 That author injuries and vanities,
 By vanities and wrongs should rather be
 Bound to this ill-bearing destiny,
 Than just and wise men. What delight hath heaven,
 That lives unhurt itself, to suffer given
 Up to all damage those poor few that strive
 To imitate it, and like the Deities live?
 But where you wonder that I know you not
 Through all your changes, that skill is not got

By sleight or art, since thy most hard-hit face
 Is still distinguish'd by thy free-given grace.
 And therefore, truly to acknowledge thee
 In thy encounters, is a mastery
 In men most knowing; for to all men thou
 Takest several likeness. All men think they know
 Thee in their wits; but, since thy seeming view
 Appears to all, and yet thy truth to few,
 Through all thy changes to discern thee right
 Asks chief love to thee, and inspired light.
 But this I surely know; that some years past,
 I have been often with thy presence graced,
 All time the sons of Greece waged war at Troy;
 But when Fate's full hour let our swords enjoy
 Our vows in sack of Priam's lofty town,
 Our ships all boarded, and when God had blown
 Our fleet in sunder, I could never see
 The seed of Jove, nor once distinguish thee
 Boarding my ship, to take one woe from me.
 But only in my proper spirit involved,
 Err'd here and there, quite slain, till heaven dissolved
 Me, and my ill; which chanced not, till thy grace
 By open speech confirm'd me, in a place
 Fruitful of people, where, in person, thou
 Didst give me guide, and all their city show;
 And that was the renown'd Phæacian earth.
 Now then, even by the author of thy birth,
 Vouchsafe my doubt the truth (for far it flies
 My thoughts that thus should fall into mine eyes
 Conspicuous Ithaca, but fear I touch
 At some far shore, and that thy wit is such
 Thou dost delude me) is it sure the same
 Most honour'd earth that bears my country's name?"
 "I see," said she, "thou wilt be ever thus
 In every worldly good incredulous.
 And therefore have no more the power to see
 Frail life more plagued with infelicity
 In one so eloquent, ingenious, wise,
 Another man, that so long miseries

Had kept from his loved home, and thus
return'd

To see his house, wife, children, would
have burn'd

In headlong lust to visit. Yet t' inquire
What states they hold, affects not thy
desire,

Till thou hast tried if in thy wife there be
A sorrow wasting days and nights for thee
In loving tears, that then the sight may
prove

A full reward for either's mutual love.
But I would never credit in you both
Least cause of sorrow; but well knew the
troth

Of this thine own return, though all thy
friends,

I knew as well, should make returnless
ends.

Yet would not cross mine uncle Neptune so
To stand their safeguard, since so high did
go

His wrath for thy extinction of the eye
Of his loved son. Come then, I'll shew
thee why

I call this isle thy Ithaca, to ground
Thy credit on my words: This haven is
own'd

By th' aged sea-god Phorcys, in whose
brow

This is the olive with the ample bough,
And here, close by, the pleasant-shaded
cave

That to the Fount-Nymphs th' Ithacensians
gave,

As sacred to their pleasures. Here doth
run

The large and cover'd den, where thou hast
done

Hundreds of offerings to the Naiades.
Here Mount Neritus shakes his curled tress
Of shady woods." This said, she clear'd
the cloud

That first deceived his eyes; and all things
show'd

His country to him. Glad he stood with
sight

Of his loved soil, and kiss'd it with delight;
And instantly to all the Nymphs he paid
(With hands held up to heaven) these vows,
and said:

"Ye Nymphs the Naiades, great seed of
Jove,

I had conceit that never more should move
Your sight in these spheres of my erring
eyes;

And therefore, in the fuller sacrifice
Of my heart's gratitude, rejoice, till more
I pay your names in offerings as before;

Which here I vow, if Jove's benign descent
The mighty Pillager, with life convent
My person home, and to my saved decease
Of my loved son's sight add the sweet
increase."

"Be confident," said Pallas, "nor oppress
Thy spirits with care of these performances;
But these thy fortunes let us straight repose
In this divine cave's bosom, that may close
Reserve their value; and we then may
see
How best to order other acts to thee."

Thus enter'd she the light-excluding
cave,
And through it sought some inmost nook
to save
The gold, the great brass, and robes richly-
wrought,
Given to Ulysses. All which in he brought,
Laid down in heap; and she imposed a
stone
Close to the cavern's mouth. Then sat they
on
The sacred olive's root, consulting how
To act th' insulting wooers' overthrow;
When Pallas said: "Examine now the
means
That best may lay hand on the impudence
Of those proud wooers, that have now three
years
Thy roof's rule sway'd, and been bold
offerers
Of suit and gifts to thy renowned wife,
Who for thy absence all her desolate life
Dissolves in tears till thy desired return.
Yet all her wooers, while she thus doth
mourn,
She holds in hope, and every one affords
(In fore-sent message) promise; but her
words
Bear other utterance than her heart
approves."

"O Gods," said Ithacus, "it now be-
hoves
My fate to end me in the ill decease
That Agamemnon underwent, unless
You tell me, and in time, their close intents.
Advise then means to be revenged events
We both resolve on. Be thyself so kind
To stand close to me, and but such a mind
Breathe in my bosom, as when th' Iliion
towers
We tore in cinders. O if equal powers
Thou wouldst enflame amidst my nerves as
then,
I could encounter with three hundred men,
Thy only self, great Goddess, had to friend,
In those brave ardours thou wert wont t'
extend."

"I will be strongly with thee," answer'd she,
 "Nor must thou fail, but do thy part with me.
 When both whose powers combine, I hope the bloods
 And brains of some of these that waste thy goods
 Shall strew thy goodly pavements. Join we then ;
 I first will render thee unknown to men,
 And on thy solid lineaments make dry
 Thy now smooth skin ; thy bright-brown curls imply
 In hoary mattings ; thy broad shoulders clothe
 In such a cloak as every eye shall lothe ;
 Thy bright eyes blear and wrinkle ; and so change
 Thy form at all parts, that thou shalt be strange
 To all the wooers, thy young son, and wife.
 But to thy herdsman first present thy life,
 That guards thy swine, and wisheth well to thee,
 That loves thy son and wife Penelope.
 Thy search shall find him set aside his herd,
 That are with taste-delighting acorns rear'd,
 And drink the dark-deep water of the spring,
 Bright Arethusa, the most nourishing
 Raiser of herds. There stay, and, taking seat
 Aside thy herdsman, of the whole state treat
 Of home occurrents ; while I make access
 To fair-dame-breeding Sparta, for regress
 Of loved Telemachus, who went in quest
 Of thy loved fame, and lived the welcome guest
 Of Menelaus." The much-knower said :
 "Why wouldst not thou, in whose grave
 breast is bred
 The art to order all acts, tell in this
 His error to him ? Let those years of his
 Amids the rude seas wander, and sustain
 The woes there raging, while unworthy
 men

Devour his fortunes?" "Let not care extend
 Thy heart for him," said she, "myself did send
 His person in thy search, to set his worth,
 By good fame blown, to such a distance forth.
 Nor suffers he in any least degree
 The grief you fear ; but all variety
 That plenty can yield in her quietest fare,
 In Menelaus' court, doth sit and share.
 In whose return from home, the wooers yet
 Lay bloody ambush, and a ship have set
 To sea, to intercept his life before
 He touch again his birth's attempted shore.
 All which, my thoughts say, they shall never do,
 But rather, that the earth shall overgo
 Some one at least of these love-making men,
 By which thy goods so much impair sustain."
 Thus using certain secret words to him,
 She touch'd him with her rod ; and every limb
 Was hid all-over with a wither'd skin ;
 His bright eyes blear'd ; his brow curls white and thin ;
 And all things did an aged man present.
 Then, for his own weeds, shirt and coat,
 all-rent,
 Tann'd, and all-sootied with noisome smoke,
 She put him on ; and, over all, a cloke
 Made of a stag's huge hide, of which was worn
 The hair quite off ; a scrip, all patch'd and torn,
 Hung by a cord, oft broke and knit again ;
 And with a staff did his old limbs sustain.
 Thus having both consulted of th' event,
 They parted both ; and forth to Sparta went
 The gray-eyed Goddess, to see all things done
 That appertain'd to wise Ulysses' son.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES meets amidst the field
His swain Eumæus; who doth yield
Kind guest-rites to him, and relate
Occurrences of his wrong'd estate.

ANOTHER.

Æ. Ulysses fains
For his true good:
His pious swain's
Faith understood.

BUT he the rough way took from forth the port,
Through woods and hill-tops, seeking the resort
Where Pallas said divine Eumæus lived;
Who of the fortunes, that were first achieved
By God-like Ithacus in household rights,
Had more true care than all his prosylites.*
He found him sitting in his cottage door,
Where he had raised to every airy bore
A front of great height, and in such a place
That round ye might behold, of circular grace
A walk so wound about it; which the swain
(In absence of his far-gone sovereign)
Had built himself, without his queen's supply,
Or old Laertes', to see safely lie
His housed herd. The inner part he wrought
Of stones, that thither his own labours brought,
Which with an hedge of thorn he fenced about,
And compass'd all the hedge with pales cleft out
Of sable oak, that here and there he fix'd
Frequent and thick. Within his yard he mix'd
Twelve styes to lodge his herd; and every stye
Had room and use for fifty swine to lie;

But those were females all. The male swine slept
Without doors ever; nor was their herd kept
Fair like the females', since they suffer'd still
Great diminution, he being forced to kill
And send the fattest to the dainty feasts
Affected by th' ungodly wooing guests.
Their number therefore but three hundred were
And sixty. By them mastiffs, as austere
As savage beasts, lay ever; their fierce strain
Bred by the herdsman, a mere prince of men,
Their number four. Himself was then applied
In cutting forth a fair-hued ox's hide,
To fit his feet with shoes. His servants held
Guard of his swine; three, here and there, at field,
The fourth he sent to city with a sow,
Which must of force be offer'd to the vow
The woors made to all satiety,
To serve which still they did those offerings ply.
The fate-born dogs to bark* took sudden view
Of Odysseus, and upon him flew
With open mouth. He, cunning to appal
A fierce dog's fury, from his hand let fall
His staff to earth, and sat him careless down.
And yet to him had one foul wrong been shown
Where most his right lay; had not instantly
The herdsman let his hide fall, and his cry
(With frequent stones flung at the dogs) repell'd
This way and that their eager course they held;
When through the entry past, he thus did mourn:
"O father! How soon had you near been torn

* Πρόσωλος, *matéria adhaerens: item, qui robus mundanis deditus est.*

* Ύλακόμωρος, *ad latrandum fato quodam natus.*

By these rude dogs, whose hurt had branded me

With much neglect of you! But Deity Hath given so many other sighs and cares To my attendant state, that well unwares You might be hurt for me, for here I lie Grieving and mourning for the Majesty That, God-like, wonted to be ruling here; Since now I fat his swine for others' cheer, Where he, perhaps, errs hungry up and down,

In countries, nations, cities, all unknown; If any where he lives yet, and doth see The sun's sweet beams. But, father, follow me,

That, cheer'd with wine and food, you may disclose

From whence you truly are, and all the woes

Your age is subject to." This said, he led Into his cottage, and of osiers spread A thicken'd hurdle, on whose top he strow'd A wild-goat's shaggy skin, and then bestow'd

His own couch on it, that was soft and great.

Ulysses joy'd to see him so entreat His uncouth presence, saying: "Jove requite,

And all th' immortal Gods, with that delight

Thou most desirest, thy kind receipt of me, O friend to humane hospitality."

Eumæus answer'd: "Guest! If one much worse

Arrived here than thyself, it were a curse To my poor means, to let a stranger taste Contempt for fit food. Poor men, and unplaced

In free seats of their own, are all from Jove Commended to our entertaining love.

But poor is th' entertainment I can give, Yet free and loving. Of such men as live The lives of servants, and are still in fear Where young lords govern, this is all the cheer

They can afford a stranger. There was one

That used to manage this now desert throne, To whom the Gods deny return, that show'd His curious favour to me, and bestow'd Possessions on me, a most-wished wife, A house, and portion, and a servant's life, Fit for the gift a gracious king should give; Who still took pains himself, and God made thrive

His personal endeavour, and to me His work the more increased, in which you

see

I now am conversant. And therefore much His hand had help'd me, had Heaven's will been such,

He might have here grown old. But he is gone,

And would to God the whole succession Of Helen might go with him, since for her So many men died, whose fate did confer My liege to Troy, in Agamemnon's grace, To spoil her people, and her turrets race."

This said, his coat to him he straight did gird,

And to his styes went that contain'd his herd;

From whence he took out two, slew both, and cut

Both fairly up; a fire enflamed, and put To spit the joints; which roasted well, he set

With spit and all to him, that he might eat From thence his food in all the singeing heat,

Yet dredged it first with flour; then fill'd his cup

With good sweet wine; sat then, and cheer'd him up:

"Eat now, my guest, such lean swine as are meat

For us poor swains; the fat the wooers eat,

In whose minds no shame, no remorse, doth move,

Though well they know the blest Gods do not love

Ungodly actions, but respect the right, And in the works of pious men delight.

But these are worse than impious, for those That vow 't injustice, and profess them

foes To other nations, enter on their land;

And Jupiter (to shew his punishing hand Upon th' invaded, for their penance then) Gives favour to their foes, though wicked men,

To make their prey on them; who, having freight

Their ships with spoil enough, weigh anchor straight,

And each man to his house (and yet even these,

Doth powerful fear of God's just vengeance seize

Even for that prize in which they so rejoice); But these men, knowing (having heard the

voice Of God by some means) that sad death hath

left The ruler here, will never suffer left

Their unjust wooing of his wife, nor take
Her often answer, and their own roofs
make

Their fit retreats; but (since uncheck'd they
may)

They therefore will, make still his goods
their prey

Without all spare or end. There is no day
Nor night sent out from God, that ever
they

Profane with one beast's blood, or only
two,

But more make spoil of; and the wrongs
they do

In meat's excess, to wine as well extend,
Which as excessively their riots spend,

Yet still leave store; for sure his means
were great;

And no heroic, that hath choicest seat
Upon the fruitful neighbour continent,

Or in this isle itself, so opulent
Was as Ulysses; no, nor twenty such,

Put altogether, did possess so much.
Whose herds and flocks I'll tell to every
head:

Upon the continent he daily fed
Twelve herds of oxen, no less flocks of
sheep,

As many herds of swine, stalls large and
steep,

And equal sort of goats, which tenants
there,

And his own shepherds kept. Then fed
he here

Eleven fair stalls of goats, whose food hath
yield

In the extreme part of a neighbour field.
Each stall his herdsman hath, an honest
swain,

Yet every one must every day sustain
The load of one beast (the most fat, and
best

Of all the stall-fed) to the wooers' feast.
And I, for my part, of the swine I keep
(With four more herdsmen) every day help
steep

The wooers' appetites in blood of one,
The most select our choice can fall
upon."

To this Ulysses gave good ear, and fed,
And drunk his wine, and vex'd, and
ravished

His food for mere vexation. Seeds of ill
His stomach sow'd, to hear his goods go
still

To glut of wooers. But his dinner done,
And stomach fed to satisfaction;

He drunk a full bowl, all of only wine,
And gave it to the guardian of his swine,

Who took it, and rejoiced; to whom he
said:

"O friend, who is it that, so rich, hath
paid
Price for thy service, whose commended
power,
Thou say'st, to grace the Grecian con-
querour,
At Ilion perish'd? Tell me; it may fall
I knew some such. The great God knows,
and all
The other deathless Godheads, if I can,
Far having travell'd, tell of such a man."

Eumæus answer'd: "Father, never one,
Of all the strangers that have touch'd
upon
This coast, with his life's news could ever
yet
Of queen, or loved son, any credit get.
These travellers, for clothes, or for a meal,
At all adventures, any lie will tell.
Nor do they trade for truth. Not any man
That saw the people Ithacensian,
Of all their sort, and had the queen's sup-
plies,
Did ever tell her any news, but lies.
She graciously receives them yet, inquires
Of all she can, and all in tears expires.
It is th' accustom'd law, that women keep,
Their husbands elsewhere dead, at home
to weep.
But do thou quickly, father, forge a tale;
Some coat, or cloak, to keep thee warm
withal,
Perhaps some one may yield thee; but for
him,
Vultures and dogs have torn from every
limb
His porous skin, and forth his soul is fled,
His corse at sea to fishes forfeited;
Or on the shore lies hid in heaps of sand,
And there hath he his ebb, his native strand
With friends' tears flowing. But to me
past all
Were tears created; for I never shall
Find so humane a royal master more,
Whatever sea I seek, whatever shore.
Nay, to my father, or my mother's love
Should I return, by whom I breathe and
move,
Could I so much joy offer; nor these eyes
(Though my desires sustain extremities
For their sad absence) would so fain be
blest
With sight of their lives, in my native nest,
As with Ulysses dead; in whose last rest,
O friend, my soul shall love him. He's not
here,
Nor do I name him like a flatterer,

But as one thankful for his love and care
To me a poor man ; in the rich so rare.
And be he past all shores where sun can
shine,

I will invoke him as a soul divine."

"O friend," said he, "to say, and to
believe,

He cannot live, doth too much license give
To incredulity ; for, not to speak
At needy random, but my breath to break
In sacred oath, Ulysses shall return.

And when his sight recomforts those that
mourn

In his own roofs, then give me cloak, and
coat,

And garments worthy of a man of note.

Before which, though need urged me never
so,

I'll not receive a thread, but naked go.

No less I hate him than the gates of hell
That poorness can force an untruth to tell.

Let Jove then (heaven's chief God) just
witness bear ;

And this thy hospitable table here ;

Together with unblamed Ulysses' house,

In which I find receipt so gracious,

What I affirm'd of him shall all be true.

This instant year thine eyes even here shall
view

Thy lord Ulysses. Nay, ere this month's
end,

Return'd full home, he shall revenge ex-
tend

To every one, whose ever deed hath done
Wrong to his wife and his illustrious son."

"O father," he replied, "I'll neither give
Thy news reward, nor doth Ulysses live.

But come, enough of this, let's drink and eat,
And never more his memory repeat.

It grieves my heart to be remember'd thus
By any one, of one so glorious.

But stand your oath in your assertion
strong,

And let Ulysses come, for whom I long ;

For whom his wife, for whom his aged sire,

For whom his son consumes his god-like
fire ;

Whose chance I now must mourn, and
ever shall.

Whom when the Gods had brought to be
as tall

As any upright plant, and I had said

He would amongst a court of men have
sway'd

In counsels, and for form have been ad-
mir'd

Even with his father, some God misinspired,
Or man took from him his own equal mind,
And pass'd him for the Pylia shore to find

His long-lost father. In return from
whence,

The wooers' pride waylays his innocence ;
That of divine Arcesius all the race

May fade to Ithaca, and not the grace

Of any name left to it. But leave we
His state, however ; if surpris'd he be,

Or if he scape : and may Saturnius' hand

Protect him safely to his native land.

Do you then, father, shew your griefs,
and cause

Of your arrival here ; nor break the laws
That truth prescribes you, but relate your
name

And of what race you are, your father's
fame,

And native city's ; ship and men unfold

That to this isle convey'd you, since I hold

Your here arrival was not all by shore,

Nor that your feet your aged person bore."

He answer'd him : "I'll tell all strictly
true,

If time, and food, and wine enough, accrue
Within your roof to us, that freely we

May sit and banquet. Let your business
be

Discharged by others ; for, when all is
done,

I cannot easely, while the year doth run

His circle round, run over all the woes,

Beneath which, by the course the Gods
dispose,

My sad age labours. First, I'll tell you
then,

From ample Crete I fetch my native strain ;
My father wealthy, whose house many a
life

Brought forth and bred besides by his true
wife.

But me a bond-maid bore, his concubine.

Yet tender'd was I as his lawful line

By him of whose race I my life profess,

Castor his name, surnamed Hylacides,

A man, in fore-times, by the Cretan state

For goods, good children, and his fortunata

Success in all acts, of no mean esteem.

But death-conferring Fates have banish'd
him

To Pluto's kingdom. After whom his sons
By lots divided his possessions,

And gave me passing little ; yet bestow'd

A house on me, to which my virtues woo'd

A wife from rich men's roofs ; nor was
borne low,

Nor last in fight, though all nerves fail me
now.

But I suppose that you, by thus much seen,
Know by the stubble what the corn hath
been.

For, past all doubt, affliction past all mean
 Hath brought my age on ; but, in seasons
 past,
 Both Mars and Pallas have with boldness
 graced,
 And fortitude, my fortunes, when I chused
 Choice men for ambush, prest to have
 produced
 Ill to mine enemies ; my too venturous
 spirit
 Set never death before mine eyes, for merit.
 But, far the first advanced still, still I
 strook
 Dead with my lance whoever overtook
 My speed of foot. Such was I then for
 war.
 But rustic actions ever fled me far,
 And household thrift ; which breeds a
 famous race.
 In oar-driven ships did I my pleasures
 place,
 In battles, light darts, arrows : sad things
 all,
 And into others' thoughts with horror fall.
 But what God put into my mind, to me
 I still esteem'd as my felicity.
 As men of several metals are address'd,
 So several forms are in their souls im-
 press'd.
 Before the sons of Greece set foot in
 Troy,
 Nine times, in chief, I did command enjoy
 Of men and ships against our foreign foe,
 And all I fitly wish'd succeeded so.
 Yet, after this, I much exploit achieved,
 When straight my house in all possessions
 thrived.
 Yet, after that, I great and reverend grew
 Amongst the Cretans, till the Thunderer
 drew
 Our forces out in his foe-Troy decrees ;
 A hateful service that dissolved the knees
 Of many a soldier. And to this was I,
 And famous Idomen, enjoin'd to apply
 Our ships and powers. Nor was there to
 be heard
 One reason for denial, so prefer'd
 Was the unreasonable people's rumour.
 Nine years we therefore fed the martial
 humour,
 And in the tenth, de-peopling Priam's town,
 We sail'd for home. But God had quickly
 blown
 Our fleet in pieces ; and to wretched me
 The counsellor Jove did much mishap
 decree.
 For, only one month, I had leave t' enjoy
 My wife and children, and my goods t'
 employ.

But, after this, my mind for Ægypt stood,
 When nine fair ships I rigg'd forth for the
 flood,
 Mann'd them with noble soldiers, all
 things fit
 For such a voyage soon were won to it.
 Yet six days after stay'd my friends in
 feast,
 While I in banquets to the Gods address
 Much sacred matter for their sacrifice.
 The seventh, we boarded ; and the Northern
 skies
 Lent us a frank and passing prosperous
 gale,
 'Fore which we bore as free and easy sail
 As we had back'd a full and frolic tide ;
 Nor felt one ship misfortune for her pride ;
 But safe we sat, our sailors and the wind
 Consenting in our convoy. When heaven
 shined
 In sacred radiance of the fifth fair day,
 To sweetly-water'd Egypt reach'd our way,
 And there we anchor'd ; where I charged
 my men
 To stay aboard, and watch. Dismissing
 then
 Some scouts to get the hill-tops, and dis-
 cover,
 They (to their own intemperance given
 over)
 Straight fell to forage the rich fields, and
 thence
 Enforce both wives and infants, with th'
 expence
 Of both their bloods. When straight the
 rumour flew
 Up to the city. Which heard, up they
 drew
 By day's first break, and all the field was
 fill'd
 With foot and horse, whose arms did all
 things gild.
 And then the lightning-loving Deity cast
 A foul flight on my soldiers ; nor stood
 fast
 One man of all. About whom mischief
 stood,
 And with his stern steel drew in streams
 the blood
 The greater part fed in their dissolute veins ;
 The rest were saved, and made enthralled
 swains
 To all the basest usages there bred.
 And then, even Jove himself supplied my
 head
 With saving counsel ; though I wish'd to
 die,
 And there in Egypt with their slaughters
 lie

So much grief seized me ; but Jove made
me yield,
Dishelm my head, take from my neck my
shield,
Hurl from my hand my lance, and to the
troop
Of horse the king led instantly made up,
Embrace, and kiss his knees ; whom pity
won
To give me safety, and (to make me shun
The people's outrage, that made in amain,
All jointly fired with thirst to see me
slain)
He took me to his chariot, weeping, home,
Himself with fear of Jove's wrath over-
come ;
Who yielding souls receives, and takes most
ill
All such as well may save yet love to kill.
Seven years I sojourn'd here, and treasure
gat
In good abundance of th' Egyptian state ;
For all would give ; but when th' eighth
year began,
A knowing fellow (that would gnaw a
man*
Like to a vermin, with his hellish brain,
And many an honest soul even quick had
slain,
Whose name was Phœnix) close accosted
me,
And with insinuations, such as he
Practised on others, my consent he gain'd
To go into Phœnicia, where remain'd
His house, and living. And with him I
lived
A complete year ; but when were all arrived,
The months and days, and that the year
again
Was turning round, and every season's
reign
Renew'd upon us, we for Libya went ;
When, still inventing crafts to circumvent,
He made pretext that I should only go
And help convey his freight ; but thought
not so ;
For his intent was to have sold me there
And made good gain for finding me a
year.
Yet him I follow'd, though suspecting this ;
For, being aboard his ship, I must be his
Of strong necessity. She ran the flood
(Driven with a northern gale, right free,
and good)
Amids the full stream, full on Crete. But
then
Jove plotted death to him and all his men.

* Ἄνηρ ἀπαρῆλια εἰδὼς, τρώκτης.

For (put off quite from Crete, and so far
gone
That shore was lost, and we set eye on
none,
But all shew'd heaven and sea) above our
keel
Jove pointed right a cloud as black as hell,
Beneath which all the sea hid, and from
whence
Jove thunder'd as his hand would never
thence,
And thick into our ship he threw his flash,
That 'gainst a rock, or flat, her keel did
dash
With headlong rapture.* Of the sulphur all
Her bulk did savour ; and her men let fall
Amids the surges, on which all lay tost
Like sea-gulls, round about her sides, and
lost.
And so God took all home-return from
them.
But Jove himself, though plunged in that
extreme,
Recover'd me by thrusting on my hand
The ship's long mast. And, that my life
might stand
A little more up, I embraced it round ;
And on the rude winds, that did ruins
sound,
Nine days we hover'd. In the tenth black
night
A huge sea cast me on Thesprotia's height,
Where the heroe Phidon, that was chief
Of all the Thesprots, gave my wrack
relief,
Without the price of that redemption†
That Phœnix fish'd for. Where the king's
loved son
Came to me, took me by the hand, and led
Into his court my poor life, surfeited
With cold and labour ; and because my
wrack
Chanced on his father's shore, he let not
lack
My plight or coat, or cloak, or anything
Might cherish heat in me. And here the
king
Said, he received Ulysses as his guest,
Observed him friend-like, and his course
address
Home to his country, shewing there to me
Ulysses' goods, a very treasury
Of brass, and gold, and steel of curious
frame.
And to the tenth succession of his name

* Ἐλελίθη, quia erravit rapido motu concussit.
† Ἀπριάτην, sine emptiois seu redemptionis
pretio.

He laid up wealth enough, to serve beside
 In that king's house, so hugely amplified
 His treasure was. But from his court the
 king
 Affirm'd him shipp'd for the Dodonean
 spring,
 To hear, from out the high-hair'd oak of
 Jove,
 Counsel from him for means to his remove
 To his loved country, whence so many a
 year
 He had been absent; if he should appear
 Disguised, or manifest; and further swore
 In his mid court, at sacrifice, before
 These very eyes, that he had ready there
 Both ship and soldiers, to attend and bear
 Him to his country. But, before, it
 chanced
 That a Thesprotian ship was to be lanch'd
 For the much-corn-renown'd Dulichian
 land,
 In which the king gave to his men com-
 mand
 To take, and bring me under tender hand
 To king Acastus. But, in ill design
 Of my poor life, did their desires combine,
 So far forth, as might ever keep me under
 In fortune's hands, and tear my state in
 sunder.
 And when the water-treader far away
 Had left the land, then plotted they the
 day
 Of my long servitude, and took from me
 Both coat and cloak, and all things that
 might be
 Grace in my habit, and in place put on
 These tatter'd rags, which now you see
 upon
 My wretched bosom. When heaven's light
 took sea,*
 They fetch'd the field-works of fair Ithaca,
 And in the arm'd ship, with a well-wreath'd
 cord,
 They straitly bound me, and did all dis-
 board
 To shore to supper, in contentious rout.
 Yet straight the Gods themselves took from
 about
 My pressed limbs the bands, with equal
 ease,
 And I, my head in rags wrapp'd, took the
 seas,
 Descending by the smooth stern, using
 then
 My hands for oars, and made from these
 bad men

* At sunset.

Long way in little time. At last, I fetch'd,
 A goodly grove of oaks, whose shore I
 reach'd,
 And cast me prostrate on it. When they
 knew
 My thus-made scape, about the shores they
 flew,
 But, soon not finding, held it not their best
 To seek me further, but return'd to rest
 Aboard their vessel. Me the Gods lodged
 close,
 Conducting me into the safe repose
 A good man's stable yielded. And thus
 Fate
 This poor hour added to my living date."
 "O wretch of guests," said he, "thy tale
 hath stirr'd
 My mind to much ruth, both how thou hast
 err'd
 And suffer'd, hearing in such good parts
 shown.
 But what thy changed relation would
 make known
 About Ulysses, I hold neither true,
 Nor will believe. And what need'st thou
 pursue
 A lie so rashly, since he sure is so
 As I conceive, for which my skill shall go.
 The safe return my king lacks cannot be,
 He is so envied of each Deity,
 So clear, so cruelly. For not in Troy
 They gave him end, nor let his corpse
 enjoy
 The hands of friends (which well they might
 have done,
 He managed arms to such perfection,
 And should have had his sepulchre, and
 all,
 And all the Greeks to grace his funeral:
 And this had given a glory to his son
 Through all times future); but his head is
 run
 Unseen, unhonour'd, into Harpies' maws.
 For my part, I'll not meddle with the
 cause;
 I live a separate life amongst my swine,
 Come at no town for any need of mine,
 Unless the circularly-witted queen*
 (When any far-come guest is to be seen
 That brings her news) commands me bring
 a brawn,
 About which (all things being in question
 drawn
 That touch the king) they sit; and some are
 sad
 For his long absence, some again are glad

* Περιβρω.

To waste his goods unwreak'd : all talking still.

But, as for me, I nourish'd little will
T' inquire or question of him, since the man

That feign'd himself the fled Ætollan,
For slaughtering one, through many regions
stray'd,

In my stall, as his diversory, stay'd.
Where well entreating him, he told me
then,

Amongst the Cretans, with king Idomen,
He saw Ulysses at his ship's repair,
That had been brush'd with the enraged
air ;

And that in summer, or in autumn, sure,
With all his brave friends and rich furni-
ture,

He would be here ; and nothing so, nor so.
But thou, an old man, taught with so much
woe

As thou hast suffer'd, to be season'd true,
And brought by his fate, do not here pursue
His gratulations with thy cunning lies ;
Thou canst not soak so through my facul-
ties.

For I did never either honour thee
Or give thee love to bring these tales to
me ;

But in my fear of hospitable Jove
Thou didst to this pass my affections
move."

"You stand exceeding much incredulous,"
Replied Ulysses, "to have witness'd thus
My word and oath, yet yield no trust at
all.

But make we now a covenant here, and
call

The dreadful Gods to witness that take
seat

In large Olympus : if your king's retreat
Prove made, even hither, you shall furnish
me

With cloak, and coat, and make my passage
free

For loved Dulichius : if, as fits my vow,
Your king return not, let your servants
throw

My old limbs headlong from some rock
most high,

That other poor men may take fear to lie."
The herdsman, that had gifts in him
divine,

Replied : "O guest, how shall this fame of
mine

And honest virtue, amongst men, remain
Now, and hereafter, without worthy stain,
If I, that led thee to my hovel here,
And made thee fitting hospitable cheer,

Should after kill thee, and thy loved
mind

Force from thy bones? Or how should
stand inclined

With any faith my will t' importune Jove,
In any prayer hereafter for his love?"

Come, now 'tis supper's hour, and instant
haste

My men will make home, when our sweet
repast

We'll taste together." This discourse they
held

In mutual kind, when from a neighbour
field

His swine and swine-herds came, who in
their cotes

Inclosed their herds for sleep, which mighty
throats

Laid out in entering. Then the God-like
swain

His men enjoin'd thus : "Bring me to be
slain

A chief swine female for my stranger
guest ;

When altogether we will take our feast,
Refreshing now our spirits, that all day
take

Pains in our swine's good, who may there-
fore make

For our pains with them all, amends with
one ;

Since others eat our labours, and take
none."

This said, his sharp steel hew'd down wood,
and they

A passing fat swine haled out of the sty,
Of five years old, which to the fire they
put.

When first Eumæus from the front did
cut

The sacred hair, and cast it in the fire,
Then pray'd to heaven ; for still before
desire

Was served with food, in their so rude
abodes,

Not the poor swine-herd would forget the
Gods.

Good souls they bore, how bad soever
were

The habits that their bodies' parts did
bear.

When all, the deathless Deities besought
That wise Ulysses might be safely brought
Home to his house ; then with a log of
oak

Left lying by, high lifting it, a stroke
He gave so deadly it made life expire.

Then cut the rest her throat, and all in
fire

They hid and singed her, cut her up ; and then,

The master took the office from the men,
Who on the altar did the parts impose
That served for sacrifice ; beginning close
About the belly, thorough which he went.
And all (the chief fat gathering) gave it vent

(Part dredged with flour) into the sacred flame ;

Then cut they up the joints, and roasted them,

Drew all from spit, and served in dishes all.

Then rose Eumæus (who was general
In skill to guide each act his fit event)

And, all in seven parts cut, the first part went

To service of the Nymphs and Mercury ;
To whose names he did rites of piety

In vows particular ; and all the rest
He shared to every one ; but his loved guest

He graced with all the chine, and of that king,

To have his heart cheer'd, set up every string.

Which he observing said : " I would to Jove,

Eumæus, thou livedst in his worthy love
As great as mine, that givest to such a guest

As my poor self of all thy goods the best."

Eumæus answer'd : " Eat, unhappy wretch,

And to what here is at thy pleasure reach.

This I have, this thou want'st ; thus God will give,

Thus take away, in us, and all that live,
To his will's equal centre all things fall ;

His mind he must have, for he can do all."

Thus having eat, and to his wine descended,

Before he served his own thirst, he commended

The first use of it in fit sacrifice
(As of his meat) to all the Deities ;

And to the city-racer's hand applied
The second cup, whose place was next his side.

Mesaulius did distribute the meat,
(To which charge was Eumæus solely set,

In absence of Ulysses, by the queen
And old Laertes) and this man had been

Bought by Eumæus, with his faculties,
Employ'd then in the Taphian merchandise.

But now, to food apposed, and order'd thus,

All fell. Desire sufficed, Mesaulius
Did take away. For bed then next they were,

All thoroughly satisfied with complete cheer.
The night then came, ill, and no taper shined ;

Jove rain'd her whole date ; th' o'er-watery wind

Zephyr blew loud ; and Laertiades
(Approving kind Eumæus' carefulness

For his whole good) made far about assay,

To get some cast-off cassock (lest he lay
That rough night cold) of him, or any one

Of those his servants ; when he thus begun :

" Hear me, Eumæus, and my other friends,

I'll use a speech that to my glory tends,
Since I have drunk wine past my usual guise,

Strong wine commands the fool and moves the wise.

Moves and impels him too to sing and dance,

And break in pleasant laughters ; and, perchance,

Prefer a speech too that were better in.
But when my spirits once to speak begin,

I shall not then dissemble. Would to heaven,

I were as young, and had my forces driven
As close together, as when once our powers

We led to ambush under th' Ilion towers ;
Where Ithacus and Menelaus were

The two commanders, when it pleased them there
To take myself for third ; when to the town

And lofty walls we led, we couch'd close down,

All arm'd, amidst the osiers and the reeds,

Which oftentimes th' o'er-flowing river feeds.

The cold night came, and th' icy northern gale

Blew bleak upon us, after which did fall
A snow so cold, it cut as in it beat

A frozen water, which was all concrete
About our shields like crystal. All made fain

Above our arms to clothe, and clothe again.

And so we made good shift, our shields
beside
Clapp'd close upon our clothes, to rest
and hide
From all discovery. But I, poor fool,
Left my weeds with my men, because so
cool
I thought it could not prove; which
thought my pride
A little strengthen'd, being loth to hide
A goodly glittering garment I had on;
And so I follow'd with my shield alone,
And that brave weed. But when the night
near ended
Her course on earth, and that the stars
descended
I jogg'd Ulysses, who lay passing near,
And spake to him, that had a nimble ear,
Assuring him, that long I could not lie
Amongst the living, for the ferocity
Of that sharp night would kill me, since as
then
My evil angel made me with my men
Leave all weeds but a fine one. But I
know
'Tis vain to talk; here wants all remedy
now.
This said, he bore that understanding
part
In his prompt spirit that still show'd his
art
In fight and counsel, saying (in a word,
And that low-whisper'd) peace, lest you
afford
Some Greek note of your softness. No
word more,
But made as if his stern austerity bore
My plight no pity; yet, as still he lay
His head reposing on his hand, gave way
To this invention: 'Hear me friends, a
dream
(That was of some celestial light a beam)
Stood in my sleep before me, prompting
me
With this fit notice: 'We are far,' said
he,
'From out our fleet. Let one go then,
and try
If Agamemnon will afford supply
To what we now are strong.' This stirr'd
a speed
In Thoas to th' affair; whose purple
weed
He left for haste; which then I took, and
lay
In quiet after, till the dawn of day.
This shift Ulysses made for one in need,
And would to heaven, that youth such
spirit did feed

Now in my nerves, and that my joints were
knit
With such a strength as made me then
held fit
To lead men with Ulysses. I should
then
Seem worth a weed that fits a herdsman's
men;
For two respects, to gain a thankful
friend,
And to a good man's need a good
extend."
"O father," said Eumæus, "thou hast
shown
Good cause for us to give thee good re-
nown,
Not using any word that was not
freed
From all least ill. Thou, therefore, shalt
not need
Or coat, or other thing, that aptly may
Beseech a wretched suppliant for defray
Of this night's need. But, when her golden
throne
The morn ascends, you must resume your
own;
For here you must not dream of many
weeds,
Or any change at all. We serve our
needs
As you do yours: one back, one coat.
But when
Ulysses' loved son returns, he then
Shall give you coat and cassock, and
bestow
Your person where your heart and soul is
now."
This said, he rose, made near the fire his
bed,
Which all with goats' and sheep-skins he
bespread.
All which Ulysses with himself did line.
With whom, besides, he changed a gaber-
dine,
Thick lined, and soft; which still he made
his shift
When he would dress him 'gainst the
horrid drift
Of tempest, when deep winter's season
blows.
Nor pleased it him to lie there with his
sows;
But while Ulysses slept there, and close
by
The other younkers, he abroad would
lie,
And therefore arm'd him. Which set
cheerful fare
Before Ulysses' heart, to see such care

Of his goods taken, how far off soever
His fate, his person, and his wealth should
sever.
First then, a sharp-edged sword he girt
about
His well-spread shoulders, and (to shelter
out
The sharp West wind that blew) he put
him on
A thick-lined jacket ; and yet cast upon

All that the large hide of a goat well-fed.
A lance then took he, with a keen steel
head,
To be his keep-off both 'gainst men and
dogs.
And thus went he to rest with his male
hogs,
That still abroad lay underneath a rock,
Shield to the North-wind's ever eager
shock.

THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA to his native seat
 Exhorts Ulysses' son's retreat,
 In bed, and waking. He receives
 Gifts of Atrides, and so leaves
 The Spartan court. And, going aboard,
 Doth favourable way afford
 To Theoclymenus, that was
 The Argive augur, and sought pass,
 Fled for a slaughter he had done.
 Eumæus tells Laertes' son,
 How he became his father's man,
 Being sold by the Phœnician
 For some agreed-on faculties,
 From forth the Syrian Isle made prise.
 Telemachus, arrived at home,
 Doth to Eumæus' cottage come.

ANOTHER.

O. From Sparta's strand
 Makes safe access
 To his own land
 Ulyssides.

In Lacedæmon,* large, and apt for dances,
 Athenian Pallas her access advances
 Up to the great-in-soul Ulysses' seed,
 Suggesting his return now fit for deed.
 She found both him and Nestor's noble
 son

In bed, in front of that fair mansion,
 Nestorides surprised with pleasing sleep,
 But on the watch Ulysses' son did keep ;
 Sleep could not enter, cares did so excite
 His soul, through all the solitary night,
 For his loved father. To him, near, she
 said :

“ Telemachus ! 'Tis time that now were
 stay'd

Thy foreign travels ; since thy goods are
 free

For those proud men that all will eat from
 thee ;

Divide thy whole possessions, and leave
 Thy too-late presence nothing to receive.
 Incite the shrill-voiced Menelaus then,
 To send thee to thy native seat again,

* *Εὐρύχορον Λακεδαίμονα, in quâ amplè ut
 pulchri chori duci possunt, vel ducuntur ;*
 which the vulgar translations turn therefore,
latam, seu ampliam.

While thou mayst yet find in her honour
 strong

Thy blameless mother, 'gainst thy father's
 wrong.

For both the father, and the brothers too,
 Of thy loved mother, will not suffer so
 Extended any more her widow's bed,
 But make her now her richest wooer wed,
 Eurymachus, who chiefly may augment
 Her gifts, and make her jointure eminent.
 And therefore haste thee, lest, in thy
 despite,

Thy house stand empty of thy native right.
 For well thou know'st what mind a woman
 bears ;

The house of him, whoever she endears
 Herself in nuptials to, she sees increased ;
 The issue of her first loved lord deceased
 Forgotten quite, and never thought on
 more.

In thy return then, the re-counted store
 Thou find'st reserved, to thy most trusted
 maid

Commit in guard, till heaven's powers have
 purvey'd

A wife, in virtue and in beauty's grace,
 Of fit sort for thee, to supply her place.
 And this note more I'll give thee, which
 repose

In sure remembrance : The best sort of
 those

That woo thy mother watchful scouts ad-
 dress,

Both in the straits of th' Ithacensian seas,
 And dusty Samos, with intent t' invade
 And take thy life, ere thy return be made.
 Which yet I think will fail, and some of
 them

That waste thy fortunes taste of that ex-
 treme

They plot for thee. But keep off far from
 shore,

And day and night sail, for a fore-right
 blore,

Whoever of th' Immortals that vow guard
 And scape to thy return, will see prepared.
 As soon as thou arrivest, dismiss to town
 Thy ship and men ; and first of all make
 down

To him that keeps thy swine, and doth
conceive

A tender care to see thee well survive.
There sleep; and send him to the town, to
tell

The chaste Penelope, that safe and well
Thou livest in his charge, and that Pylos'
sands

The place contain'd from whence thy per-
son lands."

Thus she to large Olympus made ascent.
When with his heel a little touch he lent
To Nestor's son, whose sleep's sweet
chains he loosed,

Bade rise, and see in chariot inclosed
Their one-hooved horse, that they might
straight be gone.

"No such haste," he replied; "Night
holds her throne,

And dims all way to course of chariot.
The morn will soon get up. Nor see forgot
The gifts with haste, that will, I know, be
rich,

And put into our coach with gracious
speech

By lance-famed Menelaus. Not a guest
Shall touch at his house, but shall store his
breast

With fit mind of an hospitable man,
To last as long as any daylight can
His eyes recomfort, in such gifts as he
Will proofs make of his hearty royalty."

He had no sooner said, but up arose
Aurora, that the golden hills repose.
And Menelaus, good at martial cries,
From Helen's bed raised, to his guest
applies

His first appearance. Whose repair made
known

T' Ulysses' loved son, on his robe was
thrown

Above his gracious body, his cloak cast
Abwart his ample shoulders, and in haste
Abroad he went, and did the king accost:

"Atrides, guarded with heaven's deified
host,

Grant now remission to my native right,
My mind now urging mine own house's
sight."

"Nor will I stay," said he, "thy person
long,

Since thy desires to go are grown so strong.
I should myself be angry to sustain

The like detention urged by other men.
Who loves a guest past mean, past mean
will hate,

The mean in all acts bears the best estate.
A like ill 'tis to thrust out such a guest
As would not go, as to detain the rest.

We should a guest love, while he loves to
stay;

And, when he likes not, give him loving
way.

Yet suffer so, that we may gifts impose
In coach to thee; which ere our hands en-
close,

Thine eyes shall see, lest else our loves
may glose.

Besides, I'll cause our women to prepare
What our house yields, and merely so much
fare

As may suffice for health. Both well will
do,

Both for our honour and our profit too.
And, serving strength with food, you after
may

As much earth measure as will match the
day.

If you will turn your course from sea, and
go

Through Greece and Argos (that myself
may so

Keep kind way with thee) I'll join horse,
and guide

T' our humane cities. Nor ungratified
Will any one remit us; some one thing
Will each present us, that along may bring
Our pass with love, and prove our virtues
blazed;

A caldron, or a tripod, richly-brazed,
Two mules, a bowl of gold, that hath his
price

Heighten'd with emblems of some rare
device."

The wise prince answered: "I would
gladly go

Home to mine own, and see that govern'd
so

That I may keep what I for certain hold,
Not hazard that for only hoped-for gold.

I left behind me none so all ways fit
To give it guard, as mine own trust with it.

Besides, in this broad course which you
propose;

My father seeking, I myself may lose."
When this the shrill-voiced Menelaus
heard,

He charged his queen and maids to see
prepared

Breakfast, of what the whole house held
for best.

To him rose Eteoneus from his rest;
Whose dwelling was not far off from the
court,

And his attendance his command did sort

* αλευρον, foculum emblematis & calaturis
ornatum.

With kindling fires, and furthering all the
 rost,
 In act of whose charge heard no time he
 lost.
 Himself then to an odorous room de-
 scended,
 Whom Megapenthe and his queen at-
 tended.
 Come to his treasury, a two-ear'd cup
 He choosed of all, and made his son bear
 up
 A silver bowl. The queen then taking
 stand
 Aside her chest, where by her own fair hand
 Lay vests of all hues wrought, she took
 out one
 Most large, most artful ; chiefly fair, and
 shone
 Like to a star ; and lay of all the last.
 Then through the house with either's
 gift they past ;
 When to Ulysses' son Atrides said :
 " Telemachus, since so entirely sway'd
 Thy thoughts are with thy vow'd return
 now tender'd,
 May Juno's thundering husband see it
 render'd
 Perfect at all parts, action answering
 thought.
 Of all the rich gifts, in my treasure sought,
 I give thee here the most in grace and best.
 A bowl but silver, yet the brim's comprest
 With gold, whose fabric his desert doth
 bring
 From Vulcan's hand, presented by the king
 And great heroe of Sidonia's state
 When at our parting he did consummate
 His whole house-keeping. This do thou
 command."
 This said, he put the round bowl in his
 hand.
 And then his strong son Megapenthe placed
 The silver cup before him, amply graced
 With work and lustre. Helen (standing by,
 And in her hand the robe, her housewifery)
 His name remembering, said ; " And I
 present,
 Loved son, this gift to thee, the monument
 Of the so-many-loved Helen's hands,
 Which, at the knitting of thy nuptial bands,
 Present thy wife. In mean space, may it
 lie
 By thy loved mother ; but to me apply
 Thy pleasure in it ; and thus take thy way
 To thy fair house, and country's wished
 stay."
 Thus gave she to his hands the veil ; and
 he
 The acceptance author'd joyfully.

