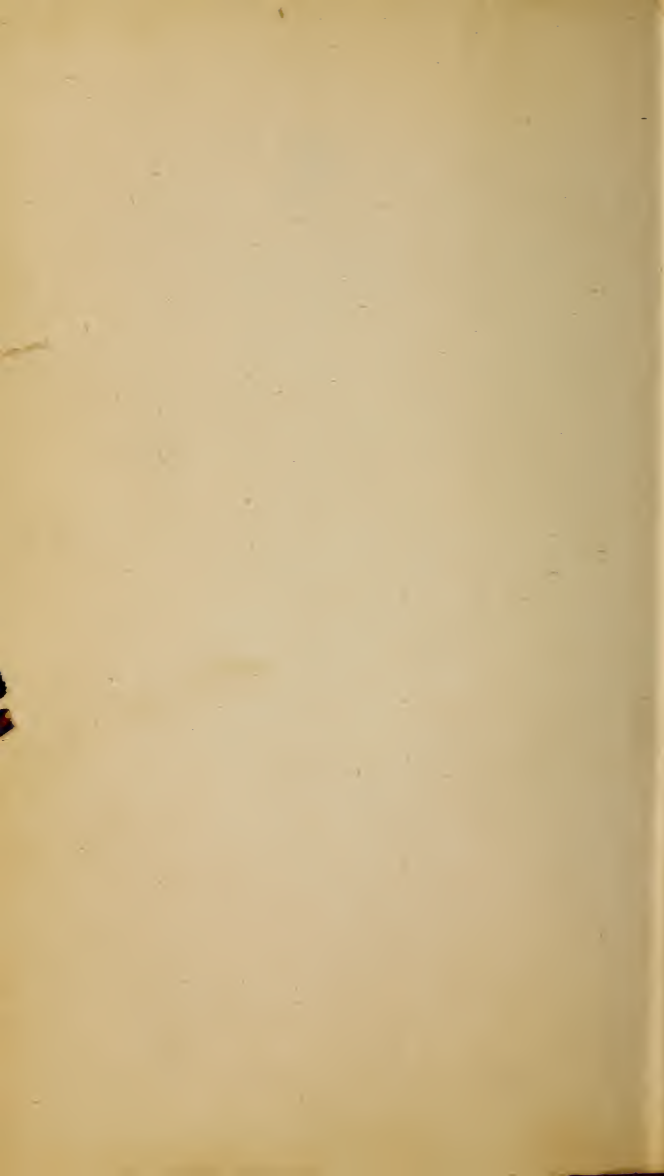


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TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER

BY

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW, B.A.

OXFORD: PRINTED BY TALBOYS AND BROWNE.





Taylor

FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD
BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE
HYMN TO THE DELIAN APOLLO
BACCHUS, OR THE ROVERS
SECOND BOOK OF THE ILIAD

13

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER

BY

WILLIAM JOHN BLEW, B.A.



OXFORD :
PUBLISHED BY D. A. TALBOYS.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING been led, during an interval of leisure, to translate, for my amusement, the first four books of the Iliad, and venturing, for the same reason, to print the first book, together with the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, and the two accompanying Hymns—it was not my design to have extended, beyond these, the compass of my little volume. My Publisher, however, suggesting that a slight addition would render its dimensions by no means inconveniently large, I was induced, after the sheets, originally intended, had been paged and struck off, to add the second book of the Iliad, with which the volume now concludes. I mention this circumstance in order to account for the appearance of the latter book in its present unusual position—divorced from its natural ally the first book, by the armed intervention of the Frogs and Mice, and the intrusion,

of various species of contention ; and to excel in the humblest of them is to possess some degree of merit, and to prefer some claim, however slight, to the public favour. He who cannot attain the richness and harmony of ‘Pope’ may yet hope to surpass him in fidelity ; and though the spirit and freedom of ‘Chapman’ may not be easily outgone, his conciseness and poetical feeling have not much to intimidate a competitor of ordinary endowments.

“ But to come closer to the question,—I hoped that to a fidelity equal to the most scrupulous of my predecessors, I might be found to unite a certain degree of vigour, and to atone for a defect of poetical merit by conciseness and perspicuity. When I speak of fidelity, however, let it be observed, in justice to myself, that I carry the import of this word somewhat further than is usually done. I translate for the English reader, and do not think it sufficient to give him a loose idea of the original, but as fair and perfect a transcript of it as the difference of language will admit : at the same time it will, I trust, appear that I have not, in any instance, fallen into barbarisms or violated the idiom of my own country.

“ It has been objected that my lines run into

one another, and that they would have pleased more had the sense ended with the couplet. I once thought the same; and in many a school-translation ‘rhymed and rattled’ on very glibly, and very much to my own satisfaction; but I subsequently formed a different (I must not say a more correct) opinion of the duty of a translator; and to that, notwithstanding the gentle admonitions which have been conveyed to me, I continue to adhere. It will be readily admitted that I have not adopted the most easy mode of translation;—since, not content with giving the author’s sense, I have entered as far as it was in my power into his feelings, and exhibited as much of his manner, nay of his language (i. e. his words), as I possibly could. Expressions which have been usually avoided, as not *germane* to our tongue, are here hazarded, for the simple purpose of bringing ‘Homer’ as he wrote before the unlearned reader, who may be assured, that he will find, in few versions, as much of the original as in the present: for this of course he must take my affirmation,—nor is this all, for I have given him no more than the original; all that will be found here, is to be found in ‘Homer.’”

After all, however, I cannot help apprehending

with Mr. Gifford himself, that to many “ the mode here adopted will be less pleasing than a more splendid style of versification.”—(Gifford’s Introduction to Persius, p. ix—xi. 1817.)

Agreeing then, as I do, in toto, with the tenor of the foregoing observations, the appropriation of them to my own purpose will not, I trust, be deemed presumptuous; although my compliance with the requisitions they contain may have been far more imperfect, and proportionably less successful, than that of the learned critic with whom they originated; and whose practice they so happily point out. It is impossible, however, in every instance to act up to the rules which we profess to adopt, and whose authority we do fully recognize. Consequently, in looking again over the following sheets, I discover more passages than one, in which these rules have been unnecessarily departed from. Such exceptions I believe to be neither very numerous nor very important: at any rate, it is now too late to correct them. I can therefore but advertise—and apologise for—their existence generally.*

* Two, nevertheless, I will take the liberty of particularizing. The first occurs in my version of that noble line (the 49th of the first Book of the Iliad, page 3.) Δεινή δὲ κλαγγή κ. τ. λ. where, for the nervous simplicity of the original, I have substituted a vague and indefinite

With respect to the notes, I have merely to remark, that, excepting the scriptural, and some few other familiar parallelisms, they are likely to present very little in the shape of direct illustration of the text. Sometimes a word, sometimes a bare allusion in the original, has served to recal a favourite passage to mind, and has thus become,

periphrasis. This error, too, is the less excusable on my part, from the line being rendered, word for word, and with excellent effect, in a "Specimen of an English Homer in Blank Verse," published anonymously in 1807; and also in the recent specimen of Mr. Sotheby.

If permitted to make a second attempt, I would render the line, with its context, thus—though, after all, far from satisfactorily—

“ Then from the fleet sat far aloof—and drew
 His silver bow—fast forth the arrows flew—
 While ever as they fled—incessant rang
 That silver bow—and terrible the twang.

Or perhaps in the following triplet—if the use of “yew,” in the third line for “bow,” may be allowable:—an extension of meaning sanctioned, it may be observed, by the example of Dryden, in his Virgil.—
 .En. ix. 854. xi. 1247.

Then from the fleet sat far aloof—and threw
 An arrow forth—while ever as it flew,
 Dire was the twanging of his silver yew.

The other needless departure from the letter of the Greek, which has been suggested to me by a critical friend, is my rendering of the 388th line of the first Book. It stands the 11th line from the bottom of page 16, *infra*; in place of which I would read the second verse of the couplet as follows:—

Straight rose the king and uttered, in his pride,
 A ruffian threat:—that threat is ratified.

as it were, a peg whereon to hang a few detached and, otherwise, unconnected fragments.* Such is the light in which I would have the reader regard them—and as such, I hope they will not prove altogether uninteresting to him. As to the imitations of Homer which present themselves at every page of our English Poets, the field is so wide, and the flowers so endless, that I prefer leaving them for the reader's own gathering—if he choose to undertake the task. They began to multiply upon my hands so fast, that I was compelled to omit them, or suffer the notes to swell beyond all bounds and proportion.

* One striking parallel from Scripture is omitted, I observe, at p. 39. where, with the beginning of Nestor's harangue, (note 29, page 11.) should be compared 2 Samuel i. 20. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." See also Micah i. 10.

And with the commencement of Agamemnon's speech to Nestor, (last line at page 102, "Father of Greece," &c.) should be compared 2 Kings ii. 12. and xiii. 14. "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Among a few other unnoticed errata, "Cat-and-Frog Fight" has been allowed to stand at page 61, under note 6. It should of course be "Cat-and-Mouse Fight" (*Galeomyomachia*), as indeed it corrects itself on the following page.

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THERE IS NO POETRY BUT HOMER'S ILIADS.

MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

SING, Maid of Heaven! Achilles' wrath, the fount
Of woe to Greece, and sufferings past account,
That wrath which downward swept¹ to Death's² strong
hold

The warrior-spirits of her brave and bold,
Leaving their limbs unsepulchred and bare,
For dogs to rend, and every fowl of air³—
Doom'd from that hour when first, in maddening mood,
Uprose reviling and asunder stood⁴

The King of men, and Peleus' heavenly son:—
Thus willed high Jove, and thus his will was done.

Who then the god that fired them till they strove?—
What power? the son of Leto and of Jove.—
Wroth with their sovereign he, thro' each thinned rank,
Pour'd a loathed plague: in death the people sank⁵.
For their proud king on Chryses' hallowed head
Heaped foul dishonour, when the priest had sped
To the swift war-ships of the Greeks, to free
His daughter from her lone captivity;
Boundless the gifts he bare, and in his hand
Apollo's chaplets and his golden wand;

To all he breath'd his suppliant prayer, but most
To Atreus' sons⁶—twain captains of the host.

“ Princes and mailed warriors! may the powers,
Who dwell for aye in yon Olympian bowers,
Accord ye Priam's rampired town to sack,
And tend your navy on its homeward track,
—Yield but my child, this rich requital take,
And dread the Jove-born Archer's wrath to wake.”
Then rose glad shouts from all the host of Greece⁷,
The priest to homage, and the maid release,—
All save the king : he bids the seer avaunt,
With rude dismissal and unholy taunt.

“ Hence,—Grey-beard ! what 'mid guarded fleets
dost thou ?

Hence—no return—away—nor tarry now,—
Lest, should I light upon thy form again,
Vain were that wand, thy god's own chaplets vain :
But, mark me, ne'er will I the slave unthrall,
Ere in fair Argos, in my kingly hall,—
Far from her father and dear father-land,—
Wrecked be her bloom by Time's invading hand,
Drudge of the loom—weak handmaid of my will :—
Hence then, nor chafe me, lest thou perish still.”

Trembling the old man heard his stern command,
Then slow-departing pac'd the trending strand
In silent agony,—while from the sea
Roll'd in the tumbling billows lustily ;
Then, a far distance gain'd, he pour'd his prayer
To him, the king, whom bright-tress'd Leto bare.

“ Hear me, O thou, with bow of silver bright,
Thou who dost compass Chrysa in thy might,
Lord of bright Tenedos and Cilla fair,
O hear me Smintheus, hear thy servant's prayer!
If e'er these hands have garlanded thy fane⁸,
If at thine altar-stone the victims slain,
And burn'd the steaming thighs to thee, O king,
Of bulls and goats a rich meat-offering,—
Grant this my prayer,—beneath thy shafts of dread,
Let Greece weep blood for all the tears I shed⁹”.

He prayed, the godhead heard his suppliant cry,
Wroth waxed his soul, and from the heavens on high
Apollo came;—across his shoulder slung,
His bow of strength and close-wrought quiver hung,
In wrath he sped, while ever and anon
Knell'd his keen shafts, he came like midnight on¹⁰,
Then sat aloof: fast forth the arrows sprang,
And the bright bow with death triumphant rang.
First on the mules the slaughtering shower fell fast,
Next on the hounds,—on man's doomed race the last;
On man was lanc'd the withering bolt amain,
And quenchless death-pyres lit the midnight plain.

Nine days swept onward thro' that host forlorn
The god's swift shafts, but on the tenth bright morn,
By Peleus' son convok'd, to council press'd
The banded Greeks,—'twas Juno's high behest.
For mark'd had she, in all the gall of grief,
Her Danaans fall, and fall without relief.
Then, the wide synod met, and hushed the crowd,
Uprising, thus Achilles spake aloud.

“ Atrides, now, methinks, ’twere time to run
 Our homeward course, if death we fain would shun.
 For war, fast leagued with plagues that ne’er shall cease,
 Wastes our wan ranks, and saps the strength of Greece.
 Up then! some prophet seek, some priest of heav’n,
 Or seer of dreams, for dreams by Jove are giv’n¹¹,
 Whose lips the god’s fierce wrath may chance explain
 For vows unpaid or hecatombs unslain.
 That, haply, thus he soothe his ravish’d sense
 With fat of rams and choicest goats¹², and hence
 Ward far away the withering pestilence.”

He spake, and sat. Then straight to them upstood
 Thestorian Calchas, seer supremely good;
 Whose prophet-ken could pierce with curbless pow’r
 The past, the present, and the coming hour¹³.
 He, by the skill divine from Phœbus shed,
 To Troy’s far walls the barks of Greece had led.
 Then with sage counsel thus the seer replies:

“ August Achilles, at thy call I rise,
 Darling of Jove:—Thou bidd’st me tell the spring
 Of Phœbus’ anger, the far-darting king.
 Speak then I will; but first thy promise plight
 By words to aid and shield me with thy might,
 For biting rage, methinks, his breast will wring,
 Lord of the Greeks, their leader and their king.
 Dread is a monarch’s power, a monarch’s pride,
 —When roused, what vassal dare his wrath abide¹⁴,—
 For, tho’ a little space it seem to sleep,
 ’Tis cherish’d long, and rankleth dark and deep;

Yea, till the hour arrive its sting to wreak,
 'Tis cherish'd: warrior wilt thou shield me?—speak.”—
 “ Tell all thou know'st, and tell without disguise
 Thy god's command,”—the fleet of foot replies,
 “ For by Apollo, Jove's belov'd, I swear,
 By him who oft hath bless'd thine earnest prayer,
 None, while I breathe the breath of life, and tread
 This earth, with heaven's pure light around me spread,
 Of all the Greeks, yon gallant fleet that throng,
 With hand unblest thy hallowed head shall wrong.
 Nay, should'st thou name their chief, not he, ev'n he,
 Tho' o'er our host he lords it royally.”

Nerv'd thus the sinless seer unshrinking spake,
 “ For no frail vow he chides, nor victim's-sake,
 But for his priest, whom Atreus' royal heir
 'Reav'd of his child, and scorn'd the gifts he bare.
 Hence the fierce Archer's wasting wrath, and hence
 Unquenched shall rage the fiery pestilence,
 Till your sad monarch to her father's arms
 His child restore in all her maiden-charms,
 Unbought, unsold, without a price, and bring
 To Chrysa's shore a holy offering,
 Then may the god vouchsafe our woes relief.”—
 —He said and sat. Heart-stricken then with grief
 Divine Atrides rose, the hero-chief.
 Dark were his thoughts, his soul surcharg'd with ire,
 And his red eyeballs lightened as with fire.
 On Calchas then his scorn he vented first.
 “ Augur of woe! unhallowed and accurst¹⁵,

Thine heart with foul imaginings is fraught,
False hast thou spoken, and as falsely wrought ;
'Tis I, forsooth, the god's keen shafts defy,
The head and front of all your wrongs am I !
And this,—sith I for ransom rich and rare,
Deign'd not to barter back the captive-fair,
That maid more dear to me than aught beside,
Than Clytemnestra's self, my wedded bride ;
Rare tho' my queen, the slave is rarer still,
In form, in mind, and works of wondrous skill.
But, since 'twere best, the maid I freely give,
—My suffering people must not die but live¹⁶.—
Yet straight a boon prepare ye,—lest my lot
Alone prove thankless, such beseems me not.
For lo ! my prize—all eyes have seen the sight—
My hard-earned prize is now another's right.”
To him Achilles, fleetier than the wind :
“ Exalted prince, most grasping of mankind,
How shall our gallant Greeks thy prize restore,
Our booty where ? 'tis hoarded up no more ;
The sack of towns was gathered, shar'd, and spent—
—How then in one can all again be blent ?—
Yet thou the maiden yield, the god obey,
And Greece shall thee with tenfold gifts repay,
When Jove but grant our conquering arms to sack
Yon rampir'd Troy, and crown our fierce attack.”
“ Not thus,” the monarch of the host replies,—
“ Brave as thou art, and godlike in thine eyes,
Deceive not thus thy soul,—for, mark me, prince,
Vain are thy wiles to o'erreach me, or convince.

What, would'st thou have me sit in silence down
 Lacking my prize—and thou retain thine own?
 Well—let my Greeks a lordly guerdon bring,
 Sweet to my soul, and worthy of a king,
 Aye, let them *bring*, lest straight I seize on one,
 From thee, from Ajax, or Laërtes' son,
 Rage then he will the suffering chief, I wis.—
 —But hold! hereafter will we speak of this;
 Forth then a galley launch, with hands aboard
 Of sturdiest strength,—with votive offerings stor'd;
 Let fair Chryseïs mount the deck, and hark,
 Be some sage chief commander of the bark,
 Perchance shall Ajax or the king of Crete,
 Or great Ulysses our approval meet;
 Perchance thyself, thou mightiest of mankind,
 Our will shalt bear, and soothe the Bowyer's mind."

"O, clad in shamelessness¹⁷," with stern-knit brow,
 The chief returns, "for gain a lion thou¹⁸;
 And deem'st one Greek will e'er at thy command
 'Bide the long march or battle hand to hand?
 Harm'd not by Troy, this weary way and long
 I hither sped,—she never did me wrong:—
 My kine, my steeds undriv'n,—her pirate-hand
 Ne'er with wild havoc strew'd my peaceful land,
 Right many a mountain chain, untrack'd and rude,
 And leagues of sea, the fence of Phthia stood:
 No—'twas for thee, thou thrice bereft of shame,
 For thee and thine—thy liegemen true we came.
 But now, hound-fronted slave! it recks thee not,
 Our worth unhonour'd and our aid forgot.

What!—thou wilt rob me of my beauteous slave,
 Prize of my toils, the guerdon Grecia gave?—
 Nay,—much shall I to mate thy treasure lack,
 When Greece victorious, Troy's strong hold shall sack,
 Much as this arm thy craven strength defies
 In deeds of war to match its proud emprize.
 But should we once again the shares assign,
 Vaster thy spoils a thousand-fold than mine²⁰,
 While I with scant yet dear requital seek
 My distant fleet, with toil and warfare weak.
 Now loose we homeward straight! 'twere best to gain
 With our beak'd navy²¹ Phthia's broad domain,
 While mock'd, methinks, and helpless, thou shalt mourn
 Thy war-spoil wasted and thy glory shorn."

To him the king. "If such thy will, away!—
 Command we deign not, nor implore thy stay.
 Keen hearts and ready hands shall yet be mine,
 And Jove the all-wise befriend our proud design.
 Of all the kings in heav'ns high favour nurst,
 Thee loathe I most—for slaughter aye athirst²²,
 Unlov'd, disloyal, pitiless, and proud,
 If strong—forget not Jove that strength allow'd.
 Hence! with thy fleet, thy vassals hold in check,—
 Thyself I scorn, nor aught thy vengeance reck.
 Yet mark! since Phœbus robs me of my slave,
 My bark, my crews, attend her o'er the wave,
 But to thy tent myself forthwith shall wend,
 And thence thy pride, thy bright Briseïs rend.
 —Thus shalt thou learn how powerless thine estate,
 And vassals dread themselves with kings to mate²³.

He spake ; dark grief Pelides' spirit press'd,
And his heart wavered in his stormy breast,
If first, with brand fast-clench'd, to thrust aside
The crowd, and smite the tyrant in his pride,
Or quell his wrath, and curb his fierce disdain,—
—Thus while his heart and soul unstayed remain,
Half had his hand unsheathed his battle-blade,
When on the clouds of heaven Jove's keen-eyed maid
Came down, at white-armed Juno's high behest,
For dear was each to her foreboding breast :
Behind she stood and grasp'd his auburn hair,
Of all unnoted save Pelides there.

Struck with strange wonderment the chieftain turn'd,
And, while her eyes with light unearthly burn'd,
His conscious soul Athena straight confess'd,
And thus with winged words the power address'd.

“ Child of high Jove ! why hither sped, O why ?—
—To glut with yon fierce abject's pride thine eye ?
Mark but my word,—assured by Fate it lies,—
In this, the fierceness of his soul,—he dies.

To him the blue-eyed maid : “ Thy wrath to stay,
Earthward I sped, do thou our will obey,
'Twas Juno urg'd my flight thy rage to quell,
Jove's royal queen who loves ye both so well.
Rein then thine arm, nor rashly bare thy sword,
But goad with scorn, and wound him with thy word ;
For thus I pledge me—thus shall fate ordain,
Ere long shall gifts told o'er and o'er again,
Aye, costliest gifts, requite this deed of ill ;
Peace then—arrest thee—hearken—and be still.”

