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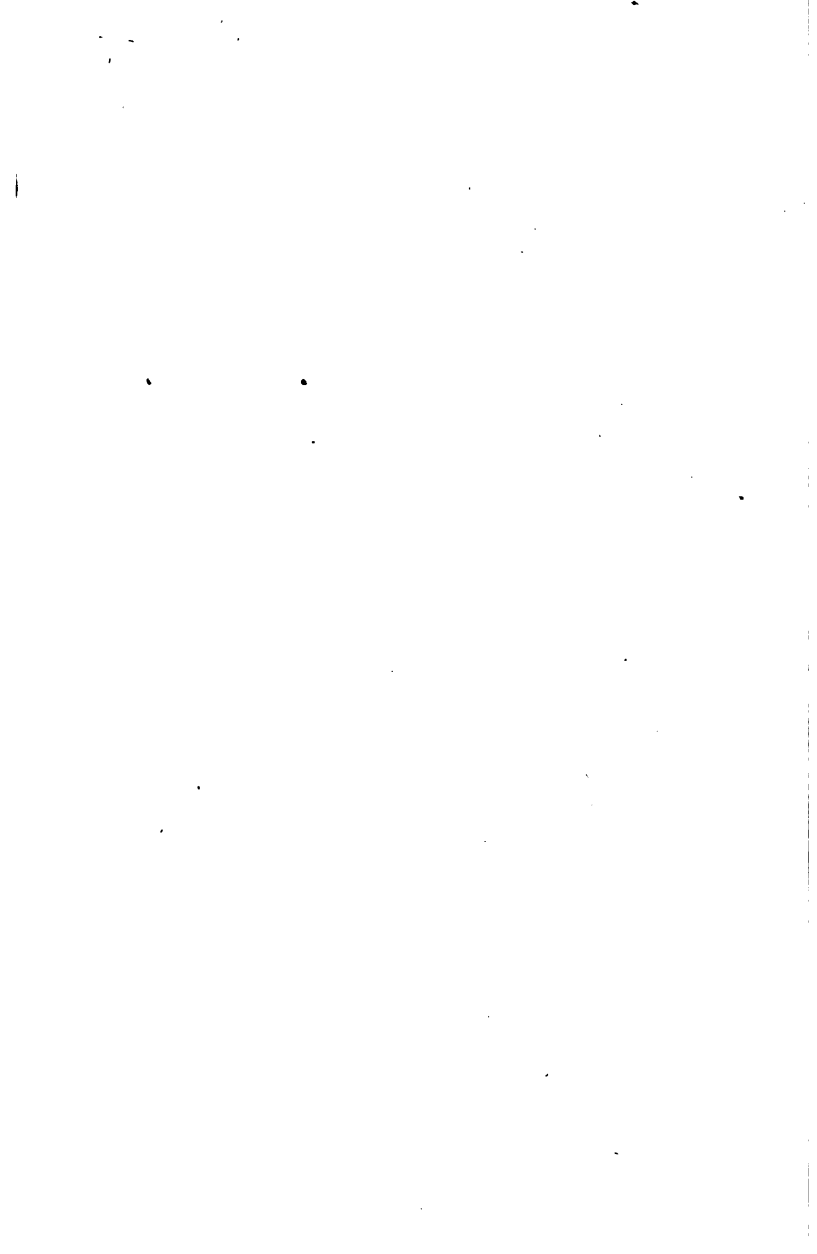
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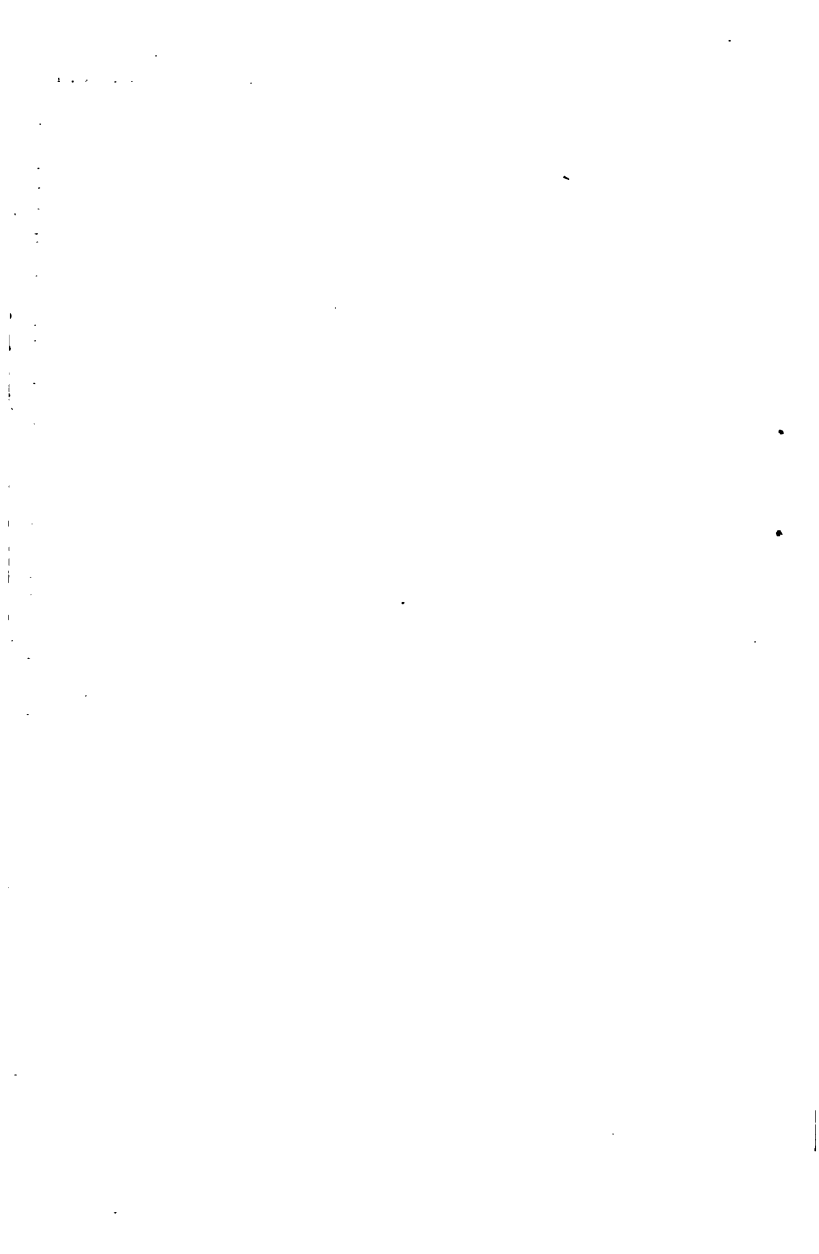
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The Lake English Classics

EDITED BY

LINDSAY TODD DAMON, A.B.

Instructor in English in The University of Chicago

The Lake English Classics

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

Books I., VI., XXII., XXIV.

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER POPE

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

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PREFACE

In the preparation of this edition of Pope's *Iliad* the first edition has been followed even in punctuation and spelling. It is thought that the student will not be disturbed by finding such things as "crost" for "crossed," "sate" for "sat," "controul" for "control," but that the presence of such forms will throw light upon the usage of Pope's time, and preserve a color that is apt to be lost when the modern forms are inserted. When, however, any old form in punctuation or spelling seems likely to produce confusion, a note has been made. Since some of the mere mechanical forms would confuse the eye, and give serious trouble in the appreciation and enjoyment of the text, common substantives have not been capitalized, nor proper names italicized. For the same reason it has been thought wise to use quotation marks.

Synopses of the twenty books of the *Iliad* which

are not included in this edition have been made, and inserted in their proper numerical position, in the hope that they will help the student to appreciate more fully the four books edited and give a clearer idea of the *Iliad* as a whole.

The text and synopses were prepared by Mr. Cressy, and the editorial work of the volume was outlined, and in part executed by him. Illness having prevented him from giving final form to the work, it was taken up by Mr. Moody. The editors are, therefore, jointly responsible for all portions of the Introduction and Notes; while the form of the text and the synopses are the work of Mr. Cressy alone.

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I. LIFE OF POPE

I

Alexander Pope was born in London, May 21, 1688, the son of a prosperous linen-draper doing business in Lombard Street. Weakness and deformity of body, and precocious activity of mind, made the boy a bookworm from the cradle. We may at least infer that by the age of five he had shown signs of mental precocity, from the fact that in 1693 his aunt left him in her will a valuable library. His father was a Catholic, and the unjust laws against Catholic schools and teachers conspired with the boy's delicate health to prevent him from receiving any systematic education. At twelve, after some desultory attempts at school-going, he set bravely about educating himself, in the country quietness of his father's home at Binfield, a little village on the borders of Windsor Forest to which the merchant had by this time retired. The education he here gave himself was of an unsystematic sort. He read everything that came in his way, chiefly delighting in the English poets, among whom he very early selected Dryden as his master and exemplar. Chaucer and Spenser he admired, though it may

be doubted whether he ever understood the real spirit of either of these poets, whose genius was so different from his own. He picked up a little Latin, Greek, and French, and practiced translating favorite portions from classical literature. From translation he soon passed to imitation; an epic poem entitled *Alcander*, which he attempted before he was fifteen, imitated in different portions the styles of Milton, Cowley, Spenser, Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Claudian, and Statius. Like Robert Louis Stevenson in our own day,¹ Pope set himself consciously and deliberately to the task of learning to write. His work from the first was done with the greatest care, being scrupulously corrected and re-corrected. His father encouraged him in these boyish ventures into the field of literary fame; when the good merchant was pleased with a particular copy of verses he would send his son away with the patronizing assurance that they were "good rhymes."

Before he was twelve years old, Pope begged to be taken to Will's coffee house, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, in order that he might see the wits and poets of the day in this, their most famous lounging place. Here he was fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the great Dryden, who had held for many years undisputed lordship over English

¹See the essay, "A College Magazine," in the volume entitled *Memories and Portraits*.

letters. Dryden died in this same year (1700). The boy who gazed at him with awe-struck eyes was destined in a little while to take up the sceptre of authority which the master dropped, and to wield it with equal or greater brilliancy, though with less generosity and breadth of spirit. Four years after this memorable visit to Will's, Pope made the acquaintance of William Wycherley, now a broken-down old roué of seventy, living on the reputation he had earned by his immoral but vigorous comedies. Pope, dazzled by the dramatist's worldly fame, fell completely under his spell. In 1706, Wycherley gave the young poet, for revision, some of the rather feeble verses with which he amused his old age. Pope showed so much fine discrimination in the revision that three years later Wycherley submitted to him a second manuscript. This time Pope, grown bolder, did his work too well, and Wycherley broke off the friendship in anger at being eclipsed in poetry by a tyro of twenty. The only other important literary acquaintance formed by Pope during this early period of his life was William Walsh, a critic of high repute, who gave him the memorable advice to strive for "correctness" in verse, since, he said, "there have been great English poets, but never one great poet that was correct." The advice was not lost, as we shall see when we come to examine the characteristics of Pope's style.

The attention of Walsh had been drawn to the

young poet by a manuscript copy of some Pastorals which had been put into his hand. In 1709, these, the first of Pope's published verses, appeared. They are by no means remarkable productions, being mere frigid imitations of second-rate models, and disfigured by all the clap-trap conventions which pastoral verse had for more than a century been accumulating. But they introduced Pope formally to the literary world, and opened the first—in some respects the most interesting—period of his literary life. During this first period he was under the influence of Addison, and his chief production during the period, *The Rape of the Lock*, reflects the brighter atmosphere of Addison's mind; over the second period Swift exercised a strong and for the most part baleful influence, which is reflected in the virulence and coarseness of the *Dunciad*; over the third period Bolingbroke held sway, impregnating Pope's mind with those rather shallow but imposing philosophical conceptions which find expression in the famous *Essay on Man*. The translation of Homer belongs to the close of the first period, when Addison's influence over Pope was waning, and Swift's had not yet become strong.

Let us take up these three periods in order, always remembering that such divisions on the part of a biographer are more or less arbitrarily emphasized, for convenience of exposition, and are not to be applied with mechanical precision.

II

The *Pastorals*, published in 1709, had earned Pope some praise in high quarters, but had not really marked him out among the "crowd of gentlemen who write with ease." It was quite otherwise with his second venture, the *Essay on Criticism*, which appeared two years later. This was a didactic discussion, in verse, of the principles that should control literary composition. It contained little or no original thought; its precepts were gathered from many quarters, chiefly from Aristotle, the French poet-critic Boileau, and another French authority famous in that day, though now forgotten,—Bossu; but these borrowed commonplaces of criticism were given life and point by the poet's happy phrases and terse couplets, and made to wear at least an air of novelty. They were, in the poet's own words, "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." The poem was declared by Addison to be a masterpiece, and Pope was taken at once into the "Spectator's" august favor.

In the following year, 1712, an opportunity came to Pope for a venture of a very different kind. A certain Lord Petre had, in a moment of audacious gallantry, stolen a lock of hair from the head of a young lady, Miss Arabella Fermor, and the incident had led to much hard feeling. A common friend of the poet and the Fermor family

suggested that he should write on the subject a mock-heroic poem which, by its gaiety and good-humor, might serve as a means of reconciliation. The result was *The Rape of the Lock*. It is a bright, clever, dashing piece, acutely representative of the temper of high life in the time of Queen Anne. In 1714 the poem appeared in an extended form, with the so-called "machinery of the sylphs and gnomes" added. "No more brilliant, sparkling, vivacious trifle is to be found in our literature," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "than *The Rape of the Lock*;" and Lowell says of the same poem, "Pope's genius has here found the true direction, and the very artificiality which in his pastorals was displeasing, heightens the effect, and adds to the general keeping. As truly as Shakspeare is the poet of man as God has made him, dealing with great passions and innate motives, so truly is Pope the poet of society, the delineator of manners, the exposuer of those motives which may be called *acquired*, whose spring is in institutions and habits of purely worldly origin." It is unpleasant to have to add that Pope attributed to petty jealousy Addison's well-meant advice against the addition of the supernatural machinery of the poem, and from this time became gradually estranged from him.

This estrangement was hastened by Pope's growing intimacy with Swift, who, as the chief literary champion of the Tory party, was opposed to the

Whig spokesman, Addison, besides being by natural temper the very antipodes of that gracious and high-minded writer. Pope's defection from Addison and adherence to Swift had a personal, not a political, motive. On account of his Catholic religion he was himself debarred from seeking political preferment, and was quite content to bend all his energies toward achieving success in literature. So well did he succeed in keeping his political balance and holding the favor of both parties, that when, in 1713, it was announced that he purposed to make a translation of Homer's *Iliad*, subscriptions came in for it from all sides. Swift was largely instrumental in swelling the subscription list. A contemporary writer has preserved for us a vivid scene, in which we see Swift in the royal ante-chamber, bustling about among the crowd of courtiers who awaited admittance to Queen Anne's presence, and taking occasion in a loud voice to "instruct a young nobleman that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope, a Papist, who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; 'for,' says he, 'the author shall not begin to print until I have a thousand guineas for him.' "

III

The first volume of the *Iliad* appeared in 1715, and the last one, the sixth, in 1720. The publication of the first volume brought the quarrel with

Addison to a crisis, in a way which is painfully characteristic of Pope's suspicious and irritable nature. Simultaneously with the first volume of Pope's translation appeared a rival translation by one Tickell; the two translations were almost equally praised by Addison, who said, however, that Tickell's "had more of Homer." This so wrought upon the sensitive Pope that he charged Addison with being the real author of Tickell's translation, and with seeking by its publication to defeat the fullest success of his own.

Pope might have spared himself his irritation, for the success of his work, from the moment of its appearance, was so overwhelming that Tickell abandoned his enterprise as hopeless, and left the field free. It is a little difficult at the present day to understand the immense enthusiasm which Pope's translation of the *Iliad* aroused at the time of its publication and for long after. Dr. Johnson speaks of it with bated breath, as "that poetical wonder, the translation of the *Iliad*, a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal," and in so speaking he but gave the stamp of authority to the universal opinion of the time.

By its publication Pope rose at once to a position of undisputed supremacy in the literary world. The pecuniary returns from it were, judged by the standard of the time, enormous. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* together brought the poet some nine thousand pounds, enough to make him inde-

pendent for the rest of his life. With an income thus assured, he removed from Binfield to Chiswick, and soon after to a villa at Twickenham, on the Thames, a few miles above London. This villa, especially the five acres of ground surrounding the house, he adorned in the quaintly elaborate taste of the time; and here he lived almost in seclusion until his death, his fame continuing to grow until it took on the hue almost of superstition.

In 1726 Swift paid a long visit to Twickenham. During this visit the influence which he had been gradually exerting over Pope became so pronounced as to bear important fruit. The *Dunciad* was not published until 1728, but as Pope's habit was to keep his compositions by him for about two years after completion, it is highly probable that it was written under Swift's direct inspiration. The mercilessness of its satire, the coarseness of its language and imagery, and the brutal vigor of its abuse, certainly bear upon them the stamp of the terrible Dean,¹ the most subtle and the most cruel of English satirists. The title *Dunciad*, formed in burlesque imitation of such epic titles as *Iliad* and *Æneid*, means "epic of the dunces." The poem is an onslaught upon dulness, as represented by the literary hacks of Grub Street. It gave Pope a welcome opportunity to pay off old scores by ridiculing his literary enemies. In pursuit

¹ Swift was Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin.

of vengeance he was led to include some persons, such as the gifted Bentley, who are out of place in a company of dullards; and his personal animosity led him, in a later edition, to dethrone as king of the dunces the pedant Theobald, who filled the rôle admirably, and seat in his stead the sprightly actor and playwright, Colley Cibber, who, whatever his faults, was certainly not dull. The artistic unity of the piece was much impaired by the change, but the savor of revenge was too sweet for the spiteful little bard of Twickenham to forego.

IV

Five years after Pope settled at Twickenham, Viscount Bolingbroke had returned to England from exile in France, and taken a country house in the neighborhood. Bolingbroke was by profession a politician, but he had beguiled the tedium of his exile by dabbling in philosophy. Pope soon fell under the spell of his glib and plausible theorizing; the two became fast friends; and, as they sauntered among the ornamented walks or sat in the artificial grotto at Twickenham, there took shape in the poet's mind those conceptions which he later embodied in the *Essay on Man*. In this "Essay" (the name is appropriate, for the piece is rather an essay in verse than a poem), Pope attempted to discuss the relation of Man to God and to the Universe.

The task was too large for a man of Pope's talents and training to cope with successfully. The *Essay* presents no coherent and unified scheme of thought, but consists rather of a great number of separate observations, of varying truth and of little mutual consistency, artificially welded together into the semblance of a system. Many of these separate thoughts, however, are expressed with brilliant emphasis and with unrivalled epigrammatic precision. Pope's power of compressing a large mass of observation and criticism into a single terse, exquisitely polished couplet, is here to be seen at its height. The *Essay on Man* appeared in 1732. During the remaining twelve years of his life Pope wrote little of importance except the imitations of Horace, which appeared in 1737.

V

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Pope, has given a lively description of the person and habits of the bard of Twickenham. "His stature," says Johnson, "was so low, that to bring him to a level with common tables it was necessary to raise his seat. . . . He was so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in a bodice made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced. . . . His legs were so slender

that he enlarged their bulk with three pairs of stockings. . . . His dress of ceremony was black, with a tie-wig and a little sword. . . . In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavored to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. He hardly drank tea without a stratagem. . . .” He practiced his arts on such small occasions that Lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that “he played the politician about cabbages and turnips.”

The famous Twickenham garden, in the adornment of which Pope so much delighted and which has come to form an inevitable background in all literary portraits of him, was a bit of ground of five acres, sloping to the Thames. Walpole, a contemporary of the poet, says, “Pope had twisted and twirled and rhymed and harmonized this till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns, opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with impenetrable woods.” He managed to get into his five acres “a shell temple, a large mount, a vineyard, two small mounts, a bowling-green, a wilderness, a grove, an orangery, and a garden house.”¹ The most famous feature of the garden, however, was the “grotto,” hollowed out as a kind of tunnel under the turnpike road which separated the dwelling house from the river. This grotto

¹ Carruther's biography of Pope.

was "so provided with mirrors that when the doors were shut it became a camera obscura, reflecting hills, river, and boats, and, when lighted up, glittered with rays reflected from bits of looking-glass in angular form. His friends pleased him by sending for the adornment of the grotto pieces of spar from the mines of Cornwall and Derbyshire, petrifications, marble, coral, crystals, and humming-birds' nests."¹ In this quaint garden Pope passed a great part of his leisure, talking with his friends, Swift, Steele, Bolingbroke, Berkeley, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or strolling in company with his lifelong companion, Martha Blount—"Patty Blount," as she used affectionately to be called by the poet, who had cherished her friendship from girlhood, and who at his death in 1744 left her the bulk of his fortune.

Pope's character as a man, it is not easy to estimate justly. That he was suspicious, vindictive, fretful, vain, and in many of his dealings decidedly underhand, even his apologists are compelled to concede. That he was courageous, even gallant, in pursuing his devotion to letters in the midst of what he touchingly calls "that long disease, my life;" that he was generous in helping the poor; that he was tenderly affectionate to his mother, devotedly attached to "Patty" Blount, and eagerly fond of his friends Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke,—all this is equally undeniable. It is chari-

¹ Leslie Stephens' *Life of Pope*.

table and perhaps just to say that his virtues were native to him, and his defects the outgrowth of an inordinate thirst for literary glory, working upon an excitable and easily unbalanced nature.