Which in the chariot's chest Pisistratus
 Placed with the rest, and held miraculous.
 The yellow-headed king then led them
 all
 To seats and thrones placed in his spacious
 hall.
 The hand-maid water brought, and gave it
 stream
 From out a fair and golden ewer to them,
 From whose hands to a silver caldron
 fled
 The troubled wave. A bright board then
 she spread,
 On which another reverend dame set
 bread.
 To which more servants store of victuals
 served.
 Eteoneus was the man that kerved,
 And Megapenthe fill'd them all their
 wine.
 All fed and drank, till all felt care decline
 For those refreshings, Both the guests did
 go
 To horse, and coach, and forth the portico
 A little issued, when the yellow King
 Brought wine himself, that, with an offering
 To all the Gods, they might their journey
 take.
 He stood before the Gods, and thus he
 spake :
 " Farewell young Princes : to grave
 Nestor's ear
 This salutation from my gratitude bear :
 That I profess, in all our Iliion wars,
 He stood a careful father to my cares."
 To whom the wise Ulyssides replied :
 " With all our utmost shall be signified,
 Jove-kept Atrides, your right royal will ;
 And would to God, I could as well fulfill
 Mine own mind's gratitude, for your free
 grace,
 In telling to Ulysses, in the place
 Of my return, in what accomplish'd kind
 I have obtain'd the office of a friend
 At your deservings ; whose fair end you
 crown
 With gifts so many, and of such renown."
 His wish, that he might find in his re-
 treat
 His father safe return'd (to so repeat
 The king's love to him) was saluted thus :
 An eagle rose, and in her seres did truss
 A goose, all-white, and huge, a household
 one,
 Which men and women (crying out upon)
 Pursued, but she, being near the guests,
 her flight
 Made on their right hand, and kept still
 fore-right

Before their horses ; which observ'd by them,
 The spirits in all their minds took joys extreme ;
 Which Nestor's son thus question'd : " Jove-kept king,*
 Yield your grave thoughts, if this ostentful thing
 (This eagle, and this goose) touch us, or you ?"
 He put to study, and not knowing how
 To give fit answer, Helen took on her
 Th' ostent's solution, and did this prefer :
 " Hear me, and I will play the prophet's part,
 As the Immortals cast it in my heart ;
 And as, I think, will make the true sense known :
 As this Jove's bird, from out the mountains flown,
 (Where was her eyrie, and whence rose her race,)
 Truss'd up this goose, that from the house did graze,
 So shall Ulysses, coming from the wild
 Of seas and sufferings, reach, unreconciled,
 His native home ; where even this hour he is ;
 And on those house-fed wooers those wrongs of his
 Will shortly wreak, with all their miseries."
 " O," said Telemachus, " if Saturnian Jove
 To my desires thy dear presage approve,
 When I arrive, I will perform to thee
 My daily vows, as to a Deity."
 This said, he used his scourge upon the horse,
 That through the city freely made their course
 To field, and all day made that first speed good.
 But when the sun set, and obscureness stood
 In each man's way, they ended their access
 At Pheras, in the house of Diocles,
 Son to Orsilochus, Alpheus' seed,
 Who gave them guest-rites ; and sleep's natural need
 They that night served there. When Aurora rose,
 They join'd their horse, took coach, and did dispose

Their course for Pylos ; whose high city soon
 They reach'd. Nor would Telemachus be won
 To Nestor's house, and therefore order'd thus
 His speech to Nestor's son, Pisistratus :
 " How shall I win thy promise to a grace
 That I must ask of thee? We both embrace
 The names of bed-fellows ; and in that name
 Will glory as an adjunct of our fame ;
 Our fathers' friendship, our own equal age,
 And our joint travel, may the more engage
 Our mutual concord. Do not then assay,
 (My God-loved friend) to lead me from my way
 To my near ship, but take a course direct
 And leave me there, lest thy old sire's respect,
 In his* desire to love me, hinder so
 My way for home, that have such need to go."
 This said, Nestorides held all discourse
 In his kind soul, how best he might enforce
 Both promise and performance ; which, at last,
 He vow'd to venture, and directly cast
 His horse about to fetch the ship and shore.
 Where come, his friend's most lovely gifts he bore
 Aboard the ship, and in her hind-deck placed
 The veil that Helen's curious hand had graced,
 And Menelaus' gold, and said : " Away,
 Nor let thy men, in any least date, stay :
 But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell
 The old duke, you are past ; for passing well
 I know his mind to so exceed all force
 Of any prayer, that he will stay your course,
 Himself make hither, all your course call back,
 And, when he hath you, have no thought to rack
 Him from his bounty ; and to let you part
 Without a present ; but be vex'd at heart
 With both our pleadings, if we once but move
 The least repression of his fiery love."

* Nestor's son to Menelaus, his ironical question continuing still Homer's character of Menelaus.

* *ἴμερος φιλίῳ, καίηνα διλίγερν.*

Thus took he coach, his fair-maned steeds
scourged on
Along the Pylian city, and anon
His father's court reach'd; while Ulysses'
son
Bade board, and arm; which with a thought
was done.

His rowers set, and he rich odours firing
In his hind-deck, for his secure retiring,
To great Athenia,* to his ship came flying
A stranger, and a prophet, as relying
On wish'd passage, having newly slain
A man at Argos; yet his race's vein
Flow'd from Melampus, who in former
date

In Pylos lived, and had a huge estate,
But fled his country; and the punishing
hand

Of great-soul'd Neleus, in a foreign land
From that most famous mortal having held
A world of riches, nor could be compell'd
To render restitution in a year.

In mean space, living as close prisoner
In court of Phylacus, and for the sake
Of Neleus' daughter mighty cares did
take,

Together with a grievous languor sent
From grave Erinny,† that did much tor-
ment

His vexed conscience; yet his life's ex-
pence

He scaped, and drave the loud-voiced oxen
thence,

To breed-sheep Pylos, bringing vengeance
thus

Her foul demerit to great Neleus,
And to his brother's house reduced his wife.
Who yet from Pylos did remove his life
For feed-horse Argos, where his fate set
down

A dwelling for him; and in much renown
Made govern many Argives; where a
spouse

He took to him, and built a famous house.
There had he borne to him Antiphates,
And forceful Mantius. To the first of these
Was great Oicleus born: Oicleus gat
Amphiaras, that the popular state
Had all their health in; whom even from
his heart

Jove loved, and Phœbus in the whole
desert

Of friendship held him; yet not bless'd so
much

That age's threshold he did ever touch,

But lost his life by female bribery.*

Yet two sons author'd his posterity,

Alcmæon, and renown'd Amphilocthus.

Mantius had issue Polyphidius,

And Clytus; but Aurora ravish'd him,

For excellence of his admired limb,

And interested him amongst the Gods.

His brother knew men's good and bad
abodes

The best of all men, after the decease

Of him that perish'd in unnatural peace

At spacious Thebes. Apollo did inspire

His knowing soul with a prophetic fire.

Who, angry with his father, took his way

To Hyperesia; where (making stay)

He prophesied to all men, and had there

A son call'd Theoclymenus, who here

Came to Telemachus, and found aboard

Himself at sacrifice, whom in a word

He thus saluted: "O friend, since I find,

Even here at ship, a sacrificing mind

Inform your actions, by your sacrifice,

And by that worthy choice of Deities

To whom you offer; by yourself, and all

These men that serve your course mari-
timal,

Tell one that asks the truth; nor give it
glose,

Both who, and whence you are? From
what seed rose

Your royal person? And what city's
towers

Hold habitation to your parents' powers?"

He answer'd: "Stranger! The sure
truth is this:

I am of Ithaca; my father is

(Or was) Ulysses; but austere death now

Takes his state from him; whose event to
know,

Himself being long away, I set forth thus

With ship and soldiers." Theoclymenus

As freely said: "And I to thee am fled

From forth my country, for a man strook
dead

By my unhappy hand, who was with me

Of one self-tribe; and of his pedigree

Are many friends and brothers: and the
sway

Of Achive kindred reacheth far away.

From whom, because I fear thy spleens
suborn

Blood and black fate against me (being
born

To be a wanderer among foreign men)

Make thy fair ship my rescue, and sust-
tain

* Pallas.

† One of the Furies of Hell.

* His wife betrayed him for money.

My life from slaughter. Thy deservings may
Perform that mercy, and to them I pray."

"Nor will I bar," said he, "thy will to make

My means and equal ship thy aid, but take
(With what we have here, in all friendly use)

Thy life from any violence that pursues."
Thus took he in his lance, and it extended

Aloft the hatches, which himself ascended.
The prince took seat at stern, on his right hand

Set Theoclymenus, and gave command
To all his men to arm, and see made fast
Amidst the hollow keel the beechen mast
With able halsers, hoise sail, launch ;
which soon

He saw obey'd. And then his ship did run
A merry course ; blue-eyed Minerva sent
A fore-right gale, tumultuous, vehement,
Along the air, that her way's utmost yield
The ship might make, and plough the
brackish field.

Then set the sun, and night black'd all
the ways.

The ship, with Jove's wind wing'd, where
th' Epian sways,

Fetch'd Pheras first, then Elis the divine,
And then for those isles made, that sea-ward
shine

For form and sharpness like a lance's
head ;

About which lay the wooers ambushed ;
On which he rush'd, to try if he could
'scape

His plotted death, or serve her treacherous
rape.

And now return we to Eumæus' shed,
Where (at their food with others mar-
shalled)

Ulysses and his noble herdsman sate.
To try if whose love's curious estate
Stood firm to his abode, or felt it fade,
And so would take each best cause to
persuade

His guest to town, Ulysses thus contends :
"Hear me, Eumæus, and ye other
friends,

Next morn to town I covet to be gone,
To beg some others' alms, nor still charge
one.

Advise me well then, and as well provide
I may be fitted with an honest guide.

For through the streets (since need will
have it so)

I'll tread, to try if any will bestow

A dish of drink on me, or bit of bread,
Till to Ulysses' house I may be led ;
And there I'll tell all-wise Penelope news,
Mix with the wooers' pride, and (since
they use

To fare above the full) their hands excite
To some small feast from out their infinite :
For which, I'll wait, and play the serving-
man,

Fairly enough, command the most they
can.

For I will tell thee, note me well, and
hear,

That, if the will be of Heaven's Messenger,
(Who to the works of men, of any sort,
Can grace infuse, and glory) nothing short
Am I of him, that doth to most aspire
In any service ; as to build a fire,

To cleave sere wood, to roast or boil their
meat,

To wait at board, mix wine, or know the
neat ;

Or any work, in which the poor-call'd
worst

To serve the rich-call'd best in Fate are
forced."

He, angry with him, said : "Alas, poor
guest,

Why did this counsel ever touch thy
breast ?

Thou seek'st thy utter spoil beyond all
doubt,

If thou givest venture on the Wooers' rout,
Whose wrong and force affects the iron
heaven,

Their light delights are far from being
given

To such grave servitors. Youths richly
trick'd

In coats or cassocks, locks divinely slick'd,
And looks most rapt, ever have the gift
To taste their crown'd cups, and full
trenchers shift.

Their tables ever like their glasses shine,
Loaded with bread, with varied flesh, and
wine,

And thou? go thither? Stay ; for here do
none

Grudge at thy presence, nor myself, nor
one

Of all I feed. But when Ulysses' son
Again shall greet us, he shall put thee on
Both coat and cassock, and thy quick
retreat

Set where thy heart and soul desire thy
seat."

Industrious Ulysses gave reply :
"I still much wish, that Heaven's chief

Deity

Loved thee, as I do, that hast eased my mind
Of woes and wanderings never yet confined.
*Nought is more wretched in a human race,
Than country's want, and shift from place to place.*

But for the baneful belly men take care
Beyond good counsel, whosoever are
In compass of the wants it undergoes
By wanderings, losses, or dependent woes.
Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home ;
Which since thou wilt make here, as over-
come

With thy command for stay, I'll take on me
Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.
Does then Ulysses' sire, and mother, breathe,
Both whom he left in th' age next door to death ?

Or are they breathless, and descended where
The dark house is, that never day doth clear ?"

"Laertes lives," said he, "but every hour
Beseecheth Jove to take from him the power

That joins his life and limbs ; for with a moan

That breeds a marvel he laments his son
Deprived by death ; and adds to that another

Of no less depth for that dead son's dead mother,

Whom he a virgin wedded, which the more

Makes him lament her loss, and doth deplore

Yet more her miss, because her womb the truer

Was to his brave son, and his slaughter slew her.

Which last love to her doth his life engage,
And makes him live an undigested age.

O ! such a death she died as never may
Seize any one that here beholds the day,

That either is to any man a friend,
Or can a woman kill in such a kind.

As long as she had being, I would be
A still inquirer (since 'twas dear to me,

Though death to her, to hear his name) when she

Heard of Ulysses, for I might be bold ;
She brought me up, and in her love did hold

My life, compared with long-veil'd Ctímené,
Her youngest issue (in some small degree

Her daughter yet preferr'd) a brave young dame.

And when of youth the dearly-loved flame*
Was lighted in us, marriage did prefer
The maid to Samos ; whence was sent for her

Infinite riches, when the queen bestow'd
A fair new suit, new shoes, and all, and vow'd

Me to the field ; but passing loth to part,
As loving me more than she loved her heart.

And these I want now ; but their business grows

Upon me daily, which the Gods impose,
To whom I hold all, give account to them,
For I see none left to the diadem

That may dispose all better. So, I drink
And eat of what is here ; and whom I think

Worthy or reverend, I have given to, still,
These kinds of guest-rites ; for the house-
hold ill

(Which, where the queen is, riots) takes her still

From thought of these things. Nor is it delight

To hear, from her plight, of or work or word ;

The wooers spoil all. But yet my men will board

Her sorrows often with discourse of all,
Eating and drinking of the festival

That there is kept, and after bring to field
Such things as servants make their pleasures yield.

"O me, Eumæus," said Laertes' son,

"Hast thou then err'd so, of a little one ?
(Like me ?) from friends and country ? pray

thee say,
And say a truth, doth vast Destruction lay

Her hand upon the wide-way'd seat of men ?†

Where dwelt thy sire and reverend mother then,

That thou art spared there ? Or else, set alone

In guard of beeves, or sheep, set th' enemy on,

Surprised, and shipp'd, transferr'd, and sold thee here ?

He that bought thee paid well, yet bought not dear."

"Since thou inquirest of that, my guest," said he,

"Hear and be silent ; and, mean space, sit free

* ἡ βην πολυήρατου, *Peropibilem pubem.*

† Supposing him to dwell in a city.

In use of these cups to thy most delights :
Unspeakable* in length now are the
nights.

Those that affect sleep yet, to sleep have
leave,

Those that affect to hear, their hearers
give.

But sleep not ere your hour; *much sleep
doth grieve.*

Whoever lists to sleep, away to bed,
Together with the morning raise his head,
Together with his fellows break his fast,
And then his lord's herd drive to their
repast.

We two, still in our tabernacle here
Drinking and eating, will our bosoms cheer
With memories and tales of our annoy.
Betwixt his sorrows every humane joys,
He most, who most hath felt and furthest
err'd.

And now thy will to act shall be preferr'd.
There is an isle above Ortygia,
(If thou hast heard) they call it Syria,
Where, once a day, the sun moves back-
wards still.

'Tis not so great as good, for it doth fill
The fields with oxen, fills them still with
sheep,

Fills roofs with wine, and makes all corn
there cheap.

No dearth comes ever there, nor no disease
That doth with hate us wretched mortals
seize.

But when men's varied nations, dwelling
there

In any city, enter th' aged year,
The silver-bow-bearer (the Sun) and she
That bears as much renown for archery,
Stoop with their painless shafts, and strike
them dead,

As one would sleep, and never keep the
bed.

In this isle stand two cities, betwixt whom
All things that of the soil's fertility come
In two parts are divided. And both these
My father ruled, Ctesius Ormenides,
A man like the immortals. With these
states

The cross-biting Phœnicians traffick'd
rates

Of infinite merchandise in ships brought
there,

In which they then were held exempt from
peer.

There dwelt within my father's house a
dame,

Born a Phœnician, skillful in the frame

Of noble housewiferies, right tall and fair.
Her the Phœnician great-wench-net-layer*
With sweet words circumvented, as she
was

Washing her linen. To his amorous pass
He brought her first, shored from his ship
to her,

To whom he did his whole life's love prefer,
Which of these breast-exposing dames the
hearts

Deceives, though fashion'd of right honest
parts.

He ask'd her after, what she was, and
whence?

She, passing presently, the excellence
Told of her father's turrets, and that she
Might boast herself sprung from the pro-
geny

Of the rich Sidons, and the daughter was
Of the much-year-revenued Arybas;
But that the Taphian pirates made her
prize,

As she return'd from her field-house-
wiferies,
Transferr'd her hither, and, at that man's
house

Where now she lived, for value precious
Sold her to th' owner. He that stole her
love

Bade her again to her birth's seat remove,
To see the fair roofs of her friends again,
Who still held state, and did the port
maintain

Herself reported. She said: 'Be it so,
So you, and all that in your ships shall row,
Swear to return me in all safety hence.'

All swore. Th' oath past, with every
consequence,

She bade, 'Be silent now; and not a word
Do you, or any of your friends, afford,

Meeting me afterward in any way;
Or at the washing fount; lest some dis-
play

Be made and told the old man, and he then
Keep me strait bound: to you and to your
men

The utter ruin, plotting of your lives.
Keep in firm thought then every word that
strives

For dangerous utterance. Haste your
ship's full freight

Of what you traffic for, and let me straight
Know by some sent friend she's hath all in
hold,

And with myself I'll bring thence all the
gold

* ἀθέσφατος.

* Πολυπαιπάλος, *admodum vaser, Der. ex
πάλειν, pertrahō in retia, et παῖς, puella.*

† Intending the ship.

I can by all means finger ; and, beside,
I'll do my best to see your freight supplied
With some well-weighing burthen of mine
own.

For I bring-up in house a great man's son
As crafty as myself ; who will with me
Run every way along ; and I will be
His leader, till your ship hath made him
sure.

He will an infinite great price procure,
Transfer him to what languaged men ye
may.

This said, she gat her home, and there
made stay

A whole year with us ; goods of great avail
Their ship enriching. Which now fit for
sail,

They sent a messenger t' inform the dame ;
And to my father's house a fellow came,
Full of Phœnician craft, that to be sold
A tablet brought, the body all of gold,
The verge all amber. This had ocular
view

Both by my honour'd mother and the crew
Of her house-handmaids, handled, and
the price

Beat ; ask'd and promised. And while
this device

Lay thus upon the forge, this jeweller
Made privy signs (by winks and wiles) to
her

That was his object ; which she took,
and he,

His sign seeing noted, hied to ship. When
she,

(My hand still taking, as she used to do
To walk abroad with her) convey'd me so
Abroad with her, and in the portico
Found cups, with tasted viands, which the
guests

That used to flock about my father's feasts
Had left. They gone (some to the council
court,

Some to hear news amongst the talking sort),
Her theft three bowls into her lap convey'd,
And forth she went. Nor was my wit so
staid

To stay her, or myself. The sun went
down,

And shadows round about the world were
flown,

When we came to the haven, in which did
ride

The swift Phœnician ship ; whose fair
broad side

They boarded straight, took us up ; and
all went

Along the moist waves. Wind Saturnius
sent.

Six days we day and night sail'd ; but
when Jove

Put up the seventh day, She that shafts
doth love

Shot dead the woman, who into the pump
Like to a dop-chick dived, and gave a
thump

In her sad settling. Forth they cast her
then

To serve the fish and sea-calves, no more
men.

But I was left there with a heavy heart ;
When wind and water drave them quite
apart

Their own course, and on Ithaca they fell,
And there poor me did to Laertes sell.
And thus these eyes the sight of this isle
proved."

"Eumæus," he replied, "thou much
hast moved

The mind in me with all things thou hast
said,

And all the sufferance on thy bosom laid ;
But, truly, to thy ill hath Jove join'd good,
That one whose veins are served with
humane blood

Hath-bought thy service, that gives com-
petence

Of food, wine, cloth to thee ; and sure th'
expence

Of thy life's date here is of good desert,
Whose labours not to thee alone impart
Sufficient food and housing, but to me ;
Where I through many a heap'd humanity
Have hither err'd, where, though, like thee,
not sold,

Nor stay'd like thee yet, nor nought need-
ful hold."

This mutual speech they used, nor had
they slept

Much time before the much-near-morning
leapt

To her fair throne. And now strook sail
the men

That served Telemachus, arrived just then
Near his loved shore ; where now they
stoop'd the mast,

Made to the port with oars, and anchor
cast ;

Made fast the ship, and then ashore they
went,

Dress'd supper, fill'd wine ; when (their
appetites spent)

Telemachus commanded they should yield
The ship to th' owner, while himself at field
Would see his shepherds ; when light drew
to end

He would his gifts see, and to town de-
scend ;

And in the morning at a feast bestow
Rewards for all their pains. "And whither,
now,"

Said Theoclymenus, "my loved son,
Shall I address myself? whose mansion,
Of all men, in this rough-hewn isle, shall I
Direct my way to? Or go readily
To thy house and thy mother?" He re-
plied:

"Another time I'll see you satisfied
With my house entertainment, but as
now

You should encounter none that could be-
stow

Your fit entreaty, and (which less grace
were)

You could not see my mother, I not there;
For she's no frequent object, but apart
Keeps from her wooers, woo'd with her
desart,

Up in her chamber, at her housewifery.
But I'll name one to whom you shall
apply

Direct repair, and that's Eurymachus,
Renown'd descent to wise Polybius,
A man whom th' Ithacensians look on now
As on a God, since he of all that woo
Is far superior man, and likest far
To wed my mother, and as circular
Be in that honour as Ulysses was.

But heaven-housed Jove knows the yet
hidden pass
Of her disposure, and on them he may
A blacker sight bring than her nuptial
day."

As this he utter'd, on his right hand flew
A saker, sacred to the God of view,
That in his talons truss'd and plumed a
dove;

The feathers round about the ship did
rove,

And on Telemachus fell; whom th' augur
then

Took fast by th' hand, withdrew him from
his men,

And said: "Telemachus, this hawk is
sent

From God; I knew it for a sure oment
When first I saw it. Be you well assured,
There will no wooer be by heaven endured
To rule in Ithaca above your race,
But your powers ever fill the regal place."

"I wish to heaven," said he, "thy word
might stand,

Thou then shouldst soon acknowledge from
my hand

Such gifts and friendship, as would make
thee, guest,

Met and saluted as no less than blest."

This said, he call'd Piræus, Clytus' son,
His true associate, saying: "Thou hast
done

(Of all my followers to the Pylion shore)
My will in chief in other things, once more
Be chiefly good to me; take to thy house
This loved stranger, and be studious
T' embrace and greet him with thy greatest
fare,

Till I myself come and take off thy care."

The famous for his lance said: "If your
stay

Take time for life here, this man's care I'll
lay

On my performance, nor what fits a guest
Shall any penury withhold his feast."

Thus took he ship, bade them board,
and away.

They boarded, sat, but did their labour
stay

Till he had deck'd his feet, and reach'd his
lance.

They to the city; he did straight advance
Up to his styes, where swine lay for him
store;

By whose sides did his honest swine-herd
snore;

Till his short cares his longest nights had
ended;

And nothing worse to both his lords in-
tended.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Prince at field, he sends to town
Eumæus, to make truly known
His safe return. By Pallas' will
Telemachus is given the skill
To know his father. Those that lay
In ambush, to prevent the way
Of young Ulyssides for home,
Retire, with anger overcome.

ANOTHER.

III. To his most dear
Ulysses shows.
The wise son here
His father knows.

ULYSSES and divine Eumæus rose
Soon as the morning could her eyes un-
close,
Made fire, brake fast, and to their pasture
send
The gather'd herds, on whom their swains
attend.
The self-tire barking dogs all fawn'd upon,
Nor bark'd, at first sight of Ulysses' son.
The whinings of their fawnings yet did
greet
Ulysses' ears, and sounds of certain feet ;
Who thus bespake Eumæus : " Sure some
friend,
Or one well-known, comes, that the mastives
spend
Their mouths no louder. Only some one
near
They whine, and leap about, whose feet I
hear."
Each word of this speech was not spent,
before
His son stood in the entry of the door.
Out-rush'd amazed Eumæus, and let go
The cup to earth, that he had labour'd so,
Cleansed for the neat wine ; did the prince
surprise,
Kiss'd his fair forehead, both his lovely
eyes,
Both his white hands, and tender tears dis-
till'd.
There breathed no kind-soul'd father that
was fill'd

Less with his son's embraces, that had
lived
Ten years in far-off earth, now new re-
trieved ;
His only child too, gotten in his age,
And for whose absence he had felt the
rage
Of griefs upon him, than for this divin'd
So much for form was this divine for
mind ;
Who kiss'd him through, who grew about
him kissing,
As fresh from death scaped. Whom so
long time missing,
He wept for joy, and said : " Thou yet art
come,
Sweet light, sweet sun-rise, to thy cloudy
home.
O, never I look'd, when once shipp'd away
For Pylos' shores, to see thy turning day.
Come, enter, loved son, let me feast my
heart
With thy sweet sight, new come, so far
apart.
Nor, when you lived at home, would you
walk down
Often enough here, but stay'd still at town ;
It pleas'd you then to cast such forehand
view
About your house on that most damned*
crew."
" It shall be so then, friend," said he,
" but now
I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and
know
If still my mother in her house remain,
Or if some wooer hath aspired to gain
Of her in nuptials ; for Ulysses' bed,
By this, lies all with spiders' cobwebs
spread,
In penury of him that should supply it."
" She still," said he, " holds her most
constant quiet,

* Αἰδηλον ὄμιλον, αἰδηλος of αἰδής, σενουα, and signifies properly *tenebriçosus*, or *infernalis*, so that *perniciçosus* (which is the Latin translation) is not so fit as *damned* for that crew of dissolute Wooers. The phrase being now used to all so licentious.

Aloft thine own house, for the bed's respect ;

But, for her lord's sad loss, sad nights and days

Obscure her beauties, and corrupt their rays."

This said, Eumæus took his brazen spear, And in he went ; when, being enter'd near Within the stony threshold, from his seat His father rose to him, who would not let Th' old man remove, but drew him back and prest

With earnest terms his sitting, saying : " Guest,

Take here your seat again, we soon shall get

Within our own house here some other seat.

Here's one will fetch it." This said, down again

His father sat, and to his son his swain Strew'd fair green osiers, and imposed thereon

A good soft sheepskin, which made him a throne.

Then he apposed to them his last-left roast,

And in a wicker basket bread engrost, Fill'd luscious wine, and then took opposite seat

To the divine Ulysses. When, the meat Set there before them, all fell to, and eat. When they had fed, the prince said :

" Pray thee say,

Whence comes this guest ? what seaman gave him way

To this our isle ? I hope these feet of his Could walk no water : who boasts he he is ?"

" I'll tell all truly, son : From ample Crete

He boasts himself, and says, his erring feet Have many cities trod ; and God was he Whose finger wrought in his infirmity.

But, to my cottage, the last scape of his Was from a Thesprot's ship. Whate'er he is,

I'll give him you, do what you please ; his vaunt

Is, that he is, (at most) a suppliant."

" Eumæus," said the prince, " to tell me this,

You have afflicted my weak faculties ; For how shall I receive him to my house With any safety, that suspicious

Of my young forces (should I be assay'd With any sudden violence) may want aid

To shield myself ? Besides, if I go home, My mother is with two doubts overcome ;

If she shall stay with me, and take fit care For all such guests as there seek guestive fare,

Her husband's bed respecting, and her fame

Amongst the people ; or her blood may frame

A liking to some wooer, such as best May bed her in his house, not giving lest.

And thus am I unsure of all means free To use a guest there, fit for his degree.

But, being thy guest, I'll be his supply For all weeds, such as mere necessity

Shall more than furnish. Fit him with a sword,

And set him where his heart would have been shored ;

Or (if so pleased) receive him in thy shed ; I'll send thee clothes, I vow, and all the bread

His wish would eat, that to thy men and thee

He be no burthen. But that I should be His mean to my house, where a company

Of wrong-professing wooers wildly live, I will in no sort author ; lest they give

Foul use to him, and me as gravely grieve. For what great act can any one achieve

Against a multitude, although his mind Retain a courage of the greatest kind ?

For all minds have not force in one degree."

Ulysses answer'd : " O friend, since 'tis free

For any man to change fit words with thee, I'll freely speak : Methinks, a wolfish power

My heart puts on to tear and to devour, To hear your affirmation ; that, in spite

Of what may fall on you, made opposite, Being one of your proportion, birth, and

age, These wooers should in such injustice rage.

What should the cause be ? Do you willfully

Endure their spoil ? Or hath your empery Been such amongst your people, that all

gather

In troop, and one voice (which even God doth father)

And vow your hate so, that they suffer them ?

Or blame your kinsfolk's faiths, before th' extreme

Of your first stroke hath tried them, whom a man,

When strifes to blows rise, trusts, though battle ran

In huge and high waves? Would to heaven my spirit
Such youth breathed, as the man that must inherit
Yet-never-touch'd Ulysses, or that he,
But wandering this way, would but come, and see
What my age could achieve (and there is Fate
For Hope yet left, that he may recreate
His eyes with such an object) this my head
Should any stranger strike off, if stark dead
I strook not all; the house in open force
Entering with challenge. If their great concourse
Did over-lay me, being a man alone,
(Which you urge for yourself) be you that one.
I rather in mine own house wish to die
One death for all, than so indecently
See evermore deeds worse than death applied;
Guests wrong'd with vile words and blowing pride;
The women-servants dragg'd in filthy kind
About the fair house, and in corners blind
Made serve the rapes of ruffians; food devour'd
Idly and rudely; wine exhaust, and pour'd
Through throats profane; and all about a deed
That's ever wooing, and will never speed."
"I'll tell you, guest, most truly," said his son,
"I do not think that all my people run
One hateful course against me; nor accuse
Kinsfolks that I in strifes of weight might use;
But Jove will have it so, our race alone
(As if made singular) to one and one
His hand confining. Only to the king,
Jove-bred Arcesius, did Laertes spring;
Only to old Laertes did descend
Ulysses; only to Ulysses' end
Am I the adjunct, whom he left so young,
That from me to him never comfort sprung.
And to all these now, for their race, arise
Up in their house a brood of enemies.
As many as in these isles bow men's knees,
Samos, Dulichius, and the rich in trees
Zacynthus, or in this rough isle's command,
So many suitors for the nuptials stand,
That ask my mother; and, mean space, prefer
Their lusts to all spoil, that dishonour her.

Nor doth she, though she loathes, deny their suits.
Nor they denials take, though taste their fruits.
But all this time the state of all things there
Their throats devour, and I must shortly bear
A part in all: and yet the periods
Of these designs lie in the knees of Gods.
Of all loves then, Eumæus, make quick way
To wise Penelope, and to her say
My safe return from Pylos; and alone
Return thou hither, having made it known.
Nor let, besides my mother, any ear
Partake thy message, since a number bear
My safe return displeasure." He replied:
"I know, and comprehend you: you divide
Your mind with one that understands you well.
But, all in one yet; may I not reveal
To th' old hard-fated Arceiades*
Your safe return? who, through his whole distress
Felt for Ulysses, did not yet so grieve,
But with his household he had will to live,
And served his appetite with wine and food,
Survey'd his husbandry, and did his blood
Some comforts fitting life; but since you took
Your ship for Pylos, he would never brook
Or wine or food, they say, nor cast an eye
On any labour, but sits weeping by,
And sighing out his sorrows, ceaseless moans
Wasting his body, turn'd all skin and bones."
"More sad news still," said he, "yet, mourn he still;
For if the rule of all men's works be will,
And his will his way goes, mine stands inclined
T' attend the home-turn of my nearer kind.†
Do then what I enjoin; which given effect,
Err not to field to him, but turn direct,
Entreating first my mother, with most speed,
And all the secrecy that now serves need,
To send this way their store-house guardian,
And she shall tell all to the aged man.‡

* Laertes.

† Intending his father, whose return though he were far from knowing, or fully expecting, yet he desired to order all things as he were present.

‡ Intending to Laertes, all that Eumæus would have told.

He took his shoes up, put them on, and went.
 Nor was his absence hid from Jove's descent,
 Divine Minerva, who took straight to view
 A goodly woman's shape that all works knew,
 And, standing in the entry, did prefer
 Her sight t' Ulysses; but, though meeting her,
 His son Telemachus nor saw nor knew.
The Gods' clear presences are known to few.
 Yet, with Ulysses, even the dogs did see,
 And would not bark, but, whining lovingly,
 Fled to the stalls' far side. When she her eyne
 Moved to Ulysses; he knew her design,
 And left the house, pass'd the great sheep-cote's wall,
 And stood before her. She bade utter all
 Now to his son, nor keep the least unloosed,
 That, all the woers' deaths being now disposed,
 They might approach the town; affirming, she
 Not long would fail t' assist to victory.
 This said, she laid her golden rod on him,
 And with his late-worn weeds graced every limb,
 His body straighten'd, and his youth instill'd,
 His fresh blood call'd up, every wrinkle fill'd
 About his broken eyes, and on his chin
 The brown hair spread. When his whole trim wrought in,
 She issued, and he enter'd to his son,
 Who stood amazed, and thought some God had done
 His house that honour, turn'd away his eyes,
 And said: "Now guest, you grace another guise
 Than suits your late shew. Other weeds you wear,
 And other person. Of the starry sphere
 You certainly present some deathless God.
 Be pleased, that to your here vouchsafed abode
 We may give sacred rites, and offer gold,
 To do us favour." He replied: "I hold
 No deified state. Why put you thus on me
 A God's resemblance? I am only he
 That bears thy father's name; for whose loved sake
 Thy youth so grieves; whose absence makes thee take

Such wrongs of men." Thus kiss'd he him, nor could
 Forbear those tears that in such mighty hold
 He held before; still held, still issuing ever;
 And now, the shores once broke, the springtide never
 Forbore earth from the cheeks he kiss'd.
 His son,
 By all these violent arguments not won
 To credit him his father, did deny
 His kind assumpt, and said, some Deity
 Feign'd that joy's cause, to make him grieve the more;
 Affirming, that no man, whoever wore
 The garment of mortality, could take,
 By any utmost power his soul could make,
 Such change into it, since, at so much will,
 Not Jove himself could both remove and fill
 Old age with youth, and youth with age so spoil,
 In such an instant. "You wore all the soil
 Of age but now, and were old; and but now
 You bear that young grace that the Gods endow
 Their heaven-born forms withal." His father said:
 "Telemachus! Admire, nor stand dismay'd,
 But know thy solid father; since within
 He answers all parts that adorn his skin.
 There shall no more Ulysseses come here.
 I am the man, that now this twentieth year
 (Still under sufferance of a world of ill)
 My country earth recover. 'Tis the will
 The prey-professor Pallas puts in act,
 Who put me thus together, thus distract
 In aged pieces as even now you saw,
 This youth now rendering. 'Tis within the law
 Of her free power sometimes to shew me poor,
 Sometimes again thus amply to restore
 My youth and ornaments, she still would please.
The Gods can raise, and throw men down, with ease."
 This said, he sat; when his Telemachus pour'd
 Himself about him; tears on tears he shower'd,
 And to desire of moan increased the cloud.
 Both wept and howl'd, and laid out shrieks more loud

Than or the bird-bone-breaking eagle
 rears,
 Or brood-kind vulture with the crooked
 seres,
 When rustic hands their tender eyries draw,
 Before they give their wings their full-
 plumed law.
 But miserably pour'd they from beneath
 Their lids their tears, while both their
 breasts did breathe
 As frequent cries; and, to their fervent
 moan,
 The light had left the skies, if first the son
 Their dumb moans had not vented, with
 demand
 What ship it was that gave the natural
 land
 To his blest feet? He then did likewise
 lay
 Hand on his passion, and gave these words
 way:
 "I'll tell thee truth, my son: The men
 that bear
 Much fame for shipping, my reducers were
 To long-wish'd Ithaca, who each man else
 That greets their shore give pass to where
 he dwells.
 The Phæacensian peers, in one night's
 date,
 While I fast slept, fetch'd th' Ithacensian
 state,
 Graced me with wealthy gifts; brass, store
 of gold,
 And robes fair-wrought; all which have
 sacred hold
 In caves that by the Gods' advice I chused.
 And now Minerva's admonitions used
 For this retreat, that we might here dispose
 In close discourse the slaughters of our
 foes.
 Recount the number of the wooers then,
 And let me know what name they hold
 with men,
 That my mind may cast over their estates
 A curious measure; and confer the rates
 Of our two powers and theirs, to try, if we
 Alone may propagate to victory
 Our bold encounters of them all, or prove
 The kind assistance of some others' love."
 "O father," he replied, "I oft have
 heard
 Your counsels and your force of hand pre-
 ferr'd
 To mighty glory, but your speeches now
 Your venturous mind exceeding mighty
 show.
 Even to amaze they move me; for, in right
 Of no fit counsel, should be brought to
 fight

Two men 'gainst th' able faction of a
 throng.
 No one two, no one ten, no twice ten
 strong
 These wooers are, but more by much.
 For know,
 That from Dulichius there are fifty-two,
 All choice young men; and every one of
 these
 Six men attend. From Samos cross'd the
 seas
 Twice twelve young gallants. From Za-
 cynthus came
 Twice ten. Of Ithaca, the best of name,
 Twice six. Of all which all the state they
 take
 A sacred poet and a herald make.
 Their delicacies two, of special sort
 In skill of banquets, serve. And all this
 port
 If we shall dare 't encounter, all thrust up
 In one strong roof, have great care lest the
 cup,
 Your great mind thirsts, exceeding bitter
 taste,
 And your retreat commend not to your
 haste
 Your great attempt, but make you say,
 you buy
 Their pride's revenges at a price too high.
 And therefore, if you could, 'twere well
 you thought
 Of some assistant. Be your spirit wrought
 In such a man's election, as may lend
 His succours freely, and express a friend."
 His father answer'd: "Let me ask of
 thee;
 Hear me, consider, and then answer me.
 Think'st thou, if Pallas and the King of
 skies
 We had to friend, would their sufficiencies
 Make strong our part? Or that some other
 yet
 My thoughts must work for? "These,"
 said he, "are set
 Aloft the clouds, and are found aids in-
 deed,
 As powers not only that these men exceed,
 But bear of all men else the high com-
 mand,
 And hold of Gods an overruling hand."
 "Well then," said he, "not these shall
 sever long
 Their force and ours in fights assured and
 strong.
 And then 'twixt us and them shall Mars
 prefer
 His strength, to tand our great distin-
 guisher,

When in mine own roofs I am forced to blows.

But when the day shall first her fires disclose,

Go thou for home, and troop up with the wooers,

Thy will with theirs join'd, power with their rude powers;

And after shall the herdsman guide to town

My steps, my person wholly overgrown
With all apparence of a poor old swain,
Heavy, and wretched. If their high disdain

Of my vile presence make them my desert.
Affect with contumelies, let thy loved heart
Beat in fix'd confines of thy bosom still,
And see me suffer, patient of their ill.

Ay, though they drag me by the heels about

Mine own free earth, and after hurl me out,
Do thou still suffer. Nay, though with their darts

They beat and bruise me, bear. But these foul parts

Persuade them to forbear, and by their names

Call all with kind words; bidding, for their shames,

Their pleasures cease. If yet they yield not way,

There breaks the first light of their fatal day.

In mean space, mark this: When the chiefly wise

Minerva prompts me, I'll inform thine eyes
With some given sign, and then all th' arms that are

Aloft thy roof in some near room prepare
For speediest use. If those brave men inquire

Thy end in all, still rake up all thy fire
In fair cool words, and say: 'I bring them down

To scour the smoke off, being so overgrown

That one would think all fumes, that ever were

Breathed since Ulysses' loss, reflected here.
These are not like the arms he left behind,
In way for Troy. Besides, Jove prompts my mind

In their remove apart thus with this thought,

That, if in height of wine there should be wrought

Some harsh contention 'twixt you, this apt mean

To mutual bloodshed may be taken clean

From out your reach, and all the spoil prevented

Of present feast, perhaps even then presented

My mother's nuptials to your long kind vows.

Steel itself, ready, draws a man to blows.

Thus make their thoughts secure; to us alone

Two swords, two darts, two shields left; which see done

Within our readiest reach, that at our will

We may resume, and charge, and all their skill

Pallas and Jove, that all just counsels breathe,

May darken with secureness to their death.

And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine,

And as thy veins mine own true blood combine:

Let, after this, none know Ulysses near,
Not any one of all the household there,

Not here the herdsman, not Laertes be
Made privy, nor herself Penelope;

But only let thyself and me work out
The women's thoughts of all things borne about

The wooers' hearts; and then thy men approve,

To know who honours, who with reverence love,

Our well-weigh'd memories, and who is won

To fall thy fit right, though my only son."

"You teach," said he, "so punctually now,

As I knew nothing, nor were sprung from you.

I hope, hereafter, you shall better know
What soul I bear, and that it doth not let

The least loose motion pass his natural seat.

But this course you propose will prove, I fear,

Small profit to us; and could wish your care

Would weigh it better as too far about.
For time will ask much, to the sifting out

Of each man's disposition by his deeds;
And, in the mean time, every wooer feeds

Beyond satiety, nor knows how to spare.
The women yet, since they more easy are

For our inquiry, I would wish you try;
Who right your state, who do it injury.

The men I would omit, and these things make

Your labour after. But, to undertake

The wooers war, I wish your utmost speed,
Especially if you could cheer the deed
With some ostent from Jove." Thus, as
the sire

Consented to the son, did here expire
Their mutual speech. And now the ship
was come,

That brought the young prince and his
soldiers home.

The deep haven reach'd, they drew the
ship ashore,

Took all their arms out, and the rich gifts
bore

To Clitius' house. But to Ulysses' court

They sent a herald first, to make report

To wise Penelope, that safe at field

Her son was left; yet, since the ship would
yield

Most haste to her, he sent that first, and
them

To comfort with his utmost the extreme
He knew she suffer'd. At the court now
met

The herald and the herdsman, to repeat

One message to the queen. Both whom
arrived

Within the gates, both to be foremost
strived

In that good news. The herald, he for
haste

Amongst the maids bestow'd it, thinking
placed

The queen amongst them. "Now," said
he, "O queen,

Your loved son is arrived." And then was
seen

The queen herself, to whom the herdsman
told

All that Telemachus enjoin'd he should;

All which discharged, his steps he back
bestows,

And left both court and city for his sows.

The wooers then grew sad, soul-vex'd,
and all

Made forth the court; when, by the mighty
wall

They took their several seat, before the
gates.

To whom Eurymachus initiates

Their utter'd grievance. "O," said he,
"my friends,

A work right great begun, as proudly ends.
We said, Telemachus should never make

His voyage good, nor this shore ever take
For his return's receipt; and yet we fail,

And he performs it. Come, let's man a
sail,

The best in our election, and bestow

Such soldiers in her as can swiftest row,

To tell our friends that way-lay his retreat
'Tis safe perform'd, and make them quickly
get

Their ship for Ithaca." This was not said
Before Amphinomus in port display'd

The ship arrived, her sails then under-
stroke,

And oars resumed; when, laughing, thus
he spoke:

"Move for no messenger: these men
are come:

Some God hath either told his turning
home,

Or they themselves have seen his ship gone
by,

Had her in chase, and lost her." Instantly
They rose, and went to port; found drawn

to land

The ship, the soldiers taking arms in hand.
The wooers themselves to council went in
throng,

And not a man besides, or old, or young,
Let sit amongst them. Then Eupitheus'

son,

Antinous, said: "See what the Gods have
done:

They only have deliver'd from our ill
The men we way-laid. Every windy hill

Hath been their watch-tower, where by
turns they stood

Continual sentinel. And we made good
Our work as well, for, sun once set, we
never

Slept wink ashore all night, but made sail
ever,

This way and that, even till the morning
kept

Her sacred station, so to intercept
And take his life for whom our ambush lay;

And yet hath God to his return given way.
But let us prosecute with counsels here

His necessary death, nor anywhere
Let rest his safety; for if he survive,

Our sails will never in wish'd havens arrive;
Since he is wise, hath soul, and counsel too

To work the people, who will never do
Our faction favour. What we then intend

Against his person, give we present end,
Before he call a council; which, believe,

His spirit will haste, and point where it
doth grieve,

Stand up amongst them all, and urge his
death

Decreed amongst us. Which complaint
will breathe

A fire about their spleens, and blow no
praise

On our ill labours. Lest they therefore
raise

Power to exile us from our native earth,
And force our lives' societies to the birth
Of foreign countries, let our speeds prevent
His coming home to this austere complaint,
At field and far from town, or in some way
Of narrow passage, with his latest day
Shewn to his forward youth, his goods and
lands

Left to the free division of our hands,
The moveables made all his mother's
dower,

And his, whoever Fate affords the power
To celebrate with her sweet Hymen's rites.
Or if this please not, but your appetites
Stand to his safety, and to give him seat
In his whole birth-right, let us look to eat
At his cost never more, but every man
Haste to his home, and wed with whom he
can

At home, and there lay first about for
dower ;

And then the woman give his second power
Of nuptial-liking, and, for last, apply
His purpose with most gifts and destiny."

This silence caused ; whose breach, at
last, begun

Amphinomus, the much renowned son
Of Nisus surnamed Aretiades,
Who from Dulichius full of flowery leas
Led all the wooers, and in chief did
please

The queen with his discourse, because it
grew

From roots of those good minds* that did
endue

His goodly person ; who, exceeding wise,
Used this speech : " Friends, I never will
advise

The prince's death ; for 'tis a damned thing
To put to death the issue of a king.

First, therefore, let's examine, what ap-
plause

The Gods will give it : If the equal laws
Of Jove approve it, I myself will be
The man shall kill him, and this company
Exhort to that mind : If the Gods remain
Adverse and hate it, I advise, refrain."

This said Amphinomus, and pleased them
all ;

When all arose, and in Ulysses' hall
Took seat again. Then to the queen was
come

The wooers' plot, to kill her son at home,
Since their abroad design had miss'd
success ;

The herald Medon (who the whole address

Knew of their counsels) making the re-
port.

The Goddess of her sex with her fair sort
Of lovely women, at the large hall's door
(Her bright cheeks clouded with a veil she
wore)

Stood, and directed to Antinous
Her sharp reproof, which she digested
thus :

" Antinous ! composed of injury,
Plotter of mischief ! Though reports that
fly

Amongst our Ithacensian people say
That thou, of all that glory in their sway,
Art best in words and counsels, th' art
not so.

Fond, busy fellow, why plott'st thou the
woe

And slaughter of my son ? and dost not
fear

The presidents of suppliants, when the ear
Of Jove stoops to them ? 'Tis unjust to do
Slaughter for slaughter, or pay woe for woe,
Mischief for kindness. Death for life
sought, then,

Is an injustice to be loathed of men.
Serves not thy knowledge to remember
when

Thy father fled to us ; who (moved to
wrath

Against the Taphian thieves) pursued with
scath

The guiltless Thesprotis ; in whose people's
fear,

Pursuing him for wreak, he landed here ;
They after him, professing both their prize

Of all his chiefly valued faculties,
And more prized life. Of all whose
bloodiest ends

Ulysses curb'd them, though they were his
friends.

Yet thou, like one that no law will allow
The least true honour, eat'st his house up
now

That fed thy father ; woo'st for love his
wife,

Whom thus thou grievest and seek'st her
sole son's life.

Cease, I command thee, and command the
rest

To see all thought of these foul fashions
ceased."

Eurymachus replied : " Be confident,
Thou all of wit made, the most famed de-
scent

Of king Icarus. Free thy spirits of fear :
There lives not any one, nor shall live here
Now, nor hereafter, while my life gives heat
And light to me on earth, that dares entreat

* *ἄπει ἀνοήτων*, *bonis mentibus*, the plural
number used ever by Homer.

With any ill touch thy well-loved son,
 But here I vow, and here will see it done,
 His life shall stain my lance. If on his
 knees
 The city-racer,* Laertiades,
 Hath made me sit, put in my hand his
 food,
 And held his red wine to me, shall the
 blood
 Of his Telemachus on my hand lay
 The least pollution, that my life can stay?
 No : I have ever charged him not to fear
 Death's threat from any. And for that
 most dear
 Love of his father, he shall ever be
 Much the most loved of all that live to me.
*Who kills a guiltless man from man may
 fly :*
From God his searches all escapes deny."
 Thus cheer'd his words, but his affections
 still
 Fear'd not to cherish foul intent to kill
 Even him whose life to all lives he preferr'd.
 The queen went up, and to her love
 appear'd
 Her lord so freshly, that she wept, till
 sleep
 (By Pallas forced on her) her eyes did
 steep
 In his sweet humour. When the even was
 come,
 The God-like herdsman reach'd the whole
 way home.
 Ulysses and his son for supper drest
 A year-old swine, and ere their host and
 guest
 Had got their presence, Pallas had put by
 With her fair rod Ulysses' royalty,
 And render'd him an aged man again,
 With all his vile integuments, lest his swain

* Ulysses.

Should know him in his trim and tell his
 queen,
 In these deep secrets being not deeply seen.
 He seen, to him the prince these words
 did use :
 " Welcome divine Eumæus : Now what
 news
 Employs the city? Are the wooers come
 Back from their scout dismay'd? Or here
 at home
 Will they again attempt me? " He replied :
 " These touch not my care : I was satisfied
 To do, with most speed, what I went to
 do ;
 My message done, return. And yet, not so
 Came my news first ; a herald (met with
 there)
 Forestall'd my tale, and told how safe you
 were.
 Besides which merely necessary thing,
 What in my way chanced I may over-bring,
 Being what I know, and witness'd with
 mine eyes.
 Where the Hermæan sepulchre doth rise
 Above the city, I beheld take port
 A ship, and in her many a man of sort ;
 Her freight was shields and lances ; and,
 methought,
 They were the wooers ; but, of knowledge,
 nought
 Can therein tell you." The prince smiled,
 and knew
 They were the wooers, casting secret view
 Upon his father. But what they intended
 Fled far the herdsman : whose swain's
 labours ended,
 They dress'd the supper, which, past want,
 was eat.
 When all desire sufficed of wine and meat,
 Of other human wants they took supplies
 At Sleep's soft hand, who sweetly closed
 their eyes.

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, return'd to town,
Makes to his curious mother known,
In part, his travels. After whom
Ulysses to the court doth come,
In good Eumæus' guide, and prest
To witness of the Wooers' feast;
Whom, though twice ten years did bestow
In far-off parts, his dog doth know.

ANOTHER.

PΩ. Ulysses shows
Through all disguise.
Whom his dog knows;
Who knowing dies.

BUT when air's rosy birth, the morn, arose,
Telemachus did for the town dispose
His early steps; and took to his command
His fair long lance, well sorting with his
hand;
Thus parting with Eumæus: "Now, my
friend,
I must to town, lest too far I extend
My mother's moan for me, who, till her
eyes
Mine own eyes witness, varies tears and
cries
Through all extremes. Do then this charge
of mine,
And guide to town this hapless guest of
thine,
To beg elsewhere his further festival.
Give they that please, I cannot give to all;
Mine own wants take up for myself my
pain.
If it incense him, he the worst shall gain;
The lovely truth I love, and must be plain."
"Alas, friend," said his father, "nor
do I
Desire at all your further charity.
'Tis better beg in cities than in fields,
And take the worst a beggar's fortune
yields.
Nor am I apt to stay in swine-styes more,
However; ever the great chief before
The poor ranks must to every step obey.
But go; your man in my command shall
sway,
Anon yet too, by favour, when your fires
Have comforted the cold heat age expires,

And when the sun's flame hath besides
corrected
The early air abroad, not being protected
By these my bare weeds from the morning's
frost,
Which (if so much ground is to be engrost
By my poor feet as you report) may give
Too violent charge to th' heat by which I
live."

