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THE
GREEK TRAGIC THEATRE :

CONTAINING

ÆSCHYLUS BY DR. POTTER,

SOPHOCLES BY DR. FRANCKLIN,

AND

EURIPIDES BY MICH. WODHULL, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION,

Revised and corrected throughout by the Translator;

WITH

A DISSERTATION ON ANTIENT TRAGEDY,

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IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV. CONTAINING EURIPIDES.

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THE SUPPLIANTS.

Κρεων ος ιδυνασενε τότε εν Θηβαις, & παρεηκε τοις προσηκεσιν ανελο-
μενοις Δαψαι' ικετευσαντος δε Αδραση Θησεα, και μαχης Αθηναϊων
γενομενης προς βοιωτες, Θησεας ως εκρατησε τη μαχη κομισας ες την
Ελευσινιαν τως νεκρας, ενταυθα εθαψε.

PAUSANIAS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ÆTHRÀ.

CHORUS OF ARGIVE MATRONS.

THESEUS.

ADRASTUS.

HERALD.

MESSENGER.

EVADNE.

IPHIS.

A BOY, SUPPOSED TO BE MELON THE SON OF ETEOCLUS.

MINERVA.

SCENE—THE TEMPLE OF CERES, AT ELEUSINE, IN THE
ATHENIAN TERRITORY.

THE SUPPLIANTS.

ÆTHRA, CHORUS, ADRASTUS.

ÆTHRA.

THOU guardian power of Eleusine's land,
O Ceres, and ye venerable Priests
Of that benignant Goddess, who attend
This temple, blessings for myself I crave,
For my son Theseus, Athens, and the (1) realm
Of Pitheus, who, when his paternal care,
Had rear'd my childhood in a wealthy house,
Gave me to Ægeus, to Pandion's son,
So Phœbus' oracles decreed. These prayers
I offer'd up when I yon aged Matrons
Beheld, who their abodes at Argos leave,
And with their suppliant branches at my knees
Fall prostrate, having suffer'd dreadful woes:
Now are they childless; for before the gates
Of Thebes were slain their seven illustrious sons
Whom erst Adrastus King of Argos led
To battle, when for exil'd Polynices
His son in law, he strove to gain a share
Of Oedipus' inheritance. The corpses
Of those who by the hostile spear were slain
Their Mothers would consign to earth; but spurning
The laws which righteous Heaven ordain'd, the victors
Will not allow them to remove the dead.
But needing equally with them my succour
Adrastus shedding many a tear, lies stretcht
On earth, bewailing the disastrous fate
Of those brave troops whom he to battle led.
Oft he conjures me to implore my son,
Either by treaty, or his forceful spear,

(1) Trœzeno.

Back from those hostile fields to bring the slain
 And lodge them in a tomb : on him alone
 And Athens, he this honourable task
 Imposes. Hither were the victims borne,
 That we a prosperous tillage may obtain,
 And for this cause I from my house am come
 Into this temple, where the bearded (2) grain
 First rising from the fruitful soil appear'd.
 Holding loose sprays of foliage in my hand,
 I wait before the unpolluted altars
 Of Proserpine and Ceres; for these Mothers
 Grown hoar with age and of their children reft,
 With pity mov'd, and to the sacred branches
 Yielding a due respect. I to the city
 Have sent a herald to call Theseus hither,
 That from the Theban land he may remove
 The causes of their sorrow, or the Gods
 Appeasing by some pious rites, release me
 From the constraint these suppliant Dames impose.
 In all emergencies discretion bids
 Our feeble sex to seek man's needful aid.

CHORUS.

An aged woman prostrate at thy knees,
 Thee I implore my children to redeem
 Who welter on a foreign plain, unnerv'd
 By death and to the savage beasts a prey :
 Thou see'st the piteous tears which from these eyes
 Unbidden start, and torn with desperate hands
 My wrinkled flesh. What hope remains for me,
 Who neither, at my home, have been allow'd
 The corsés of my children to stretch forth,
 Nor heap'd with earth behold their tombs arise?
 Thou, too, illustrious Dame, hast borne a Son

(2) Brodæus has collected testimonies from a Greek glossary to Homer, Phurnutus, Aristides, and Pausanias, to show that Eleusine was the place where corn first made its appearance; upon which the grateful inhabitants erected the famous temple of Ceres on the spot whence they first reaped her bounties.

Crowning the utmost wishes of thy Lord,
 Speak therefore what thou think'st of our distress
 In language suited to the griefs I feel
 For the deceas'd whom I brought forth; persuade
 Thy Son, whose succour we implore, to march
 Across Ismenos' channel, and consign
 To me the bodies of the slaughter'd youths,
 That I beneath the monumental stone
 May bury them with every sacred rite.
 Though not by mere necessity constrain'd,
 We at thy knees fall down and urge our suit
 Before these altars of the Gods, where smokes
 The frequent incense: for our cause is just:
 And through the prosperous fortunes of thy Son
 With power sufficient to remove our woes
 Art thou endued: but since the ills I suffer
 Thy pity claim, a miserable suppliant,
 I crave that to these arms thou would'st restore
 My Son, and grant me to embrace his corse.

ÆTHRA.

O D E.

I.

Here a fresh groupe of mourners stands,
 Your followers in succession wing their hands.

CHORUS.

Attune expressive notes of anguish,
 O ye sympathetic choir,
 And in harmonious accents languish,
 Such as Pluto loves t' inspire.
 Tear those cheeks of pallid hue,
 And let gore your bosoms stain,
 For from the living is such honour due
 To the shades of heroes slain,
 Whose corsés welter on th' embattled plain.

II.

I feel a pleasing sad relief,
 Unsated as I brood o'er scenes of grief;

My lamentations never ending,
 Are like the moisture of the sea
 In drops from some high rock descending,
 Which flows to all eternity.
 For those youths who breathe no more
 Nature bids the Mother weep
 And with incessant tears their loss deplore :
 In oblivion would I steep
 My woes, and welcome death's perpetual sleep.

THESEUS, ÆTHRA, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

What plaints are these I hear? who strike their breasts,
 Attuning lamentations for the dead
 In such loud notes as issue from the fane?
 Borne hither by my fears with winged speed,
 I come to see if any recent ill
 May have befallen my Mother; she from home
 Hath long been absent.—Ha! what objects new
 And strange are these which now mine eyes behold?
 Fresh questions hence arise: my aged Mother
 Close to the altar seated with a band
 Of foreign matrons, who their woes express
 In various warbled notes, and on the ground
 Shed from their venerable eyes a stream
 Of tears: their heads are shorn, nor is their garb
 Suited to those who tend the sacred rites?
 What means all this? My Mother, say; from you
 I wait for information, and expect
 Some tidings of importance.

ÆTHRA.

O my Son

These are the Mothers of those seven fam'd chiefs
 Who perish'd at the gates of Thebes: you see
 How they with suppliant branches on all sides
 Encompass me.

THESEUS.

But who is he who groans

So piteously, stretcht forth before the gate?

ÆTHRA.

Adrastus, they inform me, king of Argos.

THESEUS.

Are they who stand around, those (3) Matrons' Sons?

ÆTHRA.

Not theirs; they are the children of the slain.

THESEUS.

Why with those suppliant tokens in their hands
Come they to us?

ÆTHRA.

I know: but it behoves
Them, O my Son, their errand to unfold.

THESEUS.

To thee who in a fleecy cloak art wrapp'd,
My questions I address: thy head unveil,
Cease to lament, and speak; for while thy tongue
Utters no accent, nought canst thou obtain.

ADRASTUS.

O king of the Athenian land, renown'd
For your victorious arms, to you, O Theseus.
And to your city, I a suppliant come.

THESEUS.

What's thy pursuit, and what is it thou need'st?

ADRASTUS.

Know you not how ill-fated was the host
I led?

THESEUS.

Thou didst not pass thro' Greece in silence.

ADRASTUS.

The noblest youths of Argos there I lost.

THESEUS.

Such dire effects from luckless war arise.

(3) Finding by Dr. Musgrave's note, that there is the authority of a manuscript for reading ΤΗΤΩΝ instead of ΤΗΤΩ, I gladly avail myself of it, as an amendment of the text which Minerva's apostrophe at the close of this play to Ægialeus son of Adrastus strongly supports.

THE SUPPLIANTS.

ADRASTUS.

From Thebes I claim'd the bodies of the slain.

THESEUS.

Did'st thou rely on Heralds to procure
Leave to inter the dead?

ADRASTUS.

But they who slew them
Deny this favour.

THESEUS.

What can they allege
'Gainst a request which justice must approve?

ADRASTUS.

Ask not the reason: they are now elate
With a success they know not how to bear.

THESEUS.

Art thou come hither to consult me then,
Or on what errand?

ADRASTUS.

'Tis my wish, O Theseus,
That you the Sons of Argos would redeem.

THESEUS.

But where is Argos now? were all her boasts
Of no effect?

ADRASTUS.

We by this one defeat
Are ruin'd, and to you for succour come.

THESEUS.

This on thy private judgement, or the voice
Of the whole city?

ADRASTUS.

All the race of Danaus
Implore you to inter the slain.

THESEUS.

Why led'st thou
'Gainst Thebes seven squadrons?

ADRASTUS.

To confer a favour
On my two Sons in law.

THESEUS.

To what brave chiefs
Of Argos didst thou give thy Daughters' hands?

ADRASTUS.

My family in wedlock I with those
Of our own nation join'd not.

THESEUS.

Didst thou yield
Those Argive damsels to some foreign bridegrooms?

ADRASTUS.

To Tydeus; and to Polynices sprung
From Theban sires.

THESEUS.

What dotage could induce thee
To form alliances like these?

ADRASTUS.

Dark riddles
Phœbus propounded, which my judgement sway'd.

THESEUS.

Such union for the virgins to prescribe,
What said Apollo?

ADRASTUS.

That I must bestow
My Daughters on the lion and the boar.

THESEUS.

But how didst thou interpret this response
Of the prophetic God?

ADRASTUS.

By night two exiles
Came to my door.

THESEUS.

Say, who and who: thou speak'st
Of both at once.

ADRASTUS.

Together Tydeus fought
And Polynices.

THESEUS.

Hence didst thou on them
As on ferocious beasts bestow thy Daughters?

ADRASTUS.

Their combat that of savages I deem'd.

THESEUS.

Why did they leave their native land?

ADRASTUS.

Thence fled

Tydeus polluted with his (4) Brother's gore.

THESEUS.

But why did Oedipus's son forsake
The Theban realm?

ADRASTUS.

The curses of his Sire
Thence drove him, lest his Brother he should slay.

THESEUS.

A prudent cause for this spontaneous exile
Hast thou assign'd.

ADRASTUS.

But they who staid at home
Oppress'd the absent.

THESEUS.

Did his Brother rob him
Of the inheritance?

ADRASTUS.

I to decide
This contest went, and hence am I undone.

(4) The Scholiast (commonly called Didymus) on Homer II. L. xiv. v. 120, says, "Tydeus, born in Ætolia, was the most valiant of Oeneus' sons. While yet a youth, he saw his father driven from his throne on account of his old age, by the sons of his brother Agrius: upon which he slew his Cousins, and with them involuntarily his own Brother Menalippus: flying to Adrastus, king of Argos, he obtained purification from him, and married his Daughter Deipule. Brodæus hath already made these observations."

THESEUS.

Didst thou consult the Seers, and from the altar
Behold the flames of sacrifice ascend?

ADRASTUS.

Alas you urge me on that very point
Where most I fail'd.

THESEUS.

Thou led'st thy troops, it seems,
Altho' the Gods approv'd not, to the field.

ADRASTUS.

Yet more, Amphiareus oppos'd our march.

THESEUS.

Didst thou thus lightly thwart the will of Heaven?

ADRASTUS.

I by the clamorous zeal of younger men
Was hurried on.

THESEUS.

Regardless of discretion,
Thy courage thou didst follow.

ADRASTUS.

Many a chief
Hath such misconduct utterly destroy'd.
But O most dauntless of the Grecian race,
Monarch of the Athenian realm; I blush
Thus prostrate on the ground, to clasp your knees
Grown grey with age, and once a happy king!
But I to my calamities must yield.
Redeem the dead, in pity to my woes,
And to these Mothers of their Sons bereft,
To whom the burdens which on hoary age
Attend, are added to their childless state.
Yet hither they endur'd to come, and tread
A foreign soil, tho' their decrepid feet
Could hardly move: the embassy they bring
Hath no connection with the mystic rites
Of Ceres; all they crave is to inter
The slain, as they at their mature decease

Would from their sons such honors have obtain'd.
 'Tis wisdom in the opulent to look
 With pity on the sorrows of the poor,
 And in the poor man to look up to those
 Who have abundant riches, as examples
 For him to imitate, and thence acquire
 A wish his own possessions to improve.
 They too who are with prosperous fortunes blest
 Should feel a prudent dread of future woes ;
 And let the bard who frames th' harmonious strain
 Exert his genius in a cheerful hour,
 For if his own sensations are unlike
 Those which he speaks of, never can the wretch
 Who by affliction is at home oppress'd,
 Give joy to others : there's no ground for this.
 But you perhaps will ask me ; " Passing o'er
 " The land of (5) Pelops, why would you impose
 " Such toil on the Athenians ? " This reply
 Have I a right to make ; ' The Spartan realm
 ' Is prone (6) to cruelty, and in its manners
 ' Too variable, its other states are small
 ' And destitute of strength ; your city only
 ' To this emprise is equal, for 'tis wont
 ' To pity the distress'd, and hath in you
 ' A valiant king ; for want of such a chief
 ' Have many cities perish'd.'

CHORUS.

I address thee

In the same language, to our woes, O Theseus,
 Extend thy pity.

THESEUS.

I with others erst

(5) The Peloponesus.

(6) Reiskius observes that the antient reading of η'μῶν must be corrupt, Adrastus being King of Argos, and not of Sparta, but has suggested nothing in its stead ; Heath, Markland, and Musgrave, concur in substituting ωμῶν sæva or immitis ; which removes the objection.

Have on this subject held a strong (7) dispute ;
 For some there are who say the ills which wait
 On man exceed his joys ; but I maintain
 The contrary opinion, that our lives
 More bliss than woe experience. For if this
 Were not the fact, we could not still continue
 To view the sun. That God, who'er he was
 I praise, who sever'd mortals from a life
 Of wild confusion, and of brutal force,
 Implanting reason first, and then a tongue
 That might by sounds articulate proclaim
 Our thoughts, bestowing fruit for food, and drops
 Of rain descending from the skies, to nourish
 Earth's products, and refresh the thirst of man,
 Yet more, fit coverings, from the wintry cold
 To guard us, and Hyperion's scorching rays ;
 The art of sailing o'er the briny deep,
 That we by commerce may supply the wants
 Of distant regions, to these gifts by Heaven
 Is added ; things the most obscure, and plac'd
 Beyond our knowledge, can the Scer foretell,
 By gazing on the flames which from the altar
 Ascend the skies, the entrails of the victims,
 And flight of birds. Are we not then puff'd up
 With vanity, if when the Gods bestow
 Conveniencies like these on life, we deem
 Their bounty insufficient? our conceit
 Is such, we aim to be more strong than Jove :
 Tho' pride of soul be all that we possess,
 We in our own opinion are more wise
 Than the immortal Powers. To me thou seem'st
 One of this number, O thou wretch devoid
 Of reason, to Apollo's mystic voice

(7) " This disputation of Theseus is beautiful, though it may seem to
 " some rather abruptly introduced. To the same purport was the oration
 " of Themistocles before the sea fight at Salamis. Herodotus, L. 9. c. 83."

Yielding blind deference, who thy Daughters gav'st
To foreign Lords, as if the Gods were sway'd
By human passious. Thy illustrious blood
With foul pollution mingling, thine own house
Thus hast thou wounded. Never should the wise
In' leagues of inauspicious wedlock yoke
Just and unjust : but prosperous friends obtain
Against the hour of danger. Jove to all
One common fate dispensing, oft involves
In the calamities which guilt draws down
Upon the sinner, him who ne'er transgress'd.
But thou by leading forth that Argive host
To battle, tho' the Seers in vain forbad,
Despising each oracular response,
And wilfully regardless of the Gods,
Hast caus'd thy country's ruin, overrul'd
By those young men who place their sole delight
In glory, and promote unrighteous wars,
Corrupting a whole city ; this aspires
To the command of armies, by the pomp
Attending those who hold the reins of power
A second is corrupted ; some there are
Studious of filthy lucre, who regard not
What mischief to the public may ensue.
Three ranks there are of citizens ; the rich,
Useless, and ever grasping after more ;
While they, who have no property, and lack
E'en necessary food, by fierce despair
And envy actuated, send forth their stings
Against the wealthy, by th' insidious tongue
Of some malignant demagogue beguil'd :
But of these three the middle rank consists
Of those who save their country, and enforce
Each wholesome usage which the state ordains.
Shall I then be thy champion ? what pretence
That would sound honourably can I allege
To gain my countrymen ? depart in peace !

For baleful are the counsels thou hast given
That we should urge prosperity too far.

CHORUS.

He did amiss: but the great error rests
(8) On those young men, and he deserves thy pardon.

ADRASTUS.

I have not chosen you to be the judge
Of my afflictions, but to you, O King,
As a physician come; nor, if convicted
Of having done amiss, to an avenger
Or an opprobrious censor, but a friend
Who will afford his help: if you refuse
To act this generous part, to your decision,
I must submit: for what resource have I?
But, O ye venerable Dames, retire
Leaving those verdant branches here behind,
And call to witness the celestial powers,
The fruitful Earth with Ceres lifting high
Her torch, and that exhaustless source of light
The Sun; that we by all the Gods in vain
Conjur'd you (9). (It is pious to relieve

(8) Instead of having recourse to any of the various conjectural readings in the stead of *yeas*, with which I have crowded the margin of my copy of Barnes's edition, I am inclined to consider the expression as particularly just and forcible. Theseus in the preceding speech represents Adrastus as seduced by those *young men* who cause the ruin of a nation by plunging it into unjust wars to serve their own ambitious purposes. The Chorus in their reply admit that he was to blame, but that the main fault lay in those young men, having it is most probable particularly in view Polynices and Tydeus, to whom we find in the *Phœnissæ*, v. 430, that Adrastus bound himself by an oath to reinstate them in their kingdoms, and thus involved his own country in ruin to support his sons in law.

(9) The passage included in a *parenthesis* is translated from three lines, which first made their appearance in an antient edition I have never been able to meet with, which is without date of year or place, but supposed to have been printed at Francfort, by Peter Brubach, whose edition of Sophocles was published in 1544; being omitted by subsequent editors, they were unknown to most readers of Euripides till Reiskius inserted them in his observations on this Author, printed at Leipsic 1754. Mr. Markland has given me the example of *thus* inserting them in the text, and Dr. Musgrave has admitted them in his notes; Barnes appears

Those who unjustly suffer, and the tears
 Of these your hapless kindred are you bound
 To reverence. for your Mother was the Daughter
 Of Pitheus) Pelops' Son ; born in that land
 Which bears the name of Pelops, we partake
 One origin with you : will you betray
 These sacred ties, and from your realm cast forth
 You hoary suppliants, nor allow the boon
 Which at your hands they merit? act not thus;
 For in the rocks hath the wild beast a place
 Of refuge, in the altars of the Gods
 The slave : a city harrass'd by the storm
 Flies to some neighbouring city : for there's nought
 On earth that meets with everlasting bliss.

CHORUS.

Rise, hapless woman, from this hallow'd fane
 Of Proserpine, to meet him ; clasp his knees,
 Entreat him to bestow funereal rites
 On our slain Sons, whom in the bloom of youth
 Beneath the walls of Thebes I lost : my Friends,
 Lift from the ground, support me, bear along,
 Stretch forth these miserable, these aged hands.
 Thee, O thou most belov'd and most renown'd
 Of Grecian chiefs, I by that beard conjure,
 While at thy knees thus prostrate, on the ground
 I for my Sons, a wretched suppliant sue,
 Or, like some helpless vagabond, pour forth
 The warbled lamentation. Generous Youth,
 Thee I entreat, let not my Sons, whose age
 Was but the same with thine, in Thebes remain
 Unburied, for the sport of savage beasts !
 Behold, what tears stream from these swimming eyes,
 As thus I kneel before thee, to procure,
 For my slain Sons, an honorable grave.

to have been a stranger to this passage, and never to have seen Brubach's edition, but his own conjecture supplied a verse very nearly similar to the last of the three, as necessary to fill up the chasm.

THESEUS.

Why, O my Mother, do you shed the tear,
 Covering your eyes with that transparent veil?
 Is it because you heard their plaints? I too
 Am much affected. Raise your hoary head,
 Nor weep while seated at the holy altar
 Of Ceres.

ÆTHRA.

Ah!

THESEUS.

You ought not thus to groan
 For their afflictions.

ÆTHRA.

O ye wretched Dames!

THESEUS.

You are not one of them.

ÆTHRA.

Shall I propose

A scheme, my Son, your glory to encrease,
 And that of Athens?

THESEUS.

Wisdom oft hath flow'd
 From female lips.

ÆTHRA.

I meditated words
 Of such importance, that they make me pause.

THESEUS.

You speak amiss, we from our friends should hide
 Nought that is useful.

ÆTHRA.

If I now were mute,
 Myself hereafter might I justly blame
 For keeping a dishonourable silence.
 Nor thro' the fear lest eloquence should prove
 Of no effect, when issuing from the mouth
 Of a weak woman, will I thus forego
 An honourable task. My Son, I first

Exhort you to regard the will of Heaven,
 Lest thro' neglect you err, else will you fail
 In this one point, though you in all beside
 Think rightly. I moreover still had kept
 My temper calm, if to redress the wrongs
 Which they endure, an enterprising soul
 Had not been requisite. But now, my Son,
 A field of glory opens to your view,
 Nor these bold counsels scruple I to urge
 That by your conquering arm you would compell
 Those men of violence, who from the slain
 Withhold their just inheritance a tomb,
 Such necessary duty to perform,
 And quell those impious miscreants who confound
 The usages establish'd through all Greece:
 For the firm bond which peopled cities holds
 In union, is th' observance of the laws.
 But some there are who will assert, " that fear
 " Effeminately caus'd thee to forego
 " Those wreaths of fame thy country might have gain'd;
 " Erst with a (10) bristled monster of the woods
 " Didst thou engage, nor shun th' inglorious strife:
 " But now call'd forth to face the burnish'd helm
 " And pointed spear art found to be a dastard."
 Let not my Son act thus: your native land,
 Which for a want of prudence hath been scorn'd,
 You see, tremendous as a Gorgon, rear
 Its front against the scorner: for it grows
 Under the pressure of severest toils.
 The deeds of peaceful cities are obscure,
 And caution bounds their views. Will you not march,
 My Son, to succour the illustrious dead,

(10) A wild Sow, named Phæa, which infested the fields of Cromyon near Corinth. Plutarch speaks of Theseus' slaying this beast as one of his earliest exploits; and Ovid as one of those by which he proved himself a benefactor to mankind. Strabo calls this Sow Mother to the Calydonian Boar which was killed by Meleager.

And these afflicted Matrons? for your safety
 I fear not, while with justice you go forth
 To battle. Though I now on Cadmus' Sons
 Behold auspicious Fortune smile, I trust
 They will ere long experience the reverse
 Of her unstable die: for she o'erturn
 All that is great and glorious.

CHORUS.

Dearest Æthra,
 Well didst thou plead Adrastus' cause and mine:
 Hence twofold joy I feel.

THESEUS.

He hath deserv'd
 O Mother, the severe reproofs which flow'd
 From my indignant tongue, and I my thoughts
 Of those pernicious counsels whence arose
 His ruin, have express'd. Yet I perceive
 What you suggest, that ill would it become
 The character I have maintain'd, to fly
 From danger. After many glorious deeds
 Atchiev'd, among the Greeks, I chose this office,
 An exemplary punishment t' inflict
 On all the wicked. Therefore from no toils
 Can I shrink back, for what would those who hate me
 Have to allege, when you who gave me birth,
 And tremble for my safety, are the first
 Who bid me enter on the bold emprise?
 I on this errand go, and will redeem
 The dead by words persuasive, or if words
 Are ineffectual, with protended spear,
 And in an instant, if the envious Gods
 Refuse not their assistance. But I wish
 That the whole city may a sanction give:
 They to my pleasure their assent would yield;
 But to the scheme, if I propose it first
 To be debated, I shall find the people
 More favourable: for them I made supreme,

And on this city, with an equal right
 For all to vote, its freedom have bestow'd.
 Taking Adrastus with me for a proof
 Of my assertions, midst the crowd I'll go,
 And when I have persuaded them, collecting
 A chosen squadron of Athenian youths,
 Hither return, and halting under arms,
 To Creon send a message to request
 The bodies of the slain. But from my Mother,
 Ye aged Dames, those holy boughs remove,
 That I may take her by that much-lov'd hand,
 And to the royal dome of Ægeus lead.
 Vile is that Son, who to his parents yields
 No grateful services, for, from his children,
 He who such glorious tribute pays, receives
 Whate'er through filial duty he bestow'd.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

O Argos, fam'd for steeds, my native plain,
 Sure thou, with all Pelasgia's wide domain,
 Hast heard the King's benevolent design,
 And wilt in grateful strains revere the Powers Divine.

I. 2.

May Theseus put an end to all my woes,
 Rescuing those bloody corpses from our foes
 Still objects of maternal love ; his aid
 Shall by th' Inachian realm's attachment be repaid.

II. 1.

To pious deeds belongs a mighty name,
 And cities sav'd procure eternal fame.
 Will he do this ; with us in friendship join,
 And to the peaceful tomb our slaughter'd Sons consign ?

II. 2.

Minerva's town, support a Mother's cause,
 Thou from pollution canst preserve the laws

Which man holds sacred, thou rever'st the right,
 Sett'st the afflicted free, and quell'st outrageous might.

THESEUS, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

THESEUS TO A HERALD.

Thou, always practising this art, has serv'd
 Thy city, and to various regions borne
 My embassies: when therefore thou hast cross'd
 Asopus, and Ismenos' stream, address
 The Theban Monarch in these courteous words;
 " Theseus, who dwells in an adjacent realm,
 " And hath a right such favour to receive,
 " Requests you as a friend t' inter the dead,
 " And gain the love of all Erectheus' race."

To this petition if they yield assent,
 Come back again in peace: if they refuse,
 Thy second message shall be this; " My band
 " Of chosen youths in glittering mail array'd
 " They must expect: for at the sacred fount
 " Callichore, e'en now the assembled host
 " Halts under arms, prepar'd for instant fight."
 For in this arduous enterprise, with zeal
 The city of its own accord engag'd,
 When they perceiv'd my wish. But who intrudes
 E'en while I yet am speaking? he appears
 To be a Theban Herald, though I doubt it.
 Stay; for thy errand he may surpersede,
 And by his coming obviate my designs.

THEBAN HERALD, THESEUS, ADRASTUS,
 CHORUS.

THEBAN HERALD.

Who is the sovereign ruler of this land?
 To whom must I unfold the message sent
 By Creon who presides o'er the domains
 Of Cadmus, since before Thebes' seven-fold gates

Slain by his Brother Polynices' hand
Eteocles expir'd?

THESEUS.

With an untruth
Thy speech, O stranger, hast thou op'd by asking
For a King here: for Athens, this free city,
By no one man is govern'd, but the people
Rule in succession year by year; to wealth
No preference is allow'd, but the poor man
An equal share of empire doth possess.

THEBAN HERALD.

By yielding up this point, to me you grant
Advantage such as equals the first throw
At dice; the city whence I came is rul'd
By one man only, not by multitudes:
No crafty orator with specious words
For his own interest turns the wavering minds
Of its inhabitants, this moment dear
To all around, and lavish of his favours,
The next a public bane, yet he conceals
By some fresh calumny his errors past,
And scapes the stroke of justice. How can they
Who no sound judgements form, the people, guide
A city well? for 'Time instead of Haste
Affords the best instructions. But the man
Who tills the ground, by poverty deprest,
If to that poverty he add the want
Of due experience, through the manual toils
He is engag'd in, to the public good
Can ne'er look up. Those too of noble birth
Are much disgusted when the worthless hold
Posts of the highest rank, and he who erst
Was nothing, with his tongue beguiles the crowd.

THESEUS.

This witty Herald to his message adds
The flowers of eloquence. But on this strife
Since thou hast enter'd, hear me; for 'twas thou

That gav'st the challenge to debate : no curse
 (11) Is greater to a city than a King.
 For first wheree'er no laws exist which bind
 The whole community, and one man rules,
 Upon his arbitrary will alone
 Depend the laws, and all thy rights are lost.
 But under written laws the poor and rich
 An equal justice find ; and if reproach'd,
 They of low station may with equal scorn
 Answer the taunting arrogance of wealth ;
 And an inferior, if his cause be just, |
 Conquers the powerful. This too is a mark
 Of freedom, where the man who can propose
 Some wholesome counsel for the public weal,
 Is by the herald called upon to speak.
 Then he who with a generous zeal accepts
 Such offer, gains renown ; but he who likes not
 His thoughts to utter, still continues mute.
 How can a city be administer'd
 With more equality ? wheree'er the people
 Are sovereigns of the land, a rising race
 Of heroes gives them joy ; but these a King
 Esteems his foes ; the brave, with those who bear
 The character of wise, he slays, still trembling
 For his ill-gotten power. How can that city
 On a firm basis stand, where valiant youths,
 Like the green sheaf cut from the vernal mead,
 Are in their bloom mown down ? why then acquire
 Large fortunes for our children, to augment
 The treasures of a king ? or why train up
 Our virgin Daughters with an anxious care,
 Merely to gratify the loose desires

(11) " The word τυραννος here evidently means a King, for he is called βασιλευς, v. 444 ; and the dispute is about Monarchy, or the power of one man compared with a Democracy : though in some places the Poet may seem to confound Royalty with Tyranny ; in order, I apprehend, to place it in a more invidious light." MARKLAND.

Of an imperious Monarch, and cause tears
 To stream from their fond Parents? May I end
 My life, ere these indignant eyes behold
 The violation of my Daughter's honour!
 Thus far in answer to thy speech. — Now say,
 What claims hast thou to make on this domain?
 Wert thou not hither by thy city sent,
 Thou, the impertinent harangues thou cam'st
 To utter, should'st bewail. A messenger
 When he hath spoken what his lords enjoin,
 Ought to depart with speed. Next time let Creon
 A less loquacious messenger dispatch
 To the Athenian land.

CHORUS.

Alas! when Fortune
 Profusely showers her gifts upon the wicked,
 How insolent they are, as if they deem'd
 They should for ever prosper!

THEBAN HERALD.