II. POPE AND HIS TIMES

With the return in 1660 of Charles II. from exile, a great change came over the face of English society. For thirty years the Puritan element of the nation had been in the ascendant, and English life, while it had lost in gaiety, in splendor, and in charm, had gained greatly in moral seriousness. Upon the king's return the Cavalier element of the nation, that is to say, the gay, worldly, pleasure-loving portion of the nation, once more asserted itself, and with all the more intensity for the long restraint which it had suffered. From the strict morality and religious ideality of Puritanism, society rushed to the opposite extreme of libertinism, both in conduct and in thought. Religion hardened more and more into form. Statesmanship, which under Cromwell and his council had reached a high level of unselfishness and dignity, became a mere system of expedients, bolstered up by unblushing bribery. The politician who could best manipulate men and affairs for selfish ends, whose aims and methods were all of the "practical" sort, was the man who got and retained authority. Splendor and expense in the ordering of life

became prevalent; ostentation and gaudy show became the ruling passions of society. The following account of the daily life of the typical young gentleman of the period will serve to place some of the social conditions vividly before the mind:

“A great part of the morning was spent both by men and women in an elaborate toilette. The young man of fashion, who lodged in some great street near the Court, like Pall Mall, lounged from one till four in the Mall or the Ring to exhibit his new sword-knot, show the height of his toupee, select a beauty for the evening’s toast, or feed the ducks in the canal and ‘Rosamunda’s pond.’ Dressed for the park, he wore a full-bottomed Duviller wig, and carried under his left arm his low felt hat, looped or cocked according to taste and edged with silver. Round his neck was tied the Berdash or Steinkirk neck-cloth of Mechlin lace, probably dusted with snuff, and he wore his waistcoat unbuttoned at the top, to show the fineness of his ruffled Holland shirt. His embroidered or brocaded suits, with silk stockings to match, were of various colors. His shoes had high red heels. The tails of his coat were stiffened with wire to display the silk lining. From a button of his coat hung his fox-skin muff; at his side dangled his sword. With one hand he played with his clouded cane, which was suspended from his right wrist by a blue riband, and trailed harmoniously upon the pebbles: in the other hand he carried his fringed gloves and one of his numerous snuff-boxes. . . . He strolled from his lounge in the Park to the coffee-house to call for his letters, smoke, drink, read the news, discuss the fashions

or literary gossip. Four o'clock saw him dining at Pontac's, Brown's, or Locket's. From dinner he went to a side box at the Theatre or the Opera, to criticise the reigning beauties, ogle the orange-girls and vizer-masks, and pronounce the play or the music execrable. After the theatre came cards at an Assembly or a Club. Generally he joined the Knights of the Round Table at Young Man's, supped at The Rose or The Blue Posts, and concluded the evening in the Round House, as became a young man of honour who had drunk champagne on the Horse at Charing Cross, or patrolled the streets as a Hawkabite."¹

Along with this change in the temper of society, there went an equally profound change in the spirit of literature. A part of this change was due to the importation into England of French literary ideals as they found expression under Louis XIV. ; a part of it was a native and necessary reaction against the literary spirit of the age of Elizabeth and James, a reaction which was inevitable because of the changed temper of the nation. For the daring flights of imagination, the unrestrained luxuriance of fancy, which had characterized the contemporaries of Shakspeare, were substituted those qualities which appeal to the "wits" of a man,—sanity, good-sense, satiric or humorous comment on life. For the passionate expression of the earlier poets, sometimes poignant in its simplicity, sometimes fervid and ornate, was sub-

¹ "Quarterly Review," vol. 169, p. 299.

stituted incessant labor after clever, precise, graceful and "elegant" forms of expression.

It was in an age of such social conditions and literary ideals that Pope lived, and he lived not in protest against the age, but as its high priest and chief spokesman. We must not, therefore, expect from him the natural, vivid, passionate expression of life such as might have been expected from him if he had lived in the age of Shakspeare. The only demand we can make of him is that he shall give us the artificial, pretentious, and somewhat shallow life of his time as perfectly as poets living in a happier time have mirrored the sincerer life about them. And this demand Pope never fails to meet.

III. POPE'S ILIAD

From what has been said of Pope and his time we naturally should not expect to find in his *Iliad* a faithful reproduction of the ancient epic. The predominant qualities of Homer are, as Matthew Arnold has foreibly pointed out,¹ four in number: simplicity and directness of thought, simplicity and directness of language, rapidity of movement, and nobility. Let us take up these qualities in turn, and try to see how Pope's own genius and the genius of the age in which he lived, helped or hindered him in the attainment of them.

¹ In his essay *On Translating Homer*, which the student should read entire.

Beginning, then, with the question of simplicity and directness of thought, it would seem at first sight that the spirit of the eighteenth century should have aided a poet in reproducing this quality of the ancient epic; for the eighteenth century disliked obscurity and remoteness of thought; it insisted upon clearness; it demanded of its authors that they should appeal to its common-sense, and this appeal necessitates, to a certain degree, simplicity and straightforwardness of thought. But with Homer this simplicity and straightforwardness is instinctive and child-like; it lies in the matter of his thought, which concerns itself equally with the councils of gods and with the weeping of a baby frightened at the plume of a helmet; equally with heroes in the battle strife and with horses munching their barley by the camp-fire. With Pope and his contemporaries the *matter* of thought is not simple, but sophisticated, although the *process* of thought may be clear and simple enough. Pope and his contemporaries were too civilized (to use the word in a rather loose sense) to see the world as Homer saw it, with eager, unflinching interest in all its aspects, no matter how trivial and familiar these might be. Accordingly, when Pope has to deal with a passage which involves this candid, childlike interest in common things, he is ill at ease, and gets over the difficulty either by suppressing the trivial circumstance altogether, or by attributing to it qualities which it does not in the original form possess.

When, for instance, Andromache meets Hector at the Scean gate, Homer says:

"So she met him now, and with her went the nurse, bearing in her bosom the tender boy, the little child, Hector's loved son, like unto a beautiful star."¹

This Pope elaborates as follows:

"With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces pressed,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn."

The language here is simple enough, with the exception of the word "fair," which is affected. But Pope has not found it in his heart to present the naked fact; he has hung about it a great number of subordinate facts, which lend it complexity and (according to eighteenth century standards) dignity. Examples of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely: almost every page of the poem contains one. But the single example will be enough to show that in the first particular, *i. e.*, simplicity in substance, Pope fails to meet the requirement of the original.

The second test, that of simplicity of expression, Pope stands even less well. The eighteenth century had a horror of calling a spade a spade. To

¹ Translation by Lang, Leaf, and Myers. All the prose renderings quoted in this volume are taken from this source.

do so was to be countrified, and to forfeit all title to the society of men of wit and refinement. Writers treated their subjects much as fashionable gentlemen treated their persons—they hid them beneath wigs and lace-ruffles of fine diction. If a gardener cut the grass, he was said to “tame the genius of the stubborn plain;” apples were always “Pomona’s treasures,” every girl was a “coy nymph” and every young man a “swain.” The literary virtue most commended and sought after was “elegance,” and elegance, as the term was then understood, precluded naturalness in the treatment of everyday things. Accordingly, Pope employs a whole vocabulary of artificial and high-sounding terms, the duty of which is to gloss over Homer’s barbaric habit of calling things by their own names. Sea becomes “sounding main,” camp-fire becomes “flaming pile,” “fair wife” becomes “blooming spouse,” and darkness does not fall, but “twilight veils the glaring face of day.” The following passage from Book XXIV will illustrate sufficiently the verbal adornment which Pope lavishes on the simple Homeric diction. King Priam has prayed Zeus to send an eagle as an omen that his visit to the tent of Achilles will be successful:—

“And Zeus of wise counsels hearkened unto him, and straightway sent forth an eagle, surest omen of winged birds, the dusky hunter called of men the Black Eagle. Wide as the door,

well-locking, fitted close, of some rich man's high-roofed hall, so wide were his wings either way; and he appeared to them speeding on the right hand above the city."

This Pope renders:

"Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch their ample shade,
As stooping dexter with resounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings."

Here a part of the elaborateness is, to be sure, due to the addition of details which the original lacks, but still more is due to the employment of "elegant," instead of simple, language. Concerning Pope's lack of simplicity both in matter and manner, Arnold says:

"Pope . . . comes off well enough as long as he has passion, or oratory, or a great crisis, to deal with. Even here . . . he does not render Homer; but he and his style are in themselves strong. It is when he comes to level passages, passages of narrative or description, that he and his style are sorely tried, and prove themselves weak. A perfectly plain direct style can of course convey the simplest matter as naturally as the grandest; indeed, it must be harder for it, one would say, to convey a grand matter worthily and nobly, than to convey a common matter, as alone such a matter should be

conveyed, plainly and simply. But the style of *Rasselas* is incomparably better fitted to describe a sage philosophizing than a soldier lighting his camp-fire. The style of Pope is not the style of *Rasselas*; but it is equally a literary style, equally unfitted to describe a simple matter with the plain naturalness of Homer. Everyone knows the passage at the end of the eighth book of the *Iliad*, where the fires of the Trojan encampment are likened to the stars. . . . The latter part of the passage, where Homer leaves the stars, and comes to the Trojan fires, treats of the plainest, most matter-of-fact subject possible, and deals with this, as Homer always deals with every subject, in the plainest and most straightforward style. 'So many in number, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus, shone forth in front of Troy the fires kindled by the Trojans. There were kindled a thousand fires in the plain; and by each one there sat fifty men in the light of the blazing fire. And the horses, munching white barley and rye, and standing by the chariots, waited for the bright-throned Morning.' In Pope's translation, this plain story becomes the following:

“So many flames before proud Ilium blaze,
And brighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.’

“It is for passages of this sort, which, after all, form the bulk of a narrative poem, that Pope's

style is so bad. In elevated passages he is powerful, as Homer is powerful, though not in the same way; but in plain narrative, where Homer is still powerful and delightful, Pope, by the inherent fault of his style, is ineffective and out of taste. Wordsworth says somewhere, that wherever Virgil seems to have composed 'with his eye on the object,' Dryden fails to render him. Homer invariably composes 'with his eye on the object,' whether the object be a moral or a material one. Pope composes with his eye on his style into which he translates his object, whatever it is. That, therefore, which Homer conveys to us immediately, Pope conveys to us through a medium. He aims at turning Homer's sentiments pointedly and rhetorically; at investing Homer's description with ornament and dignity. A sentiment may be changed by being put into a pointed and oratorical form, yet may still be very effective in that form; but a description, the moment it takes its eyes off that which it is to describe, and begins to think of ornamenting itself, is worthless."

The third test which Arnold applies, in order to ascertain the degree of faithfulness to its original possessed by any translation of Homer, is that of rapidity of movement. Three conventions of eighteenth century verse interfered here with Pope's success: the use of rhyme; the breaking of the thought up into couplets; and the presentation of the thought in the form of antithesis. Let us glance briefly at each of these.

Rhyme was regarded by Pope and his contemporaries as an indispensable element of finished

poetry. In the previous century a war had been waged on the subject, with Dryden as chief advocate on the side of rhyme and Milton as the great exemplar of the value of blank verse. The former faction had triumphed so completely that rhyme invaded even the drama, which had long been the stronghold of the blank verse idea. Pope therefore adopted rhyme in his translation as a matter of course, and subjected himself without question to its conditions. The exigencies of rhyme not only often led him into greater freedom of rendering than would otherwise have been necessary, but it had the still more important effect of making the lines catch or "click" at the end, and of thus interfering with the uninterrupted flow, the steady, pauseless, river-like bearing-on of the Homeric hexameters.

The use of the couplet, to which Pope was also confined by the critical prejudice of his age, as well as by his own taste and training, had the same retarding effect, to a still more pronounced degree. The poet was forced by long-standing literary fashion to do his thought up in neat bundles of two verses each, and was permitted only occasionally to let the first of these verses run without pause into the second, and still more rarely to let the second line of one couplet run without pause into the first line of the next. It will be profitable for the student to enumerate in at least one book of Pope's translation, the instances in which the translator

allows himself the privilege of using the run-on verse. These instances will be found exceedingly few: in the first seventy lines of the first book, for example, there are only five couplets in which the first verse runs into the second without a comma-pause, and not a single couplet which runs into a succeeding one. The result of this is to interrupt still further the steady on-rush of Homeric verse; to substitute for the still, swift current a series of regular cascades, in the regularity of which there is evident an artifice foreign to the epic spirit. The use of the couplet also not infrequently compelled the poet to falsify his rendering by fabricating the second verse of a couplet out of his own head, after he had expressed the whole thought of the original in the first verse. An example of this will be found in the description in Book I, of the descent of Apollo, as he comes to send pestilence upon the Grecian camp. Homer says simply, "He descended like to night." This Pope expresses, somewhat elaborately, in the line:

"Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,"

and then, to complete the couplet, extemporizes

"And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head."

Moreover, the eighteenth century poet was expected not only to balance his lines in couplets, but also to balance his thoughts within the compass of the single couplet, sometimes within the compass of a single line. Here, for instance, the

thought is balanced within the couplet (Book I, ll. 217-218):

“Thine in each contest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.”

Here the thought is balanced within the line (Book I, l. 160):

“We share with justice as with toil we gain.”

How fatal this elaborate antithesis is to the simple directness of Homer's style, it is needless to dwell upon, for the fact is self-evident.

Only one of the four questions with which we started remains to be answered, namely, does Pope convey to us the *nobility* of Homer; does his translation, in other words, fill us with the sense that we are in contact with a noble spirit? The answer must be in the negative. Pope possessed, as his age possessed, many admirable qualities, but among them we can hardly reckon nobility of spirit. Pope's style is in many respects an admirable style, but it is far too rhetorical, far too self-conscious, to be noble.

The outcome of all this analysis is, to put the fact bluntly, that Pope has not given us, and could not give us, Homer. Any reading of Pope's translation which starts from another hypothesis will only confuse our historical perceptions and vitiate our literary taste. Let us get out of our minds,

once for all, the expectation that in opening Pope's pages, we are to be brought face to face with

. . . "that expanse

Which deep-browed Homer rules as his demesne,"

for unto that country, so distant, so mysterious, into the midst of that race, so strangely compounded of the childlike and the heroic, of the savage and the lofty-minded, Pope can never conduct us, for he has never journeyed thither himself. Bentley said, when the work was still hot from the press and all the world was praising it, "It is a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." The modern student will do well to keep in mind the caustic words, if he wishes to derive from the work anything but misunderstanding and weariness.

And, when once this fact is accepted, when once Pope's work is looked at on its own merits, as a poem inspired by another and imitative of that other, but to be enjoyed and judged separately, it will at once offer abundant beauties. Though the style is not simple, it is crystal-clear. Never for a moment does it become obscure or wandering; never for a moment does it involve itself in those intricacies which make Chapman's translation at times so perplexing to follow. Though the verse is not flowingly swift, it is intensely animated. It never flags, never becomes slipshod or sluggish. Though it has not the majestic sweep of a river

current, it has, at its best, the dash and hurry, constantly interrupted and instantly renewed, of a river-rapid set with stones; at its worst it has (to change the figure) always a vigorous stride, formal to be sure, but keeping admirably in the middle way between the strut and the slouch, into one of which a less perfect master of the style would have allowed it to fall. Again, if Pope's style is not noble, it is dignified. In places there is in it to a modern taste an exaggeration of dignity, a mock-dignity corresponding to the full-bottomed wigs and high-heeled shoes of the period. But, broadly speaking, the dignity is genuine; the poem has the "grand air" which it was the privilege of the eighteenth century to impress upon its characteristic men and its characteristic art. The grand air never quite becomes grandeur, to be sure, but that is no reason why we should reject it or deny its charm.

These beauties, of perfect clearness, of intense life and animation, of dignity, Pope's Homer indisputably possesses. And even where, by reason of the peculiar conventions of the age in which it was written, it misses beauty, it may, if we approach it with something of tolerance and historical spirit, endear itself to us by the very features which in a strict artistic sense are blemishes. Its very quaintnesses, elaborations, artificialities, reminding us of the querulous little poet, in "black suit and tie wig," seated in the

shell grotto at Twickenham, with the "rhymed and twisted" garden on one hand, and the swans and gay pleasure-boats of the Thames on the other, will recommend themselves to our fancy, and give the old-fashioned poem a place in our affections.

IV. THE STORY OF THE ILIAD

The "Iliad" means the "Epic of Ilion," a prehistoric city of Mysia, and its subject is the siege of Ilion or Troy. The heroine of the story is Helen, the sister of Castor and Pollux. She was first carried captive by Theseus into Attica, and was brought back by her brothers, who captured the city of Athens in order to liberate her. On her return she was wooed by many princely suitors, and her father, Tyndareus, bound them all by an oath to join in avenging her chosen husband if she were ever again abducted. Shortly after this she was married to Menelaus, King of Sparta. Meanwhile, Paris, the son of King Priam of Troy, had been promised by Venus the most beautiful woman in the world as his wife, as a reward for deciding a contest of beauty between Juno, Minerva, and Venus, in favor of the last. In the fulfillment of her promise, the goddess aided him in the abduction of the beautiful Helen. In order to secure the return of his wife, Menelaus undertook an embassy to Troy, in company with the wily Ulysses, but

they returned unsuccessful. Thereupon the Grecian hosts led by Agamemnon, King of Mycenae, (brother of Menelaus) together with all the Grecian princes, in accordance with their league for the protection of Helen, entered upon the siege of Troy. This siege lasted for ten years. The *Iliad* is the record, in great detail, of about fifty days of the fiercest fighting which took place during the beleaguerment.

THE ILIAD

BOOK I

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing! .
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
5 Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of
Jove.

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
10 Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended pow'r?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The king of men his rev'rend priest defy'd,
And, for the king's offence, the people dy'd.
15 For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs; and lowly bending down,
20 Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He su'd to all, but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings, of Atreus' royal race.

“Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be
crown’d,

And Troy’s proud walls lie level with the ground.
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o’er, 23
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent’s pain,
And give Chruseïs to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.” 30

The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare
The priest to rev’rence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides: He, with kingly pride,
Repuls’d the sacred sire, and thus reply’d,

“Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains, 35
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And pray’rs, and tears, and bribes shall plead in 40
vain;

’Till time shall rifle ev’ry youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ’d,
Or doom’d to deck the bed she once enjoy’d.
Hence then: to Argos shall the maid retire; 45
Far from her native soil, and weeping sire.”

The trembling priest along the shore return’d,
And in the anguish of a father mourn’d.
Disconsolate, nor daring to complain,
Silent he wander’d by the sounding main: 50

'Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays.

“O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian pow'r of Cilla the divine,
55 Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's
shores.

If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
60 Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.”

Thus Chryses pray'd: the fav'ring pow'r attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.

Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.

65 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.

On mules and dogs th' infection first began,

70 And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights, thro' all the dusky air
The fires thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.

But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspir'd by Juno, Thetis' god-like son

75 Conven'd to council all the Grecian train;
For much the goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men address.

“Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,

And measure back the seas we crost before? 80
 The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
 'Tis time to save the few remains of war.
 But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
 Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
 Or learn the wastful vengeance to remove, 85
 By mystic dreams; for dreams descend from Jove.
 If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
 Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
 So heav'n aton'd shall dying Greece restore,
 And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more." 90

He said and sate: when Chalcas thus reply'd,
 Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
 That sacred seer whose comprehensive view
 The past, the present, and the future knew.
 Uprising slow, the venerable sage 95
 Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.

"Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! wou'dst thou know
 Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
 First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
 Of sure protection by thy pow'r and sword. 100
 For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
 And truths invidious to the great reveal.
 Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise
 Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
 For tho' we deem the short-liv'd fury past, 105
 'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last."

To whom Pelides. "From thy inmost soul
 Speak what thou know'st, and speak without con-
 troul.

Ev'n by that god I swear, who rules the day;
 110 To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
 And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
 Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
 No daring Greek of all the num'rous band,
 Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
 115 Not ev'n the chief by whom our hosts are led,
 The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."

Encourag'd thus, the blameless priest replies:
 "Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
 But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,
 120 Apollo's vengeance for his injur'd priest.
 Nor will the god's awaken'd fury cease,
 But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,
 'Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
 To her own Chrysa send the black-ey'd maid.
 125 Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r,
 The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."

The prophet spoke; when with a gloomy frown,
 The monarch started from his shining throne;
 Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
 130 And from his eyeballs flash'd the living fire.
 "Augur accurst! denouncing mischief still,
 Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
 Still must that tongue some wounding message
 bring,

And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
 135 For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
 To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
 For this with falshoods is my honour stain'd;

Is heav'n offended, and a priest profan'd,
 Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,
 And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold? 140
 A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
 Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with ev'ry grace.
 Not half so dear were Clytemnestra's charms,
 When first her blooming beauties blest my arms.
 Yet if the gods demand her, let her sail; 145
 Our cares are only for the publick weal:
 Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
 And suffer, rather than my people fall.
 The prize, the beauteous prize I will resign,
 So dearly valu'd, and so justly mine. 150
 But since for common good I yield the fair,
 My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
 Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain."
 "Insatiate king" (Achilles thus replies) 155
 "Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!
 Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey shou'd
 yield,
 The due reward of many a well-fought field?
 The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,
 We share with justice, as with toil we gain: 160
 But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves,
 (That trick of tyrants) may be born by slaves.
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
 The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
 Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs 165
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs."

- Then thus the king. "Shall I my prize resign
 With tame content, and thou possesst of thine?
 Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
 170 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
 At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
 First let the just equivalent be paid;
 Such as a king might ask; and let it be
 A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
 175 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
 The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
 Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
 180 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
 But this when time requires—It now remains
 We launch a bark to plough the watery plains,
 And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
 With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.
 185 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
 And some deputed prince the charge attend;
 This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfill,
 Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will,
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
 190 Achilles self conduct her o'er the main;
 Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
 The god propitiate, and the pest asswage."
 At this, Pelides frowning stern, reply'd:
 "O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
 195 Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind.

What gen'rous Greek obedient to thy word,
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
 What cause have I to war at thy decree?
 The distant Trojans never injur'd me. 200
 To Pthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
 Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed:
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace, 205
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
 T' avenge a private, not a publick wrong:
 What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause? 210
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve?
 And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away,
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
 A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine, 215
 As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.
 Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
 Tho' mine the sweat and danger of the day.
 Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
 Or barren praises pay the wounds of war. 220
 But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
 My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
 Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
 What spoils, what conquests shall Atrides gain?"
 To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly, 225
 Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.

There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
 And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
 Of all the kings (the gods distinguish'd care)
 230 To pow'r superior none such hatred bear;
 Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
 And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
 If thou hast strength, 'twas heav'n that strength
 bestow'd,
 For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
 235 Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
 Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
 I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
 Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.
 Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
 240 'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
 Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
 My bark shall waft her to her native land;
 But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
 Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
 245 Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
 Thy lov'd Briseïs with the radiant eyes.
 Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the
 hour,
 Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r;
 And hence to all our host it shall be known,
 250 'That kings are subject to the gods alone.'"
 Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,
 His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
 Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,
 Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:

That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword, 255
 Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughty
 lord;

This whispers soft his vengeance to controul,
 And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
 Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
 While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring 260
 blade,

Minerva swift descended from above,
 Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove;
 (For both the princes claim'd her equal care)
 Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
 Achilles seiz'd; to him alone confest; 265
 A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
 He saw, and sudden to the goddess cries,
 Known by the flames that sparkled from her eyes.

“Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
 A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear 270
 From Atreus' son? Then let those eyes that view
 The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.”

“Forbear!” (the progeny of Jove replies)
 “To calm thy fury I forsook the skies:
 Let great Achilles, to the gods resign'd, 275
 To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
 By awful Juno this command is giv'n;
 The king and you are both the care of heav'n.
 The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
 But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel. 280
 For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)
 Thy injur'd honour has its fated hour,

When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.

285 Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."

To her Pelides. "With regardful ear
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.

Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:

290 Those who revere the gods, the gods will bless."

He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;

Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.

The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,

And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

295 Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on the monarch broke.

"O monster, mix'd of insolence and fear,

Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!

When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,

300 Or nobly face the horrid front of war?

'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,

Thine to look on, and bid the valiant dye.

So much 'tis safer thro' the camp to go,

And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.

305 Scourge of thy people, violent and base!

Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,

Who lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past

Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.

Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,

310 Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,

Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)

On the bare mountains left its parent tree;

This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
 An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
 From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs: 315
 (Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings)

By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
 Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.

When flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes, to
 spread

The purpled shore with mountains of the dead, 320
 Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness
 gave,

Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:
 Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
 This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."

He spoke; and furious, hurl'd against the ground 325
 His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.
 Then sternly silent sate: With like disdain,
 The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,
 Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage, 330

Th' experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
 Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd:
 Two generations now had past away,

Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
 Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd, 335
 And now th' example of the third remain'd.