This said, his son went on with spritely
pace,
And to the wooers studied little grace.
Arrived at home, he gave his javelin stay
Against a lofty pillar, and bold way
Made further in. When having so far
gone
That he transcended the fair porch of
stone,
The first by far that gave his entry eye
Was nurse Euryclea; who th' embroidery
Of stools there set was giving cushions fair;
Who ran upon him, and her rapt repair
Shed tears for joy. About him gather'd
round
The other maids; his head and shoulders
crown'd
With kisses and embraces. From above
The Queen herself came, like the Queen of
Love,
Or bright Diana; cast about her son
Her kind embraces, with effusion
Of loving tears; kiss'd both his lovely eyes,
His cheeks, and forehead; and gave all
supplies
With this entreaty: "Welcome, sweetest
light;
I never had conceit to set quick sight
On thee thus soon, when thy loved father's
fame
As far as Pylos did thy spirit inflame;
In that search ventured all unknown to me.
O say, by what power camest thou now to
be
Mine eyes' dear object?" He return'd
reply:
"Move me not now, when you my scape
desery
From imminent death, to think me fresh
entrapp'd;
The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I
scaped."

Double not needless passion on a heart
Whose joy so green is, and so apt t' invert ;
But pure weeds putting on, ascend and
take

Your women with you, that ye all may
make

Vows of full hecatombs in sacred fire
To all the Godheads, if their only Sire
Vouchsafe revenge of guest-rites wrong'd,
which he

Is to protect as being their Deity.
My way shall be directed to the hall
Of common concourse, that I thence may
call

A stranger, who from off the Pylian shore
Came friendly with me ; whom I sent
before

With all my soldiers, but in chief did
charge

Piræus with him, wishing him t' enlarge
His love to him at home, in best affair,
And utmost honours, till mine own repair."

Her son thus spoken, his words could
not bear

The wings too easily through her either
ear,

But putting pure weeds on, made vows
entire

Of perfect hecatombs in sacred fire
To all the Deities, if their only Sire
Vouchsafed revenge of guest-rites wrong'd,
which he

Was to protect as being their Deity.
Her son left house, in his fair hand his
lance,

His dogs attending ; and, on every glance
His looks cast from them, Pallas put a
grace

That made him seem of the celestial race.
Whom, come to concourse, every man
admired.

About him throng'd the wooers, and
desired

All good to him in tongues, but in their
hearts

Most deep ills threaten'd to his most
deserts.

Of whose huge rout once free, he cast glad
eye

On some that, long before his infancy,
Were with his father great and gracious ;
Grave Halitherses, Mentor, Antiphus ;
To whom he went, took seat by them, and
they

Inquired of all things since his parting
day,

To them Piræus came, and brought his
guest

Along the city thither, whom not least

The prince respected, nor was long before
He rose and met him. The first word yet
bore

Piræus from them both ; whose haste be-
sought

The prince to send his women to see
brought

The gifts from his house that Atrides gave,
Which his own roofs, he thought, would
better save.

The wise prince answer'd : " I can scarce
conceive

The way to these works. If the wooers
reave

By privy stratagem my life at home,
I rather wish Piræus may become

The master of them, than the best of these.
But, if I sow in their fields of excess

Slaughter and ruin, then thy trust employ,
And to me joying bring thou those with
joy."

This said, he brought home his grief-
practised guest ;

Where both put off, both oil'd, and did
invest

Themselves in rich robes, wash'd, and sate,
and eat.

His mother, in a fair chair taking seat
Directly opposite, her loom applied ;

Who, when her son and guest had satisfied
Their appetites with feast, said : " O my
son,

You know that ever since your sire was
won

To go in Agamemnon's guide to Troy,
Attempting sleep, I never did enjoy

One night's good rest, but made my quiet
bed

A sea blown up with sighs, with tears still
shed

Embrued and troubled ; yet, though all
your miss

In your late voyage hath been made for
this,

That you might know th' abode your father
made,

You shun to tell me what success you had.
Now then, before the insolent access

The wooers straight will force on us, ex-
press

What you have heard." " I will," said he,
" and true.

We came to Pylos, where the studious due
That any father could afford his son,

(But new-arrived from some course he had
run

To an extreme length, in some voyage
vow'd),

Nestor, the pastor of the people, show'd

To me arrived, in turrets thrust up high,
Where not his brave sons were more loved
than I.

Yet of th' unconquer'd ever-sufferer,
Ulysses, never he could set his ear,
Alive or dead, from any earthly man.
But to the great Lacedemonian,
Atrides, famous for his lance, he sent,
With horse and chariots, me, to learn th'
event

From his relation; where I had the view
Of Argive Helen, whose strong beauties
drew,

By wills of Gods, so many Grecian states,
And Trojans, under such laborious fates.
Where Menelaus ask'd me, what affair
To Lacedemon render'd my repair.
I told him all the truth, who made reply:

'O deed of most abhorr'd indecency!
A sort of impotents attempt his bed
Whose strength of mind hath cities levelled!
As to a lion's den, when any hind
Hath brought her young calves, to their
rest inclined,

When he is ranging hills, and herby dales,
To make of feeders there his festivals,
But, turning to his lustre, calves and dam,
He shows abhorr'd death, in his anger's
flame;

So, should Ulysses find this rabble housed
In his free turrets, courting his espoused,
Foul death would fall them. O, I would
to Jove,
Phœbus, and Pallas, that, when he shall
prove

The broad report of his exhausted store
True with his eyes, his nerves and sinews
wore

That vigour then that in the Lesbian
towers,

Provoked to wrestle with the iron powers
Philomelides vaunted, he approved;
When down he hurl'd his challenger, and
moved

Huge shouts from all the Achives then in
view.

If, once come home, he all those forces
drew

About him there to work, they all were dead,
And should find bitter his attempted bed.
But what you ask and sue for, I, as far
As I have heard the true-spoke mariner,
Will tell directly, nor delude your ear:
He told me that an island did ensphere,
In much discom'fort, great Laertes' son;
And that the Nymph Calypso, overrun
With his affection, kept him in her caves;
Where men, nor ship, of power to brook
the waves,

Were near his convoy to his country's
shore,

And where herself importuned evermore
His quiet stay; which not obtain'd, by
force

She kept his person from all else recourse.
'This told Atrides, which was all he
knew.

Nor stay'd I more, but from the Gods there
blew

A prosperous wind, that set me quickly
here."

This put his mother quite from all her
cheer.

When Theoclymentus the augur said:
"O woman, honour'd with Ulysses'
bed,

Your son, no doubt, knows clearly nothing
more,

Hear me yet speak, that can the truth un-
core,

Nor will be curious. Jove then witness
bear,

And this thy hospitable table here,
With this whole household of your blame-
less lord,

That at this hour his royal feet are shored
On his loved country earth, and that even
here

Coming, or creeping, he will see the cheer
These wooers make; and in his soul's field
sow

Seeds that shall thrive to all their over-
throw.

This, set a ship-board, I knew sorted thus,
And cried it out to your Telemachus."

Penelope replied: "Would this would
prove,

You well should witness a most friendly
love,

And gifts such of me, as encountering
Fame

Should greet you with a blessed mortal's
name."

This mutual speech past, all the wooers
were

Hurling the stone, and tossing of the
spear,

Before the palace, in the paved court,
Where otherwhiles their petulant resort
Sat plotting injuries. But when the hour
Of supper enter'd, and the feeding power
Brought sheep from field, that fill'd up
every way

With those that used to furnish that pur-
vey;

Medon, the herald (who of all the rest
Pleased most the wooers, and at every
feast

Was ever near) said: "You whose kind consort

Make the fair branches of the tree our court,

Grace it within now, and your suppers take.

You that for health, and fair contention's sake,

Will please your minds, know, bodies must have meat;

Play's worse than idleness in times to eat."

This said, all left, came in, cast by, on thrones

And chairs, their garments. Their provisions

Were sheep, swine, goats, the chiefly great and fat,

Besides an ox that from the herd they gat. And now the king and herdsman, from the field,

In good way were to town; 'twixt whom was held

Some walking conference, which thus begun

The good Eumæus: "Guest, your will was won,

Because the prince commanded, to make way

Up to the city, though I wish'd your stay, And to have made you guardian of my stall;

But I, in care and fear of what might fall In after anger of the prince, forbore.

The cheeks of princes touch their subjects sore.

But make we haste, the day is nearly ended,

And cold airs still are in the even extended."

"I know't," said he, "consider all; your charge

Is given to one that understands at large. Haste then. Hereafter, you shall lead the way;

Afford your staff too, if it fit your stay, That I may use it; since you say our pass

Is less friend to a weak foot than it was."

Thus cast he on his neck his nasty scrip, All patch'd and torn; a cord, that would not slip

For knots and bracks about the mouth of it,

Made serve the turn; and then his swain did fit

His forced state with a staff. Then plied they hard

Their way to town, their cottage left in guard

To swains and dogs. And now Eumæus led

The king along, his garments to a thread. All bare and burn'd, and he himself hard

bore

Upon his staff, at all parts like a poor And sad old beggar. But when now they

got

The rough highway, their voyage wanted not

Much of the city, where a fount they reach'd,

From whence the town their choicest water fetch'd,

That ever overflow'd, and curious art Was shewn about it; in which three had

part

Whose names Neritus and Polyctor were, And famous Ithacus. It had a sphere

Of poplar, that ran round about the wall; And into it a lofty rock let fall

Continual supply of cool clear stream. On whose top, to the Nymphs that were

supreme

In those parts' loves, a stately altar rose, Where every traveller did still impose

Devoted sacrifice. At this fount found These silly travellers a man renown'd

For guard of goats, which now he had in guide,

Whose huge-stored herd two herdsmen kept beside,

For all herds it excell'd, and bred a feed For wooers only. He was Dolius' seed,

And call'd Melanthius. Who casting eye On these two there, he chid them terribly,

And so past mean, that even the wretched fate

Now on Ulysses he did irritate. His fume to this effect he did pursue:

"Why so, 'tis now at all parts passing true,

That ill leads ill, good evermore doth train With like his like. Why, thou unenvied

swain,

Whither dost thou lead this same victimless leaguer,

This bane of banquets, this most nasty beggar?

Whose sight doth make one sad, it so abhors;

Who, with his standing in so many doors, Hath broke his back; and all his beggary

tends

To beg base crusts, but to no manly ends,

As asking swords, or with activity To get a caldron. Wouldst thou give him

me,

To farm my stable, or to sweep my yard,
And bring browse to my kids, and that
prefer'd

He should be at my keeping for his pains,
To drink as much whey as his thirsty veins
Would still be swilling (whey made all his
fees)

His monstrous belly would oppress his
knees.

But he hath learn'd to lead base life about,
And will not work, but crouch among the
rout

For broken meat to cram his bursten gut.
Yet this I'll say, and he will find it put
In sure effect, that if he enters where
Ulysses' roofs cast shade, the stools will
there

About his ears fly, all the house will throw,
And rub his ragged sides with cuffs enow."

Past these reviles, his manless rudeness
spurn'd

Divine Ulysses; who at no part turn'd
His face from him, but had his spirit fed
With these two thoughts, if he should
strike him dead

With his bestowed staff, or at his feet
Make his direct head and the pavement
meet.

But he bore all, and entertain'd a breast
That in the strife of all extremes did rest.

Eumæus, frowning on him, chid him yet,
And, lifting up his hands to heaven, he
set

This bitter curse at him: "O you that
bear

Fair name to be the race of Jupiter,
Nymphs of these fountains! If Ulysses
ever

Burn'd thighs to you, that, hid in fat, did
never

Fail your acceptance of, or lamb or kid;
Grant this grace to me: let the man thus
hid

Shine through his dark fate, make some
God his guide.

That, to thee, goatherd, this same palate's
pride,*

Thou drivest afore thee, he may come and
make

The scatterings of the earth, and overtake
Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to ever err

About the city, hunted by his fear.
And in the mean space may some slothful
swains

Let lousy sickness gnaw thy cattle's veins."

* Intending his fat herd, kept only for the
woopers' dainty palates.

"O Gods!" replied Melanthis, "what
a curse

Hath this dog bark'd out, and can yet do
worse!

This man shall I have given into my hands,
When in a well-built ship to far-off lands
I shall transport him, that, should I want
here,

My sale of him may find me victuals there.
And, for Ulysses, would to heaven his joy
The silver-bearing-bow God would destroy,
This day, within his house, as sure as he
The day of his return shall never see."

This said, he left them going silent on;
But he out-went them, and took straight
upon

The palace royal, which he enter'd straight,
Sat with the woopers, and his trencher's
freight

The carvers gave him of the flesh there
vented,

But bread the reverend butleress presented.
He took against Eurymachus his place,
Who most of all the woopers gave him
grace.

And now Ulysses and his swain got near,
When round about them visited their ear
The hollow harp's delicious-stricken string,
To which did Phemius, near the woopers,
sing.

Then by the hand Ulysses took his
swain,

And said: "Eumæus, one may here see
plain,

In many a grace, that Laertiades*
Built here these turrets, and, 'mongst others
these,

His whole court arm'd with such a goodly
wall,

The cornice, and the cope, majestic,
His double gates, and turrets, built too
strong

For force or virtue ever to expugn.
I know the feasters in it now abound,
Their cates cast such a savour; and the
sound

The harp gives, argues an accomplish'd
feast.

*The Gods made music banquet's dearest
guest."*

"These things," said he, "your skill may
tell with ease,

Since you are graced with greater know-
ledges.

But now consult we how these works shall
sort,

If you will first approach this praised court,

* Ulysses.

And see these wooers, I remaining here ;
Or I shall enter, and yourself forbear.
But be not you too tedious in your stay,
Lest thrust ye be and buffeted away.

Brain hath no fence for blows ; look to 't, I pray.

" You speak to one that comprehends,"
said he,

" Go you before, and here adventure me.
I have of old been used to cuffs and blows ;
My mind is harden'd, having borne the throes

Of many a sour event in waves and wars,
Where knocks and buffets are no foreigners.

And this same harmful belly by no mean
The greatest abstinent can ever wean.

*Men suffer much bane by the belly's rage ;
For whose sake ships in all their equipage
Are arm'd, and set out to th' untamed seas,
Their bulks full-fraught with ills to enemies."*

Such speech they changed ; when in the
yard there lay

A dog, call'd Argus, which, before his way
Assumed for Iliion, Ulysses bred,

Yet stood his pleasure then in little stead,
As being too young ; but, growing to his
grace,

Young men made choice of him for every
chace,

Or of their wild goats, of their hares, or
harts.

But his king gone, and he, now past his parts,
Lay all abjectly on the stable's store,

Before the oxstall, and mules' stable door,
To keep the clothes cast from the peasants'
hands,

While they laid compass on Ulysses' lands,
The dog, with ticks (unlook'd-to) over-
grown,

But by this dog no sooner seen but known
Was wise Ulysses, who new enter'd there,
Up went his dog's laid ears, and, coming
near,

Up he himself rose, fawn'd, and wagg'd
his stern,

Couch'd close his ears, and lay so ; nor
discern*

Could evermore his dear-loved lord again.
Ulysses saw it, nor had power t' abstain
From shedding tears ; which (far-off seeing
his swain)

He dried from his sight clean ; to whom he
thus

His grief dissembled : " 'Tis miraculous,

That such a dog as this should have his lair
On such a dunghill, for his form is fair.

And yet, I know not, if there were in him
Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly
limb ;

Or he lived empty of those inward things,
As are those trencher-beagles tending
kings,

Whom for their pleasure's, or their glory's,
sake,

Or fashion, they into their favour take."

" This dog," said he, " was servant to
one dead

A huge time since. But if he bore his head,
For form and quality, of such a height,

As when Ulysses, bound for th' Iliion fight,
Or quickly after, left him, your rapt eyes

Would then admire to see him use his
thighs

In strength and swiftness. He would
nothing fly,

Nor anything let scape. If once his eye
Seized any wild beast, he knew straight his
scent ;

Go where he would, away with him he
went.

Nor was there ever any savage stood
Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood

Long time before him, but he pull'd him
down ;

As well by that true hunting to be shown
In such vast coverts, as for speed of pace

In any open lawn. For in deep chace
He was a passing wise and well-nosed
hound.

And yet is all this good in him uncrown'd
With any grace here now ; nor he more fed
Than any errant cur. His king is dead,

Far from his country ; and his servants are
So negligent they lend his hound no care.

*Where masters rule not, but let men alone,
You never there see honest service done.*

*That man's half virtue Jove takes quite
away,*

*That once is sun-burn'd with the servile
day."*

This said, he enter'd the well-built
towers,

Up bearing right upon the glorious
wooers,

And left poor Argus dead ; his lord's first
sight

Since that time twenty years bereft his light.
Telemachus did far the first behold

Eumæus enter, and made signs he should
Come up to him. He, noting, came, and
took

On earth his seat. And then the master
cook

* The dog died as soon as he had seen
Ulysses.

Served in more banquet ; of which, part he set

Before the wooers, part the prince did get,
Who sate alone, his table placed aside ;
To which the herald did the bread divide.

After Eumæus, enter'd straight the king,*

Like to a poor and heavy aged thing,
Bore hard upon his staff, and was so clad
As would have made his mere beholder sad.
Upon the ashen floor his limbs he spread,
And 'gainst a cypress threshold stay'd his head,

The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct

Tried by the plumb and by the architect.
The prince then bade the herdsman give him bread,

The finest there, and see that prostrated
At-all-parts plight of his given all the cheer
His hands could turn to : " Take," said he,
" and bear

These cates to him, and bid him beg of all
These wooers here, and to their festival
Bear up with all the impudence he can ;
Bashful behaviour fits no needy man."

He heard, and did his will. " Hold guest," said he,

" Telemachus commends these cates to thee,
Bids thee bear up, and all these wooers implore,

Wit must make impudent whom Fate makes poor."

" O Jove," said he, " do my poor prayers
the grace

To make him blessed'st of the mortal race,
And every thought now in his generous heart
To deeds that further my desires convert."

Thus took he in with both his hands his store,

And in the uncouth scrip, that lay before
His ill-shod feet, reposed it ; whence he fed
All time the music to the feasters play'd.

Both jointly ending, then began the wooers
To put in old act their tumultuous powers ;
When Pallas standing close did prompt her friend,

To prove how far the bounties would extend
Of those proud wooers ; so, to let him try
Who most, who least, had learn'd humanity.
However, no thought touch'd Minerva's mind,

That any one should scape his weak design'd.

He handsomely became all, crept about
To every wooer, held a forced hand out,

* Ulysses' ruthless fashion of entry to his own hall.

And all his work did in so like a way,
As he had practised begging many a day.
And though they knew all beggars could do this,

Yet they admired it as no deed of his ;
Though far from thought of other, used expence

And pity to him, who he was, and whence,
Inquiring mutually. Melanthius then :

" Hear me, ye wooers of the far-famed queen,

About this beggar : I have seen before
This face of his ; and know for certain more,

That this swain brought him hither. What he is,
Or whence he came, flies me." Reply to this

Antinous made, and mock'd Eumæus thus :

" O thou renowned herdsman, why to us
Brought'st thou this beggar ? Serves it not our hands,

That other land-leapers, and cormorants,
Profane poor knaves, lie on us, unconducted,

But you must bring them ? So amiss instructed

Art thou in course of thrift, as not to know
Thy lord's goods wrack'd in this their overflow ?

Which think'st thou nothing, that thou call'st in these ?"

Eumæus answer'd : " Though you may be wise,

You speak not wisely. Who calls in a guest
That is a guest himself ? None call to feast
Other than men that are of public use,

Prophets, or poets, whom the Gods produce,

Physicians for men's ills, or architects.
Such men the boundless earth affords respects

Bounded in honour, and may call them well.
But poor men who calls ? Who doth so excel

In others' good to do himself an ill ?
But all Ulysses' servants have been still
Eye-sores in your way more than all that woo,

And chiefly I. But what care I for you,
As long as these roofs hold as thralls to none

The wise Penelope and her godlike son ?"

" Forbear," said he, " and leave this tongue's bold ill.

Antinous uses to be crossing still,
And give sharp words ; his blood that humour bears,

To set men still together by the ears.

But," turning then t' Antinous, "O," said he,

"You entertain a father's care of me,
To turn these eating guests out. 'Tis advice
Of needful use for my poor faculties.

But God doth not allow this; there must be

Some care of poor men in humanity.

What you yourselves take, give; I not envy,

But give command that hospitality
Be given all strangers. Nor shall my powers fear,

If this mood in me reach my mother's ear;
Much less the servants', that are here to see

Ulysses' house kept in his old degree.

But you bear no such mind, your wits more cast

To fill yourself than let another taste."

Antinous answer'd him: "Brave-spoken man!

Whose mind's free fire see check'd no virtue can.

If all we wooers here would give as much
As my mind serves, his* largess should be such

As would for three months serve his far off way

From troubling your house with more cause of stay."

This said, he took a stool up, that did rest,

Beneath the board, his spangled feet at feast,

And offer'd at him; but the rest gave all,

And fill'd his fulsome scrip with festival.

And so Ulysses for the present was,

And for the future, furnish'd, and his pass
Bent to the door to eat. Yet could not leave

Antinous so, but said: "Do you too give,
Loved lord; your presence makes a shew to me

As you not worst were of the company,
But best; and so much that you seem the king,

And therefore you should give some better thing

Than bread, like others. I will spread your praise

Through all the wide world, that have in my days

Kept house myself, and trod the wealthy ways

Of other men even to the title Blest;

And often have I given an erring guest

(How mean soever) to the utmost gain
Of what he wanted, kept whole troops of men,

And had all other comings in, with which
Men live so well, and gain the fame of rich.

Yet Jove consumed all; he would have it so;

To which, his mean was this: He made me go

Far off, for Egypt, in the rude consort
Of all-ways-wandering pirates, where, in port,

I bade my loved men draw their ships ashore,

And dwell amongst them; sent out some t' explore

Up to the mountains, who, intemperate,
And their inflamed bloods bent to satiate,

Foraged the rich fields, haled the women thence

And unwean'd children, with the foul expence

Both of their fames and bloods. The cry then flew

Straight to the city; and the great fields grew

With horse and foot, and flamed with iron arms;

When Jove (that breaks the thunder in alarms)

An ill fight cast amongst my men; not one
Inspired with spirit to stand, and turn upon

The fierce pursuing foe; and therefore stood

Their ill fate thick about them; some in blood,

And some in bondage; toils led by constraint

Fastening upon them. Me along they sent
To Cyprus with a stranger-prince they met,

Dmetor Iasides, who th' imperial seat
Of that sweet island sway'd in strong command,

And thus feel I here need's contemned hand."

"And what God sent," said he, "this suffering bane

To vex our banquet? Stand off, nor profane

My board so boldly, lest I shew thee here
Cyprus and Egypt made more sour than there.

You are a saucy set-faced vagabond.
About with all you go, and they, beyond

Discretion give thee, since they find not here

The least proportion set down to their cheer.

* Intending Ulysses.

But every fountain hath his under-floods.
It is no bounty to give others' goods."

"O Gods," replied Ulysses, "I see now,
You bear no soul in this your goodly show.
Beggars at your board, I perceive, should get

Scarce salt from your hands, if themselves brought meat;
Since, sitting where another's board is spread,

That flows with feast, not to the broken bread

Will your allowance reach." "Nay then," said he,

And look'd austerely, "if so saucy be
Your suffer'd language, I suppose, that clear

You shall not scape without some broken cheer."

Thus rapt he up a stool, with which he smit

The king's right shoulder, 'twixt his neck and it.

He stood him like a rock. Antinous' dart
Not stir'd Ulysses; who in his great heart
Deep ills projected, which, for time yet, close

He bound in silence, shook his head, and went

Out to the entry, where he then gave vent
To his full scrip, sat on the earth, and eat,
And talk'd still to the wooers: "Hear me yet,

Ye wooers of the Queen. It never grieves
A man to take blows, where for sheep, or beeves,

Or other main possessions, a man fights;
But for his harmful belly this man smites,
Whose love to many a man breeds many a woe.

And if the poor have Gods, and Furies too,
Before Antinous wear his nuptial wreath,
He shall be worn upon the dart of death."

"Harsh guest," said he, "sit silent at your meat,

Or seek your desperate plight some safer seat,

Lest by the hands or heels youths drag your years,

And rend your rotten rags about your ears."

This made the rest as highly hate his folly,

As he had violated something holy.
When one, even of the proudest, thus began:

"Thou dost not nobly, thus to play the man

On such an errant wretch. O ill disposed!
Perhaps some sacred Godhead goes enclosed

Even in his abject outside; for the Gods
Have often visited these rich abodes
Like such poor stranger pilgrims, since their powers

(Being always shapeful) glide through towns and towers,

Observing, as they pass still, who they be
That piety love, and who impiety."

This all men said, but he held sayings cheap.

And all this time Telemachus did heap
Sorrow on sorrow on his beating heart,
To see his father stricken; yet let part
No tear to earth, but shook his head, and thought

As deep as those ills that were after wrought.

The Queen now, hearing of her poor guest's stroke,

Said to her maid (as to her wooer she spoke),

"I wish the famous-for-his-bow, the Sun,
Would strike thy heart so." Her wish, thus begun,

Her lady, fair Eurynome, pursued
Her execration, and did thus conclude:

"So may our vows call down from heaven his end,

And let no one life of the rest extend
His life till morning." "O Eurynome,"

Replied the Queen, "may all Gods speak in thee,

For all the wooers we should rate as foes,
Since all their weals they place in others' woes.

But this Antinous we past all should hate,
As one resembling black and cruel Fate.

A poor strange wretch begg'd here, compell'd by need,

Ask'd all, and every one gave in his deed,
Fill'd his sad scrip, and eased his heavy wants,

Only this man bestow'd unmanly taunts,
And with a cruel blow, his force let fly,

'Twixt neck and shoulders shew'd his charity."

These minds, above, she and her maids did show,

While, at his scrip, Ulysses sat below.
In which time she Eumæus call'd, and said:

"Go, good Eumæus, and see soon convey'd

The stranger to me; bid him come and take

My salutations for his welcome's sake,

And my desire serve, if he hath not heard
Or seen distress'd Ulysses? who hath err'd
Like such a man, and therefore chance
may fall

He hath by him been met and spoke
withal."

"O Queen," said he, "I wish to heaven
your ear

Were quit of this unreverend noise you
hear

From these rude wooers, when I bring
the guest;

Such words your ear would let into your
breast

As would delight it to your very heart.

Three nights and days I did my roof im-
part

To his fruition (for he came to me

The first of all men since he fled the sea)

And yet he had not given a perfect end

To his relation of what woes did spend

The spite of Fate on him, but as you see*

A singer, breathing out of Deity

Love-kindling lines, when all men seated

near

Are rapt with endless thirst to ever hear;

So sweeten'd he my bosom at my meat,

Affirming that Ulysses was in Crete,

Where first the memories of Minos were,

A guest to him there dwelling then, as dear

As his true father; and from thence came

he

Tired on with sorrows, toss'd from sea to

sea,

To cast himself in dust, and tumble here,

At wooers' feet, for blows and broken

cheer.

But of Ulysses, where the Thesprots dwell,

A wealthy people, Fame, he says, did tell

The still survival; who his native light

Was bound for now, with treasure in-
finite."

"Call him," said she, "that he himself

may say

This over to me. We shall soon have way

Given by the wooers; they, as well at

gate,

As set within doors, use to recreate

Their high-fed spirits. As their humours

lead

They follow; and may well; for still they

tread

Uncharged ways here, their own wealth

lying unwasted

In poor-kept houses, only something tasted

Their bread and wine is by their household
swains;

But they themselves let loose continual
reins

To our expenses, making slaughter still
Of sheep, goats, oxen, feeding past their

fill,

And vainly lavishing our richest wine;

All these extending past the sacred line,

For here lives no man like Ulysses now

To curb these ruins. But should he once
show

His country light his presence, he and his

Would soon revenge these wooers' in-
juries."

This said, about the house in echoes
round,

Her son's strange neesings* made a horrid
sound;

At which the Queen yet laugh'd, and said:

"Go call

The stranger to me. Heard'st thou not,
to all

My words last utter'd, what a neesing
brake

From my Telemachus? From whence I
make

This sure conclusion: That the death
and fate

Of every wooer here is near his date.

Call then the guest, and if he tell as

true

What I shall ask him, coat, cloak, all
things new,

These hands shall yield him." This said,
down he went,

And told Ulysses, that the Queen had
sent

To call him to her, that she might inquire

About her husband what her sad desire

Urged her to ask; and, if she found him

true,

Both coat, and cassock (which he needed)
new

Her hands would put on him; and that
the bread,

Which now he begg'd amongst the com-
mon tread,

Should freely feed h's hunger now from
her,

Who all he wish'd would to his wants pre-
fer."

His answer was: "I will with fit speed
tell

The whole truth to the Queen; for passing
well

* Simile, in which Ulysses is compared with
a poet for the sweetness of his speech.

* Neesing a good omen.

I know her lord, since he and I have shared

In equal sorrows. But I much am scared
With this rude multitude of wooers here,
The rage of whose pride smites heaven's
brazen sphere.

Of whose rout when one strook me for no
fault,

Telemachus nor none else turn'd th' assault
From my poor shoulders. Therefore,
though she haste,

Beseech the Queen her patience will see
past

The day's broad light, and then may she
inquire.

'Tis but my closer pressing to the fire

In th' evening's cold, because my weeds,
you know,

Are passing thin; for I made bold to show
Their bracks to you, and pray'd your kind
supply."

He heard, and hasted; and met instantly
The Queen upon the pavement in his way,
Who ask'd: "What! bring'st thou not?
what cause of stay

Find his austere supposes? Takes he fear
Of th' unjust wooers? Or thus hard doth
bear

On any other doubt the house objects?

He does me wrong, and gives too nice
respects

To his fear'd safety." "He does right,"
said he,

"And what he fears should move the
policy

Of any wise one; taking care to shun

The violent wooers. He bids bide, till
sun

Hath hid his broad light. And, believe
it, Queen,

'Twill make your best course, since you
two, unseen,

May pass th' encounter; you to speak
more free,

And he your ear gain less distractedly."

"The guest is wise," said she, "and
well doth give

The right thought use. Of all the men
that live,

Life serves none such as these proud
wooers are,

To give a good man cause to use his care."

Thus, all agreed, amongst the wooers
goes

Eumæus to the prince, and, whispering
close,

Said: "Now, my love, my charge shall
take up me,

(Your goods and mine). What here is,
you must see

In fit protection. But, in chief, regard
Your own dear safeguard; whose state

study hard,
Lest sufferance seize you. Many a wicked
thought

Conceal these wooers; whom just Jove
see brought

To utter ruin, ere it touch at us."

"So chance it, friend," replied Telemachus,

"Your bever taken, go. In first of day
Come, and bring sacrifice the best you
may.

To me and to th' Immortals be the care
Of whatsoever here the safeties are.

This said, he sat in his elaborate throne.
Eumæus (fed to satisfaction)

Went to his charge, left both the court and
walls

Full of secure and fatal festivals,
In which the wooers' pleasures still would
sway.

And now begun the even's near-ending
day.

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES and rogue Irus fight.
Penelope vouchsafes her sight
To all her Wooers; who present
Gifts to her, ravish'd with content.
A certain parley then we sing,
Betwixt a Wooer and the King.

ANOTHER.

Σέγνα. The beggar's glee.
The King's high fame.
Gifts given to see
A virtuous dame.

THERE came a common beggar to the court,

Who in the city begg'd of all resort,
Excell'd in madness of the gut, drunk, ate,
Past intermission, was most hugely great,
Yet had no fibres in him nor no force;
In sight a man, in mind a living corpse.

His true name was Arnæus, for his mother
Imposed it from his birth, and yet another
The city youth would give him (from the
course

He after took, derived out of the force
That need held on him, which was up and
down

To run on all men's errands through the
town)

Which sounded Irus. When whose gut
was come,

He needs would bar Ulysses his own home,
And fell to chiding him: "Old man," said
he,

"Your way out of the entry quickly see
Be with fair language taken, lest your stay
But little longer see you dragg'd away.

See, sir, observe you not how all these
make

Direct signs at me, charging me to take
Your heels, and drag you out? But I
take shame.

Rise yet, y' are best, lest we two play a
game

At cuffs together." He bent brows, and
said:

"Wretch! I do thee no ill, nor once up-
braid

Thy presence with a word, nor, what mine
eye
By all hands sees thee given, one thought
envy.

Nor shouldst thou envy others. Thou
may'st see

The place will hold us both; and seem't
to me

A beggar like myself; which who can
mend?

*The Gods give most to whom they least are
friend.*

The chief goods Gods give, is in good to end.
But to the hands' strife, of which y' are so
free,

Provoke me not, for fear you anger me;
And lest the old man, on whose scorn you
stood,

Your lips and bosom make shake hands
in blood.

I love my quiet well, and more will love
To-morrow than to-day. But if you move
My peace beyond my right, the war you
make

Will never after give you will to take
Ulysses' house into your begging walk."

"O Gods," said he, "how volubly doth
talk

This eating gulf! And how his fume
breaks out,

As from an old crack'd oven! whom I
will clout

So bitterly, and so with both hands mall
His chaps together, that his teeth shall fall

As plain seen on the earth as any sow's
That ruts the corn-fields, or devours the
mows.

Come, close we now, that all may see what
wrong

An old man tempts that takes at cuffs a
young."

Thus in the entry of those lofty towers

These two, with all spleen, spent their jar-
ring powers.

Antinous took it, laugh'd, and said: "O
friends,

We never had such sport: This guest con-
tends

With this vast beggar at the buffets' fight,
Come, join we hands, and screw up all
their spite."

All rose in laughters; and about them
bore

All the ragged rout of beggars at the door.
Then moved Antinous the victor's hire
To all the wooers thus: "There are now
at fire

Two breasts of goat; both which let law
set down

Before the man that wins the day's renown,
With all their fat and gravy. And of both
The glorious victor shall prefer his tooth,
To which he makes his choice of, from us
all,

And ever after banquet in our hall,
With what our boards yield; not a beggar
more

Allow'd to share, but all keep out at
door."

This he proposed; and this they all
approved.

To which Ulysses answer'd: "O most
loved,

By no means should an old man, and one
old

In chief with sorrows, be so over-bold
To combat with his younger; but, alas,
Man's own ill-working belly needs will
pass

This work upon me, and enforce me, too,
To beat this fellow. But then, you must
do

My age no wrong, to take my younger's
part,

And play me foul play, making your
strokes' smart

Help his to conquer; for you easily may
With your strengths crush me. Do then
right, and lay

Your honours on it in your oaths, to yield
His part no aid, but equal leave the field."

All swore his will. But then Telemachus
His father's scoffs with comforts serious
Could not but answer, and made this
reply:

"Guest! If thine own powers cheer thy
victory,

Fear no man's else that will not pass it
free.

He fights with many that shall touch but
thee.

I'll see thy guest-right paid. Thou here art
come

In my protection; and to this the sum
Of all these wooers (which Antinous are
And King Eurymachus) conjoin their
care."

Both vow'd it. When Ulysses, laying
by

His upper weed, his inner beggary
Near shew'd his shame, which he with rags
prevented

Pluck'd from about his thighs, and so pre-
sented

Their goodly sight, which were so white
and great,

And his large shoulders were to view so set
By his bare rags, his arms, his breast, and
all,

So broad, and brawny (their grace natural
Being help'd by Pallas, ever standing near)

That all the wooers his admirers were
Beyond all measure, mutual whispers
driven

Through all their cluster, saying; sure as
heaven

Poor Irus pull'd upon him bitter blows.
Through his thin garment what a thigh he
shows!"

They said. But Irus felt. His coward
mind

Was moved at root. But now he needs
must find

Facts to his brags; and forth at all parts fit
The servants brought him, all his arteries
smit

With fears and tremblings. Which Antinous
saw,

And said: "Nay, now too late comes fear.
No law

Thou shouldst at first have given thy brag-
gart vein,

Nor should it so have swell'd, if terrors
strain

Thy spirits to this pass, for a man so old,
And worn with penuries that still lay hold

On his ragged person. Howsoever, take
This vow from me for firm: That if he
make

Thy forces stoop, and prove his own
supreme,

I'll put thee in a ship, and down the stream
Send thee ashore where King Echetus

reigns,
(The roughest tyrant that the world con-
tains)

And he will slit thy nostrils, crop each ear,
Thy shame cut off, and give it dogs to
tear."

This shook his nerves the more. But both
were now

Brought to the lists; and up did either
throw

His heavy fists. Ulysses, in suspense
To strike so home that he should fright
from thence

His coward soul, his trunk laid prostrate there,
 Or let him take more leisure to his fear,
 And stoop him by degrees. The last shew'd best,
 To strike him slightly, out of fear the rest
 Would else discover him. But, peace now broke,
 On his right shoulder Irus laid his stroke.
 Ulysses strook him just beneath the ear,
 His jaw-bone broke, and made the blood appear ;
 When straight he strew'd the dust, and made his cry
 Stand for himself; with whom his teeth did lie,
 Spit with his blood out; and against the ground
 His heels lay sprawling. Up the hands went round
 Of all the woers, all at point to die
 With violent laughers. Then the king did ply
 The beggar's feet, and dragged him forth the hall,
 Along the entry, to the gates and wall ;
 Where leaving him, he put into his hand
 A staff, and bade him there use his command
 On swine and dogs, and not presume to be
 Lord of the guests, or of the beggary,
 Since he of all men was the scum and curse ;
 And so bade please with that, or fare yet worse.
 Then cast he on his scrip, all-patch'd and rent,
 Hung by a rotten cord, and back he went
 To greet the entry's threshold with his seat.
 The woers throng'd to him, and did entreat
 With gentle words his conquest; laughing still,
 Pray'd Jove and all the Gods to give his will
 What most it wish'd him, and would joy him most,
 Since he so happily had clear'd their coast
 Of that unsavoury morsel; whom they vow'd
 To see with all their utmost haste bestow'd
 Aboard a ship, and for Epirus sent
 To King Echetus, on whose throne was spent
 The worst man's seat that breathed. And thus was graced
 Divine Ulysses, who with joy embraced

Even that poor conquest. Then was set to him
 The goodly goat's breast promised (that did swim
 In fat and gravy) by Antinous.
 And from a basket, by Amphinomus,
 Were two breads given him; who, besides, renown'd
 His banquet with a golden goblet crown'd,
 And this high salutation: "Frolic, guest,
 And be those riches that you first possess
 Restored again with full as many joys,
 As in your poor state I see now annoys."
 "Amphinomus," said he, "you seem to me
 Exceeding wise, as being the progeny
 Of such a father as authentic Fame
 Hath told me was so, one of honour'd name,
 And great revenues in Dulichius,
 His fair name Nisus. He is blazon'd thus;
 And you to be his son, his wisdom heiring,
 As well as wealth, his state in nought impairing.
 To prove which all ways, let me tell you this,
 (As warning you to shun the miseries
 That follow full states, if they be not held
 With wisdom still at full, and so compell'd
 To courses that abode not in their brows,
 By too much swinge, their sudden overthrows)
*Of all things breathing, or that creep on earth,
 Nought is more wretched than a human birth.*
 Bless'd men think never they can cursed be,
 While any power lasts to move a knee.
 But when the blest Gods make them feel
 that smart,
 That fled their faith so, as they had no heart
 They bear their sufferings, and, what well they might
 Have clearly shunn'd, they then meet in despite.
*The mind of man flies still out of his way,
 Unless God guide and prompt it every day.*
 I thought me once a blessed man with men,
 And fashion'd me to all so counted then,
 Did all injustice like them; what for lust,
 Or any pleasure, never so unjust
 I could by power or violence obtain
 And gave them both in all their powers the rein,
 Bold of my fathers and my brothers still;
 While which held good my arts seem'd never ill.

And thus is none held simply good or bad,
But as his will is either miss'd or had.

All goods God's gifts man calls, howe'er
he gets them,

And so takes all, what price soe'er God
sets them,

Says nought how ill they come, nor will
control

That ravine in him, though it cost his soul.
And these parts here I see these wooers

play,
Take all that falls, and all dishonours lay

On that man's Queen, that, tell your friends,
doth bear

No long time's absence, but is passing
near.

Let God then guide thee home, lest he
may meet

In his return thy undeparted feet ;
For when he enters, and sees men so rude,

The quarrel cannot but in blood conclude."
This said, he sacrificed, then drunk, and

then
Referr'd the given bowl to the guide of

men ;
Who walk'd away, afflicted at his heart,

Shook head, and fear'd that these facts
would convert

To ill in th' end ; yet had not grace to fly,
Minerva stay'd him, being ordain'd to die

Upon the lance of young Ulyssides.
So down he sat ; and then did Pallas

please
T' incline the Queen's affections to appear

To all the wooers, to extend their cheer
To th' utmost lightning that still ushers

death,
And made her put on all the painted

sheath,
That might both set her wooers' fancies

high,
And get her greater honour in the eye

Even of her son and sovereign than before.
Who laughing yet, to shew her humour

bores
No serious appetite to that light show,
She told Eurynome, that not till now

She ever knew her entertain desire
To please her wooers' eyes, but oft on fire

She set their hate, in keeping from them
still ;

Yet now she pleased t' appear, though from
no will

To do them honour, vowing she would tell
Her son that of them that should fit him

well
To make use of ; which was, not to con-

verse
Too freely with their pride, nor to disperse

His thoughts amongst them, since they
used to give

Good words, but through them ill intents
did drive.

Eurynome replied : " With good advise
You vow his counsel, and your open guise.

Go then, advise your son, nor keep more
close

Your cheeks, still drown'd in your eyes'
overflows,

But bathe your body, and with balms make
clear

Your thicken'd countenance. *Uncomposed*

cheer,
And ever mourning, will the marrow

wear.
Nor have you cause to mourn ; your son

hath now
Put on that virtue which, in chief, your vow

Wish'd, as your blessing, at his birth,
might deck

His blood and person." " But forbear to
speak

Of baths, or balmings, or of beauty, now,"
The Queen replied, " lest, urging comforts,

you
Discomfort much ; because the Gods have

won
The spoil of my looks since my lord was
gone.

But these must serve. Call hither then to
me

Hippodamia and Antonoe,
That those our train additions may supply

Our own deserts. And yet, besides, not I,
With all my age, have learn'd the boldness

yet
T' expose myself to men, unless I get
Some other gracers." This said, forth*

she went
To call the ladies, and much spirit spent

To make their utmost speed, for now their
Queen

Would both herself shew, and make them
be seen.

But now Minerva other projects laid,
And through Icarus'† daughter's veins

convey'd
Sweet sleep's desire ; in whose soft fumes
involved

She was as soon as laid, and quite dissolved
Were all her lineaments. The Goddess

then
Bestow'd immortal gifts on her, that men
Might wonder at her beauties ; and the

beams
That glisten in the deified supremes,

* Eurynome.

† Penelope.

She clear'd her mourning countenance up
withal.

Even such a radiance as doth round empall
Crown'd Cytherea,* when her order'd
places

Conduct the bevy of the dancing Graces,
She added to her own; more plump, more
high,

And fairer than the polish'd ivory,
Rendering her parts and presence. This
grace done,

Away the Deity flew; and up did run
Her lovely-wristed ladies, with a noise
That blew the soft chains from her sleeping
joys;

When she her fair eyes wiped, and,
gasping, said:

"O me unblest! How deep a sweet
sleep spread

His shades about me! Would Diana
pleas'd

To shoot me with a death no more diseased,
As soon as might be, that no more my
moan

Might waste my blood in weepings never
done,

For want of that accomplish'd virtue
spher'd

In my loved lord, to all the Greeks pre-
fer'd."

Then she descended with her maids, and
took

Place in the portal; whence her beamy look
Reach'd every wooer's heart; yet cast she
on

So thin a veil, that through it quite there
shone

A grace so stolen, it pleas'd above the
clear,

And sunk the knees of every wooer there,
Their minds so melted in love's vehement
fires,

That to her bed she heighten'd all desires.

The prince then coming near, she said:
"O son,

Thy thoughts and judgments have not yet
put on

That constancy in what becomes their good,
Which all expect in thee. Thy younger
blood

Did sparkle choicer spirits; but, arriv'd
At this full growth, wherein their form hath
thrived

Beyond the bounds of childhood, and when
now,

Beholders should affirm, 'This man doth
grow

Like the rare son of his [most] matchless
Sire,

(His goodliness, his beauty, and his fire
Of soul aspir'd to), thou makest nothing
good

Thy fate, nor fortune, nor thy height of
blood,

In manage of thy actions. What a deed
Of foul desert hath thy gross sufferance
freed

Beneath thine own roof! A poor stranger
here

Used most unmanly! How will this appear
To all the world, when Fame shall trumpet
out,

That thus, and thus, are our guests bea-
about

Our court unrighted? 'Tis a blaze will
show

Extremely shameful to your name and
you."

"I blame you not, O mother," he re-
plied,

"That, this clear wrong sustain'd by me,
you chide;

Yet know I both the good and bad of all,
Being past the years in which young errors
fall.

But, all this known, skill is not so exact
To give, when once it knows, things fit
their fact.

I well may doubt the prease of strangers
here,

Who, bent to ill, and only my nerves near,
May do it in despite. And yet the jar
Betwixt our guest and Irus was no war

Wrought by the wooers; nor our guest
sustain'd

Wrong in that action, but the conquest
gain'd.

And would to Jove, Minerva, and the Sun,
That all your wooers might serve Contem-
tion

For such a purchase as the beggar made,
And wore such weak heads: Some should
death invade,

Strew'd in the entry, some embroe the hail,
Till every man had vengeance capital,
Sattled like Irus at the gates, his head
Every way nodding, like one forfeited

To reeling Bacchus, knees nor feet his own,
To bear him where he's better loved or
known."

Their speeches given this end, Eury-
machus

Began his courtship, and express'd it thus:
"Most wise Icarus' daughter; If all
those,

That did for Colchos venturous sail dispose

* Venus.

For that rich purchase, had before but seen
 Earth's richer prize in th' Ithacensian
 Queen,
 They had not made that voyage, but to you
 Would all their virtues and their beings
 vow.
 Should all the world know what a worth
 you store,
 To-morrow than to-day, and next light,
 more
 Your court should banquet; since to all
 dames you
 Are far prefer'd, both for the grace of
 show,
 In stature, beauty, form in every kind
 Of all parts outward, and for faultless
 mind."
 "Alas," said she, "my virtue, body,
 form,
 The Gods have blasted with that only storm
 That ravish'd Greece to Ilion, since my
 lord,
 For that war shipp'd, bore all my goods
 aboard.
 If he, return'd, should come and govern
 here
 My life's whole state, the grace of all things
 there
 His guide would heighten, as the spirit it
 bore;
 Which dead in me lives, given him long
 before.
 A sad course I live now; Heaven's stern
 decree
 With many an ill hath numb'd and deaded
 me.
 He took life with him, when he took my
 hand
 In parting from me to the Trojan strand,
 These words my witness: 'Woman! I
 conceive
 That not all th' Achives bound for Troy
 shall leave
 Their native earth their safe returned bones,
 Fame saying, that Troy trains up approved
 sons
 In deeds of arms, brave putters off of
 shafts,
 For winging lances masters of their crafts,
 Unmatched riders, swift of foot, and
 straight
 Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight.
 Hope then can scarce fill all with life's
 supply,
 And of all any failing, why not I?
 Nor do I know, if God hath marshall'd me
 Amongst the safe-return'd; or his decree
 Hath left me to the thraldom order'd there.
 However, all cares be thy burthens here;

My sire and mother tend as much as now,
 I further off, more near in cares be you.
 Your son to man's state grown, wed whom
 you will;
 And, you gone, his care let his household
 fill.'
 Thus made my lord his will, which Heaven
 sees proved
 Almost at all parts; for the Sun removed
 Down to his set, ere long, will lead the
 night
 Of those abhorred nuptials, that should
 fright
 Each worthy woman, which her second
 are
 With any man that breathes, her first
 lord's care
 Dead, because he to flesh and blood is
 dead;
 Which, I fear I shall yield to, and so wed
 A second husband; and my reason is,
 Since Jove hath taken from me all his
 bliss.
*Whom God gives over they themselves for-
 sake,
 Their griefs their joys, their God their
 devil, make.*
 And 'tis a great grief, nor was seen till now
 In any fashion of such men as woo
 A good and wealthy woman, and contend
 Who shall obtain her, that those men
 should spend
 Her beeves and best sheep, as their
 chiefest ends;
 But rather that herself and all her friends
 They should with banquets and rich gifts
 entreat.
*Their life is death that live with others'
 meat.*
 Divine Ulysses much rejoiced to hear
 His Queen thus fish for gifts, and keep in
 cheer
 Their hearts with hope that she would wed
 again,
 Her mind yet still her first intent retain.
 Antinous saw the wooers won to give,
 And said: "Wise Queen, by all your
 means receive
 Whatever bounty any wooer shall use.
 Gifts freely given 'tis folly to refuse.
 For know, that we resolve not to be gone
 To keep our own roofs, till of all some
 one,
 Whom best you like, your long-woo'd love
 shall win."
 This pleased the rest, and every one
 sent in
 His present by the herald. First had place
 Antinous' gift: a robe of special grace.

