



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

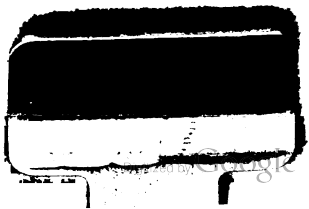
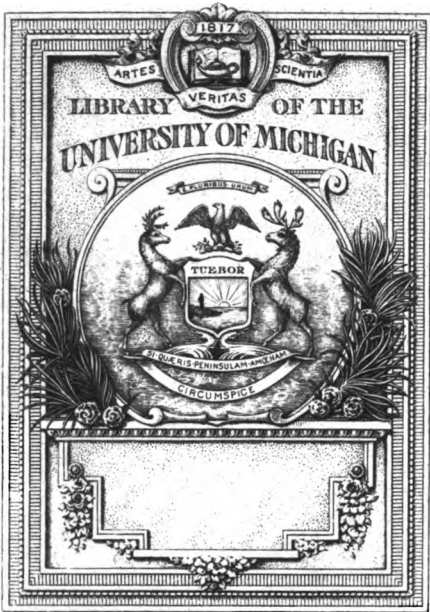
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



888
182
tB9
1871

Homerus

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VOLUME II.



BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.

1871.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

L.B.

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & Co.,
CAMBRIDGE.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

BOOK XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE FOURTH BATTLE.

	Page
Descent of Neptune in Aid of the Greeks. — His Exhortations addressed to the Chiefs. — The Trojans harangued by Hector, and the Battle renewed with great Fury. — Hector's Advance checked by the Ajaxes, who rally the Greeks. — Exploits of Meriones and Idomeneus. — Idomeneus forced to retire by Deiphobus and Æneas. — The Trojans, hard pressed on their left, are rallied by Hector. — Reproof of Paris by Hector, and mutual Defiance of Hector and Ajax	I

BOOK XIV.

THE FRAUD PRACTISED ON JUPITER BY JUNO.

Consultation of Agamemnon with Nestor, Diomed, and Ulysses. — Proposal of Agamemnon to withdraw from Troy by Night opposed by Ulysses. — Visit made by these wounded Chiefs to the Battlefield, in order to encourage the Army. — The Cestus of Venus borrowed by Juno, who deceives ^{COZENS} Jupiter to her Chamber , where he falls asleep. — Neptune meanwhile actively aids the Greeks, who commit great Slaughter. — Hector wounded by Ajax	38
---	----

BOOK XV.

THE FIFTH BATTLE AT THE SHIPS.

The Anger of Jupiter on awaking appeased by Juno's Denial that she had instigated Neptune to aid the Greeks. — Iris despatched to recall Neptune from the Field. — Mars, enraged at the Death of his Son Ascalaphus and arming to aid the Trojans, is restrained by Minerva. — Hector healed by Apollo. — His Return to the

135134

Field. — The Greeks driven back to the Ships by the Trojans, who attempt to set the Fleet on Fire. — Defence of the Ships by Ajax	61
---	----

BOOK XVI.

THE SIXTH BATTLE. — DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Patroclus permitted by Achilles to take Part in the War, on Condition that he will return after repulsing the Trojans from the Fleet. — His Preparations for the Battle, putting on the Armor of Achilles, and summoning the Myrmidons to follow him. — Alarm of the Trojans on seeing him, supposing him to be Achilles. — His Exploits. — The Trojans driven back from the Fleet. — Death of Sarpedon. — The Trojans pursued by Patroclus, contrary to the Command of Achilles, to the Walls of Troy. — Patroclus disarmed by Apollo, wounded by Euphorbus, and slain by Hector	94
---	----

BOOK XVII.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE.

Contest for the Body of Patroclus, which is guarded by Menelaus. — Death of Euphorbus. — Retreat of Menelaus, and his Return with Ajax, after which Hector is obliged to give Way. — Hector reproved for this by Glaucus. — He puts on the Armor of Patroclus, and renews the Contest, driving back the Greeks. — Rally of the Greeks by Ajax. — Bravery of Æneas. — Flight of Automedon with the Horses and Chariot of Patroclus. — The Defenders of the Body of Patroclus involved in Darkness, which is dispelled at the Prayer of Ajax. — A Message sent to Achilles informing him of the Death of Patroclus, whose Body is rescued and borne off by Menelaus and Meriones	132
--	-----

BOOK XVIII.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES FOR THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Lamentation of Achilles over Patroclus. — A Visit of Condolence from Thetis and her Nymphs. — Appearance of Achilles on the Intrenchments, and consequent Alarm of the Trojans. — A Council of War held by the Trojan Chiefs. — Advice of Polydamas to withdraw from the Field into Troy opposed by Hector, and rejected. — Vulcan engaged by Thetis to forge a new Suit of Armor for Achilles	164
--	-----

Contents.

v

BOOK XIX.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

Thetis brings to Achilles the Armor forged by Vulcan. — The Body of Patroclus preserved by the Gods from Corruption. — An Assembly of all the Army, before whom Agamemnon and Achilles make Speeches, and renounce their Enmity. — Briseis restored to Achilles, and the Presents of Agamemnon accepted by him. — Lament of Briseis over Patroclus. — Sorrow of Achilles. — He arms himself for the War. — His Speech to the Horses of Patroclus, whom he upbraids for having suffered their Master to be slain. — The Answer of one of them named Xanthus, warning Achilles of his approaching Death 191

BOOK XX.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS.

Permission given by Jupiter to the Gods to take Part in the War. — The Combat renewed with great Violence and Tumult. — Æneas, encountering Achilles, to which he is encouraged by Apollo, is only preserved from Death by the Interposition of Neptune. — Slaughter of the Trojans by Achilles. — Hector, when in Danger of being slain, snatched from the Presence of Achilles by Phœbus in a Cloud. — Havoc made by Achilles in the Trojan Army . . . 209

BOOK XXI.

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

Flight of the Trojans before Achilles, some toward Troy, and the rest toward the River Scamander. — Twelve Trojan Youths made captive in the River, to be butchered at the Funeral Pile of Patroclus. — Insult offered by Achilles to the God of the River, who causes his Waters to rush against him, and forces him to flee for his Life. — Interference of Vulcan, who is summoned by Juno to the Aid of Achilles, and who, by drying up the Waters of the River, compels it to submit. — Combat of Mars and Minerva, and of the other Gods. — Achilles decoyed away from the Gates of Troy by Apollo disguised in the form of Agenor, while the Trojans enter the City 231

BOOK XXII.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

Refusal of Hector to enter the City, though entreated by Priam and Hecuba. — His Resolve to meet Achilles, and his Flight when Achilles approaches. — Descent of Minerva to aid Achilles. — Deceit practised by her on Hector, when, assuming the Form of his Brother Deiphobus, she induces him to encounter Achilles. — His Death. — His Body dragged at the Chariot-wheels of the Victor. — Lament of Priam and Hecuba. — The News brought to Andromache while engaged at the Loom. — Her Sorrow and Lamentation 258

BOOK XXIII.

THE FUNERAL OF PATROCLUS.

Preparations for the Funeral of Patroclus hastened by his Appearance to Achilles in a Dream. — Wood brought from the Forest for the Funeral Pile. — A Funeral Procession, with Offerings of Hair shorn from the Heads of the Chiefs and laid on the Dead. — Sacrifice offered, and the Twelve Trojan Youths slain, and the Pile kindled. — The Funeral Games, at which Achilles presides . . . 281

BOOK XXIV.

THE BODY OF HECTOR RECOVERED.

A Council of the Gods. — Thetis sent to make Achilles willing to restore the Body of Hector to his Friends. — Iris sent to Priam, bidding him go in Person to Achilles and ask for the Body. — Visit of Priam made by Night to the Tent of Achilles, who is moved by his Entreaties and magnificent Presents to deliver up the Remains of his Son. — Departure of Priam by Night with the Body from the Tent of Achilles. — Lament of Andromache, Hector, and Helen over the Dead. — The Funeral of Hector, with which the Poem closes 320

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN Jove had brought the Trojans and
their chief,

Hector, beside the ships, he left them there
To toil and struggle and endure, while he
Turned his resplendent eyes upon the land
Of Thracian horsemen, and the Mysians, skilled 5
To combat hand to hand, and the famed tribe
Of long-lived Hippomulgi, reared on milk,
And the most just of men. On Troy no more
He turned those glorious eyes, for now he deemed
That none of all the gods would seek to aid 10
Either the Greeks or Trojans in the strife.

The monarch Neptune kept no idle watch ;
For he in Thracian Samos, dark with woods,
Aloft upon the highest summit sat,
O'erlooking thence the tumult of the war ; 15
For thence could he behold the Idæan mount,
And Priam's city, and the Grecian fleet.
There, coming from the ocean-deeps, he sat,

And pitied the Greek warriors put to rout
 Before the Trojans, and was wroth with Jove. 20
 Soon he descended from those rugged steeps,
 And trod the earth with rapid strides ; the hills
 And forests quaked beneath the immortal feet
 Of Neptune as he walked. Three strides he took,
 And at the fourth reached Ægæ, where he stopped,
 And where his sumptuous palace-halls were built, 25
 Deep down in ocean, golden, glittering, proof
 Against decay of time. These when he reached,
 He yoked his swift and brazen-footed steeds,
 With manes of flowing gold, to draw his car, 30
 And put on golden mail, and took his scourge,
 Wrought of fine gold, and climbed the chariot-seat,
 And rode upon the waves. The whales came forth
 From their deep haunts, and frolicked round his way :
 They knew their king. The waves rejoicing smoothed
 A path, and rapidly the coursers flew ; 35
 Nor was the brazen axle wet below.
 And thus they brought him to the Grecian fleet.

Deep in the sea there is a spacious cave,
 Between the rugged Imbrus and the isle 40
 Of Tenedos. There Neptune, he who shakes
 The shores, held back his steeds, took off their yoke,
 Gave them ambrosial food, and, binding next
 Their feet with golden fetters which no power
 Might break or loosen, so that they might wait 45
 Their lord's return, he sought the Grecian host.

Still did the Trojans, rushing on in crowds,

Like flames or like a tempest, follow close
 Hector, the son of Priam ; still their rage
 Abated not ; with stormy cries they came ; 50
 They hoped to seize the fleet and slay the Greeks
 Beside it. But the power who swathes the earth
 And shakes it, Neptune, coming from the deep,
 Revived the valor of the Greeks. He took
 The shape of Calchas and his powerful voice, 55
 And thus to either Ajax, who yet stemmed
 The battle with a resolute heart, he spake : —

“O chieftains ! yours it is to save the host,
 Recalling your old valor, with no thought
 Of fatal flight. Elsewhere I feel no dread 60
 Of what the daring sons of Troy may do
 Who climb the wall in throngs ; the well-greaved
 Greeks

Will meet them bravely. But where Hector leads,
 Fierce as a flame, his squadrons, he who boasts
 To be a son of sovereign Jove, I fear 65
 Lest we should sorely suffer. May the gods
 Strengthen your hearts to stand against the foe,
 And flinch not, and exhort the rest to stand,
 And drive him back, audacious as he is,
 From the swift ships, though Jove should urge him
 on.” 70

Thus earth-surrounding Neptune said, and
 touched
 Each hero with his sceptre, filled their hearts
 With valor, gave new lightness to their limbs

And feet and hands, and then, as when a hawk
 Shoots swiftly from some lofty precipice 75
 And chases o'er the plain another bird,
 So swiftly Neptune, shaker of the shores,
 Darted from them away. Oileus' son
 Perceived the immortal presence first, and thus
 At once to Telamonian Ajax spake : — 80

“ Some god, O Ajax, from the Olympian hill,
 Wearing the augur's form, hath bid us fight
 Beside the ships ; nor can it be the seer
 Calchas, for well I marked his feet and legs
 As he departed ; easily by these 85
 The gods are known. I feel a spirit roused
 In my own bosom eager to engage
 In the fierce strife ; my very feet below,
 And hands above, take part in the desire.”

And thus the son of Telamon replied : — 90
 “ So also these strong hands that grasp the spear
 Burn eagerly to wield it, and my heart
 Is full of courage. I am hurried on
 By both my feet, and vehemently long
 To try alone the combat with this chief 95
 Of boundless valor, Hector, Priam's son.”

Thus they conferred, rejoicing as they felt
 That ardor for the battle which the god
 Had breathed into their hearts. Meantime he roused
 The Achaians at the rear, who in their ships 100
 Sought respite, and whose limbs were faint with toil,
 And their hearts sad to see the Trojan host

With tumult pouring o'er the lofty wall.
 As they beheld, the tears came gushing forth
 From underneath their lids ; they little hoped 105
 For rescue from destruction ; but when came
 The power that shakes the shores, he woke anew
 The spirit of their valiant phalanxes.
 Teucer he first addressed, and Leïtus,
 The hero Peneleus and Thoas next, 110
 Deipyros, Meriones expert
 In battle, and Antilochus his peer,
 And thus exhorted them with wingèd words : —
 “ Shame on you, Argive youths ! I put my trust
 In your tried valor to defend our fleet ; 115
 But if ye fear to face the perilous fight,
 The day has risen which shall behold us fall
 Vanquished before the Trojans. O ye gods !
 These eyes have seen a marvel, a strange sight
 And terrible, which I had never thought 120
 Could be, — the Trojans close upon our ships,
 They who, erewhile, were like the timid deer
 That wander in the wood an easy prey
 To jackals, pards, and wolves, — weak things, unapt
 For combat, fleeing, but without an aim. 125
 Such were the Trojans, who till now ne'er dared
 Withstand the might and prowess of the Greeks
 Even for an hour. But now, afar from Troy
 They give us battle at the hollow ships,
 All through our general's fault, and through the sloth
 Of the Greek warriors, who, displeased with him, 131

Fight not for their swift galleys, but are slain
 Beside them. Yet although our sovereign chief,
 Atrides Agamemnon, may have done
 Foul wrong, dishonoring the swift-footed son 135
 Of Peleus, still ye cannot without blame
 Decline the combat. Let us then repair
 The mischief done ; the hearts of valiant men
 Are soon appeased. And not without the loss
 Of honor can your fiery courage sleep, 140
 Since ye are known the bravest of the host.
 I would not chide the weak, unwarlike man
 For shrinking from the combat ; but for you, —
 I look on you with anger in my heart.
 Weaklings ! ye soon will bring upon yourselves 145
 Some sorer evil if ye loiter thus.
 Let each of you bethink him of the shame
 And infamy impending. Terrible
 The struggle is before us. Hector storms
 The ships, loud-shouting Hector ; he has burst 150
 The gate and broken the protecting bar.”

So Neptune spake, encouraging the Greeks.
 While firmly stood the serried phalanxes
 Round either Ajax, nor could Mars himself,
 Nor Pallas, musterer of armèd hosts, 155
 Reprove their order. There the flower of Greece
 Waited the Trojans and their noble chief,
 Spear beside spear, and shield by shield, so close
 That buckler pressed on buckler, helm on helm,
 And man on man. The plumes of horse-hair touched

Each other as they nodded on the crests 162
 Of the bright helmets, so close the warriors stood.
 The lances quivered in the fearless hands
 Of warriors eager to advance and strike
 The enemy. But the men of Troy began 165
 The assault ; the fiery Hector was the first
 To rush against the Greeks. As when a stone
 Rolls from a cliff before a wintry flood
 That sweeps it down the steep, when mighty rains
 Have worn away the props that held it fast ; 170
 It rolls and bounds on high ; the woods around
 Crash, as it tears its unresisted way
 Along the slope until it reach the plain,
 And there, however urged, moves on no more ; —
 So Hector, menacing to cut his way 175
 Through tents and galleys to the very sea,
 Slaying as he went forward, when he now
 Met the firm phalanxes and pressed them close,
 Stopped suddenly ; the sons of Greece withstood
 His onset and repulsed it, striking him 180
 With swords and two-edged spears, and made the chief
 Give way before the shock. He lifted up
 His voice and shouted to the Trojans thus : —
 “ Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians skilled
 In fighting hand to hand, stand firm. Not long 185
 Will the Greeks bide my onset, though drawn up
 Square as a tower in close array. My spear,
 I trust, will scatter them, if true it be
 That Juno's husband, Sovereign of the gods,

And Lord of thunders, prompts my arm to-day." 190

He spake, and kindled in the breasts of all
Fresh courage. In the band Deiphobus
Marched proudly, Priam's son, with his round shield
Before him, walking with a quick, light step
Behind its shelter. Then Meriones 195

Aimed at the chief his glittering spear; the point
Missed not; it struck the orb of bullock's hide,
Yet did not pierce it, for the weapon broke
Just at the neck. Deiphobus held forth
His shield far from him, dreading to receive 200
A spear-thrust from the brave Meriones.

Vexed thus to lose the victory, and the spear
Snapped by the blow, Meriones fell back
Into the column of his friends, and passed
Hastily toward the camp and ships, to bring 205
A powerful spear that stood within his tent,
While others fought, and fearful was the din.

Then Teucer first, the son of Telamon,
Smote gallant Imbrius, son of Mentor, lord
Of many steeds. He, ere the Greeks had come 210
To Troy, dwelt at Pedæum and espoused
Medesicasta, Priam's spurious child.

But when the well-oared galleys of the Greeks
Mustered at Troy, he also came, and there
Was eminent among her chiefs, and dwelt 215
With Priam, and was honored as his son.
The son of Telamon beneath the ear
Pierced him with his long javelin, and drew forth

The weapon. Headlong to the earth he fell.
 As on a mountain height, descried from far, 220
 Hewn by a brazen axe, an ash is felled
 And lays its tender sprays upon the ground,
 Thus Imbrius fell, and round him in his fall
 Clashed his bright armor. Teucer sprang in haste
 To spoil the dead, but Hector hurled at him
 His shining spear ; the wary Teucer stepped
 Aside, and just escaped the brazen blade.
 It struck Amphimachus, Cteatus' son,
 And Actor's grandson ; as he came to join
 The battle, he was smitten in the breast, 230
 And fell, his armor clashing round his limbs.
 Then Hector flew in haste to tear away
 From the large-souled Amphimachus the helm
 That cased his temples. Ajax saw, and hurled
 His glittering spear at Hector as he came : 235
 It made no wound ; for Hector stood equipped
 All o'er in formidable brass. The spear
 Struck on the bossy shield with such a shock
 As forced him to recoil, and leave unspoiled
 The bodies, which the Achaians dragged away. 240
 For Stichius and Menestheus, chief among
 The Athenians, bore the dead Amphimachus
 To the Greek camp, while the two men of might,
 The chieftains Ajax, lifted Imbrius up ;
 And as two lions, bearing off among 245
 The close-grown shrubs a goat, which they have
 snatched

From sharp-toothed dogs, uplift it in their jaws
 Above the ground, so the two warriors raised
 The corpse of Imbrius, and stripped off the mail,
 While, angered that Amphilochous was slain, 250
 Oileus' son struck from the tender neck
 The head, and sent it far among the crowd,
 Whirled like a ball, to fall at Hector's feet.

Meantime was Neptune moved with grief to see
 His grandson perish in that desperate fray, 255
 And passed among the Achaian tents and ships
 Encouraging the men, and planning woes
 For Ilium. There he met Idomeneus,
 Expert to wield the spear, as he returned
 From caring for a comrade who had left 260
 The battle, wounded in the knee, and whom
 His friends had carried in. Idomeneus
 Had called the surgeons to his aid, and now
 Was hastening to the field, intent to bear
 His part in battle. Him the monarch god 265
 Of ocean thus addressed, but first he took
 The voice of Thoas, King Andræmon's son,
 Whose father ruled the Ætolians through the bounds
 Of Pleuron, and in lofty Calydon,
 And like a god was honored in the land. 270

“O counsellor of Crete, Idomeneus!
 Where are the threats which late the sons of Greece
 Uttered against the Trojans?” Promptly came
 The Cretan leader's answer: “No man here,
 O Thoas, seems blameworthy, for we all 275

Are skilled in war, nor does unmanly fear
 Hold any back ; nor from the difficult strife
 Does sloth detain one warrior. So it is
 Doubtless that it seems good to Saturn's son,
 The All-disposer, that the Greeks, afar 280
 From Argos, should ingloriously fall
 And perish. Thoas, thou wert ever brave,
 And didst exhort the laggards. Cease not now
 To combat, cease not to exhort the rest."

And Neptune, he who shakes the earth, re-
 joined : — 285

"Idomeneus, whoever keeps aloof
 From battle, willingly, to-day, may he
 Never return from Troy, but be the prey
 Of dogs. Take thou thy arms and come with me,
 For we must quit ourselves like men, and strive 290
 To aid our cause, although we be but two.
 Great is the strength of feeble arms combined,
 And we can combat even with the brave."

So speaking, Neptune turned to share the toils
 Of war. Idomeneus, who now had reached 295
 His princely tent, put on his glorious mail,
 And seized two spears, and flew upon his way,
 Like lightning grasped by Saturn's son and flung
 Quivering above Olympus' gleaming peak,
 A sign to mortals, dazzled by the blaze, 300
 So glittered, as he ran, his brazen mail.
 His fellow-warrior, good Meriones,
 Met him beside the tent, for he had come

To fetch a brazen javelin thence, and thus
The stout Idomeneus addressed his friend : — 305

“ O son of Molus, swift Meriones,
Dearest of all my comrades ! Why hast thou
Thus left the battle-field ? Hast thou a wound, —
A weapon’s point that galls thee ? Dost thou bring
A message to me ? Think not that I sit 310
Within my tent an idler : I must fight.”

Discreetly did Meriones reply : —

“ Idomeneus, whose sovereign counsels rule
The well-armed Cretans, I am come to seek
A spear if one be left within thy tents. 315
I broke the one I bore, in hurling it
Against the shield of fierce Deiphobus.”

The Cretan chief, Idomeneus, rejoined : —

“ If spears thou seek, there stand within my tent
Twenty and one against the shining walls. 320
I took them from slain Trojans. ’T is my wont
Never to fight at distance from the foe,
And therefore have I spears, and bossy shields,
And helmets, and body-mail of polished brass.”

Then spake in turn discreet Meriones : — 325

“ Within my tent are also many spoils
Won from the Trojans, and in my black ship ;
But they are far away. I do not think
That I forget what valor is. I fight
Among the foremost in the glorious strife 330
Where’er the battle calls me. Other men
Among the well-armed Greeks may not have seen

What I perform, but thou must know me well."

Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, spake : —

" I know thy courage well. What need hast thou ³³⁵
 To speak as thou hast done ? If all of us,
 The bravest of the Greeks, were set apart
 To form an ambush ; — for an ambush tries
 And shows men's valor ; there the craven, there
 The brave, is known ; the coward's color comes ³⁴⁰
 And goes ; his spirit is not calm within
 His bosom, so that he can rest awhile
 And tremble not ; he shifts his place ; he sits
 On both his feet ; his heart beats audibly
 Within his breast ; his teeth at thought of death ³⁴⁵
 Chatter ; the brave man's color changes not,
 Nor when with other warriors he sits down
 In ambush is he troubled, but he longs
 To rise and mingle in the desperate fray ; —
 For thee, in such an ambush, none could blame ³⁵⁰
 Thy courage or thy skill. If there the foe
 Should wound thee from afar, or smite thee near,
 The weapon would not strike thy neck behind,
 Or pierce thy back, but enter at thy breast
 Or stomach, as thou wert advancing fast ³⁵⁵
 Among the foremost. But enough of this.
 Come ! stand we here no longer, idiot-like,
 Lest some one chide us sharply. Hasten thou,
 And bring a sturdy javelin from the tent."

He spake. Meriones, like Mars in port ³⁶⁰
 And swiftness, hastened to the tent and brought

A brazen spear, and joined Idomeneus,
 Eager for battle. As the god of war,
 The man-destroyer, comes into the field,
 With Terror, his strong-limbed and dauntless son, 365
 Following and striking fear into the heart
 Of the most resolute warrior, when from Thrace
 They issue armed against the Ephyri,
 Or else against the Phlegyans large of soul,
 And hearken not to both the hosts, but give 370
 To one the victory ; so Meriones
 Advanced to battle with Idomeneus,
 Leaders of heroes both, and both equipped
 In glittering helms. And first Meriones
 Spoke and addressed his fellow-warrior thus : — 375
 “ Son of Deucalion, at which point wilt thou
 Enter the throng ? Upon the army’s right,
 Its centre, or its left ? The long-haired Greeks
 Seem most to need our aid upon the left.”
 Then spoke Idomeneus, in turn, the prince 380
 Of Cretans : “ At the centre of the fleet
 Are others who will guard it. Posted there
 Are either Ajax and the most expert
 Of Grecian archers, Teucer, not less skilled
 In standing fight, and amply will they task 385
 The arm of Hector, Priam’s son, though bent
 On desperate conflict, and though passing fierce.
 With all his fierceness, he will find it hard
 To quell their prowess, never yet o’ercome,
 And fire the ships, unless Saturnian Jove 390

Himself should cast on them the flaming torch.
 Nor yet will Telamonian Ajax yield
 To any man of mortal birth, or reared
 Upon the grains of Ceres, or whom brass
 Or ponderous stones can wound. He would not own
 The warlike son of Peleus mightier 396
 Than he in standing fight, although in speed
 He vies not with him. Lead us then to join
 The army's left, that we may learn at once
 Whether our fate in battle shall confer 400
 Glory on other men, or theirs on us."

So spake the chief. Meriones, the peer
 Of Mars in swiftness, hastened till he joined
 The army where his comrade bade. The foe
 Beheld Idomeneus, who like a flame 405
 Swept on with his companion all in arms
 Gloriously wrought ; they raised from rank to rank
 The battle-cry, and met him as he came,
 And hand to hand, before the galleys' sterns
 Was waged the combat. As when storms arise, 410
 Blown up by piping winds, when dust lies loose
 Along the roads, a spreading cloud of dust
 Fills the wide air, so came the battle on
 Between the bands that struggled eagerly
 To slay each other. All along the line 415
 The murderous conflict bristled with long spears
 That tore the flesh ; the brazen splendor, shot
 From gleaming helmets and from burnished mail
 And shining bucklers, all in narrow space,

Dazzled the eyes. Brave-hearted would he be, 420
The man who, gazing on it, could have seen
The furious strife rejoicing or unmoved.

Meantime the potent sons of Saturn each
Favored a different side, and planned new toils
For all the warriors. Jupiter had willed 425
That Hector and the Trojans should prevail,
Yet had he not decreed the Achaian host
To perish before Troy ; he only sought
To honor Thetis and her large-souled son.
But Neptune, mingling with the Greeks, aroused 430
Their martial spirit. From the hoary deep
He came unmarked, for deeply was he grieved
To see the Greeks give way before the host
Of Troy, and he was wroth with Jupiter.
Both gods were of one race, and owed their birth 435
To the same parents ; but the elder-born
Was Jupiter, and wiser. For that cause
Not openly did Neptune aid the Greeks,
But, as by stealth, disguised in human form,
Moved through their army and encouraged them 440
To combat. Thus it was the potent twain
Each drew, with equal hand, the net of strife
And fearful havoc, which no power could break
Or loosen, stretched o'er both the warring hosts,
And laying many a warrior low in death. 445
And now, although his brows were strewn with gray,
Idomeneus, encouraging the Greeks,
Rushed on the Trojans, and revived the fight.

He slew Orthryoneus, who just before,
 Drawn by the rumor of the war, had left 450
 Cabesus, and now made a lover's suit
 For Priam's fairest daughter. Without dower
 He sought to wed Cassandra, promising
 A vast exploit, — to drive the Greeks from Troy,
 In spite of all their valor. The old king 455
 Consented that the maiden should be his ;
 And now he fought, and trusted to fulfil
 His promise. But Idomeneus took aim,
 And cast his glittering javelin at the youth.
 It struck him marching proudly on, nor stopped 460
 The weapon at the brazen mail, but pierced
 The stomach. With a clash the warrior fell,
 And thus the victor boasted over him : —

“ Orthryoneus, I deem thee worthy of praise
 Beyond all other men, if thou perform 465
 What thou hast undertaken, — to defend
 Dardanian Priam, who has promised thee
 His daughter. We would make a compact too,
 And will perform it, — to bestow on thee
 A spouse, the fairest daughter of the house 470
 Of Atreus' son, and we will send for her
 To Argos, if thou join us, and lay waste
 The well-built Ilium. Now, then, follow me,
 And at the ships which brought us we will treat
 Of marriage, and will make no niggard terms.” 475

So spake Idomeneus, and dragged the slain
 Through the sharp conflict by the foot. He met

Asius, who walked before his car, and came
 To avenge his friend. The attending charioteer
 Behind him reined the steeds, that they should
 breathe

480

Over the shoulders of their lord, who sought
 To smite Idomeneus. The Greek was first
 To strike; he plunged the spear into his throat
 Below the chin, and drove the weapon through.
 The Trojan fell to earth as falls an oak,
 Poplar, or stately pine, which woodmen fell
 With their sharp axes on the mountain-side,
 To form a galley's beam. So there he lay
 Stretched out before his coursers and his car,
 And gnashed his teeth, and clenched the bloody dust.
 The charioteer, amazed, and losing power
 Of action, dared not turn the horses back
 To bear him from the foe. Antilochus
 The warlike cast his spear, and in the midst
 Transfixed him. Little did the brazen mail
 Avail to stay the blade, which cleft its way
 Into the stomach. With a sudden gasp
 He toppled from the sumptuous chariot-seat,
 And large-souled Nestor's son, Antilochus,
 Drove with the chariot to the well-armed Greeks.
 Deiphobus, who sorrowed for the fate
 Of Asius, drawing near Idomeneus,
 Hurl'd at him his bright spear. The Greek beheld,
 As face to face they stood, and scaped the stroke,
 Covered by his round shield, two-handled, strong,

485

490

495

500

505

With bullocks' hides and glittering brass. With this
 He hid himself, close couched within, and turned
 The brazen point aside. The buckler rang
 Shrilly; the weapon glanced away, yet flew
 Not vainly from the Trojan's powerful hand : 510
 It struck Hypsenor, son of Hippasus,
 The shepherd of the people, on the side
 Where lies the liver, just below the breast.
 His knees gave way ; he fell ; Deiphobus
 Thus shouted o'er the dead his empty boast : — 515
 “ Not unavenged lies Asius, and no doubt,
 In journeying to the massy gates and wall
 Of Hades, will rejoice that I have sent
 A soul to be companion of his way.”

He spake ; and at his boast the Greeks were
 moved 520

With anger, — most of all Antilochus
 The warlike ; yet he left not to the foe
 His slain companion, but made haste to hold
 His shield above him. His beloved friends,
 Mecisteus, son of Echius, and the prince 525
 Alastor, lifted up, with many a groan,
 The corpse, and bore it to the roomy ships.

Meantime the valor of Idomeneus
 Remitted not ; he vehemently longed
 To cover many a Trojan with the night 530
 Of death, or fall himself with clashing arms,
 In warring to defend the ships of Greece.
 The brave Alcatheüs, the beloved son

Of Æsytus, whom Anchises made
 His son-in-law, — for he had given to him 535
 Hippodameia, eldest-born of all
 His daughters, whom her parents, while she dwelt
 With them, loved dearly, fair and wise beyond
 All other maidens of her age, and skilled
 In household arts ; so that the noblest prince 540
 Of the broad Trojan kingdom made her his ; —
 Him, by the weapon of Idomeneus,
 Did Neptune bring to death. The sparkling eyes
 Grew dim, and stiffened were the shapely limbs,
 For neither could he flee nor turn aside ; 545
 But as he stood before him, column-like,
 Or like a towering tree, Idomeneus
 Transfixed him in the bosom with his spear
 The brazen coat of mail gave way, which oft
 Had saved him, breaking with a sharp, shrill sound
 Before the severing blade. He fell to earth 551
 With noise ; the spear stood planted in his heart,
 And as he panted quivered through its length,
 Yet soon its murderous force was spent and still.
 And then the victor boasted thus aloud : — 555
 “ Deiphobus, does this appear to thee
 A fair return, when three are slain for one,
 Or hast thou boasted idly ? Yet do thou,
 Vain as thou art, stand forth and face me here,
 And I will teach thee of what race I am, — 560
 An offshoot of the stock of Jove, whose son
 Was Minos, guardian of our Crete, and he

Was father of the good Deucalion.
 Deucalion's son am I, and I am king
 O'er many men in the broad isle of Crete. 565
 My galleys brought me thence to be the dread
 Of thee, thy father, and the men of Troy."

He spake. Deiphobus, irresolute,
 Stood doubting whether to retreat and bring
 Some other of the heroic sons of Troy 570
 To aid him, or to try the fight alone.

As thus he mused, it seemed most wise to seek
 Æneas. Him he found withdrawn among
 The rear of the army, for he was displeas'd
 With noble Priam, who had paid his worth 575
 With light esteem. Deiphobus approached,
 And thus with wing'd words accosted him : —

" Æneas, counsellor of Troy, if thou
 Hadst ever a regard to him who was
 Thy sister's husband, it becomes thee now 580
 To avenge him. Follow me, and help avenge
 Alcatheüs, guardian of thy tender years,
 Slain by the spear of fam'd Idomeneus."

He spake ; and at his words Æneas felt
 His courage rise. Impatient for the fight, 585
 He went to meet Idomeneus ; yet fear
 Fell not upon the Greek as if he were
 A puny boy : he stood and kept his ground.
 As, when a mountain boar, unterrified,
 Waits in the wilderness the hunter-crew, 590
 That come with mighty din, his bristly back

Rises, his eyes shoot fire, he whets his tusks,
 And fiercely keeps both dogs and men at bay, —
 So did Idomeneus, expert to wield
 The spear, await Æneas hastening on 595
 With fury. Not a backward step he made,
 But called upon his warrior-friends aloud,
 Looking at Aphareus, Ascalaphus,
 Deïpyrus, Meriones, and last
 Antilochus, all skilled in arts of war, 600
 And thus exhorted them with wingèd words : —

“ Haste hither, O my friends, and bring me aid.
 I stand alone, in dread of the approach
 Of swift Æneas, who comes fiercely on,
 Powerful to slay, and in his prime of youth, 605
 The highest vigor of the human frame.
 Yet, were our years the same, that chief or I
 Would quickly triumph at the other's cost.”

He spake, and all with one accord drew near
 And stood by him, with shields obliquely held 610
 Upon their shoulders. On the other side
 Æneas cheered his comrades on. He fixed
 His look on Paris, and Deiphobus,
 And nobly born Agenor, who, like him,
 Were leaders of the Trojans. After these 615
 The soldiers followed, as the thronging flock
 Follow the ram that leads them to the fount
 From pasture, and the shepherd's heart is pleased.
 So was Æneas glad at heart to see
 The multitude of warriors following him. 620

Then mingled they in battle hand to hand
Around Alcatōüs, with their ponderous spears,
And fearfully upon their bosoms rang
The brass, as through the struggling crowd they
aimed

Their weapons at each other. Two brave men, 625
Æneas and Idomeneus, the peers
Of Mars, conspicuous o'er their fellows, strove
With cruel brass to rend each other's limbs.
And first Æneas cast his spear to smite
Idomeneus, who saw it as it came, 630
And shunned it. Plunging in the earth beyond,
It stood and quivered ; it had left in vain
The Trojan's powerful hand. Idomeneus
Next smote CEnomaüs : the spear brake through
His hollow corselet at the waist ; it pierced 635
And drank the entrails : down amid the dust
He fell, and grasped the earth with dying hand.
Idomeneus plucked forth the massy spear,
But, pressed by hostile weapons, ventured not
To strip the sumptuous armor from the dead ; 640
Since now no more the sinews of his feet
Were firm to bear him rushing to retake
His spear, or start aside from hostile spears.
Wherefore in standing fight he warded off
The evil hour, nor trusted to his feet 645
To bear him fleetly from the field. He moved
Slowly away, and now Deiphobus,
Who long had hated him and bitterly,

Aimed at him his bright spear ; it missed its mark,
 And struck Ascalaphus, the son of Mars. 650

The weapon cleft the shoulder of the Greek,
 Who fell amid the dust, and clenched the earth.

Not yet the clamorous Mars, of passionate mood,
 Had heard that in the fray his son was slain ;

But on the summit of the Olympian mount 655

He sat, o'ercanopied by golden clouds,
 Restrained from combat by the will of Jove,

With other gods, forbidden, like himself,
 To aid the combatants. Meantime around

Ascalaphus the combat hand to hand 660

Still raged. Deiphobus had torn away

The slain man's shining helm, when suddenly

Meriones sprang forward, spear in hand,

And smote him on the arm ; the wounded limb

Let fall the helm, resounding as it fell, 665

And with a vulture's leap Meriones

Rushed toward him, plucking out from the torn flesh

The spear, and falling back among the crowd.

Polites, brother of the wounded, threw

Both arms around his waist, and bore him off 670

From the loud din of conflict, till he reached

His swift-paced steeds, that waited in the rear

Of battle, with their chariot nobly wrought

And charioteer. These took him back to Troy,

Heavily groaning and in pain, the blood 675

Yet gushing from the newly wounded limb.

Still fought the other warriors, and the noise

Of a perpetual tumult filled the air.
 Æneas, rushing upon Aphareus,
 Caletor's son, who turned to face him, thrust 680
 A sharp spear through his throat. With drooping
 head,

And carrying shield and helmet to the ground,
 He fell, and rendered up his soul in death.
 Antilochus, as Thoön turned away,
 Attacked and smote him, cutting off the vein 685
 That passes through the body to the neck.
 This he divided sheer ; the warrior fell
 Backward, and lay in dust, with hands outstretched
 To his beloved friends. Antilochus
 Flew to the slain, and from his shoulders stripped 690
 The armor, casting cautious glances round ;
 While toward him pressed the Trojans on all sides,
 Striking the fair broad buckler with their darts,
 Yet could not even score with pointed brass
 The tender skin of Nestor's son ; for still 695
 Neptune, the shaker of the sea-coast, kept
 Watch o'er him while the weapons round him show-
 ered.

Yet he withdrew not from his foes, but moved
 Among the crowd, nor idle was his spear,
 But wielded right and left, and still he watched 700
 With resolute mind the time to strike the foe
 At distance, or assault him near at hand.

The son of Asius, Adamas, beheld
 The hero meditating thus, and struck,

In close attack, the middle of his shield 705
With a sharp brazen spear. The dark-haired god
Who rules the deep denied to Adamas
The life he sought, and weakened the hard stroke.
Part of the Trojan's weapon, like a stake
Hardened by fire, stood fixed within the shield, 710
Part lay on earth, and he who cast it slunk
Among his comrades to avoid his fate.
Meriones, pursuing with his spear,
Smote him between the navel and the groin,
Where deadliest are the wounds in battle given 715
To man's unhappy race. He planted there
The cruel blade, and Adamas, who fell,
Writhed panting round it, as a bullock bound
By cowherds on the mountain with strong cords
Pants as they lead him off against his will. 720
So wounded, Adamas drew heavy breath,
And yet not long. The brave Meriones,
Approaching, plucked the weapon forth, and night
Came o'er the eyes of Adamas. At hand
Stood Helenus, and struck Deipyrus 725
Upon the temple with his ponderous sword,
Of Thracian make, and cut the three-coned helm
Away, and dashed it to the ground ; it rolled
Between a Grecian warrior's feet, who stooped
And took it up, while o'er its owner's eyes 730
The darkness gathered. Grieved at this, the son
Of Atreus, Menelaus great in war,
Rushed forward, threatening royal Helenus.

He brandished his sharp spear ; the Trojan drew
His bow ; advancing, one to hurl a lance, 735
And one to send an arrow. Priam's son
Let fly a shaft at Menelaus' breast.

The bitter missile from the hollow mail
Glanced off. As when from the broad winnowing-fan
On some wide threshing-floor the swarthy beans, 740
Or vetches, bound before the whistling wind
And winnower's force, so, bounding from the mail
Of gallant Menelaus, flew afar

The bitter shaft. Then Menelaus, great
In battle, smote the hand of Helenus 745
That held the polished bow ; the brazen spear
Passed through the hand, and reached the bow, and
there

Stood fixed, while Helenus, avoiding death,
Drew back among his comrades, with his hand
Held low, and trailing still the ashen stem. 750
Magnanimous Agenor from the wound
Drew forth the blade, and wrapped the hand in wool,
Carefully twisted, taken from a sling
Carried by an attendant of the chief.

To meet the glorious Menelaus sprang 755
Pisander, led by his unhappy fate
To perish, Menelaus ! by thy hand
In that fierce conflict. When the two were near,
Advancing toward each other, Atreus' son
Took aim amiss ; his spear flew far aside. 760
Pisander smote the buckler on the arm

Of mighty Menelaus, yet drave not
The weapon through. The broad shield stopped its
force,

And broke it at the neck ; yet hoped he still
For victory, and exulted. Then the son 765

Of Atreus drew his silver-studded sword
And sprang upon his foe, who from beneath
His buckler took a brazen battle-axe,
With a long stem of polished olive-wood.

Both struck at once. Pisander hewed away, 770
Below the crest, the plumèd helmet-cone

Of Atreus' son, who smote, above the nose,
Pisander's forehead, crashing through the bones.

Both bleeding eyes dropped to the ground amid
The dust ; he fell ; he writhed ; the conqueror, 775
Advancing, set his heel upon his breast,

And stripped the armor off, and, boasting, said :—

“Thus shall ye leave unharmed the fleet that
brought

The knights of Greece, ye treaty-breaking sons
Of Ilium, never satisfied with war ! 780

Yet lack ye not still other guilt and shame, —
Wrong done to me, ye dogs ! Ye have not feared

The wrath of Hospitable Jove, who flings
The thunder, and will yet destroy your town,

With all its towers, — ye who, without a cause, 785
Bore off my youthful bride, and heaps of wealth,

When she had given you welcome as our guests.

And now ye seek to burn with fire the fleet

With which we cross the ocean, and to slay
 The Grecian heroes. Ye shall yet be forced, 790
 Eager for battle as ye are, to pause.

O Father Jupiter, who hast the praise
 Of highest wisdom among gods and men !
 All this is of thy ordering. How hast thou
 Favored this arrogant crew of Troy, in love 795
 With violence, who never have enough
 Of war and all its many miseries !
 All other things soon satisfy desire, —
 Sleep, love, and song, and graceful dance, which
 most

Delight in more than warlike toils, — yet they 800
 Of Troy are never satisfied with war.”

So spake the illustrious man, and, having stripped
 The bloody armor from the dead, he gave
 The spoil to his companions, and rejoined
 The warriors in the van. Harpalion then, 805
 A son of King Pylæmenes, with whom
 He left his home to join the war at Troy,
 Assaulted him. He never saw again
 His native land. Close to Atrides' shield,
 He struck it in the centre with his lance, 810
 Yet could not drive the weapon through the brass,
 And backward shrank, in fear of death, among
 His comrades, looking round him lest some foe
 Should wound him with the spear. Meriones
 Let fly a brazen arrow after him, 815
 Which, entering his right flank below the bone,

Passed through and cleft the bladder. Down he sank
 Where the shaft struck him, breathing out his life
 In the arms of his companions. Like a worm
 He lay extended on the earth ; his blood 830
 Gushed forth, a purple stream, and steeped the soil.
 The large-souled Paphlagonians came around,
 And placed him in a chariot, sorrowing,
 And bore him to the gates of sacred Troy.
 The father followed weeping, but no hand 835
 Was raised to avenge the slaughter of his son.

Yet deeply moved was Paris at his death,
 For he had been Harpalion's guest among
 The Paphlagonians. Grieving for the slain,
 He sent a brazen arrow from his bow. 839
 Now there was one Euchenor, rich and brave,
 The son of Polyïdus, hoary seer ;
 His dwelling was in Corinth, and he came,
 Forewarned and conscious of his fate, to Troy ;
 For often Polyïdus, good old man, 845
 Warned him that he within his palace halls
 Should perish by a grievous malady,
 Or else be slain by Trojan hands beside
 The Grecian fleet. So, to escape at once
 The censure of the Achaians and disease, 840
 He came, lest he in after times might rue
 His choice. And now between the jaw and ear
 Did Paris smite him ; from the warrior's limbs
 Life fled, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.

And then they fought ; like a devouring fire 845

That battle was ; but Hector, dear to Jove,
 Had not yet learned that on the left the Greeks
 Made havoc of his men ; for in that hour
 The Greeks had almost made the victory theirs,
 So greatly had the god who shakes the shores 850
 Kindled their courage, and with his own arm
 Brought timely aid. Still Hector, pressing on
 Where first he leaped within the gates and wall,
 Broke the close phalanxes of shielded Greeks.
 There, ranged beside the hoary deep, the ships 855
 Of Ajax and Protesilaus lay.

The wall that guarded them was low, and there
 Warriors and steeds in fiercest conflict met ;
 There the Bœotians, there in their long robes
 The Iæonians, there the Locrians, there 860
 The men of Phthia, and the Epeians famed
 For valor, held back Hector, struggling on
 To reach the ships, yet found they had no power
 To drive the noble warrior from the ground,
 For he was like a flame. The chosen men 865
 Of Athens formed the van. Menestheus, son
 Of Peteus, was their leader, after whom
 Phidas and Stichius followed, and with them
 The gallant Bias. Meges, Phyleus' son,
 With Dracius and Amphion, marshalled there 870
 The Epeians ; while the Phthian band were led
 By Medon and Podarces, warlike chief.
 And Medon was the great Oïleus' son,
 And brother of the lesser Ajax, born

Without the tie of wedlock, and he dwelt 875
 Far from his native land, in Phylacè ;
 For by his violent hand the brother died
 Of Eryopis, whom Oïleus made
 His lawful spouse. Podarces was the son
 Of Iphiclus, and dwelt in Phylacè. 880
 These, at the head of Phthia's valiant youth,
 And cased in massive armor, fought beside
 Bœotia's warriors for the Grecian fleet.
 But Ajax swift of foot, Oïleus' son,
 From him of Telamon departed not 885
 Even for an instant. As when two black steers
 Of equal vigor o'er a fallow draw
 The strongly jointed plough, till near their horns
 Streams the warm sweat ; the polished yoke alone
 Holds them asunder, as they move along 890
 The furrow, and the share divides the soil
 That lies between them ; — so the heroic twain
 Kept near each other. Many men and brave
 Followed to Troy the son of Telamon
 As his companions, and, when weariness 895
 Came o'er his sweaty limbs, relieved their chief
 Of his broad buckler. But the Locrian host
 Attended not Oïleus' great-souled son,
 Nor could they ever venture to engage
 In combat hand to hand. No brazen helms 900
 Were theirs, with horse-hair plumes, no orbèd shields,
 Nor ashen spears. They came with him to Troy,
 Trusting in their good bows, and in their slings

Of twisted wool, from which they showered afar
 Stones that dispersed the phalanxes of Troy. 905
 The chieftains Ajax, warring in the van,
 Clad in their shining armor, fought to check
 The Trojans and their leader, brazen-mailed,
 While in the rear the Locrians lurked unseen,
 And sent their shafts, so that the men of Troy, 910
 All order lost, were fain to cease from fight.

Then had the Trojans from the ships and tents
 Turned back, and fled, with fearful loss of life,
 To lofty Ilium, if Polydamas
 Had not accosted valiant Hector thus :— 915

“ Hector, thou hearkenest not to warning words.
 Deem'st thou, because a god has given thee strength
 Beyond all other men for feats of war,
 That therefore thou art wiser than they all
 In council? Think not for thyself to claim 920
 All gifts at once. On one the god bestows
 Prowess in war, upon another grace
 In dance, upon another skill to touch
 The harp and sing. In yet another, Jove
 The Thunderer implants the prudent mind, 925
 By which the many profit, and by which
 Communities are saved ; and well doth he
 Who hath it know its worth. Now let me speak
 What seems to me the wisest. Round thee flames
 The encircling war ; the valiant sons of Troy, 930
 Since they have crossed the ramparts, stand aloof,
 Armed as they are, or fight against large odds

Scattered among the galleys. Yield thou now
 The ground, and, summoning the chiefs, decide
 What plan to follow, — whether we shall storm 935
 The well-oared galleys, should the God vouchsafe
 The victory to us, — or else depart
 In safety from the fleet. I greatly fear
 The Achaians may repay to us the debt
 Of yesterday. There yet is at the fleet 940
 One who, I think, no longer will refrain
 Wholly from battle." Thus Polydamas
 Spake, and the sage advice pleased Hector well,
 Who, leaping from his chariot to the ground,
 With all his weapons, said these wingèd words : —
 " Remain with all the bravest warriors here, 945
 Polydamas, while I depart to give
 The due commands, and instantly return."
 He spake, and with a shout he rushed away,
 Seen from afar, like a snow-mountain's peak, 950
 And flew among the Trojans and allies,
 Who crowded round the brave Polydamas,
 The son of Panthöus, at Hector's call.
 Among the foremost combatants he sought
 Deiphobus, and mighty Helenus, 955
 The king ; he looked for Adamas, the son
 Of Asius, and for Asius of the house
 Of Hyrtacus. Some not unharmed he found,
 Yet not o'ercome ; while others lay in death
 Beneath the galley-sterns, where Grecian hands 960
 Had slain them ; others on the wall, struck down

By missiles, or in combat hand to hand.
 There on the left of that disastrous fray
 He met the noble Alexander, spouse
 Of fair-haired Helen, as he cheered his men, 965
 And rallied them to battle. Hector thus
 Addressed his brother with reproachful words :—

“ Accursed Paris ! noble but in form,
 Effeminate seducer ! where are now
 Deiphobus, and mighty Helenus ? 970
 And Adamas, the son of Asius, where ?
 And Asius, son of Hyrtacus ? and where
 Orthyoneus ? Now towering Ilium sinks
 From her high summit, and thy fate is sure.”

And then the godlike Paris answered thus :— 975

“ Since it hath pleased thee, Hector, thus to cast
 Reproach on me, though innocent, I may
 Another day neglect the toils of war,
 Although in truth my mother brought me forth
 Not quite unapt for combat. Since the hour 980
 When thou didst lead the battle to the ships
 With thy companions, we have held our ground,
 Here on this spot, contending with the Greeks.
 Three chiefs for whom thou askest have been slain.
 Deiphobus and mighty Helenus, 985
 Both wounded in the hand by massive spears,
 Have left the field ; the son of Saturn saved
 Their lives. Now lead us wheresoe'er thou wilt,
 And we will follow thee with resolute hearts,
 Nor deem that thou wilt find in us a lack 990

Of valor while our strength of arm remains.
The boldest cannot fight beyond his strength."

With such persuasive words the warrior calmed
His brother's anger, and they went where raged
The hottest conflict round Cebriones, 995
Phalces, Orthæus, and the excellent
Polydamas, with Palmys at his side,
And Polyphœtes, godlike in his form,
And where Ascanius and Morys fought,
Sons of Hippotion. They the day before 1000
Came marching from Ascania's fertile fields,
Moved by the will of Jove to share the war.
All these swept on, as when a hurricane,
A thunder-gust, from Father Jupiter
Buffets the plain, and mingles with the deep, 1005
In mighty uproar, and the billows rise
All over the resounding brine, and swell,
Whitening with foam, and chase each other on.
So moved the Trojans on, man after man,
In close array, all armed in glittering brass, 1010
Following their generals. Hector, Priam's son,
And peer of Mars in battle, led the van,
His round shield held before him, tough with hides
And overlaid with brass. Upon his brow
The gleaming helmet nodded as he moved. 1015
On every side he tried the phalanxes,
If haply they might yield to his assault,
Made from beneath that buckler ; but the Greeks
In spirit or in order wavered not.

And Ajax, striding forth, defied him thus :— 1020

“ Draw nearer, friend ! Think'st thou to frighten
thus

The Greeks? We are not quite so inexpert
In war, although so cruelly chastised
By Jupiter. Thou thinkest in thy heart
That thou shalt make our ships thy spoil ; but we 1025
Have also our strong arms to drive thee back,
And far more soon the populous town of Troy,
Captured and sacked, shall fall by Grecian hands.
And now I warn thee that the hour is near
When, fleeing, thou shalt pray to Father Jove 1030
And all the immortals, that thy long-maned steeds,
Bearing thee townward mid a cloud of dust
Along the plain, may be more swift than hawks.”

As thus he spake, an eagle, to the right,
High in the middle heaven, flew over him, 1035
And, gladdened by the omen, all the Greeks
Shouted ; but then illustrious Hector spake :—

“ Babblers and boaster, what wild words are these?
O Ajax ! would that I were but as sure
To be the child of ægis-bearing Jove, 1040
Brought forth by Juno the august, and held
In honor everywhere like that which crowns
Apollo and Minerva, as I know
That to the Greeks this very day will bring
Destruction, and that thou shalt also lie 1045
Slain with the others, if thou dare abide
The stroke of my long spear, which yet shall tear

Thy dainty flesh, and thou, with thy full limbs,
 Shalt be the feast of Trojan dogs and birds,
 Unburied by the galleys of the Greeks.” 1050

So Hector spake, and led his warriors on.
 They followed with a mighty shout ; the rear
 Sent up as loud a cry. On the other side
 Shouted the Greeks, nor intermitted now
 Their wonted valor, but stood firm to breast 1055
 The onset of the chosen men of Troy.
 The mingled clamor of both hosts went up
 To heaven, and to the shining seat of Jove.

BOOK XIV.

THE mighty uproar was not unperceived
 By Nestor's ear, who, sitting at the wine,
 Addressed the son of Æsculapius thus : —

“ Noble Machaon, what will happen now ?

Bethink thee : for the clamor grows more loud 5
 From our young warriors at the ships. Stay here
 And drink the purple wine, while for thy limbs
 The fair-haired Hecamede warms the bath
 And washes the dark blood away, and I
 Will climb the watch-tower, and will know the worst.”

He spake, and took a buckler, fairly wrought, 11
 Glittering with brass, and left within the tent
 By Thrasymedes, his own knightly son,

Who to the war had borne his father's shield ;
 He grasped a ponderous spear, with brazen blade, 15
 And stood without the tent, and saw a sight
 Of shame, — the routed Greeks, and close behind
 The haughty Trojans putting them to flight,
 And the Greek wall o'erthrown. As when the face
 Of the great deep grows dark with weltering waves,
 That silently forbode the swift descent 21
 Of the shrill blast, the yet uncertain seas
 Roll not to either side, till from the seat
 Of Jupiter comes down the violent wind, —
 So paused the aged chief, uncertain yet 25
 Of purpose, — whether he should join the throng
 Of Greeks, with their swift coursers, or repair
 To sovereign Agamemnon, Atreus' son.
 This to his thought séemed wiser, and he went
 To seek Atrides. Meantime both the hosts 30
 Urged on the work of slaughter ; still they fought,
 And still the solid brass upon their limbs
 Rang, smitten with the swords and two-edged spears.