All view'd with awe the venerable man;
 Who thus, with mild benevolence, began:

"What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what
 joy

- 340 To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
 That adverse gods commit to stern debate
 The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
 Young as you are, this youthful heat restrain,
 Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
- 345 A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
 Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view!
 Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
 Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name,
 Theseus, endu'd with more than mortal might,
- 350 Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?
 With these of old to toils of battel bred,
 In early youth my hardy days I led;
 Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds, }
 And smit with love of honourable deeds. }
- 355 Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar, }
 Rang'd the wild desarts red with monsters gore, }
 And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
 Yet these with soft, persuasive arts I sway'd,
 When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
- 360 If, in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise,
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
 Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
 That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
 Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride;
- 365 Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside.
 Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
 Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born;
 Him awful majesty exalts above
 The pow'rs of earth, and sceptred sons of Jove.

Let both unite with well-consenting mind, 370
 So shall authority with strength be join'd.
 Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
 Rule thou thy self, as more advanc'd in age.
 Forbid it gods! Achilles should be lost,
 The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host." 375

This said, he ceas'd: The king of men replies;
 "Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
 No laws can limit, no respect controul.
 Before his pride must his superiors fall, 380
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?
 Grant that the gods his matchless force have giv'n;
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?" 385

Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
 And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke.
 "Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
 Should I submit to each unjust decree: 390
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.
 Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doom'd
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;
 And seize secure; No more Achilles draws
 His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause. 395
 The gods command me to forgive the past;
 But let this first invasion be the last:
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."

- 400 At this, they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd:
The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.
Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Mean time Atrides launch'd with num'rous oars
- 405 A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chruseis placed,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct grac'd:
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.
- 410 The host to expiate next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations, and with solemn pray'rs.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd, and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
- 415 And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid.
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.
The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,
Atrides still with deep resentment rag'd.
- 420 To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent" (he cries)
"Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or if they will not part,
- 425 Ourselves in arms shall tear her from his heart."
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arriv'd, the heroe in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.

At awful distance long they silent stand, 430
 Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;
 Decent confusion! This the godlike man
 Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began.

“With leave and honour enter our abodes,
 Ye sacred ministers of men and gods! 435
 I know your message; by constraint you came;
 Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
 Patroclus haste, the fair Briseis bring;
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king.
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow, 440
 Witness to gods above, and men below!
 But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,
 That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
 Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
 Tho' prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein: 445
 The raging chief in frantick passion lost,
 Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
 Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.”

Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought; 450
 She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
 Supported by the chiefs on either hand,
 In silence past along the winding strand.

Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore, 455
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
 That kindred deep, from whence his mother sprung.
 There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main.

- 460 "O parent goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn:
Honour and fame at least the Thund'rer ow'd,
465 And ill he pays the promise of a god;
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."
Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his wat'ry reign,
470 The goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.
"Why grieves my son? thy anguish let me share,
475 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."
He deeply sighing said: "To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebè sacred to Apollo's name,
(Aëtion's realm) our conqu'ring army came,
480 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;
But bright Chruseis, heav'nly prize! was led
By vote selected, to the gen'ral's bed.
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
485 His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all: but chief implor'd for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race:

The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare, 490
 The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair;
 Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
 The sire insulted, and his gifts deny'd:
 Th' insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
 To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the pray'r: 495
 A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts
 Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts:
 A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n arose,
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
 Myself the first th' assembl'd chiefs incline 500
 T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine;
 Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd;
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
 The fair Chrusëis to her sire was sent,
 With offer'd gifts to make the god relent; 505
 But now he seiz'd Briseïs' heav'nly charms,
 And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
 Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
 And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
 But goddess! thou, thy suppliant son attend, 510
 To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
 Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,
 And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring god.
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,
 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' æthereal host, 515
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
 The undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,

- 520 The traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n,
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n.
Then call'd by thee: the monster Titan came,
(Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name)
Thro' wondering skies enormous stalk'd along;
- 525 Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong:
With giant-pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;
The affrighted gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropt the fetters, trembled and ador'd.
- 530 This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
- 535 The Greeks to know the curse of such a king:
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race."
- 540 "Unhappy son!" (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickled from her eyes)
"Why have I born thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
So short a space the light of heav'n to view!
- 545 So short a space, and fill'd with sorrow too!
Oh might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.

Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go, 550
 To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
 Mean time, secure within thy ships from far
 Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
 The sire of gods, and all th' etherial train,
 On the warm limits of the farthest main, 555
 Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
 The feast of Æthiopia's blameless race:
 Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,
 Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
 Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move 560
 The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke: the rowling waves unclosed;
 Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she
 rose,

And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
 In wild resentment for the fair he lost. 565

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
 Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd:
 The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
 And dropt their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.
 Next on the shore their hecatomb they land, 570
 Chruseis last descending on the strand.
 Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
 Ulysses led to Phœbus sacred fane;
 Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
 He gave to Chryses, thus the heroe said. 575

"Hail rev'rend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome
 A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
 Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;

Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
580 And may thy god who scatters darts around,
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound."

At this, the sire embrac'd the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
585 Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred off'ring of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r.

590 "God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose power encircles Cilla the divine,
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priests request,
595 Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wastful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."

So Chryses pray'd, Apollo heard his pray'r:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
600 Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to heav'n the victims slew:
The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide:
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
605 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the victims with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;

The youth with instruments surround the fire:
 The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest, 610
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
 When now the rage of hunger was repress,
 With pure libations they conclude the feast; 615
 The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
 And pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
 With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
 The pæans lengthen'd, 'till the sun descends:
 The Greeks restor'd the grateful notes prolong; 620
 Apollo listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night: the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
 'Till rosie morn had purpled o'er the sky:
 Then launch, and hoise the mast; Indulgent gales
 Supply'd by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails; 625
 The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow;
 The parted ocean foams and roars below:
 Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
 'Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
 Far on the beach they haul their bark to land, 630
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)
 Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay
 The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still amidst his navy sate
 The stern Achilles, stedfast in his hate; 635
 Nor mix'd in combate, nor in council join'd,
 But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
 In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,

And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

640 Twelve days were past, and now the dawning
light

The gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height.
Jove first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,
Leads the long order of ætherial pow'rs.

When like a morning mist, in early day,

645 Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;
And to the seats divine her flight address.

There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thund'rer sate; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.

650 Suppliant the goddess stood: One hand she plac'd
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.

“If e'er, O father of the gods!” she said,

“My words cou'd please thee, or my actions aid;

Some marks of honour on my son bestow,

655 And pay in glory what in life you owe.

Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.

Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!

Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;

660 'Till the proud king, and all th' Achaian race
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.”

Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.

Not so repuls'd, the goddess closer prest,

665 Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request.

“O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear,

Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?

Or, oh declare, of all the pow'rs above
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"

She said, and sighing thus the god replies 670
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies.
"What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should Jove
engage

In foreign contests, and domestic rage,
The gods complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms? 675

Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:
Witness the sacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine, 680

The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfills thy vows"—
He spoke, and awful, bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god: 685
High heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining synod of th' immortals wait 690
The coming god, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heav'n appear.
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the
throne,

All, but the god's imperious queen alone: 695

Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.

“Say, artful manager of heav'n” (she cries)

“Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?

700 Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,

In vain the partner of imperial state.

What fav'rite goddess then those cares divides,

Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?”

To this the Thund'rer: “Seek not throu to find

705 The sacred counsels of almighty mind:

Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,

Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.

What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know,

The first of gods above and men below:

710 But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that
roll

Deep in the close recesses of my soul.”

Full on the sire the goddess of the skies

Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,

And thus return'd. “Austere Saturnius, say,

715 From whence this wrath, or who controuls thy
sway?

Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,

And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.

But 'tis for Greece I fear: For late was seen

In close consult, the silver-footed queen.

720 Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,

Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.

What fatal favour has the goddess won,

To grace her fierce, inexorable son?

Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
 And glut his vengeance with my people slain." 735

Then thus the god: "Oh restless fate of pride,
 That strives to learn what heav'n resolves to hide;
 Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
 Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord.
 Let this suffice; th' immutable decree 730
 No force can shake: What *is*, that *ought* to be.
 Goddess submit, nor dare our will withstand,
 But dread the pow'r of this avenging hand;
 Th' united strength of all the gods above
 In vain resists th' omnipotence of Jove." 735

The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
 A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky.
 The feast disturb'd with sorrow Vulcan saw
 His mother menac'd, and the gods in awe;
 Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design, 740
 Thus interpos'd the architect divine.
 "The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
 Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:
 Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
 We, in eternal peace and constant joy. 745
 Thou, goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
 Nor break the sacred union of the sky:
 Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
 Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
 If you submit, the Thund'rer stands pleas'd;
 The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd." 750

Thus Vulcan spoke; and rising with a bound,
 The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,

- Which held to Juno in a chearful way,
755 "Goddess" (he cry'd) "be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
760 Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal
height;
Tost all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor 'till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
765 The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast."
He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen
receiv'd.
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips apply'd the nectar'd urn.
770 Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tun'd the lyre; the muses round
775 With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
780 Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

BOOK II

Jupiter sends Dream to Agamemnon inducing him to attack Troy at once. Agamemnon summons the chieftains of the Greeks and, to make test of their desire to attack the Trojans, advises return home. As they are yielding to this advice and making ready to go, the goddess Pallas Athena appears to Ulysses, who thereupon remonstrates with captains and leaders of the people. All but Thersites yield to Ulysses's advice, and sit and become again silent for counsel. When they are assembled Thersites speaks reviling Agamemnon, whereupon Ulysses comes to the side of Thersites and rebukes him, smiting him with his staff upon back and shoulders; and Thersites is silenced. Ulysses and Nestor address the people urging the attack upon Troy. Agamemnon concludes with directions for a speedy battle, and sacrifices and prays to Jupiter. The great army assembles and is arranged in battle order.

BOOK III

When the two armies have approached near to each other, Paris advances from the Trojan line and challenges the chieftains to fight him in single combat. But when Menelaüs steps forth from the Greek force to meet him Paris shrinks back into the Trojan force; upon which Hector upbraids him for his apparent cowardice. Paris then proposes that he and Menelaüs fight before the armies for Helen, and that the armies abide by the result of that struggle. Menelaüs agrees. Helen is informed by Iris and comes to the gate where Priam is looking upon the armies. Priam asks who a certain

Greek warrior is whom he sees, and Helen tells him it is Agamemnon. She explains that a second Greek warrior is Ulysses, and a third Ajax, son of Telamon. She then points out Idomeneus, and regrets that she
5 can nowhere see Castor and Pollux. Priam then goes and joins in the sacrifice and oath-giving before the armies; after which he goes back to the city. Paris and Menelaüs then arm for contest. Paris first throws his spear, as the lot has declared his right. It fails to
10 pass through the shield of Menelaüs. Menelaüs then hurls his spear, which pierces Paris's shield and breast-plate and rends his tunic; only by moving aside does he escape death. Menelaüs swings his sword and smites upon the helmet of Paris; but his sword breaks in
15 pieces. Menelaüs grasps the crest of Paris's helmet and drags him till Paris is nearly strangled by the helmet-strap under his chin. Venus swiftly comes and tears asunder the strap, loosening the helmet from the head, and then snatches Paris away in darkness and sets him
20 down in his own chamber. She then brings Helen to him, who upbraids him for not being able to stand before Menelaüs. Helen soon yields, however, to his love-pleadings. Meanwhile, Menelaüs and all search in vain for Paris. When he cannot be found Agamem-
25 non declares the victory is Menelaüs's, and claims for him Helen and her possessions.

BOOK IV

To please Juno, Jupiter sends Pallas to the Trojans to stir them up to attack the Greeks in spite of oaths. She appears to Pandarus and induces him to shoot an arrow
30 at Menelaüs, which passes through belt and breast-plate to the flesh, drawing blood. Machaon, the leech, comes and dresses the wound of Menelaüs while Agamemnon is

marshalling his men and urging them against the attacking Trojans. He commends Idomeneus and the Ajaces and Nestor for their valiant activity, and upbraids Mnestheus and Ulysses for their slowness in moving into battle. Ulysses resents the upbraiding and Agamemnon graciously withdraws what he has said. Agamemnon then meets and upbraids Diomedes and Sthenelus. Sthenelus speaks to defend their valor; but Diomedes, who has been silent, rebukes Sthenelus for speaking, accepts in good spirit the urging of Agamemnon, and rushes into battle. The battle wages strongly. The Greek warriors Elphenor, Leucas, Dioreas, and the Trojan warriors Echeopolus, Simoisius, Democoön, and Pirus, are slain. "Many Trojans that day and many Achaians were laid side by side upon their faces in the dust."¹

BOOK V

Pallas gives to Diomedes great might and courage. He drives into flight one of the sons of the priest Dares and slays the other. Pallas induces Mars to leave the field with her and allow the mortals to contend unaided. The Greeks press the Trojans hard. Agamemnon slays Odius; Idomeneus slays Phaestos; Menelaüs slays Scamandrius; Meriones slays Phereclus; Meges slays Pedaeus; Eurypylyus slays Hypsenor. Diomedes is struck in the shoulder by an arrow shot by Pandarus. Sthenelus draws the arrow out and the blood flows. Diomedes prays to Pallas and she causes him to see both gods and men and gives him great power. He slays Astynous, Hypenor, Abas, Polyidus, Xanthus, and Thoön. He hurls from their

¹ Lang, Leaf, & Myers, "The Illad of Homer," (Macmillan), p. 81.

chariot Echemmon and Chromius, sons of Priam. He is then encountered by Æneas and Pandarus driving against him with their chariot. Pandarus hurls his spear, which passes through Diomedes's shield till the
5 point reaches the breast-plate. Diomedes then hurls a dart which strikes Pandarus's face, felling him to the ground. Æneas leaps from the chariot to defend the body and is struck in the hip by a huge stone thrown by Diomedes. He is saved from death by his mother,
10 the goddess Venus, who as she is bearing him away is wounded in the hand by the spear of Diomedes. She lets fall her son, who is snatched up by Phœbus Apollo. Diomedes exhorts Venus to refrain from war and fighting, in which advice Jupiter joins when she appears
15 before him. Diomedes tries in spite of the protection of Apollo to slay Æneas. He is beaten back by Apollo and advised by him not to match his spirit against the gods. Æneas is given into the hands of Latona and Diana, who heal him. Mars then enters into the Trojan
20 ranks and rouses them to fierce battle. Hector is roused to greater endeavor and goes through his army urging the Trojans to fight. Æneas returns to his place and adds to the courage of the Trojans. The Greeks fight with equal ardor urged by Agamemnon, Ulysses,
25 Diomedes, and the two Ajaces. Agamemnon slays Deïcoon; Æneas slays Crethon and Orsilochus; Menelaüs slays Pylæmenes; Antilochus slays Mydon. Diomedes recognizes Mars, by the side of Hector, protecting and assisting him, and falls back a little with
30 his army. Hector slays Mnesthes and Anchialus. Telamonian Ajax smites Amphius, but is driven off by the press of Trojans. Sarpedon slays Tlepolemus, being severely wounded himself. Ulysses slays Coeranus, Alastor, Cromius, Alcander, Halius, Noëmon,
35 and Prytanis. Hector slays Teuthras, Orestes, Trechus, Oenomaos, Helenus, and Oresbius. Then Pallas

arms herself and comes by the approval of Jupiter to assist the Greeks. Diomedes explains to Pallas that it is Mars who has caused the retreat of the Greeks; whereupon Pallas directs Diomedes to attack Mars. She mounts the chariot with Diomedes, grasps the whip and reins, and dashes for Mars, who is stripping the body of Periphas, whom he has slain. When Mars sees Diomedes he rushes to encounter him. Mars thrusts at Diomedes, but misses through the protection of Pallas. Diomedes then attacks Mars with his spear and, with the assistance of Pallas, wounds him. Mars cries out, to the alarm of both armies. Mars departs to Olympus and complains to Jupiter because he has allowed Pallas to do as she has done. Jupiter, however, reproves Mars for his continual stirring up of strife, taking pity, however, on his suffering, and bidding Pæon heal him.

BOOK VI

Now heav'n forsakes the fight: th' immortals
yield

To human force and human skill, the field:

Dark show'rs of javelins fly from foes to foes;

Now here, now there, the tyde of combate flows;

5 While Troy's fam'd streams that bound the death-
ful plain

On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,

Broke the thick ranks and turn'd the doubtful
day.

The Thracian Acamas his faulchion found,

10 That hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;

His thundring arm a deadly stroke imprest

Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:

Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,

And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.

15 Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,

Axylus, hospitable, rich and good:

In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)

He held his seat; a friend to human race.

Fast by the road, his ever-open door

20 Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,

No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!

Breathless the good man fell, and by his side

His faithful servant, old Calesius dy'd.

By great Euryalus was Dresus slain, 25
 And next he lay'd Opheltius on the plain.
 Two twins were near, bold beautiful and young,
 From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung:
 (Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed; 30
 In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong em-
 brace.)
 Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
 The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
 Astyalus by Polypœtes fell; 35
 Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;
 By Teucer's shaft brave Aretæon bled,
 And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead.
 Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
 The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave, 40
 Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
 And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
 Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
 And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
 Unblest Adrastus next at mercy lies 45
 Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
 His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
 Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke: 50
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
 For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
 Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel;

Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;

55 The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd.

“Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow;
When fame shall tell, that not in battel slain

60 Thy hollow ships his captive son detain,
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told;
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.”

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart,
He stood suspended with the lifted dart:

65 As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious, thus. “Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?

Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,

70 And well her natives merit at thy hand!

Not one of all the race, not sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:

Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;

Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.

75 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,

To warn the nations, and to curb the great!”

The monarch spoke: the words with warmth
addrest

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.

Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;

80 The monarch's javelin stretch'd him in the dust.

Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,

Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.

Old Nestor saw, and rowz'd the warrior's rage;
 "Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combate wage!
 No son of Mars descend, for servile gains, 85
 To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
 Behold yon' glitt'ring host, your future spoil!
 First gain the conquest, then reward the toil."

And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
 And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd; 90
 Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
 Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast:
 Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
 The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

"Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay 95
 The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
 On whom your aid's, your country's hopes depend,
 Wise to consult, and active to defend!
 Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight; 100
 E're yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,
 The sport and insult of the hostile train.
 When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
 Our selves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous
 stand:

Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight, 105
 These straits demand our last remains of might.
 Meanwhile, thou Hector to the town retire,
 And teach our mother what the gods require:
 Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
 Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane; 110
 Unbar the sacred gates; and seek the pow'r

- With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
 The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
 115 Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread;
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
 If so the pow'r, atton'd by fervent pray'r,
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
 And far avert Tydides' wastful ire,
 120 That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
 Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
 Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
 Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
 In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might."
- 125 Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
 Thro' all his host, inspiring force he flies,
 And bids the thunder of the battel rise.
 With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
 130 And turn the tyde of conflict on the foe:
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazling spears;
 All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumph fears.
 Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of
 wars,
 Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.
- 135 Then thus, aloud: "Ye dauntless Dardans hear!
 And you whom distant nations send to war!
 Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
 Be still your selves, and Hector asks no more.
 One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
 140 To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:

Nor shall, I trust, the matron's holy train
And rev'rend elders, seek the gods in vain."

This said, with ample strides the hero past;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'ershading, to his ancle hung; 145
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battel, (godlike Hector gone)
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met: The chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war. 150
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began.

"What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattel'd field;
Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear, 155
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.

Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend;
Know, with immortals we no more contend. 160

Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight;
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries he drove
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove,
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round, 165

With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,
(Th' immortals blest with endless ease above) 170

Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,
 Chearless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom,
 Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
 A wretch accurst, and hated by the gods!

175 I brave not heav'n: But if the fruits of earth
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth;
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death."

"What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,"

180 (Reply'd the chief) "can Tydeus' son enquire?
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground,
 Another race the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise;

185 So generations in their course decay,
 So flourish these, when those are past away.
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,

190 (Argos the fair for warlike steeds renown'd)
 Æolian Sysiphus, with wisdom blest,
 In ancient time the happy walls possess,
 Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son;
 Great Glaucus father of Bellerophon,

195 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
 Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptres sway'd,
 Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.

With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
 200 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd.

For him, Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
 Fir'd at his scorn the Queen to Præstus fled, 205
 And beg'd revenge for her insulted bed:
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate;
 To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent. 210
 Now blest by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
 The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:
 There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due;
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd, 215
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd:
 The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
 First, dire Chymæra's conquest was enjoin'd;
 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind; 220
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
 This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies, 225
 And trusted heav'ns informing prodigies)
 Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
 (Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew.
 Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
 And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side. 230

Nor ended here his toils: His Lycian foes
 At his return, a treach'rous ambush, rose,
 With levell'd spears along the winding shore;
 There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

235 At length the monarch with repentant grief
 Confess'd the gods, and god-descended chief;
 His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
 With half the honours of his ample reign.
 The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
 240 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests
 crown'd.

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd;
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
 Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of
 Jove)

245 But when at last, distracted in his mind,
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human-kind,
 Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
 Woes heap'd on woes oppress'd his wasted heart;
 250 His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbè's dart;
 His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
 In combate on the Solymæan plain.
 Hippolochus surviv'd; from him I came,
 The honour'd author of my birth and name;
 255 By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
 By his instructions learn to win renown,
 To stand the first in worth as in command,
 To add new honours to my native land,

Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race." 260

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd.

"Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace, 265
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of
old;

Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:
Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd. 270
The parting heroes mutual presents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd 275
Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)

Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline, } 280
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.)
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon' ample field;
Enough of Greeks shall die thy spear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more. 285

Now change we arms, and prove to either host
We guard the friendship of the line we boast."

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they
 plight,

290 Brave Glancus then each narrow thought resign'd.
 (Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind)

For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price)

He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,

305 A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
 Great Hector enter'd at the Scæan gate.

Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
 The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids

300 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care

For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.

He bids the train in long procession go,

And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.

And now to Priam's stately courts he came,

305 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;

O'er these a range of marble structure runs,

The rich pavillions of his fifty sons,

In fifty chambers lodg'd; and rooms of state

Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sate:

310 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses
 shone,

Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.

Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen

Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen.

(With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face

315 Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race)

Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

“O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our
walls?

Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r, 320
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tow'r?

Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,) }
In Jove's high name to sprinkle on the ground, }
And pay due vows to all the gods around. }

Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul, 325
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.”

“Far hence be Bacchus' gifts” (the chief }
rejoin'd) }

“Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind, 330
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind. }

Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.

By me that holy office were prophan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, 335

To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer heav'n's great sire polluted praise.

You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
And burn rich odors in Minerva's fane.

The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold, 340
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.

So may the pow'r, atton'd by fervent pray'r,
345 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wastful ire,
Who mows whole troops and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rowze soft Paris to the war;
350 If yet not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
355 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end."

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd
came

Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.
The Frygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasur'd odors breath'd a costly scent.
360 There lay the vestures, of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
365 The various textures and the various dies,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.
370 Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits

As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
 They fill the dome with supplicating cries. 375
 The priestess then the shining veil displays,
 Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays.