To her the fleet of foot : “ O holy maid,
Be thine and Juno’s royal will obeyed
Despite my soul’s deep wrath, heaven claims no less ;
Who hears the gods—the gods in turn will bless ²⁴.”
He spake, and on the silver sword-hilt laid
His stalwart hand, and thrust full home the blade ;
Then sought Athena—(when her mild behest
Was all fulfilled)—Olympus’ towery crest,
Jove’s golden halls, the mansions of the blest.
But Peleus’ son Atrides straight bespake
With lip of scorn, and wrath that nought could slake.
“ Drunk, and with wine ! in eye a braggart hound,
In heart a deer, thy form was never found,
(When to the battle-plain thy squadrons prest),
With war’s rough harness buckled on thy breast ;
Ne’er with thy chiefs hast thou in ambush past
The watch of night,—for death was on the cast ;—
No—better far thro’ yon wide ranks to seize
His spoils who dares thy tyrant-will displease,
King !—born to glut thee with a race of nought—
Else were this wrong the last thine arm had wrought ;
But, by my troth, ’tis I that speak ! I swear,
By this, the branchless, leafless staff I bear,—
Fated to bloom not since its parent-cleft,
Bark’d by steel axe, upon the hills it left,
And now by their blest hands borne evermore,
Fathers of Greece, and guards of Jove’s just lore,
Ensign august ²⁵ ! by oath of holiest power—
By this I swear, ere long shall come the hour,

When Greece Achilles' saving arm shall crave ²⁶,
 And thou, heart-rent, without the power to save,
 Shalt see thine host by Hector's might undone,
 Thy thousands quailing at the sight of one,
 —Then shalt thou smite thy breast and madly shriek—
 ' Fool that I was to wrong my noblest Greek.' "

Pelides spake, and dash'd upon the floor
 His truncheon-staff, with studs of gold starr'd o'er.
 Then sat.—Full fronting him and black with rage,
 Atrides scowl'd, but straight the Pylian sage
 Uprose their wrath to lull, from whose charm'd lips
 Flow'd sweeter honey than the wild-bee sips ²⁷.
 Ere while, the comrades of his earlier day,
 Had wan'd two ages of mankind away,
 And now his arm on Pylos' hallowed shore
 O'er a third race the patriarch sceptre bore ;
 Slowly he rose, and spake the word of peace ²⁸ ;
 " Ye Gods ! what biting woe hath compass'd Greece,—
 What joy for Priam, for his sons what joy,
 What wild delight shall glad the tribes of Troy ²⁹,
 Should rumour tell that here discordant rave,
 Her wisest chiefs, the bravest of her brave ;
 Heed then my prayers, a father's voice obey,
 With Nestor's match'd your years are but a day."

" Mightier the friends that bless'd my youthful lot,
 Than ye far mightier ³⁰, yet they scorn'd me not :—
 Perithoüs such, and Dryas, prince of men,
 Their like ne'er saw I—ne'er shall see again.
 Cœneus, Exadius, Polypheme the Great,
 And Ægeus' son for heaven's own race a mate.

Bravest were they 'mongst men of earthly mould,
Most brave, their foes the boldest of the bold,
That churlish horde—the hill-born Centaur brood,
'Gainst whom they warr'd, and smote them where they
stood.

Their ranks to join, from Pylos' strand afar
I sped, no laggard at the call to war,
And fought my bravest³¹; but with them to strive
'Twere vain for man in these weak days alive;
Yet they my counsel heard, obeyed my voice,
Ye then—give ear—obey me—and rejoice.
Nor thou, tho' mighty, wrest from him the fair,
Meed of his toils, the boon of Greece, forbear;
Nor thou, Pelides, thirst thy wrath to whet
'Gainst thy liege lord, for never, never yet
To sceptred king hath grace so great been given,
Kings, the sure favourites of the Lord of heaven.
Tho' might invest thee, tho' a goddess bare,
Mightier thy prince—his sway beyond compare,
Cease then thy rage, O king, 'tis I that pray,
Turn, from Pelides turn thy wrath away,
In war's dark hour, our bulwark and our stay."
"By heaven! hoar chief," Atrides answer made,
"Just is thy prayer, and wise what thou hast said,
But fain would this proud man be lord of all,
Keep kings in check, and nations hold in thrall,
Rebellious hopes, but doomed, methinks, to fall!
What—when with warrior strength his arm it strung,
Did heaven yield licence to his gibing tongue?"

Answering hereat divine Achilles caught :

“ A slave were I,—a very thing of nought,
If e'er I bend me to thy haught decree ;
School others thus, but cease to marshal me.
Yet mark my word, and in thy bosom grave³²,
This arm of mine I lift not for the slave,
With thee nor any else, in deadly fray,
Since ye who gave have snatched my prize away.
But of the treasure, stored yon bark beside,
One tittle touch not, by my will denied,
—Up! then and try—that all the truth may feel,
When thy black life-blood dims my reeking steel.”
Thus in sharp feud with words of maddening heat
They strove, then far'd the conclave to the fleet ;
Forthwith Pelides to his sea-shore tent,
Girt by Patroclus and his comrades, went.
While a brave bark Atrides seaward drew
With twice ten rowers mann'd, a gallant crew ;
On board rich offerings for the god he drove,
And led Chryseïs to her seat above ;
Their chief the sage Ulysses sailed, and they
Forth launching clave at speed their watery way.
His host the king in lustral stream bids lave :
'Tis done, they cast the ablutions in the wave ;
To Phœbus then beside the lone sea-shore,
Of bulls and goats full hecatombs they bore,
While the rich steam in many a wreathed ring
Round heaven's gate curls, and glads the Bowyer-king.
Thus in the camp they far'd ; but nought subdued,
Still press'd the king his fiercely-threatened feud,

Then thus, staunch heralds of their lord's decrees,
Bespake Talthybius and Eurybates.

“Hence! to the war-tent of Achilles—speed—
And hitherward the bright Briseïs lead,
Dares he withhold her?—from her minion's bower,
Straight will we wrest her, with our royal power,
Long time, methinks, his soul shall rue that hour.”
This said, he sternly charg'd them o'er and o'er,
Then bade them speed: along the wild sea-shore
With sorrowing step and slow they lingered on,
And reach'd at length the tented Myrmidon.
Nigh his pavilion and black bark they found
The seated chief; he ey'd them and he frown'd:—
Fear struck—yet mindful of their king's behest,
Without salute they stood nor aught address'd,—
But he, their thoughts straight fathom'd, thus began;
“Hail! heralds, ministrants of god and man,
All hail! not *ye* I curse, but *him* that bade
Wring from these arms mine own, my much-loved maid.
Haste then Patroclus,—son of race divine,
Haste, lead her forth, and unto them consign:
Themselves be witness, by the ever-blest,
By mortal man, and yon loath'd tyrant's breast,
This saving arm should Greece hereafter pray
To ward the bitterness of death away,
And weep—but frenzied are his thoughts, his mind,
Dead to the past, and to the future blind,
Shall lend faint succour in that fearful strife,
When the Greeks combat at their ships for life.”

He spake ; his friend in arms the chief obeyed,
 Forth from the tent he led the bright-cheek'd maid,
 Then yielded up ; along the fleet they pass'd,
 The unwilling maiden lingering still the last.

Aloof, meanwhile, from all his host, the chief
 On the white sea-beach sat, with eye of grief,
 And looking out upon the deep blue sea,
 His hands in prayer stretch'd forth, spake mournfully.
 " Since death, dear mother, soon thy son must claim ³³,
 Oh ! why vouchsaf'd not Jove a deathless name ?
 Why wrong me thus ?—for harsh my doom appears,
 Curtail'd alike of glory and of years ;
 Ev'n now, yon heartless king hath dared despise
 Achilles' wrath—he beards me of my prize !"
 Sorrowing he spake, his prayer the holy queen
 Heard as she sat in Ocean's depths unseen ;
 —She heard—and instant from her father's side
 Rose like a mist above the unruffled tide,
 Then as he wept, before him stood confess'd,
 Sooth'd with soft hand, and mildly thus address'd.
 " Why mourns my son ? why streams the ceaseless
 tear ?

Unlock thine heart and trust a mother's ear."

Then with deep groans he spake ; " Too well, too well,
 The tale thou know'st—what boots it thee to tell?—
 On Thebes we march'd, Eëtion's hallowed town,
 Then sack'd and hither drove the warspoil down ;
 Our Greeks the booty carved, and Atreus' son
 His bright-cheek'd maid the fair Chryseïs won,

But Chryses straight, the priest of Phœbus, sought
The fleet of Greece, with boundless ransom fraught,
To buy his daughter back, and in his hand
Apollo's chaplets and his golden wand ;
To all he pour'd his suppliant prayer, but most
To Atreus' sons, twain captains of the host.
Then shout, accordant, all the sons of Greece,
The priest to homage, and the maid release,
All save the king,—he bade him stern avaunt,
With rude dismissal, and unholy taunt :
Wrathful the hoary sage withdrew, and pray'd—
Apollo listened, and vouchsaf'd his aid,
Then sped the death-shafts down, the people sank
Corse prone on corse, while through each wasted rank
Fast flew the arrows of his wrath abroad,—
—Then spake our seer the mandate of his god :—
Full soon had I the godhead first appeas'd
By rite and prayer, but wrath Atrides seiz'd ;
Straight rose the king and threaten'd in his pride
A threat resistless, stamp'd, and ratified.
To Chryses now they send his child, and bring
In a brave bark rich presents for the king,
While vassal-hands have hence from out my tent
The award of Greece, the bright Briseïs rent,
But thou, if thine the power, befriend thy son,
Olympus seek, and pray the Almighty one—
(If thou in aught hast earned his parent-love,
By word or deed, and charmed the soul of Jove),—
For oft within my father's halls of state
Oft have I heard thee, and with pride relate,

That thou alone didst ward, of all on high,
 Shame from the cloud-wrapt ruler of the sky,
 When banded heaven to fetter Jove essay'd—
 False Juno, Neptune, and the blue-eyed maid :
 But, goddess, thou to loose him from his thrall,
 Didst swiftly up the steep Olympus call
 Him of the hundred hands, tremendous birth,
 Whom heaven Briareus names, Ægeon earth ;
 Ev'n than his mighty sire, more mighty he,
 By Jove he sat, grim smiling in his glee :
 Shuddering the gods beheld him, and no more
 Fed their arch-pride, but straight the gyves forebore ;
 Seek then his throne, recount the deed of love,
 Clasp, clasp his knees, perchance the will of Jove
 May bless the Trojans, while his iron hand
 Smites the coop'd Greeks upon their bark-lin'd strand ;
 Thus all may taste their king, and curse the pride
 That, wronging me, the noblest Greek defied."

And Thetis answered him, with weeping wild :
 " Now woe is me that bare thee, O my child,
 Bane of my soul ! ah ! would to heaven, that still
 With tearless brow, and all unscath'd of ill,
 Thou by thy fleet hadst sat, for scant thy date,
 Span-like, and narrowed by the doom of Fate.
 Yet fleeting thus, and nurst in saddest hour,
 For this I bare thee in my maiden-bower !—
 —Yes,—I will up the snow-clad hill of heaven,
 To Jove, that glorieth in the fiery levin,
 To him my tale recount, and in his ear
 Pour the warm prayer, perchance the god will hear.

But thou the while, lone sitting by the main,
 Rage an thou wilt, yet shun the battle-plain.
 For Jove yestreen, by Ocean's sunny spring³⁴,
 Join'd the blest Ethiops' blameless banqueting,
 Jove and the gods,—but to his mountain-home
 On the twelfth morrow will the godhead come :
 Then to his halls of brass myself I speed,
 And clasp his knees,—perchance the god will heed.”

She spake and left him :—from his inmost heart
 Swell'd deadliest rage, to part, and thus to part,
 From the fair maiden, in his wrath's despite,
 Mock'd by the Greeks and bearded of his right.

Meanwhile to Chrysa's shore the bark is come,
 Fraught with the maid and holy hecatomb,
 Now far within the many-winding bay
 The sails they furl, and lower on deck away,
 Then, slack'd the forestay, on its crutch they stow
 The mast, and onward to their station row ;
 Out moorings³⁵ then—the stern-ropes fast to land,—
 Forth fare the shipmen up the ridgy strand,
 Forth—the fat kine to Phœbus doomed to bleed,
 And forth Chryseis from the bark they lead ;
 Then at the altar, to her sire's caress
 The chieftain yields her with this mild address :
 “ Chryses, the king of warriors bade me bring
 To thee thy child, and offerings to thy king.
 Have mercy then, and sooth his soul to peace,
 For deep the anguish he hath wrought on Greece.”
 He spake, and gave her. *He*, with rapture wild,
 Strains to his heart his lost, his much-lov'd child.

Meanwhile the crew their votive herd drove on,
And ranged around the well-wrought altar-stone,
Then lav'd their hands, and grasp'd the salted cake,
When thus, with arms uplifted, Chryses spake ;
“ Hear me, Oh ! thou with bow of silver bright—
Thou who dost circuit Chrysa in thy might,
Lord of bright Tenedos, and Cilla fair,
If erst thine ear vouchsaf'd mine humble prayer,
If thou, O king, in vengeance honouring me,
Didst smite the Danaan host right fearfully,
Once more arise, once more my prayer accord,
Hear, and from Greece this grim destroyer ward.”
Praying he spake, his prayer the godhead won ;
Then pray'd the Greeks and flung the salt meal on,
Backward the kine they wrench'd, then stabb'd and flay'd,
The thighs carved off, a double cawl they made,
Then in rich folds of fat the limbs they wound,
And layers, unseeth'd, the well-pil'd viands crown'd,
The' hoar elder straight, on brands of cloven pine,
Broils the choice food, and pours the blood-red wine,
While round the venerable priest a throng
Of youths stands rang'd, with each a five-branch'd
prong.

The thighs well broil'd, the inward parts they taste,
Then, sliced, the rest is on their flesh-prongs plac'd,
Meanwhile, with passing skill they roast and broil,
Then, all drawn off, they rest them from their toil,
And deck the board, the holy feast prepare,
Nor lack'd one soul his just-apportioned fare.

All craving banish'd ³⁶—now young hands brim up
 The bowl, and crown with wine the wreathed cup,
 Then round to each, the due libation made,
 Full beakers bare, and fitting service paid,
 —Sons of the Greeks—thro' all the livelong day,
 With hymns of peace and chaunted roundelay
 The god they soothed,—in notes of praise address'd,
 Heaven's archer heard, he heard them and he bless'd.

The sun went down—'twas darkness on the deep—
 Fast by the stern-ropes each lay down to sleep,
 But when the springing morn with rosy feet
 Tripp'd forth—they weigh'd for Grecia's long drawn
 fleet.

By Phœbus sent, the west-wind freshly blew,
 Up went the mast, and forth the white sails flew
 Fill'd by the gale,—the tumbling surge and dark
 Roar'd round her keel, beneath the bounding bark:
 She, with wing'd speed, the paths of ocean crost,
 And gain'd right soon the Grecians' wide-ranged host.
 Straight up the beach they haul their bark, and stow
 High on the sands, and stretch stout warps below:
 This done, the ready crew dispersing went
 To seek, as each beseem'd, his ship or tent.

Fast by his fleet, meanwhile, with vengeance stung,
 Sat the stern chief, from Jove-born Peleus sprung:
 To council throng'd the kings—he went not there—
 The battle bray'd—his heart in lone despair
 Prey'd on itself, yet lingering far away,
 Throbb'd at the shout, and panted for the fray.

But when the twelfth glad morn relum'd the sky,
 Back sped the immortals to their bowers on high,
 And Jove their leader :—of her son's request
 Forgetful not, from Ocean's wavy breast
 Fair Thetis rose, at early dawn, and went
 Thro' the thin air and golden firmament ;
 Olympus gain'd, upon his topmost throne
 The god she found, high seated and alone ;
 Couch'd at his feet, her white hands trembling seize—
 His beard her right ³⁷,—her left his hallowed knees ;
 Then thus with prayer bespeaks Saturnian Jove :

“ All-mighty sire ! if aught for thee I strove
 By word or deed, when heaven conspir'd thy fall,
 Bow down thine ear, and hear me when I call.
 Lift up my son—most fleet, of mortal race,
 And few his years, yet darken'd by disgrace—
 For lo ! from out his arms yon tyrant king
 Dares his rich guerdon, aye, himself, dares wring.
 Then glorify my son, Olympian sire,
 And rallying Troy with tenfold vigour fire,
 Till Greece, repentant Greece, his name adorn,
 With deathless praise and glory yet unborn.”

She said :—no word the cloud-compeller spake,
 Silent he sat, nor long the silence brake :

Yet still his knees she clasp'd, and to his side
 Still clinging, thus again the goddess cried,

“ Plight me thy promise straight ! my prayer approve—
 Or straight deny—for terror binds not Jove :—
 Thus shall myself of all the gods descry
 How far the meanest in thy sight am I.”

Then, greatly grieved, spake cloud-compelling Jove :
 “ The deed were death—again why bid me prove
 The stings of anger, when my jealous queen
 Chafes my worn soul with biting taunts and keen.
 Before all heaven ’tis thus with fresh annoy
 She galls, and brands me as the friend of Troy ;
 Hence, then ! lest Juno fathom thy design,
 Hence—the fulfilment of the deed be mine :
 But mark, so thou believe, mine head I bow,
 Heaven’s holiest token, Jove’s supernal vow,
 For ne’er reversed, unratified, or dead,
 Falls the deep issue, if I bow mine head.”

He spake—and darkly his black eyebrows bent :—
 Then from the head of Heaven’s omnipotent
 His locks ambrosial, waving to and fro,
 Stream’d forth—and vast Olympus rock’d below³⁸.

The conference o’er, they part : her own deep wave
 From heaven’s far-beaming hill the goddess clave,
 Jove sought his high pavilion : from his seat
 Rose every god their coming sire to meet,
 For none at Jove’s approach dare thron’d remain,
 But forth and meet him, all the immortal train.

High thron’d he sate—nor Juno’s ken erewhile
 O’erlook’d that stealthy interchange of guile,
 When to old Ocean’s silvery-footed child
 Jove bow’d assent,—she saw, and thus revil’d ;
 “ O full of craft ! what power now shares thy heart ?—
 ’Tis ever thus ; from me, thy wife, apart,
 Still teems thy bosom with some dark design,
 Free to all ears, but never food for mine.”

“ Seek not,” the sire of gods and men replies,
 “ To probe each purpose that my thoughts devise ³⁹,
 For hard were such to thee—with peril rife—
 —Aye, ev’n to thee—my lov’d, my wedded wife.—
 Whate’er thy knowledge fits, none other ear
 Of gods or men before thine own shall hear,
 But what, aloof from all, our thoughts design,
 Seek not in vain to fathom or divine.”

Him answering, thus bespake the large-eyed queen :

“ Dread lord !—how terrible thy words have been ;
 Ere this, thy thoughts I question not, nor scan,
 Thy peace unharass’d, uncontrol’d each plan,
 But now I dread lest thou, in heart bewray’d,
 Yield to hoar Ocean’s silvery-footed maid ;
 For prone before thy feet, at dawn of day,
 Those knees she clasp’d, and bare, I ween, away
 Jove’s plighted troth, that tenfold shall increase
 Achilles’ pride, and wreck the host of Greece.”

The cloud-compeller thus : “ O most unwise—
 Fraught but with guile, suspicion, and surmise,
 Thy will thou ne’er shalt work, and only prove
 Lost to thyself, and alien from my love.

Sit then—for such the pleasure of thy lord—
 In silence sit, nor murmur at my word,
 Lest vain the aid of all the gods in heaven,
 If once this hand I lift to vengeance driven.”

He spake : the bright-eyed, trembling at his frown,
 In silence sat, and bowed her spirit down :

Wrath reign’d o’er heaven :—but straight sage Vulcan
 rose,

Fraught with sweet spells to sooth his mother’s woes.

“Aye, ’twere a deed of death, the gods to shake
 With broils and tumult for poor mortals’ sake,
 A deed that none may bear :—if folly reign,
 Vain the sweet feast, the board’s enchantment vain.
 List, mother, list,—thyself must deem it best,
 With softest witchery sooth thy sovereign’s breast,
 Lest wrath arouse our father and our lord
 To mar with riot heaven’s blest banquet-board.
 What—cannot he, who wields the flashing levin,
 Uproot us⁴⁰—he—the omnipotent of heaven?—
 Then, so may Jove vouchsafe his sons to bless,
 Sooth thou his soul with words of tenderness.”
 He said, and with a light bound springing up
 To Juno’s hand presents the twofold cup,
 And cries—“forbear thee, mother mine, forbear,
 Tho’ torn in spirit, Jove’s fierce wrath beware,
 Lest I all powerless watch, with these sad eyes,
 His iron arm thy form belov’d chastise ;
 Vain then mine anguish, vain for thee my love,
 —What god dare wrestle with Olympian Jove ?
 Myself, erewhile on succour bent, he swung
 Round by my foot, and o’er heaven’s threshold flung ;
 Down, down, I coursed—sheer down, the livelong day—
 —At even-fall on Lemnos’ isle I lay—
 Scant breath, I ween, was left me then, but straight
 Came Sintian leech, and nurs’d my fallen weight.”

The goddess smil’d, and smiling from her boy
 Welcom’d with snowy hand the cup of joy ;
 The draught he crowns to all the gods aright,
 —Sweet nectar mantling from the flagon bright—

While quenchless laughter shakes the heavenly throng,
To see grim Vulcan as he limps along.

Thus they, till set of sun, with holiest glee,
Crown the long day, and feast right merrily :
Still rings Apollo's golden lute, and still
Heaven's Minstrel-Nine the lay alternate trill.

But when the shades of night began to lower,
They sought for slumber, each his own blest bower,
Where Vulcan erst with subtlest skill had wrought
Pavilions rich beyond the scheme of thought.
Then mov'd the Lightener to his couch of rest,
Where sweetest slumber oft his eyelids prest,
There laid him down to sleep, and at his side,
Lapp'd on her throne of gold, his royal bride.



NOTES

TO THE

FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

Note ¹, p. 1.] *Downward swept.* προΐαψεν. προ omni vi caret.
Schleusner Lex. N. T. v. 2. p. 671.