Then, coming from the fleet, the wounded kings,
 Nurslings of Jove, met Nestor ; toward him came 35
 Tydides, and Ulysses, and the son
 Of Atreus, Agamemnon. On the beach
 Of the gray deep their ships were ranged afar
 From that fierce conflict. There the Greeks had
 drawn, 39
 To the plain's edge, the first that touched the land,
 And built a rampart at their sterns. Though long

The shore-line, it sufficed not to contain
 The galleys, and the host had scanty room ;
 Wherefore they drew the galleys up in rows,
 Row behind row, and filled the shore's wide mouth
 Between the promontories. There the kings 46
 Walked, leaning on their lances, to behold
 The tumult and the fight, and inly grieved.
 The sight of aged Nestor startled them,
 And thus the royal Agamemnon spake :— 50

“ Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks,
 Why hast thou left the murderous fray, and why
 Come hither? Much I fear the fiery chief,
 Hector, will make the menace good which once
 He uttered, speaking to the men of Troy, — 55
 Not to return to Ilium from the fleet
 Till he had burned our ships with fire, and slain
 Us also ; thus he spake, and now fulfils
 His menace. O ye gods ! the other Greeks,
 And not Achilles only, cherish hate 60
 Against me in their hearts, and now refuse
 To combat even where our galleys lie.”

↳ And Nestor, the Gerenian knight, replied :—
 “ Thus is the threat accomplished, nor can Jove
 The Thunderer reverse the event. The wall 65
 In which we trusted as impregnable,
 Our fleet's defence and ours, is overthrown ; ↳
 But obstinately still the Greeks maintain
 The combat at the ships, nor couldst thou now
 Distinguish with thy sharpest sight where most 70

The ranks are routed, so confusedly
 They fall, and the wild uproar reaches heaven.
 Meantime consult we what may yet be done,
 If counsel aught avail ; yet can I not
 Advise to mingle in the strife again. 75
 It is not meet that wounded men should fight."

And then the royal Agamemnon said :—
 " Since at our ships, beneath their very sterns,
 The combat rages ; since the wall we built
 Avails not, nor the trench, at which the Greeks 80
 Labored and suffered, hoping it might be
 A sure defence for us and for our fleet,
 Certain it is that to Almighty Jove
 It hath seemed good that here the Greeks, afar
 From Argos, should be shamefully cut off ; 85
 For well was I aware when he designed
 To aid the Greeks, and well can I perceive
 That he is honoring now the men of Troy
 Like to the blessed gods, and fettering
 Our valor and our hands. Hear my advice, 90
 And follow it. Let us draw down the ships
 Nearest the sea, and launch them on the deep,
 And moor them, anchored, till the lonely night
 Shall come, when, if the Trojans pause from war,
 Haply we may draw down the other barks ; 95
 For he who flees from danger, even by night,
 Deserves no blame ; and better is his fate
 Who flees from harm than his whom harm o'ertakes."

Then wise Ulysses, with stern look, replied :—

"What words, Atrides, have escaped thy lips?
 Unhappy man, thou shouldst have held commenda-
 O'er some effeminate army, and not ours, —
 Ours to whom Jupiter, from youth to age,
 Hath granted to accomplish difficult wars,
 Until we pass away. And wouldst thou then
 Depart from Troy, the city of broad streets,
 For which we have endured so much and long?
 Nay, be thou silent, lest the other Greeks
 Hear words that never should be said by one
 Who knows to speak with wisdom, and who bears
 The sceptre, and who rules so many Greeks
 As thou dost. I contemn with my whole soul
 The counsel thou hast given, commanding us,
 While yet the battle rages, to draw down
 Our good ships to the sea, that so the foe
 May see his wish more easily fulfilled,
 Even in the hour of triumph, and our fate
 Be certain ruin; for the Greeks no more
 Will combat when they draw their galleys down,
 But, looking backward to the shore, will leave
 The battle there; and thus, O king of men!
 Will mischief flow from what thou counsellest."
 And Agamemnon, king of men, rejoined: —
 "Thou touchest me, Ulysses, to the heart
 With thy harsh censure; yet I did not give
 Command to drag our good ships to the sea,
 Against the will of the Greeks. And would *there*
 were

Some other, young or old, to counsel them
More prudently, for that would please me well."

Then spake the great in battle, Diomed : — 130
 " The man is here, nor have ye far to look
 If ye will be persuaded, and refrain
 To blame me angrily, because my years
 Are fewest midst you all. I too can boast 135
 Of noble birth ; my father, Tydeus, lies
 Buried beneath a mound of earth at Thebes.
 To Portheus three illustrious sons were born,
 Who dwelt in Pleuron, and in Calydon
 The lofty, — Agrius, Melas, and the knight,
 My father's father, Ceneus, eminent 140
 Among the rest for valor ; he remained
 At home, but, wandering thence, my father went
 To Argos, for the will of Jove was such, —
 Jove and the other gods. He wedded there
 A daughter of Adrastus, and he dwelt 145
 Within a mansion filled with wealth ; broad fields
 Fertile in corn were his, and many rows
 Of trees and vines around him ; large his flocks,
 And great his fame as one expert to wield,
 Beyond all other Greeks, the spear in war. 150
 This should ye know, for this is true ; nor yet
 Contemn my counsel given with careful thought
 And for your good, nor deem it comes from one
 Unwarlike and low-born. Now let us join
 The battle, wounded as we are, for much 155
 It needs our presence, keeping carefully

Beyond the reach of weapons, to avoid
Wound upon wound, and, cheering on the
Send back into the combat those who stand
Apart, indulgent to their weariness."

He spake : they hearkened, and with haste
Went on, King Agamemnon at their head.

Nor was the glorious power that shakes the
Unmindful of his charge. He went among
The warriors in the semblance of a man
Stricken in years, and, seizing the right hand
Of Agamemnon, spake these wingèd words :-

"O son of Atreus, the revengeful heart
Of Peleus' son must leap within his breast
For joy, to see the slaughter and the rout
Of the Achaians, since with him there dwells
No touch of pity. May he perish too,
Like us, and may some god o'erwhelm his name
With infamy. With thee the blessed gods
Are not so far incensed, and thou shalt see
The Trojan chiefs and princes of their host
Raising the dust-clouds on the spacious plain
In fleeing from our ships and tents to Troy."
He spake, and, shouting, strode across the field.
As loud a cry as from nine thousand men,
Or from ten thousand hurrying to engage
In battle, such the cry that ocean's king
Uttered from his deep lungs. It woke anew
Invincible resolve in every heart
Among the Greeks to combat to the end.

Now, Juno of the golden throne beheld
 As, standing on the Olympian height, she cast
 Downward her eyes to where her brother moved,
 Bearing his part with glory in the fray ;
 And inly she rejoiced. She also saw 190
 Jove on the peak of Ida, down whose side
 Glide many brooks, and greatly was displeas'd.
 Then the majestic goddess with large eyes
 Mused how to occupy the mind of him
 Who bears the ægis. This at length seem'd best :
 To deck herself in fair array, and haste 195
 To Ida, that the God might haply yield
 To amorous desire, and in that hour
 Her hand might pour into his lids, and o'er
 His watchful mind, a soft and pleasant sleep. 200
 She went to her own chamber, which her son
 Vulcan had fram'd, with massive portals made
 Fast to the lintels by a secret bolt,
 Which none but she could draw. She enter'd in
 And clos'd the shining doors ; and first she took 205
 Ambrosial water, washing every stain
 From her fair limbs, and smoothen'd them with rich oil,
 Ambrosial, soft, and fragrant, which, when touch'd
 Within Jove's brazen halls, perfum'd the air
 Of earth and heaven. When thus her shapely form
 Had been anointed, and her hands had combed 211
 Her tresses, she arrang'd the lustrous curls,
 Ambrosial, beautiful, that clustering hung
 Round her immortal brow. And next she threw

Around her an ambrosial robe, the work
 Of Pallas, all its web embroidered o'er
 With forms of rare device. She fastened it
 Over the breast with clasps of gold, and there
 She passed about her waist a zone which bore
 Fringes an hundred-fold; and in her ears
 She hung her three-gemmed ear-rings, from
 gleam

She won an added grace. Around her head
 The glorious goddess drew a flowing veil,
 Just from the loom, and shining like the sun
 And, last, beneath her bright white feet she wore
 The shapely sandals. Gloriously arrayed
 In all her ornaments, she left her bower,
 And calling Venus to herself, apart
 From all the other gods, addressed her thus

“Wilt thou, dear child, comply with what I wish
 Or, angered that I aid the Greeks, while thou
 Dost favor Troy, wilt thou deny my suit?”

And thus Jove's daughter, Venus, made reply
 “O Juno, whom I reverence, speak thy thought
 Daughter of mighty Saturn! for my heart
 Commands me to obey thy wish in all
 That I can do, and all that can be done.”

And thus imperial Juno, planning guile,
 Rejoined: “Give me the charm and the device
 With which thou overcomest gods and men.
 I go to the far end of this green earth,
 To visit Ocean, father of the gods,

And Mother Tethys, who, receiving me
 From Rhea, cherished me, and brought me up
 In their abodes, when Jove the Thunderer 245
 Cast Saturn down to lie beneath the earth
 And barren sea. I go to visit them,
 And end their hateful quarrel. For too long
 Have they been strangers to the marriage-bed.
 But if my words persuade them, and bring back 250
 Their hearts to their old love, my name will be
 Honored by them, and dear throughout all time."

And laughter-loving Venus answered thus : —
 "What thou desirest should not be denied,
 And shall not, for thou sleepest in the arms 255
 Of Jupiter, the mightiest of the gods."

She spake, and from her bosom drew the zone,
 Embroidered, many-colored, and instinct
 With every winning charm — with love, desire,
 Dalliance, and gentle speech — that stealthily 260
 O'ercomes the purpose of the wisest mind,
 And, placing it in Juno's hands, she said : —

"This many-colored zone, and all that dwells
 Within it, take, and in thy bosom hide,
 And thou, I deem, wilt not return and leave 265
 Thy purpose unfulfilled." As thus she spake,
 The large-eyed stately Juno smiled and took,
 And, smiling, in her bosom placed the zone,
 While Venus, daughter of the Thunderer,
 Went to the palace. Juno took her way 270
 From high Olympus o'er Pieria's realm

And rich Emathia, o'er equestrian Thrace,
 With snowy peaks exceeding high ; her feet
 Touched not the ground. From Athos suddenly
 She stooped upon the tossing deep, and came ²⁷⁵
 To Lemnos, seat of Thoas the divine,
 And there she met Death's brother, Sleep, and took
 His hand in hers, and thus accosted him :—

“ O Sleep, whose sway is over all the gods ²⁸⁰
 And all mankind, if ever thou didst heed
 My supplication, hearken to me now,
 And I shall be forever grateful. Close
 The glorious eyes of Jove beneath his lids
 Midst our embracings, and for thy reward
 Thou shalt possess a sumptuous throne of gold ²⁸⁵
 Imperishable. Vulcan, my lame son,
 Shall forge it for thee, and adorn its sides,
 And place below a footstool, upon which
 Thy shining feet shall rest in banqueting.”

Then gentle Sleep made answer, speaking thus :—
 “ Great Saturn's daughter, Juno the august, ²⁹¹
 On any other of the deathless gods
 Could I bring slumber, — even on the tides
 Of the swift Ocean, parent of them all ;
 Yet may I not approach Saturnian Jove ²⁹⁵
 If he command me not. Already once
 He made me quail with fright before his threats,
 When his magnanimous son, Alcides, sailed
 From Troy, which he had ravaged. Then I lulled
 The senses of the Ægis-bearer, Jove, ³⁰⁰

Wrapping myself around him, while thy mind
 Was planning mischiefs for his son, and thou
 Didst wake the blasts of all the bitter winds
 To sweep the ocean, and to bear away
 The hero on its billows from his friends 305
 To populous Cos. When Jupiter awoke
 His anger rose ; he seized and flung the gods
 Hither and thither ; me he chiefly sought,
 And would have cast me to destruction, down
 From the great heavens into the deep, if Night, 310
 Whose power o'ercomes the might of gods and men,
 Had not preserved me, fleeing to her shade.
 So Jove refrained, indignant as he was,
 For much he feared to offend the swift-paced Night.
 And now thou bid'st me tempt my fate again." 315

Imperial, large-eyed Juno thus rejoined : —
 " Why rise such thoughts, O Sleep, within thy heart ?
 Deem'st thou that Jove the Thunderer favors Troy
 As much as he was angered for the sake
 Of Hercules, his son ? Do what I ask, 320
 And thou shalt have from me a wedded spouse.
 One of the younger Graces shall be thine, —
 Pasithea, whom thou hast desired so long."

She spake, and Sleep, delighted, answered thus : —
 " Swear now to me, O goddess, by the Styx, 325
 The inviolable river. Lay one hand
 Upon the food-producing earth, and place
 The other on the glimmering sea, that all
 The gods below, round Saturn, may attest

Thy promise, — that thou wilt bestow on me
One of the younger Graces for my bride, —
Pasihea, whom I have desired so long.”

He spake, and white-armed Juno willingly
Complied ; she took the oath, and called on
The gods who dwell in Tartarus below,
And bear the name of Titans. When the oath
Was taken, and the accustomed rites performed
From Lemnos and from Imbrus forth they went
Shrouded in mist ; and swiftly moving on
Toward Ida, seamed with rivulets and nurse
Of savage beasts, they came to Lectos first,
And there they left the sea. Their way was
Over the land, and underneath their feet
The forest summits shook. Sleep halted there
Ere yet the eye of Jupiter descried
His coming, and upon a lofty fir,
The tallest growing on the Idæan mount,
High in the air among the clouds of heaven,
Springing from earth, he took his perch within
The screen of branches, like the shrill-voiced
Called Chalcis by the immortals, and by men
Cymindis, haunting the high mountain-side.

And Juno hastened on to Gargarus,
The peak of lofty Ida. Jupiter,
The Cloud-compeller, saw her, and at once
Love took possession of his mighty heart,
As when they first were wedded, and withdrew
From their dear parents' sight. The God drew

And stood before her, and addressed her thus :—

“ Why art thou hastening from Olympus thus, ³⁶⁰
And whither ; yet without thy steeds and car ? ”

And Juno answered with dissembled guile :—

“ To the far ends of the green earth I go,
To visit Ocean, father of the gods,
And Mother Tethys, in whose palace halls ³⁶⁵
They nourished me, and brought me up. I go
To end their hateful quarrels, for too long
Have they been strangers to the marriage-bed,
Incensed against each other. Now my steeds,
Waiting to bear me over land and sea, ³⁷⁰
Stand at the foot of Ida seamed with rills,
And now I come to thee, lest thou perchance
Be wroth if I unknown to thee repair
To where old Ocean dwells amid his deeps.”

The Cloud-compeller, Jupiter, rejoined :— ³⁷⁵

“ Hereafter, Juno, there will be a time
For such a journey ; meantime let us give
This hour to rest and dalliance. Never yet
Did love of goddess or of mortal maid
Possess and overcome my heart as now ; ³⁸⁰
Not even when I loved Ixion's dame,
Who bore Pirithöus, prudent as a god
Among the counsellors ; nor when I loved
Acrisius' daughter with the dainty feet,
Danaë, who brought forth Perseus, eminent ³⁸⁵
Above the other warrior-chiefs ; nor when
I carried off from Phœnix the renowned

His daughter, who bore Minos afterward,
And Rhadamanthus. Never so I loved
Semele, nor Alcmena who in Thebes
Brought forth to me the great-souled Hercules,
My valiant son, while Bacchus, the delight
Of men, was born of Semele ; nor yet
So loved I Ceres, fair-haired queen, nor yet
Latona, gloriously beautiful,
Nor even thee, as now I love, and yield
My spirit to the sweetness of desire."

Imperial Juno artfully replied : —
"Importunate Saturnius, what is this
That thou hast said ? If on this summit height
Of Ida we recline, where all around
Is open to the sight, how will it be
Should any of the ever-living gods
Behold us sleeping, and to all the rest
Declare it ? I could never, rising thence,
Enter again thy palace, save with shame.
Yet if thou truly speakest thy desire,
Thou hast a marriage-chamber of thine own,
Which Vulcan, thy beloved son, for thee
Framed, fitting to its posts the solid doors ;
And thither let us go to take our rest
Within it, since thou hast declared thy will."

Then spake again the Cloud-compeller Jove
"O Juno ! fear thou not that any god
Or man will look upon us. I shall throw
A golden cloud around us, which the Sun

Himself cannot look through, although his eye
Is piercing, far beyond all other eyes."

The son of Saturn spake, and took his wife
Into his arms, while underneath the pair 420
The sacred Earth threw up her freshest herbs, —
The dewy lotus, and the crocus-flower,
And thick and soft the hyacinth. All these
Upbore them from the ground. Upon this couch
They lay, while o'er them a bright golden cloud 430
Gathered, and shed its drops of glistening dew.

So slumbered on the heights of Gargarus
The All-Father, overcome by sleep and love,
And held his consort in his arms. Meanwhile
The gentle Sleep made haste to seek the fleet 435
Of Greece. He bore a message to the god
Neptune, who shakes the shores, and, drawing near,
He thus accosted him with wingèd words : —

" Now, Neptune, give the Greeks thy earnest aid,
And though it be but for a little space, 435
While Jupiter yet slumbers, let them win
The glory of the day ; for I have wrapt
His senses in a gentle lethargy,
To which he is betrayed by Juno's wiles."

He spake, and took his way, departing thence 440
Among the tribes of men. These words inflamed
The god's desire to aid the Greeks ; he sprang
Far on among the foremost, and exclaimed : —

" O Greeks ! do ye again submit to yield
The victory to Hector, Priam's son. 445

That he may seize our fleet and bear away
The glory of the day? This is his hope,
And this his boast, since now Achilles lies
Inactive at his ships, in sullen wrath.
Yet little should we need him, if the rest
Stood bravely by each other. Hear me now,
And do what I advise. Let all of us,
The best and bravest, bearing shields, and ca
With glittering helms, and wielding in our ha
The longest spears, advance, and I will lead
The charge ; nor do I think that Hector, son
Of Priam, daring as he seems, will yet
Abide our onset. Whoso has the heart
To make a stand with me, and yet who bears
A narrow shield, let it be given to one
Less warlike, and a broader shield be found."

He spake ; they hearkened and obeyed. The
Tydides, and Ulysses, and the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, though their wounds
Still galled them, marshalled and reviewed the
And changed their arms ; they made the brave
The better armor, and the worse they gave
To the less warlike. Now, when o'er their b
The burnished mail was girded, they began
Their march ; the great earth-shaker, Neptun
The onset, grasping in his sinewy hand
A sword of fearful length and flashing blade,
Like lightning. No man dared encounter it
In combat ; every arm was stayed by fear.

Right opposite, illustrious Hector ranged 475
 His Trojans. Dark-haired Neptune and the son
 Of Priam now engaged in desperate strife,
 One on the side of Troy, and one for Greece.
 The sea swelled upward toward the Grecian tents
 And fleet, while both the armies flung themselves 480
 Against each other with a loud uproar.
 Not with such noise the ocean-billows lash
 The mainland, when the violent north wind
 Tumbles them shoreward ; not with such a noise
 Roar the fierce flames within the mountain glen, 485
 When leaping upward to consume the trees ;
 And not so loudly howls the hurricane
 Among the lofty branches of the oaks
 When in its greatest fury, as now rose
 The din of battle from the hosts that rushed 490
 Against each other with terrific cries.
 < At Ajax glorious Hector cast his spear,
 As face to face they stood. It missed him not,
 But struck him where two belts upon his breast
 O'erlapped each other, — that which held the shield
 And that which bore the silver-studded sword. 495
 These saved the tender muscles. Hector, vexed
 That thus his weapon should have flown in vain,
 Retreated toward his comrades, shunning death.
 As he drew back, the Telamonian hurled 500
 A stone, — for stones in multitude, that propped
 The galleys, lay around, and rolled among
 The feet of those who struggled. One of these

He lifted, smiting Hector on the breast,
 Above the buckler's orb and near the neck
 He sent it spinning like a top ; it fell
 And whirled along the ground. As when
 The stroke of Father Jupiter an oak
 Falls broken at the root, and from it fumes
 A stifling smell of sulphur, and the heart
 Of him who stands and sees it sinks with dread
 For fearful is the bolt of mighty Jove, —
 So dropped the valiant Hector to the earth
 Amid the dust ; his hand let fall the spear ;
 His shield and helm fell with him, and his mail
 Of shining brass clashed round him. Then

Greeks

Rushed toward him, yelling fiercely, for they ho
 To drag him thence ; and many a lance they ca
 But none by javelin or by thrust could wound
 The shepherd of the people, for there came
 Around him all the bravest of his host, —
 Polydamas, Æneas, and the great
 Agenor, and Sarpedon, he who led
 The Lycian bands, and Glaucus the renowned ;
 These flung themselves into the strife, while none
 Of all the rest refrained, but firmly held
 Their broad round shields before him. Then his
 friends
 Lifted him in their arms, and bore him off,
 Out of the conflict, to his fiery steeds
 That waited for him in the battle's rear,

With charioteer and sumptuous car ; and these
Bore him to Ilium, sorely suffering.

But when they now had reached the crossing-place
Of Xanthus, full of eddies, pleasant stream,
The progeny of ever-living Jove, 535
They lifted out the hero from the car,
And laid him on the ground, and on him poured
Water, at which his breath and sight returned.
He sat upon his knees, and from his throat
Gave forth the purple blood, and then he fell 540
Back to the ground, and darkness veiled his eyes,
For still his senses felt the stunning blow.

The Greeks saw Hector leave the field, and
pressed
The foe more hotly, and bethought themselves
Of their old valor. Then the swift of foot, 545
Oïlean Ajax, darted to the van,
And with his fir-tree spear smote Satnius, son
Of Enops, whom a Naiad eminent
For beauty among all the nymphs brought forth
To Enops, when on Satnio's banks he kept 550
His flocks. Oïleus' son, expert to wield
The spear, drew near, and pierced him in the flank.
Prostrate he fell, and suddenly the Greeks
And Trojans gathered round in desperate fray.
Polydamas, the mighty spearman, son 555
Of Panthoüs, coming to avenge him, smote
On the right shoulder Prothoënor, son
Of Areïlochus. The pitiless spear

Passed through, and falling in the dust he gra
 The earth with dying hands. Polydamas
 Shouted aloud, exulting over him :—

“ Not vainly, as I think, hath flown the spea
 From the strong hand of the magnanimous son
 Of Panthoüs. Some Achaian hath received
 The weapon in his side, to lean upon
 In going down to Pluto’s dim abode.”

He spake ; the Achaians chafed to hear his bo
 And most the warlike son of Telamon ;
 For the slain Greek fell near him. Instantly,
 Just as the Trojan moved away, he hurled
 His shining lance. Polydamas, to escape
 The death-stroke, sprang aside. Archilochus,
 Antenor’s son, received the blow : the gods
 Had doomed him to be slain. It pierced the spine
 Where the head joins the neck, and severed there ⁵⁷⁵
 The tendons on each side. His head and mouth
 And nostrils struck the ground before his knees.

And thus to excellent Polydamas
 Did Ajax shout in turn : “ Bethink thee now,
 And tell me truly, was not this a man
 Worthy to die for Prothoënor’s sake ? 580
 No man of mean repute or meanly born
 He seems, but either brother to the knight
 Antenor, or his son ; for certainly
 His looks declare him of Antenor’s race.” 585

He spake ; but well he knew the slain. Meanwhile
 The Trojans heard and grieved. Then Acamas,

Stalking around his fallen brother, slew
 Promachus, the Bœotian, with his spear,
 While dragging off the dead man by the feet. 590

Then o'er the fallen warrior, Acamas
 Boasted aloud : "O measureless in threats !
 Bowmen of Argos ! not to us alone
 Shall woe and mourning come ; ye also yet
 Will perish. See your Promachus o'erthrown, 595
 And by my spear, that so my brother's death
 May not be unrequited. Every man
 Should wish a brother left to avenge his fall."

He ended, and the Greeks were vexed to hear
 His boast ; the brave Peneleus most of all 600
 Was angered, and he rushed on Acamas,
 Who waited not the onset of the king,
 And in his stead was Ilioneus slain,
 The son of Phorbas, who was rich in flocks,
 Whom Mercury, of all the sons of Troy, 605
 Loved most, and gave him ample wealth ; his wife
 Brought Ilioneus forth, and only him ;
 And him Peneleus smote beneath the brow
 In the eye's socket, forcing out the ball ; 609
 The spear passed through, and reappeared behind.
 Down sat the wounded man with arms outstretched,
 While, drawing his sharp sword, Peneleus smote
 The middle of his neck, and lopped away
 The helmèd head, which fell upon the ground,
 The spear still in the eye. He lifted it 615
 As one would lift a poppy up, and thus

He shouted, boasting, to the Trojan host :—

“Go now, ye Trojans, and inform from me,
The father and the mother of the slain
That they may mourn within their palace walls 600
Illustrious Ilioneus. After this
Shall the sad wife of Promachus, the son
Of Alegenor, never hasten forth
To meet her husband with glad looks, when we
The Greeks return from Ilium with our fleet.” 605

He spake ; the Trojans all grew pale with fear,
And gazed around for an escape from death.

Say, Muses, ye who on the Olympian height
Inhabit, who was first among the Greeks
To gather bloody spoil, when now the power 630
That shakes the shores had turned the tide of war.

First, Ajax, son of Telamon, struck down
Hyrtius, the leader of the Mysian band,
And son of Gyrtias, while Antilochus
Spoiled Mermerus and Phalces. Morys next, 635
Slain by the weapon of Meriones,
Fell with Hippotion. Teucer overthrew
Prothoüs and Periphœtes. Atreus' son
Smote Hyperenor, prince among his tribe,
Upon the flank ; the trenchant weapon drank 640
The entrails, and the soul, driven forth, escaped
Through the deep wound, and darkness veiled his
eyes.

But Ajax swift of foot, Oileus' son,
O'erthrew the most, for none could equal him
In swift pursuit when Jove ordained a flight. 645

BOOK XV.

NOW when the Trojans in their flight had crossed
 Rampart and trench, and many had been slain
 By the pursuing Greeks, they made a halt
 Beside their chariots, in despair and pale
 With terror. Meanwhile Jupiter awoke, 5
 On Ida's height, from slumber by the side
 Of Juno, goddess of the golden throne.
 At once he rose and saw the Trojan host
 Routed, and, following close upon their flight,
 The Argive warriors putting them to rout, 10
 Aided by Neptune, sovereign of the sea,
 And Hector lying on the field among
 His fellow-warriors, breathing painfully,
 Vomiting blood, and senseless, for the arm
 That smote was not the feeblest of the Greeks. 15
 The Father of immortals and of men
 Beheld and pitied him, and terribly
 Frowned upon Juno, and bespake her thus : —
 "O evil-minded Juno, full of guile !
 Thy arts have made the noble Hector leave 20
 The combat, and have forced his troops to flee.
 I know not whether 't were not well that thou
 Shouldst taste the fruit of thy pernicious wiles,
 Chastised by me with stripes. Dost thou forget
 When thou didst swing suspended, and I tied 25
 Two anvils to thy feet, and bound a chain

Of gold that none could break around thy wrists ?
 Then didst thou hang in air amid the clouds,
 And all the gods of high Olympus saw
 With pity. They stood near, but none of them 30
 Were able to release thee. Whoso came
 Within my reach I seized, and hurled him o'er
 Heaven's threshold, and he fell upon the earth
 Scarce breathing. Yet the passion of my wrath,
 Caused by the wrongs of godlike Hercules, 35
 Was not to be so calmed ; for craftily
 Hadst thou called up the violent northern blast,
 To chase him far across the barren deep,
 And drive him from his course to populous Cos.
 I rescued him at length, and brought him back 40
 To Argos famed for steeds, though after long
 And many hardships. I remind thee now
 Of this, that thou mayst see of what avail
 Hereafter thy dissembled love and all
 Thy cunning strategies will be to thee." 45

He spake, and Juno, large-eyed and august,
 Shuddered, and answered Jove with wingèd
 words: —

“ Be witness, Earth, and the great Heavens above,
 And waters of the Styx that glide beneath, —
 That dreadful oath which most the blessed gods 50
 Revere, — be witness, too, that sacred head
 Of thine, and our own nuptial couch, by which
 I would not rashly swear at any time,
 That not by my persuasion Neptune went —

The shaker of the shores — to harass Troy 55
 And Hector, and to aid the cause of Greece.
 He went self-counselled ; he had seen the Greeks
 Pressed grievously beside their fleet, and took
 Compassion on them. Yet would I advise
 That he obey thy word, and take his place 60
 Where thou, the Cloud-compeller, bid'st him go."

She ended, and the Father of the gods
 And mortals smiled, and said, in wingèd words :—

“ Large-eyed, imperial Juno, wouldst thou sit
 In council with the immortals, and assist 65
 My purposes, then Neptune, though at heart
 He were averse, would yet conform his will
 To mine and thine. If thou dost truly speak,
 And from thy heart, go now to where the gods
 Assemble, summon Iris, and with her 70
 The archer-god Apollo. Give in charge
 To Iris that she hasten to the host
 Of the mailed Greeks, and bid king Neptune leave,
 The battle for his palace. Let the god
 Phœbus, preparing Hector for the fight, 75
 Breathe strength into his frame, that so he lose
 The sense of pain which bows his spirit now,
 And he shall force the Greeks again to flee
 In craven fear. Then shall their flying host
 Fall back upon the galleys of the son 80
 Of Peleus, who shall send into the fight
 His friend Patroclus. Him the mighty spear
 Of Hector shall o'erthrow before the walls

Of Ilium, after many a Trojan youth
 Shall by his hand have fallen, and with them 85
 My noble son, Sarpedon. Roused to rage,
 Then shall the great Achilles take the life
 Of Hector. Be it from this time my care
 That all the assaults of Trojans in the fleet
 Be beaten back, till by Minerva's aid 90
 The Greeks possess the lofty town of Troy.
 Still am I angry, nor will I allow
 One of the ever-living gods to aid
 The Greeks, until the prayer of Peleus' son
 Shall fully be accomplished, as my word 95
 And nod were given, when Thetis clasped my knees,
 Entreating me to honor, signally,
 Her son, Achilles, spoiler of walled towns."

He spake ; the white-armed goddess willingly
 Obeyed him, and from Ida's summit flew 100
 To high Olympus. As the thought of man
 Flies rapidly, when, having travelled far,
 He thinks, "Here would I be, I would be there,"
 And flits from place to place, so swiftly flew
 Imperial Juno to the Olympian mount, 105
 And there she found the ever-living gods
 Assembled in the halls of Jupiter.
 These, as they saw her, starting from their seats,
 Reached forth their cups to greet her. All the rest
 She overlooked, and took the beaker held 110
 By blooming Themis, who in haste had run
 To meet her, and in wingèd accents said : —

“ Why comest thou, O Juno ! with the look
Of one o’ercome with fear. Hath Saturn’s son,
Thy lord, disquieted thy soul with threats ? ” 115

The white-armed goddess Juno answered her : —
“ Ask me not, heavenly Themis, — thou dost know
The cruel, arrogant temper that is his, —
But sit presiding at the common feast,
In this fair palace of the gods, and thou 120
And all in heaven shall hear what evils Jove
Has threatened. All, I think, will not rejoice
To hear the tidings, be they gods or men,
Though some contentedly are feasting now.”

Thus having said, imperial Juno took 125
Her place, and all the gods within the halls
Of Jupiter were grieved. The goddess smiled,
But only with the lips ; her forehead wore
Above the jetty brows no sign of joy,
While thus she spake in anger to the rest : — 130

“ Vainly, and in our madness, do we strive
With Father Jove. We come and seek by craft
Or force to move his stubborn will ; he sits
Apart, unyielding, unregarding, proud
Of the vast strength and power in which he stands
Above all other of the deathless gods. 135
Bear therefore patiently whatever ill
He sends to each. Already, as I learn,
Hath Mars his share of sorrow. In the war
Ascalaphus hath perished, whom he loved 140
Dearly, beyond all other men, and whom

The fiery god acknowledged as his son."

As thus she spake, Mars smote his sinewy thighs
With his dropped hands, and sorrowfully said :—

"Be not offended with me, ye who make 145
Your dwelling on Olympus, if I go
Down to the Achaian fleet, and there avenge
The slaughter of my son, though I be doomed
To fall before the thunderbolt of Jove,
And lie in blood and dust among the dead." 150

He spake, and summoned Fear and Flight to yoke
His steeds, and put his glorious armor on.
Then greater and more terrible had been
The avenging wrath of Jupiter inflamed
Against the gods, if Pallas in her fear 155
For all the heavenly dwellers had not left
Her throne, and, rushing through the portals,
snatched

The helmet from his head, and from his arm
The shield, and from his brawny hand the spear,
And laid the brazen weapon by, and thus 160
Rebuked the fiery temper of the god :—

"Thou madman, thou art frantic, thou art lost !
Hast thou not ears to hear, nor any shame
Nor reason left? Hast thou not heard the words
Of white-armed Juno, who so lately left 165
Olympian Jupiter? Wouldst thou return
In pain and sorrow to the Olympian heights,
Driven back ingloriously, and made the cause
Of many miseries to all the gods? —

For Jove would leave the Trojans and their foes, 170
 The gallant Greeks, and turn on us, and bring
 Ruin upon Olympus. He would seize
 Guilty and guiltless in his rage alike.
 Wherefore I counsel thee to lay aside
 Resentment for the slaughter of thy son, 175
 Since braver men and stronger have been slain,
 And will be slain hereafter. Vain it were
 To seek from death to save the race of man."

She said, and, leading back the fiery Mars,
 Seated him on his throne, while Juno called 180
 Apollo forth, with Iris, messenger
 Of heaven, and thus in wingèd accents spake :—

"Jove calls you both to Ida. When ye reach
 Its heights, and look upon his countenance,
 Receive his sovereign mandate and obey." 185

So spake imperial Juno, and withdrew
 And took her seat again, while they in haste
 Flew toward the mount of Ida, seamed with rills
 And nurse of savage beasts. Upon the top
 Of Gargarus they found the Thunderer, 190
 The son of Saturn, sitting. In a cloud
 Of fragrant haze he sat concealed ; the twain
 Entered and stood before the God of Storms,
 Who saw them not displeas'd, so speedily
 Had they obeyed his consort. First he turned 195
 To Iris, and in wingèd accents said :—

"Haste thee, swift Iris, and report my words
 To royal Neptune, and report them right.

Bid him, withdrawing from the battle-field,
 Repair to the assembly of the gods, 200
 Or the great ocean. If he disobey,
 Contemning my command, then bid him think
 Maturely, whether, mighty though he be,
 He can withstand when I put forth my power
 Against him. Greater is my strength than his, 205
 And elder-born am I. Yet in his pride
 Of heart he dares to call himself my peer,
 Though all the others look on me with awe."

Thus spake the god, and Iris, whose swift feet
 Are like the wind, obeyed, and downward plunged
 From Ida's height to sacred Troy. As when 211
 Snow-flakes or icy hail are dropped to earth
 From clouds before the north wind when it sweeps
 The sky, so darted Iris to the ground,
 And stood by mighty Neptune's side, and said : —

"O dark-haired shaker of the shores, I bring 216
 A message from the Ægis-bearer, Jove,
 That thou, withdrawing from the battle-field,
 Repair to the assembly of the gods,
 Or the great ocean. If thou disobey, 220
 Contemning his command, then hear his threat :
 He will come hither and put forth his power
 Against thee, and he warns thee not to tempt
 The strife ; for greater is his power than thine,
 And he is elder-born, though in thy pride 225
 Of heart thou dost declare thyself the peer
 Of him whom all the rest regard with awe."

Illustrious Neptune answered with disdain : —
 “ In truth an arrogant speech ; he seeks by force
 To bar me from my purpose, who can claim 230
 Rights equal to his own, though great his power.
 We are three brothers, — Rhea brought us forth, —
 The sons of Saturn, — Jupiter, and I,
 And Pluto, regent of the realm below.
 Three parts were made of all existing things, 235
 And each of us received his heritage.
 The lots were shaken ; and to me it fell
 To dwell forever in the hoary deep,
 And Pluto took the gloomy realm of night,
 And, lastly, Jupiter the ample heaven 240
 And air and clouds. Yet doth the earth remain,
 With high Olympus, common to us all.
 Therefore I yield me not to do his will,
 Great as he is ; and let him be content
 With his third part. He cannot frighten me 245
 With gestures of his arm. Let him insult
 With menaces the daughters and the sons
 Of his own loves, and give them law, since they
 Perforce must hear, and patiently submit.”

Then the fleet-footed Iris spake again : — 250
 “ O dark-haired Neptune, shall I bear from thee
 This harsh, defiant answer back to Jove,
 Or shall it yet be changed ? The prudent mind
 Yields to the occasion, and thou knowest well
 The Furies wait upon the elder-born.” 255

Then spake in turn the god who shakes the
 shores : —

"O goddess Iris, thou hast wisely said.
 An excellent thing it is when messengers
 Know how to counsel well. But in my heart
 And soul a wrathful sense of injury 260
 Arises when he chides with insolent words
 Me, who was equal with him in my lot,
 And born to equal destinies. Yet now,
 Although offended, I give way ; but this
 I tell thee, and 't is from my heart, — if he, 265
 In spite of me and Pallas, spoiler-queen,
 And Juno, Mercury, and Vulcan, spare
 The towers of Troy, — if he refuse to bring
 Ruin on her, and glory on the Greeks,
 Then let him know that hatred without end 270
 Or intermission is between us two."

As thus he spake, the shaker of the shores
 Quitted the Grecian army, took his way
 Seaward, and plunged into the deep. The host
 Perceived their loss. Then Cloud-compelling Jove
 Turned to Apollo and addressed him thus : — 276

"Now go at once to Hector, mailed in brass,
 Belovèd Phœbus, for the god who shakes
 The earth, departing to the ocean-deeps,
 Avoids our wrath ; else had the other gods, 280
 Even they who far beneath the earth surround
 Old Saturn, heard our quarrel. Well it is
 For both of us that he, although enraged,
 Braved not my arm, for otherwise the strife
 Had not been ended without sweat. Now take 285

The fringed ægis in thy hands, and shake
 Its orb before the warrior Greeks, to fill
 Their hearts with fear. I give, O archer-god,
 Illustrious Hector to thy charge. Revive
 The might that dwelt within him, till the Greeks ²⁹⁰
 Reach, in their flight, the fleet and Hellespont ;
 Then shall it be my care, by word and deed,
 To give them rest and respite from their toils."

He spake : Apollo hearkened and obeyed
 His father, darting down from Ida's height ²⁹⁵
 Like the fleet falcon, chaser of the dove,
 And swiftest of the race of birds. He found
 Hector, the warlike Priam's noble son,
 No longer on his bed. He sat upright ;
 The life was coming back ; he knew again ³⁰⁰
 His friends ; the heavy breathing ceased ; the sweat
 Was stanchèd ; the will of ægis-bearing Jove
 Revived the warrior's strength. The archer-god,
 Phœbus, approached, and, standing by him, said :—

"Why, Hector, son of Priam, dost thou sit ³⁰⁵
 Languishing thus, apart from all the host ?
 Has aught of evil overtaken thee ?"

And then the crested Hector feebly said :
 "Who mayst thou be, O kindest of the gods,
 That thus dost question me ? Hast thou not heard
 That the great warrior Ajax, with a stone, ³¹¹
 Smote me upon the breast, and made me leave
 The battle-field, where I o'ertook and slew
 His comrades by the galleys of the Greeks ?

I thought to be this day among the dead 323
 In Pluto's mansion ; even now it seemed
 That I was breathing my dear life away."

Then spake again Apollo, archer-god :—
 "Take courage, for the son of Saturn sends
 From Ida's summit one who will attend 320
 And aid thee, — Phoebus of the golden sword,
 Long practised to defend thy Troy and thee.
 Rise now, encouraging thy numerous host
 Of charioteers to press with their swift steeds
 Straight toward the roomy galleys of the Greeks. 325
 I go before to smooth for them the way,
 And turn the Achaian bands, and make them flee."

He spake, and into the great ruler's breast
 Breathed strength and courage. As a stabled horse,
 Fed at his crib with barley, breaks the thong 330
 That fastened him, and, issuing, scours the plain
 Where he was wont in some smooth-flowing stream
 To bathe his sides, — he holds his head aloft
 Proudly, and o'er his shoulders streams the mane, —
 Consciously beautiful, he darts away 335
 On nimble knees, that bear him to the fields
 He knows so well, and pastures of the mares ;—
 So after he had hearkened to the god
 Moved the swift feet of Hector, and he flew
 To cheer his horsemen on. As peasant men 340
 Rush with their dogs in chase of hornèd stag
 Or mountain goat, whose refuge is among
 Thickets and lofty rocks, nor can they take

Their prey, for at their clamor there appears
 A manèd lion in the way, and turns 345
 The chasers back, although in hot pursuit, —
 Thus did the Greeks embattled close pursue
 The men of Ilium, striking with their swords
 And two-edged spears ; but when at length they saw
 Hector among the ranks of armèd men, 350
 Their hearts were troubled, and their courage sank.

Thoas, Andræmon's son, the bravest far
 Among the Ætolians, skilled to cast the spear
 And combat hand to hand, addressed the Greeks.
 In council few excelled him, when the youths 355
 Assembled for debate. With prudent speech
 Thoas bespake his fellow-warriors thus : —
 “ Gods ! what a marvel do mine eyes behold ;
 Hector has risen from death ! We fully thought,
 Each one of us, that, smitten by the hand 360
 Of Telamonian Ajax, he had died.
 Some god hath rescued and restored to strength
 This Hector who hath slain, and yet will slay,
 I fear, so many Greeks. He comes not thus
 Leading the charge without the aid of Jove, 365
 The God of Thunders. Now let all of us
 Follow this counsel : bid the multitude
 Retreat upon the ships, and let the rest,
 Who boast ourselves the bravest of the host,
 Stand firm and breast his onset, and so break 370
 Its fury with our lifted spears. I think,
 With all his rage, he will be slow to fling

Himself into a band of armèd Greeks."

He spake ; they hearkened and at once complied ;
 The Ajaxes, the Prince Idomeneus, 375
 Teucer, Meriones, and Meges, peer
 Of Mars, assembled all the chiefs, and ranked
 Their files to encounter Hector and his band
 Of Trojans, while the multitude fell back
 To the Greek galleys. Then, in close array, 380
 The Trojan host moved forward. Hector led
 The van in rapid march. Before him walked
 Phœbus, the terrible ægis in his hands
 Dazzlingly bright within its shaggy fringe,
 By Vulcan forged, the great artificer, 385
 And given to Jupiter, with which to rout
 Armies of men. With this in hand he led
 The assailants on. The Achaians kept their ground
 In serried ranks, and a sharp yell arose 389
 From Greeks and Trojans. Arrows from the string
 Flew through the air, and spears from valiant hands.
 Some pierced the breasts of warrior-youths, but more
 Fell half-way ere they reached their aim, and plunged
 Into the ground, still hungering for their prey.
 As long as Phœbus held the ægis still, 395
 The weapons reached and wounded equally
 Both armies, and in both the people fell ;
 But ever when the god looked face to face
 On the Greek knights, and shook the orb, and gave
 A mighty shout, he made their hearts to sink 400
 Within their bosoms, and their courage fled.

As when two beasts of prey at dead of night
 Suddenly, while their keeper is away,
 Scatter a herd of beeves or flock of sheep,
 So the disheartened Greeks were put to rout, 405
 For Phœbus sent among them fear, and gave
 Victory to Hector and the men of Troy.

Then, as the lines were broken, man slew man.
 First Stichius fell by Hector's hand, and next
 Arcesilaus ; one was chief among 410
 The mailed Bœotians, one the trusty friend
 Of brave Menestheus. Medon fell before
 Æneas, and with him Iasus died.

Medon was great Oileus' base-born son,
 And Ajax was his brother, and he dwelt 415
 In Phylacè, an exile, for his hand
 Had slain the brother of his father's wife,
 The step-dame Eriopis, late espoused.
 Iasus was appointed to command
 The warriors sent from Athens, and he claimed 420
 His birth from Sphehus, son of Bucolus.
 Mecistes fell before Polydamas.

Polites struck down Echius in the van,
 And Clonius died by great Agenor's hand ;
 And Paris, when Deïochus had turned 425
 To flee, among the foremost combatants,
 Smote him upon the shoulder from behind,
 And drave the brazen weapon through his heart.

Then, while the Trojans stripped the dead, the
 Greeks

Fled every way, and, falling as they ran 430
 Into the trench and on the stakes, were driven
 Back o'er the rampart. Hector lifted up
 His mighty voice, and bade the Trojans leave
 The bloody spoil and hasten to the ships.
 "And whomsoever I shall find apart 435
 In any place, at distance from the ships,
 There will I slay him. None of all his kin,
 Women or men, shall build his funeral pile,
 But dogs shall tear his limbs in sight of Troy."

He spake; and on the shoulders of his steeds 440
 He laid the lash, and urged them toward the foe,
 And cheered the Trojans on. They joined their
 shouts

To his, and charged with all their steeds and cars;
 And fearful was the din. Apollo marched
 Before them, treading down with mighty feet 445
 The banks of the deep ditch, and casting them
 Back to the middle, till a causey rose,
 Broad, and of length like that to which a spear
 Reaches when thrown by one who tries his strength.
 O'er this the Trojans poured into the camp 450
 By squadrons, with Apollo still in front,
 Holding the marvellous ægis. He with ease
 O'erthrew the rampart. As a boy at play
 Among the sea-shore sands in childish sport
 Scatters with feet and hands the little mounds 455
 He reared, thus didst thou cause the mighty work,
 O archer Phœbus, which the Greeks had reared

From their black ships on high with long-stemmed
poles

Which lay upon the decks, prepared for fight
At sea, and strongly joined to blades of brass.

Patroclus, while the Greeks and Trojans fought
Around the wall, at distance from the fleet 490
Sat with the brave Eurypylus in his tent,
Amusing him with pleasant talk, and dressed
His wound with balms that calmed the bitter pain.
But when he saw the Trojans bursting in
Over the wall, and heard the din, and saw 495
The Achaians put to rout, he gave a cry
Of sudden grief, and with his open hands
Smote both his thighs, and sorrowfully said :—

“ Eurypylus, I cannot stay with thee,
Much as thou needest me, for desperate grows 500
The struggle. Now let thine attendant take
The charge of thee. I hasten to persuade
Achilles to the field. Who knows but I,
With Jove’s good help, may change his purpose yet ?
For potent are the counsels of a friend.” 505

The hero spake, and instantly his feet
Bore him away. Meanwhile the Achaian host
Firmly withstood the onset of their foes.
And yet, though greater was their multitude,
They could not drive the Trojans from the fleet, 510
Nor could the Trojans break, with all their power,
The serried lines, and reach the tents and ships.
As when a plumb-line, in the skilful hands

Of shipwright well instructed in his art
 By Pallas, squares the beam that builds a bark, 595
 So even was the fortune of the fray.

While some beside one galley waged the war,
 And others round another, Hector came
 To encounter Ajax the renowned, and both
 Fought for one ship. The Trojan could not drive
 The Greek away, and burn his ship with fire, 591
 Nor the Greek drive the Trojan, for a god
 Had brought him thither. Then did Ajax smite
 Caletor, son of Clytius, with his spear
 Upon the breast, as he was bringing fire 595
 To burn the ship; he dropped the torch, and fell,
 With clashing armor. Hector, as he saw
 His kinsman lying slain amid the dust
 By the black galley, raised his voice, and thus
 Called to the Lycians and the men of Troy: — 530

“Hear, men of Troy and Lycia, and ye sons
 Of Dardanus, who combat hand to hand,
 Stand firm, and never yield this narrow ground.
 Rescue the son of Clytius, who has fallen
 Before the ships, nor let the Achaians make 535
 His arms their spoil.” The hero spake, and aimed
 His shining spear at Ajax, whom it missed,
 But smote Lycophron, Mastor’s son, who served
 Ajax, and dwelt with him, for he had left
 His native land, Cythera, having slain 540
 One of the gallant Cytherean race.
 Him Hector smote upon the head beneath

The ear with his keen weapon, as he stood
 Near Ajax ; from the galley's stern he fell
 Headlong upon the ground, with lifeless limbs. 545
 Then to his brother Teucer Ajax spake :—

“ Dear Teucer, see, our faithful friend is gone,
 The son of Mastor, from Cythera's isle,
 Whom we had learned to honor equally
 With our own parents in our palaces. 550
 He falls before the great-souled Hector's hand.
 Where, then, are now thy shafts that carry death,
 And where the bow that Phœbus gave to thee ?”

He spake, and Teucer, hearkening, came in haste,
 With his bent bow, and quiver full of shafts, 555
 And, standing near him, sent his arrows forth
 Among the Trojan warriors. There he smote
 Clitus, Pisenor's eminent son, the friend
 Of the renowned Polydamas, who claimed
 His birth from Panthoüs. Clitus held the reins, 560
 Guiding the coursers of Polydamas
 Where most the crowded Grecian phalanxes
 Wavered and broke, that so he might support
 Hector and his companions. Soon he met,
 Brave as he was, disaster which no hand 565
 Had power to avert : the bitter arrow struck
 His neck behind, and from the chariot-seat
 He fell to earth ; the startled steeds sprang back ;
 The empty chariot rattled. This the king
 Polydamas perceived, and came to meet 570
 His steeds, and gave them to Astinoüs,

The son of Protiäon, charging him
 To keep them ever near, and in his sight,
 While he, returning, mingled with the throng
 That struggled in the van. Then Teucer aimed 575
 Another shaft at Hector mailed in brass,
 Which, had it reached him fighting gallantly,
 Had made him leave the battle, for his life
 Had ended there. The act was not unseen
 By All-disposing Jupiter, whose power 580
 Protected Hector, and denied the Greek
 The glory hoped for ; for he snapped in twain
 The firmly twisted cord as Teucer drew
 That perfect bow ; the brazen arrow flew
 Aside ; the warrior's hands let fall the bow, 585
 And, shuddering, he bespake his brother thus : —

“ Now woe is me ! some deity, no doubt,
 Brings all our plans to nought. 'T is he whose touch
 Strikes from my hand the bow, and snaps in twain
 The cord just twisted, which I bound myself 590
 This morning to the bow, that it might bear
 The frequent arrow bounding toward the foe.”

He spake, and thus replied the man of might,
 The Telamonian Ajax : “ Lay aside
 Thy bow, my brother, and thy store of shafts, 595
 Since, in displeasure with the Greeks, a god
 Has made them useless. Haste to arm thy hand
 With a long spear, and on thy shoulders lay
 A buckler, and with these attack the foe,
 And bid thy fellows stand. Let Trojans see 600

That, even though the day thus far be theirs,
 They cannot lay their hands on our good ships
 Without a mighty struggle. Let us all
 Be mindful of our fame for gallant deeds."

He spake, and Teucer went to place the bow 605
 Within the tents, and on his shoulders hung
 A fourfold shield, and placed on his grand brows
 A stately helmet with a horse-hair crest
 That nodded fearfully. He took in hand
 A ponderous spear with brazen blade, and sprang 610
 Forward with hasty steps, and stood beside
 His brother Ajax. Hector, when he saw
 That Teucer's shafts had failed him, called aloud
 Upon the men of Lycia and of Troy :—

"Ye men of Troy and Lycia, and ye sons 615
 Of Dardanus who combat hand to hand,
 Acquit yourselves like men, my friends, and prove
 Your fiery valor by these roomy ships ;
 For I have seen with mine own eyes the shafts
 Of their chief warrior rendered impotent 620
 By Jupiter. His hand is plainly seen
 Among the sons of men ; to some he gives
 Glory above the rest ; from some he takes
 The glory, and withdraws from their defence.
 He withers now the courage of the Greeks, 625
 And succurs us. Press closely round the fleet,
 And combat. Whosoe'er among you all,
 Wounded or beaten down, shall meet his death,
 So let him die ; 't is no inglorious fate

To perish fighting in his country's cause ; 630
 And he shall leave his wife and children safe,
 His home and household store inviolate,
 If now the Greeks depart to their own land."

With words like these he filled their hearts anew
 With strength and courage. On the other side 635
 Ajax exhorted thus his warrior friends : —

" Shame on you, Greeks ! We perish here, unless
 We rescue with strong arms our host and fleet.
 Think ye that, should the crested Hector seize
 Our galleys, ye may reach your homes on foot? 640
 Hear ye not Hector's voice, who, fiercely bent
 To burn our ships with fire, is cheering on
 His warriors ? To no dance he summons them,
 But to the battle. Nought is left for us,
 And other counsel there is none, save this : 645
 Close with the foe ; let every hand put forth
 Its strength ; far better 't were to die at once,
 Or make at once our safety sure, than thus
 To waste away, in lingering fight, beside
 Our ships, destroyed by weaker arms than ours." 650

So spake the chief, and all who heard received
 Courage and strength. Then Hector put to death
 Schedius, the son of Perimedes, prince
 Of the Phocæans. Ajax also slew
 Laodamas, Antenor's honored son, 655
 A chief of infantry. Polydamas
 Struck down Cyllenian Otus, who had come,
 The comrade of Phylides, at the head

Of the high-souled Epeians. Meges saw,
And rushed upon Polydamas, who sprang 660
Aside unharmed, for Phœbus suffered not
The son of Panthoüs thus to be o'erthrown,
Fighting among the foremost. But the spear
Of Meges wounded Crœsmus in the breast ;
He fell with clanging arms. The slayer stripped 665
The corpse ; but Dolops, son of Lampus, skilled
To wield the spear, leaped on him in the act.
Lampus, the father, best of men, was son
Of king Laomedon, and eminent
For warlike prowess. Dolops struck the shield 670
Of Meges in the midst ; the corselet stayed
The blade with its close-jointed plates, and saved
The warrior's life. That corselet Phyleus brought
From Ephyrè, beside the Selleis,
Given by his host, Euphetes, king of men, 675
For his defence in battle, and it now
Preserved his son from death. Then Meges smote
With his sharp spear the helm that Dolops wore,
And from its summit struck the horse-hair crest,
New-tinged with purple, and the cone entire 680
Fell midst the dust. While Meges, standing firm,
Fought thus, and hoped the victory, to his aid
Came warlike Menelaus, unobserved,
And, standing near, smote Dolops from behind,
Beneath the shoulder, and drove through the spear
Till it appeared beyond. The Trojan fell 685
Upon his face, and both the Greeks rushed on

To wrench the brazen armor from his limbs,
 When Hector saw his fall and called aloud
 Upon the kindred of the slain. He first 690
 Rebuked the valiant Melanippus, son
 Of Hicetaon, who but lately fed
 His slow-paced bees at Percotè, while yet
 The enemy was far from Troy ; but when
 The Achaians landed from their well-oared barks, 695
 He came to Troy, and took an eminent place
 Among the Trojans. Near to Priam's halls
 He had his dwelling, honored equally
 With Priam's sons. Him Hector thus rebuked :—

“ Why, Melanippus, are we loitering thus ? 700
 Grievest thou not to see thy kinsman slain ?
 And see'st thou not how eagerly the Greeks
 Are spoiling Dolops of his arms ? Come on
 With me. No time is this for distant fight,
 But either we must rout the Greeks, or they 705
 Will level to the ground the lofty towers
 Of Ilium, and will slay its citizens.”

