

THE ILIAD
OF
HOMER

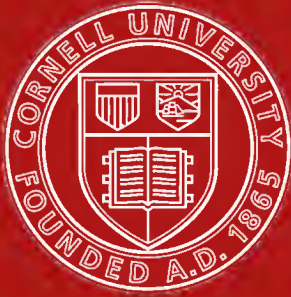


WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
HENRI MOTTE

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HOMER'S ILIAD.

HOMER'S ILIAD

TRANSLATED BY
GEORGE CHAPMAN

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS DESIGNED BY HENRI MOTTE,
PRINTED IN HELIOGRAVURE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE flight of cranes, murmur of bees that from their hollows in the rocks seek the spring flowers, swarming of flies to the spring milk, the west wind waving the grain, and the east and south raising the waves of the Icarian Sea; man, conscious of beauty in the world around, labouring upon the soil, tending his herds, labouring at the loom, the forge, the potter's wheel, and by the work of his hands adding new beauty; man, worshipping on hills and heaths the powers of Nature; sacrificing to the power of the air by lifting the head of the ox, and causing the blood of sacrifice to spirt towards the sky, sacrificing to the power of the sea by slaying the victim where its blood reddens the wave, and to the power of the under-world by making the blood pour from the lowered neck into a hollow of the ground; each warrior-chief his people's priest, earth, sea, and air, temple and Gods in one; the wealth and the worship of Nature, were in Homer's world. It was still night over Europe. Our earliest rays of intellectual light were yet to spread along the shores of the Mediterranean from that dawn in the east which first shone upon Greece.

Close to the source of light, closer than men of Attic or Achaian Greece, were the kindred people on the isles and mainland of that Asian shore to which afterwards the Greeks across the sea sent colonies. Here, in a far past to which we can assign no date, perhaps in the island of Chios, by the coast of Lydia, Homer lived. The energies of man, much occupied with strife, were shaping, under happiest conditions of race, soil, and climate, a

new civilisation, and fame of the deeds of heroes spread by song. Of Homer it has been inferred, from degrees of local knowledge observed in his characters of places, that his travels on the Asian mainland may not have reached farther than Sardes, but that he must at least have voyaged among the Sporades by Icaria, Cos, Nisyros, Rhodos, and across by Carpathos to Crete; again also across the Thracian Sea to Eubœa; and from Eubœa through some parts of Greece in Europe. He sang by the way, doubtless, but not as others sang; for he first in Europe was a Master Poet, born to gather, as into one thought, the young life of his time. It was a time rich in all natural forces that can sway the minds of men, rich also in minds that sought in their turn to rule Nature. The expedition against Troy—which Dr. Schliemann's late researches prove to be no fiction, though the poet dealt with it according to his art—was matter for heroic song that called the Greeks to brotherhood, showing the strength of union and perils of ungoverned wrath.

The true Master Poet speaks from all the depths of all the life he knows. The power of the *Iliad* lies partly in the fulness of its dealing with all elemental forces in the life of man, showing them stirred with immense energy under conditions of an early civilisation, newly passed out of Asia into Greece and Italy, from which the poet himself drew all his experience and all his illustrations. But the main strength of the poem lies in the handling and the moulding of this matter by the spiritual power that was in Homer himself, and which he had in common with the prophets and the poets who seek to uplift the soul of man. As Master Poet, by this power he shaped all into the clearest truth his age could see, and to a form of art that no age has excelled.

The highest art must spring inevitably from the working of true genius on the essentials of life, with deepest sincerity and highest aim. All lower forms of art are successful in proportion to their power of producing colourable imitations of such work. Rules of art are but compiled observations of the characters inseparable from each form of work so done. Thus Homer's art could be as true as Shakespeare's, and one or other of these might

become the Prince of Poets, and the greatest artist in the world, without help from the schools.

The *Iliad*, said Aristotle, is pathetic and simple; the *Odyssey* is ethical and mixed. In the *Iliad* Homer dealt simply with the strong passions of life; in the *Odyssey* he gave beautiful shapes to the calm wisdom of maturer years. There is a relation like that of *Iliad* to *Odyssey* between Milton's *Paradise Lost* and his *Paradise Regained*, between Fielding's *Tom Jones* and his *Amelia*. The relation is one natural to successive products of a single earnest mind. If the several parts of the *Iliad* were really found as detached songs recited by the rhapsodists of Chios and other islands and towns of Asiatic Greece; first made known to the Greeks of Europe by Lycurgus, as Plutarch and Ælian say—by Solon, as Diogenes Laertius says; if they were afterwards put into connected order by Peisistratus and his son Hipparchus, with competent help, and thus reduced to writing: such restoration of the work to its integrity must have been easy enough, so far as its main outlines were concerned; difficult only in exact determination of details, choice here and there among variety of versions, detection throughout of corruptions, transpositions, and interpolations. The text that first suffered from variation made by the reciters, suffered next from numerous transcribers, and then it must have suffered a little if it gained much from new efforts made by the Alexandrian critics to separate, in *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Homer's poem from interpolations and corruptions. It was by these editors that each poem was divided into twenty-four books; but for the choice of such a number there was no more profound reason than that twenty-four was the number of the letters in the Greek alphabet, and these were the letters used in reckoning.

Many birthplaces have been assigned to Homer. Tradition makes him blind. Criticism has questioned the poet's blindness, and has even denied him a name. Homer—*Ὅμηρος*—has been called a derivative from *ὁμοῦ ἄρειν*, to describe the man who first arranged separate songs together into one great whole. But neither Homer's *Iliad* nor God's world could be made by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. Homer still speaks to us with one

clear voice. John Keats, who, without Greek scholarship, drew inspiration from Greek art, told in a well-known sonnet what he felt upon first reading Chapman's Homer :

“ Much have I travelled 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-browed 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
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

It is in Chapman's translation that the *Iliad* is best read as an English book. From Homer Chapman received into a mind full of the answering energies of our Elizabethan life, a sacred fire that gave force to his own. The generation that produced a Shakespeare best knew how to translate Homer. Translation itself was in those times a new energy in Literature. Since Amyot in France had, as Montaigne said, made Plutarch himself speak French, endeavours to bring into home fellowship the most famous of the ancients had spread from France to England, but in England, among all such labours, the most arduous and successful was that of George Chapman upon Homer.

George Chapman was born at Hitchin in Hertfordshire ; William Browne, a fellow-poet, spoke of him as “ the Shepherd of fair Hitching Hill.” He was about six years older than Shakespeare. His delight in Greek and Roman literature began when he was a student at Trinity College, Oxford ; but he did not graduate. He began his career as a poet with two Hymns—*The Shadow of Night*—published about two years after Shakespeare, having learnt his art, had begun to produce plays of his own. About that time Chapman began his attempt to produce a complete translation of Homer, not only of the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey*, but also of all works

that had been ascribed to Homer—*The Hymns* and the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*. In 1598—when Shakespeare, thirty-four years old, had written *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Richard III.*, *King John*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard II.*, and *King Henry the Fourth*—Chapman, aged forty, published the first specimen of his work on Homer, *Seven Books of the Iliads of Homer*, *Prince of Poets*, the seven being the first and second, and from the seventh to the eleventh. In the same year he began his career as a dramatist, but he began too late. Chapman's liveliest comedy was one that Terence had inspired, and in his tragedy wise thought encumbered action. He finished the translation of the *Iliad* about the time when Shakespeare was retiring from the stage. Twelve books of it were published in 1610, and the other twelve in 1611. In 1614 followed twelve books of the *Odyssey*, the other twelve in 1615. Then followed, without date, but probably in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, *The Crown of all Homer's Works; Batrachomyomachia, his Hymns and Epigrams*.

The end crowns the work, and this was the crown set to the life-work of George Chapman, who had attained the highest aim of his ambition. When Chapman speaks out "loud and bold" his voice is distinctly that of an Elizabethan poet. He wrestles for expression, makes bold use of homely phrases, dashes into Euphuism: it is not a whit less true of Chapman than of Pope, that his style is the style of his time. But his soul was the soul of his time, and in the age of Elizabeth were men who could almost grasp Homer by the hand.

H. M.



H. MOTTE INV.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

*Apollo's priest to the Argive fleet doth bring
Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the king ;
For which her tendered freedom he entreats ;
But, being dismissed 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 punished 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.*



CHILLES' 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 cave
That no light comforts ; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave :
To all which Jove's will gave effect ; from whom first strife begun
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.
 Occasioned thus : Chryses, the priest, came to the fleet to buy,
 For presents of unvalued price, his daughter's liberty ;
 The golden sceptre and the crown of Phœbus in his hands
 Proposing ; and made suit to all, but most to the commands
 Of both the 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 wished renown
 Of Jove, by honouring his son, far-shooting Phœbus, deign
 For these fit presents to dissolve the ransomable chain
 Of my loved daughter's servitude." The Greeks entirely gave
 Glad acclamations, for sign that their desires would have
 The grave priest revered, and his gifts of so much price embraced.
 The general yet bore no such 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 godhead's crown,
 Nor sceptre, save thee ! Her thou seekest I still will hold mine own
 Till age deflower her. In our court at Argos, far transferred
 From her loved country, she shall ply her web, and see prepared
 With all fit ornaments my bed. Incense me then no more,
 But, if thou wilt be safe, begone." This said, the sea-beat shore,
 Obeying his high will, the priest trod off with haste and fear ;
 And walking silent, till he left far off his enemies' ear,
 Phœbus, fair-haired Latona's son, he stirred up with a vow,
 To this stern purpose : " Hear, thou God that bear'st the silver bow,
 That Chrysa guard'st, rul'st Tenedos with strong hand, and the round
 Of Cilla most divine dost walk ! O Smintheus ! if crowned
 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 prayed, and Phœbus heard him pray,
 And, vexed at heart, down from the tops of steep heaven stooped ; his bow,
 And quiver covered 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 twanged ; and his shafts did first the mules command
 And swift hounds ; then the Greeks themselves 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-armed Queen (who, everywhere cut short,
 Beholding her loved Greeks, by death) suggested it; and he
 (All met in one) arose, and said: "Atrides, now I see
 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-interpreter (for dreams are often sent from Jove),
 Why Phœbus is so much incensed; if unperformed 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,
 And 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 come, and ruled the equipage
 Of the Argive fleet to Ilion, for his prophetic rage
 Given by Apollo; who, well seen in the ill they felt, proposed
 This to Achilles: "Jove's beloved, would thy charge see disclosed
 The secret of Apollo's wrath? then covenant and take oath
 To my discovery, that, with words and powerful actions both,
 Thy strength will guard the truth in me; because I well conceive
 That he whose empire governs all, whom all the Grecians give
 Confirmed obedience, will be moved; and then you know the state
 Of him that moves him. When a king hath once marked for his hate
 A man inferior, though that day his wrath seems to digest
 The offence he takes, yet evermore he rakes up in his breast
 Brands of quick anger, till revenge hath quenched to his desire
 The fire reserved. Tell me, then, if whatsoever ire
 Suggests in hurt of me to him, thy valour will prevent?"

Achilles answered: "All thou knowest speak, and be confident;
 For by Apollo, Jove's beloved (to whom performing vows,
 O Calchas, for the state of Greece, thy spirit prophetic shows
 Skills that direct us, not a man of all these Grecians here,
 I living, and enjoying the light shot through this flowery sphere,
 Shall touch thee with offensive hands: though Agamemnon be
 The man in question that doth boast the mightiest empery
 Of all our army." Then took heart the prophet, unreprieved,
 And said: "They are not unpaid vows, nor hecatombs, that moved
 The God against us; his offence is for his priest impaired

By Agamemnon, that refused the present he preferred,
 And kept his daughter. This is cause why heaven's Far-darter darts
 These plagues amongst us ; and this still will empty in our hearts
 His deathful quiver, uncontained till to her loved sire
 The black-eyed damsel be resigned ; no rédemptory hire
 Took for her freedom,—not a gift, but all the ransom quit,
 And she conveyed, with sacrifice, till her enfranchised feet
 Tread Chrysa under ; then the God, so pleased perhaps we may
 Move to remission." Thus, he sate ; and up, the great in sway,
 Heroic Agamemnon rose, eagerly bearing all ;
 His mind's seat overcast with fumes ; an anger gen̄eral
 Filled 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 continuest still,
 Now casting thy prophetic gall, and vouching all our ill,
 Shot from Apollo, is imposed since I refused 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 housewiferies.
 And yet, for all this, she shall go, if more conducive
 That course be than 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 Thetis, thus : " King of us all, in all ambition
 Most covetous of all that breathe, why should the great-souled Greeks
 Supply thy lost prize out of theirs ? Nor what thy avarice seeks
 Our common treasury can find ; so little it doth guard
 Of what our razed town yielded us ; of all which most is shared,
 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 sufferest thus,
 Will treble, quadruple, in gain, when Jupiter bestows

The sack of well-walled Troy on us ; which by his word he owes.”
“ Do not deceive yourself with wit,” he answered, “ 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 Ithacüs, 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-cheeked Chryseis. For conduct of all which, we must choose
A chief out of our counsellors. Thy service 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 performed
For which thy cunning zeal so pleads ; and he, whose bow thus stormed
For our offences, may be calmed.” Achilles, with a frown,
Thus answered : “ 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 snatched up, nothing ; nor ever is
At any sacked 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 to endure that thou
 Shouldst still be ravishing my right, draw my whole treasure dry,
 And add dishonour." He replied : " If thy heart serve thee, flee ;
 Stay not for my cause ; other here will aid and honour me ;
 If not, yet Jove I know is sure ; that counsellor is he
 That I depend on. As for thee, of all our Jove-kept kings
 Thou still art most mine 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 me Chryseis, she shall go ;
 My ships and friends shall waft her home ; but I will imitate so
 His pleasure, that mine own shall take, in person, from thy tent
 Bright-cheeked Briseis ; and so tell thy strength how eminent
 My power is, being compared with thine ; all other making fear
 To vaunt equality with me, or in this proud kind bear
 Their beards against me." Thetis's son at this stood vexed, his heart
 Bristled his bosom, and two ways drew his discursive part ;
 If, from his thigh his sharp sword drawn, he should make room about
 Atrides' person slaughtering him, or sit his anger out,
 And curb his spirit. While these thoughts strived in his blood and mind,
 And he his sword drew, down from heaven Athenia stooped, and shined
 About his temples, being sent by the ivory-wristed Queen
 Saturnia, who out of her heart had ever loving been
 And careful for the good of both. She stood behind, and took
 Achilles by the yellow curls, and only gave her look
 To him ; appearance not a man of all the rest could see.
 He turning back his eye, amaze strook every faculty ;
 Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so terrible they were,
 Sparkling with ardour, and thus spake : " Thou seed of Jupiter,
 Why comest thou ? To behold his pride that boasts our empery ?
 Then witness with it my revenge, and see that insolence die
 That lives to wrong me." She replied : " I come from heaven to see
 Thine anger settled, if thy soul will use her sovereignty
 In fit reflection. I am sent from Juno, whose affects,

Stand heartily inclined to both. Come, give us both respects,
And cease contention; draw no sword; use words, and such as may
Be bitter to his pride, but just; for trust in what I say,
A time shall come, when, thrice the worth of that he forceth now,
He shall propose for recompense of these wrongs; therefore throw
Reins on thy passions, and serve us." He answered: "Though my heart
Burn in just anger, yet my soul must conquer the 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 steeped in wine,
Dog's face, with heart but of a hart, that nor in the open eye
Of fight dar'st 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 the 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'dst; 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 their laws, received from Jove, defend
(For which my oath to thee is great); so, whensoever need
Shall burn 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 vexed mind with conceit
Of thy rude rage now, and his wrong that most deserved the right
Of all thy army." Thus, he threw his sceptre against the ground,
With golden studs stuck, and took seat. Atrides' breast was drowned
In rising choler. Up to both sweet-spoken Nestor stood,
The cunning Pylian orator, whose tongue poured 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 reigned amongst the third aged men,

He, well-seen in the world, advised, and thus expressed it then :

“ O Gods ! Our Greek earth will be drowned in just tears ; rafeul 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. Ye are 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. Mine eyes yet never witness were,
 Nor ever will be, of such men as then delighted them :
 Pirithous, Exadius, and god-like Polypheme,
 Cæneus, and Dryas prince of men, Ægean Theseus,
 A man like heaven's immortals formed ; 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
 Matched with their forces) fought with them, and bravely fought them down.
 Yet even with these men I conversed, being called 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 helped even their mights, against such as no man now would dare
 To meet in conflict ; yet even these my counsels still would hear,
 And with obedience crown my words. Give you such palm to them ;
 'Tis better than 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 allowed
 Grace of a sceptre equals him. Suppose thy nerves endowed
 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 entreaty, 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 bonds ; he affects, past all men, height ;
 All would in his power hold, all make his subjects, give to all
 His hot will for a 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. Besides, this I affirm (afford
 Impression of it in thy soul) I will not use my sword
 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 ship launched, and put
 Within it twenty chosen rowers, within it likewise shut
 The hecatomb to appease the God; then caused to come aboard
 Fair-cheeked Chryseis; for the chief, he in whom Pallas poured
 Her store of counsels, Ithacus, aboard went last; and then
 The moist ways of the sea they sailed. And now the king of men
 Bade all the host to sacrifice. They sacrificed and cast
 The offal of all to the deeps; the angry God they grace
 With perfect hecatombs; some bulls, some goats, along the shore
 Of the unfruitful sea, inflamed. To heaven the thick fumes bore
 Enwrapped savours. Thus, though all the politic king made show
 Respects to heaven, yet he himself all that time did pursue
 His own affections; the late jar, in which he thundered threats
 Against Achilles, still he fed, and his affections' heats
 Thus vented to Talthybius, and grave Eurybates
 Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all his messages.

"Haste to Achilles' tent; where take Briseis' hand, and bring
 Her beauties to us. If he fail to yield her, say your king
 Will come himself, with multitudes that shall the horribler
 Make both his presence, and your charge, that so he dares defer."

This said, he sent them with a charge of hard condition.
 They went unwillingly, and trod the fruitless sea's shore; soon
 They reached the navy and the tents, in which the quarter lay
 Of all the Myrmidons, and found the chief Chief in their sway
 Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor was Achilles glad
 To see their presence; nor themselves in any glory had
 Their message; but with reverence stood, and feared the offended king,

Asked not the dame, nor spake a word. He yet, well knowing the thing
 That caused their coming, graced them thus: "Heralds, ye men that bear
 The messages of men and gods, ye are welcome, come ye near.
 I nothing blame you, but your king 'tis he, I know, doth send
 You for Briseis; she is his. Patroclus, honoured 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,
 Of what I suffer, that, if war ever hereafter bring
 My aid in question, to avert any severest bane
 It brings on others, I am 'scused to keep mine 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 checked
 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 the 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 the 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, Olympius 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 uttered, and she heard,
 Set with her old sire in his deeps, and instantly appeared
 Up from the grey sea like a cloud, sate 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 marched to Thebes, the sacred town of King Eëtion,
 Sacked it, and brought to fleet the spoil, which every valiant son
 Of Greece indifferently shared. Atrides had for share
 Fair-cheeked Chryseis. After which, his priest, that shoots so far,
 Chryses, the fair Chryseis' sire, arrived at th' Achive fleet,

With infinite ransom, to redeem the dear imprisoned feet
 Of his fair daughter. In his hands he held Apollo's crown,
 And golden sceptre; making suit to every Grecian son,
 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 priest and gifts gracing, and holding worth
 His wished acceptance. Atreus' son yet (vexed) commanded forth
 With rude terms Phœbus' reverend priest; who, angry, made retreat,
 And prayed 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 asked 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 angered God, which Atreus' son did at the heart displease;
 And up he stood, used threats, performed. 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 grieved 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 cam'st with rescue, bringing up him with the hundred hands
 To great Olympus, whom the Gods call Briareus, men
 Ægæon, who his sire surpassed, and was as strong again,
 And in that grace sat glad by Jove. Th' immortals stood dismayed
 At his ascension, and gave free passage to his aid.
 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 poured 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 to have given thee any life. But what thou wishest now,
 If Jove will grant, I'll up and ask; Olympus crowned with snow
 I'll climb; but sit thou fast at fleet, renounce all war, and feed
 Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreak; till which come, thou shalt need
 A little patience. Jupiter went yesterday to feast
 Amongst the blameless Æthiops, in th' ocean's deepened 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 struck sail, then rolled them up, and on the hatches threw;
 The top-mast to the kelsine then with halyards down they drew;
 Then brought the ship to port with oars; then forked anchor cast;
 And, against the violence of storm, 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 the altar stand,
 For honour, led, and, speaking thus, resigned her to his hand:
 "Chryses, 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 sacrifice, and seek
 Our much-sigh-mixed woe his recure, invoked by every Greek."

Thus he resigned her, and her sire received her highly joyed.
 About the well-built altar, then, they orderly employed
 The sacred offering, washed their hands, took salt cakes; and the priest,
 With hands held up to heaven, thus prayed: "O thou that all things seest,
 Fautour of Chrysa, whose fair hand doth guardfully dispose
 Celestial Cilla, governing in all power Tenedos,
 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 renewed, and quite remove th' infection from their blood."

He prayed; and to his prayers again the God propitious stood.
 All, after prayer, cast on salt cakes, drew back, killed, flayed the beeves,
 Cut out and dubbed with fat their thighs, fair dressed with doubled leaves,
 And on them all the sweetbreads pricked. The priest, with small sere wood,

Did sacrifice, poured on red wine ; by whom the young men stood,
And turned, in five ranks, spits. On which (the legs enough) they eat
The inwards ; then in gigots 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 quenched, the youths crowned cups of wine,
Drunk off, and filled again to all. That day was held divine,
And spent in pæans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear ;
When whose bright chariot stooped 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-fingered 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 roar ;
Which, coming to the camp, they drew aloft the sandy shore ;
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 honoured, never trod the fierce embattled 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 remembered well to move
Achilles' motion, rose from sea, and, by the morn's first light
The great heaven and Olympus climbed ; where, in supremest height
Of all that many-headed hill, she saw the far-seen son
Of Saturn, set from all the rest, in his free seat alone.
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
Aidful to thee in word or work, with this implored good
Requite my aid, renown my son, since in so short a race
(Past others) thou confin'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 Trojan's 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 wronged honour." Jove at this sate silent ; not a word
 In long space passed 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 dost ; 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 asked, being achieved,
 Swelled, sighed, and answered : " 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 displeasing 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 ;
 Irrevocable ; never fails ; never without the rates
 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
 The ambrosian curls flowed ; great heaven shook ; and both were severed ;
 Their counsels broken. To the depths 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 delayed 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 determin'st I must ever be denied
 The knowledge of it by thy will." To her speech thus replied
 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 returned : "Austere king of the skies,
 What hast thou uttered ? 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, embracing thine. I doubt
 The late act of thy bowed head was for the working out
 Of some boon she asked ; 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,
 Which yet thou never canst prevent. Thy curiosity
 Makes thee less cared for at my hands, and horrible the end
 Shall make thy humour. If it be what thy suspects intend,
 What then ? 'Tis my free will it should ; to which let way be given
 With silence. Curb your tongue in time, lest all the Gods in heaven
 Too few be and too weak to help thy punished insolence,
 When my inaccessible hands shall fall on thee." The sense
 Of this high threatening made her fear, and silent she sate down,
 Humbling her great heart. All the Gods in court of Jove did frown
 At this offence given ; amongst whom heaven's famous artizan,
 Ephestus, in his mother's care this comely speech began :

"Believe it, these words will breed wounds beyond our powers to bear.
 If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a tumult here
 That spoils our banquet. Evermore worst matters put down best,
 But, mother, thou yourself be wise, yet let your son request
 His wisdom audience. Give good terms to our loved father Jove,
 For fear he take offence again, and our kind banquet prove
 A wrathful battle. If he will, the heavenly Light'ner can
 Take you and toss you from your throne, his power Olympian
 Is so surpassing. Soften then with gentle speech his spleen,
 And drink to him ; I know his heart will quickly down again."

This said, arising from his throne, in his loved mother's hand
 He put the double-handed cup, and said : "Come, do not stand
 On these cross humours, suffer, bear, though your great bosom grieve,
 And lest blows force you, all my aid not able to relieve
 Your hard condition, though these eyes behold it, and this heart

Sorrow to think it. 'Tis a task too dangerous to take part
Against Olympius. I myself the proof of this still feel.
When other Gods would fain have helped, he took me by the heel,
And hurled me out of heaven. All day I was in falling down ;
At length in Lemnos I struck earth. The likewise-falling sun
And I, together, set ; my life almost set too ; yet there
The Sintii cheered 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 Ephestus filled
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
Addressed 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.





BOOK II.

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.*



HE 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 harmful 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,
Deliver truly all this charge. Command him to convent
His whole host armed before these towers ; for now Troy's broad-wayed 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 reached, and Atrides' tent, in which he found him laid,
Divine sleep poured 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-wayed town of Troy
 Shall now take in; no more the Gods dissentiously employ
 Their high-housed powers; Juno's suit hath won them all to her;
 And ill fates overhang these towers, addressed by Jupiter.
 Fix in thy mind this, nor forget to give it action when
 Sweet sleep shall leave thee." Thus, he fled; and left the king of men
 Repeating in discourse his dream, and dreaming still, awake,
 Of power, not ready yet for act. O fool, he thought to take
 In that next day old Priam's town; not knowing what affairs
 Jove had in purpose, who prepared, by strong fight, sighs and cares
 For Greeks and Trojans: The dream gone, his voice still murmured
 About the king's ears; who sate up, put on him in his bed
 His silken inner weed, fair, new; and then in haste arose,
 Cast on his ample mantle, tied to his soft feet fair shoes,
 His silver-hilted sword he hung about his shoulders, took
 His father's sceptre never stained, which then abroad he shook,
 And went to fleet. And now great heaven Goddess Aurora scaled,
 To Jove, and all Gods, bringing light; when Agamemnon called
 His heralds, charging them aloud to call to instant court
 The thick-haired Greeks. The heralds called; the Greeks made quick resort.
 The Council chiefly he composed of old great-minded men,
 At Nestor's ships, the Pylion king. All there assembled then,
 Thus Atreus' son began the court: "Hear, friends: A dream divine,
 Amidst the calm night in my sleep, did 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 fashioned 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-wayed town of Troy
 Shall now take in; no more the Gods dissentiously employ
 Their high-housed powers; Saturnia's suit hath won them all to her;
 And ill fates overhang these towers, addressed by Jupiter.
 Fix in thy mind this.' This expressed, 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 sailed ships our flight;
 Which if they yield to, oppose you." He sate, 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 obeyed
 The people's Rector. Being abroad, the earth was overlaid
 With flockers to them, that came forth, as when of frequent bees
 Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees
 Of their egression endlessly, with ever rising new
 From forth their sweet nest; as their store, still as it faded, grew,
 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
 Trooped to these princes, and the court, along the 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 instantly was set
 The huge confusion; every man set fast, the clamour ceased.
 Then stood divine Atrides up, and in his hand compressed
 His sceptre, the elaborate work of fiery Mulciber,
 Who gave it to Saturnian Jove; Jove to his messenger;
 His messenger, Argicides, to Pelops, skilled 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 rendered 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, matched 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 armed inhabitants, and we in tens should all sit down
At our truce banquet, every ten allowed one of the town
To fill his feast-cup; many tens would their attendant want;
So much I must affirm our power exceeds the inhabitant.
But their auxiliary bands, those brandishers of spears,
From many cities drawn, are they that are our hinderers,
Not suffering well-raised Troy to fall. Nine years are ended now,
Since Jove our conquest vowed; 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 wreaked 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-wayed Troy." This said, the multitude
Was all for home; and all men else that what this would conclude
Had not discovered. All the crowd was shoved about the shore,
In sway, like rude and raging waves, roused with the fervent blare
Of th' east and south winds, when they break from Jove's clouds, and are borne
On rough backs of the 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 swayed
The violent multitude. To fleet with shouts, and disarrayed,
All rushed; and with a fog of dust their rude feet dimmed the day;
Each cried to other, "Cleanse our ships, come, launch, aboard, away."
The clamour of the runners home reached 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, thus Priam graced, thus Troy,
In whose fields, far from their loved own, for Helen's sake, the joy
And life of so much Grecian birth is vanished? Take thy way

T' our brass-armed people, speak them fair, let not a man obey
 The charge now given, nor launch one ship." She said, and Pallas did
 As she commanded; from the tops of heaven's steep hill she slid,
 And straight the Greeks' swift ships she reached; Ulysses (like to Jove
 In gifts of counsel) she found out, who to that base remove
 Stirred not a foot, nor touched a ship, but grieved at heart to see
 That fault in others. To him close the Blue-eyed Deity
 Made way, and said: "Thou wisest Greek, divine Laertes' son,
 Thus fly ye homewards to your ships? Shall all thus headlong run?
 Glory to Priam thus ye leave, glory to all his friends,
 If thus ye leave her here, for whom so many violent ends
 Have closed your Greek eyes, and so far from their so loved home.
 Go to these people, use no stay, with fair terms overcome
 Their foul endeavour, not a man a flying sail let choice."

Thus spake she; and Ulysses knew 'twas Pallas by her voice,
 Ran to the runners, cast from him his mantle, which his man
 And herald, grave Eurybates, the Ithacensian,
 That followed him, took up. Himself to Agamemnon went,
 His incorrupted sceptre took, his sceptre of descent,
 And with it went about the fleet. What prince, or man of name,
 He found flight-giv'n, he would restrain with words of gentlest blame:
 "Good sir, it fits not you to fly, or fare as one afraid,
 You should not only stay yourself, but see the people stayed.
 You know not clearly, though you heard the king's words, yet his mind;
 He only tries men's spirits now, and, whom his trials find
 Apt to this course, he will chastise. Nor you, nor I, heard all
 He spake in council; nor durst press too 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 cudgelled 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 counsel or in war.
 We must not all be kings. The rule is most irregular
 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 restrained
 The host from flight; and then again the Council was maintained
 With such a concourse that the shore rung with the tumult made;

As when the far-resounding sea doth in its rage invade
 His sandy confines, whose sides groan with his involved wave,
 And make his own breast echo sighs. All sate, and audience gave.
 Thersites only would speak all. A most disordered store
 Of words he foolishly poured 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-backed that he had no breast ; sharp-headed, where did shoot
 (Here and there spersed) 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, besides 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
 A prince of ill, and govern us, or lead our progeny
 By rape to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,
 And ills eternal ! Greekish girls, not Greeks, ye are ! Come, flee
 Home with our ships ; leave this man here to perish with his preys,
 And try if we helped him or not. He wronged 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 exceeding grave and grim,
 This bitter check gave : “ Cease, vain fool, 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, came 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 this motion for our home,
 To soothe thy cowardice ; since ourselves yet know not what will come
 Of these designments, if it be our good to stay, or go.
 Nor is it that thou stand'st on ; thou revil'st our General so,
 Only because he hath so much, not given by such as thou
 But our heroes. Therefore this thy rude 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 called 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 ; struck 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, feared, smarted, dried
 His blubbered cheeks ; and all the prease, though grieved to be denied
 Their wish'd retreat for home, yet laughed delightfully, and spake
 Either to other : " O ye Gods, how infinitely take
 Ulysses' virtues in our good ! Author of counsels, great
 In 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,
 Exempt from such base tongues as his." Thus spake the people ; then
 The 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 honoured 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
 To that base refuge. 'Tis a spite to see men melted so
 In womanish changes ; though 'tis true, that if a man do go
 Only a month to sea, and leave his wife far off, and he,
 Tortured with winter's storms, and tossed with a tumultuous sea,
 Grows heavy, and would home. Us then, to whom the thrice three year
 Hath filled 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
 The time set to our object ; try if Calchas prophesied
 True of the time or not. We know, ye all can witness well,
 (Whom these late death-conferring fates have failed to send to hell)
 That when in Aulis, all our fleet assembled with a freight
 Of ills to Ilion and her friends, beneath the fair grown height
 A platane bore, about a fount, whence crystal water flowed,
 And near our holy altar, we upon the Gods bestowed
 Accomplished hecatombs ; and there appeared a huge portent,
 A dragon with a bloody scale, horrid to sight, and sent
 To light by great Olympius ; which, crawling from beneath
 The altar, to the platane climbed, and ruthless crashed to death
 A sparrow's young, in number eight, that in a top-bough lay
 Hid under leaves, the dam the ninth, that hovered every way,
 Mourning her loved birth, till at length the serpent, watching her,
 Her wing caught, and devoured her too. This dragon Jupiter,
 That brought him forth, turned to a stone, and made a powerful mean
 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-struck, fair-haired Greeks ? Wise Jove is he hath shown
 This strange ostent to us. 'Twas late, and passing lately done,
 But that grace it foregoes to us, for suffering all the state
 Of his appearance (being so slow) nor time shall end, nor fate.
 As these eight sparrows, and the dam (that made the ninth) were eat
 By this stern serpent ; so nine years we are t' endure the heat
 Of ravenous war, and, in the tenth, take in this broad-wayed town.'
 Thus he interpreted this sign ; and all things have their crown
 As he 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 honoured with." This said,
 The Greeks gave an unmeasured shout ; which back the ships repaid
 With terrible echoes, in applause of that persuasion
 Divine Ulysses used ; which yet held no comparison
 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 vanished 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' sou ! 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 bowed 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 dishonoured 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 arrayed
 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 vent'rous spirits of Greece, was cause to thy defeat."

To this the king of men replied : " O father ! all the sons
 Of Greece thou conquerest in the strife of consultations.
 I would to Jove, Athenia, and Phœbus, I could make,
 Of all, but ten such counsellors ; then instantly would shake
 King Priam's city, by our hands laid hold on and laid waste.
 But Jove hath ordered 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 sharpened 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 steeped 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 fixed 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, perfumed their tents, and eat ;
 Each off'ring to th' immortal Gods, and praying to 'scape th' heat
 Of war and death. The king of men an ox of five years' spring
 Th' almighty Jove slew, called the peers ; first Nestor ; then the king
 Idomenæus ; after them the Ajaces ; and the son
 Of Tydeus ; Ithacus the sixth, in counsel paragon
 To Jove himself. All these he bade ; but at a martial-cry
 Good Menelaus, since he saw his brother busily
 Employed 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 prayed 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 prayed ; 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 killed, and from him drew
 His hide, then cut him up, his thighs, in two hewn, dubbed with fat
 Pricked on the sweetbreads, and with wood, leaveless, and kindled at
 Apposed fire, they burn the thighs ; which done, the inwards, slit,
 They broiled on coals and eat ; the rest, in giggots cut, they spit,
 Roast cunningly, draw, sit, and feast. Nought lacked to leave allayed
 Each temperate appetite ; which served, Nestor began and said :

"Atrides, most graced king of men, now no more words allow,
 No more defer the deed Jove vows. Let heralds summon now
 The brazen-coated Græeks, 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 curled-head Greeks ; they called ; the Greeks straight answered their alarms.
 The Jove-kept kings about the king all gathered, with their aid
 Ranged all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-eyed Maid
 Great Ægis (Jove's bright shield) sustained, that can be never old,
 Never corrupted, fringed about with serpents forged of gold,
 As many as sufficed to make an hundred fringes, worth
 An hundred oxen, every snake all sprawling, all set forth
 With wondrous spirit. Through the host with this the Goddess ran,
 In fury casting round her eyes, and furnished 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 reached heaven ; and as about the flood
 Caïster, in an Asian mead, flocks of the airy brood,
 Cranes, geese, or long-necked swans, here, there, proud of their pinions fly,
 And in their falls lay out such throats, that with their spiritfui cry
 The meadow shrieks again ; so here, these many-nationed men
 Flowed 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
 Throng then to sheep-cotes, when each swarm his erring wing applies
 To milk dewed on the milk-maid's pails ; all eagerly disposed
 To give to ruin th' Ilians. And as in rude heaps closed,
 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 overheighten clear
 That heaven-bright army, and preferred to all th' heroës 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, hardened 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 inenarrable 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, Scole, the hilly Eteon, and holy Thespia,
 Of Græa, and great Mycalesse, that hath the ample plain,
 Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did remain
 In Eryth, and in Eleon, in Hysten, Peteona,
 In fair Ocalea, and, the town well-built, Medeona,
 Copas, Eutresis, Thisbe, that for pigeons doth surpass,
 Of Coroneia, Haliart, that hath such store of grass,
 All those that in Platea dwelt, that Glissa did possess,
 And Hypothebs, whose well-built walls are rare and fellowless,
 In rich Onchestus' famous wood, to watery Neptune vowed,
 And Arne, where the vine-trees are with vigorous bunches bowed,
 With them that dwelt in Midea, 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's 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 compressed. In safe conduct of these,
 Did thirty hollow-bottomed barks divide the wavy seas.

Brave Schedius and Epistrophus, the Phocian captains were,
 (Naubolida-Iphitus' sons) all proof 'gainst any fear ;
 With them the Cyparissians went, and bold Pythonians,
 Men of religious Chrysa's soil, and fat Daulidians,
 Panopæans, Anemores, and fierce Hyampolists ;
 And those that dwell where Cephisus 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' entoid Phocensian fleet had these their sail assigned ;
 And near to the sinister wing the armed 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 Caliarus, of Bessa, Opoën,
 The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias, lovely men,
 Of Tarpis, and of Thronius, near flood Boagrius' fall ;
 Twice twenty martial barks of these, less Ajax sailed withal.

Who near Eubœa's blessed soil their habitations had,
 Strength-breathing Abants, who their seats in sweet Eubœa made,
 The Histizæans 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's 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 builded 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 Talæonides ; 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 for beauteous site excelled,
 Aræthyrea's lovely seat, and in Orntia's plain,
 And Sicyona, where at first did king Adrastus reign,
 High-seated Gonoëssa's towers, and Hyperisius,
 That dwelt in fruitful Pellenen, and in divine Ægeus,
 With all the sea-side borderers, and wide Helice's friends,
 To Agamemnon every town her native birth commends,
 In double-fifty sable barks. With him a world of men
 Most strong and full of valour went, and he in triumph then
 Put on his most resplendent arms, since he did overshine
 The whole heroic host of Greece, in power of that design.

Who did in Lacedæmon's rule th' unmeasured concave hold,
 High Pharis, Sparta, Messe's towers for doves so much extolled,
 Bryseia's and Augia's grounds, strong Laa, Oetylon,
 Amyclas, Helos' harbour-town that Neptune beats upon,
 All these did Menelaus lead (his brother, that in cries
 Of war was famous). Sixty ships conveyed these enemies
 To Troy in chief, because their king was chiefly injured there,
 In Helen's rape, and did his best to make them buy it dear.

Who dwelt in Pylos' sandy soil, and Arene the fair,
 In Thyron, near Alphæus' flood, and Aepy full of air,
 In Cyparisseus, Amphigen, and little Pteleon,
 The town where all the Iliots dwelt, and famous Doreon,
 Where all the Muses, opposite, in strife of poesy,
 To ancient Thamyris of Thrace, did use him cruelly,
 (He coming from Urytus' court, the wise Œchalian king.)
 Because he proudly durst affirm he could more sweetly sing
 Than that Pierian race of Jove ; who, angry with his vaunt,
 Bereft his eyesight, and his song, that did the ear enchant,
 And of his skill to touch his harp disfurnished his hand.
 All these in ninety hollow keels grave Nestor did command.

The richly blest inhabitants of the Arcadian land
 Below Cyllene's mount (that by Epytus' tomb did stand)
 Where dwelt the bold near-fighting men, who did in Phæneus live,
 And Orchomen, where flocks of sheep the shepherds clust'ring drive,
 In Ripé, and in Stratié, the fair Mantinian town,
 And strong Enispe, that for height is ever weather-blown,

Tegea, and in Stymphalus, Parrhasia strongly walled,
 All these Alcæus' son to field (king Agapenor) called ;
 In sixty barks he brought them on, and every bark well manned
 With fierce Arcadians, skilled 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, Alisius, and Myrsin did contain,
 Were led to war by twice two dukes (and each ten ships did bring,
 Which many venturous Epians did serve for burthening.)
 Beneath Amphimachus's charge, and valiant Thalpius,
 (Son of Eurytus-Actor one, the other, Cteatus),
 Diores Amaryncides the other did employ,
 The fourth divine Polixenus (Agasthenes's joy).

The king of fair Angeiades, who from Dulichius came,
 And from Echinaus' 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 addressed.

The warlike men of Cephale, and those of Ithaca,
 Woody Neritus, and the men of wet Crocylia,
 Sharp Ægilipa, Samos' isle, Zacynthus, sea enclosed,
 Epirus, and the men that hold the continent 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 th' 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 Æneus' 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, the 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 Gnossus, and the town Gortyna walled about,
 Of Lictus, and Miletus' towers, of white Lycastus' state,
 Of Phæstus, and of Rhytias, 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 manned,
 Who dwelt in three dissevered parts of that most pleasant land,
 Which Lyndus, and Jalissus were, and bright Camirus, called.
 Tlepolemus commanded these, in battle unappalled,
 Whom fair Astyoche brought forth, by force of Hercules,
 Let out of Ephyr with his hand, from river Selleés,
 When many towns of princely youths he levelled with the ground.
 Tlepolem, in his father's house (for building much renowned)
 Brought up to headstrong state of youth, his mother's brother slew,
 The flower of arms, Licymnius, that somewhat aged grew ;
 Then straight he gathered 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 fortitude.
 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 Ilion came
 Of all the Greeks, save Peleus' son, who passed for general frame.
 But weak this was, not fit for war, and therefore few did guide.

Who did in Cassus, Nisyryus, and Crapathus abide,
 In Co, Eurypylyus's town, and in Calydna's soils,
 Phidippus and bold Antiphus did guide to Trojan toils
 (The sons of crowned Thessalus, derived from Hercules),
 Who went with thirty hollow ships well-ordered to the seas.

Now will I sing the sackful troops Pelasgian Argos held,
 That in deep Alus, Alopé, and soft Trechina dwelled,
 In Phthia, and in Hellade where live the lovely dames,
 The Myrmidons, Hellenians, and Achives, robbed of fames ;
 All which the great Æacides in fifty ships did lead.
 For these forgat war's horrid voice, because they lacked 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-cheeked Briseis' loss, who 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 flow'ry 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-finished 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 wished to have no other man
 But good Protesilay 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 swelling stream did take.

But those that did in Pheres dwell, at the Bœbeian lake,
 In Bœbe, and in Glaphyra, Iæolus 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 Methone's vales did hold,
 Thaumacie, flow'ry Melibœ, and Olison the cold,
 Duke Philoctetes governed, in darts of finest sleight ;
 Seven vessels in his charge conveyed their honourable freight,
 By fifty rowers in a bark, most expert in the bow ;
 But he in sacred Lemnos lay, brought miserably low
 By torment of an ulcer grown with Hydra's poisoned 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 Tricce, 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 dwelt, 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-sailed ships to that encounter yield.