Note ², p. 1.] *Death's strong hold.* Quasi sepulchrum Hades
esset, fere ad Hebræorum rationem a Lowthio (Prælect. vii.) ex-
plicitam. Simili modo miscentur notiones sepulchri et inferorum
apud Tragicos. Heyn. Pindar. Pyth. v. 130.

Vid. Virg. Æn. iii, 63.

“Αιδης δὲ τόπος ἡμῖν αἰιδῆς ἤγουν ἀφανῆς καὶ ἄγνωστος ὁ τὰς
ψυχὰς ἡμῶν ἐντεῦθεν ἐκδημούσας δεχόμενος. Andreas Cæsar.

Τόπος γὰρ ὁ αἰδῆς ὑπὸ γῆν ἀποκεκληρωμένος ταῖς τῶν ἀπόθνη-
σκόντων ψυχᾶς. Euthymius.

Note ³, p. 1.]

*Leaving their limbs unsepulchred and bare,
For dogs to rend, and every fowl of air—*

Him that dieth of Jeroboam in the city shall the dogs eat, and
him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat, for the
mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. 1 Kings, xiv, 11. Comp.
1 Kings, xxi, 24.

E'l cadavero infame ai corvi lassi.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xii, s. 104.

And the foul carcass to the vultures left.

Canibus data præda Latinis

Alitibusque.

Virg. Æn. ix, 485.

Cast forth to Latian hounds a prey

And the wild birds.

Deforme alitibus liquere cadaver Iberis.

Sil. Ital. Pun. lib. ii, 269.

The grim corse left they to the birds of Spain.

Vulnerum amnes avidæ feræ

Et flavipedi avi

Accepimus.

Ragnar Lodbrog. Epicedium.

Then we laid the mighty low,—

Loosed the life-blood's torrent flow,—

Bidding to their carrion-feast

Rending fowl and ravening beast.

Ἑλλάς στενάξει πᾶσα τοὺς κενοὺς τάφους,

Ὀὐκ ὀστοθήκαις, χοιράδων δ' ἐφημένους. κ. τ. λ.

Lycophron. Cassandra, p. 66, ed. Canter. 1601.

Hellas ! mourn from sea to sea,

Many an earth-tomb tenant-free ;

Theirs no bone-fraught urn, nor chest,

Where the fire-proof ashes rest,

Nor embalm'd nor sepulchred—

—Such the burial of the dead.

But upon the rocks they sleep,
 Rocks—that bristle o'er the deep.
 Theirs a piteous name alone,
 Theirs the empty sculptur'd stone,
 Oft by parent and by child
 Water'd with the scalding tear,
 By the widow's wailing wild
 Hallowed ;—such the warrior's bier!

Note⁴, p. 1.]

*When first, in maddening mood,
 Uprose reviling and asunder stood.*

Their swords were often half unsheathed, red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they stood—Why should they yield to each other? Their fathers were equal in war.

Ossian, Cath-loda Duan ii, vol. i, p. 19.

Note⁵, p. 1.]

Pour'd a loath'd plague—in death the people sank.

Comp. 2 Sam. xxiv, 15.

Note⁶, p. 2.] *Twain captains.* ὄχρυδὸν ζεῦγος Ἀτρεϊδῶν [stout brace of Atridæ.] Æschyl. Agam.

I would alter these lines thus :

Heart-breath'd his prayer to all, but heartiest far
 To Atreus' sons, twain captains of the war.

Note⁷, p. 2.]

Then rose glad shouts from all the host of Greece.

Tutto l'ordine suo concorde freme
 E chiamando il consiglio utile e buono.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. iv. s. 82.

Forthwith the marshaled files accordant shout,
And cry, "the counsel gainful is and good."

Cuncti simul ore fremebant
Dardanidæ. Æn. i, 560.

At once loud shouted all the sons of Troy.

Così pregava ; e ciascun altro i preghi,
Con favorevol fremito, seguia.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xiv, s. xxv.

Thus Guelpho prayed, and every other there,
With favouring murmur, seconded his prayer.

Dixerat hæc, unoque omnes eadem ore fremebant.
Æn. xi, 132.

Thus Drances spake, and all with one acclaim
Loud shouted joyous, and approved the same.

Vid. Odyss. M, 294.

Note⁸, p. 3.]

If e'er these hands have garlanded thy fane.

S'accesi ne' tuo' altari umil facella,
S'auro o incenso odorato unqua ti porsi ;
Tu per lei prega sì, che fida ancella
Possa in ogni fortuna a te vaccorsi.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xii, s. 28.

To thee if gold and incense I have paid,
If e'er with lowly taper lit thy shrine,
Thy prayers vouchsafe her, that the loyal maid
In every change herself to thee resign.

Vid. Odyss. Δ. 763, and P. 240.

—Colui vestros si semper honores.

Æn. xii, 778.

If I thine honours aye have worshipped.

Note⁹, p. 3.]

Let Greece weep blood for all the tears I shed.

Ps. xxxix, 12. O Lord, hold not thy peace at my tears.

Note¹⁰, p. 3.] *He came like midnight on.* He comes a gathered mist. Ossian's Carthon, Macpherson vol. i, p. 90.

Note¹¹, p. 4.] *For dreams by Jove are given.* The Lord came to Abimelech in a dream by night. Gen. xx, 3.

Note¹², p. 4.] *With fat of rams and choicest goats.* Your lambs shall be without blemish, etc. Ex. xii, 5.

Note¹³, p. 4.]

*Whose prophet-ken could pierce with curbless power
The past, the present, and the coming hour.*

Then Herfadur to his hands
Gave the rings and bracelet-bands,
Spell of riches, wisdom's eye,
And the staffs of prophecy,
Well and widely these he kenn'd,
O'er the earth from end to end. The Voluspa.

Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are,
and the things which shall be hereafter. Rev. i, 19.

Note¹⁴, p. 4.]

*Dread is a monarch's power, a monarch's pride,
When roused, what vassal dare his wrath abide?*

The ire of princes is as the wrath of a lion. Kenilworth.
Nothing so wild as jealousy of kings. Cowley's Davideis.

The wrath of a king is as messengers of death. Proverbs, xvi, 14.
 The king's wrath is as the roaring of a lion. Proverbs, xix, 12.
 Vengeance may be postponed, but it never grows cold.

Vid. Upham's Ottom. Emp. vol. ii, p. 115.

Can I behold the eyes of the king? They are terrible in his displeasure, and like the flames of death. Ossian, Lathmon, vol. i, p. 340.

Note¹⁵, p. 5.]

*Augur of woe! unhallowed and accurst,
 Thine heart with foul imaginings is fraught,
 False hast thou spoken, and as falsely wrought.*

And the king of Israel said unto Jehosaphat, there is yet one man, Micaiah, the son of Imlah, by whom we may inquire of the Lord: but I hate him; for he doth not prophecy good concerning me, but evil. 1 Kings, xxii, 8.

Note¹⁶, p. 6.]

My suffering people must not die but live.

Buy for us from thence; that we may live and not die. Gen. xlii, 2; see too xliii, 8, and xlvi, 19.

I shall not die, but live. Ps. cxviii, 17.

And David spake unto the Lord when he saw the angel that smote the people, and said, Lo, I have sinned, and I have done wickedly; but these sheep, what have they done? 2 Sam. xxiv, 17.

Note¹⁷, p. 7.] *O, clad in shamelessness.* Let them be clothed with shame and dishonour that magnify themselves against me. Ps. xxxv, 26; lxxxix, 45; cxxxii, 18.

They that hate thee shall be clothed with shame. Job viii, 22.

Note¹⁸, p. 7.] *For gain a lion thou.* Κερδαλέοφρον, vulpina mente prædite,—κερδαλέος, astutus, lucrosus, κερδὼ vulpes; κέρδος lucrum.

L'opere mie

Non furon leonine, ma da volpe.

Less my deeds bespake
The nature of the lion than the fox.

Cary's Dante, Inf. c. xxvii, 74.

Note ²⁰, p. 8.]

Vaster thy spoils a thousand-fold than mine.

Taccio, ch'ove il bisogno è'l tempo chiede
Pronta man, pensier fermo, animo audace ;
Alcuno ivi di noi primo si vede
Porta fra mille morti o ferro, o face ;
Quando le palme poi, quando le prede
Si dispensan nell' ozio e nella pace ;
Nostro non sono già, ma futti loro
I trionfi, gli onor, le terre, l'oro.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. viii, s. 65.

Well wot ye when the straits of time demand
A ready arm, keen heart, and purpose stout,
Thro' deaths innumeros, arm'd with blade and brand,
Vanmost we rush and scare the craven-rout ;
But when in hour of peace, with grasping hand,
The palms and prey of battle carve they out,
Nought is our portion, valueless our share,
The grace, the triumphs theirs, the gold and lordships fair.

Note ²¹, p. 8.] *Beak'd navy.* *νηυσὶ κορωνίστι*, our raven-barks, either beaked or black, like a crow.

Note ²², p. 8.] *For slaughter aye athirst.* The wrathful delight in death. Their remembrance rests on the wounds of their spear. Strife is folded in their thoughts. Their words are ever heard.

Ossian's Temora, b. iv, vol. ii, 87.

Note ²³, p. 8.]

And vassals dread themselves with kings to mate.

I'll seek the maid I love, tho' in my way
A dozen generals stood in fierce array,

Such rosy beauties nature meant for kings,
Subjects have treat enough to see such things.

Bomb. Furioso, s. 2.

Note²⁴, p. 10.]

Who hears the gods—the gods in turn will bless.

If any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth. John ix, 31.

Note²⁵, p. 10.] *Ensign august.* Thus we have in the second book (line 101.) the pedigree of Agamemnon's sceptre, registered descent by descent. The following is the entire passage.

ILIAD BOOK II.

Ἡύτε ἔθνεα εἰσι μελισσῶν ἀδινάων. Lin. 87.

Ev'n as the swarming honey-bees, that flock,
Still fresh and fresh, from out the rifted rock,
Flit in thick clusters o'er the flowers of spring,
Now here now there, yet ever on the wing,
Ev'n thus the marshall'd tribes from bark and tent
O'er the steep sands outpour'd to council went ;
For in the midst a burning voice was heard
That urged them onward,—Jove's immortal Word :
They met—confusion all—deep groaned the ground
While down they sat—and tumult roared 'around.
Then heralds nine went forth to quell the din,
And for the Jove-nursed kings meet audience win,
Crying aloud :—the impatient host thereat
Took each their seats, and close embodied sat.
Straight then upstood, their noisy clamour still'd,
The king of men—his hand the sceptre fill'd,
The which sage Vulcan erst had wrought, and given
To Saturn's son, high Jove, the king of heaven ;

Jove to his son—the herald Argicide ;
 'To Pelops, he, who lashed the courser's side ;
 Pelops to Atreus, shepherd-prince,—in death
 He to Thyestes did its power bequeath,
 Thyestes—rich in flocks that track the thymy heath.
 To Agamemnon he—therewith to reign
 Lord of the Isles, and Argos' broad domain.

Note ²⁶, p. 11.]

When Greece Achilles' saving arm shall crave.

Ben tosto fia —————

Ch'assai più chiaro il tuo valor estremo
 N'apparirà, mentre starai lontano :
 E senza te parranne il campo scemo,
 Quasi corpo, cui tronco è braccio o mano.

Tasso, *Ger. Lib. c. v, s. 50.*

Thy valorous worth far more exceeding clear
 Shall shine, thyself the while aloof, and reft
 Of thee, the camp shall halt and maim'd appear,
 Like the lopt trunk whence hand and arm is cleft.

οὐ μὴν ἀνατείγ' οὖν δ' ἄνευ μόχθων πικρῶν
 πένθοις θ' ὁ ληστής Δωριεύς γελᾷ στρατὸς. κ. τ. λ.

Lycophron, *Cassandra*, p. 55, ed. Canter. 1601.

Proof not yet 'gainst vengeance' arm,
 Not unscathed by bale and woe,
 Laughs that Dorian robber-swarm,
 Grinning o'er the fallen foe.
 Round their ships, with death-fires rife,
 Lo ! they run the race of life,—
 While the tall pines round them burn,
 They to Jove the Router pray,
 That the sting of death he turn,—
 —From the broken,—turn away.

Vain the breast-work, vain the fosse,
 Spiked with serried stakes across ;
 Vain shall in that hour be found,
 Rampired fleet, and leaguered mound.
 Stem and stern and half-deck o'er,
 Lo ! the tumblers leap amain,
 Leap,—and with their gushing gore,
 Lo ! the foeman's dust they stain.

Comp. line 344 infra.

Note ²⁷, p. 11.]

*From whose charm'd lips
 Flow'd sweeter honey than the wild-bee sips.*

How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey unto my mouth. Ps. cxix, 103.

Note ²⁸, p. 11.]

Slowly he rose, and spake the word of peace.

Subjoined is the speech of Colocolo from the 2nd Canto of Er-cilla's Araucana, an harangue esteemed by Voltaire a masterpiece of oratory and immeasurably superior to that of Nestor before us. The good old Gerenian's systematic eulogy upon his own wisdom, and the humble standard to which he reduces the degenerate race he is addressing, in comparison with the contemporaries of his youth, appears, certainly, a somewhat equivocal method of prepos-sessing the audience in his favour. The Chilian chiefs had been assembled to organize a plan of revolt against the Spaniards, who, after a struggle of six years, had finally reduced them to submission. Their proceedings were opened, "more Germanorum," with a banquet, at which, after enjoying copious infusions of *chicha*, they forthwith began descanting on their deserts. Their apple of discord, however, unlike that of the gallant Greeks, was "no bright maid's bewitching form," but the more ambitious possession of sovereign power. In the midst of their turbulent discussion "the old man eloquent" rises, and thus remonstrates with them on the

madness of their present contention, proposing that genuinely savage method of decision set forth in the closing stanza of the extract. It is accepted, and the choice falls upon an one-eyed chief named Caupolican, who, after making the gigantic plant the companion of his rambles for two days and two nights, flings it away at sun-rise on the third morning, "with a skip and a bound and a song of sweet sound."

"Caciques del Estado defensores
Codicia de mandar no me coimbida," etc. Canto ii.

Caciques—brave guardians of your father-land,
Here at its call in warrior council met,
Deem not for hungry lust of high command
I lift my feeble voice—or idly fret
To see the rough debate your spirits whet
That post to win, which haply might have crown'd
My wintry years—they are not withered yet—
For nobler thoughts my lips this warning sound,
Her children's patriot love, my country's bleeding wound.

Oh! wherefore urge ye each the chief's high claim—
Why this supremacy of honour crave?
What!—would ye hide the blackness of your shame—
Thralls of the stranger—bondsmen of the slave!—
Such thoughts be yours, for such besem the brave,
Oh! then no more do ye, the oppressed of Spain,
With fangless fury gnaw the links, and rave
In wordy wrath, but on the battle plain
Strike the fierce foeman down, and burst your bonds in twain.

What madness this—the childishness of rage—
That to your ruin blindly hurrieth
Ye, O! Araucans. War, fierce war, ye wage
'Gainst your own selves, and in your bowels sheath
With your own hands the steel, your tyrant's death

Which else had wrought, impelled by holiest hate,
 Foes of your land, your freedom, and your faith.
 Oh ! if to die then be your thirst so great,
 Not thus abased die—cast down, degenerate :

But up ! and thrust the keen-edged battle blade,
 And fix the barb'd sting of each frenzied breast,
 Full in their hearts-core, who have foully made
 Ye to all lands a mockery manifest ;
 Hence with the yoke which long, too long, hath prest
 Your necks in iron-bondage—that supreme
 In prowess ever be your might confest,
 Nor shed the life-blood of the land, a stream
 Powerful, ev'n yet, from death her children to redeem.

Your proud resentment and your heart's disdain
 I ken right clearly, and behold with joy,
 Yet somewhat dread I, lest, with wayward rein,
 Wild frenzy from the rightful path decoy,
 And on base ends these noble thoughts employ,
 Till, to yourselves becoming foes accurst,
 Ye stab your bleeding country and destroy—
 If nought appeased. Nay, wreak on me your worst,
 First-fruits of death, and here bleed this old heart the first.—

To each and all hath equal power been given,
 Alike your valour, worth, and high estate—
 On each like riches hath impartial heaven
 Dealt round, and birth of old ancestral date,—
 Comrades ! herein is each his fellow's mate,
 And hence each prince's arm might well have borne
 Rule o'er the world, nor shaken with the weight ;
 Such gracious boon, held gracelessly in scorn,
 Thus low hath stricken down and leaves us thus forlorn.

But in your stalwart arms' surpassing strength
 I put my trust, and fearlessly expect
 Cure for each transient evil,—then at length
 Bestir ye all a captain to elect,
 Whose guiding power may all your force direct—
 Be this the man—whose bidding frame may best
 Upbear a massive beam untired, uncheck'd,
 For since in lot none differeth from the rest,
 Let strength our general choose, be strength the warrior's test.

Note ²⁹, p. 11.]

What wild delight shall glad the tribes of Troy.

Fera tragedia vuol che s'appresenti,
 Per lor diporto alle nemiche genti.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. v, s. 43.

A scene of bloodshed would he fain present,
 To charm the foe and wake their wonderment.

Note ³⁰, p. 11.] *Than ye far mightier.* Bloody were the blue
 swords of the race of my heroes, but I am sad, forlorn, and blind,
 no more the companion of heroes. Ossian, Fingal, iv, i, 295.

Note ³¹, p. 12.] *And fought my bravest.* I often fought and
 often won in the battle of the spear. But blind, and tearful,
 and forlorn, I walk with little men. O Fingal with thy race of
 war I behold thee not. Ossian, Fingal, iii, i, 279.

Note ³², p. 13.]

Yet mark my word, and in thy bosom grave.

Or, odi i detti miei—

Ma gli serba nel cor—

Tasso, c. xvii, s. 60.

Hear then my words—

And lock them in thine heart—

Note ³³, p. 15.]

Since death, dear mother, soon thy son must claim.

Vid. Georg. iv, 321.

Note ³⁴, p. 18.]

*For Jove yestreen, by Ocean's sunny spring,
Join'd the blest Ethiops' blameless banqueting.*

Ωκεανον, The Southern Ocean; but Diodorus Sicul. B. i. says τὸς Ἀιγυπτίους κατὰ τὴν ἰδίαν διάλεκτον Ὀκεανὸν λέγειν τὸν Νεῖλον.

The Ægyptians in their dialect call the Nile Oceanus.

It is to one of these entertainments that Vida, annulling at once the earthly claims of Diomed and the Saracens to its invention, assigns the introduction of chess.

Juppiter Æthiopum sedes et Memnonis arva
Iverat, Oceani mensas dignatus amici,
Qui sibi tum optatis junxit Tellurem Hymenæis.
Affuit unâ omnis superûm chorus : omnia festo
Æquoris immensi resonabant littora plausu.
Ut dapibus compressa fames, mensæque remotæ,
Quo superûm mentes ludo mulceret inani,
Oceanus tabulam afferri jubet interpictam. Schacchia.

To Memnon's bowers and realms of Ethiop race
High Jove had gone blest Ocean's board to grace,
Ocean his friend— who then, with festal mirth,
His bride espoused—the ever blooming Earth—
Jove and the heaven's full choir;—from shore and sea
Rung far and wide glad shouts of revelry.
Their feasting o'er, and tables cleared away,
The immortal guests to cheer with harmless play,
Pastime of gods,—the banquet's blithsome lord
Bade straight bring forth the many-checkered board.

Note ³⁵, p. 18.] *Out moorings then. Ἐννὰς lit. "berths."*

“Odys. ξ. *συφέους* id est haras vocat *εὐνάς* *συνῶν*.” The name anchor does not occur in Homer, nor indeed was the use of that instrument known in that early age. [Wood on Homer]. Large stones, either with rings or holes bored in them, appear to have answered the purpose, and to these the *πρυμνήσια*, stern-ropes, were fastened. Hence the phrase “*solvere funes*” to get under weigh. The frequent sea trips which Homer’s restless life necessarily entailed upon him, must have rendered him fully acquainted with the then simple minutiaë of nautical science; and the exactness of his descriptions testifies the attention he had paid to them.

Note ³⁶, p. 20.] *All craving banish’d.*

Poi che de’ cibi il natural amore
Fu in lor ripresso, e l’importuna sete.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xi, s. 17.

But when their natural craving after food
Was all repressed, and thirst importunate.—

Note ³⁷, p. 21.] *His beard her right.*— And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. 2 Sam. xx. 19.

Note ³⁸, p. 22.]

*He spake—and darkly his black eyebrows bent :
Then from the head of Heaven’s omnipotent,
His locks ambrosial, waving to and fro,
Stream’d forth—and vast Olympus rocked below.*

Così dicendo il capo mosse : e gli ampi
Cieli tremaro ;—

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xiii, s. 74.

He spake and bowed his forehead down : thereat
The broad heavens trembled.

Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum. Æn. x, 115.

According then his dread assent, the god
Shook all Olympus with his sovereign nod.

Terrificam capitis concussit terq; quaterq;
Cæsariem, cum quâ terram, mare, sydera, movit.

Ovid. Met. i, 179.

Thrice and again his awful locks he shook,
Earth, seas, and stars, wild reeling at his look.

Cuncta supercilio moventis.

Hor. Carm. iii, i, 8.

Whose eyebrow sways the universe.

Note ³⁹, p. 23.]

To probe each purpose that my thoughts devise.

Canst thou by searching find out God? Job, xi, 7.

There is no searching of his understanding. Is. xl, 28.

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? Rom. xi, 33, 34.

Note ⁴⁰, p. 24.] *Uproot us.* For God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell. 2 Pet. ii. 4. Jude 6 ver.

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

NAMES OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

FROGS.

PUFF-CHOPS.
MUD-LARK.
THE WATER QUEEN or
LADY OF THE LAKE.
BAWLERO.
MUD.
BEET.
CROAKER.
LAKE-LOVE.
CHAMP-KAIL.
POOL.
RUSH.
MARSH-PRIDE.
BOG-TROT.
GNAW-GARLICO.
CLOD-HOPPER.
GARLEEKO.
HOARSE-CROAK.