I will now
 Speak what I have in charge; your thoughts indeed
 Differ from mine on these contested points;
 But I and all the Theban race pronounce
 This interdict: let not Adrastus enter
 The land, or if he be already here,
 Ere you bright chariot of the Sun descends,
 Regardless of these mystic branches borne
 By suppliant matrons, drive him from the realm,
 Nor furiously attempt to take away
 The slain by force, for in the Argive state
 You have no interest. If to my advice
 You yield due credence; by no boisterous waves
 O'ertaken in your course, you cross the deep
 Shall sail your Nation's pilot, else the storm
 Of direful war shall burst on us and you,
 And your allies. Deliberate well, nor give
 An haughty answer, by my words provok'd,

And of the freedom of your city vain :
 For a reliance on superior might
 Is most pernicious, oft hath it embroil'd
 Contending states, and rous'd inmoderate ire.
 For when whole cities by their votes decide
 In favour of a war, there's not a man
 Expects to perish ; all avert the doom
 Which threatens their own, upon another's head.
 But while they give their suffrages, if Death
 Were present to their eyes, Greece ne'er had ow'd
 Its ruin to a frantic lust for war.
 We all know how to choose the better part,
 Distinguish good from ill, and are aware
 That Peace, the benefactress of mankind (12)
 Is preferable to war, by every Muse
 Held justly dear, and to the fiends of Hell
 A foe, in population she delights,
 And wealth abundant : but these blessings slighting,
 We wickedly embark in needless wars ;
 A man to servitude consigns the man
 His arms subdu'd, on city the same doom
 City imposes. But you aid our foes
 E'en after they are dead, and would inter
 With pomp funereal those who owe their fate

(12) An imitation of this passage occurred where I should by no means have thought of searching for it.

Euripides tragicæ que gloria prima Camæna,
 Pacem describens, "opulentam" tumque "beatam"
 Nominat hæc addens : "inter pulcherrima Divas."
 Atque alibi "quantum bello potiorque serena
 " Sit Pax in primis qui Musas promovet alma
 " Luctibus ac adversatur, sobolsque suavi
 " Dexteritate, hinc atque opibus congaudet opimis."

Leland. Encom. Pacis, p 8. ed. Lond. 1546, and reprinted in his Col-
 lectanea, v. 5. p. 75. ed. Lond. 1770. The Antiquarian Bard has evident-
 ly translated his four last lines from hence, and Καλλίστα μακαρῶν θαν
 in the fragment of our Author's Cresphontes, v. 15, may have furnished
 him with the expression "inter pulcherrima Divas."

To their own arrogance. Forsooth, you deem
 That justice was infring'd, when smok'd the body
 Of frantic Capaneus, by thunder smitten,
 Upon that ladder, which he at the gates
 Erecting, swore he would lay waste our city,
 Or with dread Jove's consent, or in despite
 Of the vindictive God: nor should th' abyss
 Have snatch'd away that (13) Augur, swallowing up
 His chariot in the caverns of the earth:
 Nor was it fitting that those other Chiefs
 Should at the gates lie breathless, with their limbs
 Disjointed by huge stones; boast that your wisdom
 Transcends e'en that of Jove himself, or own
 The Gods may punish sinners. It behoves
 Those who are wise, to love their children first,
 Their aged parents next, and native land,
 Whose growing fortunes they are bound t' improve,
 And not dismember it. In him who leads
 An host, or pilot station'd at the helm,
 Rashness is dangerous: he who by discretion
 His conduct regulates, desists in time,
 And caution I esteem the truest valour.

ADRASTUS.

The vengeance Jove inflicted on our crimes
 Should have suffic'd: but it behoves not thee,
 Thou most abandon'd miscreant, to insult us
 With contumelious words.

THESEUS.

Adrastus, peace!
 Restrain thy tongue, and in my speech forbear
 To interrupt me: for this Herald brings
 For thee no embassy, but comes to me,
 And I must answer. — First will I confute
 The bold assertion which thou first didst make.
 I own not the authority of Creon,
 Nor can he by superior might enforce

From Athens these submissions: to its source
 The river shall flow upward ere we yield
 To base compulsion. I am not the cause
 Of this destructive war; nor did I enter
 The realms of Cadmus with those armed bands,
 But to inter the bodies of the slain
 (No violence to Thebes, no bloody strife
 Commencing), is, I deem, an act of justice,
 And authoriz'd by the establish'd laws
 Of every Grecian state. In what respect
 Have I transgress'd? if from those Argive chiefs
 Ye suffer'd aught, they perish'd: on your foes
 With glory ye aveng'd yourselves, and blame
 To them ensued. No longer any right
 Have ye to punish. O'er the dead let dust
 Be strewn, and every particle revert
 Back to its antient seat whence into (14) life
 It migrated, the soul ascend to Heaven,
 The body mix with earth: for we possess,
 By no sure tenure, this decaying frame,
 But for a dwelling merely, through the space
 Of life's short day, to us doth it belong,
 And after our decease, the foodful ground
 Which nourish'd, should receive it back again.
 Think'st thou the wrong thou dost, when thou deniest
 Interment to the dead, confin'd to Argos?
 No; 'tis a common insult to all Greece,

(14) An obvious tautology is avoided by reading ζῆν instead of σῶμα, as proposed by Mr. Toup in his *Emend.* in *Suidam*, and Dr. Musgrave in his note on this passage. The following passage of Lucretius is noticed as exactly similar with this part of Theseus' speech in Euripides, by Barthius in his *Adversaria*, and a note of Tanaquil Faber in Havercamp's edition of Lucretius;

Cedit item retro, de Terrâ quod fuit ante,
 In Terras; & quod missum est ex ætheris oris
 Id rursus Cæli fulgentia templa receptant.

Both the Greek and Latin Poet are supposed to have taken the thought from the writings of the Philosopher Epiclarmus.

When of due obsequies bereft, the slain
 Are left without a tomb: the brave would lose
 Their courage, should such usages prevail.
 Com'st thou to threaten me in haughty strain,
 Yet meanly fear'st to let the scatter'd mold
 Cover the dead? what mischiefs can ensue?
 Will they, when buried, undermine your walls,
 Or in earth's hollow caves beget a race
 Of children able to avenge their wrongs?
 Absurdly hast thou lavish'd many words
 In base and groundless terrors. O ye fools,
 Go make yourselves acquainted with the woes
 To which mankind are subject. Human life
 Is but a conflict: some there are whose bliss
 Approaches them, while that of others waits
 Till a long future season, others taste
 Of present joys: capricious Fortune sports
 With all her anxious votaries; through a hope
 Of better times to her the wretched pay
 Their homage; he who is already blest
 Extolls her matchless bounty to the skies,
 And trembles lest the veering gale forsake him.
 But we who know by what precarious tenure
 We hold her gifts, should bear a trifling wrong
 With patience, and, if we the narrow bounds
 Of justice overleap, abstain from crimes
 Which harm our country. If thou ask, what means
 This prelude? I reply; to us who wish
 To see them laid in earth with holy rites,
 Consign the weltering corpses of the slain,
 Else is it clear what mischiefs must ensue,
 I will go forth, and bury them by force.
 For 'mong the Greeks it never shall be said
 This (15) antient law, which from the Gods receiv'd

(15) The law here alluded to is probably that mentioned by Ælian, Var. Hist. L. 5, c. 14. *Νομος και εθος Αθηναίων ος εν σταφύρι προτιτυχη σώματα ανθρώπων, πάντως επιβαλιν αυτώ γην.* "This also is an Athenian law, that

Its sanction : though transmitted down to me
And to the city where Pandion rul'd,
Was disregarded.

CHORUS.

Courage ! while the light
Of justice is thy guide, thou shalt escape
Th' invidious censures of a busy crowd.

THEBAN HERALD.

May I comprise in a few words the whole
Of our debate ?

THESEUS.

Speak whatsoe'er thou wilt :
For no discreet restraint thy tongue e'er knew.

THEBAN HERALD.

The corsés of those Argives youths, from Thebes
You never shall remove.

THESEUS.

Now to my answer
Attend, if thou art so dispos'd.

THEBAN HERALD.

I will :

For in your turn I ought to hear you speak.

THESEUS.

On the deceas'd will I bestow a grave,
When I have borne their relics from the land
Wash'd by Asopus' stream.

“ whoever meets with the unburied body of a man, shall be indispen-
sably bound to cast earth over it ” In the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the
Messenger, speaking of Polynices' corse, says,

Δεπτη δ' αλος φευγοντος ως επιη κομις.

Light lay the scatter'd earth
As only meant t' avoid th' imputed curse.

FRANKLIN.

The same idea prevailed among the Romans : and we find the ghost of Archytas in Horace threatening the Mariner with the vengeance of Heaven against both himself and his posterity, if he neglected the pious office of strewing dust over his shipwrecked corse, which the waves had cast upon the shore.

THE SUPPLIANTS.

THEBAN HERALD.

In combat first
Great hazards must you brave.

THESEUS.

Unnumber'd toils
Have I ere now in other wars endur'd.

THEBAN HERALD.

Was there to you transmitted from your Sire
Sufficient strength to cope with every foe?

THESEUS.

With every villain: for on virtuous deeds
No punishment would I inflict.

THEBAN HERALD.

Both you
And Athens have been wont in various matters
To interfere.

THESEUS.

To many a bold emprise
She owes the prosperous fortunes she enjoys.

THEBAN HERALD.

Come on, that soon as you attempt to enter
Our gates, the Theban lance may lay you low.

THESEUS.

Can any valiant champion from the teeth
Of a slain Dragon spring?

THEBAN HERALD.

This to your cost
Shall you experience, tho' you still retain
The rashness which untutor'd youth inspires.

THESEUS.

By thy presumptuous language, thou my soul
To anger canst not rouse: but from this land
Depart, and carry back those empty words
With which thou hither cam'st: for we in vain
Have held this conference. [*Exit THEBAN HERALD.*]

Now must we collect
Our numerous infantry in arms array'd,

With all who mount the chariot, and the steed
 Caparison'd, his mouth distilling foam,
 Urge to the Theban realm ; for I will march
 Up to the seven-fold gates by Cadmus rear'd
 (16) This arm sustaining a protended spear,
 And be myself the Herald. But stay here,
 Adrastus, I command thee ; nor with mine
 Blend thy disastrous fortunes : for the host
 I under happier auspices will lead
 To the embattled field, renown'd in war,
 And furnish'd with the spear to which I owe
 My glories. I need only one thing more,
 Help from the gods, who are the friends of justice :
 For where all these advantages concur,
 They to our better cause ensure success ?
 But valour's of no service to mankind
 Unless propitious Jove his influence lend.

[*Exit* THESEUS.]

ADRASTUS.

Unhappy Mothers of those hapless chiefs,
 How doth pale fear disturb this anxious breast !

CHORUS.

What new alarm is this thou giv'st ?

ADRASTUS.

The host
 Of Pallas our great contest will decide.

CHORUS.

By force of arms, or conference, dost thou mean ?

ADRASTUS.

'Twere better thus ; but slaughter, the delight

(16) Carmelli in his Italian version has thrown this line into a parenthesis. Markland had on conjecture altered *αυτος* ipse into *αυτη* hic ; but in his note gives the preference to Reiskins's arrangement, who carries it two lines backward. Dr. Musgrave, whom I have followed, brings it one line forward, and by so doing gives I think greater force and beauty to the speech. Mr. Tyrwhitt and he are also my authorities for putting into the mouth of Adrastus the following speeches, usually ascribed to Æthra,

Of Mars, and battle, thro' the Theban streets,
With many a beaten bosom shall resound.

CHORUS.

Wretch that I am! what cause shall I assign
For such calamities?

ADRASTUS.

But some reverse
Of fortune, may again lay low the man
Who, swollen with gay prosperity, exults;
This gives me confidence.

CHORUS.

Th' immortal Gods
Thou represent'st as if those Gods were just.

ADRASTUS.

For who but they o'er each event preside?

CHORUS.

Heaven's partial dispensations to mankind
I oft contemplate.

ADRASTUS.

Thou thy better judgement
To thy past fears dost sacrifice. Revenge
Calls forth revenge, and slaughter is repaid
By slaughter; for the Gods into the souls
Of evil men pernicious thoughts infuse,
And all things to their destin'd period guide.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

O could I reach yon field with turrets crown'd
And leave thy spring Callichoré behind.

ADRASTUS.

Heaven give thee pinions to outstrip the wind!

CHORUS.

Waft me to Thebes for its two streams renown'd.

ADRASTUS.

(17) There might'st thou view the spirits of the slain
 Whose corscs welter on the hostile plain.
 Still dubious arc the dread awards of fate.
 But the undaunted King of this domain,
 In yon embattled field what dangers may await

CHORUS.

II.

On you, ye pitying Gods, again I call,
 In you my trust I place, your might revere,
 And with this hope dispell each anxious fear.
 O Jove, whom love's soft bandage did enthrall,
 When beauteous Io met thy fond embrace,
 Erst to a heifer chang'd, from whom we trace
 Our origin, make Argos still thy care.
 Thy image rescuing from its loath'd disgrace,
 To the funereal pyre these heroes will we bear.

MESSENGER, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

With many acceptable tidings fraught

(17) Though the reading of Ψυχας, which I have followed, is defended by Barnes with respect to the quantity, in a manner which appears to me entirely satisfactory, especially if with Scaliger we compound *av* Ψυχας into *αμφυχας*; the conjectural innovation of Τυχας; fortunas, proposed by Mr. Heath and Mr. Tyrwhitt, has found admission into the Latin versions of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave. "*How could she see the souls of her Sons?*" is a question asked by the former of these editors in opposition to the old reading. Metaphysical controversies are much beyond my sphere, but *such* is the language of Euripides and the antient Poets. Πη ποτε Δειω Ελενη ψυχην εσιδω; is an exclamation of the unfortunate Hecuba in the eighty-seventh line of the Tragedy which bears her name; on which the Scholiast observes *επιε ψυχην Ελενε επιδη πεθνηως ην*. In the eleventh book of the Odyssey, where Ulysses sees and converses with the souls of Tiresias and other illustrious Greeks, the word ψυχη is used by Homer, as is that of anima in Virgil where he speaks of those with whom Æneas held a like intercourse. Moreover the idea of the ghosts of those warriors being seen to wander in discontent, and hover about the spot where their bodies lay unburied, is perfectly classical, and conformable to what we read of Elpenor's shade in Homer, and that of Palinurus in Virgil.

(18) I come, ye Dames, and am myself just 'scap'd
 (For I was taken prisoner in that battle,
 When the seven squadrons, led by the deceas'd,
 Upon the banks of Dirce's current fought);
 It is my joyful errand to relate
 The conquest Theseus gain'd : but your fatigue
 Of asking tedious questions will I spare ;
 For to that Capaneus, th' ill-fated chief
 Whom Jove with flaming thunderbolts transpierc'd,
 Was I a servant.

CHORUS.

O my friend, you bring
 A favourable account of your return,
 And Theseus' mighty deeds : but if the host
 Of generous Athens too be safe, most welcome
 Will be the whole of what you now relate.

(18) This violation of the unity of time, which is by far the most gross of any that occurs in Euripides, if we except that he is charged with committing (as I hope I have shewn) upon very slight grounds, in the immediately preceding tragedy of *Andromache*, has not escaped the censure of the critics: but the attack made upon it by Muretus, var. lect. L. XIV. c. 16. being somewhat inaccurately worded, Barnes thence takes occasion rather to extenuate the charge; and Markland observes with an air of triumph, that the stricture "on the messenger's *returning* from Thebes "to *Athens* in less time than he could have performed the journey in a "dream" is doubly inaccurate, as the messenger is a prisoner who had been detained at Thebes ever since the former war, and escaping from thence, brought these tidings to Eleusine, not Athens. The distance of Eleusine from Thebes appears indeed from the maps somewhat smaller than that of Athens: but in every other respect the objection will rather gain than lose force by being stated with minuteness and accuracy. Scarce forty lines have intervenc'd since Theseus left the temple to put himself at the head of his troops, who were waiting for him at the spring of Callichore; from thence he has marched to Thebes and given battle to Creon, who repeated his refusal to deliver up the slain: the Thebans being defeated after a very obstinate conflict, and the gates of the city thrown open to admit the fugitives, an Argive prisoner made his escape, and now arrives at Eleusine with an account of the engagement, so circumstantial that the very delivering it takes up near treble the space of time that has elapsed since Theseus left the temple.

MESSENGER.

'Tis safe; and what Adrastrus strove t' effect,
 When from the stream of Inachus he led
 His forces, and against the Theban towers
 Wag'd war, is now accomplish'd.

CHORUS.

But relate
 How Ægeus' Son with his intrepid comrades
 Jove's trophies rear'd, for you th' engagement saw,
 And us who were not there, can entertain.

MESSENGER.

In a right line the solar beams began
 To strike the earth; upon a tower I stood
 Commanding a wide prospect o'er the field,
 Above the gate Electra. Thence I mark'd
 The warriors of three tribes, to the assault
 Advancing in three several bands, array'd
 In ponderous armour, to Ismenos' stream,
 The first division, I am told, its ranks
 Extended; the illustrious Son of Ægeus,
 Their monarch, was among them; round their chief
 The natives of Cecropia's antient realm
 Were station'd; the Paraliens arm'd with spears
 Close to the fount of Mars; on either flank
 Of battle stood the cavalry dispos'd
 In equal numbers, and the brazen cars
 Skreen'd by Amphion's venerable tomb.
 Meanwhile the Theban forces were drawn forth
 Without the bulwarks, placing in their rear
 The bodies which they fought for; fiery steed
 To steed; to chariot, chariot stood oppos'd.
 But Theseus' Herald, in a voice so loud
 That all might hear, cried out, " Be mute, ye people,
 " Attend in strictest silence, O ye troops
 * Who spring from Cadmus; we are come to claim
 " The bodies of the slain, which 'tis our wish
 " To bury, in compliance with the laws

“ Establish’d thro’ all Greece : we for their deaths
 “ Require not an atonement.” To these words
 No answer by his herald Creon gave,
 Firm under arms the silent warrior stood.
 They who the reins of adverse chariots held
 Began the battle, hurrying through the ranks
 With glowing wheels, nor shunn’d the lifted spear ;
 Some fought with swords, while others urg’d their steeds
 Again into the fray, encountering those
 Who had repelled them. But when Phorbas, leader
 Of the Athenian cavalry, observ’d
 The chariots of the foe in throngs advance,
 He and the chieftians of the Theban horse
 In the encounter mingled, and by turns
 Prevail’d and were discomfited. I speak not
 From fame alone, but what myself beheld,
 For I was present where the chariots fought,
 And the brave chiefs who in those chariots rode.
 In an assemblage of so many horrors,
 I know not which to mention first ; how thick
 The clouds of dust which blacken’d all the sky,
 Or those who tangled in the stubborn reins
 Were dragg’d at random o’er the field, and bath’d
 In their own gore, their chariots overthrown
 Or broken ; others headlong from their seat
 Were violently dash’d upon the ground,
 And breath’d their last amid their splinter’d wheels.
 When Creon saw his cavalry prevail,
 Hastily snatching up a pointed spear,
 Onward he march’d impetuous, lest his troops
 Should lose their courage ; nor through abject fear
 Did Theseus’ bands recoil : without delay,
 On to the combat, sheath’d in glittering arms
 The dauntless chief advanc’d, and now began
 In the main body of each adverse host
 An universal conflict ; with the slain
 The slayer mingled lay ; while clamorous shouts

Were heard from those that to their comrades cried ;
 “ Strike ! with your spears oppose Erectheus’ race.”
 A legion sprung from the slain Dragon’s teeth
 With courage fought, and press’d on our left wing
 So hard that it gave way, while by our right
 Discomfited the Theban squadrons fled.
 Thus in an equal balance long remain’d
 The fate of war, but here again our Chief
 Deserv’d applause, for he not only gain’d
 All that advantage his victorious troops
 Could give him, but proceeded to that wing
 Which had been worsted : with so loud a shout
 That earth resounded, “ Valiant youths,” he cried,
 “ If ye repell not those portended spears
 “ Of the fierce Dragon’s brood, Minerva’s city
 “ Is utterly destroy’d.” These words infus’d
 New confidence in all th’ Athenian host.
 Then snatching up the ponderous club he won,
 Near (19) Epidaurus, with his utmost force

(19) Epidaurus, in the province of Argos, is described by Strabo as being situated near the bay of Saron, and opposite to the island Ægina : the distance is not great from thence to Træzene the city of Pittheus, under whose care Theseus was educated, Plutarch speaks of that hero’s killing Periphetes, a famous robber in the neighbourhood of Epidaurus, as his earliest exploit. Theseus, as a mark of his triumph, used to bear the club he took from his vanquished foe, whom Pausanias and Ovid have dignified with the appellation of the Son of Vulcan. The antient Poets often put such weapons into the hands of their Heroes, in order to convey to the reader an idea of superior strength; thus Nestor, speaking of his youthful exploits ;

Τοισι δ’ Ερευθαλιων προμος ισωτο ισθεος φως
 Τευχε’ εχων ωμοισιν Αρηΐδοιο ανικτος,
 Διο Αρηΐδοο τει επικλησιν κορυνητον
 Ανδρες κικλησκει, καλλιζωνοι τε γυναικες,
 Ουνεκ’ ερ’ ε τασσοσι μειχισκετο δερι τε μακρω,
 Αλλα σιδηρη κορυνη ηηνυξε φαλαγγας.

HOMER II. L. 7. v. 136.

There Ereuthalion brav’d us in the field,
 Proud Arëthous’ dreadful arms to wield ;
 Great Arëthous known from shore to shore
 By the huge knotted iron mace he bore ;

He swang that formidable weapon round,
 Severing, like tender poppies from the stalks,
 At the same stroke, their necks and helmed heads,
 Yet scarcely could he put to flight the troops
 Of Argos. With a shout, then vaulting high,
 I clapp'd my hands while to the gates they ran.
 Through every street re-echoed mingled shrieks
 Of young and old, who by their fears impell'd
 Crowded the temples. But when he with ease
 The fortress might have enter'd, Theseus check'd
 The ardour of his host, and said he came,
 Not to destroy the city, but redeem
 The bodies of those slaughter'd chiefs. A man
 Like this should be selected for the leader
 Of armies, who 'midst dangers perseveres
 Undaunted, and abhors the madding pride
 Of those, who flush'd with triumph, while they seek
 To mount the giddy ladder's topmost round,
 Forfeit that bliss they else might have enjoy'd.

CHORUS.

Now I have seen this unexpected day,
 I deem that there are Gods, and feel my woes
 Alleviated since these audacious miscreants
 Have suffer'd their deserts.

No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
 But broke with this the battle of the foe.

POPE.

It is recorded also of Æneas ;

Nec longè Cissea durum

Immanemque, Gyam sternentes agmina clavâ

Dejecit letho, nihil illos Herculis arma

Nil validæ juvere manus. VIRGIL, ÆN. L. 10. v. 317.

Not far from him was Gyas laid along

Of monstrous bulk, with Cisseus fierce and strong ;

Vain bulk and strength, for when the chief assail'd,

Nor valour nor Herculean arms avail'd.

DRYDEN.

The English reader who is in the least conversant with classical poetry or painting, will immediately recognize the club, though not mentioned in this version, as the characteristic weapon of Hercules.

ADRASTUS.

Why do they speak

Of wretched man as wise? On thee, O Jove,
 Our all depends, and whatsoe'er thou will'st
 We execute. The power of (20) Argos seem'd
 Too great to be resisted; we relied
 On our own numbers and superior might.
 Hence when Eteocles began to treat
 Of peace, though he demanded moderate terms,
 Disdaining to accept it, we rush'd headlong
 Into perdition: while the foolish race
 Of Cadmus, like some beggar who obtains
 Immense possessions suddenly, grew proud,
 And pride was the forerunner of their ruin.
 Mortals, devoid of sense, who strain too hard
 Your feeble bow, and after ye have suffer'd
 Unnumber'd evils justly, to the voice
 Of friends still deaf, are guided by events;
 And cities, who by treaty might avert
 Impending mischief, choose to make the sword,
 Rather than reason, umpire of your strife.
 But whither do these vain reflections tend?
 What I now wish to learn is, by what means
 Thou didst escape: I into other matters
 Will then make full enquiry.

MESSENGER.

While the tumult

Of battle in the city still prevail'd,
 I thro' that gate came forth, by which the troops
 Had enter'd.

ADRASTUS.

But did ye bear off the bodies
 Of those slain chiefs for whom the war arose?

(20) The substitution of *Αργος* for *αλγος*, which stands in the Aldus edition, and that of Barnes, is authorized, as we are informed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, by the manuscripts in the royal library at Paris.

THE SUPPLIANTS.

MESSENGER.

Who o'er seven noble houses did preside.

ADRASTUS.

What's this thou said'st? but where are all the rest
Of the deceas'd, an undistinguish'd crowd?

MESSENGER.

Lodg'd in a tomb amid Citharon's vale.

ADRASTUS.

Beyond or on this side the mount? and who
Perform'd this mournful duty?

MESSENGER.

Theseus' self;

The rock Eleutheris o'er shades their grave.

ADRASTUS.

But as for those he hath not yet interr'd,
Where did he leave their corsers?

MESSENGER.

Near at hand.

For every duty that affection prompts
Is plac'd within our reach.

ADRASTUS.

Did slaves remove

The dead with their ignoble hands?

MESSENGER.

No slave

Perform'd that office: if you had been present
You would have cried, "What love doth Theseus bear
"To our slain friends!" he lav'd the griesly wounds
Of these unhappy youths, the couch prepar'd,
And o'er their bodies threw the decent veil.

ADRASTUS.

Most heavy burden! too unseemly task!

MESSENGER.

What shame to feeble mortals can arise
From those calamities which none escape?

ADRASTUS.

Ah! would to Heaven that I with them had died!

MESSENGER.

In vain you weep, and cause full many a tear
To stream from these your followers.

ADRASTUS.

Here I stand
As the chief mourner, though by them, alas!
Have I been taught to grieve. Of that no more.
With hands uplifted I advance to meet
The dead, and pouring forth a votive dirge
Too soothe Hell's griesly Potentate, oncè more
Will I accost those friends, of whom depriv'd
I wail my solitude. This only loss
Man never can retrieve, the fleeting breath (21)
Of life; but the possessions we impair,
By various means may be again acquired.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Dash'd are our joys with mingled pains;
While Athens and its leaders claim
Fresh wreaths of laurel with augmented fame;
Doom'd to behold the pale remains
Of my lov'd children, bitter, pleasing sight,
I after grief shall feel an unforeseen delight.

(21) " This passage is imitated from Homer,

" Ἀΐστοι μὲν γὰρ τε βόες καὶ ἴφιαι μῆλαι,

" Κτήτιοι δὲ τρίποδες τε καὶ ἑπτὰν ἑλάνθει κάρηνας·

" Ἄνδρος δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν εἰθεὶν ἢ τε λείψη,

" Οὐθ' εἰλετή, ἐπεὶ αἶψ' ἀνὴρ κεν ἐμμελεῖται ἐξ ἄκος ὀδόντων.

Il. L. 9, v. 406.

" Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,

" And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain;

" But from our lips the vital spirit fled

" Returns no more to wake the silent dead."

POPE.

" Brodaeus has already made the same observation."

BARNES.

II.

O that old Time's paternal care
 Had kept me from the nuptial yoke.
 What need had I of Sons? this grievous stroke
 Could never then have been my share:
 But now I see perpetual cause to mourn;
 My Children, from these arms for ever are ye torn.

But lo the corpses of those breathless youths,
 Are born in pomp funereal. Would to Heaven
 I with my Sons might perish, and descend
 The shades of Pluto!

ADRASTUS.

Matrons, o'er the dead,
 Pale tenants of the realms beneath, now vent
 Your loudest groans, and to my groans reply.

CHORUS.

O Children, whom in bitterness of soul,
 With a maternal fondness, we accost;
 To thee, my breathless Son, to thee I speak.

ADRASTUS,

Ah me! my woes!

CHORUS.

We have endur'd, alas!
 Afflictions, the most grievous.

ADRASTUS.

O ye Dames
 Of my lov'd Argos, view ye not my fate?

CHORUS.

Me, miserable and childless they behold!

ADRASTUS.

Bring to their hapless friend each bloody corpse
 Of those fam'd Chiefs (22) dishonourably slain,

(22) From the account given to Jocasta by the messenger in the *Phœnissæ*, we learn that Hippomedon, Parthenopæus, and Capaneus, perished in the assault made by the Argives on the seven towers of Thebes; after which the two Sons of Oedipus, Eteocles and Polynices, having, in order to prevent farther effusion of blood, agreed to decide their claims to the throne by single combat, a spot was fixed on for that

And by the hands of cowards: when they fell,
The battle ended.

CHORUS.

O let me embrace
My dearest Sons, and in these arms sustain!

ADRASTUS.

Thou from these hands receiv'st them: such a weight
Of anguish is too grievous to be borne.—

CHORUS.

By their fond Mothers, you forget to add.
Wretch that I am!

ADRASTUS.

Ah, listen to my voice.

CHORUS.

Both to yourself and us these plaints belong.

ADRASTUS.

Would to the Gods that the victorious troops
Of Thebes, had slain and laid me low in dust!

CHORUS.

O that in wedlock I had ne'er been join'd
To any lord!

purpose without the walls of the city, and in the mid-way between both armies: the Thebans still kept on their armour; but the Argives had imprudently thrown theirs aside: immediately on the two Princes falling by each other's hand, (an event not guarded against in the treaty), the Thebans ungenerously availed themselves of this advantage, and attacked the Argives, who were not prepared to resist them, and are hence said to have fallen *καὶ αὖτις ἐπὶ τῶν ἀξίων*, which without this retrospect sounds absurdly when applied to men slain at the head of their troops in an engagement where they behaved with distinguished courage. As to Amphiareus who was swallowed up with his chariot and horses, Euripides has left it dubious whether he perished immediately after that attempt to storm the city, which preceded the duel between the two Brothers, or in flying with Adrastus: but the two other chiefs, Tydeas and Eteoclus, may be considered as having survived Polyinices, and as being the persons here spoken of *ἐν οἷς ἄλλων ἐκπεσόντων*; after whose deaths Adrastus having lost all hopes, quitted the field of battle, and escaped through the swiftness of his horse. Most of the Latin interpreters concur in rendering the last mentioned words in *quibus finitum erat certamen*: Reiskius and Mr. Markland suppose the word *locis* to be understood; but I rather apprehend the Argive king to be still speaking of these his slain friends.

THE SUPPLIANTS.

ADRASTUS.

Ye miserable Mothers
Of those brave youths, who for their country died,
An ocean of calamity, behold.

CHORUS.

We, hopeless mourners, with our nails have torn
These bleeding visages, and on our heads
Strewn ashes.