“Oh awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
 Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
 Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall 380
 Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
 But thou, atton'd by penitence and pray'r,
 Our selves, our infants, and our city spare!” 385
 So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
 Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
 Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part 390
 Assembling architects of matchless art.
 Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.
 A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length, 395
 The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
 Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
 Thus ent'ring in the glitt'ring rooms, he found
 His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show, 400
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
 Beside him, Helen with her virgins stands,

Guides their rich labours and instructs their hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look

405 The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.

“Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?

(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country’s foe!)

Paris and Greece against us both conspire;

Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.

410 For thee great Ilion’s guardian heroes fall,

Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;

For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,

And wasteful war in all its fury burns.

Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,

415 Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?

Rise, or behold the conqu’ring flames ascend,

And all the Phrygian glories at an end.”

“Brother, ’tis just” (reply’d the beauteous youth)

“Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:

420 Yet charge my absence less, oh gen’rous chief!

On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:

Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,

And mourn’d in secret, his, and Ilion’s fate.

’Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,

425 And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.

Conquest to day my happier sword may bless,

’Tis man’s to fight, but heav’ns to give success.

But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;

Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.”

430 He said, nor answer’d Priam’s warlike son;

When Helen thus with lowly grace begun.

“Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
That caus'd these woes, deserve a sister's name!
Would heav'n, e're all these dreadful deeds were
done,

The day, that show'd me to the golden sun, 435
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?

Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tyde,
And 'midst the roarings of the waters dy'd?
Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst 440
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.

Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine: 445
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song.”

The chief reply'd: “This time forbids to rest: 450
The Trojan bands by hostile fury prest
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combate urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory
calls,

And timely join me, e're I leave the walls. 455
E're yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:

460 This day, some god who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand."

He said, and past with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain;
465 She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
470 There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
475 Her parting step? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
"Not to the court" (reply'd th' attendant train)
"Nor mix'd with matrons, to Minerva's fane;
480 To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
Distracted with surprize, she seem'd to fly,
485 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy."

Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,

Thro' streets of palaces and walks of state; 400
 And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
 His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:
 (Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
 And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade) 405
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
 To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name 500
 Scamandrius, from Scamander's honor'd stream;
 Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
 From his great father, the defence of Troy.
 Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
 To tender passions all his mighty mind: 505
 His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
 Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
 Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
 And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
 "Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run? 510
 Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
 And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
 A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
 For sure such courage length of life denies,
 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice. 515
 Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
 Oh grant me gods! e're Hector meets his doom,
 All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!

520 So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
 And end with sorrows as they first begun.
 No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
 No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
 525 Lay'd Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!
 His fate compassion in the victor bred;
 Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
 His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 And lay'd him decent on the fun'ral pile;
 530 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were
 burn'd,
 The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
 Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
 A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
 By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,
 535 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;
 While the fat herds and snowie flocks they fed,
 Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
 540 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
 When ah! opprest by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
 Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
 545 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
 Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:

Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy, 550
 Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
 Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post;
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 That pass Tydides, Ajax strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train. 555
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."

The chief reply'd: "That post shall be my care, 560
 Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 And Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep
 the ground,

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame? 565
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impells me to th' embattel'd plains;
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates; 570
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
 The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind, 575
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;

As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
580 In Argive looms our battels to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
585 They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
590 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."
Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
595 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
600 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kist the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods prefer'd a father's pray'r.
"O thou! whose glory fills th' ætherial throne,
605 And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,

Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!
 So when triumphant from successful toils, 610
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame':
 While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy." 615

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms
 Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear, 620
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart? 625
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
 And such the hard condition of our birth.
 No force can then resist, no flight can save, 630
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combate is the sphere for men. 635
 Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
 The first in danger as the first in fame."

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.

640 His princess parts with a prophetick sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft' reverts her eye
That stream'd at ev'ry look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
645 Thro' all her train the soft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.

650 In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling
ground;

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
655 And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.

660 With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,
665 The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:

“O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally’d!
Thy pow’r in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest. 670
What pity, sloath should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman’s slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war. 675
These ills shall cease, whene’er by Jove’s decree
We crown the bowl to Heav’n and Liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant thro’ her seas returns.”

BOOK VII

Paris and Hector return to the Trojan forces. Paris slays Mnestheus; Hector slays Eioneus; Glaucus slays Iphinous. Pallas and Apollo agree that it will be best to stay the battle and defer the taking of Troy. Hector
5 is made to challenge any man of the Greeks to meet him in single combat. The Greeks are silent. Then Menelaüs arises and accepts the challenge. He is, however, dissuaded from fighting by Agamemnon. Nestor speaks reproachfully to the silent Greeks; after which
10 nine rise, as willing to fight, namely: Agamemnon, Diomedes, the Ajaces, Idomeneus, Meriones, Eurypylus, Thoas, and Ulysses. The lot is cast, and it falls upon Telamonian Ajax. Ajax and Hector address each other and encounter. Hector hurls his spear, which
15 strikes Ajax's shield, not, however, passing through all the layers composing it. Then Ajax hurls his spear and it pierces the shield and corselet and doublet of Hector; and only by stepping aside does Hector save himself from death. Again Hector fails to pierce the
20 shield of Ajax. Ajax strikes with his spear and pierces the buckler of Hector and wounds him in the neck. Then Hector hurls a great rock which Ajax meets with his strong shield. Ajax hurls a larger rock which presses Hector to the ground. But Apollo raises Hector
25 up; and the heralds stop the contest because of the coming darkness of night. Hector speaks to Ajax honoring his prowess and exchanges gifts with him in friendship. Hector then retires to the Trojan forces and Ajax to the Greek forces. The Greeks offer
30 sacrifice to Jupiter and feast together honoring Ajax. Nestor speaks concerning the burning of the dead and

advises a fortifying of their position. Meanwhile, in Troy, the Trojans assemble; and Antenor advises that Helen and her wealth be delivered to the Greeks. Paris rises and says he will not give back Helen, but will return her wealth with more of his own added. 5 Priam then speaks, and upon his advice Idæus is sent to inform the Greeks of Paris's offer and to ask a truce for the burning of the dead. When Idæus has spoken to the Greeks, Diomedes rises and advises that no part of Paris's offer be accepted. This is favored by the 10 assembly, and Idæus reports that decision to the Trojans, with the agreement of Agamemnon to a truce that the dead may be burned. The Greeks after burning their dead build the new fortifications advised by Nestor. They then feast and drink wine. 15

BOOK VIII

Jupiter commands that the gods and goddesses shall refrain from aiding either the Trojans or the Greeks. He takes his chariot and comes where he views the strife as it opens afresh. At mid-day Jupiter balances his golden scales, and the Greeks' fate sinks. The 20 leaders of the Greeks begin to lose heart, all except Nestor. He is pressed hard by Paris and Hector; and Diomedes comes to his help, reproaching Ulysses for fleeing toward the Greek ships. Nestor mounts with Diomedes into the latter's chariot. Nestor drives 25 toward Hector. Diomedes hurls his spear at Hector and slays Hector's squire, Eniopeus. Hector is hard pressed till Jupiter with thunder and lightning frightens the horses of Diomedes. Realizing that Jupiter is helping the Trojans, Nestor turns the horses in flight. The 30 Greeks are driven back to their ships. Juno rouses Agamemnon to urge his warriors to stronger defense.

Agamemnon prays to Jupiter. Upon a sign of favor from Jupiter, the Greeks take courage. Diomedes slays Agelaüs. Teucer with his bow slays Orsilochus, Ormenus, Orphelestes, Dætor, Chromius, Lycophon, 5 Hamopaön, and Menalippus; and is praised by Agamemnon. Teucer tries to hit Hector with his arrows, but cannot. In one case the arrow he intends for Hector slays Priam's son, Gorgythion, and in another Hector's charioteer, Archeptolemus. Then Hector in rage wounds 10 Teucer with a jagged stone; and Teucer is carried back to the ships, toward which the Greek army is now being forced. Juno and Pallas, now take pity on the Greeks and mount their chariot to come and help them; but Jupiter perceives and sends Iris to warn them back. 15 They then return to Olympus, where Jupiter soon comes. Night falls, to the comfort of the Greeks. Hector assembles his leaders and addresses them. He commands fires to be kept through the night and a guard maintained, that the Greeks shall not escape without 20 bitter fight.

BOOK IX

In the Greek camp Agamemnon calls an assembly and speaks in sorrow, advising flight with the ships. The Greeks are long silent. Then Diomedes speaks and says that Agamemnon may take ship and go home 25 if he wishes; but that he will stay and, with those who stay with him, fight until Troy is taken. Nestor then rises and speaks. Upon his advice sentinels are posted for the night, and Agamemnon gathers his leaders at a feast. Nestor rises and speaks. He 30 reproaches Agamemnon for taking Briseis from Achilles and advises that efforts be made to conciliate Achilles. Agamemnon replies admitting frankly his

folly toward Achilles, and says: "Seeing I was a fool in that I yielded to my sorry passion, I will make amends and give a recompense beyond telling. In the midst of you all I will name the excellent gifts; seven tripods untouched of fire, and ten talents of gold and 5 twenty gleaming caldrons, and twelve stalwart horses, winners in the race, that have taken prizes by their speed. No lackland were that man, neither unpossessed of precious gold, whose substance were as great as the prizes my whole-hooved steeds have borne me off. And 10 seven women will I give, skilled in excellent handiwork, Lesbians whom I chose me from the spoils the day that he himself took stablished Lesbos, surpassing womankind in beauty. These will I give him, and with them shall be she whom erst I took from him, even 15 the daughter of Briseus. All these things shall be set straightway before him; and if hereafter the gods grant us to lay waste the great city of Priam, then let him enter in when we Achaians be dividing the spoil, and lade his ship full of gold and bronze, and himself choose 20 twenty Trojan women, the fairest that there be after Helen of Argos. And if we win to the richest of lands, even Achaian Argos, he shall be my son and I will hold him in like honour with Orestes, my stripling boy that is nurtured in all abundance. Three daughters are mine 25 in my well-built hall, Chrysothemis and Laodike and Iphianassa; let him take of them which he will, without gifts of wooing, to Peleus's house; and I will add a great dower such as no man ever yet gave with his daughter. And seven well-peopled cities will I give 30 him, Kardamyle and Enope and grassy Hire and holy Pherai and Antheia deep in meads, and fair Aipeia and Pedasos land of vines. And all are nigh to the salt sea, on the uttermost border of sandy Pylos; therein dwell men abounding in flocks and kine, men that shall 35 worship him like a god with gifts, and beneath his sway

fulfil his prosperous ordinances. All this will I accomplish so he but cease from wrath." ¹ Phoenix, Ajax, and Ulysses, with the heralds Hodiús and Eurybates, are sent to bear this offer to Achilles. Achilles receives
5 them graciously and sets meat and drink before them. After the eating and drinking, Ulysses fills a cup of wine and pledges Achilles. He tells Achilles how hard pressed the Greek army is and what great need there is of him. He begs him to join the attack against the
10 Trojans and recites the offer of gifts which Agamemnon has made. Achilles replies, saying that Agamemnon has been unjust in his distribution of prizes. Agamemnon has deceived him and he will not join with Agamemnon in fighting the Trojans, but will, at break
15 of day, prepare his ships and sail home. He will in no way hold counsel with Agamemnon; Agamemnon has deceived him and is no longer worthy of thought. No amount of gifts would lead him to do differently. Gifts are not to be valued in comparison with life, and
20 Thetis his mother has told him that twin fates are bearing him "to the issue of death." He says: "If I abide here and besiege the Trojan city, then my returning home is taken from me, but my fame shall be imperishable; but if I go home to my dear native land,
25 my high fame is taken from me, but my life shall endure long while, neither shall the issue of death soon reach me." ² He says they may go and give his answer to Agamemnon, but that he will be glad if Phoenix will stay with him and return with him to their
30 native land. Then Phoenix speaks of his past life and his love for Achilles. He urges Achilles to change his mind and not dishonor the petition of his friends, citing the case of Meleager. Achilles

¹ Lang, Leaf, & Myers, "The Illad of Homer," (Macmillan), p. 164.

² *Ibid.*, p. 173.

replies, saying that he will not change his mind, but begs that Phoenix stay with him. Ajax rises and upbraids Achilles for his stubbornness. Achilles still remains firm, and says that he will take no part in the fighting until Hector shall with fire actually touch the Greek ships. Then the ambassadors leave, except Phoenix, who remains with Achilles. Ulysses tells Agamemnon how he and his gifts are spurned by Achilles. Diomedes regrets that Agamemnon has besought Achilles and advises that Achilles be left to fight whenever he pleases, and that the armies of Agamemnon prepare to engage the Trojans at dawn. 5

BOOK X

Agamemnon cannot sleep. He goes to Nestor and tells him of his anxieties, and asks that he go with him to the sentinels, to whom already Menelaüs has been dispatched. Then Nestor rouses Ulysses and Diomedes. Nestor sends Diomedes to summon Ajax and Meges. They find the leaders of the sentinels awake. Meriones and Antilochus come, and all the leaders meet for counsel. Nestor first speaks and asks who will go as a spy into the camp of the Trojans to learn their plans. Diomedes replies that he will go, but advises that there be two who shall go together. Many volunteer to be the second. Agamemnon says that Diomedes may choose the second. Diomedes chooses Ulysses; and Ulysses eagerly consents. The two set forth praying to Pallas. Meanwhile Hector has called together the leaders of the Trojans and asks who will go as a spy among the Greeks, to learn their plans and condition. Dolon volunteers to go upon condition that Hector will 20 25 30

give to him the horses and chariots of Achilles. Hector agrees and swears to make the gift. Dolon passes toward the Greek army, but encounters Ulysses and Diomedes on their way to the Trojan camp. They
5 allow him to pass as if unobserved. Ulysses and Diomedes then turn and run after him until they finally take him. Dolon promises rich ransom if they will not slay him. Ulysses asks him why he has come out toward the Greek ships, and Dolon replies that Hector
10 sent him to spy upon the Greeks, to learn of their plan and condition. In reply to questions of Ulysses, Dolon tells of the watch and of the position of the various parts of the Trojan army. He tells them of the position of the Thracians and of their great horses.
15 Diomedes then slays Dolon. Ulysses and Diomedes go among the Thracians. Diomedes slays twelve men and last slays the sleeping king of the Thracians, Rhesus. Meanwhile Ulysses has bound together horses with thongs and drives them out, and he and Diomedes on
20 the advice of Pallas hasten toward the Greek ships. Apollo rouses one of the Thracians, who sees what has happened and calls up his sleeping companions. Diomedes and Ulysses arrive in the Greek camp and are welcomed by Nestor, whom they tell of their adventure.
25 Then they bathe and anoint themselves and pour forth wine to Pallas.

BOOK XI

Agamemnon rises and is armed for battle. The Greek warriors prepare for battle. Hector marshals the opposing Trojans, and the two armies meet in
30 combat. Agenor slays Bienor, Oileus, Isus, Antiphus, Pisander, and Hippolochus. Hector is drawn out of

danger by Jupiter. Iphidamas encounters Agamemnon, but falls before him. Then Coön, Iphidamas's brother, hurls his spear at Agamemnon, striking him in the arm and wounding him; but he too is slain by Agamemnon. In severe pain from his wound, Agamemnon retires to the ships. Hector, upon seeing Agamemnon retire, rushes to the front of the Trojans, according to advice sent shortly before by Jupiter, and rouses his men to fierce attack. Hector slays Assaeus, Autonous, Opites, Dolops, Opheltius, Agelaus, Æsymnus, Orus, and Hipponous. Ulysses and Diomedes shout to each other in encouragement and fight strongly. Hector sees them and rushes toward them. Diomedes hurls his spear at Hector, striking Hector's helmet, upon which the point of the spear is turned. Hector is, however, stunned by the blow; but he soon recovers, and, leaping into his chariot, drives back into the Trojan throng. Paris shoots an arrow at Diomedes, which passes through one of Diomedes's feet. Diomedes scorns the wound, and under the protection of Ulysses draws the arrow from his foot. The wound, however, forces Diomedes to retire to the ships, leaving Ulysses with the Trojans pressing upon him. Ulysses wounds Deiopis and Charops, and slays Thoön, Ennomus, and Chersidamas. Socus, the brother of Charops, hurls his spear and wounds Ulysses. As Socus starts to flee, Ulysses pierces him with his spear. Wounded, Ulysses retires with the Trojans pressing hard upon him. Menelaüs and Ajax come to the help of Ulysses, and lead him out of the press. Ajax slays Doryclus, and wounds Pandocus, Lysander, Pyrasus, and Pylartes. Meanwhile Hector is contending in another part of the field against Nestor and Idomeneus. The Greek leech Machaon is wounded, and Nestor takes him into his chariot and bears him to the ships. Ajax finally retires in anxiety for the Greek ships, fighting as he goes.

Eurypylus comes to the help of Ajax, slaying Apisaon, and in turn is wounded by Paris. Achilles observes Nestor bringing Machaon back to the ships, and sends Patroclus to inquire who it is that Nestor is bringing
5 wounded from the fight. Upon coming to Nestor, Nestor tells Patroclus of the wounded heroes in the ships, and speaks upbraidingly of Achilles's lack of compassion for the Greeks. He speaks of his own age and the deeds of valor he did when he was young like
10 Achilles; and reminds Patroclus of Menoetius's direction to speak words of profit and wisdom to Achilles. He upbraids Patroclus for being unmindful of this, and bids him now try to persuade Achilles to help the Greeks. He bids him tell Achilles that, if he is refraining from
15 battle because of some oracle, he shall then give his armor to Patroclus and send him forth in it, that the Trojans may believe Achilles is fighting. Patroclus then starts on his return to Achilles; but on his way he sees the wounded Eurypylus, and stops to dress his
20 wound.

BOOK XII

The Greeks are now retired to their ships back of their protecting wall. Hector tries to urge his horses across the deep ditch, which lies outside the wall. The horses, however, hold back frightened, and Polydamas
25 advises Hector that the horses be given in charge to the squires, and that the warriors cross the ditch on foot. The advice pleases Hector; the Trojans arrange themselves in five companies and start forward across the ditch for the Greek wall. At the head of the first com-
30 pany are Hector, Polydamas, and Cebriones; at the head of the second are Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor; at the head of the third are Helenus, Deiphobus, and Asius; at the head of the fourth are Æneas, Archelochus, and

Acamas; at the head of the fifth, made up of the allies, are Sarpedon, Glaucus, and Asteropæus. Asius does not wish to leave his horses as Polydamas has advised, and drives with squire and charioteer for the Greek wall. At the wall he finds a gate open, through which 5 retiring Greeks are passing. He drives through the gate, followed by his men. Many of the Greeks retire before the attack of Asius; but the Greek warriors Polypoetes and Leonteus stand firm before the gate, and then rush forth upon the coming Trojans. Polypoetes 10 slays Damasus, Pylon, and Ormenus. Leonteus smites Hippomachus with his spear, and with his sword forces to the ground Antiphates, and also slays Menon, Iâmenos, and Orestes. Meanwhile, as the Trojans following Hector and Polydamas are on the point of 15 crossing the ditch, an eagle appears above them with a live struggling snake in its talons. The snake wounds the eagle in the breast, and the eagle drops it in the midst of the throng. Considering this an omen, Polydamas urges Hector to retire without attempting to 20 attack the Greek ships. Hector disdains the advice of Polydamas, and the Trojans rush forward to the attack. They destroy buttresses and battlements. Stones are hurled by both armies. Sarpedon and Glaucus with their Lycians make a strong attack upon 25 the wall. The portion of the wall which they attack is guarded by Mnestheus, to whose aid Telamonian Ajax and Teucer hasten, finding many of the Trojans climbing upon the battlements. Ajax slays Epicles with a great stone. Teucer smites Glaucus with an 30 arrow, forcing him down from the wall. Sarpedon slays Alcmaon, and with his hands drags down the battlement from the wall. Ajax and Teucer then attack Sarpedon, who is forced to give ground a little. He urges his men to greater endeavor, and they again 35 attack the wall. The Lycians are not able to break

through the wall, and the Greeks on the other side are not able to drive the Lycians back from the wall. There is great bloodshed. Finally, at the shout of Hector, the Trojans rush in a mass upon the wall.

5 "And Hector seized and carried a stone that lay in front of the gates, thick in the hinder part, but sharp at point; a stone that not the two best men of the people, such as mortals now are, could lightly lift from the ground onto a wain, but easily he wielded it
10 alone, for the son of crooked-counselling Kronos made it light for him. And as when a shepherd lightly beareth the fleece of a ram, taking it in one hand, and little doth it burden him, so Hector lifted the stone, and bare it straight against the doors that closely
15 guarded the stubborn-set portals, double gates and tall, and two cross bars held them within, and one bolt fastened them. And he came, and stood hard by, and firmly planted himself, and smote them in the midst, setting his legs well apart, that his cast might lack no
20 strength. And he brake both the hinges, and the stone fell within by reason of its weight, and the gates rang loud around, and the bars held not, and the doors burst this way and that beneath the rush of the stone. Then glorious Hector leaped in, with face like the sudden
25 night, shining in wondrous mail that was clad about his body, and with two spears in his hands. No man that met him could have held him back when once he leaped within the gates: none but the gods, and his eyes shone with fire. Turning towards the throng he
30 cried to the Trojans to overleap the wall, and they obeyed his summons, and speedily some overleaped the wall; and some poured into the fair-wrought gateways, and the Danaans fled in fear among the hollow ships, and a ceaseless clamour arose." ¹

¹Lang, Leaf, & Myers, "The Iliad of Homer," (Macmillan), p. 243.

BOOK XIII

Neptune, "the Earth-shaker," comes to the Greeks in their extremity, and speaks to the two Ajaces, encouraging them to fight. He touches them with his staff and fills them with courage. Then Neptune urges on Teucer, Leitos, Peneleus, Thoas, Deipyros, Meriones, and Antilochus. The Greeks mass in close formation, and stay the advance of the Trojans, soon turning them back. Then Deiphobus, son of Priam, comes forward, whom Meriones attacks in vain. Teucer, from the Greek side, slays Imbrius. Hector hurls his spear at Teucer, missing him and slaying Amphimachus. Ajax then hurls his spear at Hector, forcing him back, until they are able to take the bodies of Amphimachus and Imbrius. Neptune seeks Idomeneus and urges him to greater fight. Meriones accepts a fresh spear from Idomeneus and hastens forward with him for battle. They are at once encountered by the Trojans. Idomeneus leaps forward and slays Othryoneus, and Asius, whose charioteer is slain by Antilochus. Deiphobus hurls his spear at Idomeneus, failing to strike him, but slaying Hypsenor. Idomeneus then hurls his spear and kills Alcatheüs. Upon the urging of Deiphobus, Æneas with Trojan followers rushes forward to encounter Idomeneus and his supporters. Æneas first hurls his spear; Idomeneus avoids it. Idomeneus slays Oenomas. Deiphobus hurls at Idomeneus, missing him and slaying Ascalaphus. Meriones wounds Deiphobus, who is forced to retire. Æneas slays Aphareus. Antilochus slays Thoöm. Meriones slays Adanas, who had attacked Antilochus. Helenus slays Deipyros. Helenus then shoots an arrow against the breast of Menelaüs, which, however, darts off. Menelaüs wounds Helenus in the hand. Pisander attacks Menelaüs, but is slain by a sword-stroke of Menelaüs. Menelaüs is then attacked by

Harpalion, who, retreating from attack, is slain by an arrow shot by Meriones. Paris with an arrow slays Euchenor. Meanwhile Hector, at another place in the field, is pressed by the hard fighting of the two Ajaces and their followers, and by the arrows hurled from the Greek forces over the heads of the Ajaces. Polydamas advises Hector to withdraw from the attack. Hector hastens to the leaders of his warriors and urges them on in the contest, testing the strength of the Greek force.