He spake, and led the way ; his godlike friend
 Followed him, while the son of Telamon,
 Ajax, exhorted thus the sons of Greece :— 710

“ Be men, my friends, and let a noble dread
 Of shame possess your hearts, and jealousy
 Look to each other's honor in the heat
 Of battle ; for to men who flee there comes
 No glory, and that way no safety lies.” 715

He spake, and all were eager to drive back

The assaulting foe ; they heeded well his words,
 And drew around their barks a fence of mail,
 While Jove urged on the Trojans. Then it was
 That Menelaus, brave in battle, spake 720
 To rouse the courage of Antilochus :—

“Antilochus, there is no other Greek
 Younger than thou, or fleeter ; none so strong
 For combat. Would that, springing on the foe,
 Thou mightest strike some Trojan warrior down.” 725

So speaking, he drew back ; but he had roused
 The courage of his friend, who, springing forth
 From midst the foremost combatants, took aim,
 First looking keenly round, with his bright spear,
 From which the Trojans shrank as they beheld 730
 The hero cast it. Not in vain he threw
 The weapon, for it struck upon the breast
 Brave Melanippus, Hicetaon's son ;
 Beneath the pap it smote him as he came.
 He fell with ringing arms ; Antilochus 735
 Sprang toward him like a hound that springs to seize
 A wounded fawn, which, leaping from its lair,
 Is stretched disabled by the hunter's dart.
 So sprang the stout Antilochus on thee,
 O Melanippus ! — sprang to spoil thy limbs 740
 Of armor ; but the noble Hector saw,
 And, hastening through the thick of battle, came
 Against him. Mighty as he was in war,
 Yet ventured not Antilochus to wait
 His coming ; but as flees a savage beast, 745

Conscious of guilty deed, when, having slain
Herdsman or hound, that kept the pastured kine,
He steals away before a crowd of men,
So fled the son of Nestor. On his rear
The Trojans under Hector poured a storm 750
Of weapons, and the din was terrible.
Yet when he reached the serried ranks of Greece
He turned and stood. Meanwhile the Trojan host,
Like ravening lions, fiercely rushed against
The galleys, that the will of Jupiter 755
Might be fulfilled ; for now he nerved their limbs
With vigor ever new, while he denied
Stout hearts and victory to the Greeks, and cheered
Their foes with hope. His purpose was to give
The victory to Hector, Priam's son, 760
Till he should cast upon the beakèd ships
The fierce, devouring fire, and bring to pass
The end for which the cruel Thetis prayed.

Therefore did Jove the All-disposer wait
Till from a burning galley he should see 765
The flames arise. Then must the Trojan host, —
Such was his will, — retreating from the fleet,
Yield to the Greeks the glory of the day.
For this he moved the already eager heart
Of Hector, son of Priam, to attack 770
The roomy ships. The hero was aroused
To fury fierce as Mars when brandishing
His spear, or as a desolating flame
That rages on a mountain-side among

The thickets of a close-grown wood. His lips 775
Were white with foam ; his eyes from underneath
His frowning brows streamed fire ; and as he fought,
Upon the hero's temples fearfully
The helmet nodded. Jupiter himself
Sent aid from his high seat, and heaped on him 780
Honor and fame beyond the other chiefs, —
And they were many, — for his term of life
Was to be short. Minerva even now
Was planning to bring on its closing day,
Made fatal by the might of Peleus' son. 785
And now he strove to break the Grecian ranks,
Assaulting where he saw the thickest crowd
And the best weapons ; yet in vain he strove
With all his valor. Through the serried lines
He could not break ; the Greeks in solid squares 790
Resisted, like a rock that huge and high
By the gray deep abides the buffetings
Of the shrill winds and swollen waves that beat
Against it. Firmly thus the Greeks withstood
The Trojan host, and fled not. In a blaze 795
Of armor, Hector, rushing toward their ranks,
Fell on them like a mighty billow raised
By the strong cloud-born winds, that flings itself
On a swift ship, and whelms it in its spray,
While fearfully among the cordage howls 800
The blast ; the sailors tremble and are faint
With fear, as men who deem their death-hour nigh.
So the Greek warriors were dismayed at heart.

As when a hungry lion suddenly
 Springs on a herd of kine that crop the grass 805
 By hundreds in the broad moist meadow-grounds,
 Beneath the eye of one who never learned
 To guard his hornèd charge from beasts of prey,
 But ever walks before them or behind,
 While the grim spoiler bounds into the midst 810
 And makes a prey of one, and all the rest
 Are scattered in affright, so all the Greeks
 Were scattered by the will of heaven before
 Hector and Father Jove. Yet only one,
 Young Periphœtes of Mycenæ, fell, 815
 The son of Copreus. Once his father went
 An envoy from Eurystheus to the court
 Of mighty Hercules. The son excelled
 The father in all gifts of form and mind,
 In speed, in war, in council eminent 820
 Among the noblest of his land. His death
 Brought Hector new renown ; for as he turned,
 Stepping by chance upon his buckler's rim,
 That reached the ground, — the buckler which had
 been
 His fence against the enemy's darts, — he fell 825
 Backward, his helmet clashing fearfully
 Around his temples. Hector saw, and came
 In haste, and pierced his bosom with his spear,
 Among his fellow-warriors, who with grief
 Beheld, yet dared not aid him, such their awe 830
 Of noble Hector. Now the Greeks retired

Among that row of galleys which were first
Drawn up the beach ; the foe poured after them,
In hot pursuit ; again the Greeks fell back,
Constrained, and left that foremost row behind, 835
And stood beside their tents in close array,
And not dispersed throughout the camp, for shame
And fear restrained them, and unceasingly
With shouts they bade each other bravely stand.
Chiefly Gerenian Nestor, wise to guide 840
The counsels of the Greeks, adjured them all,
And in their parents' name, to keep their ground.

“ O friends, be men ; so act that none may feel
Ashamed to meet the eyes of other men.
Think each one of his children and his wife, 845
His home, his parents, living yet or dead.
For them, the absent ones, I supplicate,
And bid you rally here, and scorn to fly.”

He spake, and his brave words to every heart
Carried new strength and courage. Pallas then 850
Lifted the heaven-sent cloud that veiled the fight,
And all things in the clear full light were seen
On either side, both where the galleys lay
And where the warriors struggled. They beheld
Hector the great in war, and all his host, 855
Both those who formed the rear and wielded not
Their arms, and those who combated in front
Beside the ships. And now it pleased no more
The soul of valiant Ajax to remain
In the thick squadrons with the other Greeks, 860

But, striding on the galley-decks, he bore
 A sea-pike two and twenty cubits long,
 Huge, and beset with iron nails. As when
 One who is skilled to vault on running steeds
 Chooses four horses from a numerous herd, 865
 And on the highway to a populous town
 Drives them, while men and women in a crowd
 Behold his feats with wonder, as he leaps
 Boldly, without a fall, from steed to steed,
 And back again, and all the while they run, 870
 So on the lofty decks of those good ships
 From ship to ship flew Ajax, lifting up
 His mighty voice, — a shout that reached to
 heaven, —

And bade the Greeks defend their fleet and tents.
 Nor loitered Hector in those armèd throngs 875
 Of Troy, but as a tawny eagle swoops
 Upon a flock of birds that seek their food
 Along a river's border, — geese or cranes,
 Or long-necked swans, — so Hector in hot haste
 Sprang toward a galley with an azure prow, 880
 While mightily the power of Jove impelled
 The hero onward, and inflamed his train
 With courage. Fiercely then around the ships
 The struggle was renewed. Thou wouldst have said
 No toils of war could tire those resolute arms, 885
 So stubbornly they fought. In every mind
 The thought was this : the Greeks were in despair
 Of rescue, and believed their hour had come

To perish ; every Trojan hoped to give
 The fleet to flames, and slay the sons of Greece. 890
 With thoughts like these the hostile warriors closed.

Then Hector laid his hand upon the stern
 Of a stanch galley, beautiful and swift,
 In which Protesilaüs came to Troy, —
 It never bore him back. Around its keel 895
 The Trojans and the Greeks fought hand to hand,
 And slew each other. For no more they sent
 The arrow or the javelin from afar,
 Waiting to see the wound it gave, but each
 With equal fury pressed upon his foe 900
 With halberd and with trenchant battle-axe,
 Huge sword and two-edged spear. Upon the ground
 Had fallen many a fair black-hilted sword
 With solid handles, some from slain men's hands,
 Some from lopped arms of warriors ; the dark earth
 Ran red with blood. But Hector, having laid 905
 His hand upon the galley's stern, held fast
 To the carved point, and called upon his men :—

“ Bring fire, and press in throngs upon the foe ;
 For now doth Jove vouchsafe to us a day 910
 Worth all the past, — a day on which we make
 The ships our prey. Against the will of Heaven
 They landed on our coast, and brought on us
 Disasters many, through the coward fears
 Of our own elders, who denied my wish 915
 To combat at the galleys, and held back
 The people. But if then the Thunderer

Darkened our minds, his spirit moves us now
In what we do, and we obey his will."

He spake ; and they with fiercer valor fell 920
Upon the Greeks. Even Ajax could no more
Withstand the charge, but, fearing to be slain,
Amid a storm of darts withdrew a space,
To where the seven-foot bench of rowers lay,
And left the galley's stern. There, as he stood, 925
He watched the assailants keenly, and beat back
With thrusts of his long spear whoever brought
The firebrand. With terrific shouts he called
Upon the Greeks to combat manfully : —

" O friends, Achaian heroes, ministers 930
Of Mars, be men, be mindful of your fame
For valor. Do ye dream that in your rear
Are succors waiting us, or firmer walls
That may protect us yet? Nay, no fenced town 934
Have we for refuge, flanked with towers from which
Fresh troops may take our place. Between the sea
And country of the well-armed Trojans lie
Our tents ; our native land is far away ;
And now our only hope of safety left
Is in our weapons : there is no retreat." 940

He spake, and mightily with his sharp spear
Thrust at whoever of the men of Troy
At Hector's bidding came with fire to burn
The galleys. On the blade of that long spear
The hero took them as they came, and slew 945
In close encounter twelve before the fleet.

BOOK XVI.

SUCH was the struggle for that gallant bark.
 Meanwhile Patroclus stood beside his friend
 The shepherd of the people, Peleus' son,
 And shed hot tears, as when a fountain sheds
 Dark waters streaming down a precipice. 5
 The great Achilles, swift of foot, beheld
 And pitied him, and spake these wingèd words :—
 “Why weepest thou, Patroclus, like a girl, —
 A little girl that by her mother's side
 Runs, importuning to be taken up, 10
 And plucks her by the robe, and stops her way,
 And looks at her, and cries, until at last
 She rests within her arms? Thou art like her,
 Patroclus, with thy tears. Dost thou then bring
 Sad tidings to the Myrmidons or me? 15
 Or hast thou news from Phthia? It is said
 That still Menœtius, son of Actor, lives,
 And Peleus also, son of Æacus,
 Among the Myrmidons. Full bitterly
 Should we lament to hear that either died. 20
 Or mournest thou because the Achaians fall
 Through their own folly by the roomy ships?
 Speak, and hide nothing, for I too would know.”
 And thou, O knight Patroclus, with a sigh
 Deep-drawn, didst answer thus : “ Be not displeased,

Achilles, son of Peleus, bravest far 26
 Of all the Achaian army ! for the Greeks
 Endure a bitter lot. The chiefs who late
 Were deemed their mightiest are within the ships,
 Wounded or stricken down. There Diomed, 30
 The gallant son of Tydeus, lies, and there
 Ulysses, the great spearman, wounded both ;
 And Agamemnon ; and Eurypylus,
 Driven from the field, an arrow in his thigh.
 Round them the healers, skilled in remedies, 35
 Attend and dress their painful wounds, while thou,
 Achilles, sittest here implacable.

O, never be such fierce resentments mine
 As thou dost cherish, who art only brave
 For mischief ! Whom wilt thou hereafter aid, 40
 If now thou rescue not the perishing Greeks ?
 O merciless ! it cannot surely be
 That Peleus was thy father, or the queen
 Thetis thy mother ; the green sea instead
 And rugged precipices brought thee forth, 45
 For savage is thy heart. But if thou heed
 The warning of some god, if thou hast heard
 Aught which thy goddess-mother has received
 From Jove, send me at least into the war,
 And let me lead thy Myrmidons, that thus 50
 The Greeks may have some gleam of hope. And give
 The armor from thy shoulders. I will wear
 Thy mail, and then the Trojans, at the sight,
 May think I am Achilles, and may pause

From fighting, and the warlike sons of Greece, 55
 Tired as they are, may breathe once more, and gain
 A respite from the conflict. Our fresh troops
 May easily drive back upon their town
 The weary Trojans from our tents and fleet.”

So spake he, sighing ; rash and blind, he asked 60
 Death for himself and evil destiny.

Achilles the swift-footed also drew
 A heavy sigh, and thus in turn he spake :—

“What, O divine Patroclus, hast thou said ?
 I fear no omen yet revealed to me ; 65
 Nor has my goddess-mother told me aught
 From Jove ; but ever in my heart and soul
 Rankles the painful sense of injury done
 By one who, having greater power, deprives
 An equal of his right, and takes away 70
 The prize he won. This is my wrong, and this
 The cause of all my bitterness of heart.
 Her whom the sons of Greece bestowed on me
 As my reward, a trophy of my spear,
 After the sack of a fenced city, — her 75
 Did Agamemnon, son of Atreus, take
 Out of my hands, as if I were a wretch,
 A worthless outcast. But let that affront
 Be with the things that were. It is not well
 To bear a grudge forever. I have said 80
 My anger should not cease to burn until
 The clamor of the battle and the assault
 Should reach the fleet. (But go thou and put on

My well-known armor ; lead into the field
 My Myrmidons, men that rejoice in war, 85
 Since like a lowering cloud the men of Troy
 Surround the fleet, and the Achaians stand
 In narrow space close pressed beside the sea,
 And all the city of Ilium flings itself
 Against them, confident of victory, 90
 Now that the glitter of my helm no more
 Flashes upon their eyes. Yet very soon
 Their flying host would fill the trenches here
 With corpses, had but Agamemnon dealt
 Gently with me ; and now their squadrons close 95
 Around our army. Now no more the spear
 Is wielded by Tydides Diomed
 In rescue of the Greeks ; no more the shout
 Of Agamemnon's hated throat is heard ;
 But the man-queller Hector, lifting up 100
 His voice, exhorts the Trojans, who, in throngs,
 Raising the war-cry, fill the plain, and drive
 The Greeks before them. Gallantly lead on
 The charge, Patroclus ; rescue our good ships ;
 Let not the enemy give them to the flames, 105
 And cut us off from our desired return.
 Follow my counsel ; bear my words in mind ;
 So shalt thou win for me among the Greeks
 Great honor and renown, and they shall bring
 The beautiful maiden back with princely gifts. 110
 When thou hast driven the assailants from the fleet,
 Return thou hither. If the Thunderer,

Husband of Juno, suffer thee to gain
 That victory, seek no further to prolong
 The combat with the warlike sons of Troy, 115
 Apart from me, lest I be brought to shame,
 Nor, glorying in the battle and pursuit,
 Slaying the Trojans as thou goest, lead
 Thy men to Troy, lest from the Olympian mount
 One of the ever-living gods descend 120
 Against thee : Phœbus loves the Trojans well.
 But come as soon as thou shalt see the ships
 In safety ; leave the foes upon the plain
 Contending with each other. Would to Jove
 The All-Father, and to Pallas, and the god 125
 Who bears the bow, Apollo, that of all
 The Trojans, many as they are, and all
 The Greeks, not one might be reprieved from death,
 While thou and I alone were left alive
 To overthrow the sacred walls of Troy." 130

So talked they with each other. Ajax, whelmed
 Beneath a storm of darts, meantime but ill
 Endured the struggle, for the will of Jove
 And the fierce foe prevailed. His shining helm
 Rang fearfully, as on his temples fell, 135
 Stroke following after stroke, the weapons hurled
 Against its polished studs. The buckler borne
 Firmly on his left arm, and shifted oft
 From side to side, had wearied it, and yet
 The Trojans, pressing round him, could not drive,
 With all their darts, the hero from his place. 141

Heavily heaved his panting chest ; his limbs
Streamed with warm sweat ; there was no breathing-
time ;

On danger danger followed, toil on toil.

Now, Muses, dwellers of Olympus, tell 145
How first the galleys of the Greeks were fired.

Hector drew near, and smote with his huge sword
The ashen spear of Ajax just below

The socket of the blade, and cut the stem
In two. The son of Telamon in vain 150

Brandished the severed weapon, while afar
The brazen blade flew off, and ringing fell

To earth. Then Ajax in his mighty mind
Acknowledged that the gods were in the war,

And shuddered, knowing that the Thunderer 155
Was thwarting all his warlike purposes,

And willed the victory to Troy. The chief
Withdrew beyond the reach of spears, while fast

The eager enemy hurled the blazing brands
At the swift ship, and wrapped the stern in flames

Unquenchable. Achilles saw, and smote 161
His thigh, and spake : " Patroclus, noble friend

And knight, make haste : already I behold
The flames that rage with fury at the fleet.

Now, lest the enemy seize our ships and we 165
Be barred of our return, put quickly on

Thy armor ; be my task to call the troops."

He spake : Patroclus then in glittering brass
Arrayed himself ; and first around his thighs

He put the beautiful greaves, and fastened them ¹⁷⁰
 With silver clasps ; around his chest he bound
 The breastplate of the swift Æacides,
 With star-like points, and richly chased ; he hung
 The sword with silver studs and blade of brass
 Upon his shoulders, and with it the shield ¹⁷⁵
 Solid and vast ; upon his gallant head
 He placed the glorious helm with horse-hair plume,
 That grandly waved on high. Two massive spears
 He took, that fitted well his grasp, but left
 The spear which great Achilles only bore, ¹⁸⁰
 Heavy and huge and strong, and which no arm
 Among the Greeks save his could poise ; his strength
 Alone sufficed to wield it. 'T was an ash
 Which Chiron felled in Pelion's top, and gave
 To Peleus, that it yet might be the death ¹⁸⁵
 Of heroes. Then he called, to yoke with speed
 The steeds, Automedon, whom he esteemed
 Next to Achilles, that great scatterer
 Of armies ; for he found him ever firm
 In battle, breasting faithfully its shock. ¹⁹⁰
 Automedon led forth to take the yoke
 Xanthus and Balius, coursers that in speed
 Were like the wind. Podargè brought them forth
 To Zephyrus, while she, the Harpy, grazed
 By ocean's streams. Upon the outer side ¹⁹⁵
 He joined to them the noble Pedasus,
 Brought by Achilles from the captured town
 Where ruled Eëtion. Though of mortal stock,

170
 175
 180
 185
 190
 195

Well might he match with those immortal steeds. >

Meanwhile Achilles armed the Myrmidons, 200
 Passing from tent to tent. Like ravening wolves,
 Terribly strong, that, having slain among
 The hills an antlered stag of mighty size,
 Tear and devour it, while their jaws are stained
 With its red blood, then gather in a herd 205
 About some darkly flowing stream, and lap
 The sullen water with their slender tongues,
 And drop the clots of blood from their grim mouths,
 And, although gorged, are fierce and fearless still, —
 So came the leaders of the Myrmidons, 210
 In rushing crowds, about the valiant friend
 Of swift Æacides. Among them stood
 Achilles, great in war, encouraging
 The charioteers and warriors armed with shields.

Achilles, dear to Jupiter, had led 215
 Fifty swift barks to Ilium, and in each
 Were fifty men, companions at the oar.
 O'er these he gave command to five ; himself,
 Supreme in power, was ruler over all.
 One band the nobly armed Menestheus led, 220
 Son of Spercheius. To that river-god,
 Beautiful Polydora brought him forth,
 Daughter of Peleus ; she, a mortal maid,
 Met an immortal's love. Yet Borus, son
 Of Periëres, owned the boy and took 225
 The mother for his bride, with princely dower
 Eudorus led the second band, a youth

Of warlike mould, whom Polymela bore,
 Daughter of Phylas, graceful in the dance.
 In secrecy she brought him forth, for once 230
 The mighty Argus-queller saw the maid
 Among the choir of those who danced and sang
 At Dian's festival, the huntress-queen,
 Who bears the golden shafts ; he saw and loved
 And, climbing to her chamber, met by stealth 235
 The damsel, and she bore a gallant son,
 Eudorus, swift of foot and brave in war.
 When Ilithyia, midwife goddess, gave
 The boy to see the pleasant light of day,
 The stout Echeclus, son of Actor, brought 240
 The mother to his house, with liberal dower.
 The aged Phylas reared the child she left
 Tenderly as a son, and loved him well.
 Pisander, warlike son of Mæmalus,
 Commanded the third squadron ; none like him 245
 Among the Myrmidons could wield the spear
 Except Pelides. Phœnix, aged knight,
 Led the fourth squadron. With the fifth and last
 There came Alcimedon, Laerceus' son,
 As leader. When their ranks were duly formed, 250
 Achilles spake to them in earnest words : —
 “ Now, Myrmidons, forget no single word
 Of all the threats ye uttered against Troy
 Since first my wrath began. Ye blame me much,
 And say : ‘ Hard-hearted son of Peleus, sure 255
 Thy mother must have suckled thee on gall ;

For sternly thou dost keep us in the ships,
 Unwilling as we are. We might, at least,
 Crossing the sea, return in our good ships,
 If thus thine anger is to last.' These words 260
 Ye utter oft when our assemblies meet,
 And now the great occasion is at hand
 Which ye have longed for ; now let him whose heart
 Is fearless meet the Trojans valiantly."

He spake, and roused their courage and their
 might , 265
 And as they heard their king they brought their ranks
 To closer order. As an architect
 Builds up, with closely fitting stones, the wall
 Of some tall mansion, proof against the blast,
 So close were now the helms and bossy shields. 270
 Shield leaned on shield, and helm on helm, and man
 On man, and on the glittering helmet-cones
 The horse-hair plumes with every motion touched
 Each other, so compact the squadrons stood.
 Two heroes, nobly armed, were at their head, 275
 Patroclus and Automedon, and both
 Had but one thought, — to combat in the van.

Entering his tent, Achilles raised the lid
 Of a fair coffer, beautifully wrought,
 Which silver-footed Thetis placed on board 280
 His bark, and filled with tunics, cloaks well lined,
 And fleecy carpets. There he also kept
 A goblet richly chased, from which no lip
 Of man, save his, might drink the dark red wine,

Nor wine be poured to any god save Jove, 285
 The mighty Father. This he took in hand
 And purified with sulphur first, and then
 Rinsed with clear water. Next, with washen hands,
 He drew the dark red wine, and stood without,
 In the open space, and, pouring out the wine, 290
 Prayed with his eyes turned heavenward, not un-
 heard

By Jupiter, who wields the thunderbolt.

“Dodonian Jove, Pelasgian, sovereign King,
 Whose dwelling is afar, and who dost rule
 Dodona winter-bound, where dwell thy priests, 295
 The Selli, with unwashen feet, who sleep
 Upon the ground! Thou once hast heard my prayer,
 And thou hast honored me, and terribly
 Avenged me on the Greeks. Accomplish yet
 This one request of mine. I shall remain 300
 Among the rows of ships, but in my stead
 I send my comrade, who will lead to war
 My vast array of Myrmidons. With him,
 O God of Thunders, send the victory.
 Make his heart bold; let even Hector learn 305
 Whether my follower, though alone, can wage
 Successful war, or conquer only then
 When I go forth with him into the field
 Of slaughter. When he shall have beaten back
 The assailants from the fleet, let him return 310
 Unharmd to my good galleys and to me.
 With all his arms and all his valiant men.”

So spake he, offering prayer, and Jupiter,
 The Great Disposer, hearkened. Half the prayer
 The All-Father granted him, and half denied : 315
 To drive the storm of battle from the fleet
 He granted, but denied his friend's return
 In safety. When the warrior thus had prayed,
 And poured the wine to Father Jove, he went
 Into his tent again, and there replaced 320
 The goblet in the coffer. Coming forth,
 He stood before the entrance to behold
 The terrible encounter of the hosts.

The newly armed, led by their gallant chief,
 Patroclus, marched in warlike order forth, 325
 And in high hope, to fall upon the foe.
 As wasps, that by the wayside build their cells,
 Angered from time to time by thoughtless boys, —
 Whence mischief comes to many, — if by chance
 Some passing traveller should unwittingly 330
 Disturb them, all at once are on the wing,
 And all attack him, to defend their young
 So fearless and so fierce the Myrmidons
 Poured from their fleet, and mighty was the din.
 Patroclus with loud voice exhorted them : — 335

“ O Myrmidons, companions of the son
 Of Peleus, bear in mind, my friends, your fame
 For valor, and be men, that we who serve
 Achilles, we who combat hand to hand,
 May honor him by our exploits, and teach 340
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon how he erred

Slighting the bravest warrior of the Greeks.”

These words awoke the courage and the might
 Of all who heard them, and in close array
 They fell upon the Trojans. Fearfully 345
 The fleet around them echoed to the sound
 Of Argives shouting. When the Trojans saw,
 In glittering arms, Menœtius' gallant son
 And his attendant, every heart grew faint
 With fear ; the close ranks wavered ; for they thought
 That the swift son of Peleus at the fleet 352
 Had laid aside his wrath, and was again
 The friend of Agamemnon. Eagerly
 They looked around for an escape from death.

Then first Patroclus cast his shining spear 355
 Into the crowd before him, where they fought
 Most fiercely round the stern of the good ship
 Of brave Protesilaus. There it smote
 Pyræchmes, who had led from Amydon,
 On the broad Axius, his Pæonian knights. 360
 Through his right shoulder went the blade ; he fell,
 Heavily groaning, to the earth. His band
 Of warriors from Pæonia, panic-struck,
 Fled from Patroclus as they saw their chief
 Cut off, their bravest in the battle-field. 365
 So from the ship he drave the foe, and quenched
 The blazing fire. There lay the half-burnt bark,
 While with a mighty uproar fled the host
 Of Troy, and from between the beakèd ships
 Poured after them with tumult infinite 370

The Greeks. As when from some high mountain-top
 The God of Lightnings, Jupiter, sweeps off
 The overshadowing cloud, at once appear
 The watch-towers and the headland heights and
 lawns

All in full light, and all the unmeasured depth 375
 Of ether opens, so the Greeks, when thus
 Their fleet was rescued from the hostile flame,
 Breathed for a space ; and yet they might not cease
 From battle, for not everywhere alike
 Were chased the Trojans from the dark-hulled ships
 Before the Greeks, but struggled still to keep 381
 The mastery, and yielded but to force.

Then in that scattered conflict of the chiefs
 Each Argive slew a warrior. With his spear
 The brave son of Menœtius made a thrust 385
 At Areilochus, and pierced his thigh,
 Just as he turned away, and through the part
 Forced the keen weapon, splintering as it went
 The bone, and brought the Trojan to the ground ;
 And warlike Menelaus pierced the breast 390
 Of Thoas where the buckler left it bare,
 And took his life. The son of Phyleus saw
 Amphiclus rushing on, and with his spear
 Met him and pierced his leg below the knee,
 Where brawniest is the limb. The blade cut through
 The sinews, and his eyes were closed in night. 396
 There fought the sons of Nestor. One of these,
 Antilochus, transfixed with his good spear

Atymnius through the flank, and brought him down
At his own feet. With sorrow Maris saw 400
His brother fall, and toward Antilochus
Flew to defend the corpse ; but ere he strook,
The godlike Thrasymedes, with a blow
That missed not, smote his shoulder, tearing off
With the spear's blade upon the upper arm 405
The muscles from the bone. With ringing arms
He fell, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.
Thus were two brothers by two brothers slain,
And sent to Erebus ; two valiant friends
Were they of King Sarpedon, and the sons 410
Of Amisodarus, who reared and fed
Chimera, the destroyer of mankind.

Oilean Ajax, springing forward, seized
On Cleobulus, for the struggling crowd
Hindered his flight. He took the Trojan's life, 415
Smiting the neck with his huge-handled sword ;
The blade grew warm with blood, and cruel fate
Brought darkness o'er the dying warrior's eyes.
Peneleus fought with Lycon ; each had cast
His spear and missed his aim, and now with swords
The twain encountered. Lycon dealt a stroke 422
Upon the crested helmet of his foe,
And the blade failed him, breaking at the hilt.
Meantime Peneleus smote beneath the ear
The neck of Lycon : deep the weapon went ; 425
The severed head, held only by the skin,
Dropped to one side, and life forsook the limbs.

Meriones, o'ertaking Acamas,
 In rapid flight, discharged a mighty blow
 On his left shoulder as he climbed his car ; 430
 He fell, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes.
 Then plunged Idomeneus the cruel spear
 Into the mouth of Erymas. The blade
 Passed on beneath the brain, and pierced the neck,
 And there divided the white bones. It dashed 435
 The teeth out ; both the eyes were filled with blood,
 Which gushed from mouth and nostrils as he
 breathed ;

And the black cloud of death came over him.
 Thus every Grecian leader slew his man.

As ravening wolves that spring on lambs and kids,
 And seize them, wandering wide among the hills 440
 Beyond the keeper's care, and bear them off,
 And rend with cruel fangs their helpless prey,
 So fiercely did the Achaians fling themselves
 Upon the men of Troy, who only thought 445
 Of flight from that tumultuous strife, and quite
 Forgot their wonted valor. All the while
 The greater Ajax sought to hurl his spear
 At Hector, clad in brazen mail, who yet,
 Expert in battle, kept his ample chest 450
 Hid by his bull's-hide shield, and, though he heard
 The hiss of darts and clash of spears, and saw
 The fortune of the field deserting him,
 Lingered to rescue his beloved friends.

As from the summit of Olympus spreads 455

A cloud into the sky that late was clear,
When Jove brings on the tempest, with such speed
In clamorous flight the Trojans left the fleet,
Yet passed they not the trench in seemly plight.
The rapid steeds of Hector bore him safe 460
Across with all his arms, while, left between
The high banks of the trench, the Trojan host
Struggled despairingly. The fiery steeds,
Harnessed to many a chariot, left it there
With broken pole. Patroclus followed close, 465
With mighty voice encouraging the Greeks,
And meditating vengeance on the foe,
That noisily ran on, and right and left
Were scattered, filling all the ways. The dust
Rose thick and high, and spread, and reached the
clouds, 470

As with swift feet the Trojan coursers held
Their way to Ilium from the tents and ships.
Patroclus where he saw the wildest rout
Drave thither, shouting threats. Full many a chief
Fell under his own axle from his car, 475
And chariots with a crash were overthrown.
The swift, immortal horses which the gods
Bestowed on Peleus leaped the trench at once,
Eager to reach the plain. As eagerly
Patroclus longed to overtake and smite 480
Hector, whose steeds were hurrying him away.

As when, in autumn time, the dark-brown earth
Is whelmed with water from the stormy clouds,

When Jupiter pours down his heaviest rains,
 Offended at men's crimes who override 485
 The laws by violence, and drive justice forth
 From the tribunals, heedless of the gods
 And their displeasure, — all the running streams
 Are swelled to floods, — the furious torrents tear
 The mountain slopes, and, plunging from the heights
 With mighty roar, lay waste the works of men, 491
 And fling themselves into the dark-blue sea, —
 Thus with loud tumult fled the Trojan horse.

Patroclus, having cut the nearest bands
 Of Troy in pieces, made his warriors turn 495
 Back to the fleet, and, eager as they were,
 Stopped the pursuit that led them toward the town.
 Then, in the area bounded by the sea,
 River, and lofty wall, he chased and smote
 And took full vengeance. With his glittering spear
 He wounded Pronoüs where the buckler left 501
 The breast exposed ; the Trojan with a clash
 Fell to the earth, and life forsook his limbs.
 Advancing in his might, Patroclus smote
 Thestor, the son of Enops, as he sat 505
 Cowering upon his sumptuous seat, o'ercome
 With fear, and dropped the reins. Through his
 right cheek
 Among the teeth Patroclus thrust his spear,
 And o'er the chariot's border drew him forth
 With the spear's stem. As when an angler sits 510
 Upon a jutting rock, and from the sea

Draws a huge fish with line and gleaming hook,
 So did Patroclus, with his shining spear,
 Draw forth the panting Trojan from his car,
 And shook him clear : he fell to earth and died. 515

As Eryalus then came swiftly on,
 Patroclus flung a stone, and on the brow
 Smote him ; the Trojan's head, beneath the blow,
 Parted in two within the helm ; he fell
 Headlong to earth, a prey to ghastly death. 520

Then slew he Erymas, Amphoterus,
 Epaltes, Pyris, Ipheus, Echius,
 Tlepolemus, Damastor's son, and next
 Euippus ; nor was Polymelus spared,
 The son of Argias, — smitten all, and thrown, 525
 Slain upon slain, along their mother earth.

And now Sarpedon, as he saw his friends,
 The unbelted Lycians, falling by the hand
 Of Menœtiades, exhorted thus
 The gallant Lycians : “ Shame upon you all, 530
 My Lycians ! whither do you flee ? Be bold !
 For I myself will meet this man, and learn
 Who walks the field in triumph thus, and makes
 Such havoc in our squadrons ; for his hand
 Has laid full many a gallant warrior low.” 535

He spake, and from his car with all his arms
 Sprang to the ground, while on the other side
 Patroclus, as he saw him come, leaped down
 And left his chariot. As on some tall rock
 Two vultures, with curved talons and hooked beaks,

Fight screaming, so these two with furious cries 541
 Advanced against each other. When the son
 Of crafty Saturn saw them meet, his heart
 Was touched with pity, and he thus bespake
 His spouse and sister Juno : " Woe is me ! 545
 Sarpedon, most beloved of men, is doomed
 To die, o'ercome by Menœtiades.

And now I halt between two purposes, —
 Whether to bear him from this fatal fight,
 Alive and safe, to Lycia's fertile fields, 550
 Or let him perish by his enemy's hand."

Imperial, large-eyed Juno answered thus : —
 " What words, dread son of Saturn, hast thou said !
 Wouldst thou deliver from the common lot
 Of death a mortal doomed long since by fate ? 555
 Do as thou wilt, but be thou sure of this, —
 The other gods will not approve. And bear
 In mind these words of mine. If thou shouldst send
 Sarpedon home to Lycia safe, reflect
 Some other god may claim the right, like thee, 560
 To rescue his beloved son from death
 In battle ; for we know that in the war
 Round Priam's noble city are many sons
 Of gods, who will with vehement anger see
 Thy interposing hand. Yet if he be 565
 So dear to thee, and thou dost pity him,
 Let him in mortal combat be o'ercome
 By Menœtiades, and when the breath
 Of life has left his frame, give thou command

To Death and gentle Sleep to bear him hence 570
 To the broad realm of Lycia. There his friends
 And brethren shall perform the funeral rites ;
 There shall they build him up a tomb, and rear
 A column, — honors that become the dead.”

She ceased, nor did the All-Father disregard 575
 Her words. He caused a bloody dew to fall
 Upon the earth in sorrow for the son
 Whom well he loved, and whom Patroclus soon
 Should slay upon the fertile plain of Troy,
 Far from the pleasant land that saw his birth. 580

The warriors now drew near. Patroclus slew
 The noble Thrasymelus, who had been
 Sarpedon's valiant comrade in the war.
 Below the belt he smote him, and he fell
 Lifeless. Sarpedon threw his shining lance ; 585
 It missed, but struck the courser Pegasus
 In the right shoulder. With a groan he fell
 In dust, and, moaning, breathed his life away.
 Then the two living horses sprang apart,
 And the yoke creaked, and the entangled reins 590
 Were useless, fastened to the fallen horse.
 Automedon, the mighty spearman, saw
 The remedy, and from his brawny thigh
 He drew his sword, and cut the outside horse
 Loose from his fellows. They again were brought
 Together, and obeyed the reins once more ; 595
 And the two chiefs renewed the mortal fight.

And now, again, Sarpedon's shining spear

Was vainly flung ; the point, in passing o'er
Patroclus's left shoulder, gave no wound. 600

In turn, Patroclus, hurling not in vain
His weapon, smote him where the midriff's web
Holds the tough heart. He fell as falls an oak
Or poplar or tall pine, which workmen hew
Among the mountains with their sharpened steel 605
To frame a ship. So he before his steeds
And chariot fell upon the bloody dust,
And grasped it with his hands, and gnashed his teeth.

As when a lion coming on a herd
Seizes, amid the crowd of stamping beeves, 610
A tawny and high-mettled bull, that dies
Bellowing in fury in the lion's jaws, —
Like him, indignant to be overcome,
The leader of the bucklered Lycian host,
Laid prostrate by Patroclus, called by name 615
His dear companion, and addressed him thus :—

“ Beloved Glaucus, mighty among men !
Now prove thyself a hero, now be bold.
Now, if thou have a warrior's spirit, think
Of nought but battle. Go from rank to rank, 620
Exhorting all the Lycian chiefs to fight
Around Sarpedon. Combat thou for me
With thy good spear, for I shall be to thee
A shame and a reproach through all thy days,
If here the Greeks, beside whose ships I fall, 625
Bear off my armor. Stand thou firm, and stir
Thy people up to combat valiantly.”

While he was speaking, death crept o'er his sight
And stopped his breath. Patroclus set his heel
Against his bosom, and plucked out the spear ; 630
The midriff followed it, and thus he drew
The life and weapon forth at once. Meantime
The Myrmidons held fast the snorting steeds,
That, loosened from the Lycian's car, were bent
On flight. The grief of Glaucus as he heard 635
His comrade's voice was bitter, and his heart
Ached at the thought that he could bring no aid.
He seized his arm and pressed it in his grasp,
For there the wound which Teucer's arrow left,
When Glaucus stormed the wall and Teucer's shafts
Defended it, still pained him grievously, 640
And thus he prayed to Phœbus, archer-god : —
“ Give ear, O king ! wherever thou abide,
In the opulent realm of Lycia, or in Troy ;
For everywhere thou hearest those who cry 645
To thee in sorrow, and great sorrow now
Is on me. Grievous is the wound I bear ;
Sharp are the pains that pierce my hand ; the blood
Cannot be stanch'd ; my very arm becomes
A burden ; I can wield the spear no more 650
With a firm grasp, nor combat with the foe.
A mighty chief — Sarpedon, son of Jove —
Has perished, and the father came not nigh
To aid his son. Yet come thou to my aid,
O monarch-god ! and heal this painful wound, 655
And give me strength to rally to the fight

The Lycian warriors, and myself contend
Valiantly for the rescue of the dead." 658

So prayed he : Phœbus hearkened, and at once
Assuaged the pain, and stanch'd the purple blood
In the deep wound, and fill'd his frame with strength.
The warrior felt the change, rejoic'd to know
That with such friendly speed the mighty god
Granted his prayer. And first he went among
The Lycian chiefs, exhorting them to wage 663
Fierce battle for Sarpedon. Then he sought,
Walking with rapid strides, the Trojan chiefs,
Agenor, nobly born, Polydamas,
The son of Panthoüs, Æneas next,
And Hector mail'd in brass. By him he stood, 670
And thus accosted him with wingèd words :—

“ O Hector, thou art careless of the fate
Of thine allies, who for thy sake, afar
From those they love, and from their native land,
Pour out their lives ; thou bringest them no aid. 675
Sarpedon lies in death, the chief who led
The bucklered Lycians, who with justice sway'd
The realm of Lycia, and defend'd it
With valor. Him hath brazen Mars beneath
The weapon of Patroclus smitten down. 680
Come then, my friends, repulse we gallantly
These Myrmidons ; else will they bear away
His armor and insult his corpse, to avenge
The havoc we have made among the Greeks
Who perished by our weapons at the fleet.” 685

He spake, and grief immitigable seized
 The Trojans ; for the slain, though stranger-born,
 Had been a pillar of the realm of Troy,
 And many were the troops that followed him,
 And he was bravest of them all in war. 690

Then rushed the Trojans fiercely on the Greeks,
 With Hector, sorrowing for Sarpedon's fall,
 Leading them on, while the bold-hearted chief,
 Patroclus Menœtiades, aroused
 The courage of the Greeks. He thus addressed 695
 The warriors Ajax, eager like himself
 For combat : " Be it now your welcome task,
 O warriors Ajax, to drive back the foe ;
 He who first sprang across the Grecian wall,
 Sarpedon, lies a corpse, and we must now 700
 Dishonor the dead chief, and strip from him
 His armor, and strike down with our good spears
 Whoever of his comrades shall resist."

He spake, and all were resolute to beat
 The enemy back ; and when, on either side, 705
 Trojans and Lycians, Myrmidons and Greeks,
 Had put their phalanxes in firm array,
 They closed, with dreadful shouts and horrid clash
 Of arms, in fight around the dead, while Jove
 Drew o'er that deadly fray an awful veil 710
 Of darkness, that the struggle for the corpse
 Of his dear son might rage more furiously.
 The Trojans first drave back the dark-eyed Greeks,
 For one was in the onset smitten down,

Not the least valiant of the Myrmidons, — 715
 The son of brave Agacles, nobly born
 Epeigeus, who aforetime, when he ruled
 The populous Budeium, having slain
 A noble kinsman, fled a suppliant
 To Peleus and the silver-footed queen, 720
 Thetis, his consort, and by them was sent,
 With terrible Achilles, to the coast
 Of courser-breeding Ilium and the siege
 Of Troy. As now he stooped to seize the dead,
 Illustrious Hector smote him with a stone 725
 Upon the forehead, cleaving it in two
 In the strong helmet ; headlong on the corse
 He fell, and cruel death crept over him.
 With grief Patroclus saw his comrade slain,
 And broke his way among the foremost ranks. 730
 As a swift hawk that chases through the air
 Starlings and daws, so didst thou dart among
 Trojans and Lycians, for thy wrath was roused,
 O knight Patroclus ! by thy comrade's death.
 And now his hand struck Sthenelaüs down, 735
 The dear son of Ithæmenes ; he flung
 A stone that crushed the sinews of the neck
 Back drew illustrious Hector, and with him
 The warriors who were fighting in the van.
 As far as one can send a javelin, 740
 When men contend in martial games, or meet
 Their deadly enemies in war, so far
 Withdrew the Trojans, and the Greeks pursued.

The leader of the bucklered Lycian host,
 Glaucus, was first to turn against his foes. 745
 He slew the brave Bathycles, the dear son
 Of Chalcon, who in Hellas had his home,
 And was the richest of the Myrmidons.
 The Lycian, turning on him suddenly
 As he drew near pursuing, sent his spear 750
 Right through his breast, and with a clash he fell.
 Great was the sorrow of the Greeks to see
 That valiant warrior fall ; the men of Troy
 Exulted, and pressed round him in a crowd.
 Nor lacking was the valor of the Greeks, 755
 Who met them manfully. Meriones
 Struck down a Trojan chief, Laogonus,
 Onetor's valiant son. His father stood
 Priest at the altar of Idæan Jove,
 And like a god was honored by the realm. 760
 Below the jaw and ear Meriones
 Smote him, and instantly the life forsook
 His limbs, and fearful darkness shrouded him.
 Straight at Meriones Æneas aimed
 His brazen spear to smite him, as he came, 765
 Beneath his buckler ; but the Greek beheld
 The weapon in the air, and, stooping low,
 Escaped it ; over him it passed, and stood
 Fixed in the earth behind him, where its stem
 Trembled, for now the rapid steel had spent 770
 Its force. As thus it quivered in the ground,
 Æneas, who perceived that it had left

His powerful hand in vain, was vexed, and said :
 "Had I but struck thee, dancer as thou art,
 Meriones, my spear had suddenly 775
 Ended thy dancing." Then Meriones,
 The skilful spearman, answered : "Thou art brave,
 But thou wilt find it hard to overcome
 The might of all who gather to repulse
 Thy onset. Thou art mortal, and if I, 780
 Aiming at thee with my good spear, should pierce
 Thy bosom, valiant as thou art and proud
 Of thy strong arm, thy death would bring me praise,
 And send thy soul where gloomy Pluto dwells."

He spake ; the brave Patroclus heard, and thus
 Rebuked him : "Why wilt thou, Meriones, 785
 With all thy valor, stand to make a speech ?
 The foe, my friend, will not be forced to leave
 The corpse by insults ; some of them must die.
 In deeds the issue of a battle lies ; 790
 Words are for counsel. Now is not the time
 To utter swelling phrases, but to fight."

He ended, and went on ; the godlike man
 Followed his steps. As when from mountain dells
 Rises, and far is heard, a crashing sound 795
 Where woodmen fell the trees, such was the noise
 From those who fought on that wide plain,—the din
 Of brass, of leather, and of tough bull's-hide
 Smitten with swords and two-edged spears. No eye,
 Although of keenest sight, would then have known
 Noble Sarpedon, covered as he lay, 800

From head to foot, with weapons, blood, and dust ;
 And still the warriors thronged around the dead.
 As when in spring-time at the cattle-stalls
 Flies gather, humming, when the milk is drawn, 805
 Round the full pails, so swarmed around the corpse
 The combatants ; nor once did Jove withdraw
 His bright eyes from the stubborn fray, but still
 Gazed, planning how Patroclus should be slain.
 Uncertain whether, in the desperate strife 810
 Over the great Sarpedon, to permit
 Illustrious Hector with his spear to lay
 The hero dead, and make his arms a spoil,
 Or spare him yet a while, to make the war
 More bloody. As he pondered, this seemed best :
 That the brave comrade of Achilles first 816
 Should put to flight the Trojans and their chief,
 Hector the brazen-mailed, pursuing them
 Toward Troy with slaughter. To this end he sent
 Into the heart of Hector panic fear, 820
 Who climbed his car and fled, and bade the rest
 Flee also, for he saw how Jove had weighed
 The fortunes of the day. Now none remained,
 Not even the gallant Lycians, when they saw
 Their monarch lying wounded to the heart 825
 Among a heap of slain ; for Saturn's son
 In that day's strife had caused a multitude
 To fall in death. Now when the Greeks had stripped
 Sarpedon of the glittering brazen mail,
 The brave son of Menœtius bade his friends 830

Convey it to the hollow ships. Meanwhile
The Cloud-compeller spake to Phœbus thus :—

“Go now, beloved Phœbus, and withdraw
Sarpedon from the weapons of the foe ;
Cleanse him from the dark blood, and bear him
thence, 835

And lave him in the river-stream, and shed
Ambrosia o'er him. Clothe him then in robes
Of heaven, consigning him to Sleep and Death,
Twin brothers, and swift bearers of the dead,
And they shall lay him down in Lycia's fields, 840
That broad and opulent realm. There shall his
friends

And kinsmen give him burial, and shall rear
His tomb and column, — honors due the dead.”

He spake : Apollo instantly obeyed
His father, leaving Ida's mountain height, 845
And sought the field of battle, and bore off
Noble Sarpedon from the enemy's spears,
And laved him in the river-stream, and shed
Ambrosia o'er him. Then in robes of heaven
He clothed him, giving him to Sleep and Death, 850
Twin brothers, and swift bearers of the dead,
And they, with speed conveying it, laid down
The corpse in Lycia's broad and opulent realm.

Meantime Patroclus, urging on his steeds
And charioteer, pursued, to his own hurt, 855
Trojans and Lycians. Madman ! had he then
Obeyed the counsel which Pelides gave,

The bitter doom of death had not been his.
 But stronger than the purposes of men
 Are those of Jove, who puts to flight the brave, 860
 And takes from them the victory, though he
 Impelled them to the battle ; and he now
 Urged on Patroclus to prolong the fight.

Who first, when thus the gods decreed thy death,
 Fell by thy hand, Patroclus, and who last? 865
 Adrastus first, Autochus next, and then
 Echeclus ; then died Perimus, the son
 Of Meges ; then with Melanippus fell
 Epistor ; next was Elasmus o'ercome,
 And Mulus, and Pylartes. These he slew, 870
 While all the rest betook themselves to flight.

Then had the Greeks possessed themselves of Troy,
 With all its lofty portals, by the hand
 And valor of Patroclus, for his rage
 Was terrible beyond the rage of all 875
 Who bore the spear, had not Apollo stood
 On a strong tower to menace him with ill,
 And aid the Trojans. Thrice Patroclus climbed
 A shoulder of the lofty wall, and thrice
 Apollo, striking his immortal hands 880
 Against the glittering buckler, thrust him down ;
 And when, for the fourth time, the godlike man
 Essayed to mount the wall, the archer-god,
 Phoebus, encountered him with fearful threats :
 " Noble Patroclus, hold thy hand, nor deem 885
 The city of the warlike Trojans doomed

To fall beneath thy spear, nor by the arm
Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou."

He spake ; Patroclus, fearful of the wrath
Of the archer-god, withdrew, and stood afar, 890
While Hector, at the Scæan gates, restrained
His coursers, doubtful whether to renew
The fight by mingling with the crowd again,
Or gather all his host within the walls
By a loud summons. As he pondered thus, 895
Apollo stood beside him in the form
Of Asius, a young warrior and a brave,
Uncle of Hector, the great horse-tamer,
And brother of Queen Hecuba, and son
Of Dymas, who in Phrygia dwelt beside 900
The streams of the Sangarius. Putting on
His shape and aspect, thus Apollo said : —

" Why, Hector, dost thou pause from battle thus ?
Nay, it becomes thee not. Were I in might
Greater than thou, as I am less, full soon 905
Wouldst thou repent this shrinking from the war.
Come boldly on, and urge thy firm-paced steeds
Against Patroclus ; slay him on the field,
And Phœbus will requite thee with renown."

He spake, and mingled in the hard-fought fray, 910
While noble Hector bade his charioteer,
The brave Cebriones, ply well the lash,
And join the battle. Phœbus went before,
Entering the crowd, and spread dismay among
The Greeks, and gave the glory of the hour 915

To Hector and the Trojans. Little heed
 Paid Hector to the rest, nor raised his arm
 To slay them, but urged on his firm-paced steeds
 To meet Patroclus, who, beholding him,
 Leaped from his car. In his left hand he held 980
 A spear, and with the other lifting up
 A white, rough stone, the largest he could grasp,
 Flung it with all its force. It flew not wide,
 Nor flew in vain, but smote Cebriones,
 The warlike chief who guided Hector's steeds, 985
 A spurious son of Priam the renowned.
 The sharp stone smote his forehead as he held
 The reins, and crushed both eyebrows in ; the bone
 Resisted not the blow ; the warrior's eyes
 Fell in the dust before his very feet. 990
 Down from the sumptuous seat he plunged, as dives
 A swimmer, and the life forsook his limbs.
 And this, Patroclus, was thy cruel jest :—
 " Truly a nimble man is this who dives
 With such expertness. Were this, now, the sea, 995
 Where fish are bred, and he were searching it
 For oysters, he might get an ample store
 For many men, in leaping from a ship,
 Though in a storm, so skilfully he dives
 Even from the chariot to the plain. No doubt 998
 There must be divers in the town of Troy."
 He spake, and sprang upon Cebriones.
 With all a lion's fury, which attacks
 The stables and is wounded in the breast,

And perishes through his own daring ; thus, 945
 Patroclus, didst thou fall upon the slain,
 While Hector, hastening also, left his steeds,
 And both contended for Cebriones.

As lions for the carcass of a deer
 Fight on a mountain summit, hungry both, 950
 And both unyielding, thus two mighty men
 Of war, Patroclus Menœtiades

And glorious Hector, eager each to smite
 His adversary with the cruel spear,
 Fought for Cebriones. The slain man's head 955
 Was seized by Hector's powerful hand, whose grasp
 Relaxed not, while Patroclus held the foot ;
 And, thronging to the spot, the other Greeks
 And Trojans mingled in the desperate strife.

As when the east wind and the south contend 960
 In the open mountain grounds, and furiously
 Assail the deep old woods of beech and ash
 And barky cornel, flinging their long boughs
 Against each other with a mighty roar,
 And crash of those that break, so did the Greeks 965
 And Trojans meet with mutual blows, and slay
 Each other ; nor had either host a thought
 Of shameful flight. Full many a trenchant spear
 Went to its mark beside Cebriones,
 And many a wingèd arrow that had left 970
 The bowstring ; many a massive stone was hurled
 Against the ringing bucklers, as they fought
 Around the dead, while he, the mighty, lay

Stretched on the ground amid the eddying dust,
 Forgetful of his art of horsemanship. 975

While yet the sun was climbing to his place
 In middle heaven, the men of either host
 Were smitten by the weapons, and in both
 The people fell ; but when he stooped to the west
 The Greeks prevailed, and from that storm of darts
 And tumult of the Trojans they drew forth 981
 Cebriones, and stripped him of his arms.
 Still rushed Patroclus onward, bent to wreak
 His fury on the Trojans. Fierce as Mars,
 He charged their squadrons thrice with fearful shouts,
 And thrice he laid nine warriors in the dust. 986
 But as with godlike energy he made
 The fourth assault, then clearly was it seen,
 Patroclus, that thy life was near its end,
 For Phœbus terribly in that fierce strife 990
 Encountered thee. Patroclus saw him not
 Advancing in the tumult, for he moved
 Unseen in darkness. Coming close behind,
 He smote, with open palm, the hero's back
 Between the ample shoulders, and his eyes 995
 Reeled with the blow, while Phœbus from his head
 Struck the tall helm, that, clanking, rolled away
 Under the horses' feet ; its crest was soiled
 With blood and dust, though never till that hour
 Had dust defiled its horse-hair plume ; for once 1000
 That helmet guarded an illustrious head,
 The glorious brows of Peleus' son, and now

Jove destined it for Hector, to be worn
 In battle ; and his death was also near.
 The spear Patroclus wielded, edged with brass, 1005
 Long, tough, and huge, was broken in his hands ;
 And his broad buckler, dropping with its band,
 Lay on the ground, while Phœbus, son of Jove,
 Undid the fastenings of his mail. With mind
 Bewildered, and with powerless limbs, he stood 1010
 As thunderstruck. Then a Dardanian named
 Euphorbus, son of Panthoüs, who excelled
 His comrades in the wielding of the spear,
 The race, and horsemanship, approaching, smote
 Patroclus in the back with his keen spear, 1015
 Between the shoulder-blades. Already he
 Had dashed down twenty warriors from their cars,
 Guiding his own, a learner in the art
 Of war. The first was he who threw a lance
 At thee, Patroclus, yet o'ercame thee not ; 1020
 For, plucking from thy back its ashén stem,
 He fled, and mingled with the crowd, nor dared
 Await thy coming, though thou wert unarmed,
 While, weakened by that wound and by the blow
 Given by the god, Patroclus turned and sought 1025
 Shelter from danger in the Grecian ranks ;
 But Hector, when he saw the gallant Greek
 Thus wounded and retreating, left his place
 Among the squadrons, and, advancing, pierced
 Patroclus with his spear, below the belt, 1030
 Driving the weapon deep. The hero fell

With clashing mail, and all the Greeks beheld
 His fall with grief. As when a lion bears
 A stubborn boar to earth, what time the twain
 Fight on the mountains for a slender spring, 2035
 Both thirsty and both fierce, the lion's strength
 Lays prone his panting foe, so Priam's son
 Slew, fighting hand to hand, the valiant Greek,
 Son of Menœtius, who himself had slain
 So many. Hector gloried over him 2040
 With wingèd words : " Patroclus, thou didst think
 To lay our city waste, and carry off
 Our women captive in thy ships to Greece.
 Madman ! in their defence the fiery steeds
 Of Hector sweep the battle-field, and I, 2045
 Mightiest of all the Trojans, with the spear
 Will guard them from the doom of slavery.
 Now vultures shall devour thee, wretched youth !
 Achilles, mighty though he be, has brought
 No help to thee, though doubtless when he sent 2050
 Thee forth to battle, and remained within,
 He charged thee thus : ' Patroclus, flower of knights,
 Return not to the fleet until thy hand
 Hath torn the bloody armor from the corpse
 Of the man-queller Hector.' So he spake, 2055
 And filled with idle hopes thy foolish heart."