MICE.

CRUMB-CATCH.
CRUNCH-CRUST.
LICK-MILLIA.
CHAW-BACON.
PAW-BACON.
GNAW-BACON.
LICK-DISH.
POT-PRY.
LICKERO.
HOLE-PEEP.
CRAM-CAKE.
CHEESE-SCOOP.
SNUFF-STEAM.
SNAP-SCRAP.
PLUMP.
LOAF-LURK.
TUCK-LOAF.

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

[Ex edit. Frid. August. Wolf. Halæ, Saxon. 1784.]

E la terra se scosse e l'ampio seno
De l'oceano a suoi divini accenti,
Ei cominciò dal dì che fu ripieno
Di topi il mondo e di ranocchi spenti.

Tassoni, *Secchia Rapita*, c. ii, s. 43.

And the earth trembled, and the boundless breast
Of ocean at his accents' heavenly tone,
Beginning from that day, when Mice unblest
And Frogs in death through all the world were strown.

AWAKE my song¹,—and ye, sweet minstrels, won
By holiest prayer, oh! leave your Helicon—
I woo ye to my heart,—and bless the strain
Trac'd on the tablets that these knees sustain.
—For wild the deeds, and fearful they record,
—Death's iron din and war's relentless lord,—
Then, on the ear of nations far away,
Thunder the tale—how erst, in mail'd array,
'Gainst legion'd Frogs the Mice triumphant stood,
And shamed in might the giants' earth-born brood²;

Ev'n as among mankind the legend ran
From age to age—'twas thus the feud began.

A mouse erewhile worn down with thirst and spent,
Scantly by claw of stern grimalkin shent,
A neighbouring marish sought, and bath'd therein,
Joy'd by the honied wave, his down-clad chin :
Him straight descried the Beauty of the Lake,
Chieftain far heralded, and thus he spake :

“ Who art thou, friend? whence bound for this lone
shore ?

What sire begat thee, and what mother bore ³?
Tell all and truly tell, for should we find
In thee a comrade meet and to our mind,
Straight will we lead thee to our halls of state,
And load our guest with costly gifts and great.
King Puff-chops we—beside yon lake ador'd,
For many a day, the frogs' imperial lord!
Mud-lark our sire—on Po's sweet margent green
He wooed and won the tuneful Water-queen.
Thee too we ken in mould a mouse of might,
A sceptred king, a champion in the fight,
Haste then thy lineage tell.”—

—Him answered straight

Crumb-catch, and said,

“ Why seek my lineage, mate ?

'Tis known to all, to men, to gods on high,
To fowls of heaven, great Crumb-catch hight am I :
Crunch-crust my large-soul'd sire, the nymph that bare
(Lick-millia, king Chaw-bacon's daughter fair),

Bare in a safe, and fed on daintiest meat,
Figs, nuts, and comfits, sweetest of the sweet.
—But how be guests?—our natures differ wide—
Past is thy life beneath the rippling tide,
While wont am I to nibble in a trice,
Earth's treasured fruits, and all that man holds nice.
Nor shuns my searching ken the wheat-loaf, made
Of finest flour, in shapely basket laid,
Nor spreading tartlet stor'd with juiciest jam,
White-kirtled liver, slice of savoury ham,
Nor freshest cheese from milk delicious prest,
Nor honied cake, the banquets of the blest!
Nor aught by cooks to grace rich revels wrought,
When with each sauce the full tureens are fraught.
Ne'er yet from battle's withering shout I fled,
But on,—and mingled where the vanmost bled:
From man—albeit huge-limbed—I shrink not back,
But hie to bed, his finger-ends attack,
Or eke his toe,—meanwhile the dreamy wight
Unharass'd sleeps, tho' tooth and nail I bite.
But ah! at every step I dread these twain,
Night owl and cat—they work me mickle bane,
And gin accurst, within whose tempting bait,
Lurks darkest guile and lures me to my fate;
—Grimalkin most I dread, and from my soul—
Worst plague, she nabs me worming thro' a hole.
Radish I loathe, nor kail nor pumpkins eat,
Nor parsley love, nor banquet on fresh beet,
For these your dainties are beneath yon lake.”—
—Smiling hereat, in answer Puff-chops spake:

" Too belly-vaunting friend art thou, we too
 On land and lake a thousand wonders view ;
 For Jove to us a twofold being gave,
 On land to skip, and dive amid the wave.
 Wouldst thou assurance full ?—the proof is light—
 Mount on my back, and grasp with all thy might,
 Grasp for thy life—and thus in gleeful hour
 Thy step shall pass the threshold of my bower."

This said, his back he leant ;—sir Mouse upsprung
 With airy leap, and round his plump neck clung,
 The shore in sight, he laugh'd for very glee,
 Elate with Puff-chops' reckless buoyancy :
 But when the dark wave gurgled o'er his head,
 When terror wildly whispered—" hope is fled"—
 Forth gush'd the fruitless tear, he rent his hair,
 And wedged his feet with all thy strength, Despair ;
 " Strange sight," he shriek'd, and then his heart 'gan
 reel,

" Oh that these paws one foot of earth could feel !"
 He groan'd, he groan'd, in chilly fear's constraint,
 When lo ! a sight at which the staunchest faint,—
 Vision of dread to both ! along the lake
 Loom'd large with towering neck, a water-snake ;
 Him Puff-chops saw and plunged, nor stay'd to think
 On helpless comrade left alone to sink,
 Down the dark depths of water far beneath
 He plunged amain, and 'scap'd the night of death.
 Straight on the water flat poor Crumb-catch falls,
 Wrings his gaunt paws, and, drowning, shrieks and
 squalls ;

Oft down the wave he sank, and oft anon
 Struggling uprose;—but Death would not be done.
 His tail spread outward like an oar he plied
 And while, “ye gods! oh! land me, land,” he cried
 A swart wave swamp’d him;—blustering, bluff, and stout,
 At length he spake, and thus his tongue slack’d out:
 “Not thus, not thus, the bull his love-freight bore,
 With fair Europa bound for Crete’s far shore:
 Oh! would to heaven that on his back, the frog
 Had ne’er up-perch’d my shivering frame—the dog!”
 Dank grew his locks, beneath their dragging weight
 He droop’d, thus muttering in the grasp of fate:
 “Puff-chops, thy guile is registered—the shock
 That hurl’d me from thee, wreck’d as from a rock.—
 Caitiff! on land I am thy better far,
 To cuff and kick, to wrestle, run, and spar⁵,
 But no—by craft thou’st drown’d me in the deep;
 Yet ne’er doth heaven’s avenging eyeball sleep:—
 Ev’n now the embattled war-mice bless mine eye,
 Blood calls for blood, and Puff-chops’ hour is nigh!”

He spake, and gasping mid the waters sank,
 When Lick-dish, couch’d upon the mossy bank,
 Espied his fate, and wildly wailing ran
 Fraught with the tidings to the whiskered clan.

But when his fate they knew, from every eye
 Flash’d fiercest wrath—then rose the gathering cry,
 By hurrying heralds bruited wide, for all
 At morn to muster in Crunch-crusto’s hall:
 Sire of poor Crumb-catch he,—whose clay-cold form,
 Bleach’d by the wave and wasted by the storm,

Nestling no more upon the bank's green pillow,
Lay rock'd and rolling on the deep-sea billow⁶.

Red rose the dawn :—with martial clank and din
All breathless troop'd the fiery squadrons in,
And throng'd the place of tryst :—to them upstood
Fierce Crunch-crust, thirsting for the murderer's blood,
And spake ;—“ Albeit, my friends, the pangs I feel,
Leech may not soothe, nor hand of time can heal,
Yet deem not mine alone the cup of gall,
Wrought by yon Frogs, one doom awaits ye all ;
—The dregs 'tis mine to drain—for death hath torn
From me three gallant bairns⁷, the eldest born
Did fell Grimalkin clutch—unhappy soul !
Heedless of death and venturing from his hole ;
The next did heartless hinds to death entice,
With fangled craft and den of quaint device
Yclep'd ‘ a trap’—the barathron of mice.
The third, my best beloved, his mother's joy,
Hath Puff-chops lur'd, and drown'd my princely boy :
Uprise ye then, and don the arms of death⁸,—
Uprise and front them on the battle-heath !”—

He spake,—and faithful to their lord's command
Harness'd and helm'd by war's grim god they stand.
With burnish'd cuishes first their thighs are graced
Wrought of split peascods and right deftly braced ;
Stamping whereon, through all the watch of night,
Staunch had they toil'd, and mounch'd with all their
 might ;

Each stout cuirass a reedy-quilted hide
(From fall'n Grimalkin rent) right well supplied :

Their shield—a cresset-boss, while, fierce and far,
 Bodkins of brass—huge thunderbolts of war—
 Their spear-staffs gleam'd ;—on every brow was set
 Smooth shell of nut, a steel-proof bassenet.

Thus stood the Mice for battle boune ; but when
 The Frogs discerned them, from their peopled fen
 Outpouring toward a singled spot they ran,
 Synod of death—and held their war divan.
 While thus debating what the riot meant,
 And whence the feud, came up a pursuivant,
 Batôn in hand ; Pot-pry the envoy's name,
 August Cheese-scoop's son—full fraught he came
 With words of death:—

“ Your wrath the Mice defy,
 Assembled Frogs ! their herald, lo ! am I.
 Then harness ye for fight,—for on the main,
 These eyes beheld the noble Crumb-catch slain
 By Puff-chops, traitor king :—then forth and fight,
 All ye the fiercest of the Frogs in might.”

His parole he ended :—at the haughty word
 Tingled all ears, and every breast was stirr'd,
 Ay—the stout Frogs were stricken : when their king
 Uprose and spake, amid their murmuring :
 “ His death I wrought not, friends, nor, when he sank,
 Did I behold him,—from the grassy bank
 Springing unseen he met his righteous fate,
 —A floating frog he fain must imitate—!
 Guiltless albeit, and from the crime most free,
 ME—they impeach, and cry revenge on—ME,

Brawlers accurst ! then weave we deep device,
 Foil trick with trick, and crush the traitor-mice.
 But heed my words, for, as beseemeth best,
 These lips shall speak, ay, heed your chief's behest ;
 Don we our mail of proof, and all take post
 On land's last brink, where shelves sheer down the
 coast.

When on our ranks with onslaught wild they burst,
 Grasp each his helmet whom you grapple first,
 And fling amid the waves ; then far below,
 ' Full fathom five,' fast lock in death the foe.
 Unbuoyant herd ! one plunge will them suffice,
 One hearty plunge—then forth and in a trice
 Raise we our trophy o'er the slaughtered Mice."

He spake, and all forthwith were arm'd ; the greaves
 That sheathed their shins were wrought of mallow-
 leaves ;

Of fresh wide beet they wore their shirts of mail,
 Their targets—fashion'd from the leaves of kail,
 For lengthy lance a keen-tipt reed served well,
 Fenced was each brow—its helm a cockle-shell :
 Thus arm'd, along the towery cliffs they stood,
 Shook their sharp spears and thirsted deep for blood.

But Jove, meanwhile, amid the starry skies
 Convened the gods, and set before their eyes
 The murderous mass of war—the warriors fierce,
 A myriad host, and arm'd with mighty spears,—
 (Not such their numbers, nor the host so dread,
 By Centaur-chief or earthborn giant led⁹.)
 Then smiling spake :—

“ Who lends immortal aid
 To Frogs or Mice?—I ween, my blue-eyed maid,
 For daily service in thy temple paid,
 Thou to the Mice—there one and all they skip,
 Snuff the rich steam, and wet the whiskered lip¹⁰. ”

Saturnius ceas'd: to whom his child:—“ my sire,
 Tho' death o'ertake them, and tho' labour tire,
 Yon Mice I ne'er will aid—my wealth they spoil,
 Rend my fair wreaths, and rob my lamps for oil.
 But mark the deed that most distracts my soul—
 Gnaw'd have the thieves and drill'd with many a hole
 That robe, my daily task, my nightly care,
 Wov'n of thin woof and threads more light than air;
 While hourly, thus on miseries miseries mount,
 Comes Botch and duns me for his small account.
 Hence am I wroth—for, while I wove away,
 On tick I went,—and now have nought to pay.—
 Yet deem not thus the Frogs shall boast mine aid,
 Weak are their souls, unprincipled, unstaid,
 For when, with battling bruised and worn with toil,
 I woo'd the balm of sleep,—their wild turmoil
 Scared every wink—with aching brows I lay,
 And toss'd till Chanty piped the dawn of day.
 Then cease we, gods, yon ruffians to assist,
 Lest “ one of us ” fly wounded from the list,
 For keen their brands, tho' gods their passage bar,—
 Then cease we all, and watch from heaven the war.”

She spake: the gods obey'd, and tarrying not,
 Throng'd in a body to the appointed spot.

Forthwith from out the death-trump's thrilling throat,
Twang'd the smart gnats and peal'd the battle note ;
While heaven's Arch-ruler, from the clouds afar,
Thunder'd amain and flash'd the sign of war ¹¹".

Lickero first, far flaming in the van,
Smote Croaker, night upon the spear-point ran.
Thro' yawning paunch, and wounded midriff thrust,
Headlong he fell, and darkened in the dust
His downy crest—he fell with dismal clang ;
Loud on his corse his slackened harness rang.
Next did bold Hole-peep wound the son of Mud,
Fix'd in his breast the sturdy spear-staff stood :
He fell—death's iron bonds the chief enchain'd ;
Forth flew the soul ¹², the clay-cold limbs remain'd.
Then thro' poor Pot-pry drove sir Beet his dart,
Thro' Beet great Tuck-loaf, swoln with rage at heart ;
Then prince Bawlero thro' mid-paunch he cleft,
Prone fell the chief, the soul his carcase left.
But when fair Lake-love spied Bawlero's fate,
He battered Hole-peep with a millstone's weight
Full on the neck—dim shades his eyeballs seal ;
Then at the slayer with his glittering steel
Lickero aim'd, the steel his life-blood drank ;
The which when Champ-kail vision'd, from the bank
He sprang, and sought the shrouding waves,—in vain !
Lickero smites, he falls nor breathes again ;
Red roll the waves in blood, his outstretch'd form
Pants on the beach all bleeding fresh and warm.
Then on the bank did Pool ¹³ poor Cheese-scoop smite,
Then Rush Paw-bacon eyed, and winged his flight

Toward the blue lake, sans sense, sans shield he fled,
But Marsh-pride smote Gnaw-bacon on the head.
Ill-fortuned king ! fierce dash'd the stone—his brain
Stream'd from his nose, and dyed with blood the plain.
Then by brave Bog-trot bit sir Plump the dust ;
But Lick-dish straight his spear through Bog-trot
thrust,

Night seal'd his eyelids : then, with desperate clench,
Snuff-steam—thy foot did grim Gnaw-garlic wrench,
Dragg'd to the pool, there diving far beneath,
Choked thee fast fettered in the grasp of death.
Next Crumb-catch, battling for his slaughtered friends,
His spear-point sheer thro' grim Gnaw-garlic sends,
Unlet it probes his rent heart's inmost core,
Forward he falls, his soul seeks death's dark shore.
Clod-hopper spied him, and a lump of dung
Presenting straight betwixt his eyeballs flung,
Half blind seized Crumb-catch, gored with wrath and pain,
A monstrous stone, the burden of the plain,
And smote therewith Clod-hopper's knee—to wrack
Went the right thigh, he tumbled on his back :
Hoarse-croak, his friend to shield, 'gainst Crumb-catch
flew ;

The sharpened rush-reed pierced his navel thro',
And delved deep deep within ;—he hauls it out,
Forth thro' the rent his gushing entrails spout.
This Cram-cake sees from off the river-bank,
And halts from fight, his brow looks sorely blank,
Then leaps the fosse from death's fierce grasp to steal :
—Next Crunch-crust wounds sir Puff-chops on the heel ;

With anguish maddened to the lake he flies,—
 But when his panting frame Garleeko eyes,
 Vanward he bursts, and hurls his whetted reed :
 Stout stands the shield, and bars his spear-point's speed.

Supreme amid the Mouse clan was there one,
 Palm of the host, the faultless Loaf-lurk's son :
 A very Mars he flam'd, and Snap-scrap hight,
 Prince of the Mice, their champion in the fight !
 Full of fierce thoughts beside the lake he stood,
 And doom'd destruction on the Frogs' fell brood,
 Doom'd—and had well-nigh wrought, his might so vast,
 When Parent-Jove his eye all-seeing cast
 Full on the fainting Frogs, and, touch'd with ruth,
 Bow'd his dark brow and spake the word of truth :

“ Woe worth the day ! at yonder sickening sight
 Ye gods ! I faint, my spirit faints with fright¹⁴.
 Mark where stark Snap-scrap stands beside yon stream,
 How the Frogs tremble, as his eyeballs gleam !
 Hence then let Pallas and the war god wend,
 Hence—and from fight this stalwart champion rend.”
 Thus spake the son of Saturn : at the word
 Mars straight replied, “ My father and my lord,
 Vain were Athena's might, mine own how vain,
 From death to ward the Frogs' devoted train :
 Forth to the rescue—all ! the bolts of death,
 —That quell'd the Titans with their fiery breath,
 That dash'd to earth the gaunt Enceladus,
 And earth's grim race¹⁵,—perchance will wake for us,
 Then shall the stoutest fall !¹⁶” thus spake the god—
 And Jove straight lanch'd the levin-bolt abroad :

Loud roar'd the pealing thunder, at the shock
Olympus reel'd, and bow'd his marble rock.
Forth flew the levin, Jove's appalling brand,
Flame-wing'd and eddying from his red right hand.
Fear walk'd the world, along each serried rank
All hearts throb'd wildly, and each cheek grew blank.
Still nought the Mice recoil'd, but hardier yet
On the doom'd Frogs with gather'd wrath had set,
When Jove, in pity for their lost estate,
Sent a strange plague, that snatch'd them from their
fate.

They came, unseen, their backs like anvils strong,
Curv'd, crook'd, and tortuous, sidled they along:
Hook'd were their beaks, their mouths stout pincers
plied :

Bony their flesh, and wrought of shells their hide ;
From their broad shoulders shot wild flashes out,
Banded their shanks, their paws steel-nerved and stout :
Eyed in their breasts, upon eight feet they crawl,—
Twain were their heads, and handleless were they all ;
By men hight " crabs : "—they charged, and in a trice
Tweak'd by their tails their hands and feet the Mice ;
Down went each ported spear, in withering dread
The pale Mice halted, trembled, turn'd, and fled ¹⁷ !
Ay ! the Mice fled—and at the set of sun
'Twas silence all,—their one day war was done ¹⁸.

NOTES

TO THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

Note¹, p. 45.] *Awake my song.*

Musa, tu che cantasti i fatti egregi
Del Re de Topi e de le Rane antiche,
Si che ne sono ancor fioriti e fregi
La per le piagge d'Elicona apriche.

Tassoni *Secchia Rapita*, c. v, s. 23.

Muse, who didst sing the wondrous exploits done
By the stout king of Mice, and Frogs of yore,
Whence mid the sunny lawns of Helicon
Still fresh they bloom, and deckt with flowerets o'er.—

Note², p. 45.]

And shamed in might the giant's earth-born brood.

Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum

Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
 Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
 Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.

Addison, ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ, 46.

Not such the rout, not such the immortal fray,
 Erst by the bard portray'd in loftiest lay,
 Mæonia's bard—when all the fen's fierce swarms
 He stirr'd with tumult and the bray of arms.
 Here, woeful sight, with reeds thrust thro' and thro'
 Vast forms of Mice the encumbered plains o'erstrew ;
 There, with hoarse throat, the Frog bewaileth sore—
 Doom'd to three feet, quadrupedal no more :
 Shorn of one leg, along the ground he creeps
 Slow—nor essays henceforth his wonted leaps.

Note³, p. 46.]

What sire begat thee, and what mother bore ?

Justice. What is thy name ?

Son. My name's Tom Jenkins, alias I have none
 Tho' orphan'd and without a friend—

Justice. —————Thy parents ?

Son. My father dwelt in Rochester—and was,
 As I have heard,—a fishmonger—no more.

Critic, act. iii, s. 1.

Note⁴, p. 47.]

Ne'er yet from battle's withering shout I fled.

Son of the sea, I never fled. Ossian, Carthon, vol. i, p. 90.

Note⁵, p. 49.]

*Caitiff! on land I am thy better far,
 To cuff and kick, to wrestle, run, and spar.*

So king Creillus, in the Galeomyomachia, describes himself as a knight, sans tache, sans peur.

οὐκ ἐθέλησα ζῆν τὸν ἄπονον βίον. 157. κ. τ. λ.

No sluggard life was mine—my sole delight
Hath been to mingle with the men of might,
Ev'n from a boy—the lance, glaive, targe to wield,
Mount the fleet car, and thread the battle-field,
The foe to smite with timely stroke and stout,
Draw the tough bow and lanch the death shaft out;—
In one short word, to learn—hath been mine aim—
All feats of war, as warrior best became.

Note⁶, p. 50.]

Lay rock'd and rolling on the deep-sea billow.

Beside some fen shall his tomb be seen ; it shall rest without a song. His ghost shall hover in mist over the reedy pool.

Ossian, Tem. vol. ii, p. 107.

Note⁷, p. 50.]

For death hath torn

From me three gallant bairns.

So king Sheep's-eye (Κρεῖλλος) in the Cat-and-Frog-fight.

καὶ γὰρ πρὸ καιροῦ τὴν ἐμὴν θυγατέρα. 1. 34. κ. τ. λ.

Yes, all untimely, in her spring of youth,
My daughter fair, my loved Lick-Lamp-a-tooth
Woe worth the day! did curst Grimalkin paw
Before these eyes.

Loquitur Chip-cheese. I too have felt her claw :
Pride of my heart, my gentlest Gibletine,
She clutch'd, and Eat-Wheat, that brave boy of mine,
Her death-shriek heard—nought lingering—undismay'd—
He rush'd to avenge his slaughtered sister's shade.