BOOK XIV

Nestor sees the Greeks retreating before the Trojans. He meets Diomedes, Ulysses, and Agamemnon. Agamemnon speaks to him discouragingly and advises that after night settles preparations should be made for flight in the ships. Ulysses upbraids Agamemnon for giving this advice. Diomedes advises that they go, though wounded, among their men, urging the contest, though themselves avoiding further wounds. This advice is accepted and they follow Agamemnon to the front. Neptune, in the form of a man, encourages Agamemnon and predicts flight of the Trojans. The shouts of Neptune put courage into the hearts of the Greek warriors. Juno, in Olympus, rejoices at the help Neptune is giving the Greeks; and, with a view to helping the Greeks farther, she bathes and adorns herself, borrows from Venus her broided girdle, which gives to the wearer Love and Desire, and secures from Sleep, upon promise of Pasithaë in marriage, a pledge to lull the eyes of Jupiter to sleep, when she shall have laid herself down beside him. Juno and Sleep then hasten to Jupiter, who is on the topmost crest of Ida. When Jupiter is overcome by love and sleep, Sleep hastens to Neptune and tells him to urge on the Greeks

while Jupiter sleeps. Neptune then leads with his great sword "like unto lightning," and is followed eagerly by Diomedes, Ulysses, Agamemnon, and their hosts. Hector has arranged his forces, and the Greeks and Trojans meet again in fierce combat. Hector 5 hurls his spear at Ajax, son of Telamon, but, striking where two belts cross the breast, the blow fails to kill. Then Ajax hurls a great stone at Hector, striking him on the breast and felling him to the ground. Against the Greeks who strive to drag Hector away, 10 Polydamas, Æneas, Agenor, Sarpedon, and Glaucus stand in opposition, and Hector is lifted and borne from the field. The departure of Hector gives fresh courage to the Greeks. Ajax, son of Oileus, wounds Satnius with his spear. Polydamas then slays Prothoenor. Seeing Prothoenor fall, Ajax, son of Telamon, 15 hurls his spear at the departing Polydamas, missing him, but slaying Archilochus. Acamas wounds Promachus, who in turn is himself driven back by Peneleus. Peneleus slays Ilioneus and bears his head aloft on his spear-point, boastingly deriding the Trojans, who are 20 now fleeing before the successful Greeks. Meanwhile Ajax, son of Telamon, has wounded Hyrtius. Antilochus has stripped spoils from Phalces and Mermerus; Meriones has slain Morys and Hippotion; Teucer has slain Prothoön and Periphætēs; Agamemnon has slain Hyperenor; and Ajax, son of Oileus, has slain many. 25

BOOK XV

Jupiter awakes and sees the Trojans driven in flight outside the wall and back across the deep trench, and Hector smitten on the field. He speaks in anger to Juno, upbraiding her for her deceit. Juno replies to Jupiter that it is not by her will that Neptune is driv-

ing back the Trojans, but in consequence of Neptune's own pity for the Greeks. She promises obedience to Jupiter's counsel. At Jupiter's command Juno hastens to Olympus and sends to Jupiter Iris and Apollo. She
5 speaks to the gods and goddesses complainingly of Jupiter and incites Mars to great anger over the death of his son Ascalaphus. Mars resolves to avenge his son's death and bids prepare his horses for battle. But Pallas dissuades him from his purpose. Meanwhile
10 Iris and Apollo have appeared before Jupiter at the summit of Mount Ida. Upon command of Jupiter, Iris goes to Neptune and gives him Jupiter's command to leave battle and go among the gods or into the sea. At first Neptune refuses to do as commanded, saying
15 that he is of equal authority with Jupiter; but upon advice of Iris changes his mind, threatening, however, his great wrath against Jupiter if the Greeks are not permitted to destroy Troy. Neptune then leaves the Greeks and sinks into the sea. Apollo then goes at the
20 command of Jupiter to Hector, who is now somewhat recovered from his wound. Hector rouses for the encounter and goes forward, urging his men on all sides against the enemy. At sight of Hector the Greeks are dismayed. Upon the advice of Thoas, the
25 greatest forces of the Greeks retire within the walls to the ships, while Ajax, Idomeneus, Teucer, Meriones, and Meges sustain the fight against Hector. The Trojans fight strongly, encouraged by Phœbus Apollo. Hector slays Stichius and Arcesilaus; Æneas slays
30 Medon and Iâsus; Polydamas slays Mecisteus; Polites slays Echius; Agenor slays Clonius; Paris slays Deïochus. Hector now commands that a direct attack be made upon the ships; and the Trojans rush forward, led by Apollo, who dashes down with his feet the banks
35 of the protecting ditch, making a bridge-way across. He strikes down before him the Greek wall. The

Greeks at the Greek ships pray to the gods for help. Nestor beseeches Jupiter that the Greeks may not be overcome. Seeing the attack upon the ships, Patroclus, who has been dressing the wound of Eurypylos, hastens away to Achilles. Meanwhile Hector attacks Ajax, 5 who has slain Calestor. Hector hurls his spear at Ajax, missing him and slaying Lycophron. Teucer comes to the help of Ajax and slays with an arrow Clytus, the comrade of Polydamas. Teucer aims an arrow against Hector, but Jupiter breaks the bow-string, and causes 10 the bow to fall from Teucer's hands. Teucer, however, arms himself with shield and spear, and takes his place beside Ajax. Hector exhorts the Trojans to stronger fight, as does Ajax the Greeks. Hector slays Schedius; Ajax slays Laodamas; Polydamas slays 15 Otus. Meges, hurling at Polydamas, strikes down Croesmus. Dolops attacks Meges, but is not able to pierce the protecting corselet. Meges with his spear strikes the crest of Dolops's helmet, bringing its plume to the dust. Menelaüs comes to the rescue of Meges 20 and slays Dolops. Urged by Menelaüs, Antilochus rushes forward against the Trojans and slays Melanippus. Hector then attacks Antilochus, who retires to the Greek ranks. Hector with the aid of Jupiter rushes on powerfully against the Greeks, who stand 25 nobly. Hector slays Periphes. Now the Greeks are pressed back to the protection of their ships. Nestor speaks, imploring the Greeks to fight manfully; and Ajax, rushing from ship to ship, urges his men to battle. Hector presses forward till he seizes the stern 30 of one of the ships, and commands that fire be brought and set to the ship. Ajax, fighting strongly, himself wounds twelve men who bring fire at the command of Hector.

BOOK XVI

While the fighting presses about the ships, Patroclus goes to Achilles and tells him of the distress of the Greeks, upbraiding him for his bitterness of heart. He begs Achilles that if, because of some oracle, he is prevented from fighting, he may himself be allowed to put on Achilles's armor and lead the army of Achilles against the Trojans. Achilles replies that he is not prevented from fighting by any oracle, but by the bitterness engendered in his heart by the unjust treatment he has received from Agamemnon. He will, however, yield so much as to give his armor to Patroclus and allow him to go out against the Trojans, inasmuch as the ships are now actually in danger. He commands Patroclus that when he has driven the Trojans from the ships he shall not press on after them toward Troy, but shall return. Meanwhile Hector has driven Ajax back, and fire is set to the ship that Ajax has been protecting. Seeing the flames, Achilles urges Patroclus to hasten his attack. While Patroclus is putting upon himself the armor of Achilles, Achilles summons his army, marshalled under his five leaders: Menestheus, Eudorus, Pisander, Phoenix, and Alcimedon. He exhorts them to fulfil now their many threats against the Trojans. He then pours a libation to Jupiter and prays to him that the warriors may have victory against the Trojans and that Patroclus may be returned unharmed to him. Following Patroclus, the army of Achilles rushes upon the Trojans. The Greeks who have been fighting around the ships take new heart, and all press with strength upon the enemy. Patroclus slays with his spear Pylæchmes. He drives the Trojans from the ships and puts out the fire that was consuming one of them. Patroclus slays Arielycus; Menelaüs slays Thoas; Meges slays Amphiclus; Antilochus slays Atymnius;

Thrasymedes slays Maris; Ajax, son of Oileus, slays Cleobulus; Peneleus slays Lycon; Meriones slays Acamas; Idomeneus slays Erymas. Hector retires beyond the trench. In the haste of crossing, many Trojan chariots are destroyed and left in the ditch. 5 Patroclus, in his chariot drawn by Achilles's immortal horses, rushes across the ditch in pursuit of Hector. Hector's fleet horses save him. Patroclus then turns and intercepts the flight of Trojans. He slays Pronoüs, Thestor, Euryalus, Erymas, Amphoterus, Epaltes, Tlepo- 10 lemus, Echius, Pyres, Ipheas, Evippos, and Polymelus. Sarpedon then comes upon Patroclus and leaps from his chariot to attack him. Patroclus leaps from his chariot. As they encounter, Patroclus first slays Thrasymedes, Sarpedon's squire. Sarpedon hurls his 15 spear at Patroclus, missing him and killing the horse Pedasus. Again Sarpedon misses Patroclus with his spear. Patroclus then hurls his spear and slays Sarpedon, the son of Jupiter. As Sarpedon is dying, he begs his comrade Glaucus to urge the Trojans to greater 20 fight and to prevent the Greeks from stripping his body of its armor. Glaucus prays to Apollo that he will heal the wound in his arm and give him strength to fight. Apollo hears his prayer. The pain in Glaucus's wound ceases and he has new courage. He rouses the 25 Trojan leaders to battle, and, led by Hector, they again strongly engage the Greeks. So the Greeks and Trojans fight about the body of Sarpedon. As Epigeus is laying hold upon the body of Sarpedon he is slain by Hector. Patroclus, grieved at the death of his com- 30 rade, rushes among the foremost fighters. He slays Stenelaüs, and the Trojans are pressed back a little way. As the Trojans rally, Glaucus slays Bathyclæus. Meriones slays the Trojan Laogonus. Æneas hurls his spear at Meriones, but misses him. Feeling that Jupiter 35 is favoring the Greeks, Hector leaps to his chariot and

commands the Trojans to flee. The Greeks then strip Sarpedon of his armor. Upon command of Jupiter, Apollo comes and bears away the body of Sarpedon to Lycia, that it may receive burial by his kinsmen. At
5 sight of the fleeing Trojans, Patroclus forgets the command of Achilles not to pursue to Troy and upon encouragement of Jupiter rushes after the Trojans. He slays Adrestus, Autonous, Echeclus, Perimus, Epistor, Melanippus, Elasmus, Mulus, and Pylartes. At the walls
10 of Troy the Trojans are roused by Apollo, who thrice forces Patroclus back as he is mounting the wall. As he tries a fourth time to mount the wall, Apollo speaks to him and commands him to retire, telling him that the city shall be taken by neither him nor Achilles.
15 Patroclus then retreats. Apollo rouses Hector, who leads the Trojans against Patroclus. Patroclus leaps from his chariot to receive the attack. Patroclus hurls a stone, slaying Cebriones, Hector's charioteer. Hector leaps from his chariot and contends with Patroclus for
20 the body of the dead charioteer. So the Greeks and Trojans fight over the body of Cebriones till it is finally carried away by the Greeks. Patroclus fights bitterly against the Trojans, slaying many, until Phœbus Apollo comes to him in a thick mist, and strikes from him to
25 the earth his helmet and shield. Apollo shatters Patroclus's spear and loosens his corselet. The Dardanian Euphorbus then smites him with his spear in the back. Euphorbus flies before Patroclus, who himself soon retreats, weakened by the stroke of Phœbus and
30 by the spear wound of Euphorbus. Hector retiring, attacks him, and pierces his body with his spear. As Patroclus is dying, Hector speaks to him scornfully of the attempt he has made against the Trojan forces. Patroclus replies, telling Hector that it is not he who
35 has overcome him, but that he has merely completed what Apollo and Euphorbus had begun. He tells Hec-

tor that his own fate will come soon at the hands of Achilles. Hector then pursues Automedon, Achilles's strong squire, who had been fighting with Patroclus; but he is borne away out of danger by Achilles's immortal horses. 5

BOOK XVII

Menelaüs comes and stands in defense over the body of Patroclus. Euphorbus to secure the body of Patroclus attacks Menelaüs. He strikes with his spear the shield of Menelaüs, which does not give way, and then is slain by Menelaüs. Roused by Apollo, Hector attacks 10 Menelaüs, forcing him back from the body of Patroclus. Realizing his inability to stand alone against the god-supported Hector, Menelaüs seeks Ajax, and they together return to rescue the body of Patroclus. Hector has stripped it of its armor and is dragging it 15 away; but upon the attack of Ajax and Menelaüs he leaps into his chariot and retires from the field. Glaucus upbraids Hector for retreating before Ajax and leaving the body of Patroclus, which, if possessed by the Trojans, might secure from the Greeks the 20 armor stripped from Sarpedon. Hector resents the idea that he was afraid to meet Ajax, and says that he had in retiring observed the intent of Jupiter. Hector then removes his own armor and puts upon him the armor of Achilles, stripped from Patroclus. He 25 addresses his leaders, urging them to strong battle, and then leads them in a charge against the Greeks, hoping to secure the body of Patroclus. The Greeks stand firm, encouraged by Jupiter. The Greeks later retire a little, but Ajax rushes back. He slays Hippothoüs, 30 who is attempting to drag away the body of Patroclus. Hector hurls at Ajax, missing him and slaying Schedius. Ajax slays Phorcys. The Trojans retire a little before the attack, and the Greeks strip the armor

from Hippothoüs and Phorcys. Upon encouragement of Apollo, Æneas rallies the Trojans. Æneas wounds Leocritus. The Greek Lycomedes slays Apisaon. Encouraged by Ajax and the protecting dark cloud
5 sent by Jupiter, the Greeks stand in close, solid form about the body of Patroclus. Hector sees the immortal horses of Achilles and is eager to secure them. He and Æneas with Chromius and Aretus go against Automedon and Alcimedon, to whose help in protecting the horses
10 come the Ajaces and Menelaüs. Automedon hurls his spear and slays Aretus. Hector hurls at Automedon, but misses him; and he with the other Trojans are pressed back. Meanwhile Pallas enters the ranks of the Greeks and encourages them to fight. At her
15 encouragement Menelaüs rushes upon the Trojans and slays Podes, the comrade of Hector. Apollo now rouses Hector to greater fight, and through his encouragement and that of Jupiter, Hector presses the Greeks hard. Polydamas wounds Peneleus; Hector wounds Leitus.
20 Idomeneus strikes with his spear the corselet of Hector, but the long spear breaks. Hector then hurls at Idomeneus, missing him and slaying Coeranus. Idomeneus then retires in his chariot from the fight. Upon prayer of Ajax, Jupiter removes the darkness.
25 Antilochus is sent to bear to Achilles the news of the death of Patroclus. Under the protection of the Ajaces, Menelaüs and Meriones secure the body of Patroclus, and as they attempt to bear it away, the conflict grows more intense between the Greek and Trojan
30 forces, the Greeks falling back.

BOOK XVIII

Antilochus comes to Achilles with word of the death of Patroclus and the loss of the armor. Achilles grieves bitterly, tears his hair, and covers himself with dust.

In his sorrow his mother Thetis appears to him. He tells her his sorrow over the death of Patroclus and over the loss of his armor. He resolves to go against Hector and slay him, though his mother tells him that his own death will follow close upon that of Hector. Thetis 5 bids him not go to war till she return in the morning with new armor from Vulcan. Meanwhile the Greeks are pressed back to the ships, contending all the way for the body of Patroclus. Iris now comes to Achilles with a message from Juno, urging him to go to the 10 rescue of Patroclus's body. About his shoulders Pallas casts her ægis, and around his head she sets a blazing cloud. Achilles goes and stands by the contending forces, not mingling with them, as he remembers the command of his mother. At his shout the Trojans are 15 dismayed, and the Greeks bear safely from the field the body of Patroclus. As the sun sets and the battle ceases for the night, the Trojan leaders assemble. Polydamas addresses them, advising that, as Achilles has appeared in the fight, they retire to Troy and fortify 20 the towers and gates of the city, within which he says Achilles never will be able to break. The advice does not please Hector and he commands that the attack upon the ships be renewed in the morning. Meanwhile the Greeks make moan all night for Patroclus, and 25 chiefly Achilles, who speaks to his followers sadly, and swears his vengeance against Hector and the Trojans. Then the body of Patroclus is washed and anointed, and he is laid upon a bier and covered with a white robe. Meanwhile Thetis appears before Vulcan and tells him 30 the story of the struggle between the Greeks and the Trojans, which has ended in the death of Patroclus and the loss of Achilles's armor. She begs that he make for her new armor for Achilles. Vulcan agrees readily, reminding Thetis of her past kindness to him. Vulcan be- 35 gins the work and fashions a great shield. On the shield

he makes representations of the earth, the heavens, the sea, the sun, the moon, and the constellations. He represents two cities. In one are marriage feasts, processions, dances, and music. In the assembly-place
5 are gathered people witnessing the legal contest between two men before the elders sitting in judgment. Around the other city are two armies in siege. There is ambush and bitter fighting. Vulcan also represents on the shield a fresh-plowed field, with
10 many plowmen, who are refreshed at the end of furrows with goblets of wine. He represents a harvest-field busy with men reaping and binding; beneath an oak, a feast is being prepared. There is a vineyard, heavy with grapes; maidens and children bear the
15 fruit in baskets; a boy makes music in the midst. He shows a herd of cattle with herdsmen and dogs attacking two lions, who have seized a bull. There is a pasture filled with white sheep and sheds and folds. He has also a dancing place, with maidens and youths
20 in fine dress dancing to the lyre of a divine minstrel. Around the rim of the shield he represents the great river of Ocean. When the shield is finished, he makes for Achilles a corselet and helmet and greaves. All these Thetis receives and bears away with her.

BOOK XIX

25 Thetis comes to Achilles and finds him mourning for Patroclus. She shows him the immortal armor made him by Vulcan and his spirit is roused for battle. He summons the Greeks to council. Achilles speaks, addressing Agamemnon, regretting the strife between
30 them, and saying that he will put aside his anger. Agamemnon replies that the Greeks have often upbraided him for his quarrel with Achilles, but that it was not he who sought it, but Jupiter and Destiny and

Erinnys. He had been blinded by Ate. He says that he is anxious to make amends and send great gifts to Achilles. Achilles replies, saying that the sending of gifts may be at Agamemnon's choice, and begs that all rouse themselves for battle. Ulysses speaks, advising that all take food and wine before going to battle, in order that they may fight the more strongly; that Agamemnon shall bring forth before the Greeks the gifts he will give Achilles, and that then Agamemnon shall prepare a rich feast of reconciliation. Agamemnon replies, saying that he will do as Ulysses counsels. Achilles speaks, saying that it would be better to attend to these things at some other time; that in his judgment the fighting should be done at once; and that later at the setting of the sun a mighty meal should be prepared. Ulysses's counsel, however, prevails. The gifts are brought forth. Achilles speaks, impatient for battle. The restored Briseis weeps before the body of Patroclus. Achilles in his grief for Patroclus will not partake of meat and drink. At the command of Jupiter, Pallas comes to Achilles and strengthens him for the battle. Achilles puts upon himself the new armor, and takes in his hand his father's heavy spear, which none but Achilles can wield. He mounts his chariot behind the immortal horses, driven for him by Automedon. Achilles addresses the immortal horses, asking that they bring him back safe from the battle, not leaving him there dead as they had left Patroclus. The horse Xanthus, given speech by Juno, replies that they will this day bear him safely, though Fate has decreed his death soon, and reminds Achilles that it was through Fate and not through sloth of theirs that Patroclus had been slain. Achilles replies that he knows of his coming death, but that he will not cease from fight till the Trojans have surfeit of war. So he speaks, and moves forward to battle.

Book XX

Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and directs them to go among the Trojans and the Greeks in the coming battle and help as they see fit; for he fears that if the mortals are left to their own strength Achilles will pass
5 the bound set by Fate, and take the city. At this command Juno, Pallas, Neptune, Hermes, and Vulcan go to the Greeks; and to the Trojans go Mars, Phœbus, Diana, Latona, Xanthus, and Venus. "So urged the blessed gods both hosts to battle, then themselves burst
10 into fierce war. And terribly thundered the father of gods and men from heaven above; and from beneath Poseidon made the vast earth shake and the steep mountain tops. Then trembled all the spurs of many-fountained Ida, and all her crests, and the city of the
15 Trojans, and the ships of the Achaians. And the Lord of the Underworld, Aidoneus, had terror in hell, and leapt from his throne in that terror and cried aloud, lest the world be cloven above him by Poseidon, Shaker of earth, and his dwelling-place be laid bare to mortals
20 and immortals—grim halls, and vast, and lothly to the gods. So loud the roar rose of that battle of gods."¹ Meanwhile Achilles searches eagerly for Hector. Urged by Apollo, Æneas presses forward to encounter Achilles. Upon advice of Neptune the gods retire
25 from the field and view the battle. Æneas presses forward to Achilles. Achilles addresses Æneas, asking him for what reward he has come to this encounter and reminding him of the time when he (Achilles) drove him in flight. He advises Æneas to retire. Æneas
30 replies, speaking of his own high birth, saying that he is not to be affrighted as if he were a child, and that it is not for them to talk, but to fight. He hurls his spear against the god-made shield of Achilles, failing

¹Lang, Leaf, & Myers, "The Iliad of Homer," (Macmillan), p. 401.

to pierce it. Then Achilles hurls his spear, piercing the edge of the rim of the shield of Æneas, and striking fast in the ground behind Æneas. Achilles then draws his sword and rushes toward Æneas, who raises a great stone in his hands to hurl at Achilles. Neptune, seeing Æneas's danger, rushes to the field, throws a mist before the eyes of Achilles, and bears Æneas high in the air with him away from the field. Neptune removes the mist from Achilles's eyes, and Achilles perceives that Æneas has again been saved from his fury by immortal aid. Achilles speaks, urging the Greeks to greater fight. Meanwhile Hector calls to the Trojans, saying that he will attack Achilles. Soon, however, upon advice of Phœbus Apollo, Hector ceases from seeking Achilles at the front of the armies, and retires among the Trojans to await there the attack of Achilles. Achilles dashes in among the Trojans. He slays Iphytion, Demoleon, Hippodamas and Polydoros, the son of Priam. Seeing his brother fall, Hector rushes upon Achilles, who rejoices at encountering the slayer of Patroclus. Hector hurls his spear at Achilles, but the spear is turned back by the breath of Pallas. Then Achilles rushes upon Hector, whom Apollo hides in mist; and Achilles turns against other Trojans. He slays Dryops, Demuchus, Laogonus, Dardanus, Tros, Mulius, Echeclus, Deucalion, Rhigmus, and Arethous. So Achilles fights. "Beneath great-hearted Achilles his whole-hooved horses trampled corpses and shields together; and with blood all the axletree below was sprinkled and the rims that ran around the car, for blood-drops from the horses hooves splashed them, and blood-drops from the tires of the wheels. But the son of Peleus pressed on to win him glory, flecking with gore his irresistible hands."¹

¹Lang, Leaf, & Myers, "The Iliad of Homer," (Macmillan), p. 414.