Who Gyrtón and Argissa held, Orthen, and Elon's seat,
 And chalky Oloöessone, were led by Polypöete,
 The issue of Pirithous, the son of Jupiter.
 Him the Athenian Theseus' friend Hippodamy did bear,
 When he the bristled savages did give Ramnusia ;
 And drove them out of Pelius, as far as Æthica.
 He came not single, but with him Leonteus, Coron's son,
 An arm of Mars, and Coron's life Ceneus' seed begun.
 Twice twenty ships attended these. Guneus next did bring
 From Cyphus twenty sail and two ; the Enians following ;
 And fierce Peræbi, that about Dodone's frozen mould
 Did plant their houses ; and the men that did the meadows hold
 Which Titaresius decks with flowers, and his sweet current leads
 Into the bright Peneüs, 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 the immortal Gods do swear. Teuthredon's honoured birth,
 Prothous, led the Magnets forth, who near the shady earth
 Of Pelius and Peneion dwelt ; forty revengeful sail
 Did follow him. These were the dukes and princes of avail
 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-bowed Apollo bred in the Pierian mead,
 Both slick and dainty, yet were both in war of wondrous dread.
 Great Ajax Telamon for strength passed all the peers of war,
 While vexed Achilles was away ; but he surpassed him far.
 The horse that bore that faultless man were likewise past compare ;
 Yet lay he at the crooked-sterned 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 covered were.
 His princes, amorous of their chief, walked storming here and there
 About the host, and scorned to fight ; their breaths as they did pass
 Before them flew as if a fire fed on the trembling grass ;

Who in Zelia dwelt beneath the sacred foot of Ide,
 That drank 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 Tereiës,
 Adrestus and stout Amphius led; who did their sire displease
 (Merops Percosius, that excelled all Troy in heavenly skill
 Of futures-searching prophecy), for, much against his will,
 His sons were agents in those arms; whom since they disobeyed
 The fates, in letting slip their threads, their hasty valours stayed.

Who in Percotes, Practius, Arisba, did abide,
 Who Sestus and Abydus bred, Hyrtacides did guide;
 Prince Asius Hyrtacides that, through great Selees' force,
 Brought from Arisba to that fight the great and fiery horse.

Pylæus and Hippothous, the stout Pelasgians led,
 Of them Larissa's fruitful soil before had nourished;
 These were Pelasgian Pithus' sons, son of Teutamidas.

The Thracian guides were Pirus, and valiant Acamas,
 Of all that the impetuous flood of Hellespont enclosed.

Euphemus, the Ciconian troops, in his command disposed,
 Who from Trœzenius-Ceades right nobly did descend.

Pyræchmes did the Pæons rule, that crooked bows do bend;
 From Axius, out of Amydon, he had them in command,
 From Axius, whose most beauteous stream still overflows the land.

Pylæmen, with the well-armed heart, the Paphlagonians led,
 From Enes, where the race of mules fit for the plough is bred.
 The men that broad Cytorus bounds, and Sesamus enfold,
 About Parthenius' lofty flood in houses much extolled,
 From Cromna and Ægialus, the men that arms did bear,
 And Erythinus situate high, Pylæmen's soldiers were.

Epistrophus and Dius did the Halizonians guide,
 Far-fetched from Alybe, where first the silver mines were tried.

Chromis, and augur Eunomus, the Mysians did command,
 Who could not with his auguries the strength of death withstand,
 But suffered it beneath the stroke of great Æacides,
 In Xanthus; where he made more souls dive to the Stygian seas.

Phorcys and fair Ascanius, the Phrygians brought to war,
 Well trained for battle, and were come out of Ascania far.

With Methles and with Antiphus (Pylæmen's sons) did fight
 The men of Meïon, whom the fen Gygæa brought to light,

And those Meïonians that beneath the mountain Tmolus sprung.

The rude unlettered Caribæ, that barbarous were of tongue,
Did under Nastes' colours march, and young Amphimachus
(Nomion's famous sons), to whom the mountain Phthirorus
That with the famous wood is crowned, Miletus, Mycales
That hath so many lofty marks for men that love the seas,
The crooked arms Mæander bowed with his so snaky flood,
Resigned for conduct the choice youth of all their martial brood.
The fool Amphimachus, to field, brought gold to be his wreck,
Proud-girl-like that doth ever bear her dower upon her back,
Which wise Achilles marked, 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 unproved,
From Lycia, and the gulfy flood of Xanthus far removed.



BOOK III.

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 still for him 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.*



HEN every least commander's will best soldiers had obeyed,
And both the hosts were ranged for fight, the Trojans would
have frayed
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 unsuffered storms shot from the winter's star)
Visit the ocean, and confer the Pygmei soldier's death.
The Greeks charged silent, and, like men, bestowed 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 top, the south wind pours a cloud,
To shepherds thankless, but by thieves, that loved the night, allowed,
A darkness letting down, that blinds a stone's cast off men's eyes :



H. MOTTE INV.

Such darkness from the Greeks' swift feet (made all of dust) did rise.
But, ere stern conflict mixed both strengths, fair Paris stept before
The Trojan host ; athwart his back a panther's hide he wore,
A crooked bow, and sword, and shook two brazen-headed darts,
With which well armed, his tongue provoked the best of Grecian hearts
To stand with him in single fight. Whom when the man, wronged most
Of all the Greeks, so gloriously saw stalk before the host ;
As when a lion is rejoiced, with hunger 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 king exulted, when he viewed
The fair-faced Paris so exposed to his so thirsted wreak,
Whereof his good cause made him sure. The Grecian front did break,
And forth he rushed, at all parts armed, leapt from his chariot,
And royally prepared for charge. Which seen, cold terror shot
The heart of Paris, who retired as headlong from the king
As in him he had shunned his death ; and as a hilly spring
Presents a serpent to a man, full underneath his feet ;
Her blue neck swoln with poison, raised, and her sting out, to greet
His heedless entry, suddenly his walk he altereth,
Starts back amazed, is shook with fear, and looks as pale as death ;
So Menelaus Paris scared ; so that divine-faced foe
Shrunk in his beauties. Which beheld by Hector, he let go
This bitter check at him : " Accursed, made but in beauty's scorn,
Imposter, woman's man ! O heaven, that thou hadst ne'er been born,
Or, being so manless, never lived to bear man's noblest state,
The nuptial honour ! Which I wish, because it were a fate
Much better for thee than this shame. This spectacle doth make
A man a monster. Hark ! how loud the Greeks laugh, who did take
Thy fair form for a continent of parts as fair. A rape
Thou mad'st 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'st a worthier man, to wrong a soldier's right.

Your harp's sweet touch, curled 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
 We should inflict on thee ourselves. Infectious cowardice
 In thee hath terrified our host ; for which thou well deservest
 A coat of tombstone, not of steel in which for form thou serv'st."

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 pardoned, 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 gifts of peace.
 Reproach not therefore the kind gifts of golden Cyprides.
 All heaven's gifts have their worthy price ; as little to be scorned
 As to be won with strength, wealth, state ; with which, to be adorned,
 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, and Greeks retire their force
 T'Achaia, that breeds fairest dames, and Argos, fairest horse."

He said, and his amendsful words did Hector highly please,
 Who rushed 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-helmed 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 stirred 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,
 Or is in all the art of arms superior any way,
 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 wondered 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 sustained for me,
 And Alexander, that was cause I stretched 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 practised bane
 To faith, when she believes in them, Jove's high truce may profane.
 All young men's hearts are still unstaïd; but in those well-weighed 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 Greek and Trojans fed,
 Of longed-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 slackt the royal charge was given.

Iris, the rainbow, then came down, ambassadress from heaven,
 To white-armed Helen. 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, royal sprout of old Antenor's seed.
 She found Queen Helena at home, at work about a weed,
 Woven for herself; it shined like fire, was rich and full of size,

The work of both sides being alike ; in which she did comprise
 The many labours warlike Troy and brass-armed Greece endured
 For her fair sake, by cruel Mars and his stern friends procured.
 Iris came in in joyful haste and said : " O come with me,
 Loved nymph, and an admired sight of Greeks and Trojans see,
 Who first on one another brought a war so full of tears,
 Even thirsty of contentious war. Now every man forbears,
 And friendly by each other sits, each leaning on his shield,
 Their long and shining lances pitched fast by them in the field.
 Paris, and Sparta's king, alone must take up all the strife ;
 And he that conquers only call fair Helena his wife."

Thus spake the thousand-coloured dame, and to her mind commends
 The joy to see her first espoused, her native towers, and friends ;
 Which stirred a sweet desire in her, to serve the which she hied,
 Shadowed her graces with white veils, and (though she took a pride
 To set her thoughts at gaze, and see, in her clear beauty's flood,
 What choice of glory swum to her yet tender womanhood)
 Seasoned with tears her joys to see more joys the more offence,
 And that perfection could not flow from earthly excellence.

Thus went she forth, and took with her her women most of name,
 Æthra, Pitthëus' lovely birth, and Clymene, whom fame
 Hath for her fair eyes memorised. They reached the Scæan towers,
 Where Priam sat, to see the fight, with all his counsellors ;
 Panthous, Lampus, Clytius, and stout Hicetaon,
 Thymætēs, wise Antenor, and profound Ucalegon :
 All grave old men ; and soldiers they had been, but for age
 Now left the wars ; yet counsellors they were exceeding sage.
 And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grasshoppers
 Sit chirping, and send voices out that scarce can pierce our ears
 For softness, and their weak faint sounds ; so, talking on the tower,
 These seniors of the people sat ; who when they saw the power
 Of beauty, in the queen, ascend, even those cold-spirited peers,
 Those wise and almost withered men, found this heat in their years
 That they were forced (though 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 enforced prise,
 And justly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,
 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 endured by us on thee,
 The Gods have sent them, and the tears in which they swum 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,al,
 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 feared, would some ill death had seized me, when I saw
 The first mean why I wronged 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 :
 That's Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the great in empery ;
 A king, whom double royalty doth crown, being great and good,
 And one that was my brother-in-law, when I contained 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 unto joyful destines, that hast the empire won
 Of such a world of Grecian youths as I discover here,
 I once marched into Phrygia, that many vines doth bear,
 Where many Phrygians I beheld, well skilled in use of horse,
 That of the two men, like two Gods, were the commanded force,
 Otræus, and great Mygdonus, who on Sangarius' sands
 Set down their tents, with whom myself, for my assistant bands,
 Was numbered 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 that 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, called 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 answered 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 learned 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
 Too much, being naturally born Laconical, nor would
 His humour lie for anything, or was, like th' other, old ;
 But when the prudent Ithacus did to his counsels rise,
 He stood a little still, and fixed upon the earth his eyes,
 His sceptre moving neither way, but held it formally,
 Like one that vainly doth affect. Of wrathful quality,
 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 marked, was Ajax Telamon,
 Of whom he asked : " 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-veiled 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 side 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, uncontrolled
 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,
 In fear of infamy for me in broad field shame to meet."

Not so ; for holy Tellus' womb inclosed those worthy men
 In Sparta, their beloved soil. The voiceful 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 brassed-armed 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-armed 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
 Most glorious, most invincible; and thou all-seeing Sun,
 All-hearing, all re-comforting; floods; earths; and powers beneath,
 That all the perjuries of men chastise even after death;
 Be witnesses, and see performed the hearty vows we make;
 If Alexander shall the life of Menelaus take,
 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,
 When Alexander shall be slain, for that perfidious deed,
 And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearly they repay,
 By death and ruin, the amends that falsehood 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 robbed them of their strength; then golden cups they crowned
 With wine out of a cistern drawn; which poured upon the ground,
 They fell upon their humble knees to all the deities,
 And thus prayed one of both the hosts, that might do sacrifice:

"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 stained face of the earth, as now this sacred juice;
 And let their wives with bastardice brand all their future race."
 Thus prayed they; but with wished 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 Ilion. 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, stepped 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,
 Prayed 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)
 Linked fast in leagues of amity that might dissolve no more.

Then Hector shook the helm that held the equal dooms of chance,
 Looked back and drew ; and Paris first had lot to hurl his lance.

The soldiers all sat down enranked, each by his arms and horse
 That then lay down and cooled their hoofs. And now the allotted course
 Bids fair-haired 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
 For his fair body ; next his sword he took, and fastened it,
 All damasked, underneath his arm ; his shield then grave and great
 His shoulders wore : and on his head his glorious helm he set,
 Topped with a plume of horse's hair, that horribly did dance,
 And seemed 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 endues.
 Thus armed 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 Atrides' 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,
 For doing wrong so undeserved, may pay deservedly
 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 entertained him as the man whom he affected most.”

This said, he shook and threw his lance ; which struck through Paris' shield,
 And, with the strength he gave to it, it made the curets yield,
 His coat of mail, his breast, and all, and drove 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 followed with his sword, drawn from a silver sheath,
 Which lifting high, he struck his helm full where his plume did stand,
 On which it piecemeal brake, and fell from his unhappy hand.
 At which he sighing stood, and stared upon the ample sky,
 And said: "O Jove, there is no God given more illiberally
 To those that serve thee than thyself, why have I prayed in vain?
 I hoped my hand should have revenged the wrongs I still sustain
 On him that did them, and still dares their foul defence pursue,
 And now my lance hath missed his end, my sword in shivers flew,
 And he 'scapes all." With this, again he rushed upon his guest,
 And caught him by the horse-hair plume that dangled on his crest,
 With thought to drag him to the Greeks, which he had surely done,
 And so, besides the victory, had wondrous glory won,
 Because the needle-painted lace, with which his helm was tied
 Beneath his chin, and so about his dainty throat implied,
 Had strangled him but that, in time, the Cyprian seed of Jove
 Did break the string with which was lined that which the needle wove,
 And was the tough thong of a steer, and so the victor's palm
 Was, for so full a man-at-arms, only an empty helm.
 That then he swung about his head, and cast among his friends,
 Who scrambled, and took 't up with shouts. Again then he intends
 To force the life-blood of his foe, and ran on him amain
 With shaken javelin; when the Queen, that lovers loves, again
 Attended, and now ravished him from that encounter quite,
 With ease, and wondrous suddenly, for she, a Goddess, might.
 She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never made him known
 Till in his chamber, fresh and sweet, she gently set him down,
 And went for Helen, whom she found in Scæa's utmost height,
 To which whole swarms of city dames had climbed to see the sight.

To give her errand good success, she took on her the shape
 Of beldame Græa, 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,
 Pulled 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 answered 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,
In Phrygia, or Mæonia, comest thou to be my guide,
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 here ; 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-pleased incontinence ; I better will deserve,
Than serve his dotage now. What shame were it for me to feed
This lust in him ; all honoured 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 struck the fair dame with such fear it took her speech away,
And, shadowed in her snowy veil, she durst not but obey ;
And yet, to shun the shame she feared, she vanished 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,
Where lovely Alexander was, being led by Venus still.
The laughter-loving dame discerned 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 looked 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 conquered, to be seen alive? O would to God, thy life
 Had perished 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 conquered man! 'Twas such a chance, as I would not advise.
 Thy valour should provoke again. Shun him, thou most unwise,
 Lest next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy body be his prise."

He answered: "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,
 As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our love sink beneath
 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 prise, on Cranaë's blest shore
 I longed for, and enjoyed thee first." With this he went before,
 She after, to th' odorous bed. While these to pleasure yield,
 Perplexed Atrides, savage-like, ran up and down the field,
 And every thickest troop of Troy, and of their far-called aid,
 Searched for his foe, who could not be by any eye betrayed;
 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 pow'rs you in their aids employ.
 The conquest on my brother's part ye all 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 honoured recompense, and, all that should accrue
 To our posterities, confirm; that when you render it,
 Our acts may here be memorised." This all Greeks else thought fit.



H. M.

R. E. G.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

*The Gods in council, at the last, decree
That famous Ilion shall expugned be ;
And that their own continued faults may prove
The reasons that have so incensed 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 dishonoured 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.*



WITHIN the fair-paved court of Jove he and the Gods conferred
About the sad events of Troy ; amongst whom ministered
Blessed Hebe nectar. As they sat, and did Troy's towers
behold,
They drank, and pledged each other round in full-crowned
cups of gold.

The mirth at whose feast was begun by great Saturnides
In urging a begun dislike amongst the Goddesses,
But chiefly in his solemn queen, whose spleen he was disposed
To tempt yet further, knowing well what anger it inclosed.
And how wives' anger should be used. On which, thus pleased, he played :
“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 pleased 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 martial 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, complotting ill to Troy,
 With silent murmurs they received this ill-liked choice from Jove ;
 'Gainst whom was Pallas much incensed, 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 curbed ; 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 industrious will
 Dishonour with so little power ? My chariot-horse are tired
 With posting to and fro for Greece, and bringing banes desired
 To people-must'ring Priamus, and his perfidious 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 vowed
 To pass thy partial course for Troy in all that makes it proud."

At this the cloud-compelling Jove a far-fetched 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 ruate
 So well a builded town as Troy ? I think, hadst thou the power,
 Thou wouldst the ports and far-stretched 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 naught 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 betwixt 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 honoured 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 off'rings slain,
 And their sweet savours; for which grace I honour them again."

Dread Juno, with the cow's fair eyes, replied: "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,
 For if I should be envious, and set against their ill,
 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 called 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 the honoured Greeks abuse."

The Father both of men and Gods agreed, and Pallas sent,
 With these winged 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 did before in haste abound,
 Who cast herself from all the heights with which steep heaven is crowned;
 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, and every mighty host,
 Of all presages and ill-haps a sign mistrusted most;
 So Pallas fell 'twixt both the camps, and suddenly was lost,
 When through the breast of all that saw she struck a strong amaze
 With viewing in her whole descent her bright and ominous blaze.
 When straight one to another turned, and said: "Now thundering Jove

(Great Arbiter of peace and arms) will either 'stablish love
Amongst our nations, or renew such war as never was."

Thus either army did presage, when Pallas made her pass
Amongst the multitude of Troy; who now put on the grace
Of brave Laodocus, the flow'r of old Antenor's race,
And sought for Lycian Pandarus, a man that, being bred
Out of a faithless family, she thought was fit to shed
The blood of any innocent, and break the covenant sworn;
He was Lycaon's son, whom Jove into a wolf did turn
For sacrificing of a child, and yet in arms renowned
As one that was inculpable. Him Pallas standing found,
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 whispered thus: "Lycaon's warlike son,
Shall I despair at thy kind hands to have a favour done?
Nor dar'st 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 struck 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,
And is in archers' art the best that ever sheaf hath worn,
To whom a hundred first-ewed 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 the 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 felled him from his cliff. The forehead of the goat
Held out a wondrous goodly palm that sixteen branches brought,
Of all which, joined, an useful bow a skilful bowyer wrought,
Which picked and polished, 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, feathered 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 offered 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
The oxy sinew close he drew, even till the pile did rest
Upon the bosom of the bow ; and as that savage prise
His strength constrained into an orb, as if the wind did rise
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 unmindful of thy wrong,
O Menelaus, but, in chief, Jove's seed, the Pillager,
Stood close before, and slacked the force the arrow did confer
With as much care and little hurt as doth a mother use,
And keep off from her babe, when sleep doth through his pow'rs diffuse
His golden humour, and th' assaults of rude and busy flies
She still checks with her careful hand ; for so the shaft she plies
That on the buttons made of gold which made his girdle fast,
And where his curets double were, the fall of it she placed.
And thus much proof she put it to: the buckle made of gold ;
The belt it fastened, bravely wrought ; his curets' double fold ;
And last, the charmed plate he wore which helped him more than all,
And, 'gainst all darts and shafts bestowed, was to his life a wall ;
So, through all these, the upper skin the head did only race ;
Yet forth the blood flowed, which did much his royal person grace ;
And showed upon his ivory skin, as doth a purple dye
Laid, by a dame of Caira, 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
That they are wished of many knights, but are such precious things,
That they are kept for horse that draw the chariots of kings,
Which horse, so decked, 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 ;
For nothing decks a soldier so, as doth an honoured wound.
Yet, fearing he had fared much worse, the hair stood up on end
On Agaremnon, when he saw so much black blood descend ;
And stiff'ned 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 called his spirits again ;
 Which Agamemnon marking not, but thinking he was slain,
 He gript his brother by the hand, and sighed 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 Ilium 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 off'rings slain ;
 For though Olympius be not quick in making good our ill,
 He will be sure as he is slow, and sharper 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 Ilium, Priam, all his pow'r, 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 infamy my face,
 And all the Greeks will call for home ; old Priam and his race
 Will flame in glory ; Helena untouched be still their prey,
 And thy bones in our enemies' earth our cursed fates shall lay ;
 Thy sepulchre be trodden down ; the pride of Troy desire
 Insulting on it, ' Thus, O thus, let Agamemnon's ire
 In all his acts be expiate, as now he carries home
 His idle army, empty ships, and leaves here overcome
 Good Menelaus.' When this brave breaks in their hated breath,
 Then let the broad earth swallow me, and take me quick to death.”

“ Nor shall this ever chance,” said he, “ and therefore be of cheer,
 Lest all the army, led by you, your passions put in fear.
 The arrow fell in no such place as death could enter at,
 My girdle, curets doubled here, and my most trusted plate,
 Objected all 'twixt me and death, the shaft scarce piercing one.”
 “ Good brother,” said the king, “ I wish it were no further gone,
 For then our best in medicines skilled shall ope and search the wound,
 Applying balms to ease thy pains, and soon restore thee sound.”
 This said, divine Talthibius he call'd, and bade him haste

Machaon, Æsculapius' son, who most of men was graced
 With physic's sovereign remedies, to come and lend his hand
 To Menelaus shot by one well-skilled in the command
 Of bow and arrows, one of Troy, or of the Lycian aid,
 Who much hath glorified our foe, and us as much dismayed.

He heard, and hasted instantly, and cast his eyes about
 The thickest squadrons of the Greeks, to find Machaon out.
 He found him standing guarded well with well-armed men of Thrace ;
 With whom he quickly joined, and said : " Man of Apollo's race,
 Haste, for the king of men commands to see a wound impressed
 In Menelaus, great in arms, by one instructed 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, curets, off he plucks,
 And views the wound ; when first from it the clotted blood he sucks,
 Then medicines, wondrously composed, the skilful leech applied,
 Which loving Chrion taught his sire, he from his sire had tried.

While these were thus employed to ease the Atrean martialist,
 The Trojans armed, and charged the Greeks ; the Greeks arm and resist.
 Then not sleep, 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-armed chariot, and his steeds with Ptolemeus' son,
 Son of Piraides, their guide, the good Eurymedon ;
 " 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 reined 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 abhorred advantages, but let them do their worst ;
 For they might be assured that Jove would patronise 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 embossed,
Stand still, and in their beastly breasts is all their courage lost ?
And so stand you struck 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 matched for strength a savage boar,
Meriones, his charioteer, the rearguard bringing on.
Which seen to Atreus' son, to him it was a sight alone,
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 answered he :

“ Atrides, what I ever seemed, the same at every part
This day shall show 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 worst 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
Armed, casqued, and ready for the fight. Behind them, hid the ground
A cloud of foot, that seemed to smoke. And as a goatherd 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, frighted, drives his herds apace into a den;
 So dark'ning earth with darts and shields showed 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 beheld,
 The subtle Pylian orator, range up and down the field,
 Embattelling his men at arms, and stirring all to blows,
 Points every legion out his chief, and every chief he shows
 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; his foot (of which he choosed
 Many, the best and ablest men, and which he ever used
 As rampire to his general power) he in the rear disposed.
 The slothful, and the least in spirit, he in the midst inclosed
 That such as wanted noble wills base 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 far, 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; for 'tis much better so.
 And with this discipline," said he, "this form, these minds, this trust,
 Our ancestors have walls and towns laid level with the dust."

Thus prompt, and long inured to arms, this old man did exhort;
 And this Atrides likewise took in wondrous 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, hath made his prise on thee;

Yet still I wish that some young man, grown old in mind, might be
 Put in proportion with thy years, and thy mind, young in age,
 Be fitly answered with his youth; that still where conflicts rage,
 And young men used to thirst for fame, thy brave exampling hand
 Might double our young Grecian spirits, and grace our whole command."

The old knight answered: "I myself could wish, O Atreus' son,
 I were as young as when I slew brave Ereuthalion,
 But Gods at all times give not all their gifts to mortal men.
 If then I had the strength of youth, I missed the counsels then
 That years now give me; and now years want that main strength of youth;
 Yet still my mind retains her strength (as you now said the sooth)
 And would be where that strength is used, affording counsels sage
 To stir youths' 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 (Peteus' son) stand still, environed round
 With his well-trained Athenian troops; and next to him he spied
 The wise Ulysses, deedless too, and all his bands beside
 Of strong Cephalians; for as yet th' alarm had not been heard
 In all their quarters, Greece and Troy were then so newly stirred,
 And then first moved, as they conceived; and they so looked about
 To see both hosts give proof of that they yet had cause to doubt.

Atrides 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 Peteus, 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,
 When first, most friendly, and at will, ye eat and drink the best,
 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
 Look others should enforce our way, when we were busied then,
 Even when thou spakest, against the foe to cheer and lead our men?
 But thy eyes shall be witnesses, if it content thy will,
 And that (as thou pretend'st) these cares do so affect thee still,
 The father of Telemachus (whom I esteem so dear

And to whom, as a legacy; I'll leave my deeds done here)
 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, recalled 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 controlled)
 Nor take I on me thy command ; for well I know thy mind
 Knows how sweet gentle counsels are, and that thou staud'st inclined,
 As I myself, for all our good. On then ; if now we spake
 What hath displeased, 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 Sthenelus, the seed
 Of Capaneius ; whom the king seeing likewise 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 renowned 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 entertained,
 And of the kind Mycencian state what he requested gained,
 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, renowned 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,

And easily foiled all, since with him Minerva was so great.
 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 Lycophyontes, Keep-field called, the heir of Autophon,
 By all men honoured 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, revealed 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 bequeaths.
 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, 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 sevenfold-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
 Untouched; our fathers perishing there by follies of their own;
 And therefore never more compare our fathers' worth with ours."

Tydides frowned at this, and said: "Suppress thine anger's pow'rs,
 Good friend, and hear why I refrained. Thou seest I am not moved
 Against our general, since he did but what his place behoved,
 Admonishing all Greeks to fight; for, if Troy prove our prise,
 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 jumped down to the ground.
 The armour of the angry king so horribly did sound,
 It might have made his bravest foe let fear 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 every way her foam;

So after Diomed instantly the field was overcome
 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 their breasts they had one in their choice,
 Their silence uttering their awe of them that them controlled,
 Which made each man keep bright his arms, march, fight still where he should.
 The Trojans, like a sort of ewes penned in a rich man's fold,
 Close at his door, till all be milked, and never baaing hold
 Hearing the bleating of the lambs, did all their wide host fill
 With shouts and clamours, nor observed one voice, one baaing still,
 But showed mixed tongues from many a land of men called to their aid.
 Rude Mars had th' ordering of their spirits; of Greeks, the learned Maid.
 But Terror followed 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 stalked, and stirred 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 answered 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 mixed with the conquered's cries;
 Earth flowed 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 frightened shepherds' ears, the bustling noise rebounds:
 So grew their conflicts, and so showed their scuffling to the ear,
 With flight and clamour still commixed, and all effects of fear.

And first renowned Antilochus slew (fighting, in the face
 Of all Achaia's foremost bands, with an undaunted grace)
 Echepolus 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-raced tower; like which lying there dispread,
 King Elephenor (who was son to Chalcodon, and led
 The valiant Abants) covetous that he might first possess

His arms, laid hands upon his feet, and haled him from the press
 Of darts and javelins hurled at him. The action of the king
 When great-in-heart Agenor saw, he made his javelin sing
 To the others' 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 rushed, and man for man it goes.

The next of name, that served his fate, great Ajax Telamon
 Preferred so sadly. He was heir to old Anthemion,
 And decked with all the flower of youth, the fruit of which yet fled
 Before the honoured nuptial torch could light him to his bed.
 His name was Simoisius; for, some few years before,
 His mother walking down the hill of Ida, by the shore
 Of silver Simois, to see her parents' flocks, with them
 She, feeling suddenly the pains of childbirth, by the stream
 Of that bright river brought him forth; and so (of Simois)
 They called 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 honoured 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 struck 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 sowed 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
 From his innative root, in hope to hew out of his bole
 The fell'ffs, or out-parts of a wheel, that compass in the whole,
 To serve some goodly chariot, but being big and sad,
 And to be haled home through the bogs, the useful hope he had
 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 pow'rs, nor cheer his aged friends.

But now the gay-armed 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 vexed Ulysses' heart,
 Who thrust into the face of fight, well armed at every part,
 Came close, and looked 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 felled,
 His friends' 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 struck the dart, the wood of one side showed
 The pile out of the other looked, and so the earth he strewed
 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 spoiled ;
 Some followed, that, in open flight, Troy might confess it foiled ;
 Apollo, angry at the sight, from top of Ilion cried :
 " Turn head, ye well-rode peers of Troy, feed not the Grecian's pride,
 They are not charmed against your points, of steel, nor iron, framed ;
 Nor fights the fair-haired Thetis' son, but sits at fleet inflamed."

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
 Back on Dioces, in return of Ilion's sun-burned pow'r ;
 Dioces Amaryncides, whose right leg's ankle-bone,
 And both the sinews, with a sharp and handful-charging stone
 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 winged to fly out of his breast ;
 With which not satisfied, again Imbrasides addressed
 His javelin at him, and so ripped his navel, that the wound,
 As endlessly it shut his eyes, so, opened, on the ground
 It poured his entrails. As his foe went then sufficed away,
 Thoas Ætolius threw a dart that did his pile convey,
 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 flocked about,
 And thrust forth lances of such length before their slaughtered 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, drowned in dust, and round about the plain
All hid with slaughtered carcasses, yet still did hotly reign
The martial planet, whose effects had 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 many strewed the ground.





H. MOTTE INV.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

*King Diomed (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.*



WHEN 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 filled 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 washed in lofty ocean waves, he doth the skies enchase.

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) assailed 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 rushed he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall,
 But in his breast stuck 'twixt the paps and struck him from his horse.
 Which stern sight when Idæus saw, distrustful of his force
 To save his slaughtered 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 unheired, 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 godhead 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 a 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,
 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, at first he flight addressed ;
 It took his forward-turned back, and looked out of his breast ;
 His huge trunk sounded, and his arms did echo the resound.

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

Bred for him, and he much preserved, and all to show 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 authored 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, bowed his knees to death, and sacrificed to earth.

Phylides stayed 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 stepped,
 And in the fountain of his 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.

Eurypylus, the much renowned, and great Evemon's son,
 Divine Hypsenor slew, begot by stout Dolopion,
 And consecrate Scamander's priest ; he had a God's regard
 Amongst the people ; his hard flight the Grecian followed hard,
 Rushed 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 stayed,
 But drave down, and from off his wrist it hewed his holy hand
 That gushed out blood, and down it dropped upon the blushing sand ;
 Death, with his purple finger, shut, and violent fate, his eyes.

Thus fought these, but distinguished 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

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Lives any that exceeds thyself. Come, lift thy hands to Jove,
 And send an arrow at this man—if but a man he prove,
 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,
 Incensed for want of sacrifice; the wrath of God is great.”
 Lycaon’s famous son replied: “Great counsellor of Troy,
 This man, so excellent in arms, I think is Tydeus’ joy;
 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 bestowed,
 Or lets it take with little hurt; for I myself let fly
 A shaft that shot him through his arms, but had as good gone by,
 Yet which I gloriously affirmed 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 trimmed to have been gone,
 Curtained, and arrast 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 manger full; so I left them, and like a lackey slave
 Am come to Ilion, confident in nothing but my bow
 That nothing profits me. Two shafts I vainly did bestow
 At two great princes, but of both my 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 came to lead the Trojan bands. But if I ever joy,
 In safe return, my country’s sight, my wife’s, my lofty towers,
 Let any stranger take this head, if to the fiery Powers

This bow, these shafts, in pieces burst, by these hands be not thrown ;
Idle companions that they are to me and my renown."

Æneas said : " Use no such words ; for, 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 may'st try our Trojan horse, how skilled in field they be,
And in pursuing those that fly, or flying, being pursued,
How excellent they are of foot ; and these, 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 answered : " 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-hoofed 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 preferred his ablesse and his mind
To all his ancestors in fight, now come so far behind ;
Whom thus he answered : " Urge no flight ; you cannot please me so ;
Nor is it honest in my mind to fear a coming foe,
Or make a flight 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 cast 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 :—
 If amply-wise Athenia give both their lives to me,
 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 heired 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 prise 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 struck 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' curets stuck, quite driving through his targe ;
 Then brayed he out so wild a voice that all the field might hear :
 " Now have I reached thy root of life, and by thy death shall bear
 Our praise's chief prize from the field." Tydides, undismayed,
 Replied : " Thou err'st, I am not touched ; 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 stooped, struck 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 charmed 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. Tydides raised a stone
 With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and poured it mainly on
 The hip of Anchisiades, wherein the joint doth move
 The thigh ('tis called the huckle-bone) which all in sherds it drove

Brake both the nerves, and with the edge cut all the flesh away.
 It staggered him upon his knees, and made the hero stay
 His struck-blind temples on his hand, his elbow on the earth ;
 And there this prince of men had died, if She that gave him birth,
 (Kissed by Anchises on the green where his fair oxen fed)
 Jove's loving daughter, instantly had not about him spread
 Her soft embraces, and conveyed within her heavenly veil
 (Used as a rampire against 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 presently laid hand
 Upon the lovely-coated horse Æneas did command ;
 Which bringing to the wondering Greeks, he did their guard commend
 To his beloved Deipylus, who was his inward friend,
 And, of his equals, one to whom he had most honour shown,
 That he might see them safe at fleet ; then stept 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, armed less with steel than spite,
 Well knowing her no Deity that had to do in fight,
 Minerva his great patroness, nor She that racest 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, her 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 flowed 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 called 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 all the Grecian crowd,
 Lest some of them should find his death. Away flew Venus then,
 And after her cried Diomed : " Away, thou spoil of men,
 Though sprung from all-preserving Jove, these hot encounters leave.
 Is't not enough that silly dames thy sorceries should deceive,
 Unless thou thrust into the war, and rob a soldier's right ?
 I think a few of these assaults will make thee fear the fight,
 Wherever thou shalt hear it named." She, signing, went her way
 Extremely grieved, and with her griefs her beauties did decay,

And black her ivory body grew. Then from a dewy mist
 Brake swift-foot Iris to her aid from all the darts that hissed
 At her quick rapture, and to Mars they took their plaintive course,
 And found him on the fight's left hand, by him his speedy horse,
 And huge lance, lying in a fog. The Queen of all things fair
 Her loved brother on her knees besought, with instant prayer,
 His golden-riband-bound-maned horse to lend her up to heaven,
 For she was much grieved with a wound a mortal man had given,
 Tydides, that 'gainst Jove himself durst now advance his arm.

He granted, and his chariot (perplexed with her late harm)
 She mounted, and her waggoness was She that paints the air.
 The horse she reined, 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 helped her up, stroked her with her soft hand,
 Called kindly by her name, and asked: "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 deprehended so?
 For otherwise, each close escape is in the great let go."

She answered: "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 answered: "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 inflictions as by men repaid to them again.
 Mars suffered much more than thyself by Ephialtes' power,
 And Otus', Aloeus' sons, who in a brazen tower,
 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 Erebea, 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 suffered more
 When, with a three-fork'd arrow's head, Amphitryo's son did gore

Her right breast, past all hope of cure. Pluto sustained no less
 By that self man, and by a shaft of equal bitterness
 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 instantly 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-piece, 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, assayed 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 asked 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,
 As she embraced and stirred her blood to the Venerean joy,
 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 called to him love's golden Arbitress,
 And told her those rough works of war were not for her access,
 She should be making marriages, embracings, kisses, charms,
 Stern Mars and Pallas had the charge of those affairs in arms.

While these thus talked, Tydides' rage still thirsted to achieve
 His prize upon Anchises' son, though well he did perceive
 The Sun himself protected him; but his desires (enflamed
 With that great Trojan prince's blood, and arms so highly famed)
 Not that great God did reverence. Thrice rushed 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 wrathful grew,
 And asked 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 struck 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-pleased Queen, who cured and made him strong.

The silver-bowed 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, smeared with the dust and blood
 Of humans, and their ruined 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
 The Trojan forces, in the form of him that led to fight
 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 you at your gates? Ye suffer beaten down
 Æneas, great Anchises' son, whose prowess we renown
 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
 Of noble Hector: "Hector, where is thy unthankful vaunt?
 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
 Of Diomed, like a sort of dogs that at a lion bay,
 And entertain no spirit to pinch) we, your assistants here,
 Fight for the town as you helped us, and I, an aiding peer,
 No citizen, even out of care that doth become a man
 For men and children's liberties, add all the aid I can ;
 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
 With this great soldier ; though, I say, I entertain no hope
 To have such gettings as the Greeks, nor fear to lose like Troy.
 Yet thou, even Hector, deedless stand'st and car'st 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 prise of them (as willing overthrown)
 That hope 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, exempling 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 show 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 armed, he jumped upon the sand,
 On foot so toiling through the host, a dart in either hand,
 And all hands turned against the Greeks. The Greeks despised their worst,
 And, thick'ning 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 dites,
 Which all the dilters' feet, legs, arms, their heads and shoulders whites,
 So looked the Grecians gray with dust, that struck the solid heaven,
 Raised from returning chariots, and troops together driven.
 Each side stood to their labours firm. Fierce Mars flew through the air,
 And gathered darkness from the fight, and, with his best affair,
 Obed the pleasure of the Sun, that wears the golden sword,
 Who bade him raise the spirits of Troy when Pallas ceased t' afford
 Her helping office to the Greeks; and then 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 his powers entire,
 Yet stood not sifting how it chanced, another sort of task,
 Then stirring th' idle sieve of news, did all their forces ask,
 Inflamed by Phœbus, harmful Mars, and Eris eag'rer 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; their own fames had infused
 Spirit enough into their bloods, to make them neither fear
 The Trojans' force, nor Fate itself, but still expecting were,
 When most was done, what would be more; their ground they still made good,
 And in their silence, and set powers, like fair still clouds, they stood,
 With which Jove crowns the tops of hills, in any quiet day,
 When Boreas and the ruder winds (that use to drive away
 Air's dusky vapours, being loose, in many a whistling gale)
 Are pleasingly bound up, and calm, and not a breath exhale.
 So firmly stood the Greeks, nor fled for all the Ilion's aid.

Atrides yet coasts through the troops, confirming men so staid:
 "O friends," said he, "hold up your minds; strength is but strength of will;
 Réverence each other's good in fight, and shame at things done ill.
 Where soldiers show 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.
 Flight neither both the body grace, nor shows the mind hath strength."
 He said, and swiftly through the troops a mortal lance did send,
 That reft a standard-bearer's life, renowned Æneas' friend,
 Deicoön 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-stead.
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-builded Phæara dwelt, rich, and of sacred blood.
He was descended lineally from great Alphæus' flood,
That broadly flows through Pylos' fields; Alphæus did beget
Orsilochus, who in the rule of many men was set;
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' Iliion wars; and both were one way sent,
To death as well as Troy, for death hid both in one black hour.
As two young lions (with their dam sustained 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 come short,
And by the owner's steel are slain; in such unhappy sort
Fell these beneath Æneas' power. When Menelaus viewed
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 strewed 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 sustained for him)
Erred 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 pitched 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 slaughtered friends; who given to their beloved,
They turned where fight showed deadliest hate, and there mixed with the dead
Pylæmen, that the targeteers of Paphlagonia 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
The other in the chariot. Atrides' lance did gore

Pylæmen's shoulder in the blade. Antilochus did force
 A mighty stone up from the earth, and as he turned his horse,
 Strook Mydon's elbow in the midst, the reins of ivory
 Fell from his hands into the dust; Antilochus let fly
 His sword withal, and, rushing in, a blow so deadly laid
 Upon his temples, that he groaned, tumbled to earth, and stayed
 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 stir, 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 marched great Mars himself, matched 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 upon 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 passed 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, formed like a man, is present in his rage,
 And therefore, whatsoever cause importunes 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;
 Menestheus, and Anchialus; one chariot bare them both.
 Their falls made Ajax Telamon ruthless of heart, and wroth,
 Who lightened out a lance that smote Amphius Selages,
 That dwelt in Pæsos, rich in lands, and did huge goods possess,
 But Fate, to Priam and his sons, conducted his supply.
 The javelin on his girdle struck, 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 poured 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 feared their valorous defence,
 So many, and so strong of hand, stood in with such expense
 Of deadly prowess, who repelled, though big, strong, bold, he were,
 The famous Ajax, and their friend did from his rapture bear.

Thus this place filled 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
 Encounter with Sarpedon's strength, the son of cloudy Jove ;
 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,
 Began as if he had her power, and showed the mortal state
 Of too much confidence in man, with this superfluous brave :
 "Sarpedon, what necessity or needless humour drave
 Thy form to these wars, which in heart I know thou dost abhor,
 A man not seen in deeds of arms, a Lycian counsellor ?
 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 hold ; 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 broad ways 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 answered him : "Tlepolemus, 'tis true
 Thy father holy Ilion in that sort overthrew ;
 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 Laomedon,
 Thy father rescued from a whale, and gave to Telamon

In honoured 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 assum'st for 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 struck, both wounded. From his neck Sarpedon's javelin drew
The life-blood of Tlepolemus ; full in the midst it fell ;
And what he threatened, 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 vexed him bitterly, which should have been pulled out,
But none considered then so much, so thick came on the rout,
And filled each hand so full of cause to ply his own defence ;
'Twas held enough, both fallen, 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 ;
Alastor, Halius, Chromius, Noemon, Prytanis,
Alcander and a number more, he slew, and more had slain,
If Hector had not understood, whose power made in amain,
And struck 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 show 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 show it then,
 And for his shame too, since 'twas just. But good Sarpedon's men
 Ventured themselves, and forced him off, and set him underneath
 The goodly beech of Jupiter, where now they did unsheath
 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 cool 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 turned 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 *Ænopides* ;
 Good Teuthras ; and Orestes, skilled in managing of horse ;
 Bold *Ænomaus* ; and a man renowned for martial force,
 Trechus, the great *Ætolian* chief ; Oresbius, that did wear
 The gaudy mitre, studied wealth extremely, and dwelt near
 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* discerned it, and cried out
 To *Pallas* : " O unworthy sight ! To see a field so fought,
 And break our words to *Sparta's* king, that *Ilion* 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,
 Beamed with eight spokes of sounding brass ; the axle-tree was steel ;
 The fell'fs 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 strengthened round,
 Edged with a gold and silver fringe ; the beam, that looked before,
 Was massy silver ; on whose top, gears all of gold it wore,

And golden poytrils. Juno mounts, and her hot horses reined,
That thirsted for contention, and still of peace complained.