ADRASTUS.

Ah! ah me! thou opening ground,
Swallow me up. O scatter me, ye storms;
And may Jove's lightning on this head descend!

CHORUS.

You witness'd in an evil hour the nuptials
Of your two Daughters, in an evil hour
Apollo's mystic oracles obey'd.
The Wife whom you have taken to your arms
Is that destructive fiend who left the house
Of Ædipus, and chose with you to dwell.

THESEUS, ADRASTUS, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

The questions I design'd to have propos'd
To you, ye noble Matrons, when ye utter'd
Your loud complaints amidst th' assembled host,
I will omit, and mean to search no farther
Into the moving history of your woes.
But now of thee, Adrastus, I enquire,
Whence sprung these Chiefs whose prowess did transcend
That of all other mortals? thou art wise,
And these transactions, which full well thou know'st,
Canst to our youthful citizens unfold.
For, of their bold achievements, which exceed
The power of language to express, myself
(23) Have been a witness, when they strove to storm

(23) "Heath and Markland render *εἰδέναι* intelligo, because Theseus did not accompany the first expedition against Thebes, and therefore was not an eye-witness to the exploits performed by the Argive leaders.

The Theban walls. But lest I should provoke
 Thy laughter, this one question will I spare ;
 With what brave (24) champion in th' embattled field
 Each fought, and from the weapon of what foe
 Receiv'd the deadly wound : for these vain tales
 But serve an equal folly to display
 In those who either hear them, or relate,
 Should he who mingles in the thickest fray,
 From either army, while unnumber'd spears
 Before his eyes are thrown, distinctly strive
 To ascertain what dauntless warrior lanch'd
 With surest aim the missile death. These questions
 I cannot ask, nor credit those who dare
 To make such rash assertions. For the man
 Who to his foes in combat stands oppos'd,
 Can scarce discern enough to act the part
 Which his own duty calls for.

ADRASTUS.

Now attend,
 For no unwelcome task have you impos'd
 On me, of praising those departed friends,

“ This does not seem to me a sufficient reason, why we should transfer
 “ *ιδω* from *seeing* to the faculty of *understanding*, contrary to the usage
 “ of the Greeks. Pausanias relates (p. 729, ed. Kuhnii, Leipsic 1696.)
 “ that the Peloponnesians being unacquainted with the proper methods of be-
 “ sieging a fortress, made their attacks rather with passion than judgement.
 “ Theseus therefore, when he was at Thebes, might have gone round the
 “ walls, and beheld their attempts, by the places they had assailed be-
 “ ing pointed out to him.” DR. MUSGRAVE.

The above interpretation appears to me more probable from the ac-
 count Statius gives of Thebes being exposed to great danger, from the
 breaches made in its walls by the former assailants being not yet re-
 paired when it was besieged a second time by Theseus.

Murorum patet omne latus munimina portæ

Exposcunt; prior hostis habet, fastigia desunt;

Dejecit Capaneus.

Statii Theb. L. 12. v. 704.

(24) This has the appearance of being intended as a sarcasm on the
 battles of Homer, and is equally applicable to those of almost every
 other Epic writer.

Of whom with truth and justice I would speak.
 Do you behold yon Hero's graceful form,
 Thro' which the bolt of Jove hath forc'd its way?
 This youth is Capaneus, who tho' the fortune
 Which he possess'd was ample, ne'er grew vain
 Thro' wealth, nor of himself more highly deem'd
 Than if he had been poor, but shunn'd the man
 Who proudly glories in a sumptuous board,
 And treats a frugal competence with scorn;
 For he maintain'd that life's chief good consists not
 In the voracious glutton's full repast,
 But that a moderate portion will suffice.
 In his attachments still was he sincere,
 And zealous for the good of those he lov'd,
 Whether at hand or absent still the same;
 Small is the number of such friends as these;
 His manners were not counterfeit, his lips
 Distill'd sweet courtesy, and left not aught
 That he had promis'd, either to the slave,
 Or citizen of Argos, unperform'd.—
 Eteoclus I next proceed to name,
 For every virtuous practice much renown'd,
 Small were the fortunes of this noble youth,
 But in the Argive region he enjoy'd
 Abundant honours: tho' his wealthier friends
 Oft sought to have presented him with gold,
 His doors were clos'd against that specious bane,
 Lest he might seem to act a servile part,
 By riches made a bondsman: he abhorr'd
 The guilt of individuals, not the land
 Which nourish'd them: to cities no reproach
 Is due, because their rulers are corrupt.—
 Such also was Hippomedon, the third
 Of these illustrious chiefs; while yet a boy,
 To the delights the tuneful Muses yield,
 A life of abject softness, he disdain'd
 To turn aside: a tenant of the fields,

His nature he to the severest toils
Inuring, took delight in manly deeds,
With fiery coursers issuing to the chase,
Or twang'd with nervous hands the sounding bow,
And shew'd a generous eagerness to make
His vigour useful to his native land. —
There lies the huntress Atalanta's Son
Parthenopæus, by a beauteous form
Distinguish'd: in Arcadia was he born,
But, journeying thence to Inachus's stream,
In Argos nurtur'd; having there receiv'd
His education, first, as is the duty
Of strangers in the country where they dwell,
He never made a foe, nor to the state
Became obnoxious, wag'd no strife of words
(Whence citizens and foreigners offend),
But, station'd in the van of battle, fought
To guard the land as if he had been born
An Argive, and when'er the city prosper'd,
Rejoic'd, but was with deepest anguish stung,
If a reverse of fortune it endur'd:
Though many lovers, many blooming nymphs
To him their hearts devoted, he maintain'd
A blameless conduct. — The great praises due
To Tydeus I concisely will express;
Tho' rude of speech, yet terrible in arms,
Devising various stratagems, surpass'd
In prudence by his brother Meleager,
By warlike arts he gain'd an equal name,
Finding sweet music in the crash of shields:
Nature endued him with the strongest thirst
For glory and for riches; but his soul
In actions, not in words, its force display'd. —
From this account, O Theseus, wonder not
Such generous youths before the Theban towers
Fear'd not to meet an honourable death.
For education is the source whence springs

Ingenuous shame, and every man whose habits
 Have erst been virtuous, not without a blush,
 Becomes a dastard: courage may be taught;
 Just as a tender infant learns to speak
 And listen to the words he comprehends not;
 But he such wholesome lessons treasures up
 Till he is old. From this example train
 Your progeny in honour's arduous paths.

CHORUS.

I educated thee, my hapless Son,
 Thee in this womb sustain'd, and Childbirth's pangs
 For thee endur'd; but now hath Pluto seiz'd
 The fruit of all my toils, and I, who bore
 An offspring, am abandon'd to distress,
 Without a prop to stay my sinking age.

ADRASTUS.

The Gods themselves in louder strains extoll
 (25) Oicleus' illustrious Son, whom yet alive
 They with his rapid coursers snatch'd away
 And bore into the caverns of the earth.

(25) Amphiareus. Dr. Musgrave puts the encomiums on this hero and Polynices into the mouth of Theseus; but from the circumstance of Pindar and Euripides being contemporary writers, and the 6th Olympic Ode containing an account of "the praises with justice bestowed on the deceased prophet Amphiareus son of Oicleus by the tongue of Adrastus," the Ode of Pindar bearing date the 35th Olympiad, whereas this Tragedy of Euripides appears to have been exhibited in the 3d year of the 90th Olympiad, as Barnes infers from the oath proposed by Minerva in the last scene, being the same with that which Thucydides, L. 5. c. 47. mentions being taken by the Argives when they formed a league with Athens in the twelfth year of the Peloponesian war. It appears, therefore, highly probable that Euripides should concur with what had been advanced little more than 20 years before by Pindar, so far as to put these words into the mouth of Adrastus rather than Theseus: but, on the other hand, Dr. Musgrave's arguments in favor of ascribing the speech to Theseus, from Polynices being evidently unknown to Adrastus at the time of his taking shelter in his vestibule, when he appears to have recommended himself to the Argive king merely by his dauntless ferocity in encountering Tydeus, as well as from the stress apparently laid on the word *ημεας* in the original, are so strong, that I thought it advisable to take the middle way, by dividing the speech, and have followed Dr. Musgrave in his distribution of the subsequent dialogue.

THESEUS.

Nor shall I utter falshood, while my tongue
 Recounts the praise of Polynices, Son
 Of Oedipus; for as his guest the Chief
 Receiv'd me, ere, a voluntary exile,
 Abandoning his native city rear'd
 By Cadmus, to the Argive realm he went.
 But know'st thou how I wish thou should'st dispose
 Of their remains?

ADRASTUS.

All that I know is this,
 Whatever you direct shall be obey'd.

THESEUS.

As for that Capaneus who by the flame
 Lanch'd from Jove's hand was smitten. —

ADRASTUS.

Would you burn
 His corse apart as sacred?

THESEUS.

Even so.

But all the rest on one funereal pyre.

ADRASTUS.

Where mean you to erect his separate tomb?

THESEUS.

I near these hapless youths have fix'd the spot (26)
 For his interment.

(26) Reiskius, and after him Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Musgrave, read *οικος* instead of *οικητες*. Mr. Markland just mentions the proposed alteration in his notes, but gives it no sanction either by inserting it in his Latin version or the various readings at the foot of his page. There seems to be as little harm and at the same time as little use in it as is possible in the substitution of one word for another, where the sense differs so totally as "*Wretches and Temple.*" The body of Capaneus is evidently borne *without* the Temple for interment as well as the other Chiefs, nor does the spot where the funereal rites of Eteoclus and the rest were performed appear to have been at any considerable distance, from their ashes being soon after brought in urns to their Mothers by the children.

THE SUPPLIANTS.

ADRASTUS.

To your menial train
Must this unwelcome office be consign'd.

THESEUS.

But to those other warriors will I pay
Due honours. Now advance, and hither bring
Their corses.

ADRASTUS.

To your children, wretched Matrons,
Draw near.

THESEUS.

Adrastus, sure thou hast propos'd
What cannot be expedient.

ADRASTUS.

Why restrain
The Mothers from their breathless Sons' embrace?

THESEUS.

Should they behold their children thus deform'd,
They would expire with grief. The face we lov'd,
Soon as pale death invades its bloom, becomes
A loathsome object. Why would'st thou' encrease
Their sorrows?

ADRASTUS.

You convince me. Ye must wait
With patience; for expedient are the counsels
Which Theseus gives. But when we have consum'd
In blazing pyres their corses, ye their bones
Must take away. Why forge the brazen spear,
Unhappy Mortals, why retaliate slaughter
With slaughter? O desist; no more engross'd
By fruitless labours, in your cities dwell,
Peaceful yourselves, and through the nations round
A general peace diffusing. For the term

The interment therefore of Capaneus *within sight of the Temple*, and at the same time *near to his hapless Friends*, but in a separate tomb, is what I cannot consider as in the least inconsistent with unity of place.

Of human life is short, and should be pass'd
With every comfort, not in anxious toils.

[*Exeunt THESEUS and ADRASTUS.*

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

No more a Mother's happy name
Shall crown my fortunes or exalt my fame,
Midst Argive Matrons blest with generous heirs.
Of all the parent's hopes bereft,
By Dian, patroness of childbirth left,
Ordain'd to lead a life of cares,
To wandering solitude consign'd,
I like a cloud am driven before the howling wind.

II.

We, seven unhappy Dames, deplore
The seven brave Sons we erst exulting bore,
Illustrious champions who for Argos bled:
Forlorn and childless, drench'd in tears
Downward I hasten to the vale of years,
But am not number'd with the dead
Or living: a peculiar state
Is mine, on me attends an unexampled fate.

III.

For me nought now remains, except to weep:
In my Son's house are left behind
Some tokens; well I know those tresses shorn
Which no wreath shall ever bind,
No auspicious songs adorn,
And golden-hair'd Apollo scorn,
With horror from a broken sleep
Rous'd by grief at early morn
My crimson vest in gushing tears I steep.

But I the pyre of Capaneus behold
Already blazing, near his sacted tomb

Heap'd high; and plac'd without the fane, those gifts
 Which Theseus' self appropriates to the dead:
 Evadne too, the Consort of that Chief,
 Who by the thunderbolts of Jove was slain,
 Daughter of (27) noble Iphis is at hand.
 Why doth she stand upon the topmost ridge
 Of you aerial rock, which overlooks
 'This dome, as if she hither bent her way?

EVADNE, CHORUS.

EVADNE.

O D E.

I.

What cheering beams of radiant light
 Hyperion darted from his car,
 And how did Cynthia's lamp shine bright,
 While in the skies each glittering star
 Rode swiftly through the drear abodes of night,
 When Argive youths a festive throng
 T' accompany the nuptial song
 For Capaneus and me awak'd the lyre?
 Now frantic hither am I borne
 Resolv'd to share my Lord's funereal pyre,

(27) Though the word *αρεξ* is rendered rex in all the Latin versions I have met with, except that of Dorotheus Camillus, printed at Basil in 1541, who has very judiciously translated it excellens vir, it is very evident that this personage, whom Carmelli calls il Re Ife, had not the least pretensions to royalty, but was, as Mr. Markland expresses it in his note on the 873d line of this Tragedy, unus ex principibus Argivis, a man of high rank, but apparently of a very inconsiderable fortune, his son Eteoclus being represented by Adrastus as having lived in a state of absolute indigence, a circumstance which, notwithstanding his noble descent, and the honorable employments he is said to have filled, needed not to have called forth an exclamation of surprize from the last mentioned Commentator; as Athens (if not Argos), long after the days of Theseus, and even subsequent to those of Euripides, had no occasion to refer to the stage for such a character, but experienced in Phocion the same uncorrupted integrity, and poverty, united with power in a degree far beyond what is by the Poet fabled of Eteoclus.

With him to enter the same tomb,
 End with him this life forlorn,
 In Pluto's realms, the Stygian gloom.
 If Heaven assent, the most delightful death
 Is when with those we love we mix our parting breath.

CHORUS.

Near to its mouth you stand and overlook
 The blazing pyre, Jove's treasure, there is lodg'd
 Your Husband whom his thunderbolts transpierc'd.

EVADNE.

II.

Life's utmost goal I now behold,
 For I have finish'd my career:
 With stedfast purpose uncontrol'd
 My steps doth Fortune hither steer.
 In the pursuit of honest fame grown bold,
 Am I determin'd from this steep
 Into the flames beneath to leap,
 And mine with my dear Husband's ashes blend;
 I to the couch of Proserpine,
 With him in death united, will descend.
 Thee in the grave I'll ne'er betray:
 Life and wedlock I resign.
 May some happier spousal day
 At Argos for Evadne's race remain,
 And every wedded pair such constant loves maintain.

CHORUS.

But, lo, 'tis he! I view your aged Sire,
 The venerable Iphis, who approaches
 As a fresh witness of those strange designs
 Which yet he knows not, and will grieve to hear.

IPHIS, CHORUS, EVADNE.

IPHIS.

O most unhappy! hither am I come,
 A miserable old man, with twofold griefs
 By Heaven afflicted; to his native land,

The body of Eteoclus my Son
 Slain by a Theban javelin, to convey,
 And seek my Daughter, with impetuous step,
 Who rush'd from her apartment; in the bond
 Of wedlock she to Capaneus was join'd,
 And wishes to accompany in death
 Her Husband; for a time she in my house
 Was guarded, but since I no longer watch'd her,
 'Midst the confusion of our present ills
 She scap'd; but we have reason to suspect
 That she is here; inform us, if ye know.

EVADNE.

Why do you question them? here on this rock
 I, O my Father, o'er the blazing pyre
 Of Capaneus stand, hovering like a bird.

IPHIS.

What gale hath borne thee hither? or what means
 That robe, my Daughter? wherefore, from thy home
 Departing, to this region didst thou fly?

EVADNE.

'Twould but exasperate you to be inform'd
 Of my intentions: therefore, O my Sire,
 Am I unwilling you should hear.

IPHIS.

What schemes
 Are these which thy own Father may not know?

EVADNE.

In you I should not find an equal judge
 Of my intentions.

IPHIS.

But on what account
 Thy person with that habit hast thou grac'd?

EVADNE.

A splendid action, O my Sire, the robe
 I wear, denotes.

IPHIS.

Ill-suited is a garb

So costly to the matron who bewails
Her Husband's death.

EVADNE.

For an unheard-of purpose
In gay habiliments am I attir'd.

IPHIS.

Why stand'st thou near the grave and blazing pyre?

EVADNE.

Hither I come to gain a mighty conquest.

IPHIS.

O'er whom would'st thou prevail? I wish to know.

EVADNE.

O'er every woman whom the Sun beholds.

IPHIS.

By Pallas in the labours of the loom
Instructed, or with a judicious soul
That best of gifts endued?

EVADNE.

With dauntless courage:
For in the grave I with my breathless Lord
Shall be united.

IPHIS.

What is it thou say'st?
Or with what views a riddle thus absurd
Hast thou propounded?

EVADNE.

Hence into the pyre
Of Capaneus will I leap down.

IPHIS.

My Daughter,
Before the multitude forbear to hold
This language.

EVADNE.

There is nothing I have said
But what I wish that every Argive knew.

IPHIS.

Yet will I not consent thou should'st fulfil
Thy desperate purpose.

EVADNE, *as she is throwing herself from the Rock.*

It is all the same :

Nor can you now by stretching forth your hand
Stop my career. Already have I taken
The fatal leap, and hence descend, with joy,
Though not indeed to you, yet to myself,
And to my Lord, with whose remains I blaze.

CHORUS.

Thou hast committed an atrocious deed,
O woman.

IPHIS.

Wretched me ! I am undone,
Ye Dames of Argos.

CHORUS.

Horrid are these ills
Which thou endur'st, the deed thine eyes behold
Is the most daring.

IPHIS.

No man can ye find
Than me more miserable.

CHORUS.

O wretch ! a (28) portion
Of Oedipus's fortunes was reserv'd
For thee in thy old age : thou too, my city,
Art visited by the severest woes.

IPHIS.

Why was this privilege, alas ! denied
To mortals, twice to flourish in the bloom
Of youth, and for a second time grow old ?
For in our houses, we, if aught is found
To have been ill contriv'd, amend the fault
Which our maturer judgement hath descried ;
While each important error in our life

(28) " Because one of his children perished by a voluntary death, and
" through her own fault, like Eteocles and Polynices the two Sons of
" Oedipus. Hence in the Thebaid of Statius, Creon, lamenting the fate
" of his son Menæceus, says, Oedipodi par est fortuna doloris ac mihi."

Admits of no reform : but if with youth
And ripe old age we twice had been indulg'd,
Each devious step that mark'd our first career
We in our second might set right. For children,
Seeing that others had them, much I wish'd,
And pin'd away with vehement desire :
But if I had already felt these pangs,
And from my own experience learnt, how great
Is the calamity, to a fond Father,
To be bereft of all his hopeful race,
I into such distress had never fallen
As now o'erwhelms me, who begot a youth
Distinguish'd by his courage, and of him
Am now depriv'd. No more. But what remains
For me? wretch that I am, shall I return
To my own home, view many houses left
Without inhabitants, and waste the dregs
Of life in hopeless anguish, or repair
To the abode of Capaneus, with joy
By me frequented while my Daughter liv'd?
But she is now no more, who lov'd to kiss
My furrow'd cheeks and strok'd this hoary head.
Nought can delight us more than the attention
Which to her aged Sire a daughter pays :
Though our male progeny have souls endued
With courage far superior, yet less gently
Do they these soothing offices perform.
Will ye not quickly drag me to my home,
And in some dungeon's gloomy hold confine,
To wear away these aged limbs by famine?
Me, what, alas, can it avail, to touch
My Daughter's bones! what hatred do I bear
To thee, O irresistible old age!
Them too my soul abhors who vainly strive
To lengthen out our little span of life;
By th' easy vehicle, the downy couch,
And by the boasted aid of magic song,

Labouring to turn aside from his career
 Remorseless Death : when they who have no longer
 The strength required to serve their native land,
 Should vanish, and to younger men give place.

SEMICHORUS.

Lo there the bones of my slain Sons, whose corse
 Already in funereal pyres have blaz'd,
 Are borne along. Support a weak old Woman :
 The pangs which for my Children's loss I feel
 Deprive me of all strength. I long have mourn'd,
 And am enervated by many griefs.
 Can any curse severer be devis'd
 For mortals, than to see their children dead?

(29) BOY.

O my unhappy Mother, from the flames

(29) This speaker does not appear to be any new personage now for the first time introduced on the stage, but one of the Sons of the seven Chiefs, who appeared with Adrastus and the Chorus on the first opening of this Tragedy. Barnes supposes this Boy to be Stenelus the son of Capaneus ; and here it may be proper to observe, that as on the one hand Iphis' calling him *τενον* is by no means conclusive, neither on the other does the expression *μητηρ* appear to add the least force to the objections urged against Barnes by Heath and Markland, because *μητηρ* here means Grandmother, as in the Iphigenia in Aulis *Πατερ Τελευχο;* stands for Talus the Grandfather of Euryalus : and Peleus in the Andromache calls Lis Son Achilles, and his Grandson Neoptolemus both *τενον*. That the youth, whoever he is, accosts his Grandmother by the term *μητηρ* is evident from his saying *οχι εστι σοι τενον*, " Thy children are no more," which sounds as if addressed to the Wife of Iphis, the Mother of Eteoclus and Evadne : but it would be peculiarly unnatural for Stenelus, who had just seen his Mother leap into the flames, to take hardly any notice of her death, while he breaks out into such vehement lamentations over his Father slain in battle. Eustathius in his commentary on Homer's Iliad, L. iv. v. 407, has included, in the list of the Epigoni, Melon the Son of Eteoclus, whom I apprehend to be the Boy here speaking. In the following dialogue I have been guided by Barnes and Mr. Markland in the distribution of the speeches : theirs I cannot but consider as far more judicious than that of their successors. Nor does Iphis' closing a former speech with " its being fit for an old Man to give place to his juniors," by any means induce me to conclude that he there leaves the stage, as supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in his appendix to Dr. Musgrave's Exercitationes

I bear my Father's relics, which my sorrows
Have made more weighty : this small urn contains
All my possessions.

SEMICHORUS.

Why dost thou convey
The sad and pleasing cause of many tears
To the afflicted Mothers of the slain,
A little heap of ashes in the stead
Of those who in Mycenæ were renown'd ?

BOY.

But I, a wretched Orphan, and bereft
Of my unhappy Father, shall receive
For my whole portion a deserted house,
Torn from the tutelary arms of him
To whom I owe my birth.

SEMICHORUS.

Where, where are those
Whom sorrowing I brought forth, whom at my breast
With a maternal tenderness I rear'd,
Their slumbers watch'd, and sweetest kisses gave ?

BOY.

Your Children are departed, they exist
No longer, O my Mother, they are gone
For ever, by devouring flames consum'd ;
In the mid-air they float, borne on light wing
To Pluto. O my Sire, for sure thou hear'st
Thy Children's lamentations, shall I bear
The shield hereafter to avenge thy death ?

IPHIS.

May the time come, my Son, when the just Gods
To me, shall for thy valiant Father's death

in Euripidem : the sentiment *ἐκείνη φιλίαν ἀγαθὴν ὀφθαλμοῖς σὺν (οἱ σὲ) μέλλωσιν*, will I apprehend to most readers seem very natural in the Mouth of Iphis ; whereas nothing can be more the reverse than to make the Chorus say (as Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Musgrave have done) " I shall no more behold " the dear image of thy Mother," when the Chorus consists of the Mothers of the slain Chiefs.

A full atonement grant : that grievous loss
In this torn heart yet rankles unappeas'd.

BOY.

I our hard fortunes have enough bewail'd,
My sorrows are sufficient. I will take
My stand where chosen Grecian chiefs, array'd
In brazen arms, with transport will receive me
Th' avenger of my Sire. E'en now these eyes
Behold thee, O my Father, on my cheeks
A kiss imprinting, tho' the winds have borne
Thy noble exhortations far away.
But thou hast left two mourners here behind,
Me and my Mother ; venerable man,
No time can from thy wounded soul efface
The grief thou for thy Children feel'st.

IPHIS.

The load

Of anguish which I suffer is so great
That it hath quite o'ercome me. Hither bring,
And let me clasp those ashes to my breast.

BOY.

These bitter lamentations have I heard
With streaming tears ; they rend my inmost soul.

IPHIS.

Thou, O my Son, art lost ; and I no more
Thy Mother's dear, dear image shall behold.

THESEUS, ADRASTUS, IPHIS, CHORUS.

THESEUS.

Behold ye, O Adrastus, and ye Dames
Of Argive race, these Children, in their hands
Bearing the relics of their valiant Sires
By me redeem'd? Athens and I, these gifts
On you bestow : still are ye bound to cherish
A memory of those benefits, obtain'd
Thro' my victorious spear. To all I speak
In the same terms. With honour due repay

This city, and the kindness, which from us
 Ye have experienc'd, to your children's children
 Transmit thro' latest ages. But let Jove
 Bear witness, with what tokens of our bounty
 Ye from this realm depart.

ADRASTUS.

Full well we know
 What favours you, O Theseus, have conferr'd
 Upon the Argive land, when most it needed
 A Benefactor; hence will we retain
 Such gratitude as time shall ne'er efface.
 For we, the generous treatment which from you
 We have receiv'd, as largely should requite.

THESEUS.

Is there ought else I can bestow?

ADRASTUS.

All hail;

For you and Athens every bliss deserve.

THESEUS.

May Heaven this wish accomplish! and may'st thou
 My friend, with equal happiness be crown'd.

MINERVA, THESEUS, ADRASTUS, IPHIS,
 CHORUS.

MINERVA.

Attend, O Theseus, to Minerva's words,
 And thou shalt learn what thou must do to serve
 This country; give not to the boys these bones
 To bear to Argos, on such easy terms
 Dismissing them. But to requite the toils
 Of thee and of thy city, first exact
 A solemn oath, and let Adrastus swear,
 For he, its King, for the whole Argive realm
 Is qualified to answer, and be this
 The form prescrib'd; "Ne'er will Mycene's sons
 " Into this land a hostile squadron lead,
 " But hence, with their protended spears, repell

‘ Each fierce invader.” If the sacred oath
 They impiously should violate, and march
 Against thy city, pray that utter ruin
 May light on Argos, and its perjur’d state.
 But where the Gods require that thou shalt slay
 The victims, I will tell thee ; in thy palace
 On brazen feet a massive tripod stands
 Which erst Alcides, when the walls of Troy
 He from their basis had o’erthrown, and rush’d
 New labours to accomplish, gave command,
 Close to the (30) Pythian altar, should be plac’d.
 When on this tripod thou hast slain three sheep,
 The destin’d victims, in its hollow rim
 Inscribe the oath ; then to that God consign
 Who o’er the Delphic realm presides : such tablet
 To Greece shall testify the league ye form.
 But in the bowels of the earth conceal
 The knife with which the victims thou hast slain,
 For this, when shewn, should they hereafter come,
 With armed bands, this city to assail,
 Will strike Mycene’s warriors with dismay,
 And their return embitter. When these rites
 Thou hast perform’d, the ashes of the dead
 Send from this region, and to them assign
 That grove in which their corpses have by fire
 Been purified, the spot where meet three roads
 Sacred to th’ (31) Isthmian Goddess. This to thee,

(30) Dramatic Poets are seldom accurate in their Chronology ; upon referring to the word *Πιεθον* in Suidas, I find the *Temple of Apollo* at Athens, known by that name, was erected, near seven hundred years after the days of Theseus, by Pisistratus ; and it appears from Thucydides, L. vi. c. 54, that the *altar* here spoken of, (which that Historian, who was some years younger than Euripides, informs us was standing in his time) owed its foundation to Pisistratus, son of Hippias, and grandson to the celebrated tyrant of that name who built the temple.

(31) “ Ino, or Lencothœa, to whom the rock in the Isthmus, where she threw herself into the sea, was afterwards deemed sacred : it is evident from Pausanias, that many places in the Peloponnes bore the

O Theseus, have I spoken : to the Boys
 Who spring from those slain Argive chiefs I add ;
 Ismenos' city, soon as ye attain
 Maturer years, shall ye in ruin lay,
 Retaliating the slaughter of your Sires ;
 Thou too, Ægialeus, an youthful Chief,
 Shalt in thy Father's stead command the host,
 And marching from Ætolia's realm, the Son
 Of Tydeus, Diomedes by name ; the down
 No sooner shall o'erspread your blooming cheeks,
 Than with a band of Argive warriors clad
 In glittering armour, with impetuous rage,
 Ye the seven Theban turrets shall assail ;
 Them, in your wrath, shall ye, in manhood's prime,
 Like whelps of lions visit, and lay waste
 The city. What I have foretold, ere long
 Will be accomplish'd. By applauding Greece
 Call'd the Epigoni, ye shall become
 A theme for your descendants' choral songs,

“ name of Ino, who, in her flight towards the Isthmus, is said to have
 “ passed over Gerania, a mountain of Megara, which juts out into the
 “ sea, and is situated between Eleusinia and the Isthmus. The Argive
 “ chiefs were buried near the road between Eleusine and Megara, which
 “ appears to have been situated at the foot of Gerania : she must there-
 “ fore have passed through Eleusinia. Is it not probable then, that, at the
 “ time of her being there, she should have sat down at some spot where
 “ three roads meet, either from not knowing which path to take, or
 “ through fatigue ; or at least that such an account should have been
 “ forged and obtained credit among the people, whence the place after-
 “ wards retained her name from the tradition of such event, whether true
 “ or false? moreover, that no one may consider this as spoken at random,
 “ it is proved by the testimony of Plutarch, Sympos. 5, prob. 3. that
 “ there was a place in Megara which derived its name from the flight
 “ of Ino.”

DR. MUSGRAVE.

Had our Author's Tragedy of Ino, several fragments of which are
 still extant, been transmitted to us entire, it would, in all probability,
 have entirely cleared up this point. But the above is so satisfactory a
 defence of the vulgar reading and punctuation, that I omit troubling the
 reader with the attempts of Brodæus, Barnes, and Markland, to apply
 what is here said of the Deity of the Isthmus rather to Diana or Neptune.

Such squadrons ye to battle shall lead forth
Favour'd by righteous Jove.

THESEUS.

Thy dread injunctions,
Minerva, awful Queen, will I obey :
For I, while thou direct'st me, cannot err.
I from Adrastus will exact that oath,
Deign only thou to guide my steps aright,
For to our city if thou prov'st a friend
We shall enjoy blest safety.

CHORUS.

Let us go,
Adrastus, and eternal friendship swear
To Theseus and his city, for the toils
They have endur'd, our grateful reverence claim.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Sæpius olim

Religio peperit scelerosa atque impia facta :

Aulide quo pacto Triviaï virginis Aram

Iphianassai turparunt sanguine fœdè

Ductores Danaum, delecti, prima virorum.