Then thou, Patroclus, with a faltering voice,
 Didst answer thus : " Now, Hector, while thou mayst,
 Utter thy boast in swelling words, since Jove
 And Phœbus gave the victory to thee. 2060

Easily have they vanquished me ; 't was they
 Who stripped the armor from my limbs, for else,
 If twenty such as thou had met me, all
 Had perished by my spear. A cruel fate
 O'ertakes me, aided by Latona's son, 1065
 The god, and by Euphorbus among men.
 Thou who shalt take my spoil art but the third ;
 Yet hear my words, and keep them in thy thought.
 Not long shalt thou remain alive ; thy death
 By violence is at hand, and thou must fall, 1070
 Slain by the hand of great Æacides."

While he was speaking, death stole over him
 And veiled his senses, while the soul forsook
 His limbs and flew to Hades, sorrowing
 For its sad lot, to part from life in youth 1075
 And prime of strength. Illustrious Hector thus
 Answered the dying man : " Why threaten me,
 Patroclus, with an early death ? Who knows
 That he, thy friend, whom fair-haired Thetis bore,
 Achilles, may not sooner lose his life, 1080
 Slain by my spear ? " He spake, and set his heel
 Upon the slain, and from the wound drew forth
 His brazen spear and pushed the corpse aside,
 And with the weapon hurried on to smite
 Godlike Automedon, the charioteer 1085
 Of swift Æacides ; but him the steeds
 Fleet-footed and immortal, which the gods
 Bestowed on Peleus, swiftly bore away.

BOOK XVII.

THE warlike Menelaus, Atreus' son,
 Beheld Patroclus fall by Trojan hands,
 And came in glittering armor to the van
 To guard the body of the slain. As walks
 A heifer moaning round her new-born young, 5
 So fair-haired Menelaus stalked around
 The body of Patroclus, holding forth
 His spear and great round shield, intent to slay
 Whoever came against him. But the son
 Of Panthoüs, mighty spearman, not the less 10
 Intent to spoil the illustrious dead, drew near,
 And spake to warlike Menelaus thus : —

“ Atrides Menelaus, reared by Jove,
 And leader of thy host, give way and leave
 The dead, and quit to me his bloody spoil ; 15
 For none of our brave Trojans and allies
 Smote him in deadly combat with the spear,
 Before me. Leave me therefore to receive
 The glory due me from the sons of Troy,
 Else will I smite thee too, and thou wilt lose 20
 Thy precious life ! ” Indignant at the word,
 The fair-haired Menelaus answered him : —

“ O Father Jove ! unseemly boasts are these !
 For not the panther's nor the lion's might,
 Nor that of the fierce forest-boar whose rage 25

Is heightened into fury, is as great
 As that which these distinguished spearmen, sons
 Of Panthoüs, utter with their lips. And yet
 The horseman Hyperenor did not long
 Enjoy his youth when he with insolent words 30
 Assailed me, and withstood me, — when he said
 That I was the most craven wretch who bore
 Arms in the Grecian host. He never turned,
 I think, his footsteps homeward to delight
 His reverend parents and beloved wife ; 35
 And I, like his, will take thy life, if thou
 Oppose me. Heed my counsel, and withdraw
 Among the crowd, and so avoid my stroke
 Before thou come to harm. He is a fool
 Who only sees the mischiefs that are past.” 40

He said : Euphorbus, heeding not his words
 Of warning, spake again : “ Now is my time,
 Jove-nurtured Menelaus, to avenge
 My brother, slain by thee, and over whom
 Thou utterdest such swelling words, whose wife 45
 In her new bridal chamber thou hast made
 A widow, and upon her parents brought
 Mourning and endless sorrow. It may make
 The sorrow less, should I into the hands
 Of Panthoüs and the noble Phrontis give 50
 Thy head and armor. Let us now delay
 The strife no longer : it will show with whom
 The valor dwells, and who is moved by fear.”

He spake, and smote his enemy's round shield,

But pierced it not ; the stubborn metal turned 53
 The weapon's point. Then Menelaus, son
 Of Atreus, with a prayer to Jupiter,
 Struck, as Euphorbus made a backward step,
 His throat, and drave the weapon with strong hand
 Through the soft neck. He fell with clashing arms.
 His locks, which were like those the Graces wear, 60
 And ringlets, bound with gold and silver bands,
 Were drenched with blood. As when some hus-
 bandman

Rears in a lonely and well-watered spot
 An olive-tree with widely spreading boughs, 65
 Beautiful with fresh shoots, and putting forth
 White blossoms, gently waved by every wind,
 A sudden blast descends with mighty sweep
 And tears it from its bed, and lays it prone
 Upon the earth, — so lay Euphorbus, skilled 70
 To wield the spear and son of Panthoüs, slain
 And spoiled by Menelaus, Atreus' son.
 As when a lion of the mountain wilds,
 Fearless and strong, bears from the browsing herd
 The fairest of the kine, and breaks her neck 75
 With his strong teeth, and, tearing her, devours
 The bloody entrails, while a clamorous throng
 Of dogs and herdsmen, with incessant cries,
 Gather around him, yet approach him not,
 Withheld by fear, so of the warriors round 80
 The gallant Menelaus none could find
 The courage to encounter him ; and then

Atrides easily had borne away
 The sumptuous armor worn by Panthoüs' son,
 If envious Apollo had not moved 85
 Hector to meet him. Putting on the form
 Of Mentès, chief of the Ciconian band,
 He said to him aloud, with wingèd words : —

“ Hector, thou art pursuing what thy feet
 Will never overtake, the steeds which draw 90
 The chariot of Achilles. Hard it were
 For mortal man to tame them or to guide,
 Save for Achilles, goddess-born. Meanwhile
 Hath warlike Menelaus, Atreus' son,
 Guarding the slain Patroclus, overthrown 95
 Euphorbus, bravest of the Trojan host,
 A son of Panthoüs ; he will fight no more.”

Thus spake the god, and disappeared among
 The warring squadrons. Bitter was the grief
 That seized the heart of Hector as he looked 100
 Along the ranks and saw the Greek bear off
 The sumptuous arms, and saw the Trojan lie
 Weltering in blood. At once he made his way
 To the front rank, all armed in glittering brass,
 And with loud shouts. As terrible he came 105
 As Vulcan's inextinguishable fires.
 The son of Atreus heard that mighty shout,
 And thus to his great soul lamenting said : —

“ If I abandon these rich spoils and leave
 Patroclus, who has perished in my cause, 110
 I fear the Greeks will look upon the act

With indignation. If, through dread of shame,
 I fight alone with Hector and his men,
 I fear to be o'erwhelmed by multitudes,
 For crested Hector leads the whole array 115
 Of Trojans hither. Yet why question thus?
 For when a warrior ventures to assault
 One whom a god protects, a bitter doom
 Is his. Then none of all the Greeks should blame
 If I give way to Hector, whom a god 120
 Hath sent against me. Yet could I but hear
 The voice of mighty Ajax, we would both
 Return, and even against a god renew
 The combat, that we haply might restore
 Patroclus to Achilles, Peleus' son. 125
 Such in this choice of evils were the least."

As thus he mused, the men of Troy came on,
 With Hector at their head. The Greek gave way
 And left the slain. As when a lion, driven
 With pikes and clamor from the herdsman's stalls 130
 By men and dogs, unwillingly retreats,
 His valiant heart still raging in his breast,
 So did the fair-haired Menelaus leave
 Patroclus. When he reached the Grecian ranks,
 He turned and stood and looked about to find 135
 The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon,
 And him he soon beheld on the left edge
 Of battle, rallying there and heartening
 His men; for Phœbus from above had sent
 A panic fear among them. To him then 140

The son of Atreus went in haste and said : —

“ Ajax, my friend, come hither where we fight
Around Patroclus. Let us strive at least
To bring Achilles back the hero's corpse,
Though stripped ; for crested Hector hath his arms.”

He spake ; the courage of the warlike son 146
Of Telamon was kindled by his words.

To the front rank he hastened, and with him
Went fair-haired Menelaus. Hector there
Had spoiled Patroclus of his glorious arms, 150

And now was dragging him apart to hew
The head away with his keen sword, and give
The body to the dogs of Troy. Just then
Came Ajax, bearing, like a tower, his shield,
And Hector mingled with the Trojan ranks, 155

And leaped into his car ; but first he gave
His friends the glittering spoil to bear away
To Troy, — a glory to the conqueror ;
While Ajax, over Menœtiades

Holding his ample shield, stood firm as stands 160

A lion o'er his whelps, when, as he comes
Leading them through the wood, the hunters rush
Upon him, and his look is terrible

As his knit eyebrows cover his fierce eyes.
So Ajax moved around the hero's corpse, 165

While warlike Menelaus by his side,
The son of Atreus, stood in bitter grief.

Then with a look of anger, Glaucus spake —
Son of Hippolochus, and chief among

The Lycians — thus to Hector : “ Though thy
form, 170

Hector, be noble, yet in prowess thou
Art wanting, and thy fame in feats of war
Is not deserved, since thou dost fly the foe.
Think whether thou alone, with others born
In Troy, canst save the city and the state. 175

For henceforth will no Lycian fight for Troy
Against the Greeks ; this conflict without end
Has never earned them thanks. Inglorious chief !
How wilt thou be the shield of humbler men,
If thou canst leave Sarpedon, who has been 180

Thy comrade and thy guest, to be the prey
And spoil of the Greek warriors ? While he lived,
Great was the aid he brought thy cause and thee,
And now thou dost not seek to drive away
The dogs from his neglected corpse. For this, 185

If any of the Lycians heed my words,
They will go home, and imminent will be
The ruin of thy city. If that firm

And resolute valor lived in Trojan hearts
Which they should cherish who in the defence 190
Of their own country bear the toils and face
The dangers of the field, we might this hour
Drag off the slain Patroclus into Troy.

And should we bear him from the thick of fight
To the great city of Priam, soon the Greeks 195
Would let us ransom the rich armor worn
By our Sarpedon, and bring back his corpse ;

For he lies slain who was the bosom friend
 Of the most valiant chieftain at the fleet
 Of Greece and leader of her bravest men. 200
 But thou, when great-souled Ajax fixed his eye
 Upon thee, didst not venture to remain
 And fight with him ; he is more brave than thou."

The crested Hector frowned and thus replied :—
 "Why, Glaucus, should a warrior such as thou 205
 Utter such violent words? My friend, I deemed
 That thou wert wise above all other men
 Of fertile Lycia, but I now must blame
 Thy judgment when thou say'st I shrink to meet
 The mighty Ajax. I do neither dread 210
 The battle's fury nor the rush of steeds ;
 But all-prevailing are the purposes
 Of ægis-bearing Jove, who makes the brave
 To flee, and takes from him the victory,
 And then again impels him to the fight. 215
 Come then, my friend, stand by me ; see if I
 Skulk this time from the conflict, as thou say'st,
 Or tame the courage of whatever Greek,
 The bravest, who defends Patroclus slain."

He spake, and, shouting, cheered the Trojans on :
 "Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians, trained 220
 To combat hand to hand, let it be seen,
 My friends, that ye are men, and still retain
 Your ancient valor ; while I buckle on
 The glorious armor of the illustrious son 225
 Of Peleus, taken from Patroclus slain."

So spake the crested Hector, and withdrew
 From the fierce conflict, and with rapid steps
 O'ertook his comrades as they bore away
 Townward the glorious arms of Peleus' son. 230
 There from that deadly strife apart he stood,
 And changed his coat of mail. He gave his own
 To his companions, to be carried thence
 To sacred Ilium, and he buckled on
 The immortal armor of Achilles, son 235
 Of Peleus, which the gods of heaven bestowed
 Upon his father, who in his old age
 Consigned them to Achilles ; but the son
 Was never in that armor to grow old.

And when the Cloud-compeller Jove beheld 240
 Hector apart, accoutred in the arms
 Of Peleus' godlike son, he shook his head,
 And to himself he said : " Unhappy man !
 Death even now is near to thee, and yet
 Is not in all thy thoughts. Thou puttest on 245
 The heavenly armor of the terrible chief,
 Before whom others tremble ; thou hast slain
 His friend, the brave and gentle, and hast stripped,
 To do him shame, the armor from his limbs.
 Yet will I for the moment give to thee 250
 Fresh triumphs, since Andromache shall ne'er
 Receive, when thou returnest from the field,
 The armor of Pelides from thy hands."

The son of Saturn spake, and gave the nod
 With his dark brows. Well did that coat of mail 255

Suit Hector's form. Meantime the god of war
 In all his fierceness entered Hector's breast :
 Fresh vigor filled and nerved his frame ; he went
 Along the ranks of his renowned allies
 With shouts ; that glittering armor made him seem ²⁶⁰
 The large-souled son of Peleus. To them all
 He spake in turn, encouraging their hearts, —
 To Mesthles, Glaucus, and Thersilochus,
 Medon, Deisenor, and Hippothoüs,
 Asteropæus, Phorcys, Chromius, ²⁶⁵
 And Ennomus the Augur ; these the chief
 Exhorted to the fight with wingèd words : —

“ Hear me, ye mighty throng of our allies,
 Dwellers of nations round us ! Not to make
 Our army vast in numbers did I send ²⁷⁰
 To summon you, each from his native town,
 But that your willing valor might defend
 The wives and children of the sons of Troy
 From the assailing Greeks. I therefore give
 Most freely of our substance in large gifts ²⁷⁵
 And banquets, that ye all may be content ;
 And now let some of you move boldly on
 To do or die, which is the chance of war.
 To him who from the field will drag and bring
 The slain Patroclus to the Trojan knights, ²⁸⁰
 Compelling Ajax to give way, — to him
 I yield up half the spoil ; the other half
 I keep, and let his glory equal mine.”

He spake, and all that mighty multitude

With lifted lances threw themselves against 285
 The Grecian ranks. They hoped to bear away
 The dead from Ajax, son of Telamon.

Ah, idle hope ! that hero o'er the dead
 Took many a Trojan's life. Then Ajax thus
 To Menelaus, great in battle, spake : — 290

“ O friend, O Menelaus, reared by Jove,
 No longer now I hope our safe return
 From battle. Not the greatest of my fears
 Is for Patroclus, whom the dogs of Troy
 And birds of prey full quickly will devour, 295
 But for my life and thine. That cloud of war,
 Hector, o'ershadows all, and over us
 Impends the doom of death. Yet let us call
 Our mighty men, if they perchance may hear.”

He spake, and Menelaus, great in war, 300
 Obeyed his wish and shouted to the Greeks : —

“ O friends, the princes and the chiefs of Greece,
 Who at the public feasts with Atreus' sons —
 King Agamemnon and his brother chief —
 Drink wine, — who each command a host, and hold
 Your honors and your state from Jove, — my eyes
 Cannot discern you in the thick of fight ;
 But some of you, who cannot bear to leave
 Patroclus to the dogs of Troy, draw near ! ”

He spake ; Oilean Ajax, swift of foot, 310
 Heard and came forward, hastening through the
 fight ;

And after him Idomeneus, who brought

Meriones, his armor-bearer, fierce
 As the man-slayer Mars. But who could tell
 The names of all the other Greeks that sprang 315
 To mingle in the strife? The Trojans made
 The first assault, and Hector led them on.

As at the mouth of some great river, swoln
 By rains from Jove, the mighty ocean-wave
 Meets it with roaring, and the cliffs around 320
 Rebellow, while the surges toss without,
 With such a clamor came the Trojans on,
 While round Patroclus closed, with one accord,
 The Greeks, protected by their brazen shields,
 And o'er their shining helmets Saturn's son 325
 Poured darkness. For when Menœtiades
 Yet lived, attendant upon Peleus' son,
 Jove looked on him with no unkind regard,
 And now he would not that his corse should feed
 The enemy's dogs, and therefore moved his friends
 To rescue him. At first the Trojans drave 330
 The dark-eyed Greeks before them; back they fell
 And left the dead; yet, fiercely as they came,
 The Trojans slew no man, but dragged away
 The dead. A moment, and no more, the Greeks 335
 Fell back; for Ajax quickly rallied them, —
 Ajax, who, next to Peleus' valiant son,
 Excelled them all in form and feats of war;
 He through the foremost warriors brake, as strong
 As a wild boar that on the mountain's side 340
 Breaks through the shrubs, and scatters with a bound

A band of youths and dogs. The illustrious son
 Of honored Telamon thus put to rout
 The Trojan phalanxes environing
 Patroclus, in the hope to bear him thence 345
 Townward with glory. There Hippothoüs, son
 Of Lethus the Pelasgian, having bound
 A thong about the sinewy ankle, toiled
 To drag away the slain man by the foot
 From that fierce strife, — a grateful spectacle 350
 To Hector and the Trojans. Yet on him
 A vengeance which no friendly arm could ward
 Fell suddenly. The son of Telamon
 Rushed through the crowd, and in close combat
 smote

His helmet's brazen cheek. That plumèd helm 355
 Was cleft by the huge spear and vigorous hand,
 And where the weapon struck Hippothoüs,
 Mingled with blood the brain gushed forth; the life
 Forsook his limbs; he dropped from nerveless hands
 The foot of brave Patroclus, and beside 360
 The corpse fell headlong, — far from the rich fields
 Of his Larissa, never to repay
 With gentle cares in their old age the love
 Of his dear parents; for his life was short,
 Slain by the spear of Ajax, large of soul. 365

Then Hector aimed again his shining spear
 At Ajax, who perceived it as it came,
 And just avoided it. The weapon struck
 Schedius, the valiant son of Iphitus,

And bravest of the Phocians, whose abode 370
 Was Panopeus the famous, where he ruled
 O'er many men. Beneath the collar-bone
 It pierced him, and passed through ; the brazen
 point

Came out upon the shoulder ; to the ground
 He fell, his armor clashing with his fall. 375
 Then Ajax smote the valiant Phorcys, son
 Of Phœnops, in the navel. Through the mail
 The brazen weapon broke, and roughly tore
 The entrails. In the dust he fell, and clenched
 The earth with dying hands. The foremost ranks,
 Led by illustrious Hector, at the sight 381
 Yielded the ground ; the Greeks with fearful shouts
 Dragged off the bodies of Hippothoüs
 And Phorcys, and despoiled them of their arms.

Then would the Trojans have been put to flight 385
 Before the warlike Greeks, and, craven-like,
 Gone up to Troy, and great had been the fame
 Gained by the might and courage of the Greeks,
 Beyond what Jupiter designed to give,
 Had not Apollo brought Æneas forth 390
 By putting on the form of Periphas,
 The herald and the son of Epytus,
 Who in that office as a prudent friend
 And counsellor had served, till he grew old,
 The father of Æneas. In his shape 395
 Thus spake Apollo, son of Jupiter : —

“ Æneas, ye might even hold the towers

Of lofty Ilium safe against a god,
 Were ye to act as some whom I have seen, —
 Valiant, and confident in their own might 400
 And multitude of dauntless followers.
 And now Jove favors us and offers us
 The victory o'er the Greeks, and yet ye flee
 In abject terror, and refuse to fight."

He spake ; Æneas, looking at him, knew 405
 The archer-god, and with a mighty voice
 Called out to Hector : " Hector ! thou and all
 Who lead the troops of Troy, and our allies,
 Great shame it were if we were put to rout
 Before the warlike Greeks, and beaten back 410
 To Troy like cowards. Standing by my side,
 One of the gods already hath declared
 That Jupiter, All-wise, is our ally
 In battle. Let us therefore boldly fall
 Upon the Greeks, nor suffer them to bear 415
 Patroclus unmolested to their fleet."

He spake, and, springing to the foremost ranks,
 Stood firm ; the Trojans also turned and faced
 The Achaians. Then Æneas with his spear
 Struck down Leocritus, the gallant friend 420
 Of Lycomedes and Arisbas' son.
 The warlike Lycomedes saw his fall
 With grief, and came and cast his shining spear
 At Apisaon, son of Hippasus,
 A shepherd of the people. Underneath 425
 The midriff, through the liver went the spear,

And he fell lifeless. He had come to Troy
 From rich Pæonia, and was great in war,
 Next to Asteropæus. As he saw
 His comrade fall, Asteropæus, moved 430
 By grief, advanced to combat with the Greeks,
 But could not ; for the group that stood around
 Patroclus showed a fence of shields, and held
 Their spears before them. Ajax moved among
 The warriors, charging them that none should leave
 The corpse, and none should step beyond the rest 436
 To strike the foe, but stay to guard the dead,
 And combat hand to hand. Such was the charge
 Of mighty Ajax. All the earth around
 Was steeped with blood, and many a corpse was
 heaped 440

On corpse of Trojans and their brave allies,
 And of the Greeks, for even on their side
 The strife was not unbloody, though of Greeks
 There perished fewer ; each was on the watch
 To ward the battle's dangers from the rest. 445

Then did they fight like fire. You could not say
 The sun was safe, nor yet the moon, so thick
 A darkness gathered over the brave men
 Around the corpse of Menœtiades.
 The other Trojans and the well-armed Greeks 450
 Fought freely under the clear sky ; the sun
 Shed o'er them his full brightness ; not a cloud
 Shadowed the earth, or rested on the hills.
 From time to time they paused, and warily

They shunned each other's cruel darts, and kept ⁴⁵⁵
 Far from each other, while in the mid-war
 Struggled the combatants in darkness, galled
 By the remorseless weapons of their foes.
 Yet Thrasymedes and Antilochus,
 Two famous Grecian warriors, had not learned ⁴⁶⁰
 That excellent Patroclus was no more,
 But thought that, still alive, he led the war
 Against the Trojans, fighting in the van.
 They watched the flight and slaughter of the Greeks,
 And fought apart, for Nestor so enjoined, ⁴⁶⁵
 Who sent them to the battle from the fleet.

But they who held the middle space around
 The friend of swift Æacides, maintained
 A desperate strife all day ; the knees, the thighs,
 The feet, the hands, the eyes of those who fought ⁴⁷⁰
 Were faint with weariness and foul with sweat.
 As when an ample ox-hide, steeped in fat,
 Is given to workmen to be stretched, they stand
 Around it in a circle, pulling it,
 Till forth the moisture issues, and the oil ⁴⁷⁵
 Enters the skin, and by that constant strain
 From many hands the hide is duly stretched,
 So in small space the warriors drew the dead
 Hither and thither ; they of Ilium strove
 To drag it to the city, they of Greece ⁴⁸⁰
 To bear it to the fleet. The tumult then
 Was terrible, and neither Mars himself,
 The musterer of hosts, nor Pallas, roused

To her intensest wrath, had they been near
 The struggle, would have seen it with disdain. 485
 Such deadly strife of steeds and men was held
 O'er slain Patroclus by the will of Jove.

The great Achilles knew not yet the fate
 Of his Patroclus, for the warriors fought
 Far from the fleet, beside the wall of Troy. 490
 He never thought of him as one whose death
 Was near, but trusted that, when once he reached
 The Trojan wall, he would return alive ;
 Nor ever deemed he that without his aid,
 Or even with it, would Patroclus sack 495
 The city. This was what he oft had heard
 From Thetis, who disclosed to him apart
 The counsel of Almighty Jupiter.
 Yet had his mother never once revealed
 The present evil, — that the one whom most 500
 He loved of all his friends should perish thus.

Still round the dead they fought with their keen
 spears,
 And slew each other. Then of the mailed Greeks
 Some one would say : " O friends, it were disgrace
 Should we fall back upon our roomy ships. 505
 First let the dark earth swallow us ; for this
 Were better than to let the Trojan knights
 Drag off the dead in triumph to their town."

And some among the large-souled sons of Troy
 Would say : " O friends, though all of us should fall
 Beside this corpse, let no one turn and flee." 511

Thus they, encouraging each other, spake,
 And thus the fight went on. The iron din
 Rose through the waste air to the brazen heaven.

Meantime aloof from battle stood the steeds 515
 Of Peleus' son, and sorrowed when they knew
 That he who guided them lay stretched in dust
 By Hector's slaughtering hand. Automedon,
 The brave son of Diores, often tried
 The lash, and gentle words as oft, and oft 520
 Shouted forth threats ; yet neither would they move
 Toward the broad Hellespont, where lay the fleet,
 Nor toward the Greeks in combat, but remained
 Motionless as a funeral column, reared
 To mark a man's or woman's tomb. So stood 525
 The coursers yoked to that magnificent car,
 With drooping heads, and tears that from their lids
 Flowed hot, for sorrow at the loss of him
 Who was their charioteer, and their fair manes,
 Sweeping the yoke below, were foul with dust. 530
 The son of Saturn saw their grief, and shook
 His head in pity, saying to himself :—

“ Why did the gods bestow you, luckless pair,
 On Peleus, — on a king of mortal birth, —
 You who shall never feel old age or death? 535
 Was it that ye might share with human-kind
 Their sorrows? for the race of mortal men
 Of all that breathe and move upon the earth
 Is the most wretched. Yet of this be sure, —
 That ye shall never in that sumptuous car 540

Bear Hector. Is it not enough that he
 Should wear that armor, uttering idle boasts?
 And now will I infuse into your limbs
 Spirit and strength, that ye may safely bear
 Automedon across the battle-field 545
 To where the roomy galleys lie. I yet
 Must give more glory to the men of Troy,
 And they must slay until they come again
 To the good ships of Greece, — until the sun
 Goes down and sacred darkness covers all.” 550

So spake the god, and breathed into the steeds
 New life and vigor. From their manes they shook
 The dust, and flew with that swift car among
 The Greeks and Trojans. With the Trojan throng,
 Automedon, though mourning his slain friend, 555
 Maintained the fight; he rushed upon their ranks,
 A vulture pouncing on a flock of geese.
 Swiftly he passed from out the Trojan throng;
 Swiftly again he charged their phalanxes
 In fierce pursuit. Yet slew he none of those 560
 Whom he pursued; he could not guide at once
 The steeds and cast the spear, when seated thus
 Alone within that sacred car. At last
 A friend, the valorous Alcimedon,
 Laërces' son, of Æmon's line, beheld 565
 His plight, and, standing near his chariot, said: —
 “What god, Automedon, hath prompted thee
 To these mad acts, and stolen thy better sense,
 Fighting alone among the foremost ranks

Of Trojan warriors, thy companion slain, 570
 And Hector in the field, who boastfully
 Stalks in the armor of Æacides?"

And thus Automedon, Diores' son,
 Made answer: "Who is there among the Greeks
 Able like thee, Alcimedon, to rein 575
 And curb the spirit of immortal steeds?
 None were there save Patroclus while he lived,
 Wise as a god in council. Death and fate
 Now hold him. To thy hand I give the lash
 And shining reins, while I descend and fight." 580

He spake, and into his swift chariot sprang
 Alcimedon, and took the lash and reins.
 Automedon leaped down. As Hector saw,
 He thus bespake Æneas at his side:—

"Æneas, leader of the men of Troy, 585
 Equipped in brazen armor, I have seen
 Those coursers of the swift Æacides
 Driven through the battle by unwarlike hands,
 And 't is my hope, if thou wilt give thine aid,
 To seize them. They who guide them will not dare
 To stand and face us when we make the charge." 591

He spake; Anchises' valiant son complied,
 And, sheltered by their shields of tough ox-hide,
 Well dried and firm, and strong with plates of brass,
 The twain went forward. With them at their side 595
 Went Chromius and Aretus, nobly formed,
 In hope to lead away the high-necked steeds,
 Their guardians slain. Vain dreamers! they were
 doomed

Not without bloody penance to return
 From that encounter with Automedon, 600
 Who prayed to Father Jove, and whose faint heart
 Was strengthened and made bold. And thus the chief
 Said to his faithful friend Alcimedon :—

“ Keep not the steeds thou guidest far from me,
 Alcimedon, but let them ever breathe 605
 Upon my shoulders. Hector, Priam's son,
 I think, will not give over this assault
 Before he either slays us, and ascends
 The car to which these steeds with flowing manes
 Are yoked, and puts to flight the phalanxes 610
 Of Argive warriors, or himself is slain.”

He spake, and called to both the Ajaxes
 And Menelaus : “ Ye who lead the Greeks,”
 He said, and named the chieftains, “ give in charge
 The dead to your best warriors, to surround 615
 And guard the corpse, and drive away the foe ;
 But hasten to avert the evil day
 From us who are alive. For even now
 Hector comes rushing through the deadly fight,
 And brings Æneas ; these are the most brave 620
 Of all the Trojan army. On the knees
 Of the great gods the issue rests. I too
 Will cast the spear, and leave the rest to Jove.”

He spake, and lifting his huge spear he smote
 The round shield of Aretus. There the blade 625
 Stopped not, but, entering, pierced him through the
 belt.

As, when a vigorous youth with a keen axe
 Strikes a wild bull behind the horns, and there
 Severs the sinews, forward leaps the beast
 And falls, — Aretus, springing forward thus, 630
 Fell headlong. In the Trojan's entrails still
 Quivered the spear, and life forsook his limbs.

Then Hector aimed, to smite Automedon,
 His shining spear. The Greek beheld and stooped,
 And shunned the brazen weapon. Down it came, 635
 And plunged into the earth, and stood, its stem
 Still shaken with the blow, and spent its force.
 Now would the twain have turned, and hand to hand
 Fought with their swords, when suddenly came up
 The warriors Ajax, hastening, at the call 640
 Of their companion, through the crowd, and stayed
 The combat. Hector and Æneas then,
 And Chromius, of the godlike form, withdrew
 Through caution, leaving on the battle-field
 Aretus lying mangled. The fierce chief 645
 Automedon despoiled the dead, and spake
 Boastfully : " Somewhat lighter on my heart
 Lies now my grief for Menœtiades,
 Though I have slain a man of meaner note."

As thus he spake, he threw the bloody spoils 650
 Into his chariot, mounting to the seat,
 His feet and hands all crimson with the blood,
 As when a lion has devoured an ox.
 Then round Patroclus raged the strife again,
 Murderous and sad to see ; for Pallas there 655

Inflamed the strife, sent down from heaven by Jove,
 To rouse the courage of the Greeks, since such
 Was now his will. As when the god displays
 To men a purple rainbow in the skies,
 A sign of war or of a bitter storm, 660

Which drives the laborer from his task, and makes
 The cattle droop, so, in a purple cloud
 Concealed, she went among the Greeks, and filled
 Their hearts with valor. Taking first the form
 Of Phœnix, and his clear, unwearied voice, 665
 She spake in stirring words to Atreus' son,
 The gallant Menelaus, standing near :

“Shame and dishonor will it be to thee,
 O Menelaus, if, beneath the walls
 Of Troy, the hungry dogs should tear the corpse 670
 Of him who was in life the faithful friend
 Of great Achilles. Fight thou therefore on
 Bravely, and bid the other Greeks be brave.”

And Menelaus, great in war, rejoined :
 “O Phœnix, aged father, who wert born 675
 In days long past, would but Minerva give
 The needed strength, and ward from me the stroke
 Of weapons, then would I stand by and guard
 Patroclus, for his death hath filled my heart
 With grief. But Hector's rage is like the rage 680
 Of fire ; he ceases not to slay ; for Jove
 Gives to his spear the glory of the day.”

He spake, and well was blue-eyed Pallas pleased
 That first to her of all the deities

He prayed ; and therefore did she nerve his chest 685
 And knees with strength, and put into his heart
 The daring of the fly, that, often driven
 From man, returns and bites, and finds how sweet
 Is human blood. Such resolute zeal she woke
 In his stern soul, as quickly he approached 690
 Patroclus, and sent forth his shining spear.
 Among the Trojans was Eëtion's son,
 Podes, the rich and brave, whom Hector held
 In highest honor, choosing him to be
 Companion of his feasts. Him in the waist 695
 The fair-haired Menelaus, as he fled,
 Smote, driving home the weapon. With a clash
 He fell to earth, and Menelaus drew
 The slain away among the Grecian ranks.
 Then came Apollo, putting on the form 700
 Of Phænops, son of Asius, whose abode
 Was in Abydos, and whom Hector most
 Esteemed of all his guests. The archer-god
 Drew near to Hector, and bespake him thus : —
 “ Hector, what other Greek will fear thee now, 705
 Since thou dost shrink from Menelaus, deemed
 Effeminate in war? Behold, he drags
 Away a warrior from thy host ; his hand
 Hath slain thy faithful friend, Eëtion's son,
 Brave Podes, fighting in the foremost ranks.” 710
 He spake : a cloud of sorrow overspread
 The soul of Hector. Armed in glittering brass,
 He went among the warriors in the van.

Then did the son of Saturn lift on high
 His fringed ægis, gleaming ; with a cloud 715
 He covered Ida, sent his lightnings down,
 And thundered terribly, and made the mount
 Shake to its base, and gave the victory
 To Troy, and put to rout the Grecian host.

Peneleus of Bœotia led the fight. 720

A spear that lighted on the shoulder-tip,
 As he came forward, wounded him. The blade,
 Hurl'd by Polydamas in close assault,
 Entered and grazed the bone. Then Hector pierced
 The wrist of Leïtus, Alectryon's son, 725

And made him leave the combat. As he fled
 He looked around in fear, nor hoped again
 To wield the spear against the men of Troy.

As Hector followed Leïtus, he met
 The long spear of Idomeneus, which struck 730

His corselet near the pap ; the weapon broke
 Sheer at the socket, and the Trojans raised
 A shout, while Hector at Idomeneus
 Let fly his spear. It missed the chief, but smote
 Cœranus, who from pleasant Lyctus came, 735
 The friend and follower of Meriones.

For on that day Idomeneus had come
 From his good ships on foot, and great had been
 The triumph of the Trojans at his fall,
 If Cœranus had not with his swift steeds 740
 Passed near and bid him mount. 'T was thus he

came

To save Idomeneus from death, and yield
 To the man-queller Hector his own life ;
 The javelin entered underneath the ear,
 By the jaw-bone, where, forcing out the teeth, 745
 It cleft the tongue in twain. He fell to earth,
 And dropped the reins. Meriones stooped down
 And took them from the dust in his own hands,
 And thus bespake Idomeneus : " Ply well
 The lash, until thy coursers reach the fleet, 750
 For thou mayst clearly see that victory
 To-day is not upon the Grecian side."

He spake : Idomeneus, fear-smitten, lashed
 The long-maned steeds that hurried toward the fleet.
 Nor now did Menelaus nor his friend, 755
 The valiant Ajax, fail to see that Jove
 Had changed the vantage to the side of Troy.
 And thus the son of Telamon began : —

" Alas ! the feeblest mind can now perceive
 That Father Jove is with the sons of Troy, 760
 And gives to them the glory of the day.
 Their weapons smite, whoever sends them forth,
 Coward or brave, for Jove directs them all ;
 Ours fall to earth in vain. But let us now
 Consult how best to bear the corpse away, 765
 And how, returning, we may meet our friends
 With joy ; for they are grieved as they behold
 Our plight, and fear that we may not withstand
 The fiery onset and invincible arm
 Of the man-queller Hector. Would there were 770

Some comrade who would bear to Peleus' son
 The tidings of the day! for he, I think,
 Has not yet heard that his dear friend is slain.
 None such can I behold of all the Greeks,
 For they are shrouded all — their steeds and they —
 In darkness. Father Jove, deliver us 776
 From darkness; clear the heavens and give our eyes
 Again to see. Destroy us if thou wilt,
 But O destroy us in the light of day!"

He spake: the All-Father saw him shedding tears,
 And pitied him, and bade the shadows flee, 782
 And swept away the cloud. The sun looked forth,
 And all the battle lay in light. Then thus
 To warlike Menelaus Ajax said:—

"O Menelaus, foster-child of Jove, 785
 Look round and see if yet Antilochus,
 The large-souled son of Nestor, is alive,
 And bid him bear the tidings in all haste
 To the great son of Peleus, that the one
 Of all his friends whom most he loved is slain." 790

He spake, and Menelaus, great in war,
 Complied, and hastened forth, as from a fold
 A lion stalks away, that long has kept
 In fear the hounds and herdsman, who all night
 Have watched to drive him from their well-fed
 beeves, 795

While, eager for his prey, he rushes oft
 Against them, but in vain, for many a spear
 Is hurled at him, and many a blazing brand,

Which, fierce for ravin' as he is, he dreads,
 Till sullenly at early morn he goes. 800
 So from Patroclus went unwillingly
 The valiant Menelaus, for he feared
 Lest, panic-struck, the Greeks should leave his
 corpse

The enemy's prey. Thus earnestly he prayed
 The warriors Ajax and Meriones :— 805

“Ye warriors Ajax, leaders of the Greeks!
 And thou, Meriones! let each of you
 Bear well in mind how kindly was the mood
 Of poor Patroclus; gentle in his life
 Was he to all, and now is with the dead.” 810

The fair-haired Menelaus, speaking thus,
 Withdrew. He looked around him as he went,
 As looks an eagle, bird of sharpest sight—
 So men declare—of all the fowls of air,
 From which, though high in heaven, the nimble hare
 Beneath the thicket is not hid; he stoops, 816
 And takes the creature's life. Thy piercing eyes,
 O Menelaus, thus on every side

Were turned, in eager scrutiny, to find
 Among the multitude of Greeks the son 820
 Of Nestor living. Him he soon descried
 Upon the battle's left, where manfully
 He cheered his fellows on. The fair-haired son
 Of Atreus came and stood by him, and said :—

“Stay, foster-child of Jove, Antilochus!
 And listen to the sorrowful news I bring 825

Of what should ne'er have been. 'Thou must have
well

Perceived, I think, that some divinity
Doth heap disaster on our host, and give
The victory to the Trojans. He is dead, — 830
Patroclus, — the most valiant of the Greeks,
And great their sorrow is. Now hasten thou
To the Greek galleys ; let Achilles know
The tidings ; he may haply bring the corpse,
Stripped as it is, unmangled to the fleet, 835
For crested Hector has the arms he wore."

He spake, and at his words Antilochus
Was horror-struck ; in grief too great for speech,
Tears filled his eyes, and his clear voice was choked.
Yet heeded he the mandate. Laying off 840
His arms, he gave them to his blameless friend,
Laodocus, who with his firm-paced steeds
Came toward him. Thus prepared he ran ; his feet
Carried him swiftly from the battle-field
To bear the evil news to Peleus' son. 845

Yet Menelaus, foster-child of Jove,
Thy spirit did not prompt thee to remain
And aid thy hard-pressed comrades at the spot
Whence thou didst send Antilochus, and where
The Pyleans longed to keep him. Yet he sent 850
The noble Thrasymedes to their aid,
While he returned to where Patroclus lay,
And stood beside the warriors there, and said :—

"I sent to swift Achilles at the fleet

K

A messenger, yet think he will not come. 855
 Though royal Hector's deed hath roused his rage,
 Unarmed he cannot meet the sons of Troy.
 Consult we then how we may best convey
 The body to the ships, and how ourselves
 Escape the doom of death by Trojan hands." 860

The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon,
 Replied : " O Menelaus far-renowned,
 Well hast thou spoken. Lift thou now the corse,
 Thou and Meriones, and place yourselves
 Beneath it, and convey it from the field. 865
 We, following you, will combat with the sons
 Of Troy and noble Hector, — we who, named
 Alike and one in spirit, oft have borne
 The fury of the battle side by side."

He ended, and the warriors in their arms 870
 Raised with main strength the body from the ground.
 The Trojans, as they saw it borne away,
 Shouted behind them, rushing on like hounds
 That spring upon a wounded forest-boar
 Before the hunter-youths now pressing close 875
 Upon his flank, to tear him, then again,
 Whene'er he turns upon them in his strength,
 Retreating in dismay, and put to flight
 Hither and thither. Thus, in hot pursuit
 And close array, the Trojans following strook 880
 With swords and two-edged spears ; but when the
 twain
 Turned and stood firm to meet them, every cheek

Grew pale, and not a single Trojan dared
 Draw near the Greeks to combat for the corse.
 Thus rapidly they bore away the dead 885
 Toward their good galleys from the battle-field.
 Onward with them the furious battle swept,
 As spreads a fire that, kindled suddenly,
 Seizes a city, and the dwellings sink
 In the consuming blaze, and a strong wind 890
 Roars through the flame. Such fearful din of steeds
 And warriors followed the retreating Greeks.
 As from a mountain summit strong-backed mules
 Drag over the rough ways a ponderous beam
 Or mast, till weary with the mighty strain 895
 And streaming sweat, so they with resolute toil
 Bore off the dead. Behind them as they went
 Their two defenders kept the foe aloof.
 As when a river-dike o'ergrown with trees
 Crosses a plain, and holds the violent course 900
 Of the swoln stream in check, and, driving back
 The waters, spreads them o'er the level fields,
 Nor can their fury force a passage through, —
 So did the warriors Ajax hold in check
 The Trojans ; yet they followed close, and two 905
 More closely than the rest, — Æneas, son
 Of old Anchises, and the illustrious chief,
 Hector. As when a company of daws
 Or starlings, startled at a hawk's approach,
 The murderous enemy of the smaller birds, 910
 Take wing with piercing cries, so, driven before

The might of Hector and Æneas, fled
 The Greeks with clamorous cries, and thought no
 more
 Of combat. In the trench and near it lay
 Many fair weapons, which the fugitive Greeks 915
 Had dropped in haste, and still the war went on.

BOOK XVIII.

AS thus they fought with all the rage of fire,
 Antilochus, the nimble-footed, came
 With tidings to Achilles. Him he found
 Before his lofty galleys, deep in thought
 Of what he knew had happened. With a sigh 5
 The hero to his mighty spirit said :—

“ Ah me ! why should the Grecians thus be driven
 In utter disarray across the plain ?
 I tremble lest the gods should bring to pass
 What most I dread. My mother told me once 10
 That the most valiant of the Myrmidons,
 While yet I live, cut off by Trojan hands,
 Shall see the sun no more. It must be so :
 The brave son of Menœtius has been slain.
 Unhappy ! ’T was my bidding that, when once 15
 The enemy with his firebrands was repulsed,
 He should not think to combat gallantly
 With Hector, but should hasten to the fleet.”

As thus he mused, illustrious Nestor's son
 Drew near Achilles, and with eyes that shed 20
 Warm tears he gave his sorrowful message thus:—

“Son of the warlike Peleus, woe is me!
 For bitter are the tidings thou must hear
 Of what should not have been. Patroclus lies
 A naked corpse, and over it the hosts 25
 Are fighting; crested Hector hath his arms.”

He spake, and a black cloud of sorrow came
 Over the chieftain. Grasping in both hands
 The ashes of the hearth, he showered them o'er
 His head, and soiled with them his noble face. 30
 They clung in dark lumps to his comely vest.
 Prone in the dust of earth, at his full length,
 And tearing his disordered hair, he lay.
 Then wailed aloud the maidens whom in war
 He and Patroclus captured. Forth they came, 35
 And, thronging round him, smote their breasts and
 swooned.

Antilochus mourned also, and shed tears,
 Holding Achilles by the hand, for much
 His generous nature dreaded that the chief
 Might aim at his own throat the sword he wore. 40

Loud were the hero's cries, and in the deep
 His gracious mother, where she sat beside
 Her aged father, heard them. She too raised
 A wail of sorrow. All the goddesses,
 Daughters of Nereus, dwelling in the depths 45
 Of ocean, gathered to her side. There came

Glaucè, Thaleia, and Cymodocè,
 Nesæa, Speio, Halia with large eyes,
 And Thoa, and Cymothöè ; nor stayed
 Actæa, Limnoreia, Melita, 50
 Amphithöè, Iæra, Agavè,
 Doto, and Proto, and Dynamenè.
 There came Dexamenè, Amphinomè,
 Pherusa, Callianira, Panopè,
 Doris, and Galateia, the renowned. 55
 With these Nemertes and Apseudes came,
 And Callianassa. Clymenè was there,
 Janeira and Janassa, and with them
 Mæra, and Amatheia with bright hair,
 And Orithya, and whoever else, 60
 Children of Nereus, bide within the deep.
 The concourse filled the glimmering cave ; they beat
 Their bosoms, while the sorrowing Thetis spake :—
 “ Hear, sister Nereids, that ye all may know
 The sharpness of my sorrows. Woe is me, 65
 Unhappy ! Woe is me ! in evil hour,
 The mother of a hero, — me who gave
 Birth to so noble and so brave a son,
 The first among the warriors, saw him grow
 Like a green sapling, reared him like a plant 70
 Within a fruitful field, and sent him forth
 With his beaked ships to Ilium and the war
 Against the Trojans. Never shall I see
 That son returning to his home, the halls
 Of Peleus. While he lives and sees the light 75

Of day his lot is sorrow, nor can I
 Help him in aught, though at his side ; and yet
 I go to look on my beloved son,
 And learn from him what grief, while he remains
 Aloof from war, o'ertakes him in his tent." 80

She spake, and left the cavern. All the nymphs
 Went with her weeping. Round their way the waves
 Of ocean parted. When they reached the fields
 Of fertile Troas, up the shore they went
 In ordered files to where, a numerous fleet, 85
 Drawn from the water, round Achilles lay
 The swift ships of the Myrmidons. To him
 His goddess mother came, and with a cry
 Of grief embraced the head of her dear son,
 And, mourning o'er him, spake these wingèd
 words :— 90

"Why weapest thou, my son? What sorrow now
 O'ercomes thy spirit? Speak, and hide it not.
 All thou didst pray for once, with lifted hands,
 Has been fulfilled by Jove ; the sons of Greece,
 Driven to their galleys, and with thy good help 95
 Withdrawn from them, are routed and disgraced."

The swift Achilles, sighing deeply, made
 This answer : "O my mother ! true it is
 Olympian Jove hath done all this for me ;
 But how can that delight me, since my friend, 100
 My well-beloved Patroclus, is no more?
 He whom, of all my fellows in the war,
 I prized the most, and loved as my own self,

Is lost to me, and Hector, by whose hand
 He was cut off, has spoiled him of his arms, — 105
 His dreaded arms, a wonder to the sight
 And glorious, which the gods of heaven bestowed
 On Peleus, sumptuous bridal gifts, when thou
 Wert led by them to share a mortal's bed.
 Yet would that thou hadst evermore remained 110
 Among the immortal dwellers of the deep,
 And Peleus had espoused a mortal maid,
 Since now thy heart must ache with infinite grief
 For thy slain son, whom thou shalt never more
 Welcome returning to his home. No wish 115
 Have I to live or to concern myself
 In men's affairs, save this: that Hector first,
 Pierced by my spear, shall yield his life, and pay
 The debt of vengeance for Patroclus slain."

And Thetis, weeping, answered: "O my son! 120
 Soon must thou die; thou sayest true; that fate
 Hangs over thee as soon as Hector dies."

Again the swift Achilles, sighing, spake:
 "Then quickly let me die, since fate denied
 That I should aid my friend against the foes 125
 That slew him. Far from his own land he fell,
 And longed for me to rescue him. And now,
 Since I am never more to see the land
 I love, and since I went not to defend
 Patroclus, nor the other Greeks, my friends, 130
 Of whom so many have fallen by the hand
 Of noble Hector, but beside the fleet

Am sitting here, a useless weight on earth,
 Mighty in battle as I am beyond
 The other Grecian warriors, though excelled 235
 By other men in council, — would that Strife
 Might perish among gods and men, with Wrath,
 Which makes even wise men cruel, and, though sweet
 At first as dropping honey, growing, fills
 The heart with its foul smoke. Such was my rage,
 Aroused by Agamemnon, king of men. 242
 Yet now, though great my wrong, let things like
 these

Rest with the past, and, as the time requires,
 Let us subdue the spirit in our breasts.
 I go in quest of Hector, by whose hand 245
 My friend was slain. My death will I accept
 Whene'er to Jove and to the other gods
 It shall seem good to send it. Hercules,
 Though mighty and-beloved of Jupiter,
 The son of Saturn, could not shun his death, 250
 For fate and Juno's cruel wrath prevailed
 Against him. I shall lie in death like him,
 If a like fate be measured out for me.
 Yet now shall I have glory ; I shall do
 What many a Trojan and Dardanian dame, 255
 Deep-bosomed, wiping with both hands the tears
 From their fair cheeks, shall bitterly lament ;
 And well shall they perceive that, till this hour,
 I paused from war. Thou lov'st me ; but seek not
 To keep me from the field, for that were vain." 260

The silver-footed Thetis thus rejoined :
 " Truly, my son, thy purpose is not ill,
 To rescue thy endangered friends from death.
 But with the Trojans are thy beautiful arms,
 Brazen and dazzling bright ; their crested chief, 165
 Hector, exults to wear them : no long space,
 I think, will he exult ; his death is near.
 Yet go not to the battle-field until
 Thine eyes shall look upon me yet again.
 I come to-morrow with the sun, and bring 170
 Bright arms, the work of Vulcan's royal hand."

So having said, and turning from her son,
 She thus bespake her sisters of the sea :
 " Return to the broad bosom of the deep,
 ● To its gray Ancient and my father's halls, 175
 And tell him all. I hasten to ascend
 The summits of Olympus, there to ask
 Of Vulcan, the renowned artificer,
 Armor of glorious beauty for my son."

She spake : at once they plunged into the deep, 180
 While Thetis, silver-footed goddess, sought
 Olympus, whence it was her hope to bring
 New armor for her son. As thus her feet
 Bore her toward heaven, the Achaians, fleeing fast,
 With infinite clamor, driven before the arm 185
 Of the man-queller Hector, reached the ships
 And Hellespont. Nor could the well-armed Greeks
 Bear off Patroclus from the shower of darts ;
 For rushing on them came both foot and horse,

And Hector, son of Priam, like a flame 190
 In fury. Thrice illustrious Hector seized
 The body by the heels to drag it off,
 And called his Trojans with a mighty shout.
 Thrice did the chieftains Ajax, terrible
 In resolute valor, drive him from the dead. 195
 Yet kept he to his purpose, confident
 In his own might, now charging through the crowd,
 Now standing firm and shouting to his men,
 And never losing ground. As when, at night,
 Herdsmen that watch their cattle strive in vain 200
 To drive a lion, fierce and famine-pinched,
 From some slain beast, so the two Ajaxes,
 With all their valor, vainly strove to keep
 Hector, the son of Priam, from the corpse.
 And now would he have dragged it thence, and won
 Infinite glory, had not Iris come — 206
 The goddess whose swift feet are like the wind —
 To Peleus' son, a messenger from heaven,
 In haste, unknown to Jupiter and all
 The other gods, — for Juno sent her down, — 210
 To bid the hero arm. She came and stood
 Beside him, speaking thus with wingèd words :—
 “ Pelides, rise, most terrible of men,
 In rescue of Patroclus, over whom
 They struggle fiercely at the fleet ; for there 215
 They slay each other, — these who fight to keep
 The dead, and those, the men of Troy, who charge
 To drag him off to Ilium's airy heights ;

And chief, illustrious Hector longs to seize
 The corpse, and from the delicate neck to hew 220
 The head, and fix it on a stake. Arise,
 Loiter no longer ;— rise, ashamed to leave
 Patroclus to be torn by Trojan dogs.
 For thine will be the infamy, if yet
 The corpse be brought dishonored to thy tent.” 225

The swift Achilles listened and inquired :
 “Which of the gods, O Iris, speaks by thee?”
 And Iris, whose swift feet are like the wind,
 Answered : “The glorious spouse of Jupiter,
 Juno, hath sent me. Even Saturn’s son, 230
 On his high throne, knows not that I am sent,
 Nor any other of the gods who dwell
 Upon Olympus overspread with snow.”

“But how,” the swift Achilles asked again,
 “Shall I go forth to war? They have my arms, 235
 And my beloved mother strictly bade
 That I should put no armor on until
 I saw her face again. She promised me
 A suit of glorious mail from Vulcan’s hand.
 Nor know I any warrior here whose arms 240
 Might serve me, save, perhaps, it were the shield
 Of Telamonian Ajax, who, I hope,
 Is in the van, and dealing death among
 The foe, in vengeance for Patroclus slain.”

Then the swift-footed Iris spake again : 245
 “They have thy glorious armor ; that we know
 But go thou to the trench, and show thyself

To them of Troy, that, haply smit with fear,
 They may desist from battle, and the host
 Of Grecian warriors, overtoiled, may breathe 250
 In a brief respite from the stress of war."

So the fleet Iris spake, and passed away,
 And then arose Achilles, dear to Jove,
 While o'er his ample shoulders Pallas held
 Her fringed ægis. The great goddess caused 255
 A golden cloud to gather round his head
 And kindled in the cloud a dazzling flame.
 And as when smoke, ascending to the sky,
 Hangs o'er some city in a distant isle,
 Which enemies beleaguer, swarming forth 260
 From their own city, and in hateful strife
 Contend all day, but when the sun goes down
 Forthwith blaze many bale-fires, sending up
 A brightness which the neighboring realms may see,
 That haply they may send their ships and drive 265
 The war away, — so from the hero's head
 That flame streamed upward to the sky. He came
 Without the wall and stood beside the trench,
 Nor mingled with the Greeks, for he revered
 His mother's words. He stood and called aloud, 270
 And Pallas, from the host, returned his shout, —
 A shout that carried infinite dismay
 Into the Trojan squadrons. As the sound
 Of trumpet rises clear when deadly foes
 Lay siege to a walled city, such was heard 275
 The clear shout uttered by Æacides.