Minerva wrapt her in the robe that curiously she wove
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 frowned 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
Where all the dire ostents of Jove ; on her big head she placed
His four-plumed glittering casque of gold, so admirably vast
It would an 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 overturns 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 distinguished 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 severed from the other Gods ; then stayed the white-armed Queen
Her steeds, and asked 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 laughed, and Venus, who still sue
To that mad God, for violence that never justice knew ;
For whose impiety, she asked, 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 slacked 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 stayed 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
Marched, like a pair of timorous doves, in hasting their access
To th' Argive succour. Being arrived where both the most and best
Were heaped together (showing 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,
And spake as loud as fifty men, like whom she made a noise,
And chid the Argives : " O ye Greeks, in name and outward rite
But princes only, not in act, what scandal, what despite,
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 feared his lance that all controlled,
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 annoyed 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 leaned 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,
But yet he was a soldier : a man of so much heat,
That in his embassy for Thebes, when I forbad his mind
To be too vent'rous, and when feasts his heart might have declined,
With which they welcomed him, he made a challenge to the best,
And foiled the best ; I gave him aid, because the rust of rest,
That would have seized another mind, he suffered not, but used
The trial I made like a man, and their soft feasts refused.
Yet, when I set thee on, thou faint'st ; I guard thee, charge, exhort
That, I abetting thee, thou shouldst be to the Greeks a fort,
And a dismay to Ilium, yet thou obey'st in nought,
Afraid or slothful, or else both ; henceforth renounce all thought
That ever thou wert Tydeus' son." He answered her : " I know
Thou art Jove's daughter, and, for that, in all just duty owe

Thy speeches reverence, yet affirm ingenuously that fear
 Doth neither hold me spiritless, nor sloth. I only bear
 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 enjoined 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 gathered 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 altered far.
 He vowed 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 waggoneess, she plucked 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 snatched the scourge up and the reins, and shut her heavenly look
 In Hell's vast helm from Mars's eyes; and full career she took
 At him, who then had newly slain the mighty Periphas,
 Renowned son to Ochesius, and far the strongest was
 Of all the Ætolians; to whose spoil the bloody God was run.
 But when this man-plague saw th' approach 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 struck 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 ranced 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 brayed 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,
 Ushered 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, showed his immortal blood,
 That from a mortal-man-made wound poured such an impious flood,
 And weeping poured 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, conclud'st in this extreme
 Of fighting ever ; being ruled by one that thou hast bred ;
 One never well, but doing ill ; a girl so full of head
 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 fetched me off, heaps of mortality
 Had kept me consort." Jupiter, with a contracted brow,
 Thus answered 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-necked, 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 com'st of me, but hadst thou been so cross to sacred laws,
 Being born 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 sate
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.





II MOTTE INV

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

*The Gods now leaving an indifferent field,
The Greeks prevail, the slaughtered 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 now 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 hands his son,
He prophesies the fall of Ilion.*

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*In Zeta, Hector prophesies ;
Prays for his son ; wills sacrifice.*



HE stern fight freed of all the Gods, conquest with doubtful wings

Flew on their lances ; every way the restless field she flings
Betwixt the floods of Simois and Xanthus, that confined
All their affairs at Ilion, and round about them shined.

The first that weighed 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 showed 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,
 And ran to it successfully, upon a pair of twins,
 Æsepus, and bold Pedasus, whom good Bucolion,
 (That first called father, though base born, renowned Laomedon)
 On Nais Abarbaræa got, a nymph that, as she fed
 Her curled flocks, Bucolion woo'd, and mixed in love and bed.
 Both these were spoiled of arms and life by Mecistiades.

Then Polypœtes, for stern death, Astyalus did seize;
 Ulysses slew Percosius; Teucer Æretaön;
 Antilochus (old Nestor's joy) Ablerus; the great son
 Of Atreus, and king of men, Elatus, whose abode
 He held at upper Pedasus, where Satnius' river flowed;
 The great heroe Leitus stayed Phylacus in flight
 From further life; Eurypylus, Melanthius reft of light.

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 round
 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, rolled 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;
 On which the same parts of the king he hugs, and offers fees
 Of worthy value for his life, and thus pleads their receipt:
 "Take me alive, O Atreus' son, and take a worthy weight
 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 winged his royal feet,
 And came in threatening, crying out: "O soft heart! What's the cause
 Thou spar'st 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 honoured guest rites, entertained? 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,
 Shall taste of what they merited, and have no other tomb
 Than razed Ilion; nor their race have more fruit than the dust."
 This just cause turned his brother's mind, who violently thrust
 The prisoner from him; in whose guts the king of men impressed
 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 unfelled; 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 turned a face,
 Had not the Priamist Helenus, an augur most of name,
 Willed Hector and Æneas thus: "Hector! Anchises' fame!
 Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weighty burden 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 searched 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 bands
 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 Ilion, 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 heavy 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
 Of twelve fat heifers-of-a-year, that never felt the yoke
 (Most answering to her maiden state), if she will pity us,

Our town, our wives, our youngest joys, and him that plagues them thus
 Take from the conflict, Diomed, that fury in a fight,
 That true son of great Tydeus, that cunning lord of flight,
 Whom I esteem the strongest Greek ; for we have never fled,
 Achilles, that is prince of men, and whom a Goddess bred,
 Like him ; his fury flies so high, and all men's wraths commands."

Hector intends his brother's will, but first through all his bands
 He made quick way, encouraging ; and all, to fear afraid,
 All turned their heads and made Greece turn. Slaughter stood still dismayed
 On their parts, for they thought some God, fallen from the vault of stars,
 Was rushed into the Ilions' aid, they made such dreadful wars.

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-called friends,
 Awhile hold out, till, for success to this your brave amends,
 I haste to Ilion, and procure our counsellors and wives
 To pray, and offer hecatombs, for their states in our lives."

Then fair-helmed Hector turned 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 rocked,
 That, being large, it both at once his neck and ankles knocked.

And now, betwixt the hosts were met Hippolochus' brave son,
 Glaucus, who in his very look hope of some wonder won,
 And little Tydeus' mighty heir ; who seeing such a man
 Offer the field, for usual blows, with wondrous words began .

" What art thou, strong'st of mortal men, that putt'st so far before,
 Whom these fights never showed 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,
 And thou a Deity thus informed, no more with any God
 Will I change lances. The strong son of Dryus did not live
 Long after such a conflict dared, who godlessly did drive
 Nysæus' nurses through the hill made sacred to his name,
 And called Nysseius ; with a goad he punched 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 Nysseius, who was fain, with huge exclams, to dive
 Into the ocean. Thetis there in her bright bosom took

The flying Deity, who so feared 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' Immortals 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 mayst 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 Sisyphus did stand,
 Of Sisyphus-Æolides, most wise of all the land.
 Glaucus was son to him, and he begat Bellerophon,
 Whose body heaven indued with strength, and put a beauty on,
 Exceeding lovely. Prætus yet his cause of love did hate,
 And banished 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 Anteia, 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, preferred her lust to both,
 And, false to Prætus, would seem true, with this abhorred 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, resolved upon her course
 But doubted how it should be run; he shunned his death direct,
 (Holding a way so near not safe) and plotted the effect
 By sending him with letters sealed (that, opened, touch his life)

To Rheuns king of Lycia, and father to his wife.
 He went ; and happily he went, the Gods walked all his way ;
 And being arrived 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 killed 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 shagged form, she bore,
 And flames of deadly fervency flew from her breath and eyes ;
 Yet her he slew ; his confidence in sacred prodigies
 Rendered him victor. Then he gave his second conquest way
 Against the famous Solymi, when (he himself would say,
 Reporting it) he entered on a passing vigorous fight.
 His third huge labour he approved against a woman's spite,
 That filled 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 detained, and made amends, with doing him the grace
 Of his fair daughter's princely gift ; and with her, for a dow'r,
 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 wand'rings there
 And other errors of their prince, in the unhappy rear
 Of his sad life) the Errant called. The princess brought him forth
 Three children (whose ends grieved him more, the more they were of worth),
 Isander, and Hippolochus, and fair Laodomy,
 With whom, even Jupiter himself left heaven itself, to lie,
 And had by her the man at arms, Sarpedon, called 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
 Against the valiant Solymi, Mars reft of light and life ;
 Laödamiä, being envied of all the Goddesses,

The golden-bridle-handling Queen, the maiden Patroness,
 Slew with an arrow ; and for this he wandered evermore
 Alone through this 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 excelled
 All that Ephyra's famous towers, or ample Lycia, held.
 This is my stock, and this am I." This cheered Tydides' heart,
 Who pitched his spear down, leaned, and talked 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
 Detained, 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-necked 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 wished presence greet.
 Mean space, shun we each other here, though in the press we meet.
 There are enow of Troy beside, and men enough renowned,
 To right my powers, whomever 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 grandsires 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 gratulate 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 reached the ports of Scæa, and the towers.
 About him flocked 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 all go 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 coloured 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 leav'st thou field? Is't not because the cursed nation
 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 refreshed, for, woe is me, how thou art toiled 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
 Upon the name of Jupiter, thou only for us all.
 But wine will something comfort thee; for to a man dismayed
 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 auth'ress 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 unwashed 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 honoured 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 ourselves, 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 descended, and searched 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 transferred so far
 (That was the undermost) she took ; it glittered like a star ;
 And with it went she to the fane, with many ladies more,
 Amongst whom fair-cheeked Theano unlocked the folded door ;
 Chaste Theano, Antenor's wife, and of Cissetis' race,
 Sister to Hecuba, both born to that great king of Thrace.
 Her th' Ilions made Minerva's priest ; and her they followed all
 Up to the temple's highest tower, where 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, headlong, and on his face,
 Before our ports of Ilion, that instantly we may
 Twelve unyoked oxen-of-a-year in this thy temple slay
 To thy sole honour ; take their bloods, and banish our offence ;
 Accept Troy's zeal, her wives, and save our infants' innocence."

She prayed, but Pallas would not grant. Mean space was Hector come
 Where Alexander's lodgings were, that 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 contained in them ; and all within a tower,
 Next Hector's lodgings and the king's. The loved of heaven's chief Power,
 Hector, here entered. In his hand a goodly lance he bore,
 Ten cubits long ; the brazen head went shining in before,

Helped with a burnished 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 curets, 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, feigned,
 In him by Hector, for the hate the citizens sustained
 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, to their hate, and not his cowardice ;
 As that were it that sheltered 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 thee our slaughtered friends
 Besiege Troy with their carcasses, on whose heaps our high walls
 Are overlooked by enemies ; the sad sounds of their falls
 Without are echoed with the cries of wives and babes within ;
 And all for thee ; and yet for them thy honour cannot win
 Head of thine anger. Thou shouldst 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 impiously forbears.
 Come forth, lest thy fair towers and Troy be burned 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 answered : " Since, with right, you joined 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 unseen,
 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 addression 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 Héc-tór'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 this 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 therefore 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 answered : " Helen, do not seek to make me sit with thee ;
 I must not stay, though well I know thy honoured love of me.
 My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in whom my absence breeds
 Longings to see me ; for whose sakes, importune thou to deeds
 This man by all means, that your care may make his own make hast
 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
 Return, and see them, or to earth, her right in me, restore.
 The Gods may stoop me by the Greeks." This said, he went to see
 The virtuous princess, his true wife, white-armed Andromache.
 She, with her infant son and maid, was climbed the tower, about
 The sight of him that sought for her, weeping and crying out.

Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth, retired,
 Stood in the gate, her woman called, and curiously inquired
 Where she was gone ; bad 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, to implore Minerva's ruth.

Her woman answered : Since he asked, and urged so much the truth,
 The truth was she was neither gone to see his brothers' wives,
 His sisters, nor to implore the ruth of Pallas on their lives ;
 But she (advertised of the bane Troy suffered, and how vast
 Conquest had made herself for Greece) like one distraught, made hast
 To ample Ilium with her son, and nurse, and all the way
 Mourned, 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 passed, 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 knowing 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, environed with the wood
 Of Theban Hypoplacc, 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 called Scamandrius, but whom the town did name
 Astyanax, because his sire did only prop the same.
 Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet smiled upon his joy.
 Andromache cried out, mixed hands, and to the strength of Troy
 Thus wept forth her affection : " O noblest 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 Ilium. 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-walled rich Cilician Thebes sacked by him, and laid wast ;
 The royal body yet he left unspoiled ; religion charmed
 That act of spoil ; and all in fire he burned him complete armed ;

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 esteemed,
 He kept her prisoner, whom small time, but much more wealth, redeemed,
 And she, in sylvan Hypoplace, Cilicia ruled again,
 But soon was over-ruled 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, brother ; 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 leav'st him a poor widow's charge. Stay, stay then, in this tower,
 And call up to the wild fig-tree all thy retired power ;
 For there the wall is easiest scaled, and fittest for surprise,
 And there, th' Ajaces, Idomen, th' Atrides, Diomed, thrice
 Have both surveyed and made attempt, I know not if induced
 By some wise augury, 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 weighed.
 But what a shame, and fear, it is to think how Troy would scorn
 (Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-trained gowns adorn)
 That I should cowardly fly off ! The spirit I first did breath
 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 drowned.
 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 Hyperia's spring ;
 Which howsoever thou abhorr'st, Fate's such a shrewish thing
 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 bands 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 complaints, and plight."

This said, he reached 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 clinged back to his nurse, and cried.
 Laughter affected his great sire, who doffed, and laid aside,
 His fearful helm, that on the earth cast round about it light,
 Then took and kissed 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 conquered field
 Sown with his slaughters : ' These high deeds exceed his father's worth.'
 And let this echoed praise supply the comforts 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
 Billowed on her soft cheeks, to hear the last of Hector's speech,
 In which his vows comprised the sum of all he did beseech
 In her wished comfort. So she took into her odorous breast
 Her husband's gift ; who, moved to see her heart so much oppressed,
 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 Ilion race they take their high'st degree."

On went his helm ; his princess home, half cold with kindly fears,
When every fear turned back her looks, and every look shed tears.
Foe-slaughtering Hector's house soon reached, her many women there
Wept all to see her ; in his life great Hector's funerals were ;
Never looked 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-ebbed spirits now flowed
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 washed, 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 showed a sun-like power
In carriage of his goodly parts, addressed now to the strife ;
And found his noble brother near the place he left his wife.
Him thus respected he salutes : " Right worthy, I have fear
That your so serious haste to field my stay hath made forbear,
And that I come not as you wish." He answered : " Honoured 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 important, but
Thy strength too readily flies off, enough will is not put
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 expelled, high Jove to them hath given
Wished peace, and us free sacrifice to all the Powers of heaven."

BOOK VII.

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.

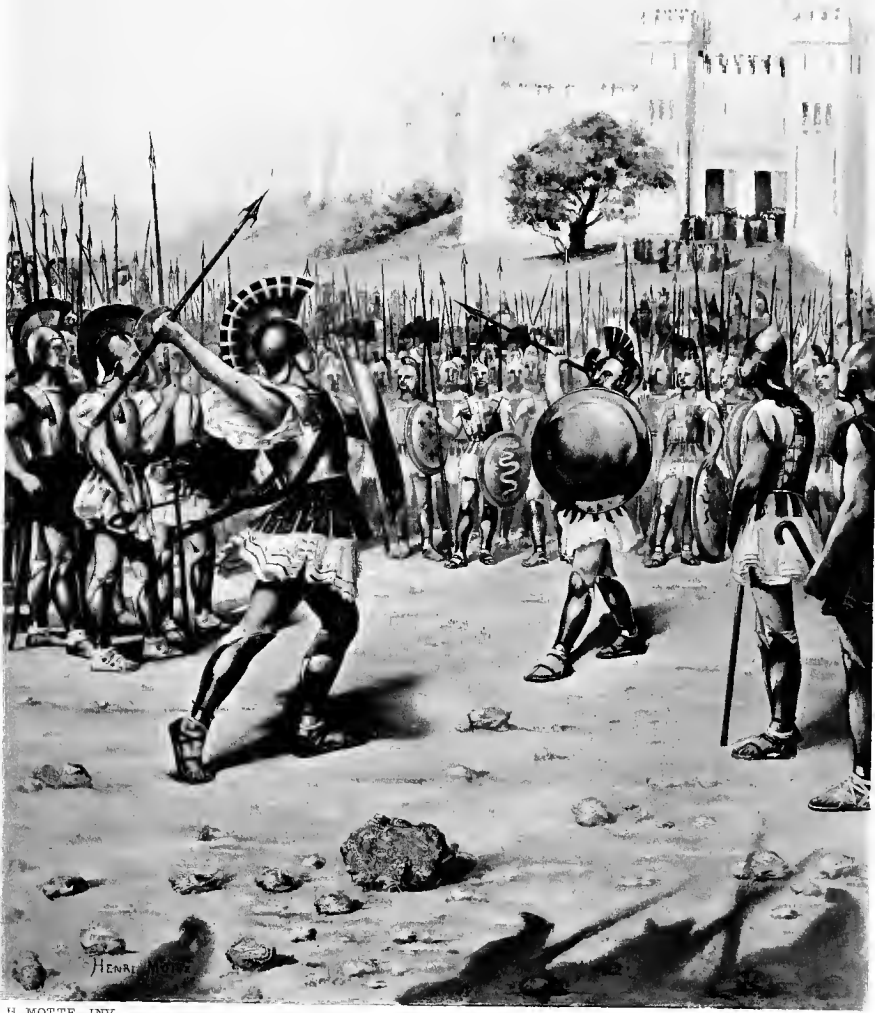
*In Eta, Priam's strongest son
Combats with Ajax Telamon.*



HIS 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 seamen prosperous gales,
When with their sallow polished oars, long lifted from their
falls,

Their wearied arms, dissolved with toil, can scarce strike one stroke more ;
Like those sweet winds appeared these lords to Trojans tired before.
Then fell they to the works of death. By Paris' valour fell
King Areithous' 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 slaughtered issue. Hector's dart struck Eioneus dead ;
Beneath his good steel casque it pierced above his gorget-stead.
Glaucus, Hippolochus's son, that led the Lycian crew,
Iphinous-Dexiades with sudden javelin slew,
As he was mounting to his horse ; his shoulders took the spear,



H. MOTTE INV.

And ere he sate, in tumbling down, his powers dissolved were.

When gray-eyed Pallas had perceived the Greeks so fall in fight,
 From high Olympus' top she stooped, and did on Ilion light.
 Apollo to encounter her to Pergamus did fly,
 From whence he, looking to the field, wished 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 oversway
 The doubtful victory of fight, and give the Greeks the day?
 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,
 Since your immortal wills resolve to overturn it quite."

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 impressed;
 Which Greeks, admiring, will accept, and make some one stand out
 So stout a challenge to receive with a defence as stout."
 It is confirmed; and Helenus (king Priam's loved seed)
 By augury discerned th' event that these two powers decreed.
 And greeting Hector asked 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 stayed.
 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 armed 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-armed Greeks, what my strong mind, diffused
 Through all my spirits, commands me speak: Saturnius 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 ruined 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 designed.
 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,
 Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent,
 But let my body be returned, that Troy's two-sexed descent
 May waste it in the funeral pile. If I can slaughter him,
 Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil his conquered limb,
 And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine
 I'll hang them, as my trophies due; his body I'll resign
 To be disposed by his friends in flamy funerals,
 And honoured 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."

This said, dumb silence seized them all; they shamed to deny,
 And feared to undertake. At last did Menelaus speak,
 Checked their remissness, and so sighed as if his heart would break :
 " Ah me! But only threat'ning Greeks, not worthy Grecian names!
 This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,
 If Hector's honourable proof be entertained by none.
 But you are earth and water all, which, symbolized in one,
 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 armed, 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 restrained;
 And even the king of men himself, that in such compass reigned,
 Who took him by the bold right hand, and sternly plucked him back :
 " Mad brother, 'tis no work for thee, thou seek'st thy wilful wrack!
 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,
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 gathered Pylean powers,
And dart-employed 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, surnamed Clavigerus,
All men, and fair-girt ladies both, for honour called him so.
He fought not with a keep-off spear, or with a far-shot bow,
But with a massy club of iron he broke through armed bands.
And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not with force of hands,
With sleight (encount'ring 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 bestowed on him; and those, in Mars's toil
Lycurgus ever after wore, but, when he aged grew,
Enforced to keep his peaceful house, their use he did renew
On mighty Ereuthalion's limbs, his soldier, loved well;
And with these arms he challenged all that did in arms excel;
All shook, and stood dismayed, 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
Of all the army we conduct, yet I fought with him, I,

Minerva made me so renowned, and that most tall strong peer
 I slew ; his big bulk lay on earth, extended here and there,
 As it were covetous to spread the centre everywhere.
 O that my youth were now as fresh, and all my powers as sound,
 Soon should bold Hector be impugned ! Yet you that most are crowned
 With fortitude of all our host, even you methinks are slow,
 Not free, and set on fire with lust, t' encounter such a foe."

With this, nine royal princes rose. Atrides for the first :
 Then Diomed ; th' Ajaces then, that did th' encounter thirst ;
 King Idomen and his consorts ; Mars-like Meriones ;
 Evemon's son, Eurypylus ; and Andræmonides,
 Whom all the Grecians Thoas called, 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-armed Greeks on whom the lot doth fall,
 And to his wish shall he be helped, if he escape with life
 The harmful, danger-breathing fit of his adventurous strife."

Each marked his lot, and cast it in to Agamemnon's casque.
 The soldiers prayed, 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 our wished champion stand,
 Or else the king himself that rules the rich Mycenian land."

This said, old Nestor mixed the lots. The foremost lot surveyed
 With Ajax Telamon was signed, as all the soldiers prayed ;
 One of the heralds drew it forth, who brought and showed it round,
 Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renowned.
 None knowing it, every man denied ; but when he forth did pass
 To him which marked and cast it in, which famous Ajax was,
 He stretched his hand, and into it the herald put the lot,
 Who, viewing it, th' inscription knew ; the duke denied not,
 But joyfully 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, since none alive we fear.
 None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright,
 At least for plain fierce swing 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 prayed, up went to heaven their cync :
 " 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, that 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,
 Marched 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 stalked, and shook aloft his dart with deadly grace.
 It did the Grecians good to see ; but heartquakes 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 barred,
 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-sterned 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 answered 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 renowned, 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."

Thus sent he his long javelin forth. It struck his foe's huge shield
Near to the upper skirt of brass, which was the eighth it held.
Six folds the untamed dart struck through, and in the seventh tough hide
The point was checked. Then Ajax threw; his angry lance did glide
Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, 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, encountered 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 stayed bold Hector rushing in; the lance held way outright,
And hurt his neck; out gushed 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,
With all his body laid to it, he sent it forth to wound,
And gave unmeasured force to it; the round stone broke within
His ruddled target; his loved knees to languish did begin;
And he leaned, stretched out on his shield; but Phœbus 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 called 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 forbear.
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 offered 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,
 And after him a multitude, filled with his safety's joy,
 Despairing he could ever 'scape the puissant fortitude
 And unimpeached Ajax' hands. The Greeks like joy renewed
 For their reputed victory, and brought him to the king
 Who to the great Saturnides preferred an offering,
 An ox that fed on five fair springs ; they flayed and quartered him,
 And then, in pieces cut, on spits they roasted every limb ;
 Which neatly dressed 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 stayed,
 Nestor, whose counsels late were best, vows new, and first he said :
 " 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 slaughtered here
 Their honoured 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 barred 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' Ilion 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. Resolve, let us restore

The Argive Helen, with her wealth, to him she had before.
 We now defend but broken faiths. If, therefore, ye refuse,
 No good event can I expect of all the wars we use."

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 reft thy graver wit.
 To warlike Trojans I will speak; I clearly do deny
 To yield my wife, but all her wealth I'll render willingly,
 Whatever I from Argos brought, and vow to make it more,
 Which I have ready in my house, if peace I may restore."

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 called, 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 importune still,
 Till Jove the conquest have disposed to his unconquered 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 counsel at Atrides' ship; his audience was assigned;
 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 offers 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,
 Though he be urged the contrary by all the peers of Troy.
 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 performed 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 slender'st gain
Made of their spoiled carcasses ; but freely, being slain,
They shall be all consumed with fire. To witness which I cite
High thund'ring 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, th' 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 mixed in such peace, you scarce could either know.
Then washed they off their blood and dust, and did warm tears bestow
Upon the slaughtered, and in cars conveyed them from the field.
Priam commanded none should mourn, but in still silence yield
Their honoured carcasses to fire, and only grieve in heart.
All burned, 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 gathered were.
The pile they circled with a tomb, and by it raised a wall,
High tow'rs, 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 pitched ; and thus the Grecians wrought.
Their huge works in so little time were to perfection brought,
That all Gods, by the Lightner 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' consent to any actions there,
If thou wilt see the shag-haired Greeks with headstrong labours frame
So huge a work, and not to us due off'rings first enflame ?
As far as white Aurora's dews are sprinkled through the air,
Fame will renoun 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 this will bear the praise."

Jove was extremely moved with him, and said: "What words are these,
Thou mighty Shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas?
Some other God, of far less power, might hold conceits, dismayed
With this rare Grecian stratagem, and 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 battered, thou mayst quite devour it with thy waves,
And cover with thy fruitless sands this fatal shore of graves;
That, what their fiery industries have so 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 of od'rous wine arrived,
Sent by Euneus, Jason's son, born of Hypsipyle.
The fleet contained a thousand tun, which must transported be
To Atreus' sons, as he gave charge, whose merchandise it was.
The Greeks bought wine for shining steel, and some for sounding brass,
Some for ox-hides, for oxen some, and some for prisoners.
A sumptuous banquet was prepared; and all that night the peers
And fair-haired Greeks consumed in feast. So Trojans, and their aid.
And all the night Jove thundered loud; pale fear all thoughts dismayed.
While they were gluttonous in earth, Jove wrought their banes in heaven.
They poured full cups upon the ground, and were to offerings driven
Instead of quaffings; and to drink none durst attempt, before
In solemn sacrifice they did almighty Jove adore.
Then to their rests they all repaired; bold zeal their fear bereaved;
And sudden sleep's refreshing gift securely they received.





H MOTTE INV.

BOOK VIII.

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,*



HE cheerful Lady of the light, decked in her saffron robe,
Dispersed her beams through every part of this enflow'ed
globe,
When thund'ring 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.
What God soever I shall find endeavour to defend
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heaven he, shamed, shall reascend;
Or, taking him with 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,
 To draw me to the earth from heaven ; you never shall prevail,
 Though, with your most contention, ye dare my state assail.
 But when my will shall be disposed to draw you all to me,
 Even with the earth itself, and seas, ye 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 men 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, well 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 of gold ; and golden garments shined
 On his rich shoulders ; in his hand he took a golden scourge,
 Divinely fashioned, and with blows their willing speed did urge
 Midway betwixt the earth and heaven. To Ida then he came,
 Abounding in delicious springs, and nurse of beasts untame,
 Where, on the mountain Gargarus, men did a fane erect
 To his high name, and altars sweet ; and there his horse he checked
 Dissolved them from his chariot, and in a cloud of jet
 He covered 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 armed 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 adjoined each adverse force.
 Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strength against strength opposed ;
 The boss-piked targets were thrust on, and thundered as they closed
 In mighty tumult ; groan for groan, and breath for breath did breathe,
 Of men then slain, and to be slain ; earth flowed with fruits of death.
 While the fair morning's beauty held, and day increased in height,

Their javelins mutually made death transport an equal freight,
 But when the hot meridian point bright Phœbus did ascend,
 Then Joye his golden balances did equally extend,
 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 lot 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 stamped 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 rulers' 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 honoured 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 mixed amongst the fight, and stood before the steeds
 Of old Neleides, whose estate thus kingly he areeds:
 "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 are slow; my chariot therefore use
 And try how ready Trojan horse can fly him that pursues,
 Pursue the fier, and every way perform the varied fight;
 I forced them from Anchises' son, well skilled in cause of fight.
 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,

Eurymedon that valour loves, and Sthenelus, ascends
 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 turned from the chase,
 His javelin Eniopeus smit, mighty Thebæus' 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 enfolded like meek lambs, had Jove winked at their falls,
 Who hurled his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings fly
 Into the earth, before the horse that Nestor did apply.

A dreadful flash burnt through the air, that savoured sulphur-like,
 Which down before the chariot the dazzled horse did strike.

The fair reins fell from Nestor's hand, who did in fear entreat
 Renowned Tydides into flight to turn his fury's heat :

"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,
 Though he exceed in gifts of strength, for he exceeds him still."

"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 smothered so in dust."
 This said, he turned his one-hooved horse to flight, and troop did take,
 When Hector, and his men, with shouts, did greedy pursuit make,
 And poured 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 hast 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 show 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 honoured ends.
I know benevolent Jupiter did by his beck profess
Conquest and high renown to me, and to the Greeks distress.
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 conquered Greeks shall choke."

Then cherished 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 so much choice of meat,
Given you by fair Andromache; bread of the purest wheat,
And with it, for your drink, mixed wine, to 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 Fame lifts to the skies,
Even to the handles telling it to be of massy gold.
And from the shoulders let us take, of Diomed the bold,
The royal curace Vulcan wrought with art so exquisite.
These if we make our sacred spoil, I doubt not, but this night,
Even to their navy to enforce the Greeks' unturned flight."

This Juno took in high disdain, and made Olympus shake
As she but stirred 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 honoured heart to see rude spoil devour
These Greeks that have in Helice, and Aege, off'ered thee
So many and such wealthy gifts? Let them the victors be.
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 matched by none.
Whiles they conferred thus, all the space the trench contained before

(From that part of the fort that flanked the navy-anchoring shore)
 Was filled 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 burned 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.
 First visiting their leaders' tents, his ample purple weed
 He wore, to show all who he was, and did his station take
 At wise Ulysses' sable barks that did the battle make
 Of all the fleet; from whence his speech might with more ease be driven
 To Ajax' and Achilles' ships, to whose chief charge were 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 of high-horned beeves, and drinking cups full crowned,
 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 unsuffered 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 prayed to raze th' abodes
 Of rape-defending Ilion? 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 stooped by Greece, let Greece fall under Troy."
 To this even weeping king did Jove remorseful 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 trussed in her enforcive 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 turned courageous head.

When none, though many kings put on, could make his vaunt, he led
 Tydides to renewed assault, or issued first the dike,
 Or first did fight; but, far the first, stone dead his lance did strike
 Armed Agelaus, by descent surnamed Phradmonides;
 He turned his ready horse to flight, and Diomed's lance did seize
 His back betwixt his shoulder-blades, and looked out at his breast:
 He fell, and his arms rang his fall. Th' Atrides next addressed
 Themselves to fight; th' Ajaces next, with vehement strength endued;
 Idomeneus, and his friend, stout Merion, next pursued;
 And after these Eurypylos, Evemon's honoured race;
 The ninth, with backward-wreathed bow, had little Teucer place,
 He still fought under Ajax' shield, who sometimes held it by,
 And then he looked his object out, and let his arrow fly,
 And, whomsoever in the press he wounded, him he slew,
 Then under Ajax' sevenfold shield he presently withdrew.
 He fared like an unhappy child, that doth to mother run
 For succour, when he knows full well he some shrewd turn hath done.
 What Trojans then were to their deaths by Teucer's shafts impressed?
 Hapless Orsilochus was first, Ormenus, Ophelest,
 Dætor, and hardy Cronius, and Lycophon divine,
 And Amopaon that did spring from Polyæmon's line,
 And Menalippus; all, on heaps, he tumbled to the ground.
 The king rejoiced to see his shafts the Phrygian ranks confound,
 Who straight came near, and spake to him: "O Teucer, lovely man,
 Strike still so sure, and be a grace to every Grecian,
 And to thy father Telamon, who took thee kindly home
 (Although not by his wife his son) and gave thee foster room,
 Even from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence removed,
 Make good fame reach; and to thyself I vow what shall be proved:
 If he that dreadful Ægis bears, and Pallas, grant to me
 Th' expugnance of well-built Troy, I first will honour thee
 Next to myself with some rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
 A three foot vessel, that, for grace, in sacred fanes doth stand;
 Or two horse and a chariot; or else a lovely dame
 That may ascend on bed with thee, and amplify thy name."

Teucer right nobly answered him: "Why, most illustrious king,
 I being thus forward of myself, dost thou adjoin a sting?
 Without which all the power I have I cease not to employ,
 For, from the place where we repulsed the Trojans towards Troy,

I all the purple field have strewed with one or other slain.
Eight shafts I shot, with long steel heads, of which not one in vain,
All were in youthful bodies fixed, well skilled in war's constraint ;
Yet this wild dog, with all my aim, I have no power to taint."
This said, another arrow from his stiff string he sent
At Hector, whom he longed to wound, but still amiss it went.
His shaft smit fair Gorgythion, of Priam's princely race,
Who in Æpina was brought forth, a famous town in Thrace,
By Castianira, that for form was like celestial breed ;
And, as a crimson poppy flower, surcharged with his seed,
And vernal humours falling thick, declines his heavy brow,
So, of one side, his helmet's weight his fainting head did bow.
Yet Teucer would another shaft at Hector's life dispose,
So fain he such a mark would hit, but still beside it goes ;
Apollo did avert the shaft ; but Hector's charioteer,
Bold Archeptolemus, he smit, as he was rushing near
To make the fight ; to earth he fell, his swift horse back did fly,
And there were both his strength and soul exiled eternally.
Huge grief for Hector's slaughtered friend pinched in his mighty mind,
Yet was he forced to leave him there, and his void place resigned
To his sad brother, that was by, Cebriones ; whose ear
Receiving Hector's charge, he straight the weighty reins did bear ;
And Hector from his shining coach, with horrid voice, leaped on,
To wreak his friend on Teucer's hand ; and up he took a stone,
With which he at the archer ran, who from his quiver drew
A sharp-piled shaft, and nocked it sure, but in great Hector flew
With such fell speed, that, in his draught, he his right shoulder strook
Where, 'twixt his neck and breast, the joint his native closure took.
The wound was wondrous full of death, his string in sunder flees,
His numbed hand fell strengthless down, and he upon his knees.
Ajax neglected not to aid his brother thus depressed,
But came and saft him with his shield ; and two more friends, addressed
To be his aid, took him to fleet, Mecisteus, Echius' son,
And gay Alastor. Teucer sighed, for all his service done.

Then did Olympus, with fresh strength, the Trojan powers revive
Who to their trenches once again the troubled Greeks did drive.
Hector brought terror with his strength, and ever fought before.
As when some highly-stomached hound, that hunts a sylvan boar,
Or kingly lion, loves the haunch, and pincheth oft behind,

Bold of his feet, and still observes the game to turn inclined,
Not utterly dissolved in flight ; so Hector did pursue,
And whosoever was the last he ever did subdue.
They fled, but, when they had their dike and palisadoes passed,
(A number of them put to sword) at ships they stayed at last.
Then mutual exhortations flew, then, all with hands and eyes
Advanced to all the Gods, their plagues wrung from them open cries.
Hector, with his four rich-maned horse, assaulting always rode,
The eyes of Gorgon burnt in him, and war's vermilion God.
The Goddess that all Goddesses, for snowy arms, outshined,
Thus spake to Pallas, to the Greeks with gracious ruth inclined :

“ O Pallas, what a grief is this ! Is all our succour past
To these our perishing Grecian friends ? At least withheld at last,
Even now, when one man's violence must make them perish all
In satisfaction of a fate so full of funeral ?
Hector Priamides now raves, no more to be endured,
That hath already on the Greeks so many harms inured.”

The azure Goddess answered her : “ This man hath surely found
His fortitude and life dissolved, even on his father's ground,
By Grecian valour, if my sire, infested with ill moods,
Did not so dote on these of Troy, too jealous of their bloods,
And ever an unjust repulse stands to my willing powers,
Little rememb'ring what I did in all the desperate hours
Of his affected Hercules ; I ever rescued him,
In labours of Eurystheus, untouched in life or limb,
When he, heaven knows, with drowned eyes looked up for help to heaven,
Which ever, at command of Jove, was by my suppliance given.
But had my wisdom reached so far, to know of this event,
When to the solid-ported depths of hell his son was sent
To hale out hateful Pluto's dog from darksome Erebus,
He had not 'scaped the streams of Styx, so deep and dangerous.
Yet Jove hates me, and shows his love in doing Thetis' will,
That kissed his knees, and stroked his chin, prayed, and importuned still,
That he would honour with his aid her city-razing son,
Displeased Achilles ; and for him our friends are thus undone.
But time shall come again, when he, to do his friends some aid,
Will call me his Glaucopides, his sweet and blue-eyed Maid.
Then harness thou thy horse for me, that his bright palace gates
I soon may enter, arming me, to order these debates ;

And I will try if Priam's son will still maintain his cheer,
 When in the crimson paths of war I dreadfully appear ;
 For some proud Trojans shall be sure to nourish dogs and fowls,
 And pave the shore with fat and flesh, deprived of lives and souls."

Juno prepared her horse, whose manes ribands of gold enlaced.
 Pallas her parti-coloured robe on her bright shoulders cast,
 Divinely wrought with her own hands in th' entry of her sire,
 Then put she on her ample breast her under-arming tire,
 And on it her celestial arms. The chariot straight she takes,
 With her huge, heavy, violent lance, with which she slaughter makes
 Of armies fatal to her wrath. Saturnia whipped her horse,
 And heaven-gates, guarded by the Hours, op'd 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 waggon 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 wrapped 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 empoisoned 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.
 But thou most griev'st 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 : " Ah me ! Thou seed of Jove,
 By my advice we will no more unfit contention move
 With Jupiter, for mortal men ; of whom, let this man die,
 And that man live, whoever he pursues with destiny ;
 And let him, plotting all events, dispose of either host,
 As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become us most."

Thus turned she back, and to the Hours her rich-maned horse resigned,
 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-wheeled chariot, his fiery horse now beats
 Up to Olympus, and aspired 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 you thus torment yourselves ? You need not sit dismayed
 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 sustained the war,
 Not all the host of Deities should have retired my hand
 From vowed inflictions on the Greeks, much less you two withstand.
 But you, before you saw the fight, much less the slaughter there,
 Had all your goodly lineaments possessed with shaking 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,
 Set next to Jove, contriving still afflicted Troy's unrests.
 Pallas for anger could not speak ; Saturnia, contrary,
 Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bold reply :

" Not-to-be-suffered 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
In Troy's foul gulf of perjury, and let them stand should fall."

"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,
Till he have roused from the fleet swift-foot Æacides,
In that day, when before their ships, for his Patroclus slain,
The Greeks in great distress shall fight; for so the Fates ordain.
I weigh not thy displeased 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,
They never see the flying sun, nor hear the winds that breathe,
Near to profoundest Tartarus. Nor, thither if thou went,
Would I take pity of thy moods, since none more impudent."

To this she nothing did reply. And now Sol's glorious light
Fell to the sea, and to the land drew up the drowsy night.
The Trojans grieved at Phœbus' fall, which all the Greeks desired,
And sable night, so often wished, to earth's firm throne aspired.

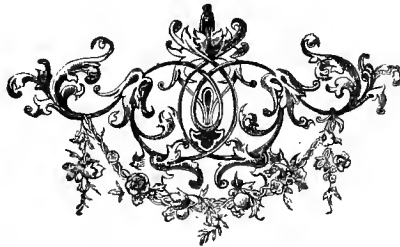
Hector, intending to consult, near to the gulfy flood,
Far from the fleet, led to a place, pure and exempt from blood,
The Trojans' forces. From their horse all lighted, and did hear
Th' oration Jove-loved Hector made; who held a goodly spear,
Eleven full cubits long, the head was brass, and did reflect
A wanton light before him still, it round about was decked
With strong hoops of new burnished gold. On this he leaned, and said:

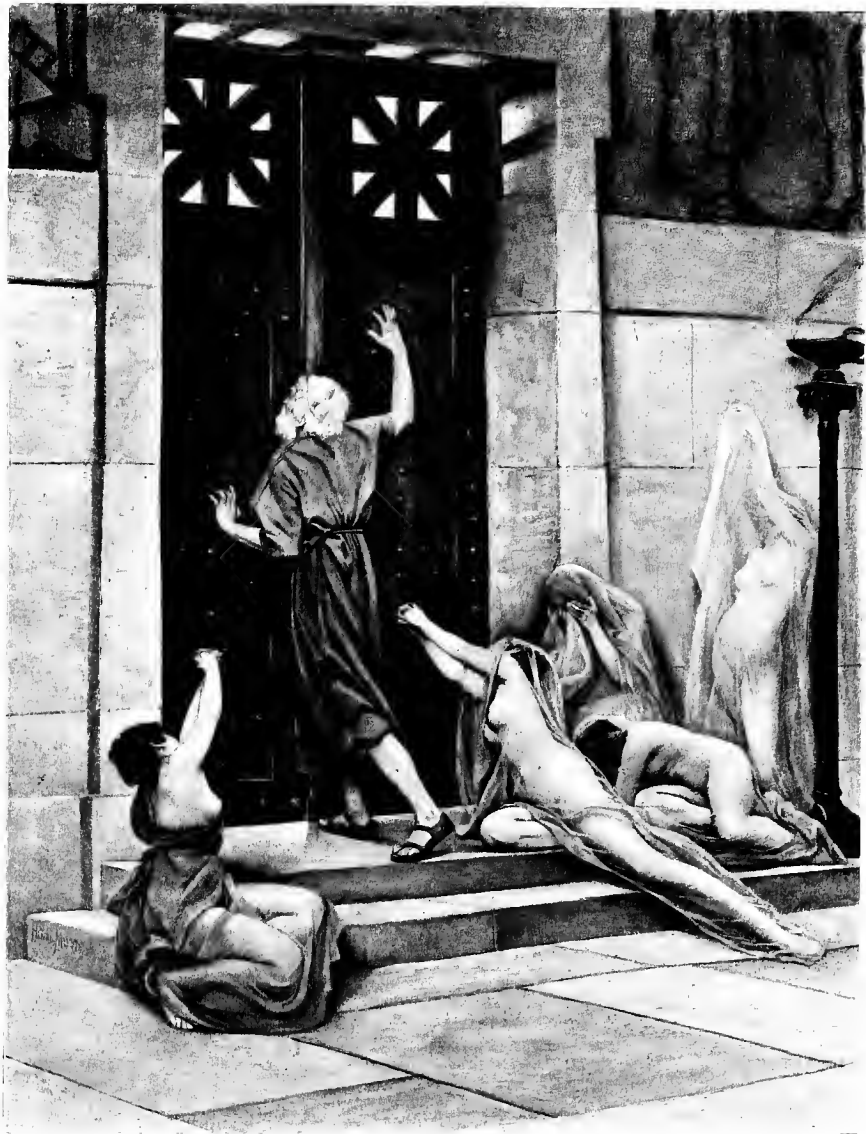
"Hear me, my worthy friends of Troy, and you our honoured aid.
A little since, I had conceit we should have made retreat,
By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the Greeks' escheat.
But darkness hath prevented us, and soft, with special grace,
These Achives and their shore-haled fleet. Let us then render place
To sacred Night, our suppers dress, and from our chariot free
Our fair-maned horse, and meat them well. Then let there convoyed 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 fight 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 sharpened 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 placed
 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 dismayed,
 Intending a surprise, while we are all without the town)
 They every way shall be impugned to every man's renown.
 Perform all this, brave Trojan friends. What now I have to say
 Is all expressed; 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 threat'ning 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 show 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 lie 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 repos'd,
 And fast'ned by their chariots, when others brought from town
 Fat sheep and oxen, instantly, bread, wine, and hewed down
 Huge store of wood. The winds transferred 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 showed.
A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allowed
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse ate oats and hard white corn,
And all did wilfully expect the silver-throned morn.