LUCRETIVS.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

AGAMEMNON.

AN AGED ATTENDANT.

CHORUS OF DAMES OF CHALCIS.

MENELAUS.

MESSENGER.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

IPHIGENIA.

ACHILLES.

SCENE—THE COAST BORDERING ON THE HAVEN OF
AULIS IN BÆOTIA.

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

AGAMEMNON, AN AGED ATTENDANT.

AGAMEMNON.

COME forth, my aged follower, from this tent.

ATTENDANT.

I come. But what fresh scheme employs the thoughts
Of royal Agamemnon?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou shalt hear.

ATTENDANT.

I haste. Old age gives keenness to these eyes,
And makes them strangers to sleep's balmy gifts.

AGAMEMNON.

What star now holds his course?

ATTENDANT.

'Tis Sirius borne
Near the seven Pleiades in mid career.

AGAMEMNON.

No sound is heard, or from the feather'd choir,
Or ocean's waves; the silent winds still keep
Euripus in a calm.

ATTENDANT.

But why rush forth,
My Sovereign, from your tent? for o'er this coast
Of Aulis still an universal rest
Prevails, and station'd on yon walls remain
The centinels, in motionless array.
Shall we go in?

AGAMEMNON.

Thee, O thou aged man,
Happy I deem, and happy all who live

From danger free, inglorious and unknown :
But those on whom great honours wait, I hold
Less to be envied.

ATTENDANT.

Hence doth life acquire
Its splendour.

AGAMEMNON.

Yet such splendour oft is found
Precarious. Empire, tempting to the view,
Comes laden with affliction. For some God,
To whom our homage was not duly paid,
At times our prosperous fortunes hath o'erthrown :
Again, a Monarch's transitory bliss,
By the discordant froward wills of those
We rule, hath been embitter'd.

ATTENDANT.

In a King
I blame such language. From a mortal Sire
You spring not to receive unmingled good,
O Agamemnon : Atreus' son must feel
Vicissitudes of joy and grief, the lot
Of human kind : reluctance nought avails,
For thus hath Heaven ordain'd. You snatch the torch
And write that very letter, which your hand
Still bears irresolutely, then erase
The signature, seal, break it open, dash
The (1) tablet on the ground, shed many a tear,

(1) " The younger Racine, himself a Poet, justly praises this picture
" as admirable, in the Mem. of the Acad. des Inscript. T. viii. p. 290.
" Ovid has with great success transferred the thought of Euripides,
" copied, I apprehend, from hence, to Biblis preparing to reveal by
" letter her incestuous love to her Brother Caunus ;

" Incipit; et dubitat, scribit, damnatque tabellas ;

" Et notat: et delet; mutat, culpatque probatque,

" Inque vicem sumtas ponit, positasque resumit.

MET. L. ix. v. 522.

" The pencil then in her fair hand she held,

" By fear discourag'd, but by love compell'd,

And shew such wild confusion, that your brain
 Seems touch'd with frenzy. Wherefore laboring heaves
 Your bosom; what new grievance wounds my Lord?
 To me reveal your cares, and be assur'd,
 You to a faithful and a virtuous man
 Will utter them. Me, Tyndarus, with your Bride
 Erst sent as an addition to her dower,
 An upright guardian to the royal fair.

(2) AGAMEMNON.

To Leda, from Ætolian Thestius sprung,
 Were born three Daughters; Phœbe, Clytemnestra
 My wife, and Helen, to whose love aspir'd
 The wealthiest youths of Greece; each rival, threats
 Of murderous vengeance utter'd, if he fail'd
 To win the Maid, her Father hence remain'd
 Long in suspence, whether he should bestow (3)
 Or not bestow her, and on wavering Fortune

“ She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,

“ Likes it as fit, then rases it as vain.”

S. HARVEY.

Valkenaer Not. in Hippolytum, p 299.

Barnes, Carmelli, and others, understand by *Πεννη* “ a torch,” but Valkenaer is followed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, in interpreting it of the tablet made of the wood of the pine tree, on which Agamemnon was writing his letter.

(2) This speech, though interwoven with the dialogue, is evidently calculated only to give information to the Spectators, as the Attendant, to whom it is addressed, could be no stranger to the history of Tyndarus's family, in which he had resided as a servant till the marriage of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra: the following fragment however, preserved by Ælian, and cited as from this play, is with great probability supposed, by Dr. Musgrave, to have formed part of the Prologue, which appears to have been spoken by Diana.

A Hind with branching horns, I in the hands
 Of Grecian Chiefs will place, which they shall slay,
 And deem that they have sacrific'd thy Daughter.

(3) “ This seems taken from Æschylus:

“ *Ἀμνηστῶν δέ, καὶ φόβος μ' ἔχει φρονέας,*

“ *Δρῶσαι τε, καὶ δρῶσαι τε, καὶ τύχην εἶναι.*

Suppl. v. 384.

Perplex'd I fear

“ To act, or not to act, and fix my choice.”

Potter.

MARKLAND.

How with most surety he might fix his hold :
 At length this thought occur'd, he made them swear,
 Join hands in token of the sacred league,
 Sprinkle libations as the victims blaz'd,
 And bind themselves with curses to assist
 That favour'd youth who for his bride obtain'd
 The bright Tyndarean nymph, and from his house
 If any ravisher should bear away
 The lovely prize, to war with all their might
 Against him, and his city overthrow,
 Greek or Barbarian. But their plighted troth
 When they had given, soon as the aged Tyndarus
 Had overreach'd them by this sage device
 His Daughter he permitted to select
 One of her suitors, as the welcome gale
 Which Venus raises, should direct her love.
 Her choice was Menelaus; would to Heaven
 He never had obtain'd her. But from Troy
 Fame loudly tells how Paris, who had judg'd
 Betwixt contending Goddesses, arriv'd
 On Sparta's shore with glittering vest attir'd
 In burnish'd gold, and gay Barbaric pomp :
 He, amorous youth, departing, bore away
 The amorous Helen, and to Ida's mount,
 On which he fed the lowing herd, convey'd
 In Menelaus' absence. Hence thro' Greece
 The raging Husband flew, and by that oath,
 Which they to Tyndarus erst had sworn, conjur'd
 Each (4) rival chief to vindicate his wrongs.

(4) In Apollodorus we meet with a list of Helen's Suitors, twenty-nine in number, including most of the Grecian Heroes, celebrated by Homer in his Iliad, except Achilles: Helen, indeed, in the Tragedy of Euripides which bears her name, speaking to Teucer, says, she has heard that Achilles was one of Helen's lovers: but Pausanias in the 24th chapter of his Laconica is clearly of a different opinion, and considers Achilles, from what he himself says in the first book of the Iliad, as a volunteer in the cause, a circumstance very essential to that Hero's character, whose remaining disguised in female apparel at the court of Ly-

To arms hence rushing with impetuous speed,
 The Greeks their troops assemble in these straits
 Of Aulis; ships with targets, neighing steeds
 And brazen chariots for the war prepar'd:
 Me have they chosen to command this host,
 Because I am his Brother, for the sake
 Of Menelaus; but this rank I wish
 Another in my stead had gain'd. Our troops,
 Collected from each various Grecian realm,
 Are in this port, bound by an envious calm.

(5) But after hesitating long, the Seer
 Calchas this dreadful oracle pronounc'd,
 That Iphigenia must be offer'd up
 In sacrifice to Dian, who these fields
 Inhabits, that our fleet shall sail auspicious
 And conquer Troy, these bloody rites perform'd,
 But fail if we neglect them: such response
 Soon as I heard, Talthybius I enjoin'd

comedes till he was discovered by Ulysses, must cause him to appear in a very dishonourable light, if previously bound by an oath to Tyndarus to assist in the recovery of his Daughter; a reproach which is wholly obviated by Apollodorus's account of his being conveyed to the Island of Seyros in disguise, at the time of his being only nine years of age, by his Mother Thetis, who foresaw his perishing in the war against Troy.

(5) The expression *απορις κερσημενος* rendered by Barnes, cum valde angeretur animo, is more literally translated in the old version under the name of Dorotheus Camillus, usus hæsitatione. Carmelli, in his note, explains it, quid agendum esset pendens animi. In the tale forged by Sinon in Virgil, the account of the reluctance shewn by Calchas to direct a human victim to be slain at the altar, so nearly resembles what is here said of him, that it strikes me as probably suggested by the words here made use of; Ulysses being also there privy to the transaction.

Bis quinos silet ille dies: tectusque recusat.

Prodere voce sua quemquam aut opponere morti.

Æn. L. ii. v. 126.

Unexceptionable as the text appears, and though we hear of no manuscript that dissents from this reading, which is that of Aldus and Barnes, not to mention a catalogue of other editors, Reiskius proposes altering *απορις* into *εμπειρις*, Hemsterhusius substitutes *κερσημενω* for *κερσημενος*; and Heath, Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, prefer *κερσημενος*; but I am not able to discover any reason they have for wishing to change the text.

By proclamation to disband the host,
 Resolving that I never would permit
 My Daughter to be slain; till me at length
 By every argument my Brother won
 To undertake an office most abhorr'd.
 I wrote, and to my Wife dispatch'd the scroll,
 That hither, as Achilles' destin'd Bride,
 Our Daughter she should send: I of his rank
 Full highly spoke, and said he would not join
 The fleet, unless a Consort of our lineage
 Were borne to Phthia. These persuasive words
 I to my Wife address'd: the virgin's nuptials
 Are but a fiction craftily devis'd.
 Calchas alone, of all the Grecian host,
 Ulysses, Menelaus, and myself,
 Know the true fact. My unadvis'd decrees
 Are justly countermanded in this letter
 Which thou beheld'st me, mid'st the gloom of night,
 Opening and folding up again. But go,
 And take it hence to Argos: the contents,
 Yet unreveal'd, in words will I explain
 To thee at large, because, thou to my Wife,
 And th' interests of my house, still faithful prov'st.

ATTENDANT.

Inform me what they are, so shall my tongue
 Agree with the commissions of my Lord.

AGAMEMNON.

“ After my former letter, I again
 “ To thee, O progeny of Leda, write;
 “ Thy Daughter to Eubœa's winding shores (6)

(6) The Euripus was so narrow in the part where it separated Aulis, which is situated in the province of Bœotia, from Chalcis in the island of Eubœa, that we find mention made by Strabo, of a bridge of communication being there thrown over it. The Chorus indeed in the ensuing Ode represent themselves as having passed by water from Chalcis to Aulis. In the transposition of the two lines spoken by the Attendant, and throwing the contents of the letter into one continued speech, I have obeyed the directions of Reiskius, Markland, and Musgrave.

“ And Aulis’ haven send not, we her nuptials
 “ Will, at a future season, celebrate.”

ATTENDANT.

But of his promis’d Consort when depriv’d
 Will not Achilles instantly burst forth
 Into a storm of anger against you
 And Clytemnestra ? in this too there lies
 Much danger : speak your thoughts.

AGAMEMNON.

With his name only

Achilles furnishes us ; in the maid
 He hath no real interest, nor knows aught
 Of such espousals : to my*present schemes
 An utter stranger, never hath he heard
 How I my Daughter call’d his destin’d Bride (7)
 Pretending to consign her to his arms.

ATTENDANT.

Most shocking was this enterprise, O King,
 Having pronounc’d her thus the future Wife
 Of Thetis’ son, your Daughter to these shores
 A victim for the Greeks, would you have brought.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas ! I was not in my perfect mind.
 The snares of fate entangle me : but hence

(7) “ From this form of speech we learn, that after such giving his
 “ Daughter the name of her intended husband, she would no longer
 “ be called simply Iphigenia, but Achilles’s Iphigenia. Penelope, in
 “ Ovid’s Epistles, refers to this custom.

“ Tua sum tua dicar oportet ;

“ Penelope conjux semper Ulyssis ero.”

Still am I yours, and this distinction claim,
 Still to be call’d by your illustrious name,
 And to the latest period of my life,
 Remain Penelope Ulysses wife.

Mr. Markland, from whom I have extracted the above, proceeds with
 a variety of other instances, some of which seem apposite to the pur-
 pose, and others utterly foreign from it, particularly *Κλισθεως Αγαριστη*
 from Herodotus, L. vi. 131, which there evidently means Agarista, the
 Daughter, and not the affianced Bride or Wife of Clistheus.

Proceed with active step, nor let old age
Retard thy journey.

ATTENDANT.

O my Lord, I haste.

AGAMEMNON.

Where groves o'erhang the fountains, sit not down,
Nor yield incautious to bewitching Sleep.

ATTENDANT.

Forbear that word ill-omen'd. (8)

AGAMEMNON.

As thou tread'st
Where the roads separate, watchfully observe
On rapid axle lest a car whirl by,
And bear my Daughter to the Grecian fleet.

ATTENDANT.

This shall be done.

AGAMEMNON.

Away, and if thou meet
Their chariot, seize the reins, and send them back
To those fam'd cities which the Cyclops rear'd.

(8) Sleep being considered by the antients as the Brother of Death, according to Homer,

Ενθ' ὕπνου ἔυμβροτο, κασιγνήτω θανάτω.

Il. xiv. v. 231.

And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother Sleep. POPE.

In like manner among the forms which Æneas meets with in Virgil at his entrance on the infernal regions are

Lethumque, laborque

Tum consanguineus Lethi sopor.

Æn. L. vi. v. 278.

Here toils and Death and Death's half-Brother Sleep. DRYDEN.

In Hesiod's Generation of the Gods, Death and Sleep are represented as having Night for their Mother without any Father.

Νυξ δ' ἔτεκε συγερὸν τε Μορὸν, καὶ κρηὰ μελαιναν,
καὶ Θανάτῳ, τεκε δ' ὕπνον, εἰκλε δὲ φύλον σιγῆων,
Οὐλὴν κοιμηθεῖσα Θεὰ τεκε Νυξ ἑρβεννη.

Theog. v. cexi.

Now darksome Night fruitful began to prove
Without the knowledge of connubial love,
From her black womb sad Destiny and Fate
Death, Sleep, and numerous Dreams derive their date.

COOKE.

ATTENDANT.

But how, if I speak thus, shall I find credit,
Or with your Daughter or the royal Dame?

AGAMEMNON.

The seal, which on that letter I have stamp'd,
Preserve unbroken. Go, for Morn lights up
Her torch already, and Hyperion's steeds
Breathe fire. Assist my toils. Unmingled bliss
Till ends this fleeting life, hath none obtain'd;
The man exempt from grief was never born. [*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

To Aulis' sandy coast I steer'd my way,
Thro' Euripus' billowy straits
Which separate from this winding bay
Chalcis, my native city, to whose gates
Diffusing riches o'er the genial soil
(9) Fam'd Arethuse conducts her spring,
And hastes her tributary waves to bring
To the dread ruler of the main :
That I might see yon host o'erspread the plain,
And the stout sailors with obdurate toil,
The tough oar plying, and unfurl'd each sail,
The Demigods of Greece convey :
Our Husbands tell ; in gallant pride
A thousand vessels plough the azure tide ;
Brave Menelaus sheath'd in mail,
And Agamemnon, o'er the watery way
For Troy conduct them, Helen to regain
From Eurotas' reedy plain
Whom Paris bore, a gift the Queen of Love
Promis'd, when at the fount she strove

(9) Thus likewise Pliny ; Eubœa fonte Arethusâ nobilis.

Nat. Hist. L. iv. c. 21.

With Juno and Minerva, where her eyes
The golden apple won, superior beauty's prize.

I. 2.

With victims strewn, I pass'd Diana's grove,
Blushes ting'd my glowing cheek,
But youthful ardour bid me rove,
A new and wondrous spectacle to seek,
The camp intrench'd, the tents, and numerous steeds,
Two social Chiefs, each Ajax, there
My eyes beheld, this brave Oileus' heir,
That drew from Telamon his birth ;
The pride of Salamis, his parent earth,
Protesilaus too; in flowery meads
(10) Sporting with sculptur'd dice the warriors lay ;
Then Palamedes, Nauplius Son
Of Neptune was his Sire, and near
Whirling a quoit did Diomede appear ;

(10) The word Πισσοι, which likewise occurs in the *Medea*, v. 68, and the *Suppliants*, v. 409, has been productive of much controversy and various interpretations, some rendering it *Dice* and others *Chess*. In the first book of Homer's *Odyssey*, the suitors of Penelope are represented as playing at this game. The explanatory terms made use of by the Scholiast are Κυβοι and Ψηφαι: Pope translates it *Chess*, and refers us to Athenæus, who has preserved a circumstantial account of the manner in which Apion the Grammarian relates that Cteson an inhabitant of Ithaca informed him, that the suitors played at this game, which appears to be of a distinct species from either *Dice* or *Chess*. Herodotus asserts that the Lydians in the reign of Atys son of Manes, were the discoverers: των κυβων και των αστρογαλων και της σφαιρης and every other species of games except των Πισσων, the invention of which is unanimously ascribed to Palamedes at the siege of Troy. The reader, who is curious in these matters, will find the subject largely discussed by Eustathius, p. 1396, ed. Romæ 1550: and Meursius in his treatise de Ludis Græcorum. Freret in the *Academie des Inscriptions*, v. 5, hist. p. 252, asserts that the game of Chess was unknown till the fifth century, and originated from an Indian Bramin: the circumstance which strikes me as giving a decisive weight to his account is, that Ζωττικιον the Greek word for Chess, said to be derived from the Persian language, is unknown to the more antient writers and lexicographers, but occurs in the Scholia to Theocritus' *Idyll*. vi. v. 18. Meursius *Glossarium Græco-Barbarum*, et Du Cange *Glossarium ad Scriptores mediæ et infimæ Græcitatæ*.

Astonish'd multitudes survey
 Meriones, far fam'd for trophies won,
 Who from the God of War his lineage boasts,
 And from the wave-encircl'd coasts
 Of Ithaca, for mountains steep renown'd,
 Laertes' Son in arms was found,
 Accompanied by Nireus to the field,
 (11) To whose engaging form each Grecian Chief
 must yield.

I. 3.

Achilles too I saw, whose agile feet
 Equall'd in their career the passing wind,
 Him Thetis bore, and Chiron form'd his generous mind.
 Close by the shore where lay the anchor'd fleet ;
 In arms he strove with emulative pace
 From rapid steeds to win the race.
 But with loud shouts Eumelus whirl'd along, (12)
 Four coursers graceful to behold
 Caparison'd with studded gold

(11) This Ode being in a great measure borrowed from the catalogue of the Grecian fleet in the second book of the Iliad: the beauty of Nireus, on which Homer so much expatiates, naturally claims a place for him in this account of the Heroes, given by the Dames of Chalcis, who form the Chorus, notwithstanding

Αλαπαδρος ηνι, Παιους δε οι επλεβο λους.

Few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

POPE.

In the sixth book of Quintus Calaber, Nireus falls by the spear of Eurypylus. It may seem extraordinary that the Tragic Poet should thus join Ulysses and Nireus, two persons of manners as unsuitable to each other, as the islands over which they reigned were remote; Syma, whence, Homer mentions Nireus bringing three ships, and of which Diodorus Siculus also informs us he was King, being according to Strabo, one of those islands which are at no great distance from the coast of Caria, with the main continent of Greece, and large tracts of ocean between that and Ithaca. In Homer, Ulysses commands twelve ships. Il. L. xii. v. 631—637.

(12) Homer gives Eumelus two mares whose superior speed to any horses in the Grecian camp is celebrated Il. l. ii. v. 763—767; and in the Chariot race, at the funereal Games of Patroclus, they are at the point of obtaining him the prize, when he is thrown from his seat by

Onward he drove, and wav'd his lengthen'd thong;
 White spots adorn'd the two that bore the yoke,
 Two more abreast, in slighter harness wheel'd
 The gliding car, which scarce impress'd the field;
 Their solid hoofs with oft-repeated stroke
 Dash'd on; yet they obey'd the reins,
 Dappled their legs, flame-colour'd were their manes,
 Yet could not speed like theirs avail
 T' outstrip Pelides, with unwearied force

Minerva, who favours his competitor Diomed: Eumelus brings eleven ships from Pherea, mentioned v. 711. 715. among the catalogue of the Grecian forces. That the reader may not be interrupted with a note to every sentence, I here proceed with my references to the second book of the Iliad, where the Myrmidons in fifty ships commanded by Achilles are mentioned, v. 681—685, the division from Argos, over which Diomed is first in command, Sthenelus second, and Euryalus third, consists of eighty ships, v. 559—568; the ships of Athens here commanded by the Son of Theseus (either Acamas or Demophoon) instead of sixty, are fifty, under Menestheus, whose reign, though its duration was more than twenty years, we find (as I have had occasion to mention in a note on the Hecuba, and as appears more fully from the Tragedy entitled The Children of Hercules) is entirely passed over by Euripides, who makes Acamas and Demophoon the immediate successors of their Father Theseus, v. 546—556; the fifty ships of the Bœotians under Peneleus, Leitus, and three other Chiefs, have 120 warriors in each, v. 495—510; the Phocians (who are here but just mentioned) have forty ships commanded by Schedius and Epistrophus, v. 517—526; the Locrians the same number under Ajax Oileus, v. 527—535; the division from Mycene, an hundred, commanded by Agamemnon himself, v. 569—580; from Pylos and other parts of Messenia, 90 under Nestor, v. 591—602; instead of twelve, Homer mentions twenty two ships from Ænia in Thessaly and the regions bordering on Dodona in Epirus, commanded by Guneus, v. 748—755; the troops of Elis (sometimes called Epeans, from one of their kings Epeus, Son of Endymion, mentioned by Pausanias in the commencement of his fifth book) came in forty ships under four leaders, one of them Thalpius the Son of Eurytus; the same number from the islands called Echinades, situated near the mouth of the river Achelous in Ætolia, under Meges, v. 625—630; the twelve ships from Salamis, under Ajax Telamon, v. 557. Only part of the Grecian fleet is here mentioned by Euripides, who sometimes does not specify the number of ships, but wherever he does, his list accords in this respect with Homer's; the Tragic Bard having only taken away ten ships from the squadron of the Ænians in order to add them to that of his countrymen the Athenians.

Hard by the spokes he held his course,
Tho' cas'd in cumbrous mail.

II. 1.

Then onward to their numerous ships I came,
Stupendous objects, with delight
Each spectator to inflame,
And strike a wondering female's dazzled sight.
With fifty barks, were plac'd in the right wing
The Myrmidons from Phthia's land:
On each high poop, the sculptor's mimic hand
In golden imagery express'd
A lovely Nereid in cerulean vest.
Achilles' dauntless troops these ensigns bring.
Next stood the Argive fleet, whose numerous bands
Of Sailors plied the dashing oar,
'Twas by Mecisteus' offspring led
Euryalus, his Grandsire Talaus bred
The stripling, and that high command,
With him fierce Sthelenus united bore.
The Son of Theseus from th' Athenian strand
With sixty barks for combat mann'd
Near these was station'd; on each burnish'd car
Seen from the lofty deck afar,
Auspicious sign to guard them from the storm;
The Mariners revere Minerva's pictur'd form.

II. 2.

Full fifty ships, I saw, Bœotia's fleet,
With victorious ensigns grac'd,
The Dragon stretcht at Cadmus' feet
Emboss'd in gold, on every beak was plac'd,
O'er these did earth-born Leitus command:
But the next barks from Phocis came.
With equal numbers bearing Locris' name
Oileus' offspring Ajax join'd
The fleet, and left fam'd Thronium's walls behind:
But Agamemnon, with a mightier band,

Mycene by the Cyclops rear'd, forsook,
 An hundred sail the Monarch brought,
 (13) His steps Adrastus did attend,
 And with the zealous courage of a friend
 The general's arduous post partook ;
 Thro' Greece, with unremitting ardour fraught,
 He urg'd each warrior to pursue the Dame
 Who yielded to a foreign flame,
 And from her bridal mansions basely fled.
 With aged Nestor at their head
 The barks of Pylos full in sight display'd
 Alpheus, with cloven hoofs, on every poop convey'd.

II. 3.

Twelve vessels Ænia furnish'd, and its king
 Guneus presided, Elis' sons next came,

(13) Commentators have varied greatly in their explanations of this passage. Some think Adrastus, King of Argos, and afterwards of Sicyon, is here introduced through a poetical licence, though his death was previous to the siege of Troy. In Barnes's version we find Adrastus hand fugiturnus Menelaus; and Mr. Markland concurs in supposing *Ἀδραστος* to mean that Hero: but I rather apprehend *ὡς φίλος φίλω* to denote the person here mentioned to have been a subject of Agamemnon, whom he admitted to the familiarity of a friend; nor is it probable, that any confederate Sovereign should be described as his assistant in marshalling that particular division of the fleet which attended him from Mycene, and least of all, his Brother, Menelaus, who, as Homer informs us, launched a separate squadron of sixty ships from his own Spartan dominions. Upon the whole, I can discover no sufficient motive for either altering, or putting a forced construction on the antient reading, by raising up the manes of the dead. This Adrastus, I grant, is not to be found in Homer; nor is it material to our present inquiry, whether he is wholly passed over as a person in a subordinate station, who performed no memorable achievement, or whether he died, or like Protesilaus and many others were slain by the enemy, in the course of those nine years, which intervened from the rendezvous of the fleet at Aulis, to the last year of the Trojan war, at which period of time the Iliad opens. Since I wrote the above, I have consulted the note on this passage in the new edition of Euripides published by Dr Musgrave, who with great probability, supposes the Adrastus here spoken of to be the son of Polyneices, mentioned by Pausanias, who had an hereditary claim by his Mother's side to the kingdom of Argos, and interprets *ὡς φίλος φίλω* his waving all private enmity in support of the general cause of his country.

Whom from their antient Lord the crowd Epeans name,
 Them to the war did stern Eurytus bring,
 From the Echinades to Aulis' shores
 The Taphians plied their lighter oars,
 Meges commanded, who from Phyleus springs,
 On their inhospitable strand
 No mariner presumes to land.

Closing the space between the marshall'd wings,
 Ajax, the prince of Salamis, appear'd,
 In twelve swift barks, conspicuous to our view,
 His sailors I observ'd a dauntless crew :
 The ship, by a Barbarian pilot steer'd
 To grapple with such foes, no more
 Shall ever homeward ply the dashing oar.
 Hail, Aulis, from whose sandy plain
 These eyes delighted saw the naval host ;
 Th' encampment on thy peopled coast
 My memory shall retain.

MENELAUS, ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

ATTENDANT, (*to MENELAUS, who is forcing the Letters from him.*)

Such daring violence, such open wrong,
 Becomes not Menelaus.

MENELAUS.

Slave, depart ;

Thou carry'st thy fidelity too far.

ATTENDANT.

Reproaches on so glorious an account
 But do me honour.

MENELAUS.

Soon shalt thou repent,

If thou presume to act a part ill-suited
 To thy low rank.

ATTENDANT.

You ought not to have open'd
 The letter I convey,

MENELAUS.

Nor thou to have borne
That scroll with mischiefs fraught to every Greek.

ATTENDANT.

Debate that point hereafter, and release it.

MENELAUS.

I will not quit my hold.

ATTENDANT.

Nor will I meanly
Surrender up my trust.

MENELAUS.

This sceptre soon
Shall with thy blood defile that hoary head.

ATTENDANT.

To perish in the service of my Lord
Were sure an honourable death.

MENELAUS.

Let go :
Slave as thou art, presum'st thou to harangue ?

ATTENDANT.

My royal Master, I am wrong'd; thy letter
He from my hands hath wrested, nor will act
As justice dictates.

AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, ATTENDANT
CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

What tumultuous sounds
Burst thro' the gates, what unbecoming words ?

ATTENDANT.

My tale, not his, your first attention claims.

AGAMEMNON.

Say, Menelaus, whence this struggle rose ?
Why didst thou drag him forcibly along ?

[*Exit* ATTENDANT.]

MENELAUS, *holding up the Letter.*

Look on my face : to what I shall unfold,
This is the prelude.

AGAMEMNON.

Shall not Atreus' son
Open his eyes without dismay ?

MENELAUS.

Behold you
These characters subservient to designs
Most infamous ?

AGAMEMNON.

I see ; but first restore
The letter.

MENELAUS.

Not till I its foul contents
To every Grecian leader have display'd.

AGAMEMNON.

What ! wert thou mean enough to break the seal
And thence discover what thou should'st not know ?

MENELAUS.

These secret machinations, to your sorrow,
Have I detected.

AGAMEMNON.

Tell me how thou cam'st
To intercept my letters ? O ye Gods,
What shameless treachery in thy soul is lodg'd !

MENELAUS.

I waited for your Daughter to arrive
From Argos at the camp.

AGAMEMNON.

Why should'st thou watch
Aught that is mine ? betray not these proceedings
A want of decency ?

MENELAUS.

Because my will
Did instigate ; because I am no slave
To your behests.

AGAMEMNON.

Are not these outrages

Most daring? shall not I in my own house
Be suffer'd to bear rule?

MENELAUS.

Your crooked schemes
This present moment vary from the last,
And at the next as suddenly will change.

AGAMEMNON.

Thoushew'st thy skill: yet is there nought more hateful
Than the vile sophister's insidious tongue.

MENELAUS.

The soul that wavers is devoid of justice,
And not to be relied on by our friends.
I would convince you; in your wrath reject not
Th' unwelcome voice of truth. I cannot flatter.
Full well you know when eagerly you sought
To be the general of the Grecian troops
And lead them on for Troy, you in appearance
Declining what you wish'd for, humbly squeez'd
The meanest of the people by the hand,
Your doors were open'd wide for all who chose
To enter, and to each, e'en to the man
Who would have way'd such honour, in his turn
You courteously gave audience, while you strove
To render that authority your own
(14) Which yet was undispos'd of. Having gain'd
This point, your manners instantly you chang'd,
And to your former friends no longer shew'd
Th' attachment you so lately had profess'd,
Hard of access, and seldom to be found

(14) The phrase *ex μέσω*, which Barnes, and Dr. Musgrave have rendered à vulgo, is in Mr. Markland's version *quod in medio jacebat*. The meaning seems to be the same with that given by the interpreters to *communia* in Horace, where he says in his Art of Poetry, *difficile est proprie communia dicere*, by which they understand the difficulty of writing on a *new* subject, or what lies open to all men and is yet unappropriated: as was the case with the command in chief of the Grecian forces on their first assembling, each squadron being led by the King or General of an independent state.