The hearts of all who heard that brazen voice
Were troubled, and their steeds with flowing manes
Turned backward with the chariots, — such the
dread

Of coming slaughter. When the charioteers 280
Beheld the terrible flame that played unquenched
Upon the brow of the magnanimous son
Of Peleus, lighted by the blue-eyed maid
Minerva, they were struck with panic fear.
Thrice o'er the trench Achilles shouted ; thrice 285
The men of Troy and their renowned allies
Fell into wild disorder. Then there died,
Entangled midst their chariots, and transfixed
By their own spears, twelve of their bravest chiefs.
The Greeks bore off Patroclus from the field 290
With eager haste, and placed him on a bier,
And there the friends that loved him gathered round
Lamenting. With them swift Achilles came,
The hot tears on his cheeks, as he beheld
His faithful comrade lying on his bier, 295
Mangled with many wounds, whom he had sent
With steeds and car to battle, never more
To welcome him alive on his return. •

Now Juno, large-eyed and august, bade set
The never-wearied sun ; unwillingly 300
He sank into the ocean streams. Then paused
The noble Greeks from that ferocious strife,
Deadly in equal measure to both hosts.
The Trojans also paused, and from their cars

Unharnessed the fleet steeds, and ere they took 305
 Their evening meal assembled to consult.
 Standing they held the council ; no man cared
 To sit, for all were trembling from the hour
 When, long a stranger to the bloody field,
 Achilles showed himself again. And now 310
 The son of Panthoüs, wise Polydamas,
 Began to speak. Beyond the rest he saw
 Things past and things to come, and he had been
 Hector's companion, born in the same night,
 Mighty in speech as Hector with the spear. 315
 With prudent admonitions thus he spake :—
 “Consider well, my friends. My counsel is
 That we return, nor wait the holy morn
 Here, by the fleet and in the open plain,
 Far from our city ramparts. While this man 320
 Was wroth with Agamemnon, we maintained
 A strife of far less peril with the Greeks,
 And I was ever ready to encamp
 By night beside the galleys, which we hoped
 To make our prize ; but now I fear the might 325
 Of swift Pelides. He will not remain
 Content upon the space between the fleet
 And town, where Greeks and Trojans wage a war
 Of changeful fortune, but will strive to take
 The city, and to carry off our wives. 330
 March we then homeward. Let my words prevail,—
 It must be so. The gentle Night now keeps
 The nimble-footed hero from the war.

But if to-morrow, issuing forth in arms,
 He find us here, there are among us those 335
 Who will have cause to know him. Gladly then
 Will he find refuge who escapes his arm
 In sacred Troy, and many a Trojan corpse
 Will feed the dogs and vultures. May mine ear
 Hear of it never. But if ye will heed 340
 My words, though sorrowful, ye shall be safe
 Assembled in the city squares at night.
 The lofty towers and gates, with massive beams
 Polished and strongly fitted each to each,
 Will keep the town. To-morrow we shall take, 345
 At dawn, our station on the towers, arrayed
 In armor, and his difficult task will be,
 Far from his ships, to fight us from below ;
 And after he has tired his high-necked steeds
 With coursing round the ramparts to and fro, 350
 Back to his galleys he must go ; nor yet
 With all his valor can he force his way
 Into the town to lay its dwellings waste, —
 The dogs will feed upon his carcass first.”

And crested Hector answered with a frown : 355
 “The counsel thou hast given, Polydamas,
 Pleases me not, — that we return to be
 Pent up in Troy. Are ye not weary yet
 Of lying long imprisoned within walls
 And towers? The time has been that in all lands,
 Wherever human speech is heard, the fame 360
 Of Priam’s city, for its treasured gold

And brass, was in all mouths. Those treasures now
 Have passed away ; our dwellings have them not.
 Much that we had was sold on Phrygia's coast, 365
 And in Mæonia's pleasant land, for Jove
 The mighty was displeas'd with us. But now,
 When politic Saturn's son hath granted me
 To win great glory at the fleet, and hold
 The Greeks imprisoned by the sea, refrain,
 Idler, from laying counsels such as these
 Before the people. Not a Trojan here
 Will follow them, nor would I suffer it.
 Now hearken all, and act as I advise :
 First banquet, rank by rank, throughout the host, 375
 And set your guards, and each of you keep watch ;
 And then, if any Trojan stands in fear
 For his possessions, let him bring them all
 Into the common stock, to be consumed ;
 Better that we enjoy them than the Greeks. 380
 To-morrow, with the dawn and all in arms,
 We will do battle at the roomy ships
 Valiantly. If in truth the noble son
 Of Peleus choose to rise and to defend
 The ships, so much the worse for him, since I 385
 Shall not for him desert the field, but stand
 Firmly against him, whether he obtain
 The victory or I. The chance of war
 Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain."

So Hector spake : the Trojans shouted forth 390
 Applause, the madmen ! Pallas took away

Their reason ; all approved the fatal plan
Of Hector ; no one ventured to commend
The sober counsel of Polydamas.

And then they banqueted throughout the host ; 395
But all night long the Achaians mourned with tears
Patroclus, while Pelides in the midst,
Leading the ceaseless lamentation, placed
His slaughter-dealing hands upon the breast
Of his companion with continual sighs. 400

As a maned lion, from whose haunt within
The thick, dark wood a hunter has borne off
The whelps, returning finds them gone, and grieves,
And roams the valleys, tracking as he goes
The robber, bent to find him, for his rage 405
Is fierce, — with such fierce sorrow Peleus' son
Spake, deeply sighing, to his Myrmidons : —

“O, idle were the words which once I spake,
When in our palace-halls I bade the chief
Mencetius bear a cheerful heart. I said 410
That I would bring to Opus yet again,
Laden with spoil from Ilium overthrown,
His valiant son. But Jove doth not fulfil
The plans of men. That both of us should stain
Earth with our blood in Troy was the decree 415
Of fate, and never will the aged knight
Peleus receive me in his palace-halls,
Returning from the war, nor Thetis, she
Who gave me birth ; the earth will hold me here.
And now, since after thee I take my place 420

In earth, Patroclus, I will not perform
 Thy funeral rites before I bring to thee
 The arms and head of the magnanimous chief
 Hector, who slew thee. By thy funeral pile
 I will strike off in vengeance for thy death 425
 The heads of twelve illustrious Trojan youths.
 Thou meanwhile, lying at the beakèd ships,
 Shalt be lamented night and day, with tears,
 By many a Trojan and Dardanian maid,
 Deep-bosomed, won by our victorious spears 430
 After hard wars and opulent cities sacked."

Thus having said, the great Achilles bade
 Place a huge tripod on the fire in haste,
 To cleanse Patroclus from the clotted blood.
 They brought and set upon the glowing hearth 435
 A tripod for the bath, and in it poured
 Water, and piled the wood beneath. The flame
 Crept up the vessel's rounded sides and warmed
 The water. When within the murmuring brass
 It boiled, they washed the dead, and with rich oil 440
 Anointed him, and filled the open wounds
 With ointment nine years old ; and laying him
 Upon a couch, they spread from head to foot
 Fine linen over him, and covered all
 With a white mantle. Through the hours of night
 The Myrmidons, lamenting their dead chief, 445
 Wept round the swift Achilles. Then did Jove
 Thus to his wife and sister Juno speak :—

"Large-eyed, imperial Juno, thou hast now

Accomplished thy desire, for thou hast roused 450
 The swift Achilles. There is not a doubt
 The long-haired Argives owe their birth to thee."

And large-eyed Juno answered : "What strange
 words,

Austere Saturnius, hast thou said? A man,
 A mortal far less skilled in shaping means 455
 To compass ends, might do what I have done
 Against his fellow-man. Then should not I—
 Who boast to be the chief of goddesses
 By birthright, and because I bear the name
 Of wife to thee who rulest o'er the gods — 460
 Plan evil to the Trojans, whom I hate?"

So talked they. Silver-footed Thetis came
 Meanwhile to Vulcan's halls, eternal, gemmed
 With stars, a wonder to the immortals, wrought
 Of brass by the lame god. She found him there 465
 Sweating and toiling, and with busy hand
 Plying the bellows. He was fashioning
 Tripods, a score, to stand beside the wall
 Of his fair palace. All of these he placed
 On wheels of gold, that, of their own accord, 470
 They might roll in among the assembled gods,
 And then roll back, a marvel to behold.
 So far they all were finished ; but not yet
 Were added the neat handles, and for these
 The god was forging rivets busily. 475
 While thus he labored, with a mind intent
 Upon his skilful task, on silver feet

Came Thetis. Charis, of the snowy veil,
 The beautiful, whom the great god of fire,
 Vulcan, had made his wife, beheld, and came 480
 Forward to meet her, seized her hand, and said :—

“O Thetis of the flowing robe, beloved
 And honored, what has brought thee to our home
 Thou dost not often visit us. Come in,
 That I may pay the honors due a guest.” 485

So the bright goddess spake, and led the way,
 And seated Thetis on a sumptuous throne,
 With silver studs divinely wrought, and placed
 A footstool, and called out to Vulcan thus :
 “Come, Vulcan ; Thetis here hath need of thee.” 490

And the great artist, Vulcan, thus replied :
 “Then of a truth a goddess is within
 Whom I must ever honor and revere ;
 Who from the danger of my terrible fall
 Saved me, what time my shameless mother sought
 To cast me from her sight, for I was lame. 495
 Then great had been my misery, had not
 Eurynomè and Thetis in their laps
 Received me as I fell, — Eurynomè,
 Daughter of billowy Ocean. There I dwelt 500
 Nine years, and many ornaments I wrought
 Of brass, — clasps, buckles, bracelets, necklaces, —
 Within a vaulted cave, round which the tides
 Of the vast ocean murmured and flung up
 Their foam ; nor any of the gods or men 505
 Knew of my hiding-place, save only they

Who saved me, Thetis and Eurynomè.
 And now, as she is with us, I must make
 To fair-haired Thetis some thank-offering
 For having rescued me. Haste, spread the board ⁵²⁰
 Amply with generous fare, while I shall lay
 Aside my bellows and my implements."

He spake, and from his anvil-block arose,
 A mighty bulk ; his weak legs under him,
 Halting, moved painfully. He laid apart
 His bellows from the fire, and gathered up
 The scattered implements with which he wrought,
 And locked them in a silver chest, and wiped
 With a moist sponge his face and both his hands,
 Stout neck and hairy chest. He then put on ⁵²⁰
 His tunic, took his massive regal wand
 Into his hand, and, tottering, sallied forth.
 Two golden statues, like in form and look
 To living maidens, aided with firm gait
 The monarch's steps. And mind was in their
 breasts, ⁵²³

And they had speech and strength, and from the gods
 Had learned becoming arts. Beside their lord
 They walked and tended him. As he drew near,
 Halting, to Thetis on the shining throne,
 He took the goddess by the hand and said :— ⁵³⁰

"What cause, O Thetis of the flowing robe,
 Honored and dear, has brought thee to our home?
 Not often com'st thou hither. Freely say
 Whatever lies upon thy mind. My heart

Commands me to obey, if it be aught 535
That can be done and may be done by me."

And Thetis answered, with a gush of tears :

"O Vulcan! of the goddesses who dwell
Upon Olympus, is there one who bears
Such bitter sorrows as Saturnian Jove 540

Inflicts on me, distressed above them all?

Me, of the ocean deities, he forced

To take a mortal husband, — Peleus, son

Of Æacus, — and to his bed I came

Unwillingly. Within his palace-halls, 545

Worn with a late old age, my husband lies

Now I have other woes ; for when a son

Was granted me, and I had brought him forth

And reared him, flourishing like a young plant,

A sapling in a fertile field, and great 550

Among the heroes, — thus maturely trained,

I sent him with his beakèd ships to Troy,

To combat with her sons ; but never more

Will it be mine to welcome him returned

Home to the halls of Peleus. While to me 555

He lives, and sees the sunshine, he endures

Affliction, nor can I, though at his side,

Aid him in aught. The maiden whom the Greeks

Decreed him as his prize, the king of men,

Atrides, took away, and grief for her 560

Consumes his heart. The Trojans keep the Greeks

Beleaguered by their ships, nor suffer them

To pass beyond their gates. The elder chiefs

Implored him to relent, and offered him
 Large presents ; he refused to avert the doom 564
 That threatened them himself, but sent instead
 Patroclus to the war with his own arms,
 And with him sent much people. All the day
 They fought before the Scæan gates ; and then
 Had Ilium fallen, but that Apollo slew 570
 The brave son of Menœtius, who had caused
 Vast slaughter, — slew him fighting in the van
 Of war, and gave the glory of his death
 To Hector. Therefore I approach thy knees,
 And ask for him, my son, so soon to die, 575
 Buckler and helm, and beautiful greaves, shut close
 With clasps, and all the other arms complete,
 Which in the war my son's companion lost.
 For now Achilles lies upon the ground
 Bitterly grieving in his inmost soul." 580

And Vulcan, the great artist, answered her :
 " Be comforted, and take no further thought
 Of this ; for would I could as certainly
 Shield him from death's dread summons when his
 hour

Is come at last, as I shall have for him 584
 Beautiful armor ready to put on,
 And such as every man, of multitudes
 Who look on it hereafter, shall admire."

— So speaking he withdrew, and went where lay
 The bellows, turned them toward the fire, and bade
 The work begin. From twenty bellows came 588

Their breath into the furnaces, — a blast
Varied in strength as need might be ; for now
They blew with violence for a hasty task,
And then with gentler breath, as Vulcan pleased 595
And as the work required. Upon the fire
He laid impenetrable brass, and tin,
And precious gold and silver ; on its block
Placed the huge anvil, took the ponderous sledge,
And held the pincers in the other hand. 600

And first he forged the huge and massive shield,
Divinely wrought in every part, — its edge
Clasped with a triple border, white and bright.
A silver belt hung from it, and its folds
Were five ; a crowd of figures on its disk 605
Were fashioned by the artist's passing skill,
For here he placed the earth and heaven, and here
The great deep and the never-resting sun
And the full moon, and here he set the stars
That shine in the round heaven, — the Pleiades, 610
The Hyades, Orion in his strength,
And the Bear near him, called by some the Wain,
That, wheeling, keeps Orion still in sight,
Yet bathes not in the waters of the sea.

There placed he two fair cities full of men. 615
In one were marriages and feasts ; they led
The brides with flaming torches from their bowers,
Along the streets, with many a nuptial song.
There the young dancers whirled, and flutes and lyres
Gave forth their sounds, and women at the doors 620

Stood and admired. Meanwhile a multitude
Was in the forum, where a strife went on, —
Two men contending for a fine, the price
Of one who had been slain. Before the crowd
One claimed that he had paid the fine, and one ⁶⁰⁵
Denied that aught had been received, and both
Called for the sentence which should end the strife.
The people clamored for both sides, for both
Had eager friends ; the heralds held the crowd
In check ; the elders, upon polished stones, ⁶³⁰
Sat in a sacred circle. Each one took,
In turn, a herald's sceptre in his hand,
And, rising, gave his sentence. In the midst
Two talents lay in gold, to be the meed
Of him whose juster judgment should prevail. ⁶³⁵

Around the other city sat two hosts
In shining armor, bent to lay it waste,
Unless the dwellers would divide their wealth, —
All that their pleasant homes contained, — and yield
The assailants half. As yet the citizens ⁶⁴⁰
Had not complied, but secretly had planned
An ambush. Their beloved wives meanwhile,
And their young children, stood and watched the
walls,

With aged men among them, while the youths
Marched on, with Mars and Pallas at their head, ⁶⁴⁵
Both wrought in gold, with golden garments on,
Stately and large in form, and over all
Conspicuous, in bright armor, as became

The gods ; the rest were of an humbler size.
 And when they reached the spot where they should lie
 In ambush, by a river's side, a place 651
 For watering herds, they sat them down, all armed
 In shining brass. Apart from all the rest
 They placed two sentries, on the watch to spy 654
 The approach of sheep and hornèd kine. Soon came
 The herds in sight ; two shepherds walked with them,
 Who, all unweeting of the evil nigh,
 Solaced their task with music from their reeds.
 The warriors saw and rushed on them, and took
 And drave away large prey of beeves, and flocks 660
 Of fair white sheep, whose keepers they had slain.
 When the besiegers in their council heard
 The sound of tumult at the watering-place,
 They sprang upon their nimble-footed steeds,
 And overtook the pillagers. Both bands 665
 Arrayed their ranks and fought beside the stream,
 And smote each other. There did Discord rage,
 And Tumult, and the great Destroyer, Fate.
 One wounded warrior she had seized alive,
 And one unwounded yet, and through the field 670
 Dragged by the foot another, dead. Her robe
 Was reddened o'er the shoulders with the blood
 From human veins. Like living men they ranged
 The battle-field, and dragged by turns the slain.
 There too he sculptured a broad fallow field 675
 Of soft rich mould, thrice ploughed, and over which
 Walked many a ploughman, guiding to and fro

His steers, and when on their return they reached
 The border of the field the master came
 To meet them, placing in the hands of each 686
 A goblet of rich wine. Then turned they back
 Along the furrows, diligent to reach
 Their distant end. All dark behind the plough
 The ridges lay, a marvel to the sight,
 Like real furrows, though engraved in gold. 688

There, too, the artist placed a field which lay
 Deep in ripe wheat. With sickles in their hands
 The laborers reaped it. Here the handfuls fell
 Upon the ground ; there binders tied them fast
 With bands, and made them sheaves. Three bind-
 ers went 690

Close to the reapers, and behind them boys,
 Bringing the gathered handfuls in their arms,
 Ministered to the binders. Staff in hand,
 The master stood among them by the side
 Of the ranged sheaves and silently rejoiced. 695
 Meanwhile the servants underneath an oak
 Prepared a feast apart ; they sacrificed
 A fatling ox and dressed it, while the maids
 Were kneading for the reapers the white meal.

A vineyard also on the shield he graved, 700
 Beautiful, all of gold, and heavily
 Laden with grapes. Black were the clusters all ;
 The vines were stayed on rows of silver stakes.
 He drew a blue trench round it, and a hedge
 Of tin. One only path there was by which 705

The vintagers could go to gather grapes.
 Young maids and striplings of a tender age
 Bore the sweet fruit in baskets. Midst them all,
 A youth from his shrill harp drew pleasant sounds,
 And sang with soft voice to the murmuring strings.
 They danced around him, beating with quick feet ⁷¹¹
 The ground, and sang and shouted joyously.

And there the artist wrought a herd of beeves,
 High-horned, and sculptured all in gold and tin.
 They issued lowing from their stalls to seek ⁷¹⁵
 Their pasture, by a murmuring stream, that ran
 Rapidly through its reeds. Four herdsmen, graved
 In gold, were with the beeves, and nine fleet dogs
 Followed. Two lions, seizing on a bull
 Among the foremost cattle, dragged him off ⁷²⁰
 Fearfully bellowing; hounds and herdsmen rushed
 To rescue him. The lions tore their prey,
 And lapped the entrails and the crimson blood.
 Vainly the shepherds pressed around and urged
 Their dogs, that shrank from fastening with their
 teeth ⁷²⁵

Upon the lions, but stood near and bayed.

There also did illustrious Vulcan grave
 A fair, broad pasture, in a pleasant glade,
 Full of white sheep, and stalls, and cottages,
 And many a shepherd's fold with sheltering roof. ⁷³⁰

And there illustrious Vulcan also wrought
 A dance, — a maze like that which Dædalus,
 In the broad realm of Gnossus once contrived

For fair-haired Ariadne. Blooming youths
 And lovely virgins, tripping to light airs, 735
 Held fast each other's wrists. The maidens wore
 Fine linen robes ; the youths had tunics on
 Lustrous as oil, and woven daintily.

The maids wore wreaths of flowers ; the young men
 swords

Of gold in silver belts. They bounded now 740
 In a swift circle, — as a potter whirls
 With both his hands a wheel to try its speed,
 Sitting before it, — then again they crossed
 Each other, darting to their former place.

A multitude around that joyous dance 745
 Gathered, and were amused, while from the crowd
 Two tumblers raised their song, and flung themselves
 About among the band that trod the dance.

Last on the border of that glorious shield
 He graved in all its strength the ocean-stream. 750

And when that huge and massive shield was done,
 He forged a corselet brighter than the blaze
 Of fire ; he forged a solid helm to fit
 The hero's temples, shapely and enchased
 With rare designs, and with a crest of gold. 755
 And last he forged him greaves of ductile tin.

When the great artist Vulcan saw his task
 Complete, he lifted all that armor up
 And laid it at the feet of her who bore
 Achilles. Like a falcon in her flight, 760
 Down plunging from Olympus capped with snow,
 She bore the shining armor Vulcan gave.

BOOK XIX.

IN saffron-colored mantle from the tides
 Of Ocean rose the Morning to bring light
 To gods and men, when Thetis reached the fleet,
 Bringing the gift of Vulcan. There she found
 Her son, who, bending o'er Patroclus, wept 5
 Aloud, and all around a troop of friends
 Lamented bitterly. Beside him stood
 The glorious goddess, took his hand, and said :—

“Leave we the dead, my son, since it hath pleased
 The gods that he should fall ; and now receive 10
 This sumptuous armor, forged by Vulcan's hand,
 Beautiful, such as no man ever wore.”

The goddess spake, and laid the armor down
 Before Achilles ; as they touched the earth,
 The well-wrought pieces clanked, and terror seized
 The Myrmidons. No one among them all 16
 Dared fix his gaze upon them ; all shrank back.
 Achilles only, as he saw them, felt
 His spirit roused within him. In his eyes
 A terrible brightness flashed, as if of fire. 20
 He lifted up the god's magnificent gift
 Rejoicing, and, when long his eyes had dwelt
 Delighted on the marvellous workmanship,
 Thus to his mother said, in wingèd words :—

“A god indeed, my mother, must have given 25

These arms, the work of heavenly hands : no man
Could forge them. Now I arm myself for war.

But for the valiant Menœtiades

I greatly fear that flies will gather round

The wounds inflicted by the spear, and worms 30

Be bred within them, to pollute the corpse

Now that the life is gone, and taint the whole."

And silver-footed Thetis answered thus :

"Son, have no care for that. The task be mine
To drive away the importunate swarm that feed 35

On heroes slain in battle. Though it lie

The whole year long, the body shall remain

Even more than uncorrupted. Call thou now

To council all the Achaian chiefs ; renounce

Thy feud with Agamemnon, king of men, 40

And arm for war, and put on all thy might."

She spake, and called a fiery courage up

Within the hero's breast. The goddess then

Infused ambrosia and the ruddy juice

Of nectar through the nostrils of the dead 45

Into the frame, to keep it from decay.

Along the beach the great Achilles went,

Calling with mighty shouts the Grecian chiefs.

Then even they who till that day remained

Beside the fleet, — the pilots and the men 50

Who held the helm, the stewards of the ships,

And the purveyors, — all made haste to swell

The assembly, for they knew that he who long

Had borne no part in the disastrous war

Had now come forth. Two ministers of Mars, 55
 The brave Tydides and the nobly born
 Ulysses, both supported by their spears,
 Came halting, for their wounds were painful yet ;
 They came and sat among the foremost chiefs.

And last came Agamemnon, king of men, 60
 Wounded, for he had felt in thick of fight
 The edge of the sharp spear which Coön bore,
 Antenor's son. Now when the Greeks were all
 Assembled, swift Achilles rose and said :—

“ Atrides, of a truth it would have been 65
 Better for both of us had we done this
 At first, though sorely angered, when we strove
 For a girl's sake so fiercely. Would that she
 Had perished in my ships, by Dian's shaft,
 The day on which I laid Lyrnessus waste ! 70

So many Greeks would then have not been forced,
 Slain by the enemy's hand, to bite the dust
 Of the great earth, while I was brooding o'er
 My wrath. All that was for the good of Troy
 And Hector ; but the Greeks, I think, will long 75
 Remember our contention. Let us leave
 These things among the things that were, and,
 though

They make us grieve, let us subdue our minds
 To what the time requires. Here then my wrath
 Shall end ; it is not meet that it should burn 80
 Forever. Hasten thou and rouse to war
 The long-haired Greeks, that I may yet again

Go forth among the men of Troy, and learn
 If they design to encamp another night
 Before the fleet. There is among them all 95
 No man, I ween, who will not joyfully
 Sit down when he escapes my deadly spear."

He ended, and the Achaians all rejoiced
 To hear the brave Pelides thus renounce
 His anger. Agamemnon, king of men, 90
 Then rose. He came not forth into the midst,
 But stood beside his seat, and thus he spake :—

"O friends, Achaian heroes, ministers
 Of Mars! Whoever rises up to speak
 'T is well to hear him through, and not break in 95
 Upon his speech, else is the most expert
 Confounded. Who amid a clamorous throng
 Can listen or can speak? The orator
 Of clearest voice must utter it in vain.

Now I address Pelides ; for the rest, 100
 Harken ye all, and ponder what I say.

The Greeks speak often of this feud, and cast
 The blame on me. Yet was I not the cause,
 But Jupiter and Fate, and she who walks
 In darkness, dread Erynnis. It was they 105
 Who filled my mind with fury in the hour
 When from Achilles I bore off his prize.

What could I do? A deity prevails
 In all things, Atè, mighty to destroy,
 Daughter of Jove, and held in awe by all. 110
 Delicate are her feet ; she never comes

Near to the ground, but glides above the heads
 Of men, to do them harm, and in her net
 Entangles one at least of two who strive.
 Jove, deemed the mightiest among men and gods, ¹¹⁵
 Once felt her power of mischief. Him his spouse,
 Juno, entrapped by cunning, when within
 The massive walls of Thebes Alcmena lay
 In childbed, and the mighty Hercules
 Was near his birth. For Jupiter had said ¹²⁰
 Boastfully to the immortals : ' Hear, ye gods
 And goddesses, what I am moved to speak :
 This day shall Ilithyia, who presides
 At births, bring into light a prince whose rule
 The neighboring tribes shall own ; he shall be one
 Who bears the blood of my illustrious race.' ¹²⁶
 " Imperial Juno thus, with words of guile,
 Made answer : ' What thou sayest will prove false,
 Nor wilt thou keep thy word. Now swear to me,
 Olympius, with the irrevocable oath, ¹³⁰
 That whosoever of thy race shall fall
 This day between a woman's feet shall bear
 The rule o'er all the neighboring tribes.' She spake,
 And Jove, perceiving not her craft, complied,
 And took the mighty oath, but afterward ¹³⁵
 Found himself wronged. For Juno, darting forth,
 Shot from the Olympian summit, and at once
 Alighted at Achaian Argos. There
 She found the noble wife of Sthenelus,
 The son of Perseus, pregnant with a son, ¹⁴⁰

In the seventh month. She caused him to be born,
 The number of his months yet incomplete,
 And kept Alcmena's hour of childbirth back,
 And stayed her pangs. The goddess then made
 haste

To bear the tidings to Saturnian Jove. 145

“O Father Jupiter, by whom are hurled
 The ruddy lightnings, I have news for thee.
 A man-child of a generous stock is born, —
 Eurystheus, whom the Argives shall obey, —
 Born at this hour to Sthenelus, the son 150
 Of Perseus, who is thine. And well it is
 That such a prince should rule the Argive race.

“She ended : Jupiter was deeply grieved,
 And, seizing Atè by her shining locks,
 In his great wrath, he swore a mighty oath, — 155
 That Atè, whose delight it is to bring
 Mischief to all, should never tread again
 Olympus and the starry floor of heaven.
 Thus having sworn, he swung her, with raised arm,
 On high, and hurled her from the starry heaven 160
 Downward, where soon she reached the haunts of
 men ;

Yet oft in after time because of her
 He sighed, beholding his beloved son
 Doomed by Eurystheus to unworthy tasks.
 So I, while crested Hector in his might 165
 Made havoc at our fleet among the Greeks
 Even by their prows, remembered well my fault.

And now since I have borne the penalty,
 And Jupiter it was who took away
 My reason, I would gladly make amends 170
 With liberal gifts. But rise and join the war ;
 In flame the courage of the rest ; the gifts
 Will I supply, — all that were promised thee
 When nobly born Ulysses yesterday
 Went to thy tents. Or, if it please thee, wait, 175
 Though armed for battle, and my train shall bring
 The treasures from my ship, that thou mayst see
 My presents are peace-offerings indeed.”

The swift of foot, Achilles, answered thus :
 “ Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men ! 180
 Whether, O Agamemnon, thou wilt give
 Gifts, as is meet, or keep them, rests with thee.
 Now let us think of war ; it is not well
 To waste the hour in talking, and put off
 The mighty work that we have yet to do. 185
 Let every Greek among you, as he sees
 Achilles fighting in the foremost ranks,
 And slaughtering the Trojan phalanxes,
 Take heart and boldly combat with his man.”

And then Ulysses, wise in council, spake, 190
 Answering Achilles : “ Nay, thou shouldst not thus,
 Brave as thou art, lead on the sons of Greece,
 Yet fasting, to the conflict with the men
 Of Troy beside their city. No brief space
 The struggle will endure when once the foes 195
 Rush on each other, and a god inspires

Both hosts with fury. Bid the Achaians take
 In their swift galleys food and wine ; in these
 Are force and vigor. No man can endure
 To combat all the day till set of sun, 200
 Save with the aid of food, however great
 The promptings of his valor ; for his limbs
 Grow heavy, thirst and hunger weaken him,
 And his knees fail him as he walks. Not so
 The warrior well supplied with food and wine : 205
 He fights the foe all day ; a resolute heart
 Is in his bosom ; nor does weariness
 O'ertake him till all others leave the field.
 Now let the people be dismissed awhile,
 And a repast be ordered. Let the king, 210
 Atrides, bring into the assembly here
 His gifts, that all the Greeks may look on them,
 And thou rejoice to see them. Let him rise
 Among the Greeks, and take a solemn oath
 That he has ne'er approached the maiden's bed 215
 To claim a husband's right. Thus let thy heart
 Be satisfied. Yet let the monarch spread
 A sumptuous banquet in his tent for thee,
 That thy redress may be complete. And thou,
 Atrides, wilt hereafter be more just 220
 To others. It dishonors not a king
 To make amends to one whom he has wronged."

And then King Agamemnon spake in turn :
 " Son of Laertes, gladly have I heard
 What thou hast said, and well hast thou discoursed

Of all things in their order. I will take 226
 The oath of which thou speakest, — so my heart
 Commands me. In the presence of a god
 I take it, and commit no perjury.

Now let Achilles, though he longs for war, 230
 Delay awhile ; and all assembled here,
 Remain ye on the ground till from my ship
 The gifts are brought. This charge and this com-
 mand

I give to thee, Ulysses. Take with thee 235
 A band of youths, the noblest of the host,
 And bring the presents promised yesterday
 To Peleus' son, and hither let them lead
 The women. Meantime let Talthylus haste
 To bring from our broad camp a boar, which I
 Will offer up to Jove and to the Sun." 240

The swift of foot, Achilles, thus replied :
 " Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
 These things are for the time when there shall come
 A pause from battle, and this warlike heat
 Within my breast shall cool. They whom the spear
 Of Hector, son of Priam, has o'ercome 246
 Lie mangled on the earth, since Jupiter
 Awarded him the glory of the day : —
 And ye propose a banquet. I would call 250
 The sons of Greece to rush into the war
 Unfed and fasting, and when this disgrace
 Shall be avenged, I would, at sunset, spread
 A liberal feast. Be sure that I, till then,

Taste neither food nor drink, while my slain friend
 Lies gashed with weapons in my tent, amidst 255
 His sorrowing comrades. Little I regard
 The things of which thou speakest, for my thoughts
 Are all of bloodshed and of dying groans."

Ulysses, the sagacious, thus rejoined :

"Achilles, son of Peleus, bravest far 260
 Of all the Achaians, mightier with the spear
 By no small odds than I, yet do I stand
 In prudence much above thee ; I have lived
 More years, and more have learned. Let then thy
 mind

Accept what I shall say. Men soon become 265
 Weary of warfare, even when the sword
 Lays its most ample harvest on the earth.
 But fewer sheaves are reaped when Jupiter,
 The arbiter of battles, turns the scale.

It is not well that we of Greece should mourn 270
 The dead with fasting, since from day to day
 Our warriors fall in numbers. Where were then
 Respite from daily fasts? Lay we our slain
 In earth and mourn a day. We who outlive
 The cruel combat should refresh ourselves 275
 With food and wine, that we may steadily
 Maintain in arms the conflict with the foe.

And then let no man idly wait to hear
 A further call to war, — for it will come
 Freightd with evil to the man who skulks 280
 Among the ships, — but let us all go forth

To wage fierce battle with the knights of Troy.”

He spake, and summoned to his side the sons

Of glorious Nestor, and Meriones,

And Meges, son of Phyleus, and with them 285

Thoas, and Lycomedes, Creon's son,

And Melanippus. Straight they took their way

To Agamemnon's tent, and there their task

Was done as quickly as the word was given. 289

They brought seven tripods forth, the promised gifts,

And twenty burnished caldrons, and twelve steeds,

And led away seven graceful women trained

In household arts, — the maid with rosy cheeks,

Briseis, was the eighth. Ulysses came,

Leading the way, and bearing, duly weighed, 295

Ten talents, all of gold. The Achaian youths

Followed, and placed the presents in the midst

Of that assembly. Agamemnon rose ;

And then Talthybius, who was like a god

In power of voice, came near and took his place 300

Beside the monarch, holding in his hands

A boar. The son of Atreus drew a knife,

Which hung by the great scabbard of his sword,

And, cutting off the forelock of the boar,

Prayed with uplifted hands to Jupiter : 305

Meantime the Greeks in silence kept their seats,

And, as became them, listened to the king,

Who looked into the sky above, and said : —

“Now first bear witness, Jove, of all the gods

Greatest and best, and also Earth and Sun, 310

And Furies dwelling under Earth, who take
 Vengeance on men forsworn, that never I
 Have laid, for purpose of unchaste desire,
 Or other cause, my hand upon the maid
 Briseis. She hath dwelt inviolate 325
 Within my tents. If yet in aught I say
 Lurk perjury, then may the blessed gods
 Heap on my head the many miseries
 With which they punish those who falsely swear!"

He spake, and drew the unrelenting blade 320
 Across the animal's throat. Talthylbius took
 And swung the carcass round, and cast it forth
 Into the gray sea's depths, to be the food
 Of fishes. Then again Achilles rose
 Among the warlike sons of Greece, and said :— 325

"Great sorrows thou dost send, O Father Jove!
 Upon mankind ; for never would the son
 Of Atreus have provoked the wrath that burned
 Within my bosom, never would have thought
 To bear away the maiden from my tent 330
 In spite of me, had it not been the will
 Of Jupiter that many a Greek should die.
 But banquet now, and then prepare for war."

So spake Achilles, and at once dissolved
 The assembly, each repairing to his ship 335
 Save the large-hearted Myrmidons, who still
 Were busy with the gifts, and carried them
 Toward their great general's galley. These they laid
 Carefully in the tents, and seated there

The women, while the attentive followers drave 340
 The coursers to the stables. When the maid
 Briseis, beautiful as Venus, saw
 Patroclus lying gashed with wounds, she sprang
 And threw herself upon the dead, and tore
 Her bosom, her fair cheeks and delicate neck ; 345
 And thus the graceful maiden, weeping, said :—

“ Patroclus, dear to my unhappy heart !
 I left thee in full life, when from this tent
 They led me ; I return and find thee dead,
 O chieftain of the people ! Thus it is 350
 That sorrow upon sorrow is my lot.
 Him to whose arms my father, in my youth,
 And gracious mother gave me as a bride,
 I saw before our city pierced and slain,
 And the three brothers whom my mother bore 355
 Slain also, — brothers whom I dearly loved.
 Yet thou, when swift Achilles struck to earth
 My hapless husband, and laid waste the town
 Of godlike Mynes, wouldst not suffer me
 To weep despairingly ; for thou didst give 360
 Thy word to make me yet the wedded wife
 Of great Achilles, bear me in the fleet
 To Phthia, and prepare the wedding feast
 Among the Myrmidons. O ever kind !
 I mourn thy death, and cannot be consoled.” 365

Weeping she spake ; the women wept with her
 Seemingly for the dead, but each, in truth,
 For her own griefs. Meanwhile the elders came

Around Achilles, praying him to join
The banquet, but the chief, with sighs, refused. 370

“ Dear comrades, if ye love me, do not thus
Press me to sit and feast. A mighty woe
Weighs down my spirit ; it is my resolve
To wait and bear until the setting sun.”

So saying, he dismissed the other kings. 375
The sons of Atreus, and the high-born chief
Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,
And Phœnix, aged knight, alone remained,
And anxiously they sought to comfort him
In his great grief ; but comfort would he none 380
Ere entering the red jaws of war. He drew
Deep sighs, and, thinking on Patroclus, spake :

“ The time has been when thou too, hapless one,
Dearest of all my comrades, wouldst have spread
With diligent speed before me in my tent 385
A genial banquet, while the Greeks prepared
For desperate battle with the knights of Troy.
Thou liest now a mangled corse, and I,
Through grief for thee, refrain from food and drink,
Though they are near. No worse calamity 390
Could light on me, not even should I hear
News of my father’s death, who haply now
Tenderly mourns with tears his absent son
In Phthia, while upon a foreign coast
I wage for hated Helen’s sake the war 395
Against the Trojans ; or were I to hear
Tidings that my beloved son had died,

The noble Neoptolemus, who now,
 If living, is in Scyros, growing up
 To manhood. Once the hope was in my heart 400
 That I alone should perish here at Troy,
 Far from the Argive pastures full of steeds,
 And thou return to Phthia and bring home
 My son from Scyros in thy ship, and show
 The youth my wealth, my servants, and my halls, 405
 High-roofed and spacious. For my mind misgives
 That Peleus either lives not, or endures
 A painful age, 'and hardly lives, yet waits
 To hear the sorrowful news that I am slain."

So spake he weeping, and the elders sighed 410
 To see his tears, as each recalled to mind
 Those whom he left at home, while Saturn's son
 Beheld their grief with pity, and bespake
 His daughter Pallas thus with wingèd words:—

"My child, wilt thou desert that valiant man? 415
 And shall Achilles be no more thy care?
 Lo, by his ships, before their lofty prows,
 He sits, lamenting his beloved friend.
 The rest are at the banquet; he remains
 Apart from them, and fasting. Hasten thou; 420
 With nectar and ambrosial sweets refresh
 His frame, that hunger overtake him not."

As thus he spake he sent the goddess forth
 Eager to do her errand. Plunging down,
 In form a shrill-voiced harpy with broad wings, 425
 She cleft the air. The Greeks throughout the camp

Were putting on their armor. She infused
 Into the hero's frame ambrosial sweets
 And nectar, that his limbs might not grow faint
 With hunger. Then the goddess sought again 430
 The stable mansion of Almighty Jove,
 While all the Greeks came pouring from the fleet.

As when the flakes of snow fall thick from heaven,
 Driven by the north wind sweeping on the clouds
 Before it, so from out the galleys came 435
 Helms crowding upon helms that glittered fair,
 Strong hauberks, bossy shields, and ashen spears.
 The gleam of armor brightened heaven and earth,
 And mighty was the sound of trampling feet.
 Amidst them all the great Achilles stood, 440
 Putting his armor on ; he gnashed his teeth ;
 His eyes shot fire ; a grief too sharp to bear
 Was in his heart, as, filled with rage against
 The men of Troy, he cased his limbs in mail,
 The gift of Vulcan, from whose diligent hand 445
 It came. And first about his legs he clasped
 The beautiful greaves, with silver fastenings,
 Fitted the corselet to his bosom next,
 And from his shoulders hung the brazen sword
 With silver studs, and then he took the shield, 450
 Massive and broad, whose brightness streamed as
 far

As the moon's rays. And as at sea the light
 Of beacon, blazing in some lonely spot
 By night, upon a mountain summit, shines

To mariners whom the tempest's force has driven 455
Far from their friends across the fishy deep,
So from that glorious buckler of the son
Of Peleus, nobly wrought, a radiance streamed
Into the sky. And then he raised and placed
Upon his head the impenetrable helm 460
With horse-hair plume. It glittered like a star,
And all the shining tufts of golden thread,
With which the maker's hand had thickly set
Its cone, were shaken. Next the high-born chief
Tried his new arms, to know if they were well 465
Adjusted to his shape, and left his limbs
Free play. They seemed like wings, and lifted up
The shepherd of the people. Then he drew
From its ancestral sheath his father's spear,
Heavy and huge and tough. No man of all 470
The Grecian host could wield that weapon save
Achilles only. 'T was a Pelian ash,
Which Chiron for his father had cut down
On Pelion's highest peak, to be the death
Of heroes. Meantime, busy with the steeds, 475
Automedon and Alcimus put on
Their trappings and their yoke, and round their
necks
Bound the fair collars, thrust into their mouths
The bit, and backward drew the reins to meet
The well-wrought chariot. Then Automedon 480
Took in his hand the showy lash, and leaped
Into the seat. Behind him, all equipped

For war, Achilles mounted, in a blaze
 Of arms that dazzled like the sun, and thus
 Called to his father's steeds with terrible voice :—

“Xanthus and Balius, whom Podargè bore, — 486
 A noble stock, — I charge you to bring back
 Into the Grecian camp, the battle done,
 Him whom ye now are bearing to the field,
 Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.” 490

Swift-footed Xanthus from beneath the yoke
 Answered him with bowed head and drooping mane
 That, flowing through the yoke-ring swept the
 ground, —

For Juno gave him then the power of speech :—

“For this one day, at least, we bear thee safe, 495
 O fiery chief, Achilles ! but the hour
 Of death draws nigh to thee, nor will the blame
 Be ours ; a mighty god and cruel fate
 Ordain it. Not through our neglect or sloth
 Did they of Troy strip off thy glorious arms 500
 From slain Patroclus. That invincible god,
 The son of golden-haired Latona, smote
 The hero in the foremost ranks, and gave
 Glory to Hector. Even though our speed
 Were that of Zephyr, fleetest of the winds, 505
 Yet certain is thy doom to be o'ercome
 In battle by a god and by a man.”

Thus far he spake, and then the Furies checked
 His further speech. Achilles, swift of foot,
 Replied in anger : “Xanthus, why foretell 510

My death? It is not needed; well I know
 My fate, — that here I perish, far away
 From Peleus and my mother. I shall fight
 Till I have made the Trojans sick of war."

He spake, and, shouting to his firm-paced steeds,
 Drave them, among the foremost, toward the war. 56

BOOK XX.

THUS, O Pelides, did the sons of Greece,
 Impatient for the battle, arm themselves,
 By their beaked ships, around thee. Opposite,
 Upon a height that rose amidst the plain,
 The Trojans waited. Meantime Jupiter 5
 Sent Themis from the Olympian summit, ploughed
 With dells, to summon all the immortal ones
 To council. Forth she went from place to place,
 Bidding them to the palace halls of Jove.
 Then none of all the Rivers failed to join 10
 The assembly, save Oceanus, and none
 Of all the Nymphs were absent whose abode
 Is in the pleasant groves and river-founts
 And grassy meadows. When they reached the halls
 Of cloud-compelling Jove they sat them down 15
 On shining thrones, divided each from each
 By polished columns, wrought for Father Jove
 By Vulcan's skill. Thus all to Jove's abode

N

Were gathered. Neptune had not disobeyed
 The call. He left the sea, and took his seat 20
 Among them, and inquired the will of Jove.

“Why, wielder of the lightning, dost thou call
 The gods again to council? Do thy plans
 Concern the Greeks and Trojans? For the war
 Between their hosts will be rekindled soon.” 25

And thus the Cloud-compeller Jove replied :
 “Thou who dost shake the shores, thou knowest
 well

The purpose of my mind, and for whose sake
 I call this council. Though so soon to die,
 They are my care. Yet will I keep my place, 30
 Seated upon the Olympian mount, and look
 Calmly upon the conflict. All of you
 Depart, and aid the Trojans or the Greeks,
 As it may list you. For should Peleus' son
 Alone do battle with the men of Troy, 35
 Their squadrons could not stand before the assault
 Of the swift-footed warrior for an hour.
 Beforetime, at the sight of him they fled,
 O'ercome with fear, and now, when he is roused
 To rage by his companion's death, I fear 40
 Lest, though it be against the will of fate,
 He level with the ground the walls of Troy.”

Saturnius spake, and moved the hosts to join
 In desperate conflict. All the gods went forth
 To mingle with the war on different sides. 45
 Juno and Pallas hastened to the fleet

With Neptune, he who makes the earth to shake,
 And Hermes, god of useful arts, and shrewd
 In forecast. Vulcan also went with them,
 Strong and stern-eyed, yet lame, his feeble legs 50
 Moving with labor. To the Trojan side
 Went crested Mars, Apollo with his locks
 Unshorn, Diana mighty with the bow,
 Latona, Xanthus, and the Queen of smiles,
 Venus ; for while the gods remained apart 55
 From men, the Achaian host was high in hope
 Because Achilles, who so long had left
 The war, now reappeared upon the field,
 And terror shook the limbs of every son
 Of Troy when he beheld the swift of foot, 60
 Pelides, terrible as Mars — that curse
 Of human-kind — in glittering arms again.
 But when the dwellers of Olympus joined
 The crowd of mortals, Discord, who makes mad
 The nations, rose and raged ; Minerva raised 65
 Her war-cry from the trench without the wall,
 And then she shouted from the sounding shore ;
 While, like a cloudy whirlwind, opposite,
 Moved Mars, and fiercely yelled, encouraging
 The men of Troy, as on the city heights 70
 He stood, or paced with rapid steps the hill
 Beside the Simoïs, called the Beautiful.

Thus, kindling hate between the hosts, the gods
 Engaged, and hideous was the strife that rose
 Among them. From above, with terrible crash, 75

Thundered the father of the blessed gods
 And mortal men, while Neptune from below
 Shook the great earth and lofty mountain peaks.
 Then watery Ida's heights and very roots,
 The city of Troy, and the Greek galleys, quaked. 80
 Then Pluto, ruler of the nether world,
 Leaped from his throne in terror, lest the god
 Who makes the earth to tremble, cleaving it
 Above him, should lay bare to gods and men
 His horrible abodes, the dismal haunts 85
 Which even the gods abhor. Such tumult filled
 The field of battle when the immortals joined
 The conflict. Then against King Neptune stood
 Phœbus Apollo, with his wingèd shafts,
 And Pallas, goddess of the azure eyes, 90
 Confronted Mars. Encountering Juno came
 The sister of Apollo, archer-queen
 And huntress, Dian of the golden bow.
 The helpful Hermes, god of useful arts,
 Opposed Latona, and the mighty stream 95
 Called Xanthus by the immortals, but by men
 Scamander, with his eddies strong and deep,
 Stood face to face with Vulcan in the field.

So warred the gods with gods. Meantime the son
 Of Peleus, ranging through the thick of fight, 100
 Sought only Hector, Priam's son, whose blood
 He meant to pour to greedy Mars, the god
 Of carnage. But Apollo, who impels
 Warriors to battle, stirred Æneas up

To meet Pelides. First he filled his heart 105
 With resolute valor, and then took the voice
 Of Priam's son, Lycaon. In his shape
 Thus spake Apollo, son of Jupiter : —

“Æneas, prince of Troy, where now are all
 The boasts which thou hast made before the chiefs
 Of Troy at banquets, that thou yet wouldst meet 111
 Pelides in the combat hand to hand?”

Æneas made reply : “Priamides,
 Why dost thou bid me, when thou knowest me
 Unwilling, meet in combat Peleus' son, 115
 The mighty among men? It will not be
 For the first time if I confront him now.
 He chased me once from Ida with his spear, —
 Me and my fellows, when he took our herds
 And laid Lyrnessus waste and Pedasus. 120
 But Jove, who gave me strength and nimble feet,
 Preserved me ; I had else been slain by him
 And by Minerva, for the goddess went
 Before him, giving him the victory
 And moving him to slay the Leleges 125
 And Trojans with the brazen spear he bore.
 'T is not for mortal man to fight the son
 Of Peleus, at whose side there ever stands
 One of the immortal gods, averting harm.
 And then his weapon flies right on, nor stops 130
 Until it bites the flesh. Yet were the god
 To weigh the victory in an equal scale,
 Achilles would not vanquish me with ease,

Though he might boast his frame were all of brass."

Then spake the king Apollo, son of Jove : 135

" Pray, warrior, to the eternal gods. They say
That Venus gave thee birth, who has her own
From Jove. His mother is of lower rank
Than thine. Thine is a child of Jove, but his
A daughter of the Ancient of the Deep. 140
Strike at him with that conquering spear of thine,
Nor let him scare thee with stern words and threats."

He said, and breathed into the prince's breast
Fresh valor, as, arrayed in glittering arms,
He pressed to where the foremost warriors fought ;
Yet not unseen by Juno's eye went forth 146
The son of old Anchises. She convened
The gods in council, and addressed them thus : —

" Neptune and Pallas, what shall now be done ?
Consider ye. Æneas, all arrayed 150
In glittering arms, is pressing on to meet
Pelides. Phœbus sends him. Let us join
To turn him back, or let some one of us
Stand near Achilles, fill his limbs with strength,
Nor let his heart grow faint, but let him see 155
That we, the mightiest of the immortals, look
On him with favor, and that those who strive
Amid the war and bloodshed to protect
The sons of Troy are empty boasters all.
For this we came from heaven to interpose 160
In battle, that Achilles may endure
No harm from Trojan hands, although, no doubt,

Hereafter he must suffer all that Fate
 Spun for him when his mother brought him forth.
 But if he hear not, from some heavenly voice, 165
 Of this assurance, fear may fall on him
 When, haply, in the battle he shall meet
 Some god ; for when revealed to human sight
 The presence of the gods is terrible."

And then did Neptune, he who shakes the earth,
 Make answer : "Juno, it becomes thee ill 171
 To be so greatly vexed. I cannot wish
 A contest with the other gods, though we
 In power excel them. Rather let us sit
 Apart, where we can look upon the war, 175
 And leave it to mankind. And yet if Mars
 Or Phœbus should begin the fight, or seek
 To thwart Achilles or restrain his arm,
 There will be cause for us to join the strife
 In earnest, and I deem that they full soon, 180
 The contest ended, will return to join
 The assembled gods upon the Olympian mount,
 Forced to withdraw by our all-potent hands."

So spake the dark-haired god, and led the way
 To the high mound of godlike Hercules, 185
 Raised from the earth by Trojans, with the aid
 Of Pallas, that the hero there might find
 A refuge when the monster of the deep
 Should chase him from the sea-beach to the plain.
 With other gods beside him Neptune there 190
 Sat down and drew a shadow, which no sight

Could pierce, around their shoulders. Other gods,
 Upon the hill called Beautiful, were grouped
 Round thee, Apollo, archer-god, and Mars,
 Spoiler of cities. On both sides they sat, 295
 Devising plans, unwilling to begin
 The fierce encounter, though Almighty Jove
 From where he sat in heaven commanded it.

The warriors thronged into the field, which shone
 With brazen armor and caparisons 300
 Of steeds ; earth trembled with the sounding tramp
 Of marching squadrons. From the opposing ranks
 Two chieftains, each the bravest of his host,
 Impatient to engage, — Anchises' son,
 Æneas, and the great Achilles, — came. 305
 And first Æneas, with defiant mien
 And nodding casque, stood forth. He held his shield
 Before him, which he wielded right and left,
 And shook his brazen spear. On the other side,
 Pelides hurried toward him, terrible 310
 As is a lion, which the assembled hinds
 Of a whole village chase and seek to slay,
 While on he stalks, contemning their assault ;
 But if the arrow of some strong-armed youth
 Have smitten him, he stands, and gathers all 315
 His strength to spring, with open jaws and teeth
 Half hid in foam, and uttering fearful growls
 From his deep chest ; he lashes with his tail
 His sides and sinewy thighs to rouse himself
 To combat, and then, grimly frowning, leaps 320

To slay, or by the foremost youths be slain,
 So sprang Achilles, moved by his bold heart
 To meet the brave Æneas. As the twain
 Drew near each other, the swift-footed chief,
 The great Achilles, was the first to speak :—

“Why, O Æneas, hast thou come so far
 Through this vast crowd to seek me? Does thy
 heart

Bid thee confront me in the hope to gain
 The place which Priam holds, and to bear rule
 Over the knights of Troy? Yet shouldst thou take
 My life, think not that Priam in thy hand
 Will place such large reward. He has his sons,
 Nor is he fickle, but of stable mind.
 Or will the Trojans, if thou slayest me,
 Bestow on thee broad acres, of a soil
 Fruitful exceedingly, and suited well
 To vines or to the plough, which thou mayst till
 That also, as I hope, thou wilt obtain
 With difficulty ; for, unless I err,
 I forced thee once to flee before my spear.
 Dost thou remember, when thou wert alone
 Among thy beeves, I drave thee, running fast,
 Down Ida's steeps? Then didst thou never turn
 To face me, but didst seek a hiding-place
 Within Lyrnessus, which I also took
 And wasted, with the aid of Father Jove
 And Pallas. From the town I led away
 The women, never to be free again.

Jove and the other gods protected thee
 That day. Yet will they not protect thee now, 250
 As thou dost vainly hope. Withstand me not,
 I counsel thee, but hide thyself among
 The crowd before thou suffer harm, for he
 Who sees past evils only is a fool."

And then Æneas answered: "Do not think, 255
 Pelides, with such words to frighten me,
 As if I were a beardless boy. I too
 Might use reproach and taunt; but well we know
 Each other's birth and lineage, through report
 Of men, although by sight I know not thine, 260
 Nor know'st thou mine. They say that thou art
 sprung

From Peleus the renowned, and from the nymph
 Of ocean, fair-haired Thetis, while I boast
 My birth from brave Anchises, and can claim
 Venus as mother. Two of these to-day 265
 Must weep the death of a beloved son,
 For we are not to part, I think, nor end
 The combat after a few childish words;
 Yet let me speak, that thou mayst better know
 Our lineage, known already far and wide. 270
 Jove was the father, cloud-compelling Jove,
 Of Dardanus, by whom Dardania first
 Was peopled, ere our sacred Troy was built
 On the great plain, — a populous town; for men
 Dwelt still upon the roots of Ida fresh 275
 With many springs. To Dardanus was born

King Erichthonius, richest in his day
Of mortal men, and in his meadows grazed
Three thousand mares, exulting in their brood
Of tender foals. Of some of this vast herd 280
Boreas became enamored as they fed.
He came to them in likeness of a steed
That wore an azure mane, and they brought forth
Twelve foals, which all were females, of such speed
That when they frolicked on the teeming earth 285
They flew along the topmost ears of wheat
And broke them not, and when they sported o'er
The mighty bosom of the deep they ran
Along the hoary summits of its waves.
To Erichthonius Tros was born, who ruled 290
The Trojans, and from Tros there sprang three sons
Of high renown, — Ilus, Assaracus,
And godlike Ganymede, most beautiful
Of men ; the gods beheld and caught him up
To heaven, so beautiful was he, to pour 295
The wine to Jove, and ever dwell with them.
And Ilus had a son, Laomedon,
Of mighty fame, to whom five sons were born,
Tithonus, Priam, Lampus, Clytius,
And Hicetaon, trained to war by Mars. 300
Assaracus begat my ancestor,
Capys, to whom Anchises owes his birth.
Anchises is my father ; Priam's son
Is noble Hector. Such I claim to be
My lineage and my blood ; but Jove at will 305

Gives in large measure, or diminishes,
Men's warlike prowess; and the power of Jove
Is over all. But let us talk no more
Of things like these, as if we were but boys,
While here in the mid-field we stand between 320
The warring armies. Both of us might cast
Reproaches at each other, many and foul,
Such as no galley of a hundred oars
Could bear and float. Men's tongues are voluble,
And endless are the modes of speech, and far 325
Extends from side to side the field of words.
Such as thou utterest it will be thy lot
To hear from others. But what profits it
For us to rail and wrangle, in high brawl,
Like women angered to the quick, that rush 330
Into the middle of the street and scold
With furious words, some true and others false,
As rage may prompt them? Me thou shalt not move
With words from my firm purpose ere thou raise
Thy arm against me. Let us hasten first 335
To prove the temper of our brazen spears."