BOOK XXI

The Trojans, flying before Achilles, are divided into two parts: one fleeing across the plain toward Troy, the other throwing themselves into the immortal river, Xanthus. Achilles follows to the river, 5 leaping in after the fleeing Trojans and striking on all sides with his sword. He slays many of the Trojans and takes alive twelve young men as an atonement for Patroclus and binds them and sends them back to the ships. Achilles then meets Lycaon, 10 son of Priam, whom he slays in spite of Lycaon's prayers to be saved. He then encounters Asteropæus. Asteropæus hurls two spears at once at Achilles, one of which is warded off by Achilles's shield, the other grazes the elbow of Achilles's right arm, bringing the 15 blood. Achilles hurls his spear at Asteropæus, but misses him. Then Achilles with his sword rushes upon Asteropæus and slays him. Achilles speaks over the dead Asteropæus in contempt of the river-god, and boasts his own superior, Jupiter-given strength. 20 Achilles presses forward through the eddying water and slays Thersilochus, Mydon, Astypylus, Mnesius, Thrasius, Ænius, and Ophleustes. The River then calls in wrath to Achilles upbraiding him for his slaying of many Trojans and for choking the course of the stream 25 with dead bodies. The River beats savagely upon Achilles, who with difficulty keeps his feet. Struggling from the water, he starts to fly across the plain towards Troy. The River, however, rises behind him and dashes upon him again and again, until his strength is 30 nearly gone. Then Achilles prays to Jupiter for help, and Neptune and Pallas come and give him strength. Now more than ever the River rages against him, until

Juno, fearing Achilles will be destroyed, calls upon Vulcan for help. Vulcan then raises upon the plain a blazing fire, which parches the plain and stays the water. The bodies of Trojans and the trees along the bank are consumed by the fire, until the River cries for 5 mercy to Vulcan and Juno, saying that he will no longer be a helper of the Trojans. Vulcan then quenches the fire. Meanwhile the strife between the River and Vulcan has roused the anger of the gods and they strive together. Mars reproaches Pallas for matching 10 gods with gods. He reminds her of how she assisted Diomedes to wound him, and then rushes upon Pallas with his spear. Pallas is protected by her tasseled ægis. She grasps a great stone and hurls it at Mars, smiting him to the ground. Venus takes Mars by the hand and 15 leads him away groaning. Urged by Juno, Pallas follows and smites Venus to the ground, upbraiding her for the aid she has given the Trojans. Neptune speaks to Apollo, reproving him for the assistance he has given the Trojans. Apollo refuses to contend against 20 Neptune, his father's brother, though accused of cowardice by his sister, Diana. Juno becomes angry at Diana for the attitude she has taken, and, seizing her wrists with one hand, she boxes with the other the ears of Diana. Diana flies weeping to her father, 25 Jupiter. The other gods come also to Olympus, except Phœbus Apollo, who goes to Troy. Meanwhile Achilles presses on after the Trojans. Priam from the city sees the Trojans returning in flight before Achilles, and at his command the gates of the city are thrown open for 30 the entrance of the Trojans. To save the city from being taken by the Greeks, Apollo rouses Agenor to encounter Achilles. Agenor hurls his spear, striking one of the protecting greaves of Achilles, but failing to pierce it. Achilles then rushes upon Agenor, who is 35 snatched away by Apollo in a thick mist. Then Apollo

himself in a semblance of Agenor flees here and there before Achilles, beguiling Achilles away from the city, until the Trojans have all thronged into the city behind the protecting wall.

BOOK XXII

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panick fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls advancing o'er the fields, 5
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields
March, bending on, the Greeks embodied pow'rs,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow'rs.
Great Hector singly stay'd; chain'd down by fate,
There fixt he stood before the Scæan gate; 10
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns;
(The pow'r confest in all his glory burns)
"And what" (he cries) "has Peleus' son in view, 15
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain: 20
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantick rage attacks a god."

The chief incens'd—"Too partial god of day!
To check my conquests in the middle way:
How few in Iliion else had refuge found? 25
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground?"

- Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,
30 To cheat a mortal; who repines in vain.”
Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he towr'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with doubled ardor flies.
35 Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
40 And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age:
45 He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much lov'd son with feeble cries;
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scaean gates expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
50 And thus adjures him, with extended hands.
“Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
55 Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all th' immortals hateful as to me!

Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore
 And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
 How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
 Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd: 60
 Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
 To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
 Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore, }
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore, }
 And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more! } 65
 Oh if in yonder hostile camp they live,
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give?
 (Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their
 own,
 Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne)
 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost, 70
 All pale they wander on the Stygian coast;
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
 What anguish I? unutterable woe!
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
 Less to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee. 75
 Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
 Save thy dear life; or if a soul so brave
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs; 80
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curst with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
 Great Jove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain: 85

To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
90 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate
The last sad relick of my ruin'd state,
(Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!) must fall,
95 And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye gods! 'twas well:
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
100 Who dies in youth, and vigor, dies the best,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
105 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!"
He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
110 With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said.
"Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
115 The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!

If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
 Ah do not thus our helpless years foregoe,
 But by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120
 Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it!) should'st
 thou bleed,

Nor must thy corps lye honour'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse nor mother grace thee with a tear;
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains." 125

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents
 roll;

But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:
 Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.
 So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake 130
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
 When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire. 135
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind.

"Where lyes my way? To enter in the wall?
 Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
 Shall proud Polydamas before the gate 140
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
 Which, timely follow'd but the former night,
 What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?"

That wise advice rejected with disdain,
 145 I feel my folly in my people slain.
 Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,
 But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
 150 No—If I e'er return, return I must
 Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
 Or if I perish, let her see me fall
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
 And yet suppose these measures I forego,
 155 Approach unarm'd, and parly with the foe,
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
 The wife with-held, the treasure ill detain'd,
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
 160 With honourable justice to restore;
 And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
 Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd
 Greece
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought? unarm'd if I should go, }
 165 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe? }
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow. }
 We greet not here, as man conversing man
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
 No season now for calm familiar talk,
 170 Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
 War is our business; but to whom is giv'n
 To die or triumph, that, determine heav'n!"

Thus pond'ring, like a god the Greek drew nigh;
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
 The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand, 175
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
 And on his breast the beamy splendors shone
 Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.
 As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
 Struck by some god, he fears, recedes, and flies. 180
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
 Achilles follows like the winged wind.
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)
 Just when he holds or thinks he holds his prey, 185
 Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aerial way;
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
 No less fore-right the rapid chace they held,
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd; 190
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
 Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
 Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
 (A wider compass) smook along the road.
 Next by Scamander's double source they bound, 195
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;
 This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,
 With exhalations steaming to the skies;
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter-snows. 200
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;

- Where Trojan dames, (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
- 205 By these they past, one chasing, one in flight,
(The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might)
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day,
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife)
- 210 The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when some hero's fun'erals are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)
- 215 The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing gods lean forward from the sky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
- 220 The sire of mortals and immortals spoke.
"Unworthy sight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
- 225 Whose grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits, and the tow'rs of Troy:
Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
Consult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate)
- 230 Whether to snatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?"

Then Pallas thus: "Shall he whose vengeance
forms

The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath! 235

A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above,
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?"

"Go then" (return'd the sire) "without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way." 240

Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes, 245

Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field. 250

Oft' as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe.)
So oft' Achilles turns him to the plain: 255
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace,
One to pursue, and one to lead the chace,
Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course for-
sake,

Nor this can fly nor that can overtake. 260

No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.

What god, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?

265 Phœbus it was; who, in his latest hour,
Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with
pow'r:

And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
270 And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:

Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.

275 Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the
weight.

Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and triumphing, cries.

“Oh lov'd of Jove! this day our labours cease,
280 And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! Nor force, nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his god of light.

285 See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Rest here: my self will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.”

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
 Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd. 290
 While like Deïphobus the martial dame
 (Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)
 In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
 Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice
 bely'd.

“Too long, O Hector! have I born the sight 295
 Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
 It fits us now a noble stand to make,
 And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.”

Then he. “O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
 Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
 Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
 Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd
 more!

Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
 Defend my life regardless of your own.”

Again the goddess. “Much my father's pray'r, 305
 And much my mother's, prest me to forbear:
 My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,
 But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
 Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
 Let the steel sparkle, and the jav'lin fly: 310
 Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
 Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.”

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
 The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
 Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke; 315
 His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.

- "Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
 Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.
 But now some god within me bids me try
 320 Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
 Yet on the verge of battel let us stay,
 And for a moment's space, suspend the day:
 Let heav'ns high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
 The just conditions of this stern debate.
 325 (Eternal witnesses of all below,
 And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)
 To them I swear; if victor in the strife
 Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life;
 No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue;
 330 Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'rors due)
 The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more."
 "Talk not of oaths" (the dreadful chief replies,
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
 335 "Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
 Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
 Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
 Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
 To such I call the gods! one constant state
 340 Of lashing rancour and eternal hate:
 No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
 Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
 Rouze then thy forces this important hour;
 Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
 345 No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.

Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death."

He spoke, and lanch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But Hector shun'd the meditated blow: 350

He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.

Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy, 355
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.

"The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have mist. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune or thy own. 360

Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.

But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least, 365

My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy
heart!"

The weapon flew, its course unerring held,
Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd 370

The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.

Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear, 375

In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: Then, with a sigh,
“ ’Tis so—heav’n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem’d Deïphobus had heard my call,
380 But he secure lyes guarded in the wall.
A god deceiv’d me; Pallas, ’twas thy deed.
Death, and black fate approach! ’tis I must bleed.
No refuge now, no succour from above;
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
385 Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!
’Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!”

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew
390 And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove’s bold bird, high-balanc’d in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv’ring hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast his flaming shield he bears,
395 Refulgent orb! Above his four-fold cone
The gilded horsehair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at ev’ry step: (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov’d, his figure seem’d on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
400 Far-beaming o’er the silver host of night,
When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles’ spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
405 But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,

Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
 One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
 Gave entrance: thro' that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart: 410
 Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the pow'r
 Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
 While thus triumphing, stern Achilles cries.

“At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain, 415
 Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
 Then prince! you should have fear'd, what now
 you feel;

Achilles absent, was Achilles still.
 Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory lay'd. 420
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
 While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
 Thee birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.”

Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death. 425
 “By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
 By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
 Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
 The common rites of sepulture bestow,
 To sooth a father's and a mother's woe; 430
 Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
 And Hector's ashes in his country rest.”

“No, wretch accurst!” relentless he replies,
 (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)

435 "Not those who gave me breath shou'd bid me
spare,

Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.

Could I my self the bloody banquet join!

No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.

Shou'd Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,

440 And giving thousands, offer thousands more;

Should Dardan Priam, and the weeping dame

Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame;

Their Hector on the pile they should not see,

Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee."

445 Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;

"Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:

The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,

And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.

Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree

450 And angry gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;

Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,

And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate."

He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his lab'ring
breath,

And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;

455 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,

(The manly body left a load of clay)

And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,

A naked, wandering, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes

460 O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.

"Die thou the first! when Jove and heav'n ordain,

I follow thee"—He said, and stripp'd the slain.

Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
 The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.
 The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes 465
 His manly beauty, and superiour size:

While some ignobler, the great dead deface
 With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace.
 "How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late,
 Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate?" 470

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
 Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;
 And thus aloud, while all the host attends.
 "Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!

Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n 475
 The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
 Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!
 See, if already their deserted tow'rs

Are left unman'd; or if they yet retain
 The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain. 480
 But what is Troy, or glory what to me?

Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee
 Divine Patroclus! death has seal'd his eyes;
 Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
 Can his dear image from my soul depart, 485

Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
 If, in the silent shades of hell below,
 The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
 Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
 Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade. 490
 Meanwhile ye sons of Greece! in triumph bring
 The corps of Hector, and your Pæans sing.

Be this the song, slow-moving tow'rd the shore,
 'Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more.' "

495 Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,
 (Unworthy of himself, and of the dead)

The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted thro' the double wound;

These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,

500 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.

Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,

And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.

He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;

The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.

505 Now lost is all that formidable air;

The face divine, and long-descending hair

Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;

Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land!

Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!

510 And, in his parent's sight, now dragg'd along!

The mother first beheld with sad survey;

She rent her tresses, venerably gray,

And cast, far off, the regal veils away. }

With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,

515 While the sad father answers groans with groans,

Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,

And the whole city wears one face of woe.

No less, than if the rage of hostile fires

From her foundations curling to her spires,

520 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,

And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.

The wretched monarch of the falling state

Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate.
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force: 525
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of woe.
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun:
 Imploring all, and naming one by one.
 "Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls; 530
 I, only I, will issue from your walls,
 (Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)
 And bow before the murd'rer of my son.
 My griefs perhaps his pity may engage;
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age. 535
 He has a father too; a man like me,
 One, not exempt from age and misery,
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
 Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom, 540
 Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb?
 Thee, Hector! last: Thy loss (divinely brave)
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
 Oh had thy gentle spirit past in peace,
 The son expiring in the sire's embrace; 545
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
 And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
 To melt in full satiety of grief!"

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground, 550
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.

. Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears,

(A mourning princess, and a train in tears)

“Ah why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,

555 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?

O Hector, late thy parents pride and joy,

The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!

To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,

Her chief, her hero, and almost her god!

560 O fatal change! become in one sad day

A senseless corps! inanimated clay!”

But not as yet the fatal news had spread

To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;

As yet no messenger had told his fate,

565 Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.

Far in the close recesses of the dome,

Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;

A growing work employ'd her secret hours,

Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.

570 Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,

The bath preparing for her lord's return:

In vain: Alas! her lord returns no more!

Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!

Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,

575 And all her members shake with sudden fear;

Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,

As thus, astonish'd, to her maid she calls.

“Ah follow me!” (she cry'd) “what plaintive
noise

Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.

580 My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert,

A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.

Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
 (Ye gods avert it) threatens the Trojan state.
 Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
 But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast 585
 Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
 Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
 Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
 And sought for glory in the jaws of fate:
 Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath, 590
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death."

She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
 Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her steps pursue)
 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view. 595
 Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
 The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
 She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.
 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound, 600
 The net that held them, and the wreath that
 crown'd,

The veil and diadem, flew far away;
 (The gift of Venus on her bridal day)
 Around, a train of weeping sisters stands,
 To raise her sinking with assistant hands. 605
 Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
 She faints, or but recovers to complain.

"O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
 Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
 For sure one star its baneful beam display'd 610

On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
615 And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
620 An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
625 What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
630 He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
While those his father's former bounty fed,
635 Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
640 Shall cry, 'Begone! thy father feasts not here.'

The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn. 645
He, who with tender delicacy bred,
With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must—ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls 650
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou my Hector ly'st expos'd in air,
Far from thy parent's and thy consort's care, 655
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid, 660
And honour to the living, not the dead!"

So spake the mournful dame: Her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIII

The Greeks return to their ships, where all are disbanded but the followers of Achilles, who march with chariots and armor three times about the dead Patroclus bewailing his death. They then disarm and partake of
5 the funeral feast; and each retires to his rest except Achilles, who lies in an open place on the shore still mourning for his friend Patroclus. Finally sleep overcomes Achilles. In his sleep Patroclus appears to him, begging that Achilles hasten his burial so that he may
10 pass the gate of Hades. He reminds Achilles of his own coming fate, and begs that at his death their bones may be laid together. At early morn men go out under the direction of Meriones, the squire of Idomeneus, and fell trees and split them and bring the timber
15 to the camp. Then the followers of Achilles, with chariots and armor, march in procession with the body of Patroclus borne in the midst. At the place Achilles has selected the procession stops, and a great pyre is erected. Achilles cuts from his head a lock of hair,
20 and places it in the hands of Patroclus. On the top of the pyre is placed the body of Patroclus, and about the body are heaped the bodies of sheep and oxen, and jars of honey and oil. Then the bodies of four horses and two of Patroclus's dogs are thrown upon the pyre. Achilles
25 then slays with his sword the twelve captured Trojans, and throws their bodies upon the pyre. Then he sets fire to all, and the flames are carried high by the North Wind and the West Wind, who have been summoned by Iris at the prayer of Achilles. All night the
30 fire burns, and Achilles pours forth wine upon the earth and walks mourning about the pyre. When morning

comes and the fire goes down, what is left of it is quenched with wine; and the bones of Patroclus are gathered and put in a golden urn to be kept carefully until the death of Achilles. The burial mound is then raised where the pyre has stood. At the command of Achilles the people sit, and prizes are brought from the ships to be offered in the funeral games Achilles has decreed. First is announced the chariot race, the prizes for which are: for the winner, a woman skilled in handiwork, and a tripod; for the one who is second, a six-year-old mare with foal; for the one who is third, a caldron that has not been upon the fire; for the one who is fourth, two talents of gold; and for the one who is fifth, a two-handed urn. Eumelus, Diomedes, Menelaüs, Antilochus, and Meriones rise and make themselves ready for the contest. Toward the finish of the race Eumelus, who is leading, is pressed hard by Diomedes until Phœbus Apollo, to defeat Diomedes, snatches from him his whip. Pallas, observing what Apollo has done, restores the whip to Diomedes, and breaks the yoke of Eumelus, whose mares run off from the course, hurling Eumelus from the chariot. Antilochus, meanwhile, has been using his wits, as his father, Nestor, had advised him, and by crowding Menelaüs a little unjustly gets ahead of him. Diomedes finishes first, Antilochus second, with Menelaüs close upon him third. Meriones comes in fourth; and last comes Eumelus, driving his horses before him and dragging his chariot. Achilles, knowing Eumelus's skill and pitying his condition, says he will give to him the second prize, allowing to Diomedes the first. Antilochus objects to this, and upon his advice Achilles sends for the breast-plate that he had taken from Asteropæus, and gives it to Eumelus as a prize instead of depriving Antilochus of the second prize. Menelaüs then speaks making complaint against Antilochus, and

demanding that Antilochus swear that he did not intentionally get in the way of his chariot. Antilochus admits the truth of Menelaüs's charge, and asks Menelaüs's pardon. He brings the mare—the second prize—
5 and offers it to Menelaüs. Menelaüs is, however, entirely appeased by what Antilochus has said, and insists that Antilochus keep the mare, taking himself the caldron, the third prize. Meriones receives the two talents of gold, the fourth prize. As the fifth—the two-
10 handled cup—is not claimed, Achilles presents it to Nestor, who is too old to contest in the games. Then the prizes for the boxing-match are brought: a mule for the winner, and a two-handed cup for the loser. Epëus and Euryalus rise and prepare for the contest.
15 Epëus wins easily. The prizes for the wrestling match are then announced: for the winner, a tripod worth twelve oxen; and for the loser, a woman skilled in work, worth four oxen. Ajax, son of Telamon, and Ulysses rise and prepare for this contest. Neither is able
20 to conquer the other; and Achilles decrees equal prizes to both. Then the prizes for the foot race are brought: for the first prize, a chased mixing-bowl which had been given Patroclus by Eunæus, son of Jason, as a ransom for Lycaon, Priam's son; for the second prize,
25 an ox; and for the third prize, half a talent of gold. Ajax (Oileus's son), Ulysses, and Antilochus rise for this contest. Ulysses wins the race assisted by Pallas, who causes Ajax to stumble; Ajax is second; and Antilochus is third, whose good nature toward the older
30 men who have beaten him, with a compliment to Achilles, wins from Achilles an additional half-talent. Achilles then calls for those who will arm and contest with the spear. The one who shall first touch the flesh and draw blood is to receive the Thracian sword taken
35 by Achilles from Asteropæus; and both the contestants are to be served a feast and to possess in common the

spear, shield, and helmet which Patroclus had taken from the slain Sarpedon. Ajax (Telamon's son) and Diomedes rise, and are armed for the contest. Ajax strikes with his spear but does not pierce to the flesh. Then, as Diomedes seems to be pressing successfully 5 upon Ajax, the contest is stopped in fear for Ajax. The sword is awarded to Diomedes. Then a great metal disc which the strong Aëtion had used to hurl was brought and offered to him who should hurl it farthest. Polypoetes, Leonteus, Ajax (Telamon's son), 10 and Epëus rise and compete in this contest. Polypoetes wins, and is given the prize. Then the archers are called. Ten double-headed axes are offered for the first prize, and ten single-headed axes for the second prize. A mast is set up in the sand, and a pigeon tied by 15 the foot to the top of it. Teucer and Meriones rise for this contest. They take lots and Teucer shoots first. He misses the bird, but cuts the cord that binds its foot. As the bird flies upward Meriones takes the bow from Teucer and shoots an arrow which passes directly 20 through the body of the bird. Meriones receives the double-headed axes, and Teucer the single-headed axes. Then a spear and a caldron are offered as prizes for the best throwing of the javelin. For this contest Agamemnon and Meriones rise. Seeing Agamemnon rise, 25 Achilles grants the contest to him without trial.

BOOK XXIV

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Sought their black ships, and clear'd the crowded
strand;

All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.

5 Not so Achilles: He, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,

10 And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they
wrought,
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they
fought;

15 All past before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes

20 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves;
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd;

The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
 And thrice Patroclus! round thy monument 25
 Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
 There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
 While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcass lies, }
 But not deserted by the pitying skies.

For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care, 30
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
 And ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
 By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe: 35
 But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
 And th' unrelenting empress of the skies:
 E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
 What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,
 Won by destructive lust (reward obscene) 40
 Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
 But when the tenth cœlestial morning broke,
 To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke.

"Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
 Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain? 45
 And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
 Still grudge his body to the Trojans view?
 Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
 The last sad honours of the fun'ral fire?
 Is then the dire Achilles all your care? 50
 That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
 A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
 In strength of rage and impotence of pride,

- Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
 55 Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
 Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
 60 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
 A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
 But this insatiate the commission giv'n
 65 By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n.
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
 Hector's dead earth insensible of wrong!
 Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of man and God."
- 70 "If equal honours by the partial skies
 Are doom'd both heroes," (Juno thus replies)
 "If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
 Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
 But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
 75 His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
 Achilles of your own ætherial race
 Springs from a goddess, by a man's embrace;
 (A goddess by our self to Peleus giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)
 80 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
 Your selves were present; where this minstrel-
 god
 (Well-pleas'd to share the feast,) amid the quire

Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful
lyre."

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial
dame:

"Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
Their merits, nor their honours, are the same. } 85

But mine, and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay,
(The only honours men to gods can pay) 90

Nor ever from our smoking altar ceast
The pure libation, and the holy feast.

Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.

But haste, and summon to our courts above 95
The azure queen; let her persuasion move

Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corps to leave."

He added not: And Iris from the skies
Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies, 100

Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.

Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,

Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves 105
resound)

She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.
As bearing death in the fallacious bait

From the bent angle sinks the loaden weight;
So past the goddess thro' the closing wave,

- 110 Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave:
There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
Pensive she sate, revolving fates to come,
And wept her god-like son's approaching doom:
- 115 Then thus the goddess of the painted bow.
"Arise! O Thetis, from thy seats below.
'Tis Jove that calls." "And why" (the dame
replies)
"Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?
Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!
- 120 Ah! may my sorrows ever shun the light!
Howe'er be heav'n's almighty sire obey'd—"
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.
- 125 Then thro' the world of waters, they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies.
There in the light'nings blaze the sire they found,
- 130 And all the gods in shining synod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face,
(Minerva rising, gave the mourner place)
Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
- 135 She tasted, and resign'd it: Then began
The sacred sire of gods and mortal man:
"Thou com'st fair Thetis, but with grief o'er-cast,
Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!

Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares :
 But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares. 140
 Nine days are past, since all the court above
 In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove ;
 'Twas voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so :
 We will, thy son himself the corse restore, 145
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hye thee to him, and our mandate bear ;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far ·
 Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead : 150
 But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
 The mournful father Iris shall prepare,
 With gifts to sue ; and offer to his hands
 Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands."

His word the silver-footed queen attends, 155
 And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
 Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
 And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
 His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
 Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes. 160
 The goddess seats her by her pensive son,
 She prest his hand, and tender thus begun.

"How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow,
 And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe?
 Mindless of food, or love whose pleasing reign 165
 Soothes weary life, and softens human pain.
 Q snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,
 Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

- Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)
 170 Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far,
 No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
 Detain the relicks of great Hector dead;
 Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
 But yield to ransom, and restore the slain."
- 175 To whom Achilles: "Be the ransom giv'n,
 And we submit, since such the will of heav'n."
 While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian
 bow'rs
 Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs.
 "Haste, winged goddess to the sacred town,
 180 And urge her monarch to redeem his son;
 Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
 And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
 Alone, for so we will: No Trojan near;
 Except, to place the dead with decent care,
 185 Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
 May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
 Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
 Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
 Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
 190 Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
 Fierce as he is, Achilles self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair,
 Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save."
- 195 Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
 And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne

Sate bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with
groan.

And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,
(Sad scene of woe!) His face his wrapt attire 200
Conceal'd from sight; With frantick hands he
spread

A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam;
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy, 205
Lye pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears.

“Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care: 210
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: No Trojan near,
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand 215
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way. 220
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair,
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.”

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare 225

His gentle mules, and harness to the car,
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:
His pious sons the king's command obey.
Then past the monarch to his bridal-room,
230 Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say.
 "Unhappy consort of a king distrest!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
235 I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move,
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corps of Hector, at yon' navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impells to go
240 Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe."
 The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies.
 "Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind,
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind,
245 Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions known,
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown!
Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face
(O heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
To view that dreadful eye, and wander o'er
250 Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
255 No—pent in this sad palace let us give

To grief the wretched days we have to live.
 Still, still for Hector let our sorrows flow,
 Born to his own, and to his parents woe!
 Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
 To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son! 260
 Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
 My rage, and these barbarities repay!
 For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
 Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
 He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight, 265
 And fell a hero in his country's right."

"Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
 With words of omen like a bird of night."
 (Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)

" 'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain. 270
 Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
 Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
 A present goddess brought the high command,
 I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
 I go, ye gods! obedient to your call: 275
 If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
 Content—By the same hand let me expire!
 Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
 One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
 And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!" 280

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew
 Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,
 As many vests, as many mantles told,
 And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold.
 Two tripods next and twice two chargers shine, 285

With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace)
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,

290 For one last look to buy him back to Troy!

Lo! the sad father, frantick with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.

295 "What make ye here? officious crowds?" (he
cries)

"Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.

Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there?

Am I the only object of despair?

Am I become my people's common show,

300 Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?

No, you must feel him too; your selves must fall;

The same stern god to ruin gives you all.

Nor is great Hector lost by me alone;

Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!

305 I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,

I see the ruins of your smoking town!

Oh send me, gods! e'er that sad day shall come,

A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!"

He said, and feebly drives his friends away;

310 The sorrowing friends his frantick rage obey.

Next on his sons his erring fury falls,

Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,

His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,

Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the seer,

And gen'rous Antiphon: For yet these nine 315
Surviv'd, sad relicks of his num'rous line.

“Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain! 320
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew, 325
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'ers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?” 330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, embost with costly pains, 335
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariots polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd. 340
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan king.)

- 345 But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd and harness'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
- 350 Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine)
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands.
- 355 "Take this, and pour to Jove: that safe from
harms,
His grace restore thee to our roof, and arms;
Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:
Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
- 360 Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead thy way with heav'nly augury:
Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space.
- 365 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the god his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice."
" 'Tis just" (said Priam) "to the Sire above
- 370 To raise our hands, for who so good as Jove?"
He spoke, and bad th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring;
(Her ready hands the ew'er and bason held)

Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd,
 On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine, 375
 Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.
 "Oh first, and greatest! heav'ns imperial lord!
 On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
 To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
 And teach him mercy when a father prays. 380
 If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
 Thy sacred bird, cœlestial augury!
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race
 Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space.
 So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above, 385
 Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove."
 Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on
 high
 Dispatch'd his bird, cœlestial augury!
 The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
 And known to gods by Perenos' lofty name. 390
 Wide as appears some palace gate display'd,
 So broad his pinions stretch their ample shade,
 As stooping dexter with resounding wings
 Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
 A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears; 395
 The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
 Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;
 The brazen portal in his passage rung.
 The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
 Charg'd with the gifts; Idæus holds the rein, 400
 The king himself his gentle steeds controuls,
 And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls.

On his slow wheels the following people wait,
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate,
 405 With hands uplifted, eye him as he past,
 And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.
 Now forward fares the father on his way,
 Thro' the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
 Great Jove beheld him as he crost the plain,
 410 And felt the woes of miserable man.
 Then thus to Hermes. "Thou whose constant
 cares

Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd,
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.
 415 Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent,
 And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent."
 The god obeys, his golden pinions binds,
 And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
 That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain,
 420 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main:
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
 And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
 425 A beauteous youth, majestick and divine,
 He seem'd, fair offspring of some princely line!
 Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
 And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
 What time the herald and the hoary king
 430 Their chariot stopping, at the silver spring
 That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,

Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.

Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies

A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries.

"I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware; 435

This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:

For much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:

Our state asks counsel; is it best to fly?

Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,

(Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call?" 440

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;

Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;

Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;

A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:

When Hermes greeting, touch'd his royal hand, 445

And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand.

"Say whither, father! when each mortal sight

Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?

Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,

Thro' Grecian foes, so num'rous and so strong? 450

What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures

view,

These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?

For what defence alas! couldst thou provide?

Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide.

Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread; 455

From me, no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head;

From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines

The living image of my father shines."

"Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind

Are true, my son!" (the godlike sire rejoind) 460

“Great are my hazards; but the gods survey
 My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
 Hail, and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind
 Appears thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.”

465 “Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;”
 (The sacred messenger of heav’n reply’d)

“But say, convey’st thou thro’ the lonely plains
 What yet most precious of thy store remains,
 To lodge in safety with some friendly hand?

470 Prepar’d perchance to leave thy native land.
 Or fly’st thou now? What hopes can Troy retain?
 Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain!”

The king, alarm’d. “Say what, and whence
 thou art,

Who search the sorrows of a parent’s heart,

475 And know so well how god-like Hector dy’d?”
 Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus reply’d.

“You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:

On this sad subject you enquire too much.

Oft have these eyes that godlike Hector view’d

480 In glorious fight with Grecian blood embred:

I saw him, when like Jove, his flames he tost

On thousand ships, and wither’d half an host:

I saw, but help’d not: Stern Achilles’ ire

Forbad assistance, and enjoy’d the fire.

485 For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;

One ship convey’d us from our native place;

Polyctor is my sire, an honour’d name,

Old like thy self, and not unknown to fame;

Of sev’n his sons, by whom the lot was cast

To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last. 490
 To watch this quarter my adventure falls,
 For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
 Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
 And scarce their rulers check the martial rage."

"If then thou art of stern Pelides' train," 495
 (The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
 "Ah tell me truly, where, oh where are laid
 My son's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
 Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
 Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?" 500

"O favour'd of the skies!" (thus answer'd then
 The pow'r that mediates between gods and men)
 "Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
 But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
 This the twelfth evening since he rested there, 505
 Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
 Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
 Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead;
 Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb, or face,
 All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace, 510
 Majestical in death! No stains are found
 O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound
 (Tho' many a wound they gave) Some heav'nly
 care,

Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
 Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led 515
 A life so grateful, still regard him dead."

Thus spoke to Priam the cœlestial guide,
 And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd.

"Blest is the man who pays the gods above
 520 The constant tribute of respect and love:
 Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
 My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
 And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
 Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.
 525 But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take,
 A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
 And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,
 Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way."

To whom the latent god. "O king forbear
 530 To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
 But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
 What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
 Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
 535 Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence;
 And as the crime I dread the consequence.
 Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
 Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way,
 On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
 540 O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main."

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
 And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash
 around:

Before th' inspiring god that urg'd them on,
 The coursers fly with spirit not their own.
 545 And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
 The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;
 On these the virtue of his wand he tries,

And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
 Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
 And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. 550
 Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
 And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
 Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
 With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
 And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state, 555
 (The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.
 Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
 A solid pine-tree barr'd of wond'rous length;
 Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty
 weight,
 But great Achilles singly clos'd the gate. 560
 This Hermes (such the pow'r of gods) set wide;
 Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
 And thus, reveal'd—"Hear prince! and under-
 stand
 Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
 Hermes I am, descended from above, 565
 The king of arts, the messenger of Jove.
 Farewell: To shun Achilles' sight I fly; }
 Uncommon are such favours of the sky, }
 Nor stand confest to frail mortality. }
 Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs; 570
 Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
 His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
 Whatever pity that stern heart can know."
 Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
 And in a moment shot into the skies: 575

The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.

With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:

580 There sate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
These serv'd his person at the royal feast,
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made;

585 And prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

590 As when a wretch, (who conscious of his crime
Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: Thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprize;

595 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke,

“Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!

600 In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!

Yet now perhaps, some turn of human fate
605 Expells him helpless from his peaceful state;

Think from some pow'rful foe tho see'st him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry,
 Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
 And hearing still may hope, a better day 610
 May send him thee to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
 Yet what a race? e'er Greece to Ilion came,
 The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame; 615
 Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
 How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled?
 Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.
 Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel 620
 Unhappy, in his country's cause he fell!

For him, thro' hostile camps I bent my way,
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
 Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear:
 Oh hear the wretched, and the gods revere! 625

Think of thy father, and this face behold!
 See him in me, as helpless and as old!
 Tho' not so wretched: There he yields to me,
 The first of men in sov'reign misery.
 Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace 630
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;
 Suppliant my childrens murd'rer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!"

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire. 635

Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
 The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;
 And now the mingled tides together flow:

640 This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
 A father one, and one a son, deplore:
 But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
 And now his sire he mourns, and now his friend.
 Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran; }
 645 One universal, solemn show'r began; }
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as man. }

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
 The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
 650 On his white beard and form majestick gaz'd,
 Not unrelenting: Then serene began
 With words to soothe the miserable man.

“Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou
 known?”

Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone
 655 To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
 Rise then: Let reason mitigate our care:
 660 To mourn, avails not: Man is born to bear.
 Such is, alas! the gods severe decree;
 They, only they are blest, and only free.
 Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
 The source of evil one, and one of good;

From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ill;
 To most, he mingles both: The wretch decreed
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;
 Pursu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
 Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and
 pow'r?

What stars concurring blest his fatal hour?
 A realm, a goddess, to his wishes giv'n, 675
 Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n!
 One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day,
 No race succeeding to imperial sway:
 One only son! and he (alas!) ordain'd
 To fall untimely in a foreign land! 680
 See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
 In riches once, in children once excell'd;
 Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign, } 685
 And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
 And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main. }
 But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
 What sees the sun, but hapless heroes falls? 690
 War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;

- Thou can'st not call him from the Stygian shore,
 695 But thou alas! may'st live, to suffer more!"
 To whom the king. "Oh favour'd of the skies! }
 Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies }
 On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies. }
 Oh give me Hector! to my eyes restore
 700 His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from
 Troy;
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give
 A weak old man to see the light and live!"
 705 "Move me no more" (Achilles thus replies
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes)
 "Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
 To yield thy Hector I my self intend:
 For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came,
 710 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame)
 Nor com'st thou but by heav'n; nor com'st alone,
 Some god impells with courage not thy own:
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd }
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd }
 715 To pass our outworks, or elude the guard. }
 Cease, lest neglectful of high Jove's command
 I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more."
 720 The sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
 Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad:
 Automedon and Alcimus attend,

Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend;
 These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
 And led the hoary herald to the tent; 735
 Next heap'd on high the num'rous presents bear
 (Great Hector's ransome) from the polish'd car.
 Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
 They leave; to cover, and enwrap the dead.
 Then call the handmaids with assistant toil 730
 To wash the body, and anoint with oil;
 Apart from Priam, lest th' unhappy sire
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouze to ire
 The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age
 Nor Jove's command, should check the rising 735
 rage.

This done, the garments o'er the corpse they
 spread;

Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:

Then, while the body on the car they laid,
 He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade.

"If, in that gloom which never light must 740
 know,

The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below;
 O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
 (Restoring Hector) heav'ns unquestion'd will.
 The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
 To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine." 745

He said, and entring, took his seat of state,
 Where full before him rev'rend Priam sate:
 To whom, compos'd, the god-like chief begun.
 "Lo! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son:

- 750 Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;
 And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
 The sight is granted to thy longing eyes. }
 But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
 Demand refection, and to rest invite:
- 765 Nor thou O father! thus consum'd with woe,
 The common cares that nourish life, foregoe.
 Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
 A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids
- 760 In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
 These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
 Those, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
 So was her pride chastiz'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
- 765 But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
 Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
- 770 (For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone:)
 The gods themselves at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
 Herself a rock (for such was heavens high will)
 Thro' desarts wild now pours a weeping rill;
- 775 Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs
 The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings,
 There high on Sipylus his shaggy brow,
 She stands her own sad monument of woe; }
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow! }

Such griefs, O king! have other parents known; 780
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
 The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
 Nor shall he lye unwept, and uninterr'd;
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
 And all the eyes of Ilion stream around." 785

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hyde,
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays, 790
 And hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast. 795
 When now the rage of hunger was repress,
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest;
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
 His god-like aspect and majestick size;
 Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage, 800
 And there, the mild benevolence of age.
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
 (A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke.

"Permit me now, below'd of Jove! to steep
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep: 805
 For since the day that numbred with the dead
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
 Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
 My only food my sorrows and my sighs!

810 Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live."

With that, Achilles bad prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
815 And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.

Then he: "Now father sleep, but sleep not here,
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any Argive, (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel or our orders take,)

820 Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer.

But say with speed, if ought of thy desire
825 Remains unask'd; what time the rites require
T' inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaut'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey."

"If then thy will permit" (the monarch said)
"To finish all due honours to the dead,

830 This, of thy grace, accord: To thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town,
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.

Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
835 The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!"

"This thy request" (reply'd the chief) "enjoy:
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy."

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840
 The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
 Where fair Briseïs bright in blooming charms
 Expects her hero with desiring arms.
 But in the porch the king and herald rest,
 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast. 845
 Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
 Industrious Hermes only was awake,
 The king's return revolving in his mind,
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
 The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head: 850
 And "Sleep'st thou father!" (thus the vision said)
 "Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
 Nor fear the Grecian foes, nor Grecian lord?
 Thy presence here shou'd stern Atrides see,
 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee, 855
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
 To spare thy age; and offer all in vain!"

Wak'd with the word, the trembling sire arose,
 And rais'd his friend: The god before him goes,
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand, 860
 And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.
 When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove,
 (Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
 The winged deity forsook their view,
 And in a moment to Olympus flew. 865
 Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
 Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:
 Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion goe
 The sage and king, majestically slow.

- 870 Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire,
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,
Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier:
A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
875 Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries.
 "Turn here your steps, and here your eyes
 employ,
 Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
 If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight
 To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
880 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
 Your common triumph, and your common woe."
 In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,
 Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains.
 In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,
885 And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
 At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
 The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
 Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair:
890 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
 But god-like Priam from the chariot rose:
 "Forebear" (he cry'd) "this violence of woes,
 First to the palace let the car proceed,
895 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead."
 The waves of people at his word divide,
 Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
 Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:

They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
 A melancholy choir attend around, 900
 With plaintive sighs, and musick's solemn sound:
 Alternately they sing, alternate flow
 Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
 And nature speaks at ev'ry pause of art. 905
 First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
 Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
 And "oh my Hector! oh my lord!" she cries,
 "Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone! 910
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
 An only son, once comfort of our pains,
 Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,
 Or with increasing graces glad my eyes: 915
 For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
 Shall sink, a smocking ruin on the plain.
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
 Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er, 920
 (Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore!
 Thou too my son! to barb'rous climes shalt goe,
 The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
 Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword;
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord. 925
 Or else some Greek whose father prest the plain,
 Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain;
 In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,

- And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
930 For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?
935 And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which sadly
 dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!"
- 940 Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part.
"Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,
945 And by th' immortals ev'n in death below'd!
While all my other sons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost
Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
950 Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain)
Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
955 No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below."

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes 960
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.
 "Ah! dearest friend! in whom the gods had
 join'd

The mildest manners with the bravest mind!
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
 Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore; 965
 (Oh had I perish'd, e'er that form divine
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
 Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
 A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
 When others curst the auth'ress of their woe, 970
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
 If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train, }
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain. }
 For thee I mourn; and mourn my self in thee, 975
 The wretched source of all this misery!
 The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
 Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone!
 Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,
 In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!" 980

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
 But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose.
 "Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require, 985
 And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre;

Twelve days, nor foes, nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead."

- He spoke; and at his word, the Trojan train
990 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour thro' the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
- 995 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was born the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
1000 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn;
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
- 1005 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold;
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
1010 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train.
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
- 1015 Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

NOTES

BOOK I

1, 2. In later editions,

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly goddess, sing!

Which is clearer?

2. *O Goddess*. The poet addresses that one of the nine Muses who presides over epic poetry. This function was given, in late classic times, to Calliope. Look up the subject in Smith's *Classical Dictionary*.

3. *Pluto*, god of the lower world; in Greek he is named Hades, which name was afterwards transferred to his kingdom. *Reign*, kingdom, from the Latin *regnum*.

5. *Unbury'd*. For the significance of this fact, look up the belief of the Greeks regarding the necessity of burial. The story of *Antigone*, one of the dramas of Sophocles, turns upon this belief.

7. *Atrides*, refers here to Agamemnon, son of Atreus. The suffix *-ides* denotes "son of." Give an example of a parallel modern usage.

8. Compare the meter of this line with that of the preceding seven.

11. *Latona's son*, Apollo. Latona (or Leto) gave birth to Apollo and Artemis in the island of Delos.

12. *And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead*. Homer says, "the folk began to perish."

13. *King of men*, Agamemnon. The reference in this line is to the refusal of Agamemnon to restore Chryseis to her father, and his driving the old man from the Grecian camp, as narrated in the ensuing lines.

15. Is this paragraphing good?

18. *Awful*, full of awe, awe-inspiring. *Ensigns*, Chryses' insignia of office as priest of Apollo. Pope has changed

Homer's "fillet of Apollo the Far-darter upon a golden staff," to "the sceptre and the laurel crown." The mark of the suppliant in Greece was always the fillet of wool, bound about a staff.

22. *Brother-kings*, the two sons of Atreus: Agamemnon and Menelaus.

28-30. How many kinds of appeal does Chryses make in this speech?

28. *Chrusēis*. The suffix *-is* denotes "daughter of." Cf. note to l. 7, above.

32. *Fatr*, woman, lady. This was a conventional poetic term in Pope's time.

36. *Presumptuous*. What is the syntax of this word? Would not a modern writer naturally use an adverb?

45. *Argos*, the name of a country and its capital, in the Peloponnesus, ruled over by Agamemnon. The name is often used in a general sense for Greece.

49. *Nor*. In later editions the word appears *not*.

52. *The god who darts around the world his rays*, Apollo, called by Homer "the Far-darter," an epithet which Pope sees fit to expand.

53. *Smintheus*. This title of Apollo's has never been satisfactorily explained. It is said by old commentators to be derived from the Greek word *σμήθος*, a field-mouse, and to mean "destroyer of field-mice." It may, again, be derived from the town of Sminthé, in the Troad.

54-56. *Cylla*, a town in the Troad; here, and in the neighboring island of *Tenedos*, Apollo had famous shrines. *Chrysa* is a neighboring town.

61. *Attends*, listens to, hears.

68. *Feather'd fates*. A conventional paraphrase, meaning simply "arrows." Cf. l. 82, above; also "main" for "sea," in l. 50, above.

72. *Fires*. For the burning of the dead. Later editions have "pyres."

84. *Explore*. A pompous substitute for "seek out."

85. *Wastful*, wasting, destructive.

89. *Aton'd*. Construction? Is the word used in its ordinary sense?

108. *Controul*, self-restraint.

124. *Black-ey'd*. This epithet is Pope's, not Homer's. It replaces Homer's "quick-glancing" or "bright-eyed."

129. *Black choler*, or black bile, was supposed to be connected with the passion of anger. Cf. the modern words "choleric" and "melancholy."

133. *Still*, always. Cf. Shakspeare's usage;

. . . your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous.

Macbeth, III, i, 21, 22.

143. *Olytemnestra*, wife of Agamemnon, and sister of Helen.

161. *Resume*, take back again, after having bestowed it in fair division of spoils.

162. *Born*, borne.

175. *Or . . . or*, either . . . or. Cf. *Nor . . . nor*, neither . . . nor, l. 118, above.

185. *Sable shp*. The epithet "black" is constantly applied to ships by Homer.

187. *Creta's king*, Idomeneus.

190. *Achilles*. The sign of possession is wanting, as is frequently the case. Cf. ll. 229, 356, 674, below, and others. It will be noticed that Pope's usage, or the printer's, in this matter is not consistent. Cf. also ll. 347, 348, 372, below.

192. Notice the artificial and unHomeric antithesis; also in l. 198, below.

194-6. Cf. Homer: "Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind."

Bryant: Ha, thou mailed in impudence, and bent on lucre.

Cowper: Atrides, glorious above all in rank,
And as intent on gain as thou art great.

Chapman: King of us all, in all ambition
Most covetous of all that breathe.

201. *Pitha*, a city of Thessaly, in which Achilles lived.

210. *Ungrateful*. Construction?

228. The Greeks held uncompromisingly the doctrine of the "divine right of kings."

239. *Myrmidons*, a people on the southern borders of Thessaly, who accompanied Achilles to the Trojan war.

246. *Radiant eyes*. Homer has "fair-cheeked."

257. *This*, in opposition to *that*, in l. 255.

265. *Confest*, revealed.

268. *Sparkled from her eyes*. Much weakened from the Greek, *δεινὰ δὲ οἱ ὄσσε φάεσθαι*, "terribly shone her eyes."

294. Note the alliteration in this and other lines; e. g. l. 455, below; VI. 135; XXIV. 407. *Senate* is artificial in its connotation.

300. *Horrid*, bristling, from Latin *horridus*. The idea of dreadfulness is a derived one, but is also present in the word as used here.