At home. But when in highest stations plac'd,
An alter'd carriage ill befits the man
Of real virtue : to his friends he ought
To be most steadfast, when effectual means
Of aiding them his prosperous fortune yields.
My censure, with the faults I first perceiv'd
In you, have I begun : but since you came
To Aulis with th' assembled troops of Greece,
You shrunk to nothing : Heaven's impending wrath
With consternation fill'd you ; prosperous gales
Arose not : the impatient host exclaim'd ;
“ Disband the fleet, nor linger here in vain.”
What grief and what confusion did those eyes
Express, as if depriv'd of your command
Over a thousand ships, ere you have cover'd
The fields of Priam with avenging troops !
To me you then applied ; “ how shall I act,
“ What scheme devise ?” lest stripp'd of such high rank,
You with your power should forfeit all renown.
Since Calchas at the holy rites declar'd
Your daughter to Diana must be given
In sacrifice, that on these terms, the host
A favourable voyage would await,
With joy you promis'd of your own accord
To offer up the victim, and dismiss'd
A messenger (pretend not to allege
’Twas thro' constraint) your Consort to direct
To send the Virgin hither, on pretence
That she shall wed Achilles. Now you change
Your purpose, and in secrecy dispatch
Another letter, that on no pretence
Will you your Daughter at the altar slay.
Witness thou conscious air, for sure thou heard'st
These inconsistencies. Too many act
As you have done, in labouring to obtain
Authority, with meanness then recoil ;
Some, by the judgement of a foolish crowd,

By their own conscience, others, sway'd, who prove
 Too feeble to maintain the public weal.
 But chiefly I lament the woes of Greece,
 Who nobly aiming at a great revenge
 'Gainst those Barbarians, leaves the slaves to scoff
 At our repulse: this shame she owes to you,
 And to your Daughter. Kindred ties alone
 With me shall ne'er prevail when I appoint
 The ruler of a city or the chief
 Entrusted with the conduct of an host,
 A general should be eminently wise:
 Men of superior intellects were born
 To govern.

CHORUS.

O how dreadful are their feuds
 When brothers fir'd with mutual rage contend!

AGAMEMNON.

I, too, 'gainst thee will utter my complaints
 In terms concise and guarded, not replete
 With impudence, but sage fraternal love.
 For a base man is wont to have no sense
 Of honest shame. What means that furious look,
 Why glare those blood-stain'd eyes? who wrongs thee
 speak

What are thy wishes? hop'st thou to obtain
 (15) A virtuous Consort? such I cannot give,
 For she thou hadst was lost thro' thy misconduct.
 Must I, tho' guiltless, in thy stead be doom'd

(15) The reading of the Aldus edition, *λεκηδ' ερεως γε χρησηα λαβειν*, has been retained by Henry Stephens, Canterus, Barnes, and Dr. Musgrave, either without any variation, or such as is immaterial to an English reader; Mr. Markland has, however, in the most peremptory manner, dictated an alteration, the truth of which he says he thinks it impossible to make any doubt of, and instead of *ερεως γε χρησηα*, reads *εμια χρησης*: the meaning of the passage thus new modelled is "do you want to have *my Wife?*" not a single manuscript is cited in its support: scripturæ vestigia, which he mentions in his note, seems too vague an expression, and no such traces do we meet with in any other editor. Were such reading to be adopted, I greatly question whether the Tragic Muse, in

To suffer? can a Brother's rank offend?
 Yet seek'st thou to embrace the beauteous Dame,
 Tho' reason, and tho' honour's voice forbid?
 The pleasures of the worthless are most vile.
 If I who judg'd amiss at first, have chang'd
 On thoughts mature my purpose, am I frantic?
 Thou rather, who hast lost a faithless Wife,
 And would'st bring back the pest which Heav'n remov'd,
 The Suitors, that insensate amorous train,
 Engag'd themselves to Tyndarus by an oath:
 But Hope became their Goddess; she, I deem,
 Had more effect on their deluded souls
 Than all thy interest, or thy vaunted power.
 Collect this troop, and issue to the field,
 Where, of thy folly soon am I convinc'd
 Thou the effects wilt feel. For sure the Gods
 (16) Are not devoid of wisdom, but perceive
 What oaths are lawless and by force extorted.
 Altho' thy interests may require such breach

any age or country whatever, could furnish us with a more striking breach of Horace's precept,

*Nec quicumque Dens, quicumque adhibebitur Heros
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.*

“ Who lately shone a Hero or a God,

“ Array'd in purple robes and royal gold,

“ Shall not adopt the language of the stew’s.”

DUNCOMBE.

The faults of Agamemnon's character, as drawn by Homer and the three great Tragic Poets of Greece, are perhaps as conspicuous as his virtues, but they are not defects of that nature as to reduce him to a level with the Kings of Lucian and Scarron, or afford any sanction to the Critics, who introduce him holding such language as is suited only to old Silenus, or the drunken monster Polypheme.

(16) In adding the line *Ου γαρ ασυβήτοι το Δειον, ἀλλ' ἔχει συνειναι*, preserved in the writings of Theophilus of Antioch, and Stobæus, Tit. 28. I have followed the directions of Heath and Dr. Musgravé; the many conjectural alterations of the latter in this speech being of a more questionable nature, I do not presume to interfere with them, but endeavour to translate in the best manner I am able, what I apprehend, from the concurrence of Aldus and Barnes, to be the more genuine text.

Of justice, I my children will not slay,
 To aid thee in thy vengeance for the loss
 Of an abandon'd Wife. By night, by day,
 How should I pine, how melt away in tears,
 After a deed thus impious against those
 Whom I begot! The words I use are few,
 Clear and explicit. If thou wilt not judge
 Aright, my firm resolves I shall maintain.

CHORUS.

This and your former language disagrees,
 Yet sure 'twere right our children's lives to spare.

MENELAUS.

Have I no friends? wretch that I am!

AGAMEMNON.

Thou hast
 When thou those friends attempt'st not to destroy.

MENELAUS.

How will you prove that from one sire we sprung?

AGAMEMNON.

In wisdom would I sympathise with thee,
 But not in madness.

MENELAUS.

Friends are bound to share
 Their friends' afflictions.

AGAMEMNON.

When by me thou act'st
 A generous part, remind me of those duties,
 Not when thou griev'st my soul.

MENELAUS.

Are you then loth
 To join with Greece in these her common toils?

AGAMEMNON.

Greece hath been stricken by some envious God:
 Her frenzy equals thine.

MENELAUS.

In sceptred pomp
 You now exalt, nor scruple to betray

A Brother's cause: but I will have recourse
To other stratagems and other friends.

MESSENGER, AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS,
CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

O Agamemnon, monarch of all Greece,
To introduce that Daughter am I come,
On whom you in your palace erst bestow'd
The name of Iphigenia; she arrives
Accompanied by her illustrious mother
Your Consort Clytemnestra, and your son
Orestes. With what pleasure will ye meet
After so long an absence! having finish'd
Their tedious journey, at the limpid fount
They lave their wearied limbs; but we have loos'd
The bridles of their steeds, that they may graze
Over the verdant mead. But to acquaint you
With their approach was I sent on before,
For the troops know already: fame hath spread
Thro' the whole camp glad tidings, that your Daughter
Is come: the host, with a tumultuous haste,
Assemble to behold the royal maid.
The blest are as a public mark expos'd
To wonder and renown. But some enquire,
"Is she espous'd, or what are their designs?"
"Impatient for a sight of his lov'd daughter,
"Did Agamemnon, our illustrious king,
"Send messengers to fetch her:" others cry;
"For her ere Hymen waves his kindled torch,
"They to Diana, who in Aulis reigns,
"Present the Nymph: to whom shall she be join'd
"In wedlock?" for th' initiatory rites
Bring canisters, and crown your heads with flowers.
Be it thy care t' arrange the bridal pomp,
O Menelaus, let the cheering flute

Thro' each apartment sound, and dancers move
 Their active feet: for with its orient light
 This morn auspicious to the virgin dawns.

AGAMEMNON.

'Tis well. But O retire: for all beside,
 If fate befriend, will we conduct aright.

[Exit MESSENGER.

What shall I say? ah miserable me!

(17) With thine own woes, thou wretch, thy plaints
 begin.

How am I shackled by the galling yoke
 Of dire necessity! o'er all my craft
 Fortune with mightier wisdom hath prevail'd.
 But what a privilege belongs to those
 Of humbler stations! they with freedom weep,
 And speak of their afflictions: but the man
 Whose birth is noble, feels at once the weight
 Of all these evils: thro' each stage of life
 Aw'd by the voice of others, we are slaves
 To a vile rabble. Shame withholds the tear
 Just starting from these eyes; again o'erwhelm'd
 With griefs unnumber'd, blush I that my mourning
 Is thus conceal'd. Enough: but in what terms
 Shall I accost, or how receive my Wife,
 How teach these eyes to greet her? for she adds
 To those afflictions I already feel,
 By coming uninvited: yet 'tis just
 That she a much-lov'd Daughter should attend,
 At her espousals, and consign the maid
 To a fond bridegroom's arms: but here alas,

(17) The following passage in the Hecuba, *εμναυτην λεγω λεγμισα σε, Εκαδη* v. 736, is a mode of speaking similar to what the Poet here makes use of, and the context clearly shews that Agamemnon, according to Carmelli's interpretation, speaks of himself by the term *σεθεν*. It is necessary to premise thus much in support of the genuine text; as Grotius, Mr. Heath, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, have all attempted to undermine it by their conjectural alterations.

She my perfidious conduct will discern.
 As for this wretched Virgin (but why call
 The destin'd Wife of Pluto by that name?)
 How do I pity her! methinks I hear
 The suppliant uttering these reproachful words,
 " O Father, wilt thou kill me? may thyself,
 (18) " May they thou lov'st experience such espousals."
 Meantime Orestes, by his Sister's side,
 With inarticulate expressive notes,
 For he is yet an infant, shall exclaim,
 How did the son of Priam, Paris, cause
 My ruin, for his Bride when he presum'd
 To seize on Helen! thence these woes I date.

CHORUS.

Such pity, as from foreign Dames is due
 To the afflictions of a King, I feel.

MENELAUS

Give me your hand, O Brother.

AGAMEMNON.

Take my hand;
 For I submit: thou triumph'st; but my lot
 Is misery.

MENELAUS.

By our common Grandsire's shade,
 I swear, by mighty Pelops, and by Atreus
 Our Father, that to you I in plain terms,
 The real dictates of my heart will speak,
 And banish all disguise. When I beheld
 Your streaming tears, compassion bade me weep,
 And change my former purpose: now no more
 A foe, to your opinions I accede,

(18) Alluding to the fate of Agamemnon and his concubine Cassandra, which is predicted more at large, with all its concomitant circumstances of horror, in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, v. 1116—1334; the *Trojan Captives* of our Author, v. 357—362; ed. Barnes, 445—461; and in *Lycophron*, v. 1099—1119, by the inspired Cassandra herself.

Advise you by no means to take away
 Your Daughter's life, nor to my interests give
 Such preference : for 'twere not just that you,
 While I am blest, should groan, and that your children
 Should breathe their last, while mine yet view the Sun.
 What can I wish for? may not I elsewhere,
 If wedlock be my purpose, gain a Bride,
 Selected from the noblest Grecian maids?
 But shall I lose a Brother justly dear,
 My treacherous Consort Helen to redeem,
 And for the wicked thus exchange the good?
 As youth and inconsiderate rashness prompt
 I acted erst : but take a closer view
 Of these transactions, and am now convinc'd
 What horrors wait the murderer of his Children.
 Again, while pondering on our kindred ties,
 I feel compassion for this hapless Maid,
 Who in the cause of my perfidious wife
 Is doom'd to bleed : for what hath she to do
 With Helen? let the host, disbanded, leave
 These shores of Aulis : but no longer weep,
 O Brother, and from these fraternal eyes
 Cease to call forth the sympathising tear.
 If the responses of the Gods, which claim
 Your Daughter's life, affect you, let not me
 In these have any share ; for I, to save
 The Virgin, my own interests will forego :
 But anxious to repeal the harsh decree,
 Am I affected by a virtuous cause,
 And to a natural love for him who springs
 From the same Father, owe this sudden change.
 Such is the temper of the man, whose soul
 No vicious habits warp, he ever yields
 To the most wise suggestions.

CHORUS.

Generous words

Are these which thou hast spoken, and most worthy
Of Tantalus, Jove's Son : thou wilt not shame
Thy great progenitors.

AGAMEMNON.

O Menelaus,

I praise thee ; the concessions thou hast made
Transcend my expectations, they become
A Brother.

MENELAUS.

Love and Avarice have dissolv'd
Many fraternal ties : my soul abhors
Such bitterness 'twixt those of the same house.

AGAMEMNON.

But me in such calamity hath fate
Involv'd, that my own Daughter I must slay.

MENELAUS.

Why slay her ? who can such constraint impose ?

AGAMEMNON.

The whole assembled armament of Greece.

MENELAUS.

They cannot, if to Argos you send back (19)
The host.

AGAMEMNON.

From them, thus far have I conceal'd

(19) Brumoy interprets this as spoken of the sending back Iphigenia ; and Mr. Markland, whose notes on the two Iphigenias bear strong marks of being written more hastily than those with which he favoured the public eight years before on the Suppliants of Euripides, proposes *οικος* in the stead of *Αργος*, which he harshly calls "absurd:" but Argos, as Dr. Musgrave observes, is here, and in a variety of other places in Euripides, made use of as synonymous with all confederate Greece. In Homer we meet with a still more striking instance of the unrestrained signification of the word Argos, or rather of its being reduced to a mere expletive; Πηλεσργικον *Αργος*, Il. L. ii. v. 681, being the appellation given to the district of Pelasgia in Thessaly : at the same time it is observable, that our Tragic Bard has marked out the city of Argos (which, according to a passage in the Archelans, preserved among his Fragments, was before the reign of Cadmus inhabited by the Pelasgians, whom Eustathius speaks of as a wandering nation, scattered over all Greece) by the very same term of Πηλεσργικον *Αργος*, which occurs both in the Orestes and Phœnissæ.

All that hath pass'd : but this I cannot hide.

MENELAUS.

What mean you? shrink not thro' immoderate fear
Of a base rabble.

AGAMEMNON.

Calchas will unfold
This oracle to all the Grecian Chiefs.

MENELAUS.

If he die first, he cannot; and with ease
Might we dispatch him.

AGAMEMNON.

The whole race of Seers
Are mischievous, and ever thirst for power.

MENELAUS.

A worthless and unserviceable crew.

AGAMEMNON.

Perceiv'st thou not my thoughts?

MENELAUS.

How should I guess
What you declare not?

AGAMEMNON.

By the subtile seed (20)

(20) Some of the antient writers have asserted, that Anticlea was pregnant by Sisyphus at the time of her being given in marriage to Laertes; and accordingly Sophocles in his *Philoctetes*, and Euripides in his *Cyclops*, as well as in the passage before us, call Ulysses the son of that celebrated robber: but when we recollect that Sisyphus was Grandfather to Bellerophon, whose son Hippolochus was father to Glaucus, and his daughter Laodamia, mother to Sarpedon, two of the heroes who were opposed to Ulysses in the Trojan war; it will perhaps be more reasonable to conclude, that Ulysses acquired the appellation of *Σισυφειον σπερμα* merely from his resemblance to Sisyphus in being *κρηδιστος ανδρων* "the craftiest of men," which is the character Glaucus in Homer gives of his ancestor Sisyphus, *Iliad*, L. vi. v. 253. Abbé Banier, struck no doubt with the great distance of the times in which Sisyphus and Ulysses flourished, has in his dissertation on the Argonauts, *Academie des Inscriptions*, Tom. ix. mem. p. 83, attempted to prove, that he was his Great grandson: but when Ulysses, in the *Odyssey* of Homer, beholds Sisyphus tortured in the infernal regions, he neither attempts to hold any conference with him, nor shews that interest in his sufferings which was

Of Sisyphus are these responses known.

MENELAUS.

Ulysses cannot hurt us.

AGAMEMNON.

With each art

And various wile that gains the fickle throng
Is he endued.

MENELAUS.

Ambition, hateful pest,

Engrosses his whole soul.

AGAMEMNON.

Think then thou seest him

Stand up amidst the Grecian host, to publish
Those oracles which Calchas hath devis'd,
And how I rashly promis'd that my Daughter,
The victim whom I now refuse, should bleed
At Dian's altar: he the troops will rouse
To mutiny, and, having slain us both,
Bid them bring forth and sacrifice the virgin.
If to the Argive shore I speed my flight,
Greece will invade me with confederate strength,
O'erthrow those walls the Cyclops rear'd, and lay
My country waste. Wretch that I am! such woes
Surround me. To what straits am I now driven
By the relentless Gods! O Menelaus,
Prevent one great addition to my pangs,
By hastening thro' the ranks, lest Clytemnestra

due to one of his ancestors, but immediately passes on to Hercules, by whom he is accosted. Indeed, the above-mentioned treatise of the French Academician exhibits a pedigree swarming with errors the most obvious: the name of Sisyphus's Father is there called Autolychus, instead of Æolus; and Homer's Autolychus, there distinguished by the title of Autolychus *the Second*, is said to have been son of Sisyphus and father to Laertes, Ulysses' father; whereas the God Mercury was the reputed father of Autolychus, who is said by Pausanias to have been in fact son to one Dædalio; and that Autolychus was the father, not of Laertes, but of Anticlea the wife of Laertes and mother of Ulysses, is a fact well known to every man in the least degree conversant with Homer and the mythological writers.

Learn my resolves e'er I have offer'd up
 The maid to Pluto; wretched tho' I am,
 Hence I shall spare full many a needless tear.
 But keep strict secrecy, ye foreign Dames.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Thrice blest whom Venus warms with temperate fire,
 Instructing them their transports to controul,
 Nor pass the limits of chastis'd desire:
 Wild frenzy triumphs in the human soul,
 When Cupid with malignant joy
 Sends forth his double arrows to destroy;
 To make man's life more blest the first hath power,
 From the same quiver flies in evil hour
 The second shaft, and gives the deadlier wound:
 O lovely Goddess, never, never shed
 Such horrors o'er my peaceful bed,
 Let gentle Graces hover round,
 And holy Loves their sheltering pinions spread;
 Be each too rapturous flame suppress'd,
 While the soft passions glow within my breast,

II.

The genius and the manners of mankind
 Oft vary: Virtue still unchang'd remains;
 By education's aid, the ductile mind
 At length that great accomplishment obtains.
 By Wisdom are her votaries taught
 Humbly to think and act as heroes ought:
 Hence shall their well-earn'd fame in blooming prime
 Display its laurels unimpair'd by time.
 Just is their title to immortal praise
 Who follow Virtue, she in calm retreat
 Confines her female votaries' feet,
 Whence the forbidden wish ne'er strays:

But manly souls with warlike ardour beat,
 Tempt each diversified emprise,
 And bid their towering cities reach the skies.

III.

Thou left'st, O Paris, each associate Swain,
 Rear'd with whom midst Ida's grove
 Thy heifers thou didst feed,
 Hymning the wild Barbaric strain,
 While with Olympus strove (21)
 Thy mimic Phrygian reed :
 There brows'd thy lowing herds unheeded by,
 O'er the steep mountain's side,
 When each rival Deity
 The palm ordain'd thee to decide ;
 Hence to Greece thy steps did roam,
 To Lacedæmon's ivory dome :
 When Helen met thy piercing eyes,
 Love's warm suffusion ran thro' every vein,
 Thou too didst feel the thrilling pain,
 Aghast with motionless surprise.
 So Discord rais'd her vengeful hand,
 And madness fir'd the Grecian land,
 Ships float, and javelins gleam around,
 To level Ilium with the ground.

Exalted are the transports of the great !
 Behold the royal daughter of the King,
 Fair Iphigenia, my illustrious Queen ! (22)

(21) The Olympus here spoken of was a native of Mysia, and a disciple of the Satyr Marsyas, well known by his unsuccessful contest with Apollo : Ovid introduces him bewailing the disastrous fate of his master, with *tum quoque clarus Olympus* : honourable mention is made of him by Plato, Plutarch, and other writers : we moreover learn from Hyginus, that his superior skill in playing on the flute, obtained him a prize at the games celebrated by Acæstus son of Pelias.

(22) Here the expression of " my Queen " must be considered as a mere title of respect, and not taken so literally as to imply that Chalcis, or

And Clytemnestra of Tyndarean line!
 Lofty the parent stems from which they rose
 To such high fortunes : like the Gods supreme
 They rule this nether world, and on the poor
 Shower portions of their wealth. Here let us stand,
 Prepar'd to greet the Queen, Eubœan nymphs,
 As from her lofty chariot she descends,
 And in our hands receive her lest she fall.
 By your assiduous courtesy remove
 The fears which Agamemnon's royal Daughter
 May haply on her first arrival feel.
 Nor with confusion nor in clamorous strains,
 Let us, who are but strangers in the land,
 Abruptly to these Argive strangers speak.

CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A favourable omen I derive
 From your benignity, and words whose sound
 Is most auspicious: hence I entertain
 Some hope that to blest nuptials I conduct
 The Virgin. From the car those treasures bring
 Intended for her dower, and in the tent
 Deposit carefully: with tender foot
 And delicate, my Daughter, leave thy seat;
 But O receive her in your youthful arms,
 Descending from the chariot, and for me
 That I with safety may alight, perform
 The same kind office: but let others stand
 Before those coursers whom no words can sooth
 If startled: lift Orestes from his seat,

any part of the island of Eubœa, was at that time subject either to Agamemnon or Achilles, to whom the Chorus (mindful of the secrecy enjoined them) here affect to consider Iphigenia as on the point of being married: for we find by Homer, L. ii. v. 536—545, that Elephenor, son of Chalcodontes, was at the time of the Trojan war king of Eubœa, from whence he sailed with a squadron of fifty ships under his command.

For he is yet an infant. O my child,
 By the rough motion of this vehicle
 Sleep'st thou o'erpower'd? wake at this lucky hour,
 Wake to thy Sister's hymeneal rites.
 For by affinity, thou nobly born
 Wilt be connected with a mighty kinsman,
 The Son of Thetis equal to the Gods.
 My Daughter, now draw near, and take thy place,
 O Iphigenia, at thy mother's feet,
 That there, thou to these foreign dames may'st shew
 How great my happiness. But hither comes
 Thy much lov'd Sire; accost him.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I run,
 (My Mother, be not angry at the question)
 And clasp my Father to this throbbing breast?

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA,
 CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O Agamemnon, my much honour'd lord,
 We come obedient to your high behest.

IPHIGENIA.

With eager step at length I fain would rush
 And throw these arms around my dearest Sire,
 For much I wish to see thee: be not wroth.

AGAMEMNON.

My child, indulge these transports: for thou most
 Of all my race hast ever lov'd thy Sire,

IPHIGENIA.

After a tedious absence, with delight
 Thee, O my Father, I again behold.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee too thy Father—every word thou speak'st
 Equally suits us both.

IPHIGENIA.

All hail, my Sire!

To fetch me hither was most kindly done.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I know not whether to assent
Or contradict thee.

IPHIGENIA.

How disturb'd thou look'st,
Tho' here thou seest me at thy own desire.

AGAMEMNON.

A General and a King hath many cares.

IPHIGENIA.

Devote the present hour to me—; forget
Each weightier business.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou, and thou alone,
Art now the object of my anxious thoughts.

IPHIGENIA.

Clear up that clouded brow then, and with looks
Of more complacency behold thy Daughter.

AGAMEMNON.

Trust me, I feel the joy thy presence gives.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet from those eyes why streams the frequent tear?

AGAMEMNON.

Because our separation must be long.

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Sire, I know not what thou mean'st.

AGAMEMNON.

By talking so discreetly on this subject,
Thou wound'st my soul more deeply.

IPHIGENIA.

I would utter
The wildest language, could this give thee joy.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I am not able to restrain
My tongue: yet thy behaviour I commend.

IPHIGENIA.

Stay with thy children, O my Sire, at home.

AGAMEMNON.

There would I stay for ever: but what grieves
My soul is this, that I have not the power
Such wishes to effect.

IPHIGENIA.

Curse on the spear
And Menelaus' sufferings.

AGAMEMNON.

Others first,
Are they ordain'd to ruin, having prov'd
My bane already.

IPHIGENIA.

What a length of time,
Hast thou in Aulis' haven been detain'd!

AGAMEMNON.

There is a something still, which doth prevent
My sailing hence, with the confederate host.

IPHIGENIA.

O say, where fame relates the Phrygians dwell?

AGAMEMNON

Where would to Heaven that Paris, Priam's son,
Had ne'er abode.

IPHIGENIA.

When thou thy Daughter leav'st,
Is thine a distant voyage?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou art bound
For the same port with thy afflicted Sire,

IPHIGENIA.

Would it were decent for us both to sail
In the same bark!

AGAMEMNON.

What means this strange request?
Thou too shalt sail, and have abundant cause
Not to forget thy Father.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I take

This voyage with my Mother, or alone?

AGAMEMNON.

Alone, from both thy parents torn by fate.

IPHIGENIA.

Mean'st thou to place me in a foreign realm?

AGAMEMNON.

No more : a bashful virgin must not learn
All these particulars.

IPHIGENIA.

My Sire, with speed

Return from Ilion's coast, return triumphant,

AGAMEMNON.

I first must offer up a victim here.

IPHIGENIA.

But it behoves thee to consult the Priests
Before thou enter on this sacred rite.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou too, for near the lavers thou must stand,
Shalt know the whole.

IPHIGENIA.

Must I in choral dance,

With my young comrades, round the altar move?

AGAMEMNON.

Thy lot, by far more enviable than mine
I deem, because thou understand'st not aught
Of what we are transacting. But now enter
These doors, and to thy virgin train appear.
The kiss thou gav'st, and that right hand, embitter
Our parting : from thy Sire wilt thou be absent
For a long season. O ye heaving breasts,
Ye cheeks, and golden tresses, of what woes
To us hath Troy and Helen been the source !
But I can speak no more : for the swift tear,
E'en while I yet embrace thee, from these eyes
Forces its way. Retire into the tent.

[Exit IPHIGENIA,

O progeny of Leda, I entreat

Thy pardon, if false tenderness o'ercome
 My better judgement; now I am bestowing
 Our Daughter on Achilles; sent indeed
 With happy prospects to a distant realm:
 Yet deeply the parental heart it wounds,
 When to another house the Sire consigns
 His children, nurtur'd with incessant care.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am not thus insensible, nor prompt
 To censure you: myself no doubt shall feel
 An equal pang, with hymeneal rites
 When from these doors I lead the virgin forth.
 But custom at this season bids me check
 My sorrows. I have merely heard the name
 Of him, to whom our Daughter is affianc'd,
 But wish to learn his country and descent.

AGAMEMNON.

Beauteous Ægina, from Asopus sprung.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say to what favour'd mortal or what God
 Was she in wedlock join'd?

AGAMEMNON.

Imperial Jove

Compress'd the yielding maid, and was the Sire
 Of Æacus, Oenone's king. (23)

(23) This island, situated in the Saronian bay, is in Pindar Isthm. Od. 8. v. 45. and Ovid Met. L. 7. v. 472. called Oenopia: but Lycophron, most of the geographical writers, and Pindar himself in three other places, concur with Euripides in giving it the name of Oenone; it afterwards received that of Ægina, from the Princess here mentioned, and is so called in Homer's catalogue of the Grecian ships, where its troops are included in the Argive division under the command of Diomedes, which seems as if the island no longer remained subject to Pelus after he had left it, in order to establish himself in Thessaly. Strabo represents it as having undergone a variety of revolutions, and mentions the Argives among the nations by whom it was successively inhabited. The questions here asked by Clytemnestra, which relate to the paternal ancestors of Achilles, do not strike us as shewing the inconsistency or want of memory here objected to by Barnes; as it was very possible for Clytemnestra

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What son
Inherited the realms of Æacus?

AGAMEMNON.

Peleus; and Peleus wedded Nereus' Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To him surrender'd by the God her Sire,
Or did he seize her 'gainst the will of Heaven?

AGAMEMNON.

By Jove himself th' espousals were ordain'd;
And he to whom belong'd a Father's right,
To Peleus gave the Nymph.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where did he wed her?
Mid'st Ocean's waves?

AGAMEMNON.

On Pelion's sacred cliff
Where Chiron dwelt.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

That mount, which we are told
The Centaurs' race inhabit?

AGAMEMNON.

There the Gods
With banquets celebrated Peleus' marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But did his Mother Thetis, or his Sire,
Train up Achilles?

AGAMEMNON.

(24) Chiron, awful sage,

to have heard that the Goddess Thetis, Daughter of Nereus, was the mother of Achilles, but at the same time to be an utter stranger to the whole history of his father Peleus, and the ancestors of that Monarch.

(24) Chiron was Son of Saturn and the nymph Philira, one of the Daughters of Oceanus: the God being surprised in this amour by his Wife Rhea, transformed himself into an Horse, and fled with great precipitation; hence proceeded the mixt form of the child. See Apollonius Rhodius, L. 3. v. 1235—1245; and Virgil Geor. L. 3. v. 93.—Pausanias, in the nineteenth chapter of his fifth book, writes that Chiron after his death was found worthy of being received among the Gods.

Lest profligate examples should corrupt him.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Chiron was wise ; and still more wise the Father,
Who for his offspring such instructor found.

AGAMEMNON.

Such is the man whom for our Daughter's Husband
I have mark'd out.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No despicable choice :

But in what Grecian city doth he dwell ?

AGAMEMNON.

Beside Apidanus in Phthia's land.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will he the tender virgin thither lead ?

AGAMEMNON.

Be that the care of him who shall possess her.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May every bliss attend them. But what day
Have you appointed for the nuptial rite ?

AGAMEMNON.

When full-orb'd Cynthia darts propitious beams.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Have you yet slain the customary victims
(25) To her who o'er the genial couch presides ?

AGAMEMNON.

I on this very business am intent ;
It shall be done.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will you the nuptial feast
Celebrate next ?

(25) "Clytemnestra means Juno called Ζωγία, of whom Apollonius Rhodius in his Argonautics ;

" Ἡγή τε Ζωγία Διός ἐπέλλης. L. 4. v. 96.

Juno the nuptial Goddess, Wife of Jove.

"The same expression occurs in Nonnus and Dionysius Halicarnasensis." BARNES.

AGAMEMNON.

When I have offer'd up
Such victims as th' immortal Gods require.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But where shall we the womens' banquet hold ?

AGAMEMNON.

Here at the Argive ships.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well, if we must ;
Yet may it prove auspicious.

AGAMEMNON.

Wife, thou know'st
Thy duty : to my will compliance yield.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What means my Lord ? for I am wont t' obey.

AGAMEMNON.

Myself will to the Bridegroom's arms—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Shall aught
That might become a Mother to perform,
Be done without me ?

AGAMEMNON.

'Midst the troops of Greece
Consign the Princess.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where shall I meantime
Be station'd ?

AGAMEMNON.