He spake, and hurled his brazen spear to smite
The dreadful shield, a terror in men's eyes;
That mighty buckler rang with the strong blow.
Achilles, as it came, held forth his shield 340
With nervous arm far from him, for he feared
That the long javelin of his valiant foe
Might pierce it. Idle fear; he had not thought
That the bright armor given him by the gods

Not easily would yield to force of man. 333
 Nor could the rapid spear that left the hand
 Of brave Æneas pierce the shield ; the gold,
 The gift of Vulcan, stopped it. Through two folds
 It went, but three remained ; for Vulcan's skill
 Fenced with five folds the disk, — the outer two 340
 Of brass, the inner two of tin ; between
 Was one of gold, and there the brazen spear
 Was stayed. And then in turn Achilles threw
 His ponderous spear, and struck the orbèd shield
 Borne by Æneas near the upper edge, 345
 Where thinnest was the brass and thinnest lay
 The bullock's hide. The Pelian ash broke through ;
 The buckler crashed ; Æneas, stooping low,
 Held it above him, terrified ; the spear,
 Tearing both plate and hide of that huge shield, 350
 Passed over him, and, eager to go on,
 Plunged in the earth and stood. He, when he saw
 The massive lance which he had just escaped
 Fixed in the earth so near him, stood awhile
 As struck with fear, and with despairing looks. 355
 Achilles drew his trenchant sword and rushed
 With fury on Æneas, uttering
 A fearful shout. Æneas lifted up
 A stone, a mighty weight, which no two men,
 As men are now, could raise, yet easily 360
 He wielded it. Æneas then, to save
 His threatened life, had smitten with the stone
 His adversary's buckler or his helm,

And with his sword Pelides had laid dead
 The Trojan, had not he who shakes the earth, 365
 Neptune, beheld him in that perilous hour,
 And instantly addressed the immortal gods :—

“ My heart, ye gods, is heavy for the sake
 Of the great-souled Æneas, who will sink
 To Hades overcome by Peleus’ son. 370
 Rash man ! he listened to the archer-god
 Apollo, who has now no power to save
 The chief from death. But, guiltless as he is,
 Why should he suffer evil for the wrong
 Of others ? He has always sought to please 375
 With welcome offerings the gods who dwell
 In the broad heaven. Let us withdraw him, then,
 From this great peril, lest, if he should fall
 Before Achilles, haply Saturn’s son
 May be displeased. And ’t is the will of fate 380
 That he escape ; that so the Dardan race,
 Beloved by Jove above all others sprung
 From him and mortal women, may not yet
 Perish from earth and leave no progeny.
 For Saturn’s son already holds the house 385
 Of Priam in disfavor, and will make
 Æneas ruler o’er the men of Troy,
 And his sons’ sons shall rule them after him.”

Imperial Juno with large eyes replied :
 “ Determine, Neptune, for thyself, and save 390
 Æneas, or, all blameless as he is,
 Abandon him to perish by the hand

Of Peleus' son, Achilles. We have sworn —
 Minerva and myself — that never we
 Would aid in aught the Trojans to escape 395
 Their day of ruin, though the town of Troy
 Sink to the dust in the destroying flames, —
 Flames kindled by the warlike sons of Greece.”

And then did Neptune, shaker of the shores,
 Go forth into the battle and amidst 400
 The clash of spears, and come where stood the
 chiefs,

Æneas and his mighty foe, the son
 Of Peleus. Instantly he caused to rise
 A darkness round the eyes of Peleus' son,
 And from the buckler of Æneas drew 405
 The spear with ashen stem and brazen blade,
 And laid it at Achilles' feet, and next
 He lifted high Æneas from the ground
 And bore him thence. O'er many a warrior's head,
 And many a harnessed steed, Æneas flew, 410
 Hurl'd by the god, until he reached the rear
 Of that fierce battle, where the Caucons stood
 Arrayed for war. The shaker of the shores
 Drew near, and said to him in wingèd words :—

“ What god, Æneas, moved thee to defy 415
 Madly the son of Peleus, who in might
 Excels thee, and is dearer to the gods?
 Whenever he encounters thee in arms
 Give way, lest thou, against the will of fate,
 Pass down to Hades. When he shall have met 420

His fate and perished, thou mayst boldly dare
 To face the foremost of the enemy ;
 No other of the Greeks shall take thy life.

He spake, and having thus admonished him
 He left Æneas there, and suddenly 425
 Swept off the darkness that so thickly rose
 Around Achilles, who, with sight now clear,
 Looked forth, and, sighing, said to his great soul :—
 “ How strange is this ! My eyes have seen to-day
 A mighty marvel. Here the spear I flung 430
 Is lying on the earth, and him at whom
 I cast it, in the hope to take his life,
 I see no longer. Well beloved, no doubt,
 Is this Æneas by the immortal gods.
 Yet that, I thought, was but an empty boast 435
 Of his. Well, let him go ; I cannot think
 That he who gladly fled from death will find
 The courage to encounter me again.
 And now will I exhort the Greeks to fight
 This battle bravely, while I go to prove 440
 The prowess of the other chiefs of Troy.”

He spake, and, cheering on the soldiery,
 He sprang into the ranks : “ Ye noble Greeks,
 Avoid no more the Trojans ; press right on.
 Let each man single out his man, and fight 445
 With eager heart. ’T is hard for me to chase,
 With all my warlike might, so many men,
 And fight with all. Not even Mars, the god,
 Although immortal, nor Minerva’s self,

Could combat with so vast a multitude 450
 Unwearied ; yet whatever I can do,
 With hands and feet and strength, I give my word
 Not to decline, or be remiss in aught.

I go to range the Trojan files, where none,
 I think, will gladly stand to meet my spear." 455

Such stirring words he uttered, while aloud
 Illustrious Hector called, encouraging
 The men of Troy, and promising to meet
 Achilles : " Valiant Trojans, do not quail
 Before Pelides. In the strife of words 460
 I too might bear my part against the gods ;
 But harder were the combat with the spear,
 For greater is their might than ours. The son
 Of Peleus cannot make his threatenings good.
 A part will he perform and part will leave 465
 Undone. I go to wait him ; I would go
 Although his hands were like consuming flame, —
 His hands like flame, his strength the strength of
 steel."

He spake : the Trojans at his stirring word
 Lifted their lances, and the adverse hosts 470
 Joined battle with a fearful din. Then came
 Apollo and admonished Hector thus : —

" Hector, encounter not Achilles here
 Before the armies, but amidst the throng
 And tumult of the battle, lest perchance 475
 He strike thee with the javelin or the sword."

He spake : the Trojan chief, dismayed to hear

The warning of the god, withdrew among
 The crowded ranks. Meantime Achilles sprang
 Upon the Trojans with a terrible cry, 480
 And slew a leader of the host, the brave
 Iphition, whom a Naiad, at the foot
 Of snowy Tmolus, in the opulent vale
 Of Hyda, bore to the great conqueror
 Of towns, Otrynteus. As he came in haste, 485
 The noble son of Peleus with his spear
 Smote him upon the forehead in the midst,
 And cleft the head in two. He fell ; his arms
 Clashed, and Achilles boasted o'er him thus :—

“ Son of Otrynteus, terrible in arms, 490
 Thou art brought low ; thou meetest here thy death,
 Though thou wert born by the Gygæan lake
 Where lie, by fishy Hyllus and the stream
 Of eddying Hermus, thy paternal fields.”

Thus boastfully he spake, while darkness came 495
 Over Iphition's eyes, and underneath
 The chariots of the Greeks who foremost fought
 His corse was mangled. Next Achilles smote
 Antenor's son, Demoleon, gallantly
 Breasting the onset of the Greeks. He pierced 500
 His temple through the helmet's brazen cheek ;
 The brass stayed not the blow ; the eager spear
 Brake through the bone, and crushed the brain
 within,
 And the brave youth lay dead. Achilles next
 Struck down Hippodamas ; he pierced his back 505

As, leaping from his car, the Phrygian fled
 Before him. With a moan he breathed away
 His life, as moans a bull when dragged around
 The altar of the Heliconian king
 By youths on whom the god that shakes the earth 510
 Looks down well pleased. With such a moaning
 sound

The fiery spirit left the Phrygian's frame.

Then sprang Achilles with his spear to slay
 The godlike Polydorus, Priam's son,
 Whose father bade him not to join the war, 515
 For he was younger than the other sons,
 And dearest of them all. In speed of foot
 He had no peer. Yet, with a boyish pride
 To show his swiftness, in the foremost ranks
 He ranged the field, until he lost his life. 520
 Him with a javelin the swift-footed son
 Of Peleus smote as he was hurrying by.
 The weapon pierced the middle of his back,
 Where, by its golden rings, the belt was clasped
 Above the double corselet ; the keen blade 525
 Came forth in front ; the Trojan with a cry
 Fell forward on his knees, and, bending, clasped
 His bowels in his hands. When Hector saw
 His brother thus upon the earth, there came
 A darkness o'er his eyes, nor could he bear 530
 Longer to stand aloof, but, brandishing
 His spear, came forward like a rushing flame
 To meet the son of Peleus, who beheld

And bounded toward him, saying boastfully :

“ So, he is near whose hand hath given my heart ⁵³⁵

Its deepest wound, who slew my dearest friend.

No more are we to shun each other now,

Timidly stealing through the paths of war.”

And then he said to Hector with a frown :

“ Draw nearer, that thou mayst the sooner die.” ⁵⁴⁰

The crested Hector, undismayed, replied :

“ Pelides, do not hope with empty words

To frighten me, as if I were a boy.

Insults and taunts I could with ease return.

I know that thou art brave ; I know that I ⁵⁴⁵

In might am not thy equal ; but the event

Rests in the laps of the great gods, and they

May, though I lack thy prowess, give thy life

Into my hands when I shall cast my spear.

The weapon that I bear is keen like thine.” ⁵⁵⁰

Thus having spoken, brandishing his spear,

He sent it forth ; but with a gentle breath

Minerva turned it from the glorious Greek,

And laid it at the noble Hector's feet.

Then did Achilles, resolute to slay ⁵⁵⁵

His enemy, rush against him with a shout

Of fury ; but Apollo, with such power

As gods put forth, withdrew him thence, and spread

A darkness round him. Thrice the swift of foot,

Achilles, rushed against him with his spear, ⁵⁶⁰

And thrice he smote the cloud. But when once

more,

In godlike might, he made the assault, he spake
These wingèd words of menace and reproach :—

“ Hound as thou art, thou hast once more escaped
Thy death ; for it was near. Again the hand 565
Of Phœbus rescues thee ; to him thy vows
Are made ere thou dost trust thyself amidst
The clash of javelins. I shall meet thee yet
And end thee utterly, if any god
Favor me also. I will now pursue 570
And strike the other Trojan warriors down.”

He spake, and in the middle of the neck
Smote Dryops with his spear. The Phrygian fell
Before him at his feet. He left him there,
And wounding with his spear Philetor's son, 575
Demuchus, tall and valiant, in the knee,
Stayed him until he slew him with his sword.
Then from their chariot to the ground he cast
Laogonus and Dardanus, the sons
Of Bias, piercing with a javelin one, 580
And cutting down the other with his sword.

And Tros, Alastor's son, who came to him
And clasped his knees, in hope that he would spare
A captive, — spare his life, nor slay a youth
Of his own age, — vain hope ! he little knew 585
That not by prayers Achilles could be moved,
Nor was he pitiful, nor mild of mood,
But hard of heart, — while Tros embraced his knees
And passionately sued, Pelides thrust
His sword into his side ; the liver came 590

Forth at the wound ; the dark blood gushing filled
 The Phrygian's bosom ; o'er his eyes there crept
 A darkness, and his life was at an end.

Approaching Mulius next, Achilles smote
 The warrior at the ear ; the brazen point 595
 Passed through the other ear ; and then he slew
 Agenor's son, Echeclus, letting fall
 His heavy-hilted sword upon his head
 Just in the midst ; the blade grew warm with blood,
 And gloomy death and unrelenting fate 600
 Darkened the victim's eyes. Achilles next
 Wounded Deucalion, thrusting through his arm
 The brazen javelin, where the sinews met
 That strung the elbow. While with powerless arm
 The wounded Trojan stood awaiting death, 605
 Achilles drave his falchion through his neck.
 Far flew the head and helm, the marrow flowed
 From out the spine, and stretched upon the ground
 Deucalion lay. Pelides still went on,
 O'ertaking Rigmus, the renownèd son 610
 Of Peireus, from the fruitful fields of Thrace,
 And smote him in the stomach with his lance.
 There hung the weapon fixed ; the wounded man
 Fell from the car. At Areithoüs
 The charioteer, who turned his steeds to flee, 615
 Achilles sent his murderous lance, and pierced
 His back, and dashed him from the car, and left
 His horses wild with fright. As when, among
 The deep dells of an arid mountain-side,

A great fire burns its way, and the thick wood 600
Before it is consumed, and shifting winds
Hither and thither sweep the flames, so ranged
Achilles in his fury through the field
From side to side, and everywhere o'ertook
His victims, and the earth ran dark with blood. 605

As when a yeoman underneath the yoke
Brings his broad-fronted oxen to tread out
White barley on the level threshing-floor,
The sheaves are quickly trodden small beneath
The heavy footsteps of the bellowing beasts, 630
So did the firm-paced coursers, which the son
Of Peleus guided, trample with their feet
Bucklers and corpses, while beneath the car
Blood steeped the axle, and the chariot-seat
Dripped on its rim with blood, that from below 635
Was splashed upon them by the horses' hoofs
And by the chariot-wheels. Such havoc made
Pelides in his ardor for renown,
Till his invincible hands were foul with blood.

BOOK XXI.

NOW when they reached the pleasant banks
through which
The eddying Xanthus runs, the river sprung
From deathless Jove, Achilles drave his foes

Asunder. Part he chased across the plain
Townward, along the way by which the Greek 5
In terror fled the day before, pursued
By glorious Hector. Panic-struck they ran
Along that way, while, to restrain their flight,
Before them Juno hung a veil of cloud
And darkness. Meanwhile half the flying crowd 10
Leaped down to that deep stream and rolled among
Its silver eddies. With a mighty noise
They plunged; the torrent dashed; the banks
around

Remurmured shrilly to the cries of those
Who floated struggling in the current's whirl, 15
As when before the fierce, devouring flames
A swarm of locusts, springing into air,
Fly toward a river, while the fire behind
Crackles with sudden fierceness, and in fright
They fall into the waves, the roaring stream 20
Of the deep-eddied Xanthus thus was filled
Before Achilles with a mingled crowd
Of steeds and men. The Jove-descended man
Left leaning on the tamarisks his spear
Upon the river's border, and leaped in, 25
Armed only with his sword, intent to deal
Death on the fugitives; on every side
He smote, and from the smitten by the sword
Rose lamentable cries; the waves around
Grew crimson with their blood. As when before 30
A dolphin of huge bulk the fishes flee

In fear, and crowd the creeks that lie around
 The sheltered haven, — for their foe devours
 All that he overtakes, — the Trojans thus
 Hid from his sight among the hollow rocks 35
 Beside the rushing river. When his hand
 Was weary with the work of death, he took
 Twelve youths alive, whose blood was yet to pay
 The penalty for Menœtiades,
 His slaughtered friend. He led them from the
 stream, 40

Passive with fear like fawns, and tied their hands
 Behind them with the well-twined cords that bound
 Their tunics. Then he gave them to his friends,
 Who led the captives to the roomy ships.

Again Achilles rushed upon the foe 45
 Intent on slaughter. One he met who climbed
 The river's bank, Dardanian Priam's son,
 Lycaon, whom in former days he made
 His captive, by surprise, when in the night
 He found him lopping with an axe the boughs 50
 Of a wild fig-tree, that the trunk might form
 The circle of a wheel. Achilles came,
 An unexpected foe, and bore him off
 To sea, and sold him in the populous isle
 Of Lemnos. He was bought by Jason's son, 55
 The Imbrian prince, Eëtion, who had been
 His host, and now redeemed him with large gifts,
 And sent him to Arisba's noble town.
 Yet thence he stole, and reached his father's house

Again, and there made merry with his friends 60
 Eleven days, but on the twelfth a god
 Delivered him again into the hands
 Of Peleus' son, who now would send his soul
 Repining down to Hades. When the chief,
 The swift of foot, beheld him stand unarmed, 65
 With neither helm nor shield nor spear, — for these
 He had thrown down, — faint with the sweaty toil
 Of clambering up the bank, and every limb
 Unstrung with weariness, then wrathfully
 Thus said Achilles to his mighty soul : — 70

“O strange! my eyes behold a miracle.
 Sure, the brave sons of Troy whom I have slain
 Will rise up from the nether darkness yet,
 Since this man, whom I once rerieved from death
 And sold in Lemnos the divine, comes back. 75
 Nor could the ocean's gray abyss of brine,
 Beyond which many long in vain to pass,
 Detain him in that isle. But he shall taste
 The sharpness of my spear, that I may prove
 Whether he after that will reappear, 80
 And whether the kind earth, which holds so well
 The valiant dead, can keep him in her womb.”

So pondered he and stood. The Trojan drew
 Close to him, with intent to clasp his knees,
 Fear-struck, yet hoping to avoid the doom 85
 Of bitter death. The great Achilles raised
 His ponderous spear to strike. Lycaon stooped,
 And, darting underneath the weapon, seized

The hero's knees ; behind him in the ground
 The spear stood fixed, though eager yet for blood ;
 One arm was round his adversary's knees,
 The other held — and would not let it go —
 The spear, while thus with wingèd words he
 prayed : —

“ I clasp thy knees, Achilles ; look on me
 Kindly and pity me, O foster-child 95
 Of Jove. I am thy suppliant, and may claim
 Thy mercy. I partook with thee the fruits
 Of Ceres, when amid my fruitful fields
 Thou madest me a captive, carrying me
 From friends and kindred to the sacred isle 100
 Of Lemnos. Thou didst sell me there, — my price
 A hundred beeves, — and thou shalt now receive,
 For ransom, thrice as many. It is yet
 But the twelfth morning since I came to Troy
 After much hardship; and a pitiless fate 105
 Betrays me to thy hands. I must believe
 That Father Jove in wrath delivers me
 To thee again. Laothœ brought me forth
 To a brief life ; that mother was the child
 Of aged Altes, — Altes ruling o'er 110
 The warlike Leleges, by whom are tilled
 The heights of Pegasus, where Satnio flows, —
 And Priam wedded her with other maids.
 She bore two children to be slain by thee ;
 One was the godlike Polydore, whom thou 115
 Didst smite with thy keen spear, in the front rank

Of those who fought on foot. His evil fate
 Must overtake me now, for, since a god
 Has brought me near thee, there is no escape.
 Yet let me tell thee this, and weigh it well, 220
 And let it save my life. I came not forth
 From the same womb with Hector, by whose hand
 Thy brave and gentle friend, Patroclus, died.”

The illustrious son of Priam ended here
 His prayer, and heard a merciless reply :— 225

“ Fool ! never talk of ransom, — not a word.
 Before the evil day on which my friend
 Was slain, it pleased me oftentimes to spare
 The Trojans. Many a one I took alive
 And sold ; but now no man of all their race, 230
 Whom any god may bring within my reach,
 Shall leave the field alive, and least of all
 The sons of Priam. Die thou, then ; and why
 Shouldst thou, my friend, lament ? Patroclus died,
 And greatly he excelled thee. Seest thou not 235
 How eminent in stature and in form
 Am I, whom to a prince renowned for worth
 A goddess mother bore ; yet will there come
 To me a violent death at morn, at eve,
 Or at the midday hour, whenever he 240
 Whose weapon is to take my life shall cast
 The spear or send an arrow from the string.”

He spake : the Trojan's heart and knees grew
 faint ;
 His hand let go the spear ; he sat and cowered

With outstretched arms. Achilles drew his sword,
And smote his neck just at the collar-bone ; 146
The two-edged blade was buried deep. He fell
Prone on the earth ; the black blood spouted forth
And steeped the soil. Achilles by the foot
Flung him to float among the river-waves, 150
And uttered, boastfully, these wingèd words :—

“ Lie there among the fishes, who shall feed
Upon thy blood unscared. No mother there
Shall weep thee lying on thy bier ; thy corpse
Scamander shall bear down to the broad sea, 155
Where, as he sees thee darkening its face,
Some fish shall hasten, darting through the waves,
To feed upon Lycaon’s fair white limbs.
So perish ye, till sacred Troy be ours,
You fleeing, while I follow close and slay. 160
This river cannot aid you, — this fair stream
With silver eddies, to whose deity
Ye offer many beeves in sacrifice,
And fling into its gulfs your firm-paced steeds ;
But thus ye all shall perish, till I take 165
Full vengeance for Patroclus of the Greeks,
Whom, while I stood aloof from war, ye slew.”

He spake : and, deeply moved with inward wrath,
The River pondered how to render vain
The prowess of Achilles, and avert 170
Destruction from the Trojans. Now the son
Of Peleus rushed, his ponderous spear in hand,
To slay Asteropæus, who was sprung

From Pelegon, and Pelegon was born
 To the broad river Axius, of a maid, 175
 The eldest-born of Accessamenus,
 Named Peribœa ; for the river-god
 Was joined with her in love. Achilles sprang
 To meet the youth, as, rising from the stream,
 Armed with two spears, he stood, his heart made
 strong 180

And resolute by Xanthus, who had seen
 Indignantly so many Trojans die, —
 Youths whom Achilles slaughtered in his stream,
 And had no pity on them. When the twain
 Were near each other, standing face to face, 185
 The swift Achilles was the first to speak : —

“Who and whence art thou that dost venture thus
 To meet me? They who seek to measure strength
 With me are sons of most unhappy men.”

And thus the illustrious son of Pelegon 190
 Made answer : “Brave Pelides, why inquire
 My lineage? I am from a distant coast, —
 Pæonia’s fertile fields ; I lead to war
 Pæonia’s warriors with long spears, and this
 Is now the eleventh morning since I came 195
 To join the war at Troy. I claim descent
 From Axius, the broad Axius, who pours forth
 The fairest river on the earth. His son
 Was Pelegon, expert to wield the spear,
 And I was born to Pelegon. And now, 200
 Illustrious son of Peleus, let us fight.”

He spake : Achilles raised the Pelian ash
 To smite ; Asteropæus aimed at him
 Both lances, for he used both hands alike.
 One struck the Grecian's shield, yet passed not
 through, 205

Stopped by the god-given gold ; the other gashed
 Lightly the elbow of his dexter arm ;
 The black blood spouted forth, the spear passed on
 Beyond him, and, still eager for its prey,
 Stood fixed in earth. Achilles then, intent 210

To slay Asteropæus, hurled at him
 His trusty spear. The weapon missed its mark,
 And, striking the high bank, was buried there
 Up to the middle of its ashen staff.

Achilles drew the keen sword from his thigh, 215
 And flew with fury toward his foe, who toiled
 In vain with sinewy arm to pluck that spear
 From out the bank ; and thrice he shook the beam
 Fiercely, and thrice desisted, lacking strength,
 And last he sought, by bending it, to break 220
 The ashen weapon of Æacides.

But ere it snapped Achilles took his life,
 Smiting him at the navel with the sword.
 Forth gushed the entrails to the ground, and o'er
 His dying eyes the darkness came ; and then 225
 Achilles, leaping on his breast, tore off
 The armor, and exultingly exclaimed :—

“ Lie there ! a perilous task it was for thee
 To combat with a son of Jove, though born

Thyself to a great River. I can boast 230
 Descent from sovereign Jove. I owe my birth
 To Peleus, ruler of the Myrmidons.
 His father was Æacus, who was born
 To Jupiter, a god more potent far
 Than all the rivers flowing to the sea. 235
 And mightier is the race of Jupiter
 Than that of any stream. Here close at hand
 Is a great river, if such aid can aught
 Avail thee ; but to strive with Jupiter
 Is not permitted. Acheloüs, king 240
 Of rivers, cannot vie with him, nor yet
 The great and mighty deep from which proceed
 All streams and seas and founts and watery depths.
 He trembles at the bolt of mighty Jove
 And his hoarse thunder crashing in the sky." 245

As thus he spake he plucked from out the bank
 His brazen spear, and left the lifeless chief
 Stretched in the sand, where the dark water steeped
 His limbs, and eels and fishes came and gnawed
 The warrior's reins. Achilles hastened on, 250
 Pursuing the Pæonian knights, who now,
 When they beheld their bravest overthrown
 In desperate battle by the mighty arm
 And falchion of Pelides, took to flight
 Along the eddying river. There he slew 255
 Mydon, Thersilochus, Astypylus,
 Mnesus, and Thrasius, and struck down in death
 Ænius and Ophelestes. Many more

Of the Pæonians the swift-footed Greek
 Had slain, had not the eddying River, roused 260
 To anger, put a human semblance on,
 And uttered from its whirling deeps a voice : —

“O son of Peleus! thou who dost excel
 All other men in might and dreadful deeds, —
 For the gods aid thee ever, — if the son 265
 Of Saturn gives thee to destroy the race
 Of Trojans, drive them from me to the plain,
 And there perform thy terrible exploits.
 For now my pleasant waters, in their flow,
 Are choked with heaps of dead, and I no more 270
 Can pour them into the great deep, so thick
 The corpses clog my bed, while thou dost slay
 And sparest not. Now then, withhold thy hand,
 Prince of the people! I am horror-struck.”

Achilles the swift-footed made reply : 275
 “Be it as thou commandest, foster-child
 Of Jove, Scamander! Yet I shall not cease
 To slay these treaty-breakers till at length
 I shut them up within their town, and force
 Hector to meet me, that we may decide 280
 Which shall o’ercome the other, — he or I.”

He spake, and rushed upon the men of Troy,
 Terrible as a god, while from his bed
 The eddying River called to Phœbus thus : —

“Why this, thou bearer of the silver bow, 285
 Thou son of Jove? Thou heedest not the will
 Of Saturn’s son, who strictly bade that thou

Shouldst aid the Trojans till the latest gleam
Of sunset, and till night is on the fields."

And then Achilles, mighty with the spear, 290
From the steep bank leaped into the mid-stream,
While, foul with ooze, the angry River raised
His waves, and pushed along the heaps of dead
Slain by Achilles. These, with mighty roar
As of a bellowing ox, Scamander cast 295
Aground ; the living with his whirling gulfs
He hid, and saved them in his friendly streams.
In tumult terribly the surges rose
Around Achilles, beating on his shield,
And made his feet to stagger, till he grasped 300
A tall, fair-growing elm upon the bank.
Down came the tree, and in its loosened roots
Brought the earth with it ; the fair stream was
checked
By the thick branches, and the prostrate trunk
Bridged it from side to side. Achilles sprang 305
From the deep pool, and fled with rapid feet
Across the plain in terror. Nor did then
The mighty river-god refrain, but rose
Against him with a darker crest, to drive
The noble son of Peleus from the field, 310
And so deliver Troy. Pelides sprang
A spear's cast backward, — sprang with all the speed
Of the black eagle's wing, the hunter-bird,
Fleetest and strongest of the fowls of air.
Like him he darted ; clashing round his breast, 315

The brazen mail rang fearfully. Askance
 He fled ; the water with a mighty roar
 Followed him close. As, when a husbandman
 Leads forth, from some dark spring of earth, a rill
 Among his planted garden-beds, and clears 320
 Its channel, spade in hand, the pebbles there
 Move with the current, which runs-murmuring down
 The sloping surface and outstrips its guide, —
 So rushed the waves where'er Achilles ran,
 Swift as he was ; for mightier are the gods 325
 Than men. As often as the noble son
 Of Peleus made a stand in hope to know
 Whether the deathless gods of the great heaven
 Conspired to make him flee, so often came
 A mighty billow of the Jove-born stream 330
 And drenched his shoulders. Then again he sprang
 Away ; the rapid torrent made his knees
 To tremble, while it swept, where'er he trod,
 The earth from underneath his feet. He looked
 To the broad heaven above him, and complained :—
 “ Will not some god, O Father Jove, put forth 335
 His power to save me in my hour of need
 From this fierce river ? Any fate but this
 I am resigned to suffer. None of all
 The immortal ones is more in fault than she 340
 To whom I owe my birth ; her treacherous words
 Deluded me to think that I should fall
 Beneath the walls of Troy by the swift shafts
 Of Phœbus. Would that Hector, the most brave

Of warriors reared upon the Trojan soil, 345
 Had slain me ; he had slain a brave man then,
 And a brave man had stripped me of my arms.
 But now it is my fate to perish, caught
 In this great river, like a swineherd's boy,
 Who in the time of rains attempts to pass 350
 A torrent, and is overwhelmed and drowned."

He spake, and Neptune and Minerva came
 Quickly and stood beside him. In the form
 Of men they came, and took his hand, and cheered
 His spirit with their words. And thus the god 355
 Neptune, who makes the earth to tremble, said :—

"Fear not, Pelides, neither let thy heart
 Be troubled, since thou hast among the gods,
 By Jove's consent, auxiliars such as I
 And Pallas. It is not thy doom to be 360
 Thus vanquished by a river. Soon its rage
 Will cease, as thou shalt see. Meantime we give
 This counsel ; heed it well : let not thy hand
 Refrain from slaughter till the Trojan host
 Are all shut up — all that escape thy arm — 365
 Within the lofty walls of Troy. Then take
 The life of Hector, and return on board
 Thy galleys ; we will make that glory thine."

Thus having spoken, they withdrew and joined
 The immortals, while Achilles hastened on, 370
 Encouraged by the mandate of the gods,
 Across the plain. The plain was overflowed
 With water ; sumptuous arms were floating round,

And bodies of slain youths. Achilles leaped,
 And stemmed with powerful limbs the stream, and
 still 375

Went forward ; for Minerva mightily
 Had strengthened him. Nor did Scamander fail
 To put forth all his power, enraged the more
 Against the son of Peleus ; higher still
 His torrent swelled and tossed with all its waves, 380
 And thus he called to Simois with a shout :—

“O brother, join with me to hold in check
 This man, who threatens soon to overthrow
 King Priam’s noble city ; for no more
 The Trojan host resist him. Come at once 385
 And aid me ; fill thy channel from its springs,
 And summon all thy brooks, and lift on high
 A mighty wave, and roll along thy bed,
 Mingled in one great torrent, trees and stones,
 That we may tame this savage man, who now 390
 In triumph walks the field, and bears himself
 As if he were a god. His strength, I deem,
 Will not avail him, nor his noble form,
 Nor those resplendent arms, which yet shall lie
 Scattered along the bottom of my gulfs, 395
 And foul with ooze. Himself too I shall wrap
 In sand, and pile the rubbish of my bed
 In heaps around him. Never shall the Greeks
 Know where to gather up his bones, o’erspread
 By me with river-slime, for there shall be 400
 His burial-place ; no other tomb the Greeks

Will need when they perform his funeral rites.”

He spake, and wrathfully he rose against
Achilles, — rose with turbid waves, and noise,
And foam, and blood and bodies of the dead. 405

One purple billow of the Jove-born stream
Swelled high and whelmed Achilles. Juno saw,
And trembled lest the hero should be whirled
Downward by the great river, and in haste
She called to Vulcan, her beloved son : — 410

“Vulcan, my son, arise! We deemed that thou
And eddying Xanthus were of equal might
In battle. Come with instant aid, and bring
Thy vast array of flames, while from the deep
I call a tempest of the winds, — the West 415
And the swift South, — and they shall sweep along
A fiery torrent to consume the foe,
Warriors and weapons. Thou meantime lay waste
The groves along the Xanthus ; hurl at him
Thy fires, nor let him with soft words or threats 420
Avert thy fury. Pause not from the work
Of ruin till I shout and give the sign,
And then shalt thou restrain thy restless fires.”

She spake, and Vulcan at her word sent forth
His fierce, devouring flames. Upon the plain 425
They first were kindled, and consumed the dead
That strewed it, where Achilles struck them down.
The ground was dried ; the glimmering flood was
stayed.

As when the autumnal north-wind, breathing o'er

A newly watered garden, quickly dries 430
 The clammy mould, and makes the tiller glad,
 So did the spacious plain grow dry on which
 The dead were turned to ashes. Then the god
 Seized on the river with his glittering fires.
 The elms, the willows, and the tamarisks 435
 Fell, scorched to cinders, and the lotus-herbs,
 Rushes, and reeds that richly fringed the banks
 Of that fair-flowing current were consumed.
 The eels and fishes, that were wont to glide
 Hither and thither through the pleasant depths 440
 And eddies, languished in the fiery breath
 Of Vulcan, mighty artisan. The strength
 Of the great River withered, and he spake :—
 “O Vulcan, there is none of all the gods
 Who may contend with thee. I combat not 445
 With fires like thine. Cease then. With my consent
 The noble son of Peleus may drive out
 The Trojans from their city. What have I
 To do with war,— the attack or the defence?”
 Thus in that fiery glow he spake, while seethed 450
 His pleasant streams. As over a strong fire
 A caldron filled with fat of pampered swine
 Glows bubbling on all sides, while underneath
 Burns the dry fuel, thus were his fair streams
 Scorched by the heat, and simmered, while the blast
 Sent forth by Vulcan, the great artisan, 456
 Tormented him, and he besought the aid
 Of Juno with these supplicating words :—

"Why should thy son, O Juno, wreak on me
 His fury, more than on the other gods? 460
 My fault is less than theirs who give their aid
 To Troy; and I will cease, if thou command.
 Bid him desist, and here I pledge my oath
 Not to attempt to save the Trojan race
 From ruin, though their city sink in flames 465
 Before the torches of the warlike Greeks."

This when the white-armed goddess Juno heard,
 She said to Vulcan, her beloved son:—

"Dear son, refrain; it is not well that thus
 A god should suffer for the sake of men." 470

She spake, and Vulcan quenched his dreadful
 fires,

And back the pleasant waters to their bed
 Went gliding. Xanthus had been made to yield,
 And the two combatants no longer strove
 Since Juno, though offended, bade them cease. 475

Yet was the conflict terrible among
 The other gods, as zeal for different sides
 Impelled them. With a loud uproar they met
 Each other in the field; the spacious earth
 Rebellowed to the noise, and the great heaven 480
 Returned it. To the ear of Jove it rose,
 Who, sitting on Olympus, laughed within
 His secret heart as he beheld the gods
 Contending, for not long they stood apart.
 Shield-breaking Mars began the assault; he rushed
 Toward Pallas, brandishing his brazen spear, 486

And thus accosted her with insolent words :—

“Thou shameless one, thou whose effrontery
Is boundless, why wilt thou provoke the gods
To strife? Thy temper is most arrogant. 490
Rememberest thou the time when thou didst prompt
Tydides Diomed to strike at me?
It was thy hand that held his shining spear,
And aimed it well, and gave the wound ; but now
Will I take vengeance on thee for that wrong.” 495

He spake, and smote Minerva's fringed shield,
The dreadful ægis, which not even Jove
Could pierce with thunderbolts. The murderous
Mars

Smote it with his huge spear. She only stepped
Backward a space, and with her powerful hand 500
Lifted a stone that lay upon the plain,
Black, huge, and jagged, which the men of old
Had placed there for a landmark. This she hurled
At Mars, and struck him on the neck ; he fell
With nerveless limbs, and covered, as he lay, 505
Seven acres of the field : his armor clashed
Around him in his fall ; his locks all soiled
Lay in the trodden dust. The goddess stood
O'er him, and boasted thus with wingèd words :—

“Fool that thou art, hast thou not learned how
much 510

The might I boast excels thine own, that thus
Thou measurest strength with me? Now dost thou
feel

Thy mother's curse fulfilled, who meditates
 Thy chastisement, since thou hast left the Greeks
 And joined the treaty-breaking sons of Troy." 515

She spake, and turned away her glorious eyes.
 Jove's daughter, Venus, took the hand of Mars,
 And led him groaning thence, while hardly yet
 His strength came back. The white-armed Juno
 saw,

And spake to Pallas thus, with wingèd words : — 520

“ See, daughter of the Ægis-bearer, Jove,
 Unconquerable maid ! that shameless one,
 Through all the tumult, from the thick of fight,
 Leads hence the murderous Mars ; but follow her.”

She spake, and Pallas gladly hastened forth, 525
 And, overtaking Venus, dealt at her
 A mighty buffet on the breast ; her heart
 Fainted, her knees gave way ; and, as she lay
 Prostrate with Mars upon the fruitful earth,
 Exulting Pallas spake these wingèd words : — 530

“ Would that all those who aid the cause of Troy
 And combat with the mailed Greeks were thus !
 Would that they were as hardy and as brave
 As Venus here, who ventured to the help
 Of Mars, and met the force of my right arm ! 535
 Then had the stately Ilium been o'erthrown
 Long since, and we had rested from the war.”

She spake : the white-armed Juno gently smiled.
 And then King Neptune to Apollo said : —

“ Why, Phœbus, stand we thus aloof ? it ill 540

Becomes us, while the other gods engage
 In conflict. 'T were a shame should we return
 Up to Olympus and the brazen halls
 Of Jove with no blow struck. Begin, for thou
 Art younger born, and I, who both in years 545
 And knowledge am before thee, must not make
 The assault. O silly god, and slow of thought !
 Hast thou indeed forgotten all the wrongs
 We suffered once in Troy, and only we
 Of all the gods, when, sent to earth by Jove, 550
 We served a twelvemonth for a certain hire
 The proud Laomedon, by whom our tasks
 Were set? I built a city and a wall
 Of broad extent, and beautiful, and strong
 To stand assault ; and, Phœbus, thou didst feed 555
 His stamping oxen, with curved horns, among
 The lawns of woody Ida seamed with glens.
 But when the welcome hours had brought the day
 Of our reward, the ruffian king refused
 The promised wages, and dismissed us both 560
 With menaces ; to bind thee hand and foot
 He threatened, and to sell thee as a slave
 In distant isles, and to cut off the ears
 Of both of us. So we returned to heaven,
 Incensed at him who thus withheld the hire 565
 He promised. Dost thou favor Troy for this ?
 Wilt thou not rather act with us until
 These treaty-breakers, with their children all
 And their chaste matrons, perish utterly ? ”

Then thus the archer-king, Apollo, spake : 570
 "Thou wouldst not deem me wise, should I contend
 With thee, O Neptune, for the sake of men,
 Who flourish like the forest-leaves awhile,
 And feed upon the fruits of earth, and then
 Decay and perish. Let us quit the field, 575
 And leave the combat to the warring hosts."

He spake, and turned, afraid to meet in arms
 His uncle ; but the sylvan Dian heard, —
 His sister, mistress of the beasts that range
 The wilds, — and harshly thus upbraided him : — 580

"O mighty Archer, dost thou flee and yield
 The victory to Neptune, who bears off
 A glory cheaply earned? Why dost thou bear
 That idle bow, thou coxcomb? I shall hope
 No more to hear thee in our father's halls, 585
 And in the presence of the immortals, boast
 That thou wilt fight with Neptune hand to hand."

The archer-god, Apollo, answered not ;
 But thus the imperial wife of Jupiter,
 Indignantly and with reproachful words, 590
 Rebuked the quivered goddess of the chase : —

"How is it that thou darest, shameless one,
 Resist me? Thou wilt find it hard, though trained
 In archery, to match thy strength with mine,
 Though Jove has made thee among womankind 595
 A lioness, and though he gives thee power
 To slay whomever of thy sex thou wilt ;
 Yet wilt thou find it easier to strike down

The mountain beasts of prey, and forest deer,
 Than combat with thy betters. If thou choose 600
 To try the event of battle, then put forth
 Thy strength against me, and thou shalt be taught
 How greatly I excel in might of arm."

Thus Juno spake, and grasped in her left hand
 Both Dian's wrists, and, plucking with her right 605
 The quiver from her shoulders, beat with it
 Her ears, and smiled as under her quick blows
 The sufferer writhed. To earth the arrows fell,
 And Dian weeping fled. As when a dove,
 Not fated to be overtaken yet, 610
 Flees from a hawk to find her hiding-place,
 The hollow rock, so Dian fled in tears,
 And left her arrows. To Latona, then,
 Heaven's messenger, the Argus-queller, spake :—

"Far be it from me to contend with thee, 615
 Latona ; perilous it were to meet
 A consort of the Cloud-compeller, Jove,
 In combat. Go and freely make thy boast
 Among the gods that thou hast vanquished me."

He spake : Latona gathered from the ground 620
 The bow and shafts which in that whirl of dust
 Had fallen here and there, and, bearing them,
 Followed her daughter, who meantime had reached
 Olympus and the brazen halls of Jove.
 And there, a daughter at her father's knees, 625
 She sat her down, while, as she wept, her robe
 Of heavenly texture trembled. Graciously

Jove smiled, and drew her toward him and inquired :
 "What dweller of the sky has dared do this,
 Dear child, as though some flagrant guilt were thine?"

And thus replied the mistress of the chase ⁶³⁴
 Crowned with the crescent: "Father, 't was thy
 queen,

The white-armed Juno; she who causes strife
 And wrath among the gods has done me wrong."

So talked they, while to sacred Ilium came ⁶³⁵
 Phœbus Apollo; 't was his charge to watch
 The well-built city's ramparts, lest the Greeks
 That day should lay it waste against the will
 Of fate. The other gods went back to heaven,
 Some angry, some exulting. They sat down ⁶⁴⁰
 Beside the All-Father, him who darkens heaven
 With gathered clouds. Meantime Achilles chased
 And slew the Trojans and their firm-paced steeds.
 As, when the smoke rolls heavenward from a town
 Given by the angry gods a prey to fire, ⁶⁴⁵
 Toil is the lot of all, and bitter woe
 The fate of many, such the woe and toil
 Caused by Achilles to the sons of Troy.

The aged Priam from a lofty tower
 Beheld the large-limbed son of Peleus range ⁶⁵⁰
 The field, and all the Trojans helplessly
 Fleeing in tumult. With a cry of grief
 He came from that high station to the ground,
 And gave commandment to the sturdy men
 Who stood to watch the gates along the wall: — ⁶⁵⁵

"Hold the gates open while the flying host
 Enter the city ; for Achilles comes,
 Routing them, near at hand, and we may see
 Terrible havoc. But when all our troops
 Are once within the walls, and breathe again, 660
 Shut the close-fitting portals ; for I dread
 Lest that fierce warrior rush into our streets."

He spake : they drew the bolts and opened wide
 The gates, and gave a refuge to the host.
 Then leaped Apollo forth to meet their flight 665
 And rescue them. All faint with burning thirst,
 And grimed with dust, they hurried o'er the plain,
 And toward the city and its lofty walls,
 While eagerly Achilles on their track
 Pressed with his spear ; his heart was full of rage, 670
 And all on fire his spirit with desire
 For glory. Then the Greeks had overthrown
 The towery Troy, if Phœbus had not moved
 Agenor, a young hero, nobly born,
 Blameless, and brave, Antenor's son, to meet 675
 Achilles. Phœbus breathed into his heart
 Courage, as, standing by the youth, he leaned
 Against a beechen tree, and, wrapped from sight
 In darkness, watched to rescue him from death.
 Agenor stood as he beheld approach 680
 The mighty spoiler, and, perplexed in mind,
 Sighed heavily, and said to his great soul :—
 " Ah me ! if with the routed troops I flee
 From fierce Achilles, he will overtake

And slay me ; I shall die as cowards die. 685
 But if I leave the host to be pursued
 By Peleus' son, and by another way
 Flee from the wall across the plain, until
 I reach the lawns of Ida, and am hid
 Among its thickets, then I may at eve 690
 Bathe in the river and return refreshed
 To Troy. But why give way to thoughts like these ?
 For he may yet observe me as I haste
 From Ilium o'er the plain, and his swift feet
 May follow ; there will then be no escape 695
 From death and fate, since he in might of arm
 Excels all other men. If now I here
 Confront him before Troy, I cannot think
 That he is weapon-proof ; one life alone
 Dwells in him, though Saturnian Jupiter 700
 Bestows on him the glory of the day."

He spake, and firmly waited for the son
 Of Peleus ; eagerly his fearless heart
 Longed for the combat. As a panther leaves
 The covert of the wood and comes to meet 705
 A huntsman, nor is scared nor put to flight
 By noise of baying hounds, not even though
 A spear's thrust or a javelin flung from far
 Have wounded him, yet, wounded, he fights on,
 Until he grapples with his enemy 710
 Or perishes, — thus did the noble son
 Of the renowned Antenor press to try
 His prowess with Achilles, and disdained

To flee before him. Holding his round shield
 Before his face, and with his lifted spear 715
 Aimed at the Greek, he shouted thus aloud :—

“ Renowned Achilles ! thou dost fondly hope
 That thou to-day wilt overthrow the town
 Of the magnanimous Trojans. Many toils,
 Thou fool ! must be endured ere that can be ; 720
 For we are many and are brave who dwell
 Within it, and shall well defend the town
 For our beloved parents and our wives
 And little ones. Here shalt thou meet thy doom,
 Brave as thou art, and terrible in war.” 725

As thus he spake, his powerful hand dismissed
 The keen-edged spear, nor missed his aim ; it struck
 The son of Peleus just below the knee.
 The tin of which the greave was newly forged
 Rang shrilly, and sent back the brazen point ; 730
 It could not pierce the armor which a god
 Had given. And then the son of Peleus aimed
 His weapon at Agenor. Phoebus came
 And snatched away his triumph, bearing off
 The godlike youth, Agenor, in a veil 735
 Of darkness from the perils of the war.
 Then he decoyed Achilles from the host
 Of Troy ; the archer of the skies put on
 Agenor’s perfect semblance, and appeared
 Before the Greek, and fled ; his hasty flight 740
 Was followed close. Achilles chased the god
 Ever before him, yet still near, across

The fruitful fields, to the deep-eddied stream
 Of Xanthus ; for Apollo artfully
 Made it to seem that he should soon o'ertake 745
 His flying foe, and thus beguiled him on.
 Meantime the routed Trojans gladly thronged
 Into the city, filled the streets, and closed
 The portals. None now dared without the walls
 To wait for others, or remain to know 750
 Who had escaped with life, and who were slain
 In battle ; eagerly they flung themselves
 Into the city, — every one whose feet
 And knees had borne him from the field alive.

•

BOOK XXII.

THUS were they driven within the city walls
 Like frightened fawns, and there dispersing
 cooled
 Their sweaty limbs, and quenched their eager thirst,
 And rested on the battlements. The Greeks,
 Bearing their shields upon their shoulders, came 5
 Close to the ramparts. Hector's adverse fate
 Detained him still without the walls of Troy,
 And near the Scæan gates. Meantime the god
 Apollo to the son of Peleus said : —
 “O son of Peleus ! why pursue me thus 10
 With thy swift feet, — a mortal man in chase

Of an immortal? That I am a god
 Thou seest not yet, but turnest all thy rage
 On me, and, having put the host of Troy
 To rout, dost think of them no more. They find 15
 A refuge in their town, while far astray
 Thou wanderest hither. Thou hast not the power
 To slay me ; I am not of mortal birth."

The swift Achilles angrily replied :
 "O archer-god, thou most unjust of all 20
 The immortals ! thou hast wronged me, luring me
 Aside ; since many a warrior I had forced
 To bite the dust before they reached the gates
 Of Ilium but for thee, who from my grasp
 Hast snatched the glory and hast rescued them. 25
 Thou didst not fear my vengeance ; yet if power
 Were given me, I would punish thee for this."

He spake, and with heroic purpose turned
 Toward Ilium. As a steed that wins the race
 Flies at his utmost speed across the plain, 30
 And whirls along the chariot, with such speed
 The son of Peleus moved his rapid feet.

The aged monarch Priam was the first
 To see him as he scoured the plain, and shone
 Like to the star which in the autumn time 35
 Rises and glows among the lights of heaven
 With eminent lustre at the dead of night, —
 Orion's Hound they call it, — bright indeed,
 And yet of baleful omen, for it brings
 Distressing heat to miserable men. 40

So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast
 As on he flew. The aged Priam groaned,
 And smote his head with lifted hands, and called
 Aloud, imploring his beloved son,
 Who eagerly before the city gate 45
 Waited his foe Achilles. Priam thus,
 With outstretched hands, besought him piteously :—
 "O wait not, Hector, my beloved son,
 To combat with Pelides, thus alone
 And far from succor, lest thou meet thy death, 50
 Slain by his hand, for he is mightier far
 Than thou art. Would that he, the cruel one,
 Were but as much the favorite of the gods
 As he is mine ! then should the birds of prey
 And dogs devour his carcass, and the grief 55
 That weighs upon my spirit would depart.
 I have been robbed by him of many sons, —
 Brave youths, whom he has slain or sold as slaves
 In distant isles ; and now I see no more
 Among our host on whom the gates are closed 60
 My Polydorus and Lycaon, whom
 The peerless dame Laothoë bore to me.
 If yet they are within the Grecian camp,
 I will redeem their lives with brass and gold ;
 For I have store, which Altes, the renowned 65
 And aged, gave his daughter. If they live
 No longer, but have passed to the abode
 Of Hades, bitter will our sorrow be, —
 Mine and their mother's, — but the popular grief

Will sooner be consoled if thou fall not, 70
 Slain by Achilles. Come within the walls,
 My son, that thou mayst still be the defence
 Of Ilium's sons and daughters, nor increase
 The glory of Pelides with the loss
 Of thine own life. Have pity upon me, 75
 Who only live to suffer, — whom the son
 Of Saturn, on the threshold of my age,
 Hath destined to endure a thousand griefs,
 And then to be destroyed, — to see my sons
 Slain by the sword, my daughters dragged away 80
 Into captivity, their chambers made
 A spoil, our infants dashed against the ground
 By cruel hands, the consorts of my sons
 Borne off by the ferocious Greeks ; and last,
 Perchance the very dogs which I have fed 85
 Here in my palaces and at my board,
 The guardians of my doors, when, by the spear
 Or sword, some enemy shall take my life,
 And at my threshold leave me stretched a corpse,
 Will rend me, and, with savage greediness, 90
 Will lap my blood, and in the porch lie down.
 When one in prime of youth lies slain in war,
 Gashed with the spear, his wounds become him well,
 And honor him in all men's eyes ; but when
 An aged man is slain, and his white head 95
 And his white beard and limbs are foully torn
 By ravening dogs, there is no sadder sight."

So the old monarch spake, and with his hands

Tore his gray hair, but moved not Hector thus.
 Then came, with lamentations and in tears, 100
 The warrior's mother forward. One hand laid
 Her bosom bare ; she pressed the other hand
 Beneath it, sobbed, and spake these wingèd words :—

“ Revere this bosom, Hector, and on me
 Have pity. If when thou wert but a babe 105
 I ever on this bosom stilled thy cries,
 Think of it now, beloved child ; avoid
 That dreadful chief ; withdraw within the walls,
 Nor madly think to encounter him alone,
 Son of my love and of my womb ! If he 110
 Should slay thee, I shall not lament thy death
 Above thy bier, — I, nor thy noble wife, —
 But far from us the greedy dogs will throng
 To mangle thee beside the Grecian fleet.”

Thus, weeping bitterly, the aged pair 115
 Entreated their dear son, yet moved him not.
 He stood and waited for his mighty foe.
 Achilles, as a serpent at his den,
 Fed on the poisons of the wild, awaits
 The traveller, and, fierce with hate of man, 120
 And glaring fearfully, lies coiled within.
 So waited Hector with a resolute heart,
 And kept his ground, and, leaning his bright shield
 Against a tower that jutted from the walls,
 Conferred with his great soul impatiently : — 125

“ Ah me ! if I should pass within the walls,
 Then will Polydamas be first to cast

Reproach upon me ; for he counselled me
 To lead the Trojans back into the town
 That fatal night which saw Achilles rise 130
 To join the war again. I yielded not
 To his advice ; far better if I had.
 Now, since my fatal stubbornness has brought
 This ruin on my people, I most dread
 The censure of the men and long-robed dames 135
 Of Ilium. Men less brave than I will say,
 ' Foolhardy Hector in his pride has thrown
 His people's lives away.' So will they speak,
 And better were it for me to return,
 Achilles slain, or, slain myself by him, 140
 To perish for my country gloriously.
 But should I lay aside this bossy shield
 And this stout helm, and lean against the wall
 This spear, and go to meet the gallant son
 Of Peleus, with a promise to restore 145
 Helen and all the treasure brought with her
 To Troy by Paris, in his roomy ships, —
 All that the war was waged for, — that the sons
 Of Atreus may convey it hence, besides
 Wealth drawn from all the hoards within the town,
 And to be shared among the Greeks ; for I 151
 Would bind the Trojans by a solemn oath
 To keep back nothing, but divide the whole —
 What'er of riches this fair town contains —
 Into two parts — But why should I waste thought
 On plans like these? I must not act the part 156

Of suppliant to a man who may not show
Regard or mercy, but may hew me down
Defenceless, with my armor laid aside
As if I were a woman. Not with him 160
May I hold parley from a tree or rock,
As youths and maidens with each other hold
Light converse. Better 't were to rush at once
To combat, and the sooner learn to whom
Olympian Jove decrees the victory." 165

Such were his thoughts. Achilles now drew near.
Like crested Mars, the warrior-god, he came.
On his right shoulder quivered fearfully
The Pelian ash, and from his burnished mail
There streamed a light as of a blazing fire, 170
Or of the rising sun. When Hector saw,
He trembled, nor could venture to remain,
But left the gates and fled away in fear.
Pelides, trusting to his rapid feet,
Pursued him. As, among the mountain wilds, 175
A falcon, fleetest of the birds of air,
Darts toward a timid dove that wheels away
To shun him by a sidelong flight, while he
Springs after her again and yet again,
And screaming follows, certain of his prey, — 180
Thus onward flew Achilles, while as fast
Fled Hector in dismay, with hurrying feet,
Beside the wall. They passed the Mount of View,
And the wind-beaten fig-tree, and they ran
Along the public way by which the wall 185

Was skirted, till they came where from the ground
 The two fair springs of eddying Xanthus rise, —
 One pouring a warm stream from which ascends
 And spreads a vapor like a smoke from fire ;
 The other, even in summer, sending forth 190
 A current cold as hail, or snow, or ice.
 And there were broad stone basins, fairly wrought,
 At which, in time of peace, before the Greeks
 Had landed on the plain, the Trojan dames
 And their fair daughters washed their sumptuous
 robes. 195

Past these they swept ; one fled, and one pursued, —
 A brave man fled, a braver followed close,
 And swiftly both. Not for a common prize,
 A victim from the herd, a bullock's hide,
 Such as reward the fleet of foot, they ran, — 200
 The race was for the knightly Hector's life.
 As firm-paced coursers, that are wont to win,
 Fly toward the goal, when some magnificent prize,
 A tripod or a damsel, is proposed
 In honor of some hero's obsequies, 205
 So these flew thrice on rapid feet around
 The city of Priam. All the gods of heaven
 Looked on, and thus the Almighty Father spake : —

“ Alas ! I see a hero dear to me
 Pursued around the wall. My heart is grieved 210
 For Hector, who has brought so many thighs
 Of bullocks to my altar on the side
 Of Ida ploughed with glens, or on the heights

Of Ilium. The renowned Achilles now
 Is chasing him with rapid feet around 215
 The city of Priam. Now bethink yourselves,
 And answer. Shall we rescue him from death?
 Or shall we doom him, valiant as he is,
 To perish by the hand of Peleus' son?"