H. MOTTE. INV.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

*To Agamemnon, urging hopeless flight,
Stand Diomed, and Nestor, opposite.
By Nestor's counsel, legates are dismissed
To Thetis' son ; who still denies t' assist.*

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Iota sings the Embassy,
And great Achilles' stern reply.*



O 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 the 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,
Tumble together the dark waves, and pour upon the shore
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,
Who to the voiceful heralds went, and bade them cite, apart,
Each Grecian leader severally, not openly proclaim.
In which he laboured with the first ; and all together came.
They sadly sate. The king arose, and poured 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 wreek, 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 called me faint and weak,
 Yet I was silent, knowing the time, loth any rites to break
 That appertained thy public rule, yet all the Greeks knew well,
 Of every age, thou didst me wrong. As thou then didst refel
 My valour first of all the host, as of a man dismayed ;
 So now, with fit occasion given, I first blame thee afraid.
 Inconstant Saturn's son hath given inconstant spirits to thee,
 And, with a sceptre over all, an eminent degree,
 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)
 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,
 And gravest in thy counsels too, of all that equal are
 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 inglorious 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 stuffed with manless cruelty.
 And therefore in persuading peace, and home-flight, we the less
 May blame our gen'ral, 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 honoured 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,
 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
 Of gravest nature, since so near our ships our enemies
 Have lighted such a sort of fires, with which what man is joyed ?
 Look, how all bear themselves this night ; so live, or be destroyed."

All heard, and followed 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 ;
 Ascalaphus ; and Ialmen ; and mighty Merion ;
 Alphareus ; and Deipyros ; and lovely Lycomed,
 Old Creon's joy. These seven bold lords an hundred soldiers led,
 In every severed 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
 Invited all the peers of Greece, and food sufficient
 Apposed before them, and the peers apposed their hands to it.
 Hunger and thirst being quickly quenched, 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
 A sceptre, and established laws, that thou mayst well command,
 And counsel all men under thee. It therefore doth behove
 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 ;
 But you, obeying your high mind, would venture the event,
 Dishonouring our ablest Greek, a man th' Immortals grace.
 Again yet let 's deliberate, to make him now embrace
 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 wronged ; 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 confessed offence, soothing my hum'rous spleen,
 I'll sweeten his affects again with presents infinite,
 Which, to approve my firm intent, I'll openly recite :
 Seven sacred tripods free from fire ; ten talents of fine gold ;
 Twenty bright caldrons ; twelve young horse, well-shaped, and well controlled,
 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.
 Seven Lesbian ladies he shall have, that were the most select,
 And in their needles rarely skilled, 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
 Fair Briseis, and I deeply swear (for any fact of mine
 That may discourage her receipt) she is untouched, and rests
 As he resigned 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, ent'ring 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, called 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.
 Seven cities right magnificent I will bestow on her :
 Enope, and Cardamyle, Hira for herbs renowned,
 The fair Æpea, Pegasus that doth with grapes abound,
 Anthæa girded with green meads, Phera surnamed Divine ;
 All whose bright turrets on the seas, in sandy Pylos, 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 Phœnix shall be chief, then Ajax Telamon,
 And prince Ulysses ; and on them let these two heralds wait,
 Grave Odius 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 crowned 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 beseem ambassadors ; and Nestor urged these,

That their most honours might reflect enraged Æacides.
 They went along the shore, and prayed the God, that earth doth bind
 In brackish chains, they might not fail, but bow his mighty mind.

The quarter of the Myrmidons they reached, 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
 Aëtion's city, he did choose as his especial prize,
 And, loving sacred music well, made it his exercise.

To it he sung the glorious deeds of great heroes dead,
 And his true mind, that practice failed, 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, renowned Ulysses led,
 And stood in view. Their sudden sight his admiration bred,
 Who with his harp and all arose; so did Menetius' son
 When he beheld them. Their receipt Achilles thus begun:

“Health to my lords! Right welcome men assure yourselves you 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 unmixed and neat,
 Appose these lords, and of the depth let every man make proof,
 These are my best-esteemed 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
 A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits it wondrous fine.
 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,
 And to divinest Ithacus took his opposed seat
 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 allayed,
 Ajax to Phoenix made a sign, as if too long they stayed

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 supped 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 oppressed,
 O prince, with fear of utter spoil. 'Tis made a question now
 If we can save our fleet or not, unless thyself endow
 Thy powers with wonted fortitude. Now Troy and her consorts,
 Bold of thy want, have pitched their tents close to our fleet and forts,
 And made a firmament of fires ; and now no more they say
 Will they be prisoned in their walls, but force their violent way
 Even to our ships ; and Jove himself hath with his lightnings showed
 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
 To remedy th' affected threats of our calamities.
 Consider these affairs in time, while thou mayst use thy power,
 And have the grace to turn from Greece fate's unrecovered hour.
 O friend, thou know'st thy royal sire forewarned 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 honoured means refuse
 That may advance her. In fit bounds contain thy mighty mind,
 Nor let the knowledge of thy strength be factiously inclined,
 Contriving mischiefs. Be to fame and general good professed.
 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 quick'ning sweet,
 That had but what he won with them ; seven worthiest Lesbian dames,
 Renowned 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 touched not, as fair dames use to be touched 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 shall select beside,
 Next Helen, the most beautiful ; and, when returned we be
 To Argos, be his son-in-law, for he will honour thee
 Like his Orestes, his sole son, maintained 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 decked with towers,
 The bright Epea, Pegasus that doth God Bacchus please ;
 All, on the sandy Pylos' soil, are seated near the seas.
 Th' inhabitants in droves and flocks exceeding 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, filled 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
 Established in my settled heart, that in the rest I move

No murmur nor exception ; for like hell mouth I loath
Who holds not in his words and thoughts one indistinguished troth.
What fits the freeness of my mind my speech shall make displayed.
Nor Atreus' son, nor all the Greeks, shall win me to their aid,
Their suit is wretchedly enforced to free their own despairs,
And my life never shall be hired with thankless desperate prayers ;
For never had I benefit, that ever foiled the foe.
Even share hath he that keeps his tent and he to field doth go,
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 unfeathered birds the careful dam brings meat,
Which when she hath bestowed, herself hath 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 robbed before their eyes. Twelve cities I have sacked
Assailed by sea, eleven by land, while this siege held at Troy ;
And of all these, what was most dear, and most might crown the joy
Of Agamemnon, he enjoyed, who here behind remained ;
Which when he took, a few he gave and many things retained,
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-haired 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,
Although my captive, and had will to take her for my wife.
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, pitched with pales, broad and of deep import,
And cannot all these helps repress this kill-man Hector's fright ?
When I was armed among 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 backed 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 performed 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, or think'st it worth respect)
 In forehead of the morn, thine eyes shall see, with sails erect
 Amidst the fishy Hellespont, helped with laborious oars.
 And, if the Sea-god send free sail, the 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,
 He once deceived and injured me, and he shall never more
 Tie 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.
 Even in the numbness of calm death I will revengful 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 health 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 this like sand, or dust, or grass,
 Should he reclaim me, till this wreak paid me for all the pains
 That with his contumely burned like poison in my veins.
 Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although 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
 Fit for her, and a greater king. For if the Gods protect
 My safety to my father's court, he shall choose me a wife.
 Many fair Achive princesses of unimpeached life
 In Helle and in Phthia live, whose sires do cities hold,
 Of whom I can have whom I will. And, more an hundred-fold
 My true mind in my country likes to take a lawful wife
 Than in another nation, and there delight my life
 With those goods that my father got, much rather than die here.
 Not all the wealth of well-built Troy, possessed 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-decked 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 ;
 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,
 But death shall linger his approach, and I live many days.
 This being revealed, '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 Ilion, you never shall prevail,
 Jove with his hand protecteth it, and makes the soidiers bold,
 This tell the kings 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, drowned in my anger, ends.
 Phœnix 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 wond'ring at his stern reply : and Phœnix, 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 burned with harmful fire of Troy,
 Since thou art angry, O my son, how shall I after be
 Alone in these extremes of death, relinquished by thee ?
 I, whom thy royal father sent as orderer of thy force,
 When to Atrides from his court he left thee for this course,
 Yet young, and when in skill of arms thou didst not so abound,

Nor hadst the habit of discourse that makes men so renowned.
In all which I was set by him t' instruct thee as my son,
That thou mightst 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
Decked with fair dames, and fled the grudge my angry father bore ;
Who was the fair Amyntor called, surnamed Ormenides,
And for a fair-haired harlot's sake, that his affects could please,
Contemned my mother, his true wife, who ceaseless urged me
To use his harlot Clytia, and still would clasp my knee
To do her will, that so my sire might turn his love to hate
Of that lewd dame, converting it to comfort her estate.
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 prayed
No dame might love, nor bring me seed. The Deities obeyed
That govern hell, infernal Jove, and stern Persephone.
Then durst I in no longer date with my stern father be.
Yet did my friends and near allies inclose me with desires
Not to depart ; killed 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's guard passed .
Unseen of any man or maid. Through Greece then, rich and vast,
I fled to Phthia, nurse of sheep, and came to Peleus' court,
Who entertained me heartily, and in as gracious sort
As any sire his only son, born when his strength is spent,
And blessed 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 governed 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 lov'dst none else ; nor anywhere wouldst eat,
Till I had crowned my knee with thee, and carved thee tend'rest meat,
And given thee wine so much, for love, that, in thy infancy

(Which still discretion must protect, and a continual eye)
My bosom lovingly sustained the wine thine could not bear.
Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as dear.
Much have I suffered for thy love, much laboured, 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
What any sire could give his son. In thee I hoped to live.
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 off'rings burned,
And holy rites, the engines are with which their hearts are turned
By men that pray to them, whose faith 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 self-same gifts he vows,
But offer other afterwards, and in his still-bent brows
Entomb his honour and his word, I would not thus exhort,
With wrath appeased, 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 renowned 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 inextiate were much too rude a part.
Of ancient worthies we have heard, when they were more displeased,
To their high fames, with gifts and prayers they have been still appeased.
For instance, I remember well a fact performed 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 incensed
 Since with his plenteous land's first fruits she was not revered
 (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, enraged, excited much, she sent a sylvan boar
 From their green groves, with wounding tusks, who usually did spoil
 King Oeneus' fields, his lofty woods lay prostrate on the soil,
 Rent by the roots trees fresh, adorned 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 stirred about his head, and hide,
 A wondrous tumult, and a war betwixt the Curets wrought
 And brave Ætoliens. All the while fierce Meleager fought,
 Ill fared the Curets. Near the walls none durst advance his crest,
 Though they were many. But when wrath inflamed 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,
 And of Ideus ; who of all terrestrial men did reign,
 At that time, king of fortitude, and for Marpessa's sake,
 'Gainst wanton Phoebus, king of flames, his bow in hand did take,
 Since he had ravished 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 prayed might fall on him ; who, for her brother slain
 By Meleager, grieved, and prayed the Gods to wreak her pain
 With all the horror could be poured upon her furious birth.
 Still knocked she with her impious hands the many-feeding earth,
 To urge stern Pluto and his Queen t' incline their vengeful ears,
 Fell on her knees, and all her breast dewed with her fiery tears,
 To make them massacre her son, whose wrath enraged her thus.
 Erinnyes, wand'ring through the air, heard, out of Erebus,
 Prayers fit for her displeas'd mind. Yet Meleager lay
 Obscured in fury. Then the bruit of the tumultuous fray.

Rung through the turrets as they scaled; then came the Ætolian peers
 To Meleager with low suits to rise and free their fears;
 Then sent they the chief priests of Gods with offered gifts t' atone
 His differing fury, bade him choose, in sweet-soiled Calydon,
 Of the most fat and yildy soil, what with an hundred steers
 Might in an hundred days be ploughed, 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 ruthful 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 esteemed; 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
 Along the city. Then his wife, in pitiful dismay,
 Besought him, weeping; telling him the miseries sustained
 By all the citizens, whose town the enemy had gained;
 Men slaughtered; children bondslaves made; sweet ladies forced with lust;
 Fires climbing towers, and turning them to heaps of fruitless dust.
 These dangers softened his steel heart. Up the stout prince arose,
 Indued his body with rich arms, and freed th' Ætolians' woes,
 His smothered 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 turned
 From thine own honour. It were shame to see our navy burned,
 And then come with thy timeless aid. For offered 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 renowned, though thou repel the foe.”

Achilles answered the last part of this oration thus:

“ Phœnix, renowned and reverend, the honours urged on us
 We need not. Jové 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 impassion my affects,
 Becoming gracious to my foe. Nor fits it the respects
 Of thy vowed love to honour him that hath dishonoured 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 arguments 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 respects, do what they can,
 Wherein past all, we honoured him. O unremorseful man !
 Another for his brother slain, another for his son,
 Accepts of satisfaction ; and he the deed hath done
 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 answered : “ 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,
 And, like a stranger, for all rites, fit for our good, refused,
 My heart doth swell against the man that durst be so profane
 To violate his sacred place ; not for my private bane,
 But since wracked 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,
 Enlight'ned 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 kissed 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 obeyed, and thereon laid the subtile fruit of flax,
 And warm sheep-fells for covering; and there the old man slept,
 Attending till the golden Morn her usual station kept.
 Achilles lay in th' inner room of his tent richly wrought,
 And that fair lady by his side that he from Lesbos brought,
 Bright Diomeda, Phorbas' seed. Patroclus did embrace
 The beauteous Iphis, given to him when his bold friend did race
 The lofty Scyrus that was kept in Enyeius' hold.

Now at the tent of Atreus' son, each man with cups of gold
 Received th' ambassadors returned. All clustered 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?"

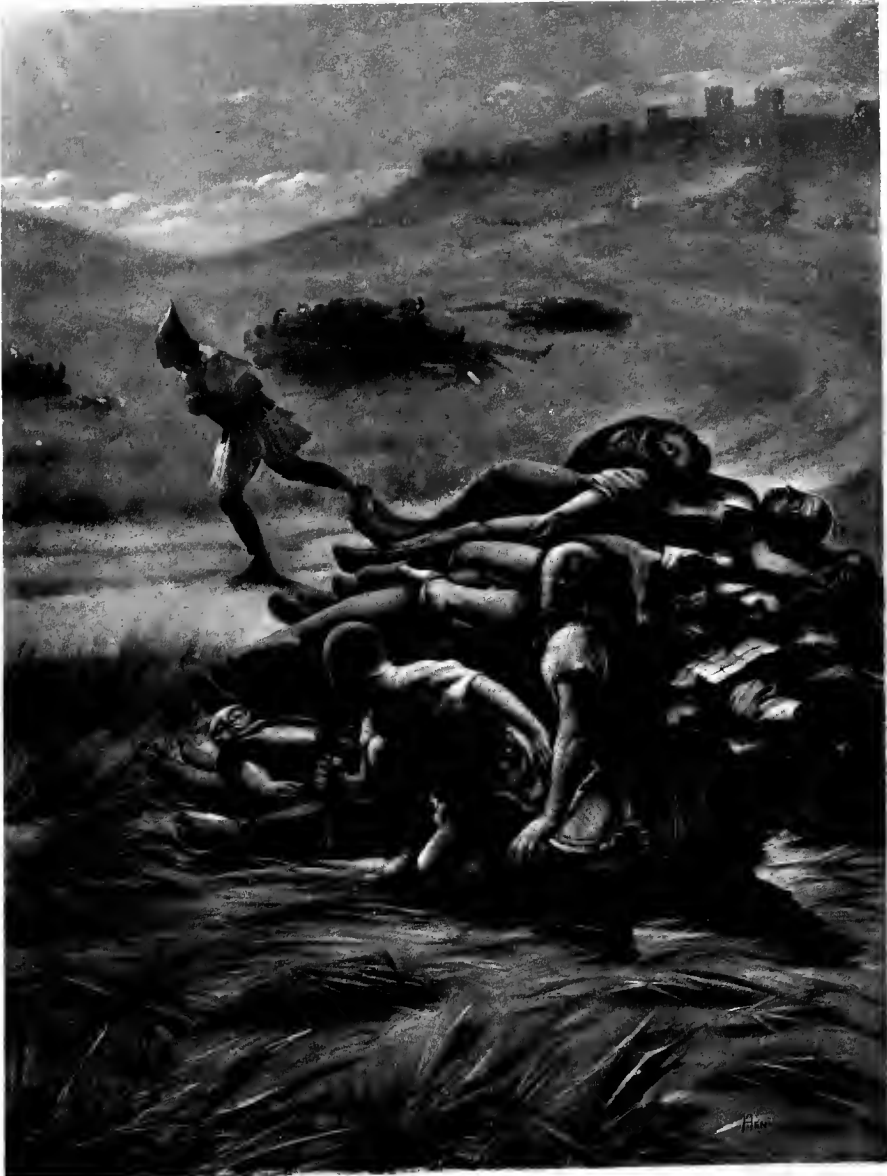
Ulysses made reply: "Not yet will he appeased be,
 But grows more wrathful, prizing light thy offered gifts and thee,
 And wills thee to consult with us, and take some other course
 To save our army and our fleet, and says, 'with all his force,
 The morn shall light him on his way to Phthia's wished soil,
 For never shall high-seated Troy be sacked 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. Phœnix stays, for so was his desire,
 To go with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire."
 All wond'ring he should be so stern; at last bold Diomed spake:

"Would God, Atrides, thy request were yet to undertake,
 And all thy gifts unoffered 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-fingered 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.





H. MOTTE INV.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

*Th' Atrides, watching, wake the other peers,
And (in the fort, consulting of their fears)
Two kings they send, most stout, and honoured 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.*



HE other princes at their ships soft-fingered Sleep did bind,
But not the general ; Somnus' silks bound not his labouring
mind
That turned, and returned, many thoughts. And as quick
lightnings fly,
From well-decked Juno's sovereign, out of the thickened 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 ensulphured hand,
In dazzling flashes poured from clouds, on any punished land ;
So from Atrides' troubled heart, through his dark sorrows flew
Redoubled sighs ; his entrails shook, as often as his view
Admired the multitude of fires that gilt 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,
 Burnt in his fiery sighs, still breathed out of his royal 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 threat'ned 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 reached, 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 excelled in rule might help t' effect his care.
 He found him, at his ship's crook'd stern, adorning him with arms,
 Who joyed 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 vent'rous 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 one 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 dis-ease,
 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 asked, "that I shall tarry here
 Attending thy resolved approach, or else the message bear,
 And quickly make return to thee ?" He answered : "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,
 Not with unseasoned violence of proud authority.
 We must our patience exercise, and work ourselves with them,
 Jove in our birth combined such care to either's diadem."

Thus he dismissed him, knowing well his charge before he went.
 Himself to Nestor, whom he found in bed within his tent,
 By him his damask curets 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 answered: "O Neleides, grave honour of our host,
 'Tis Agamemnon thou mayst 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 struck 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 mixed with ours, and we have forth no spies
 To learn their drifts; who may perchance this night intend surprise."

Grave Nestor answered: "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 dismayed
 With fear, lest our distress incite Achilles to our aid,
 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 honoured 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,
 But with observing my estate, he thinks, he should abstain
 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 men 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, curled 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 called, 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 enforcive cause ?" He answered, " 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 fixed by him as he slept, the great end in the ground,
 The point, that bristled the dark earth, cast a reflection round
 Like pallid lightnings thrown from Jove ; thus this heroe lay,
 And under him a big ox-hide ; his royal head had stay
 On arras hangings, rolled up ; whereon he slept so fast,
 That Nestor stirred him with his foot, and chid to see him cast
 In such deep sleep in such deep woes, and asked 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 tak'st repose,
 Thou art too patient of our toil. Have we not men more young,
 To be employed from king to king ? Thine age hath too much wrong."

" Said like a king," replied the sire, " for I have sons renowned,
 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 reached 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,
 And grin at every breach of air, envious of all that moves,
 Still list'ning 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 enemies' tents, that they might timely hear
 If they were stirring to surprise ; which Nestor joyed 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 passed the dike, the others seconded,
 Even all the kings that had been called to counsel from the bed,
 And with them went Meriones, and Nestor's famous son ;
 For both were called by all the kings to consultation.
 Beyond the dike they chose a place, near as they could from blood,
 Where yet appeared the falls of some, and whence, the crimson flood

Of Grecian lives being poured on earth by Hector's furious chase,
 He made retreat, when night repoured 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 stragglings 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
 With their outguards, expiscating if the renowned extreme
 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 untouched ; 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 (rewards that now exceed
 All other best possessions, in all men's choice request)
 And still be bidden by our kings to kind and royal feasts."

All revered one another's worth ; and none would silence break,
 Lest worst 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 would be
 The strengthened 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 ;
 The two Ajaces, Merion, and Menelaus too ;
 But Nestor's son enforced it much, and hardy Ithacus
 Who had to every vent'rous 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 giv'st my judgment leave to choose,
 How can it so much truth forget Ulysses to refuse

That bears a mind so much 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 esteemed 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 impair 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 borrowed they for haste some arms. Bold Thrasymedes lent
 Advent'rous Diomed his sword (his own was at his tent),
 His shield, and helm tough and well tanned, without or plume or crest,
 And called a morion, archers' heads it used to invest.
 Meriones lent Ithacus his quiver and his bow,
 His helmet fashioned of a hide, the workman did bestow
 Much labour in it, quilting it with bow-strings, and without
 With snowy tusks of white-mouthed boars 'twas armed round about
 Right cunningly, and in the midst an arming cap was placed,
 That with the fixed ends of the tusks his head might not be rased.
 This, long since, by Autolycus was brought from Eleon,
 When he laid waste Amyntor's house, that was Ormenus' son.
 In Scandia, to Cytherius, surnamed Amphidamas,
 Autolycus did give this helm; he, when he feasted was
 By honoured Molus, gave it him, as present of a guest;
 Molus to his son Merion did make it his bequest.
 With this Ulysses armed his head; and thus they, both addressed,
 Took leave of all the other kings. To them a glad ostent,
 As they were ent'ring on their way, Minerva did present,
 A hernshaw consecrate to her, which they could ill discern
 Through sable night, but, by her clange, they knew it was a hern.
 Ulysses joyed, 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 prayed illustrate Diomed: "Vouchsafe me likewise ear,
 O thou unconquered 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 mad'st to swim in blood
 Of his enambushed enemies; and, if thou so protect
 My bold endeavours, to thy name an heifer most select,
 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, slaughtered carcasses, arms, and discoloured gore.

Nor Hector let his princes sleep, but all to council called,
 And asked, "What one is here will vow, and keep it unappalled,
 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 renowned.
 This Dolon did in gold and brass exceedingly abound,
 But in his form was quite deformed, 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 expelled."

He put his sceptre in his hand, and called 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 turned 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 slaughtered enemy.
 But let us suffer him to come a little further on,
 And then pursue him. If it chance, that we be overgone
 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 stepped they from the plain
 Amongst the slaughtered 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-soiled furrow forth, so far was Dolon past.
 Then they pursued, which he perceived, and stayed 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 hare or hind,
 Close-mouthed and skilled 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 mixed with their out-courts of guard.

Then Pallas prompted Diomed, lest his due worth's reward
 Should be impaired if any man did vaunt he first did sheath
 His sword in him, and he be called but second in his death.
 Then spake he, threat'ning 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 missed as Diomed would,
 Above his right arm making way, the pile stuck in the mould.
 He stayed 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 wished event ?"

He trembling answered : " Much reward did Hector's oath propose

And urged me, much against my will, t' endeavour to disclose
 If you determined still to stay, or bent your course for flight,
 As all dismayed 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 to hear
 So base a swain have any hope so high a prize t' aspire,
 And said, his labours did affect a great and precious hire,
 And that the horse Pelides reined 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 encamped, or turn sufficed with their late victory?"

"All this," said he, "I'll tell most true. At Ilus' 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 mak'st demand, none orderly we keep.
 The Trojans, that have roofs to save, only abandon sleep,
 And privately without command each other they exhort
 To make prevention of the worst; and in this slender sort
 Is watch and guard maintained 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 commixed with yours?"

"And this," said Dolon, "too, my lords, I'll seriously unfold.
 The Pæons with the crooked bows, and Cares, quarters hold
 Next to the sea, the Leleges, and Caucons, joined with them,
 And brave Pelasgians. ThyMBER'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 camps, the Thracian quarter lies
 Utmost of all, and uncommixed with Trojan regiments,
 That keep the voluntary watch. New pitched 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 offered ransom, for this 'scape thou still wouldst scouting be
 About our ships, or do us scathe in plain opposed arms,
 But, if I take thy life, no way can we repent thy harms."

With this, as Dolon reached his hand to use a suppliant's part
 And stroke the beard of Diomed, he struck his neck athwart
 With his forced sword, and both the nerves he did in sunder 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 tamrick bough
 As eyeful trophies, and the sprigs that did about it grow
 He pruned from the leafy arms, to make it easier viewed
 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 ;
 Prize thou the horse ; or kill the guard, and leave the horse to me."

Minerva, with the azure eyes, breathed strength into her king,
 Who filled 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 assailed the foe ; twelve souls before him flew ;
 Ulysses waited on his sword, and ever as he slew,
 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,
 Which was Oenides' royal son, unconquered Diomed.

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,
 And draw it by the beam away, or bear it on his back,
 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 dismayed.

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 Ilion he entered, and awaked
 The cousin-german of the king, a counsellor of Thrace,
 Hippocoon ; who when he rose, and saw the desert place,
 Where Rhesus' horse did use to stand, and th' other dismal harms,
 Men struggling with the pangs of death, he shrieked out thick alarms,
 Called " 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 gathered, and admired
 Who could perform such harmful facts, and yet be safe retired.

Now, coming where they slew the scout, Ulysses stayed the steeds,
 Tydides lighted, and the spoils, hung on the tamrick 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-hoofs struck 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 returned 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 heaped 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 honoured you with this reward? Why, they be like the rays
 The sun effuseth. I have mixed 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
 Never the like to any sense that ever I possessed.

But some good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours blessed,
 For he that shadows heaven with clouds loves both as his delights,
 And she that supplies earth with blood cannot forbear your sights.”

Ulysses answered: “Honoured sire, the willing Gods can give
 Horse much more worth than these men yield, since in more power they lie.
 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 killed, from Hector sent to spy
 The whole estate of our designs, if bent to fight or fly.”

Thus, followed with whole troops of friends, they with applauses passed
 The spacious dike, and in the tent of Diomed they placed
 The horse without contention, as his deserving'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 vowed to her that sent the good-aboding hern.

Then entered they the mere main sea, to cleanse their honoured sweat
 From off their feet, their thighs and necks; and, when their vehement heat
 Was calmed, and their swoln hearts refreshed, more curious baths they used,
 Where odorous and dissolving oils they through their limbs diffused.
 Then, taking breakfast, a big bowl filled with the purest wine
 They offered to the Maiden Queen that hath the azure eyne.



BOOK XI.

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, decked in his dreadful arms.*

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Lambda presents the General,
In fight the worthiest man of all.*



HURORA 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, sustaining 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' author of their smarts,
Who held, for fortitude and force, the navy's utmost parts.

The red-eyed Goddess, seated there, thundered th' Orthian song,
High, and with horror, through the ears of all the Grecian throng.
Her verse with spirits invincible did all their breasts inspire,



H. MOTTE INV.

Divine Agenor, Polybus, unmarried Acamos
 Proportioned 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 vaunt-guard, shining plain,
 Then in the rear-guard hid himself, and laboured 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 stooped 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 showed 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 fixed 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 adorned with towers, the sea with vessels filled,
 The splendour of refulgent arms, the killer and the killed.
 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-environed 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 accustomed ease arrived, his hands with labour full,
 Then by their valours Greeks brake through the Trojan ranks, and cheered
 Their general squadrons through the host, then first of all appeared
 The person of the king himself, and then the Trojans lost
 Bianor by his royal charge, a leader in the host.
 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 hard'ned pan,
 His brain mixed with his clotted blood, his body strewed 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 resigned.
 Atrides with his well-aimed lance smote Isus on the breast
 Above the nipple ; and his sword a mortal wound impressed
 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,
 Who brought them to the sable fleet from Ida's foody leas.

And as a lion having found the furrow of a hind,
 Where she had calved two little twins, at will and ease doth grind
 The joints snatched 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 chase
 From that fell savage, drowned 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 Menelaus' wealth,
 Bereft him, with his ravished queen, by Alexander's stealth.
 Atrides, lion-like, did charge his sons, who on their knees
 Fell from their chariot, and besought regard to their degrees,
 Who, being Antimachus's sons, their father would afford
 A worthy ransom for their lives, who in his house did hoard
 Much hidden treasure, brass, and gold, and steel, wrought wondrous choice.
 Thus wept they, using smoothing terms, and heard this rugged voice
 Breathed from the unrelenting king : " If you be of the breed
 Of stout Antimachus, that stayed the honourable deed
 The other peers of Ilium in counsel had decreed,
 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 fixed his wreakful dart,
 Who upward spread th' oppressed earth ; his brother crouched 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.
 Then to th' extremest heat of fight he did his valour turn,
 And led a multitude of Greeks, where foot did foot subdue,
 Horse slaughtered horse. Need feathered flight, the battered 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 chase, gave his persuasions way
 With his own valour, slaught'ring 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 Atrides' sword flew up Troy's flying heels,
 Their horse drew empty chariots, and sought their thund'ring 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 Ilus' monument, in midst of all the field,
 They reached the wild fig-tree, and longed 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 ; and there every eye, fixed 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 chase, and still the last man died,
 The other fled, a number fell by his imperial hand,
 Some grovelling downwards from their horse, some upwards strewed 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 : " Thaumantia, 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,
 Depopulating troops of men, so long he must excite
 Some other to resist the foe, and he no arms advance ;
 But when he wounded takes his horse, attained 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 obeyed, and used her wings
 To famous Ilion 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 vanished from his sight.

He leapt upon the sounding earth, and shook his lengthful dart,
 And everywhere he breathed exhorts, and stirred up every heart.
 A dreadful fight he set on foot. His soldiers straight turned 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 encountered 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 Cisséus' noble house, that was his mother's sire,
 Fair Theano ; and when his breast was height'ned with the fire
 Of gaysome youth, his grandsire gave his daughter to his love.
 Who straight his bridal-chamber left. Faine with affection strove,
 And made him furnish twelve fair ships to lend fair Troy his hand.
 His ships he in Percope left, and came to Troy by land.
 And now he tried the fame of Greece, encount'ring with the king,
 Who threw his royal lance and missed. Iphidamas did fling,
 And struck 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 turned again like lead.
 He followed, grasping the ground end, but with a lion's wile
 That wrests away a hunter's staff, he caught it by the pile,
 And plucked 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,
 An hundred oxen gave he her, and vowed in his retreat

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 his tragedy,
Deep sorrow sat upon his eyes, and (standing laterally,
And to the General undiscerned) his javelin he let fly,
That 'twixt his elbow and his wrist transfixed his armless arm ;
The bright head shined on th' other side. The unexpected harm
Impressed some horror in the king ; yet so he ceased not fight,
But rushed on Coon with his lance, who made what haste he might,
Seizing his slaughtered brother's foot, to draw him from the field,
And called 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 ;
And, to suffice precisest fate, to Pluto's mansion dived.
He with his lance, sword, mighty stones, poured his heroic wreak
On other squadrons of the foe, while 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 poured out his highest voice to purchase every ear :

“Princes and leaders of the Greeks, brave friends, now from our fleet
Do you expel this boist'rous 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 spriteful horse,
That freely to the sable fleet performed 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 renowned, 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-toothed 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 killed, when Jove did grace his deed ?
 Assæus, and Autonous, Opys, and Clytus' seed
 Prince Dolops, and the honoured sire of sweet Euryalus
 Opheltès, Agelaus next, and strong Hipponous,
 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 gathered clouds white Notus' power did draw,
 Wraps waves in waves, hurls up the froth beat with a vehement flaw ;
 So were the common soldiers wracked 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
 Stirred 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 answered : " 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
 Wiields 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 returned, who now the king pursued
 And furrowed through the thickened troops. As when two chased boars
 Turn head 'gainst kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores ;
 So, turned from fight, the forward kings showed 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 prize.

Hypirochus, and Hippodus, Ulysses reft of light.
 But Jove, that out of Ida looked, 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,
 The Prince Agastrophus ; his lance into his hip did run ;
 His squire detained his horse apart, that hindered him to fly,
 Which he repented at his heart, yet did his feet apply
 His 'scape with all the speed they had amongst the foremost bands,
 And there his loved life dissolved. This Hector understands,
 And rushed 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 stiffened 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 struck 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 commixed within his strength, and fled his darksome grave.
 He followed with his trusty 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 honoured Ius built,
 And as the curace of the slain, engraven and richly gilt,

Tydides from his breast had spoiled, 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 laughed sweetly at the wound,
 Crept from his covert, and triumphed: "Now art thou maimed," said he,
 "And would to God my happy hand had so much honoured 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-haired lover, you that hunt and flee at wenches so,
 Dost thou but stand in arms with me, thy silly archery
 Would give thee little cause to vaunt. As little suffer I
 In this same tall exploit of thine, performed when thou wert hid,
 As if a woman, or a child that knew not what it did,
 Had touched 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 enamoured dames."

Lance-famed Ulysses now came in, and stept before the king,
 Kneeled 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 clust'ring on,
 'Twere high dishonour; yet 'twere worse to be surprised 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 fixed,
 Wound, or be wounded. Valour's truth puts no respect betwixt."

In this contention with himself, in flew the shady bands
 Of targeteers, who sieged 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 rusheth on before,
 Whets, with his lather-making jaws, his crooked tusks for blood,
 And, holding firm his usual haunts, breaks through the deep'ned wood,

They charging, though his hot approach be never so abhorred ;
 So, to assail the Jove-loved Greek, the Ilians did accord,
 And he made through them. First he hurt, upon his shoulder blade,
 Deiops, a blameless man at arms ; then sent to endless shade
 Thoon and Eunomus ; and struck the strong Chersidamas,
 As from his chariot he leaped down, beneath his targe of brass,
 Who fell, and crawled 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 prize 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 curaces, and on his ribs did glance,
 Plowing the flesh alongst his sides ; but Pallas did repel
 All inward passage to his life. Ulysses, knowing well
 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 frightened Socus to retreat, and, in his faint reverse,
 The lance betwixt his shoulders fell, and through his breast did perse,
 Down fell he sounding, and the king thus played with his mis-ease :
 " 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-honoured 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 vowed.
 Then he retired, and summoned 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
From all assistance, and advised their aids might be disposed
Against the ring that circled him, lest, charged with troops alone,
(Though valiant) he might be oppressed, 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, mast'red of his wound,
Embossed 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.
But then made Menelaus in, and horrid Ajax then,
Bearing a target like a tower, close was his violent stand,
And every way the foe dispersed; when, by the royal hand,
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 withered rosin flowers,
Loose weeds, and all dispersed filth, into the ocean's force;
So matchless Ajax beat the field, and slaughtered 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 burned
Near Nestor and king Idomen, where Hector overturned
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-haired Helen's second spouse had not repressed the fire
Of bold Machaon's fortitude, who with a three-forked 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 preferred, 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 obeyed,
And to his chariot presently the wounded Greek conveyed
The son of Æsculapius, the great physician.

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 struck the horse, that fast ensued
Stung with his lashes, tossing shields, and carcasses imbrued.
The chariot tree was drowned in blood, and th' arches by the seat
Dispurpled from the horses' hoofs, and from the wheelbands beat.
Great Hector longed to break the ranks and startle their close fight,
Who horribly amazed the Greeks, and plied their sudden fright
With busy weapons, ever winged ; his lance, sword, weighty stones.
Yet charged he other leaders' bands not dreadful Telamon's,
With whom he wisely shunned foul blows. But Jove (that weighs above
All human powers) to Ajax' breast divine repressions drove,
And made him shun who shunned himself ; he ceased from fight amazed,
Cast on his back his sevenfold shield, and round about him gazed
Like one turned wild, looked 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 eye,
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,
About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beat,
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 scorned 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 forbore, his spirits did rarify their fumes,
 And he revoked his active strength, turned 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 struck duke Apisaon.
 Whose surname was Phausiades, even to the concrete blood
 That makes the liver; on the earth out gushed his vital flood.
 Eurypylos made in, and eased his shoulders of his arms;
 Which Paris seeing, he drew his bow, and wreaked in part the harms
 Of his good friend Phausiades, his arrow he let fly
 That smote Eurypylos, and brake in his attained thigh;
 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 drowned in darts,
 I fear past 'scape; turn, honoured friends, help out his vent'rous 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, retiring their retire.
 And thus both hosts indifferent joined, the fight grew hot as fire.

Now had Neleides' sweating steeds brought him, and his hurt friend,
 Amongst their fleet. Æacides, that wishly did intend,
 Standing astern his tall-necked 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
 His friend Patroclus, who, like Mars in form celestial,
 Came forth with first sound of his voice, first spring of his decay,
 And asked 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 unsuffered need employed in their extremities.
 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 passed me in such earnest speed." Patroclus presently
 Obeyed 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 Thetis' son sacked 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 surpassed.
 First, a fair table she apposed, of which the feet were graced
 With bluish metal mixed 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 Pylos ; 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 Pramnius, and scraped into the wine
 Cheese made of goat's milk, and on it 'spered 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 quenched they thirst, and then their spirits revived
 With pleasant conference. And now Patroclus, 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 answered : " 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,
Tainted with lances, at their tents are miserably laid?
Ulysses, Diomed, our king, Eurypylus, 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; an hundred fifty mares,
All sorrel, most with sucking foals. And these soon-moneyed ware.
We drave into Neleius' 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 Pylians though but few. In brake great Hercules
To our sad confines of late years, and wholly did suppress
Our hapless princes. Twice six sons renowned Neleius bred,
Only myself am left of all, the rest subdued and dead.
And this was it that made so proud the base Epeian bands,
On their near neighbours, being oppressed, 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 culled 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 dismissed 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 prize ;
 And, as he shared much, much he left his subjects to suffice,
 That none might be oppressed 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
 Upon a lofty prominent, and in th' extreme confines
 Of sandy Pylos, seated where Alpheus' flood doth run,
 And called Thyryessa ; this they sieged, and gladly would have won,
 But, having passed through all our fields, Minerva as our spy
 Fell from Olympus in the night, and armed us instantly ;
 Nor mustered 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 crooked course doth frame
 Close to Arena, and is called 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 marched we on. By fiery noon we saw the sacred clear
 Of great Alphæus, where to Jove we did fair sacrifice ;
 And to the azure God, that rules the under-liquid skies,
 We offered up a solemn bull ; a bull t' Alphæus' name ;
 And to the blue-eyed Maid we burned a heifer never tame.
 Now was it night ; we supped 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
 Appeared behind them ; for as soon as Phœbus' fiery car
 Cast night's foul darkness from his wheels (invoking reverend Jove,
 And the unconquered 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 spoiled 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-armed lance, the dust received him dead.
I, leaping to his chariot, amongst the foremost pressed,
And the great-hearted Elians fled frightened, seeing their best
And loftiest soldier taken down, the general of their horse.
I followed like a black whirlwind, and did for prize enforce
Full fifty chariots, every one furnished with two armed men,
Who ate the earth, slain with my lance. And I had slaughtered then
The two young boys, Moliones, if their world-circling sire,
Great Neptune, had not saft their lives, and covered their retire
With unpierced clouds. Then Jove bestowed a haughty victory
Upon us Pylians; for so long we did the chase apply,
Slaughtering and making spoil of arms, till sweet Buprasius' soil,
Alesius, and Olenia, were famed with our recoil;
For there Minerva turned our power, and there the last I slew
As, when our battle joined, the first. The Pylians then withdrew
To Pylos from Buprasius. Of all the Immortals then
They most thanked Jove for victory; Nestor the most of men.
Such was I ever, if I were employed 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 lacked.
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, renowned 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, crowned with red wine, he held
On th' holy incensory poured. You, when the ox was felled,
Were dressing his divided limbs. We in the portal stood.
Achilles seeing us come so near, his honourable blood
Was struck 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 rights, 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 renowned designs; both straight did condescend.
 Your fathers knew it, gave consent, and grave instruction
 To both your valours. Peleus charged his most unequalled 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 honoured years,
 Command and overrule his moods; his nature will obey
 In any charge discreetly given, that doth his good assay.'

"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,
 And enter with thy gracious words, even to his full consent?
 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,
 And yield by that means some repulse to our confusions,
 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 overcharged 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, counsels, and martial courts,
 And where to th' altars of the Gods they made divine resorts)
 He met renowned Eurypylyus, 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 flowed his melancholy blood, yet still his mind was sound.
 His sight in kind Patroclus' breast to sacred pity turned,
 And (nothing more immortal for true ruth) thus he mourned:
 "Ah wretched progeny of Greece, princes, dejected kings,
 Was it your fates to nourish beasts, and serve 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 headlong 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-sterned ship, save me, and from my thigh
Cut out this arrow, and the blood, that is ingored and dry,
Wash with warm water from the wound; then gentle salves apply,
Which thou knowest best, thy princely friend hath taught thee surgery,
Whom, of all Centaurs the most just, Chiron did institute.
Thus to thy honourable hands my ease I prosecute,
Since our physicians cannot help. Machaon at his tent
Needs a physician himself, being leech and patient;
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
To signify to Thetis' son occurrences that have past
At Nestor's honourable suit. But be that work achieved
When this is done, I will not leave thy torments unrelieved."