Note⁸, p. 50.]

Uprise ye then, and don the arms of death.

Τόινυν κελεύω τοὺς ἐμοὶ πεφιλμένους.

Galeomyomach. 173, κ. τ. λ.

Heed then my call, my liegemen dear ye are,
Up one and all, and throng the files of war.
With skill, with vengeance, valour, strength, go forth
Full arm'd—"let gentle blood shew generous worth."

Arise to battle, my thousands! pour round me like the echoing
main. Gather round the bright steel of your king: strong as the
rocks of my land; that meet the storm with joy; and stretch their
dark pines to the wind. Ossian, Fingal, b. i.

Exalt, ye sons of Erin, exalt the spear, and bend the bow: rush
on the foe in darkness, as the spirits of stormy nights!

Ossian, Fingal, b. ii.

Note⁹, p. 52.]

By Centaur-chief or earth-born giant led.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By Northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led.

Heber's Palestine.

Note¹⁰, p. 53.]

Snuff the rich steam and wet the whiskered lip.

In accordance with this, Sheep's-eye's threat to Jupiter, in the
Cat-and-Mouse Fight, savoureth somewhat of pot valour.

ὡς εἴπερ ὄν θήσει με νικητὴν μέγαν. 104, κ. τ. λ.

Hear then, O Jove, the oath I swear,—if thou
Fail at my feet to make all nations bow,
Fail but to crest my war-plume, battle-tost,
With victory's wreath—thou failest to thy cost:

No stop, no stay,—thy victim-steaming cell
I force,—and feed this godlike belly well.

Note ¹¹, p. 54.]

Thunder'd amain and flash'd the sign of war.

οὐδέποτ' αὐτοῖς

'Αργαλέον πόλεμον τεκμαίρεται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς.

Hesiod. Opera et Dies. lib. i, 226.

Ne'er unto them doth Jove, all-seeing god,
Hang the fierce signs of wasting war abroad.

Note ¹², p. 54.] *Forth flew the soul.*

Dark clouds come o'er my eyes, farewell, good night:
Good night—my mighty soul's inclined to roam,
So make my compliments to all at home.

Bomb. Furioso.

Note ¹³, p. 54.] *Then on the bank did Poole.*

Captain. Yes Poole.

Suffolk. Poole?

Captain. Poole? sir Poole? lord [Poole]?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm.

Henry Sixth, Part ii, act. iv, s. 1.

Note ¹⁴, p. 56.]

Ye gods! I faint, my spirit faints with fright.

Oh! shuddering fancy quails beneath the scene.

Erving Scott's Waterloo.

Note ¹⁵, p. 56.] *And earth's grim race.*

Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque Tonantem

Præcipitem excuteret ; sparguntur in æthere toto
 Fulmina que scopulique : flagrantia tela deorsum
 Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum,
 Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Addison, ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ, 132.

Such war's fierce front, when erst Briareus sought
 To heave huge Pelion into heaven, and thought
 To thrust the Thunderer from his throne on high ;
 Bolts and red rocks are vollied thro' the sky,
 Lanch'd from Jove's hand the writhen fire-shafts fly :
 While the vast giants, blasted by the stroke,
 Bite the black dust, and sear'd with sulphur smoke.

οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔτι Ζεὺς ἴσχευ ἐὼν μένος. κ. τ. λ.

Hesiod. Theog. 687.

Jove curb'd his might no longer, but at length
 Dilate, did all his soul wax full of strength,
 And his whole power brake out,—forth moved the god
 From heaven's bright hill, and lightened as he trod
 Unceasingly :—fast from his stout right hand
 Flew the fork'd bolts, by eddying whirlwinds fann'd.
 From the rich earth the roar of burning came,
 And the deep forest crash'd beneath the flame,
 Yea, the whole earth boil'd up—the ocean's stream
 And wide waste sea,—while clouds of scorching steam
 Wrapp'd round the earthy Titans,—thro' the sky
 Career'd a sheet of fire, and every eye,
 Albeit of forms that nought till now could scare,
 Quail'd and grew dim before that blasting glare.
 Combustion seized on chaos;—heard ye then
 With mortal ear, or viewed with mortal ken,
 It would have seemed as heaven and earth were dash'd
 In one,—with din so terrible they clash'd,—
 Heaven downward plunged, and earth in air uprent :
 Thus roar'd the shock of gods in fiery hosting blent.

See too the sixth Book of Parad. Lost, and Dante's Inferno, c. 31.

Note ¹⁶, p. 56.] *Then shall the stoutest fall.*

Then shall the mighty tremble, the spear shall fall from the hand of the valiant. Ossian, *Temora*, b. i.

Note ¹⁷, p. 57.]

The pale mice halted, trembled, turn'd, and fled.

The mice would appear to have experienced, in some former campaigns, the fatal chance of war.

οὐκ οἶσθα πῶς πρὶν συνιστῶντες τὸν μόθον.

Galeomyomach. 71. κ. τ. λ.

Chip-Cheese loquitur. What? know'st thou not, on wounds and slaughter bent,

To front the Cats' and Frogs' fell armament,

What clouds of friends we gathered?—Know'st thou not—

Sheep's Eye. Full well I know the terrors of our lot :

Friends, kinsmen, comrades, sons and sires, all fell,—

Scarce we ourselves escaped the harrowing tale to tell.

Note ¹⁸, p. 57.]

'Twas silence all, their one day war was done.

What midnight darkness does invade the day,

And snatch the victor from his conquered prey ?

Is the sun weary of this bloody fight,

And winks upon us with the eye of light ?

'Tis an eclipse ! this was unkind, oh ! moon,

To clap between *them* and the sun so soon ;

Foolish eclipse ! thou this in vain hast done ;

Their brighter honour had eclipsed the sun,

And now behold eclipses two in one.

Rehearsal, act v.

HYMN TO THE DELIAN APOLLO

[Ex edit. Frid. August. Wolf. Halæ Saxon. 1784.]

OF him my soul, of him my song shall tell,
Bowyer Apollo, at whose coming quake
The gods in Jove's Olympian dome that dwell,
And at his presence fit obeisance make
Uprising from their golden thrones, when he
Bends with his strong right hand the bow of majesty.

Alone beside the flash-delighting king
Latona sits, her hands the bowstring slack,
Then—lock'd the quiver—straight doth she unsling
The arms of glory from his mighty back,
And to the pillar'd shaft, his father's own,
Hangs on gold nail aloft ; and leads him to his throne.

For him in golden cup the almighty one
 Bright nectar pours, and gives the draught to drain,
 Betokening thus his well-beloved son ;
 Hereat the gods resume their thrones again ;
 Then, holy Leto, laughs thy soul for joy,
 That thou heaven's Archer-king hast borne, thy gallant
 boy.

Hail ! queen thrice blest, all hail ! for thou hast been
 Mother of children beautiful and fair,
 Of bright Apollo and the shaft-joy'd queen,
 Her on Ortygia whilom didst thou bear,
 Him on cragg'd Delos ¹, lapp'd on Cynthus' mount,
 Fast by the palm that shades Inopus' river-fount ².

But how, great lord of song, thy glories sing !—
 Mark of all nature's minstrelsy ³,—for all
 Earth's grassy mainlands and gemm'd islets ring
 Thy praise, each beacon-hill and foreland tall,
 And seaward hurrying streams, and cliffs that sleep
 On the salt wave, and all the havens of the deep.

Sing we how Leto thee, the pride of man,
 On Cynthus couch'd, in Delos' rocky isle,
 Bare, her firstborn !—and how encircling ran
 The blue wave o'er its pebbly beach the while
 Curl'd by the gusty breeze ;—forth starting thence
 O'er far-off nations stretch'd thy vast omnipotence.

All who in Crete and peopled Athens breathe,
 Bark-famed Eubœa, fair Ægina's isle,
 Peiresiæ, Ægæ, sea-shore Peparethe,
 And Thracian Athos, Pelion's towery pile,
 Samos, and Ida dark with many a tree,
 Phocæa, Scyros, and the height of huge Autocané ;

O'er churlish Lemnos, Imbros' shapely piles,
 Lesbos divine, Æolian Macar's bower,
 And Chios, loveliest of the ocean-isles,
 Cliff-cinctured Mimas, Corycus' vast tower,
 Æsageæ's mount, and Claros' bathed in light, [height :
 Samos wave-wash'd, and Mycale with many a mountain

Miletus, Coos, old Meropian town,
 And wind-swept Carpathus and Cnidus tall,
 Naxos, and Paros, and Rhenaia's crown
 Of crags,—thus far ranged Leto and o'er all
 Womb'd with the Archer came, if haply one
 A refuge would vouchsafe, delighting in her son.

But they were stricken with alarm, nor vouch'd
 The god a home, tho' each with fulness blest,
 Ere at famed Delos holy Leto touch'd,
 And thus with winged words the isle address'd :
 " Delos, if thou no chosen place of rest,
 Nor odorous temple to my son wilt grant,
 Sink shall thy name unloved and uncarest,
 Thy fat kine perish, and thy flocks grow scant,
 Wild winds thy vintage waste and wither every plant.

But if thou hold the Archer's wreathed fane,—
To thee shall all men lead rich hecatombs,
Thronging thy shores, and ceaseless victims slain
O'er thine high places roll their fragrant fumes,
And this—if thou wilt nurse on thy domain
My princely infant; so shall heaven's high hand
Fence thee from pirate-foe—a blest tho' barren land.

She said: the island joy'd, and answering spake:
“Leto, the mighty Cæus' noblest child,
Unto my breast will I with gladness take
Thy son, the Bowyer-king, for sore reviled
Am I by man, but thus, methinks, shall I
Gain glory upon earth, ay, glory passing high!—

Yet, Leto, hence am I with dread imbued,
Nor will I cloak it from thee, for they say
That fierce Apollo in his angry mood
Will on the immortals his harsh bidding lay,
And, o'er the boon earth scatter'd widely, bind
With his imperious sway the races of mankind.

But from mine inmost soul this dread I most,
Lest, when he catch the sunlight's earliest shine,
He spurn mine isle, since rugged is my coast,
And thrust me down amid the deep sea brine;
Then, leaving me by winds and whirlpools tost,
Seek out some other country, that may please
His soul, and plant thereon a shrine and bowery trees.

While I must hold, by man untenanted,
 The chambering polypus, the sea-calves' lair.—
 Thou then, O goddess, swear the oath of dread,
 That here thy son a temple passing fair
 Shall fashion first, a cell of augury
 To all mankind, for manifold shall his proud titles be."

This said, the gods' great oath Latona spake,
 "Let earth bear witness—heaven's wide cope—attest—
 And the dull tide of Styx' slow-creeping lake,
 That awful oath, most binding to the blest,
 His odorous altar and choice grove, in thee
 Shall Phœbus plant, and bless thine isle surpassingly."

Her oath she ended: in the babe divine
 Joy'd holy Delos with exceeding joy;
 But Leto full nine days, and nights full nine,
 Worn by sore travail bare the Archer-boy.
 Each goddess then, the noblest of heaven's line,
 Stood by her side; Dione, Rhea bright,
 Ichnæan Themis too, and howling Amphitrite.

And all save white-arm'd Juno. She the while
 Sate in the halls of cloud-compeller Jove.
 Lone too Lucina, thro' the queen's deep guile,
 And veil'd by cloud of gold, heaven's hill above,
 Sate,—by fierce Juno's sleepless envy won,
 At bright-tress'd Leto doom'd to bear that brave and
 blameless son.

Then from their beauteous isle the goddess-throng
 Sent Iris forth, to implore Lucina's aid,
 And pledged her a fair braid nine cubits long,
 With golden threads entwined, but strictly bade
 That Iris call, from Juno's ken afar,
 Lucina forth, lest she by word her coming bar.

Swift Iris heard, and boune for flight withal,
 Clave the mid air, and clomb the Olympian crest,—
 Seat of the gods—then bade from out the hall
 Lucina, and with winged words address'd ;
 Telling of heaven's fair dwellers' high command,
 Nor long did her sweet soul persuasion's voice with-
 stand.

Straight like two fluttering ring-doves fared they forth,
 When, just as kindly Delos welcomed them,
 O'er her came travail and the pangs of birth,
 Her arms then link'd she round a palm-tree stem,
 And knelt on the soft meadow-grass : glad Earth
 Smiled underneath, then sprang the heavenly boy
 Forth to the light, and all the powers loud shouted in
 their joy.

Then did pure hands thee, Bowyer Phœbus, bathe
 In the fair stream, and wrap in snowy fold,
 Weblike, fresh shorn,—and gird in golden swathe :
 Nor yet did Themis from thy lips withhold
 Rich nectar, and the ambrosia's rapturous breath,—
 Thy stainless lips, lord of the brand of gold,

From Leto's breast unfed ;—then laugh'd with glee
Her soul, in that bright babe her Archer-boy to see.

Vain thought ! that strove in golden swathe to chain
That heaving chest, on fare immortal fed,—
Knapt were the withes, the babe-clothes rent in twain ;
Forthwith then Phœbus to the immortals said,
“ Mine be the lyre beloved, the bended bow,
And mine to mortal man Jove's faithful will to show.”

This said, along the earth's broad paths he strode,
God of the locks unshorn !—strange thoughts 'gan move
The immortals ;—then with gold far Delos glow'd
Eyeing the son of Leto and of Jove,
And glorying that the god for his abode
Her isle had cull'd, and guerdon'd with his love
Above all lands ; then brake she forth in flower,
Like some tall hill-top crown'd with many a woodland
bower.

Lord of the silver bow ! far-darting king !—
Whose footstep now o'er rugged Cynthus roams,
Now thro' far isles and nations wandering,
Thine are a thousand groves, a thousand domes,
Each watch-tower thine, and thine the forelands tall,
Thine the high hills, and streams that into ocean fall.

Yet to thy heart is Delos far more dear,
 Whose shores the sweepy-train'd Ionians haunt,
 —They and their wives and little ones—to cheer
 With cestus-play, and dance, and holy chaunt
 Thy name, and there the merry pageant rear.
 Fain would he cry, that chanced that throng behold,
 “Lo! an immortal race—a race that grows not old!—”

Thrice joyous sight! unbounded and untold—
 Of sire and son, pure matron and fair maid,
 Of navies fleet, of treasures manifold,
 And of that choir whose glory ne'er shall fade,
 Daughters of Delos,—handmaids of their king—
 The Archer-god, whose praise before all gods they sing.

To Leto next, and shaft-joy'd Dian, then
 Telling of that high race of olden time,
 Sweet hymns they chaunt, and thrill the tribes of men.—
 So deftly they the voice and mellow chime
 Of each one imitate, that all would say [the lay.
 “'Tis he himself that speaks”—thus tempers truth

Hail then!—my song, Apollo, Dian, grace,
 Ye too, all hail! and in the days to come
 Forget me not, when one of earthly race,
 A worn wayfarer, reach your island-home,

And ask, "sweet maids, of all that hither roam
Whom love ye best—your prince of minëstrelles?"—
Then with one voice make answer,—“Ask ye whom?—
“’Tis the blind bard on Scio’s rock that dwells,
’Tis he whose sweetest song henceforth all song ex-
cells⁴.”

But we throughout the wide world journeying long,
Haunts of mankind, thro’ mart, and marbled town,
Will bear abroad thy glory—for our song
All ears shall hear, all hearts the truth shall own :
Then hymn we Archer Phœbus evermore,
Lord of the silver bow, whom bright-tress’d Leto bore.

NOTES

TO THE

HYMN TO THE DELIAN APOLLO.

Note¹, p. 68.] *Him on cragg'd Delos.*

κείνη δ' ἠνεμόεσσα καὶ ἄτροφος, οἶά θ' ἀλιπλήξ,
αἰθινύης καὶ μᾶλλον ἐπίδρομος ἠέπερ ἵπποις,
πόντῳ ἐνεστήρικται· ὁ δ' ἀμφὶ ἐ πουλὺς ἐλίσσων,
'Ικαρίου πολλὴν ἀπομάσσεται ὕδατος ἄχνην.

Callimachus Hymn. Del. Ed. Blomfield.

Lash'd by the wave and many a wintry storm,
The lonely isle uprears her rock-built form :
Scant pasture hers,—across those hills of blue,
Strange to the war-steed, flits the wild sea-mew.
Based in the deep she braves the girdling tide,
And proudly flings the Icarian foam aside.

Note², p. 68.]

*Lapped on Cynthus' mount,
Fast by the palm that shades Inopus' river-fount.*

ἦ δ' αὖ Λητώ ἄλης ἀπεπαύσατο λυγρῆς·
ἔζετο δ' Ἰνωποῖο παρὰ ῥόον, ὄντε βάθιστον
γαῖα τότ' ἐξανήσιν ὅτε πλήθοντι ῥέεθρω
Νεῖλος ἀπὸ κρημνοῖο κατέρχεται Ἀιθιοπῆος.

Callimachus Hymn : Del.

Then from her long and bitter wandering
 Relieved, sat Leto by Inopus' spring,
 Whose gushing flow most bountiful and deep
 Earth sends aloft, when Nile, with swelling sweep,
 Comes down, rejoicing, from his Ethiop-steep.

Lycophron it may be observed gives his voice in favour of this grand junction of the rivers.

Κυνθίαν ὅσοι σκοπήν
 Μίμνοντες ἠλάσκουσιν Ἴνωποῦ πέλας,
 Αἰγύπτιον Τρίτωνος ἔλκοντος ποτόν·

Cassand. p. 27. ed. Canter.

Whoso in their weary way
 To the Cynthian hill-side stray,
 Rest them at Inopus' brink,
 Wont the draughts of Nile to drink.

Note³, p. 68.]

Mark of all nature's minstrelsy.

En ! patet in laudes area lata tuas.

Ovid. Trist. iv, 3, 84.

Vid. Ilgen's note on νομοὶ ad loc.

Note⁴, p. 71.]

'Tis he whose sweetest song henceforth all song excels.

Be thou near to learn the song future times shall hear of me.
 The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona and,
 looking up to the rocks, say, "Here Ossian dwelt."

Ossian, War of Caros, vol. i, 165.

BACCHUS, OR THE ROVERS.

OF Bacchus will I sing, the son of noble Semele,—
How once beside the waters of the wide and desert sea
Up on a foreland's breezy slope he sunn'd himself; in
sooth

Like to a stripling did he seem in just the dawn of youth.
And waving round his forehead fair the jet black locks
stream'd out, [stout;

And a vest of crimson grain he bare upon his shoulders
Then swiftly o'er the deep blue wave a well-trimm'd
galley swept,

And Tuscan rovers were the crew,—their course mis-
chance had kept.

They see him,—to their shipmates nod, and lightly leap
ashore,

Then seizing straight aboard their bark with a hearty
cheer they bore.

For him they deem'd at least the son of some Jove-
nourish'd king, [ing!

And sought forsooth in bonds to bind of mortal fashion-

But him their stout gyves fettered not, and from his
hands and feet

Fell off the withes; then sat he down, his dark eye
smiling sweet.

This seen, the master to his mates cried out, and thus
did say,

“ Fools that we are, what god have we thus bound and
borne away ?

The gallant bark can hold him not, for either Jove is he,
Or silver-bow'd Apollo, or the ruler of the sea.

Look on that form, and is it, say, like one of earthly
mould ?—

Oh ! no, 'tis beautiful as theirs whom heaven's high
places hold.

Unhand him then, my lads, and land on yonder shadowy
shore,

Lest in his wrath a storm he rouse, and wake the wild
winds' roar.”

He said:—with churlish taunt and foul, the rough old
captain cries,

“ Peace, idler, peace, thy prating cease—and trust for
once thine eyes ;

The wind's right aft, then trim the craft, set all your
canvass square,

Strain stick and spar—this youngster here shall be my
fellows' care¹ ;

He'll reach the Nile I reckon, or his foot on Cyprus set,
Or see the highland north-men, or the men more
northward yet ;—

—His kinsmen who, and what his wealth, at last I ween
he'll tell,

And who his father's sons may be—we'll use our god-
send well !”

He said, and haul'd the mast on end, and up the white
sail sent ;
The belling canvass caught the breeze, on—carrying
all—they went : [anon
Then chanced to them a startling sight ;—a fragrant rill
Of wine brake freshly out, and thro' the black bark
rippled on,
Sweet-breathing, ay, more sweet than ev'n ambrosia's
self the scent—
While mute amaze the seamen seized, and strange
bewilderment.
Along the topsail-yard forthwith a vine stretch'd to
and fro,
And from the rocking tendrils hung ripe clustered
grapes below,
The mast meanwhile dark ivy-shoots with bloom fresh-
flowering sheath'd,
Bright rose the fruit thereon, and all the ports² with
sprays were wreath'd.
They saw, and to the master cried, “ Medeides run for
shore.” [roar,
But straight the god a lion³ grew, and gave a mighty
Aloft on poop and forecastle—stern ramping ;—then he
wrought
Down in the waist a shag-neck'd bear, with fearful
wonder fraught :
Upstood the bear with hungry howl ;—on bulwark,
thwart, and hatch,
With eyes that glared right fearfully, the lion kept close
watch ;

Aft run all hands for very dread, and round the master
crowd,
For still his soul wax'd stout and strong, while they
with fear were bow'd.

Forth springing then the lion seized their captain;—
overboard,
Shunning the bloody grasp of death, they leap'd with
one accord,
Amid the sea,—and straight were chang'd to dolphins,
pitying then
He touch'd the master, making him the happiest among
men,
And blithely spake, “cheer up, cheer up, thine heart, old
shipmate mine,
For dear art thou unto my soul, and I'm the god of
wine!
Ay, Bacchus, roaring Bacchus, I—whom erst my mother
bare,
The bright Cadmeian Semele⁴, Jove's best beloved fair.
Hail! child of rosy Semele⁵!—for how shall bard essay,
Forgetting thee, to wake the lute or dulcet round-
elay!

NOTES

TO

BACCHUS, OR THE ROVERS.