Minerva, blue-eyed goddess, answered thus : 220
 "O Father, who dost hurl the thunderbolt,
 And hide the sky in clouds, what hast thou said?
 Wouldst thou reprieve from death a mortal man,
 Whose doom is fixed? Then do it; but know this,
 That all the other gods will not approve." 225

Then spake again the Cloud-compeller Jove :
 "Tritonia, my dear child, be calm. I spake
 Of no design. I would be kind to thee.
 Do as thou wilt, and be there no delay."

He spake; and Pallas from the Olympian peaks,
 Encouraged by his words in what her thought 231
 Had planned already, downward shot to earth.
 Still, with quick steps, the fleet Achilles pressed
 On Hector's flight. As when a hound has roused
 A fawn from its retreat among the hills, 235
 And chases it through glen and forest ground,
 And to close thickets, where it skulks in fear
 Until he overtake it, Hector thus
 Sought vainly to elude the fleet pursuit
 Of Peleus' son. As often as he thought, 240
 By springing toward the gates of Troy, to gain
 Aid from the weapons of his friends who stood

On the tall towers, so often was the Greek
 Before him, forcing him to turn away
 From Ilium toward the plain. Achilles thus 245
 Kept nearest to the city. As in dreams
 The fleet pursuer cannot overtake,
 Nor the pursued escape, so was it now ;
 One followed but in vain, the other fled
 As fruitlessly. But how could Hector thus 250
 Have put aside the imminent doom of death,
 Had not Apollo met him once again,
 For the last time, and given him strength and speed ?

The great Achilles nodded to his host
 A sign that no man should presume to strike 255
 At Hector with his weapon, lest perchance
 Another, wounding him, should bear away
 The glory, and Pelides only wear
 The second honors. When the twain had come
 For the fourth time beside Scamander's springs, 260
 The All-Father raised the golden balance high,
 And, placing in the scales two lots which bring
 Death's long dark sleep, — one lot for Peleus' son,
 And one for knightly Hector, — by the midst
 He poised the balance. Hector's fate sank down 265
 To Hades, and Apollo left the field.

The blue-eyed goddess Pallas then approached
 The son of Peleus with these wingèd words : —

“ Renowned Achilles, dear to Jupiter !
 Now may we, as I hope, at last return 270
 To the Achaian army and the fleet

With glory, Hector slain, the terrible
 In war. Escape he cannot, even though
 The archer-god Apollo fling himself
 With passionate entreaty at the feet 275
 Of Jove the Ægis-bearer. Stay thou here
 And breathe a moment, while I go to him
 And lure him hither to encounter thee."

She spake, and he obeyed, and gladly stood
 Propped on the ashen stem of his keen spear ; 280
 While, passing on, Minerva overtook
 The noble Hector. In the outward form,
 And with the strong voice of Deiphobus,
 She stood by him and spake these wingèd words : —

“ Hard pressed I find thee, brother, by the swift 285
 Achilles, who, with feet that never rest,
 Pursues thee round the walls of Priam’s town.
 But let us make a stand and beat him back.”

And then the crested Hector spake in turn :
 “ Deiphobus, thou ever hast been dear 290
 To me beyond my other brethren, sons
 Of Hecuba and Priam. Now still more
 I honor thee, since thou hast seen my plight,
 And for my sake hast ventured forth without
 The gates, while all the rest remain within.” 295

And then the blue-eyed Pallas spake again :
 “ Brother ! ’t is true, my father, and the queen,
 My mother, and my comrades, clasped my knees
 In turn, and earnestly entreated me
 That I would not go forth, such fear had fallen 300

On all of them ; but I was grieved for thee.
 Now let us combat valiantly, nor spare
 The weapons that we bear, and we shall learn
 Whether Achilles, having slain us both,
 Will carry to the fleet our bloody spoil, 305
 Or die himself, the victim of thy spear."

The treacherous goddess spake, and led the way ;
 And when the advancing chiefs stood face to face,
 The crested hero, Hector, thus began : —

"No longer I avoid thee as of late, 310
 O son of Peleus ! Thrice around the walls
 Of Priam's mighty city have I fled,
 Nor dared to wait thy coming. Now my heart
 Bids me encounter thee ; my time is come
 To slay or to be slain. Now let us call 315
 The gods to witness, who attest and guard
 The covenants of men. Should Jove bestow
 On me the victory, and I take thy life,
 Thou shalt meet no dishonor at my hands ;
 But, stripping off the armor, I will send 320
 The Greeks thy body. Do the like by me."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown :
 "Accursed Hector, never talk to me
 Of covenants. Men and lions plight no faith,
 Nor wolves agree with lambs, but each must plan 325
 Evil against the other. So between
 Thyself and me no compact can exist,
 Or understood intent. First, one of us
 Must fall and yield his life-blood to the god

Of battles. Summon all thy valor now. 339
 A skilful spearman thou hast need to be,
 And a bold warrior. There is no escape,
 For now doth Pallas doom thee to be slain
 By my good spear. Thou shalt repay to me
 The evil thou hast done my countrymen, — 335
 My friends whom thou hast slaughtered in thy rage.”

He spake, and, brandishing his massive spear,
 Hurl'd it at Hector, who beheld its aim
 From where he stood. He stooped, and over him
 The brazen weapon passed, and plunged to earth. 340
 Unseen by royal Hector, Pallas went
 And plucked it from the ground, and brought it back
 And gave it to the hands of Peleus' son,
 While Hector said to his illustrious foe :—

“Godlike Achilles, thou hast missed thy mark ; 345
 Nor hast thou learned my doom from Jupiter,
 As thou pretendest. Thou art glib of tongue,
 And cunningly thou orderest thy speech,
 In hope that I who hear thee may forget
 My might and valor. Think not I shall flee, 350
 That thou mayst pierce my back ; for thou shalt send
 Thy spear, if God permit thee, through my breast
 As I rush on thee. Now avoid in turn
 My brazen weapon. Would that it might pass
 Clean through thee, all its length ! The tasks of war
 For us of Troy were lighter for thy death, 355
 Thou pest and deadly foe of all our race !”

He spake, and brandishing his massive spear,

Hurled it, nor missed, but in the centre smote
 The buckler of Pelides. Far away 360
 It bounded from the brass, and he was vexed
 To see that the swift weapon from his hand
 Had flown in vain. He stood perplexed and sad ;
 No second spear had he. He called aloud
 On the white-bucklered chief, Deiphobus, 365
 To bring another ; but that chief was far,
 And Hector saw that it was so, and said : —

“ Ah me ! the gods have summoned me to die.
 I thought my warrior-friend, Deiphobus,
 Was by my side ; but he is still in Troy, 370
 And Pallas has deceived me. Now my death
 Cannot be far, — is near ; there is no hope
 Of my escape, for so it pleases Jove
 And Jove's great archer-son, who have till now
 Delivered me. My hour at last is come ; 375
 Yet not ingloriously or passively
 I die, but first will do some valiant deed,
 Of which mankind shall hear in after time.”

He spake, and drew the keen-edged sword that
 hung,
 Massive and finely tempered, at his side, 380
 And sprang — as when an eagle high in heaven,
 Through the thick cloud, darts downward to the
 plain
 To clutch some tender lamb or timid hare,
 So Hector, brandishing that keen-edged sword,
 Sprang forward, while Achilles opposite 385

Leaped toward him, all on fire with savage hate,
 And holding his bright buckler, nobly wrought,
 Before him. On his shining helmet waved
 The fourfold crest ; there tossed the golden tufts
 With which the hand of Vulcan lavishly 390
 Had decked it. As in the still hours of night
 Hesper goes forth among the host of stars,
 The fairest light of heaven, so brightly shone,
 Brandished in the right hand of Peleus' son,
 The spear's keen blade, as, confident to slay 395
 The noble Hector, o'er his glorious form
 His quick eye ran, exploring where to plant
 The surest wound. The glittering mail of brass
 Won from the slain Patroclus guarded well
 Each part, save only where the collar-bones 400
 Divide the shoulder from the neck, and there
 Appeared the throat, the spot where life is most
 In peril. Through that part the noble son
 Of Peleus drave his spear ; it went quite through
 The tender neck, and yet the brazen blade 405
 Cleft not the windpipe, and the power to speak
 Remained. The Trojan fell amid the dust,
 And thus Achilles boasted o'er his fall : —

“Hector, when from the slain Patroclus thou
 Didst strip his armor, little didst thou think 410
 Of danger. Thou hadst then no fear of me,
 Who was not near thee to avenge his death.
 Fool ! there was left within the roomy ships
 A mightier one than he, who should come forth,

The avenger of his blood, to take thy life. 415
 Foul dogs and birds of prey shall tear thy flesh ;
 The Greeks shall honor him with funeral rites."

And then the crested Hector faintly said :
 "I pray thee by thy life, and by thy knees,
 And by thy parents, suffer not the dogs 420
 To tear me at the galleys of the Greeks.
 Accept abundant store of brass and gold,
 Which gladly will my father and the queen,
 My mother, give in ransom. Send to them
 My body, that the warriors and the dames 425
 Of Troy may light for me the funeral pile."

The swift Achilles answered with a frown :
 "Nay, by my knees entreat me not, thou cur,
 Nor by my parents. I could even wish
 My fury prompted me to cut thy flesh 430
 In fragments, and devour it, such the wrong
 That I have had from thee. There will be none
 To drive away the dogs about thy head,
 Not though thy Trojan friends should bring to me
 Tenfold and twenty-fold the offered gifts, 435
 And promise others, — not though Priam, sprung
 From Dardanus, should send thy weight in gold.
 Thy mother shall not lay thee on thy bier,
 To sorrow over thee whom she brought forth ;
 But dogs and birds of prey shall mangle thee." 440

And then the crested Hector, dying, said :
 "I know thee, and too clearly I foresaw
 I should not move thee, for thou hast a heart

Of iron. Yet reflect that for my sake
 The anger of the gods may fall on thee, 475
 When Paris and Apollo strike thee down,
 Strong as thou art, before the Scæan gates."

Thus Hector spake, and straightway o'er him
 closed

The night of death ; the soul forsook his limbs,
 And flew to Hades, grieving for its fate, — 480
 So soon divorced from youth and youthful might.
 Then said the great Achilles to the dead :—

"Die thou ; and I, whenever it shall please
 Jove and the other gods, will meet my fate."

He spake, and, plucking forth his brazen lance, 485
 He laid it by, and from the body stripped
 The bloody mail. The thronging Greeks beheld
 With wonder Hector's tall and stately form,
 And no one came who did not add a wound ;
 And, looking to each other, thus they said :— 490

"How much more tamely Hector now endures
 Our touch than when he set the fleet on fire !"

Such were the words of those who smote the dead ;
 But now, when swift Achilles from the corpse
 Had stripped the armor, he stood forth among 495
 The Achaian host, and spake these wingèd words :—

"Leaders and princes of the Grecian host !
 Since we, my friends, by favor of the gods,
 Have overcome the chief who wrought more harm
 To us than all the rest, let us assault 499
 The town, and learn what they of Troy intend, —

Whether their troops will leave the citadel
Since he is slain, or hold it with strong hand,
Though Hector is no more. But why give thought
To plans like these while yet Patroclus lies 475
A corse unwept, unburied, at the fleet?
I never will forget him while I live
And while these limbs have motion. Though below
In Hades they forget the dead, yet I
Will there remember my beloved friend. 480
Now then, ye youths of Greece, move on and chant
A pæan, while, returning to the fleet,
We bring great glory with us ; we have slain
The noble Hector, whom, throughout their town,
The Trojans ever worshipped like a god." 485

He spake, and, planning in his mind to treat
The noble Hector shamefully, he bored
The sinews of his feet between the heel
And ankle ; drawing through them leathern thongs
He bound them to the car, but left the head 490
To trail in dust. And then he climbed the car,
Took in the shining mail, and lashed to speed
The coursers. Not unwillingly they flew.
Around the dead, as he was dragged along,
The dust arose ; his dark locks swept the ground. 495
That head, of late so noble in men's eyes,
Lay deep amid the dust, for Jove that day
Suffered the foes of Hector to insult
His corse in his own land. His mother saw,
And tore her hair, and flung her lustrous veil 500

Away, and uttered piercing shrieks. No less
 His father, who so loved him, piteously
 Bewailed him ; and in all the streets of Troy
 The people wept aloud, with such lament
 As if the towery Ilium were in flames 505
 Even to its loftiest roofs. They scarce could keep
 The aged king within, who, wild with grief,
 Struggled to rush through the Dardanian gates,
 And, rolling in the dust, entreated all
 Who stood around him, calling them by name : — 510

“ Refrain, my friends, though kind be your intent.
 Let me go forth alone, and at the fleet
 Of Greece will I entreat this man of blood
 And violence. He may perchance be moved
 With reverence for my age, and pity me 515
 In my gray hairs ; for such a one as I
 Is Peleus, his own father, by whose care
 This Greek was reared to be a scourge to Troy,
 And, more than all, a cause of grief to me,
 So many sons of mine in life's fresh prime 520
 Have fallen by his hand. I mourn for them,
 But not with such keen anguish as I mourn
 For Hector. Sorrow for his death will bring
 My soul to Hades. Would that he had died
 Here in my arms ! this solace had been ours, — 525
 His most unhappy mother and myself
 Had stooped to shed these tears upon his bier.”

He spake, and wept, and all the citizens
 Wept with him. Hecuba among the dames

Took up the lamentation, and began :— 530

“Why do I live, my son, when thou art dead,
And I so wretched?—thou who wert my boast
Ever, by night and day, where'er I went,
And whom the Trojan men and matrons called
Their bulwark, honoring thee as if thou wert 535
A god. They glory in thy might no more,
Since Fate and Death have overtaken thee.”

Weeping she spake. Meantime Andromache
Had heard no tidings of her husband yet.
No messenger had even come to say 540

That he was still without the gates. She sat
In a recess of those magnificent halls,
And wove a twofold web of brilliant hues,
On which were scattered flowers of rare device ;
And she had given her bright-haired maidens charge
To place an ample caldron on the fire, 546
That Hector, coming from the battle-field,
Might find the warm bath ready. Thoughtless one !
She knew not that the blue-eyed archer-queen,
Far from the bath prepared for him, had slain 550
Her husband by the hand of Peleus' son.
She heard the shrieks, the wail upon the tower,
Trembled in every limb, and quickly dropped
The shuttle, saying to her bright-haired maids :—

“Come with me, two of you, that I may learn 555
What now has happened. 'T is my mother's voice
That I have heard. My heart leaps to my mouth ;
My limbs fail under me. Some deadly harm

Hangs over Priam's sons ; far be the hour
 When I shall hear of it. And yet I fear 500
 Lest that Achilles, having got between
 The daring Hector and the city gates,
 May drive him to the plain alone, and quell
 The desperate valor that was ever his ;
 For never would he keep the ranks, but ranged 505
 Beyond them, and gave way to no man's might."

She spake, and from the royal mansion rushed
 Distractedly, and with a beating heart.
 Her maids went with her. When she reached the
 tower

And throng of men, and, standing on the wall, 510
 Looked forth, she saw her husband dragged away
 Before the city. Toward the Grecian fleet
 The swift steeds drew him. Sudden darkness came
 Over her eyes, and in a breathless swoon
 She sank away and fell. The ornaments 515
 Dropped from her brow, — the wreath, the woven
 band,

The net, the veil which golden Venus gave
 That day when crested Hector wedded her,
 Dowered with large gifts, and led her from her home,
 Eëtion's palace. Round her in a throng 520
 Her sisters of the house of Priam pressed,
 And gently raised her in that deathlike swoon.
 But when she breathed again, and to its seat
 The conscious mind returned, as in their arms
 She lay, with sobs and broken speech she said : — 525

“Hector, — O wretched me! — we both were
born

To sorrow ; thou at Troy, in Priam’s house,
And I at Thebè in Eëtion’s halls,
By woody Placos. From a little child
He reared me there, — unhappy he, and I 590
Unhappy! O that I had ne’er been born!
Thou goest down to Hades and the depths
Of earth, and leavest me in thine abode,
Widowed, and never to be comforted.
Thy son, a speechless babe, to whom we two 595
Gave being, — hapless parents! — cannot have
Thy loving guardianship now thou art dead,
Nor be a joy to thee. Though he survive
The cruel warfare which the sons of Greece
Are waging, hard and evil yet will be 600
His lot hereafter ; others will remove
His landmarks and will make his fields their own.
The day in which a boy is fatherless
Makes him companionless ; with downcast eyes
He wanders, and his cheeks are stained with tears.
Unfed he goes where sit his father’s friends, 605
And plucks one by the cloak, and by the robe
Another. One who pities him shall give
A scanty draught, which only wets his lips,
But not his palate ; while another boy, 610
Whose parents both are living, thrusts him thence
With blows and vulgar clamor : ‘ Get thee gone !
Thy father is not with us at the feast.’

Then to his widowed mother shall return
 Astyanax in tears, who not long since 615
 Was fed, while sitting in his father's lap,
 On marrow and the delicate fat of lambs.
 And ever when his childish sports had tired
 The boy, and sleep came stealing over him,
 He slumbered, softly cushioned, on a couch 620
 And in his nurse's arms, his heart at ease
 And satiate with delights. But now thy son
 Astyanax, — whom so the Trojans name
 Because thy valor guarded gate and tower, —
 Thy care withdrawn, shall suffer many things. 625
 While far from those who gave thee birth, beside
 The roomy ships of Greece, the restless worms
 Shall make thy flesh their banquet when the dogs
 Have gorged themselves. Thy garments yet remain
 Within the palace, delicately wrought 630
 And graceful, woven by the women's hands ;
 And these, since thou shalt put them on no more,
 Nor wear them in thy death, I burn with fire
 Before the Trojan men and dames ; and all
 Shall see how gloriously thou wert arrayed." 635
 Weeping she spake, and with her wept her maids.

BOOK XXIII.

SO mourned they in the city ; but the Greeks,
When they had reached the fleet and Helles-
pont,

Dispersed, repairing each one to his ship,
Save that Achilles suffered not his band
Of Myrmidons to part in disarray. 5
And thus the chief enjoined his warrior friends :—

“Myrmidons, gallant knights, my cherished
friends !

Let us not yet unyoke our firm-paced steeds,
But bring them with the chariots, and bewail
Patroclus with the honors due the dead, 10
And, when we have indulged in grief, release
Our steeds and take our evening banquet here.”

He spake, and led by him the host broke forth
In lamentation. Thrice around the dead,
Weeping, they drave their steeds with stately manes,
While Thetis in their hearts awoke the sense 16
Of hopeless loss ; their tears bedewed the sands,
And dropped upon their arms, so brave was he
For whom they sorrowed. Peleus' son began
The mourning ; on the breast of his dead friend 20
He placed his homicidal hands, and said :—

“Hail thou, Patroclus, even amid the shades !
For now shall I perform what once I vowed :

That, dragging Hector hither, I will give
 His corse to dogs, and they shall rend his flesh ; 35
 And at thy funeral pile there shall be slain
 Twelve noble Trojan youths, to avenge thy death.”

So spake he, meditating outrages
 To noble Hector's corse, which he had flung
 Beside the bier of Menœtiades, 30
 Amid the dust. The Myrmidons unbraced
 Their shining brazen armor, and unyoked
 Their neighing steeds, and sat in thick array
 Beside the ship of swift Æacides,
 While he set forth a sumptuous funeral feast. 35
 Many a white ox, that day, beneath the axe
 Fell to the earth, and many bleating goats
 And sheep were slain, and many fattened swine,
 White-toothed, were stretched to roast before the
 flame

Of Vulcan, and around the corse the earth 40
 Floated with blood. Meantime the Grecian chiefs
 To noble Agamemnon's royal tent
 Led the swift son of Peleus, though he went
 Unwillingly, such anger for the death
 Of his companion burned within his heart. 45
 As soon as they had reached his tent, the king
 Bade the clear-throated heralds o'er the fire
 Place a huge tripod, that Pelides there
 Might wash away the bloody stains he bore.
 Yet would he not, and with an oath replied :— 50
 “No! by the greatest and the best of gods,

By Jupiter, I may not plunge my head
 Into the bath before I lay my friend
 Patroclus on the fire, and heap his mound,
 And till my hair is shorn ; for never more 55
 In life will be so great a sorrow mine.

But now attend we to this mournful feast.
 And with the morn, O king of men, command
 That wood be brought, and all things duly done
 Which may beseem a warrior who goes down 60
 Into the lower darkness. Let the flames
 Seize fiercely and consume him from our sight,
 And leave the people to the tasks of war."

He spake ; they hearkened and obeyed, and all
 Prepared with diligent hands the meal, and each 65
 Sat down and took his portion of the feast.

And when their thirst and hunger were allayed,
 Most to their tents betook them and to rest.
 But Peleus' son, lamenting bitterly,
 Lay down among his Myrmidons, beside 70
 The murmuring ocean, in the open space,
 Where plashed the billows on the beach. And
 there,

When slumber, bringing respite from his cares,
 Came softly and enfolded him, — for much
 His shapely limbs were wearied with the chase 75
 Of Hector round the windy Ilium's walls, —
 The soul of his poor friend Patroclus came,
 Like him in all things, — stature, beautiful eyes,
 And voice, and garments which he wore in life.

Beside his head the vision stood and spake :— 80
 “ Achilles, sleepest thou, forgetting me ?
 Never of me unmindful in my life,
 Thou dost neglect me dead. O, bury me
 Quickly, and give me entrance through the gates
 Of Hades ; for the souls, the forms of those 85
 Who live no more, repulse me, suffering not
 That I should join their company beyond
 The river, and I now must wander round
 The spacious portals of the House of Death.
 Give me thy hand, I pray ; for never more 90
 Shall I return to earth when once the fire
 Shall have consumed me. Never shall we take
 Counsel together, living, as we sit
 Apart from our companions ; the hard fate
 Appointed me at birth hath drawn me down. 95
 Thou too, O godlike man, wilt fall beneath
 The ramparts of the noble sons of Troy.
 Yet this I ask, and if thou wilt obey,
 This I command thee, — not to let my bones
 Be laid apart from thine. As we were reared 100
 Under thy roof together, from the time
 When first Menœtius brought thee, yet a boy,
 From Opus, where I caused a sorrowful death ;—
 For by my hand, when wrangling at the dice,
 Another boy, son of Amphidamas, 105
 Was slain without design, — and Peleus made
 His halls my home, and reared me tenderly,
 And made me thy companion ;— so at last

May one receptacle, the golden vase
Given by thy gracious mother, hold our bones." 110

The swift Achilles answered : " O most loved
And honored, wherefore art thou come, and why
Dost thou command me thus? I shall fulfil
Obediently thy wish ; yet draw thou near,
And let us give at least a brief embrace, 115
And so indulge our grief." He said, and stretched
His longing arms to clasp the shade. In vain ;
Away like smoke it went, with gibbering cry,
Down to the earth. Achilles sprang upright,
Astonished, clapped his hands, and sadly said :— 120

" Surely there dwell within the realm below
Both soul and form, though bodiless. All night
Hath stood the spirit of my hapless friend
Patroclus near me, sad and sorrowful,
And asking many duties at my hands, 125
A marvellous semblance of the living man."

He spake, and moved the hearts of all to grief
And lamentation. Rosy-fingered Morn
Dawned on them as around the hapless dead
They stood and wept. Then Agamemnon sent 130
In haste from all the tents the mules and men
To gather wood, and summoned to the task
Meriones, himself a gallant chief,
Attendant on the brave Idomeneus.
These went with woodmen's axes and with ropes 135
Well twisted, and before them went the mules.
O'er steep, o'er glen, by straight, by winding ways,

They journeyed till they reached the woodland wilds
Of Ida fresh with springs, and quickly felled
With the keen steel the towering oaks that came ¹⁴⁰
Crashing to earth. Then, splitting the great trunks,
They bound them on the mules, that beat the earth
With hasty footsteps through the tangled wood,
Impatient for the plain. Each woodcutter
Shouldered a tree, for so Meriones, ¹⁴⁵
Companion of the brave Idomeneus,
Commanded, and at last they laid them down
In order on the shore, where Peleus' son
Planned that a mighty sepulchre should rise
Both for his friend Patroclus and himself. ¹⁵⁰

So brought they to the spot vast heaps of wood,
And sat them down, a numerous crowd. But then
Achilles bade his valiant Myrmidons
Put on their brazen mail and yoke their steeds.
At once they rose, and put their harness on, ¹⁵⁵
And they who fought from chariots climbed their
seats

With those who reined the steeds. These led the
van,

And after them a cloud of men on foot
By thousands followed. In the midst was borne
Patroclus by his comrades. Cutting off ¹⁶⁰
Their hair, they strewed it, covering the dead.
Behind the corpse, Achilles in his hands
Sustained the head, and wept, for on that day
He gave to Hades his most cherished friend.

Now when they reached the spot which Peleus'
son

165

Had chosen, they laid down the dead, and piled
The wood around him, while the swift of foot,
The great Achilles, bent on other thoughts,
Standing apart, cut off his amber hair,
Which for the river Sperchius he had long
Nourished to ample growth, and, sighing, turned
His eyes upon the dark-blue sea, and said :—

170

“Sperchius, in vain my father made a vow
That I, returning to my native shore,
Should bring my hair, an offering to thee,
And slay a consecrated hecatomb,
And burn a sacrifice of fifty rams,
Beside the springs where in a sacred field
Thy fragrant altar stands. Such was the vow
Made by the aged man, yet hast thou not
Fulfilled his wish. And now, since I no more
Shall see my native land, the land I love,
Let the slain hero bear these locks away.”

175

180

He spake, and in his dear companion's hands
He placed the hair, and all around were moved
To deeper grief ; the setting sun had left
The host lamenting, had not Peleus' son
Addressed Atrides, standing at his side :—

185

“Atrides, thou whose word the Greeks obey
Most readily, all mourning has an end.
Dismiss the people from the pyre to take
Their evening meal, while we with whom it rests

190

To pay these mournful duties to the dead
Will close the rites ; but let the chiefs remain.”

This when the monarch Agamemnon heard, 195
Instantly he dismissed to their good ships
The people. They who had the dead in charge
Remained, and heaped the wood, and built a pyre
A hundred feet each way from side to side. 199
With sorrowful hearts they raised and laid the corpse
Upon the summit. Then they flayed and dressed
Before it many fatlings of the flock,
And oxen with curved feet and crooked horns.
From these magnanimous Achilles took
The fat, and covered with it carefully 205
The dead from head to foot. Beside the bier,
And leaning toward it, jars of honey and oil
He placed, and flung, with many a deep-drawn sigh,
Twelve high-necked steeds upon the pile. Nine
hounds

There were, which from the table of the prince 210
Were daily fed ; of these Achilles struck
The heads from two, and laid them on the wood,
And after these, and last, twelve gallant sons
Of the brave Trojans, butchered by the sword
For he was bent on evil. To the pile 215
He put the iron violence of fire,
And, wailing, called by name the friend he loved : —
“ Rejoice, Patroclus, even in the land
Of souls. Lo ! I perform the vow I made ;
Twelve gallant sons of the brave men of Troy 220

The fire consumes with thee. For Hector's corse,
The flames shall not devour it, but the dogs."

Such was his threat ; but Hector was not made
The prey of dogs, for Venus, born to Jove,
Drave off by night and day the ravenous tribe, 225
And with a rosy and ambrosial oil
Anointed him, that he might not be torn
When dragged along the earth. Above the spot
And all around it, where the body lay,
Phœbus Apollo drew a veil of clouds 230
Reaching from heaven, that on his limbs the flesh
And sinews might not stiffen in the sun.

The flame seized not upon the funeral pile
Of the dead chief. Pelides, swift of foot,
Bethought him of another rite. He stood 235
Apart, and offered vows to the two winds,
Boreas and Zephyr. Promising to bring
Fair offerings to their shrines, and pouring out
Libations from a golden cup, he prayed
That they would haste and wrap the pile in flames,
And burn the dead to ashes. At his prayer 241
Fleet Iris on a message to the Winds
Took instant wing. They sat within the halls
Of murmuring Zephyr, at a solemn feast.
There Iris lighted on the threshold-stone. 245
As soon as they beheld her, each arose
And bade her sit beside him. She refused
To seat her at the banquet, and replied :—

“ Not now ; for I again must take my way

Over the ocean currents to the land
 Where dwell the Æthiopians, who adore
 The gods with hecatombs, to take my share
 Of sacrifice. Achilles supplicates,
 With promise of munificent offerings,
 Boreas and sounding Zephyrus to come 255
 And blow the funeral structure into flames
 On which, bewailed by all the Grecian host,
 Patroclus lies, and waits to be consumed."

So spake she, and departed. Suddenly
 Arose the Winds with tumult, driving on 260
 The clouds before them. Soon they reached the
 deep ;

Beneath the violence of their sounding breath
 The billows heaved. They swept the fertile fields
 Of Troas, and descended on the pyre,
 And mightily it blazed with fearful roar. 265
 All night they howled and tossed the flames. All
 night

Stood swift Achilles, holding in his hand
 A double beaker ; from a golden jar
 He dipped the wine, and poured it forth, and steeped
 The earth around, and called upon the soul 270
 Of his unhappy friend. As one laments
 A newly married son upon whose corse
 The flames are feeding, and whose death has made
 His parents wretched, so did Peleus' son,
 Burning the body of his comrade, mourn, 275
 As round the pyre he moved with frequent sighs.

Now when the star that ushers in the day
 Appeared, and after it the morning, clad
 In saffron robes, had overspread the sea,
 The pyre sank wasted, and the flames arose 280
 No longer, and the Winds, departing, flew
 Homeward across the Thracian sea, which tossed
 And roared with swollen billows as they went.
 And now Pelides from the pyre apart
 Weary lay down, and gentle slumber soon 285
 Came stealing over him. Meantime the Greeks
 Gathered round Agamemnon, and the stir
 And bustle of their coming woke the chief,
 Who sat upright and thus addressed his friends :—
 “ Atrides, and all ye who lead the hosts 290
 Of Greece ! our task is, first to quench the pyre
 With dark red wine where'er the flames have spread,
 And next to gather, with discerning care,
 The bones of Menœtiades. And these
 May well be known ; for in the middle space 295
 He lay, and round about him, and apart
 Upon the border, were the rest consumed, —
 The bodies of the captives and the steeds.
 Be his enclosed within a golden vase,
 And wrapped around with caul, a double fold, 300
 Till I too pass into the realm of Death.
 And be a tomb not over-spacious reared,
 But of becoming size, which afterward
 Ye whom we leave behind in our good ships,
 When we are gone, will build more broad and high.”

So spake the swift Pelides, and the chiefs 306
 Complied ; and first they quenched with dark red
 wine

The pyre, where'er the flames had spread, and where
 Lay the deep ashes ; then, with many tears,
 Gathered the white bones of their gentle friend, 310
 And laid them in a golden vase, wrapped round
 With caul, a double fold. Within the tents
 They placed them softly, wrapped in delicate lawn,
 Then drew a circle for the sepulchre,

And, laying its foundations to enclose 315

The pyre, they heaped the earth, and, having reared
 A mound, withdrew. Achilles yet detained

The multitude, and made them all sit down,

A vast assembly. From the ships he brought

The prizes, — caldrons, tripods, steeds, and mules,
 Oxen in sturdy pairs, and graceful maids, 321

And shining steel. Then for the swiftest steeds

A princely prize he offered first, — a maid

Of peerless form, and skilled in household arts,

And a two-handled tripod of a size 325

For two-and-twenty measures. He gave out

The second prize, — a mare unbroken yet,

Of six years old, and pregnant with a mule.

For the third winner in the race he staked

A caldron that had never felt the fire, 330

Holding four measures, beautiful, and yet

Untarnished. For the fourth, he offered gold,

Two talents. For the fifth, and last, remained

A double vessel never touched by fire.
 He rose and stood, and thus addressed the
 Greeks :—

335

“ Atrides, and ye other well-armed Greeks,
 These prizes lie within the chariot-course,
 And wait the charioteers. Were but these games
 In honor of another, then would I
 Contend, and win and carry to my tent
 The first among these prizes. For my steeds,
 Ye know, surpass the rest in speed, since they
 Are of immortal birth, by Neptune given
 To Peleus, and by him in turn bestowed
 On me his son. But I and they will keep
 Aloof ; they miss their skilful charioteer,
 Who washed in limpid water from the fount
 Their manes, and moistened them with softening oil.
 And now they mourn their friend, and sadly stand
 With drooping heads and manes that touch the
 ground.

340

345

350

Let such of you as trust in their swift steeds
 And their strong cars prepare to join the games.”

Pelides spake : the abler charioteers
 Arose, and, first of all, the king of men,
 Eumelus, eminent in horsemanship,
 The dear son of Admetus. Then arose
 The valiant son of Tydeus, Diomed,
 And led beneath the yoke the Trojan steeds
 Won from Æneas when Apollo saved
 That chief from death. The son of Atreus next,

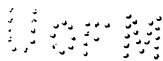
355

360

The noble Menelaus, yellow-haired,
 Brought two swift coursers underneath the yoke,
 King Agamemnon's Æthè, and with her
 His own Podargus. Echepolus once,
 Anchises' son, sent Æthè as a gift 365
 To Agamemnon, that he might be free
 From following with the army to the heights
 Of Ilium, and enjoy the ease he loved ;
 For Jove had given him wealth, and he abode
 On Sicyon's plains. Now, eager for the race, 370
 She took the yoke. Antilochus, the fourth,
 The gallant son of the magnanimous king,
 Neleian Nestor, harnessed next his steeds
 With stately manes. Swift coursers that were foaled
 At Pylus drew his chariot. To his side 375
 His father came and stood, and spake and gave
 Wise counsels, though the youth himself was wise :—

“ Antilochus, I cannot doubt that Jove
 And Neptune both have loved thee, teaching thee,
 Young as thou art, all feats of horsemanship. 380
 Small is the need to instruct thee. Thou dost know
 Well how to turn the goal, and yet thy steeds
 Are slow, and ill for thee may be the event.
 Their steeds are swift, yet have they never learned
 To govern them with greater skill than thou. 385
 Now then, dear son, bethink thee heedfully
 Of all precautions, lest thou miss the prize.
 By skill the woodman, rather than by strength,
 Brings down the oak ; by skill the pilot guides

His wind-tossed galley over the dark sea ; 390
 And thus by skill the charioteer o'ercomes
 His rival. He who trusts too much his steeds
 And chariot lets them veer from side to side
 Along the course, nor keeps a steady rein
 Straight on, while one expert in horsemanship, 395
 Though drawn by slower horses, carefully
 Observes the goal, and closely passes it,
 Nor fails to know how soon to turn his course,
 Drawing the leathern reins, and steadily
 Keeps on, and watches him who goes before. 400
 Now must I show the goal which, easily
 Discerned, will not escape thine eye. It stands
 An ell above the ground, a sapless post,
 Of oak or larch, — a wood of slow decay
 By rain, and at its foot on either side 405
 Lies a white stone ; there narrow is the way,
 But level is the race-course all around.
 The monument it is of one long dead,
 Or haply it has been in former days
 A goal, as the swift-footed Peleus' son 410
 Has now appointed it. Approach it near,
 Driving thy chariot close upon its foot,
 Then in thy seat lean gently to the left
 And cheer the right-hand horse, and ply the lash,
 And give him a loose rein, yet firmly keep 415
 The left-hand courser close beside the goal, —
 So close that the wheel's nave may seem to touch
 The summit of the post ; yet strike thou not



The stone beside it, lest thou lame thy steeds
 And break the chariot, to thy own disgrace 420
 And laughter of the others. My dear son,
 Be on thy guard ; for if thou pass the goal
 Before the rest, no man in the pursuit
 Can overtake or pass thee, though he drave
 The noble courser of Adrastus, named 425
 Arion the swift-footed, which a god
 Bade spring to life, or those of matchless speed
 Reared here in Ilium by Laomedon."

Neleian Nestor spake, and, having thus
 Given all the needful cautions, took his seat 430
 In his own place. Meriones, the fifth,
 Harnessed his steeds with stately manes, and all
 Mounted their chariots. Lots were cast ; the son
 Of Peleus shook the helmet, and the lot
 Of Nestor's son, Antilochus, leaped forth ; 435
 And next the lot of King Eumelus came ;
 And Menelaus, mighty with the spear,
 Had the third lot ; Meriones was next ;
 And to the bravest of them all, the son
 Of Tydeus, fell the final lot and place. 440
 They stood in order, while Achilles showed
 The goal far off upon the level plain,
 And near it, as the umpire of the race,
 He placed the godlike Phœnix, who had been
 His father's armor-bearer, to observe 445
 With judging eye, and bring a true report.

All raised at once the lash above their steeds,

And smote them with the reins, and cheered them on
 With vehement cries. Across the plain they swept,
 Far from the fleet ; beneath them rose the dust, 450
 A cloud, a tempest, and their tossing manes
 Were lifted by the wind. And now the cars
 Touched earth, and now were flung into the air.
 Erect the drivers stood, with beating hearts,
 Eager for victory, each encouraging 455
 His steeds, that flew beneath the shroud of dust.

But when they turned their course, and swiftly ran
 Back to the hoary deep to close the course,
 Well did the skill of every chief appear.
 They put their horses to the utmost speed, 460
 And then did the quick-footed steeds that drew
 Eumelus bear him on beyond the rest.
 But with his Trojan coursers Diomed
 Came next, so near it seemed that they would mount
 The car before them, and upon the back 465
 And ample shoulders of Eumelus smote
 Their steaming breath ; for as they ran their heads
 Leaned over him. And then would Diomed
 Have passed him by, or would at least have made
 The victory doubtful, had not Phœbus struck, 470
 In his displeasure, from the hero's hand
 The shining scourge. It fell, and to his eyes
 Started indignant tears ; for now he saw
 The others gaining on him, while the speed
 Of his own steeds, which feared the lash no more, 475
 Was slackened. Yet Apollo's stratagem

Was not unseen by Pallas, who o'ertook
 The shepherd of the people, and restored
 The scourge he dropped, and put into his steeds
 New spirit. In her anger she approached 480
 Eumelus, snapped his yoke, and caused his mares
 To start asunder from the track ; the pole
 Was dashed into the ground, and from the seat
 The chief was flung beside the wheel, his mouth,
 Elbows, and nostrils torn, his forehead bruised. 485
 Grief filled his eyes with tears and choked his voice,
 While Diomed drave by his firm-paced steeds,
 Outstripping all the rest ; for Pallas nerved
 Their limbs with vigor, and bestowed on him
 Abundant glory. After him the son 490
 Of Atreus, fair-haired Menelaus, came,
 While Nestor's son cheered on his father's steeds :—
 “ On, on ! press onward with your utmost speed !
 Not that I bid you strive against the steeds
 Of warlike Diomed, for Pallas gives 495
 Swiftness to them and glory to the man
 Who holds the reins ; but let us overtake
 The horses of Atrides, nor submit
 To be thus distanced, lest the victory
 Of the mare *Æthè* cover you with shame. 500
 Fleet as ye are, why linger ? This at least
 I tell you, and my words will be fulfilled :
 Look not for kindly care at Nestor's hands,
 That shepherd of the people, but for death
 With the sharp steel, if through your fault we take 505

A meaner prize. Then onward and away,
 With all your strength, for this is my design, —
 To pass by Menelaus where the way
 Is narrow, and he cannot thwart my plan.”

He spake, and they who feared their master's
 threat 510

Mended their speed awhile. The warlike son
 Of Nestor saw just then the narrow pass
 Within the hollow way, a furrow ploughed
 By winter floods, which there had torn the course
 And deepened it. Atrides, to avoid 515

The clash of wheels, drave thither ; thither too
 Antilochus — who turned his firm-paced steeds
 A little from the track in which they ran —
 Followed him close. Atrides saw with fear,
 And shouted to Antilochus aloud : — 520

“ Antilochus, thou drivest rashly ; rein
 Thy horses in. The way is narrow here,
 But soon will broaden, and thou then canst pass.
 Beware lest with thy chariot-wheels thou dash
 Against my own, and harm befall us both.” 525

He spake ; but all the more Antilochus
 Urged on his coursers with the lash, as if
 He had not heard. As far as flies a quoit
 Thrown from the shoulder of a vigorous youth
 Who tries his strength, so far they ran abreast. 530
 The horses of Atrides then fell back ;
 He slacked the reins ; for much he feared the steeds
 Would dash against each other in the way,

And overturn the sumptuous cars, and fling
 The charioteers contending for the prize 335
 Upon the dusty track. With angry words
 The fair-haired Menelaus chided thus :—

“ Antilochus, there is no man so prone
 As thou to mischief, and we greatly err,
 We Greeks, who call thee wise. Go now, and yet
 Thou shalt not take the prize without an oath.” 341

Again he spake, encouraging his steeds :
 “ Check not your speed, nor sorrowfully stand :
 Their feet and knees will fail with weariness
 Before your own ; they are no longer young.” 345

He spake ; the coursers, honoring his voice,
 Ran with fresh speed, and soon were near to those
 Of Nestor's son. Meantime the assembled Greeks
 Sat looking where the horses scoured the plain
 And filled the air with dust. Idomeneus, 350
 The lord of Crete, descried the coursers first,
 For on a height he sat above the crowd.

He heard the chief encouraging his steeds,
 And knew him, and he marked before the rest
 A courser, chestnut-colored save a spot 355
 Upon the middle of the forehead, white,
 And round as the full moon. And then he stood
 Upright, and from his place harangued the Greeks :—

“ O friends, the chiefs and leaders of the Greeks,
 Am I the sole one that descries the steeds, 360
 Or do ye also? Those who lead the race,
 I think, are not the same, and with them comes

A different charioteer. The mares, which late
 Were foremost, may have somewhere come to harm.
 I saw them first to turn the goal, and now 565
 I can no more discern them, though my sight
 Sweeps the whole Trojan plain from side to side.
 Either the charioteer has dropped the reins,
 And could not duly round the goal, or else
 Met with disaster at the turn, o'erthrown, 570
 His chariot broken, and the affrighted mares
 Darting, unmastered, madly from the way.
 But rise : look forth yourselves. I cannot well
 Discern, but think the charioteer is one
 Who, born of an Ætolian stock, commands 575
 Among the Argives, — valiant Diomed,
 A son of Tydeus, tamer of wild steeds.”

And Ajax, swift of foot, Oileus' son,
 Answered with bitter words : “ Idomeneus,
 Why this perpetual prating? Far away 580
 The mares with rapid hoofs are traversing
 The plain, and thou art not the youngest here
 Among the Argives, nor hast such sharp eyes
 Beneath thy brows, yet must thou chatter still.
 Among thy betters here it ill becomes 585
 A man like thee to be so free of tongue.
 The coursers of Eumelus, which at first
 Outran the rest, are yet before them all,
 And he is drawing near and holds the reins.”

The Cretan leader angrily rejoined : 590
 “ Ajax, thou railer, first in brawls, yet known

As in all else below the other Greeks,
 A man of brutal mood, come, let us stake
 A tripod or a caldron, and appoint
 As umpire Agamemnon, to decide 595
 Which horses are the foremost in the race,
 That when thou lovest thou mayst be convinced."

He spake : Oilean Ajax, swift of foot,
 Started in anger from his seat, to cast
 Reproaches back, and long and fierce had been 600
 The quarrel if Achilles had not risen,
 And said : " No longer let this strife go on,
 Idomeneus and Ajax ! Ill such words
 Become you ; ye would blame in other men
 What now ye do. Sit then among the rest, 605
 And watch the race ; for soon the charioteers
 Contending for the victory will be here,
 And each of you — for well ye know the steeds
 Of the Greek chieftains — for himself will see
 Whose hold the second place, and whose are first."

He spake : Tydides rapidly drew near, 611
 Lashing the shoulders of his steeds, and they
 Seemed in the air as, to complete the course,
 They flew along, and flung the dust they trod
 Back on the charioteer. All bright with tin 615
 And gold, the car rolled after them ; its tires
 Made but a slender trace in the light dust,
 So rapidly they ran. And now he stopped
 Within the circle, while his steeds were steeped
 In sweat, that fell in drops from neck and breast. 620

Then from his shining seat he leaped, and laid
 His scourge against the yoke. Brave Sthenelus
 Came forward, and at once received the prize
 For Diomed, and bade his comrades lead
 The maid away, and in their arms bear off
 The tripod, while himself unyoked the steeds.

Next the Neleian chief, Antilochus,
 Came with his coursers. More by fraud than speed
 He distanced Menelaus, yet that chief
 Drave his fleet horses near him. Just so far 630
 As runs the wheel behind a steed that draws
 His master swiftly o'er the plain, his tail
 Touching the tire with its long hairs, and small
 The space between them as the spacious plain
 Is traversed, Menelaus just so far 635
 Was distanced by renowned Antilochus.
 For though at first he fell as far behind
 As a quoit's cast, yet was he gaining ground
 Rapidly, now that Agamemnon's mare,
 Æthè the stately-maned, increased her speed, 640
 And Menelaus, had the race for both
 Been longer, would have passed his rival by,
 Nor left the victory doubtful. After him,
 A spear's throw distant, came Meriones,
 The gallant comrade of Idomeneus, 645
 Whose full-maned steeds were slower than the rest,
 And he unskilled in contests such as these.
 And last of all Eumelus came. He drew
 His showy chariot after him, and drave

His steeds before him. Great Achilles saw 69
 With pity, and from where he stood among
 The Greeks addressed him thus with winged
 words :—

“The ablest horseman brings his steeds the last,
 But let us, as is just, confer on him
 The second prize ; Tydides takes the first.” 655

He spake, and all approved his words ; and now
 The mare, to please the Greeks, had been bestowed
 Upon Eumelus, if Antilochus,
 Son of magnanimous Nestor, had not risen
 To plead for justice with Achilles thus :— 660

“Achilles, I shall deem it grave offence
 If thou fulfil thy word ; for thou wilt take
 My prize, because thou seest that this man’s car
 And his fleet steeds have suffered injury,
 Though he be skilful. Yet he should have prayed
 To the good gods ; then had he not been seen 666
 Bringing his steeds the last. But if thou feel
 Compassion for him, and if so thou please,
 Large store of brass and gold is in thy tent,
 And thine are cattle, and handmaidens thine, 670
 And firm-paced steeds ; hereafter give of these
 A nobler largess, or bestow it now,
 And hear the Greeks applaud thee. But this prize
 I yield not ; let the warrior who may claim
 To take it try with me his strength of arm.” 675

He ceased : the noble son of Peleus smiled,
 And, pleased to see Antilochus succeed, —

For he was a beloved friend, — he spake
 These wingèd words : “ Since, then, Antilochus,
 Thou wilt that I bestow some recompense 680
 Upon Eumelus from my store, I give
 The brazen corselet which my arm in war
 Took from Asteropæus, edged around
 With shining tin, — a gift of no mean price.”

He ceased, and sent his friend Automedon 685
 To bring it from the tent. He went and brought
 The corselet, and Eumelus joyfully
 Received it from Achilles. Then arose,
 Among them Menelaus, ill at ease,
 And angry with Antilochus. He took 690
 The sceptre from a herald’s hand, who hushed
 The crowd to silence, and the hero spake : —

“ Antilochus, who wert till now discreet,
 What hast thou done? Thou hast disgraced my
 skill

And wronged my steeds by thrusting in thine own, 695
 Which were less fleet, before them. Now, ye chiefs
 And leaders of the Achaians, judge between
 This man and me, and judge impartially,
 Lest that some warrior of the Greeks should say
 That Menelaus, having overcome 700
 Antilochus by falsehood, led away
 The mare a prize ; for his were slower steeds,
 But he the mightier man in feats of arms.
 Nay, I myself will judge ; and none of all
 The Greeks will censure me, for what I do 705

Will be but just. Antilochus, step forth,
 Illustrious as thou art, and in due form,
 Standing before thy horses and thy car,
 And taking in thy hand the pliant scourge
 Which thou just now hast wielded, touch thy steeds,
 And swear by Neptune, whose embrace surrounds 711
 The earth, that thou hast wittingly employed
 No stratagem to break my chariot's speed."

And thus discreet Antilochus replied :
 "Have patience with me : I am younger far 715
 Than thou, King Menelaus ; thou art both
 My elder and my better. Thou dost know
 The faults to which the young are ever prone ;
 The will is quick to act, the judgment weak.
 Bear with me then. The mare which I received 720
 I cheerfully make over to thy hands.
 And if thou wilt yet more of what I have,
 I give it willingly and instantly,
 Rather, O loved of Jove, than lose a place
 In thy good-will, and sin against the gods." 725

The son of large-souled Nestor, speaking thus,
 Led forth the mare, and gave her to the hand
 Of Menelaus, o'er whose spirit came
 A gladness. As upon a field of wheat
 Bristling with ears gathers the freshening dew, 730
 So was his spirit gladdened in his breast,
 And he bespake the youth with wingèd words :—
 "Antilochus, now shall my anger cease,
 For hitherto thou hast not shown thyself

Foolish or fickle, though the heat of youth 735
 Just now hath led thee wrong. In time to come,
 Beware to practise stealthy arts on men
 Of higher rank than thou. No other Greek
 Would easily have made his peace with me.
 But thou hast suffered much, and much hast done, —
 Thou, and thy worthy father, and his son, 742
 Thy brother, — for my sake. I therefore yield
 To thy petition ; yet I give to thee
 The mare, though mine she be, that these who stand
 Around us may perceive that I am not 745
 Of unforgiving or unyielding mood.”

He spake, and to Noëmon gave the mare, —
 Noëmon, comrade of Antilochus, —
 To lead her thence, while for himself he took
 The shining caldron. Then Meriones, 750
 Fourth in the race, received the prize of gold, —
 Two talents. But the fifth prize and the last,
 The double goblet, still was left unclaimed ;
 And this Achilles carried through the crowd
 Of Greeks, and placed in Nestor's hands, and
 said : — 755

“ Receive thou this, O ancient man, to keep
 In memory of the funeral honors paid
 Patroclus, whom thou never more shalt see
 Among the Greeks. I give this prize, which thou
 Hast not contended for, since thou wilt wield 760
 No more the cestus, nor wilt wrestle more,
 Nor hurl the javelin at the mark, nor join

The foot-race ; age lies heavy on thy limbs.”

He spake, and gave the prize, which Nestor took,
Well pleased, and thus with wingèd words re-
plied :— 765

“Son, thou hast spoken rightly, for these limbs
Are strong no longer ; neither feet nor hands
Move on each side with vigor as of yore.
Would I were but as young, with strength as great,
As when the Epeians in Buprasium laid 770
King Amarynceus in the sepulchre,
And funeral games were offered by his sons !
Then of the Epeians there was none like me,
Nor of the Pylian youths, nor yet among
The brave Ætolians. In the boxing-match 775
I took the prize from Clytomedes, son
Of Enops, and in wrestling overcame
Ancæus the Pleuronian, who rose up
Against me. In the foot-race I outstripped,
Fleet as he was, Iphiclus, and beyond 780
Phyleus and Polydore I threw the spear.
Only the sons of Actor won the race
Against me with their chariot, and they won
Through force of numbers. Much they envied me,
And feared lest I should bear away the prize ; 785
For largest in that contest of the steeds
Was the reward, and they were two, — one held,
Steadily held, the reins, the other swung
The lash. Such was I once. Now feats like these
Belong to other, younger men, and I, 790

Though eminent among the heroes once,
 Must do as sad old age admonishes.
 Go thou, and honor thy friend's funeral
 With games. Thy gift I willingly accept,
 Rejoicing that thy thoughts revert to one 795
 Who loves thee, and that thou forgettest not
 To pay the honor due to me among
 The Greeks. The gods will give thee thy reward."

He ceased. The son of Peleus, having heard
 This praise from Nestor, left him, and passed
 through 800

The mighty concourse of the Greeks. He laid
 Before them prizes for the difficult strife
 Between the boxers. To the middle space
 He led a mule, and bound him, six years old
 And strong for toil, unbroken and most hard 805
 To break, while to the vanquished he assigned
 A goblet. Rising, he addressed the host :—

"Ye sons of Atreus and ye well-armed Greeks,
 We call for two of the most skilled to strive
 For these, by striking with the lifted fist ; 810
 And he to whom Apollo shall decree
 The victory, acknowledged by you all,
 Shall have this sturdy mule to lead away.
 The vanquished takes this goblet as his meed."