This said, athwart his back he cast, beneath his breast, his arm,
And nobly helped him to his tent. His servants, seeing his harm,
Dispread ox-hides upon the earth, whereon Machaon lay.
Patroclus cut out the sharp shaft, and clearly washed away
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 allayed, the wound did bleed no more.



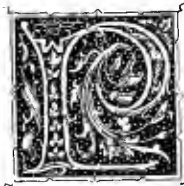
BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

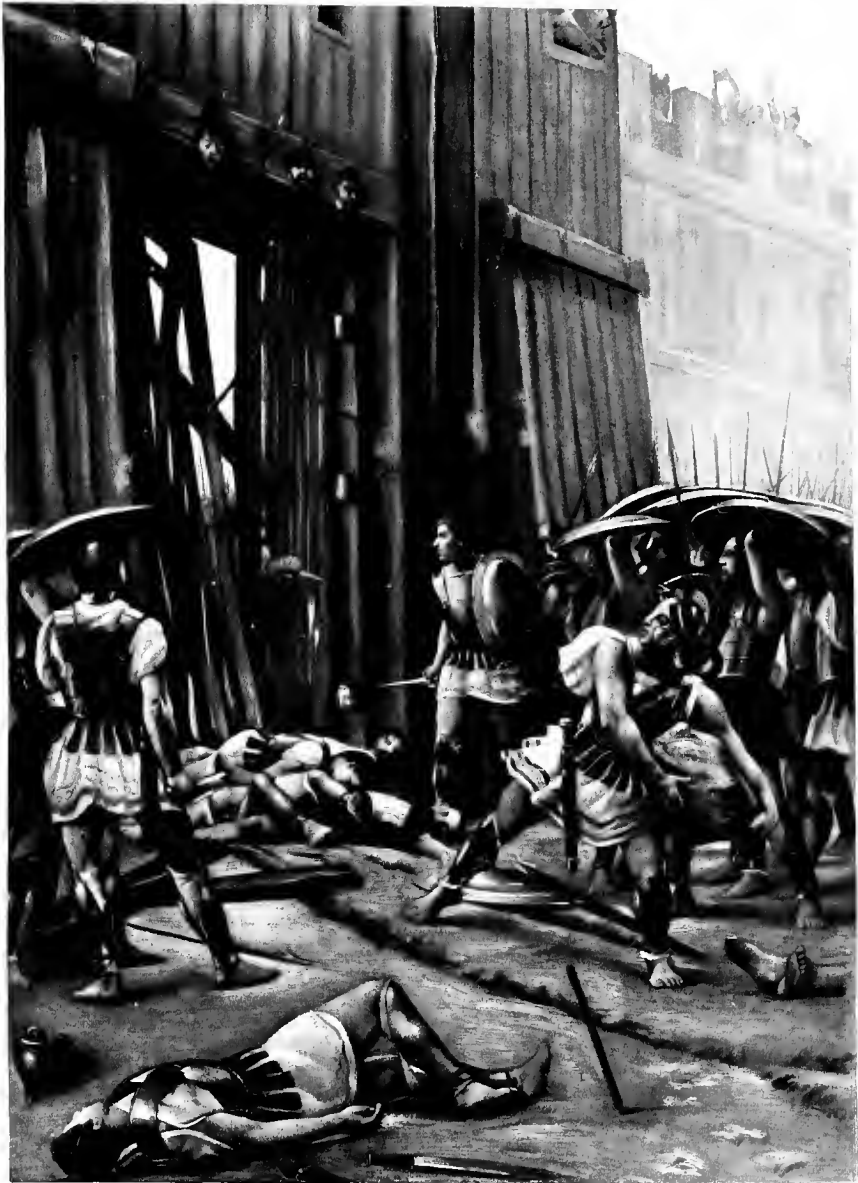
*The Trojans at the trench their pow'rs engage,
Though greeted by a bird of bad presage,
In five parts they divide their pow'r to scale,
And Prince Sarpedon forceth down the pale.
Great Hector from the ports tears out a stone,
And with so dead a strength he sets it gone
At those broad gates the Grecians made to guard
Their tents and ships, that, broken, and unbarred,
They yield way to his power ; when all contend
To reach the ships ; which all at last ascend.*

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Mū works the Trojans all the grace,
And doth the Grecian fort deface.*



ATROCLUS thus employed in cure of hurt Eurypylos,
Both hosts are all for other wounds doubly contentious,
One always 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 unrac't, 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 seasoned 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 confirmed ; 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,



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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 suffered fate, and many Greeks did pay
Dear for their sufferance, then the rest home to their country turned,
The tenth year of their wars at Troy, and Troy was sacked and burned.
And then the Gods fell to their fort; then they their powers employ
To ruin their work, and left 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 roared,
Rhesus, Heptaporus, Rhodius, Scamander the adored,
Caresus, Simois, Grenicus, Æsepus; of them all
Apollo opened the rough mouths, and made their lusty fall
Ravish the dusty champian, where many a helm and shield,
And half-god race of men, were strewed. And, that all these might yield
Full tribute to the heavenly work, Neptune and Phœbus won
Jove to unburthen the black wombs of clouds, filled 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, tossed 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 remained
Of all their huge foundations, all with the earth were plained.
Which done, again the Gods turned back the silver-flowing floods
By that vast channel through whose vaults they poured abroad their broods,
And covered 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, contending 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,
Or lion, hunted long, at last, with hounds' and hunters' store
Is compassed round; they charge him close, and stand (as in a tower

They had inched him) pouring on of darts an iron shower ;
 His glorious heart yet nought appalled, 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 wearies 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 wished. 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
 We shall lie struggling, not a man of all our host is like
 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 obeyed it, and full armed 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 procinct 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 allowed 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 Alcathous, Agenor. The command
The third strong phalanx had was given to th' augur Helenus,
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 Sellees flowed.
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 chose, 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 Ilion; 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 rushed 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 unbarred 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
Maintained 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 followed Asius. Within the gates they found
Two eminently valorous, that from the race renowned
Of the right valiant Lapithes derived their high descent;
Fierce Leonteus was the one, like Mars in detriment,

The other mighty Polypæt, the great Pirithous' 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 cheered
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 dismayed, 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,
Couched 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 stirred 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,
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,
Bestowed 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 withered hand,
And dipped 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 drowned, and the man, so late so spiritfull,
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, Antimachus's son;
His lance fell at his girdle-stead, and with his end begun
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 heaped together made their peace in that red field of strife.
Whose fair arms while the victors spoiled, the youth of Ilium
(Of which there served the most and best) still boldly built upon
The wisdom of Polydamas, and Hector's matchless strength,
And followed, filled with wondrous spirit, with wish and hope at length,
The Greeks' wall won, to fire their fleet. But, having passed the dike,
And willing now to pass the wall, this prodigy did strike
Their hearts with some deliberate stay: A high-flown eagle soared
On their troops' left hand, and sustained a dragon, all engored,

In her strong seres, of wondrous size, and yet had no such cbeck
 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 upon the winds her way,
 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 ostent from him, stood frighted, 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 employed 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 counsels ; 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,
 Hovered above us, and did truss within her golden seres
 A serpent so embrued 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 overturn 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 outcries, and the life of many a Trojan breast
 Shall with the eagle fly, before we carry to our nest
 Them or their navy." Thus expounds the augur this ostent,
 Whose depth he knows, and these should fear. Hector, with countenance bent
 Thus answered 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 past directly for our speed, yet light-winged 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, 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 thou the dangerous fight
 Strew 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 dar'st 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,
 And thunder-loving Jupiter from lofty Ida blew
 A storm that ushered 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 pulled them down, razed every foremost fight,
 And all the buttresses of stone that held their tow'rs upright
 They tore away with crows of iron, and hoped to ruin all.

The Greeks yet stood, and still repaired the fore-fights of their wall
 With hides of oxen, and from thence they poured down stones in showers
 Upon the underminers' heads. Within the foremost towers
 Both the Ajaces had command, who answered every part,
 Th' assaulters, and their soldiers, repressed, 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,
 The excellent must be admired, the meanest excellent,
 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 flowed.
 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 covered earth with stones, so both for life contend,
To show their sharpness ; through the wall uproar stood up on 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 nailed 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-armed 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
Others as great as he in name, as great in mind as he,
He spake to Glaucus : " Glaucus, say, why are we honoured 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-armed 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 deferring now
We shunned 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 sort 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 obeyed.
Foreright went both, a mighty troop of Lycians followed.
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, defences of all sorts
Were adding, as Troy took away ; and clamour flew so high
Her wings struck heaven, and drowned 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 showed 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 assailed his quarter most ; for on it fiercely pressed
The well-proved mighty Lycian chiefs. Yet if the service there
Allowed not both, he prayed that one part of his charge would bear,
And that was Ajax Telamon, with whom he wished would come
The archer Teucer. Telamon left instantly his room
To strong Lycomedes, and willed 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, alongst the wall, they found him, and his heart'ned 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.
 Amongst the high munition heap, a mighty marble stone
 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-topped 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 discerned his arm, and made him steal retreat
 From that hot service, lest some Greek, with an insulting threat,
 Beholding it, might fright the rest. Sarpedon 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 hurled 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 stripped 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,
 And, with his lance, struck through the targe of that brave Lycian king ;
 Yet kept he it from further pass, nor did it anything
 Dismay his mind, although his men stood off from that high way
 His valour made them, which he kept, and hoped that stormy day
 Should ever make his glory clear. His men's fault thus he blamed :
 " O Lycians, why are your hot spirits so quickly disinflamed ?
 Suppose me ablest of you all, 'tis hard for me alone
 To ruin such a wall as this, and make confusion
 Way to their navy. Lend your hands. What many can dispatch,
 One cannot think. The noble work of many hath no match."

The wise king's just rebuke did strike a reverence to his will
 Through all his soldiers : all stood in, and 'gainst all th' Achives still
 Made strong their squadrons, insomuch, that to the adverse side,

The work showed mighty, and the wall, when 'twas within descried,
 No easy service; yet the Greeks could neither free the wall
 Of these brave Lycians, that held firm the place they first did scale;
 Nor could the Lycians from their fort the sturdy Grecians drive,
 Nor reach their fleet. But as two men about the limits strive
 Of land that toucheth in a field, their measures in their hands,
 They mete their parts out curiously, and either stiffly stands
 That so far is his right in law, both hugely set on fire
 About a passing little ground; so, greedily aspire
 Both these foes to their several ends, and all exhaust their most
 About the very battlements, for yet no more was lost.

With sword and fire they vexed for them their targes hugely round,
 With ox-hides lined, and bucklers light; and many a ghastly wound
 The stern steel gave for that one prize; whereof though some received
 Their portions on their naked backs, yet others were bereaved
 Of brave lives, face-turned, through their shields; towers, bulwarks, everywhere
 Were freckled with the blood of men. Nor yet the Greeks did bear
 Base back-turned faces; nor their foes would therefore be out-faced.
 But as a spinster poor and just, ye sometimes see, strait-laced
 About the weighing of her web, who, careful, having charge
 For which she would provide some means, is loth to be too large
 In giving or in taking weight, but ever with her hand
 Is doing with the weights and wool, till both in just paise stand;
 So evenly stood it with these foes, till Jove to Hector gave
 The turning of the scales, who first against the rampire drove,
 And spake so loud that all might hear: "O stand not at the pale,
 Brave Trojan friends, but mend your hands; up, and break through the wall,
 And make a bonfire of their fleet." All heard, and all in heaps
 Got scaling-ladders, and aloft. In mean space, Hector leaps
 Upon the port, from whose out-part he tore a massy stone,
 Thick downwards, upward edged; it was so huge an one
 That two vast yeoman of most strength, such as these times beget,
 Could not from earth lift to a cart, yet he did brandish it
 Alone, Saturnius made it light; and swinging it as nought,
 He came before the plucky gates, that for all strength were wrought,
 And kept the port; twofold they were, and with two rafters barred,
 High, and strong locked; he raised the stone, bent to the hurl so hard,
 And made it with so main a strength, that all the gates did crack,
 The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake,
 The hinges piecemeal flew, and through the fervent little rock

Thund' red a passage ; with his weight th' inwall his breast did knock,
And in rushed Hector, fierce and grim as any stormy night ;
His brass arms round about his breast reflected terrible light ;
Each arm held up held each a dart ; his presence called up all
The dreadful spirits his being held, that to the threat'ned wall
None but the Gods might check his way ; his eyes were furnaces ;
And thus he looked back, called in all. All fired their courages,
And in they flowed. The Grecians fled, their fleet now and their freight
Asked all their rescue. Greece went down ; tumult was at his height.





H. MOTTE INV

BOOK XIII.

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 others. Fair Deiphobus,
And his prophetic brother Helenus,
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 dismayed,
Are cheered 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
sweat
With ceaseless toils and grievances ; for now he turned his face,
Looked down, and viewed the far-off land of well-rode men in
Thrace,

Of the renowned milk-nourished men, the Hippenolgians,
Long-lived, most just, and innocent, and close-fought Mysians.
Nor turned he any more to Troy his ever-shining eyes,
Because he thought not any one of all the Deities,
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 viewed the fight. His chosen seat stood in so brave a place,
That Priam's city, th' Achive ships, all Ida, did appear

To his full view, who from the sea was therefore seated there.
 He took much ruth to see the Greeks by Troy sustain such ill,
 And, mightily incensed with Jove, stooped straight from that steep hill,
 That shook as he flew off, so hard his parting pressed 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 reached, 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 stayed
 His forward steeds, took them from coach, and heavenly fodder laid
 In reach before them ; their brass hoves 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 tempest or wild flames, the elust'ring Trojans tost,
 Insatiably valorous, in Hector's like command,
 High sounding, and resounding, shouts ; for hope cheered 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 cheered, 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 touched with his forked sceptre's point
 The breasts of both; filled 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, inaccessible 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 discerned
 The masking Deity, and said: "Ajax, some God hath warned
 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
 To all high motion, and my feet seemed feathered under me."
 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 talked, as overjoyed with study for the fight
 Which God had stirred up in their spirits, the same God did excite
 The Greeks that were behind, at fleet, refreshing their free hearts
 And joints, being even dissolved with toil; and (seeing the desperate parts
 Played by the Trojans past their wall) grief struck 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 stirred up the able troops, and did at first begin
 With Teucer, and Peneleus, th' heroe Leitus,
 Deipyrus, Meriones, and young Antilochus,
 All expert in the deeds of arms: "O youths of Greece," said he,
 "What change is this? In your brave fight I only looked 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, distracted evermore
 With every sound, and yet 'scape not, but prove the torn-up fare
 Of lynces, 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-miuded men,
 In this ye add an ill that's worse than all your sloth's dislikes.
 But as I know to all your hearts my reprehension strikes,
 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 those men.
 And round about th' Ajaces did their phalanxes maintain
 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 thick'ned with opposed shields, targets to targets nailed,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man to man grew, they so close assailed.
 Plumed casques were hanged in either's plumes, all joined 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 struck 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, poured 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, unchecked, it headlong leaps, till in a plain it stay,

And then, though never so impelled, 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 fettered then ;
 And so the adverse sons of Greece laid on with swords and darts,
 Whose both ends hurt, that they repelled 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 tow'r-like they oppose.
 This lance, be sure, will be their spoil ; if even the best of Gods,
 High thund'ring 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, tripped lightly through the prease,
 At all parts covered with his shield ; and him Meriones
 Charged with a glitt'ring 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 feared the broken ends
 Of strong Meriones's lance, who now turned to his friends ;
 The great heroe 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 height'ned there
 Was most unmeasured. Teucer first did flesh the massacre,
 And slew a goodly man at arms, the soldier Imbrius,
 The son of Mentor, rich in horse ; he dwelt at Pegasus
 Before the sons of Greece sieged Troy, from whence he married
 Medesicaste, one that sprang of Priam's bastard-bed,
 But when the Greek ships, double-oared, arrived at Ilion,
 To Ilion he returned, 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 attained, and drew his lance. He fell,
 As when an ash, on some hill's top, itself topped wondrous well,
 The steel hews down, and he presents his young leaves to the soil ;
 So fell he, and his fair arms groaned, which Teucer longed to spoil,
 And in he ran ; and Hector in, who sent a shining lance
 At Teucer, who, beholding it, slipped by, and gave it chance
 On Actor's son, Amphimachus, whose breast it struck ; and in

Flew Hector, at his sounding fall, with full intent to win
 The tempting helmet from his head ; but Ajax with a dart
 Reached Hector at his rushing in, yet touched 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 stayed the pass,
 And he turned 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 prize.

Yet, not content, Oiliades, enraged to see there dead
 His much-beloved Amphimachus, he hewed off Imbrius' head,
 Which, swinging round, bowl-like he tossed amongst the Trojan prease,
 And full at Hector's feet it fell. Amphimachus' decease,
 Being nephew to the God of waves, much vexed the Deity's mind,
 And to the ships and tents he marched 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 pow'rs, and like a God was of his subjects loved)
 Neptune encount'red, 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
 In any question of reproof, as I am let to know.
 And why is my intelligence false ? We all know how to fight,
 And, fear disanimating none, all do our knowledge right.
 Nor can our arms 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 repelled,
 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
 That virtue co-augmented thrives in men of little mind,
 But we have singly matched the great." This said, the God again,
 With all his conflicts, visited the vent'rous fight of men.
 The king turned 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 sulph'ry 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, showed his arms. He was encount'ed 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,
 Desir'st 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 answered : 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's 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 bossed, 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,
 For ever in the foremost fights, that render men renown,
 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,
 Off'ring 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 prease,
 Thou shouldst be wounded, 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 thrusting 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,
 Idomeneus. And such two, in field, as harmful Mars,
 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-souled Phlegians, nor favour their own hands,
 But give the grace to others still ; in such sort to the fight,
 Marched 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 employed ? " To this the Cretan king
 Thus answered : " 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 called a deed of height for him (even suff'ring throes

For knocks still) to outlabour them, and, bett'ring their tough hands,
 Enflame our fleet. If Jove himself cast not his firebrands
 Amongst our navy, that affair no man can bring to field.
 Great Ajax Telamonus to none alive will yield
 That yields to death, and whose life takes Ceres' nutritions,
 That can be cut with any iron, or pashed with mighty stones;
 Not to Æacides himself he yields for combats set,
 Though clear he must give place for pace and free swing 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 pow'rs 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 ordered, swift Meriones went, and forewent his king,
 Till both arrived where one enjoined. 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 addressed,
 And so the skirmish at their sterns on both parts were increased,
 That, as from hollow bustling winds engend'red 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-scoured curets, radiant casques, and burnished shields, did seal
 Th' assailer's eyes up. He sustained 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,
 Afflicted these heroic men with huge oppressions.
 Jove 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 Ilion see the Grecians quite destroyed,
 And therefore from the hoary deep he suffered so employed
 Great Neptune in the Grecian aid, who grieved for them, and stormed
 Extremely at his brother Jove. Yet both one Goddess formed,
 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 appeared, and made the fight.
 So these Gods made men's valours great, but equalled them with war
 As harmful as their hearts were good, and stretched 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.
 Then, though a half-gray 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 Cabesus, with the fame of those wars, thither drew
 His new-come forces, and required, without respect of dow'r,
 Cassandra, fairs't of Priam's race; assuring with his pow'r,
 A mighty labour, to expel, in their despite, 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 struck just in his navel-stead.
 His brazen curets helping nought resigned him to the dead.
 Then did the conqueror exclaim, and thus insulted then:

“Othryoneus, I will praise, beyond all mortal men,
 Thy living virtues, if thou wilt now perfect the brave vow
 Thou mad'st 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 dragged him through the fervent fight; in which did Asius meet
 The victor, to inflict revenge. He came on foot before
 His horse, that on his shoulders breathed; so closely evermore
 His coachmen led them to his lord; who held a huge desire
 To strike the king, but he struck 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 reached him with a dart
 About his belly's midst, and down his sad course 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 shunned, with gath'ring round
 His body in his all-round shield, at whose top, with a sound,
 It overflow; yet, seizing there, it did not idly fly
 From him that winged it, his strong hand still drave it mortally
 On prince Hypsenor; it did pierce his liver, underneath
 The veins it passeth; his shrunk knees submitted him to death.
 And then did loved Deiphobus miraculously vaunt:
 "Now Asius lies not unrevenged, nor doth his spirit want
 The joy I wish it, though it be now ent'ring 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
 Alastar, bearing him to fleet, and did extremely mourn.

Idomeneus sunk not yet, but held his nerves entire,
 His mind much less deficient, being fed with firm desire
 To hide more Trojans in dim night, or sink himself in guard
 Of his loved countrymen. And then Alcathous prepared
 Work for his valour, off'ring fate his own destruction.
 A great heroe, and had grace to be the loved son
 Of Æsyetes, son-in-law to prince Æneas' sire,
 Hippodama marrying, who most enflamed the fire
 Of her dear parents' love, and took precedence in her birth
 Of all their daughters, and as much exceeded in her worth
 (For beauty answered 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 stooped 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 appeared,

It brake the curets, that were proof to every 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 exclaimed :

“Deiphobus, now may we think that we are evenly famed
 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 ;
 Minos begot Deucalion ; Daucalion did beget
 Me Idomen, now Creta's king, that here my ships have brought
 To bring thyself, thy father, friends, all Ilium's pomp, to nought.”

Deiphobus at two ways stood, in doubt to call some one,
 With some retreat, to be his aid, or try the chance alone.
 At last, the first seemed 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 wronged deserts. Deiphobus spake to him, standing near :
 “Æneas, prince of Trojans, if any touch appear
 Of glory in thee, thou must now assist thy sister's lord,
 And one that to thy tend'rest youth did careful guard afford,
 Alcahous, 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 both dogs and men despise ;
 So stood the famous-for-his-lance, nor shunned the coming charge
 That resolute Æneas brought. Yet, since the odds were large,
 He called with good right to his aid war-skilled Ascalaphus,
 Aphareus, Meriones, the strong Deipyros,
 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 flow'r, 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,
Clapped shields and shoulders, and stood close. Æneas, not inclined
With more presumption than the king, called aid as well as he,
Divine Agenor, Helen's love, who followed 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 honoured 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 Cytherea's seed.
Æneas first bestowed his lance, which th' other seeing shunned,
And that, thrown from an idle hand, stuck trembling in the ground.
But Idomen's, discharged at him, had no such vain success,
Which Ænomaus' entrails found, in which it did impress
His sharp pile to his fall; his palms tore his returning earth.
Idomeneus straight stepped in, and plucked his javelin forth,
But could not spoil his goodly arms, they pressed 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 conoped 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 instantly leaped in
Mars-swift Meriones, and struck, with his long javelin,
The right arm of Deiphobus, which made his hand let fall
The sharp-topped helmet; the pressed earth resounding therewithal.
When, vulture-like, Meriones rushed in again and drew
From out the low parts 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 conveyed 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 Ilium. 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 rushed 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,
 But still amongst the thickest foes his busy lance did play,
 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-haired God made yield,
 Not pleased to yield his pupil's life, in whose shield half the dart
 Stuck like a truncheon burned 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 betwixt 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 mis-ease,
 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 plucked out, up he gave
 His tortured soul. Then Troy's turn came; when with a Thracian sword
 The temples of Deipyros did Helenus afford
 So huge a blow, it struck 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, threat'ning, shook a lance at Helenus, and he
 A bow half drew at him; at once out flew both shaft and lance.
 The shaft Atrides' curets struck, 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 scarf 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.
 A bloody fate suggested him to let him run on thee,
 O Menelaus, that he might, by thee, in dangerous war
 Be done to death. Both coming on, Atrides' lance did err.
 Pisander struck 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 Pisander flew ;
 Pisander, from beneath his shield, his goodly weapon drew,
 Two-edged, with right sharp steel, and long, the handle olive-tree,
 Well polished ; and to blows they go. Upon the top struck he
 Atrides' horse-haired-feathered helm ; Atrides on his brow,
 Above th' extreme part of his nose, laid such a heavy blow
 That all the bones crashed 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
 Opened, and stood upon his breast, and off his arms did go,
 This insultation used the while : " At length forsake our fleet
 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 curbed, 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 so'er they be,
 Though never they be cloyed 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 cloyed 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 Harpalion,
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 struck 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
Stretched on the earth, with his black blood imbrued and flowed away.
His corse the Paphlagonians did sadly wait upon,
Reposed in his rich chariot, to sacred Ilion;
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 press it pressed.
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 ling'ring 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 struck his whole pow'rs 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
Helped 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 ent'red, 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 Bœotian band,
 Long-robed Iaons, Locrians, and, brave men of their hands,
 The Phthian and Epeian troops did spritefully assail
 The god-like Hector rushing in, and yet could not prevail
 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 Meges and Phylides' cares, Amphion, Dracius.
 Before the Phthians Medon marched, and Meneptolemus ;
 And these, with the Bœotian pow'rs, 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-joined plough, and either evenly yields
 His thrifty labour, all heads couched so close to earth they plough
 The fallow with their horns, till out the sweat begins to flow,
 The stretched 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 helpful men
 That, when sweat ran about his knees, and labour flowed, would then
 Help bear his mighty sevenfold shield ; when swift Oilades
 The Locrians left, and would not make those murth'rous 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,
 And jacks well quilted with soft wool, they came to Troy, and were,
 In their fit place, as confident as those that fought so near,
 And reached their foes so thick with shafts that these were they that brake
 The Trojan orders first ; and then, the brave armed men did make
 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
 Thus spake to Hector : " Hector still impossible 'tis to pass
 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,

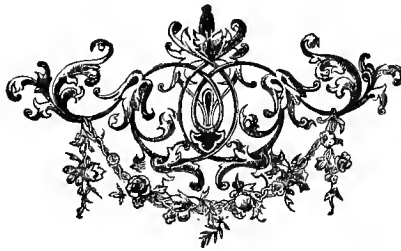
And that, who hath, he best can prize. But, for me, I'll relate
 Only my censure what's our best. The very crown of war
 Doth burn about thee ; yet our men, when they have reached thus far,
 Suppose their valours crowned, and cease. A few still stir their feet,
 And so a few with many fight, spersed 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 b'lieve 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, jumped 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 arrayed,
 He parted from them, like a hill, removing, all of snow,
 And to the Trojan peers and chiefs he flew, to let them know
 The counsel of Polydamas. All turned, and did rejoice,
 To haste to Panthus' gentle son, being called by Hector's voice ;
 Who, through the forefights making way, looked for Deiphobus,
 King Helenus, Asiades, Hyrtasian Asius,
 Of whom, some were not to be found unhurt, or undeceased,
 Some only hurt, and gone from field. As further he addressed,
 He found within the fight's left wing the fair-haired 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 pow'rs in storm ;
 But thus in wonted terms he chid : " You with the finest form,
 Impostor, woman's man ! where are, in your care marked, all these,
 Deiphobus, King Helenus, Asius Hyrtacides,
 Othryoneus, Acamas ? Now haughty Ilium
 Shakes to his lowest groundwork. Now just ruin falls upon
 Thy head past rescue." He replied : " Hector, why chid'st 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 calmed hot Hector's spleen; and both turned where they saw the face
 Of war most fierce, and that was where their friends made good the place
 About renowned 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,
 Encount'ring with abhorred roars, when the engrossed waves
 Boil into foam, and endlessly one after other raves;
 So ranked and guarded th' Ilians marched; 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 thick'ned, like a wall,
 With hides well couched 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 assayed
 For entry; that in his despite stood firm and undismayed.
 Which when he saw, and kept more off, Ajax came stalking then,
 And thus provoked 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 armed hand makes our hands give you ground.
 Yet thou hop'st, 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 ransacked fleet, your hugely-peopled town
 Our hands shall take in, and her tow'rs 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
Confirmed 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,
Adorned 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 dar'st 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 followed, and the last their shouts with shouts repelled.
Greece answered all, nor could her spirits from all show rest concealed.
And to so infinite a height all acclamations strove,
They reached the splendours stuck about the unreached throne of Jove.







II MOTTE INV

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

*Atrides, 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 pow'rs 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 Ξ with sleep, and led, heaven's Queen
Even Jove himself makes overseen.*



NOT wine, nor feasts could lay their soft chains on old Nestor's ear
To this high clamour, who required Machaon's thoughts to bear
His care in part, about the cause: "For, methink, still," said he,

"The cry increases. I must needs the watch-tow'r mount, to see
Which way the flood of war doth drive. Still drink thou wine, and eat,
Till fair-haired 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, snatched up a mighty lance, and so stept forth to view
Cause of that clamour. Instantly th' unworthy cause he knew,
The Grecians wholly put in rout, the Trojans routing still,
Close at the Greeks' backs, their wall razed. The old man mourned 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 ;
 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
 Distemp'ring them, and, meeting now Nestor, the king in fear
 Cried out : " O Nestor our renown ! Why shows 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 answered : "'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, entered, and our pow'rs driven up past breathing, prove
 A most inevitable fight ; both slaughters so commixed,
 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 answered him :
 " If such a wall as cost the Greeks so many a tired limb
 And such a dike be passed, and razed, that, as yourself said well,
 We all esteemed 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 helped 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 frowned 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 dazzled eye
 The honoured 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 weighed, 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."

" 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 bold, 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 discover them,
 Being youngest of you, since my sire heired a diadem
 May make my speech to diadems decent enough, though he
 Lies in his sepulchre at Thebes. I boast this pedigree :
 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,
 My father's father, that excelled in actions generous
 The other two. But these kept home, my father being driven
 With wand'ring and advent'rous spirits, for so the King of heaven
 And th' other Gods set down their wills, and he to Argos came,
 Where he began 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 qualified,
 And past 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.
 Nor Neptune this advantage lost, but closely followed,
 And like an aged man appeared 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 joined in battle then, so high
 His throat flew through the host; and so this great Earth-shaking God
 Cheered up the Greek hearts that they wish 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 joyed to see,
 So, on the fountful Ida's top, Jove's sight did disagree

With her contentment, since she feared that his hand would descend,
 And check the Sea-god's practices. And this she did contend
 How to prevent, which thus seemed 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, entered, she made fast
 The shining gates, and then upon her lovely body cast
 Ambrosia, that first made it clear, and after laid on it
 An odorous, rich, and sacred oil, that was so wondrous sweet
 That ever, when it was but touched, it sweet'ned heaven and earth.
 Her body being cleansed with this her tresses she let forth,
 And combed, her comb dipped in the oil, then wrapped them up in curls ;
 And, thus her deathless head adorned, 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 fastened to her breast.
 Then with a girdle, whose rich sphere a hundred studs impressed,
 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,
 Called the fair Paphian Queen apart from th' other Gods, and said :
 " Loved daughter ! Should I ask a grace, should I, or be obeyed ?
 Or wouldst thou cross me, being incensed, since I cross thee and take
 The Greeks' part, thy hand helping Troy ? " She answered, " 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 pow'r." She, given deceitfully,
 Thus said : " Then give me those two pow'rs, 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
 Cast Saturn. These I go to see, intending to appease

Jars grown betwixt them, having long abstained 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 love be esteemed, and honoured endlessly."

She answered: "'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 reached, and to the snowy mounts, where Thracian soldiers dwell,
 Approaching, passed their tops untouched. From Athos then she fell,
 Passed all the broad sea, and arrived in Lemnos, at the tow'rs
 Of godlike Thoas, where she met the Prince of all men's pow'rs,
 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
 Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly done
 By Mulciber, to which he forged a footstool 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 becalm; 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 sacked the town of stubborn Iliion,
 Took sail from thence; when by your charge I poured about Jove's mind
 A pleasing slumber, calming him till thou drav'st up the wind,
 In all his cruelties, to sea, that set his son ashore
 In Cous, far from all his friends. Which, waking, vexed so sore
 The supreme Godhead, that he cast the Gods about the sky,
 And me, above them all, he sought, whom he had utterly

Hurled from the sparkling firmament, if all-gods-taming Night
 (Whom, flying, I besought for aid) had suffered 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 answered: "What hath thy deep rest to do with his deep care:
 As though Jove's love to Ilion 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 Pasithae."

This started Somnus into joy, who answered: "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 witnesses and rate
 What thou hast vowed: That with all truth, thou wilt bestow on me
 The dame I grant I ever loved, divine Pasithae."

She swore, as he enjoined, in all, and strengthened all his-joys
 By naming all th' infernal Gods, surnamed 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 ned
 Beneath their feet; there Somnus stayed, lest Jove's bright eye should see,
 And yet, that he might see to Jove, he climbed the goodliest tree
 That all th' Idalian mountain bred, and crowned her progeny,
 A fir it was, that shot past air and kissed 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 Cymmindis name. Saturnia tripped apace
 Up to the top of Gargarus, and showed 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 stol'n) they mixed 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 labour 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, that 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 pow'rs, nor yet with any dame,
 Woman, or Goddess, did his fires my bosom so inflame
 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 stirred
 My amorous pow'rs, that Perseus bore to all men else preferred :
 Nor when the dame that Phœnix got surprised me with her sight,
 Who the divine-souled 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 renowned ;
 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 seemed much incensed, and said : " What words are these,
 Unsufferable Saturn's son ? What ! Here ! In Ida's height !
 Desir'st 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 dishonoured thing.
 I would not show 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
 I'll cast about us that the sun, who furthest can behold,
 Shall never find us." This resolved, into his kind embrace
 He took his wife. Beneath them both fair Tellus strewed the place
 With fresh-sprung herbs, so soft and thick that up aloft it bore
 Their heavenly bodies, with his leaves did dewy lotus store

Th' Elysian mountain ; saffron flow'rs and hyacinths helped make
 The sacred bed. And there they slept. When suddenly there brake
 A golden vapour out of air whence shining dew 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 poured dark sleep, Saturnia's love hath so illuded him."

This news made Neptune more secure in giving Grecians heart,
 And through the first fights then he stirred 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 worsen men
 That fight with better." This proposed, all heard it, and obeyed.
 The kings, even those that suffered wounds, Ulysses, Diomed,
 And Agamemnon, helped t' instruct the complete army thus :
 To good gave good arms, worse to worse, yet none were mutinous.

Thus, armed with order, forth they flew ; the great Earth-shaker led,
 A long sword in his sinewy hand, which when he brandished
 It lightened still, there was no law for him and it, poor men
 Must quake before them. These thus manned, illustrious Hector then
 His host brought up. The blue-haired God and he stretched through the prease
 A grievous fight ; when to the ships and tents of Greece the seas
 Brake loose, and raged. But when they joined, 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,
 Nor such a rustling keeps a fire, driven with violent blore
 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-souled soldier bore,
 Nor missed it, but the bawdricks both that his broad bosom wore,
 To hang his shield and sword, it struck ; both which his flesh preserved.
 Hector, disdainful 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,
 Struck 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,
 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 bowed strong Hector's thighs,
 And so with tost-up heels he fell, away his lance he flung,
 His round shield followed, then his helm, and out his armour rung.

The Greeks then shouted, and ran in, and hoped to hale him off,
 And therefore poured 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 renowned,
 Divine Agenor, Venus' son, and wise Polydamas,
 Rushed to his rescue, and the rest. No one neglective was
 Of Hector's safety. All their shields they couched 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 deathless Jupiter,
 There took they him from chariot, and all besprinkled there
 His temples with the stream. He breathed, looked up, assayed to rise,
 And on his knees stayed 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 Satnius' river's shore,
 And struck him in his belly's rim, who upwards fell, and raised
 A mighty skirmish with his fall. And then Panthædes seized
 Prothenor Areilycides with his revengeful spear
 On his right shoulder, struck it through, and laid him breathless there ;

For which he insolently bragged, and cried out : “ Not a dart
 From great-soul 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 stomached 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 outweighed all th’ under limbs, and strook
 His heels up so that head and face the earth’s possession took,
 When all the low parts sprung in air, and thus did Ajax quit
 Panthædes’ 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 he was either base himself, or sprung of any base,
 Antenor’s brother, or his son, he should be by his face ;
 One of his race, past question, his likeness shows he is.”

This spake he, knowing it well enough. The Trojans stormed 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’s field, may rest wreaked in his fane.”

This stirred fresh envy in the Greeks, but urged Peneleus most,
 Who hurled his lance at Acamas ; he ’scaped ; nor yet it lost
 The force he gave it, for it found the flock-rich Phorba’s son,
 Ilioneus, whose dear sire, past all in Ilion,
 Was loved of Hermes, and enriched, and to him only bore
 His mother this now slaughtered man. The dart did undergore
 His eyelid, 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-winged lance, but neck and all gave way, and down he dropped.
 Peneleus then unsheathed his sword, and from the shoulders chopped
 His luckless head, which down he threw, the helm still sticking on,
 And still the lance fixed in his eye ; which not to see alone

Contented him, but up again he snatched, and showed it all,
 With this stern brave : " Ilians, relate brave Ilioneus' fall
 To his kind parents, that their roofs their tears may overrun ;
 For so the house of Promachus, and Alegenor's son,
 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 ruined Troy our fleet, and men so long forgone."
 This said, and seen, pale fear possessed all those of Ilion,
 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 Telamoniuss the Mysian captain slew,
 Great Hyrtius Gyrtiades. Antilochus o'ertrew
 Phalces and Mermer, to their spoil. Meriones gave end
 To Morys and Hippotion. Teucer to fate did send
 Prothoon and Periphetes. Atrides' javelin chased
 Duke Hyperenor, wounding him in that part that is placed
 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 suffered flight, of all the Grecian race
 Not one with swiftness of his feet could so enrich a chace.





H. MOTTE INV

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

*Jove waking, and beloved Troy in flight,
Chides Juno, and sends Iris to the fight
To charge the Sea-god to forsake the field ;
And Phœbus to invade it, with his shield
Recovering Hector's bruised and crased pow'rs.
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.*



HE Trojans, beat past pale and dike, and numbers prostrate
laid,
All got to chariot, fear-driven all, and feared as men dis-
mayed.
Then Jove on Ida's top awaked, rose from Saturnia's side,
Stood up, and looked 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 stopped 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 looked 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, not only to enforce
Hector from fight, but with his men to show 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 hanged thee up, how to thy feet I tied
 Two anvils, golden manacles on thy false wrists implied,
 And let thee mercilessly hang from our refined 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 piecemeal dashed the ground ?
 Nor was my angry spirit calmed so soon, for those foul seas,
 On which, inducing northern flaws, thou shipwreck'dst Hercules,
 And tossed him to the Coan shore, that thou shouldst tempt again
 My wrath's importance, when thou seest, besides, how grossly vain
 My pow'rs 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 frightened 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 impelled
 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 laughed to hear her so submissive, and said : " My fair-eyed love,
 If still thus thou and I were one, in counsels 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
 T' assist the Greeks, and to his court retire from war in peace ;
 Let Phœbus, on the Trojan part, inspire with wonted pow'r
 Great Hector's spirits, make his thoughts forget the late stern hour
 And all his anguish, setting on his whole recovered 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 vexed Achilles. Which extreme will prove the mean to greet
 Thee with thy wish, for then the eyes of great Æacides
 (Made witness of the general ill, that doth so near him please)
 Will make his own particular look out, and by degrees
 Abate his wrath, that, though himself for no extremities
 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 pow'r shall wreak
 Ending his ends. 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,
 Which no God shall neglect before Achilles take his fill
 Of slaughter for his slaughtered friend; even Hector's slaughter thrown
 Under his anger; that these facts may then make fully known
 My vow's performance, made of late, and, with my bowed head,
 Confirmed to Thetis, when her arms embraced my knees, and prayed
 That to her city-razing son I would all honour show."

This heard, his charge she seemed 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 overpast with solemn negligence,
 Save that which fair-cheeked Themis showed, and her kind cup she took,
 For first she ran and met with her, and asked, "What troubled look
 She brought to heaven? She thought, for truth, that Jove had terrified
 Her spirits strangely since she went." The fair-armed 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 pleased with what he does, though thus ye banquet here."

Thus took she place, displeas'dly ; the feast in general
 Bewraying privy spleens at Jove ; and then, to colour all,
 She laughed, but merely from her lips, for over her black brows
 Her still-bent forehead was not cleared, yet this her passion's throes
 Brought forth in spite, being lately schooled : " 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 pow'r, 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,
 Whom he himself yet justifies, one that from all men won
 Just surname of their best beloved, Ascalaphus, yet he,
 By Jove's high grace to Troy, is slain." Mars started horribly,
 As Juno knew he would, at this, beat with his hurled-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 leaped out of her throne,
 Rapt up her helmet, lance, and shield, and made her fane'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 arriv'd from heaven's great King but now ?
 Or wouldst thou he himself should rise, forced with thy rage, to show
 The dreadful pow'r she urged in him, so justly being stirred ?
 Know, thou most impudent and mad, thy wrath had not inferred
 Mischief to thee, but to us all. His spirit had instantly
 Left both the hosts, and turned his hands to uproars in the sky,
 Guilty and guiltless both to wrack in his high rage had gone.
 And therefore, as thou lov'st 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."

This threat even nailed him to his throne; when heaven's chief Majesty
Called 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 whatsoever kind."

Thus moved she back, and used her throne. Those two outstripped the wind,
And Ida all-enchased with springs they soon attained, and found
Where far-discerning Jupiter, in his repose, had crowned
The brows of Gargarus, and wrapt an odoriferous cloud
About his bosom. Coming near, they stood. Nor now he showed
His angry countenance, since so soon he saw they made th' access
That his loved wife enjoined; but first the fair ambassadress
He thus commanded: "Iris, go to Neptune, and relate
Our pleasure truly, and at large. Command him from the fate
Of human war, and either greet the Gods' society,
Or the divine sea make his seat. If proudly he deny,
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 Ilium; 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 wat'ry 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 pow'r is far superior,
His birth before thee; and affirms thy loved heart should abhor
To vaunt equality with him whom every Deity fears."