Go to Argos, and take care
Of your young virgin race who there remain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving my Daughter ? who shall bear the torch ?

AGAMEMNON.

Be mine the welcome office, to illumine
Her Hymeneal rite.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No antient usage

(26) Gives sanction, and you know'twould be unseemly.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee it becomes not freely to converse
With the licentious inmates of a camp.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

It well becomes a Mother to dispose
Of her lov'd Daughter.

AGAMEMNON.

Neither should her Sisters
Be left alone at home.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In their apartment,
They strictly are confin'd.

AGAMEMNON.

Obey.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Forefend,

Saturnia Queen of Argos. Go, bear rule
Abroad; domestic empire shall be mine.
I will conduct my Daughter's bridal pomp.

[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.]

AGAMEMNON.

Alas in vain I came; now all my hopes,
Are frustrated. I would have sent my wife

(26) Without extending our researches any farther than the writings of Euripides, we find much variation in regard to the person by whom the nuptial torch was to be borne: in the *Phoenissæ*, v. 346, and the Scholiast which I have there quoted, such office is represented as belonging to the mother of the Bridegroom. Clytemnestra here asserts that it suits her best as mother to the Bride. Such employment was unsuited to Thetis, the mother of Achilles, on account of her being a Goddess: but, notwithstanding what is here said of ancient custom, we find the nuptial torch borne also by men; for the messenger in the *Helen*, an attendant of Menelaus, v. 728—730, says he now renews the union of Menelaus and Helen, having formerly borne the torch at their espousals: though it is very evident that Leda, Mother to the Bride, was not then dead; as that very Tragedy, v. 135, and 201, mentions her being supposed to have put an end to her own life, through grief at her Daughter's flight with Paris.

Far out of sight. Fallacious I devise
 Schemes to impose upon my dearest friends,
 And am in every artifice defeated.
 But now with Calchas, holy Seer, I go
 To search into the curse impos'd on Greece,
 Tho' grateful to Diana, yet to me
 Most inauspicious. Every wise man ought
 To cherish a complying virtuous dame,
 Beneath the nuptial roof, or live unwedded.

[*Exit* AGAMEMNON.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Where Simois' limpid current glides,
 The fleet of Greece shall spread war's loud alarms,
 Fraught with brave chiefs, and with victorious arms:
 Phœbus in vain o'er Ilion's walls presides.
 Where fam'd Cassandra, frantic thro' despair,
 Adorning her dishevel'd hair
 With a verdant laurel wreath,
 In strains prophetic, am I told,
 Doth dark futurity's events unfold,
 As o'er her soul the powers of inspiration breathe.

II.

Each Phrygian youth shall take his stand,
 On turrets which o'erlook th' embattled field,
 Borne o'er the deep, when Mars with brazen shield
 In barks whose prows menace the hostile strand,
 As he draws near to their devoted shore,
 Shall brandish oft the dashing oar,
 Resolv'd from Priam's realms to bear
 That Sister to the Sons of Jove,
 That Helen, who betray'd her plighted love,
 Hence Grecian chiefs the targe and vengeful lance
 prepare.

III.

The rampin'd fortresses of Troy,
 Environing with ruthless joy,
 Shall War's stern God, wide o'er the plain
 (27) Display the sever'd head of heroes slain :
 Again that city levell'd with the ground
 The virgin choir shall wail around,
 Old Priam's Queen shed deluges of tears,
 And Helen grieve for having left her lord.
 Ne'er may the joys of me and of my race
 Be blasted by such fears
 As shall the pallid face
 Of Lydia's wealthy dames o'erspread,
 Who with the Phrygian matrons in accord
 Shall utter o'er their looms this lay ;
 " From the wretched captive's head,
 " Who comes to shear my braided locks away,
 " While I bewail in plaintive strains
 " The ruin that o'erwhelms my native plains,
 " Thro' her who from that bird did spring,

(27) This inhuman custom of cutting off the heads of slain enemies in order to bear them on spears as trophies, is frequently mentioned both by the antient Poets and Historians. In Virgil when the detachment which had been commanded by Volscens joins the rest of the Latians in their attack on the Trojan camp, they march up to the trenches with loud shouts, displaying the heads of Nisus and Euryalus : and in Nonnus's Dionysiaca, the God Bacchus - drawing up his forces previous to their engagement with the Indians, orders the heads of the foes they had slain to be brought forth and planted on the summit of mount Tmolus, as omens of victory,

Δυσμενῶν δὲ κερῆνα κομισασι συμβόλου νικῆς
 Τρωάδιν ἐς ἠνεμόνεια πεπεσμένονα μεταβυζύσσουσα.

L. 27. p. 272. Ed. Lubini.

La Cerda, in his note on the former of these passages, has collected a multitude of other instances, which it would be superfluous to recite. For the substitution of *παλιγ*, instead of *πολιγ* in the next line, we are indebted to Barnes, who is followed by Reiskins, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave : Euripides is supposed to refer to the former destruction of Troy by Hercules.

“ Graceful with towering neck, if fame
 “ A true report convey,
 “ That Jove transform’d became
 “ A Swan, upborne on sounding wing
 “ When Leda yielded to his flame ?
 “ Or haply the fantastic Muse,
 “ From whom these amorous tales began,
 “ Such shameful legend forg’d, with impious views
 “ T’ impose on the credulity of man.”

ACHILLES, CHORUS.

ACHILLES.

Where is the leader of the Grecian host ?
 What servant will relate, that here in quest
 Of him, Achilles, Peleus’ son, attends
 Before the gates ? For in Euripus’ gulph
 On terms unequal is the fleet detain’d ;
 Some of our countrymen unwedded leave
 A solitary mansion, on these shores
 To sit inactive ; others having wives
 (28) Who yet are childless ; not without the will
 Of Heaven, the Greeks have with such zeal equipp’d
 This armament. To speak what justice prompts

(28) Here the printed text seems by no means to stand in need of Dr. Musgrave’s proffered assistance: nor can there be any room to doubt that the circumstance of men newly married, leaving their Wives by whom they had not yet any children, is mentioned as an instance of their extraordinary zeal for the cause of their country. Thus, Iphidamas, son of Antenor, is recorded by Homer in the most honourable terms for leaving his Bride in Thrace, and returning home immediately, on hearing, at the very time of his marriage, that the Greeks had invaded Troy ; on his being slain by Agamemnon, the Poet thus celebrates his death :

Ως ο μιν ουθι Πρωτη Καιμησατο χαλκων υπνον
 Ουδεις, απο μητης ολοχε ασαισιν αστημων,
 Καριδης, ης εβη χαρον ιδει..

Il. L. xi. v. 241.

Which is thus beautifully paraphrased by Pope ;

“ Stretch’d in the dust th’ unhappy warrior lies
 “ And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.

With firmness, is my province: for themselves
 Let others their peculiar wants express.
 I from the region of Pharsalia come,
 From Peleus' house, and on Euripus' banks
 Waiting for a propitious breeze, restrain
 The Myrmidons, who with incessant plaints
 Assail me; "O Achilles on these coasts
 "Why loiter?" and "How long e'er thou direct
 "Thy sails for Troy? Or instantly attempt
 "Some martial feat, or lead thy squadrons home
 "Nor stay for Atreus' dilatory sons?"

CLYTEMNESTRA, ACHILLES, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Son of that Goddess who derives her birth
 From Nereus: hearing, as within I sat,
 Your voice, from my apartment I come forth.

ACHILLES.

O sacred modesty! what female form
 Endued with every captivating grace
 Do I behold?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No wonder if you know not
 Me, whom till now your eyes have never seen:
 But I commend the reverence you express
 For modesty.

ACHILLES.

Inform me, who art thou?
 Or why to the assembled host of Greece

"Oh worthy better fate! Oh early slain!

"Thy country's friends and virtuous, tho' in vain!

"No more the youth shall join his Consort's side,

"At once a Virgin, and at once a Bride.

It is well known from Deuteronomy, Chap. 24. v. 5, which we find farther illustrated by Selden, in his *Uxor Heb.* L. 3. c. 3. that the Jewish laws exempted a man from all employments, both military and civil, for one year after his marriage.

Dost thou a woman come, and mix with troops
Array'd in glittering mail?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am the Daughter
Of Leda, Clytemnestra is my name,
My Husband, Agamemnon, mighty king.

ACHILLES.

All that was needful, well hast thou express'd,
And with a due conciscness: yet in me
Unseemly 'twere to parly with a woman.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Strange! wherefore do you fly? with mine unite
Your hand, blest omen of the future nuptials.

ACHILLES.

What mean'st thou? Join our hands! I fear the wrath
Of Agamemnon, with unlicenc'd touch
Should I profane his Queen.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

'Tis sure allow'd;
Because, O son of the immortal Thetis,
My Daughter you so speedily shall wed.

ACHILLES.

Of what espousals talk'st thou? with surprise
All stupified I stand. Thy reason sure
Must wander, when this tale thou could'st devise.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How natural at the sight of our new kindred,
To feel confusion when they mention marriage!

ACHILLES.

I never sought thy Daughter for my Bride,
Nor yet by either of the sons of Atreus
To me was such alliance e'er propos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What can this mean? while you with wonder start
At what I say; your words in me create
The same amazement.

ACHILLES.

Thy conjectures form ;
Our own conjectures we may both indulge :
For both of us, perhaps, have spoken nought
But what is truth.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A most atrocious insult
I have endur'd, have been employ'd it seems
Thus to propose a mere ideal match,
That ne'er was meant to take effect : this shames me.

ACHILLES:

Some one hath surely sported with us both :
But scorn th' imposture, let it not disturb thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Farewell: for I with stedfast eyes can view
Your face no longer ; I am now become
A liar, and have suffer'd grievous wrongs.

ACHILLES.

Accept the same farewell : for I in quest
Of Agamemnon, these abodes will enter.

ATTENDANT, ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA,
CHORUS.

ATTENDANT.

Grandson of Æacus, O stranger, stay,
Son of the Goddess, thee I call, and you
Daughter of Leda.

ACHILLES.

Ha! who opes the doors!
And in what wild confusion doth he call me!

ATTENDANT.

A servant unpresuming : to my station
My temper is adapted.

ACHILLES.

Say to whom
Dost thou belong ; for thou art none of mine,

And I have no connection with the house
Of Agamemnon.

ATTENDANT.

(29) To her family
Before she wedded: with her, as a gift,
Her father, Tyndarus, sent me.

ACHILLES.

Here I wait:
If thou need aught, speak wherefore thou detain'st me.

ATTENDANT.

(30) But are ye two before the gates alone?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou may'st communicate thy thoughts as freely
As if we were alone: but come thou forth
From this thy royal master's tent.

ATTENDANT.

O Fortune,
With my precaution join'd, extend your influence
O'er those I wish to save.

ACHILLES.

Thou must explain

(29) As it appears that the Manuscripts vary, I take the middle course between the *τινδε των* of Aldus and Barnes, and the *τινδε της* of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, by reading *τινδε των*, and make use of the interpretation given by Reiskius of *παροισθη οικου*, by which he understands the ancient family of Clytemnestra or Tyndarus at Sparta.

(30) A variety of situations occur in the ancient drama, such as occasion Commentators to remind us of the great extent of the Athenian stage, to which our modern theatres bear no proportion, and of those divisions in it which might conceal from sight the performers stationed in a remote part: the reader also must have remarked that at the time of the entrance of this Messenger or Attendant (who, as Mr. Markland observes, is evidently the same person with whom Agamemnon converses in the first scene of this Tragedy, though most editors there call him *αγορευς*, and here *Δεσποτων*) Achilles and Clytemnestra were both retiring, and stood close to the door at a considerable distance from the Chorus, who bore no part in the preceding dialogue.

Thy speech hereafter : these are words of weight.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In bending suppliant-like to touch my hand,
If thou hast aught of moment to disclose,
Waste not thy time.

ATTENDANT.

Know ye not who I am,
And the attachment I have ever borne
To you, and to your children?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well I know
Thou in my house hast been a servant long.

ATTENDANT.

And that, as an appendage to your dower,
The royal Agamemnon erst receiv'd me?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou cam'st to Argos in my train, and mine
Hast ever been.

ATTENDANT.

E'en thus : and hence more strongly
To you than to your Lord, am I attach'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thy business, now at length, to us unfold.

ATTENDANT.

The merciless resolve her Sire hath form'd
Is this; to slay your Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Horrid tale!
Old man, what mean'st thou? thou art frantic, sure.

ATTENDANT.

Smiting the hapless Virgin's snowy neck
With his drawn sword.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ah, wretched wretched me!
Hath my Lord lost his reason?

ATTENDANT.

He still thinks
Aright, except in what relates to you
And to your Daughter : here his judgement fails.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say, thro' what cause, what Fiend misleads the King?

ATTENDANT.

An oracle, which Calchas hath pronounc'd,
That the confederate armament may sail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Sail whither? wretched me! and O most wretched
She, whom her Father hath resolv'd to slay!

ATTENDANT.

To the Dardanian realm; that Menelaus
His Consort may recover.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Is the blood
Of Iphigenia then the price of Helen?

ATTENDANT.

You comprehend the whole : her ruthless Sire
Will to Diana sacrifice the maid.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

With what intent those nuptials did he feign,
By which he drew me hither?

ATTENDANT.

That with joy
You might conduct her as the destin'd Bride
Of great Achilles.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thou, my Daughter, coms't
To perish, thou and thy unhappy Mother.

ATTENDANT.

Most piteous wrongs, alas! ye both endure,
And Agamemnon's purposes are dreadful.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am undone : no longer can these eyes
Withhold th' involuntary tear from streaming.

ATTENDANT.

If e'er in bitterness of soul we weep,
'Tis for our Children's loss.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But whence, old man,
Dost thou assert that thou these tidings heard'st?

ATTENDANT.

I, with a second letter, was dispatch'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To countermand, or to enforce those orders
That I should bring my Daughter to be slain?

ATTENDANT.

To countermand: your Lord was then inspir'd
With better thoughts.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But why, since thou didst bear
Such letter, not deliver it to me?

ATTENDANT.

'Twas Menelaus, the detested cause
Of all these ills, who tore it from my hands.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Brave youth, from Peleus and the Nereid sprung,
Hear you this tale?

ACHILLES.

Thy wretchedness I hear,
Nor th' insults shewn to me can pass unnotic'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

They mean to take my Daughter's life away,
By the pretence of wedding her to you
Beguiling us.

ACHILLES.

Against thy Lord revolts
My soul, nor will I tamely brook this wrong.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I blush not at those knees to fall; a mortal,
To you who from a Goddess spring, I sue.

Why should I still maintain an empty pride,
 Or strive with greater earnestness for aught
 Than the deliverance of my dearest child?
 Offspring of Thetis, succour my distress,
 Succour a Virgin nam'd, tho' falsely nam'd,
 Your Bride; yet I with flowers adorn'd her brow,
 And fancied that I led her to your arms;
 But now I to the bloody altar lead.
 On you disgrace will light, if you neglect
 To aid her. Ye indeed in wedlock's bands
 Were never join'd, yet was you call'd the Husband
 Of this unhappy maid. O by that beard,
 By that right arm, and your immortal Mother,
 Since I am ruin'd thro' your name, assert
 The honour of that name. I have no shrine
 Except your knees to fly to, not a friend
 To cheer me. You have heard the cruel scheme,
 Th' audacious treachery, fram'd in evil hour
 By Agamemnon: here, you see, I come,
 'Midst lawless mariners in mischief bold,
 But able too, if willing, to assert
 The cause of the oppress'd; a feeble woman.
 Extend your guardian arm, and I am sav'd,
 Else ruin waits me.

CHORUS.

Of parental love
 Great is the power, and like a magic philtre:
 Inspir'd by nature each fond Mother toils
 To save her offspring.

ACHILLES.

My indignant soul
 Is fir'd by such affronts: tho' no man knows
 Both how to bear affliction and success
 With greater moderation.

CHORUS.

Truly wise

Are they who persevere thro' every stage
Of life beneath unbiass'd reason's guidance.

ACHILLES.

There is a time when we should lay aside
Each warier thought : but other seasons claim
Our utmost prudence. From that virtuous man,
Chiron, by whom my infancy was nurtur'd,
Simplicity of manners I acquir'd.
If their commands are just, I will obey
The Sons of Atreus; when unjust, refuse
Each base concession : with a liberal spirit,
So will I act both here, and when at Troy,
As shall do honour to the God I serve
Mars the invincible. But as for thee,
Whose sufferings from unnatural friends arise,
All the protection that a youth can give
To thee, by pity mov'd, will I extend;
Nor shall the ruthless Father ever slay
Thy Daughter who was styl'd my Bride, nor cloak
Such treachery with the sanction of Achilles.
For tho' I wielded not the murderous blade,
My name would be th' assassin : yet thy Lord
Is the true cause. No longer from the stain
Of shedding guiltless blood should I be pure,
If, for my sake, and on a vile pretence
Of wedding her to me, this Maid should perish.
While Menelaus is esteem'd a man,
Shall I be far beneath the meanest Greek,
A thing of nought, begotten by some Fiend,
Not Peleus' son, if in my name thy Lord
The Virgin slay. By Nereus, who resides
Beneath the briny deep, the Sire of Thetis
Who bore me, ne'er shall Agamemnon touch
Thy Daughter, nor pollute her spotless veil.
Plac'd on the limits of Barbarian realms
Sooner shall Sipylus, whence yon proud Chiefs

Derive their origin, become illustrious,
 And martial Phthia have no more a name.
 Calchas, that Seer, in bitterness of soul
 Shall carry back again his salted cates
 And lavers. For what species of a man
 Is he who acts the Prophet? some few truths,
 With many falshoods mingled, he deals forth
 When Fortune aids him: but if she oppose,
 His vaunted science is for ever lost.
 How many nymphs in wedlock vie to gain
 My plighted hand! no empty boasts are these.
 But Agamemnon, haughty king, with scorn
 Hath treated me: he ought to have applied
 For my permission, ere he us'd my name
 His Daughter to ensnare. For to my arms,
 With joy, would Clytemnestra have consign'd,
 And I to all the Greeks surrender'd up,
 The maid; if hence our voyage to the shores
 Of Troy had been obstructed, nor refus'd
 The weal of my brave comrades to promote.
 But now by those two Generals am I deem'd
 A thing of no account, which as they list
 They may respect or slight. My last appeal
 Is to this sword, which ere on Phrygia's coast
 We land, with crimson slaughter will I stain,
 If any one presume with ruffian hand
 To force thy Daughter from me. Be pleas'd;
 Thou (27) view'st me like a tutelary God;

(27) Commentators are frequently most decisive in their language, when they have no firm ground to stand upon: Mr. Markland, after having pronounced that this passage, as it stands in all preceding editions, is *extremely absurd*, (“*stultissima*”) through a determination *to give no offence to any one*, has suffered the text to remain, but altered the Latin version, and placed in a note his own reading, which comes apparently unsupported by any authority either printed or manuscript, *μεγιστος ω γων ελλ' ουτως γενηθαι*, *maximum est discrimen: sed tamen fiet*. In a subsequent speech of Achilles, v. 1093, we meet with *εμοι εστι' αζηων μεγιστος*,

I am not yet entitled to that name,
But trust I shall be.

CHORUS.

This heroic language,
O son of Peleus, well becomes thyself
And thy great sea-born Mother.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In what terms,
What well-proportion'd terms, shall I express
My gratitude, your favour not to forfeit?
For when encomiums on the good are shower'd,
They feel a kind of hatred to the man
Who, in the praises he confers, exceeds
The bounds of truth. I blush that I have nought
With which your generous friendship to repay
But lamentations, by my private woes
Wholly absorb'd: you never have endur'd
Distress like mine. Yet in a stranger's cause
The virtuous man extends his arm, and lifts
Affliction from the dust. On me bestow
Your pity, for the woes I have endur'd
Challenge compassion. Thinking to obtain
In you a Son in law, I cherish'd hopes
That were ill-grounded. Iphigenia's death
Perhaps may prove an omen to destroy
Your bliss in future nuptials: such a curse
On you is it incumbent to avert.
With nobly proffer'd aid began the speech

which probably gave rise to this mutilation of an animated passage, in order to make the Hero say the same thing twice over at the distance of scarce thirty lines. Dr. Musgrave does not adopt Mr. Markland's conjecture, but proposes altering *αλλ' ομως* into *ελλος ων*, and on this innovation, which he barely starts as *haud ineptum*, grounds his Latin version *cum non alius sim quam quod ero*. Amidst this difference of opinion, I can by no means hesitate in preferring the vulgar text, as by far more worthy of Euripides, and more expressive of the nihil non arroget armis of Aelilles' character, than either of the suggested alterations.

Which you as nobly ended : persevere,
 And you will save my Daughter. To your knees
 Shall she a suppliant cling ? 'twould ill beseem
 A tender virgin : yet, if you require,
 She shall come forth, but come with downcast eyes,
 And shame ingenuous. Or shall I obtain
 From you, tho' she appear not, this request ?

ACHILLES.

Let her remain at home : a bashful maid
 The dictates of her modesty obeys.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Yet must we not extend e'en virtuous shame
 Beyond all bounds, where shame can nought avail.

ACHILLES.

Bring not thy Daughter, lest reproach attend
 Our inconsiderate meeting : for the host,
 Idle and free from occupation, love
 Tales of accurst malevolence to spread.
 The same my zeal, whether ye come as suppliants,
 Or wave your suit : for on a mighty conflict
 Am I resolv'd, to snatch you from your woes.
 Of one thing be assur'd, I ne'er will utter
 A falshood. When I raise thy groundless hopes,
 May instant death o'erfake me. May I live
 But on these terms, if I the Virgin save.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Heaven prosper each attempt, while you continue
 To be the firm protector of the wretched.

ACHILLES.

Attend to what I urge, that as we ought
 We may conduct the plan.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What's this you mean
 That now demands attention ?

ACHILLES.

Yet again

Let us exhort her Sire to think more wisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He like a coward fears th' assembled troops.

ACHILLES.

Fresh motives o'er those motives may preveal.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Cold are my hopes : say, how shall I proceed ?

ACHILLES.

Entreat him first, his Daughter not to slay :

If he deny thy suit, to me repair :

But if thou by persuasive words caast gain

His stubborn soul, for me to interfere

Would in that case be needless ; she will owe

To thee alone her safety, and my friendship

With Agamemnon will remain entire :

Nor, by the host, if I with reason's aid,

Rather than open violence, prevail,

Shall I be blam'd. Thy wishes thus obtain'd,

Both to thy friends and thee, 'twill be more glorious

To have succeeded, tho' in your behalf

I interpos'd not.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Wisely have you spoken :

I'll follow your advice : but if I fail

In my attempt, where shall we meet again ?

Wretch that I am, ah, whither shall I go

To have recourse to your victorious arm,

My safeguard in distress ?

ACHILLES.

I will attend

Ready to guard thee in the hour of need :

But O beware, lest thou with terror smitten

Be seen to wander thro' the camp, and shame

Thy ancestors : for Tyndarus' race, rever'd

By every Greek, no obloquy deserves.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Then be it so : lead on ; I will obey

Your mandates. Sure, if any Gods exist,
Such virtue will most amply be rewarded:
If there be none, our arduous toils are vain.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and CLYTEMNESTRA.

CHORUS,

O D E.

I.

What rapturous accents breath'd around,
When Hymen mid'st th' enchanting strain
Advancing with his choral train,
Bade Libya's flute, the harp, the pipe resound!
Then up the ridge of Pelion's craggy mount,
Distinguish'd by their streaming hair,
Came the bright Nymphs who haunt Pieria's fount,
The banquet of the Gods to share;
Oft their swift feet in airy bound
With golden sandals smote the ground,
At Peleus' nuptial rite they sung,
On hills where Centaurs fierce reside,
The charms of Thetis, of th' immortal Bride,
And for the son of Æacus was strung
Each sounding lyre in Pelion's grove.
Then sprung from Dardanus, the Boy
(Minion of cloud-compelling Jove)
Illustrious Ganymede the pride of Troy,
With nectar fill'd the goblet high.
In circling dance, an agile band,
While Nereus' fifty Daughters on the strand
Grac'd Hymen's blest solemnity.

II.

Each Centaur snatch'd a sapling pine,
Around his hardy front was plac'd
The grassy wreath, he rush'd to taste
The feasts of Heaven, and Bacchus' rosy wine.

“ Daughter of Nereus, hail ! a light I view ;”
 The Nymphs of Thessaly exclaim’d.
 Phœbus the tuneful Seer, and he who knew
 (32) The Muses’ mystic lore, far fam’d
 For virtue, Chiron sage, foretold
 By name, the Chief in combats bold
 Who his Myrmidons shall lead
 Into the wealthy realms of Troy,
 And Priam’s dome with vengeful flames destroy :
 Thus have the Fates’ supreme behests decreed.

(32) *Μῦσαι γενεαίαις*, rendered by Barnes *Musarum generationes*, here I apprehend signifies *genealogias a Musis decantatas*, that is to say, “ the poetic annals or genealogies of Gods and Heroes.” Erasmus renders it *mystica sacra sororum Castalarium*. Mr. Markland, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave, concur in looking upon *γενεαίαις* as a verb instead of a substantive, *Dorice pro γενήσεται* ; the first renders it *paries virum*, and the last *creabis*, and they interpret *ἐξῆλον μαζεν* *clare dixit*, or *effatus est* : these versions seem peculiarly harsh : but the proposal of Mr. Markland, in which I observe he stands single, to alter *Μῦσαι* into *Μοῦσαι*, alleging that the Muses themselves are the speakers, and making them *relate* the prophesies of Apollo and Chiron, is liable to much stronger objections, as Apollo could not with any propriety be excluded from this harmonious banquet of the Gods, even though Juno had not expressly reminded him in Homer that he was one of the guests,

Πηλιῆς δ' ἀνέκασθε θεῶν γαμῶν ἐν δὲ σὺ παῖσι
 Δαῖτον ἔχων φορμιγγα.

Il. L. xxiv. v. 62.

And in regard to Chiron, it has already been mentioned by Agamemnon in this Tragedy, that he was the friend of Peleus, and dwelt on this mountain ; which renders it almost needless to cite Apollodorus, who informs us that he presented Peleus at his nuptials with the famous spear which his Son Achilles afterwards brought to the siege of Troy, in order to prove that he was one of the Centaurs who attended the festivity. It seems much more consonant both to poetry and probability, that Chiron should expatiate on the achievements of his future pupil Achilles, than that the Muses should continue to speak, as they do in Mr. Markland's Latin version, and quote the prophesies of Apollo and Chiron, when it is clear that they were both present, and formed a part of the guests assembled on mount Pelion. I therefore follow the example of the Aldus edition, in placing after the word *φως* a full stop.

To him, impenetrable arms,
 By Vulcan forg'd, of massive gold,
 His Mother, 'midst war's dire alarms
 Shall bring, her happy offspring to infold.
 Then did the whole immortal Choir,
 With tuneful accents to adorn
 Great Pelens' and the Nereid's bridal morn,
 Accompany the festive lyre.

III.

But deck'd with garlands braided round thy head,
 Thou, Iphigenia, shalt be led
 By Grecian priests; and as the heifer, torn
 From rocky caves, reluctant meets the blow,
 Thy crimson gore shall flow :
 Nor pipe, nor shepherd's song at early morn
 Awak'd thee, nurtur'd on the plain ;
 But thro' maternal care with bridal pomp attir'd.
 A Bride by each Inachian Chief desir'd,
 Thou hither bring'st thy weeping train.
 How shall the modest blushes o'er that face
 Diffus'd, or in this fatal hour
 Thy virtues aught avail,
 While impious men engross all power ;
 If thus neglected, honour fail,
 And violence o'er law prevail ?
 Hence, general danger threatens the human race,
 Lest the vindictive Gods a sinful world assail.

CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I from these doors come forth to seek my Lord,
 Who hence hath long been absent. My poor Daughter
 Sheds the big tear, and pours forth many groans
 Expressive of her anguish, since she heard
 She by her cruel Sire is doom'd to bleed,
 By Agamemnon: he whom I have mention'd

Draws near, and on his own unhappy Child
Ere long will execute this deed of horror.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter of Leda, at a lucky season
I find thee here without, that I may speak
Apart from Iphigenia, on those subjects
Which in the presence of a timid Bride
Cannot be nam'd with decency.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What business
Doth this occasion to my Lord suggest?

AGAMEMNON.

From her apartment let my Daughter go
Accompanied by none except her sire :
The holy lavers with the salted cakes
Which we must scatter in the lustral flame,
And heifers, that to Dian must be slain,
As victims, ere the nuptial rights commence,
Tinging her altar with their crimson gore,
Are ready.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Tho' in courteous terms you speak,
I cannot name your actions with applause.
Come forth, my Daughter, for full well thou know'st
Thy Sire's designs ; wrapt in thy flowing robe,
Thy Brother young Orestes hither bring.
Obedient to your summons, lo she comes !
Both in her cause and mine I now shall plead.

IPHIGENIA, AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA,
CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

Why weep'st thou, O my Daughter, whence proceeds

That alter'd look? what mean those downcast eyes,
Fix'd on the ground, and cover'd with a veil?

IPHIGENIA.

Ah, how the doleful history of my woes
Shall I begin? they all at once seem present,
Nor know I in what order to arrange them,
Which first, which last to name.

AGAMEMNON.

Why do ye form
One plaintive groupe, expressing in each face
Confusion and dismay?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My Lord, reply
With an ingenuous freedom to my questions.

AGAMEMNON.

No counsel on this subject can I need;
I wish to hear them.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Are you bent on slaying
Our Daughter?

AGAMEMNON.

Ha! what horrid words are these!
Thou ought'st not to suspect that I e'er form'd
Such project. Peace.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To my enquiries give
A more explicit answer.

AGAMEMNON.

Had thy questions
Been proper, I had answer'd as I ought.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To this one point I fix them; nought beside
Is there for you to speak of.

AGAMEMNON.

Aweful Fortune,
Ye Destinies, and O my evil genius!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

On me, on her, on you, one Demon hurls
This triple wrath.

AGAMEMNON.

In what respect hast thou
Been injur'd ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can you presume to ask ?
This shallow artifice betrays the fool.

AGAMEMNON.

I am undone, my secrets are disclos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Full well I know them all, and am appris'd
Of the designs which you 'gainst me have fram'd.
That silence, and those oft repeated groans,
Amount to a confession ; spare yourself
The labour of a frivolous reply.

AGAMEMNON.