Note¹, p. 80.] *This youngster here shall be my fellows' care.*
ἄνδρεσσι μελήσει, my men at arms, thus clearly marking the difference between the *fighting* and *sailing* crew.

Note², p. 81.] *And all the ports with sprays were wreath'd.*
σκαλμοὶ, pins to which the oars were lashed.

Note³, p. 81.]

But straight the god a lion grew and gave a mighty roar.

φάνηθι ταῦρος, ἢ πολύκρανός γ' ἰδεῖν
δράκον, ἢ πυριφλέγων
ὀρᾶσθαι λέων.

Bacchæ, 1016, ed. Barnes.

Do thou a bull upon us break,
Or a many-headed snake,
Or in red fire gleaming bright
Burst a lion on our sight.

Note ⁴, p. 82.]

*Ag, Bacchus, roaring Bacchus, I—whom erst my mother bare,
The bright Cadmæian Semele.*

Ζώει μὲν ἐν Ὀλυμπίοις,
ἀποθανοῖσα βρόμφω
κεραυνοῦ, ταννέθει-
ρα Σεμέλα· φιλεῖ
δὲ μιν Παλλάς αἰεὶ,
καὶ Ζεὺς πατὴρ μάλα· φιλεῖ
δὲ παῖς ὁ κισσοφόρος.

Pindar, Ol. ii, 44.

Lo! in high heaven for evermore
Immortal dwelleth she,—
Who perish'd in the thunder-roar,—
Long-tressed Semele.
Dear to blest Pallas' changeless love,
And dear, most dear, to parent Jove,
Dear too, to him, whose joy
It is with ivy-wand to rove—
—Her own light-hearted boy.

ὁ Σεμέλης γόνος,
βότρυος ὑγρὸν πόμ' εὔρει, κείσηνέγκατο
θνητοῖς, ὃ παύει τοὺς τάλαιπώρους βροτοὺς
λύπης, ὅταν πλησθῶσιν ἀμπέλου ῥοῆς·
ὑπνον τε λήθην τῶν καθημέραν κακῶν
δίδωσιν, οὐδ' ἔστ' ἄλλο φάρμακον πόνων.

Bacchæ, 278, ed. Barnes.

Yes, son of Semele,
First at thine hand the gushing wine-draught ran,
Nor woo'd in vain the dusty lip of man,

He quaffs, he quaffs, the rich juice of the vine,
 —Now can the mourner weep, the prisoner pine?—
 To-day flung off, he heedeth not the morrow,
 But sleeps;—what other charm have we for sorrow?

Thus Tibullus,—

Bacchus et agricolæ magno confecta labore
 Pectora tristitiæ dissoluenda dedit.
 Bacchus et afflictis requiem mortalibus affert,
 Crura licet durâ compede pulsa sonent.
 Non tibi sunt tristes curæ, nec luctus, osiri;
 Sed chorus, et cantus, et levis aptus amor;
 Sed varii flores, et frons redimita corymbis,
 Fusa sed ad teneros lutea palla pedes.
 Et Tyriæ vestes, et dulcis tibia cantu,
 Et levis occultis conscia cista sacris.
 Huc ades, et centum ludos, geniumque choreis
 Concelebra, et multo tempora funde mero.

Lib. i, Eleg. vii, l. 39.

His weight of woe if Bacchus deign unbind,
 Leaps with fresh life the worn and wearied hind;
 If Bacchus deign the captive's heart to cheer,
 His chain, unfelt, clanks music in his ear.
 No wringing cares, no grief, bright god of wine,
 But dance, and song, and genial love are thine;
 Thine—spring's gay flowers, the ivy-braided brow,—
 Thine—the long saffron mantle's sweepy flow,
 Pipe, and blithe lay, and robes of purple bright,
 And casket, witness of the hidden rite.
 Haste then,—and here thine endless revel keep,
 Haste—and in floods of wine thy temples steep.

Note ⁵, p. 82.] *Hail! child of rosy Semele.* I shall take the liberty of subjoining, from Aristophanes, one of those “mad melo-

dies" with which the Bacchanal spirits of aftertimes delighted to invoke the presence of their favoured deity.

Ἰακχ' ὦ πολυτιμήτοις ἐν
ἔδραις ἐνθάδε ναίων,
Ἰακχ' ὦ Ἰακχε. κ. τ. λ.

Ranæ, 323.

Haste, Iacchus, wont to dwell
In the bowers thou lov'st so well,
Blithe Iacchus! bold Iacchus!
Haste!—and o'er the laughing mead
Us thy trusty liegemen lead,
Haste!—and round thy temples wave
(Let's be merry, let's be merry)
Fruitaged garland blooming brave
With the clustering myrtle-berry.
Come—with free and fearless pace,
Come—with music's mellow chime,
Full of gladness, full of grace,
Not a step be out of time,
Sparkling measure, dance divine,
Bacchus, Bacchus, we are thine.

[*He appears torch in hand, approaching from the distance.*]

Wake the pine-brands into light,
Make them like thine own burn bright,
Bright as that wherewith thou flamest,
Flashing round thee as thou camest,
Kindling thro' the depths of night,
Day-star of the sunless rite.

[*Their torches flame out at once.*]

Hurra! hurra! bank, bush, and scarr,
Redden to the flash afar,—

With trembling glee strains Eldhood's knee,
To follow, follow, follow, free.

Crushing grief and slaving fear,
Starting, from their back they shake,
Gathered weight of many a year,
Holiest! for thy glory's sake.
Up then! with thy blazing pine
Light us on thro' glen and grove,
Lead us, while the dance we twine,
—Children of thy mystic love.

SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

ALL night the gods and earth's mail'd warriors slept—
Sweet sleep ; but Jove his restless vigil kept,
In thought distract¹ how Thetis' son to raise,
And whelm the Greeks amid their navy's blaze.
Then seem'd, nor lightly weigh'd, this counsel best,
O'er Atreus' son to shed a dream unblest² :

Whom call'd he thus with winged words address'd³ :

“ Hence, lying dream, the Achæan war-ships seek,
Hence to the tent where sleeps the royal Greek⁴ ;
Trusty thy words, and true, as I shall say,
Cry—“ up ! and arm thee all thy war-array :
For thine, ev'n now, are Troy's imperial towers,
And thine the dwellers in the Olympian bowers ;
Quell'd are their feuds, and lo ! at Juno's prayer,
O'er Ilion hangs the blackness of despair.”

He spake : the vision to his words gave heed,
Quick boune for flight he reach'd the camp with speed ;
Then in his war-tent found him, where the king
Steep'd in ambrosial sleep lay slumbering.
Like Neleus' son he stood, his head above⁵,
Nestor—first elder in Atrides' love,

Then spake the dream of heaven :—" still slumber-
ing on—

Son of the sleepless⁶—car-borne Atreus' son?
Shame on that prince, whose slumbers all night last⁷,
With nations charged and girt with cares so vast:
Heed then my words,—the words of Jove are they,—
Who pitieth thee, and loves, tho' far away⁸.

Up! at his call—and arm the Achæan powers,
For thine, ev'n now, are Troy's imperial towers⁹,
And thine the dwellers in the Olympian bowers;
Quell'd are their feuds by Juno's prayer, and Jove
Dark terror hangs the walls of Troy above.
He wills,—do thou heart-lock'd his bidding keep,
Nor aught forget, when freed from balmy sleep."

This said, he vanish'd¹⁰;—while the monarch's
thought

Shaped fairest deeds,—ne'er fated to be wrought.
Ev'n on that day he deem'd proud Troy his own¹¹;
Fool—not to him were Jove's deep counsels known,
To him the groans, the anguish unreveal'd,
Of Greece and Troy in many a fated field.
Upris'n¹²—the voice divine still whispering round—
He sat, and on the vest's soft raiment bound,
Fresh wrought; then donn'd his wide robe, and in
haste

On his smooth feet the shapely sandals laced¹³;
Then o'er his shoulders his huge battle-brand
Slung, silver-starr'd, and wielding in his hand
His sires' proud sceptre, incorrupt for aye,
Went—where the Achaians mid their galleys lay.

But when bright Morn the Olympian hill 'gan pace,
 Angel of light to Jove and heaven's high race ¹⁴,
 Atrides gave command, that heralds loud
 Bid all the long-hair'd Greeks to council crowd.
 The heralds cried,—fast gathered man on man ;—
 First then he stay'd the elders' sage divan ¹⁵ :
 Beside the ship of Nestor, Pylian king,
 The chiefs he call'd, and spake deep-communing :
 “ Comrades, give ear, this night a dream divine
 Steep'd in ambrosial slumber hath been mine ;
 In godlike Nestor's stature, gait, and form
 It seem'd ¹⁶—and thus with life's own semblance warm
 Stood o'er my head, and cried, ‘ still slumbering on—
 Son of the sleepless—car-borne Atreus' son ?—
 Shame on the prince, whose slumbers all night last,
 With nations charged and girt with cares so vast :
 Heed then my words,—the words of Jove are they,—
 Who pitieth thee, and loves, tho' far away.
 Up ! at his call—and arm the Achæan powers,
 For thine, ev'n now, are Troy's imperial towers,
 And thine the dwellers in the Olympian bowers ;
 Quell'd are their feuds by Juno's prayer, and Jove
 Dark terror hangs the walls of Troy above.
 He wills,—nor thou forget.'—The vision spake,
 And wing'd his flight :—then up from sleep I brake.
 But come,—that all may arm them for the fight,—
 Myself with guile will tempt their souls to flight,
 And bid lanch forth their stout-nail'd barks,—but ye
 Haste to and fro, and hold them lest they flee.”

He said, and sat : with wisdom's winning smile
Rose Nestor then, the prince of sandy Pyle,
And spake : " Friends, lords of Argos, leaders bold,
Had other Greek this wondrous vision told,
False had it seem'd, and witless to our view ;
But now—what Greek dare call the word untrue—
Vouch'd by our king—the prince whom all obey ?—
Up ! then, and arm we all our war-array."

He spake, and onward from the council led ;
Uprising all obey'd the people's head,
Bright-sceptred kings :—the host fast following sped.
Ev'n as the honey-bees'¹⁷ dense swarms, that flock
Still fresh and fresh from out the rifted rock,
Flit in thick clusters o'er the flowers of spring,
Now here, now there, yet ever on the wing ;
Ev'n thus the marshal'd tribes from bark and tent,
O'er the steep sands outpour'd, to council went,
For in the midst a burning voice was heard,
That urged them onward, Jove's immortal Word¹⁸.
They met—confusion all—deep groan'd the ground¹⁹
While down they sat, and tumult roar'd around.
Then heralds nine went forth to quell the din,
And for the Jove-nursed kings meet audience win,
Crying aloud :—the impatient host thereat
Took each their seats, and close-embodied sat.
Straight then upstood—their noisy clamour still'd—
The king of men,—his hand that sceptre fill'd
Which sage Hephæstus erst had wrought, and given
To Saturn's son, high Jove, the king of heaven—

Jove to his son—the herald Argicide²⁰ ;
To Pelops, he, who lash'd the courser's side ;
Pelops to Atreus, shepherd-prince,—in death
He to Thyestes did its power bequeath,
Thyestes—rich in flocks²¹ that track the thymy heath,
To Agamemnon he—therewith to reign
Lord of the isles, and Argos' broad domain.
Stay'd on its strength, with hurried words of grief—
“ Friends, Danaan warriors,”—cried the indignant chief,
“ Liegemen of Mars,—to yoke of heaviest scorn
Jove links your king, and leaves him thus forlorn ;
Relentless Jove—who vow'd beneath my feet
Proud Troy to crush, and freight my home-bound fleet,
Vow'd, but in guile,—for now to Argos' shore
He points—my glory nought, my host no more²².
Jove's pleasure such—whose outstretch'd arm hath rent
—Tall tower and many a rock-hewn battlement,
Holds of earth's strength—he smote them and shall
smite

Hereafter,—for his power is infinite²³.
Foul tale for days to come, a tale of shame,
That host so great—Achaia's noblest—came,
Came—and vain warfare waged, by foemen met
Far fewer²⁴,—but the end hath come not yet.
—Yes—should we both—with stricken leagues and true,
Trojans and Greeks, our numbered hosts review,
They—singly told—tried sons of Trojan line,
Tho' we in bands of ten our Greeks combine,
And thus each Trojan choose our cup to fill,—
The cup of many a ten were wineless still.

Thus far, methinks, the sons of Greece exceed
 Troy's homeborn race—but in her hour of need
 Fast mustering, march, from many a town and tower²⁵,
 Stout plumps of spears, and bar my baffled power,
 Nor passway yield me—thirsting to destroy
 The embattled gates of stately-structured Troy.
 Now are nine years of mighty Jove gone by,
 Our cordage marr'd, our barks all rotting lie,
 Ev'n now—our wives and little ones, at home
 His coming watch—who ne'er perchance may come²⁶,
 Ev'n now—the deed unwrought that lured us here—
 —But list ye all,—to what I speak give ear²⁷ ;
 Lanch we our barks,—and seek our own dear land,
 For Troy not yet shall stoop beneath our hand.”
 Thus spake the king, and all their bosoms stirr'd
 Thro' that wide host—who ne'er his counsel heard.
 Then shook the conclave²⁸, as with wild unrest
 The huge sea-billows on the Icarian's breast,
 Heaved by the east and south-wind to and fro,
 When from the thunderer's rended clouds they blow.
 And as when west-winds shall, with blast of fear,
 Smite the rich corn and stir the bristling ear,
 The whole host staggered ;—then with uproar sped
 Back to their ships, while from beneath their tread
 Thick dust hung o'er them²⁹ :—then rose cheer and
 shout
 To grasp their barks and lanch in ocean out ;
 The keel-grooves clear'd and slack'd the warps' stout
 hold,
 Glad shouts of home up heaven reechoing roll'd.

And home had they, in doom's despite, return'd,
When with fierce word to Pallas Juno burn'd:

“Heavens! and shall thus, thou child, whom nought
can quell,

Of Ægis-arm'd Jove, invincible,
Thus mock'd, thus homeward, shall the Argives flee,
O'er the wide bosom of the trackless sea,—
And leave to Priam—Troy's triumphant prize—
The Argive Helen, in whose battle lies
The flower of Greece, cut off, from home afar?—
But haste, and seek the Achaian ranks of war,
Now, now, with winning words each warrior keep,
Nor give one galley to the tossing deep.”

She said: and slighting not the queen's behest
Down rush'd Athena from Olympus' crest,
Swift reach'd the fleet, and rooted where he stood
Ulysses found,—like Jove in counsel good,—
Firm fix'd:—no hand upon his bark he laid,
Grief seized his heart and on his spirit prey'd.
Then, drawing near, the blue-eyed goddess cried,
“Laertes' son divine—in wisdom tried—
Thus cower ye trembling your tall barks among,—
Thus—fly ye thus—a home-sick, heartless throng?—
And leave to Priam—Troy's triumphant prize—
The Argive Helen, in whose battle lies
The flower of Greece, cut off, from home afar?—
But haste, and seek the Achaian ranks of war,
Now, now, with winning words each warrior keep,
Nor give one galley to the tossing deep.”

While yet she spake, the goddess' voice he knew ;
Then off—for speed addrest—his mantle threw,
Which the prompt herald stood at hand to seize,
His chieftain's follower, staunch Eurybates.

Him then Atrides met upon his way,
And gave the sceptre, incorrupt for aye,
Borne by his sires,—therewith Ulysses went
Thro' the wide fleet on loftiest mission bent ;
And whom he found, or king, or man of might,
Won with persuasion, and withheld from flight :

“ Ill fits thee, chief, this craven-like dismay ³⁰ ;

But stay thyself, and all thy people stay.

Our monarch's mind dost thou but dimly know,
He tempts us now—to work hereafter woe.

Not all his purpose we in council heard :

Sore can he smite if once his wrath be stirr'd.

Mighty the thoughts a monarch's heart that swell ³¹,

And great his glory, loved by Jove so well ³².”

But whom of baser sort he clamouring met ³³,

His sceptre smote, and such his chiding threat :

“ Peace, knave, and sit,—the words of others hear,—

Thy betters far ³⁴ ;—a chieftain's voice revere :

Unwarlike thou, and spiritless, nor aught

In battle numbered, as in council—nought.

But we Achaians here not all are kings ;

From parted pryncedom scant advantage springs ;

One be our prince, one king, whom Jove's right hand

Gifts with just lore and sceptre of command.”

Thus marshal'd he the host ; from bark and tent,

To council back with crowding steps they went,

Dinning :—as when the boisterous billow pours
Up the rough beach—and loud the great sea roars.
Down then they sat and all attentive hung ;³⁵
Thersites only plied his chattering tongue,
Whose lips with shame, whose heart with malice rife,
Foul utterance framed, and still with kings at strife.
In jest and gibe the ribald-laugh that caught
Well-conn'd—Troy walls, the foulest wight, he sought ;
Squint-eyed, and limping on one leg ;—a height
Of toppling shoulders pinch'd his bosom tight ;
His head went tapering up—and o'er the top
Scant wool spread here and there its straggling crop :
By Peleus' son far loathliest held of all,
And sage Ulysses,—butts of his rude brawl.
Then, on Atrides jabbering taunts accurst,
While Greece with fiery indignation burst,
He cried :

“ Still pining, king, and craving still ?
Brass heaps thy tents, and maids await thy will,
Choice maids and fair,—whom first to thee we brought,
Spoils of sack'd towns by us the Achæans wrought.
Or gold ev'n yet dost covet—which from Troy
Some chief shall bring—the ransom of his boy,
Whom I, perchance, have gathered to the prey,
Or other Greek hath bound and borne away ?—
Or some fresh girl, with love to while the hour,
Barr'd from all eyes, and treasured in thy bower,
Such thy desire ?—yet ill beseems the king,
Thus o'er his sons the yoke of shame to fling.

“ Dastards! Greek Women—Men of Greece³⁶ no more!
 Home let us haste, and here on Troy’s lone shore
 Leave this our king to revel in his lot,
 And see if succoured by our arm—or not :
 Who but ev’n now from one, his better far—
 —From scorn’d Achilles,—seized the spoil of war.
 But soft that chieftain’s heart, his wrath soon past,
 Or this foul rape, Atrides, were thy last.”

Taunting the monarch thus Thersites cried :
 But straight divine Ulysses at his side
 Stood sternly eyeing, and with threats ’gan chide :

“ Peace—lewd Thersites, shrilly chatterer—peace,
 Nor strive—thou only—with the lords of Greece.
 For none more foul than thou, more reft of shame,
 Leagued with the Atridæ under Ilion came.
 Mouth then no more the name of kings, but learn
 To curb thy scoffs, nor whisper of return.
 Not yet the end of all these things we know,
 Nor if we Greeks launch hence in weal or woe.
 Yes—taunt Atrides—shepherd of his host—
 That him the Danaan heroes honour most ;
 Be theirs large presents, to his glory due,
 Revilings thine—yet thou those scoffs shalt rue :
 For mark my word, assured by Fate it lies,
 Still should I find thee fool, as now, unwise,
 Headless³⁷—no longer stand Ulysses thus,
 Nor sire be called of young Telemachus,
 If all that raiment off I fail to tear,
 Mantle and vest—nor leave thy foulness bare,

And thus from council, bruised with blow of scorn,
Thro' the fleet send thee howling and forlorn."

He said :—on back and shoulder stroke on stroke
Fell :—down he crouch'd, and forth the hot tear broke.
Uprose the red bump o'er his back sore-waled
Beneath the staff of gold ;—he sat and quail'd.
Writhing, he look'd in pitiful dismay,
And weeping still, still wiped the tear away.
Thereat laugh'd each one roundly out, tho' vext,
And thus cried looking to his fellow next :

“ Great gods !—how manifold Ulysses' might,
First in sage counsel and the helm of fight.
But this last deed,—that drives yon slandering pest
Away from council,—far outweighs the rest.
No :—ne'er again that valiant heart shall vaunt
'Gainst kings its strength, and war with bitterest taunt.”

Up then, while communed thus the multitude,
Sceptre in hand, the Tower-destroyer³⁸ stood,
Ulysses :—at his side the blue-eyed maid,
In herald-guise, the host to silence bade.
That first and last each son of Greece that day
His word might hear and well his purpose weigh.
Then spake the chieftain wisely counselling :

“ Woe worth the day ! if thus thy Greeks, O king !
Foul treachery plot, and wed thee to disgrace,
Scandal and scorn to all of mortal race ;—
If thus their pledge they slight, their vows of yore,
Mustering for Troy on Argos' pastured shore,
With thee to conquer or return no more !—

If, whispering each to each, for home they pine,
 With infant wail, and lonely woman's whine ³⁹.
 —'Tis hard in grief to part;—the mariner,
 Held but one moon from her he loves afar,
 Leans on his ship, and looks with sorrowing eye,
 While the winds mock him and the waves rush by.
 But we—on Troy's bleak shore thus linger nine
 Long years—not months; then well the Greeks may pine
 At their black barks; yet all the thought would spurn,
 Thus long to stay, and empty still return ⁴⁰.
 Wait, friends, the hour await ⁴¹, that yet shall tell
 If true or false the words from Calchas fell.
 For this full well we know—bear witness all—
 All—whom not yet the fates of death enthral,
 That day,—at Aulis while our galleys lay,
 Woe-fraught for Troy, it seems but yesterday,
 While we, the altar round and fount's clear spring,
 The immortals graced with holiest offering,
 That beauteous plane beneath, whence bubbling well'd
 The bright rill forth—strange sight your eyes beheld.
 A dragon grim, his back all flame-besprent,
 Which into day the Olympian's self had sent,
 Shot from beneath the altar stone, and sprung
 Up the tall plane, where sat a sparrow's young,
 Sat—on the topmost spray—with leaves o'erstrew'd—
 Eight, and the mother ninth, that bare the brood.
 All these he crouch'd, despite their piteous shriek,
 While round the mother flew, with gaping beak,
 Wailing her young: till he in many a ring
 Stifled her cries, and seized her by the wing.