She clear'd her mourning countenance up
withal.

Even such a radiance as doth round empall
Crown'd Cytherea,* when her order'd
places

Conduct the bevy of the dancing Graces,
She added to her own ; more plump, more
high,

And fairer than the polish'd ivory,
Rendering her parts and presence. This
grace done,

Away the Deity flew ; and up did run
Her lovely-wristed ladies, with a noise
That blew the soft chains from her sleeping
joys ;

When she her fair eyes wiped, and,
gasping, said :

“ O me unblest ! How deep a sweet
sleep spread

His shades about me ! Would Diana
pleased

To shoot me with a death no more diseased,
As soon as might be, that no more my
moan

Might waste my blood in weepings never
done,

For want of that accomplish'd virtue
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In my loved lord, to all the Greeks pre-
ferr'd.”

Then she descended with her maids, and
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Place in the portal ; whence her beamy look
Reach'd every wooer's heart ; yet cast she
on

So thin a veil, that through it quite there
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A grace so stolen, it pleased above the
clear,

And sunk the knees of every wooer there,
Their minds so melted in love's vehement
fires,

That to her bed she heighten'd all desires.

The prince then coming near, she said :

“ O son,

Thy thoughts and judgments have not yet
put on

That constancy in what becomes their good,
Which all expect in thee. Thy younger
blood

Did sparkle choicer spirits ; but, arrived
At this full growth, wherein their form hath
thrived

Beyond the bounds of childhood, and when
now,

Beholders should affirm, 'This man doth
grow

Exceeding full and fair, and twenty hues
Changed lustre to it ; to which choice of
shews,

Twelve massy plated buttons, all of gold,
Enrich'd the substance, made to fairly
hold

The robe together, all laced down before,
Where keeps and catches both sides of it
wore.

Eurymachus a golden tablet gave,
In which did Art her choicest works en-
grave ;

And round about an amber verge did run,
That cast a radiance from it like the Sun.

Eurydamas two servants had that bore
Two goodly earrings, whose rich hollows
wore

Three pearls in either, like so many eyes,
Reflecting glances radiant as the skies.

The king Pisander, great Polycctor's
heir,

A casket gave, exceeding rich and fair.

The other other wealthy gifts com-
mended

To her fair hand ; which took, and
straight ascended

This Goddess-of her sex her upper state.

Her ladies all her gifts elaborate

Up bearing after. All to dancing then

The woovers went, and song's delightful
strain ;

In which they frolick'd, till the evening
came,

And then raised sable Hesperus his flame.
When, for their lights within, they set up
there

Three lamps, whose wicks were wood ex-
ceeding sere,

And passing porous ; which they caused
to burn,

Their matter ever minister'd by turn
Of several handmaids. Whom Ulysses
seeing

Too conversant with woovers, ill agreeing
With guise of maids, advised in this fair
sort :

"Maids of your long-lack'd King, keep
you the port

Your Queen's chaste presence bears ? Go
up to her,

Employ your looms, or rocks, and keep ye
there :

I'll serve to feed these lamps, should these
lords' dances

Last till Aurora cheer'd us with their
glances.

They cannot weary me, for I am one
Born to endure when all men else have
done."

They wantonly brake out in laughters all,
Look'd on each other ; and to terms did
fall

Cheek-proud Melantho, who was Dolius'
seed,

Kept by the Queen, that gave her dainty
bread

Fit for her daughter ; and yet won not so
Her heart to her to share in any woe

She suffer'd for her lord, but she was great
With great Eurymachus, and her love's
heat

In his bed quench'd. And this choleric
thing

Bestow'd this railing language on the
King :

" Base stranger, you are taken in your
brain,

You talk so wildly. Never you again

Can get where you were born, and seek
your bed

In some smith's hovel, or the market-stead ;
But here you must take confidence to prate

Before all these ; for fear can get no state
In your wine-hardy stomach. Or 'tis like

To prove your native garb, your tongue will
strike

On this side of your mouth still, being at
best.

Is the man idle-brain'd for want of rest ?

Or proud because he beat the roguish
beggar ?

Take heed, Sir, lest some better man
beleager

Your ears with his fists, and set headlong
hence

Your bold abode here with your blood's
expence."

He, looking sternly on her, answer'd
her :

" Dog ! What broad language givest thou ?
I'll prefer

Your usage to the prince, that he may fall
Foul on your fair limbs till he tell them
all."

This fray'd the wenches, and all straight
got gone

In fear about their business, every one
Confessing he said well. But he stood
now

Close by the cressets, and did looks bestow
On all men there ; his brain employ'd about

Some sharper business than to dance it out,
Which had not long to go. Nor therefore

would

Minerva let the woovers' spleens grow cold
With too good usage of him, that his heart

Might fret enough, and make his choler
smart.

Eurymachus provoked him first, and made
His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had
Fetch'd far from what was spoken long
before,

That his poor form perhaps some Deity
bore.

"It well may chance," said he, "some God
doth bear

This man's resemblance, for, thus standing
near

The glistening torches, his slick'd head doth
throw

Beams round about it as those cressets do,
For not a hair he hath to give it shade.

Say, will thy heart serve t' undertake a
trade

For fitting wages? Should I take thee
hence

To walk my grounds, and look to every
fence,

Or plant high trees, thy hire should raise
thy forces

Food store, and clothes. But these same
idle courses

Thou art so prompt in that thou wilt not
work,

But forage up and down, and beg, and lurk
In every house whose roofs hold any will

To feed such fellows. That thy gut may
fill,

Gives end to all thy being." He replied :

"I wish, at any work we two were tried,
In height of spring-time, when heaven's
lights are long ;

I a good crook'd scythe that were sharp and
strong,

You such another, where the grass grew
deep,

Up by day-break, and both our labours
keep

Up till slow darkness eased the labouring
light,

Fasting all day, and not a crumb till night ;

We then should prove our either workman-
ship.

Or if, again, beeves, that the goad or whip
Were apt t' obey before a tearing plow,

Big lusty beasts, alike in bulk and brow,
Alike in labour, and alike in strength,

Our task four acres, to be till'd in length
Of one sole day ; again then you should
try

If the dull glebe before the plow should fly,
Or I a long stitch could bear clean and
even.

Or lastly, if the guide of earth and heaven
Should stir stern war up, either here or
there,

And that at this day I had double spear,

And shield, and steel casque fitting for my
brows :

At this work likewise, 'midst the foremost
blows,

Your eyes should note me, and get little
cause

To twit me with my belly's sole applause.
But you affect t' affect with injury,

Your mind ungentle, seem in valour high,
Because 'gainst few, and those not of the
best,

Your conversation hath been still profest.
But if Ulysses, landed on his earth,

And enter'd on the true right of his birth,
Should come and front ye, straight his
ample gates

Your feet would hold too narrow for your
fates."

He frowned, raged, call'd him wretch,
and vow'd

To be his death, since he durst prove so
proud

Amongst so many, to tell him so home
What he affected : ask'd, if overcome

With wine he were, or, as his minion said,
Talk'd still so idly, and were palsied

In his mind's instruments, or was proud
because

He gat from Irus off with such applause?
With all which, snatching up a stool, he
threw ;

When old Ulysses to the knees withdrew
Of the Dulichian lord, Amphinomus,

As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus
His aged object, and his page's hand

(A boy that waited on his cup's command,
Now holding of an ewer to him) he smit.

Down fell the sounding ewer, and after it
The guiltless page lay sprawling in the
dust,

And crying out. When all the wooers thrust
A tumult up amongst them, wishing all

The rogue had perish'd in some hospital,
Before his life there stirr'd such uproars up,
And with rude speeches spice their
pleasures' cup.

And all this for a beggar, to fulfil
A filthy proverb : *Good still yields to ill.*

The prince cried out on them, to let the
bad

Obscure the good so ; told them they were
mad,

Abused their banquet, and affirm'd some
God

Tried masteries with them : bade them
take their load

Of food and wine, sit up, or fall to bed
At their free pleasures ; and since he gave
head

To all their freedoms, why should they
mistake

Their own rich humours for a beggar's
sake ?

All bit their lips to be so taken down,
And taught the course that should have
been their own,

Admired the prince, and said he bravely
spoke.

But Nisus' son then strook the equal stroke,
And said : " O friends, let no man here
disdain

To put up equal speeches ; nor maintain
With serious words an humour ; nor with
stroke

A stranger in another's house provoke ;
Nor touch the meanest servant ; but con-
fine

All these dissensions in a bowl of wine ;

Which fill us, cup-bearer, that, hav
done

Our nightly sacrifice, we may atone
Our powers with sleep, resigning first
guest

Up to the prince, that holds all interest
In his disposure here ; the house being
In just descent, and all the faculties."

This all approved ; when noble Mull
Herald in chief to lord Amphinomus,
The wine distributed with reverend gra
To every wooer ; when the Gods gi
place

With service fit, they served themsel
and took

Their parting cups ; till (when they all
shook

The angry humour off) they bent to re
And every wooer to several roofs addre

THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES and his son eschew
 Offending of the Wooers' view
 With any armour. His birth's seat,
 Ulysses tells his Queen, is Crete.
 Euryclea the truth yet found,
 Discover'd by a scar-heal'd wound,
 Which in Parnassus' tops a boar,
 Strook by him in his chace, did gore.

ANOTHER.

Tau. The King still hid
 By what he said;
 By what he did
 Informs his maid.

YET did divine Ulysses keep his roof,
 And with Minerva plotted still the proof
 Of all the wooers' deaths; when thus his
 son
 He taught with these fore-counsels: "We
 must run
 A close course with these arms, and lay
 them by,
 And to the wooers make so fair a sky
 As it would never thunder. Let me then,
 That you may well retain, repeat again
 What in Eumæus' cottage I advised:
 If when they see your leisure exercised
 In fetching down your arms, and ask what
 use
 Your mind will give them, say, 'tis their
 abuse
 With smoke and rust that makes you take
 them down,
 This not being like the armoury well-
 known
 To be the leavings of Laertes' son
 Consorting the design for Iliou;
 Your eyes may see how much they are in-
 fected,
 As all fires' vapours ever since reflected
 On those sole arms. Besides, a graver
 thought
 Jove graves within you, lest, their spirits
 wrought
 Above their pitch with wine, they might
 contend
 At some high banquet, and to wounds
 transcend,

Their feast inverting; which, perhaps, may
 be
 Their nuptial feast with wise Penelope.
*The ready weapon, when the blood is up,
 Doubles the uproar heighten'd by the cup.
 Wrath's means for act, curb all the ways
 ye can,
 As loadstones draw the steel, so steel draws
 man.*

Retain these words; nor what is good
 think, thus
 Received at second hand, superfluous."
 The son, obeying, did Euryclea call,
 And bade her shut in th' utter porches all
 The other women, till himself brought
 down
 His father's arms, which all were over-
 grown
 By his neglect with rust, his father gone,
 And he too childish to spend thoughts
 upon
 Those manly implements; but he would
 now
 Reform those young neglects, and th' arms
 bestow
 Past reach of smoke. The loving nurse
 replied:
 "I wish, O son, your powers would once
 provide
 For wisdom's habit, see your household
 were
 In thrifty manage, and tend all things
 there.
 But if these arms must down, and every
 maid
 Be shut in utter rooms, who else should aid
 Your work with light?" He answer'd:
 "This my guest.
 There shall no one in my house taste my
 feast,
 Or join in my nave,* that shall idly live,
 However far hence he his home derive."

* *Xoivicos ἀνεγραι*, they will needs turn this, *quadram* (for *modium*) *gustet*. Though the words bear no such signification, but give a proverb then in use repetition, which was: *he shall not join or make a spoke in the nave of my chariot, or chariot-wheel.* *Xoivicos*, or *χοιwickis*, signifying *modiolus rotæ*, and *ἀνεγραι*, *necto*.

He said, and his words stood. The doors she shut

Of that so well-fill'd house; and th' other put

Their thoughts in act; best shields, helms, sharpen'd lances,

Brought down; and Pallas before both advances

A golden cresset, that did cast a light

As if the Day sat in the throne of Night.

When, half amazed, the prince said: "O my father,

Mine eyes my soul's powers all in wonder gather,

For though the walls, and goodly wind-beams here,

All all these pillars, that their heads so rear,

And all of fir, they seem yet all of fire.

Some God is surely with us." His wise sire

Bade peace, and keep the counsels of the Gods,

Nor ask a word: "These Powers, that use abodes

Above the stars, have power from thence to shine

Through night and all shades to earth's inmost mine.

Go thou for sleep, and leave me here to wake

The women, and the Queen; whose heart doth ache

To make inquiry for myself of me."

He went to sleep where lights did endlessly

Burn in his night-rooms; where he feasted rest,

Till day's fair weed did all the world invest.

Thus was divine Ulysses left alone

With Pallas, plotting foul confusion

To all the wooers. Forth then came the Queen;

Phœbe, with golden Cytherea seen, Her port presented. Whom they set a chair

Aside the fire, the fashion circular,

The substance silver and rich elephant;

Whose fabric did the cunning finger vaunt Of great Iemalius, who besides had done

A footstool for her that did suit her throne, On which they cast an ample skin, to be

The cushion for her other royalty. And there she sat; about whom came her maids,

Who brought upon a table store of breads, And bowls that with the wooers' wine were crown'd.

The embers then they cast upon the ground

From out the lamps, and other fuel added, That still with cheerful flame the sad house gladdened.

Melantho, seeing still Ulysses there,

Thus she held out her spleen: "Still, stranger, here?

Thus late in night? To see what ladies do?

Avaunt, you wretch, hence, go without doors, go;

And quickly, too, lest ye be singed away With burning fire-brands." He, thus seeing their fray

Continued by her with such spleen, replied:

"Minion! What makes your angry blood thus chide

My presence still? Is it because you see

I shine not in your wanton bravery, But wear these rags? It fits the needy fate

That makes me beg thus of the common state.

Such poor souls, and such beggars, yet are men;

And even my mean means, means had to maintain

A wealthy house, and kept a manly press, Was counted blessed, and the poor access

Of any beggar did not scorn, but feed With open hand, and any man of need

Relieved as fitted; kept my servants, too, Not few, but did with those additions go

That call choice men *The Honest*, who are styled

The rich, the great. But what such great ones build

Jove oft pulls down, as thus he ruin'd me;

His will was such, which is his equity. And therefore, woman, bear your fitting hand

On your behaviour, lest your spirit thus mann'd,

And cherish'd with your beauties, when they wane,

Comes down, your pride now being then your bane;

And in the mean space shun the present danger,

Lest your bold fashion breed your sovereign's anger,

Or lest Ulysses come, of whom even yet Hope finds some life in fate. Or, be his seat

Amongst the merely ruin'd, yet his son, Whose life's heat Phœbus saves, is such a one

As can discover who doth well deserve Of any woman here, his years now serve."

The Queen gave ear, and thus suppress'd
the flame :

"Thou quite without a brow, past female
shame,

I hear thy monstrous boldness, which thy
head

Shall pay me pains for. Thou hast heard
it said,

And from myself too, and at every part
Thy knowledge serves thee, that, to ease
my heart

So punish'd in thy witness, my desire
Dwelt on this stranger, that I might in-
quire

My lost friend's being. But 'tis ever tried,
*Both man and God are still forgot with
pride.*

Eurynome ! bring here this guest a seat,
And cushion on it, that we two may treat
Of the affair in question. Set it near,
That I may softly speak, yet he well hear."

She did this little freely ; and he sat
Close by the Queen, who ask'd him,
Whence, and what

He was himself ? And what th' inhabited
place

Where lived his parents ? whence he
fetch'd his race ?

"O woman," he replied, "with whom
no man,

That moves in earth's unbounded circle,
can

Maintain contention for true honour given ;
Whose fame hath reach'd the* fairly-
flowing heaven,

Who, like a never-ill-deserving king,
That is well spoke of, first, for worshipping,
And striving to resemble God in empire ;
Whose equal hand impartially doth temper
Greatness and Goodness ; to whom there-
fore bears

The black earth store of all grain, trees
confers

Cracking with burthen, long-lived herds
creates,

All which the sea with her sorts emulates ;
And all this feeds beneath his powerful
hand

Men, valliant, many, making strong his
land

With happy lives led ; nothing else the
cause

Of all these blessings, but well-order'd
laws ;

Like such a king are you, in love, in fame,
And all the bliss that deifies a dame.

And therefore do not mix this with a moan
So wretched as is now in question.

Ask not my race nor country, lest you fill
My heart yet fuller with repeated ill ;

For I must follow it with many tears,
Though 'tis not seemly to sit wounding ears

In public roofs with our particular life ;
Time's worst expense is still-repeated grief.

I should be irksome to your ladies here,
And you yourself would say you urg'd
your ear

To what offends it, my still-broken eyne
Supposing wounded with your too much
wine."

"Stranger," said she, "you fear your own
excess

With giving me too great a nobleness.
The Gods my person, beauty, virtue too,

Long since subverted, when the Ilian woe
The Greek design attempted ; in which
went

My praise and honour. In his government
Had I deserved your utmost grace, but
now

Sinister Deity makes dishonour woo,
In show of grace, my ruin. All the peers,

Sylvan Zacynthus and Dulichius spheres,
Samos and Ithaca, strange strifes have
shown

To win me, spending on me all mine own ;
Will wed me, in my spite ; and these are
those

That take from me all virtue to dispose
Or guest or suppliant, or take any course
Amongst my heralds, that should all dis-
burse,

To order anything. Though I need none
To give me grief at home, abroad errs one
That my veins shrink for, whom these,
holding gone,

Their nuptials hasten, and find me as slow.
Good spirits prompted me to make a show
Of undertaking a most curious task,

That an unmeasured space of time would
ask ;

Which they enduring long would often
say,

When ends thy work ? I soon had my
delay,

And pray'd their stay ; for though my lord
were dead,

His father's life yet matter ministered
That must employ me ; which, to tell them
true,

Was that great work I named. For now
near drew

Laertes' death, and on my hand did lie
His funeral robe ; whose end, being now
so nigh,

* οὐρανὸν εὐρύσσῃ.

I must not leave, and lose so much begun;
The rather lest the Greek dames might be
won

To tax mine honour, if a man so great
Should greet his grave without his winding
sheet.

Pride made them credulous, and I went
on;

When whatsoever all the day had done
I made the night help to undo again,
Though oil and watch it cost, and equal
pain.

Three years my wit secured me undis-
cern'd,

Yet, when the fourth came, by my maids
discern'd,

False careless wenches, how they were de-
luded;

When, by my light discern'd, they all in-
truded,

Used threatening words, and made me
give it end;

And then could I to no more length ex-
tend

My linger'd nuptials; not a counsel more
Was to be stood upon; my parents bore
Continual hand on me to make me wed;
My son grew angry that so ruined
His goods were by them. He is now a
man

Wise in a great degree, and one that can
Himself give order to his household fare;
And Jove give equal glory to his care.

But thus you must not pass me; I must
know,

It may be for more end, from whence doth
grow

Your race and you; for I suppose you
none

Sprung of old oak, or justled out of stone."
He answer'd: "O Ulysses' reverend
wife!

Yet hold you purpose to inquire my life?
I'll tell you, though it much afflict me
more

Than all the sorrows I have felt before.
As worthily it may, since so long time
As I have wander'd from my native
clime,

Through humane cities, and in sufferance
still,

To rip all wounds up; though of all their
ill

I touch but part, must actuate all their
pain.

But, ask you still, I'll tell, though still
sustain.

In middle of the sable sea there lies
An isle call'd Crete, a ravisher of eyes,

Fruitful, and mann'd with many an infinite
store;

Where ninety cities crown the famous
shore,

Mix'd with all-languaged men. There
Greeks survive,

There the great-minded Eteocretans live;
There the Dorensians never out of war,
The Cydons there, and there the singular
Pelasgian people. There doth Gnosson
stand,

That mighty city, where had most com-
mand

Great Jove's disciple (Minos) who nine
years

Conferr'd with Jove; both great familiar
In mutual counsels. And this Minos' son.

The mighty-minded king Deucalion,
Was sire to me and royal Idomen,

Who with Atrides went to Iliion then,
My elder brother and the better man,

My name Aethon. At that time began
My knowledge of Ulysses, whom my home

Received with guest-rites. He was thither
come

By force of weather, from the Malean
coast

But new got off, where he the navy lost,
Then under sail for Troy, and wind-bound
lay

Long in Amnisus; hardly got away
From horrid storms, that made him anchor
there,

In havens that sacred to Lucina were,
Dreadful and dangerous, in whose bosom
crept

Lucina's cavern. But in my roof slept
Ulysses, shored in Crete; who first in-
quired

For royal Idomen, and much desired
To taste his guest-rites, since to him had
been

A welcome guest my brother Idomen.
The tenth or 'leventh light on Ulysses
shined

In stay at Crete, attending then the wind
For threaten'd Iliion. All which time my
house

With love and entertainments curious
Embraced his person, though a number
more

My hospitable roofs received before.
His men I likewise call'd, and from the
store

Allow'd them meal and heat-exciting wine,
And oxen for their slaughter, to confine
In my free hand the utmost of their need.

Twelve days the Greeks stay'd, ere they
got them freed,

A gale so bitter blew out of the north,
That none could stand on earth, being
tumbled forth
By some stern God. But on the thirteenth
day
The tempest ceased, and then went Greeks
their way."

Thus many tales Ulysses told his wife
At most but painting, yet most like the
life;

Of which her heart such sense took through
her ears,
It made her weep as she would turn to
tears.

And as from off the mountains melts the
snow,
Which Zephyr's breath conceal'd, but was
made flow

By hollow Eurus, which so fast pours down,
That with their torrent floods have over-
flown;

So down her fair cheeks her kind tears did
glide,
Her miss'd lord mourning set so near her
side.

Ulysses much was moved to see her
mourn,
Whose eyes yet stood as dry as iron or
horn

In his untroubled lids, which in his craft
Of bridling passion he from issue saft.

When she had given her moan so many
tears,

That now 'twas satiate, her yet loving fears
Ask'd thus much further: "You have thus
far tried

My love's credulity, but if gratified
With so long stay he was with you, you can
Describe what weed he wore, what kind of
man

Both he himself was, and what followers
Observed him there." "Alas," said he,
"the years

Have grown so many since (this making
now

Their twentieth revolution) that my show
Of these slight notes will set my memory
sore;

But, to my now remembrance, this he
wore:

A double purple robe, drawn close before
With golden buttons, pleated thick, and
bore

A facing where a hundred colours shined:
About the skirts a bound, a freckled hind
In full course hunted; on the foreskirts,
yet,

He pinch'd and pull'd her down, when
with her feet,

And all her force, she struggled hard for
flight.

Which had such life in gold, that to the
sight

It seem'd the hind itself for every hue,
The hound and all so answering the view,
That all admired all. I observed beside
His inner weed, so rarely beautified
That dumb amaze it bred, and was as thin
As any dry and tender onion-skin;
As soft 'twas, too, and glister'd like the
sun.

The women were to loving wonder won
By him and by his weeds. But, by the
way,

You must excuse me, that I cannot say
He brought this suit from home, or had it
there

Sent for some present; or, perhaps, else-
where

Received it for his guest-gift; for your lord
Had friends not few, the fleet did not afford
Many that had not fewer. I bestow'd
A well-edged sword on him, a robe that
flow'd

In folds and fulness, and did reach his feet,
Of richest purple; brought him to his fleet
With all my honour; and besides, to add
To all this sifted circumstance, he had
A herald there, in height a little more
Put from the earth, that thicker shoulders
wore,

A swarth complexion and a curled head,
His name Eurybates; and much in stead
He stood your king, employ'd in most
command,

Since most of all his mind could under-
stand."

When all these signs she knew for chiefly
true,

Desire of moan upon her beauties grew,
And yet (even that desire sufficed) she said:

"Till this, my guest, a wretched state
array'd

Your ill-used person, but from this hour
forth

You shall be honour'd, and find all the
worth

That fits a friend. Those weeds these
hands bestow'd

From out my wardrobe; those gold buttons
sew'd

Before for closure and for ornament.
But never more must his return present

The person that gave those adornments
state;

And therefore, under an abhorred fate,
Was he induced to feed the common fame,
To visit vile Troy; ay, too vile to name."

"No more yet mourn," said he, "nor thus see pined
 Your lovely person. *Weeping wastes the mind.*
 And yet I blame you not; for any dame
 That weds one young, and brings to him his name,
 Whatever man he is, will mourn his loss.
 Much more respectful then must shew your woes
 That weep thus for Ulysses, who, Fame says,
 Was equal with the Gods in all his ways.
 But where no cause is there must be no moan,
 And therefore hear me, my relation
 Shall lay the clear truth naked to your view:
 I heard amongst the Thesprots for most true,
 That lord Ulysses lived, and stood just now
 On his return for home; that wealth did flow
 In his possession, which he made not known,
 But begg'd amongst the people, since alone
 He quite was left, for all his men were lost
 In getting off from the Trinacrian coast;
 Jove and the Sun was wroth with them for rape
 Made of his oxen, and no man let scape
 The rugged deeps of Neptune; only he,
 The ship's keel only keeping, was by sea
 Cast on the fair Phæacian continent,
 Where men survive that are the Gods' descent,
 And like a God received him, gave him heaps
 Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct his steps
 Themselves safe home; which he might long ago
 His pleasure make, but profit would not so.
 He gather'd going, and had mighty store
 Of gold in safeguard; so beyond the shore
 That common sails kept, his high flood of wit
 Bore glorious top, and all the world for it
 Hath far exceeded. All this Phædon told,
 That doth the sceptre of Thesprotia hold,
 Who swore to me, in household sacrifice,
 The ship was launch'd, and men to man the prize,
 That soon should set him on his country earth,
 Shew'd me the goods, enow to serve the birth

That in the tenth age of his seed should spring,
 Yet in his court contain'd. But then the king,
 Your husband, for Dodona was in way,
 That from th' oraculous Oak he might display
 Jove's will; what course for home would best prevail;
 To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail.
 But me the king dispatch'd in course before,
 A ship then bound for the Dulichian shore.
 So thus you see his safety whom you mourn;
 Who now is passing near, and his return
 No more will punish with delays, but see
 His friends and country. All which truth to thee
 I'll seal with sacred oath. Be witness, Jove,
 Thou first and best of all the throned above;
 And thou house of the great Laertes' heir,
 To whose high roofs I tender my repair,
 That what I tell the Queen event shall crown:
 This year Ulysses shall possess his own:
 Nay ere the next month ends, shall here arrive;
 Nay, ere it enters, here abide alive."
 "O may this prove," said she; "gifts, friendship, then
 Should make your name the most renown'd of men.
 But 'tis of me received, and must so sort,
 That nor my lord shall ever see his court,
 Nor you gain your deduction thence, for now
 The alter'd house doth no such man allow
 As was Ulysses, if he ever were,
 To entertain a reverend passenger,
 And give him fair dismissal. But, maids, see
 Ye bathe his feet, and then with tapestry,
 Best sheets and blankets, make his bed,
 and lay
 Soft waistcoats by him, that, lodged warm,
 he may
 Even till the golden-seated morning's ray
 Enjoy good rest; and then, with her first light,
 Bathe, and give alms, that cherish'd appetite
 He may apply within our hall, and sit
 Safe by Telemachus. Or, if th' unfit
 And harmful mind of any be so base
 To give his age again, let none give grace
 Of doing any deed he shall command,
 Now wroth soever, to his barbarous hand.

For how shall you, guest, know me for a
dame

That pass so far, nay, turn and wind the
fame

Of other dames for wisdom, and the frame
Of household usage, if your poor thin
weeds

I let draw on you want, and worsen deeds,
That may, perhaps, cause here your latest
day?

The life of man is short and flies away.

And if the ruler's self of households be
Ungentle, studying inhumanity,
The rest prove worse, but he bears all the
blame;

All men will, living, vow against his name
Mischiefs and miseries, and, dead, supply
With bitter epitaphs his memory.
But if himself be noble (noble things
Doing and knowing) all his underlings
Will imitate his noblesse, and all guests
Give it, in many, many interests.

"But worthiest Queen," said he, "where
you command

Baths and rich beds for me, I scorn to
stand

On such state now; nor ever thought it yet
Since first I left the snowy hills of Crete.

When once I fell a-shipboard those
thoughts fled;

I love to take now, as long since, my bed.
Though I began the use with sleepless
nights,

I many a darkness with right homely rites
Have spent ere this hour, and desired the
morn

Would come, and make sleep to the world
a scorn.

Nor run these dainty baths in my rude
head;

Nor any handmaid, to your service bred,
Shall touch my ill-kept feet, unless there
live

Some poor old drudge here, that hath
learn'd to give

Old men good usage, and no work will fly,
As having suffer'd ill as much as I.

But if there live one such in your com-
mand,

I will not shame to give my foot her
hand."

She gave this answer: "O my loved
guest,

There never enter'd these kind roofs for
rest,

Stranger or friend that so much wisdom
laid

In gage for guest-rites, as your lips have
paid.

There lives an old maid in my charge that
knows

The good you speak of by her many woes;
That nourish'd and brought up, with
curious care,

Th' unhappy man, your old familiar,
Even since his mother let him view the
light,

And oft hath felt in her weak arms his
weight;

And she (though now much weaker) shall
apply

Her maiden service to your modesty.
Euryclea, rise, and wash the feet of one

That is of one age with your sovereign gone:
Such hands, such feet hath, though of al-
ter'd grace:

*Much grief in men will bring on change
apace.*

She, from her aged slumber waked, did
clear

Her heavy eyes, and instantly, to hear
Her sovereign's name, had work enough to
dry

Her cheeks from tears, and to his memory
These moans did offer: "O my son," said
she,

"I never can take grief enough for thee,
Whom Goodness hurts, and whom even

Jove's high spleen,
Since thou art Jove-like, hates the most of
men.

For none hath offer'd him so many thighs,
Nor such whole hecatombs of sacrifice,

Fat and selected, as thy zeal hath done;
For all, but praying that thy noble son,

Thy happy age might see at state of man,
And yet hath Jove with mists Cimmerian

Put out the light of his returning day.
And as yourself, O father, in your way

Took these fair roofs for hospitable rites,
Yet find, for them, our dogged women's

spites;

So he, in like course, being driven to proof,
Long time ere this, what such a royal roof

Would yield his miseries, found such usage
there.

And you, now flying the foul language
here,

And many a filthy fact of our fair dames,
Fly me like them, and put on causeless
shames

To let me cleanse your feet. For not the
cause

The Queen's command yields is the power
that draws

My will to wash your feet, but what I do
Proceeds from her charge and your reverence

too;

Since I in soul am stricken with a ruth
Of your distresses, and past show* of truth ;
Your strangeness claiming little interest
In my affections. And yet many a guest
Of poor condition hath been harbour'd
here,

But never any did so right appear
Like king Ulysses as yourself, for state
Both of your stature, voice, and very gait."

"So all have said," said he, "that ever
yet

Had the proportions of our figures met
In their observances ; so right your eye
Proves in your soul your judging faculty."

Thus took she up a caldron brightly
scour'd,

To cleanse his feet in ; and into it pour'd
Store of cold wave, which on the fire she
set ;

And therein bathed, being temperately heat,
Her sovereign's feet. Who turn'd him
from the light,

Since suddenly he doubted her conceit,
So rightly touching at his state before,
A scar now seeing on his foot, that bore
An old note to discern him, might descry
The absolute truth ; which, witness'd by
her eye,

Was straight approved. He first received
this sore

As in Parnassus' tops a white-tooth'd boar
He stood in chase withal, who strook him
there,

At such time as he lived a sojourner
With his grandsire, Autolycus ; who th' art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart,
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
By Jove's descent, ingenious Mercury,
Who did bestow it, since so many a thigh
Of lambs and kids he had on him bestow'd
In sacred flames ; who therefore when he
vow'd

Was ever with him. And this man im-
posed

Ulysses' name, the light being first dis-
closed

To his first sight then, when his grandsire
came

To see the then preferrer of his fame,
His loved daughter. The first supper
done,

Euryclea put in his lap her son,
And pray'd him to bethink and give his
name,

Since that desire did all desires inflame.

* Intending with truth itself, not his shew
only.

"Daughter and son-in-law," said he,
"let then

The name that I shall give him stand with
men.

Since I arrived here at the hour of pain,
In which mine own kind entrails did sus-
tain

Moan for my daughter's yet unended
throes ;

And when so many men's and women's
woes,

In joint compassion met, of humane birth,
Brought forth t'attend the many-feeding
earth ;

Let Odysseus* be his name, as one
Exposed to just constraint of all men's
moan.

When here at home he is arrived at state
Of man's first youth he shall initiate

His practised feet in travel made abroad,
And to Parnassus, where mine own abode
And chief means lie, address his way,
where I

Will give him from my open'd treasury
What shall return him well, and fit the
fame

Of one that had the honour of his name."

For these fair gifts he went, and found
all grace

Of hands and words in him and all his
race.

Amphithea, his mother's mother, too,
Applied her to his love, withal, to do
In grandame's welcomes, both his fair eyes
kist,

And brows ; and then commanded to assist
Were all her sons by their respected sire,

In furnishing a feast, whose ears did fire
Their minds with his command ; who home
straight led

A five-years-old male ox, fell'd, slew, and
flead,

Gather'd about him, cut him up with art,
Spitted, and roasted, and his every part
Divided orderly. So all the day

They spent in feast ; no one man went his
way

Without his fit fill. When the sun was set,
And darkness rose, they slept, till day's fire
het

Th' enlighten'd earth ; and then on hunting
went

Both hounds and all Autolycus' descent.

* Autolycus gives his grandchild Ulysses his
name: from whence the Odysseys is derived.
Ὀδυσσεύς, derived of ὀδύσσειναι, ex ὀδύρῃ
factum ; signifying dolorem propria corporis,
nam ira ex dolore oritur.

In whose guide did divine Ulysses go,
Climb'd steep Parnassus, on whose fore-
head grow

All sylvan offsprings round. And soon they
reach'd

The concaves, whence air's sounding
vapours fetch'd

Their loud descent. As soon as any sun
Had from the ocean, where his waters run
In silent deepness, raised his golden head,
The early huntsmen all the hill had spread,
Their bounds before them on the searching
trail,

They near, and ever eager to assail :
Ulysses brandishing a lengthful lance,
Of whose first flight he long'd to prove the
chance.

Then found they lodged a boar of bulk
extreme,

In such a queach as never any beam
The sun shot, pierced, nor any pass let find,
The moist impressions of the fiercest wind ;
Nor any storm the sternest winter drives ;
Such proof it was ; yet all within lay leaves
In mighty thickness ; and through all this
flew

The hounds' loud mouths. The sounds the
tumult threw,

And all together, roused the boar, that
rush'd

Amongst their thickest, all his bristles
push'd

From forth his rough neck, and with
flaming eyes

Stood close, and dared all. On which
horrid prise

Ulysses first charged ; whom above the
knee

The savage strook, and raced it crookedly
Along the skin, yet never reach'd the bone.
Ulysses' lance yet through him quite was
thrown,

At his right shoulder entering ; at his left
The bright head passage to his keenness
cleft,

And shew'd his point gilt with the gushing
gore.

Down in the dust fell the extended boar,
And forth his life flew. To Ulysses round
His uncle drew ; who, woful for his
wound,

With all art bound it up, and with a charm
Stay'd straight the blood, went home, and,
when the harm

Received full cure, with gifts, and all event
Of joy and love to his loved home they sent
Their honour'd nephew ; whose return his
sire

And reverend mother took with joys entire ;

Enquired all passages, all which he gave
In good relation, nor of all would save
His wound from utterance ; by whose scar
he came

To be discover'd by this aged dame.
Which when she cleansing felt, and noted
well,

Down from her lap into the caldron fell
His weighty foot, that made the brass re-
sound ;

Turn'd all aside, and on th' embued
ground

Spilt all the water. Joy and grief together
Her breast invaded ; and of weeping
weather

Her eyes stood full ; her small voice stuck
within

Her part expressive ; till at length his chin
She took and spake to him : " O son," said
she,

" Thou art Ulysses, nor canst other be ;
Nor could I know thee yet, till all my king
I had gone over with the warned spring."

Then look'd she for the Queen to tell
her all ;

And yet knew nothing sure, though nought
could fall

In compass of all thoughts to make her
doubt.

Minerva that distraction strook throughout
Her mind's rapt forces that she might not
tell.

Ulysses, noting yet her aptness well,
With one hand took her chin, and made
all shew

Of favour to her, with the other drew
Her offer'd parting closer, ask'd her why
She, whose kind breast had nursed so
tenderly

His infant life, would now his age destroy,
Though twenty years had held him from
the joy

Of his loved country? But, since only she,
God putting her in mind, now knew 'twas
he,

He charged her silence, and to let no ear
In all the court more know his being there,
Lest, if God gave into his weakful hand
Th' insulting wooers' lives, he did not
stand

On any partial respect with her,
Because his nurse ; and to the rest prefer
Her safety therefore: but, when they should
feel

His punishing finger, give her equal steel.
" What words," said she, " fly your re-
tentive powers?

You know you lock your counsels in your
towers

In my firm bosom, and that I am far
From those loose frailties. Like an iron
bar,

Or bolt of solid'st stone, I will contain ;
And tell you this besides : that if you gain,
By God's good aid, the wooers' lives in
yours,

What dames are here their shameless para-
mours,
And have done most dishonour to your
worth,

My information well shall paint you forth."
"It shall not need," said he, "myself
will soon,

While thus I mask here, set on every one
My sure observance of the worst and best.
Be thou then silent, and leave God the
rest."

This said, the old dame for more water
went,

The rest was all upon the pavement spent
By known Ulysses' foot. More brought,
and he

Supplied besides with sweetest ointments,
she

His seat drew near the fire, to keep him
warm,

And with his pieced rags hiding close his
harm.

The Queen came near, and said : " Yet,
guest, afford

Your further patience, till but in a word
I'll tell my woes to you ; for well I know
That Rest's sweet hour her soft foot orders
now,

When all poor men, how much soever
grieved,

Would gladly get their woe-watch'd powers
relieved.

But God hath given my grief a heart so
great

It will not down with rest, and so I set
My judgment up to make it my delight.

All day I mourn, yet nothing let the right
I owe my charge both in my work and
maids ;

And when the night brings rest to others'
aids

I toss my bed ; Distress, with twenty
points,

Slaughtering the powers that to my turning
joints

Convey the vital heat. And as all night
Pandareus' daughter, poor Edone, sings,

Clad in the verdure of the yearly springs,
When she for Itylus, her loved son,

By Zethus' issue in his madness done
To cruel death, pours out her hourly moan,

And draws the ears to her of every one ;

So flows my moan that cuts in two my mind,
And here and there gives my discourse the
wind,

Uncertain whether I shall with my son
Abide still here, the safe possession
And guard of all goods, reverence to the
bed

Of my loved lord, and to my far-off spread
Fame with the people, putting still in use,
Or follow any best Greek I can chuse
To his fit house, with treasure infinite,

Won to his nuptials. While the infant
plight

And want of judgment kept my son in
guide,

He was not willing with my being a bride,
Nor with my parting from his court ; but

now,
Arrived at man's state, he would have me

vow
My love to some one of my wooers here,

And leave his court ; offended that their
cheer

Should so consume his free possessions.
To settle then a choice in these my

moans,
Hear and expound a dream that did en-
grave

My sleeping fancy : Twenty geese I have,
All which, methought, mine eye saw tasting
wheat

In water steep'd, and joy'd to see them eat ;
When straight a crook-beak'd eagle from a
hill

Stoop'd, and truss'd all their necks, and all
did kill ;

When, all left scatter'd on the pavement
there,

She took her wing up to the Gods' fair
sphere.

I, even amid my dream, did weep and
mourn

To see the eagle, with so shrewd a turn,
Stoop my sad turrets ; when, methought,
there came

About my mournings many a Grecian
dame,

To cheer my sorrows ; in whose most ex-
treme

The hawk came back, and on the pro-
minent beam

That cross'd my chamber fell, and used to
me

A human voice, that sounded horribly,
And said : ' Be confident, Icarus' seed,
This is no dream, but what shall chance
indeed.

The geese the wooers are, the eagle, I,
Was heretofore a fowl, but now imply

Thy husband's being, and am come to
 give
 The woovers death that on my treasure
 live.
 With this sleep left me, and my waking
 way
 I took, to try if any violent prey
 Were made of those my fowls, which well
 enough
 I, as before, found feeding at their trough
 Their yoted wheat." "O woman," he
 replied,
 "Thy dream can no interpretation bide
 But what the eagle made, who was your
 lord,
 And said himself would sure effect afford
 To what he told you; that confusion
 To all the woovers should appear, and
 none
 Escape the fate and death he had decreed."
 She answer'd him: "O guest, these
 dreams exceed
 The art of man t' interpret; and appear
 Without all choice of form; nor ever were
 Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are
 To these light dreams, that like thin
 vapours fare,
 Two two-leaved gates; the one of ivory,
 The other horn. Those dreams, that
 fantasy
 Takes from the polish'd ivory port, delude
 The dreamer ever, and no truth include;
 Those, that the glittering horn-gate lets
 abroad,
 Do evermore some certain truth abide.
 But this my dream I hold of no such sort
 To fly from thence; yet, whichsoever port
 It had access from, it did highly please
 My son and me. And this my thoughts
 profess:
 That day that lights me from Ulysses'
 court
 Shall both my infamy and curse consort.
 I therefore purpose to propose them now,
 In strong contention, Ulysses' bow;
 Which he that easily draws, and from his
 draft
 Shoots through twelve axes (as he did his
 shaft,

All set up in a row, and from them all
 His stand-far-off kept firm) my fortunes
 shall
 Dispose, and take me to his house from
 hence,
 Where I was wed a maid, in confluence
 Of feast and riches; such a court here then
 As I shall ever in my dreams retain."
 "Do not," said he, "defer the gameful
 prize,
 But set to task their importunities
 With something else than nuptials; for
 your lord
 Will to his court and kingdom be restored
 Before they thread those steels, or draw
 his bow."
 "O guest," replied Penelope, "would you
 Thus sit and please me with your speech,
 mine ears
 Would never let mine eyelids close their
 spheres;
 But none can live without the death of
 sleep.
 Th' Immortals in our mortal memories
 keep
 Our ends and deaths by sleep; dividing so
 (As by the fate and portion of our woe)
 Our times spent here, to let us nightly try
 That while we live, as much as live we
 die.
 In which use I will to my bed ascend,
 Which I bedew with tears, and sigh past
 end
 Through all my hours spent, since I lost
 my joy
 For vile, lewd, never-to-be-named Troy.
 Yet there I'll prove for sleep, which take
 you here,
 Or on the earth, if that your custom
 were,
 Or have a bed, disposed for warmer rest."
 Thus left she with her ladies her old
 guest,
 Ascended her fair chamber, and her bed,
 Whose sight did ever duly make her shed
 Tears for her lord; which still her eyes did
 steep,
 Till Pallas shut them with delightful
 sleep.

THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES, in the Wooers' beds,
Resolving first to kill the maids;
That sentence giving off, his care
For other objects doth prepare.

ANOTHER.

☉. Jove's thunder chides,
But cheers the King,
The Wooers' prides
Discomfiting.

ULYSSES in the entry laid his head,
And under him an ox-hide newly flead,
Above him sheep-fells store; and over
those
Eurynome cast mantles. His repose
Would bring no sleep yet, studying the ill
He wish'd the wooers; who came by him
still
With all their wenches, laughing, wanton-
ing,
In mutual lightness; which his heart did
sting,
Contending two ways, if, all patience fled,
He should rush up and strike those
strumpets dead,
Or let that night be last, and take th' ex-
treme
Of those proud wooers, that were so su-
preme
In pleasure of their high-fed fantasies.
His heart did bark within him to surprise
Their sports with spoils; no fell she-mastiff
can,
Amongst her whelps, fly eagerer on a man
She doth not know, yet scents him some-
thing near,
And fain would come to please her tooth,
and tear,
Than his disdain, to see his roof so filed
With those foul fashions, grew within him
wild
To be in blood of them. But, finding best
In his free judgment to let passion rest,
He chid his angry spirit, and beat his
breast,
And said: "Forbear, my mind, and think
on this:
There hath been time when bitter agonies

Have tried thy patience. Call to mind the
day
In which the Cyclop, which pass'd manly
sway
Of violent strength, devour'd thy friends;
thou then
Stood'st firmly bold, till from that hellish
den
Thy wisdom brought thee off, when nought
but death
Thy thoughts resolved on." This discourse
did breathe
The fiery boundings of his heart, that still
Lay in that resture, without end his ill
Yet manly suffering. But from side to side
It made him toss apace. You have not
tried
A fellow roasting of a pig before
A hasty fire, his belly yielding store
Of fat and blood, turn faster, labour more
To have it roast, and would not have it
burn,
Than this and that way his unrest made
turn
His thoughts and body, would not quench
the fire,
And yet not have it heighten his desire
Past his discretion, and the fit enough
Of haste and speed, that went to all the
proof
His well-laid plots, and his exploits re-
quired,
Since he, but one, to all their deaths as-
pired.
In this contention Pallas stoop'd from
heaven,
Stood over him, and had her presences
given
A woman's form, who sternly thus began:
"Why, thou most sour and wretched-fated
man
Of all that breathe! yet liest thou thus
awake?
The house in which thy cares so toss and
take
Thy quiet up, is thine; thy wife is there;
And such a son, as if thy wishes were
To be sufficed with one they could not
mend."
"Goddess," said he, "'tis true; but I
contend

To right their wrongs, and, though I be
but one,
To lay unhelp'd and wreakful hand upon
This whole resort of impudents, that here
Their rude assemblies never will forbear.
And yet a greater doubt employs my care,
That if their slaughters in my reaches are,
And I perform them, Jove and you not
pleas'd,
How shall I fly their friends? and would
stand seised
Of counsel to resolve this care in me."
"Wretch," she replied, "a friend of
worse degree
Might win thy credence, that a mortal
were,
And used to second thee, though nothing
near
So powerful in performance nor in care;
Yet I, a Goddess, that have still had share
In thy achievements, and thy person's
guard,
Must still be doubted by thy brain, so hard
To credit anything above thy power;
And that must come from heaven; if every
hour
There be not personal appearance made,
And aid direct given, that may sense in-
vade.
I'll tell thee, therefore, clearly: If there
were
Of divers languaged men an army here
Of fifty companies, all driving hence
Thy sheep and oxen, and with violence
Offer'd to charge us, and besiege us round,
Thou shouldst their prey reprise, and them
confound.
Let sleep then seize thee. *To keep watch
all night
Consumes the spirits, and makes dull the
sight.*"
Thus pour'd the Goddess sleep into his
eyes,
And reascended the Olympian skies.
When care-and-lineament-resolving sleep
Had laid his temples in his golden steep,
His wise-in-chaste-wit-worthy wife did
rise;
(First sitting up in her soft bed) her eyes
Open'd with tears, in care of her estate,
Which now her friends resolved to termi-
nate
To more delays, and make her marry
one.
Her silent tears then ceased, her orison
This Queen of women to Diana made:
"Reverend Diana, let thy darts invade
My woful bosom, and my life deprive,
Now at this instant, or soon after drive
My soul with tempests forth, and give it
way
To those far-off dark vaults, where never
day
Hath power to shine, and let them cast it
down
Where reflux Oceanus doth crown
His curled head, where Pluto's orchard is,
And entrance to our after miseries.
As such stern whirlwinds ravish'd to that
stream
Pandareus' daughters, when the Gods to
them
Had reft their parents, and them left alone
(Poor orphan children) in their mansion;
Whose desolate life did Love's sweet
Queen incline
To nurse with pressed milk and sweetest
wine;
Whom Juno deck'd beyond all other
dames
With wisdom's light, and beauty's moving
flames;
Whom Phoebe goodliness of stature ren-
der'd;
And to whose fair hands wise Minerva
tender'd
The loom and needle in their utmost skill;
And while Love's Empress scaled th'
Olympian hill
To beg of lightning-loving Jove (since he
The means to all things knows, and doth
decree
Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortal race)
For those poor virgins, the accomplish'd
grace
Of sweetest nuptials, the fierce Harpies
prey'd
On every good and miserable maid,
And to the hateful Furies gave them all
In horrid service; yet, may such fate fall
From steep Olympus on my loathed head,
Or fair-chair'd Phoebe strike me instant
dead,
That I may undergo the gloomy shore
To visit great Ulysses' soul, before
I soothe my idle blood and wed a worse.
And yet, beneath how desperate a curse
Do I live now! It is an ill that may
Be well endured, to mourn the whole long
day,
So night's sweet sleeps, that make a man
forget
Both bad and good, in some degree would
let
My thoughts leave grieving; but, both day
and night,
Some cruel God gives my sad memory
sight.

This night, methought, Ulysses graced my bed

In all the goodly state with which he led
The Grecian army; which gave joys extreme

To my distress, esteeming it no dream,
But true indeed; and that conceit I had,
That when I saw it false I might be mad.
Such cruel fates command in my life's
guide."