He answered: "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,
 Pluto the black lot, Jupiter the principalities
 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 answered : " Iris, thy reply keeps time, and shows 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 pow'r and state
 All-ways his equal, and so fixed 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
 Of me, Minerva, Mercury, the Queen of regiment,
 And Vulcan, he will either spare high Ilium, or not raze
 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 rushed into his wat'ry throne,
 Much missed of all th' heroic host. When Jove discerned him gone,
 Apollo's service he employed, 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 passed us without sweat. Now then, in thy hands take
 My adder-fringed affrighting shield, with which such terror shake
 That fear may shake the Greeks to flight. Beside 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 pow'rs, 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, stooped the far-shot God of light,
 And found great Hector sitting up, not stretched upon his bed,
 Nor wheezing with a stopped-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,
 Asked, 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:
 "O thou, the best of Deities! Why, since I thus rejoice
 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 their ears,
 That, as my hand at th' Achive fleet was making massacres
 Of men whom valiant Ajax led, his strength struck with a stone
 All pow'r 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 tow'rs
 Ere this day oft hath held his shield. Come then, be all thy pow'rs
 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 ears confirmed the God.
 Then, as 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 vent'rous) 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 Andræmonides, a man of far-best parts
 Of all th' Ætolians, skilled in darts, strenuous in fights of stand,
 And one of whom few of the Greeks could get the better hand
 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-recovered, 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 pow'rs 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 charging thorough us."

They eas'ly heard him, and obeyed; when all the generous
 They called t' encounter Hector's charge, and turned the common men
 Back to the fleet. And these were they that bravely furnished then
 The fierce forefront: The Ajaces both, the worthy Cretan king,
 The Mars-like Meges, Merion, and Teucer. Up then bring
 The Trojan chiefs their men in heaps; before whom, amply-paced,
 Marched 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 joined. 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 chase 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
 Of mighty-souled Menestheus. Æneas brought to end
 Medon and Jasus ; Medon was the brother, though but base,
 Of swift Oiliades, and dwelt, far from his breeding place,
 In Phylace ; the other led th' Athenian bands, his sire
 Was Spelus, Bucolus's son. Mecistheus did expire
 Beneath Polydamas's hand. Polites Echius slew,
 Just at the joining of the hosts. Agenor overthrew
 Clonius. Bold Deïochus felt Alexander's lance ;
 It struck his shoulder's upper part, and did his head advance
 Quite through his breast, as from the fight he turned 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 gained,
 Till all had passed the utmost wall ; Necessity so reigned.

Then Hector cried out : " Take no spoil, but rush on to the fleet,
 From whose assault, for spoil or fight, 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 whipped their chariots on,
 All threateningly, out-thundering shouts as earth were overthrown.

Before them marched Apollo still ; and, as he marched, digged down,
 Without all labour, with his feet the dike, till, with his own,
 He filled 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 poured 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-ebbed shore
 Makes with a little sand a toy, and cares for it no more,
 But as he raised it childishly, so in his wanton vein
 Both with his hands and feet he pulls and spurns it down again ;
 So slight, O Phœbus, thy hands made of that huge Grecian toil,
 And their late stand, so well resolved, as easily mad'st recoil.

Thus stood they driven up at their fleet, where each heard other's thought,

Exhorted, passing humbly prayed, all all the Gods besought,
 With hands held up to heaven, for help. 'Mongst all the good old man,
 Grave Nestor, for his counsels called the Argives' guardian,
 Fell on his aged knees, and prayed, and to the starry host
 Stretched out his hands for aid to theirs, of all thus moving most :
 " O father Jove, if ever man of all our host did burn
 Fat thighs of oxen or of sheep, for grace of safe return,
 In fruitful Argos, and obtained the bowing of thy head
 For promise of his humble prayers, O now remember him,
 Thou merely heavenly, and clear up the foul brows of this dim
 And cruel day ; do not destroy our zeal for Trojan pride."
 He prayed, 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 poured 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 all-urged 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 hurt Eurypylus, 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 pass 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 Eurypylus," he cried, " now all thy need of me
 Must bear my absence, now a work of more necessity
 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, lacked vigour to repel
 Those fewer from their navy's charge, and so that charge as well
 Lacked force to spoil their fleet or tents. And as a shipwright's line
 (Disposed by such a hand as learned 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 addressed
 To burn the vessel ; as he fell, the brand fell from his hand.

When Hector saw his sister's son lie slaughtered in the sand,
 He called to all his friends, and prayed 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 wreck, which missed, but made the chance
 On Lycophron Mastorides, that was the household friend
 Of Ajax, born in Cythera, whom Ajax did defend,
 Being fled to his protection, for killing of a man
 Amongst the godlike Cytherans. The vengeful javelin ran
 Quite through his head, above his ear, as he was standing by
 His fautour, then astern his ship, from whence his soul did fly,
 And to the earth his body fell. The hair stood up on end
 On Ajax, who to Teucer called (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 dispatched a shaft amongst the Trojan fight.
 It struck Pisenor's goodly son, young Clitus, the delight
 Of the renowned 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 helped, 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.

At Hector then another shaft incensed Teucer sent,
 Which, had it hit 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 struck 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 worsen 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 honoured head he placed his helmet thickly-plumed,
 And then his strong and well-piled lance in his fair hand assumed,
 Returned, 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
 Upon the sudden, as in those depressed as suddenly,
 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 joined 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 cheered. On th' other part strong Ajax stirred 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 destroyed. Perceives not every ear
 How Hector heartens up his men, and hath his firebrands 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
 So base as this, beat to our ships by our inferiors far."

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 Phydias made his friend.
 Being chief of the Epeians' bands. Whose fall when Meges viewed,
 He let fly at his feller's life ; who, shrinking in, eschewed
 The well-aimed 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
 Bestowed his lance ; he was the son of Lampus, best of men,
 And Lampus of Laomedon, well-skilled in strength of mind,
 He struck Phylides' shield quite through, whose curets, better lined
 And hollowed fitly, saved his life. Phyleus left him them,
 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 struck 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,
 Excelled 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
 Tear up, and sack the citizens of lofty Iliion.”

He led ; he followed, 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 oft'ner off. Then stick engaged ; these fugitives of war
 Save neither life, nor get renown, nor bear more mind than sheep.”

This short speech fired them in his aid, his spirit touched them deep,
 And turned them all before the fleet into a wall of brass ;
 To whose assault Jove stirred 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 you, 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 (whoever, 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 rushed 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,
 As bravely he put forth to fight, it fiercely flew upon ;
 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 Menalippus, 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 skilled.
 But as some wild beast, having done some shrewd turn (either killed

The herdsman, or the herdsman's dog) and skulks away before
 The gathered multitude makes in ; so Nestor's son forbore,
 But after him with horrid cries, both Hector and the rest
 Show'rs of tear-thirsty lances poured ; who having armed his breast
 With all his friends, he turned it then. Then on the ships all Troy,
 Like raw-flesh-nourished lions, rushed, and knew they did employ
 Their pow'rs to perfect Jove's high will, who still their spirits enflamed,
 And quenched the Grecians, one renowned, 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 wished in any wise
 The splendour of the burning ships might satiate his eyes.
 From him yet the repulse was then to be on Troy conferred,
 The honour of it given the Greeks ; which thinking on, he stirred,
 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
 Of great Pelides. In mean time, his present eminence
 Thought all things under it, and he, still where he saw the stands
 Of greatest strength and bravest armed, there he would prove his hands,
 Or nowhere, offering to break through, but that, past all his power,
 Although his will were past all theirs, they stood him like a tower,
 Conjoined 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 rushed 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 dismayed,
 Death being but little from their lives ; so Jove-like Hector frayed
 And plied the Greeks, who knew not what would chance, for all their guards.

And as the baneful king of beasts, leapt in to 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' 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,
 Turned all their backs ; yet only one his deadly lance laid fast,
 Brave Mycenæus Periphes, Cypræus' dearest son,
 Who of the heaven's Queen-loved king, great Eurysthæus, won
 The grace to greet in embassy the strength of Hercules,
 Was far superior to his sire in feet, fight, nobleness
 Of all the virtues, and all those did such a wisdom guide
 As all Mycena 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 addressed to run,
 Stuck in th' extreme ring of his shield that to his ankles reached,
 And down he upwards fell, his fall up from the centre fetched
 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 godlike 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 poured 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,
 Cheered still each other ; when th' old man, that of the Grecian name
 Was called the Pillar, every man thus by his parents prayed :
 " O friends, be men, and in your minds let others' shames be weighed.
 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 sustained at length yet countermand."

Supplies of good words thus supplied the deeds and spirits of all.
And so at last Minerva cleared 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.
Then saw they Hector great in arms, and his associates,
As well all those that then abstained as those that helped the fates,
And all their own fight at the fleet. Nor did it now content
Ajax to keep down like the rest ; he up the hatches went,
Stalked 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-skilled
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
Enforced on any, nor fails he in either seat or leap ;
So Ajax with his bead-hook leaped nimbly from ship to ship,
As actively commanding all, them in their men as well
As men in them, most terribly exhorting to repel,
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-winged 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
A weary breath, nor ever would, they laid so freshly on.
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 entertained 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 pow'rs against the first near ship. 'Twas that fair bark that brought
Protesilaus to those wars, and now herself to nought,
With many Greek and Trojan lives all spoiled about her spoil.
One slew another desperately, and close the deadly toil
Was pitched on both parts. Not a shaft, nor far-off striking dart
Was used through all. One fight fell out, of one despitful heart.

Sharp axes, twy-bills, 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 viewed
 Drop with dissolved arms from their hands, as many down-right hewed
 From off their shoulders as they fought, their bawdricks cut in twain.
 And thus the black blood flowed 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 ling’ring 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 impelled.”

This more inflamed them ; in so much that Ajax now no more
 Kept up, he was so drowned 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 hurled out lances thick as hail at all men that assayed
 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 poured out his darts. Whoever he espied,
 Come near the vessel armed 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.





H. MOTTE INV.

BOOK XVI.

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 renowned Sarpedon on the friend
Of Thetides, first by Euphorbus harmed,
And by Apollo's personal pow'r disarmed.*

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 pow'r of uncontained tears ; and, like a fountain poured
In black streams from a lofty rock, the Greeks so plagued
deplored.

Achilles, ruthful 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-drowned eyes, when she has made her stoop.
To nothing liker I can shape thy so unseemly tears.
What causeth them ? Hath any ills solicited thine ears
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-med'cine-knowing men, physicians, can recure,
 Thou yet unmed'cinable still, though thy wound all endure.
 Heaven bless my bosom from such wrath as thou sooth'st as thy bliss,
 Unprofitably virtuous. How shall our progenies,
 Born in thine age, enjoy thine aid, when these friends, in thy flow'r,
 Thou leav'st to such unworthy death ? O idle, cruel pow'r !
 Great Peleus never did beget, nor Thetis bring forth thee,
 Thou from the blue sea, and her rocks, deriv'st thy pedigree.
 What so declines thee ? If thy mind shuns any augury
 Related by the mother-queen from heaven's foreseeing eye,
 And therefore thou forsak'st 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 pow'r of perjured Troy will fly,
 And our so-tired friends will breathe, our fresh-set-on supply
 Will eas'ly drive their wearied off." Thus, foolish man, he sued
 For his sure death ; of all whose speech Achilles first renewed
 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 pow'r.
 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, overturned 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 wear 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 out now,
 Their miss of me knocked 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-blazed 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
 Skipping 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 filled 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 adjourn
 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 slaughtered carcasses on earth) to run forth thy command
 As far as Ilion, 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 wronged, 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. O would to Jove, thou Pallas, and thou Sun,
 That not a man housed underneath those tow'rs of Ilion,
 Nor any one of all the Greeks, how infinite a sum
 Soever all together make, might live unovercome,
 But only we two, 'scaping death, might have the thund'ring 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 oppressed with all the iron store

The Trojans poured on ; with whose darts, and with Jove's will beside,
 His pow'rs were cloyed, and his bright helm did deaf'ning blows abide,
 His plume and all head-ornaments could never hang in rest.
 His arm yet laboured 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 sweat that ceaseless flowed about
 His reeking limbs ; no least time given to take in any breath ;
 Ill strengthened 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,
 And that he shook a headless spear, a little while unaware,
 His wary spirits told him straight the hand of Heaven was there,
 And trembling under his conceit, which was that 'twas Jove's deed,
 Who, as he polled off his dart's head, 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 heaped 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 pow'r engage.
 Arm quickly, I'll bring up the troops." To these so dreadful wars
 Patroclus, in Achilles' arms, enlightened 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 passed 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 heroes' deaths.
 His steeds Automedon straight joined ; 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 joined these before, and with the hindmost gears
He fastened famous Pedasus, 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 currie of a stag, their jaws all blood-besmeared,
And when from some black-water fount they all together herd,
There having plentifully lapped 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 ordered 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 pow'r to lead,
But he of pow'r beyond them all. Menesthius was one,
That ever wore discoloured arms ; he was a river's son
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 Menesthius light,
A woman mixing with a God. Yet Borus bore the name
Of father to Menesthius, he marrying the dame,
And giving her a mighty dower ; he was the kind descent
Of Perieres. The next man, renowned with regiment,
Was strong Eudorus, brought to life by one supposed a maid,
Bright Polymela, Phylas' seed, but had the wanton played
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 doth 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 showed her son the sun,
 Strong Echecæus, Actor's heir, wooed 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 obtained exceeding 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 obtained supremest praise
 Of all the Myrmidons, except their lord's companion.
 The fourth charge aged Phœnix had. The fifth Alcimedon,
 Son of Laerces, 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 threat'nings used to me
 In this place, and, through all the time that my just anger reigned,
 Attempting me with bitter words for being so restrained,
 For my hot humour, from the fight, remember 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 controlled,
 But take our ships and sail for home, before we loiter here
 And feed thy fury.' These high words exceeding often were
 The threats that, in your mutinous troops, ye used to me for wrath
 To be detained so from the field. Now then, your spleens may bathe
 In sweat of those great works ye wished; 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 rushed 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 joined; but their well-spoken king,
 With this so timely-thought-on speech, more sharp made valour's sting,
 And thick'ned so their targets bossed, so all their helmets then,
 That shields propped shields, helms helmets knocked, and men encouraged men.

Patroclus and Automedon did arm before them all,
 Two bodies with one mind informed; and then the General

Betook him to his private tent, where from a coffer wrought
 Most rich and curiously, and given by Thetis to be brought
 In his own ship, top-filled with vests, warm robes to check cold wind,
 And tapestries all golden fringed and curled 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 rene,
 Then washed 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 poured
 Upon the place of sacrifice, and humbly thus implored :

“ Great Dodonæus, president of cold Dodone's tow'rs,
 Divine Pelasgicus that dwell'st far hence; about whose bow'rs
 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 gathered fleet, but have dismissed 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, vouchsafe a safe retreat
 To him and all his companies with fames and arms complete.”

He prayed, 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 turned into his inner tent, made fast his cup, and then
 Stood forth, and with his mind beheld the foes fight, and his men
 That followed his great-minded friend, embattled 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 unassayed)
 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 poured 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 touched by them,
 Nor would have touched. Patroclus then put his wind to the stream,
 And thus exhorted : " Now, my friends, remember you express
 Your late-urged virtue, and renown our great Æacides,
 That he being strongest 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 rushed ; the fleet
 Filled full her hollow sides with sounds that terribly did greet
 Th' amazed Trojans, and their eyes did second their amaze
 When great Menæti^{us}' 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 looked every where
 For some authority to lead the then prepared flight.
 Patroclus greeted with a lance the region where the fight
 Made strongest tumult, near the ship Protesilaus brought,
 And struck Pyræchmen, who before the fair-helmed Pæons fought,
 Led from Amydon, near whose walls the broad-streamed Axius flows.
 Through his right shoulder flew the dart, whose blow struck all the blows
 In his pow'r from his pow'rless 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 burned
 The Pæons left her, and full cry to clamorous flight returned.
 Then spread the Greeks about their ships, triumphant tumult flowed,
 And, as from top of some steep hill the Lightner strips a cloud,
 And lets a great sky out from heaven, in whose delightsome light,
 All prominent foreheads, forests, tow'rs, and temples cheer the sight ;
 So cleared these Greeks this Trojan cloud, and at their ships and tents
 Obtained 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 turned head.

Then every man a man subdued. Patroclus in the thigh
 Struck Arcilycus ; his dart the bone did break and fly
 Quite through, and sunk him to the earth. Good Menelaus slew
 Accomplished 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
 The muscles of his arm cut out, and shivered all the bone;
 Night closed his eyes, his lifeless 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
 Abhorred Chimæra, and such bane now caught his children.
 Ajax Oiliades did take Cleobulus alive,
 Invading him stayed by the press, and at him then let drive
 With his short sword that cut his neck, whose blood warmed all the steel,
 And cold Death with a violent fate his sable eyes did seel.
 Peneleus and Lycon cast together off their darts,
 But missed; 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 took 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 possessed.
 Idomenæus his stern dart at Erymas addressed,
 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 drowned 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 spersed 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 fight did all their spirits dispose,
 Their biding 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 that knew the war,
 Well covered in a well-lined shield, did well perceive how far
 The arrows and the javelins reached by being within their sounds
 And ominous singings, and observed the there-inclining bounds
 Of conquest in her aid of him, and so obeyed 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 cheered 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 fright and noise the horse neglected not
 Their home intendments, and, where rout was busiest, there poured on
 Patroclus most exhortations 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 wished the depth and danger more; and Menœtiades
 As great a spirit had to reach, retiring Hector's haste,
 But his fleet horse had too much law, and fetched 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 fault whole fields are overflown,
 And many valleys cut away with torrents headlong thrown
 From neighbour mountains till the sea receive them roaring in,
 And judged 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 roared 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 rendered vain.

Patroclus, when he had dispersed the foremost phalanxes,
 Called 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 steeped Revenge in seas of blood.

Then Pronous was first that fell beneath his fiery lance,
 Which struck 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, in so much that from his hands his reins
 Fell flowing down, and his right jaw Patroclus' lance attains,
 Struck through his teeth, and there it stuck, and by it to him drew
 Dead Thestor to his chariot. It showed, 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 rushed he on Erylaus, at whom he hurled a stone,
 Which strake 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 heaped upon the much-fed earth. When Jove's most worthy son,
 Divine Sarpedon, saw these friends thus stayed, and others run,

"O shame! Why fly ye?" then he cried, "Now show 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 dissolved to us."

Down jumped he from his chariot, down leaped 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 showed 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 marked 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,
 Or storm extremely. Give him then an honest period
 In brave fight by Patroclus' sword, if he be dear to thee,
 And grieves thee by his dangered life ; of which when he is free,
 Let Death and Somnus bear him hence, till Lycia's natural womb
 Receive him from his brother's hands, and citizens' ; a tomb
 And column raised to him. This is the honour of the dead."

She said, and her speech ruled his pow'r : but in his safety's stead,
 For sad ostent of his near death, he steeped 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 ushered 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 joyed to die
 By his so honourable hand, did even in dying neigh.

His ruin startled th' other steeds, the gears cracked, and the reins
 Strappled his fellows : whose misrule Automedon restrains
 By cutting the entangling gears, and so dissundering quite
 The brave slain beast, when both the rest obeyed, and went foreright.
 And then the royal combatants fought for the final stroke,
 When Lycia's General missed 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 felled by arts-men on the hills, he stretched his form divine
 Before his horse and chariot. And as a lion leaps
 Upon a goodly yellow bull, drives all the herd in heaps,
 And under his unconquered jaws the brave beast sighing dies ;
 So sighed Sarpedon underneath this prince of enemies,
 Called 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
 Spoiled of mine arms, and thy renown despoiled 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,
 Climbed his high bosom with his foot, and plucked 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, spoiled both of guide and king, thick-snoring and amazed,
 And apt to flight, the Myrmidons made nimbly to, and seized.

Glaucus, to hear his friend ask aid of him past all the rest,
 Though well he knew his wound uncured, confusion filled his breast
 Not to have good in any power, and yet so much good will.
 And (laying his hand upon his wound, that pained him sharply still,
 And was by Teucer's hand set on from their assailed steep wall,
 In keeping hurt from other men) he did on Phœbus call,
 The God of med'cines, 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 pow'r to hear,
 O give a hurt and woeful 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
 With any enemy in fight, nor hardly make my hand
 Support my lance ; and here lies dead the worthiest of men,
 Sarpedon, worthy son to Jove, whose pow'r 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 prayed, and kind Apollo heard,
 Allayed his anguish, and his wound of all the black blood cleared
 That vexed it so, infused fresh pow'rs into his weakened mind,
 And all his spirits flowed with joy that Phœbus stood inclined,
 In such quick bounty, to his prayers. Then, as Sarpedon willed,
 He cast about his greedy eye, and first of all instilled

To all his captains all the stings that could inflame their fight
 For good Sarpedon. And from them he stretched his speedy pace
 T' Agenor, Hector, Venus' son, and wise Polydamas,
 And (only naming Hector) said : " Hector, you now forget
 Your poor auxiliary friends that in your toils have swet
 Their friendless souls out far from home. Sarpedon, that sustained
 With justice, and his virtues all, broad Lycia, hath not gained
 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 oppressious spoiled.
 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 struck their pow'rs past patience and not to be restrained,
 To hear news of Sarpedon's death, who, though he appertained
 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 stirred the Grecian spirits ; and first th' Ajaces, thus :

" Now, brothers, be it dear to you to fight and succour us,
 As ever heretofore ye did with men first excellent.
 The man lies slain that first did scale and raze the battlement
 That crowned 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 resolutions,
 The Trojans and the Lycian pow'rs, the Greeks and Myrmidons.
 These ran together for the corse, and closed with horrid cries,
 Their armours thund'ring with the claps laid on about the prise.
 And Jove about th' impetuous broil pernicious night poured out,
 As long as for his loved son pernicious Labour fought.

The first of Troy the first Greeks foiled, 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 queèn
 He came for pardon, and obtained ; 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
 As good as Hector's he let fly, that dusted in the neck
 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 turned 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 struck, his fall gat earth with groans.
 The Greeks grieved, and the Trojans joyed, for so renowned 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,
 Created in th' Idæan hill. Betwixt his jaw and ear
 The dart stuck fast, and loosed his soul, sad mists of hate and fear
 Invading him. Anchises' son dispatched 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 discerned, 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'er the worse a hand,
 It turned from earth, and looked 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 answered : " Though my 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 pow'rs ; 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 seasoned 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 struck 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,
 All thrusting near it every way, as thick as flies in spring
 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 viewed, thought, ceaselessly
 And diversely 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, surcharged with flocks of souls.

Then not the noble Lycians stayed, but left their slaughtered lord
 Amongst the corpses' common heap ; for many more were poured
 About and on him, while Jove's hand held out the bitter broil.
 And now they spoiled Sarpedon's arms, and to the ships the spoil
 Was sent by Menœtiades. Then Jove thus charged the Sun :

" Haste, honoured Phœbus, let no more Greek violence be done
 To my Sarpedon, but his corse of all the sable blood
 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 performed, 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."

Then flew Apollo to the fight from the Idalian hill,
 At all parts putting into act his great Commander's will ;
 Drew all the darts, washed, balmed the corse ; which, decked with ornament
 By Sleep and Death, those feathered twins, he into Lycia sent.

Patroclus then Automedon commands to give his steeds
 Large reins, and all way to the chase, so madly he exceeds
 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
 From any hardiest hand with ease ; which he can justify,
 Though he himself commands him fight, as now he put this chace
 In Menœtiades' mind. How much then weighs the grace,
 Patroclus, that Jove gives thee now, in scoles put with thy death,
 Of all these great and famous men the honourable breath !

Of which Adrestus first he slew, and next Autonus,
 Epistora, and Perimus, Pylartes, Elasmus,
 Swift Menalippus, Molius ; all these were overthrown
 By him, and all else put in rout ; and then proud Ilion
 Had stooped beneath his glorious hand, he raged so with his lance,
 If Phœbus had not kept the tow'r and helped the Ilians,
 Sustaining ill thoughts 'gainst the prince. Thrice to the prominence
 Of Troy's steep wall he bravely leaped, thrice Phœbus thrust him thence,
 Objecting his all-dazzling shield with his resistless hand ;
 But fourthly, when, like one of heaven, he would have stirred his stand,
 Apollo threatened him, and said : "Cease, it exceeds thy fate,
 Forward Patroclus, to expugn with thy bold lance this state,
 Nor under great Achilles' pow'rs, to thine superior far,
 Lies Troy's grave ruin." When he spake, Patroclus left that war,
 Leaped far back, and his anger shunned. Hector detained his horse
 Within the Scæan port, in doubt to put his personal force
 Amongst the rout, and turn their heads, or shun in Troy the storm.

Apollo, seeing his suspense; assumed the goodly form
 Of Hector's uncle, Asius, the Phrygian Dymas' son,
 Who near the deep Sangarius had habitation,
 Being brother to the Trojan queen. His shape Apollo took,

And asked of Hector, why his spirit so clear the fight forsook ?
 Affirming 'twas unfit for him, and wished his forces were
 As much above his, as they moved in an inferior sphere.
 He should, with shame to him, be gone ; and so bade drive away
 Against Patroclus, to approve if he that gave them day
 Would give the glory of his death to his preferred lance.
 So left he him and to the fight did his bright head advance,
 Mixed with the multitude, and stirred foul tumult for the foe.
 Then Hector bade Cebriones put on ; himself let go
 All other Greeks within his reach, and only gave command
 To front Patroclus. He at him jumped down, his strong left hand
 A javelin held, his right a stone, a marble sharp and such
 As his large hand had pow'r to gripe, and gave it strength so much
 As he could lie to, nor stood long in fear of that huge man
 That made against him, but full on with his huge stone he ran,
 Discharged, and drave it 'twixt the brows of bold Cebriones.
 Nor could the thick bone there prepared extenuate so th' access,
 But out it drave his broken eyes, which in the dust fell down,
 And he dived after ; which conceit of diving took the son
 Of old Menœtius, who thus played upon the other's bane :
 " O heavens ! For truth, this Trojan was a passing active man !
 With what exceeding ease he dives, as if at work he were
 Within the fishy seas ! This man alone would furnish cheer
 For twenty men, though 'twere a storm, to leap out of a sail
 And gather oysters for them all, he does it here as well.
 And there are many such in Troy." Thus jested he so near
 His own grave death ; and then made in to spoil the charioteer,
 With such a lion's force and fate, as, often ruining
 Stalls of fat oxen, gets at length a mortal wound to sting
 His soul out of that ravenous breast that was so insolent,
 And so his life's bliss proves his bane ; so deadly confident
 Wert thou, Patroclus, in pursuit of good Cebriones,
 To whose defence now Hector leaped. The opposite address
 These masters of the cry in war now made, was of the kind
 Of two fierce kings of beasts, opposed in strife about a hind
 Slain on the forehead of a hill, both sharp and hungry set,
 And to the currie never came but like two deaths they met ;
 Nor these two entertained less mind of mutual prejudice
 About the body, close to which when each had pressed for prize,
 Hector the head laid hand upon, which, once griped, never could

Be forced from him ; Patroclus then upon the feet got hold,
And he pinched with as sure a nail. So both stood tugging there
While all the rest made eager fight and grappled everywhere.
And as the east and south winds strive to make a lofty wood
Bow to their greatness, barky elms, wild ashes, beeches, bowed
Even with the earth, in whose thick arms the mighty vapours lie,
And toss by turns, all, either way, their leaves at random fly,
Boughs murmur, and their bodies crack, and with perpetual din
The sylvans falter, and the storms are never to begin ;
So raged the fight, and all from Flight plucked her forgotten wings,
While some still stuck, still new-winged shafts flew dancing from their strings,
Huge stones sent after that did shake the shields about the corse,
Who now, in dust's soft forehead stretched, forgot his guiding horse.

As long as Phœbus turned his wheels about the midst of heaven,
So long the touch of either's darts the falls of both made even ;
But, when his wain drew near the west, the Greeks past measure were
The abler soldiers, and so swept the Trojan tumult clear
From off the body, out of which they drew the hurled-in darts,
And from his shoulders stripped his arms ; and then to more such parts
Patroclus turned his striving thoughts to do the Trojans ill.
Thrice, like the God of war, he charged, his voice as horrible,
And thrice nine those three charges slew ; but in the fourth assay,
O then, Patroclus, showed thy last, the dreadful Sun made way
Against that onset, yet the prince discerned no Deity,
He kept the press so, and, besides, obscured his glorious eye
With such felt darkness. At his back he made a sudden stand,
And 'twixt his neck and shoulders laid downright with either hand
A blow so weighty, that his eyes a giddy darkness took,
And from his head his three-plumed helm the bounding violence shook,
That rung beneath his horses' hoofs, and, like a water-spout,
Was crushed together with the fall ; the plumes that set it out,
All spattered with black blood and dust, when ever heretofore
It was a capital offence to have or dust or gore
Defile a triple-feathered helm, but on the head divine
And youthful temples of their prince it used, untouched, to shine.
Yet now Jove gave it Hector's hands, the other's death was near.
Besides whose lost and filed helm his huge long weighty spear,
Well bound with iron, in his hand was shivered, and his shield
Fell from his shoulders to his feet, the bawdrick strewing the field ;
His curets left him, like the rest. And all this only done

By great Apollo. Then his mind took in confusion,
 The vigorous knittings of his joints dissolved, and, thus dismayed,
 A Dardan, one of Panthus' sons, and one that overlaid
 All Trojans of his place with darts, swift footing, skill, and force
 In noble horsemanship, and one that tumbled from their horse,
 One after other, twenty men, and when he did but learn
 The art of war, nay when he first did in the field discern
 A horse and chariot of his guide, this man, with all these parts,
 (His name Euphorbus) comes behind, and 'twixt the shoulders darts
 Forlorn Patroclus, who yet lived, and th' other, getting forth
 His javelin, took him to his strength; nor durst he stand the worth
 Of thee, Patroclus, though disarmed, who yet, discomfited
 By Phœbus' and Euphorbus' wound, the red heap of the dead
 He now too late shunned, and retired. When Hecter saw him yield,
 And knew he yielded with a wound, he scoured the armed field,
 Came close up to him, and both sides struck quite through with his lance.
 He fell, and his most weighty fall gave fit tune to his chance,
 For which all Greece extremely mourned. And as a mighty strife
 About a little fount begins, and rises to the life
 Of some fell boar resolved to drink, when likewise to the spring
 A lion comes alike disposed, the boar thirsts, and his king,
 Both proud, and both will first be served; and then the lion takes
 Advantage of his sovereign strength, and th' other, fainting, makes
 Resign his thirst up with his blood; Patroclus, so enforced
 When he had forced so much brave life, was from his own divorced.
 And thus his great divorcer braved: "Patroclus, thy conceit
 Gave thee th' eversion of our Troy, and to thy fleet a freight
 Of Trojan ladies, their free lives put all in bands by thee;
 But, too much prizer of thyself, all these are propped by me,
 For these have my horse stretched their hoofs to this so long a war,
 And I, far best of Troy in arms, keep off from Troy as far,
 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 curets from great Hector's breast, all gilded with his gore,
 Thou hew'st in pieces.' If thus vain were his far-stretched 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 pow'rs 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 pow'rs to thee ;
When, if the pow'rs of twenty such had dared t' encounter me,
My lance had strewed earth with them all. Thou only dost 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 joined 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 asked 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.



BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT.

*A dreadful fight about Patroclus' corse,
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' Ajaces making good the after field,
Make all the subject that this book doth yield.*

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*In Rho the vent'rous hosts maintain
A slaughterous conflict for the slain.*



NOR could his slaughter rest concealed from Menelaus' ear,
Who flew amongst the foremost fights, and with his targe and
spear
Cirled 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 attainment Euphorbus' spirit forbore,
But, seeing Menelaus chief in rescue of the dead,
Assayed him thus: "Atrides, cease, and leave the slaughtered
With his embrued 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 pow'r 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



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As Panthus' fighting progeny. But Hyperenor's pride,
 That joyed so little time his youth, when he so vilified
 My force in arms, and called me worst of all our chivalry,
 And stood my worst, might teach ye all to shun this surcuidrie ;
 I think he came not safely home to tell his wife his acts.
 Nor less right of thy insolence my equal fate exacts,
 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 renewed the sting
 That his slain brother shot in him, remembered by the king,
 To whom he answered : " Thou shalt pay for all the pains endured
 By that slain brother, all the wounds sustained for him recured
 With one made in thy heart by me. 'Tis true thou mad'st 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 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 struck his all-round shield ; nor shrunk that, but his lance
 That turned head in it. Then the king assayed 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 wrapped, were piteously wet.

And when alone in some choice place a husbandman hath 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 curled with snowy flow'rs,
 That dance and flourish with the winds that are of gentlest pow'rs,
 But when a whirlwind, got aloft, stoops with a sudden gale,
 Tears from his head his tender curls, and tosseth therewithal
 His fixed root from his hollow mines ; it well presents the force
 Of Sparta's king, and so the plant Euphorbus and his corse.

He slain, the king stripped off his arms ; and with their worthy prize,
 All fearing him, had clearly past, if heaven's fair Eye of eyes
 Had not, in envy of his acts, to his encounter stirred
 The Mars-like Hector, to whose pow'rs the rescue he preferred

Of those fair arms, and took the shape of Mentas, 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 compelled
 To take the draught of chariots by any mortal's hand ;
 The great grandchild of Æacus hath only their command,
 Whom an immortal mother bore. While thou attend'st on these,
 The young Atrides, in defence of Menœtiades,
 Hath slain Euphorbus." Thus the God took troop with men again,
 And Hector, heartily perplexed, looked 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 ushered him, and sighed, 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 compassed in,
 Some sleight or other they may use, many may quickly win
 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-haired Atrides fled, and in his strength displayed
 Upon his left hand him he wished, extremely busied
 About encouraging his men, to whom an extreme dread
 Apollo had infused. The king reached 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 prized 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
 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 gathered 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 hundred hunters near
 To give him onset, their more force makes 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 looked, and stood, and stayed 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
 Thy city only with her own. Be sure it shall descend
 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 turned. 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 honoured laws
 Of such a dear confederacy kept to them to a thread,
 As now ye might reprise the arms Sarpedon 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.
 This body drawn to Ilion would after draw and cost

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 looked passing sour at this, and answered : " Why dar'st thou,
 So under, talk above me so ? O friend, I thought till now
 Thy wisdom was superior to all th' inhabitants
 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 drowned,
 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. Play then the worthy men,
 Till I endue Achilles' arms." This said, he left the fight,
 And called 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 th' 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,
 In thy denied return from fight, must ever take of thee

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 entered 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-souled Æacides.

Then every way he scoured the field, his captains calling on ;
Asteropæus, Eunomus that foresaw all things done,
Glaucus, and Medon, Desinor, and strong Thersilocus,
Phorcis, and Mesthles, 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 called you from your 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, who ever bears to town
Patroclus, laid dead to his hand, by winning the renown
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 rampires 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. Instant 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
 Jove gives both grace and dignity to any that will show
 Good minds for only good itself, though presently the eye
 Of him that rules discern him not. 'Tis hard for me t' espy
 Through all this smoke of burning fight each captain in his place,
 And call assistance to our need. Be then each other's grace,
 And freely follow each his next. Disdain to let the joy
 Of great Æacides be forced to feed the beasts of Troy.”

His voice was first heard and obeyed by swift Oiliades ;
 Idomeneus and his mate, renowned Meriones,
 Were seconds to Oileus' son ; but, of the rest, whose mind
 Can lay upon his voice the names that after these combined
 In setting up this fight on end ? The Trojans first gave on.
 And as into the sea's vast mouth when mighty rivers run,
 Their billows and the sea resound, and all the utter shore
 Rebells in her angry shocks the sea's repulsive roar ;
 With such sounds gave the Trojans charge, so was their charge repressed.
 One mind filled all Greeks, good brass shields close couched to every breast,
 And on their bright helms Jove poured down a mighty deal of night
 To hide Patroclus, whom alive, and when he was the knight
 Of that grandchild of Æacus, Saturnius did not hate,
 Nor dead would see him dealt to dogs, and so did instigate
 His fellows to his worthy guard. At first the Trojans drave
 The black-eyed Grecians from the corse, but not a blow they gave
 That came at death. A while they hung about the body's heels,
 The Greeks quite gone. But all that while did Ajax whet the steels
 Of all his forces, that cut back way to the corse again.
 Brave Ajax (that for form and fact passed all that did maintain
 The Grecian fame, next Thetis' son) now flew before the first.
 And as a sort of dogs and youths are by a boar disperst
 About a mountain ; so fled these from mighty Ajax, all
 That stood in conflict for the corse, who thought no chance could fall
 Betwixt them and the prize at Troy, for bold Hippothous,
 Lethus, Pelasgus' famous son, was so adventurous
 That he would stand to bore the corse about the ankle-bone,
 Where all the nervy fibres meet and ligaments in one,
 That make the motion of those parts ; through which he did convey
 The thong or hawdrick of his shield, and so was drawing away
 All thanks from Hector and his friends ; but in their stead he drew

An ill that no man could avert, for Telamonius threw
 A lance that struck quite through his helm, his brain came leaping out ;
 Down fell Letheides, and with him the body's hoisted foot.
 Far from Larissa's soil he fell ; a little time allowed
 To his industrious spirits to quit the benefits bestowed
 By his kind parents. But his wreak Priamides assayed,
 And threw at Ajax ; but his dart, discovered, passed, and stayed
 At Schedius, son of Iphitus, a man of ablest hand
 Of all the strong Phocensians, and lived with great command
 In Panopeus. The fell dart fell through his channel-bone,
 Pierced through his shoulder's upper part, and set his spirit gone.
 When after his another flew, the same hand giving wing
 To martial Phorcis' startled soul, that was the after spring
 Of Phcenops' seed. The javelin strook his curets through, and tore
 The bowels from the belly's midst. His fall made those before
 Give back a little, Hector's self enforced to turn his face.
 And then the Greeks bestowed their shouts, took vantage of the chace,
 Drew off, and spoiled Hippothous and Phorcis of their arms.
 And then ascended Ilium had shaken with alarms,
 Discovering th' impotence of Troy, even past the will of Jove,
 And by the proper force of Greece, had Phoebus failed to move
 Æneas in similitude of Periphas (the son
 Of grave Epytes) king at arms, and had good service done
 To old Anchises, being wise, and even with him in years.
 But, like this man, the far-seen God to Venus' son appears,
 And asked him how he would maintain steep Ilium in her height
 In spite of Gods, as he presumed, when men approved so slight
 All his presumptions, and all theirs that puffed him with that pride,
 Believing in their proper strengths, and generally supplied
 With such unfrighted multitudes ? But he well knew that Jove,
 Besides their self-conceits, sustained their forces with more love
 Than theirs of Greece, and yet all that lacked power to hearten them.

Æneas knew the God, and said : " It was a shame extreme,
 That those of Greece should beat them so, and by their cowardice,
 Not want of man's aid nor the Gods' ; and this before his eyes
 A Deity stood even now and vouched, affirming Jove their aid ;
 And so bade Hector and the rest, to whom all this he said,
 Turn head, and not in that quick ease part with the corse to Greece."

This said, before them all he flew, and all as of a piece
 Against the Greeks flew. Venus' son Leocritus did end,

Son of Arisbas, and had place of Lycomedes' friend,
 Whose fall he friendly pitied, and, in revenge, bestowed
 A lance that Apisaon struck so sore that straight he strowed
 The dusty centre, and did stick in that congealed blood
 That forms the liver. Second man he was to all that stood
 In name for arms amongst the troop that from Pæonia came,
 Asteropæus being the first, who was in ruth the same
 That Lycomedes was ; like whom, he put forth for the wreak
 Of his slain friend, but wrought it not, because he could not break
 The bulwark made of Grecian shields and bristled wood of spears
 Combined about the body slain. Amongst whom Ajax bears
 The greatest labour, every way exhorting to abide,
 And no man fly the corse a foot, nor break their ranks in pride
 Of any foremost daring spirit, but each foot hold his stand,
 And use the closest fight they could. And this was the command
 Of mighty Ajax ; which observed, they steeped the earth in blood.
 The Trojans and their friends fell thick. Nor all the Grecians stood
 (Though far the fewer suffered fate) for ever they had care
 To shun confusion, and the toil that still oppresseth there.

So set they all the field on fire ; with which you would have thought
 The sun and moon had been put out, in such a smoke they fought
 About the person of the prince. But all the field beside
 Fought underneath a lightsome heaven ; the sun was in his pride,
 And such expansure of his beams he thrust out of his throne,
 That not a vapour durst appear in all that region,
 No, not upon the highest hill. There fought they still and breathed,
 Shunned danger, cast their darts aloof, and not a sword unsheathed.
 The other plied it, and the war and night plied them as well,
 The cruel steel afflicting all ; the strongest did not dwell
 Unhurt within their iron roofs. Two men of special name,
 Antilochus and Thrasymed, were yet unserved by Fame
 With notice of Patroclus' death. They thought him still alive
 In foremost tumult, and might well, for (seeing their fellows thrive
 In no more comfortable sort than fight and death would yield)
 They fought apart ; for so their sire, old Nestor, strictly willed,
 Enjoining fight more from the fleet. War here increased his heat
 The whole day long, continually the labour and the sweat
 The knees, calves, feets, hands, faces, smeared of men that Mars applied
 About the good Achilles' friend. 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
 That out they make a vapour breathe, and in their oil doth go ;
 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 for Ilion, the Grecians to their fleet.
 A cruel tumult they stirred 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 godlike friend
 Had no instruction, so far off, and underneath the wall
 Of Troy, that conflict was maintained ; 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.
 But of that great ill to his friend was no instruction given
 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 prize !
 Which let the black earth gasp and drink our blood for sacrifice
 Before we suffer. 'Tis an act much less unfortunate,
 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 flourished 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 poured 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 prize. 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
 The grace of slaughter, till at fleet their bloody feet arrive,
 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 Ilians they rapt
 The whirling 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 asked : " What God is he
 That hath so robbed 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
 So able as thyself to keep, in use of press and pace,
 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 discerned the horse that mere immortal were
 Addressed 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, exceeding soundly brast;
 And forth they went, associate with two more godlike men,
 Aretus and bold Chromius; nor made they question then
 To prize the goodly-crested horse, and safely send to hell
 The soul 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 filled 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 prize,
 Or his life theirs) he called 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 threatened 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 struck 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 brazen lance let fly,
 Whose flight he saw, and falling flat, the compass was too high,
 And made it stick beyond in earth, th’ extreme 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
 Aretus to Automedon, who spoiled his arms, and said:

“ A little this revives my life for him so lately dead ;
 Though by this nothing countervailed.” 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 looked, new turned 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, dismissed 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, stirred 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 answered : “ O thou long-since born, O Phœnix, that hast won
 The honoured foster-father's name of Thetis' godlike son,
 I would 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
 His steel is killing, killing still.” The king's so royal will
 Minerva joyed 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 fly,
 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 filled 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 Ection,
 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, surnamed, 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, where 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 covered all
With sulphury clouds, from whence he let abhorred lightnings fall,
And thundered till the mountain shook, and with this dreadful state
He ushered victory to Troy, to Argus flight 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 the 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 missed 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 bestrewed the field,
And bade his sovereign scourge away, he saw that day would yield
No hope of victory for them. He feared 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.
 They saw Him in the victory, He still was varying
 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?
 Nor 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 twofold 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
 Or 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 informed 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 transparences,
 And give the eyes thou giv'st 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 showed,
 Dispersed the darkness instantly, and drew away the cloud
 From whence it fell; the sun shined out, and all the host appeared;
 And then spake Ajax, whose heard prayer his spirits highly cheered:

"Brave Menelaus, look about, and if thou canst descry
 Nestor's Antilochus alive, incite him instantly
 To tell Achilles that his friend, most dear to him, is dead."