Then, all the young birds and their mother gorged,
 The god, who sent him, a fresh wonder forged—
 Sage Saturn's son ;—he turn'd him into stone,
 While we stood gazing at the marvel shown.

Thus on our hecatombs dread portents brake,
 But straight, by heaven instructed, Calchas spake :

‘ Why speechless—warriors of the locks unshorn ?—
 Lo ! the great sign from Jove's deep counsels borne.
 Tho' long it linger, long unwrought remain,
 It comes—the deed whose glory ne'er shall wane.

For as the mother and her youngling care
 He gorged, eight birds, and ninth the dam that bare,
 Ev'n thus for nine long years vain war we wake ;
 The tenth—and ours yon spacious town to take.’

Thus counsell'd he, and thus shall fate fulfil :

Then up and all—Achaia's warriors still—

Abide ye here the coming of that hour,

When stoops to conquest Priam's lordly tower.”

He spake : the Greeks loud shouted ; echoing out

Through the far navy rang the Achæans' shout,

Commending much divine Ulysses' word ;

Then steed-borne Nestor spake, Gerenian lord :

“ Gods ! how ye wrangle—triflers as ye are—

Like boys, that reck not of the deeds of war.

What now your plighted leagues—the oaths ye swore⁴²?—

What now ?—spent brands that feed the flame no more !

All nought—care, counsel, scheme in wisdom plann'd,

The pure libation, and the pledged right-hand.

For vain this wordy war, nor yet appears

The long-sought issue of our wasted years.

But thou, as erst, O king, with voice of might,
Thine Argives marshal thro' the din of fight.
And let them pine—yon scanty few—that plot
Aloof from all, their plans shall aid them not ;
Nor Argos reach they—ere from Jove's decree
They ken if true or false the promise be.
For sure am I, Saturnius gave assent
Ev'n on that day, when to their galleys went
The Greeks, 'gainst Ilion threatening fate and flame ;
Yes, on our right the accordant lightning came ⁴³.
Let none then homeward speed him o'er the wave,
Ere Troy's fair wives sleep each a warrior's slave ;
Ere Ilion, with her noblest blood, atone
For Helen's wrongs—the rallying, and the groan.
But who so madly thirsts for home, why, hark !
Let him lay hand upon his transom'd bark,
That he, the foremost in the flight, may feel,
First fruits of death, the sharp edge of the steel.
Then well advise thee, King, control each Greek,
For true my heart, nor vain the words I speak.
By clan, by nation, rank them, man by man,
Thus nation—nation,—clan give aid to clan.
If this thy will, and this the Achæans yield,
Well shalt thou mark upon the battle field,
What chief, what people, bears a coward-heart,
And who wars bravely, while they war apart.
Thus learn, if heaven forbid yon city's fall,
Or man's weak arm and terror's heartless thrall.”
Him then with ready word the king address'd :
“ Father of Greece, thou wisest, noblest, best,

Ah! would to heaven—that in his parent-love
But ten such friends were granted me by Jove,
Soon then should smoulder Priam's towers in smoke,
And soon our hands the strength of Ilion yoke ⁴⁴.
But no—harsh Jove hath doom'd me to distress,
To fruitless broils, and strife's long bitterness.
For I and Peleus' son, with taunts accurst,
Strove—for a girl :—but mine the madness first.
Yet once embrace we— not a moment's space
Of rest and rescue then to Troy's doom'd race.
But now, haste each to banquet ⁴⁵, and anon
Gather his strength and gird for battle on ;
Well whet his steel ⁴⁶, and well his buckler brace,
Well tend with food his steeds of winged pace.
Scan each his car well round, that best it bide
The brunt of war from morn till eventide.
No pause, no respite, not a moment's then,
Till night descending hush the strife of men.
Then o'er each breast let belted buckler sweat ⁴⁷
Man-compassing ⁴⁸ ; each hand let spear-staff fret :
Sweat too the steed, thro' battle's cloudy van
Whirling the chariot ⁴⁹ ;—yea sweat horse and man.
But whom that hour from fight afar I meet,
With willing footsteps, lingering at the fleet,
No hope for him, no hand, from each foul limb
To scare the wild dog and the vulture grim ⁵⁰.”
He spake : the Greeks loud shouted all, with roar
Fierce as of breakers on some steepy shore ;
What time the south winds stir them, while they sweep
O'er foreland cliff, far jutting in the deep,

Which the waves leave not, in their fury driven,
When to and fro rush all the blasts of heaven.
They rose, and scattering mid their ships stream'd fast :
Smoke curl'd from tent to tent : they took repast ;
And, service paid to each immortal power,
Pray'd death to shun in battle's dismal hour.
Then a brave bull the king of men led on,
Fatted, five-year'd, to Saturn's mighty son ;
And call'd the noblest chiefs throughout the fleet,
Sage Nestor first,—and next the king of Crete,
Each Ajax then,—then Tydeus' son, and last
Ulysses, scarce by Jove in counsel past.
Self-call'd came Menelâs, war-waking chief,
Friend of his soul he felt his brother's grief.
Then round the bull they stood and grasp'd the cake ;
When thus with lip of prayer Atrides spake : [home,
“ Dread Jove, cloud-compass'd,—making heaven thine
Let not yon sun go down, and darkness come,
Ere Priam's halls this arm shall headlong hurl
In flame, and fire-flakes round his portals curl ;—
Ere mine to rive and rend, on Hector's breast,
Rough with wrought brass his corslet's quilted vest,
And many a comrade, from his chariot thrust,
Fall round his chief and gnash his teeth in dust ^{51.}”
He pray'd, and Jove, his prayer vouchsafing not,
Received his gifts : yet doom'd to heaviest lot.
But when their vows had ceased, and each had thrown
The salt-meal o'er the victim's forehead strown,
Backward the kine they wrench'd, then stabb'd and flay'd,
The thighs earved off, a double cawl they made ;

Then in rich folds of fat the limbs they wound,
And layers, unseethed, the well-piled viands crown'd.
These then they broil'd on leafless brands and dry,
And the pierced entrails o'er the flame held high.
The thighs well broil'd, 'gan all the inwards taste,
Then sliced the rest, and on the flesh-prongs placed.
Such passing skill they plied, to roast and broil ;
Then, all drawn off, they rested from their toil,
Deck'd the glad board, and spread the banquet there,
Nor lack'd one soul his just-apportion'd fare.
All craving banish'd then, with opening word
Gerenian Nestor spake, steed-loving lord :
“ Atrides, king of men, renown'd o'er all,
Cease we our parle at heaven's heart-stirring call ;
And come, thro' all the fleet be heralds sent,
To bid the mustering Greeks from bark and tent :
Then thro' the host, embodied as we are,
Haste we and instant wake the Greeks to war.”

He spake : the war-king to his words gave heed,
And bade forthwith the loud-voiced heralds speed
The Greeks for war to muster, one and all ;
They call'd : the host fast-gathered at their call :
Then sped the kings round Atreus' son, intent
To marshal ;—with them keen-eyed Pallas went,
Arm'd with that Ægis of immortal mould ⁵²,
Glorious, undimm'd, whose hundred braids of gold
Play'd round of fairest woof ; the worth of each
A hundred noblest beeves ⁵³ might hardly reach.
Lightening wherewith, thro' all that arm'd array
The goddess rush'd, and cheer'd them to the fray ;

And o'er each bosom breathed unwonted might,
To war unwearied in the field of fight.

And dearer far the joys of battle now,
Than hail of home from onward-hurrying prow.

As o'er a wood ⁵⁴, on some tall hill-top hung,
Bursts the pent flame, and far the blaze is flung:
Thus from their red brass, flashing as they went,
Fierce splendour shot, and clomb the firmament.
As when the soaring wild birds' ⁵⁵ myriad clans,
Of moor-fowl, cranes, or neck-outstretching swans,
On Asius' mead, Caÿster's bank beside,
Sweep to and fro and clap their wings of pride,
Then with shrill screams, while flock their fellows in,
Light down—the wide vale trembling at the din:
Ev'n thus roll'd forth from bark and tent amain
The serried nations to Scamander's plain,
While, deep beneath, the ground with hollow knell
Groan'd, as from horse and man the footstep fell.
Then halted on Scamander's field of flowers,
Dense as the buds ⁵⁶ in spring's awakening hours,
And countless as the flies' gay tribes, that wing
Their glancing flight at even-fall in spring,
When with fresh milk the pails o'erflowing foam,
And the glad insects round the herd-stalls roam.
Then too, as goatherds part, with vision keen,
Their boundless flocks that mingle on the green,
Their host the chieftains marshal'd, line by line,
Mustering for war:—and there the king divine
Atrides moved, like Jove in eye, in brow
Like Jove, that glorieth in the lightning's glow;

Like the bold war-god's was his baldrick's girth,
His chest like Neptune's, Rocker of the Earth.

As o'er the herd supreme and far descried
Towers a brave bull, the pasturing heifers' pride ⁵⁷,
Thus, on that day, did Jove Atrides grace,
Palm of his host, and earth's heroic race,

[The reader will, I hope, excuse my omitting the roll-call of the troops ; which, however interesting when drawn up in unison with the full strength of the Iliad, could not but have proved an unnecessary addition to the forces of my little detachment.]

NOTES

TO THE

SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

Note¹, p. 89.] *In thought distract.*

Mentre in vari pensier divide e parte
L' incerto animo suo che non ha posa ;

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. vi, s. 31.

Assembled in her unresolved heart,
A thousand passions strove and ceaseless fought.

Fairfax.

Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc
In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat,
Hæc alternanti potior sententia visa est.

Virg. Æn. iv, 285.

Now here, now there, his reckless mind 'gan run,
And diversely him draws, discoursing all,
After long doubts this sentence seemed best. Lord Surrey.

Note², p. 89.]

O'er Atreus' son to shed a dream unblest.

And the Lord said, who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a Spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And [the Lord] said, thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth, and do so. 1 Kings, xxii, 20. 2 Chron. xviii, 19.

Note³, p. 89.]

Whom call'd he thus with winged words address'd.

Disse al suo Nunzio Dio, "Goffredo trova
Ed in mio nome di lui; perchè si cessa?
Perchè la guerra omai non si rinnova,
A liberar Gerusalemme oppressa?
Chiami i Duci a consiglio, e i tardi mova
All' alta impresa: e i capitan fia d'essa.
Io què l' eleggo, e'l faran gli altri in terra,
Già suoi compagni, or suoi ministri in guerra."

Così parlogli, e Gabriel s'accinse
Veloce ad esequir l'imposte cose.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. i, s. 12.

To him the Almighty Father: "Gabriel! go,
Bear in my name to Godfrey this behest;—
Wherefore this sleep of warfare? why so slow
To arm, and free Jerusalem oppressed?
To council call the chiefs; from slothful rest,
Rouse the supine; o'er every lord and knight
Him with the sovereign rule I here invest,
And make his past associates, ranked aright
As his compeers, henceforth his ministers in fight."

He said, and Gabriel plum'd himself to go
Swift on the errand of his Lord ;— Wiffen, vol. i.

Note ⁴, p. 89.]

Hence to the tent where sleeps the royal Greek.

Vade age, nate, voca Zephyros, et labere pennis,
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyriâ Carthagine quo nunc
Expectat, fatisque datas non respicit urbes,
Alloquere, et celeres defer mea dicta per auras.

Virg. Æn. iv, 223.

Hence, son, in haste ? and call to thee the winds ;
Slide with thy plumes, and tell the Trojan prince
That now in Carthage loitereth, reckless
Of the towns granted him by destiny. Lord Surrey.

Note ⁵, p. 89.]

Like Neleus' son he stood, his head above.

Devolat et supra caput astitit :

Virg. Æn. iv, 702.

Amid the skies then did she fly adown
On Dido's head. Lord Surrey.

Sleep descended on the chiefs.—The visions of night arose. Oithona stood, in a dream, before the eyes of Morni's son. She stood over the chief, and her voice was feebly heard. " Sleeps the son of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithona ! Sleeps Gaul at the distant rock, and the daughter of Nuath low. The sea rolls round the dark isle of Tromáthon. Ossian, Oithona.

Note ⁶, p. 90.] *Son of the sleepless.*

Son of the chief of generous steeds ! high bounding king of

spears. Strong arm in every perilous toil. Hard heart that never yields. Chief of the pointed arms of death. Cut down the foe. Let no white sail bound round dark Inistore. Son of the chief of generous steeds, cut down the foe. Destroy! Ossian, Fingal, b. iv.

“ Soliman, Solimano, i tuoi sî lenti
 Riposi a miglior tempo omai riserva ;
 Chè sotto il giogo di straniere genti
 La patria, ove regnasti, ancor è serva.
 In questa terra dormi ? e non rammenti
 Ch’ insepolti de’ tuoi l’ ossa conserva ?
 Ove sî gran vestigio è del tuo scorno,
 Tu, neghittoso, aspetti il novo giorno ?”

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. x, s. 8.

“ Solyman! Solyman! this lazy rest
 To a more suited time reserve ; still groans
 The land thou’st ruled a weeping slave, oppress’d
 Beneath the yoke of foreign myrmidons.
 And sleep’st thou here, upon a soil that owns
 So deep a vestige of thy late disgrace ?
 Hast thou the sad remembrance lost, whose bones
 Untomb’d it holds ? is it in such a place
 That thou must idly wait to give the morning chase ?”

Wiffen, vol. ii.

Note 7, p. 90.]

Shame on that prince, whose slumbers all night last.

ὃν χρὴ κοιμᾶσθαι βαθέως σὺν παιδὶ νέμοντα.

Theocrit. Idyll. viii, 66.

Hah! Brightfoot! how my dog! so fast asleep?
 Here trusting to a boy such numerous sheep!

Polwhele.

Jamque per humentem noctis Cyllenius umbram
 Aligero lapsu portabat jussa parentis.
 Nec mora : mulcentem securo membra sopore
 Aggreditur juvenem, ac monitis incessit amaris :
 Turpe duci totam somno consumere noctem,
 O rector Libyæ : vigili stant bella magistro.

Silius Ital. iii, 170.

Now thro' the shades of night, bedropt with dew,
 Wing'd with his sire's command Cyllenius flew.
 No stay. The youth still lull'd in listless rest
 He found, and thus with bitter warning prest :
 " Shame ! Libya's guide ! to waste whole nights in sleep,
 Shame !—watchful eyes the lords of war must keep."

Note ⁸, p. 90.]

*The words of Jove are they,—
 Who pitieth thee, and loves, tho' far away.*

Imperio Jovis huc venio ; qui classibus ignem
 Depulit, et cœlo tandem miseratus ab alto est.

Virg. Æn. v, 726.

Hither I come, commission'd by the sire
 Of heaven, who snatch'd thy navy from the fire,
 And, pitying, now regards thee from above.

Symmons, vol. i.

Note ⁹, p. 90.]

For thine, ev'n now, are Troy's imperial towers.

Ecco la strada. Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. vii, s. 74.

Behold the way. Doyne.

Hac iter est, inquit, vobis ad mœnia Romæ.

Sil. Ital. Punic.

Here lies your pathway to the walls of Rome.

Note ¹⁰, p. 90.] *This said, he vanish'd.*

—*Sic fatus nocti se immiscuit atræ.*

Virg. *Æn.* iv, 570.

When Mercury had said,
Amid his tale, far off from mortal eyes,
Into light air he vanished out of sight. Lord Surrey.

Note ¹¹, p. 90.]

Ev'n on that day he deem'd proud Troy his own.

Giudicò questi (ahi cieca umana mente,
Come i giudicj tuoi son vani e torti!) etc.

Tasso, *Ger. Lib.* c. iv, s. 21.

And yet he thought (blind human wit, how vain
And crooked are thy thoughts!) that God had blessed
The Paynim arms, and surely would ordain
Death to the unconquered armies of the West;

Wiffen, vol. i.

Nescia mens hominum fati, sortisque futuræ.

Virg. *Æn.* x, 501.

Unhappy mortals to the future blind. Symmons, vol. ii.

———O nostra folle

Mente.

Tasso, *Ger. Lib.* c. xii, s. 58.

O man, vain man, poor fool of pride and pain,
Puffed up with every breath from fortune's wavering vane.

Wiffen, vol. ii.

Note ¹², p. 90.]

*Upris'n—the voice divine still whispering round—
He sat, and on the vest's soft raiment bound, etc.*

Consurgit senior, tunicâque inducitur artus,
 Et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat vincula plantis.
 Tum lateri atque humeris Tegeæum subligat ensem,
 Demissa ab lævâ pantheræ terga retorquens.

Virg. Æn. viii, 457.

The hoary monarch rises from his bed,
 Thrown o'er his limbs the mantling fleeces meet,
 And Tuscan sandals clasp around his feet.
 A sword, Arcadia's work, adorns his side,
 And o'er it waves a panther's spotted hide.

Symmons, vol. ii.

Note¹³, p. 90.]

On his smooth feet the shapely sandals laced.

Or laced his mocassins, in act to go.

Campbell, Gertrude.

Note¹⁴, p. 91.]

*But when bright Morn the Olympian hill 'gan pace,
 Angel of light to Jove and heaven's high race.*

E quando appunto i raggi e le rugiade
 La bella Aurora seminava intorno, etc.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xv, s. 33.

And when the Morn her drops and dews begun
 To scatter broad upon the flowering lay.—

Fairfax.

See all poets : passim.

Note¹⁵, p. 91.]

First then he stay'd the elders' sage divan.

Ergo concilium magnum, primosque suorum
 Imperio accitos, alta intra limina cogit.

Virg. Æn. xi, 234.

He calls a council, and the regal hall
Is fill'd with peers responsive to his call. Ring.

Note ¹⁶, p. 91.]

*In godlike Nestor's stature, gait, and form
It seem'd—*

*Omnia longævo similis vocemque coloremque
Et crines albos, et sæva sonoribus arma.*

Virg. *Æn.* ix, 650.

His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,
His habit, mien, and clashing arms he wears.

Dryden.

Note ¹⁷, p. 92.]

Ev'n as the honey bees' dense swarms, that flock.

*Ac, veluti in pratis, ubi apes æstate serena
Floribus insidunt variis, et candida circum
Lilia funduntur; strepit omnis murmure campus.*

Virg. *Æn.* vi, 707.

Thick as the bees in summer's noontide air :
When, eager to supply their fragrant cells,
The myriad spoilers sack the lily-bells ;
And thro' the field their busy murmur swells.

Symmons, vol. i.

Note ¹⁸, p. 92.]

*For in the midst a burning voice was heard
That urged them onward, Jove's immortal Word.*

ὦ χρυσίας τέκνον Ἐλπίδος, ἄμβροτε Φάμα.

Soph. *Œd. Tyr.* 151.

Thou child of golden Hope, imperishable Voice.

Note¹⁹, p. 92.]

They met—confusion all—deep groan'd the ground.

Scuta sonant, pulsuque pedum tremit excita tellus.

Virg. Æn. vii, 722.

Shields ring ;—their tread wakes up the trembling ground.

Note²⁰, p. 93.]

Jove to his son—the herald Argicide.

Letoque det, imperat, Argum. Ovid. Metam. i, 670.

Commanding him to cut off Argus' head. Sandys.

Note²¹, p. 93.

Thyestes—rich in flocks that track the thymy heath.

Quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans.

Virg. Ecl. xi, 20.

What milk my pails, my folds what flocks o'erflow ;

A thousand kimmers roam across my hills,

And summer's, winter's milk my dairy fills.

Wrangham.

Note²², p. 93.]

—My glory nought, my host no more.

Patriam remeabo inglorius urbem.

Virg. Æn. xi, 793.

And from this field return inglorious home.

Ring, vol. ii.

Note²³, p. 93.]

He smote them and shall smite,

Hereafter,—for his power is infinite.

I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord. Ezek. xxv, 4.

Rerum cui summa potestas.

Virg. *Æn.* x, 100.

The universal potentate supreme.

Note²⁴, p. 93.]

*Achaia's noblest—came,
Came—and vain warfare waged, by foemen met
Far fewer.*

Vix hostem, alterni si congregiamur, habemus.

Virg. *Æn.* xii, 233.

Yet to the just encounter should we go,
Each second man of us would want a foe.

Symmons, vol. ii.

Few are the foes before us, why should we clothe us in shades?
Ossian, *Temora*, b. ii.

Note²⁵, p. 94.]

*But in her hour of need
Fast mustering, march, from many a town and tower.*

From isle to isle they sent a spear, broken and stained with blood,
to call the friends of their fathers, in their sounding arms.

Ossian, *Sulmalla of Luthon*.

The reader will doubtless be reminded of the gathering in Scott's
Lady of the Lake.

Note²⁶, p. 94.]

*Ev'n now—our wives and little ones at home,
His coming watch—who ne'er perchance may come.*

From the window she looked forth, she cried,
 The mother of Sisera, through the lattice :
 “ Why is his chariot so long in coming ?
 Why tarry the wheels of his chariot ? ”

Judges, v, 28. Milman's Hist. of Jews, vol. i, p. 197.
 And thus Lord Byron in the Giaour.

See Bragela leaning on her rock. Her tender eye is in tears ; the winds lift her long hair from her heaving breast. She listens to the breeze of night, to hear the voice of thy rowers : [vid. the Boatsong of Roderick Dhu.] to hear the song of the sea ! the sound of thy distant harp ! Ossian, Fingal, b. iv.

The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow of the shower ; they look towards green Erin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose.

Ossian, Lathmon.

Long hast thou been absent, Nathos ! The day of thy return is past ! Ossian, Dar-Thula.

It is the white wave of the rock, and not Cuthullin's sails. Often do the mists deceive me for the ship of my love ! when they rise round some ghost, and spread their grey skirts on the wind. Why dost thou delay thy coming, Son of the generous Semo ? Four times has autumn returned with its winds, and raised the seas of Togorma, since thou hast been in the roar of battles, and Bragela distant far.

Ossian, Death of Cuthullin.