By this the morning's orient dews had dyed

The earth in all her colours; when the King,

In his sweet sleep, supposed the sorrowing
That she used waking in her plaintive bed
To be her mourning, standing by his head,
As having known him there; who straight
arose,

And did again within the hall dispose
The carpets and the cushions, where before

They served the seats. The hide without
the door

He carried back, and then, with held-up
hands,

He pray'd to him that heaven and earth
commands:

"O Father Jove, if through the moist
and dry

You, willing, brought me home, when
misery

Had punish'd me enough by your free
dooms,

Let some of these within those inner rooms,
(Startled with horror of some strange
ostent)

Come here, and tell me that great Jove
hath bent

Threatnings without at some lewd men
within."

To this his prayer Jove shook his sable
chin,

And thunder'd from those pure clouds that,
above

The breathing air, in bright Olympus
move.

Divine Ulysses joy'd to hear it roar.
Report of which a woman-miller bore

Straight to his ears; for near to him there
ground

Mills for his corn, that twice six women
found

Continual motion, grinding barley-meal,
And wheat, man's marrow. Sleep the eyes
did seal

Of all the other women, having done
Their usual task; which yet this dame
alone

Had scarce given end to, being, of all the
rest,

Least fit for labour. But when these
sounds prest

Her ears, above the rumbling of her mill,
She let that stand, look'd out, and heaven's
steep hill

Saw clear and temperate; which made her
(unware

Of giving any comfort to his care,
In that strange sign he pray'd for) thus in-
voke:

"O King of men and Gods, a mighty
stroke

Thy thundering hand laid on the cope of
stars,

No cloud in all the air; and therefore was
Thou bidst to some men in thy sure ostent:
Perform to me, poor wretch, the main
event,

And make this day the last, and most ex-
treme,

In which the wooers' pride shall solace them
With whorish banquets in Ulysses' roof,
That, with sad toil to grind them meal
enough,

Have quite dissolved my knees. Vouch-
safe, then, now

Thy thunders may their latest feast fore-
show."

This was the boon* Ulysses begg'd of
Jove,

Which, with his thunder, through his
bosom drove

A joy, that this vaunt breathed: "Why
now these men,

Despite their pride, will Jove make pay me
pain."

By this had other maids, than those that
lay

Mix'd with the wooers, made a fire like
day

Amidst the hearth of the illustrious hall;
And then the Prince, like a Celestial,

Rose from his bed, to his embalm'd feet
tied

Fair shoes, his sword about his breast
applied,

Took to his hand his sharp-piled lance, and
met,

Amidst the entry, his old nurse, that set
His haste at sudden stand; to whom he
said:

"O, my loved nurse, with what grace
have you laid

* VIZ. That some from within might issue,
and witness in his hearing some wreakful ostent
to his enemies from heaven.

fed my guest here? Could you so neglect
 age, to lodge him thus? Though all respect
 e my mother's wisdom, I must yet
 n it fail'd in this; for she hath set
 uch more price a man of much less
 worth,
 out his person's note, and yet casts
 forth
 ignominious hands, for his form sake,
 an much better." "Do not faulty
 make,
 l son, the faultless. He was given his
 seat
 : to her side, and food till he would
 eat,
 e till his wish was served; for she re-
 quired
 wants, and will'd him all things he
 desired;
 manded her chief maids to make his
 bed,
 e, as one whom sorrow only fed
 all infortune, would not take his rest
 ed, and coverings fit for any guest,
 n the entry, on an ox's hide
 r at tanner's, his old limbs implied,
 arm sheep-fells; yet over all we cast
 ntle, fitting for a man more graced."
 ; took her answer, left the house, and
 went,
 ided with his dogs, to sift th' event
 rivate plots, betwixt him and his sire
 ommon counsel. Then the crew
 entire
 l the household maids Euryclea bade
 r them through the house, and see it
 clad
 l best form; gave all their parts; and
 one
 set to furnish every seat and throne
 ; needleworks, and purple clothes of
 state;
 her set to scour and cleanse the plate;
 her all the tables to make proud
 ; porous sponges; others she be-
 stow'd
 l speed to the spring, to fetch from
 thence
 ore of water; all at all expence
 ains she will'd to be; for this to all
 ld be a day of common festival,
 not a wooer now should seek his
 home,
 here than there, but all were bid to
 come
 eeding early, and be raised to heaven
 ; all the entertainment could be given.

They heard with greedy ears, and every-
 thing
 Put straight in practice. Twenty to the
 spring
 Made speed for water; many in the house
 Took pains; and all were both laborious
 And skill'd in labour; many fell to fell
 And cleave their wood; and all did more
 than well.
 Then troop'd the lusty wooers in; and
 then
 Came all from spring; at their heels loaded
 men
 With slaughter'd brawns, of all the herd
 the prize,
 That had been long fed up in several styes;
 Eumæus and his men convey'd them there.
 He (seeing now the king) began to cheer,
 And thus saluted him: "How now, my
 guest?
 Have yet your virtues found more interest
 In these great wooers' good respects? Or
 still
 Pursue they you with all their wonted ill?"
 "I would to heaven, Eumæus," he re-
 plied,
 "The Deities once would take in hand
 their pride;
 That such unseemly fashions put in frame
 In others' roofs, as shew no spark of
 shame."
 Thus these; and to these came Melan-
 thius,
 Great guardian of the most egregious
 Rich wooers' herds, consisting all of
 goats;
 Which he, with two more, drave, and made
 their cotes
 The sounding porticos of that fair court.
 Melanthius, seeing the king, this former
 sort
 Of upland language gave: "What? still
 stay here,
 And dull these wooers with thy wretched
 cheer?
 Not gone for ever, yet? why now I see
 This strife of cuffs betwixt the beggary,
 That yesterday assay'd to get thee gone,
 And thy more roguery, needs will fall upon
 My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not
 hence
 Till I set on thee; thy ragg'd impudence
 Is so fast footed. Are there not beside
 Other great banquetants, but you must
 ride
 At anchor still with us?" He nothing
 said,
 Bu thought of ill enough, and shook his
 head.

Them came Philœtius, a chief of men,
That to the wooers' all-devouring den
A barren steer drave, and fat goats; for
they

In custom were with traffickers by sea,
That who they would sent, and had
utterance there.

And for these likewise the fair porches
were

Hurdles and sheep-pens, as in any fair.
Philœtius took note in his repair
Of seen Ulysses, being a man as well
Given to his mind's use as to buy and sell,
Or do the drudgery that the blood desired,
And, standing near Eumœus, this in-
quired :

"What guest is this that makes our house
of late

His entertainer? whence claims he the
state

His birth in this life holds? what nation?
What race? what country stands his
speech upon?

O'er-hardly portion'd by the terrible Fates,
The structure of his lineaments relates
A king's resemblance in his pomp of reign
Even thus in these rags. But poor erring
men,

That have no firm home, but range here
and there

As need compels, God keep in this earth's
sphere,

As under water, and this tune he sings,
When he is spinning even the cares of
kings."

Thus coming to him, with a kind of fear
He took his hand, and, touch'd exceeding
near

With mere imagination of his worth,
This salutation he sent loudly forth :

"Health! Father stranger; in another
world

Be rich and happy, though thou here art
hurl'd

At feet of never such insulting Need.

O Jove, there lives no one God of thy seed
More ill to man than thou. Thou takest
no ruth

(When thou thyself hast got him in most
truth)

To wrap him in the straits of most distress,
And in the curse of others' wickedness.

My brows have swet to see it, and mine
eyes

Broke all in tears, when this being still the
guise

Of worstest men, I have but only thought,
That down to these ills was Ulysses
wrought,

And that, thus clad, even he is error-
driven,

If yet he live and sees the light of heaven.
But, if now dead, and in the house of hell,
O me! O good Ulysses! That my woe
Did ever wish, and when, but half a man
Amongst the people Cephaleian,

His bounty to his oxen's charge preferr'd
One in that youth; which now is grown a
herd

Unspeakable for number, and feed there
With their broad heads, as thick as of his
ear

A field of corn is to a man. Yet these
Some men advise me that this noted
prease

Of wooers may devour, and wish me drive
Up to their feasts with them, that neither
give

His son respect, though in his own free
roof,

Nor have the wit to fear th' infallible
proof

Of heavenly vengeance, but make offer
now

The long-lack'd King's possessions to
bestow

In their self shares. Methinks the mind
in me

Doth turn as fast, as in a flood or sea.
A raging whirlpit doth, to gather in

To fishy death those swimmers in their sin;
Or feeds a motion as circular

To drive my herds away. But while the
son

Bears up with life, 'twere hainous wrong to
run

To other people with them, and to trust
Men of another earth. And yet more just

It were to venture their laws, the main
right

Made still their masters, than at home lose
quite

Their right and them, and sit and grieve
to see

The wrong authorized by their gluttony.
And I had long since fled, and tried th'
event

With other proud kings, since more inso-
lent

These are than can be borne, but that even
still

I had a hope that this, though born to ill,
Would one day come from some coast,

and their last

In his roofs strew with ruins red and vast."

"Herdsman," said he, "because thou
art in show
Nor lewd nor indiscreet, and that I know

There rules in thee an understanding soul,
I'll take an oath, that in thee shall control
All doubt of what I swear : be witness,
Jove,

That sway'st the first seat of the throned
above,

This hospitable table, and this house,
That still hold title for the strenuous
Son of Laertes, that, if so you please,
Your eyes shall witness Laertiades
Arrived at home, and all these men that
reign

In such excesses here shall here lie slain."

He answer'd : " Stranger ! would just
Jove would sign

What you have sworn : in your eyes'
beams should shine

What powers I manage, and how these my
hands

Would rise and follow where he first com-
mands."

So said Eumæus, praying all the Sky
That wise Ulysses might arrive and try.

Thus while they vow'd, the wooers sat
as hard

On his son's death, but had their counsels
scared,

For on their left hand did an eagle soar,
And in her seres a fearful pigeon bore.

Which seen, Amphinomus presaged : " O
friends,

Our counsels never will receive their ends
In this man's slaughter : let us therefore
ply

Our bloody feast, and make his oxen
die."

Thus came they in, cast off on seats their
cloaks,

And fell to giving sacrificing strokes
Of sheep and goats, the chiefly fat and
great,

Slew fed-up swine, and from the herd a
neat.

The inwards roasted they disposed be-
twixt

Their then observers, wine in flagons mixt.
The bowls Eumæus brought, Philæctius
bread,

Melanthius fill'd the wine. Thus drank and
fed

The feastful wooers. Then the prince, in
grace

Of his close project, did his father place
Amids the paved entry, in a seat

Seemless and abject, a small board and
meat

Of th' only inwards ; in a cup of gold
Yet sent him wine, and bade him now drink
bold,

All his approaches he himself would free
Gainst all the wooers, since he would not
see

His court made popular, but that his sire
Built it to his use. Therefore all the fire

Blown in the wooers' spleens he bade
suppress,

And that in hands nor words they should
digress

From that set peace his speech did then
proclaim.

They bit their lips and wonder'd at his aim
In that brave language ; when Antinous

said :

" Though this speech, Grecians, be a mere
upbraid,

Yet this time give it pass. The will of
Jove

Forbids the violence of our hands to move,
But of our tongues we keep the motion free ;

And, therefore, if his further jollity
Tempt our encounter with his braves, let's
check

His growing insolence, though pride to
speak

Fly passing high with him." The wise
prince made

No more spring of his speech, but let it
fade.

And now the heralds bore about the town
The sacred hecatomb ; to whose renown

The fair-hair'd Greeks assembled, and be-
neath

Apollo's shady wood the holy death
They put to fire ; which, made enough,
they drew,

Divided all, that did in th' end accrue
To glorious satisfaction. Those that were

Disposers of the feast did equal cheer
Bestow on wretched Laertiades,

With all the wooers' souls ; it so did
please

Telemachus to charge them. And for
these

Minerva would not see the malices
The wooers bore too much contain'd, that
so

Ulysses' moved heart yet might higher flow
In wreakful anguish. There was wooing
there,

Amongst the rest, a gallant that did bear
The name of one well-learn'd in jests pro-
fane,

His name Ctesippus, born a Samian ;
Who, proud because his father was so rich,
Had so much confidence as did bewitch

His heart with hope to wed Ulysses' wife ;
And this man said : " Hear me, my lords,
in strife

For this great widow. This her guest did
 share
 Even feast with us, with very comely care
 Of him that order'd it; for 'tis not good
 Nor equal to deprive guests of their food,
 And specially whatever guest makes way
 To that house where Telemachus doth
 sway;
 And therefore I will add to his receipt
 A gift of very hospitable weight,
 Which he may give again to any maid
 That bathes his grave feet, and her pains
 see paid,
 Or any servant else that the divine
 Ulysses' lofty battlements confine."
 Thus snatch'd he with a valiant hand,
 from out
 The poor folks' common basket, a neat's
 foot,
 And threw it at Ulysses; who his head
 Shrunk quietly aside, and let it shed
 His malice on the wall; the suffering man
 A laughter raising most Sardinian,
 With scorn and wrath mix'd, at the
 Samian.
 Whom thus the prince reproved: "Your
 valour wan
 Much grace, Ctesippus, and hath eased
 your mind
 With mighty profit, yet you see it find
 No mark it aim'd at; the poor stranger's
 part
 Himself made good enough, to scape your
 dart.
 But should I serve thee worthily, my lance
 Should strike thy heart through, and, in
 place t' advance
 Thyself in nuptials with his wealth, thy
 sire
 Should make thy tomb here; that the
 foolish fire
 Of all such valours may not dare to show
 These foul indecencies to me. I now
 Have years to understand my strength,
 and know
 The good and bad of things, and am no
 more
 At your large sufferance, to behold my store
 Consumed with patience, see my cattle
 slain,
 My wine exhausted, and my bread in vain
 Spent on your license; for to one then
 young
 So many enemies were match too strong.
 But let me never more be witness to
 Your hostile minds, nor those base deeds
 ye do;
 For, should ye kill me in my offer'd wreak,
 I wish it rather; and my death would speak

Much more good of me, than to live and
 see
 Indignity upon indignity,
 My guests provoked with bitter words and
 blows,
 My women-servants dragg'd about my
 house
 To lust and rapture." This made silence
 seize
 The house throughout; till Damastorides
 At length the calm brake, and said:
 "Friend, forbear
 To give a just speech a disdainful ear:
 The guest no more touch, nor no servant
 here.
 Myself will to the Prince and Queen com-
 mend
 A motion grateful, if they please to lend
 Grateful receipt. As long as any hope
 Left wise Ulysses any passage ope
 To his return in our conceits, so long
 The Queen's delays to our demands stood
 strong
 In cause and reason, and our quarrels thus
 With guests, the Queen, or her Tele-
 machus,
 Set never foot amongst our liberal feast;
 For should the King return, though thought
 deceased,
 It had been gain to us, in finding him,
 To lose his wife. But now, since nothing
 dim
 The days breaks out that shews he never
 more
 Shall reach the dear touch of his country
 shore,
 Sit by your mother, in persuasion
 That now it stands her honour much upon
 To choose the best of us, and, who gives
 most,
 To go with him home. For so, all things
 lost
 In sticking on our haunt so, you shall clear
 Recover in our no more concourse here,
 Possess your birth-right wholly, eat and
 drink,
 And never more on our disgraces think."
 "By Jove, no, Agelaus: for I swear
 By all my father's sorrows, who doth err,
 Far off from Ithaca, or rests in death,
 I am so far from spending but my breath
 To make my mother any more defer
 Her wished nuptials, that I'll counsel her
 To make her free choice; and besides will
 give
 Large gifts to move her. But I fear to drive
 Or charge her hence; for God will not give
 way
 To any such course, if I should assay."

At this, Minerva made for foolish joy
 The wooers mad, and roused their late
 annoy
 To such a laughter as would never down.
 They laugh'd with others' cheeks, eat meat
 o'erflown
 With their own bloods, their eyes stood
 full of tears
 For violent joys; their souls yet thought
 of fears,
 Which Theoclymenus express'd, and said:
 "O wretches! Why sustain ye, well
 afraid,
 Your imminent ill? A night, with which
 Death sees,
 Your heads and faces hides beneath your
 knees;
 Shrieks burn about you; your eyes thrust
 out tears;
 These fixed walls, and that main beam
 that bears
 The whole house up, in bloody torrents
 fall;
 The entry full of ghosts stands; full the
 hall
 Of passengers to hell; and under all
 The dismal shades; the sun sinks from the
 poles;
 And troubled air pours bane about your
 souls."
 They sweetly laugh'd at this. Euryma-
 chus
 To mocks disposed, and said: "This new-
 come-t-us
 Is surely mad, conduct him forth to light
 In th' open market-place; he thinks 'tis
 night
 Within the house." "Eurymachus," said
 he,
 "I will not ask for any guide of thee,
 I both my feet enjoy, have ears and eyes,
 And no mad soul within me; and with
 these
 Will I go forth the doors, because I know
 That imminent mischief must abide with
 you,
 Which not a man of all the wooers here
 Shall fly or scape. Ye all too highly bear
 Your uncurb'd heads. Impieties ye com-
 mit,
 And every man affect with forms unfit."
 This said, he left the house, and took
 his way
 Home to Piræus; who, as free as day,

Was of his welcome. When the wooers'
 eyes
 Changed looks with one another, and, their
 guise
 Of laughers still held on, still eased their
 breasts
 Of will to set the Prince against his guests
 Affirming that of all the men alive
 He worst luck had, and proved it worst to
 give
 Guests entertainment; for he had one there
 A wandering hunter out of provender,
 An errant beggar every way, yet thought
 (He was so hungry) that he needed nought
 But wine and victuals, nor knew how to
 do,
 Nor had a spirit to put a knowledge to,
 But lived an idle burthen to the earth.
 Another then stepp'd up, and would lay
 forth
 His lips in prophecy, thus: "But, would
 he hear
 His friends' persuasions, he should find it
 were
 More profit for him to put both aboard
 For the Sicilian people, that afford
 These feet* of men good price; and this
 would bring
 Good means for better guests." These
 words made wing
 To his ears idly, who had still his eye
 Upon his father, looking fervently
 When he would lay his long-withholding
 hand
 On those proud wooers. And, within
 command
 Of all this speech that pass'd, Icarus' heir,
 The wise Penelope, her royal chair
 Had placed of purpose. Their high dinner
 then
 With all pleased palates these ridiculous
 men
 Fell sweetly to, as joying they had slain
 Such store of banquet. But there did not
 reign
 A bitterer banquet planet in all heaven
 Than that which Pallas had to that day
 driven,
 And, with her able friend now, meant t'
 appose,
 Since they till then were in deserts so
 gross.

* ἀρπαγεύματα.

THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

PENELOPE proposeth now
To him that draws Ulysses' bow
Her instant nuptials. Ithacus
Eumæus and Philœctus
Gives charge for guarding of the gates ;
And he his shaft shoots through the plates.

ANOTHER.

¶i. The nuptial vow
And game rehearsed,
Draws is the bow,
The steels are pierced.

PALLAS, the Goddess with the sparkling
eyes,
Excites Penelope t' object the prize,
The bow and bright steels, to the wooers'
strength ;
And here began the strife and blood at
length.
She first ascended by a lofty stair
Her utmost chamber ; of whose door her
fair
And half transparent hand received the
key.
Bright, brazen, bitted passing curiously,
And at it hung a knob of ivory.
And this did lead her where was strongly
kept
The treasure-royal ; in whose store lay
heapt
Gold, brass, and steel, engraven with in-
finite art ;
The crooked bow, and arrow quiver, part
Of that rich magazine. In the quiver were
Arrows a number, sharp and sighing gear.
The bow was given by kind Eurytides
Iphitus, fashion'd like the Deities,
To young Ulysses, when within the roof
Of wise Orsilochus their pass had proof
Of mutual meeting in Messena ; where
Ulysses claim'd a debt, to whose pay were
The whole Messenian people bound, since
they
From Ithaca had forced a wealthy prey
Of sheep and shepherds. In their ships
they thrust
Three hundred sheep together ; for whose
just

And instant rendry old Laertes sent
Ulysses his ambassador, that went
A long way in the embassy, yet then
Bore but the foremost prime of youngest
men ;
His father sending first to that affair
His gravest counsellors, and then his heir.
Iphitus made his way there, having lost
Twelve female horse, and mules com-
mended most
For use of burthen ; which were after cause
Of death and fate to him ; for, past all
laws
Of hospitality, Jove's mighty son,*
Skill'd in great acts, was his confusion
Close by his house, though at that time his
guest,
Respecting neither the apposed feast,
And hospitable table, that in love
He set before him, nor the voice of Jove,
But, seizing first his mares, he after slew
His host himself. From those mares' search
now grew
Ulysses known t' Iphitus ; who that bow
At their encounter did in love bestow,
Which great Eurytus' hand had borne
before,
(Iphitus' father) who, at death's sad door,
In his steep turrets, left it to his son.
Ulysses gave him a keen falchion,
And mighty lance. And thus began they
there
Their fatal loves ; for after never were
Their mutual tables to each other known,
Because Jove's son th' unworthy part had
shown
Of slaughtering this God-like loving man,
Eurytus' son ; who with that bow began
And ended love t' Ulysses ; who so dear
A gift esteem'd it, that he would not bear
In his black fleet that guest-rite to the
war,
But, in fit memory of one so far
In his affection, brought it home, and kept
His treasure with it ; where till now it slept.
And now the Queen of women had in-
tent
To give it use, and therefore made ascent

* Hercules.

Up all the stairs' height to the chamber door,
Whose shining leaves two bright pilasters bore

To such a close, when both together went,
It would resist the air in their consent.

The ring she took then, and did draw aside

A bar that ran within, and then implied
The key into the lock, which gave a sound,
The bolt then shooting, as in pasture ground

A bull doth low, and make the valleys ring ;
So loud the lock humm'd when it loosed his spring,

And ope the doors flew. In she went, along

The lofty chamber, that was boarded strong

With heart of oak, which many years ago
The architect did smooth and polish so
That now as then he made it freshly shine,
And tried the evenness of it with a line.

There stood in this room presses that enclosed

Robes odoriferous, by which reposed
The bow was upon pins ; nor from it far
Hung the round quiver glittering like a star ;

Both which her white extended hand took down.

Then sat she low, and made her lap a crown

Of both those relics, which she wept to see,
And cried quite out with loving memory
Of her dear lord ; to whose worth paying then

Kind debts enow, she left, and, to the men
Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked bow.

And shaft-receiving quiver, that did flow
With arrows, beating sighs up where they fell.

Then, with another chest, replete as well
With games won by the King, of steel and brass,

Her maids attended. Past whom making pass

To where her wooers were, she made her stay

Amids the fair hall door, and kept the ray
Of her bright countenance hid with veils so thin,

That though they seem'd t' expose, they let love in ;

Her maids on both sides stood ; and thus she spake :

" Hear me, ye wooers, that a pleasure take

To do me sorrow, and my house invade
To eat and drink, as if 'twere only made
To serve your rapines ; my lord long away,
And you allow'd no colour for your stay
But his still absence ; striving who shall frame

Me for his wife ; and, since 'tis made a game,

I here propose divine Ulysses' bow
For that great master-piece to which ye vow.

He that can draw it with least show to strive,

And through these twelve axe-heads an arrow drive,

Him will I follow, and this house forego
That nourish'd me a maid : now furnish'd so

With all things fit, and which I so esteem
That I shall still live in it in my dream."

This said, she made Eumæus give it them.
He took and laid it by, and wept for woe ;

And like him wept Philætius, when the bow

Of which his king was bearer he beheld.
Their tears Antinous' manhood much re-fell'd,

And said : " Ye rustic fools ! that still each day

Your minds give over to this vain dismay,
Why weep ye, wretches ? and the widow's eyes

Tempt with renew'd thought, that would otherwise

Depose her sorrows, since her lord is dead,
And tears are idle ? Sit, and eat your bread,

Nor whisper more a word ; or get ye gone,
And weep without doors. Let this bow alone

To our out-match'd contention. For I fear
The bow will scarce yield draught to any here ;

Here no such man lives as Laertes' son
Amongst us all. I knew him ; thought puts on

His look's sight now, methinks, though then a child."

Thus shew'd his words doubt, yet his hopes instill'd

His strength the stretcher of Ulysses' string,

And his steels' piercer. But his shaft must sing

Through his pierced palate first ; whom so he wrong'd

In his free roof, and made the rest ill-tongued

Against his virtues. Then the sacred heat
That spirited his son did further set
Their confidence on fire, and said: "O
friends,

Jove hath bereft my wits. The Queen intends,

Though I must grant her wise, ere long to leave

Ulysses' court, and to her bed receive
Some other lord; yet, notwithstanding, I
Am forced to laugh, and set my pleasures high

Like one mad sick. But, wooers, since ye have

An object for your trials now so brave,
As all the broad Achaian earth exceeds,
As sacred Pylos, as the Argive breeds,
As black Epirus, as Mycena's birth,
And as the more famed Ithacensian earth,
All which, yourselves well know, and oft
have said;

(For what need hath my mother of my aid
In her advancement?) tender no excuse
For least delay, nor too much time profuse
In stay to draw this bow, but draw it
straight,

Shoot, and the steels pierce; make all see
how slight

You make these poor bars to so rich a
prize.

No eagerer yet? Come on. My faculties
Shall try the bow's strength, and the
pierced steel.

I will not for my reverend mother feel
The sorrows that I know will seize my
heart,

To see her follow any, and depart
From her so long-held home; but first extend

The bow and arrow to their tender'd end.
For I am only to succeed my sire

In guard of his games, and let none aspire
To their besides possession." This said,
His purple robe he cast off; by he laid
His well-edged sword; and, first, a several
pit

He digg'd for every axe, and strengthen'd
it

With earth close ramm'd about it; on a
rew

Set them, of one height, by a line he drew
Along the whole twelve; and so orderly
Did every deed belonging (yet his eye
Never before beholding how 'twas done)
That in amaze rose all his lookers on.

Then stood he near the door, and proved
to draw

The stubborn bow. Thrice tried, and
thrice gave lav

To his uncrown'd attempts; the fourth
essay

With all force offering, which a sign gave
stay

Given by his father; though he shew'd a
mind

As if he stood right heartily inclined
To perfect the exploit, when all was done
In only drift to set the wooers on.

His weakness yet confess'd, he said: "O
shame!

I either shall be ever of no name,
But prove a wretch; or else I am too
young,

And must not now presume on powers so
strong

As sinews yet more growing may engraft,
To turn a man quite over with a shaft.

Besides, to men whose nerves are best pre-
pared,

*All great adventures at first proof are
hard.*

But come, you stronger men, attempt this
bow,

And let us end our labour." Thus, below
A well-join'd board he laid it, and close by
The brightly-headed shaft; then throned
his thigh

Amidst his late-left seat. Antinous then
Bade all arise; but first, who did sustain

The cup's state ever, and did sacrifice
Before they eat still, and that man bade
rise,

Since on the other's right hand he was
placed,

Because he held the right hand's rising,
graced

With best success still. This direction
won

Supreme applause; and first rose CEnops'
son,

Liodes, that was priest to all the rest,
Sat lowest with the cup still, and their jest
Could never like, but ever was the man
That check'd their follies; and he now
began

To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took,
tugg'd hard,

And held aloft, and, till he quite had
marr'd

His delicate tender fingers, could not stir
The churlish string; who therefore did
refer

The game to others, saying, that same bow,
In his presage, would prove the overthrow
Of many a chief man there; nor thought
the fate

Was any whit austere, since death's short
date

Were much the better taken, than long life
Without the object of their amorous strife,
For whom they had burn'd out so many
days

To find still other, nothing but delays
Obtaining in them; and affirm'd that now
Some hoped to have her, but when that
tough bow

They all had tried, and seen the utmost
done,

They must rest pleased to cease; and now
some one

Of all their other fair-veil'd Grecian dames
With gifts, and dower, and Hymeneal
flames,

Let her love light to him that most will
give,

And whom the nuptial destiny did drive."

Thus laid he on the well-join'd polish'd
board

The bow and bright-piled shaft, and then
restored

His seat his right. To him Antinous
Gave bitter language, and reproved him
thus:

"What words, Liodes, pass thy speech's
guard,

That 'tis a work to bear? and set so hard
They set up my disdain: This bow must
end

The best of us? Since thy arms cannot
lend

The string least motion? Thy mother's
throes

Brought never forth thy arms to draught of
bows,

Or knitting shafts off. Though thou canst
not draw

The sturdy plant, thou art to us no law.
Melanthius! light a fire, and set thereat

A chair and cushions, and that mass of
fat

That lies within bring out, that we may set
Our pages to this bow, to see it het

And suppled with the suet, and then we
May give it draught, and pay this great
decree

Utmost performance." He a mighty fire
Gave instant flame, put into act th' entire
Command laid on him, chair and cushions
set,

Laid on the bow, which straight the pages
het,

Chafed, suppled with the suet to their
most;

And still was all their unctuous labour lost,
All wooers' strengths too indigent and
poor

To draw that bow; Antinous' arms it tore,

And great Eurymachus', the both clear
best,

Yet both it tired, and made them glad to
rest.

Forth then went both the swains, and after
them

Divine Ulysses; when, being past th' ex-
treme

Of all the gates, with winning words he
tried

Their loves, and this ask'd: "Shall my
counsels hide

Their depths from you? My mind would
gladly know

If suddenly Ulysses had his vow
Made good for home, and had some God
to guide

His steps and strokes to wreak these
wooters' pride,

Would your aids join on his part, or with
theirs?

How stand your hearts affected?" They
made prayers

That some God would please to return their
lord,

He then should see how far they would
afford

Their lives for his. He, seeing their truth,
replied:

"I am your lord, through many a sufferance
tried,

Arrived now here, whom twenty years have
held

From forth my country. Yet are not con-
ceal'd

From my sure knowledge your desires to
see

My safe return. Of all the company
Now serving here besides, not one but
you

Mine ear hath witness'd willing to bestow
Their wishes of my life, so long held
dead.

I therefore vow, which shall be perfected,
That if God please beneath my hand to
leave

These wooers lifeless, ye shall both receive
Wives from that hand, and means, and
near to me

Have houses built to you, and both shall
be

As friends and brothers to my only son.
And, that ye well may know me, and be
won

To that assurance, the infallible sign
The white-tooth'd boar gave, this mark'd
knee of mine,

When in Parnassus he was held in chase
By me, and by my famous grand sire's race.

I'll let you see." Thus sever'd he his weed
From that his wound ; and every word had
deed

In their sure knowledges. Which made
them cast

Their arms about him, his broad breast
embraced,

His neck and shoulders kiss'd. And him
as well

Did those true powers of human love compel

To kiss their heads and hands, and to
their moan

Had sent the free light of the cheerful sun,
Had not Ulysses broke the ruth, and said :

"Cease tears and sorrows, lest we prove
display'd

By some that issue from the house, and
they

Relate to those within. Take each his way,
Not altogether in, but one by one,

First I, then you ; and then see this be
done :

The envious wooers will by no means give
The offer of the bow and arrow leave

To come at me ; spite then their pride, do
thou,

My good Eumæus, bring both shaft and
bow

To my hand's proof ; and charge the maids
before,

That instantly they shut in every door,
That they themselves (if any tumult rise

Beneath my roofs by any that envies
My will to undertake the game) may gain

No passage forth, but close at work con-
tain

With all free quiet, or at least constrain'd.
And therefore, my Philœtius, see main-
tain'd,

When close the gates are shut, their closure
fast,

To which end be it thy sole work to cast
Their chains before them." This said, in

he led,

Took first his seat ; and then they seconded
His entry with their own. Then took in

hand

Eurymachus the bow, made close his stand
Aside the fire, at whose heat here and

there

He warm'd and suppl'd it, yet could not
stere

To any draught the string, with all his art ;
And therefore swell'd in him his glorious

heart,
Affirming, " that himself and all his friends
Had cause to grieve, not only that their

ends

They miss'd in marriage, since enough be-
sides

Kind Grecian dames there lived to be their
brides

In Ithaca, and other bordering towns,
But that to all times future their renowns

Would stand disparaged, if Ulysses' bow
They could not draw, and yet his wife

would woo,"

Antinous answer'd : " That there could
ensue

No shame at all to them ; for well he knew
That this day was kept holy to the Sun

By all the city, and there should be done
No such profane act, therefore bade lay by

The bow for that day ; but the mastery
Of axes that were set up still might stand,

Since that no labour was, nor any hand
Would offer to invade Ulysses' house,

To take, or touch with surreptitious
Or violent hand, what there was left for

use.

He, therefore, bade the cup-bearer infuse
Wine to the bowls, that so with sacrifice

They might let rest the shooting exercise,
And in the morning make Melanthius bring

The chief goats of his herd, that to the
King

Of bows and archers they might burn the
thighs

For good success, and then attempt the
prize."

The rest sat pleased with this. The
heralds straight

Pour'd water on their hands ; each page
did wait

With his crown'd cup of wine, served every
man

Till all were satisfied. And then began
Ulysses' plot of his close purpose thus :

" Hear me, ye much renown'd Euryma-
chus,

And king Antinous, in chief, who well,
And with decorum sacred, doth compel

This day's observance, and to let lay down
The bow all this light, giving Gods their

own.

The morning's labour God the more will
bless,

And strength bestow where he himself
shall please.

Against which time let me presume to pray
Your favours with the rest, that this assay

May my old arms prove, trying if there lie
In my poor powers the same activity

That long since crown'd them ; or if needy
fare
And desolate wandering have the web worn
bare

Of my life's thread at all parts, that no more
 Can furnish these affairs as heretofore."
 This heat their spleens past measure, blown
 with fear
 Lest his loathed temples would the garland
 wear
 Of that bow's draught; Antinous using
 speech
 To this sour purpose: "Thou most arrant
 wretch
 Of all guests breathing, in no least degree
 Graced with a humane soul, it serves not
 thee
 To feast in peace with us, take equal share
 Of what we reach to, sit, and all things
 hear
 That we speak freely (which no begging
 guest
 Did ever yet) but thou must make request
 To mix with us in merit of the Queen.
 But wine inflames thee, that hath ever
 been
 The bane of men whoever yet would take
 Th' excess it offers and the mean forsake.
 Wine spoil'd the Centaur great Eurymion,
 In guest-rites with the mighty-minded son
 Of bold Ixion, in his way to war
 Against the Lapithes; who, driven as far
 As madness with the bold effects of wine,
 Did outrage to his kind host, and decline
 Other heroes from him feasted there
 With so much anger that they left their
 cheer,
 And dragg'd him forth the fore-court, slit
 his nose,
 Cropp'd both his ears, and, in the ill dis-
 pose
 His mind then suffer'd, drew the fatal day
 On his head with his host; for thence the
 fray
 Betwixt the Centaurs and the Lapithes
 Had mortal act. But he for his excess
 In spoil of wine fared worst himself; as
 thou
 For thy large cups, if thy arms draw the
 bow,
 My mind foretells shalt fear; for not a
 man
 Of all our consort, that in wisdom can
 Boast any fit share, will take prayers then,
 But to Echetus, the most stern of men,
 A black sail freight with thee, whose worst
 of ill,
 Be sure, is past all ransom. Sit then
 still,
 Drink temperately, and never more contend
 With men your youngers." This the Queen
 did end

With her defence of him, and told his foe
 It was not fair nor equal t' overcrow
 The poorest guest her son pleased t' enter-
 tain
 In his free turrets with so proud a strain
 Of threats and bravings; asking if he
 thought,
 That if the stranger to his arms had brought
 The stubborn bow down, he should marry
 her,
 And bear her home? And said, himself
 should err
 In no such hope; nor of them all the best
 That grieved at any good she did her guest
 Should banquet there; since it in no sort
 show'd
 Noblesse in them, nor paid her what she
 owed
 Her own free rule there. This Euryma-
 chus
 Confirm'd and said: "Nor feeds it hope
 in us,
 Icarus' daughter, to solemnize rites
 Of nuptials with thee; nor in noblest
 sights
 It can shew comely; but to our respects
 The rumour both of sexes and of sects
 Amongst the people, would breed shame
 and fear,
 Lest any worst Greek said: 'See, men
 that were
 Of mean deservings will presume t' aspire
 To his wife's bed, whom all men did ad-
 mire
 For fame and merit, could not draw his
 bow,
 And yet his wife had foolish pride to woo,
 When straight an errant beggar comes and
 draws
 The bow with ease, performing all the laws
 The game beside contain'd;' and this
 would thus
 Prove both indignity and shame to us."
 The Queen replied: "The fame of men,
 I see,
 Bears much price in your great supposed
 degree;
 Yet who can prove amongst the people
 great,
 That of one so esteem'd of them the seat
 Doth so defame and ruin? And beside,
 With what right is this guest thus vilified
 In your high censures, when the man in
 blood
 Is well composed and great, his parents
 good?"

And therefore give the bow to him, to try
His birth and breeding by his chivalry.
If his arms draw it, and that Phœbus
stands

So great a glory to his strength, my hands
Shall add this guerdon : Every sort of
weed,

A two-edged sword, and lance to keep him
freed

From dogs and men hereafter, and dismiss
His worth to what place tends that heart
of his."

Her son gave answer, that it was a
wrong

To his free sway in all things that belong
To guard of that house, to demand the
bow

Of any wooer, and the use bestow
Upon the stranger ; for the bow was his
To give or to withhold ; no masteries
Of her proposing giving any power
T' impair his right in things for any
wooer,

Or any that rough Ithaca affords,
Any that Elis ; of which no man's words
Nor powers should curb him, stood he so
inclined,

To see the bow in absolute gift resign'd
To that his guest to bear and use at will,
And therefore bade his mother keep her
still

Amongst her women at her rock and loom ;
Bows were for men ; and this bow did be-
come

Past all men's his dispose, since his sire
Left it to him, and all the house entire."

She stood dismay'd at this, and in her
mind

His wise words laid up, standing so in-
clined,

As he had will'd, with all her women going
Up to her chamber, there her tears be-
stowing,

As every night she did, on her loved lord,
Till sleep and Pallas her fit rest restored.

The bow Eumæus took, and bore away ;
Which up in tumult, and almost in fray,
Put all the wooers, one inquiring thus :

" Whither, rogue, abject, wilt thou bear
from us

That bow proposed? Lay down, or I
protest

Thy dogs shall eat thee, that thou nourishest
To guard thy swine ; amongst whom, left
of all,

Thy life shall leave thee, if the festival,
We now observe to Phœbus, may our zeals
Grace with his aid, and all the Deities'
else."

This threat made good Eumæus yield
the bow

To his late place, not knowing what might
grow

From such a multitude. And then fell on
Telemachus with threats, and said : " Set
gone

That bow yet further ; 'tis no servant's
part

To serve too many masters ; raise your
heart

And bear it off, lest, though your younger,
yet

With stones I pelt you to the field with it.
If you and I close, I shall prove too strong.
I wish as much too hard for all this
through

The Gods would make me, I should quickly
send

Some after with just sorrow to their end,
They waste my victuals so, and ply my
cup,

And do me such shrewd turns still." This
put up

The wooers all in laughters, and put down
Their angers to him, that so late were
grown

So grave and bloody ; which resolved that
fear

Of good Eumæus, who did take and bear
The King the bow ; call'd nurse, and bade
her make

The doors all sure, that if men's tumult
take

The ears of some within, they may not fly,
But keep at work still, close and silently.

These words put wings to her, and close
she put

The chamber door. The court-gates then
were shut

By kind Philœtius, who straight did go
From out the hall, and in the portico
Found laid a cable of a ship, composed
Of spongy bulrushes ; with which he closed,
In winding round about them, the court-
gates,

Then took his place again, to view the fates
That quickly follow'd. When he came,
he saw

Ulysses viewing, ere he tried to draw
The famous bow, which every way he
moved,

Up and down turning it ; in which he
proved

The plight it was in, fearing, chiefly, lest
The horns were eat with worms in so long
rest.

But what his thoughts intended turning so,
And keeping such a search about the bow,

The wooers little knowing, fell to jest,
And said : " Past doubt he is a man profest
In bowyers' craft, and sees quite through
the wood ;

Or something, certain, to be understood
There is in this his turning of it still :
A cunning rogue he is at any ill."

Then spake another proud one: " Would
to heaven,

I might, at will, get gold till he hath given
That bow his draught !" With these sharp
jests did these

Delightful wooers their fatal humours
please.

But when the wise Ulysses once had laid
His fingers on it, and to proof survey'd
The still sound plight it held, as one of skill
In song, and of the harp, doth at his will,
In tuning of his instrument, extend

A string out with his pin, touch all, and
lend

To every well-wreathed string his perfect
sound,

Struck all together ; with such ease drew
round

The King the bow. Then twang'd he up
the string,

That as a swallow in the air doth sing
With no continued tune, but, pausing still,
Twinks out her scatter'd voice in accents
shrill ;

So sharp the string sung when he gave it
touch,

Once having bent and drawn it. Which
so much

Amazed the wooers, that their colours went
And came most grievously, And then
Jove rent

The air with thunder ; which at heart did
cheer

The now-enough-sustaining traveller,
That Jove again would his attempt enable.

Then took he into hand, from off the table,
The first drawn arrow ; and a number more

Spent shortly on the wooers ; but this one
He measured by his arm, as if not known

The length were to him, nock'd it then,
and drew ;

And through the axes, at the first hole, flew
The steel-charged arrow ; which when he
had done

He thus bespake the Prince : " You have
not won

Disgrace yet by your guest ; for I have
strook

The mark I shot at, and no such toil took
In wearing the bow with fat and fire

As did the wooers : yet reserved entire,
Thank Heaven, my strength is, and myself

am tried,

No man to be so basely vilified
As these men pleased to think me. But,

free way

Take that, and all their pleasures ; and
while day

Holds her torch to you, and the hour of
feast

Hath now full date, give banquet, and
the rest,

Poem and harp, that grace a well-fill'd
board."

This said, he beckon'd to his son ; whose
sword

He straight girt to him, took to hand his
lance,

And complete-arm'd did to his sire advance.

THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Wooers in Minerva's sight
Slain by Ulysses ; all the light
And lustful housewives by his son
And servants are to slaughter done.

ANOTHER.

XI. The end of pride,
And lawless lust,
Is wretched tried
With slaughters just.

THE upper rags that wise Ulysses wore
Cast off, he rusheth to the great hall door
With bow and quiver full of shafts, which
down

He pour'd before his feet, and thus made
known

His true state to the wooers : " This strife
thus

Hath harmless been decided ; now for us
There rests another mark, more hard to hit,
And such as never man before hath smit ;
Whose full point likewise my hands shall
assay,

And try if Phœbus will give me his day."

He said, and off his bitter arrow thrust
Right at Antinous ; that strook him just
As he was lifting up the bowl ; to show
That 'twixt the cup and lip much ill may
grow.

Death touch'd not at his thoughts at feast ;
for who

Would think that he alone could perish so
Amongst so many, and he best of all ?

The arrow in his throat took full his fall,
And thrust his head far through the other
side.

Down fell his cup, down he, down all his
pride ;

Straight from his nostrils gush'd the
human gore ;

And, as he fell, his feet far overbore
The feastful table ; all the roast and bread
About the house strew'd. When his high-
borne head

The rest beheld so low, up rush'd they all,
And ransack'd every corner of the hall
For shields and darts ; but all fled far their
reach.

Then fell they foul on him with terrible
speech,

And told him it should prove the dearest
shaft

That ever pass'd him ; and that now was
saft

No shift for him, but sure and sudden
death ;

For he had slain a man, whose like did
breathe

In no part of the kingdom ; and that now
He should no more for games strive with
his bow,

But vultures eat him there. These threats
they spent,

Yet every man believed that stern event
Chanced 'gainst the author's will. O fools,

to think

That all their rest had any cup to drink
But what their great Antinous began !

He, frowning, said : " Dogs, see in me
the man

Ye all held dead at Troy. My house it is
That thus ye spoil, and thus your luxuries

File with my women's rapes ; in which ye
woo

The wife of one that lives, and no thought
show

Of man's fit fear, or God's, your present
fame,

Or any fair sense of your future name ;
And, therefore, present and eternal death

Shall end your base life." This made fresh
fears breathe

Their former boldness. Every man had eye
On all the means, and studied ways to fly

So deep deaths imminent. But seeing none,
Eurymachus began with suppliant moan

To move his pity, saying : " If you be
This isle's Ulysses, we must all agree,

In grant of your reproof's integrity,
The Greeks have done you many a wrong

at home,

At field as many. But of all the sum
Lies here contract in death ; for only he

Imposed the whole ill offices that we
Are now made guilty of, and not so much

Sought his endeavours, or in thought did
touch

At any nuptials, but a greater thing
Employ'd his forces ; for to be our king

Was his chief object ; his sole plot it was
To kill your son, which Jove's hand would
not pass,

But set it to his own most merited end.
In which end your just anger, nor extend
Your stern wreak further; spend your
royal powers

In mild ruth of your people; we are yours.
And whatsoever waste of wine or food
Our liberties have made, we'll make all
good

In restitutions. Call a court, and pass
A fine of twenty oxen, gold, and brass,
On every head, and raise your most rates
still,

Till you are pleased with your confessed
fill:

Which if we fail to tender, all your wrath
It shall be justice in our bloods to bathe."

"Eurymachus," said he, "if you would
give

All that your fathers hoard, to make ye
live,

And all that ever you yourselves possess,
Or shall by any industry increase,
I would not cease from slaughter, till your
bloods

Had bought out your intemperance in my
goods.

It rests now for you that you either fight
That will scape death, or make your way
by flight.

In whose best choice, my thoughts con-
ceive, not one

Shall shun the death your first hath under-
gone."

This quite dissolved their knees.
Eurymachus,

Enforcing all their fears, yet counsel'd
thus:

"O friends! This man, now he hath
got the bow

And quiver by him, ever will bestow
His most inaccessible hands at us,

And never leave, if we avoid him thus,
Till he hath strew'd the pavement with us
all;

And, therefore, join we swords, and on
him fall

With tables forced up, and borne in op-
posed

Against his sharp shafts; when, being
round enclosed

By all our onsets, we shall either take
His horrid person, or for safety make

His rage retire from out the hall and
gates;

And then, if he escape, we'll make our
states

Known to the city by our general cry.
And thus this man shall let his last shaft
fly

That ever his hand vaunted." Thus he
drew

His sharp-edged sword; and with a table
flew

In on Ulysses, with a terrible throat
His fierce charge urging. But Ulysses

smote
The board, and cleft it through from end
to end

Borne at his breast, and made his shaft ex-
tend

His sharp head to his liver, his broad
breast

Pierced at his nipple; when his hand re-
leased

Forthwith his sword, that fell and kiss'd
the ground,

With cups and victuals lying scatter'd
round

About the pavement; amongst which his
brow

Knock'd the imbrued earth, while in pains
did flow

His vital spirits, till his heels shook out
His feastful life, and hurl'd a throne

about
That way-laid death's convulsions in his
feet;

When from his tender eyes the light did
fleet.

Then charged Amphinomus with his
drawn blade

The glorious king, in purpose to have
made

His feet forsake the house; but his assay
The prince prevented, and his lance gave
way

Quite through his shoulder, at his back;
his breast

The fierce pile letting forth. His ruin
prest

Groans from the pavement, which his fore-
head strook.

Telemachus his long lance then forsook
(Left in Amphinomus) and to his sire

Made fiery pass, not staying to acquire
His lance again, in doubt that, while he
drew

The fixed pile, some other might renew
Fierce charge upon him, and his unharmed
head

Cleave with his back-drawn sword; for
which he fled

Close to his father, bade him arm, and
he

Would bring him shield and javelins in-
stantly,

His own head arming, more arms laying
by

To serve the swine-herd and the oxen-herd.
Valour well arm'd is ever most prefer'd.

"Run then," said he, "and come before
the last

Of these auxiliary shafts are past,
For fear, lest, left alone, they force my
stand

From forth the ports." He flew, and
brought to hand

Eight darts, four shields, four helms.
His own parts then

First put in arms, he furnish'd both his
men,

That to their king stood close; but he, as
long

As he had shafts & friend, enough was
strong

For all the wooers, and some one man
still

He made make even with earth, till all a
hill

Had raised in th' even-floor'd hall. His
last shaft spent,

He set his bow against a beam, and went
To arm at all parts, while the other three
Kept off the wooers, who, unarm'd, could
be

No great assailants. In the well-built wall
A window was thrust out, at end of all

The house's entry; on whose utter side
There lay a way to town, and in it wide

And two-leaved folds were forged, that
gave fit mean

For flyers-out; and, therefore, at it then
Ulysses placed Eumæus in close guard;

One only pass ope to it, which (prepared
In this sort by Ulysses 'gainst all pass)

By Agelaus' tardy memory was
In question call'd, who bade some one
ascend

At such a window, and bring straight to
friend

The city with his clamour, that this man
Might quickly shoot his last. "This no
one can

Make safe access to," said Melanthius,
"For 'tis too near the hall's fair doors,
whence thús

The man afflicts ye; for from thence there
lies

But one strait passage to it, that denies
Access to all, if any one man stand,

Being one of courage, and will counter-
mand

Our offer to it. But I know a way
To bring you arms, from where the King
doth lay

His whole munition; and believe there is
No other place to all the armouries

Both of himself and son." This said, a
pair

Of lofty stairs he climb'd, and to th' affair
Twelve shields, twelve lances brought, as
many casques

With horse-hair plumes; and set to bitter
tasks

Both son and sire. Then shrunk Ulysses'
knees,

And his loved heart, when thus in arms he
sees

So many wooers, and their shaken darts;
For then the work shew'd as it ask'd more
parts

To safe performance, and he told his son
That or Melanthius or his maids had done

A deed that foul war to their hands ce-
fer'd.