309. *Sacred sceptre*. Handed by a herald to any speaker before the assembly, as a sign that he "had the floor."

320. The line is typical of Pope's tendency to exaggerate the simple Homeric conceptions.

328. *Again*, back.

330. *Pyltan sage*. Nestor was from Pylos, in the Peloponnesus.

341. The student will notice that throughout the poem the gods take sides in the conflict. They are really the forces that decide the immediate result of any combat.

347-350. *Pirithous*, king of the Lapithae, a fabulous people of Thessaly, famed for their struggles with the Centaurs. *Dryas*, *Ceneus*, and *Polyphemus* were heroes of the Lapithae. *Theseus*, a legendary hero of Athens, helped his friend Pirithous in the wars of the Centaurs.

355-357. The occurrence of three consecutive rhyming lines is marked by Pope with a brace.

371. *Join'd*. Notice the rhyme, which indicates the changed pronunciation of the word since Pope's day.

392. *Doom'd*, adjudged. Cf. *doom* in l. 8 above.

402. Note the friendship of Achilles and Patroclus. Can you mention similar friendships in history or in literature?

407. *With the conduct gras'd*, i. e., given the honor of conducting Chryseis to her home.

430. *Awful distance*, reverent or respectful distance.

482. *Decent*, fitting, becoming. Cf. Latin *decent*; also 1 Cor. xiv. 40: "Let all things be done decently and in order."

452, 458. Later changed to:

Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

461. *Doom*. Achilles had been told by his mother that he was destined to an early death. He was killed by a poisoned arrow, thrown by Paris.

469. *Ocean*, the sea-god Oceanus, identified by Pope with Nereus.

478, 479. There was a city in the Troad, ruled over by Aëtion, father of Hector's wife, Andromache. This city had been sacked in one of the predatory expeditions which the Greeks made into the surrounding Troad during the siege.

518, 519. The references are to Juno and to Minerva and Neptune (l. 519).

525. *He that shakes the solid earth*. Neptune, as Pope has noted in the margin of the first edition.

581. *Embrace his knees*. The attitude of supplication; the left arm clasped the knees and the right hand was lifted to touch the chin of the person appealed to.

550. *Can*. The old usage did not limit *can* to its modern use as an auxiliary only; cf.

They can well on horse-back.

—*Hamlet*, IV. vii, 85.

555. The student should locate *the warm limits of the farthest main* on some Homeric map, e. g., Gayley, p. 813.

570. *Hecatomb*, properly an offering of a hundred oxen, but used loosely to signify any large public offering to the gods.

588. Here no doubt Pope flattered himself that he had an exceptionally clever line, because of the balanced phrases.

584. *Darting king*, Apollo, the Far-darter.

598. *Distinguish'd*. Is the word used with exactly the modern meaning?

596. *Attend*, listen. Cf. l. 61 above.

603. *Selected to the gods.* The choicest bits of meat were laid aside to be burned for the gods; the rest was roasted and eaten by the men.

604. *Cawl*, caul, fold of intestinal membrane loaded with fat.

615. *Libations*, wine poured upon the ground as an offering to the gods.

616. 'Crown'd, filled to the brim.

634-639. Compare the simple prose translation: "But he sat by his sea-faring ships, still wroth, even the heaven-sprung son of Peleus, Achilles fleet of foot; he betook him neither to the assembly that is the hero's glory, neither to war, but consumed his heart in tarrying in his place, and yearned for the war-cry and for battle."

643. *Aethereal.* The word is spelled in various ways in the first edition. In l. 515, above, it is "aethereal"; in l. 554, "etherial."

650, 651. Cf. note on l. 531, above. "Leaf suggests an origin in the action of the 'wounded warrior, who, with the left arm, clasps the knee of his victor to hamper his movement, and with the right hand turns aside his face so that he cannot aim the fatal blow until he has heard the appeal for mercy.'" ¹

665. *Dear.* This word was formerly applied to anything which powerfully affected the emotions; cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 182: "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven." Also *Othello* I, iii, 259: "And I a heavy interim shall support by his dear absence."

676, 677. Jupiter's fear of Juno's jealousy is very human, but detracts oddly from his dignity.

698. *Artful manager of heav'n*, for Homer's "Thou crafty of mind."

713. Homer says, "Hera, the ox-eyed queen."

714. *Saturnus*, son of Saturn. Jupiter deposed Saturn and made himself king of the gods in his stead.

719. *Consult*, consultation. *Silver-footed queen*, Thetis, mother of Achilles.

¹ Longman's English Classics, "The *Iliad* of Homer," p. 25.

728. This and immediately succeeding lines remind us of Pope's *Essay on Man*.

731. *What is, that ought to be.* This seems an anticipation on Pope's part of the famous phrase in the *Essay on Man*: "Whatever is, is right."

741. *Architect divine.* Vulcan built the palaces of the gods on Olympus.

753. *Double bowl.* There is some doubt whether this means a cup shaped like an hour-glass or a cup with two handles.

764. With this line and the two lines immediately preceding it, cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, l. 740, ff.

. . . and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; . . .

BOOK VI

1. *Heaven forsakes the fight.* In Book V. Minerva, Venus, Juno, Apollo, and Mars had taken part in the fighting.

5. Pope has in the margin of his first edition opposite this line, "Scamander and Simois."

6. *Purple*, used in the old sense, synonymous with "red." It also had formerly a more general significance, *i.e.*, "bright or glowing in color."

11. *Imprest*, used in a stronger sense than is common in modern English.

36. *Hell*, Hades, the underworld, the abode of the shades.

46. *Spartan spear.* Homer's words are, "Now did Menelaus of the loud war-cry take Adrastus alive." Menelaus was king of Sparta.

61. *Told*, counted. Cf. *bank-teller*, and *tolling* (of a bell). Also cf. Milton's *L'Allegro*, l. 67:

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Here "tells his tale" means "counts his number" (of sheep).

67. *Furious, thus.* What word is to be supplied?

68-76. The stilted rhetoric of these lines is especially out of place in this exciting juncture of the story.

81, 82. Cf. Homer: "And Atreus' son set his heel upon his chest and plucked forth his ashen spear."

91. *Helenus*, son of Priam and brother of Hector. He was a priest, but was not thereby debarred from fighting.

101. *Wives*. A possessive, with the apostrophe omitted. Cf. *Immortals*, Book VI. l. 169; *Trojans*, Book XXIV. l. 47.

108. *Our mother*, Hecuba.

113. *Mantle*. The *peplos*, a woman's garment, was a frequent offering to Athene, in her capacity of patron goddess of the domestic arts.

117. *Atton'd*, atoned. Cf. Book VI. l. 344.

144. *The shield's large orb behind his shoulders cast*. Perhaps Pope had in mind Milton's description of the shield of Satan. Cf. the passage, *Paradise Lost*, Book I., 284-291.

161-174. Diomed fears that Glaucus, who advances so fearlessly to meet him in single combat, may be a god, and tells the story of Lycurgus, the austere Law-giver, to prove what vengeance falls upon mortals when they dare oppose the immortals. The discursiveness with which this story is told, and still more the long family legends which follow, seem oddly out of place in the rush and hurry of battle. These interruptions, however, are frequent in epic poetry.

181-186. Note the long simile, characteristic of Homer, and of epic poetry directly or indirectly inspired by him. Particularly fine examples occur in Book XXII.

198. *Ephyre*, the early name of Corinth.

201. *Antæa*, wife of Proteus and queen of Argos.

214. *Nine days he feasted*. It was a point of honor in Homeric Greece to refrain from asking a guest's business until he had been entertained.

223. This is certainly a pretty bad line. Can you discover why it is so disagreeable in sound?

229. *Amazons*. A nation of warlike women, who lived apart from men and were renowned for their fierceness and courage.

242. *One fair daughter*. Her name was Laodameia. Her story has been beautifully treated by Wordsworth.

250. Women who died suddenly and without pain were said to be slain by Diana (Phœbe).

261. The lines which follow are significant as showing the sacredness attached by the Greeks to the ties of hospitality.

262. What is the significance of this action?

275. *Pledge, i. e.,* pledge of guest-friendship; the reference is to the golden goblet just mentioned.

279-281. Notice the triple rhyme, ending with a hexameter.

284. *Die, i. e.,* dye.

288. *The gallant chiefs alight.* Up to this time they have been standing in their war-chariots.

291. Homer says: "But now Zeus, son of Kronos, took from Glaukos his wits."

292-294. These lines illustrate the primitive use of cattle as money. Look up the derivation of "pecuniary."

297. *Scæan gate.* This was on the west side of the city, overlooking the enemy's camp.

310. *Domes,* a conventional term for any building of large dimensions.

311. What criticism should you make on this line?

314. *Laodice* was the daughter of Hecuba.

316. *Strict embrace.* Is "strict" used in the modern sense? What is the derivation?

322. The use of *Bacchus* for "wine" is a bit of eighteenth century euphuism.

329-333. Cf. Homer: "Bring me no honey-hearted wine, my lady mother, lest thou cripple me of my courage and I be forgetful of my might."

364. *Revolv'd.* Is the usage modern? Supply an equivalent.

365. *Dies, i. e.,* dyes.

371. *Awful, i. e.,* with hearts full of awe. *Palladian dome;* the temple of Pallas (Minerva), where the *Palladium*, an ancient statue of the goddess, was preserved. How did the modern use of the word *palladium* arise?

383. *Grateful,* means "pleasing to the goddess," not "betokening gratitude."

404. *Ardent*, angry.

409. *Close*, secret or private; not openly declared.

421. *Conscious shame and grief*, occasioned by the defeat which he had suffered at the hands of Menelaus, in the previous fighting.

465. The prose translation from this point to the end of the book, will furnish abundant material for comparison, with a view to criticising Pope's style.

466. *Second joy*. What does Pope mean?

524, 525. Cf. note to Book I., 478, 479.

539. *Hippoplacta*, a poetical equivalent of Thebe, Andromache's birth-place.

543. See note to line 250, above.

557. *Dictated*. How accented here?

579-589. Andromache, according to post-Homeric legend, was taken as a captive by Neoptolemus, son of Achilles, to his home in Thessaly. Racine's drama *Andromaque* deals with this legend.

583. *Hyperia's spring*. Hyperia was a famous spring in Messenia.

606. *Purchase*, secure, acquire.

626. *Antedate my doom*, *i. e.*, "cause me to die before my destined time."

655. *In height of blood*, *i. e.*, "in the exultation of his strength."

BOOK XXII

14. *Confest*. See note on l., 265.

36. *Careful*, full of care, anxious.

39. *Orion's dog*, Sirius, the dog-star, from which the "dog-days" are named. Orion is a constellation named for a great hunter. The constellation which immediately precedes it is called his Dog, and Sirius is the brightest star in this constellation. Its influence was supposed to be baneful.

What is the construction within the parenthesis in this line?

45. *Obtests*, here means "implores," "calls imploringly upon."

56. This line was later changed to: To all the gods no dearer than to me.

68-65. The mother of Polydore and Lycaon was La-othoë, probably Hecuba's predecessor as wife of Priam.

71. *Stygian coast*. On the banks of the Styx, one of the four rivers of Hades, the spirits of the dead waited to be ferried across by Charon. The developed myth belongs to a post-Homeric period.

112. *Zone unbrac'd*. Zone properly means belt or girdle. It is here loosely used for the ornamental brooch or clasp which fastened the outer robe (*peplos*) over the shoulder.

126. *So they*. What must you supply?

129. *Expects*. Supply a synonym.

130. *Den*. Is this not a loose use of language? Supply the more exact word.

140, 141. See outline of Book XVIII., above.

154. *Forego*. Cf. the old-fashioned spelling in l. 118, above.

158. *The wife with-held*, i. e., Helen.

175. *Better*. Explain.

180. Hector's fear and flight are so thoroughly out of keeping with that hero's character that this passage is believed by some critics to be a late interpolation, made with a view to enhancing the renown of Achilles.

188. *Shoots upon his wings*; the unusual phrase is successful in suggesting the rapid swoop of the bird upon its prey.

189. *Fore-right*, right to the fore; straight ahead.

216. *Rais'd*, excited.

241. *Tritonia*, one of the epithets of Minerva.

244. *Beagle*, hunting dog.

247. *Vapour in the tainted dew*. Vapour here means scent. In what sense is "tainted" used?

276. *Hell receives the weight*. This is really tautological, the meaning being merely that Hector's doom was to be sent to Hades, the shadow land of the dead.

284. *God of light*. What god is meant?

285. *He*. What is the antecedent?

291. *Martial dame*. A weak eighteenth century circum-

location for Minerva, who here takes the form of Hector's favorite brother.

311. *Or . . . or, either . . . or.* Cf. *Nor . . . nor*, in l. 386, below.

314. *Dardan hero.* Hector is so called from the legendary ancestor of the Trojans, Dardanus.

360. What would be the prose equivalent of this line?

371. *Mortal*, deadly. *Resulting*, rebounding; look up the derivation of the word and account for its ordinary-modern meaning.

392. *Truss*, seize and bear away.

404. *Meditates the wound*, tries to see a place where a wound may be inflicted.

436. *Prevalence*, power of prevailing; efficacy.

445. The semicolon at the end of this line, before the quotation, indicates the lack of definiteness of punctuation in Pope's time. We have had in similar positions the period and the colon.

449-458. The prophecy of Hector was fulfilled when Paris wounded Achilles in the heel with a poisoned arrow guided by Apollo.

487. This line later is: *If, in the melancholy shades* below.

497. The pronouns are rather confusing; "his" means of course Hector's.

499. *Rolling wain*, a very clumsy expression for chariot; wain means properly wagon.

584. *Omen.* Is the word used in its ordinary sense? Supply a synonym or an equivalent phrase.

611. See note on l. 539, Book VI.

661. *Honour to the living.* The burning of the garments will reflect honor upon the living, because it is a semblance of the rites which should be paid to the dead body itself.

BOOK XXIV

25. *Monument.* In Book XXIII, after the burning of the body of Patroclus is described, Homer says: "Then with lamentation they gathered up the white bones of their gentle comrade into a golden urn . . . and covered it

with a linen veil. And they marked the circle of the barrow, and set the foundations thereof around the pyre, and straightway heaped thereon a heap of earth."

30. *Superior*, more than mortal.

37. *Empress of the skies*, Juno, wife of the "king of mortals and immortals."

38. *Implacable* modifies *empress*, in the line preceding.

42. *Cæstrial*, celestial, from the Latin, *caelum*, heaven.

56, 57. The Greek word here rendered as *shame* has two meanings. In one signification it is a laudable thing, a restraining sense of what is due and proper; in another signification it is an unworthy thing, an unbecoming bashfulness and timidity; hence it is here called "the greatest evil and the greatest good."

66. *Dishonest*, used in the sense of Latin *dishonestus*, unseemly, dishonorable.

96. *Azure queen*, Thetis, who, as a dweller in the ocean depths, is endowed with their color.

99. *Iris*, the special messenger of Jupiter, as Mercury is the messenger of all the gods.

101. *Meteorous*, meteor-like. Notice the accent.

106-108. To give us an idea of the swiftness of Iris's descent, Homer compares it to the plunge of the lead on a fishing-line when thrown into water.

108. *From the bent angle*. Angle is here used for hook. Why then does the poet say that the lead sinks *from* the angle? Perhaps because the lead, being heavier, sinks first and drags the hook after it in its descent.

112. *Blue-haired*. This epithet, as well as *azure* (l. 96, above) is Pope's, not Homer's.

139. *Suffice, we know*; let it suffice that we know.

182. *Bear what stern Achilles may receive*, bear a ransom which Achilles may deem sufficient.

185. The quiet beauty of the line is thoroughly restful.

191. *Achilles*. Cf. l. 221, below, *Achilles*'.

238. *Navy*. The phrase is an oddly modern rendering of Homer's "beside the black-prowed ships."

272. Distinguish among *augur*, *priest*, and *seer*.

273. *Present goddess*, a goddess manifest to the senses.

274. *The word shall stand, i. e.,* her command shall be obeyed.

281. *From forth, later was, "forth from."*

283. *Told.* See note on VI., 61, above.

285. *Chargers.* Charger is an obsolete term for a large dish or platter. The daughter of Herodias demanded of Herod that the head of John the Baptist be given her "in a charger."

286. *Talents.* A talent was equivalent, according to some authorities, to about one thousand dollars in modern money.

333. *Cabinet.* Pope probably means the box containing the smaller and more costly treasures. The word here translated "cabinet," however, means in Homer the body of the chariot, which was detached from the running-gear when not in use.

337. Pope evidently did not wholly understand Homeric harness, as a comparison with the prose translation will show.

342. *Wain, wagon.* Cf. *I. Henry IV.*, II., i, 2: "Charles' wain is over the new chimney." Also *Evangeline*: "Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore."

373. *Ew'er, ewer.*

375. *On the mid pavement,* really on the altar which stood in the middle of the inner court in the Greek palace.

390. *Known to gods by Peraios' lofty name.* Homer's words are: "Zeus . . . sent forth an eagle, surest omen of winged birds, the dusky hunter called of men the black eagle" (*περκνός*). *Περκνός* is elsewhere a general term meaning dark or dusky.

421. *Wand.* Hermes carried, as symbol of his office, a rod twined with snakes. This rod (*caduceus*) had the power of inducing and of dispelling sleep, and of causing dreams.

431. *Ilus' ancient marble,* the mound, monument, or tomb of Ilus. Ilus was the grandfather of Priam, and gave his name to Ilium (Troy).

446. *Demand, inquiry, question.* Cf. *Othello*, V., ii. 301.

457. *Lines, lines of the face; lineaments.*

498. *Relicks, from Latin relicta, remains.*

529. *Latent god.* Is the adjective used in the ordinary sense?

545. *Naval walls,* the walls of the Greek encampment, on the shore where the ships were beached.

590-598. Is the comparison an apt one? Make clear the points of similarity and dissimilarity in the things compared.

598-607. Notice that Priam attempts to melt Achilles by calling to his mind the image of his aged father, and by suggesting a possible similarity of misfortune, before he introduces the real object of his visit.

641. This and the preceding line are typical of the highly balanced structure of Pope.

645. *One universal, solemn show'r began.* This is, of course, overdrawn and affected.

681, 682. The pronouns are confusing; *him* refers to Achilles, *his* to Peleus, the father of Achilles.

721. Achilles has decided to yield to Priam's request, but cannot do so without agitation and bitter memories.

745. *Manes,* ghost or spirit, thought of as holding some sort of communication with the living, and capable of being pleased or pained by their actions.

764. *Match'd her own with bright Latona's line.* Niobe, proud of her six sons and six daughters, boasted of her superiority to Latona, who had only two children, Apollo and Diana (Cynthia). In punishment the male children of Niobe were destroyed by Apollo, and the female children by his sister.

774. *Deserts,* deserts.

776. *Wat'ry fairies.* Pope confuses the fairies of northern story with the nymphs of Greek myth.

777, 778. On Mt. Sipylus, in Lydia, there is to be seen to-day a curiously shaped rock, which may have given rise to this legend.

805. *Careful,* full of care.

844. *Porch,* properly the vestibule or forecourt leading into the main hall.

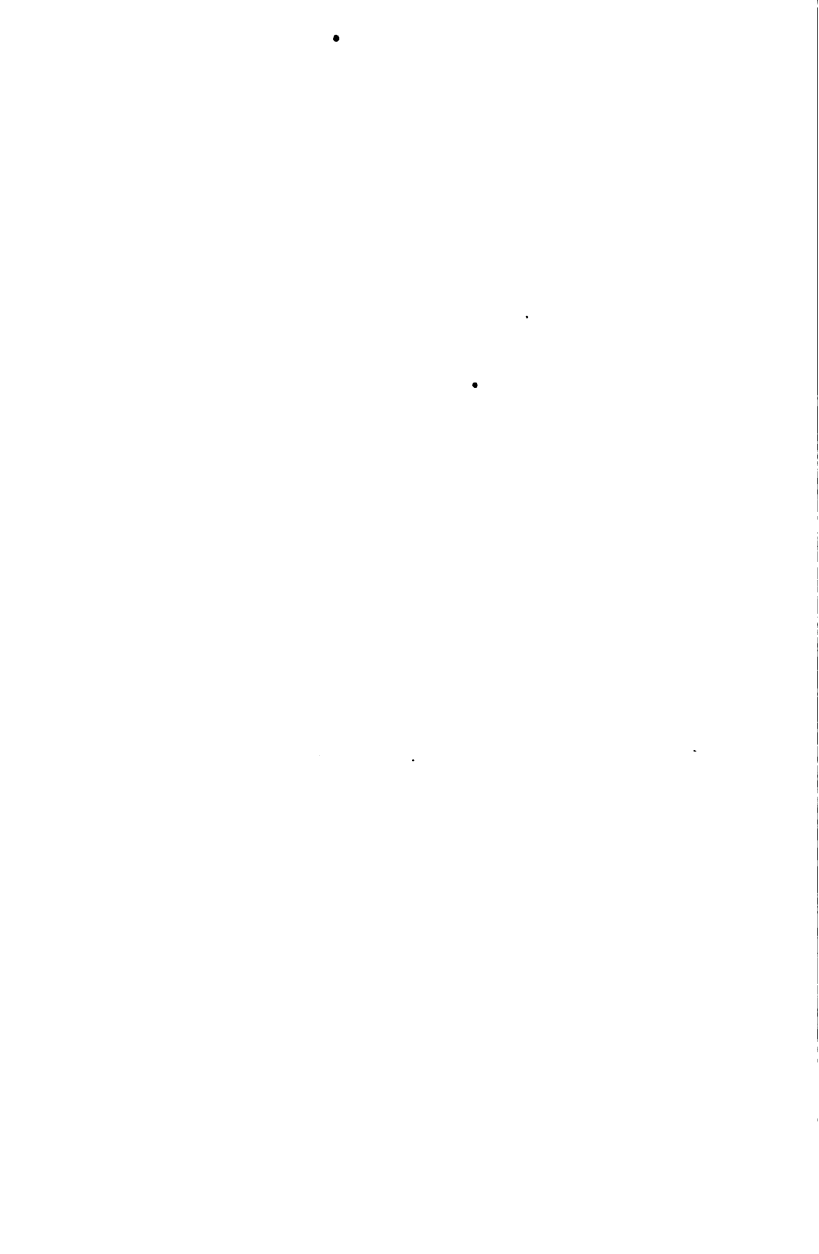
862. *Xanthus' yellow stream,* has been mentioned several times earlier in the poem under the name Scamander.

870. *Cassandra.* This daughter of Priam is represented in post-Homeric story as a priestess and prophetess; as such she figures in the *Aeneid*.

898. This line may be paraphrased: "They accompany the sad procession even to the palace."

962-980. The lamentation of Helen over the body of Hector, following upon that of Andromache and Hecuba, remarkably enhances our sense of the nobility of the hero's character.

964, 965. The statement of Helen that she has spent "twice ten years" in Troy, is difficult if not impossible to reconcile with the rest of her story. It is probably an inconsistency which found a lodgment in the text before the poem was committed to writing.



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PUBLISHERS

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