He said, nor Menelaus stuck at any thing he said,
 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 repelled,
 The adverse darts so thick are poured 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 went
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-haired king,
And parted, casting round his eye. 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 struck'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 heart'ning 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 fain
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
His prized arms." Antilochus was highly grieved to hear
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 Laodocus 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 godlike Thrasymede, and mad'st thy kind regress
Back to Patroclus, where arrived, half breathless thou didst say
To both th' Ajaces this : " 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 arm's end bearing it.
 Out shrieked the Trojans when they saw the body borne to fleet,
 And rushed on. As at any boar, gashed with the hunter's wounds,
 A kennel of the sharpest set and sorest bitten hounds
 Before their youthful huntsmen haste, and eagerly a while
 Pursue, as if they were assured of their affected spoil;
 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 a while, laying on with swords and darts;
 But when th' Ajaces turned on them and made their stand, their hearts
 Drunk from their faces all their bloods, and not a man sustained
 The forechace, nor the after-fight. And thus Greece nobly gained
 The person towards home. But thus, the changing war was racked
 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 boist'rous 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 thund'ring still
 Of horse and foot. Yet as mules, in haling from a hill
 A beam or mast, through foul deep way, well clapped and heartened, close
 Lie to their labour, tug and sweat, and passing hard it goes,
 Urged by their drivers to all haste; so dragged they on the corse,
 Still both th' Ajaces at their backs, who back still turned the force,
 Though after it grew still the more. Yet as a sylvan hill
 Thrusts back a torrent that hath kept a narrow channel still,
 Till at his oaken breast it beats, but there a check it takes
 That sends it over all the vale, with all the stir it makes,
 Nor can with all the confluence break through his rooty sides;

In no less firm and brave repulse th' Ajaces curbed the prides
Of all the Trojans ; yet all held the pursuit in his strength,
Their chiefs being Hector, and the son of Venus, who at length
Put all the youth of Greece besides in most amazeful rout,
Forgetting all their fortitudes, distraught, and shrieking out ;
A number of their rich arms lost, fallen from them here and there
About and in the dike ; and yet, the war concludes not here.



BOOK XVIII.

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 stands
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.*



HEY fought still like the rage of fire. And now Antilochus
Came to Æacides, whose mind was much solicitous
For that which, as he feared, was fall'n. He found him near
the fleet
With upright sail-yards, uttering this to his heroic conceit:
“ Ah me! Why see the Greeks themselves thus beaten from
the field,

And routed headlong to their fleet? O let not heaven yield
Effect to what my sad soul fears, that, as I was foretold,
The strongest Myrmidon next me, when I should still behold
The sun's fair light, must part with it. Past doubt Menœtius' 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 pow'rs retire.”

As thus his troubled mind discoursed, Antilochus appeared,
And told with tears the sad news thus: “ My lord, that must be heard
Which would to heaven I might not tell! Menœtius' son lies dead,



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And for his naked corse (his arms already forfeited,
And worn by Hector) the debate is now most vehement."

This said, grief darkened all his pow'rs. With both his hands he rent
The black mould from the forced earth, and poured it on his head,
Smeared 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 slaughtered 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 straitened, burned,
Beat, swelled, and sighed as it would burst. So terribly he mourned,
That Thetis, sitting in the deeps of her old father's seas,
Heard, and lamented. To her complaints the bright Nereides
Flocked all, how many those dark gulfs soever comprehend.
There Glauce, and Cymodoce, and Spio, did attend,
Nesæa, and Cymothoe, and calm Amphithoe,
Thalia, Thoa, Panope, and swift Dynamene,
Actæa, and Limnoria, and Halia the fair,
Famed for the beauty of her eyes, Amathia for her hair,
Iæra, Proto, Clymene, and curled Dexamene,
Pherusa, Doris, and with these the smooth Amphinome,
Chaste Galatea so renowned, and Callianira, came,
With Doto and Orythia, to cheer the mournful dame.
Apseudes likewise visited, and Callianassa gave
Her kind attendance, and with her Agave graced the cave,
Nemertes, Mæra, followed, Melita, Ianesse,
With Ianira, and the rest of those Nereides
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 called 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 entertain 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 recure I seek." This said, she left her cave,
 Which all left with her; swimming forth, the green waves, as they swom,
 Cleft with their bosoms, curled, and gave quick way to Troy. Being come,
 They all ascended, two and two, and trod the honoured shore,
 Till where the fleet of Myrmidons, drawn up in heaps, it bore.
 There stayed they at Achilles' ship, and there did Thetis lay
 Her fair hand on her son's curled head, sighed, 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 poured out tears enow,
 And in them seen how much they miss remission 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 spoiled of those profaned arms that Peleus did obtain
 From heaven's high Pow'rs, solemnizing thy sacred nuptial bands,
 As th' only present of them all, and fitted well their hands,
 Being lovely, radiant, marvellous. O would to heaven 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 resort,
 But only that the crying blood for vengeance of my friend
 Mangled by Hector may be stilled; 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 succeedeth instantly."

"And instantly it shall succeed," he answered, "since my fate
 Allowed not to my will a pow'r 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,
 That either this friend or the rest (in numbers infinite
 Slaughtered by Hector) I can help, nor grace with wished 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-curst 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
 To men of pow'r to satiate their watchful enmities,
 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 shunned death, though dearest in the grace
 Of Jupiter; even him Fate stooped, 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 Ilion and Dardania may, for the extinguished 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 gathered 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
 To tread the massacres of war, till I again appear
 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 turned, 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, herself flew up to heaven.
 In mean space, to the Hellespont and ships the Greeks were driven
 In shameful rout ; nor could they yet, from rage of Priam's son,
 Secure the dead of new assaults, both horse and men made on
 With such impression. Thrice the feet the hands of Hector seized,
 And thrice th' Ajaces thumped him off. With whose repulse displeased,
 He wreaked his wrath upon the troops, then to the corse again
 Made horrid turnings, crying out of his repulsed men,
 And would not quit him quite for death. A lion almost sterved
 Is not by upland herdsmen driven from urging to be served
 With more contention, than his strength by those two of a name ;
 And had perhaps his much-praised will, if th' airy-footed Dame,
 Swift Iris, had not stooped in haste, ambadress from heaven
 To Peleus' son, to bid him arm ; her message being given
 By Juno, kept from all the Gods ; she thus excited him :
 " Rise, thou most terrible of men, and save the precious limb
 Of thy beloved, in whose behalf the conflict now runs high
 Before the fleet, the either host fells other mutually,
 These to retain, those to obtain. Amongst whom most of all
 Is Hector prompt, he's apt to drag thy friend home, he your pall
 Will make his shoulders ; his head forced, he'll be most famous ; rise,
 No more lie idle, set the foe a much more costly prize
 Of thy friend's value than let dogs make him a monument,
 Where thy name will be graven." He asked, " What Deity hath sent
 Thy presence hither ? " She replied : " Saturnia, she alone,
 Not high Jove knowing, nor one God that doth inhabit on
 Snowy Olympus." He again : " How shall I set upon
 The work of slaughter when mine arms are worn by Priam's son ?
 How will my goddess-mother grieve, that bade I should not arm
 Till she brought arms from Mulciber ! 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 rampires 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 wooed, and he was won ;
 And straight Minerva honoured him, who Jove's shield clapped 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,
 Thick 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 show 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, mixed in fight, but sent abroad his voice ;
 Which Pallas far-off echoed, who did betwixt them hoise
 Shrill tumult to a topless height. And as a voice is heard
 With emulous affection, when any town is sphered
 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 thrown
 Won emulously th' ears of all. His brazen voice once heard,
 The minds of all were startled so they yielded ; and so feared
 The fair-maned horses that they flew back, and their chariots turned
 Presaging in their augurous hearts the labours that they mourned
 A little after, and their guides a repercussive dread
 Took from the horrid radiance of his refulgent head,
 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 called.
 And then the Grecians spritefully drew from the darts the corse,
 And hearsed it, bearing it to fleet, his friends with all remorse
 Marching about it. His great friend dissolving then in tears
 To see his truly-loved returned so horsed upon an hearse,
 Whom with such horse and chariot he set out safe and whole,
 Now wounded with unpitying steel, now sent without a soul,
 Never again to be restored, never received but so,
 He followed 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 called, ere they refreshed their hearts
 With any supper, nor would sit ; they grew so stiff with fear
 To see, so long from heavy fight, Æacides appear.

Polydamas began to speak, who only could discern
 Things future by things past, and was vowed friend to Hector, born
 In one night both. He thus advised : " 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 pleased to keep our watches here,
 My fit hope of the fleet's surprise inclined me so, but now
 'Tis stronglier 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,
 And these bounds we prefix to them, will nothing so confine
 Th' uncurbed mind of Æacides. The height of his design
 Aims at our city and our wives, and all bars in his way,
 Being backed with less than walls, his pow'r 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 council 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, tow'rs, walls will do
 What wants in us ; and in the morn, all armed upon our tow'rs,
 We all will stand out to our foe. 'Twill trouble all his pow'rs
 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,
 And he be glad to turn to fleet, about his funerals.
 For of his entry here at home, what mind will serve his thirst,
 Or ever feed him with sacked 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 tow'rs 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 ? Beforetime Priam's town
 Trafficked with divers-languaged men, and all gave the renown

Of rich Troy to it, brass and gold abounding ; but her store
 Is now from every house exhaust, possessions 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-boards and our seas, to slack it, and extrude
 His offered bounty by our flight. Fool that thou art, bewray
 This counsel to no common ear, for no 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,
 Make him dispose it publicly ; 'tis better any fare
 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 may rise so to him.
 On my back he shall find no wings, my spirit shall force my limb
 To stand his worst, and give or take. Mars is our common lord,
 And the desirous swordsman's life he ever puts to sword."

This counsel gat applause of all, so much were all unwise ;
 Minerva robbed them of their brains, to like the ill advice
 The great man gave, and leave the good since by the meaner given.
 All took their suppers ; but the Greeks spent all the heavy even
 About Patroclus' mournful rites, Pelides leading all
 In all the forms of heaviness. He by his side did fall,
 And his man-slaughtering hands imposed into his oft-kissed breast,
 Sighs blew up sighs, and lion-like, graced with a goodly crest,
 That in his absence being robbed by hunters of his whelps,
 Returns to his so desolate den, and, for his wanted helps,
 Beholding his unlooked-for wants, flies roaring back again,
 Hunts the sly hunter, many a vale resounding his disdain ;
 So mourned Pelides his late loss, so weighty were his moans,
 Which, for their dumb sounds, now gave words to all his Myrmidons :
 "O Gods," said he, "how vain a vow I made, to cheer the mind
 Of sad Menœtius, when his son his hand to mine resigned,
 That high-towered Opus he should see, and leave rased Ilium
 With spoil and honour, even with me ! But Jove vouchsafes to none
 Wished passages to all his vows ; we both were destinate
 To bloody one earth here in Troy, nor any more estate
 In my return hath Peleus or Thetis ; but because
 I last must undergo the ground, I'll keep no funeral laws,

O my Patroclus, for thy corse, before I hither bring
 The arms of Hector and his head to thee for offering.
 Twelve youths, the most renowned of Troy, I'll sacrifice beside,
 Before thy heap of funeral, to thee unpacified.
 In mean time, by our crooked sterns lie drawing tears from me,
 And round about thy honoured corse these dames of Dardanie
 And Ilion with the ample breasts (whom our long spears and pow'rs
 And labours purchased from the rich and by-us-ruined tow'rs,
 And cities strong and populous with divers-languaged men)
 Shall kneel, and neither day nor night be licensed to abstain
 From solemn watches, their toiled 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 festered gore
 From off the person. They obeyed, 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 washed and filled the mortal wound
 With wealthy oil of nine years old, then wrapped the body round
 In largeness of a fine white sheet, and put it then in bed;
 When all watched all night with their lord, and spent sighs on the dead.

Then Jove asked 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, incensed, asked: "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 beneath 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, continue 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
 Of fiery Vulcan, beautiful amongst th' immortal sort,
 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-built hall,
 To whose feet little wheels of gold he put, to go withal,
 And enter his rich dining-room, alone, their motion free,
 And back again go out alone, miraculous to see.

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-haired Charis saw, that was the nuptial fere
 Of famous Vulcan, who the hand of Thetis took, and said :

“ Why, fair-trained, loved, and honoured 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 footstool of a suit
 Apposing to her crystal feet ; and called the God of fire,
 For Thetis was arrived, she said, and entertained desire
 Of some grace that his art might grant. “ Thetis to me,” said he,
 “ Is mighty, and most reverend, as one that nourished 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 distressed
 Had Thetis and Eurynome in either's silver breast
 Not rescued me ; Eurynome that to her father had
 Reciprocal Oceanus. Nine years with them I made
 A number of well-arted things, round bracelets, buttons brave,
 Whistles and carquenets. My forge stood in a hollow cave,
 About which, murmuring with foam, th' unmeasured ocean
 Was ever beating ; my abode known nor 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-haired Thetis here,
 It fits me always to repay a recompense as dear
 To her thoughts as my life to me. Haste, Charis, and appose
 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
 Locked 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, resembling in all worth
 Living young damsels, filled with minds and wisdom, and were trained
 In all immortal ministry, virtue and voice contained,
 And moved with voluntary pow'rs ; and these still waited on

Their fiery sovereign, who (not apt to walk) sate near the throne
Of fair-haired Thetis, took her hand, and thus he courted her :

“ For what affair, O fair-trained queen, reverend to me, and dear,
Is our court honoured with thy state, that hast not heretofore
Performed this kindness ? Speak thy thoughts, thy suit can be no more
Than my mind gives me charge to grant. Can my pow'r get it wrought ?
Or that it have not only pow'r 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' effects
Of his frail bed, and all against the freedom 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,
The excellent'st of men, to me, whose education
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 returned 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 mourned, 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 suffered to advance
A head out of their battered sterns, and 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 plague. But now his friend put on
His arms, being sent by him to field, and 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 prized his arms. And therefore I am driven
To embrace thy knees for new defence to my loved son. Alas !
His life, prefixed so short a date, had need spend that with grace.
A shield then for him, and a helm, fair greaves, and curets, 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, commanding 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 willed, 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
 Adorned with twenty several hues; about whose verge he beat
 A ring, threefold and radiant, and on the back he set
 A silver handle: fivefold were the equal lines he drew
 About the whole circumference, in which his hand did shew
 (Directed with a knowing mind) a rare variety;
 For in it he presented Earth; in it the Sea and Sky;
 In it the never-wearied Sun, the moon exactly round,
 And all those Stars with which the brows of ample heaven are crowned,
 Orion, all the Pleiades, and those seven Atlas got,
 The close-beamed Hyades, the Bear, surnamed the Chariot,
 That turns about heaven's axle-tree, holds ope a constant eye
 Upon Orion, and of all the cressets in the sky
 His golden forehead never bows to th' Ocean empery.

Two cities in the spacious field he built, with goodly state
 Of divers-languaged men. The one did nuptials celebrate,
 Observing at them solemn feasts, the brides from forth their bow'rs
 With torches ushered 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 admiring. 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 followed it, and for the fine did sue,
 Which th' other pleaded he had paid. Th' adverse part denied,
 And openly affirmed he had no penny satisfied.

Both put it to arbitrement. The people cried 'twas best
 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 polished 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 employed as busily,
 Two armies glittering in arms, of one confederacy,
 Besieged it, and a parley and 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 their wealth,
 And give them half. They neither liked, but armed 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 enambushed 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 dreamed 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 tugged to them
 By both the feet, stripped 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.

To these the fiery Artizan did add a new-eared field,
 Large and thrice ploughed, the soil being soft, and of a wealthy yield ;
 And many men at plough he made, that drave earth here and there,
 And turned 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 reached of all the ample close.
 The soil turned 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 ploughed indeed, miraculous 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 reaped
 From boys that gathered quickly up, and by them armfuls heaped.
 Amongst these at a furrow's end the king stood pleased at heart,
 Said no word, but his sceptre showed. And from him, much apart,
 His harvest-bailiffs underneath an oak a feast prepared,
 And having killed a mighty ox, stood there to see him shared,
 Which women for their harvest folks (then come to sup) had dressed,
 And many white wheat-cakes bestowed, to make it up a feast.

He set near this a vine of gold, that cracked 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 flowed
 An azure moat, and to this guard a quickset was bestowed
 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 touched a harp, to which his voice did suit,
 Centered the circles of that youth, all whose skill could not do
 The wanton's 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 mixed, and bellowing from their stall
 Rushed to their pastures at a flood that echoed all their throats,
 Exceeding swift, and full of reeds ; and all in yellow coats
 Four herdsmen followed ; after whom nine mastiffs went. In head
 Of all the herd, upon a bull, that deadly bellowed,
 Two horrid lions ramped, and seized, and tugged off bellowing still ;
 Both men and dogs came ; yet they tore the hide, and lapped their fill
 Of black blood, and the entrails ate. In vain the men assayed
 To set their dogs on ; none durst pinch, but cur-like stood and bayed
 In both the faces of their kings, and all their onsets fled.

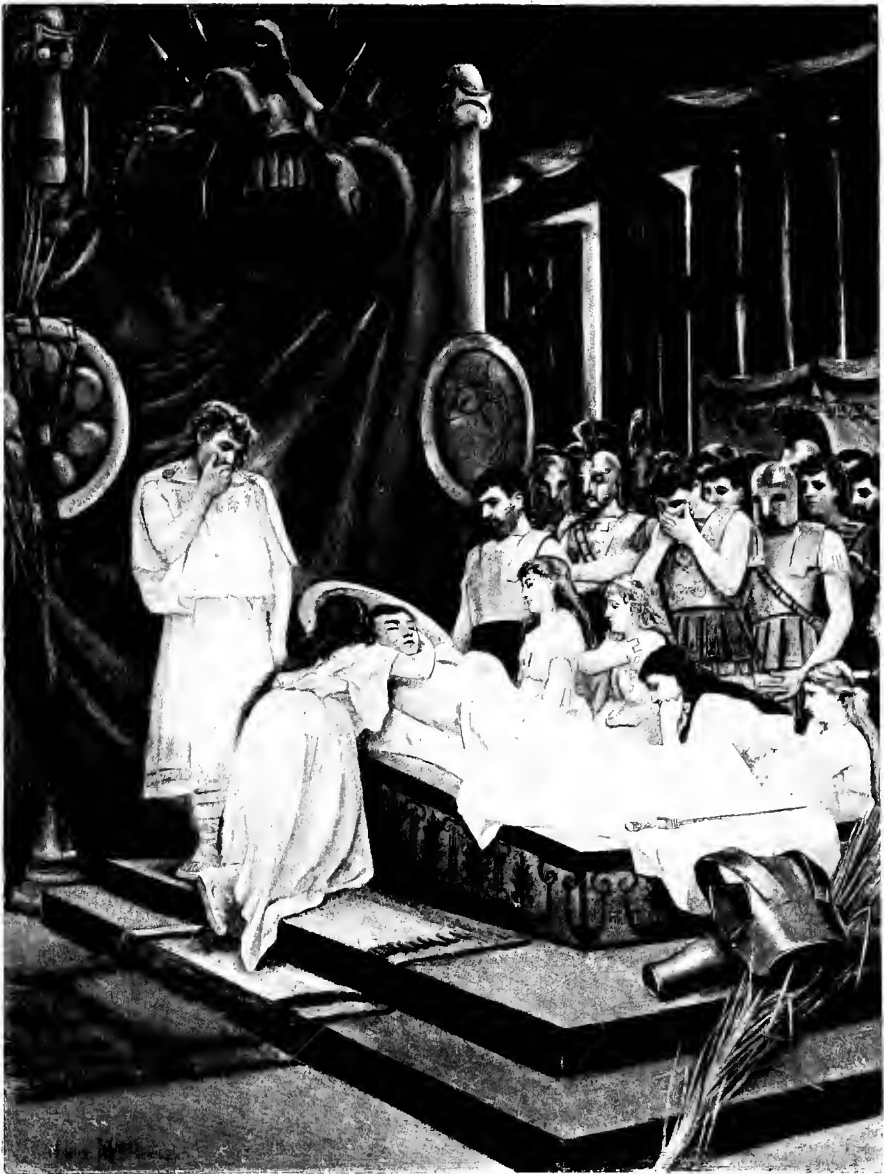
Then in a passing pleasant vale the famous Artsman fed,
 Upon a goodly pasture ground, rich flocks of white-fleeced sheep,
 Built stables, cottages, and cotes that did the shepherds keep

From wind and weather. Next to these he cut a dancing place,
All full of turnings, that was like the admirable maze
For fair-haired Ariadne made by cunning Dædalus ;
And in it youths and virgins danced, all young and beauteous,
And glued in 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 crowned ;
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 stirred, 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,
Stooped from the steep Olympian hill hid in eternal snow.





II MOTTE INV

BOOK XIX.

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-offered 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.

*Taû gives the anger period,
And great Achilles comes abroad.*



HE moon arose, and from the ocean, in her saffron robe,
Gave light to all, as well to Gods as men of th' under globe.
Thetis stooped 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 appeared 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 band 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 slend'rest touch.
Cold tremblings took the Myrmidons ; none durst sustain, all feared
T' oppose their eyes ; Achilles yet, as soon as they appeared,
Stern Anger entered. 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 showed,
 He brake forth into this applause : " O mother, these right well
 Show 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 slaughtered 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 pow'rs with dreadful strength indued.
 She, with her fair hand, stilled 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 summoned all th' heroic Greeks, with all that spent before
 The time in exercise with him, the masters, pilots too,
 Vict'lers, and all. All, when they saw Achilles summon so,
 Swarmed to the council, having long left the laborious wars.
 To all these came two halting kings, true servitors of Mars,
 Tydides 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
 Conferred most profit to us both, when both our enmities
 Consumed us so, and for a wench, whom, when I chose for prize,
 In laying Lyrnessus' ruined walls amongst our victories,
 I would to heaven, as first she set her dainty foot aboard,
 Diana's hand had tumbled off, and with a javelin gored !
 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 give 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,
 Which I with free affects obey. 'Tis for the senseless fire
 Still to be burning, having stuff ; but men must curb rage still,
 Being framed with voluntary pow'rs as well to check the will
 As give 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 ordered 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
 At greater distance to disturb the council now in hand
 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 trust, how can a man provoke
 Fit pow'r 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,
 My words shall prosecute, to him my speech especially
 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 Erinnys (that casts false mists still
 Betwixt us and our actions done, both by her pow'r 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 pow'r.
 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-walled Thebes, thus Jove triumphed : ' 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 honoured veins enfold
 My eminent blood.' Saturnia conceived a present sleight,
 And urged confirmance 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 stooped, and quickly reached the place
 In Argos where the famous wife of Sthenelus, whose race
 He fetched from Jove by Perseus, dwelt. She was but seven months gone
 With issue, yet she brought it forth ; Alcmena's matchless son
 Delayed from light ; Saturnia repressed the teeming throes
 Of his great mother. Up to heaven she mounts again, and shows,
 In glory, her deceit to Jove. ' Bright-light'ning Jove,' said she,
 ' Now th' Argives have an emperor ; a son derived from thee
 Is born to Persean Sthenelus, Eurystheus his name,
 Noble and worthy of the rule thou swor'st to him.' This came
 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 infortunate to all.' Thus, swinging her about,
 He cast her from the fiery heaven, who ever since thrust out
 Her forked sting in th' affairs of men. Jove ever since did gricve,
 Since his dear issue Hercules did by his vow achieve
 The unjust toils of Eurystheus. Thus fares it now with me,
 Since under Hector's violence the Grecian progeny
 Fell so unfitly by my spleen, whose falls will ever stick
 In my grieved 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 answered: "Let thy vow,
 Renowned 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 show made brooks no retreat, nor must delays delude
 Our deed's 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
 May choose his man to imitate my exercise upon."

Ulysses answered: "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 throughly 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 touched in any wanton wise
 The lady he enforced. Besides, that he remains in mind
 As chastely satisfied; not touched, 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 ought impair a king to give a sound content
 To any subject soundly wronged." "I joy," replied the king,

" O Laertiades, to hear thy liberal counselling ;
 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,
 Though never so inflamed for fight, and all men here I pray
 To stay, till from my tents these gifts be brought here, and the truce
 At all parts finished 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 vowed, and the dames. Mean space about our tents
 Talthybius shall provide a boar, to crown these kind events
 With thankful sacrifice to Jove and to the God of Light."

Achilles answered : " These affairs will show 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 unfetched off. Haste, then, and meat your men,
 Though, I must still say, my command would lead them fasting forth,
 And all together feast at night. Meat will be something worth
 When stomachs first have made it way with venting infamy,
 And other sorrows late sustained, with longed-for wrecks, that lie
 Heavy upon them, for right's sake. Before which load be got
 From off my stomach, meat nor drink, I vow, shall down my throat,
 My friend being dead, who digged 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
 And little corn upon a floor, when Jove, that doth withdraw
 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
 Allowed for all; set on a charge, at all parts answering it."

This said, he choosed, for noblest youths to bear the presents, these :
 The sons of Nestor, and with them renowned 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 joined effect. The fitness well was answered 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 Minerva's skill,
 The eighth Briseis who had power to ravish every will ;
 Twelve talents of the finest gold, all which Ulysses weighed
 And carried first, and after him the other youths conveyed
 The other presents, tendered all in face of all the court.
 Up rose the king. Talthybius, whose voice had a report
 Like to a God, called 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 struck 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 splend' rest touch
 Of my light vows, hath wronged the dame ; and let my plagues be such
 As are inflicted by the Gods, in all extremity
 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 Talthybius cast, to feed
 The sea-born nation. Then stood up the half-celestial seed
 Of fair-haired Thetis, strength'ning 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 prize, 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 breakfasts, and address
 For instant conflict.” Thus he raised the court, and all took way
 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, drowned 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, enforced, and dying sad,
 Left thee alive, when thou hadst cheered my poor captivity,
 And now returned I find thee dead ; misery on misery
 Ever increasing with my steps. The lord to whom my sire
 And dearest mother gave my life in nuptials, his life's fire
 I saw before our city gates extinguished, 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,
 Ever delightful, one sweet grace fed still with one sweet mind.”

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
He would not eat, but of that day sustain th' extremity.

Thus all the kings, in resolute grief and fasting, he dismissed ;
But both th' Atrides, Ithacus, and war's old martialist,
Idomeneus and his friend, and Phœnix, these remained
Endeavouring comfort, but no thought of his vowed woe restrained.
Nor could, till that day's bloody fight had calmed his blood ; he still
Remembered something of his friend, whose good was all his ill.
Their urging meat the diligent fashion of his friend renewed
In that excitement : " Thou," said he, " when this speed was pursued
Against the Trojans, evermore apposedst in my tent
A pleasing breakfast ; being so free, and sweetly diligent,
Thou mad'st 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 returned from hence,
And my life quitting thine, had pow'r 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 echoed by the peers,
Rememb'ring 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
Extinguished in thee ? Prostrated in most extreme ill fare
He lies before his high-sailed fleet for his dead friend ; the rest
Are strength'ning them with meat, but he lies desperately oppressed.
With heartless fasting. Go thy ways, and to his breast instil

Red nectar and ambrosia, that fast procure no ill
 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 pricked, she stooped through all the stars
 Amongst the Grecians, all whose tents were now filled for the wars;
 Her seres struck through Achilles' tent, and closely she instilled
 Heaven's most-to-be-desired feast to his great breast, and filled
 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 poured 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 incessantly descending;
 So thick, helms, curets, ashen darts, and round shields, never ending,
 Flowed from the navy's hollow womb. Their splendours gave heaven's eye
 His beams again. Earth laughed to see her face so like the sky;
 Arms shined so hot, and she such clouds made with the dust she cast,
 She thundered, feet of men and horse importuned her so fast.
 In midst of all, divine Achilles his fair person armed,
 His teeth gnashed as he stood, his eyes so full of fire they warmed,
 Unsuffered 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 brightness 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 impressed his fervent blaze.
 His crested helmet, grave and high, had next triumphant place
 On his curled head, and like a star it cast a spurry ray,
 About which a bright thick'ned bush of golden hair did play,
 Which Vulcan forged him for his plume. Thus complete armed, he tried
 How fit they were, and if his motion could with ease abide
 Their brave instruction; and so far they were from hind'ring 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
 Knew how to shake; it grew upon the mountain Pelion,
 From whose height Chiron hewed it for his sire, and fatal 'twas

BOOK XX.

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 Phæbus, Cyprides,
Phæbe, Latona, and the Foe to peace,
With bright Scamander. Neptune in a mist
Preserves Æneas daring to resist
Achilles, by whose hand much scathe is done,
Besides the slaughter of old Priam's son
Young Polydor, whose rescue Hector makes ;
Him flying, Phæbus 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.*



HE Greeks thus armed, and made insatiate with desire of fight,
About thee, Peleus' son, the foe, in ground of greatest height,
Stood opposite, ranged. Then Jove charged Themis from
Olympus' top
To call a court. She every way dispersed, and summoned up
All deities ; not any flood, besides Oceanus,
But made appearance ; not a nymph (that arbours odorous,
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
Performed 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 inquired of Jove



HENRI MOTTE

H. MOTTE. INV.

His reason for that session, and on what point did move
 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 must still 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 pow'rs 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 employed, 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,
 The changeable in arms went, Mars, and him accompanied
 Diana that delights in shafts, and Phœbus never shorn,
 And Aphrodite laughter-pleased, and She of whom was born
 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 triumphed in the aid Æacides did add ;
 The Trojans trembling with his sight, so gloriously clad
 He overshadowed 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 swelled, and the fight
 Grew fierce and horrible. The Dame that armies doth excite
 Thundered 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,
 Set on the city's pinnacles ; and there he would inform
 Sometimes his heart'nings, other times where Simois pours on

His silver current at the foot of high Callicolon.
 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 tossed the earth ; the mountains round about
 Bowed 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 played
 As on the sea ; th' Infernal King, that all things frays, was frayed,
 And leaped 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 abhorred 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 arrayed
 'Gainst Neptune, Phœbus with winged shafts, 'gainst Mars, the blue-eyed Maid,
 'Gainst Juno, Phœbe, whose white hands bore singing darts of gold,
 Her side armed 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. Against the God whose empire is in fire,
 The wat'ry Godhead, that great Flood, to show whose pow'r entire
 In spoil as th' other, all his stream on lurking whirlpits trod,
 Xanthus by Gods, by men Scamander, called. Thus God 'gainst God
 Entered the field. Æacides sustained 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
 Apollo sent Anchises' son ; but first he did impress
 A more than natural strength in him, and made him feel th' excess
 Infused from heaven ; Lycaon'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, steeped in wine,
 Durst vaunt as much." He answered 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 walked above
 This centre now but propped by him ; Minerva's hand (that held

A light to this her favourite, whose beams showed and impelled
 His pow'rs to spoil) had ruined me, for these ears heard her cry :
 ' Kill, kill the seed of Ilium, 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 forces, not with ease winged victory should light
 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 cam'st 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 utterly be beat
 With only cruelty of words, not proof against a threat."

This strength'ned him, and forth he rushed, nor could his strength'ning fly
 White-wristed Juno, nor his drifts. She every deity
 Of th' Achive faction called to her, and said : " Ye must have care,
 Neptune and Pallas, for the frame of this important war
 Ye undertake here. Venus' son, by Phœbus being impelled,
 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 tow'rs
 That fight against Greece, and were here before our eminent pow'rs,
 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 wrapped 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 passing dreadful then."

Neptune replied : " Saturnia, at no time let your care
 Exceed your reason ; 'tis not fit. Where only humans are,
 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-haired God
 Led to the tow'r of Hercules, built circular and high
 By Pallas and the Ilians, for fit security
 To Jove's divine son 'gainst the whale that drave 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 ling'ring purposed 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, burned 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 stepped threat'ning forth the prease,
 His high helm nodding, and his breast barred with a shady shield,
 And shook his javelin. Thetis' son did his part to the field.
 As when the harmful king of beasts (sore threat'ned to be slain
 By all the country up in arms) at first makes coy disdain
 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 pow'r, his eyes glow, he roars, and in he leaps to kill,
 Secure of killing ; so his pow'r 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 prize.
 Priam hath sons to second him. Is't then some piece of land,
 Past others fit to set and sow, that thy victorious hand
 The Ilians offer for my head ? I hope that prize 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' Idæan 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 Lynessus was
 The mask for that? Then that mask, too, I opened to the air
 (By Jove and Pallas' help) and took the free light from the fair,
 Your ladies hearing 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 presum'st. Retire then, aim not at
 Troy's throne by me; fly ere thy soul flies; fools are wise too late."

He answered 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-souled 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 pow'rs; 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, these 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
 Of living mortals; in his fens he fed three thousand mares,
 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 dipped in dank sweat of his brows. Of Erichthonius' loves
 Sprang Tros the king of Trojans. Tros three young princes bred,
 Ilus, renowned 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.
 Ilus 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 want to yield so soon
 To men's poor pow'rs. 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 forbad 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
 His iron head, and after it his ashen body wan
 Pass to the earth, and there it stuck, his top on th' other side,
 And hung the shield up; which hard down Æneas plucked to hide
 His breast from sword blows, shrunk up round, and in his heavy eye
 Was much grief shadowed, 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 snatched a two-men's strength of stone

And either at his shield or casque he set it rudely gone,
 Nor cared where, so it struck 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
 Summoned 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
 Is purposed, lest the progeny of Dardanus take date,
 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 turned his aims
 From present rescue, but through all the whizzing spears he passed,
 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 passed, with Neptune's force,
 Whole orders of heroes' heads, and many a troop of horse
 Leaped over, till the bounds he reached 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 revealed,
 He left him, and dispersed the cloud that all this act concealed
 From vexed Achilles; who again had clear light from the skies,

And, much disdainful of 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 flowed from glory. Let him go, no more experience
 Will his mind long for of my hands, he flies them now so clear.
 Cheer then the Greeks, and others try." Thus ranged he everywhere
 The Grecian orders ; every man (of which the most looked 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
 Your several valours. 'Tis a task laid too unequally
 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 Æacides : " 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 words crown their words, which hold 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 weighed him back into his strength, and curbed 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 Otrynteus. Beneath the snowy hill
Of Tmolus, in the wealthy town of Hyda, at his will
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 :

“Thou'rt dead, Otryntides, though called 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 nailed to their chariot wheels.

Next, through the temples, the burst eyes, his deadly javelin steels
Of great-in-Troy Antenor's son, renowned Demoleon,
A mighty turner of a field. His overthrow set gone
Hippodamas, who leaped from horse, and, as he fled before
Æacides his turned back, he made fell Pelias gore,
And forth he puffed 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 hallowed shore
To please the wat'ry deity with forcing him to roar,
And forth he pours his utmost throat ; so bellowed this slain friend
Of flying Ilion with the breath that gave his being end.

Then rushed he on, 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 show how exquisite
He was of foot, for which of all the fifty sons he held
The special name) he flew before the first heat of the field,
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 gathered with his tender hands his entrails that did swell
Quite through the wide wound, till a cloud as black as death concealed
Their sight, and all the world from him. When Hector had beheld
His brother tumbled so to earth, his entrails still in hand,
Dark sorrow overcast his eyes, nor far off could he stand
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 frightened Hector, who bore close, and said: "Æacides,
 Leave threats for children. I have pow'r to thunder calumnies
 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 pow'r 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 laboured, Phœbus cleared 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 exclaimed:
 "O see, yet more Gods are at work. Apollo's hand hath framed,
 Dog that thou art, thy rescue now; to whom go pay thy 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
 My equal fautor. In mean time my anger must maintain
 His fire on other Ilians." Then laid he at his feet
 Great Demuchus, Philetor's son; and Dryope did greet
 With like encounter. Dardanus and strong Laogonus,
 Wise Bias' sons, he hurled from horse, of one victorious
 With his close sword, the other's life he conquered with his lance.
 Then Tros, Alastor's son, made in, and sought to 'scape their chance
 With free submission. Down he fell, and prayed 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 hugged his knee
 He could not quit him; till at last his sword was fain to free
 His fettered knees, that made a vent for his white liver's blood
 That caused such pitiful affects, of which it poured a flood
 About his bosom, which it filled, even till it drowned his eyes,
 And all sense failed him. Forth then flew this prince of tragedies,
 Who next stooped Mulius even to death with his insatiate spear;
 One ear it entered, and made good his pass to th' other ear.

Echeclus then, Agenor's son, he struck betwixt the brows,
 Whose blood set fire upon his sword, that cooled it till the throes
 Of his then labouring brain let out his soul to fixed fate,
 And gave cold entry to black death. Deucalion 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,
 And in his neck felt with a stroke laid on so that off flies
 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 hurled amongst the Ilians; the body stretched on earth.

Rhigmus of fruitful Thrace next fell. He was the famous birth
 Of Pireus; his belly's midst the lance took, whose stern force
 Quite tumbled him from chariot. In turning back the horse,
 Their guider Areithous received another lance
 That threw him to his lord. No end was put to the mischance
 Achilles entered. 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 smothered hill; so every way Achilles and his spear
 Consumed the champain, the black earth flowed 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 mixed and overborne,
 Beneath Achilles' one-hooved horse, shields, spears, and men, lay trod,
 His axle-trees and chariot wheels all spattered 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.

BOOK XXI.

ARGUMENT.

*In two parts Troy's host parted; Thetis' son
One to Scamander, one to Ilion,
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 champain 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.

*Phy at the flood's shore doth express
The labours of Æacides.*



ND now they reached the goodly swelling channel of the flood,
Gulf-eating Xanthus, whom Jove mixed with his immortal
brood;
And there Achilles cleft the host of Ilion. 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 reigned; these now Achilles poured about
The scattered 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
Roared at their armours, which the shores did round about resound.
This way and that they swum, and shrieked, as in the gulfs they drowned.



Heidi Motte

MOTTE INV

And as in fired fields locusts rise, as the unwearied blaze
 Plies still their rising, till in swarms all rush as in amaze
 For 'scape into some neighbour flood; so th' Achilleian stroke
 Here drave the foe, the gulfy flood with men and horse did choke.

Then on the shore the worthy hid and left his horrid lance
 Amids 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 blushed to be so much engored
 With such base souls. And as small fish the swift-finned 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 wreak resolved 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 resigned
 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,
 Lycaon, Dardan Priam's son, whom lately in the night
 He had surprised 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,
 Redeemed 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 stormed, 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, fearful, he made more nigh,
 With purpose to embrace his knees, and now longed 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 turned 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!
 Respect me, and my fortunes rue. I now present th' access
 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 a 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 Ilion, 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 suffered pain,
 Laothoe, old Alte's seed; Alte, whose palace stood
 In height of upper Pegasus, near Satnius' silver flood,
 And ruled the warlike 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
 Brothers to Hector, he (half) paid, no more is forfeited."

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 passed thee. Nay, seest thou not beside
 Myself, even I, a fair young 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 hurl a lance, or knit out of his string
 An arrow that must reach 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 kneeled. His foe yet leaves his lance,
 And forth his sword flies, which he hid in furrow of a wound
 Driven through the jointure of his neck; flat fell he on the ground,
 Stretched 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 inaccessible state.
 So perish Ilians, till we pluck the brows of Ilion
 Down to her feet, you flying still, I flying still upon
 Thus in the rear, and (as my brows were forked 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 offered, with blind zeal his sacred current gulls,

With casting chariots and horse quick to his prayed-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-streamed Axius, and the dame, of first nativity
 To all the daughters that renowned Acesamenus' seed,
 Bright Peribœa, whom the flood, armed thick with lofty reed,
 Compressed. At her grandchild now went Thetis' great son, whose foe
 Stood armed with two darts, being set on by Xanthus angered 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 dar'st oppose
 Thy pow'r 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-streamed Axius runs;
 Axius, that gives earth purest drink, of all the wat'ry sons
 Of great Oceanus, and got the famous for his spear,
 Pelegonus, that fathered me; and these Pæonians here,
 Armed with long lances, here I lead; and here th' eleventh fair light
 Shines on us since we entered Troy. Come now, brave man, let's fight."

Thus spake he, threat'ning; and to him Pelides made reply
 With shaken Pelias; but his foe with two at once let fly,
 For both his hands were dexterous. One javelin struck the shield
 Of Thetis' son, but struck not through; the gold, God's gift, repelled
 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 wished the body. With which wish Achilles his lance sent,
 That quite missed, and infix'd itself fast in the steep-up shore;
 Even to the midst it entered it. Himself then fiercely bore
 Upon his enemy with his sword. His foe was tugging hard
 To get his lance out; thrice he plucked, and thrice sure Pelias barred
 His wished evulsion; the fourth pluck, he bowed and meant to break
 The ashen plant, but, ere that act, Achilles' sword did check

His bent pow'r, and brake out his soul. Full in the navel-stead
 He ripped 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 Achelous 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.”

Thus plucked he from the shore his lance, and left the waves to wash
 The wave-sprung entrails, about which fausens and other fish
 Did shoal, to nibble at the fat which his sweet kidneys hid.
 This for himself. Now to his men, the well-rode 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, Ænius, Mnesus, Thersilochus.
 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, pow'r 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
 To pour into the sacred sea my waves; yet still assail
 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 Ilion'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
 Leaped to his midst. Then swelled his waves, then raged, then boiled 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 belched 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 tossed up with his hold, and tore up all the shore.
 With this then he repelled 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 blacked 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 ;
 So of Achilles evermore the strong flood vantage won ;
 Though most deliver, Gods are still above the pow'rs of men.