"O father," he replied, "'tis I have
err'd

In this caused labour; I, and none but I,
That left the door ope of your armoury.

But some, it seems, hath set a sharper eye
On that important place. Eumæus

haste
And shut the door, observing who hath
past

To this false action; any maid, or one
That I suspect more, which is Dolius'

son."

While these spake thus, Melanthius
went again

For more fair arms; whom the renowned
swain

Eumæus saw, and told Ulysses straight
It was the hateful man that his conceit

Before suspected, who had done that ill;
And, being again there, ask'd if he should
kill,

If his power served, or he should bring the
swain

To him, t' inflict on him a several pain
For every forfeit he had made his house.

He answer'd: "I and my Telemachus
Will here contain these proud ones in
despite,

How much soever these stolen arms excite
Their guilty courages, while you two take
Possession of the chamber; the doors
make

Sure at your back, and then, surprising him,
His feet and hands bind, wrapping every
limb

In pliant chains; and with a halter cast
Above the wind-beam, at himself made
fast,

Aloft the column draw him; where alive
He long may hang, and pains know de-
prive

His vexed life before his death succeed,"
 This charge, soon heard, as soon they put
 to deed,
 Stole on his stealth, and at the further end
 Of all the chamber saw him busily bend
 His hands to more arms ; when they, still
 at door,
 Watch'd his return. At last he came, and
 bore
 In one hand a fair helm, in th' other held
 A broad and ancient rusty-rested shield,
 That old Laertes in his youth had worn,
 Of which the cheek-bands had with age
 been torn.
 They rush'd upon him, caught him by the
 hair,
 And dragg'd him in again ; whom, crying
 out,
 They cast upon the pavement, wrapp'd
 about
 With sure and pinching cords both foot
 and hand,
 And then, in full act of their King's com-
 mand,
 A pliant chain bestow'd on him, and haled
 His body up the column, till he scaled
 The highest wind-beam ; where made
 firmly fast,
 Eumæus on his just infliction past
 This pleasurable cævil : " Now you may
 All night keep watch here, and the earliest
 day
 Discern, being hung so high, to rouse from
 rest
 Your dainty cattle to the wooers' feast.
 There, as befits a man of means so fair,
 Soft may you sleep, nought under you but
 air ;
 And so long hang you." Thus they left
 him there,
 Made fast the door, and with Ulysses
 were
 All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all
 stood close,
 Their minds fire breathed in flames against
 their foes,
 Four in th' entry fighting all alone ;
 When from the hall charged many a mighty
 one.
 But to them then Jove's seed, Minerva,
 came,
 Resembling Mentor both in voice and
 frame
 Of manly person. Passing well apaid
 Ulysses was, and said : " Now, Mentor,
 aid
 'Gainst these odd mischiefs ; call to
 memory now
 My often good to thee, and that we two

Of one year's life are." Thus he said, but
 thought
 It was Minerva, that had ever brought
 To her side safety. On the other part,
 The wooers threaten'd ; but the chief in
 heart
 Was Agelaus, who to Mentor spake :
 " Mentor, let no words of Ulysses
 make
 Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side
 'Gainst all us wooers ; for we firm abide
 In this persuasion, that when sire and son
 Our swords have slain, thy life is sure to
 run
 One fortune with them. What strange
 acts hast thou
 Conceit to form here ? Thy head must
 bestow
 The wreak of theirs on us. And when thy
 powers
 Are taken down by these fierce steels of
 ours,
 All thy possessions, in-doors and without,
 Must raise on heap with his ; and all thy
 rout
 Of sons and daughters in thy turrets
 bleed
 Wreak offerings to us ; and our town stand
 freed
 Of all charge with thy wife." Minerva's
 heart
 Was fired with these braves, the approved
 desert
 Of her Ulysses chiding, saying : " No
 more
 Thy force nor fortitude as heretofore
 Will gain thee glory ; when nine years at
 Troy
 White-wristed Helen's rescue did employ
 Thy arms and wisdom, still and ever
 used,
 The bloods of thousands through the field
 diffused
 By thy vast valour ; Priam's broad-way'd
 town
 By thy grave parts was sack'd and over-
 thrown ;
 And now, amongst thy people and thy
 goods,
 Against the wooers' base and petulant
 bloods
 Stint'st thou thy valour ? Rather mourning
 here
 Than manly fighting ? Come, friend,
 stand we near,
 And note my labour, that thou may'st dis-
 cern
 Amongst thy foes how Mentor's nerves
 will earn

All thy old bounties." This she spake,
but stay'd

Her hand from giving each-way-often-
sway'd

Uncertain conquest to his certain use,
But still would try what self-powers would
produce

Both in the father and the glorious son.

Then on the wind-beam that along did
ron

The smoky roof, transform'd, Minerva sat,
Like to a swallow; sometimes cuffing at
The swords and lances, rushing from her
seat,

And up and down the troubled house did
beat

Her wing at every motion. And as she

Had roused Ulysses; so the enemy

Damastor's son excited, Polybus,

Amphinomus, and Demoptolemus,

Eurynomus, and Polycorides;

For these were men that of the wooing
prease

Were most egregious, and the clearly best
In strength of hand of all the desperate
rest

That yet survived, and now fought for their
souls;

Which straight swift arrows sent among
the fowls.

But first, Damastor's son had more spare
breath

To spend on their excitements ere his
death,

And said: That now Ulysses would for-
bear

His dismal hand, since Mentor's spirit was
there,

And blew vain vaunts about Ulysses' ears;
In whose trust he would cease his massa-
cres,

Rest him, and put his friend's huge boasts
in proof;

And so was he beneath the entry's roof

Left with Telemachus and th' other two.

"At whom," said he, "discharge no darts,
but throw

All at Ulysses, rousing his faint rest;

Whom if we slaughter, by our interest

In Jove's assistance, all the rest may yield
Our powers no care, when he strows once
the field."

As he then will'd, they all at random
threw

Where they supposed he rested; and then
flew

Minerva after every dart, and made
Some strike the threshold, some the walls
invade,

Some beat the doors, and all acts render'd
vain

Their grave steel offer'd: which escaped,
again

Came on Ulysses, saying: "O that we
'The woovers' troop with our joint archery
Might so assail, that where their spirits
dream

On our deaths first, we first may slaughter
them."

Thus the much-sufferer said; and all let
fly,

When every man strook dead his enemy.

Ulysses slaughter'd Demoptolemus;

Euryades by young Telemachus

His death encounter'd. Good Eumæus
slew

Elatus; and Philætius overthrew

Pisander: all which tore the paved floor

Up with their teeth. The rest retired
before

Their second charge to inner rooms; and
then

Ulysses follow'd; from the slaughter'd
men

Their darts first drawing. While which
work was done,

The woovers threw with huge contention

To kill them all; when with her swallow-
wing

Minerva cuff'd, and made their javelins
ring

Against the doors and thresholds, as before.
Some yet did graze upon their marks. One
tore

The Prince's wrist, which was Amphi-
medon,

Th' extreme part of the skin but touch'd
upon.

Ctesippus over good Eumæus' shield

His shoulder's top did taint; which yet
did yield

The lance free pass, and gave his hurt the
ground.

Again then charged the woovers, and
girt round

Ulysses with their lances; who turn'd
head,

And with his javelin strook Eurydamas
dead.

Telemachus dislived Amphimedon;

Eumæus, Polybus; Philætius won

Ctesippus' bosom with his dart, and said,

(In quittance of the jester's part he play'd,
The neat's foot hurling at Ulysses;)

"Now,

Great son of Polytherses, you that vow

Your wit to bitter taunts, and love to wound
The heart of any with a jest, so crown'd

Your wit be with a laughter, never yielding
To fools in folly, but your glory building
On putting down in fooling, spitting forth
Puff'd words at all sorts : cease to scoff at
word,

And leave revenge of vile words to the
Gods,

Since their wits bear the sharper edge by
odds ;

And, in the mean time, take the dart I
drave,

For that right hospitable foot you gave
Divine Ulysses, begging but his own."

Thus spake the black-ox-herdsman ;
and straight down

Ulysses struck another with his dart ;
Damastor's son. Telemachus did part,
Just in the midst, the belly of the fair
Evenor's son ; his fierce pile taking air
Out at his back. Flat fell he on his face,
His whole brows knocking, and did mark
the place.

And now, man-slaughtering Pallas took
in hand

Her snake-fringed shield, and on that
beam took stand

In her true form, where swallow-like she
sat.

And then, in this way of the house and
that,

The wooers, wounded at the heart with
fear,

Fled the encounter ; as in pastures where
Fat herds of oxen feed, about the field
(As if wild madness their instincts impell'd)
The high-fed bullocks fly, whom in the
spring.

When days are long, gad-bees or breezes
sting.

Ulysses and his son the flyers chased,
As when, with crooked beaks and seres, a
cast

Of hill-bred eagles, cast-off at some
game,

That yet their strengths keep, but put up
in flame

The eagles' stoops ; from which, along the
field

The poor fowls make wing, this and that
way yield

Their hard-flown pinions, then the clouds
assay

For scape or shelter, their forlorn dismay
All spirit exhaling, all wings' strength to
carry

Their bodies forth, and, truss'd up, to the
quarry

Their falconers ride in, and rejoice to see
Their hawks perform a flight so fervently ;

So, in their flight, Ulysses with his heir
Did stoop and cuff the wooers, that the
air

Broke in vast sighs ; whose heads they shot
and cleft,

The pavement boiling with the souls they
reft.

Liodes, running to Ulysses, took
His knees, and thus did on his name
invoke :

" Ulysses, let me pray thee to my place
Afford the reverence, and to me the grace,
That never did or said, to any dame

Thy court contain'd, or deed, or word to
blame ;

But others so affected I have made
Lay down their insolence ; and, if the
trade

They kept with wickedness have made
them still

Despise my speech, and use their wonted
ill,

They have their penance by the stroke of
death,

Which their desert divinely warranteth.
But I am priest amongst them, and shall I

That nought have done worth death
amongst them die ?

From thee this proverb then will men
derive :

*Good turns do never their mere deeds sur-
vive."*

He, bending his displeas'd forehead,
said :

" If you be priest amongst them, as you
plead,

Yet you would marry, and with my wife
too,

And have descent by her. For all that
woo

Wish to obtain, which they should never
do,

Dames' husbands living. You must there-
fore pray

Of force, and oft in Court here, that the
day

Of my return for home might never shine ;
The death to me wish'd, therefore, shall

be thine."

This said, he took a sword up that was
cast

From Agelaus, having strook his last,
And on the priest's mid neck he laid a
stroke

That strook his head off, tumbling as he
spoke.

Then did the poet Phemius (whose sur-
name

Was call'd Terpiades ; who thither came

Forced by the wooers) fly death; but
being near

The court's great gate, he stood, and
parted there

In two his counsels; either to remove
And take the altar of Herceian Jove
(Made sacred to him, with a world of art
Engraven about it, where were wont t'
impart

Laertes and Ulysses many a thigh
Of broad-brow'd oxen to the Deity)
Or venture to Ulysses, clasp his knee,
And pray his ruth. The last was the
decree

His choice resolved on. "Twixt the royal
throne

And that fair table that the bowl stood on
With which they sacrificed, his harp he
laid

Along the earth, the King's knees hugg'd,
and said:

"Ulysses! Let my prayers obtain of
thee

My sacred skill's respect, and ruth to me.
It will hereafter grieve thee to have slain
A poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.
I of myself am taught, for God alone
All sorts of song hath in my bosom sown,
And I, as to a God, will sing to thee;
Then do not thou deal like the priest with
me.

Thine own loved son Telemachus will say,
That not to beg here, nor with willing way
Was my access to thy high court address,
To give the wooers my song after feast,
But, being many, and so much more
strong,

They forced me hither, and compell'd my
song."

This did the prince's sacred virtue hear,
And to the King, his father, said: "For-
bear

To mix the guiltless with the guilty's blood.
And with him likewise let our mercies save
Medon the herald, that did still behave
Himself with care of my good from a child;
If by Eumæus yet he be not kill'd,
Or by Philœtius, nor your fury met,
While all this blood about the house it
sweet."

This Medon heard, as lying hid beneath
A throne set near, half-dead with fear of
death;

A new-fleat ox-hide, as but there thrown
by,

His serious shroud made, he lying there to
fly.

But hearing this he quickly left the throne,
His ox-hide cast as quickly, and as soon

The prince's knees seized, saying: "O my
love,

I am not slain, but here alive and move.
Abstain yourself, and do not see your sire
Quench with my cold blood the unmeasured
fire

That flames in his strength, making spoil
of me,

His wrath's right, for the wooers' injury."

Ulysses smiled, and said: "Be confident
This man hath saved and made thee
different,

To let thee know, and say, and others see,
Good life is much more safe than villany.
Go then, sit free without from death
within:

This much renowned singer from the sin
Of these men likewise quit. Both rest you
there,

While I my house purge as it fits me
here."

This said, they went and took their seat
without

At Jove's high altar, looking round about,
Expecting still their slaughter: when the
King

Search'd round the hall, to try life's hidden
wing

Made from more death. But all laid
prostrate there

In blood and gore he saw: whole shoals
they were,

And lay as thick as in a hollow creek
Without the white sea, when the fishers
break

Their many-meshed draught-net up, there
lie

Fish frisking on the sands, and fain the
dry

Would for the wet change; but th' all-
seeing beam

The sun exhales hath suck'd their lives
from them;

So one by other sprawl'd the wooers there.
Ulysses and his son then bid appear

The nurse Euryclea, to let her hear
His mind in something fit for her affair.

He oped the door, and call'd, and said:
"Repair,

Grave matron long since born, that art our
spy

To all this house's servile housewifery;
My father calls thee, to impart some
thought

That asks thy action." His word found in
nought

Her slack observance, who straight oped
the door

And enter'd to him; when himself beheld

Had left the hall. But there the King she view'd
Amongst the slain, with blood and gore imbrued.

And as a lion skulking all in night,
Far off in pastures, and come home, all dight

In jaws and breast-locks, with an ox's blood
New feasted on him, his looks full of mood;
So look'd Ulysses, all his hands and feet
Freckled with purple. When which sight did greet

The poor old woman (such works being for eyes

Of no soft temper) out she brake in cries,
Whose vent, though throughly open'd, he yet closed,

Call'd her more near, and thus her plaints composed :

"Forbear, nor shriek thus, but vent joys as loud :

It is no piety to bemoan the proud,
Though ends befall them moving ne'er so much,

These are the portions of the Gods to such.
Men's own impieties in their instant act
Sustain their plagues, which are with stay
but rack'd.

But these men, Gods nor men had in esteem ;

Nor good nor bad had any sense in them.
Their lives directly ill were, therefore, cause

That Death in these stern forms so deeply draws.

Recount, then, to me those licentious dames

That lost my honour and their sex's shames."

"I'll tell you truly," she replied : "there are

Twice five-and-twenty women here that share

All work amongst them ; whom I taught to spin,

And bear the just bands that they suffer'd in.

Of all which only there were twelve that gave

Themselves to impudence and light be-
have,

Nor me respecting, nor herself, the Queen.
And for your son he hath but lately been
Of years to rule ; nor would his mother bear

His empire where her women's labours were.

But let me go and give her notice now
Of your arrival. Sure some God doth show

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His hand upon her in this rest she takes,
That all these uproars bears and never wakes."

"Nor wake her yet," said he, "but cause to come
Those twelve light women to this utter room."

She made all utmost haste to come and go.

And bring the women he had summon'd so.
Then both his swains and son he bade go call

The women to their aid, and clear the hall
Of those dead bodies, cleanse each board and throne

With wetted sponges : which with fitness done,

He bade take all the strumpets 'twixt the wall

Of his first court and that room next the hall,

In which the vessels of the house were scour'd,

And in their bosoms sheath their every sword,

Till all their souls were fled, and they had then

Felt 'twas but pain to sport with lawless men.

This said, the women came, all drow'd in moan,

And weeping bitterly. But first was done
The bearing thence the dead ; all which beneath

The portico they stow'd, where death on death

They heap'd together. Then took all the pains

Ulysses will'd. His son yet and the swains
With paring-shovels wrought. The women bore

Their parings forth, and all the clotted gore.

The house then cleansed, they brought the women out,

And put them in a room so wall'd about
That no means served their sad estates to fly.

Then said Telemachus : "These shall not die

A death that lets out any wanton blood,
And vents the poison that gave lust her food,

The body cleansing ; but a death that chokes

The breath, and altogether that provokes
And seems as bellows to abhorred lust,

That both on my head pour'd depraves un-
just,

L.L.

And on my mother's, scandalling the Court,
With men debauch'd, in so abhorr'd a
sort."

This said, a halser of a ship they cast
About a cross-beam of the roof, which fast
They made about their necks, in twelve
parts cut,

And haled them up so high they could not
put

Their feet to any stay. As which was done,
Look how a mavis, or a pigeon,

In any grove caught with a springe or net,
With struggling pinions 'gainst the ground
doth beat

Her tender body, and that then strait bed
Is sour to that swing in which she was
bred ;

So strived these taken birds, till every one
Her pliant halter had enforced upon

Her stubborn neck, and then aloft was
haul'd

To wretched death. A little space they
sprawl'd,

Their feet fast moving, but were quickly
still.

Then fetch'd they down Melanthius, to
fulfil

The equal execution ; which was done
In portal of the hall, and thus begun :

They first slit both his nostrils, cropp'd each
ear,

His members tugg'd off, which the dogs did
tear

And chop up bleeding sweet ; and, while
red-hot

The vice-abhorring blood was, off they
smote

His hands and feet ; and there that work
had end.

Then wash'd they hands and feet that blood
had stain'd,

And took the house again. And then the
King

Euryclea calling, bade her quickly bring

All-ill-expelling brimstone, and some fire,
That with perfumes cast he might make
entire

The house's first integrity in all.

And then his timely will was, she should
call

Her Queen and ladies ; still yet charging
her

That all the handmaids she should first
confer.

She said he spake as fitted ; but, before,
She held it fit to change the weeds he
wore,

And she would others bring him, that not
so

His fair broad shoulders might rest clad,
and show

His person to his servants was to blame.

"First bring me fire," said he. She
went, and came

With fire and sulphur straight ; with which
the hall

And of the huge house all rooms capital
He thoroughly sweeten'd. Then went nurse

to call

The handmaid servants down ; and up she
went

To tell the news, and will'd them to pre-
sent

Their service to their sovereign. Down they
came

Sustaining torches all, and pour'd a flame
Of love about their lord, with welcomes
home,

With huggings of his hands, with labour-
some

Both head's and forehead's kisses and em-
braces,

And plied him so with all their loving
graces

That tears and sighs took up his whole
desire ;

For now he knew their hearts to him
entire.

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES to his wife is known.
A brief sum of his travels shown.
Himself, his son, and servants go
T' approve the Wooers' overthrow.

ANOTHER.

¶ For all annoys
Sustain'd before,
The true wife's joys
Now made the more.

THE servants thus inform'd, the matron
goes
Up where the Queen was cast in such re-
pose,
Affected with a fervent joy to tell
What all this time she did with pain con-
ceal.
Her knees revoked their first strength, and
her feet
Were borne above the ground with wings,
to greet
The long-grieved Queen with news her
King was come ;
And, near her, said : " Wake, leave this
withdrawn room,
That now your eyes may see at length,
though late,
The man return'd ; which, all the heavy
date
Your woes have rack'd out, you have long'd
to see.
Ulysses is come home, and hath set free
His court of all your wooers, slaughtering
all
For wasting so his goods with festival ;
His house so vexing, and for violence done
So all ways varied to his only son."
She answer'd her : " The Gods have made
thee mad,
Of whose power now thy powers such proof
have had.
The Gods can blind with follies wisest eyes,
And make men foolish so to make them
wise.
For they have hurt even thy grave brain,
that bore
An understanding spirit heretofore.

Why hast thou waked me to more tears,
when Moan
Hath turn'd my mind with tears into her
own ?
Thy madness much more blameful, that
with lies
Thy haste is loaden, and both robs mine
eyes
Of most delightful sleep, and sleep of
them,
That now had bound me in his sweet ex-
treme,
T' embrace my lids and close my visual
spheres.
I have not slept so much this twenty years ;
Since first my dearest sleeping-mate was
gone
For that too-ill-to-speak-of Ilion.
Hence, take your mad steps back. If any
maid
Of all my train besides a part had play'd
So bold to wake, and tell mine ears such
lies,
I had return'd her to her housewiferies
With good proof of my wrath to such rude
dames :
But go, your years have saved their
younger blames."
She answer'd her : " I nothing wrong
your ear,
But tell the truth. Your long-miss'd lord
is here ;
And, with the wooers' slaughter, his own
hand
In chief exploit, hath to his own command
Reduced his house ; and that poor guest
was he,
That all those wooers wrought such injury.
Telemachus had knowledge long ago
That 'twas his father, but his wisdom so
Observed his counsels, to give surer end
To that great work to which they did con-
tend."
This call'd her spirits to their conceiving
places ;
She sprung for joy from blames into em-
braces
Of her grave nurse, wiped every tear away
From her fair cheeks, and then began to
say

What nurse said, over thus: "O nurse,
can this

Be true thou say'st? How could that hand
of his

Alone destroy so many? They would still
Troop all together. How could he then
kill

Such numbers so united?" "How," said
she,

"I have not seen nor heard; but certainly
The deed is done. We sat within in fear,
The doors shut on us, and from thence
might hear

The sighs and groans of every man he
slew,

But heard nor saw more, till at length
there flew

Your son's voice to mine ear, that call'd
to me,

And bade me then come forth; and then I
see

Ulysses standing in the midst of all
Your slaughter'd wooers, heap'd up, like
a wall,

One on another round about his side.
It would have done you good to have de-
scribed

Your conquering lord all-smear'd with
blood and gore

So like a lion. Straight, then, off they
bore

The slaughter'd carcasses, that now before
The fore-court gates lie, one on other
piled.

And now your victor all the hall, defiled
With stench of hot death, is perfuming
round,

And with a mighty fire the hearth hath
crown'd.

Thus, all the death removed, and
every room

Made sweet and sightly, that yourself
should come

His pleasure sent me. Come, then, take
you now

Your mutual fills of comfort. Grief on you
Hath long and many sufferings laid;
which length,

Which many sufferings, now your virtuous
strength

Of uncorrupted chasteness hath conferr'd
A happy end to. He that long hath err'd

Is safe arrived at home; his wife, his son,
Found safe and good; all ill that hath
been done

On all the doers' heads, though long pro-
long'd,

His right hath wreak'd, and in the place
they wrong'd."

She answer'd: "Do not you now laugh
and boast

As you had done some great act, seeing
most

Into his being; for you know he won,
Even through his poor and vile condition,
A kind of prompted thought that there was
placed

Some virtue in him fit to be embraced
By all the house; but most of all by me:

And by my son that was the progeny
Of both our loves. And yet it is not he,

For all the likely proofs ye plead to me:
Some God hath slain the wooers, in dis-
dain

Of the abhorred pride he saw so reign
In those base works they did. No man

alive,

Or good or bad, whoever did arrive
At their abodes once, ever could obtain

Regard of them; and therefore their so
vain

And vile deserts have found as vile an end.
But, for Ulysses, never will extend

His wish'd return to Greece; nor he yet
lives."

"How strange a Queen are you," said
she, "that gives

No truth your credit, that your husband,
set

Close in his house at fire, can purchase yet
No faith of you, but that he still is far

From any home of his! Your wit's at war
With all credulity ever; and yet now

I'll name a sign shall force belief from you:
I bathed him lately, and beheld the scar

That still remains a mark too ocular
To leave your heart yet blinded; and I

then

Had run and told you, but his hand was
fain

To close my lips from th' acclamation
My heart was breathing, and his wisdom

won

My still retention, till he gave me leave
And charge to tell you this. Now then

receive

My life for gage of his return; which take
In any cruel fashion, if I make

All this not clear to you." "Loved nurse,"
said she,

"Though many things thou know'st, yet
these things be

Veil'd in the counsels th' uncreated Gods
Have long time mask'd in; whose dark

periods
"Tis hard for thee to see into. But come,
Let's see my son, the slain, and he by
whom

They had their slaughter." This said,
 down they went ;
 When, on the Queen's part, divers thoughts
 were spent,
 If, all this given no faith, she still should
 stand
 Aloof, and question more ; or his hugg'd
 hand
 And loved head she should at first assay
 With free-given kisses. When her doubt-
 ful way
 Had pass'd the stony pavement, she took
 seat
 Against her husband, in the opposite heat
 The fire then cast upon the other wall.
 Himself set by the column of the hall,
 His looks cast downwards, and expected
 still
 When her incredulous and curious will
 To shun ridiculous error, and the shame
 To kiss a husband that was not the same,
 Would down, and win enough faith from
 his sight.
 She silent sat, and her perplexed plight
 Amaze encounter'd. Sometimes she stood
 clear
 He was her husband ; sometimes the ill
 wear
 His person had put on transform'd him so
 That yet his stamp would hardly current
 go.
 Her son, her strangeness seeing, blamed
 her thus :
 "Mother, ungentle mother ! tyrannous !
 In this too-curious modesty you show ;
 Why sit you from my father, nor bestow
 A word on me t' inquire and clear such
 doubt
 As may perplex you ? Found man ever
 out
 One other such a wife ? that could forbear
 Her loved lord's welcome home, when
 twenty year
 In infinite sufferance he had spent apart.
No flint so hard is as a woman's heart."
 "Son," said she, "amaze contains my
 mind,
 Nor can I speak and use the common kind
 Of those inquiries, nor sustain to see
 With opposite looks his countenance. If
 this be
 My true Ulysses now return'd, there are
 Tokens betwixt us of more fitness far
 To give me argument he is my lord ;
 And my assurance of him may afford
 My proofs of joy for him from all these
 eyes
 With more decorum than object their
 guise

To public notice." The much-sufferer
 brake
 In laughter out, and to his son said :
 "Take
 Your mother from the prease, that she may
 make
 Her own proofs of me, which perhaps may
 give
 More cause to the acknowledgments that
 drive
 Their shew thus off. But now, because I
 go
 So poorly clad, she takes disdain to know
 So loathed a creature for her loved lord.
 Let us consult, then, how we may accord
 The town to our late action. Some one
 slain
 Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him
 fain
 To fly his friends and country ; but our
 swords
 Have slain a city's most supportful lords,
 The chief peers of the kingdom : therefore
 see
 You use wise means t' uphold your victory."
 "See you to that, good father," said the
 son,
 "Whose counsels have the sovereign glory
 won
 From all men living. None will strive
 with you ;
 But with unquestion'd girlands grace your
 brow,
 To whom our whole alacrities we vow
 In free attendance. Nor shall our hands
 leave
 Your onsets needy of supplies to give
 All the effects that in our powers can fall."
 "Then this," said he, "to me seems
 capital
 Of all choice courses : Bathe we first, and
 then
 Attire we freshly ; all our maids and men
 Enjoining likewise to their best attire.
 The sacred singer then let touch his lyre,
 And go before us all in graceful dance ;
 That all without, to whose ears shall ad-
 vance
 Our cheerful accents, or of travellers by,
 Or firm inhabitants, solemnity
 Of frolic nuptials may imagine here.
 And this perform we, lest the massacre
 Of all our woovers be divulged about
 The ample city, ere ourselves get out
 And greet my father in his grove of trees ;
 Where, after, we will prove what policies
 Olympius shall suggest to overcome
 Our latest toils, and crown our welcome
 home."

This all obey'd ; bathed, put on fresh attire
 Both men and women did. Then took his lyre
 The holy singer, and set thirst on fire
 With songs and faultless dances ; all the court
 Rung with the footings that the numerous sport
 From jocund men drew and fair-girdled dames ;
 Which heard abroad, thus flew the common fames :
 " This sure the day is when the much-woo'd Queen
 Is richly wed. O wretch ! that hath not been
 So constant as to keep her ample house
 Till th' utmost hour had brought her foremost spouse."
 Thus some conceived, but little knew the thing.
 And now Eurynome had bathed the King,
 Smooth'd him with oils, and he himself at-tired
 In vestures royal. Her part then inspired
 The Goddess Pallas ; deck'd his head and face
 With infinite beauties, gave a goodly grace
 Of stature to him, a much plumper plight
 Through all his body breathed ; curls soft and bright
 Adorn'd his head withal, and made it show
 As if the flowery hyacinth did grow
 In all his pride there, in the general trim
 Of every lock and every curious limb.
 Look how a skilful artizan, well-seen
 In all arts metalline, as having been
 Taught by Minerva and the God of fire,
 Doth gold with silver mix so that entire
 They keep their self-distinction, and yet so
 That to the silver from the gold doth flow
 A much more artificial lustre than his own,
 And thereby to the gold itself is grown
 A greater glory than if wrought alone,
 Both being stuck off by either's mixtion ;
 So did Minerva hers and his combine,
 He more in her, she more in him, did shine.
 Like an Immortal from the bath he rose,
 And to his wife did all his grace dispose,
 Encountering thus her strangeness : " Cruel
 dame
 Of all that breathe, the Gods past steel and
 flame
 Have made thee ruthless. Life retains not
 one
 Of all dames else that bears so overgrown

A mind with abstinence ; as twenty years
 To miss her husband drown'd in woes and
 tears,
 And at his coming keep aloof, and fare
 As of his so long absence and his care
 No sense had seized her. Go, nurse, make
 a bed,
 That I alone may sleep ; her heart is dead
 To all reflection." To him thus replied
 The wise Penelope : " Man half-deified,
 'Tis not my fashion to be taken straight
 With bravest men, nor poorest use to
 sleight.
 Your mean appearance made not me retire,
 Nor this your rich shew makes me now
 admire,
 Nor moves at all ; for what is all to me,
 If not my husband ? All his certainty
 I knew at parting ; but, so long apart,
 The outward likeness holds no full desert
 For me to trust to. Go, nurse, see address
 A soft bed for him, and the single rest
 Himself affects so. Let it be the bed
 That stands within our bridal chamber-
 sted,
 Which he himself made. Bring it forth
 from thence,
 And see it furnish'd with magnificence."
 This said she to assay him, and did stir
 Even his establish'd patience ; and to her
 Whom thus he answer'd : " Woman ! your
 words prove
 My patience strangely. Who is it can
 move
 My bed out of his place ? It shall oppress
 Earth's greatest understander ; and, unless
 Even God himself come, that can easily
 grace
 Men in their most skills, it shall hold his
 place ;
 For man, he lives not that (as not most
 skill'd,
 So not most young) shall easily make it
 yield ;
 If, building on the strength in which he
 flows,
 He adds both levers too and iron crows ;
 For in the fixture of the bed is shown
 A master-piece, a wonder ; and 'twas done
 By me, and none but me, and thus was
 wrought :
 There was an olive-tree that had his
 grought
 Amidst a hedge, and was of shadow proud,
 Fresh, and the prime age of his verdure
 show'd,
 His leaves and arms so thick that to the
 eye
 It shew'd a column for solidity.

To this had I a comprehension
 To build my bridal bower; which all of
 stone,
 Thick as the tree of leaves, I raised, and
 cast
 A roof about it nothing meanly graced,
 Put glued doors to it, that oped art enough.
 Then from the olive every broad-leaved
 bough
 I lopp'd away; then fell'd the tree; and
 then
 Went over it both with my axe and plane,
 Both govern'd by my line. And then I
 hew'd
 My curious bedstead out; in which I
 shew'd
 Work of no common hand. All this
 begun,
 I could not leave till to perfection
 My pains had brought it; took my wimble,
 bored
 The holes, as fitted, and did last afford
 The varied ornament, which shew'd no
 want
 Of silver, gold, and polish'd elephant.
 An ox-hide dyed in purple then I threw
 Above the cords. And thus to curious
 view
 I hope I have objected honest sign
 To prove I author nought that is not mine.
 But if my bed stand unremoved or no,
 O woman, passeth human wit to know."
 This sunk her knees and heart, to hear so
 true
 The signs she urged; and first did tears
 ensue
 Her rapt assurance; then she ran and
 spread
 Her arms about his neck, kiss'd oft his
 head,
 And thus the curious stay she made ex-
 cused:
 "Ulysses! be not angry that I used
 Such strange delays to this; since heretofore
 Your suffering wisdom hath the garland
 wore
 From all that breathe; and 'tis the Gods
 that, thus
 With mutual miss so long afflicting us,
 Have caused my coyness; to our youths
 envied
 That wish'd society that should have tied
 Our youths and years together; and since
 now
 Judgment and Duty should our age allow
 As full joys therein as in youth and blood,
 See all young anger and reproof withstood
 For not at first sight giving up my arms;
 My heart still trembling lest the false alarms

That words oft strike up should ridicule
 me.

Had Argive Helen known credulity
 Would bring such plagues with it, and her
 again,

As authoress of them all, with that foul
 stain

To her and to her country, she had stay'd
 Her love and mixture from a stranger's
 bed;

But God impell'd her to a shameless deed,
 Because she had not in herself decreed,
 Before th' attempt, that such acts still were
 shent

As simply in themselves as in th' event.

By which not only she herself sustains,
 But we, for her fault, have paid mutual
 pains.

Yet now, since these signs of our certain
 bed

You have discover'd, and distinguished
 From all earth's others, no one man but you
 Yet ever getting of it th' only show,
 Nor one of all dames but myself and she
 My father gave, old Actor's progeny
 (Who ever guarded to ourselves the door
 Of that thick-shaded chamber) I no more
 Will cross your clear persuasion, though
 till now

I stood too doubtful and austere to you."

These words of hers, so justifying her
 stay,

Did more desire of joyful moan convey
 To his glad mind, than if at instant sight
 She had allow'd him all his wishes' right.
 He wept for joy, t' enjoy a wife so fit
 For his grave mind, that knew his depth
 of wit,

And held chaste virtue at a price so high.
 And as sad men at sea when shore is nigh,
 Which long their hearts have wish'd, their
 ship quite lost

By Neptune's rigour, and they vex'd and
 tost

"Twixt winds and black waves, swimming
 for their lives,

A few escaped, and that few that survives,
 All drench'd in foam and brine, crawl up
 to land,

With joy as much as they did worlds
 command;

So dear to this wife was her husband's sight;
 Who still embraced his neck, and had, till
 light

Display'd her silver ensign, if the Dame,
 That bears the blue sky intermix'd with
 flame

In her fair eyes, had not infix'd her thought
 On other joys, for loves so hardly brought

To long'd-for meeting ; who th' extended
 night
 Withheld in long date, nor would let the
 light
 Her wing-hooved horse join (Lampus,
 Phaeton)
 Those ever colts that bring the morning
 on
 To worldly men ; but, in her golden chair,
 Down to the ocean by her silver hair
 Bound her aspirings. Then Ulysses said :
 " O wife, nor yet are my contentions
 stay'd :
 A most unmeasured labour long and hard
 Asks more performance ; to it being pre-
 pared
 By grave Tiresias, when down to hell
 I made dark passage, that his skill might
 tell
 My men's return and mine. But come,
 and now
 Enjoy the sweet rest that our Fates allow."
 " The place of rest is ready," she replied,
 " Your will at full serve, since the deified
 Have brought you where your right is to
 command.
 But since you know, God making under-
 stand
 Your searching mind, inform me what must
 be
 Your last set labour ; since 'twill fall to me,
 I hope, to hear it after, tell me now.
The greatest pleasure is before to know."
 " Unhappy!" said Ulysses ; " To what end
 Importune you this labour ? It will lend
 Nor you nor me delight, but you shall
 know :
 I was commanded yet more to bestow
 My years in travel, many cities more
 By sea to visit ; and when first for shore
 I left my shipping, I was will'd to take
 A naval oar in hand, and with it make
 My passage forth till such strange men I
 met
 As knew no sea, nor ever salt did eat
 With any victuals, who the purple beaks
 Of ships did never see, nor that which
 breaks
 The waves in curls, which is a fan-like oar,
 And serves as wings with which a ship
 doth soar.
 To let me know, then, when I was arrived
 On that strange earth where such a people
 lived,
 He gave me this for an unfailing sign :
 When any one that took that oar of mine,
 Borne on my shoulder, for a corn-cleanse
 fan,
 I met ashore, and shew'd to be a man
 Of that land's labour, there had I command
 To fix mine oar, and offer on that strand
 T' imperial Neptune, whom I must implore,
 A lamb, a bull, and sow-ascending boar ;
 And then turn home, where all the other
 Gods
 That in the broad heaven made secure
 abodes
 I must solicit (all my curious heed
 Given to the several rites they have decreed)
 With holy hecatombs ; and then, at home,
 A gentle death should seize me, that would
 come
 From out the sea, and take me to his rest
 In full ripe age, about me living blest
 My loving people ; to which, he presaged,
 The sequel of my fortunes were engaged."
 " If then," said she, " the Gods will
 please t' impose
 A happier being to your fortune's close
 Than went before ; your hope gives com-
 fort strength
 That life shall lend you better days at
 length."
 While this discourse spent mutual speech,
 the bed
 Eurynome and nurse had made, and spread
 With richest furniture, while torches spent
 Their parcel gilt thereon. To bed then
 went
 The aged nurse ; and, where their sovereigns
 were,
 Eurynome, the chambermaid, did bear
 A torch, and went before them to their rest ;
 To which she left them and for hers address.
 The King and Queen then now, as newly-
 wed,
 Resumed the old laws of th' embracing bed.
 Telemachus and both his herdsmen then
 Dissolved the dances both to maids and
 men ;
 Who in their shady roofs took timely sleep.
 The bride and bridegroom having ceased
 to keep
 Observed love-joys ; from their fit delight
 They turn'd to talk. The Queen then did
 recite
 What she had suffer'd by the hateful rout
 Of harmful woovers, who had eat her out
 So many oxen and so many sheep,
 How many tun of wine their drinking deep
 Had quite exhausted. Great Ulysses then
 Whatever slaughters he had made of men,
 Whatever sorrows he himself sustain'd,
 Repeated amply ; and her ears remain'd
 With all delight attentive to their end,
 Nor would one wink sleep till he told her
 all,
 Beginning where he gave the Cicons fall ;

From thence his pass to the Lotophagi ;
The Cyclop's acts, the putting out his eye,
And wreak of all the soldiers he had eat,
No least ruth shown to all they could
entreat ;

His way to Æolus ; his prompt receipt
And kind dismissal ; his enforced retreat
By sudden tempest to the fishy main,
And quite distraction from his course again ;
His landing at the Læstrigonian port,
Where ships and men in miserable sort
Met all their spoils, his ship and he alone
Got off from the abhor'd confusion ;
His pass to Circe, her deceits and arts ;
His thence descension to th' infernal parts ;
His life's course of the Theban prophet
learn'd,

Where all the slaughter'd Grecians he
discern'd,
And loved mother ; his astonish'd ear
With what the Sirens' voices made him
hear ;

His scape from th' erring rocks, which
Scylla was,
And rough Charybdis, with the dangerous
pass

Of all that touch'd there ; his Sicilian
Offence given to the Sun ; his every man
Destroy'd by thunder volley'd out of heaven,
That split his ship ; his own endeavours
driven

To shift for succours on th' Ogygian shore,
Where Nymph Calypso such affection bore
To him in his arrival, that with feast
She kept him in her caves ; and would
have blest

His welcome life with an immortal state
Would he have stay'd and lived her nuptial
mate ;

All which she never could persuade him to ;
His pass to the Phæacians spent in woe ;
Their hearty welcome of him, as he were
A God descended from the starry sphere ;
Their kind dismissal of him home with
gold,

Brass, garments, all things his occasions
would.

This last word used, sleep seized his
weary eye
That saves all care to all mortality.

In mean space Pallas entertain'd intent
That when Ulysses thought enough time
spent

In love-joys with his wife, to raise the day,
And make his grave occasions call away.
The morning rose and he, when thus he
said :

" O Queen, now satiate with afflictions
laid

On both our bosoms (you oppressed here
With cares for my return, I everywhere
By Jove and all the other Deities tost
Even till all hope of my return was lost)
And both arrived at this sweet haven, our
bed,

Be your care used to see administered
My house-possession left. Those sheep,
that were

Consumed in surfeits by your wooers here,
I'll forage to supply with some ; and more
The suffering Grecians shall be made
restore,

Even till our stalls receive their wonted fill.
" And now, to comfort my good father's
ill

Long suffer'd for me, to the many-tree'd
And ample vineyard grounds it is decreed
In my next care that I must haste and see
His long'd-for presence. In the mean
time, be

Your wisdom used, that since, the sun
ascended,

The fame will soon be through the town
extended

Of those I here have slain ; yourself, got
close

Up to your chamber, see you there repose,
Cheer'd with your women ; and nor look
afford

Without your court, nor any man a word."
This said, he arm'd ; to arms both son
and swain

His power commanding, who did entertain
His charge with spirit, oped the gates and
out,

He leading all. And now was hurl'd about
Aurora's ruddy fire ; through all whose
light

Minerva led them through the town from
sight.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

By Mercury the Wooers' souls
Are usher'd to th' infernal pools.
Ulysses with Laertes met,
The people are in uproar set
Against them, for the wooers' ends ;
Whom Pallas stays and renders friends.

ANOTHER.

D. The uproar's fire,
The people's fall :
The grandsire, sire,
And son, to all.

CYLLENIAN Hermes, with his golden rod,
The wooers' souls, that yet retain'd abode
Amids their bodies, call'd in dreadful rout
Forth to th' Infernals ; who came murmuring out.

And as amidst the desolate retreat
Of some vast cavern, made the sacred seat
Of austere spirits, bats with breasts and wings
Clasp fast the walls, and each to other clings,
But, swept off from their coverts, up they rise

And fly with murmurs in amazeful guise
About the cavern ; so these, grumbling, rose

And flock'd together. Down before them goes

None-hurting Mercury to Hell's broad ways,

And straight to those straits, where the ocean stays

His lofty current in calm deeps, they flew.
Then to the snowy rock they next withdrew,

And to the close of Phœbus' orient gates.
The nation then of dreams, and then the states

Of those souls' idols that the weary dead
Gave up in earth, which in a flowery mead
Had habitable situation.

And there they saw the soul of Thetis' son,
Of good Patroclus, brave Antilochus,
And Ajax, the supremely strenuous
Of all the Greek host next, Peleion ;
All which assembled about Maia's son.

And to them, after, came the mournful ghost

Of Agamemnon, with all those he lost
In false Ægisthus' court. Achilles then
Beholding there that mighty king of men,
Deplored his plight, and said : " O Atreus' son !

Of all heroes, all opinion
Gave thee for Jove's most loved, since most command

Of all the Greeks he gave thy eminent hand
At siege of Ilion, where we suffer'd so.
And is the issue this? that first in woe
Stern Fate did therefore set thy sequel down?

None borne past others' Fates can pass his own.

I wish to heaven that in the height of all
Our pomp at Ilion, Fate had sign'd thy fall ;

That all the Greeks might have advanced to thee

A famous sepulchre ; and Fame might see
Thy son given honour in thy honour'd end ;
But now a wretched death did Fate extend
To thy confusion and thy issue's shame."

" O Thetis' son," said he, " the vital flame

Extinct at Ilion, far from th' Argive fields,
The style of blessed to thy virtue yields.

About thy fall the best of Greece and Troy
Were sacrificed to slaughter. Thy just joy

Conceived in battle with some worth forgot
In such a death as great Apollo shot
At thy encounters. Thy brave person lay
Hid in a dusty whirlwind, that made way
With human breaths spent in thy ruin's state.

Thou, great, wert greatly valued in thy fate.

All day we fought about thee ; nor at all
Had ceased our conflict, had not Jove let fall

A storm that forced off our unwilling feet.
But, having brought thee from the fight to fleet,

Thy glorious person, bathed and balm'd,
we laid

Aloft a bed ; and round about thee paid

The Greeks warm tears to thy deplored
decease,

Quite daunted; cutting all their curls' in-
crease.

Thy death drave a divine voice through
the seas

That started up thy mother from the waves;
And all the marine Godheads left their
caves,

Consorting to our fleet her rapt repair.

The Greeks stood frighted to see sea and
air

And earth combine so in thy loss's sense,
Had taken ship and fled for ever thence,
If old much-knowing-Nestor had not
stay'd

Their rushing off; his counsels having
sway'd

In all times former with such cause their
courses;

Who bade contain themselves, and trust
their forces,

For all they saw, was Thetis come from sea,
With others of the watery progeny,
To see and mourn for her deceased son.

Which stay'd the fears that all to flight had
won;

And round about thee stood th' old Sea-
god's seeds

Wretchedly mourning, their immortal
weeds

Spreading upon thee. All the sacred Nine
Of deathless Muses paid thee dues divine,
By varied turns their heavenly voices vent-
ing,

All in deep passion for thy death consent-
ing.

And then of all our army not an eye
You could have seen undrown'd in misery,
The moving Muse so ruled in every mind.
Full seventeen days and nights our tears
confined

To celebration of thy mourned end;
Both men and Gods did in thy moan con-
tend.

The eighteenth day we spent about thy
heap

Of dying fire: black oxen, fattest sheep
We slew past number. Then the precious
spoil,

Thy corse, we took up, which with floods
of oil

And pleasant honey we embalm'd; and
then

Wrapp'd thee in those robes that the Gods
did rain.

In which we gave thee to the hallow'd
flame;

To which a number of heroical name,

All arm'd, came rushing-in in desperate
plight,

As prest to sacrifice their vital right
To thy dead ruins while so bright they
burn'd.

Both foot and horse brake in, and fought
and mourn'd

In infinite tumult. But when all the night
The rich flame lasted, and that wasted
quite

Thy body was with the enamour'd fire,
We came in early morn, and an entire
Collection made of every ivory bone;
Which wash'd in wine, and given fit
unction,

A two-ear'd bowl of gold thy mother gave;
By Bacchus given her, and did form receive
From Vulcan's famous hand; which, O
renown'd

Great Thetis' son, with thy fair bones we
crown'd

Mix'd with the bones of Menœtiades*
And brave Antilochus; who, in decease
Of thy Patroclus, was thy favour's dear.

About thee then a matchless sepulchre
The sacred host of the Achæians raised
Upon the Hellespont, where most it seized,
For height and conspicuity, the eyes
Of living men and their posterities.

Thy mother then obtain'd the Gods' con-
sent

To institute an honour'd game, that spent
The best improvement of our Grecian
fames,

In whose praise I must say that many
games

About heroes' sepulchres mine eyes
Have seen perform'd, but these bore off
the prize

With miracles to me from all before.
In which thy silver-footed mother bore
The institution's name; but thy desarts,
Being great with heaven, caused all the
eminent parts.

And thus, through all the worst effects of
Fate,

Achilles' fame even Death shall propagate;
While any one shall lend the light an eye
Divine Æacides shall never die.

But wherein can these comforts be conceiv'd

As rights to me? when, having quite
achieved

An end with safety, and with conquest,
too,

Of so unmatch'd a war, what none could
do

* Patroclus.

Of all our enemies there, at home a friend
And wife have given me inglorious end?"

While these thus spake, the Argus-
killing spy

Brought near Ulysses' noble victory
To their renew'd discourse, in all the ends
The wooers suffer'd, and shew'd those his
friends;

Whom now amaze invaded with the view
And made give back; yet Agamemnon
knew

Melanthius' heir, much-famed Amphi-
medon,
Who had in Ithaca guest-favours shown
To great Atrides; who first spake, and
said:

"Amphimedon, what sufferance hath
been laid

On your alive parts that hath made you
make

This land of darkness the retreat you take,
So all together? all being like in years?
Nor would a man have choosed, of all the
peers

A city honours, men to make a part
More strong for any object? Hath your
smart

Been felt from Neptune, being at sea? his
wrath

The winds and waves exciting to your
scath?

Or have offensive men imposed this fate?
Your oxen driving, or your flocks' estate?
Or for your city fighting and your wives,
Have deaths untimely seized your best-
timed lives?

Inform me truly. I was once your guest,
When I and Menelaus had profest

First arms for Iliou, and were come ashore
On Ithaca, with purpose to implore

Ulysses' aid, that city-racing man,
In wreak of the adulterous Phrygian.

Retain not you the time? A whole
month's date

We spent at sea, in hope to instigate
In our arrival old Laertes' son,

Whom, hardly yet, to our design we
won."

The soul made answer: "Worthiest
king of men,

I well remember every passage then
You now reduce to thought, and will
relate

The truth in whole form of our timeless
fate:

"We woo'd the wife of that long-absent
king,

Who (though her second marriage were a
thing

Of most hate to her) she would yet deny

At no part our affections, nor comply
With any in performance, but decreed,

In her delays, the cruel Fates we feed,
Her craft was this: She undertook to weave

A funeral garment destined to receive
The corse of old Laertes; being a task

Of infinite labour, and which time would
ask.

In midst of whose attempt she caused our
stay

With this attraction: 'Youths, that come
in way

Of honour'd nuptials to me; though my
lord

Abide amongst the dead, yet cease to
board

My choice for present nuptials, and sustain,
Lest what is past me of this web be vain,

Till all receive perfection. 'Tis a weed
Disposed to wrap in at his funeral need

The old Laertes; who, possessing much,
Would, in his want of rites as fitting,

touch

My honour highly with each vulgar dame.'
Thus spake she, and persuaded; and her
frame

All day she labour'd, her day's work not
small,

But every night-time she unwrought it all,
Three years continuing this imperfect task;

But when the fourth year came her sleights
could mask

In no more covert, since her trusted maid
Her whole deceit to our true note betray'd.