Lo I am mute. I to my woes should add
The want of virtuous shame, were I to utter
Premeditated falshoods.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Now give ear

To me ; for I will act an open part
Nor riddles, foreign to my purpose use.
First with this just reproach I brand your name,
By force you seiz'd me a reluctant Bride,
Slew Tantalus, my former Lord, and dash'd
Our infant child, whom from my breast you tore,
Against the payment. Jove's illustrious Sons
My Brothers, on their milk-white coursers borne,
Wag'd war against you ; but my aged Sire,
Tyndarus, when vanquish'd at his knees you bow'd
A suppliant, set you free, and join'd our hands
Again in wedlock : reconcil'd to you

And to your house, yourself can bear me witness,
 That from that time, still blameless and still chaste(33),
 I have improv'd your fortunes, that at home
 You might rejoice, and oft as you went forth
 From your own mansions, with success be crown'd.
 Few are the men so blest as to obtain
 Such Consorts; to the lot of many fall
 They who are worthless. I moreover bore
 To you three lovely Daughters and this Son;
 Yet me you will inhumanly bereave
 Of one dear child. Should any one enquire
 The cause for which you take her life away;
 What plausible excuse can you allege?
 Or shall I utter what you dare not speak?
 "That Menelaus may recover Helen."
 Glorious exchange! our children as the price
 Of her redemption, for that wicked woman
 If we should barter, and thus purchase back
 Those we abhor, upon such fatal terms
 To those we hold most dear. But leading forth
 The troops, if me you leave forlorn at home,
 And on the coasts of Ilion long remain;
 Think you what agonizing pangs will rend
 This heart, when I her vacant chair behold,
 Her chamber uninhabited? alone
 Shall I sit weeping, and in strains like these
 Bewail her fate; "My Daughter, thy own Sire
 "Hath slain thee, he, alas! and none but he,
 "Nor by another hand. Such is the gift
 "He to our house departing leaves behind."
 But little more pretext there needs to urge

(33) "Clytemnestra had no pretensions afterwards to boast thus
 "of her fidelity. These reproaches shew that she perhaps already
 "repented of it. Her love for Ægisthus, and the murder of Aga-
 "memnon, afterwards avenged the crimes with which she has here
 "been charging her unhappy Husband."

Me, and the rest of my unhappy Daughters,
To give you the reception you deserve.

I by the Gods conjure you then, forbear,
Either to wrong, or force me to retaliate.

(34) Well, be it so : the virgin you resolve

To sacrifice : but after such a deed

How can you pray to Heaven, what blessings crave

When you have slain your child ? thus basely launching

The bark for Troy, except you to return

Without disgrace ? But were it just in me

To offer up my vows for your success ?

If we our antient kindness still retain

For murderers, must we not infer the Gods

Want reason ? Fondly think you to embrace

Your children, when to Argos you return,

If one of them deliberately you slay ?

This cannot be : for who among them all

Will bear to see your face ? But I now enter

On this important question, if to wield

A sceptre, and lead forth the troops to battle,

Be your sole wish ; in these emphatic words

The squadrons you with justice might address ;

“ Are ye dispos’d, O Greeks, to sail for Troy ?

“ By lot decide whose Daughter shall be slain.”

The hazard then were equal : but not thus

When as a chosen victim for all Greece,

Your Daughter you bestow. Or, to redeem

Her mother, Menelaus should have slain

Hermione, his interests were at stake.

But now must I, who to your bed remain

Still faithful, have my Daughter torn away ;

(34) “ These lines are extremely animated, full of spirit, indignation, and just reasoning, and worthy of the most heroic of the Daughters of Tyndarus : they may be reckoned among the principal passages of Euripides in this species of writing.” MARKLAND.

While she who hath transgress'd shall train up hers (35)
 In Sparta, and become a happy Dame.
 Confute me, if in aught I speak amiss,
 But if I speak aright, our Daughter slay not,
 And you will act a prudent virtuous part.

CHORUS.

Yield, Agamemnon, to preserve our children
 Is laudable, this all mankind allows.

IPHIGENIA.

Had I a voice of Orpheus, O my Sire,
 Could I by magic incantations move
 The stones to follow me, and with soft words
 Sooth every hearer, I would have recourse
 To arts thus powerful ; but must now make use
 Of all the eloquence I have, these tears.
 Here round thy knees an humble suppliant clings
 Thy Daughter, for her sake who brought me forth,
 Consign me not to an untimely death ;
 For sweet it is to look upon the Sun :
 Earth's nether regions force me not to view.
 Thee by the name of Sire I first did hail,
 Me didst thou first call Daughter : on thy knees
 First did I hang, afford, and in my turn
 From thee endearments numberless receive.
 These were the words thou said'st ; " thee, O my Child,
 " At a maturer age shall I behold,
 " Adorn the mansions of a happy Lord,
 " Plac'd in such station as my rank deserves?"
 While oft that chin (which now with trembling hands
 I touch) embracing ; thus have I reply'd ;
 " In thy decline of life shall I receive
 " Thee, O my aged Sire, with filial zeal
 " Opening my mansion's hospitable gates,

(35) The old editions have *υποτασσειν*, but *υποτασσειν* is, according to Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, the reading of three manuscripts.

" Those cares to recompense, with which thou erst
 " Didst nurture me?" My memory still retains
 Each fond expression we both utter'd then ;
 But thou, forgetting all that pass'd, wouldst slay
 Thy Daughter. Thee by Pelops I conjure,
 By Atreus too thy Father, and by her
 Who bore me erst, who now again endures
 Pangs that exceed the pregnant mother's throes,
 To spare my life. For what have I to do
 With the espousals, the adulterous loves
 Of Paris and of Helen? O my Sire,
 To vindicate my doom, why introduce
 Their foul offence? at least one gracious look,
 One parting kiss bestow, that ere I die,
 If my words fail to move thee, I may gain
 These slight memorials of paternal love.
 My Brother, tho' small succour to thy friends
 Thou canst afford, yet by thy tears entreat
 Thy Father, that thy Sister may not die.
 There is a certain sense of others' woe,
 Which even infants feel. My Father, see
 His silent supplication he prefers.
 Revere my sufferings, and thro' pity spare
 My life. We two, both objects of thy love,
 Thy blooming Daughter, and thy tender Son,
 Implore thee by that beard: I, to conclude,
 This one prevailing argument will use ;
 Most grateful is it to the human race
 To view the Sun : but in yon realms beneath,
 (Such wish were utter frenzy) none would dwell.
 (36) Better, tho' on the worst of terms, is life,
 Than the most glorious death.

(36) Although these sentiments, which the Chorus suffer to pass uncensured, are held by some critics to be utterly inconsistent with the dignity of a Tragic Heroine ; it is not unworthy of observation that the Achilles of Homer, both while living, in his reply to the Ambassadors sent by Agamemnon, in the ninth book of the Iliad,

CHORUS.

Unhappy Helen,
Thro' thee and thy espousals, 'twixt the Sons
Of Atreus, and their race, great discords rise.

AGAMEMNON.

Both when to give compassion ample scope,
And when to check its tide full well I know.
I for my Children feel paternal love,
Else I were frantic. Tho' my wounded heart
Recoil at such oblation, to withhold
The sacrifice were impious. I must slay
My Daughter. Seest thou not this numerous fleet,
These Grecian Chiefs in glittering mail array'd?
They to the shores of Ilium cannot sail,
Or lay its turrets level with the ground,
Thee, O my dearest Child, if I refuse,
To offer up: thus Calchas, holy Seer,
Pronounces. With a vehement desire
Are the whole host inflam'd, to launch their barks
Immediately, for that Barbarian coast,
And punish the bold miscreant who presum'd
To bear away a royal Grecian Dame:
Those virgin Daughters whom I left behind

and after death, in what he says to Ulysses, who descends into the infernal regions, carries this idea yet farther; I will here only cite the latter of these passages, as being the most concise and most immediately apposite to my purpose.

Βυλομιν κ' επαρχος εν Διπτευμεν αλλω

Ανδρι παρ' αλδηςω, ω μη βιωτος πολυς ειη

Η πασι νεκροσι κατα φθιμενοισιν ανισσεν.

Odyss. L. ii. v. 438.

Rather I chuse laboriously to bear

A weight of woes and breathe the vital air,

A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,

Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead.

POPE.

This doctrine is however severely reprobated by Plato, in the third book of his Republic; and the sarcastic Lucian has founded on this very passage of Homer his 15th Dialogue of the Dead, in which he introduces Antilocheus, the son of Nestor, arraiguing this declaration as utterly unworthy of Pelus' son, the pupil of Chiron and Phoenix.

At Argos, will they kill, nor in their rage
 Spare either you or me, if thus I frustrate
 Diana's oracles. Nor yet by force
 Hath Menelaus conquer'd, O my Child,
 Nor have his subtle arguments convinc'd me :
 But Greece prevails, and thee I in the cause
 Of Greece must at the altar offer up,
 Willing or loth : for I to fate must yield.
 Us it behoves, exerting all our might,
 The freedom of our country to maintain,
 For we are Greeks, and will not tamely suffer
 Barbarian slaves to violate our beds.

[*Exit* AGAMEMNON.]

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My Daughter ! O ye foreign Maids !
 Soon, hapless Virgin, shalt thou die ;
 See thy relentless Father fly,
 And yield thee trembling to the shades.

- IPHIGENIA.

Warbling the same pathetic strain
 With you, my Mother, I complain.
 No more these closing eyes shall view
 The genial radiance of the Morn,
 The Sun his blest career renew.
 From you, alas ! I trace my woes,
 Ye mountains white with drifted snows,
 And Ida's consecrated grove,
 Where, struggling with paternal love,
 Priam expos'd the infant, torn
 From a desponding Mother's breast,
 Abandon'd on the distant heath
 To fate and unrelenting death :
 By Phrygia's wondering tribes carest,
 Hence youthful Paris did obtain
 The name of Ida's, Ida's swain.
 Ah, would to Heaven th' adventurous boy

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Had ne'er been destin'd to abide,
 Where he the lowing herds with joy
 Did as a simple peasant tend ;
 Nor seen those limpid rills descend,
 Haunted by Nymphs, who on their side
 Oft cropp'd the rose's blushing flowers,
 And interwove with hands divine
 Their fragrant hyacinthine bowers :
 Thither the sage Minerva came,
 Venus, and Jove's imperial Dame,
 With Hermes, whom the Gods enjoin
 The Thunderer's embassies to bear ;
 (In Cytherca's wanton look,
 Love revell'd with triumphant air,
 Her pointed spear Minerva shook,
 Juno advanc'd with statelier mien
 Expressive of the scepter'd Queen)
 Their hateful contest to decide,
 The power of rival charms to try :
 Hence, alas ! am doom'd to die ;
 But Greece shall with victorious pride
 Extend her streaming banners wide.

CHORUS.

Diana claims thy sprinkled gore ;
 Hence they shall land on Ilion's shore.

IPHIGENIA.

O Mother, how it wounds my heart,
 To see that treacherous Sire depart !
 On him, forlorn, in vain I call,
 Ah me ! this miserable fate
 From that ill-omen'd hour I date,
 When Helen sought the Phrygian strand,
 And now am I decreed to fall
 By my own Father's impious hand.
 O that these straits had not detain'd
 The fleet for Ilion bound, nor Jove

Over Euripus' gulph ordain'd
 No prosperous wind from Heaven to blow!
 On some, the favour'd few, mild gales
 Cheering their souls doth he bestow,
 And aid them to unfurl their sails;
 But others he forbids to move,
 Compass'd with various griefs around,
 And with necessity's fell train;
 Those from the port their vessels guide,
 Weigh anchor, and the surge divide;
 Moor'd on the coast while these remain.
 Our feeble race with toils abound,
 E'en all who draw their vital breath.
 Shall not these destin'd ills content?
 Weak man, their number to augment
 By searching our new modes of death.

CHORUS.

Anguish and slaughter, Greece invade,
 Thro' Helen, that inconstant fair.
 I pity thee, unhappy Maid,
 And wish that thou, by fate betray'd,
 Such woes hadst ne'er been doom'd to bear.

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Mother, I behold a troop
 Of armed men draw near.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And that brave Chief,
 Sprung from the Goddess, whom thou cam'st to wed.

IPHIGENIA.

Open the doors: I would conceal myself.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O Daughter, whither fliest thou?

IPHIGENIA.

From Achilles,
 Whom modesty forbids me to behold.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why so?

IPHIGENIA.

Our hapless nuptials make me blush.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ill doth such bashful delicacy suit
Thy fortunes : stay, this is no time for coyness.

ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA,
CHORUS.

ACHILLES.

Daughter of Leda, most unhappy dame.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Too truly have you spoken.

ACHILLES.

'Midst the host
Of Argos, dreadful shouts are heard.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What shouts?

Inform me.

ACHILLES.

By thy Daughter caus'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The words

You utter are of evil augury.

ACHILLES.

Her as a victim loudly they demand.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Doth no man contradict them?

ACHILLES.

To some danger

I also was expos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say what ; my friend?

ACHILLES.

Of being crush'd with stones.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

While you protected

My Daughter?

ACHILLES.

'Twas e'en thus.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But who presum'd

To smite you?

ACHILLES.

Every Greek.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Did not your host

(37) Of valiant Myrmidons defend their Lord?

ACHILLES.

They were my first assailants.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O my Daughter,

We then must perish.

ACHILLES.

With one voice they cried ;

“ How is the Hero in the Bridegroom lost ?”

(37) “The comrades and the soldiers of Achilles bore the name of Myrmidons: this people were natives of Ægina, and followed Pelens into Thessaly; they are said to have been transformed from Ants, whence they derived their name, into Men, at the prayers of Æacus, whose island of Ægina was almost destitute of inhabitants: others deduce their name from Myrmidon, the son of Jupiter. See Eustathius on Homer, p. 76. l. 38, and p. 320, l. 42. ed. Romæ 1542, and Ovid, *Metam.* l. viii. v. 614.” BARNES.

Myrmis is the Greek word for an Ant. Ovid's account of the depopulation of Ægina by a plague, and its being thus filled with a new race, is very diffuse: as for the Hero Myrmidon, as Eustathius calls him, no particulars of his history have occurred to me; Apollodorus only says that the sons of him and Pisidice, one of Æolus's Daughters, were Antiphus and Actor. Both my editions, of Romæ 1555, and that of the *Hist. Poet. Scriptores*, by Gale, print the name of the latter *Acton*, but I apprehend erroneously; Menæceus, the father of Patroclus, being called by Homer the son of Actor, and Bachet de Meziriac, in his excellent comment on Ovid's *Epistles*, having shewn that Patroclus was Great-Grandson to Myrmidon, the genealogy standing thus; Myrmidon, Actor, Menæceus, Patroclus.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What answer made you?

ACHILLES.

Spare my future Wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Just was that plea.

ACHILLES.

Whom by my name her Sire

Distinguish'd —

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And from Argos bade her come.

ACHILLES.

But by their clamorous shouts was I subdued.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The multitude are a dire pest.

ACHILLES.

In spite

Of their resentment I will aid thee still.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can your single arm resist an host?

ACHILLES.

Seest thou yon armed warriors?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May success

Attend your courage!

ACHILLES.

We will yet prevail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Shall not my Daughter for a victim bleed?

ACHILLES.

To this at least I never will consent.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will any of them hither come to seize
The virgin?

ACHILLES.

Thousands, by Ulysses led.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

(38) The son of Sisyphus?

ACHILLES.

E'en he.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Thus acting

Thro' his own zeal, or by the troops ordain'd?

ACHILLES.

They chuse him to an office which he sought.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Most execrable choice, with human gore
Thus to pollute himself.

ACHILLES.

But I shall curb

His ardour.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will he seize and drag her hence
Altho' reluctant?

ACHILLES.

By her auburn hair.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How then must I proceed?

ACHILLES,

Still firmly clasp

Thy Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

By such means can she be sav'd.

ACHILLES.

(39) This, and this only, must at length decide?

(38) According to Ajax in Ovid;

Sanguine cretus

Sisyphio, furtisq; et fraude similimus illi.

Metam. L. 13, v. 32.

See the question discussed in the twentieth note on this Tragedy.

(39) "The literal translation is, "*But the matter will come to this,*" which Achilles speaks, either laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, or casting a look on the soldiers that attended him ready armed for an engagement."

BARNES.

IPHIGENIA.

Listen to me ; O Mother, I perceive
 That groundless zeal against your Husband fires
 Your inmost soul : but think not to attempt
 What cannot be atchiev'd. The generous zeal
 Of this heroic stranger, claims our praise :
 Yet ought you to beware lest you excite
 The wrath of an ungovernable host,
 And by a conduct whence to us accrues
 No benefit, our kind protector cause
 To perish. But, O Mother, what resolves
 I on deliberating more calmly form
 You now shall hear. I fully am resolv'd
 (40) On death : but wish with glory to expire,

(40) Brumoy's remarks subjoined to this Tragedy in his *Theatre des Grecs*, and those of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his note on "sibi constet" in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, furnish defences of Iphigenia's character from the charge of inconsistency preferred against it by Aristotle in his *Poetics*, which it is so easy for the reader to have recourse to, that instead of making any extract from them, I will lay before him much the same arguments expressed with more brevity by a Critic of the sixteenth century. "Euripides is here so far from deserving censure, that he ought rather to be extolled to the skies for his prudence ; for if he had presented Iphigenia firm and intrepid, when the tidings of her being to die were first brought to her, he would by no means have observed decorum, for he would have given such an instance of valour in a maid as is hardly to be found in Regulus, Codrus, and the Decii. Virgins are naturally timid, and consider nothing as more bitter than death. Euripides therefore does right in representing Iphigenia as timid at first : but afterwards she prefers the weal of the Greeks to life itself. What then ? the entreaties of her Father, necessity, the preservation of her friends, and glory, all combined together, had such influence over her." Fr. Luisini Utinensis *Comm. in Hor. de Arte Poet.* f. 54. Ven. ap. Aldi fil. 1554. Mr. Markland in his note takes this matter in a different point of view, and after expatiating on the inconsistency of every character in this Tragedy, Clytemnestra alone excepted, infers that the wisest of Poets is entitled to our applause for having exhibited, with a moral design, the great levity and irresoluteness of the human mind. Some years ago I recollect meeting with Aristotle's

And banish all resentment. Ponder well
Whether I speak aright : to me all Greece
Thro' its assembled states with eager eyes
Looks up, on me the fleet's auspicious voyage,
On me depends Troy's overthrow : no longer
From happy Greece shall these Barbarians rend
Our noblest matrons, but with blood atone
For Helen's rape, the foul offence of Paris,
I, from these shameful outrages, by death
Will rescue Greece, my name in future ages
Shall be renown'd for having sav'd my country.
Nor must I be too much attach'd to life ;
For as a common blessing to each Greek,
Not to yourself alone, you gave me birth.
With lifted shield shall Myriads rush to battle,
Shall Myriads ply the sweeping oar, t' avenge
Their injur'd country, act with dauntless courage
Against the foe, and perish in the cause
Of Greece ; while I, to save a single life,
Them in their glorious enterprise obstruct ?
O where were justice then ! who could reply
To such an argument ? I now proceed
With one of equal force ; nor shall this Chief
For me encounter the whole Argive host,
Nor madly perish in a woman's cause :
For one brave warrior's life is of more worth
Than females numberless : But if Diana
Hath claim'd me as a victim at her shrine,
Shall I, weak mortal, thwart the will of Heaven ?
That were impossible. I here for Greece
Yield myself up spontaneously : transpierce
This breast, and lay the towers of Ilion waste.

objections revived in a book called "Elements of Criticism," written by Henry Home, Esq. Lord Kaimes, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland ; but the arguments of the Stagyrite did not seem, in their new form, to carry with them any additional strength.

Such, such shall be my monuments, my children,
 My nuptial trophies, and my lasting fame.
 Greeks o'er Barbarians ever should bear rule,
 For these are abject slaves, those free-born spirits.

CHORUS.

Most noble is thy conduct, generous maid,
 Tho' Fortune and Diana prove thy foes.

ACHILLES.

Daughter of Agamemnon, were the Gods
 Inclined to make me happy, they would crown
 My vows with such a Consort. Greece I deem
 Happy in thee, and thee in Greece: for well
 Hast thou express'd thyself, and as becomes
 Thy country, since thou hast forborne to thwart
 The mightier will of Heaven, that bids thee bleed,
 Well weighing what exalted virtue counsels,
 And what severe necessity enjoins.
 More eagerly than ever, now I wish
 To gain thee for my Bride, now I have mark'd
 The generous soul, for thou art truly great.
 Yet, O reflect! For still would I redeem,
 Would bear thee hence to Phthia, and appeal
 To my immortal Mother, to attest
 What grief will rend this heart, should'st thou forbid me
 To save thee by encountering Greece. O think,
 How terrible is death.

IPHIGENIA.

Without respect
 To any, I these sentiments unfold.
 Enough (41) already hath the Dame who springs

(41) For the alteration of *αφχει* excellit, into *αφχει* sufficit, the reader is indebted to Hardion, the acuteness and ingenuity of whose remarks on Euripides leave every admirer of the Tragic Bard the greatest cause to regret their not being more numerous. See Acad. des Inscr. tom. vi. Hist. p. 178. This correction has been adopted by Reiskius, Heath, Markland, and Musgrave.

From Tyndarus, by her charms, the bloody strife
Excited. In my cause thou shalt not die,
Nor lift the slaughtering blade. If in my power,
O let me save my country.

ACHILLES.

Of thy sex
Thou most heroic, nought can I object
If such thy stedfast purpose, for thy views
Are noble. To what end suppress the truth?
But thou may'st yet repent. As an assurance
That I am ready to perform my promise;
This troop I near the altar will arrange,
Nor stand a calm spectator, but protect thee
From being slain: and haply when thou seest
The lifted falchion, thou of my advice
Wilt then avail thyself: nor shalt thou perish
Thro' thy imprudent zeal; for I will lead
These hardy warriors to Diana's temple,
And in its precincts wait till thou arrive.

[Exit ACHILLES.

IPHIGENIA.

Why, dearest Mother, are those eyelids moist
With silent tears?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I have sufficient cause
To make me sorrowful.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet, ah desist!
Nor thus intimidate me, rather yield
To my request.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say, what request thou mean'st?
Thee, O my child, I never will offend.

IPHIGENIA.

Cut not the flowing ringlets of your hair,
Nor put on sable robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why speak'st thou thus?
When I have lost thee, ought I not to mourn?

IPHIGENIA.

Me will you never lose : for I am sav'd,
And bright renown thro' me shall you obtain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Yet, why did'st thou assert that I thy death
Must not bewail?

IPHIGENIA.

Because o'er me no tomb
Shall be erected.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Is not death esteem'd
A passport merely to the silent grave?

IPHIGENIA.

The (42) altar of Diana, sprung from Jove,
Will serve me for a monument.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thee
I yield, for thou, my Daughter, well hast spoken.

IPHIGENIA.

Happy myself, and to my native land
The greatest benefactress.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What behest
To thy lamenting Sisters shall I bear?

IPHIGENIA.

Array them not in sable robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But send'st thou
No fond remembrance to assuage their grief?

IPHIGENIA.

Health to the Virgins ! breed Orestes up

(42) " Iphigenia prophetically utters this ænigma, the meaning of
" which is, that she shall be borne away by Diana to be the Priestess
" of her temple in Tauris."

With a maternal tenderness.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Embrace him,

For ye shall meet no more.

IPHIGENIA.

Thou, far as reach'd

Thy power, dear Brother, didst assist thy friends.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Can I do aught at Argos for thy sake?

IPHIGENIA.

Hate not my Sire, your Husband.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

There remains

For him, a dreadful conflict to endure

On thy account.

IPHIGENIA.

Most loth he in the cause

Of Greece, devoted me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ungenerous craft

He us'd, and such as ill beseem'd the race

Of Atreus.

IPHIGENIA.

Who will lead me to the altar,

Ere I am dragg'd by my dishevell'd hair?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Together will we go.

IPHIGENIA.

The Gods forbid!

You speak unwisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thy robes I'll cling.

IPHIGENIA.

By me advis'd, stay here; for to my fame,
And yours, your absence will far more conduce.

Let one of these attendants on my Sire

Conduct me to Diana's sacred mead,

Where as a chosen victim I shall fall.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Depart'st thou, O my Child?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, thither bound,

Whence fate ordains that I shall ne'er return.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving thy Mother?

IPHIGENIA.

'Twas a doom, you see,

Unmerited.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Desert me not; stay, stay.

IPHIGENIA.

I will not suffer you to shed a tear.

[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.]

But, O ye gentle Virgins, in sweet notes
 My hapless fate recording, chaunt the praise
 Of Dian, Daughter to imperial Jove.
 Thro' every rank, command the Grecian host
 From inauspicious language to abstain.
 The canisters make ready, let the flames
 Be kindled to consume the salted eates
 Us'd in lustrations; let my Sire's right hand
 The altar touch: for e'en in death I bring
 Health to my country, triumph to its arms.

Lead me to blast the pride of Troy,
 Braid the victorious wreath, and spread
 Its vivid honours round my head;
 With lustral drops bedew the ground.
 In a wild dance of festive joy
 Surround yon sacred fane; surround
 The altar, and in choral strain
 O celebrate Diana's reign:
 Diana, Goddess ever blest.
 For I a victim shall expire,

Since thus the Destinies require,
 Fulfilling at my latest breath,
 While struggling with the pangs of death,
 Heaven's dread oracular behest.

CHORUS.

For thee our eyes in tears we steep,
 Majestic Mother, doom'd to grieve :
 When Dian's temple shall receive
 Her votive train we must not weep.

IPHIGENIA.

Ye blooming virgins, lovely choir,
 Unite to hymn Diana's praise,
 For here, o'erlooking Chalcis, blaze
 Her altars; here with fruitless ire
 Impatient of such long delay
 Remains the host in Aulis' bay
 By me detain'd. My natal Earth,
 Thee I invoke. Pelasgia's strand,
 And fair Mycene, whence my birth
 I date, that lov'd and happy land.

CHORUS.

The walls thou nam'st did Perseus rear,
 Assisted by the Cyclop's art.

IPHIGENIA.

From you, from you, ye realms most dear,
 I rose, to Greece a cheering light ;
 Nor shrink I from death's lifted dart.

CHORUS.

Thy fame shall flourish ever bright.

IPHIGENIA.

No more, thou blazing lamp of day,
 No more, O Jove's exhaustless fire,
 Shall I behold thy genial ray,
 But in far other mansions dwell.
 Once more, ere fleeting life expire,
 Farewell, Hyperion's beams, farewell.

[Exit IPHIGENIA.]

CHORUS.

See the triumphant Virgin go,
 With matchless prowess to destroy
 The fated battlements of Troy ;
 For her the lustral stream shall flow,
 The braided wreath her front entwine ;
 And soon with drops of crimson gore,
 That issue from her wounded breast,
 Shall she besprinkle Dian's shrine.
 Thy Father, in his trembling hands,
 Sustains the laver, and yon bands
 Eager to reach the hostile shore
 Of Ilion, and its walls invest,
 Expect their Princess in the fane.
 Th' immortal Maid, who springs from Jove,
 Fair Artemis, enthron'd above,
 Let us invoke in choral strain,
 The Grecian armament to speed.
 Thou, who in human victims slain
 Delight'st, thrice awful Queen, the host
 Dismiss, to ravage Phrygia's coast,
 And lay Troy's perjurd city low.
 May Agamemnon's arms bestow
 On Greece the victor's envied crown,
 And to the happy Monarch gain,
 His (43) brows encircling with renown,
 Trophies for ever to remain !

ATTENDANT (44), CHORUS.

ATTENDANT.

Daughter of Tyndarus, from these doors with speed

(43) Barnes defends the Aldus reading of *τῶν*, tuum, with great appearance of reason against Scaliger, but both Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave inform us, that the manuscripts concur in *σῶν*, suum, according to the conjectural alteration of that able critic.

(44) The circumstances of Clytemnestra's coming forth from her apartment immediately on hearing the voice of this person who seems to have been well known to her, and his familiarity in calling her *φίλη*

Come forth, O Clytemnestra, and attend
To the important message which I bring.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Hearing your voice, yet trembling with dismay,
Hither I haste, wretch that I am, and dread
That you, my present sorrows to increase,
Are with more tidings sent of recent woe.

ATTENDANT.

Strange and most terrible accounts indeed
Are those which of your Daughter I would give.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Delay not therefore, but this instant speak.

ATTENDANT.

My lov'd and honour'd Mistress, you shall hear
A most explicit tale : the whole event
From the beginning will I now recount,
If the confusion of my soul affect not
My tongue, ere the strange history I conclude.
Soon as we reach'd the grove and flow'ry mead
Of Dian, where your Daughter was conducted
By a detachment of the Grecian troops,
The host collected instantly around :
But Agamemnon, soon as he beheld
The Virgin at the sacred grove arrive
Where she was doom'd to bleed, groan'd deeply, turn'd
His head aside, then wept and veil'd his eyes
Beneath his robe : close to her Sire she stood
And said ; " My Father, I with joy attend

δ᾽εσπωνα, " dear Mistress," induce me to consider him as the Aged Attendant, who on the marriage of Clytemnestra accompanied her from Sparta, and has repeatedly made his appearance in the course of the Tragedy ; the printed editions call him Ἀγγεῖλος, " Messenger ;" but Mr. Markland thinks him not the same with the Messenger who comes in v. 414, and proposes adding him to the Dramatis Personæ as a second Messenger.

“Thy summons, freely for my native land,
 “And for all Greece devote myself to bleed;
 “Conduct me to the altar of the Goddess;
 “Because Heaven’s awful voice hath thus requir’d.
 “Thro’ me may ye be blest, thro’ me obtain
 “The glorious palm of conquest, and return
 “To your exulting country. Touch me not,
 “For I will bare my neck, resolv’d to fall
 “In silence, and with courage.” Here she ceas’d:
 The wondering crowd who heard her, prais’d the spirit
 And valour of the Maid. Talthybius stood
 Amid the host, and mindful of his office,
 Bade the whole camp, from each ill-omen’d word
 Abstaining, with a silent awe attend.
 (45) Upon a golden canister, then plac’d

(45) In expressing this word *Καλίστην* calathum by that of *Canister* in English, I have followed the example of Dryden, who renders Virgil’s *tibi lilia plenis ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis*,

“White lilies in full Canisters they bring.”