As oft as th' able God-like man endeavoured to maintain
 His charge on them that kept the flood, and charged as he would try
 If all the Gods inhabiting the broad unreached sky
 Could daunt his spirit, so oft still the rude waves charged him round,

Rampt on his shoulders, from whose depth his strength and spirit would bound
 Up to the free air, vexed in soul. And now the vehement flood
 Made faint his knees; so overthwart his waves were, they withstood
 All the denied dust, which he wished, and now was fain to cry,
 Casting his eyes to that broad heaven that late he longed 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 may fall by strong! Where now weak water's luxury
 Must make my death blush, one, heaven-born, shall like a hog-herd die,
 Drowned 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 Phœbus' 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 curled
 Against thy bold breast, fear a jot; thou hast us two thy friends,
 Neptune and Pallas, Jove himself approving th' aid we lend.
 'Tis nothing as thou fear'st with fate, she will not see thee drowned.
 This height shall soon down, thine own eyes shall see it set aground.
 Be ruled then, we'll advise thee well; take not thy hand away
 From putting all, indifferently, to all that it can lay
 Upon the Trojans, till the walls of haughty Ilion
 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 impelled by charge the Godheads gave,
 The field, that now was overcome with many a boundless wave,
 He overcame. On their wild breasts they tossed the carcasses
 And arms of many a slaughtered 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 bad
 To his assistance: "Simois, ho, brother," out he cried,
 "Come, add thy current, and resist this man half deified,
 Or Ilion he will pull down straight; the Trojans cannot stand

A minute longer. Come, assist, and instantly 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 pow'r thrives do my pow'r 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, poured into my flood,
 Shall make him drowning work enough; and, being drowned, 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, roaring 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 called, to countermand
 This wat'ry Deity, the God that holds command in fire,
 Afraid lest that gulf-stomached flood would satiate his desire
 On great Achilles: "Mulciber, my best loved son!" she cried,
 "Rouse thee, for all the Gods conceive this flood thus amplified
 Is raised at thee, and shows 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 fervour that shall make it burn; nor let fair words or threats
 Avert thy fury till I speak, and then subdue the heats
 Of all thy blazes." Mulciber prepared a mighty fire,
 First in the field used, burning up the bodies that the ire
 Of great Achilles reft of souls; the quite-drowned field it dried,
 And shrunk the flood up. And as fields that have been long time cloyed
 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 sowed them; so this field was dried, the bodies burned
 And even the flood into a fire as bright as day was turned.
 Elms, willows, tam'risks, were enflamed; 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 wished haste, drive
Even to their gates these Ilians. What toucheth me their aid
Or this contention ? " Thus in flames the burning River prayed.
And as a caldron, underput with store of fire, and wrought
With boiling of a well-fed brawn, up leaps his wave aloft,
Bavins of sere wood urging it, and spending flames apace,
Till all the caldron be engirt with a consuming blaze ;
So round this Flood burned, 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 asked, 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 prayed 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
A God should suffer so for men. Then Vulcan did remit
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 together with a sound
That earth resounded, and great heaven about did surrebound.

Jove heard it, sitting on his hill, and laughed to see the Gods
Buckle to arms like angry men ; and, he pleased with their odds,
They laid it freely. Of them all, thumb-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 mak'st Gods fight thus ? Thy huge heart breaks all our peaceful laws
With thy insatiate shamelessness. Rememb'rst thou the hour
When Diomed charged me, and by thee, and thou with all thy pow'r
Took'st lance thyself, and in all sights rushed on me with a wound ?
Now vengeance falls on thee for all." This 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 swayed,
 And overlaid seven acres' land. His hair was all berayed
 With dust and blood mixed; and his arms rung out. Minerva laughed,
 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 turned 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, exclaimed:
 "Pallas, see, Mars is helped from field! Dog-fly his rude tongue named
 Thyself even now, but that his love, that dog-fly, will not leave
 Her old consort. Upon her fly." Minerva did receive
 This excitation joyfully, and at the Cyprian flew.
 Struck with her hard hand her soft breast a blow that overthrew
 Both her and Mars, and there both lay together in broad field.
 When thus she triumphed: "So lie all that any succours yield
 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 hardiest to invade
 Of all earth's cities." At this wish white-wristed Juno smiled.
 Next Neptune and Apollo stood upon the point of field,
 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, pressed to take th' Ilian part,
 And fight with me! Forgett'st thou then, what we two, we alone
 Of all the Gods, have suffered here, when proud Laomedon
 Enjoyed our service a whole year for our agreed reward?
 Jove in his sway would have it so, and in that year I reared
 This broad brave wall about this town, that, being a work of mine,

It might be inexpugnable. This service then was thine,
 In Ida, that so many hills and curled-head forests crown,
 To feed his oxen, crooked-shanked, and headed like the moon.
 But when the much-joy-bringing hours brought term for our reward,
 The terrible Laomedon dismissed us both, and scared
 Our high deservings, not alone to hold our promised fee,
 But give us threats too. Hand and feet he swore to fetter thee,
 And sell thee as a slave, dismissed 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 vow,
 Even to their chaste wives and their babes?" He answered; "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 show it offered. Let themselves bear out their own extreme."

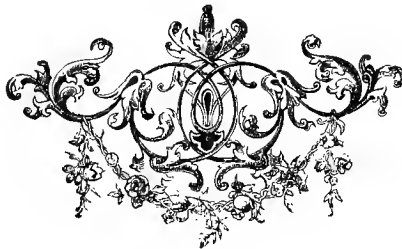
Thus he retired, and feared to change blows with his uncle's hands;
 His sister therefore chid him much, the Goddess that commands
 In games of hunting, and thus spake: "Fly'st thou, and leav'st the field
 To Neptune's glory, and no blows? O fool, why dost thou wield
 Thy idle bow? No more my ears shall hear thee vaunt in skies
 Dares to meet Neptune, but I'll tell thy coward's tongue it lies."

He answered nothing; yet Jove's wife could put on no such reins,
 But spake thus loosely: "How dar'st 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 caught
 Both Cynthia's palms, locked fingers fast, and with her right she snatched
 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 scattered 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

Will I bide combat. 'Tis a work right dangerous to stand
 At difference with the wives of Jove. Go, therefore, freely vaunt
 Amongst the Deities, th' hast subdued, and made thy combatant
 Yield with plain pow'r." She answered not, but gathered 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 slew
 Both men and horse of Ilion. And as a city fired
 Casts up a heap 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 tow'r stood, and the flight disclosed
 On his forced people, all in rout, and not a stroke returned
 By fled resistance. His eyes saw in what a fury burned
 The son of Peleus, and down went weeping from the tow'r
 To all the port-guards, and their chiefs told of his flying pow'r,
 Commanding th' opening of the ports but not to let their hands
 Stir from them, for Æacides would pour in with his bands.
 "Destruction comes, O shut them strait when we are in," he prayed,
 "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 struck 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 pricked his fury. Then the Greeks high-ported Ilion
 Had seized, had not Apollo stirred Antenor's famous son,
 Divine Agenor, and cast in an undertaking spirit
 To his bold bosom, and himself stood by to strengthen it,
 And keep the heavy band of death from breaking in. The God
 Stood by him, leaning on a beech, and covered his abode
 With night-like darkness; yet for all the spirit he inspired,
 When that great city-razer's force his thoughts struck, 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 chase, 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,
Pass all these fields of Ilion, till Ida's sylvan strength
And steep heights shroud me, and at even refresh me in the flood
And turn to Ilion ? 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 pow'r 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 stirred 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 serves of love to live or fear,
Though struck, 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 stirred
His fixed foot. To his broad breast his round shield he preferred,
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 Ilion at thy foot. O fool ! the Greeks with much more woes,
More than are suffered yet, must buy great Ilion'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 sacrifice to her
With thine own ruins." Thus he threw, nor did his javelin err,
But struck his foe's leg near his knee ; the fervent steel did ring
Against his tin greaves, and leaped back, the fire's strong-handed king
Gave virtue of repulse. And then Æacides assailed
Divine Agenor ; but in vain, Apollo's pow'r prevailed,
And rapt Agenor from his reach, whom quietly he placed
Without the skirmish, casting mists to save from being chased
His tendered person ; and (he gone) to give his soldiers 'scape,

The Deity turned 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 maintaining still the scope
Of his attraction. In meantime the other frightened pow'rs
Came to the city, comforted, when Troy and all her tow'rs
Strooted with fillers ; none would stand to see who stayed without,
Who 'scaped, and who came short. The ports cleft to receive the rout
That poured itself in. Every man was for himself. Most fleet,
Most fortunate. Whoever 'scaped, his head might thank his feet.





H. MOTTE INV.

BOOK XXII.

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 pow'r of Peleus' angry son.*



HUS, 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 Scæan ports. Achilles still made way
At Phœbus, who his bright head turned, and asked: "Why, Peleus' son,
Pursu'st 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 Ilion,
While thou hunt'st me. What wishest thou? My blood will never run
On thy proud javelin." "It is thou," replied Æacides,
"That putt'st dishonour thus on me, thou worst of deities.
Thou turn'dst me from the walls, whose ports had never entertained
Numbers not entered, over whom thy saving hand hath reigned,
And robbed 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,
 Achilles so parts with the God. When aged Priam spied
 The great Greek come, sphered 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
 Now towards Priam, when he saw in great Æacides,
 Out flew his tender voice in shrieks, and with raised hands he smit
 His reverend head ; then up to heaven he cast them, showing it
 What plagues it sent him ; down again then threw them to his son,
 To make him shun them. He now stood without steep Ilium,
 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 quenched with his bloody spirits.
 He has robbed me of many sons and worthy, and their merits
 Sold to far islands. Two of them, ah me ! I miss but now,
 They are not entered, 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 dow'r ; 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 sacked, their babes torn from them, on their knees
 Pleading for mercy, themselves dragged 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,
 That ruthless gives me to my dogs, all the deformity
 Of age discovered ; and all this thy death, sought wilfully,
 Will pour on me. A fair young man at all parts it beseems,
 Being bravely slain, to lie all gashed, 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 show 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,
 Stripped naked her bosom, showed 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 ravished from us ; Grecian dogs, nourished with what I nursed."

Thus wept both these, and to his ruth proposed the utmost worst
 Of what could chance them ; yet he stayed. 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 unextinguished spirit,
 Stood great Achilles, stirred 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

His free election ; but he felt a much more galling spur
 To the performance, with conceit of what he should incur
 Ent'ring, like others, for this cause ; to which he thus gave way :

" O me, if I shall take the town, Polydamas will lay
 This flight and all this death on me, who counselled me to lead
 My pow'rs to Troy this last black night, when so I saw make head
 Incensed Achilles. I yet stayed, 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
 Renowned Achilles, offering him Helen and all the wealth,
 Whatever in his hollow keels bore Alexander's stealth
 For both th' Atrides ? For the rest, whatever is possessed
 In all this city, known or hid, by oath shall be confessed
 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 ; virgins 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 employed his stay ; and now Achilles comes, now near
 His Mars-like presence terribly came brandishing 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 tow'r of view,
 And Troy's wild fig-tree, till they reached where those two mother-springs
 Of deep Scamander poured 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 followed 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,
 Backed 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 Ilion. My heart grieves, he paid so many vows,
 With thighs of sacrificed heeves, both on the lofty brows
 Of Ida, and on Ilion's height. Consult we, shall we free
 His life from death, or give it now t' Achilles' victory ? "

Minerva answered : " Alter Fate ? One long since marked for death
 Now take from death ? Do thou ; but know, he still shall run beneath
 Our other censures." " Be it then," replied the Thunderer,
 " My loved Tritonia, at thy will ; at this I will prefer
 Thy free intention, work it all." Then stooped she from the sky
 To this great combat. Peleus' son pursued 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 assayed
 The Dardan ports and tow'rs for strength (to fetch from thence some aid
 With winged shafts) so oft forced he amends of pace, and stept
 '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 fained extreme
 Possesseth 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 failed
 To add his succours to his nerves, and, as his foe assailed
 Near and within him, fed his 'scape ? Achilles yet well knew
 His knees would fetch him, and gave signs to some friends, making show
 Of shooting at him, to forbear, lest they detracted so

From his full glory in first wounds, and in the overthrow
 Make his hand last. But when they reached the fourth time the two founts,
 Then Jove his golden scales weighed 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
 To his most favoured. Breathe thee then, stand firm, myself will haste
 And hearten Hector to change blows." She went, and he stood fast,
 Leaned on his lance, and much was joyed that single strokes should try
 This fading 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 joyed 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 com'st to part the charge
 Of my last fortunes; other friends keep town, and leave at large
 My racked 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 grieved to see our wall
 Girt with thy chases, that to death I longed 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 have I compassed
 This great town, Peleus' son, in flight, with aversation
 That out of fate put off my steps; but now all flight is flown,
 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 worthiest witnesses

Of all vows, since they keep vows best, before their deities,
 Let vows of fit respect pass both, when conquest hath bestowed
 Her wreath on either. Here I vow no fury shall be showed,
 That is not manly, on thy corse, but, having spoiled 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 Athenia
 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,
 Stooped low, stood firm, foreseeing it best, and quite it overflow,
 Fastening on earth. Athenia drew it, and gave her friend,
 Unseen of Hector. Hector then thus spake: "Thou want'st thy end,
 Godlike Achilles. Now I see, thou hast not learned 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 heavens 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, touched at the midst of his vast shield, and flew
 A huge way from it; but his heart wrath entered with the view
 Of that hard 'scape, and heavy thoughts stook through him when he spied
 His brother vanished, 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 called, 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 rushed in. And look how an eagle from her height
 Stoops to the rapture of a lamb, or cuffs a timorous hare ;
 So fell in Hector ; and at him Achilles ; his mind's fare
 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 Hesp'rus rose 'mongst th' evening stars. His bright and sparkling eyes
 Looked through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prize
 The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
 Appeared to him, and that was where th' unequal winding bone,
 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 aimed, and there his javelin tore
 Stern passage quite through Hector's neck ; yet missed it so his throat
 It gave him pow'r to change some words ; but down to earth it got
 His fainting body. Then triumphed 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 bettered him, and he it is that reft
 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 any rate,
 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 tendered here, with vows of more, to buy the cruelties
 I here have vowed, 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 touched 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 answered: "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 spoiled 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 armed 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 pow'r
 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, the period

Of all Troy's glory, to whose worth all vowed as to a god."

This said, a work not worthy him he set to ; of both feet
 He bore the nerves through from the heel to th' ankle, and then knit
 Both to his chariot with a thong of whitleather, his head
 Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid
 The arms repurchased, and scourged 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
 To all disgrace in his own land, and by his parents seen ;
 When, like her son's head, all with dust Troy's miserable queen
 Distained her temples, plucking off her honoured 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 veiled 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 frayed life. And yet the king did all their looks outshow.
 The wretched people could not bear his sovereign wretchedness,
 Plaguimg 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 mourned, and with him all brake ope
 Their store of sorrows. The poor queen amongst the women wept,
 Turned into anguish : " O my son," she cried out, " why still kept
 Patient of horrors is my life, when thine is vanished ?

My days thou glorifidest, my nights rung of some honoured deed
Done by thy virtues, joy to me, profit to all our care.
All made a God of thee, and thou mad'st 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,
Strewed curiously with varied flowers, her pleasure was ; her care,
To heat a caldron for her lord, to bathe him turned from war,
Of which she chief charge gave her maids. Poor dame, she little knew
How much her cares lacked 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, called 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
Of fading Priam. Would to God my words' suspicions
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 Ilion my lord, and, trusty of his feet,
Obtained the chase of him alone, and now the curious heat
Of his still desperate spirit is cooled. It let him never keep
In guard of others : before all his violent foot must step,
Or his place forfeited he held." Thus fury-like she went,
Two women, as she willed, at hand, and made her quick ascent
Up to the tow'r 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 dragged to the Grecian fleet.
Black night struck through her, under her trance took away her feet,
And back she shrunk with such a sway that off her head-tire flew,
Her coronet, caul, ribands, veil that golden Venus threw
On her white shoulders that high day when warlike Hector won
Her hand in nuptials in the court of king Eetion,
And that great dower then given with her. About her, on their knees,
Her husband's sisters, brothers' wives, fell round, and by degrees
Recovered 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
His shady forehead, in the court where king Eetion,

Hapless, begot unhappy me, which would he had not done,
 To live past thee! Thou now art dined 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 leav'st 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 moistens his palate; if he chance to gain the grace to sit,
 Surviving fathers' sons repine, use contumelies, 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 bowed, daintiest fare apposed him, and when sleep
 Lay on his temples, his cries stilled, 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
 Ample and only. Yet at fleet thy naked corpse 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 exsequies;
 Which, since they fly thy use, thy corpse 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,
 They 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.





H. MOTTE. INV.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

*Achilles orders justs of exsequies
For his Patroclus ; and doth sacrifice
Twelve Trojan princes, most loved hounds and horse,
And other offerings, to the honoured 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 Exsequies.*

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

*Psi sings the rites of the decease,
Ordned by great Æacides.*



HUS mourned 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 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 stirred 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 slaught'ring hands, began to all the rest
Words to their tears : "Rejoice," said he, "O my Patroclus, thou
Courtied by Dis now. Now I pay to thy late overthrow
All my revenges vowed before. Hector lies slaughtered here
Dragged 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
Disarmed, took horse from chariot, and all to sleep addressed
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 filled air; numbers of white-toothed swine,
Swimming in fat, lay singeing there. The person of the slain
Was girt with slaughter. All this done, all the Greek kings conveyed
Achilles to the King of men; his rage not yet allayed
For his Patroclus. Being arrived at Agamemnon'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 soaked 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 designed 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 supped with all things fit, and all
Repaired to tents and rest. The friend the shores maritimal
Sought for his bed, and found a place, fair, and upon which played
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-laboured were
His goodly lineaments with chase of Hector, 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 appeared; 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
Ever respectful; but now, dead, thy dying love abates.
Enter 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-doored 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 fixed, and to such fate
Even thou, O godlike man, art marked; the deadly Ilion gate
Must entertain thy death. O then, I charge thee now, take care
That our bones part not; but as life combined in equal fare
Our loving beings, so let death. When from Opunta's tow'rs
My father brought me to your roofs (since, 'gainst my will, my pow'rs
Incensed, and indiscreet at dice, slew fair Amphidamas)
Then Peleus entertained me well; then in thy charge I was
By his injunction and thy love; and therein let me still
Receive protection. Both our bones, provide 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 vanished under earth, and murmured in his stoop.
Achilles started, both his hands he clapped, and lifted up,
In this sort wond'ring: "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, commanding everything
That I intended towards him; so truly figuring

Himself at all parts, as was strange." This accident did turn
 To much more sorrow, and begat a greediness 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 marched all before.
 Up hill, and down hill, overthwarts, and break-neck cliffs they passed ;
 But, when the fountful Ida's tops they scaled with utmost haste,
 All fell upon the high-haired 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 reached 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 covered him with curls. Next to him marched 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 heaped for funeral, they set down. Apart Achilles stood,
 And when enough wood was heaped on, he cut his golden hair,
 Long kept for Sperchius the flood, in hope of safe repair
 To Phthia by that river's pow'r ; but now left hopeless thus,
 Enraged and looking on the sea, he cried out : " Sperchius,
 In vain my father's piety vowed, at my implored 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
 A lofty temple, and perfumed an altar to thy name.
 There vowed he all these offerings ; but fate prevents thy fame,
 His hopes not suffering satisfied. And since I never more
 Shall see my loved soil, my friend's hands shall to the Stygian shore

Convey these tresses." 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 mourned 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 remained, and heaped 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 poured on tears.
 Numbers of fat sheep, and like store of crooked-going steers,
 They slew before the solemn fire ; stripped off their hides and dressed.
 Of which Achilles took the fat, and covered 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
 Poured 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 struck 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 sustained 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 performed 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 filled. Renowned 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 his 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,
 Poured from a golden bowl much wine, and prayed 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,
 Gathered together. She that wears the thousand-coloured 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 answered: "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
 Partake the feast of sacrifice. I come to signify
 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 rushed, with an unmeasured roar,
 Those two Winds, tumbling clouds in heaps, ushers to either's bore,
 And instantly they reached the sea; up flew the waves; the gale
 Was strong; reached fruitful Troy; and full upon the fire they fall.
 The huge heap thundered. 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 steeped 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 looked abroad, and promised from his hill
 Light, which the saffron Morn made good, and sprinkled on the seas,
 Then languished the great pile, then sunk the flames, and then calm Peace
 Turned 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
 Chooed 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 reared
 His troubled person, sitting up, and this affair referred
 To wished 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' mixed
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 judgment and our worths." This charge received his weight
In all observance. First they quenched 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,
Searched, weeping, for his bones; which found, they conscionably proved
His will made to Æacides, and what his love did add.
A golden vessel, double fat, contained them. All which, clad
In veils of linen, pure and rich, were solemnly conveyed
T' Achilles' tent. The platform then about the pile they laid
Of his fit sepulchre, and raised a heap of earth, and then
Offered departure. But the prince retained 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 ordained a lady for his prize,
Generally praiseful, fair and young, and skilled 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 foaled.
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 that 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 of Admetus. Next to him rose Diomed to the race,
 That under reins ruled Trojan horse, of late forced from the son
 Of lord Anchises, himself freed of near confusion
 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 Anchisiaden,
 A bribe to free him from the war resolved for Ilion ;
 So Delicacy feasted him, whom Jove bestowed 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, informed 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, show 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, tost 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 pow'r without.
 He that in horse and chariots trusts is often hurled about

This way and that, unhandsomely, all heaven wide of his end.
He, better skilled, that rules worse horse, will an observance bend
Right on the scope still of a race, bear near, know ever 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, either arc 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
The way into a strait ; the race betwixt both lying clear.
Imagine them some monument of one long since tombed 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 backed 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 said Neleides,
When all that could be said was said. And then Meriones
Set fifthly forth his fair-maned horse. All leaped 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 fixed far thence
In plain field ; and a seat ordained fast by, in which he set
Renowned Phoenix, that in grace of Peleus was so great,
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 dimmed the race,
 It stood above their heads in clouds, or like to storms amazed.
 Manes flew like ensigns with the wind. The chariots sometimes grazed
 And sometimes jumped up to the air; yet still sat fast the men,
 Their spirits even panting in their breasts with fervour to obtain.
 But when they turned to fleet again, then all men's skills were tried,
 Then stretched the pasterns of their steeds. Eumelus' horse in pride
 Still bore their sovereign. After them came Diomed's coursers close,
 Still apt to leap their chariot, and ready to repose
 Upon the shoulders of their king their heads; his back even burned
 With fire that from their nostrils flew; and then their lord had turned
 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 discerned, and flew to Tydeus' son,
 His scourge reached, 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 tossed-up chariot threw
 Down to the earth, his elbows torn, his forehead, all his face,
 Struck at the centre, his speech lost. And then the turned race
 Fell to Tydides; before all his conquering horse he drave,
 And first he glittered in the race; divinè 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 feared his voice, and for a while they flew.

But straight more clear appeared the strait Antilochus foresaw,
 It was a gasp the earth gave, forced by humours cold and raw,
 Poured out of Winter's wat'ry 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 feared, 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 impelled
 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, strewed 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."

Yet he bethought him, and went too, thus stirring up his steeds :
 " Leave me not last thus, nor stand vexed. Let these fail in the speeds
 Of feet and knees, not you. Shall these, these old jades, past the flow'r
 Of youth that you have, pass you ? " This the horse feared, and more pow'r
 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,
 Other than that they made at first. Idomeneus' eye
 Distinguished all, he knew the voice of Diomed, seeing a horse
 Of special mark, of colour bay, 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 nowhere his view ; hath nought
 Befall'n amiss to him ? Perhaps he hath not with success
 Performed his flexure ; his reins lost, or seat, or with the tress
 His chariot failed him, and his mares have outrayed 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," rusticly 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 languaged, others here might have reprov'd me first,
 Not thou, unfitt'st 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 tossed the sand
 Thick on their coachman ; on their pace their chariot decked with gold
 Swiftly attended, no wheel seen, nor wheel's print in the mould
 Impressed 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 jumped 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 swiftness of his horse,
 Precedence of the gold-locked king, who yet maintained 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
 Considered in so great a field) than 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 gained.
 Æthe Agamemnonides, that was so richly maned,
 Gat strength still as she spent ; which words her worth had proved with deeds,
 Had more ground been allowed 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 skilled 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 allowed, 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 pow'rs 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.
 Who bears this, whatsoever man, he bears a tried field.
 His hand and mine must change some blows." Achilles laughed, 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 conquered 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
 Wronged 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 prisoned, uttering this : " Antilochus, till now
 We grant thee wise, but in this act what wisdom utter'st thou ?
 Thou hast disgraced my virtue, wronged 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 Nestor's son's abuse,
 The prize in question, his horse worst, himself yet wan the best
 By pow'r 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, whatever 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,
 I rather wish to be enjoined your favour's top to climb,
 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 fetched his 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, because 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 calmed my spleen,
 Stirred 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 therefore 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 calmed, Antilochus received, 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, renowned 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 whooribat'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 joyed, but, ere he thanked, he said :
" Now sure, my honourable son, in all points thou hast played
The comely orator ; no more must I contend with nerves ;
Feet fail, and hands ; arms want that strength that this and that swing 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 Buprasius !
His sons put prizes down for him, where not a man matched me
Of all the Epians, or the sons of great-souled Ætolie,
No, nor the Pylians 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,
Ancæus, called Pleuronius. I made Iphiclus lose
The foot-game to me. At the spear I conquered 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 excelled
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.
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 stayed out all the praise of old Neleides.

And now for buffets, that rough game, he ordered passages ;
Proposing a laborious mule, of six years old, untamed,
And fierce in handling, brought, and bound, in that place where they gamed ;
And, to the conquered, 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 vanquished, this round cup."

This uttered, 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 godlike, and son
 'To king Mecisteus, the grandchild of honoured Talaon.
 He was so strong that, coming once to Thebes, when Œdipus
 Had like rites solemnized for him, he went victorious
 From all the Thebans. This rare man Tydides would prepare,
 Put on his girdle, oxhide cords, fair wrought ; and spent much care
 That he might conquer, heart'ned him, and taught him tricks. Both dressed
 Fit for th' affair, both forth were brought, then breast opposed to breast,
 Fists against fists rose, and, they joined, rattling of jaws was there,
 Gnashing of teeth, and heavy blows dashed blood out everywhere.
 At length Epeus spied clear way, rushed in, and such a blow
 Drove underneath the other's ear that his neat limbs did strow
 The knocked 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 foiled Euryalus, his strength so hid in more profound
 Deeps of Epeus, who took up the intranced competitor ;
 About whom rushed a crowd of friends that through the clusters bore
 His falt'ring knees, he spitting up thick clods of blood, his head
 Tottered 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 wrestling ; to the best a trivet, that was worth
 Twelve oxen, great and fit for fire ; the conquered was t' obtain
 A woman excellent in works, her beauty, and her gain,
 Prized at four oxen. Up he stood, and thus proclaimed : " Arise,
 You wrestlers that will prove for these." Out stepped 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 stepped, 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-skilled men ; so cracked their back-bones, wrinched
 With horrid twitches ; in their sides, arms, shoulders, all bepinched
 Ran thick the wales red with the blood ready to start out. Both
 Longed for the conquest and the prize, yet showed 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
 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."
 This said, he hoised him up to air, when Laertiades
 His wiles forgat not, Ajax' thigh he struck behind, and flat
 He on his back fell ; on his breast Ulysses. Wondered at
 Was this of all ; all stood amazed, Then the much-suffering man
 Divine Ulysses, at next close the Telamonian
 A little raised from earth, not quite, but with his knee implied
 Locked 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, brushed off the dust, and on
 Put other vests. Pelides then, to those that swiftest run,
 Proposed another prize ; a bowl, beyond comparison,
 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,
 Lycaon, 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 stepped Oiliades ;
 Ulysses answered ; and the third was, one esteemed past these
 For footmanship, Antilochus. All ranked, Achilles showed
 The race-scope. From the start they glid. Oiliades bestowed
 His feet the swiftest ; close to him flew godlike 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 facie he bore
 His royal person that he struck 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 tripped up Ajax' heels, and headlong he fell down
 Amids the ordure of the beasts, there negligently left
 Since they were slain there ; and by this Minerva's friend bereft
 Oiliades of that rich bowl, and left his lips, nose, eyes,
 Ruthfully smeared. The fat ox yet he seized for second prize,
 Held by the horn, spit out the tail, and thus spake all besmeared :

" O villainous chance ! This Ithacus so highly is endeared
 To this 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 laughed out his coming last
 Thus wittily : " Know, all my friends, that all times past, and now,
 The Gods must 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-haired eld ; they may ; or in his flow'r,
 For not our greatest flourisher can equal him in pow'r
 Of 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 joyed. Then flies
 Another game forth. Thetis' son set in the lists a lance,
 A shield, and helmet, being the arms Sarpedon did advance
 Against Patroclus, and he prized. And thus he named th' address :
 " Stand forth, two the most excellent, armed, 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, silvered, and hatched; 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 addressed
Was Ajax Telamonius; to him king Diomed.
Both, in opposed parts of the press, full armed, both entered
The lists amidst the multitude, put looks on so austere,
And joined so roughly, that amaze surprised the Greeks in fear
Of either's mischief. Thrice they threw their fierce darts, and closed thrice.
Then Ajax struck through Diomed's shield, but did no prejudice,
His curests 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 showed; 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." Thus said, to try this field,
First Polypoetes issued: next Leonteus; third
Great Ajax; huge Epeus fourth, yet he was first that stirred
That mine of iron. Up it went, and up he tossed 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 manned
By Polypoetes, and, as far as at an ox that strays
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 flocked 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 fast'ned her, the two-edged tools should bear
All to the fleet. Who touched the string, and missed 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
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 untouched ; Apollo did envy
His skill, since not to him he vowed, 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 soared.
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 nocked before.
He spied her in the clouds that here, there, everywhere, did soar,
Yet at her height he reached her side, struck 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,
And stood astonished ; th' archer pleased. Æacides then shows
A long lance, and a caldron new, engrailed with twenty hues,
Prized at an ox. These games were showed for men at darts, and then
Up rose the General of all, up rose the King of men,
Up rose late-crowned 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 pow'r 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 renowned Talthibius the goodly caldron gave.



H MOTTE HV

BOOK XXIV.

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.*



HE games performed, 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 turned, and did
renew

His friend's dear memory, his grace in managing his strength,
And his strength's greatness, how life racked into their utmost length
Griefs, battles, and the wraths of seas, in their joint sufferance.
Each thought of which turned to a tear. Sometimes he would advance,
In tumbling on the shore, his side, sometimes his face, then turn
Flat on his bosom, start upright. Although he saw the morn
Show sea and shore his ecstasy, he left not, till at last
Rage varied his distraction; horse, chariot, in haste
He called for, and, those joined, 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 inhuman tyranny fed
With more pollution of his limbs, and therefore covered 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, Ilion,
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 nourished. 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 showed his care
Of all your rites, in burning thighs of beeves and goats to you,
And are your cares no more of him? Vouchsafe 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,
See'ng 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
That fits a man, but lion-like, uplandish, and mere wild,
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,
Yet, after dues of woes and tears, they bury in his tomb
All their deploring. 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-souled 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,
 And draws no profit after it. But let him now awhile
 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 obeyed,
 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 sucked 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 human 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,
 And thou fedd'st of thy father's cates, touching thy harp in grace
 Of that beginning of our friend, whom thy perfidious face,
 In his perfection, blusheth not to match with Priam's son,
 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
 As Hector was ; at least to me, for off'rings most of prize
 His hands would never pretermit. Our altars ever stood
 Furnished with banquets fitting us, odours and every good
 Smoked in our temples, and for this, foreseeing it, his fate
 We marked with honour, which must stand. But, to give stealth estate
 In his deliverance, shun we that ; nor must we favour one
 To shame another. Privily, with wrong to Thetis' son,
 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
 The friends of Hector. Which just means if any God would stay
 And use the other, 'twould not serve, for Thetis night and day
 Is guardian to him. But would one call Iris hither, I
 Would give directions that for gifts the Trojan king should buy
 His Hector's body, which the son of Thetis shall resign."

This said, his will was done ; the dame that doth in vapours shine,
 Dewy and thin, footed with storms, jumped to the sable seas
 'Twixt Samos and sharp Imber's cliffs ; the lake groaned 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 answered her with asking : " What's the cause
 The great God calls ? My sad pow'rs feared to break th' immortal laws,
 In going filed with griefs to heaven. But he sets snares for none
 With coloured 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 rolled the brackish waves. They took their banks, and flew

Up to Olympus, where they found Saturnius 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 entertained her : " Com'st thou up to these our blest abodes,

Fair Goddess Thetis, yet art sad ; and that in so high kind

As passeth sufferance ? 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

Iris to Priam to redeem his son, and recommend

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 reached 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, slaughtered there. His reverend mother then

Came near, took kindly his fair hand, and asked 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 Saturnius 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, excepting 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 whirlwinds, and the place
 Reached instantly. The heavy court Clamour and Mourning filled.
 The sons all set about the sire, and there stood Grief, and 'stilled
 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 turned so soon to nought
 By Grecian hands, consumed their youth, rained 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 ambassadress.
 Jove greets thee, who, in care, as much as he is distant, deigns
 Eye to thy sorrows, pitying thee. My embassy 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 touched 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 vanished she like wind.

He mules and chariot calls, his sons bids see them joined, and bind
 A trunk behind it ; he himself down to his wardrobe goes,
 Built all of cedar, highly roofed, and odoriferous,
 That much stuff, worth the sight, contained. To him he called 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, vent'ring through their host." The queen cried out to hear
 His vent'rous purpose, and replied : " O whither now is fled
 The late discretion that renowned thy grave and knowing head
 In foreign and thine own ruled realms, that thus thou dar'st assay
 Sight of that man, in whose brow sticks the horrible decay
 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 ordained 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
 Fled not, nor feared, but stood his worst ; and cursed policy
 Was his undoing." He replied : " Whatever was his end
 Is not our question, we must now use all means to defend
 His end from scandal ; from which act dissuade not my just will,
 Nor let me nourish in my house a bird presaging ill

To my good actions; 'tis in vain. Had any earthly spirit
 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
 Quick riddance of me at the fleet, kill me, Achilles; come,
 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' ambassadors 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 pressed, that this opprobrious sort
 Of check he used: "Hence, castaways! 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 weighed 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, renowned Deiphobus,
 Agavus, and Antiphonus, and last, not least in arms,
 The strong Polites; these nine sons the violence of his harms
 Helped 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 swallowed 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
 Esteemed a God, not from a mortal's seed, but of th' Eternal strain,

He seemed to all eyes. These are gone, you that survive are base,
 Liars and common freebooters, 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 crowned, 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 hopes, that, her broad wing
 Spread of thy right hand, thou mayst know thy zealous offering
 Accepted, and thy safe return confirmed; 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
 All other Gods, vouchsafe me safe, and pity in the sight
 Of great Achilles; and, for trust to that wished grace, excite
 Thy swift-winged 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 prayed, and heaven's King heard,
 And instantly cast from his fist air's all-commanding bird,
 The black-winged 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 followed him, and mourned 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 distressed,
 Now consort Priam to the fleet; but so, that not the least
 Suspicion of him be attained, till at Achilles' tent
 The convoy hath arrived him safe." This charge incontinent
 He put in practice. To his feet his feathered shoes he tied,
 Immortal, and made all of gold, with which he used to ride
 The rough sea and th' unmeasured earth, and equalled 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 straight. Then like a fair young prince,
 First-down-chinned, and of such a grace as makes his looks convince
 Contending eyes to view him, forth he went to meet the king.
 He, having passed the mighty tomb of Ilus, watering
 His mules in Xanthus, the dark Even fell on the earth; and then
 Idæus (guider of the mules) discerned this grace of men,
 And spake afraid to Priamus: "Beware, Dardanides,
 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 distressed?"

Confusion strook the king, cold fear extremely quenched his veins,
 Upright upon his languishing head his hair stood, and the chains
 Of strong amaze bound all his pow'rs. To both which then came near
 The prince-turned Deity, took his hand, and thus bespake the peer:

"To what place, father, driv'st 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 vowed 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 answered: "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 show'st, all answered with a mind
 So knowing, that it cannot be but of some blessed kind."

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 hast (being your special strength) fallen to destruction,
 Whom no Greek bettered 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 wond'ring 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 sailed. Besides, by birth I breathe a Myrmidon,
 Polyctor, called 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-burned 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 answered: "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
 Touched 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 perished it; yet ever, when the Morn
 Lifts her divine light from the sea, unmercifully borne
 About Patroclus' sepulchre, it bears his friend's disdain,
 Bound to his chariot; but no fits of further outrage reign
 In his distemper. You would muse to see how deep a dew
 Even steeps the body, all the blood washed off, no slend'rest show
 Of gore or quittance, but his wounds all closed, though many were
 Opened about him. Such a love the blest Immortals bear,

Even dead, to thy dear son, because his life showed love to them."

He joyful answered : " 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 futurely they still prove sour, and breed
Both fear and danger. I could wish thy grave affairs did need
My guide to Argos, either shipped, 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 tow'rs and deep dike straight. The guards were all at meat,
Those he enslumbered, oped the ports, and in he safely let
Old Priam with his wealthy prize. Forthwith they reached 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 strength'ned it withal
Thick with fir rafters, whose approach was let in by a door
That had but one bar, but so big that three men evermore
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, ent'ring the king ; then leaped 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 reached. The king then left his coach
To grave Idæus, and went on, made his resolved approach,

And entered 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 wondered-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 kissed 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 driv'n (with that abhorred 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 frights the lookers on;
In such a stupefied estate Achilles sat to see
So unexpected, so in night, and so incredibly,
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 godlike Thetis' son,
Thy aged father, and perhaps even now being outrun
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 ruined 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 harboured, 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 tendered 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 enforced to kiss that hand
That slew my children." This moved tears, his father's name did stand
(Mentioned 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 deathsman see, his tears and bosom poured
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 filled 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
Venture on his sight that hath slain so many a worthy son,
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 mixed 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 reigned among his Myrmidons most rich, most fortunate,
And, though a mortal, had his bed decked with a deathless dame.
And yet, with all this good, one ill God mixed, 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 nourished me. Far off my rest is set in Troy
To leave thee restless and thy seed; thyself that did enjoy,
As we have heard, a happy life, what Lesbos doth contain,
In times past being a bless'd man's seat, what th' 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
Circled 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; impatience 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 conquering hand hath fought
 Till Hector faltered under it, and Hector's father stood
 With free humanity safe." He frowned and said : " Give not my blood
 Fresh cause of fury. I know well I must resign thy son,
 Jove by my mother utter'd it, and what besides is done
 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 quenched 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 leaped 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 embroidered yet,
 And two rich cloaks, they left to hide the person. Thetis' son
 Called 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 embraced 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 conveyed.
 For which forced grace, abhorring so from his free mind, he wept,
 Cried out for anger, and thus prayed : " O, friend, do not accept
 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 whatsoever part
 Of all these gifts by any mean I fitly may convert
 To thy renown here, and will there, it shall be poured upon
 Thy honoured 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
 Decked in thy chariot on his bed ; in mean space let us eat.
 The rich-haired Niobe found thoughts that made her take her meat,

Though twelve dear children she saw slain, six daughters, six young sons.
The sons incensed 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 steeped in their blood, her woe
Found no friend to afford them fire, Saturnius had turned
Humanes to stones. The tenth day yet, the good celestials burned
The trunks themselves, and Niobe, when she was tired with tears,
Fell to her food, and now with rocks and wild hills mixed 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 turned with cold grief to a stone,
Heaven gives her heat enough to feel what plague comparison
With his pow'rs made by earth deserves. Affect not then too far
Without grief, like a God, being a 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 Ilium
Shall find thee weeping-rooms enow." He said, and so arose,
And caused a silver-fleeced sheep killed: 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 vessels to the board; Achilles' own hands kerved,
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, accomplished 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, admired as much his years
Told in his grave and good aspect, his speech even charmed his ears,
So ordered, 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 touched." 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 rites¹
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,
And then shall I lose all these gifts. But go to, signify,
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 answered : “ 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 dismayed 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 confirmed, 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-cheeked Briseis warmed. 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
Engaged Priam undiscerned of those that did maintain
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 dismissed by great Æacides ?
’Tis true thou hast redeemed 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,
Starts from his sleep, Idæus called, and, for both, Mercury
The horse and mules, before loosed, joined 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

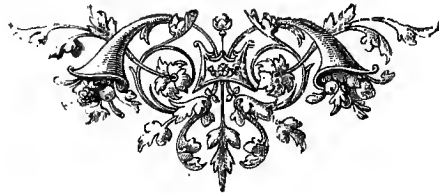
Industrious Mercury. And now the saffron morning rose,
Spreading her white robe over all the world; when, full of woes,
They scoured on with the corse to Troy, from whence no eye had seen,
Before Cassandra, their return. She, like love's golden Queen,
Ascending Pergamus, discerned her father's person nigh,
His herald, and her brother's corse, and then she 'cast this cry
Round about Troy: "O Troïans, if ever ye did greet
Hector returned from fight alive, now look ye out and meet
His ransomed person. Then his worth was all your city's joy,
Now do it honour." Out all rushed, woman nor man in Troy
Was left, a most unmeasured cry took up their voices. Close
To Scæa'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 stayed 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 bestowed the honoured person, round
Girt it with singers that the woe with skilful voices crowned.
A woeful elegy they sung, wept singing, and the dames
Sighed as they sung. Andromache the downright prose exclaims
Began to all; she on the neck of slaughtered Hector fell,
And cried out: "O my husband, thou in youth bad'st 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 destroyed; thou guardian of our state,
Though 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 employed, sternly surveyed 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,
Tossed from some tow'r, for many Greeks have ate earth from the hand
Of thy strong father, in sad fight his spirit was too much manned,
And therefore mourn his people; we, thy parents, my dear lord,
For that thou mak'st endure a woe, black, and to be abhorred.

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 pow'r thou hadst of me to do
 Some deed for thy sake. O for these never will end my woe,
 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 liv'st 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 entertained
 Their persons; thine, no port but death. Nor there in rest remained
 Thy violated corse, the tomb of his great friend was sphered
 With thy dragged person; yet from death he was not therefore reared.
 But, all his rage used, so the gods have tendered thy dead 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 abhorred 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 employed in carriage, but when the tenth morn shined
On wretched mortals, then they brought the fit-to-be divined
Forth to be burned. Troy swum in tears. Upon the pile's most height
They laid the person, and gave fire. All day it burned, all night.
But when th' eleventh morn let on earth her rosy fingers shine,
The people flocked about the pile, and first with blackish wine
Quenched all the flames. His brothers then, and friends, the snowy bones
Gathered into an urn of gold, still pouring on their moans.
Then wrapt they in soft purple veils the rich urn, digged a pit,
Graved it, rammed up the grave with stones, and quickly built to it
A sepulchre. But, while that work and all the funeral rites
Were in performance, guards were held at all 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.



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