With which surprized, she could no more
protract

Her work's perfection; but gave end
exact

To what remain'd; wash'd up, and set
thereon

A gloss so bright that like the sun and
moon

The whole work shew'd together. And
when now

Of mere necessity her honour'd vow
She must make good to us, ill-fortune
brought

Ulysses home; who yet gave none one
thought

Of his arrival, but far-off at-field
Lived with his herdsman; nor his trust

would yield

Note of his person, but lived there a
guest,

Ragg'd as a beggar in that life profest.
At length Telemachus left Pylos' sand,

And with a ship fetch'd soon his native
land,

When yet not home he went, but laid his way
 Up to his herdsman where his father lay ;
 And where both laid our deaths. To town
 then bore
 The swine-herd and his King, the swain
 before.
 Telemachus in other ways bestow'd
 His course home first, t' associate us that
 woo'd.
 The swain the King led after, who came
 on
 Ragged and wretched, and still lean'd
 upon
 A borrow'd staff. At length he reach'd his
 home,
 Where (on the sudden and so wretched
 come)
 Nor we, nor much our elders, once did
 dream
 Of his return there, but did wrongs extreme
 Of words and blows to him ; all which he
 bore
 With that old patience he had learn'd
 before.
 But when the mind of Jove had raised his
 own,
 His son and he fetch'd all their armour
 down,
 Fast lock'd the doors, and, to prepare
 their use,
 He will'd his wife, for first mean, to pro-
 duce
 His bow to us, to draw ; of which no one
 Could stir the string ; himself yet set upon
 The deadly strength it held, drew all with
 ease,
 Shot through the steels, and then began to
 seize
 Our armless bosoms ; striking first the
 breast
 Of king Antinous, and then the rest
 In heaps turn'd over ; hopeful yet end
 Because some God, he knew, stood firm
 his friend.
 Nor proved it worse with him, but all in
 flood
 The pavement straight blush'd with our
 vital blood.
 And thus our souls came here ; our bodies
 laid
 Neglected in his roofs ; no word convey'd
 To any friend to take us home and give
 Our wounds fit balm ; nor let such as
 live
 Entomb our deaths ; and for our fortunes
 shed
 Those tears and dead rites that renown
 the dead."

Atrides' ghost gave answer : " O blest
 son
 Of old Laertes ; thou at length hast won
 With mighty virtue thy unmatched wife.
 How good a knowledge, how untouch'd a
 life,
 Hath wise Penelope ! How well she laid
 Her husband's rights up, whom she loved
 a maid !
 For which her virtues shall extend ap-
 plause
 Beyond the circles frail mortality draws ;
 The deathless in this vale of death com-
 prising
 Her praise in numbers into infinites rising.
 The daughter Tyndarus begat begot
 No such chaste thoughts, but cut the virgin
 knot
 That knit her spouse and her with mur-
 therous sward.
 For which posterities shall put hateful
 words
 To notes of her, that all her sex defamed,
 And for her ill shall even the good be
 blamed."
 To this effect these these digressions
 made
 In hell, earth's dark and ever-hiding
 shade.
 Ulysses and his son, now past the town,
 Soon reach'd the field elaborately grown
 By old Laertes' labour ; when, with cares
 For his lost son, he left all court affairs,
 And took to this rude upland ; which with
 toil
 He made a sweet and habitable soil ;
 Where stood a house to him ; about which
 ran,
 In turnings thick and labyrinthian,
 Poor hovels, where his necessary men
 That did those works (of pleasure to him
 then)
 Might sit, and eat, and sleep. In his own
 house
 An old Sicilian dame lived, studious
 To serve his sour age with her cheerful
 pains.
 Then said Ulysses to his son and swains :
 " Go you to town, and for your dinner kill
 The best swine ye can choose ; myself will
 still
 Stay with my father, and essay his eye
 If my acknowledged truth it can descry,
 Or that my long time's travel doth so
 change
 My sight to him that I appear as strange."
 Thus gave he arms to them, and home
 he hied.
 Ulysses to the fruitful field applied.

His present place ; nor found he Dolius there,

His sons, or any servant, anywhere
In all that spacious ground ; all gone from thence

Were dragging bushes to repair a fence,
Old Dolius leading all. Ulysses found
His father far above in that fair ground,
Employ'd in prouing of a plant ; his weeds

All torn and tatter'd ; fit for homely deeds,

But not for him. Upon his legs he wore
Patch'd boots to guard him from the
brambles' gore ;

His hands had thorn-proof hedging mittens on ;

His head a goat-skin casque ; through all which shone

His heart given over to abjectest moan.

Him when Ulysses saw consumed with age ;

And all the ensigns on him that the rage
Of grief presented, he brake out in tears ;
And, taking stand then where a tree of pears

Shot high his forehead over him, his mind
Had much contention if to yield to kind,
Make straight way to his father, kiss, embrace,

Tell his return, and put on all the face
And fashion of his instant-told return ;
Or stay th' impulsion, and the long day burn

Of his quite loss given in his father's fear
A little longer ; trying first his cheer
With some free dalliance, th' earnest being so near.

This course his choice prefer'd, and forth he went :

His father then his aged shoulders bent
Beneath what years had stoop'd, about a tree

Busily digging : " O, old man," said he,
" You want no skill to dress and deck your ground,

For all your plants doth order'd distance bound :

No apple, pear, or olive, fig, or vine,
Nor any plat or quarter you confine
To grass or flowers, stands empty of your care,

Which shews exact in each peculiar ;
And yet (which let not move you) you bestow

No care upon yourself ; though to this show

Of outward irksomeness to what you are
You labour with an inward froward care,

Which is your age ; that should wear all without

More neat and cherishing. I make no doubt

That any sloth you use procures your lord
To let an old man go so much abhor'd
In all his weeds ; nor shines there in your look

A fashion and a goodness so took
With abject qualities to merit this
Nasty entreaty. Your resemblance is
A very king's, and shines through this retreat.

You look like one that having wash'd and eat

Should sleep securely, lying sweet and neat.

*It is the ground of age, when cares abuse it,
To know life's end, and, as 'tis sweet, to use it.*

" But utter truth, and tell what lord he be
That rates your labour and your liberty ?
Whose orchard is it that you husband thus ?

Or quit me this doubt, for if Ithacus
This kingdom claims for his, the man I found

At first arrival here is hardly sound
Of brain or civil ; not enduring stay
To tell nor hear me my inquiry out
Of that my friend ; if still he bore about

His life and being, or were dived to death,
And in the house of him that harboureth
The souls of men. For once he lived my guest ;

My land and house retaining interest
In his abode there ; where there sojourn'd none

As guest from any foreign region
Of more price with me. He derived his race

From Ithaca, and said his father was
Laertes, surnamed Arcesides.

I had him home, and all the offices
Perform'd to him that fitted any friend,
Whose proof I did to wealthy gifts extend:
Seven talents gold ; a bowl all silver, set

With pots of flowers ; twelve robes that had no pleat ;

Twelve cloaks, or mantles, of delicious dye ;

Twelve inner weeds ; twelve suits of tapestry.

I gave him likewise women skill'd in use
Of loom and needle, freeing him to choose
Four the most fair." His father, weeping, said :

" Stranger ! The earth to which you are convey'd

Is Ithaca ; by such rude men possess'd,
 Unjust and insolent, as first address'd
 To your encounter ; but the gifts you gave
 Were given, alas ! to the ungrateful grave.
 If with his people, where you now arrive,
 Your fate had been to find your friend alive,
 You should have found like guest-rites
 from his hand ;
 Like gifts, and kind pass to your wished
 land.
 But how long since received you for your
 guest
 Your friend, my son, who was th' un-
 happiest
 Of all men breathing, if he were at all ?
 O born when Fates and ill-aspects let fall
 A cruel influence for him : far away
 From friends and country destined to allay
 The sea-bred appetites ; or, left ashore,
 To be by fowls and upland monsters tore,
 His life's kind authors nor his wealthy wife
 Bemoaning, as behoved, his parted life ;
 Nor closing, as in honour's course it lies,
 To all men dead, in bed his dying eyes.
 But give me knowledge of your name and
 race.
 What city bred you ? where the anchor-
 ing-place
 Your ship now rides-at lies that shored you
 here
 And where your men ? Or, if a passenger
 In others' keels you came, who (giving land
 To your adventures here, some other strand
 To fetch in further course) have left to us
 Your welcome presence ?" His reply was
 thus :
 " I am of Alybande, where I hold
 My name's chief house, to much renown
 extoll'd.
 My father Aphidantes, famed to spring
 From Polypemon, the Molossian king.
 My name Eperitus. My taking land
 On this fair isle was ruled by the command
 Of God or fortune, quite against consent
 Of my free purpose, that in course was bent
 For th' isle Sicania. My ship is held
 Far from the city, near an ample field.
 And for Ulysses, since his pass from me
 'Tis now five years. Unbless'd by destiny.
 That all this time hath had the fate to err !
 Though, at his parting, good birds did
 augur
 His putting off, and on his right hand flew ;
 Which to his passage my affection drew,
 His spirit joyful ; and my hope was now
 To guest with him, and see his hand bestow
 Rites of our friendship." This a cloud of
 grief
 Cast over all the forces of his life.

With both his hands the burning dust he
 swept
 Up from the earth, which on his head he
 heapt,
 And fetch'd a sigh as in it life were broke :
 Which grieved his son, and gave so smart
 a stroke
 Upon his nostrils with the inward stripe,
 That up the vein rose there ; and weeping
 ripe
 He was, to see his sire feel such woe
 For his dissembled joy ; which now let go,
 He sprung from earth, embraced and
 kiss'd his sire,
 And said : " O father : he of whom y'
 enquire
 Am I myself, that, from you twenty years,
 Is now return'd. But do not break in tears,
 For now we must not forms of kind maintain,
 But haste and guard the substance. I have
 slain
 All my wife's wooers, so revenging now
 Their wrong so long time suffer'd. Take
 not you
 The comfort of my coming then to heart
 At this glad instant, but, in proved desert
 Of your grave judgment, give moan glad
 suspense,
 And on the sudden put this consequence
 In act as absolute, as all time went
 To ripening of your resolute assent."
 All this haste made not his staid faith so
 free
 To trust his words ; who said : " If you
 are he,
 Approve it by some sign." " This scar
 then see,"
 Replied Ulysses, " given me by the boar
 Slain in Parnassus ; I being sent before
 By yours and by my honour'd mother's
 will,
 To see your sire Autolykus fulfil
 The gifts he vow'd at giving of my name.
 I'll tell you, too, the trees, in goodly frame
 Of this fair orchard, that I ask'd of you
 Being yet a child, and follow'd for your
 show,
 And name of every tree. You gave me
 then
 Of fig-trees forty, apple-bearers ten,
 Pear-trees thirteen, and fifty ranks of vine ;
 Each one of which a season did confine
 For his best eating. Not a grape did grow
 That grew not there, and had his heavy
 brow
 When Jove's fair daughters, the all-ripening
 Hours,
 Gave timely date to it." This charged the
 powers

Both of his knees and heart with such impression
 Of sudden comfort, that it gave possession
 Of all to Trance; the signs were all so true;
 And did the love that gave them so renew.
 He cast his arms about his son and sunk,
 The circle slipping to his feet; so shrunk
 Were all his age's forces with the fire
 Of his young love rekindled. The old sire
 The son took up quite liveless. But his breath
 Again respiring, and his soul from death
 His body's powers recovering, out he cried,
 And said: "O Jupiter! I now have tried
 That still there live in heaven remembering
 Gods
 Of men that serve them; though the periods
 They set on their appearances are long
 In best men's sufferings, yet as sure as strong
 They are in comforts; be their strange delays
 Extended never so from days to days.
 Yet see the short joys or the soon-mix'd fears
 Of helps withheld by them so many years:
 For if the wooers now have paid the pain
 Due to their impious pleasures, now again
 Extreme fear takes me, lest we straight
 shall see
 The Ithacensians here in mutiny;
 Their messengers dispatch'd to win to friend
 The Cephallenian cities." "Do not spend
 Your thoughts on these cares," said his suffering son,
 "But be of comfort, and see that course
 run
 That best may shun the worst. Our house
 is near,
 Telemachus and both his herdsmen there
 To dress our supper with their utmost
 haste;
 And thither haste we." This said, forth
 they past,
 Came home, and found Telemachus at
 feast
 With both his swains; while who had
 done, all drest
 With baths and balms and royally array'd
 The old king was by his Sicilian maid.
 By whose side Pallas stood, his crook'd-
 age straightening,
 His flesh more plumping, and his looks
 enlightening.
 Who issuing then to view, his son admired
 The Gods' aspects into his form inspired,

And said: "O father, certainly some God
 By your address in this state hath stood,
 More great, more reverend, rendering you
 by far
 At all your parts than of yourself you are."
 "I would to Jove," said he, "the Sun,
 and she
 That bears Jove's shield, the state had
 stood with me
 That help'd me take in the well-built
 towers
 Of strong Nericus (the Cephalian powers
 To that fair city leading) two days past,
 While with the wooers thy conflict did
 last,
 And I had then been in the wooers'
 wreak;
 I should have help'd thee so to render
 weak
 Their stubborn knees, that in thy joy's
 desert
 Thy breast had been too little for thy
 heart."
 This said, and supper order'd by their
 men,
 They sat to it; old Dolius entering then;
 And with him, tired with labour, his soons
 came,
 Call'd by their mother, the Sicilian dame
 That brought them up and dress'd their
 father's fare,
 As whose age grew, with it increased her
 care
 To see him served as fitted. When thus
 set
 These men beheld Ulysses there at meat,
 They knew him, and astonish'd in the
 place
 Stood at his presence; who, with words of
 grace,
 Call'd to old Dolius, saying: "Come and
 eat,
 And banish all astonishment: your meat
 Hath long been ready, and ourselves made
 stay,
 Expecting ever when your wished way
 Would reach amongst us." This brought
 fiercely
 Old Dolius from his stand; who ran upon,
 With both his arms abroad, the King, and
 kiss'd
 Of both his rapt up hands the either wrist,
 Thus welcoming his presence: "O my
 love,
 Your presence here, for which all wishes
 strove,
 No one expected. Even the Gods have
 gone
 In guide before you to your mansion.

Welcome, and all joys to your heart contend.

Knows yet Penelope? Or shall we send Some one to tell her this?" "She knows," said he,

"What need these troubles, father, touch at thee?"

Then came the sons of Dolius, and again

Went over with their father's entertain; Welcomed, shook hands, and then to feast sat down.

About which while they sat, about the town

Fame flew, and shriek'd about the cruel death

And fate the woovers had sustain'd beneath Ulysses' roofs. All heard; together all From hence and thence met in Ulysses' hall,

Short-breathed and noiseful, bore out all the dead

To instant burial, while their deaths were spread

To other neighbour-cities where they lived, From whence in swiftest fisher-boats arrived

Men to transfer them home. In mean space here

The heavy nobles all in council were; Where, met in much heap, up to all arose

Extremely-grieved Eupitheus, so to lose His son Antinous; who, first of all,

By great Ulysses' hand had slaughterous fall.

Whose father, weeping for him, said: "O friends,

This man hath author'd works of dismal ends;

Long since conveying in his guide to Troy Good men, and many that did ships employ,

All which are lost, and all their soldiers dead;

And now the best men Cephallenia bred His hand hath slaughter'd. Go we then

(before

His scape to Pylos, or the Elcan shore, Where rule the Epeans) 'gainst his horrid hand;

For we shall grieve, and infamy will brand Our fames for ever, if we see our sons

And brothers end in these confusions, Revenge left uninflicted. Nor will I

Enjoy one day's life more, but grieve and die

With instant onset. Nor should you survive

To keep a base and beastly name alive.

Haste, then, lest flight prevent us." This with tears

His griefs advised, and made all sufferers In his affliction. But by this was come

Up to the council from Ulysses' home (When sleep had left them, which the

slaughters there

And their self-dangers from their eyes in fear

Had two nights intercepted) those two men

That just Ulysses saved out of the slain; Which Medon and the sacred singer were.

These stood amidst the council; and the fear

The slaughter had impress'd in either's look

Stuck still so ghastly, that amaze it strook Through every there beholder. To whose

ears

One thus enforced, in his fright, cause of theirs:

"Attend me, Ithacensians; This stern fact

Done by Ulysses was not put in act Without the Gods' assistance. These self

eyes

Saw one of the immortal Deities Close by Ulysses, Mentor's form put on

At every part; and this sure Deity shone Now near Ulysses, setting on his bold

And slaughterous spirit; now the points controll'd

Of all the woovers' weapons, round about The arm'd house whisking, in continual

roust

Their party putting, till in heaps they fell." This news new fears did through their

spirits impel,

When Halitherses (honour'd Mastor's son, Who of them all saw only what was done

Present and future) the much-knowing man And aged hero, this plain course ran

Amongst their counsels: "Give me likewise ear,

And let me tell ye, friends, that these ill bear

On your malignant spleens their sad effects, Who not what I persuaded gave respects,

Nor what the people's pastor, Mentor, said;

That you should see your issues' follies stay'd

In those foul courses; by their petulant life

The goods devouring, scandalling the wife Of no mean person; who, they still would say,

Could never more see his returning day.

<p>This said, he pray'd ; and she a mighty force Inspired within him, who gave instant course To his brave-brandish'd lance ; which strook the brass That cheek'd Eupitheus' casque, and thrust his pass Quite through his head ; who fell, and sounded falling, His arms the sound again from earth re- calling, Ulysses and his son rush'd on before, And with their both-way-headed darts did gore Their enemies' breasts so thick, that all had gone The way of slaughter, had not Pallas thrown Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay And spare expense of blood. Her voice did fray The blood so from their faces that it left A greenish paleness ; all their hands it left</p>	<p>Of all their weapons, falling thence to earth ; And to the common mother of their birth, The City, all fled, in desire to save The lives yet left them. Then Ulysses gave A horrid shout ; and like Jove's eagle flew In fiery pursuit, till Saturnius threw His smoking lightning 'twixt them, that had fall Before Minerva, who then out did call Thus to Ulysses : " Born of Jove ! ab- stain From further bloodshed : Jove's hand in the slain Hath equall'd in their pains their prides to thee. Abstain, then, lest you move the Deity." Again then, 'twixt both parts the seed of Jove, Athenian Pallas, of all future love A league composed ; and for her form took choice Of Mentor's likeness both in limb and voice.</p>
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APPENDIX.

[The Seven Books of *Homer's Iliad* published by Chapman in 1598 comprised the first, second and seventh to eleventh books inclusive. The later books were considerably revised when complete Iliad appeared: some of the more important of the original readings have been given in footnotes. But the first book and the second, as far as the catalogue of ships, were completely re-written. The earlier version is therefore added here in an appendix, together with a fragment of the eighteenth book, *Achilles' Shield*, also published in 1598, and translated into the same ten-syllable metre as the *Odyssey*.]

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

APOLLO'S Priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring
Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the king ;
For which her tender'd freedom he entreats ;
But being dismiss'd with contumelious threats
At Phœbus' hands by vengeful prayer he seeks
To have a plague inflicted on the Greeks :
Which done, Achilles doth a council cite
And forceth Chalcas in the king's despite
To tell the truth why they were punish'd so :
From whence their fierce and deadly strife doth
grow.

In which Achilles so extremely raves,
That Goddess Thetis from her throne of waves,
(Ascending Heaven) of Jove assistance won
T'afflict the Greeks, by absence of her son,
And make the General himself repent
To wrong so much his army's ornament.
This found by Juno, she with Jove contends,
Till Vulcan with Heaven's cup the quarrel ends.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Alpha, the prayer of Chryses sings,
The army's plague, th' incensed kings.

ACHILLES' baneful wrath resound, great
Goddess of my verse,
That through th' afflicted host of Greece
did worlds of woes disperse,
And timeless sent by troops to hell the
glory-thirsting souls
Of great Heroes ; but their limbs, left food
for beasts and fowls :
So Jove's high counsel took event, from
whence that jar begun
'Twixt Agamemnon, King of men, and
Thetis' Godlike son.
What God did give them up to strife ?
Jove's and Latona's seed,
Who angry with the King for wrongs,
against his Priest decreed,
Excited sickness through the host, which
much life put to flight :
His Priest came to the Greeks' swift fleet,
with ransom infinite.
The golden Sceptre and the Crown, far-
shooting Phœbus wore,
To free his daughter ; which in hand he
did propose before
The peers of Greece, whom he besought,
but both th' Atrides most,
Who were most mighty in the rule of all
th' imperial host.

" Atrides and the well-greaved Greeks,
Gods that in heavenly halls
Make blest abodes, renown your swords
with Priam's razed walls,
And grant you safe retreat to Greece :
mean time accept of me
This holy ransom, and return my dearest
daughter free,
Approving your religious minds to him ;
from Jove descends
Divine Apollo that his darts through all
the earth extends.

The general presence well allow'd the
Priest and his demands,
And thought the shining presents fit to free
his daughter's bands :
But Agamemnon was displeas'd, and did
his gifts refuse,
Dismiss'd him with unfit repulse, and this
hard charge did use :

" Hence, doating Priest, nor let me find
thy stay protracted now,
In circuit of our hollow fleet, or once
hereafter know
Of thy return ; for if I do, the Crown thou
dost sustain
And golden sceptre of thy God, thou shalt
present in vain :
Thy daughter I will not dissolve, till age
deflower her head ;
Till in my Royal Argive Court, her beauties
strow my bed,
And she her twisting spindle turns far from
her native shore,
To which if thou wilt safe return, tempt
our contempt no more."

This answer strook the Priest with fear,
who served his stern command
In silence shunning his abode, and walk'd
along the strand
Of Neptune's high resounding rule, when
from the fleet far gone,
Thus pray'd he to the King of Flames,
fair-hair'd Latona's son :
" Hear thou that bear'st the silver Bow that
dost on Chrysa shine,
That strongly govern'st Tenedos, and
Cylla most divine,

O Sminthius, if ever I thy thankful Temple
crown'd,
Or with fat thighs of bulls and goats hath
made thy fires abound,

Give full effect to my desires, and for these tears I shed,

Let Greeks pay pains, and with thy shafts in troops be stricken dead."

Thus pray'd he, and Apollo heard, who at the heart offended,

Down from the topless brows of heaven into the host descended ;

His bow and quiver cover'd round his golden shoulders wore,

His angry arrows, as he moved, did thunder on the shore ;

So like the lowering night he walk'd, and took his wreakful stand

Athwart the fleet ; his silver bow with his hard-losing hand

A dreadful sound did make, and first the mules and dogs he wounds

And after with the breasts of men his mortal shafts confounds :

The funeral piles did ever burn with heaps of men he slew,

Nine days together through the host his poison'd arrows flew,

The tenth a council through the camp Æacides design'd

Which Juno with the silver arms did put Who stood remorseful of the Greeks, to see them everywhere

Employ the greedy fires of death. And now convened were

The chief commanders of the camp, who (altogether placed)

From sacred Thetis' swift-foot son, this supposition pass'd :

"Atrides, some new error now, procures this plague I fear

To drive us hence, if with our lives we may th' impulsions bear

Of this our double pestilence, th' infection and the war :

But let us some grave Prophet ask, or Priest that sees from far,

Or some interpreter of dreams (for dreams proceed from Jove)

Who may report what sin doth thus the Delphian Archer move

To punish us ; if hecatombs or fumes of Or soundest goats, or vows unkept, which now our zeals may keep,

That his sharp arrows in our breasts he may refrain to steep."

Achilles having said, sat down, when Calchas, Thestor's son,

The best of Augurs, that was skill'd in all things present, done

Deeds past, and every act to come ; and did direct the course

Of th' Argive Fleet to Ilion, for his prophetic

(Given by Apollo) next stood up, and thus did silence break :

"Jove-loved Achilles, if thou wish and wilt command me speak

My knowledge of Apollo's wrath, covenant and swear to me,

That, ready with thy hand and sword, thou wilt assistant be

Both now and in affairs to come ; for him that most doth sway

The sovereign empire of the host, whom all the Greeks obey,

I fear my sentence will offend : and if a mighty state

Against a much inferior man conceive a Though he depress it for a time, yet he reserves it still

Till best advantage of his power have perfected his will.

Say then if thou wilt warrant me against the worst event ?"

Achilles answer'd : " All thou knowest, speak and be confident.

For by the dear-beloved of Jove, the day's eternal King,

From whom (O Calchas) to the Greeks thou Oracles dost sing,

Not one of all the peers shall lay offensive hands on thee,

While my truth-shielding forces last, or that in earth I see ;

No, not if Agamemnon's frown be object of thy fears,

Who to be sovereign of us all the glorious title bears."

Then took the blameless prophet heart, and said : " They were not vows

Yet unperform'd, nor hecatombs, but love that Phœbus shows

In honour of his priest disgraced by Agamemnon's will,

That scorn'd his ransom, and reserves his dearest daughter still :

For this Apollo sends this plague, and yet will send us more,

Nor will contain from our distress his heavy hand, before

The black-eyed virgin be released, unbought and ransomless,

And convoy'd hence with hecatombs, till her chaste foot do press

The flowery Chrysa's holy shore ; and so, if we shall please

Th' offended God, perhaps he may recure this keen disease."

He sat : the great Heroe rose, the far-commanding King

Atrides, full of froward grief ; excessive anger's sting

Spersed black fumes round about his
 breast, his eyes like burning fire
 Sparkled beneath his bended brows, as
 lightnings of his ire ;
 And looking sternly on the priest, " Prophet
 of ill (said he,)
 That never did presage my good, but
 took'st delight to be
 Offensive in thy auguries, not one good
 word proceeds
 From thy rude lips, nor is perform'd in any
 future deeds ;
 And now thou frowardly dost preach, in
 midst of all the Greeks,
 That heaven's far-shooter in this plague,
 the restitution seeks
 Of my fair prisoner, who retain'd, is cause
 of our annoy ;
 And all because thou know'st in her I take
 such special joy,
 And wish to bring her to my court, since
 I esteem her more
 Than Clytemnestra, that to me the nuptial
 contract swore
 When she was yet a maid and young ; nor
 doth she merit less
 Both for her body's comely form, her native
 towardness,
 Her wisdom and her huswifery, yet will I
 render her [prefer.
 If it be best, for to my good my soldiers' I
 But in her place some other prize see
 quickly you prepare,
 That I alone of all the Greeks lose not my
 honour's share,
 * Which needs must be confess'd unfit : but
 thus, my friends, you see,
 That what by all your minds is mine,
 another takes from me."
 To him the excellent'st of foot, divine
 Achilles, said,
 " Ambitious and most covetous man, what
 prize can be repaid
 By these our noble-minded friends for thy
 desired supply ?
 All know how scantily we've stored our
 common treasury ;
 For what the spoiled cities gave each
 soldier for his pain,
 Hath duly shared by our consents, which
 to exact again
 Were base and gnomious ; but to the
 God resign
 Thy pleasure for our common good ; and
 if the most divine
 So grace us that this well-wall'd town we
 level with the plain,
 We fourfold will repay the loss thy fortunes
 now sustain."

The king replied : " Be not deceived,
 nor think though thou art strong
 And godlike framed, thou canst persuade
 my patience to my wrong ;
 Or that thy feet into thy breath can trans-
 migrated be
 To pass me with thy sleights as well as in
 outrunning me.
 Would'st thou thyself enjoy thy prize, and
 I sit dispossest ?
 Then let the Greeks apply themselves as
 much to my request,
 And with some other fit amends my satis-
 faction make ;
 If not I'll make mine own amends, and
 come myself and take
 Thine Ajax or Ulysses' prize (men of most
 excellence,
 And most admitted to thy love) and let him
 take offence
 On whom I shall perform my vow ; but
 touching this design,
 We will hereafter or elsewhere decide what
 shall be mine.
 Now let us launch the sable bark into the
 holy seas,
 Ship chosen rowers on her banks, and
 hecatombs to ease
 Our instant plague, and we will cause
 bright Chryseis to ascend,
 Whose charge to some Greek prince in
 chief 'tis fit we should commend,
 Or to the royal Idomen or Ajax Telamon,
 Or to the prudent counsellor, divine
 Laertes' son,
 Or to the terriblest of men, thyself,
 Æacides ;
 That offerings made by thy strong hands,
 Apollo may appease."
 Æacides, observing well the urged
 authority
 Of his proud foe with brows contract,
 return'd this sharp reply :
 " O thou possess'd with impudence that
 in command of men
 Affect'st the brute mind of a fox, for so
 thou fill thy den
 With forced or betrayed spoils thou feel'st
 no sense of shame ;
 What soldier can take any spirit to put on,
 for thy fame,
 Contempt of violence and death, or in the
 open field,
 Or secret ambush, when the hire his high
 desert should yield,
 Is before hand condemn'd to glut thy gulf
 of avarice.
 For me, I have no cause to account these
 Ilians enemies."

Nor of my oxen nor my horse have they
made hostile spoil,
Nor hurt the comfortable fruits of Phthia's
populous soil ;
For many shady distances, hills and re-
sounding seas
Are interposed ; but our kind arms are
lifted to release
(Thou senseless of all royalty) thine and
thy brother's fame,
Imprison'd in disgraceful Troy, which
nothing doth inflame
Thy dogged nature to requite with favour
or renown
Our ceaseless and important toils ; for
which what is mine own,
Given by the general hands of Greece, yet
by the valour got
Of my free labours, thy rude lust will
wrest into thy lot.
In distribution of all towns won from our
Trojan foes,
Still more than mine to thy heap'd store
th' uneven proportion rose,
But in proportion of the fight, the heaviest
part did rise
To my discharge, for which I find much
praise and little prize.
But I'll endure this odds no more, 'tis
better to retire,
And to my country take my fleet, not
feeding thy desire,
Both with the wrack of my renown and of
my wealth beside,
Exhausted by the barbarous thirst of thy
degenerate pride."
"Affect'st thou flight," replied the king,
"begone, and let not me
Nor any good of mine be cause to stay the
fleet or thee ;
There are enow besides will stay and do
my state renown,
But chiefly prudent Jupiter. Of all his
hand doth crown
Thou still art bitter to my rule, conten-
tion and stern flight
To thee are unity and peace ; if thou
exceed in might, [as our own,
God gave it thee, and 'tis absurd to glory
In that we have not of ourselves, but is
from others grown.
Home with thy fleet and Myrmidons, there
let thy rule be seen.
I loathe so much to fear thy rage or glorify
thy spleen,
That to thy face I threaten thee, and since
th' offended sun
Takes Chryseis from me, whom by right of
all consents I won,

Yet I, with mine own ship and men, must
send her to her sire.
Myself will to thy tent repair, and take thy
heart's desire,
Even bright-cheek'd Briseis from thine
arms, that then thy pride may swear
Atreides is thy better far, and all the rest
may fear [bitious heart
To vaunt equality with me, or take am-
To stand with insolence compared in any
adverse part."
This set Pelides' soul on fire, and in his
bristled breast
His rational and angry parts a doubtful
strife possess
If he should draw his wreakful sword, and
forcing way through all,
Make Agamemnon's bravery fit for bloody
funeral,
Or else restrain his froward mind, and
calm his anger's heat.
Whilst in his thus divided self these
agitations beat,
And he his mighty sword unsheathed, wise
Pallas was in place,
Foreseen by great Saturnia, that makes the
white embrace,
Who of the two late enemies had
wondrous love and care :
She stood behind Æacides, and by the
golden hair
She pull'd him to her, and to him she
only did appear,
Who turning to her heavenly sight, was
strook with reverend fear,
But by her dreadful sparkling eyes her
godhead straight he knew,
And said, "Why comes Jove's daughter
here, the arrogance to view
Of Atreus' son? 'twere fitter death his
barbarous pride should bow,
Whose author I have vow'd to be, and will
perform my vow."
She answer'd, "'Tis not best for thee ;
and I am come t'appease
Thy violent fury, if thou wilt, for my per-
suasions cease,
Sent by the ivory-finger'd Queen that
tenders both your lives,
Forbear then thy adviseless sword, and rule
that part that strives,
Reproving him with words more safe, and
here I promise thee
What shall be perfectly perform'd : thou
shalt presented be
With gifts of threefold eminence to thy
received wrong ;
And therefore serve our desires, and only
use thy tongue."

"Tis fit," Pelides did reply, "your
godhead should be pleased,
Though at my soul I be incensed; who is
for heaven appeas'd
Heaven will appease his wrongs for him."

This said, his ample hand
Closed in his silver hilt forbore, and did
the Dame's command.

So to the heavenly house she flew of Ægis-
bearing Jove

To keep her state with other Queens that
sway the thrones above.

She gone, Pelides did renew breach of his
temper's peace,

And gave the king spiteful words nor yet
his wrath would cease.

"Thou great in wine with dogged looks,
and heart but of a hart,

That never with the foremost troops in fight
darest shake thy dart,

Nor in dark ambush arm thyself, these
seem too full of death

For thy cold spirit; 'tis more safe, with
contumelious breath,

To show thy manhood 'gainst a man that
contradicts thy lust,

And with thy covetous valour take his
spoils with force unjust;

Because thou knowest a man of fame will
take wrong ere he be

A general mischief; nor shamest thou
though all the army see.

Thou soldier-eating king, it is on beasts
thou rule hast won,

Or else this wrong had been the last thou
ever shouldst have done;

But I protest and swear to thee a great and
sacred oath

Even by this sceptre which with kings,
laws and religion both

Was wont to institute and held a symbol of
the right, [bewrays the might

By partless justice minister'd, and still
Of princes carried in their hands, protect-

ing all the laws

We all receive from Jupiter, which gives
sufficient cause

To make thee think I mean t' observe
what I so deeply swear,

That as it never since it grew did leaves or
branches bear

Cut from the hills, and can no more pro-
duce delightsome shade;

So since thy most inhuman wrongs have
such a slaughter made

Of my affections borne to thee, they never
shall renew

Those sweet and comfortable flowers with
which of late they grew.

But when the universal host shall faint
with strong desire

Of wrong'd Achilles, though thou pine,
thou never shalt aspire

Help to their miseries from me, when
underneath the hand

Of bloody Hector cold as death their
bodies spread the sand,

And thou with inward hands of grief, shalt
tear thy desperate mind

That to the most kind-worthy Greek thou
wert so most unkind."

This said, he threw against the ground
the sceptre he sustain'd,

Through which, in bright transfixed drops,
a shower of gold was rain'd.

So sat the king, and he enraged, when
up old Nestor stood,

The thundering Pylean orator, whose
tongue pour'd forth a flood

Of honey-sweeting eloquence; two ages he
had lived

Of sundry-languaged men, all which were
dead, yet he survived,

And now amongst the third he reign'd.
He thus bespake the peers:

"O Gods, what mighty woes will pierce
through all true Achive ears,

And how will Priam and his sons with all
the Ilion seed

Even at their hearts rejoice to hear these
hainous discords breed

"Twixt you who in the skill of fight and
counsels do excel

All other Greeks; let me advise this
bitterness expel:

You are not both so old as I, who lived
with men that were

Your betters far, yet ever held my exhorta-
tions dear; [of them,

I never saw, nor ever shall behold the like
Of whom my counsels were esteem'd; the

god-like Poliphem,

Exadius, and Perithous, and Drias great
in power,

And Theseus wedded to renown with an
immortal dower,

And Cæneus, a right worthy man, all
which the strongest were

Of all the earth then nourished, the
strongest past compare,

And with the strongest Centaurs fought
that ever mountain bred,

And bravely slew them, and with these my
I.ycians forth I led

Far from the land of Apia, themselves did
call me forth,

And to my utmost strength I fought; and
these were men whose worth

No men that now live durst withstand, yet
these would gladly hear

My counsels, and obey them too ; then do
not both you bear

Greater conceits than greater men, but as
they did obey ;

Obedience better is than rule, where rule
errs in his sway. [damsel take,

Let not the king officiously by force the
But yield her whom the Greeks at first
Pelides' prize did make.

Nor let a king's heir 'gainst a king with
such contempt repine,

Since never sceptre-state attain'd an honour
so divine,

And rightfully, by Jove's high gift ; though
better born thou be

Because a goddess brought thee forth ; yet
better man is he

Since his command exceeds so much ; then
let the king subdue

His spirit's greatness, and myself to Thetis'
son will sue [mightiest bar

That he depose his fury's heat, who is the
Betwixt the Grecians' safe estate, and
power of impious war."

"With good decorum, reverend sire,"
Atides did reply,

"Thou givest us counsel, but this man
above us all will fly ;

All in his power he will conclude, and over
all men reign,

Commanding all, all which I think his
thoughts attempt in vain,

What if the ever being state to him such
strength affords,

Is it to rend up men's renowns with con-
tumelious words ?"

Achilles interrupted him, "Thou might'st
esteem me base [disgrace ;

And cowardly to let thee use thy will in my
To bear such burthens never were my
strength and spirits combined,

But to reform their insolence, and that thy
soul shall find

Were it not hurt of common good more
than mine own delight,

But I not soothing Nestor's suit, for right's
sake reverence right

Which thou dost servilely command, but
violate it quite.

And this even in thy entrails print, I'll not
profane my hand

With battle in my lust's defence ; a girl
cannot command

My honour and my force like thine, who
yet commands our host,

Slave live he to the world that lives slave
to his lusts engross'd.

But feed it ; come, and take the dame, safe
go thy violent fleet ;

But whatsoever else thou find'st aboard my
sable fleet

Dare not to touch without my leave ; for
feel my life mischance

If then thy black and lust-burnt blood flow
not upon my lance."

Contending thus in words apposed they
rose, the council brake,

Pelides to his tents and ships his friend
and men did take ;

Atrides launch'd the swift-sail'd ship into
the brackish seas

And put therein the hecatomb, that should
the God appease.

Twice ten selected rowers then, then
Chryseis forth he brings,

Made her ascend the sacred ship ; with her
the grace of kings,

Wise Ithacius ascended too. All shipp'd
together, then

Neptune's moist wilderness they plow,
the king charged all his men

Should hallowed lustrations use ; which
done, into the flood

They threw the offal, and the bark purged
from polluted blood.

Thus sweet and due solemnities they to
Apollo keep,

Of bulls and goats, near to the shore of the
unfruitful deep ;

The savour wrapt in clouds of smoke
ascended to the skies,

And thus they sanctified the Camp with
general sacrifice.

Yet Agamemnon's froward thoughts did
not from discord cease,

But call'd to him Talthibius and grave
Euribates, [high commands,

Heralds and careful ministers of all his
And this injurious embassy committed to
their hands:

"Go to Achilles' tent and take the bright-
cheek'd Briseis thence ;

If he deny, tell him myself with more
extreme offence

Will come and force her from his arms,
with unresisted bands."

The heralds all unwilling went along the
barren sands ;

The tents and fleet of Myrmidons they
reach'd, and found the king

In his black ship and tent, his looks mark'd
with his anger's sting,

Greeting their entry ; which amazed and
made them reverend stand,

Not daring to salute his mood, nor what
they sought demand.

He seeing them loth th' injurious cause of
 his offence to be,
 "Welcome, ye heralds, messengers of gods
 and men," said he,
 "Come near; I blame not you, but him
 that 'gainst your wills doth send
 To have the lovely Briseis brought: Patro-
 clus, princely friend,
 Bring forth the dame, and render her,
 pleased be their sovereign then.
 But here before the blessed gods, before
 the eyes of men,
 Before your ignominious king, be faithful
 witnesses [bitterness
 Of what I bear: if ever work in future
 Of any plague to be removed from your
 unhappy host,
 Be needful of my friendly hand, wrong
 hath your refuge lost.
 Your king not present harms conceives,
 much less succeeding woes,
 But led by envious counsel raves and knows
 not what he does;
 Nor how to win his name renown, being
 careful to foretel
 How with least death his men might fight,
 and have them bulwark'd well."
 This said, Patroclus well allow'd the
 patience of his friend,
 Brought Briseis forth, and to her guides
 her comforts did commend
 With utmost kindness; which his friend
 could not for anguish use;
 She wept, and look'd upon her love; he
 sigh'd and did refuse.
 O how his wisdom with his power did
 mightily contend,
 His love encouraging his power and spirit,
 that durst descend
 As far as Hercules for her: yet wisdom all
 subdued,
 Wherein a high exploit he show'd and
 sacred fortitude.
 Briseis without her soul did move and went
 to th' Achive tents,
 Achilles sever'd from his friends melts
 anger in laments;
 Upon the shore of th' aged deep, viewing
 the purple seas,
 And lifting his broad hands to heaven he
 did with utterance ease
 His manly bosom, and his wrongs to
 Thetis thus relate:—
 "O mother, since you brought me forth
 to breathe so short a date,
 Th' Olympian thunderer might commix
 some boon with my short breath,
 That what my mind's power, wanting time,
 contracts in timeless death

Short life well graced might amplify;
 which Jupiter denies,
 As if his gifts being given in vain, men
 justly might despise,
 Admitting Atreus' son to vaunt the enforce-
 ment of my prize."
 His mother (seated in the deeps of Neptune's
 soften'd sky [like a cloud,
 With old Oceanus) forsakes the grey seas
 And presently before him sat, whom ruthless
 sorrows bow'd.
 She minion'd him with her soft hand, and
 said, "Why mourns my son?
 What bold woes dare invade thy breast?
 conceal not what is done,
 But tell, that we may both partake one
 mournful injury."
 He sighing, said, "Why should I tell?
 thou know'st as well as I
 We went and ransack'd sacred Thebes
 Aëtion's wealthy town,
 Brought thence the spoil and parted it,
 each man possess'd his own:
 Th' Atrides beauteous Chryseis choosed,
 whose liberty was sought
 By her grave father, Phœbus' priest, that
 to the navy brought
 A precious ransom, even the crown and
 sceptre of his God;
 Which Atreus' impious son despised, and
 threaten'd his abode,
 Dismissing him with all disgrace; for
 which his vengeful prayer
 Attain'd of Phœbus such a plague as
 poison'd all the air;
 In which his shafts flew through our camp,
 and many soldiers died.
 We had an Augur, that our cause of
 mischief prophesied.
 I urged the appeasure of the Gods, which
 vex'd Atrides so,
 He threaten'd his amends on me, which
 with disgraceful woe
 He hath perform'd; his heralds now
 fetch'd Briseis from my tent,
 Whose beauty was my valour's prize by
 every Greek's consent.
 If then thou canst assist thy son, ascend
 Olympus' top,
 Pray Jove, if ever his estate thy godhead
 help'd to prop,
 By ministry of words, or works, he will
 assistance grant.
 Since often in my father's court mine ears
 have heard thee vaunt
 (As women love to tell their worth) thou
 didst avert alone,
 Of all th' Immortals cruel scath from that
 cloud-maker's throne,

When Juno, Neptune, and the dame he
 shook out of his brain,
 Offer'd to bind him : thy repair their furies
 did restrain,
 And brought the hundred-handed power
 to high Olympus' Hall,
 Whom gods do Briareus name, but men
 Egæon call,
 Whose strength redoubled his strong sire's,
 he fray'd the immortal states,
 And drave them from the impious chains,
 should execute their hates :
 For which in Jove's own throne he joy'd :
 let this remember'd be,
 Sit ever praying at his foot, never forsake
 his knee,
 Till (if by any means he mean to help
 Troy) now he deign
 To fight for Ilion and expel the Greeks to
 sea again :
 Or slaughter'd at their fleet, their lives
 may wreak their king's offence,
 And he in his acknowledged harms confess
 my eminence."

Thetis pour'd out reply in tears : " Ah me,
 my son," said she,
 " Why bearing thee to such hard fate, did
 my breasts nourish thee ?
 O would thou would'st contain thyself at
 fleet from wrongs and tears,
 Since fates allow thee little life, and that
 too swiftly wears :
 Soon must thou die, and yet the date is
 hasten'd with such woes
 As none endures ; and therefore sad and
 hapless were my throes
 That brought thee forth ; but Jupiter, that
 doth in thunder joy,
 I will importune as thou will'st, and all my
 powers employ,
 Scaling Olympus' snowy brows to order, if
 I may, (unmoved stay
 An honourable wreak for thee ; meantime
 Hid in thy tent, and scorn the Greeks ;
 thought of their aid abstain ;
 Jove by Oceanus yesterday, with all th'
 immortal train,
 Went to the holy Æthiops' feast, which
 thrice four days will end :
 Then will he turn to heaven again, and
 then I will ascend
 His Pyramis, whose base is brass, where
 round about his knee
 I will solicit thy revenge, and hope to
 bring it thee."
 Thus left she her dear son with wrath
 for his lost love still fed,
 Whom wilful force, against his will, took
 from his mournful bed.

Ulysses with the hecatomb arrived on
 Chrysa's shore ;
 And when into the haven's deep mouth
 they came to use the oar,
 They straight strook sail, they roll'd them
 up, and them on th' hatches threw :
 The topmast by the kelsine laid, with
 cables down they drew,
 The ship then into harbour brought, with
 oars, they anchor cast,
 And 'gainst the violent sway of storms
 make her for drifting fast.
 All come ashore, they all exposed the
 sacred hecatomb
 To angry Phœbus, and withal, fair Chryseis
 forth did come,
 Who wise Ulysses to her sire, that did at
 th' altar stand
 For honour lead, and with these words re-
 sign'd her to his hand :
 " Chryses, the mighty king of men, great
 Agamemnon, sends
 Thy loved daughter safe to thee, and to
 thy god commends
 This holy hecatomb, to cease the plague he
 doth extend
 Amongst the sigh-expiring Greeks, and
 make his power their friend."
 Thus he resign'd her to her sire, who took
 her full of joy, [orderly employ
 The honour'd offering to the God they
 About the Altar, wash their hands, and take
 their salted cakes ;
 When Chryses with erected hands this
 prayer to Phœbus makes :
 " O thou that bear'st the silver bow, that
 Chrysa dost dispose
 Celestial Cylla, and with power command'st
 in Tenedos,
 O hear thy Priest, and as thine ears gave
 honour to my prayers
 In shooting sickness 'mongst the Greeks,
 now hearten their affairs
 With health renew'd, and quite exhale th'
 infection from their breasts."
 He pray'd, and gracious Phœbus heard
 both his allow'd requests :
 All after prayer cast on salt heaps, draw
 back, kill, flea the beeves ;
 Cut off their thighs dubb'd with the fat,
 drest fair in doubled leaves
 And prick the sweetbreads thereupon in
 cleft perfumed wood.
 The grave old Priest did sacrifice, and red
 wine as they stood
 He gave to every one to taste ; the young
 men held to him
 Five folded gridirons, on the which he laid
 each choicest limb,

Which broil'd and with the inwards eat ;
 the rest in gigots slit
 They fix on spits, till roasted well they
 draw and fall to it.
 The Mariners (their labours past) have food
 for them prepared, [petently fared.
 Which eaten, not a man was left but com-
 Their hunger and their thirst thus quench'd,
 the youths crown cups with wine,
 Begin and distribute to all ; that day was
 held divine
 Consumed in Pæans to the Sun, who heard
 with pleased ear,
 And when his chariot took the sea, and
 twilight hid the clear,
 All soundly on their cables slept, even till
 the night was worn ;
 And when the lady of the light, the rosy-
 finger'd morn
 Rose from the hills, they freshly rose, and
 to the camp retired ;
 Apollo with a prosperous wind theirswelling
 bark inspired ;
 The topmast hoisted, milk-white sails upon
 the same they put,
 The mizens then were fill'd with wind, the
 ship her course did cut
 So swiftly that the parted waves about her
 sides did roar
 Which coming to the camp they drew upon
 the sandy shore,
 Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept his
 quarter as before. [in anger's flame
 But Peleus' son at his black fleet sat girt
 Nor to consults, that makes men wise, nor
 forth to battle came ; [late desires
 But did consume his mighty heart in deso-
 Of mortal shrieks and massacres made in
 the Greeks' retires.
 And now the day-star had appear'd twelve
 times in furthest East,
 When all the Gods return'd to heaven
 from th' Æthiopian feast,
 And Jupiter before them all : then Thetis
 call'd to mind
 Her mournful issue, and above the seas
 green billows shined :
 The great heaven early she ascends, and
 doth the king behold,
 Set from the rest in heaven's bright top
 adorn'd with pearl and gold ;
 By him she falls, her left hand holds his
 knee, her right his chin,
 And thus her son's desire of Jove by prayer
 she seeks to win.
 " Celestial Jove, if ever I amongst the
 immortals stood
 Thy trusty aid in word or act, do my
 desires this good :

Honour my son above the rest, since past
 the rest his life

Hath so short date ; yet Atreus' son in a
 disgraceful strife

His labours' recompense hath forced : but
 thou most prudent Jove,

That with just will rewards desires, which
 glory grace the love

Of my sad son, to shew his strength with
 adding strength to Troy

Now he is absent, that the Greeks may let
 him clearly joy

Gain of his honour in their loss, and so
 augment his fame

By that disgrace they let him bear to their
 eternal shame."

Jove answer'd not a word to this, but
 silent sat so long

That she still hanging on his knee, insisting
 on her wrong,

Intreated promise at his hands by his
 resistless beck

Or flat rebuke. " I know," said she, " the
 servile fear of check

Is far from him may check all powers, then
 if thy power deny

I well may see myself least graced of every
 deity."