He spake. A warrior strong and huge of limb,
 Skilled in the cestus, named Epeius, son 815
 Of Panopeus, rose at the word, and laid
 His hand upon the sturdy mule, and said :—

"Let him appear whose lot will be to take
 The goblet. No man of the Grecian host 820
 Will get the mule by overcoming me
 In combat with the cestus, — so I deem.
 In that I claim to be the best man here.
 And should it not suffice that in the war
 Others surpass me? All cannot excel 825
 In everything alike. I promise this,
 And shall fulfil my word, — that I will crush
 His body, and will break his bones. His friends
 Should all remain upon the ground to bear
 Their comrade off when beaten by my hand." 830

He spake, and all were silent. Only rose
 Euryalus, whose father was the king
 Mecisteus of Talaïon's line, the same
 Who went to Thebes and overcame, of old,
 In all the funeral games of Œdipus, 835
 The sons of Cadmus. To Euryalus
 Came Diomed, the spearman, bidding him
 Expect the victory which he greatly wished
 His friend might gain. Around his waist he drew
 A girdle, adding straps that from the hide 840
 Of a wild bull were cut with dextrous care.
 And, fully now arrayed, the twain stepped forth
 Into the middle space, and both began
 The combat. Lifting their strong arms, they
 brought
 Their heavy hands together. Fearfully 845
 Was heard the crash of jaws ; from every limb

The sweat was streaming. As Euryalus
 Looked round, his noble adversary sprang
 And smote him on the cheek, — too rude a blow
 To be withstood ; his shapely limbs gave way ⁸⁵⁰
 Beneath him. As upon the weedy shore,
 When the fresh north wind stirs the water's face,
 A fish leaps forth to light, and then again
 The dark wave covers it, so sprang and fell
 The chief. Magnanimous Epeius gave ⁸⁵⁵
 His hands and raised him up ; his friends came
 round

And led him thence with dragging feet, and head
 That drooped from side to side, while from his
 mouth

Came clotted blood. They placed him in the midst,
 Unconscious still, and sent and took the cup. ⁸⁶⁰

Then, third in order, for the wrestling-match
 The son of Peleus brought and showed the Greeks
 Yet other prizes. To the conqueror
 A tripod for the hearth, of ample size,
 He offered ; twice six oxen, as the Greeks ⁸⁶⁵
 Esteemed it, were its price. And next he placed
 In view a damsel for the vanquished, trained
 In household arts ; four beeves were deemed her
 price.

Then rose Achilles, and addressed the Greeks :
 " Ye who would try your fortune in this strife, ⁸⁷⁰
 Arise." He spake, and mighty Ajax rose,
 The son of Telamon, and after him

The wise Ulysses, trained to stratagems.
 They, girding up their loins, came forth and stood
 In the mid space, and there with vigorous arms 875
 They clasped each other, locked like rafters framed
 By some wise builder for the lofty roof
 Of a great mansion proof against the winds.
 Then their backs creaked beneath the powerful
 strain

Of their strong hands ; the sweat ran down their
 limbs ; 880

Large wheelks upon their sides and shoulders rose,
 Crimson with blood. Still eagerly they strove
 For victory and the tripod. Yet in vain
 Ulysses labored to supplant his foe,
 And throw him to the ground, and equally 885
 Did Ajax strive in vain, for with sheer strength
 Ulysses foiled his efforts. When they saw
 That the Greeks wearied of the spectacle,
 The mighty Telamonian Ajax said : —

“ Son of Laertes, nobly born and trained 890
 To wise expedients, lift me up, or I
 Will lift up thee ; and leave the rest to Jove.”

He spake, and raised Ulysses from the ground,
 Who dealt, with ready stratagem, a blow
 Upon the ham of Ajax, and the limb 895
 Gave way ; the hero fell upon his back,
 And on his breast Ulysses, while the host
 Stood wondering and amazed. Ulysses strove,
 In turn, to lift his rival, but prevailed

Only to move him from his place ; he caught 900
 The knee of Ajax in his own, and both
 Came to the ground together, soiled with dust.
 They rose to wrestle still, but from his seat
 Achilles started, and forbade them thus : —

“ Contend no longer, nor exhaust your strength 905
 With struggling ; there is victory for both,
 And equal prizes. Now depart, and leave
 The field of contest to the other Greeks.”

He spake : they listened and obeyed, and wiped
 The dust away, and put their garments on. 910
 And then the son of Peleus placed in sight
 Prizes of swiftness, — a wrought silver cup
 That held six measures, and in beauty far
 Excelled all others known ; the cunning hands
 Of the Sidonian artisans had given 915
 Its graceful shape, and over the dark sea
 Men of Phœnicia brought it, with their wares,
 To the Greek harbors ; they bestowed it there
 On Thoas. Afterward Euneüs, son
 Of Jason, gave it to the hero-chief, 920
 Patroclus, to redeem a captive friend,
 Lycaon, Priam's son. Achilles now
 Brought it before the assembly as a prize,
 For which, in honor of the friend he loved,
 The swiftest runners of the host should strive. 925
 Next, for the second in the race, he showed
 A noble fatling ox ; and for the last,
 Gold, half a talent. Then he stood and said

To the Achaians : "Those who would contend
For these rewards, rise up." And then arose 930
Oïlean Ajax, fleet of foot ; and next
Ulysses the sagacious ; last upstood
Antilochus, the son of Nestor, known
As swiftest of the youths. In due array
They stood ; Achilles showed the goal. At once 935
Forward they sprang. Oïlean Ajax soon
Gained on the rest, but close behind him ran
The great Ulysses. As a shapely maid
Flinging the shuttle draws with careful hand
The thread that fills the warp, and so brings near 940
The shuttle to her bosom, just so near
To Ajax ran Ulysses, in the prints
Made by his rival's feet, before the dust
Fell back upon them. As he ran, his breath
Smote on the head of Ajax. All the Greeks 945
Shouted applause to him, encouraging
His ardor for the victory ; but when now
They neared the goal, Ulysses silently
Prayed thus to Pallas : "Goddess, hear my prayer,
And help these feet to win." The goddess heard,
And lightened all his limbs, his feet, his hands ; 950
And just as they were rushing on the prize,
Ajax, in running, slipped and fell—the work
Of Pallas—where in heaps the refuse lay
From entrails of the bellowing oxen slain 955
In honor of Patroclus by the hand
Of swift Achilles. Mouth and nostrils both

Were choked with filth. The much-enduring man
 Ulysses, coming first, received the cup,
 While Ajax took the ox, and as he stood 960
 Holding the animal's horn and spitting forth
 The dirt, he said to those around : " 'T is plain
 The goddess caused my feet to slide ; she aids
 Ulysses like a mother." So he said,
 And the Greeks laughed. And then Antilochus 965
 Received the third reward, and with a smile
 Said to the Greeks : " I tell you all, my friends,
 What you must know already, that the gods
 Honor the aged ever. Ajax stands
 Somewhat in years above me, but this chief 970
 Who takes the prize is of a former age
 And earlier race of men ; they call him old,
 But hard it were for any Greek to vie
 With him in swiftness, save Achilles here."

Such praise he gave Pelides, fleet of foot, 975
 Who answered : " Thy good word, Antilochus,
 Shall not be vainly spoken. I will add
 Yet half a talent to thy gold." He said,
 And gave the gold ; Antilochus, well pleased,
 Received it. Then Pelides brought a spear 980
 Of ponderous length into the middle space,
 And laid it down, and placed a buckler near
 And helmet, which had been Sarpedon's arms,
 And which Patroclus won of him in war.
 Then stood Achilles and addressed the Greeks :—
 " I call on two, the bravest of the host, 985

To arm themselves and take their spears in hand,
 And in a contest for these weapons put
 Each other to the proof. Whoever first
 Shall wound his adversary, piercing through 990
 The armor to the delicate skin beneath,
 And draw the crimson blood, to him I give
 This beautiful sword of Thrace, with silver studs,
 Won from Asteropæus. And let both
 Bear off these arms, a common gift, and both 995
 Shall sit and banquet nobly in my tent."

He spake, and Telamonian Ajax rose,
 The large of limb ; Tydides Diomed,
 The strong, rose also. When they had put on
 Their arms apart from all the host, they came, 1000
 All eager for the combat, to the lists,
 And fearful was their aspect. All the Greeks
 Looked on with dread and wonder, and when now
 Stood face to face the warriors, thrice they rushed
 Against each other ; thrice they dealt their blows. 1005
 Then Ajax thrust through Diomed's round shield
 His weapon, but it wounded not ; the mail
 Beyond it stopped the stroke. Tydides aimed
 Over his adversary's mighty shield
 A blow to reach his neck. The Greeks, alarmed 1010
 For Ajax, shouted that the strife should cease,
 And both divide the prize. Achilles heard,
 But gave to Diomed the ponderous sword,
 Its sheath, and the fair belt from which it hung.
 Again Pelides placed before the host 1015

A mass of iron, shapeless from the forge,
Which once the strong Eëtion used to hurl ;
But swift Achilles, when he took his life,
Brought it with other booty in his ships
To Troas. Rising, he addressed the Greeks :— 1020

“ Stand forth, whoever will contend for this,
And if broad fields and rich be his, this mass
Will last him many years. The man who tends
His flocks, or guides his plough, need not be sent
To town for iron ; he will have it here.” 1025

He spake, and warlike Polypœtes rose.
Uprose the strong Leonteus, who in form
Was like a god. The son of Telamon
Rose also, and Epeius nobly born ;
Each took his place. Epeius seized the mass, 1030
And sent it whirling. All the Achaians laughed.
The loved of Mars, Leonteus, flung it next,
And after him the son of Telamon,
The large-limbed Ajax, from his vigorous arm
Sent it beyond the mark of both. But when 1035
The sturdy warrior Polypœtes took
The mass in hand, as far as o’er his beeves
A herdsman sends his whirling staff, so far
This cast outdid the rest. A shout arose ;
The friends of sturdy Polypœtes took 1040
The prize, and bore it to the hollow ships.

Achilles for the archers brought forth steel,
Tempered for arrow-heads, — ten axes, each
With double edge, and single axes ten, —

And from a galley's azure prow took off 2046
 A mast, and reared it on the sands afar,
 And, tying to its summit by the foot
 A timorous dove, he bade them aim at her :
 "Whoever strikes the bird shall bear away
 The double axes to his tent ; while he 2050
 Who hits the cord, but not the bird, shall take
 The single axes, as the humbler prize."

He ceased, and then arose the stalwart king,
 Teucer ; then also rose Meriones,
 The valiant comrade of Idomeneus. 2055
 The lots were shaken in a brazen helm,
 And Teucer's lot was first. He straightway sent
 A shaft with all his strength, but made no vow
 Of a choice hecatomb of firstling lambs
 To Phœbus, monarch-god. He missed the bird, 2060
 Such was the will of Phœbus, but he struck,
 Close to her foot, the cord that made her fast.
 The keen shaft severed it ; the dove flew up
 Into the heavens ; the fillet dropped to earth
 Amid the loud applauses of the Greeks. 2065
 And then Meriones made haste to take
 The bow from Teucer's hand. Long time he held
 The arrow aimed, the while he made a vow
 To Phœbus, the great archer, promising
 A chosen hecatomb of firstling lambs ; 2070
 Then, looking toward the dove, as high in air
 She wheeled beneath the clouds, he pierced her
 breast

Beneath the wing ; the shaft went through and fell,
 Fixed in the ground, beside Meriones,
 While the bird settled on the galley's mast 2075
 With drooping head and open wings. The breath
 Forsook her soon, and down from that high perch
 She fell to earth. The people all looked on,
 Admiring and amazed. Meriones
 Took up the double axes as his prize, 2080
 While Teucer bore the others to the fleet.

And then Pelides brought into the midst
 A ponderous spear, and laid a caldron down
 Which never felt the fire, inwrought with flowers,
 Its price an ox. And then the spearmen rose. 2085
 Atrides Agamemnon, mighty king,
 First rose, and after him Meriones,
 The brave companion of Idomeneus ;
 And thus to both the swift Achilles said :—

“O son of Atreus, for we know how far 2090
 Thou dost excel all others, and dost cast
 The spear with passing strength and skill, bear thou
 This prize, as victor, to the roomy ships,
 And if it please thee, let us, as I wish,
 Give to our brave Meriones the spear.” 2095

He spake, and Agamemnon, king of men,
 Complied, and gave Meriones in hand
 The brazen spear, while to Talthibius,
 The herald, he consigned the greater prize.

BOOK XXIV.

THE assembly was dissolved, the people all
 Dispersed to their swift galleys, and prepared
 With food and gentle slumber to refresh
 Their wearied frames. But still Achilles wept,
 Remembering his dear comrade. Sleep, whose
 sway 5
 Is over all, came not ; he turned and tossed,
 Still yearning for his strong and valiant friend
 Patroclus. All that they had ever done
 Together, all the hardships they had borne,
 The battles fought with heroes, the wild seas 10
 O'erpassed, came thronging on his memory.
 He shed warm tears, as now upon his sides,
 Now on his back, now on his face he lay.
 Then, starting from his couch, he wandered forth
 In sorrow by the margin of the deep. 15
 Nor did the morn that rose o'er sea and shore
 Dawn unperceived by him ; for then he yoked
 His fleet steeds to the chariot, and made fast
 The corse of Hector, that it might be dragged
 After the wheels. Three times around the tomb 20
 Of Menœtiades he dragged the slain,
 Then turned and sought his tent, again to rest,
 And left him there stretched out amid the dust
 With the face downward. Yet Apollo, moved

With pity for the hero, kept him free 25
 From soil or stain, though dead, and o'er him held
 The golden ægis, lest, when roughly dragged
 Along the ground, the body might be torn.

So in his anger did Achilles treat
 Unworthily the noble Hector's corse. 30
 The blessed gods themselves with pity looked
 Upon the slain, and bade the vigilant one,
 The Argus-queller, bear him thence by stealth.
 This counsel pleased the immortals all, except
 Juno and Neptune and the blue-eyed maid, 35
 And these persisted in their wrath. To them
 Ilium, the hallowed city, and its king,
 Priam, and all his people, from the first
 Were hateful ; 't was for Alexander's fault,
 Affronting the two goddesses what time 40
 They sought his cottage, and preferring her
 Who ministered to his calamitous love.

But now, when the twelfth morning from that day
 Arose, Apollo spake among the gods :—

“ Cruel are ye, O gods, and prone to wrong. 45
 For was not Hector wont before your shrines
 To burn the thighs of chosen bulls and goats?
 And now that he is dead ye venture not
 To rescue him, and let his wife and son
 And mother and King Priam look again 50
 Upon his face. Soon would they light the pile,
 And burn the dead, and pay the funeral rite.
 Ye seek to favor, O ye gods, that pest

Achilles, in whose breast there dwells no love
 Of justice, nor a temper to be moved 55
 By prayers, but who delights in savage deeds.
 And as a lion, conscious of vast strength
 And scornful of resistance, falls upon
 The shepherd's flock, and slays for his repast,
 Thus with Achilles neither mercy dwells 60
 Nor shame, which often profits, often harms
 Mankind. For when another man has met
 A greater grief than he, — has lost, perchance,
 A brother or a son, — he dries at length
 His tears, and ceases to lament ; for fate 65
 Bestows the power to suffer patiently.
 But this Achilles, after he has spoiled
 The godlike Hector of his life in war,
 Hath bound him to his chariot, and hath dragged
 The corse around his dear companion's tomb. 70
 Unseemly is the deed, and small will be
 The good it brings him. Brave although he be.
 We may be angry with him when he thus
 Insults a portion of insensible earth."

The white-armed Juno was incensed, and spake :
 "So mightst thou say, God of the silver bow, 75
 Were equal honor to Achilles due
 And Hector. Hector is a mortal man,
 And suckled at a woman's breast. Not so
 Achilles ; he was born of one of us, 80
 A goddess whom I nurtured and brought up
 And gave to Peleus. Ye were present all,

Ye gods, when they were wedded. Thou wert there
 To share the marriage banquet, harp in hand,
 Thou plotter with the vile, thou faithless one!" 85

Then answered cloud-compelling Jove, and said :
 " Let not thy anger rise against the gods,
 O Juno, for the honor of the chiefs
 Shall not be equal. Yet of all the race
 Of mortals dwelling in the city of Troy 90
 Was Hector dearest to the gods ; to me
 He ever was ; and never did he fail
 To offer welcome gifts. My altar ne'er
 Lacked fitting feast, libation, and the fume
 Of incense, — hallowed rites which are our due. 95
 Yet seek we not to steal away the corse
 Of valiant Hector ; that we could not do
 Without his slayer's knowledge, who by night
 And day is ever near to him and keeps
 Watch o'er him like a mother. Let some god 100
 Call hither Thetis. I will counsel her
 Prudently, that Achilles may receive
 Ransom from Priam, and restore his son."

He ceased, and with the swiftness of the storm
 Rose Iris up, to be his messenger. 105
 Half-way 'twixt Samos and the rugged coast
 Of Imbrus down she plunged to the dark sea,
 Entering the deep with noise. Far down she sank
 As sinks the ball of lead, that, sliding o'er
 A wild bull's horn, bears into ocean's depths 110
 Death to the greedy fishes. There she found

Thetis within her roomy cave, among
 The goddesses of ocean, seated round
 In full assembly. Thetis in the midst
 Bewailed the fate of her own blameless son, 115
 About to perish on the fertile soil
 Of Troy, and far from Greece. The swift of wing,
 Iris, approached her and addressed her thus :—

“ Arise, O Thetis. Father Jupiter,
 Whose counsel stands forever, sends for thee.” 120

And silver-footed Thetis answered him :
 “ Why should that potent deity require
 My presence, who have many griefs, and shrink
 From mingling with immortals? Yet I go,
 Perforce, for never doth he speak in vain.” 125

So spake the goddess-queen, and, speaking, took
 Her mantle, — darker web was never worn, —
 And onward went. Wind-footed Iris led
 The way ; the waters of the sea withdrew
 On either side. They climbed the steepy shore, 130
 And took their way to heaven. They found the son
 Of Saturn, him of the far-sounding voice,
 With all the blessed, ever-living gods
 Assembled round him. Close to Father Jove
 She took her seat, for Pallas yielded it, 135
 And Juno put a beautiful cup of gold
 Into her hand, and spake consoling words.
 She drank and gave it back, and thus began
 The father of immortals and of men :—

“ Thou comest to Olympus, though in grief, 140

O goddess Thetis, and I know the cause
 That makes thee sad and will not from thy thoughts ;
 Yet let me now declare why I have called
 Thee hither. For nine days the immortal gods
 Have been at strife concerning Hector's corse 145
 And Peleus' son, the spoiler. They have asked
 The vigilant Argus-queller to remove
 The dead by stealth. But I must yet bestow
 Fresh honor on Achilles, and thus keep
 Thy love and reverence. Now descend at once 150
 Into the camp and carry to thy son
 My message : say that it offends the gods,
 And me the most, that in his spite he keeps
 The corse of Hector at the beakèd ships,
 Refusing to restore it. He perchance 155
 Will listen, and, revering me, give back
 The slain. And I will send a messenger,
 Iris, to large-souled Priam, bidding him
 Hasten in person to the Grecian fleet,
 To ransom his beloved son, and bring 160
 Achilles gifts that shall appease his rage."

He spake : the goddess of the silver feet,
 Thetis, obeyed, and with precipitate flight
 Descended from the mountain-peaks. She came
 To her son's tent, and found him uttering moans 165
 Continually, while his beloved friends
 Were busy round him ; they prepared a feast,
 And had just slain within the tent a ewe
 Of ample size and fleece. She took her seat 169

Beside her son, and smoothed his brow, and said : —

“ How long, my son, wilt thou lament and grieve
 And pine at heart, abstaining from the feast
 And from thy couch? Yet well it is to seek
 A woman’s love. Thy life will not be spared
 Long time to me, for death and cruel fate 175
 Stand near thee. Listen to me ; I am come
 A messenger from Jove, who bids me say
 The immortals are offended, and himself
 The most, that thou shouldst in thy spite detain
 The corpse of Hector at the beakèd ships, 80
 Refusing its release. Comply thou then,
 And take the ransom and restore the dead.”

And thus Achilles, swift of foot, replied :
 “ Let him who brings the ransom come and take
 The body, if it be the will of Jove.” 185

Thus did the mother and the son confer
 Among the galleys, and between them passed
 Full many a wingèd word, while Saturn’s son
 Bade Iris go with speed to sacred Troy : —

“ Fleet Iris, haste thee. Leave the Olympian
 seats, 190
 And send magnanimous Priam to the fleet,
 To ransom his dear son, and bear him back
 To Ilium. Let him carry gifts to calm
 The anger of Achilles. He should go
 Alone, no Trojan with him, save a man 195
 In years, a herald, who may guide the mules
 And strong-wheeled chariot, harnessed to bear back

Him whom the great Achilles has o'erthrown ;
 And let him fear not death nor other harm,
 For we will send a guide to lead him safe, 800
 The Argus-queller, till he stand beside
 Achilles ; and when once he comes within
 The warrior's tent, Achilles will not raise
 His hand to slay, but will restrain the rest.
 Nor mad, nor rash, nor criminal is he, 805
 And will humanely spare a suppliant man."

He spake, and Iris, the swift messenger,
 Whose feet are like the wind, went forth with speed,
 And came to Priam's palace, where she found
 Sorrow and wailing. Round the father sat 810
 His sons within the hall, and steeped with tears
 Their garments. In the midst the aged man
 Sat with a cloak wrapped round him, and much dust
 Strewn on his head and neck, which, when he rolled
 Upon the earth, he gathered with his hands. 815
 His daughters and the consorts of his sons
 Filled with their cries the mansion, sorrowing
 For those, the many and brave, who now lay slain
 By Grecian hands. The ambadress of Jove
 Stood beside Priam, and in soft, low tones, 820
 While his limbs shook with fear, addressed him
 thus :—

" Be comforted, and have no fear ; for I
 Am come, Dardanian Priam, not to bring
 Mischief, but blessing. I am sent to thee
 A messenger from Jove, who, though afar, 825

Pities thee and will aid thee. He who rules
 Olympus bids thee ransom thy slain son,
 The noble Hector, carrying gifts to calm
 The anger of Achilles. Thou shouldst go
 Alone, no Trojan with thee, save a man 230
 In years, a herald, who shall guide the mules
 And strong-wheeled chariot, harnessed to bring back
 Him whom the great Achilles has o'erthrown.
 And have no fear of death or other harm ;
 A guide shall go with thee to lead thee safe, 235
 The Argus-queller, till thou stand beside
 Achilles, and when once thou art within
 The warrior's tent, Achilles will not raise
 His hand to slay, but will restrain the rest.
 He is not mad, nor rash, nor prone to crime, 240
 And will humanely spare a suppliant man."

Thus the swift-footed Iris spake, and then
 Departed. Priam bade his sons prepare
 The strong-wheeled chariot, drawn by mules, and
 bind

A coffer on it. He descended next 245
 Into a fragrant chamber, cedar-lined,
 High-roofed, and stored with many things of price,
 And calling Hecuba, his wife, he said :—

"Dear wife, a message from Olympian Jove
 Commands that I betake me to the fleet, 250
 And thence redeem my slaughtered son with gifts
 That may appease Achilles. Tell me now
 How this may seem to thee? for I am moved

By a strong impulse to approach the ships,
And venture into the great Grecian camp." 255

He spake : his consort wept, and answered thus :

“ Ah me ! the prudence which was once so praised
By strangers and by those who own thy sway,
Where is it now ? Why wouldst thou go alone
To the Greek fleet, to meet the eye of him 260

Who slew so many of thy gallant sons ?
An iron heart is thine. If that false man,
Remorseless as he is, should see thee there
And seize thee, neither pity nor respect
Hast thou to hope from him. Let us lament 265

Our Hector in these halls. A cruel fate
Spun, when I brought him forth, his thread of life, —
That far from us his corse should feed the hounds
Near that fierce man, whose liver I could tear
From out his bosom. Then the indignities 270

Done to my son would be repaid, for he
Was slain, not shunning combat, coward-like,
But fighting to defend the men of Troy
And the deep-bosomed Trojan dames. He fell
Without a thought of flight or of retreat.” 275

And thus the aged, godlike king rejoined :
“ Keep me not back from going, nor be thou
A bird of evil omen in these halls,
For thou shalt not persuade me. This I say :
If any of the dwellers of the earth, 280
Soothsayer, seer, or priest, had said to me
What I have heard, I well might deem the words

A lie, and heed them not. But since I heard
 Myself the mandate from a deity,
 And saw her face to face, I certainly 285
 Will go, nor shall the message be in vain.
 And should it be my fate to perish there
 Beside the galleys of the mail-clad Greeks,
 So be it ; for Achilles will forthwith
 Put me to death embracing my poor son, 290
 And satisfying my desire to weep."

He spake, and, raising the fair coffer-lids,
 Took out twelve robes of state most beautiful,
 Twelve single cloaks, as many tapestried mats,
 And tunics next and mantles twelve of each, 295
 And ten whole talents of pure gold, which first
 He weighed. Two burnished tripods from his store
 He added, and four goblets and a cup
 Of eminent beauty, which the men of Thrace
 Gave him when, as an envoy to their coast, 300
 He came from Troy, — a sumptuous gift, and yet
 The aged king reserved not even this.
 To deck his palace, such was his desire
 To ransom his dear son. And then he drave
 Away the Trojans hovering round his porch, 305
 Rebuking them with sharp and bitter words :—

"Hence with you, worthless wretches ! have ye
 not

Sorrow enough at home, that ye are come
 To vex me thus ? Or doth it seem to you
 Of little moment, that Saturnian Jove 310

Hath sent such grief upon me in the loss
 Of my most valiant son? Ye yet will know
 How great that loss has been; for it will be
 A lighter task for the beleaguering Greeks
 To work our ruin, now that he is dead. 315

But I shall sink to Hades ere mine eyes
 Behold the city sacked and made a spoil."

He spake, and with his staff he chased away
 The loiterers; forth before the aged man
 They went. With like harsh words he chid his sons.
 Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon, 321
 Pammon, Antiphonus, Deiphobus,
 Polites, great in war, Hippothoüs,
 And gallant Dios, nine in all he called,
 And thus bespake them with reproachful words:—

"Make haste, ye idle fellows, my disgrace! 326
 Would ye had all been slain beside the fleet
 Instead of Hector! Woe is me! the most
 Unhappy of mankind am I, who had
 The bravest sons in all the town of Troy, 330
 And none of them, I think, are left to me.

Mestor, divine in presence, Troilus,
 The gallant knight, and Hector, he who looked
 A god among his countrymen,—no son
 Of man he seemed, but of immortal birth,— 335
 Those Mars has slain, but these who are my shame
 Remain,—these liars, dancers, excellent
 In choirs, whose trade is public robbery
 Of lambs and kids. Why haste ye not to get

My chariot ready, and bestow these things 340
 Within it, that my journey may begin?"

He spake, and they, in fear of his rebuke,
 Lifted from out its place the strong-wheeled car,
 Framed to be drawn by mules, and beautiful,
 And newly built, and on it they made fast 345
 The coffer. From its pin they next took down
 The boxwood mule-yoke, fitted well with rings,
 And carved with a smooth boss. With this they
 brought

A yoke-band nine ells long, which carefully
 Adjusting to the polished pole's far end, 350
 They cast the ring upon the bolt, and thrice
 Wound the long band on each side of the bolt
 Around the yoke, and made it fast, and turned
 The loose ends under. Then they carried forth
 The treasures that should ransom Hector's corse ; 355
 And having piled them in the polished car,
 They yoked the hardy, strong-hoofed mules which
 once

The Mysians gave to Priam, princely gifts.
 To bear the yoke of Priam they led forth
 The horses which the aged man himself 360
 Fed at the polished manger. These the king
 Yoked, aided by the herald, while in mind,
 Within the palace court, they both revolved
 Their prudent counsels. Hecuba, the queen,
 Came to them in deep sorrow. In her hand 365
 She bore a golden cup of delicate wine,

That they might make libations and depart.
She stood before the steeds, and thus she spake :—

“Take this, and pour to Father Jove, and pray
That thou mayst safely leave the enemy’s camp ³⁷⁰
For home, since ’t is thy will, though I dissuade,
To go among the ships. Implore thou then
The god of Ida and the gatherer
Of the black tempest, Saturn’s son, who looks
Down on all Troy, to send his messenger, ³⁷⁵
His swift and favorite bird, of matchless strength,
On thy right hand, that, with thine eye on him,
Thou mayst with courage journey to the ships
Of the Greek horsemen. But if Jupiter
All-seeing should withhold his messenger, ³⁸⁰
I cannot bid thee, eager as thou art,
Adventure near the galleys of the Greeks.”

And thus the godlike Priam made reply :
“Dear wife, indeed, I will not disobey
Thy counsel ; meet it is to raise our hands ³⁸⁵
To Jove, and ask him to be merciful.”

He spake, and bade the attendant handmaid pour
Pure water on his hands, for near him stood
A maid who came and held a basin forth
And ewer. When his hands were washed, he took
The goblet from the queen, and then, in prayer, ³⁹⁰
Stood in the middle of the court, and poured
The wine, and, looking heavenward, spake aloud :—

“O Father Jove, most glorious and most great,
Who rulest all from Ida, let me find ³⁹⁵

Favor and pity with Achilles. Send
 A messenger, thy own swift, favorite bird,
 Of matchless strength, on my right hand, that I,
 Beholding him, may confidently pass
 To where the fleet of the Greek horsemen lies!" 400

Thus in his prayer he spake, and Jupiter,
 The All-disposer, hearkened, and sent forth
 An eagle, bird of surest augury,
 Named the Black Chaser, and by others called
 Percnos, with wings as broad as is the door 405
 Skilfully fashioned for the lofty hall
 Of some rich man, and fastened with a bolt.
 Such ample wings he spread on either side
 As townward on the right they saw him fly.
 They saw and they rejoiced ; their hearts grew light
 Within their bosoms. Then the aged king 411
 Hastened to mount the polished car, and drave
 Through vestibule and echoing porch. The mules,
 Harnessed to draw the four-wheeled car, went first,
 Driven by the sage Idæus ; after them, 415
 The horses, urged by Priam with the lash
 Rapidly through the city. All his friends
 Followed lamenting, as for one who went
 To meet his death. And now when they had reached
 The plain descending from the town, the sons 420
 And sons-in-law of Priam all returned
 To Ilium, and the twain proceeded on,
 Yet not unmarked by all-beholding Jove,
 Who, moved with pity for the aged man,

Turned to his well-beloved son and said :— 425

“Hermes, who more than any other god
Delightest to consort with human kind,
And willingly dost listen to their prayers,
Haste, guide King Priam to the Grecian fleet,
Yet so that none may see him, and no Greek 430

Know of his coming, till he stand before
Pelides.” Thus he spake : the messenger
Who slew the Argus hearkened and obeyed ;
And hastily beneath his feet he bound
The fair, ambrosial, golden sandals worn 435
To bear him over ocean like the wind,

And o'er the boundless land. His wand he took
Wherewith he seals in sleep the eyes of men,
And opens them at will. With this in hand,
The mighty Argus-queller flew, and soon 440
Was at the Troad and the Hellespont.

Like to some royal stripling seemed the god,
In youth's first prime, when youth has most of grace.
And there the Trojans twain, when they had passed
The tomb of Ilus, halted with their mules 445
And horses, that the beasts might drink the stream ;
For twilight now was creeping o'er the earth.

The herald looked, and saw that Mercury
Was near, and thus, addressing Priam, said :—

“Be on thy guard, O son of Dardanus, 450
For here is cause for wariness. I see
A warrior, and I think he seeks our lives.
Now let us urge our steeds and fly, or else

Descend and clasp his knees, and sue for grace."

He spake, and greatly was the aged king 455
 Bewildered by his words ; with hair erect
 He stood, and motionless, while Mercury
 Drew near, and took the old man's hand, and
 asked : —

"Whither, O father, guidest thou thy mules
 And steeds in the dim night, while others sleep? 460
 Fearest thou nothing from the warlike Greeks,
 Thy foes, who hate thee, and are near at hand?
 Should one of them behold thee bearing off
 These treasures in the swiftly darkening night,
 What wouldst thou do? Thou art not young, and he
 Who comes with thee is old ; ye could not make 465
 Defence against the foe. Fear nought from me,
 And I will save thee, since thou art so like
 To my own father, from all other harm."

Priam, the godlike ancient, answered thus : 470
 "Thou sayest true, dear son ; but sure some god
 Holds over me his kind, protecting hand,
 Who sends a guide like thee to join me here,
 So noble art thou both in form and air,
 And gracious are thy thoughts, and blessed they 475
 Who gave thee birth." With that the messenger,
 The Argus-queller, spake again, and said :
 "Most wisely hast thou spoken, aged man.
 But tell, and truly, why thou bearest hence
 This store of treasures among stranger men? 480
 Is it that they may be preserved for thee?"

Or are ye all deserting in alarm
 Your hallowed Troy? for such a man of might
 Was thy brave son who died, that I may say
 The Greeks in battle had no braver man." 485

And Priam, godlike ancient, spake in turn :
 "Who then art thou, and of what parents born,
 Excellent youth, who dost in such kind words
 Speak of the death of my unhappy son?"

The herald, Argus-queller, answered him : 490
 "I see that thou wouldst prove me, aged man,
 By questions touching Hector, whom I oft
 Have seen with mine own eyes in glorious fight,
 Putting the Greeks to rout and slaying them
 By their swift ships with that sharp spear of his. 495
 We stood and marvelled, for Achilles, wroth
 With Agamemnon, would not suffer us
 To join the combat. I attend on him ;
 The same good galley brought us to this shore,
 And I am one among his Myrmidons. 500
 Polyctor is my father, who is rich,
 And now as old as thou. Six are his sons
 Beside me, I the seventh. In casting lots
 With them, it fell to me that I should come
 To Ilium with Achilles. I am here 505
 In coming from the fleet, for with the dawn
 The dark-eyed Greeks are planning to renew
 The war around the city. They have grown
 Impatient of long idleness ; their chiefs
 Seek vainly to restrain their warlike rage." 510

Then spake the godlike ancient, Priam; thus :
 " If thou indeed dost serve Pelides, tell,
 And truly tell me, whether yet my son
 Is at the fleet, or has Achilles cast,
 Torn limb from limb, his body to the hounds ? " 525

The herald, Argus-queller, thus replied :
 " O aged monarch, neither have the hounds
 Devoured thy son, nor yet the birds of prey ;
 But near the galleys of Achilles still
 He lies neglected and among the tents. 530
 Twelve mornings have beheld him lying there,
 Nor hath corruption touched him, nor the worms
 That make the slain their feast begun to feed.
 'T is true that, when the holy morning dawns
 Achilles drags him fiercely round the tomb 535
 Of his dear friend ; yet that disfigures not
 The dead. Shouldst thou approach him, thou
 wouldst see

With marvelling eyes how fresh and dewy still
 The body lies, the blood all cleansed away,
 Unsoiled in every part, and all the wounds 539
 Closed up wherever made ; for many a spear
 Was thrust into his sides. Thus tenderly
 The blessed gods regard thy son, though dead,
 For dearly was he loved by them in life."

He spake ; the aged man was comforted, 535
 And said : "'T is meet, O son, that we should pay
 Oblations to the immortals ; for my son
 While yet alive neglected not within

His palace the due worship of the gods
 Who dwell upon Olympus ; therefore they 540
 Are mindful of him, even after death.
 Take this magnificent goblet ; be my guard,
 And guide me, by the favor of the gods,
 Until I reach Pelides in his tent."

Again the herald, Argus-queller, spake : 545
 "Thou seekest yet to try me, aged man,
 Who younger am than thou. Yet think thou not
 That I, without the knowledge of my chief,
 Will take thy gifts ; for in my heart I fear
 Achilles, nor would wrong him in the least, 550
 Lest evil come upon me. Yet I go
 Willingly with thee, as thy faithful guide.
 Were it as far as Argos the renowned,
 In a swift galley, or on foot by land,
 Yet none would dare to harm thee while with me."

So Hermes spake, and leaped into the car, 555
 And took into his hands the lash and reins,
 And breathed into the horses and the mules
 Fresh vigor. Coming to the wall and trench
 About the ships, they found the guard engaged 560
 With their night-meal. The herald Argicide
 Poured sleep upon them all, and quickly flung
 The gates apart, and pushed aside the bars,
 And led in Priam, with the costly gifts
 Heaped on the car. They went until they reached
 The lofty tent in which Achilles sat, 565
 Reared by the Myrmidons to lodge their king,

With timbers of hewn fir, and over-roofed
 With thatch, for which the meadows had been mown,
 And fenced for safety round with rows of stakes. 570
 One fir-tree bar made fast its gate, which three
 Strong Greeks were wont to raise aloft, and three
 Were needed to take down the massive beam.
 Achilles wielded the vast weight alone ;
 Beneficent Hērmes opened it before 575
 The aged man, and brought the treasures in,
 Designed for swift Achilles. Then he left
 The car and stood upon the ground, and said :—

“O aged monarch, I am Mercury,
 An ever-living god ; my father, Jove, 580
 Bade me attend thy journey. I shall now
 Return, nor must Achilles look on me ;
 It is not meet that an immortal god
 Should openly befriend a mortal man.
 Enter, approach Pelides, clasp his knees ; 585
 Entreat him by his father, and his son,
 And fair-haired mother ; so shall he be moved.”

Thus having spoken, Hermes took his way
 Back to the Olympian summit. Priam then
 Sprang from the chariot to the ground. He left 590
 Idæus there to guard the steeds and mules,
 And, hastening to the tent where, dear to Jove,
 Achilles lodged, he found the chief within,
 While his companions sat apart, save two, —
 Automedon the brave, and Alcimus, 595
 Who claimed descent from Mars. These stood
 near by,

And ministered to Peleus' son, who then
 Was closing a repast, and had just left
 The food and wine, and still the table stood.
 Unmarked the royal Priam entered in, 600
 And, coming to Achilles, clasped his knees,
 And kissed those fearful slaughter-dealing hands,
 By which so many of his sons had died.
 And as, when some blood-guilty man, whose hand
 In his own land has slain a fellow-man, 605
 Flees to another country, and the abode
 Of some great chieftain, all men look on him
 Astonished, — so, when godlike Priam first
 Was seen, Achilles was amazed, and all
 Looked on each other, wondering at the sight. 610
 And thus King Priam supplicating spake : —
 “Think of thy father, an old man like me,
 Godlike Achilles! On the dreary verge
 Of closing life he stands, and even now
 Haply is fiercely pressed by those who dwell 615
 Around him, and has none to shield his age
 From war and its disasters. Yet his heart
 Rejoices when he hears thou yet dost live,
 And every day he hopes that his dear son
 Will come again from Troy. My lot is hard, 620
 For I was father of the bravest sons
 In all wide Troy, and none are left me now.
 Fifty were with me when the men of Greece
 Arrived upon our coast ; nineteen of these
 Owned the same mother, and the rest were born 625

Within my palaces. Remorseless Mars
 Already had laid lifeless most of these,
 And Hector, whom I cherished most, whose arm
 Defended both our city and ourselves,
 Him didst thou lately slay while combating 630
 For his dear country. For his sake I come
 To the Greek fleet, and to redeem his corpse
 I bring uncounted ransom. O, revere
 The gods, Achilles, and be merciful,
 Calling to mind thy father! happier he 635
 Than I; for I have borne what no man else
 That dwells on earth could bear, — have laid my lips
 Upon the hand of him who slew my son.”
 He spake: Achilles sorrowfully thought
 Of his own father. By the hand he took 640
 The suppliant, and with gentle force removed
 The old man from him. Both in memory
 Of those they loved were weeping. The old king,
 With many tears, and rolling in the dust
 Before Achilles, mourned his gallant son. 645
 Achilles sorrowed for his father's sake,
 And then bewailed Patroclus, and the sound
 Of lamentation filled the tent. At last
 Achilles, when he felt his heart relieved
 By tears, and that strong grief had spent its force, 650
 Sprang from his seat; then lifting by the hand
 The aged man, and pitying his white head
 And his white chin, he spake these winged words: —
 “Great have thy sufferings been, unhappy king!

How couldst thou venture to approach alone 655
The Grecian fleet, and show thyself to him
Who slew so many of thy valiant sons?
An iron heart is thine. But seat thyself,
And let us, though afflicted grievously,
Allow our woes to sleep awhile, for grief 660
Indulged can bring no good. The gods ordain
The lot of man to suffer, while themselves
Are free from care. Beside Jove's threshold stand
Two casks of gifts for man. One cask contains
The evil, one the good, and he to whom 665
The Thunderer gives them mingled sometimes falls
Into misfortune, and is sometimes crowned
With blessings. But the man to whom he gives
The evil only stands a mark exposed
To wrong, and, chased by grim calamity, 670
Wanders the teeming earth, alike unloved
By gods and men. So did the gods bestow
Munificent gifts on Peleus from his birth,
For eminent was he among mankind
For wealth and plenty; o'er the Myrmidons 675
He ruled, and, though a mortal, he was given
A goddess for a wife. Yet did the gods
Add evil to the good, for not to him
Was born a family of kingly sons
Within his house, successors to his reign. 680
One short-lived son is his, nor am I there
To cherish him in his old age; but here
Do I remain, far from my native land,

In Troy, and causing grief to thee and thine.
 Of thee too, aged king, they speak, as one 685
 Whose wealth was large in former days, when all
 That Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns was thine,
 And all in Phrygia and the shores that bound
 The Hellespont ; men said thou didst excel
 All others in thy riches and thy sons. 690
 But since the gods have brought this strife on thee
 War and perpetual slaughter of brave men
 Are round thy city. Yet be firm of heart,
 Nor grieve forever. Sorrow for thy son
 Will profit nought ; it cannot bring the dead 695
 To life again, and while thou dost afflict
 Thyself for him fresh woes may fall on thee."

And thus the godlike Priam, aged king,
 Made answer : " Bid me not be seated here,
 Nursling of Jove, while Hector lies among 700
 Thy tents unburied. Let me ransom him
 At once, that I may look on him once more
 With my own eyes. Receive the many gifts
 We bring thee, and mayst thou possess them long,
 And reach thy native shore, since by thy grace 705
 I live and yet behold the light of day."

Achilles heard, and, frowning, thus rejoined :
 " Anger me not, old man ; 't was in my thought
 To let thee ransom Hector. To my tent
 The mother came who bore me, sent from Jove, 710
 The daughter of the Ancient of the Sea,
 And I perceive, nor can it be concealed,

O Priam, that some god hath guided thee
 To our swift galleys ; for no mortal man,
 Though in his prime of youthful strength, would dare
 To come into the camp ; he could not pass 716
 The guard, nor move the beams that bar our gates.
 So then remind me of my griefs no more,
 Lest, suppliant as thou art, I leave thee not
 Unharmed, and thus transgress the laws of Jove." 720

He spake : the aged man in fear obeyed.
 And then Pelides like a lion leaped
 Forth from the door, yet not alone he went ;
 For of his comrades two — Automedon,
 The hero, and his comrade Alcimus, 725
 He whom Achilles held in most esteem
 After the slain Patroclus — followed him.
 The mules and horses they unyoked, and led
 The aged monarch's clear-voiced herald in,
 And bade him sit. Then from the polished car 730
 They took the costly ransom of the corse
 Of Hector, save two cloaks, which back they laid
 With a fair tunic, that their chief might give
 The body shrouded to be borne to Troy.
 And then he called the maidens, bidding them 735
 Wash and anoint the dead, yet far apart
 From Priam, lest, with looking on his son,
 The grief within his heart might rise uncurbed
 To anger, and Achilles in his rage
 Might stay him and transgress the laws of Jove. 740
 And when the handmaids finished, having washed

The body and anointed it with oil,
 And wrapped a sumptuous cloak and tunic round
 The limbs, Achilles lifted it himself
 And placed it on a bier. His comrades gave 745
 Their aid, and raised it to the polished car.
 When all was done, Achilles groaned, and called
 By name the friend he dearly loved, and said :—

“O my Patroclus, be not wroth with me
 Shouldst thou in Hades hear that I restore 750
 Hector to his dear father, since I take
 A ransom not unworthy ; but of this
 I yield to thee the portion justly thine.”

So spake the godlike warrior, and withdrew
 Into his tent, and took the princely seat 755
 From which he had arisen, opposite
 To that of Priam, whom he thus bespake :—

“Behold thy son is ransomed, aged man,
 As thou hast asked, and lies upon his bier.
 Thou shalt behold him with the early dawn, 760
 And bear him hence. Now let us break our fast,
 For even Niobe, the golden-haired,
 Refrained not from her food, though children twelve
 Perished within her palace, — six young sons
 And six fair daughters. Phœbus slew the sons 765
 With arrows from his silver bow, incensed
 At Niobe, while Dian, archer-queen,
 Struck down the daughters ; for the mother dared
 To make herself the peer of rosy-cheeked
 Latona, who, she boastfully proclaimed, 770

Had borne two children only, while herself
 Had brought forth many. Yet, though only two,
 The children of Latona took the lives
 Of all her own. Nine days the corses lay
 In blood, and there was none to bury them, 775
 For Jove had changed the dwellers of the place
 To stone ; but on the tenth the gods of heaven
 Gave burial to the dead. Yet Niobe,
 Though spent with weeping long, did not refrain
 From food. And now forever mid the rocks 780
 And desert hills of Sipylus, where lie,
 Fame says, the couches of the goddess-nymphs,
 Who lead the dance where Acheloüs flows,
 Although she be transformed to stone, she broods
 Over the woes inflicted by the gods. 785
 But now, O noble Ancient, let us sit
 At our repast, and thou mayst afterward
 Mourn thy beloved son, while bearing him
 Homeward, to be bewailed with many tears."

Achilles, the swift-footed, spake, and left 790
 His seat, and, slaying a white sheep, he bade
 His comrades flay and dress it. Then they carved
 The flesh in portions which they fixed on spits,
 And roasted carefully, and drew them back.
 And then Automedon distributed 795
 The bread in shapely canisters around
 The table, while Achilles served the flesh,
 And all put forth their hands and shared the feast.
 But when their thirst and hunger were appeased,

Dardanian Priam fixed a wondering look 800
 Upon Achilles, who in nobleness
 Of form was like the gods. Achilles fixed
 A look of equal wonder on his guest,
 Dardanian Priam, for he much admired
 His gracious aspect and his pleasant speech. 805
 And when at length they both withdrew their gaze,
 Priam, the godlike Ancient, spake, and said :—

“Nursling of Jove, dismiss me speedily
 To rest, that we may lie, and be refreshed
 With gentle slumbers. Never have these eyes 810
 Been closed beneath their lids, since by thy hand
 My Hector lost his life ; and evermore
 I mourn and cherish all my griefs, and writhe
 Upon the ground within my palace courts ;
 But I have taken food at last, and drunk 815
 Draughts of red wine, untasted till this hour.”

Achilles bade the attending men and maids
 Place couches in the porch, and over them
 Draw sumptuous purple mats on which to lay
 Embroidered tapestries, and on each of these 820
 Spread a broad, fleecy mantle, covering all.
 Forth went the train with torches in their hands,
 And quickly spread two couches. Then the swift
 Achilles pleasantly to Priam said :—

“Sleep, excellent old man, without the tent, 825
 Lest some one of our counsellors arrive,
 Such as oft come within my tent to sit
 And talk of warlike matters. Seeing thee

In the dark hours of night, he might relate
 The tale to Agamemnon, king of men, 830
 And hinder thus the ransom of thy son.

But say, and truly say, how many days
 Requirest thou to pay the funeral rites
 To noble Hector, so that I may rest
 As many, and restrain the troops from war." 835

Then answered godlike Priam, aged king :
 " Since, then, thou wilt, Achilles, that we pay
 The rites of burial to my noble son,
 I own the favor. Well thou knowest how
 We Trojans are constrained to keep within 840

The city walls, for it is far to bring
 Wood from the mountains, and we fear to dare
 The journey. Nine days would we mourn the dead
 Within our dwellings, and upon the tenth
 Would bury him, and make a solemn feast, 845
 And the next day would rear his monument,
 And on the twelfth, if needful, fight again."

And swift Achilles, godlike chief, rejoined :
 " Be it, O reverend Priam, as thou wilt,
 And for that space will I delay the war." 850

He spake, and that the aged king might feel
 No fear, he grasped his right hand at the wrist ;
 And then King Priam and the herald went
 To sleep within the porch, but wary still.
 Achilles slumbered in his stately tent, 855
 The rosy-cheeked Briseis at his side,
 And all the other gods and men who fought

The Iliad.

Chariots gave themselves to slumber, save
Beneficent Hermes ; sleep came not to him,
For still he meditated how to bring
King Priam back from the Achaian fleet
Unnoticed by the watchers at the gate.

860

So at the monarch's head he stood, and spake :—

“O aged king, thou givest little heed
To danger, sleeping thus amid thy foes,
Because Achilles spares thee. Thou hast paid
Large ransom for thy well-beloved son,
And yet the sons whom thou hast left in Troy
Would pay three times that ransom for thy life,
Should Agamemnon, son of Atreus, learn—
Or any of the Greeks — that thou art here.”

865

870

He spake : the aged king in fear awaked
The herald. Hermes yoked the steeds and mules,
And drave them quickly through the camp un-
marked

By any there. But when they reached the ford
Where Xanthus, progeny of Jupiter,
Rolls the smooth eddies of his stream, the god
Departed for the Olympian height, and Morn
In saffron robes o'erspread the Earth with light.
Townward they urged the steeds, and as they went
Sorrowed and wailed : the mules conveyed the dead,
And they were seen by none of all the men
And graceful dames of Troy save one alone.
Cassandra, beautiful as Venus, stood
On Pergamus, and from its height discerned

875

879

885

Her father, standing on the chariot-seat,
 And knew the herald, him whose voice so oft
 Summoned the citizens, and knew the dead
 Stretched on a litter drawn by mules. She raised
 Her voice, and called to all the city thus : — 890

“O Trojan men and women, hasten forth
 To look on Hector, if ye e'er rejoiced
 To see him coming from the field alive,
 The pride of Troy, and all who dwell in her.”

She spake, and suddenly was neither man 895
 Nor woman left within the city bounds.

Deep grief was on them all ; they went to meet,
 Near to the gates, the monarch bringing home
 The dead. And first the wife whom Hector loved
 Rushed with his reverend mother to the car 900

As it rolled on, and, plucking out their hair,
 Touched with their hands the forehead of the dead,
 While round it pressed the multitude, and wept,
 And would have wept before the gates all day,
 Even to the set of sun, in bitter grief 905

For Hector's loss, had not the aged man
 Addressed the people from his chariot-seat :

“Give place to me, and let the mules pass on,
 And ye may weep your fill when once the dead
 Is laid within the palace.” As he spake, 910

The throng gave way and let the chariot pass ;
 And having brought it to the royal halls,
 On a fair couch they laid the corse, and placed
 Singers beside it, leaders of the dirge,

Who sang a sorrowful, lamenting strain, 925
 And all the women answered it with sobs.
 White-armed Andromache in both her hands
 Took warlike Hector's head, and over it
 Began the lamentation midst them all : —

“Thou hast died young, my husband, leaving me
 In this thy home a widow, and one son, 927
 An infant yet. To an unhappy pair
 He owes his birth, and never will, I fear,
 Bloom into youth ; for ere that day will Troy
 Be overthrown, since thou, its chief defence, 928
 Art dead, the guardian of its walls and all
 Its noble matrons and its speechless babes,
 Yet to be carried captive far away,
 And I among them, in the hollow barks ;
 And thou, my son, wilt either go with me, 930
 Where thou shalt toil at menial tasks for some
 Pitiless master ; or perhaps some Greek
 Will seize thy little arm, and in his rage
 Will hurl thee from a tower and dash thee dead,
 Remembering how thy father, Hector, slew 935
 His brother, son, or father ; for the hand
 Of Hector forced full many a Greek to bite
 The dust of earth. Not slow to smite was he
 In the fierce conflict ; therefore all who dwell
 Within the city sorrow for his fall. 940
 Thou bringest an unutterable grief,
 O Hector, on thy parents, and on me
 The sharpest sorrows. Thou didst not stretch forth.

Thy hands to me, in dying, from thy couch,
 Nor speak a word to comfort me, which I 945
 Might ever think of night and day with tears."

So spake the weeping wife : the women all
 Mingled their wail with hers, and Hecuba
 Took up the passionate lamentation next :—

"O Hector, thou who wert most fondly loved 950
 Of all my sons ! While yet thou wert alive,
 Dear wert thou to the gods, who even now,
 When death has overtaken thee, bestow
 Such care upon thee. All my other sons
 Whom swift Achilles took in war he sold 955
 At Samos, Imbrus, by the barren sea,
 And Lemnos harborless. But as for thee,
 When he had taken with his cruel spear
 Thy life, he dragged thee round and round the tomb
 Of his young friend, Patroclus, whom thy hand 960
 Had slain, yet raised he not by this the dead ;
 And now thou liest in the palace here,
 Fresh and besprinkled as with early dew,
 Like one just slain with silent arrows aimed
 By Phœbus, bearer of the silver bow." 965

Weeping she spake, and woke in all who heard
 Grief without measure. Helen, last of all,
 Took up the lamentation, and began :—

"O Hector, who wert dearest to my heart
 Of all my husband's brothers,— for the wife 970
 Am I of godlike Paris, him whose fleet
 Brought me to Troy,— would I had sooner died !

w

And now the twentieth year is past since first
 I came a stranger from my native shore,
 Yet have I never heard from thee a word 975
 Of anger or reproach. And when the sons
 Of Priam, and his daughters, and the wives
 Of Priam's sons, in all their fair array,
 Taunted me grievously, or Hecuba
 Herself, — for Priam ever was to me 980
 A gracious father, — thou didst take my part
 With kindly admonitions, and restrain
 Their tongues with soft address and gentle words.
 Therefore my heart is grieved, and I bewail
 Thee and myself at once, — unhappy me ! 985
 For now I have no friend in all wide Troy, —
 None to be kind to me : they hate me all."

Weeping she spake : the mighty throng again
 Answered with wailing. Priam then addressed
 The people : " Now bring wood, ye men of Troy, 990
 Into the city. Let there be no fear
 Of ambush from the Greeks, for when of late
 I left Achilles at the dark-hulled barks,
 He gave his promise to molest no more
 The men of Troy till the twelfth morn shall rise." 995

He spake, and speedily they yoked the mules
 And oxen to the wains, and came in throngs
 Before the city walls. Nine days they toiled
 To bring the trunks of trees, and when the tenth
 Arose to light the abodes of men, they brought 1000
 The corse of valiant Hector from the town

With many tears, and laid it on the wood
High up, and flung the fire to light the pile.

Now when the early rosy-fingered Dawn
Looked forth, the people gathered round the pile ¹⁰⁰⁵
Of glorious Hector. When they all had come
Together, first they quenched the funeral fires,
Wherever they had spread, with dark-red wine,
And then his brothers and companions searched
For the white bones. In sorrow and in tears, ¹⁰¹⁰
That streaming stained their cheeks, they gathered
them,

And placed them in a golden urn. O'er this
They drew a covering of soft purple robes,
And laid it in a hollow grave, and piled
Fragments of rock above it, many and huge. ¹⁰¹⁵
In haste they reared the tomb, with sentries set
On every side, lest all too soon the Greeks
Should come in armor to renew the war.
When now the tomb was built, the multitude
Returned, and in the halls where Priam dwelt, ¹⁰²⁰
Nursling of Jove, were feasted royally.
Such was the mighty Hector's burial rite.

THE END.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 01977 9266