Note ²⁷, p. 94.]

—*But list ye all,—to what I speak give ear.*

Lanch we our barks and seek our own dear land.

Ne qua meis esto dictis mora.— Virg. *Æn.* xii, 565.

Hear, and my words with instant zeal obey,

Symmons, vol. ii.

“ O sons of Erin,” said Grumal, “ Lochlin conquers on the field. Why strive we as reeds against the wind ? Fly to the hill of dark-brown hinds.” Ossian, Fingal, b. ii.

Note²⁸, p. 94.] *Then shook the conclave.*

Variusque per ora cucurrit
 Ausonidûm turbata fremor ; ceu, saxa morantur
 Cum rapidos amnes, clauso fit gurgite murmur
 Vicinæque fremunt ripæ crepitantibus undis.

Virg. *Æn.* xi, 296.

Scarce had he ceased, when thro' the Ausonian hall
 A various murmur spoke the doom of all ;
 Loud was the din as when the impending rock
 Meets the prone river and provokes the shock,
 When foam the waves resentful of restraint,
 And the vale echoes with their hoarse complaint.

Symmons, vol. ii.

Tall they removed beneath the words of the king. Each to his own dark tribe ; like waves, in a rocky bay, before the nightly wind. Ossian, *Temora*, b. ii.

As different blasts fly over the sea, each behind its dark-blue wave, so Cathmor's words on every side, pour his warriors forth.

Ossian, *Temora*, b. vi.

Note²⁹, p. 94.] *Thick dust hung o'er them.*

Jam pulvere cœlum
 Stare vident. Virg. *Æn.* xii, 407.

The dusty whirlwind swells upon their sight.
Symmons, vol. ii.

La polve alzarsi guarda
 Sicchè par che gran nube in aria stampi.
Tasso, *Ger. Lib. c. iii, s. 9.*

The wary watchman—
 Distant beheld a cloud of dust arise,
 That fill'd, like a prodigious cloud, the air.
Doyne, vol. i.

Note line 1, p. 96.]

While yet she spake, the goddess' voice he knew.

ὦ φθέγμ' Ἀθάνας φιλτάτης ἔμοι θεῶν,
ὡς ἐυμαθὲς σου, κὰν ἄποπτος ᾗς ὅμως,
φώνημ' ἀκούω καὶ ξυναρπάζω φρενὶ,
χαλκοστόμου κώδωνος ὡς Τυρσηνικῆς.

Soph. Ajax, 14.

O accents of Minerva, to my soul
Dearest of powers immortal, how mine ear
Thy welcome voice perceives, and with my mind
I grasp the sounds, tho' thou art viewless still,
Clear as the Tuscan trumpet's echoing clang!

Dale, vol. ii.

Note³⁰, p. 96.]

Ill fits thee, chief, this craven-like dismay.

Che brami? di salvarti? or meco riedi;
Chè per la strada presa a morte vassi.
Combatta quì chi di campar desia:
La via d'onor della salute è via.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xx, s. 110.

What seek'st thou? safety? change thy mad career,
The road thou takest leads to death! be true
To the borne crescent, and renounce thy fear;
He fights who wishes here to live; come, woo
Honour with me thy prince, her path is safety's too!

Wiffen, vol. ii.

Note³¹, p. 96.]

Mighty the thoughts a monarch's heart that swell.

Δεινὰ τυράννων λήματα· καὶ πῶς
ὀλίγ' ἀρχόμενοι πολλὰ κρατοῦντες
χαλεπῶς ὀργὰς μεταβάλλουσι.

Eurip. Med. 119.

Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Rom. xiii, 1.

Note³³, p. 96.

But whom of baser sort he clamouring met.

Riede in guerra colui ch' arde di scorno,
Usa ei con gli altri poi sermon più grave, etc.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xx, s. 111.

Blushing the knight obeyed ; with far more stern
And sharp rebukes the others he addressed ;
These threats, those blows, that terror makes to turn,
The chief's sharp sabre glittering at his breast.

Wiffen, vol. ii.

Note³⁴, p. 96.]

*Peace, knave, and sit,—the words of others hear,
Thy betters far ;—a chieftain's voice revere.*

θραυσσοτομῆν γὰρ οὐ πρόπει τοὺς ἥσσονας.

Æschyl. Suppl. 218.

The pride of words ill suits thy low estate. Potter.

Note³⁵, p. 97.]

Down then they sat, and all attentive hung.

Olli obstupere silentes,
Conversique oculos inter se atque ora tenebant,
Tum senior, semperque odiis et crimine Drances
Infensus juveni Turno—

Virg. Æn. xi, 120.

So spake the hero ; and in dumb surprise
 The Latians stood, conversing with their eyes,
 Till Drances, first in years, who long had view'd
 Turnus with hate and as a foe pursued—

Symmons, vol. ii.

Note³⁶, p. 98.]

Dastards! Greek Women—Men of Greece no more.

O vere Phrygiæ neque enim Phryges!

Virg. Æn. ix, 617.

Go ! Phrygian women less than Phrygian men.

Symmons, vol. ii.

O Franchi no, ma Franche !

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xi, s. 61.

Women of France and warlike Franks no more !

Doyne, vol. ii.

Note³⁷, p. 98.] *Headless.*

Nam caput e nostrâ citius cervice recedet,

Ovid. Ep. Pont. ii, viii, 65.

Nam citius paterer caput hoc discedere collo.

Propert. ii, vii, 7.

Note³⁸, p. 99.]

The Tower-destroyer stood.

Pergama tum vici, cum vinci posse coëgi.

Ovid. Metam. xiii, 349.

I, in that I
Have made it feasible, have taken Troy. Sandys.

Note³⁹, p. 100.]

With infant wail, and lonely woman's whine.

Sadness ought not to dwell in danger, nor the tear in the eye of war. Ossian, Temora, b. ii.

Note⁴⁰, p. 100.]

Thus long to stay, and empty still return.

Turpe est mansisse diu vacuumque redire.

Erasm. Adag.

Inanem redire turpissimum.

Cic. de Off.

Αἰδῶς γὰρ μάλα πολλὸν ἐπὶ χρόνον ἔνθα μένοντας.
Ἔμμεναι ἀπρήκτους.

Quint. Cal. ix.

'Twere shame to linger here such length of time
And all for nothing.

Note⁴¹, p. 100.] *Wait, friends, await.*

Or durate magnanimi, e voi stessi
Serbate, prego, ai prosperi successi.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. v, s. 91.

Be strong therefore, and keep your valours hie,
To honour, conquest, fame, and victory. Fairfax.

Quæ vos dementia, dixi,
Concitat, o socii, captam dimittere Trojam ?
Quidve domum fertis decimo, nisi dedecus, anno ?

Ovid. Met. xiii, 227.

What do you ? O what madness mates said I
 Provokes you to abandon yielding Troy ? Sandys.
 Ten years nigh spent, what will you bear away
 But infamy ? I this and more did say.

Ah, dicea, valent' uomini, ah compagni,
 Ah fratelli, tenete il luogo vostro,
 Inimici faranno opra di ragni,
 Se non manchiamo noi del dover nostro ;
 Guardate l'alto onor, gli ampli guadagni,
 Che Fortuna vincendo oggi ci ha mostro ;
 Guardate la vergogna, e il danno estremo,
 Ch' essendo vinti à patir sempre avremo.

Ariost. Orl. Fur. c. xviii, s. 43.

“ O valiant men,” he—“ O companions,” cries,
 “ O brethren, stand, and yet your place maintain ;
 Like cobweb-threads our cruel enemies
 Will find their works, if we our part sustain.
 What this day Fortune offers to our eyes,
 If now we conquer, see the praise and gain !—
 If conquered, see the utter loss and shame
 Which will for ever wait upon your name !”

Stewart Rose.

Note⁴², p. 101.]

What now your plighted leagues—the oath ye swore.

En dextra fidesque.

Virg. Æn. iv, 597.

Note⁴³, p. 102.]

Yes, on our right the accordant lightning came.

Prospera Jupiter his dextris fulgoribus edit. Cic. Div. 2.

Note ⁴⁴, p. 103.]

And soon our hands the strength of Ilion yoke.

O vivo specchio

Del valor prisco, in te la nostra gente
Miri, e virtù n' apprenda : in te di Marte
Splende l' onor, la disciplina, e l' arte.

Oh pur avessi fra l' etade acerba
Diece altri di valore al tuo simile
Come ardirei vincer Babel superba,
E la Croce spiegar da Battro a Tile.

Tsso, Ger. Lib. c. vii, s. 69.

O venerable Sire !

Mirror of ancient zeal, in whom we see,
And seeing, learn the virtues we admire ;
Art, honour, discipline, and worth in thee,
Shining with knightly grace, harmoniously agree.

If but ten more, thine equals in desert,
Of vigorous years, were in my aid combined,
This haughty Babel would I soon subvert,
And spread the Cross from Thulé ev'n to Ind.

Wiffen, vol. i.

Note ⁴⁵, p. 103.]

But now, haste each to banquet, and anon

To-day we feast and hear the song :
To-morrow break the spears !

Nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars actra diei,
Quod superest, læti bene gestis corpora rebus
Procurate viri: et pugnam sperate parati.

Virg. Æn. ix, 157.

But now, since day is fading in the sky,
Hence ! and with food and rest the nerves supply ;

And, pleased with what is happily begun,
Expect the triumph of to-morrow's sun!

Symmons, vol. ii.

Note ⁴⁶, p. 103.]

Well whet his steel, and well his buckler brace.

Order ye the buckler and the shield, and draw near to battle. Harness the horses; and get up ye horsemen, and stand forth with your helmets; furbish the spears, and put on the brigandines. Jeremiah, xlvi, 4. Comp. xli, 11, 12.

Note ⁴⁷, p. 103.]

Then o'er each breast let belted buckler sweat.

Let each assume his heavy spear, each gird on his father's sword. Let the dark helmet rise on every head; the mail pour its lightning from every side. The battle gathers like a storm; soon shall ye hear the roar of death. Ossian Carthon. vol. i, p. 84.

Let each bind on his mail, and each assume his shield. Stretch every spear over the wave; let every sword be unsheathed. Ossian Lathmon. vol. i, p. 334.

Note ⁴⁸, p. 103.] *Man-compassing*;

—Μηρούς τε κνήμας τε κάτω καὶ στέρνα καὶ ὤμους
'Ἀσπίδος ἐυρείης γαστρὶ καλυψάμενος.

Tyrt. El. iii, 23.

Breast and stout shoulders, ancle, knee and thigh,
Fenced round, within the broad shield's hollow lie.

Note ⁴⁹, p. 103.] *Whirling the chariot*;

Quantus equis quantusque viris in pulvere crasso
Sudor.

Stat. Theb. iii, 210.

—Qui dominis idem ardor equis.

Stat. Theb. vi, 390.

Eheu quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor !

Hor. Od. i, xv, 9.

Note ⁵⁰, p. 103.]

To scare the wild dog and the vulture grim.

Nè, morendo, impetrar potrà co' preghi
Che in pasto a' cani le sue membra i' neghi.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. vii, s. 54.

Nor shall his dying words me so entreat,
But that I'll give his flesh to dogs for meat.

Fairfax.

Io sterpe rogli il core : io darò in pasto
Le membra lacerate agli avoltoï.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xvii, s. 50.

I'll pluck his heart out, to the vultures I
Will, joint by joint, his carcass cast ;---

Wiffen, vol. ii.

——— οἰωνοῖς δὲ βόσις καὶ θηροῖς θανόντες
Κείσεσθ' οὐδέ τι τύμβος ἕψ' ὑμεῖς ἕξειται ἄτης.

Quint. Calab. Par. l. 327.

There, lie ye there in death,
Food for the wild birds and the beasts of prey,
Nor mound of earth rise o'er ye ——

Note ⁵¹, p. 104.]

Fall round his chief and gnash his teeth in dust.

Corruit in vulnus ; sonitum supèr arma dedère :
Et terram hostilem moriens petit ore cruento.

Virg. Æn. x, 489.

Forward he falls : his clanging arms resound :
 And with his bloody mouth he tears the hostile ground.
 Symmons, vol. ii.

Procubuit moriens et humum semel ore momordit.
 Virg. Æn. xi, 418.

And forward falling bite the dust in death
 Once and no more.

Note ⁵², p. 105.]

Arm'd with that Ægis of immortal mould.

D'un bel drappo di seta avea coperto
 Lo scudo in braccio il cavalier celeste.
 Come avesse, non so, tanto sofferto
 Di tenerlo nascosto in quella veste ;
 Ch' immantinente, che lo mostra aperto
 Forza è, ch' il mira abbarbagliato reste,
 E cada, come corpe morte cade,
 E vengo al negromante in potestade.

Ariost. Orl. Fur. c. ii, s. 55.

This heavenly hellish warrior bare a shield
 On his left arm close-wrapt in silken case,
 I cannot any cause or reason yield,
 Why he would keep it covered so long space ;
 It had such force, that whoso it beheld,
 Such shining light it striketh in their face,
 That downe they fall with eyes and senses closed,
 And leave their corps of him to be disposed.

Sir John Harrington.

Note ⁵³, p. 105.] *A hundred noblest beeves.*

I am aware that it is usual to understand by *ἑκατόμβοιός*, in this passage, "the value of a hundred pieces of coin" (pecunia), stamped each with the image of an ox. But surely the custom of remote antiquity is more than sufficient to warrant our explaining it

with reference to its original application. At any rate, if the bulls, for which our sister-island is so famed, were of a mintage similar to these, she would have but little reason any longer to complain of destitution, or want of resources at home.

Note ⁵⁴, p. 106.] *As o'er a wood.*

Nam sæpe incautis pastoribus excidit ignis,
Qui furtim pingui primum sub cortice tectus
Robora comprehendit, frondesque elapsus in altas
Ingentem cœlo sonitum dedit, etc.

Virg. Georg. ii, 303.

For oft, by careless shepherds left behind,
Fire lurks unseen beneath the unctuous rind,
Seizes the trunk, amid the branches soars,
Sweeps thro' the blazing leaves, and fiercely roars.

Sotheby.

Note ⁵⁵, p. 106.] *As when the soaring wild birds.*

Non passa il mar d' augei sì grande stuolo,
Quando ai soli più tepidi s'accoglie :
Nè tante vede mai l'autumno al suolo
Cader, co'primi freddi, aride foglie.

Tasso Ger. Lib. c. ix, s. 66.

The birds, that follow Titan's hottest ray,
Pass not by so great flocks to warmer coasts,
Nor leaves by so great numbers fall away,
When Autumn nips them with his first night-frosts.

Fairfax.

Aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat et terris immittit apricis.

Virg. Æn. vi, 310.

Or thick as birds, when their assembled host
In fluttering myriads settle on the coast ;

O'er seas prepared for sunny realms to steer,
And fly the rigors of the wintry year.

Symmons, vol. i.

Con quel romor con che, dai Tracj nidi
Vanno a stormi le gru ne' giorni argenti :
E tra le nubi a più tepidi lidi
Fuggon, stridendo innanzi ai freddi venti.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. c. xx, s. 2.

A hoarse discordant cry,
Like that of cranes when now from wintry Thrace
The mustering swarms their busy pinions ply,
And thro' the clouds to a serener sky
In clangor scud before the freezing gale ;

Wiffen, vol. ii.

Quales sub nubibus atris
Strymoniaë dant signa grues, atque æthera tranant
Cum sonitu, fugiuntque notos clamore secundo.

Virg. Æn. x, 264.

As mid the clouds
The cranes of Strymon float in noisy crowds
When from the south the plummy nations sail
And their glad signals vibrate on the gale.

Symmons, vol. ii.

Ingenti clangore grues æstiva relinquunt
Thracia, cum tepido permutant Strymona Nilo.

Claudian. de Bell. Gildon. 475.

Not such the clang when cranes their host dispose
To fall tremendous on their pigmy foes,
As, warm'd by summer's daily fading smile
They leave their Strymon for the warmer Nile.

Howard.

Strymona sic gelidum, brumâ pallente, relinquunt,
Poturæ te, Nile, grues.

Lucan. Phars. v, 711.

So cranes in winter Strymon's cold forsake
To drink warm Nile. May.

Quæ Nilo mutare soletis
Threicias hyemes. Id. vii, 832.

Birds that from Thrace to Nile in winter go. May.

So too Statius,

Ceu patrio super alta grues Aquilone fugatæ
Cum vidêre Pharon, hinc æthera latius implent,
Tunc hilari clangore sonant ; juvat orbe sereno
Contempsisse nives, et frigora solvere Nilo.

As cranes, in hurrying flight driv'n wildly forth
O'er the deep Ocean by their native North,
When from afar the Beacon-Tower they see,—
Fill the wide air, and clang with cries of glee ;
Reckless of snow, they hail heaven's sunny smile,
And thaw their frozen plumage in the Nile.

Yet the above are rather illustrations of a simile in the third Book of the Iliad (lin. 3.) than of the passage immediately before us.

Ἦύτε περ κλαγγὴ γεράνων πέλει οὐρανόθι πρὸ,
Αἴτ' ἐπεὶ οὖν χειμῶνα φύγον καὶ ἀθέσφατον ὄμβρον,
Κλαγγῆ ταίγε πέτονται ἐπ' Ὀκεανοῖο ῥοάων
Ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέρουσαι.

Dinning like cranes, which o'er the face of heaven,
Forth by sharp frost and showers incessant driven,
Shrill screaming fly ; o'er ocean's darkened flood
To pigmy warriors wing'd with doom of blood.

Jam varias pelagi volucres, et quæ Asia circum
Dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri.

Virg. Georg. Lib. i, 383.

Now fowl of watery kind,
That in Cayster's lakes with bill declin'd,
Pry o'er the meads of Asius. Nevile.

Ceu quondam nivei liquida inter nubila cycni,
 Cum sese e pastu referunt, et longa canoros
 Dant per colla modos ; sonat amnis, et Asia longe
 Pulsa palus.

Virg. Æn. vii, 699.

Like snowy swans, when they, thro' fields of air,
 Back from their pasture to the floods repair,
 Sweet strains flow thrilling thro' their lengthened throats,
 And pleased Cayster warbles with their notes.

Symmons, vol. ii.

Note ⁵⁶, p. 106.] *Dense as the buds.*

Ἦ ὅσα φύλλα χαμᾶζε περικλαδέος πέσεν ὕλης
 Φυλλοχόφ' ἐνὶ μηνί· τίς ἂν τὰδε τεκμήραιτο.

Apollon. Argon. iv, 216.

Thick as the sere-leaves of the bowery wood
 Fall off, when blow the winds of Autumn rude,
 Strewing the sward :—and who can number them ?

Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo
 Lapsa cadunt folia.

Virg. Æn. vi, 309.

As numerous as the leaves in forest glades,
 When boisterous Autumn shatters first their shades.

Symmons, vol. i.

Note ⁵⁷, p. 107.]

Towers a brave bull the pasturing heifers' pride.

Viribus editior cædebat ut in grege taurus.

Hor. Sat. 1, iii, 110.

Just as the greatest bull amongst the herd.

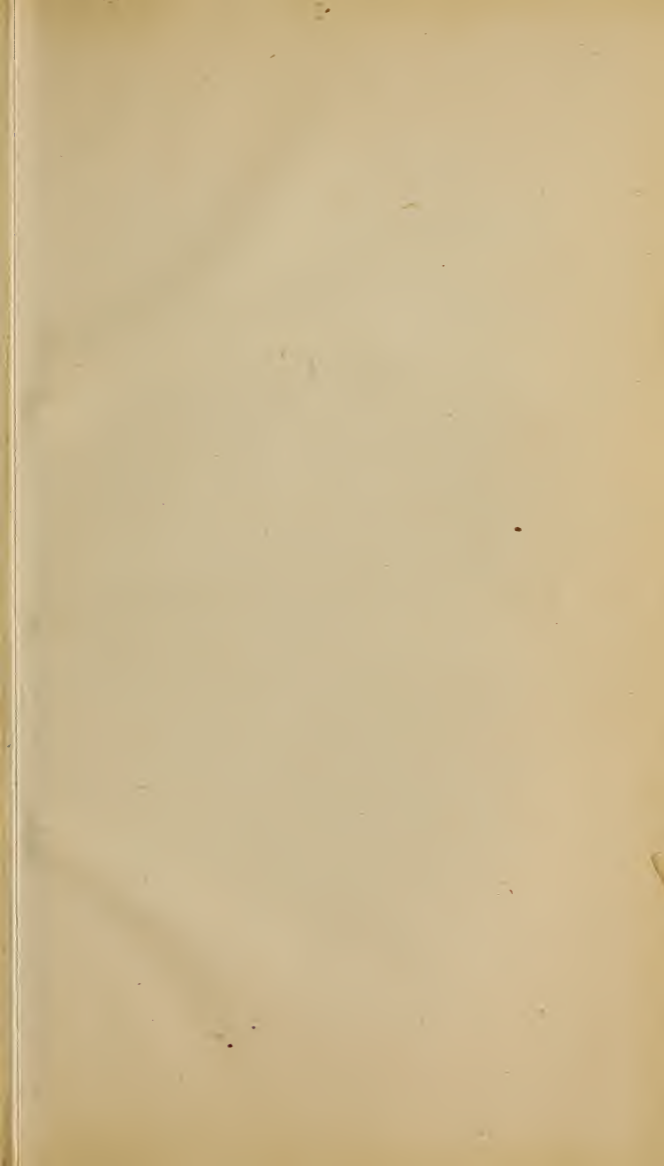
Creech.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

- P. 3. l. 17. *for* arrows *read* arrow.
P. 5. l. 24. *for* heart-stricken *read* heart-stricken.
P. 8. l. 19. *for* heav'ns *read* heaven's.
P. 11. l. 27. *for* Perithoüs *read* Peirithoüs.
P. 30. in note, *for* vaccorsi *read* raccorsi.
P. 33. in note, *for* futti *read* tutti.
P. 37. last line, *for* tyrant's *read* tyrants'.

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