Jove thunder'd out a sigh, and said :
 " Thou urgent works of death

And strife betwixt my Queen and me, who
 with opprobrious breath

Still stirs the tempest of my wrath, though
 vainly she contend,

And chargeth my respectful hand to be the
 Trojans' friend.

But covertly do thou descend, lest her eye
 seize on thee :

Care of thy will I will assume, which shall
 effected be ;

Whereof to make thee sure, my head shall
 to my bosom bow,

Which with the gods is greatest sign of
 any fact I vow,

Not by myself to be revoked, nor spiced
 with any guile, [recale.

Nor can it ever to my breast without effect
 Now bow'd the sable brows of Jove, the
 thick ambrosian hair

Flow'd on his most immortal head ; heaven
 shook beneath his chair.

Their conference dissolved, she slid to th'
 ocean from the skies ;

Jove to his house, when all the Gods did
 from their thrones arise

To meet their sire, none durst sustain to
 save that reverence done

Till he came near, all met with him, at-
 tending to his throne.

Nor Juno ignorantly sat, but when her
jealous view [fidently knew
Saw Thetis with the silver feet, she con-
She brought some plots to heaven with
her, and thus began to chide :

"What goddess' counsels yet again
deceitful dost thou hide ?

Still thou takest joy to be from me, and
sift'st in corners still

Secrets that I must never know, nor ever
with thy will

Thou canst endure a word to me of all thy
actions' scope."

The Sire of men and gods replied :
"Saturnia, do not hope

That all my counsels thou shalt know; they
are too deep for thee,

Although my wife; but for thy ear what
decent I shall see

Not any God nor man shall know; before
thyself partake;

Yet what I list to understand, and no God
partner make,

Enquire not their particulars, nor urge
them at my hand."

Then Juno with the ox-fair eyes, "On
what nice terms you stand,

As if I did so much affect, or urge to know
thy mind [close you bind

Froward Saturnides till now; but wondrous
Your loose endeavours, and my heart sustains
exceeding fear

The aged sea-god's daughter breathed
seducements in thine ear;

She kneel'd so early at thy feet, and took
thee by the knee,

For whom thy chin against thy breast, my
mind suggested me,

Thou erst didst knock, and promise her
some honour for her son,

Though for his mood the Greeks in heaps
do on their ruins run."

"Wretch," answer'd Jove, "still thy
suspects into my bosom dive,

Yet canst thou hinder me in nought but
thou dost ever strive

To be ungracious in my thoughts, which
humour, if I please,

I can make horrible to thee: obey me then
and cease,

Lest all the Gods Olympus holds suffice
not for thy aid [laid."

If my inaccessible hands upon thy limbs be
The reverend fair-eyed Juno sat with
this high threat afraid,

Nor any word she answer'd him, her heart
had such a fall;

The rest of Gods with murmur fill'd the
high Saturnian hall.

The famous fiery Artisan, the white-arm'd
goddess' son,

Lame Vulcan, stood betwixt them both,
and with kind words begun

To ease his loved mother's heart: he said,
"This strife will breed

Intolerable plaguy acts, if you of heavenly
seed [the Gods ye make

For paltry mortals thus contend; amongst
A tumult here, and all the mirth from our
sweet banquet take,

Because the worse the better hath: but,
mother, I advise

(Although I need not counsel you, because
I know you wise;)

Give good respect to my good sire, lest
once again he chide,

And make our banquet bitterer yet; for he
is magnified

With power to throw us from our thrones,
th' Olympian lightener is;

With gentle words then supple him, it will
not be amiss

To make benevolent and calm that thunder-
ing heart of his."

With this the double-eared bowl put in
his mother's hand,

Upon his admonition still, the crook'd-
legg'd God did stand.

"Bear mother, and forbear," said he,
"though it be pain to you;

Lest I that hold you dear behold stripes
make your stomach bow,

And cannot help you if I would, although
it cost me tears;

It is not easy to repugn the king of all our
spheres. [wish it otherwise?

How served he me, though seeking help I
He took me by the helpless foot and threw
me from the skies;

The whole day long I headlong fell, even
till the Sun and I

Did set together; he at ease, I in ex-
tremity; [did I fall,

He on the sea, and I by land. In Lemnos
And there the Sintii took me up half dead
with my appal."

The ivory-finger'd goddess laugh'd, and
did that laughter make

An echo with a counter-laugh, and then
the bowl did take

Of her kind son, who now began carouse
to all the Gods

Of heaven's sweet wine, from his right
hand, round in despite of odds,

Which unextinguish'd laughter stirr'd in
every blessed breast

To see him halt about the house, and fill
to all the feast.

So all that day they banqueted till sunset
raised the night,

And wanted nought that with content
might crown the appetite.

There did the God of music touch his
harp's stone-quickening strings,

To which each sacred muse consorts and
most divinely sings.

But when the comfortable Sun left to en-
lighten air,

To several houses all the Gods with sleepy
brows repair,

The famous both-foot-halter wrought their
rooms with wondrous art ;

With them the heavenly-wild fire-god did
to his rest depart

Where Somnus used to close his eyes, and
to his side ascends

Fair Juno with the golden throne ; and
there their quarrel ends.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jove calls a vision up from Somnus' den,
To will Atrides muster up his men;
The king to Greeks dissembling his desire,
Persuades them to their country to retire;
By Pallas' will Ulysses stays their flight,
And prudent Nestor heartens them to fight.
They take repast; which done, to arms they go
And march in good array against the foe;
So those of Troy, when Iris from the sky
Of friendly Jove performs the embassy.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Beta, the dream and synod cites
And catalogues the naval knights.

THE other Gods and Knights at arms slept
all the humorous night,
But Jove lay waking, and his thoughts
kept in discursive fight
How he might honour Thetis' Son with
slaughtering at their tents
Whole troops of Greeks; this counsel then
seem'd best for these events:
He instantly would send a dream to Atrous'
eldest son,
That with dark vows might draw his
powers to their confusion.
And calling him, he wing'd these words:
"Fly to the Grecian fleet,
Pernicious vision, and the king at our
high summons greet,
Uttering the truth of all I charge; give
him command to arm
His universal fair-hair'd host, this is the
last alarm
He shall enthunder 'gainst proud Troy,
and take her airy towers,
For now no more remain disjoint'd the
heavenly housed powers.
Saturnia with successive prayers hath
drawn in one right line
Their general forces: instant ills shall Iliou's
pomp decline."
This heard, the dream with utmost haste
the Greeks' swift fleet attain'd,
Where entering Agamemnon's tent, he
found him fast enchain'd
In sleep divine; aloft his head he took im-
pressive place
Inform'd like Nestor, whom the king, past
all old men did grace,

And thus he spoke: "Sleeps Atrous' son,
whose brave horse-taming sire
Was so exceeding politic? a man that
guards the fire
Of state and counsel must not drown the
complete night in sleep,
Since such a multitude of lives are tender'd
him to keep,
And cares in such abundance swarm about
his labouring mind:
Then wake, and give me instant ear, sent
from the most divin'd;
Who, though far hence, is near in care;
he gives thee charge to arm
Thy universal fair-hair'd host: this is the
last alarm
Thou shalt enthunder 'gainst proud Troy,
and take her airy towers,
For now no more disjoint'd the heavenly
housed powers.
Saturnia with successive prayers, hath
drawn in one right line
Their general forces, instant ills shall Iliou's
pomp decline.
This Jove assures, which well observe,
nor let oblivion seize
Thy loose affections, carelessly dissolved
in sleep and ease."
Thus left he him, who in his mind with
deep contention toss'd
These wish'd events: far short of date, yet
he supposed his host
Should raze in that next day the town, so
indiscreet he was:
Not knowing what repugnant works did
Jove's designments pass,
Who plotted miseries and sighs to smoke
from either's side
In scathful battle, long before Troy's
general spoil was tried.
He rose from heaven-infused sleep, the
dream's celestial sounds
Still rung about his pleased ears sweeten'd
with ease of wounds;
He deck'd him with his silken weed, right
beautiful and new,
On which he cast his pteous robe; then
on his feet he drew
Fair shoes, and on his shoulder girt his
silver-studded sword:
The never-tainted sceptre then, his birth-
right did afford,

He took, and went amongst the fleet ;
 Aurora now arose,
 Climb'd steep Olympus, and sweet light
 did to all gods disclose,
 When he the voiceful heralds charged in
 counsel to convent
 The curled Greeks ; they summon'd all ;
 and all with one consent
 Together came ; the court in chief, the
 General did decree
 At Nestor's ship, the Pylian King should
 all of princes be
 And men of counsel : all which met, Atrides
 thus did frame [sacred vision came
 The consultation : " Princely friends, a
 In this night's depth, and in my sleep, like
 Nestor greeting me,
 For stature, habit, form of face, and head
 as white as he :
 He stood above my head, and said :
 ' Sleep'st thou, wise Atreus' son ?
 A counsellor's state-charged thoughts,
 through broken sleeps should run
 To whom so many cares and lives are in
 commission given ;
 Then give me audience instantly, the am-
 bassador of heaven
 Whose sovereign though so far removed,
 vows his exceeding care
 And easeful pity of thy toils ; he bids thee
 straight prepare
 Thy fair-hair'd complete host for fight ; for
 now thy royal hand
 Shall take Troy's ample-streeted town ; no
 more at difference stand
 The great immortals, Juno's suit hath
 clear inclined them all
 To smother Ilium's fatal pride, in ashy
 funeral.
 This Jove affirms, which let thy thoughts
 be sure to memorise,
 Then took he wings, and golden sleep flew
 with him from mine eyes :
 Resolve then, let us prove to arm our
 powers to this design ;
 Whom to make eager of exploit, I will in
 show incline
 To sail and fight ; as far as may with their
 incitements stand,
 Which will be much the fiercer made if
 you shall countermand
 With words of honourable stay, assuring
 them the prize
 By their firm valours : soldiers' spirits are
 fired by contraries."
 This said, he used his royal throne, and
 up did Nestor rise,
 Grave king of Pylos' sandy soil, who thus
 gave his advice :

" Ye friends, commanders of the Greeks, ye
 princes of estate,
 If, save our General any Greek, his vision
 should relate,
 We might esteem it fabulous, or rather flat
 reject
 The strange narration ; but because his
 sovereign intellect
 (With which and with the like high souls,
 Jove and the powers divine
 Have properest mixture) had the grace to
 have this glory shine
 In his immortal faculties : serve we their
 high contract,
 Admitting utmost power to give this exci-
 tation act." [sceptre-states
 To this affair he first went forth ; the other
 Rose and obey'd their General, and help'd
 t' effect the fates
 Jove plotted by the baneful dream, en-
 deavouring to atone
 Their complete host, to their attempt in
 public session ;
 To which in troops the soldiers ran, as when
 black swarms of bees
 Break ceaseless from a crannied rock, and
 none the exhaustion sees
 Of their sweet vault, they fill it so, and
 furnish the supply
 Of their fresh issue, still with flocks that
 every way do fly
 To prey upon the flowery spring ; so from
 the ships and tents
 The soldiers multiplied the shore, in endless
 regiments ;
 And Fame the ambassador of Jove amongst
 them all did shine,
 Enflaming their desires to hear th' intent
 of this design ;
 Whose utterance much disturbance found,
 so thick they did appear,
 And th' earth did crack beneath the weight
 of such as sat to hear.
 Rude tumult sprung out of the thrust, nine
 heralds cried for peace,
 And audience of the Jove-kept King ; and
 straight they sit and cease.
 Divine Atrides stood aloft, and in his hand
 he closed
 Th' elaborate sceptre Vulcan wrought, and
 to heaven's king disposed ;
 Jove gave it to his messenger that slew
 Saturnia's spy ;
 Hermes to Pelops render'd it, renown'd
 for chivalry ;
 Pelops to chieftain Atreus, and Atreus at
 his death
 Gave it Thyestes, rich in herds ; Thyestes
 did bequeath

The high successive use thereof to Agamemnon's hands
 To rule great Argos, and the powers of many sea-sieged lands ;
 He leaning on this sceptre, said : " Princes of Greece and friends,
 The household and the guard of Mars, cruel Saturnius ends
 Our actions in extreme disgrace, who promised my desire,
 And bound it with his moved brow, to honour our retire,
 With well-wall'd Troy's eversion ; but now th' event approves
 His plain deceit, since gloriless he urgeth our removes ;
 Commanding our retreat to Greece, with loss of so much blood
 Of our dear countrymen and friends, who must not be withstood,
 That hath in desolation drown'd the free commercial steeps
 Of many cities ; and of more will make subverted heaps ;
 His power is so surpassing great : but it will loathe the ear [number were,
 Of all posterity, that we, who such a And so renown'd, with men so few, should wage successful war,
 Of whose drifts yet no end appears ; that we exceed them far ;
 If we should strike firm trace and try, by numbering either side,
 Take all the town's inhabitants, and into tens divide
 Our Achive power, and let each ten at banquet choose them one
 Of Troy, to minister them wine, and Troy should harbour none ;
 To fill the cup to many tens, so much I say, transcends
 Our powers, th' inhabitants of Troy ; but their assistant friends,
 From many cities drawn, are they that stay this city's spoil,
 In spite of our affected wreak, nine years have past our toil ;
 And now the substance of our ships corrupts, our tacklings fail,
 Our wives and seed sit in their doors expecting our resail ;
 When that we sought is yet unfound ; but come, hoist sail and home,
 For never shall Troy's spacious town by us be overcome."
 This moved to flight in every mind, th' inglorious multitude,
 Who heard not wia tin private court the council did conclude.

Th' assembly grew most turbulent, as billows rude and vast,
 Roused in the rough Icarian seas, when east and southern blasts
 Break fiercely from the clouds of Jove ; or as when Zephyr flies
 Upon a wealthy field of corn, makes all his forces rise, [beneath his violence :
 And all the field bows her fair heads
 So did the common soldiers yield t' Atrides' forced pretence ;
 All to the ships with shouting ran, earth smoked beneath their feet,
 And mutually they made exhort to hale the crazed fleet
 Into the seas ; pump'd and made clean, and drew the stocks away,
 Offering to launch ; the other Peers could not be heard for stay ;
 A noise confused amongst the shore did smite the golden stars,
 From soldiers' throats, whose hearts did long to leave such irksome wars ;
 Then gloriless the Greeks had fled, past all presage of fate,
 Had not Saturnia thus advised Jove's targe-supporting state :
 " Out on this shame, O Jove's fair seed, thou conquering deity,
 Shall thus upon the sea's broad back th' infamous Argives fly,
 Admitting Priam and his Peers, a glory so despised, [dearly prized
 As Helen's rapture in despite, and have so Their long-sworn honour of revenge with Greeks so many slain
 Far from their country ? but descend to Argos' brass-arm'd train,
 And with persuasive gentle speech will every man to stay.
 Not suffering any go aboard, nor hale their ships away, [out of the bay."
 Which now are everywhere prepared to fly
 So said she, nor the gray-eyed maid stood adverse to her will,
 But left the undiscerned brows of Jove's Olympian hill,
 And quickly reach'd the Grecian fleet, where standing still, she found
 Th' adviceful King of Ithaca, like Jove in counsels sound,
 Who yet had not so much as touch'd his black well transom'd bark ;
 But vexed in his heart and soul, the army's shame did mark.
 To him said Pallas, coming near, " Great Laertiades,
 Most wise Ulysses, make ye flight thus headlong to the seas,

In your well-furnish'd men-of-war, and long
 so much for home?
 What honour to the King of Troy, and his
 consorts will come,
 In leaving Argive Helen here, the price of
 so much blood,
 Suck'd from the woful breasts of Greece,
 robb'd of her dearest brood?
 But run and interpose no stay, through
 every Grecian band,
 And with thy sweet persuasive tongue, let
 none depart the land,
 Nor draw the oar-enforced fleet from off
 the Trojan strand."
 So Pallas charged, whose heavenly voice,
 prudent Ulysses knew;
 Then forth he ran and for more speed, his
 cloak on earth he threw,
 Which diligent Eurybates, a herald of re-
 nown [of Priam's town
 Who came from Ithaca with him, to siege
 Took up; Ulysses met the King, from whom
 he was so bold [his line of old,
 To take the sceptre never-stain'd, held in
 With which he went amongst the troops to
 stay them from the fleet;
 And with what Prince or gentleman, his
 royal steps did meet,
 In these fair terms he willed him, pretended
 flight forbear,
 "Sir, 'tis not fit for such as you to fly as
 check'd with fear,
 But rather stay, and with bold words, make
 others so inclined:
 For you as yet not rightly know king
 Agamemnon's mind;
 He makes but trial of such spirits as he may
 most renown,
 And he will quickly punish such as flying
 humours drown,
 All we in council heard not all comprised
 in his command,
 Nor durst we prease too near for fear of his
 offended hand.
 The anger of a king is death; his honour
 springs from Jove,
 His person is in spite of hate protected in
 his love." [took
 But if he saw the vulgar sort, or if in cry he
 A soldier with exclaims for flight; him with
 his mace he strook.
 And used these speeches of reproof;
 "Wretch, keep thy place and hear
 Others besides thy General that place above
 thee bear;
 Thou art unfit to rule, and base, without a
 name in war,
 Or state of council; nor must Greeks be so
 irregular,
 To live as every man may take the sceptre
 from the king;
 The rule of many is absurd, one Lord must
 lead the ring
 Of far resounding government; one king
 whom Saturn's son,
 Hath given a sceptre and sound laws, to
 bear dominjon."
 Thus ruling govern'd he the host: again
 to council then,
 From ships and tents in tumult swarm'd
 these base disorder'd men
 With such a blustering as against the Pontic
 shore rebounds
 A storm-driven billow, with whose rage the
 sea itself resounds.
 All sat, and silent used their seats, Thersites
 sole except,
 A man of tongue, whose raven-like voice a
 tuneless jarring kept,
 Who in his rank mind copy had of unre-
 garded words,
 That rashly and beyond all rule used to
 oppugn the Lords;
 But whatsoever came from him was laugh'd
 at mightily.
 The filthiest Greek that came to Troy; he
 had a goggle eye,
 Stark-lame he was of either foot; his
 shoulders were contract
 Into his breast and crook'd withal; his head
 was sharp compact,
 And here and there it had a hair; to mighty
 Thetides, [and disease;
 And wise Ulysses he retain'd much anger
 For still he chid them eagerly; and then
 against the state,
 At Agamemnon he would rail; the Greeks
 in vehement hate
 And high disdain conceited him, yet he with
 violent throat
 Would needs upbraid the General; and
 thus himself forgot:
 "Atrides, why complain'st thou now?
 what dost thou covet more?
 Thy thrifty tents are full of coin, and thou
 hast women store,
 Fair and well-favour'd, which we Greeks,
 at every town we take
 Resign to thee; think'st thou, thou want'st
 some treasure thou might'st make
 To be deduced thee out of Troy, by one
 that comes to seek
 His son for ransom; who myself, or any
 other Greek
 Should bring thee captive? or a wench,
 fill'd with her sweets of youth,
 Which thou may'st love and private keep
 for thy insatiate tooth?"

But it becomes not kings to tempt by wicked precedent
 Their subjects to dishonesty : O minds most
 Not Achives but Achaian girls ; come fall
 aboard and home ;
 Let him concoct his prey alone, alone Troy
 overcome,
 To make him know if our free ears his
 proud commands will hear,
 In anything : or not disdain his longer yoke
 to bear, [man than he,
 Who hath with contumely wrong'd a better
 Achilles, from whose arms, in spite that all
 the world might see,
 He took a prize won with his sword, but
 now it plain appears,
 Achilles hath no spleen in him, but most
 remissly bears
 A female stomach : else be sure the robbery
 of his weed,
 O Agamemnon, would have proved thy last
 injurious deed."
 Thus did Thersites chide the king to
 whom all Greece did bow,
 When wise Ulysses straight stood up, and
 with contracted brow,
 Beholding him, used this rebuke : " Prating
 Thersites, cease
 Though thou canst rail so cunningly ; nor
 dare to tempt the peace
 Of sacred kings, for well thou know'st I
 know well what thou art,
 A baser wretch came not to Troy to take
 the Grecians' part.
 Profane not kings then with thy lips ;
 examine our retreat,
 Whereof ourselves are ignorant, nor our
 estates so great
 That we dare urge upon the king what he
 will only know.
 Sit then and cease thy barbarous taunts to
 him whom all we owe.
 So much observance, though from thee these
 insolent poisons flow ;
 But I protest and will perform, if I shall
 deprehend
 Such frenzy in thy pride again, as now
 doth all offend,
 Then let Ulysses lose his head, and cease
 inglorious, [Telemachus ;
 To be the native father call'd of young
 If from thee to thy nakedness thy garments
 be not stript
 And from the Council to the fleet thou be
 not soundly whipt."
 This said, his back and shoulder blades
 he with his sceptre smit,
 Who then shrunk round and down his
 cheeks the servile tears did flit :

The golden sceptre in his flesh a bloody
 print did raise
 With which he trembling took his seat, and
 looking twenty ways,
 Ill-favouredly he wiped the tears from his
 self-pitying eyes,
 And then, though all the host were sad,
 they laugh to hear his cries,
 When thus flew speeches intermix'd : " O
 God, what endless good
 Ulysses still bestows on us ! that to the field
 of blood
 Instructs us ; and in council doth for chief
 director serve ;
 Yet never action past his hands that did
 more praise deserve
 Than to disgrace this railing fool in all the
 army's sight,
 Whose rudeness henceforth will take heed
 how he doth princes bite."
 This all the multitude affirm'd, when
 now again did rise
 The razer of repugnant towns, Ulysses
 bold and wise, [Pallas by
 With sceptre of the General, and prudent
 That did a herald's form assume, and for
 still silence cry,
 That through the host the soldiery might
 understand th' intent
 The council urged ; and thus their flight
 his wisdom did prevent.
 " Atrides, if in these faint drifts the Greeks
 have licence given,
 Thou wilt be most opprobrious of all men
 under heaven,
 Since they infringed their vows to thee at
 our designs for Troy,
 From horse-race Argos, to persist, till Ilium
 they destroy ;
 But like young babes amongst themselves,
 or widows, they lament,
 And would go home ; and I confess a
 tedious discontent
 May stir some humour to return : for if a
 man remain
 But twice two se'nights from his wife,
 much mood he doth sustain
 Within his many-seated ship, which winter's
 storms enfold
 And fierce commotion of the sea ; where
 thrice three heavens have roll'd
 About the circle of the year since this our
 anchor'd stay.
 I cannot then reprove such Greeks as
 grieve at this delay ;
 Yet were it shame to stay so long, and
 empty-handed fly :
 Sustain a little then, my friends, that we
 the truth may try

Of reverend Calchas' prophecy; for we remember well,
 And you in heart are witnesses, whom death-arm'd fates from hell,
 The third day past and yesterday have held in sovereign guard,
 That when in Aulis' long-ring gulf, we Grecian ships prepared
 To ruin Priam and his friends, on holy altars made
 About a fountain, and within a goodly platan shade,
 We perfect hecatombs did burn to all the Gods divine,
 Where straight appear'd to all our eyes a most prodigious sign:
 A dragon with a bloody back, most horrible to sight,
 [into the light;
 Which great Olympius himself did send
 This tumbling from the altar's foot, did to the Platan creep,
 Where nestling in an utter bow, and under shade, did sleep
 The russet sparrows' little young, which eight in number were,
 The dam the ninth, that brought them forth, which with the beast did smear
 His ruthless jaws, and crash'd their bones, the mother round about,
 Flew mourning her beloved birth, who by her wing stretch'd out
 The dragon caught, and crying eat, as he her young had done,
 This openly Olympius wrought, and turn'd into a stone
 The purple serpent, which effect we standing by admired,
 That such a terrible portent should answer offerings fired.
 A little after, Calchas said: 'Why stand ye wonder-driven,
 Ye men of Greece? This miracle almighty Jove hath given
 Thus late to shew the late event whose fame shall never die.
 For as these eight young birds he eat, and she that mourned by
 Did make the ninth, so we nine years should here firm battle wage,
 And in the tenth year take the town.'
 Thus Calchas did presage,
 All which is almost now fulfill'd; then stay, renowned Greeks,
 Till every man possess the spoil he honourably seeks."
 Ulysses having spoken thus his words so liked were,
 That of his praise the ships, the tents, the shore did witness bear:

Resounding with the people's noise, who gave his speech the prize.
 The applause once ceased, from seat to speak old Nestor doth arise:
 "Fie, Greeks, what infamy is this? ye play at children's game,
 Your warlike actions thus far brought, now to neglect their fame.
 O whither from our lips profane, shall oaths and compacts fly?
 The counsels and the cares of men now in the fire shall die.
 With those our sacred offerings made by pure unmixed wine;
 And our right hands with which our faiths we freely did combine.
 The cause is, since amongst ourselves we use discursive words,
 And go not manlike to the field, to manage it with swords, [gem's device
 Nor with the fineness of our wits by strata-
 In all this while against a world to work our enterprise. [being sound,
 But, great Atrides, as at first, thy counsel
 Command to field, and be not led corruptly from the ground
 Of our endeavours, by the moods of one or two that use
 Counsels apart; they shall not go to Greece till Jove refuse
 To ratify his promise made, or we may surely know
 If those ostents were true or false, that he from heaven did show:
 But I am sure (to cheer our hopes) his beck the heavens did shake
 That day of choice, when towards Troy our fleet first sail did make,
 Conferring on our conquering sterns the powers of death and fate,
 His lightning right hand shewing us presages fortunate.
 And therefore not a man shall do himself that wrong to fly
 Before with Phrygian maids and wives he at his pleasure lie,
 That Helen's rape and all our sights may be revenged thereby.
 But if some be so mutinous whom nothing may restrain,
 Let him but touch his black-arm'd bark, that he may first be slain.
 Then, great Atrides, be advised, and others' reasons see, [will utter thee.
 It shall not prove an abject speech that I in tribes and nations let thy men be presently array'd
 That still the tribes may second tribes, and nations nations aid:

Of every chief and soldier thus, the proof shall rest in sight,
 For both will thirst their country's fame, and praise for single fight.
 What soldier when he is allow'd his countryman for guide
 Will not more closely stick to him than to a stranger's side?
 Thus shalt thou know, if Gods detain thy hand from Ilion's harms,
 Or else the faintness of thy men, and ignorance in arms."
 Thus to autentique Nestor's speech Atrides' answer was :
 " All Grecian birth, thrice reverend king, thy counsels far surpass :
 O would King Jove, Tritonea, and he that guides the Sun,
 Would grant me ten such counsellors : then should our toils be done.
 Then Priam's high-topp'd towers should stoop, outfacing us no more,
 But fall beneath our conquering hands, despoil'd of all her store ;
 But Jove hath stored my life with woes, that no good hour can spend,
 And thrown me in the midst of strifes that never think of end.
 Since with Achilles for a girl in humorous terms I strove, [treated love
 And I the author of the strife ; but if en-Make us with reunited minds consult in one again, [pride sustain :
 Troy shall not in the left delay her loathed
 But now to food, that to the fight ye may your valours yield ;
 Well let his soldier sharp his lance, and well address his shield ;
 Well let each horseman meat his horse, to break the bristled field ;
 Well let each coachman view his wheels, and chariot-furniture,
 And arm them so that all the day we soundly may endure.
 For faint conceits must be expell'd, that pine at labour lest,
 Till night take strength from both our hosts, and force us to our rest :
 The bosoms of our targeteers must all be steep'd in sweat,
 The lancer's arm must fall dissolved, our chariot horse with heat
 Must seem to melt ; and if I find one soldier bide the chace, [face,
 Pursued by any enemy, or fight not in his Or else be found a shipboard hid, not all the world shall save
 His hateful limbs ; but fowls and beasts be his abhorred grave."

This speech applausive murmur stirr'd ; as when upon the shore
 The waves run high, driven with south gales, and 'gainst a rock do roar,
 Plied with a diverse flood of air at one self time so fast,
 That their hoarse rages never cease ; such lasting murmurs past
 The pleased Greeks : they rose, dispersed, all haste to shipward make,
 Where all made fires within their tents, and did their suppers take :
 And every man to some of heaven did sacrifice and pray
 To scape the fury of the fight in that important day.
 Atrides to the king of Gods, a well-fed or first kill'd
 Of five years' grought, and all the host to wait on him were will'd.
 Wise Nestor first, then Idomen of Crete the kingly name,
 Then both the Ajaxes in consort with Diomedes came,
 Ancient Laertes' son was sixth, whose counsel bore the sway,
 And uninvited last of all, came sweet-voiced Menelay, [in his respect.
 Acknowledging his brothers' cares and toils King Agamemnon in the midst did pray to this effect :
 " Most happy and almighty Jove, great thickener of the sky,
 Descend on our long-toiled host, with thy remorseful eye ;
 Let not the lightsome Sun be set, nor set the night on wing,
 Before old Priam's high-raised towers to level earth I bring ;
 Before his broad-leaved ports enflamed may far off be descried,
 Before my sword on Hector's breast his cuirass may divide,
 And his chief friends fall'n dead in dust, may spread his carcass round,
 And in fell death's convulsions eat the many-feeding ground."
 At this Jove bended not his head, but did more labours guise,
 For him and his associates : yet took his sacrifice.
 Then, after prayer, salt lumps of dough cast on the altar's sides,
 They strike the offerings down, then strike and strip them of their hides,
 Then quarter them and all the thighs with thrifty fat they spread,
 Put one in other, and to them, the little fragments shred ;

All these with sere and leaveless wood, they
consequently burn,
And all the inwards put to spit, before the
fire they turn ;
The thighs burn'd up, th' entrails roast,
they eat and piecemeal slice
In little goblets all the rest reserved for
sacrifice.
They roast it wondrous cunningly, and
draw it from the spit,
And when their labours were perform'd,
and all their suppers fit,
They used their stomachs, wanting nought
that appertain'd a feast.
When thirst and hunger being allay'd, thus
spake the Pylian guest :—
"Great Agamemnon, king of men, effect
thy words with hands,
Nor more defer the work high Jove so in-
stantly commands,
But give the heralds charge t' accite all
soldiers to the fleet,
And let ourselves assist their pains to set
Mars on his feet,
With expedition more exact." The king
was pleased, and will'd
The heralds cite the curl'd-head Greeks,
who with quick concourse fill'd
The smother'd shore, and all the kings en-
rank'd themselves about
The great Atrides ; and with them, Jove's
gray-eyed maid went out ;
She bore the targe her father made, of
Amalthæa's hide, [all eternified ;
Not to be pierced, nor worn with time, but
A hundred serpents fringed it round, quick
struggling all of gold,
And at a hundred oxen's price, each serpent
might be sold. [utmost haste,
She through the Achive army ran, enforcing
And every stomach fill'd with thirst to lay
proud Iliion waste ; [ceaseless fight,
Enabling all their faculties to fierce and
And made Troy's irksome war more wish'd
than their dear country's sight.
Then as a hungry fire enflames a mighty
wood that grows
Upon the high-tops of a hill, and far his
splendour throws,
So from the Grecians' burnish'd arms an
admirable light
Flew through the air with golden wings,
and did the Gods affright.
Or as whole flocks of geese, or cranes, or
swans with necks so tall,
Fly cloud-like over Asian meads to fair
Caister's fall,

Who proud of their supportful wings, as
they take stream or ground,
Make all the river-bordering lawns their
melody resound.
So the thick troops from ships and tents
throng'd to Scamander's plain,
And under sway of foot and horse the earth
did groan again ;
They stood in that flowered mead, as
infinite as leaves,
Or flowers the spring doth amplify ; or as
the cloudy threaves
Of busy flies that sheep-cotes fill when
summer's golden veils
Enrich the fields, and nourishing milk be-
dews the sprinkled pails ;
So many fair-hair'd Grecians stood, upon
that equal ground,
The Trojan ranks with deadly charge de-
sireous to confound ;
And as good goat-herds when their goats
at food in herds abide,
Though they be never so commix'd, can
easily them divide :
So did the leaders well digest their bands
for fight applied,
'Mongst whom the mighty king of men,
with brows and eyes like Jove,
Like Mars in waist, in breast like him that
most doth waters love.
And as a bull amidst the herd, most proudly
far doth go
(For he with well-branch'd oxen fed, makes
most illustrious show)
So Jupiter made Atreus' son in that death-
threatening day
The bravest object of all Greeks that held
supremest sway. [palaces
Sing then, fair Muses, ye that hold celestial
(For you are Goddesses, know all, and
fill the farthest places ;
We knowing nought but only hear the un-
certain voice of fame),
What Grecian princes and their peers to
hapless Phrygia came ;
The common soldiers by their names I not
assay to sing,
Although ten tongues, and ten big throats
I could to utterance bring ;
Though I sustain'd a brazen heart, and
breathed a voice infract :
For only you the seed of Jove can tell the
troops exact,
That under Iliion's lofty walls employ'd re-
vengeful fight ;
The princes therefore of the fleet, and fleet
itself I cite.

ACHILLES' SHIELD.

BRIGHT-footed Thetis did the sphere
 aspire,
 Amongst the Immortals, of the God of
 fire,
 Starry, incorruptible, and had frame
 Of ruddy brass, right shaped by the lame.
 She found him at his swelling bellows
 sweating,
 And twenty tripods seriously beating,
 To stand and beautify his royal hall,
 For chairs of honour, round about the
 wall,
 And to the feet he fix'd of every one
 Wheels of man-making gold to run alone
 To the Gods' Temples; to the which they
 were
 Religious ornaments, when standing there
 Till sacrifice were done, they would retire
 To Vulcan's house, which all eyes did
 admire;
 Yet the Dædalian handles to hold by
 Were unimposed, which straight he did
 apply.
 These while he fashion'd with miraculous
 art,
 The fair white-footed dame appear'd apart
 To Charis with the rich-attired head,
 Whose heavenly beauties strow'd the
 nuptial bed
 Of that illustrious smith; she took her
 hand
 And entertain'd her with this kind demand:
 "What makes the Goddess with the
 ample train,
 Reverend and friendly Thetis, entertain
 Conceit to honour us with her repair,
 That never yet was kind in that affair?
 But enter further, that so wish'd a guest
 May be received with hospitable feast."
 Thus led she Thetis to a chair of state,
 Rich, and exceedingly elaborate,
 And set a footstool at her silver feet;
 Then call'd her famous smith; "Vulcan,
 my sweet,
 Thetis in some use needs thy fiery hand:"
 He answer'd, "Thetis hath a strong com-
 mand
 Of all my powers, who gave my life defence,
 Cast by my mother's wilful impudence
 Out of Olympus; who would have obscured
 My native lameness; then had I endured
 Unhelped griefs, if on her shining breast
 Hospitious Thetis had not let me rest,
 And bright Eurinome, my guardian,
 Fair daughter of the labouring Ocean,
 With whom nine years I wrought up
 divers things,
 Buttons and bracelets, whistles, chains,
 and rings,
 In conclave of a cave; and over us
 The swelling waves of old Oceanus
 With foamy murmur flow'd, and not a God,
 Nor any mortal knew my close abode,
 But Thetis and divine Eurinome,
 Who succour'd me; and now from gulfy
 sea
 To our steep house hath Thetis made
 ascent,
 To whom requital more than competent
 It fits me much my safety should repay;
 Charis, do thou some sumptuous feast
 purvey,
 Whiles I my airy bellows may lay by,
 And all my tools of heavenly ferrary."
 Thus from his anvil the huge monster
 rose,
 And with distorted knees he limping goes
 To a bright chest of silver ore composed,
 Where all his wonder-working tools were
 closed,
 And took his sighing bellows from the fire;
 Then with a sponge, his breast with hairs
 like wire,
 His brawned neck, his hard hands and his
 face
 He cleansed; put on his robe, assumed his
 mace,
 And halted forth, and on his steps at-
 tended
 Handmaids of gold that with strong paces
 wended,
 Like dames in flower of life, in whom were
 minds
 Furnish'd with wisdom, knowing all the
 kinds
 Of the Gods' powers; from whom did
 Voices fly,
 In whom were strengths, and motions
 voluntary.
 These at his elbow ever ministered;
 And these, drawing after him his legs, he
 led

To Thetis seated in a shining throne,
Whose hand he shook, and ask'd this
question :

"What wish'd occasion brings the sea's
bright Queen

To Vulcan's house, that ever yet hath been
So great a stranger? shew thy reverend
will,

Which mine of choice commands me to
fulfil,

If in the reach of all mine art it lie,

Or it be possible to satisfy?"

Thetis pour'd out this sad reply in
tears :

"O Vulcan, is there any Goddess bears,
Of all the deities that deck the sky,
So much of mortal wretchedness as I,
Whom Jove past all deprives of heavenly
peace?"

My self of all the blue Nereides,
He hath subjected to a mortal's bed,
Which I against my will have suffered
To Peleus surnamed Æacides,
Who in his Court lies slain with the disease
Of woful age; and now with new in-
fortunes,

He all my joys to discontents importunes
In giving me a son, chief in renown
Of all Heroes; who hath palm-like grown,
Set in a fruitful soil; and when my care
Had nursed him to a form so singular,
I sent him in the Grecian's crook-stern'd
fleet

To Ilium, with the swiftness of his feet,
And dreadful strength, that his choice
limbs indued

To fight against the Trojan fortitude;
And him I never shall receive retired,
To Peleus' court; but while he lives in-
spired

With human breath, and sees the Sun's
clear light,

He must live sad and moody as the night.
Nor can I cheer him, since his valour's
price

Resign'd by all the Grecians' compromise,
Atrides forced into his fortune's part

For which consumption tires upon his
heart;

Yet since the Trojans, all the Greeks con-
clude

Within their fort, the peers of Greece have
sued

With worthiness of gifts and humble
prayers,

To win his hand to hearten their affairs
Which he denied; but to appease their
harms,

He deck'd his dear Patroclus in his arms,

And sent him with his bands to those de-
bates :

All day they fought before the Scæan
gates,

And well might have expugn'd by that
black light,

The Ilian city, if Apollo's spite
Thirsting the blood of good Menetius' son,

Had not in face of all the fight foredone
His faultless life; and author'd the renown

On Hector's prowess, making th' act his
own :

Since therefore, to revenge the timeless
death

Of his true friend, my son determineth
T' embroe the field; for want whereof he
lies

Buried in dust, and drown'd in miseries;
Here at thy knees I sue, that the short date
Prefix'd his life by power of envious fate,

Thou wilt with heavenly arms grace and
maintain,

Since his are lost with his Patroclus slain."

He answer'd, "Be assured, nor let the
care

Of these desires thy firmest hopes impair;
Would God as far from lamentable death,

When heavy fates shall see it with his
breath,

I could reserve him, as unquell'd arms,
Shall be found near t'avert all instant
harms,

Such arms as all worlds shall for art ad-
mire

That by their eyes their excellence aspire."

This said, the smith did to his bellows
go,

Set them to fire, and made his Cyclops
blow :

Full twenty pair breathed through his fur-
nace holes

All sorts of blasts to inflame his temper'd
coals,

Now bluster'd hard, and now did contra-
rise,

As Vulcan would, and as his exercise
Might with perfection serve the dame's
desire.

Hard brass and tin he cast into the fire,
High-prized gold and silver, and did set
Within the stock, an anvil bright and
great :

His massy hammer then his right hand
held,

His other hand his gasping tongues com-
pell'd.

And first he forged a huge and solid
shield,

Which every way did variant artship yield,

Through which he three ambitious circles
cast,

Round and refulgent; and without he
placed

A silver handle; five-fold proof it was,
And in it many things with special grace
And passing artificial pomp were graven;
In it was earth's green globe, the sea and
heaven,

Th' unwearied Sun; the Moon exactly
round,

And all the stars with which the sky is
crown'd,

The Pleiades, the Hyads, and the force
Of great Orion; and the Bear, whose
course

Turns her about his sphere observing him
Surnamed the Chariot, and doth never swim
Upon the unmeasured Ocean's marble face,
Of all the flames that heaven's blue veil
enchace.

In it two beauteous cities he did build
Of divers-languaged men: the one was fill'd
With sacred nuptials and with solemn
feasts,

And through the streets the fair officious
guests,

Lead from their bridal chambers their fair
brides,

With golden torches burning by their sides.
Hymen's sweet triumphs were abundant
there,

Of youths and damsels dancing in a sphere;
Amongst whom masking flutes and harps
were heard,

And all the matrons in their doors appear'd,
Admiring their enamour'd braveries;
Amongst the rest busy Contention flies
About a slaughter; and to solemn Court
The Citizens were drawn in thick resort,
Where two contended for a penalty:

The one due satisfaction did deny
At th' other's hands for slaughter of his
friend,

The other did the contrary defend;
At last by arbitration both desired,
To have their long and costly suit expired,
The friends cast sounds confused on either
side

Whose tumult straight the heralds pacified.
In holy circle and on polish'd stones,

The reverend Judges made their Sessions,
The voiceful heralds awful sceptres holding,
And their grave dooms on either side un-
folding.

In midst two golden talents were pro-
posed

For his rich fee by whom should be dis-
closed

The most applausive sentence; th' other
town

Two hosts besieged, to have it overthrow,
Or in two parts to share the wealthy spoil,
And this must all the citizens assod.

They yield to neither, but with close alarm,
To sallies and to ambuscadoes arm,
Their wives and children on their walls did
stand,

With whom and with the old men they
were mann'd.

The other issued; Mars and Pallas went
Propitious captains to their brave intent.

Both golden did in golden garments shine
Ample and fair, and seem'd indeed divine.
The soldiers were in humbler habits deck'd.
When they had found a valley most select
To couch their ambush—at a river's brink
Where all their herds had mutual place to
drink,

These, clad in shining steel, they closed did lie,
And sit far off two sentinels to spy,

When all their flocks and crook-haunc'd
herds came near,

Which soon succeeded, and they follow'd
were

By two poor herdsmen that on bagpipes
play'd,

Doubtless of any ambuscadoes laid;
The sentinels gave word, and in they flew,
Took herds and flocks, and both their
keepers slew.

The enemy hearing such a strange uproar
About their cattle—being set before

In solemn council—instantly took horse,
Pursued, and at the flood, with mutual force,
The conflict join'd; betwixt them flew
debate,

Disorder'd tumult, and exital fate;
Here was one taken with wounds bleeding
green,

And here, one pale and yielding, no wound
seen;

Another slain, drawn by the strengthless
heels

From the red slaughter of the ruthless
steels,

And he that slew him on his shoulders
wearing

His bloody weeds as trophies of his daring.
Like men alive they did converse in fight,
And tired on death with mutual appetite.

He carved besides a soft and fruitful field
Broad and thrice new-till'd in that heavenly
shield,

Where many ploughmen turn'd up here
and there

The earth in furrows, and their sovereign
near

They strived to work ; and every furrow ended

A bowl of sweetest wine he still extended
To him that first had done, then turn'd
they hand,

Desirous to dispatch that piece of land,
Deep and new-ear'd ; black grew the
plough with mould

Which look'd like blackish earth tho'
forged of gold.

And this he did with miracle adorn.

Then made he grow a field of high-sprung
corn,

In which did reapers sharpen'd sickles ply ;
Others, their handles fall'n confusedly,
Laid on the ridge together ; others bound
Their gather'd handfuls to sheaves hard and
round.

Their binders were appointed for the place,
And at their heels did children glean
apace,

Whole armfuls to the binders ministering.
Amongst all these all silent stood their
king,

Upon a balk, his sceptre in his hand,
Glad at his heart to see his yielding land.

The heralds then the harvest feast prepare,
Beneath an oak far off, and for their fare,
A mighty ox was slain, and women dress'd
Store of white cakes, and mix'd the
labourers' feast.

In it besides a vine ye might behold
Loaded with grapes, the leaves were all of
gold,

The bunches black and thick did through
it grow
And silver props sustain'd them from
below :

About the vine an azure dyke was wrought
And about it a hedge of tin he brought.

One path went through it, through the
which did pass

The vintagers, when ripe their vintage was.
The virgins then, and youths, childishly
wise,

For the sweet fruit did painted cups de-
vise,

And in a circle bore them dancing round,
In midst whereof a boy did sweetly sound
His silver harp, and with a piercing voice,
Sung a sweet song ; when each youth with
his choice

Triumphing over earth, quick dances
treads.

A herd of oxen thrusting out their heads
And bellowing, from their stalls rushing to
feed

Near a swift flood, raging and crown'd
with reed,

In gold and tin he carved next the vine
Four golden herdsmen following : herd-
dogs nine

Waiting on them ; in head of all the herd,
Two lions shook a bull, that bellowing,
rear'd

In desperate horror, and was dragg'd
away :

The dogs and youths pursued ; but their
slain prey,

The lions rent out of his spacious hide,
And in their entrails did his flesh divide,
Lapping his sable blood ; the men to
fight

Set on their dogs in vain that durst not
bite

But bark'd and backwards flew : he forged
beside

In a fair vale, a pasture sweet and wide
Of white-fleeced sheep, in which he did
impress

Sheepcotes, sheepfolds, and cover'd
cottages.

In this rare shield the famous Vulcan
cast

A dancing mace ; like that in ages past,
Which in broad Gnosus Dedalus did dress
For Ariadne with the golden tress.

There youths and maids with beauties
past compare

Danced with commixed palms : the maids
did wear

Light silken robes ; the youths in coats
were deck'd

Embroider'd fair, whose colours did reflect
Glosses like oil : the maids fair coronets
wore,

The youths gilt swords in silver hangers
bore,

And these sometimes would in a circle
meet

Exceeding nimbly, and with skilful feet,
Turning as round as doth a wheel new
done,

The wheelwright sitting, trying how
'twill run.

Then would they break the ring, and take
their places

As at the first : when troops pleased with
their graces

Stood looking on, two youths then with a
song

Danced in the midst to please th' admiring
throng.

About this living shield's circumference,
He wrought the ocean's curled violence,
Arming his work as with a crystal wall.

The targe thus firm and huge, now finish'd
all ;

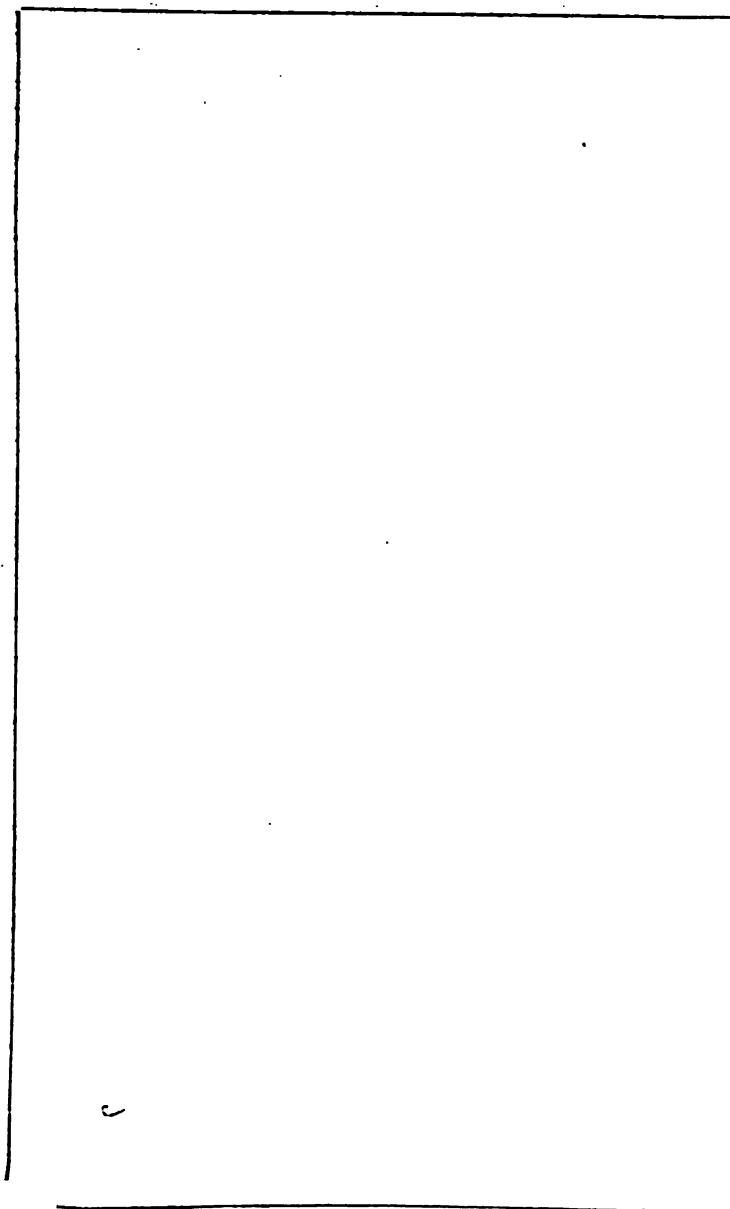


He cuirass made that did for light outline
The blaze of fire, impierceable, divine :
A helm fit for his brows, whose lofty crest
Was with a waving plume of gold impress'd :
Then shining grooves he made of brightest
brass ;
And when this smith of heaven brought to
full pass
This fall of wonder and unmatch'd affair,
To goddess Thetis he address'd repair,

And laid it sounding at her crystal feet
Which with refreshed mind and c
tenance sweet
She took, and like a hawk, stoop'd :
the brows
Of steep Olympus : and the wro
vows
Of her enraged son she help'd to pay,
With Vulcan's arms wrought for ch
day.

THE END OF ALL THE ENDLESS WORKS OF HOMER.





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OCT 1972
NOV 3 1972 H

NOV 12 '68 H
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MAR 4 1970
FEB 23 1970