What more encourages me to do this, and indeed first suggested it to me, is the article *Canister* in Dr. Johnson’s Dictionary, where this line is produced as an instance of the word’s *primary* signification. The reading of *Καλίστην* *εσθβην* is supported by the editions of Aldus, Basil 1537, Barnes, Mr. Markland, and, according to Dr. Musgrave, a concurrence of antient manuscripts; the change of *εσθβην* into *εξωθβην* occurs in the second Basil edition of 1544, and has been copied by Canterus and others; it seems to have originated from the Latin version under the name of Dorotheus Camillus, Basil 1541, where it stands *e vaginis*; *εξωθβην* is revived by Pierson and Reiskius; the former in his customary strain calls Barnes’s defence of *εσθβην* *inepta*, and expresses his restoring what is the genuine text, by the words *arripit et intrusit*. Lambinus’s explanation of Lucretius’s *ferrum celare ministros*, L. i. v. 91, cited by Dr. Musgrave, is, *vaginâ tectum conditumque habere*. Dr. Musgrave, however, proposes reading *οὐρανὸν εσθβην* *intra molam salsam*, and abundantly proves from Homer and Aristophanes that salted cakes were bore on the canisters or baskets here spoken of; but the idea of hiding the sword between the bosom of the Princess, by thrusting it into a cake, would very ill suit the dignity of the scene before us, and give it a ludicrous air, more resembling Dangerfield’s meal tub plot, than the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

Calchas the Seer, the sword, which he first drew,
 Then plung'd again into its sheath, and crown'd
 With braided flowers the lovely victim's head.
 But round the altar of the Goddess ran
 The Son of Peleus, in his hands he bore
 A canister, and vase with lustral streams,
 Exclaiming, " O thou Goddess of the chase,
 " Daughter of Jove, Diana, who pervad'st
 " With thy resplendent orb the midnight gloom,
 " Accept this sacrifice: the Grecian host,
 " And Agamemnon our illustrious King,
 " To thee devote thy spotless Virgin's blood:
 " Grant an auspicious voyage to the fleet,
 " And that our arms may level Ilion's towers."
 But, fixing on the ground their stedfast eyes,
 Both Atreus' sons, and every warrior stood,
 The Priest now seiz'd the falchion, to the Gods
 His prayers address'd, and mark'd the virgin's neck
 Where best to strike. I felt no common pang,
 And stood with eyes fast rivetted to earth.
 When, lo, a miracle! all heard the stroke;
 But how the Virgin vanish'd, whither went,
 Could no man comprehend. Loudly the Priest
 And the whole host cried out, when they beheld,
 Sent by some God, a phantom strange and wondrous:
 Scarce could they credit what their eyes survey'd.
 A gasping Hind lay stretch'd upon the ground,
 Of the most beauteous and majestic form;
 The altar of Diana with her gore
 Was sprinkled plenteously. O think what joy
 Calchas then felt; " Ye valiant chiefs," he cried,
 " Of the confederate Grecian host, observe ye
 " This victim, which the Goddess to her altar
 " Hath brought, a Hind on the steep mountains bred?
 " This, lest illustrious blood pollutè her shrine,
 " She to the Maid prefers, accepts our homage
 " Will grant a prosperous voyage, and our fleet

“ Waft to the shores of Ilion : let fresh courage
 “ Each sailor warm, repair ye to your barks ;
 “ This day the straits of Aulis shall we leave,
 “ Born on our passage cross the Ægean deep.”
 Soon as the flame Vulcanian had consum'd
 The substituted victim, that the troops
 Victorious to their country might return (46)
 The Seer devoutly pray'd. But I am sent
 By Agamemnon hither to relate
 These tidings, and inform you how the Gods
 Decree, that thro' all Greece he shall obtain
 Immortal glory. I who was both there,
 And saw the whole transaction, can affirm
 Your Daughter evidently flew to Heaven.
 Let grief be done away then, nor resent
 The conduct of your Husband : for by ways
 To man most dark and intricate, the Gods
 Conduct our steps, preserving those they love.
 This one short day hath seen your Daughter doom'd.
 To death, and now alive. [Exit ATTENDANT.

CHORUS.

What joy to hear
 Th' intelligence this Messenger conveys !
 He tells us that thy Daughter still survives,
 Borne to celestial mansions.

(46) By rendering *ισως*, *trajectum*, instead of *reditum* (with the other versions, and conformably to the more obvious meaning of the word), Mr. Markland, I apprehend greatly weakens this passage. Calchas has just been foretelling a prosperous voyage, and therefore to describe him immediately after as *merely* praying for *that*, would be an insipid tautology. But his prophetic skill ceased with foretelling the conquest of Troy : and the prayer which ensues, like that of Homer's Achilles, in behalf of his friend Patroclus, and Aruns's patriam remeabo inglorius ubem in Virgil, must necessarily turn the thoughts of the reader to the *αιωσην τυχην* of the Grecian forces predicted by Cassandra in Lycophron, and leave a very strong impression of melancholy on his mind, from the knowledge he has that the vows here offering up proved in a great measure ineffectual.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O my Child,

What God hath stol'n thee hence? or in what terms
 Shall I invoke thee, what conjectures form?
 But is not this a specious tale, devis'd
 Merely that I no longer may lament
 Thy fate?

CHORUS.

Lo Agamemnon, mighty King,
 Himself arrives, these tidings to confirm.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

We in our Daughter, O my Wife, are blest :
 For she indeed holds converse with the Gods.
 But take this tender infant (47), and return
 To Argos, for the troops prepare to sail.
 And now farewell. No more for a long season
 Shall I accost thee, not till I return
 From Ilion. Thee may every bliss attend!

CHORUS.

Exulting may'st thou reach the Phrygian shores,
 O son of Atreus, and return triumphant
 Fraught with the choicest spoils of vanquish'd Troy.

(47) Orestes.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Castum datura cruorem,
Flentibus ante aras stetit Iphigenia ministris:
Victa Dea est, nubemque oculis objecit, et inter
Officium turbamque sacri vocesque precantum,
Suppositâ fertur mutâsse Mycenida Cervâ.

OVID.

Κερη δ' ὄψε μολυσσά μείλαρσιος ἐς χθονα Ταυρων
Φρικτὰ κακοξείνων ἐδιδασκέλο θεσμα λεβήλων
Ἄνερα δαίλευσσα· Καὶ ἀνδροφονῶ παρα βομῶ
Ἐκλόν ἀλιπτοίηλον ἀνεζώγησεν Ὀρεστην,

NONNI DIONYSIACA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

IPHIGENIA.

ORESTES.

PYLADES.

CHORUS OF GRECIAN CAPTIVES, IPHIGENIA'S ATTENDANTS.

HERDSMAN.

THOAS.

MESSENGER.

MINERVA.

SCENE—ON THE SEA SHORE, NEAR DIANA'S TEMPLE
IN TAURIC SCYTHIA.

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

IPHIGENIA.

To Pisa's goal by rapid coursers borne
Flew Pelops son of Tantalus, and gain'd
Oenomaus' lovely Daughter (1) for his Bride;
From her sprung Atreus, Menelaus' Sire,
And Agamemnon's. Iphigenia nam'd,
I, to great Agamemnon, and the Daughter
Of Tyndarus, Clytemnestra, owe my birth,
I whom, beside those restless waves, which, vex'd
By storms incessant, to the azure main
Euripus rolls, my Father, as he deems,
Hath for the sake of Helen offer'd up
A victim to Diana, at the bay
Of Aulis, where in one confederate fleet
He their elected King a thousand ships
Assembled, that the Greeks around their brows
Might twine the laurels borne from vanquish'd Troy;
Prompt to revenge the violated bed
Of Helen, and display the love he bears
To Menelaus. But the breezes sunk,
Nor could his navy sail till he consulted
The sacred flames, and Calchas in these terms
Address'd him; " Leader of the Grecian host,
" O Agamemnon, from this port thy barks
" Thou shalt not launch till Dian first receive
" Thy virgin Daughter Iphigenia's blood.
" To sacrifice the loveliest object born
" That year, to her whose silver orb illumes
" The shades of night, thou formerly didst vow.
" Thy Consort Clytemnestra at the time

(1) Hippodamia.

“ A Daughter bore, (on me the Seer bestow’d
 “ The name of loveliest) her must thou present
 “ A chosen victim.” Thro’ Ulysses’ wiles,
 Me from my Mother next did they remove,
 On a pretence that I should wed Achilles.
 When I arriv’d at Aulis, being plac’d
 Conspicuous on the altar, with a sword
 In semblance was I pierc’d. But me by stealth
 The Goddess thence convey’d, and in my stead
 Before the gazing armies left a Hind ;
 While me thro’ ether’s radiant heights she bore,
 And on these Tauric shores ordain’d to dwell
 In realms where a Barbarian Monarch rules
 O’er slaves Barbarian, Thoas call’d, who moves
 Swift as a bird, and from his rapid march
 Derives the name he bears. But me a Priestess
 Heaven in this fane hath station’d, where Diana,
 Its tutelary Goddess, at her feasts
 Delights in customs falsely call’d religious ;
 For every Greek who lands upon this coast
 I sacrifice ; such is the antient usage
 Establish’d here. The initiatory rites
 By me once solemniz’d, the hateful task
 To stab the victim at her inmost shrine
 Belongs to others. Reverential awe (2)
 For her I serve bids me reveal no more ;
 Yet I the recent visions which last night
 Produc’d, will to the conscious air proclaim,
 If this may haply some relief afford.
 My dream was this ; methought I left these shores,
 And dwelt again at Argos, where I slept
 With all my faithful virgin followers round ;
 Earth’s surface in an instant seem’d to shake,

(2) In placing the line, *τα δ' αλλα σιγω, την θεον φοβημενη*, after the four which usually follow it, I have observed the directions of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, who have thereby improved the context.

Swift was my flight; then pausing as I stood.
 Without the gates, I view'd the shatter'd roofs
 Of princely domes; anon the structure fell,
 From its supporters torn: one Column seem'd
 To stand conspicuous 'midst the general wreck,
 'Twas all that of my Father's house remain'd;
 And from it's capital a streaming length
 Of auburn hair devolv'd: with human voice
 Was it endued. Attentive to that office
 Of slaying strangers, which I here am doom'd
 To exercise, with lustral drops I lav'd
 This Pillar as the victim, and shed tears
 Abundant. I my vision thus expound;
 The hapless object of these fancied rites,
 (3) Orestes, is no more; Sons are the Props
 Of their paternal mansion, and they die
 O'er whom my lavers shed their holy dew.
 To none of all my friends can I apply
 This dream, for at the time when 'tis suppos'd
 I died, no son to Strophius yet was born.
 Now therefore to my absent Brother's shade
 Due honours will I pay: for I such rites
 Can solemnize, amidst those Grecian dames

(3) The imagery of the Pillar, on which this dream is founded, and the exposition of it, is entirely conformable to the doctrine of Artemidorus, L. 2. c. 10. Κιονες δε καθαρω πυρι καιομενοι, και μη διαφθειρομενοι, τα τεικνα σημαινουσι τω ιδωλο; επι το βελιον και λαμπροτερον μεταβηναι· οι δε συληθουμηναι, υμων ολεθρον σημαινουσι, except that the instance produced by the Tragic Poet, is that of an earthquake instead of fire. Hector is in like manner abruptly called by Pindar in his second Olympic Ode, the Column which supported Troy; and in Lycophron, his sister Cassandra, predicting the death of that Hero, expostulates with the Fates in the following pathetic terms, the close resemblance of which to this passage of Euripides has not passed unnoticed by his commentator Mcursius,

Ω δαιμον, οσον Κιον' αιτωσεις δομων,

Ερεισμα Πατρως δυσυχης υποπτας; v. 281. and in v. 1190 she calls her Brother Hector μελαθρον εριμα και Πατρως ολης,

The mighty Pillar thou awhile dost stand,
 Both of this house and all thy native land.

Whom for my menial train the Monarch gave.
 But they attend not, thro' some cause unknown,
 On me, beneath these roofs where is assign'd
 My residence, Diana's holy fane.

[Exit.

ORESTES, PYLADES.

ORESTES.

Beware lest any human foot approach.

PYLADES.

With watchful eyes I all around me look.

ORESTES.

To thee, O Pylades, doth this appear
 To be the temple of that awful Goddess,
 In quest of which, from Argos, o'er the waves
 We steer'd our bark?

PYLADES.

This, if I judge aright,
 Must be the spot; Orestes, sure thou form'st
 The very same idea.

ORESTES.

And that altar
 Yet dripping with the blood of slaughter'd Greeks?

PYLADES.

Its cornice, see what crimson streams distain!

ORESTES.

View'st thou beneath its pinnacles those spoils?

PYLADES.

Trophies from many a murder'd stranger torn.

ORESTES.

We with redoubled vigilance our eyes
 On every side must turn. Why didst thou utter
 Such oracles, O Phœbus, as involve me
 In fresh perplexities? Since I aveng'd
 A Father's death, and shed maternal gore,
 Still harra's'd with fresh rancour by the Furies,
 Who from my native Argos drove me forth,
 Full many an intricate career I ran.

At length I went, and question'd thee, how best
 To calm the frantic tempest of my soul,
 How end those toils which, wandering thro' each realm
 Of Greece, a wretched exile, I endur'd.
 To distant Tauris then thou bad'st me go,
 Where to thy Sister chaste Diana stands
 A consecrated altar, and thence bear
 That statue of the Goddess, from the skies
 Which fell, as the inhabitants record,
 Into this temple; that when I by craft
 Or fortune had obtain'd the prize, and conquer'd
 All dangers, I my capture should bestow
 On the Athenian realm; this sole behest
 Didst thou impose, nor aught beside enjoin:
 And when such arduous task I had perform'd,
 Thy promise gav'st that all my toils should cease.
 Obedient to thy mandate, am I come
 To an unknown inhospitable land.
 Thee I consult, O Pylades, for thou
 With me in the bold enterprize art leagu'd;
 How shall we act? thou seest what lofty towers
 Compass the fane around: its steep ascent
 Shall we explore? but how conceal ourselves? (4)
 Can we by levers force the brazen locks
 Whose strength we know not? if in such attempt,
 By stratagem or violence to gain
 An entrance at the door, we should be caught,
 Our certain doom is death: but ere we bleed
 Let us by timely flight regain the ship
 In which we hither sail'd.

PYLADES.

Flight, O my Friend,
 Were a disgrace to which we must not yield,

(4) The alteration which I have adopted of *μαθοιμεν* sciamus, into *λαθοιμεν* lateamus, was first proposed by Abbé Sallier, Acad. Inscript. T. 5. Hist. p. 110. and has been successively made use of by Reiskius, Heath, Markland, and Musgrave.

Nor such hath been our practice. We with scorn
 The oracles of Phœbus must not treat.
 But let us leave the temple, and conceal'd
 In these recesses lurk, which oft are wash'd
 By ocean's rising surges, from our ship
 Far distant, else might some officious spy
 An anchor'd bark beholding, to the King
 Haste with intelligence: we then by force
 Should both be seiz'd: but when that orb appears
 Which guides our footsteps thro' the gloom of night,
 Then let us greatly dare, with subtle art
 Uniting strength, the statue to remove.
 Observe those triglyphs, if a chasm appear (5)
 Sufficient to admit us: for midst toils
 New courage fires the brave, but cowards shrink
 Into mere nothing.

ORESTES.

We in vain perform'd
 A tedious voyage, should we measure back
 The deep, and leave these shores, while our design
 Is unaccomplish'd. To obey the voice
 Of Heaven, thou well hast counsell'd. Let us go
 Where in some cavern we may lie conceal'd:
 For if the oracle he gave should fail
 Of its effect, it will not be the God
 That is to blame. Now ought we to exert
 Our utmost courage: for severest toils,
 To loitering youth no just excuse afford. [Exeunt.]

IPHIGENIA.

Barbaric natives of the shore
 Whose craggy rocks hang shelving o'er
 The bosom of the Euxine deep,

(5) In Vitruvius's account of the Doric order of Columns, to the frieze of which the Triglyphs belong, his directions are to leave between them an interval whose width is equal to their height: *inter triglyphos reliquendum intervallum tam latum quam sunt ipsi alti.* Ed. de Laet, fol. L. 3. p. 146, Amst. 1649.

From each ill-omen'd word abstain,
 Nor our solemnities profane.
 O thou who tread'st the mountain steep,
 Diana, Goddess chaste, thy hall,
 Thy fane, above whose topmost wall
 Rear'd on high columns we behold
 The pinnacle of burnish'd gold;
 Subject to the behests of thee,
 Thrice awful Queen, who bear'st the key, (6)
 With Virgin footsteps I ascend,
 From massive bulwarks which defend
 Illustrious cities, Grecian towers,
 Fair Europe's lov'd and shadowy bowers
 Where Ceres crowns the smiling earth,
 Auspicious realms which gave me birth,
 Torn by inexorable Fate.

CHORUS, IPHIGENIA.

CHORUS.

I come: what new solicitudes are these
 Which wound your breast, or wherefore to this fane
 Me have you summon'd, O unhappy Daughter
 Of him who bore to Troy's devoted walls
 In that fam'd navy of a thousand barks
 Unnumber'd Heroes, the confederate troops
 Of Atreus' sons?

IPHIGENIA.

My friends, I am engag'd

(6) Wesselingius, by shewing that Diana is elsewhere called *κλυδοχος*, at the same time sufficiently justifies the ascribing this speech to Iphigenia, and obviates the supposed necessity of an alteration in the text if put into the mouth of her instead of the Chorus: the attacks made on the Aldus' reading of *Ευροπας* three lines lower are equally unsuccessful. *Λιπες Ασιαν Ευροπας Δεκαπλων*, Europe there meaning Greece, occurs in the Hecuba of our Author. Dr. Musgrave's argument in regard to the Chorus calling themselves in their second speech natives of Asia, whence he infers them to have been Ionians, only recoils against himself, as this is a convincing reason against ascribing the present speech to them instead of Iphigenia; but not for altering the text.

In plaints unpleasing, no harmonious sound,
 But elegiac notes, for the sweet lyre
 Ill tun'd, can I now utter; for, alas!
 Domestic griefs have harrow'd up my soul;
 My dearest Brother's death I now bewail.
 What horrors in my boding dreams appear'd
 Just as the pitchy darkness of last night
 Gave place to morn's first dawn! All, all is lost!
 My lov'd paternal mansions are no more,
 The race of Agamemnon is extinct.
 What toils have Argos' scepter'd Kings endur'd!
 Me of an only Brother, ruthless Fate,
 Hast thou despoil'd, and plung'd him in the shades
 Of Orcus; for his manes I prepare
 These obsequies, this goblet of the dead,
 Whose mingled liquors I devoutly pour
 Upon the lap of earth; the heifer's milk,
 With purple Bacchus' gift the grape's rich juice,
 And yellow stores of the industrious bee,
 The due propitiatory offerings. Give,
 Give to my trembling hands the golden cup
 With this libation for th' infernal God.
 O son of Agamemnon, thou who sleep'st
 Beneath earth's hollow surface, I, to thee,
 As now no more, these solemn honours pay:
 Accept my duteous zeal; for at thy tomb
 My hair I cannot strew, nor shed the tear,
 For on these coasts I sojourn, far remov'd
 From our dear natal region, where 'tis deem'd
 (7) That I, transform'd into an Hind, was slain.

(7) On consulting the account of Iphigenia's sacrifice in the preceding Tragedy, the reader will find that immediately after Calchas had aimed the wound at her breast, the whole Grecian army turned their eyes, and saw a Hind lie bleeding on the ground: the spectators must either have concluded that Iphigenia was snatched away by some God, and the Hind substituted as a victim, according to the assertions of the Attendant and Agamemnon, or that she was metamorphosed into this animal and slain under the semblance of a Hind, which must have been the idea of her Brother and those who, in the passage referred to by Dr. Mus-

CHORUS.

To you, my royal Mistress, will I chant
 Responsive notes, and Asiatic hymns
 With their barbarian dissonance, awake
 The plaintive Muse, tune the funereal dirge,
 Such as in Pluto's favourite songs resounds,
 Where no glad Pæan ever meets the ear.

IPHIGENIA.

Fam'd house of Atreus! ah, my native walls!
 Thou radiant sceptre to the dust consign'd!
 Who now of all that race of happy Kings
 Is left to govern Argos? Toil from toil
 Arises as Hyperion's rapid steeds
 Each day perform their swift career: the God
 Whose sacred eye illumines the globe, his beams
 Averted, to our woes another source
 Of woe was added, when that Golden Ram
 Caus'd murders and afflictions to abound.
 Soon as those infants (by my Grandsire's hand,)
 Sprung from the seed of Tantalus, were slain;
 With penal terrors arm'd, from inmost hell,
 'Gainst our devoted house, the Fiends arose,
 Her evil genius, in a luckless hour
 Unbound my Mother's zone; the very night
 Of my conception, those stern Goddesses
 Who at the loom of Destiny attend,
 Prepar'd afflictions for the child unborn.
 By Grecian chiefs in wedlock was I sought,
 But other fortunes on the first-born hope
 Of Leda's daughter waited; she brought forth
 And nurtur'd me, a victim for my Sire
 To slay, unblest oblation: they convey'd
 In a swift chariot to the sandy coast

grave, apprehended her to have perished at Aulis; the alteration he has proposed in the reading of *καταμας* "et mea," in the stead of *νεμεας* "hin-nula," seems therefore to be a needless alteration, and what can only tend to weaken this passage.

Of Aulis, me, who falsely had been styl'd
 The Bride of 'Thetis' son, a wretched Bride.
 But now in these inhospitable realms
 Of Pontus, I a stranger dwell, beneath
 Rocks which joy never visited, forlorn,
 Unwedded, childless, banish'd from my country,
 Bereft of every friend, nor can I join
 My voice in choral hymns to Juno's praise,
 Nor on the tapestry with my shuttle weave
 Athenian Pallas' image, and the brood
 Of vanquish'd Titans: for I here am doom'd,
 Unwelcome office, with the stranger's blood
 To glut remorseless Atè, and preside
 At an accursed altar, where with shrieks,
 And piteous tears, the victims wail their fate.
 But now the stranger's sufferings I forget,
 And wail my Brother, my Orestes dead,
 Whom yet an helpless infant at the breast,
 Yet in his Mother's fostering arms I left,
 The heir to thrones he never must ascend.

HERDSMAN, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

CHORUS,

Behold a Herdsman from the stormy coast
 Of ocean hither comes; he surely brings
 Fresh tidings of importance.

HERDSMAN.

Thou, who ow'st
 Thy birth to Agamemnon, mighty King,
 And Clytemnestra, hear what I relate.

IPHIGENIA.

With what dire tale these ears would'st thou invade?

HERDSMAN.

Two youths, who in their bark adventurous pass'd
 'Twixt the Cyanean rocks, are on these shores
 Just landed: welcome victims to our Goddess
 Diana, them must we present. The laver

Be it thy office therefore to make ready,
And the initiatory rites commence.

IPHIGENIA.

Whence came they? Of what country are they styl'd?

HERDSMAN.

This only do I know, that they are Greeks,
And nought beyond.

IPHIGENIA.

But canst thou not repeat
These strangers' names, which haply thou hast heard?

HERDSMAN.

Pylades by his comrade one was call'd.

IPHIGENIA.

The other, what name bore he?

HERDSMAN.

This none knows;

We heard not.

IPHIGENIA.

How did ye discover them,
How chance to seize?

HERDSMAN.

Conceal'd within the rocks,
Of yon inhospitable beach.

IPHIGENIA.

What commerce
Have Herdsmen with the sea?

HERDSMAN.

We thither went
To wash our oxen in the briny waves.

IPHIGENIA.

Resume thy tale; say how and by what means
Ye took them captive, for I fain would hear.
Tardy they come, nor hath Diana's altar
Yet thoroughly been drench'd with Grecian blood.

HERDSMAN.

When we had driven our cattle to the sea
Which flows 'twixt the Symplegades, we reach'd

The spot where ocean's frequent tides have worn
 A hollow cave, which, to the fisherman
 Who there the murex takes, its shelter yields.
 One of our comrades, seeing there two youths, (8)
 Return'd on tiptoe cautious, and exclaim'd
 With wild astonishment; "Observe ye not?
 "Some Powers Divine sit there!" One more devout,
 Soon as he saw them, with uplifted hands
 In terms of adoration cried: "O son
 "Of the divine Leucothea, who direct'st
 "The wandering bark, Palæmon, awful lord,
 "Propitious hear our suit: or, O ye Twins
 "Whom Jove begot, for haply on this shore
 "Castor and Pollux sit: or do ye trace
 "Your birth from Nereus the illustrious Sire
 "Of fifty Goddesses?" But vain, and bold
 In his impiety, another, laughing
 At these devotions, said, "Some shipwreck'd sailors,

(8) Mr. Warton in his notes on Milton considers him as indebted to this passage in his favourite Greek Tragedian for the following beautiful lines in *Comus*, where that Enchanter describes to the Lady the two youths he had seen in the forest, who prove to be her Brothers;

"Two such I saw,
 "Their port was more than human; as they stood
 "I took it for a faery vision
 "Of some gay creatures of the element
 "That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 "And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,
 "And as I past I worshipt."

The following observations of Dr. Warton; "there is an impropriety of character in the mention of Leucothea, Palæmon, and the Dioscuri: Euripides has made the Shepherd, a barbarous inhabitant of Tauris, talk too much like a Greek," will lose much of their weight when the reader attends to the circumstance of the Scythians having made a Grecian captive their Priestess, from whom it is by no means improbable that even the meanest of the people should have derived some information in regard to those on whom her country bestowed divine honours: thus not only the Poets, but the most respectable historians of Greece, as Herodotus and Pausanias, inform their readers, that the songs on the death of Linus had in their days reached even the Barbarian nations.

“ Appris’d no doubt of Scythia’s laws, which doom
“ The stranger to be sacrific’d, thro’ fear
“ Sit in the cave.” We most of us esteem’d
That he had rightly spoken, and resolv’d
To seize them as Diana’s usual victims.
But from the rock immediately advanc’d
One of the strangers: dire contorsions shook
His head, his hands, and every limb, he groan’d
Possess’d by raging frenzy, and exclaim’d
Loud as the hunters, with a shout; “ My friend,
“ My Pylades, look there, from inmost hell
“ She comes, that Dragon comes to murder me,
“ With dreadful vipers arm’d. Yet, yet again
“ A second whose robes stream with fire, her wings
“ Bear pestilential horrors, in her arms
“ She holds my Mother, who, to crush me, hurls
“ Whole rocks uprooted. She, alas! will slay me.
“ Whither, ah whither can I fly?” His gestures
And frenzy varied oft; now bleating calves
His voice did imitate, and now the howls
Of angry dogs; such sounds they say are utter’d
By the Eumenides: shrunk up with fear,
And mute like dying men, meantime we lay;
But he his falchion drew, and, like a lion,
Rushing amid the herd, transpierc’d their flanks
Thinking he smote the Furies, till the foam
Of ocean was died crimson with their gore.
When every Peasant midst his oxen saw
These dreadful ravages, we all to arms
Betook ourselves, and blowing the loud shell
Summon’d the neighbouring rustics to our aid,
Because we deem’d that ’gainst these noble youths
The force of herdsmen would in combat prove
Unequal: we our numbers soon increas’d;
But our assailant, when that frantic rage
Which gave him vigour was exhausted, fell;
With foam his mouth was cover’d; when we found

Such great advantage ours, all took a part
 In the encounter ; from a distance these
 Hurl'd rocky fragments, while those strove with stones
 To smite him ; but the other dauntless stranger
 Tended his comrade, wiping from his lips
 The clammy foam, over his body threw
 His garment to protect him, warding off
 The blows we aim'd; nor spar'd one friendly office.
 Restor'd to reason, the youth started up,
 Observ'd the tempest of assailing foes,
 Aware that ruin was at hand, and groan'd.
 But we desisted not from hurling stones,
 By turns assailing him on every side :
 This dreadful exhortation from his mouth
 At length we heard, " O Pylades, our death
 " Is certain, but with thy uplifted sword
 " Follow my steps, and let us die with glory."
 No sooner we beheld our foes both wave
 Their glittering falchions, than to woods that hang
 Over the topmost promontory's verge,
 In crowds we fled for refuge ; but while some
 Retreated, others press'd upon our foes,
 And smote them : after they had driven these back,
 The party who had first given way, advanc'd,
 And in their turns renew'd the missile war.
 This circumstance was wonderful : tho' stones
 Hurl'd by a thousand hands flew thick around,
 None reach'd the destin'd victims of the Goddess :
 Them we at length with difficulty seiz'd,
 But not courageously ; for in a circle
 Gathering about them, from their hands with stones
 We beat their swords, and on their knees to earth
 They sunk o'erpower'd and wearied. We conducted
 Our prisoners to the Monarch of this realm.
 He view'd, and sent them hither, that with speed
 Sprinkling the sacred laver o'er their heads,
 The victims thou may'st purify. Exult,

O virgin, in th' arrival of such guests ;
 For if heroic youths like these oft bleed,
 Greece will be amply punish'd for its guilt
 In having doom'd thee to be slain at Aulis.

CHORUS.

Thou hast related a most wondrous tale
 Of him, whoe'er he be, the youth unknown,
 From Greece who landed on these Pontic shores. (9)

IPHIGENIA.

Enough: go thou, and to the temple bring
 The strangers. What remains shall be my care.

[Exit HERDSMAN.

Thou, O my wretched heart, wert tender erst
 And merciful to strangers, ever prone,
 For thy poor countrymen, when any Greek
 Was as thè destin'd victim to thy hands
 Consign'd, to shed the sympathetic tear.
 But now, exasperated by horrid dreams,
 Such as persuade me that Orestes views
 The solar beams no more, I shall receive
 With sternness all who may hereafter come.
 True is that antient maxim, O my friends,
 For I am wretched now, and feel its force ;
 " Too oft the soul, embitter'd by distress,
 " 'Gainst those who are more happy than ourselves,
 " Swells with malevolence." But Jove denies
 A favourable wind. No bark, that sail'd
 'Twixt the Symplegades, hath hither brought
 Helen, the guilty source of all my woes ;
 And Menelaus, that a just revenge
 On them I might inflict, they here should find
 Another Aulis to atone for that,

(9) The term Ποντον γης, which I have here rendered Pontic shores, means the lands washed by the Euxine sea, which is frequently called by the Greek writers Ποντος, without any distinction, and from them copied into other languages: thus on referring to the word Ποντος in Stephanus Byzantinus, we find the definition to be, ἰδιωτικῶς ἢ Εὐξίνως, Pontus proprie Euxinus.

Where, like a heifer, Danaus' race erst dragg'd
 Their Princess to the altar: but the Priest
 Was my own Father. Wretched me! that scene
 I never can forget. To touch his cheek
 How often did I raise my suppliant hands,
 Clinging round those paternal knees, and cry,
 " To what unseemly nuptials am I borne
 " By thee, my Sire: amidst her Argive Dames,
 " Now my deluded Mother wakes the song
 " In honour of my hymeneal rites,
 " And with shrill flutes the festive hall resounds,
 " While by thy hands I perish. Not the Son
 " Of Peleus, but dread Pluto is th' Achilles
 " Whom thou did'st call my Husband: in that car
 " Hast thou convey'd me to a bloody marriage
 " By treacherous arts." Thro' the transparent veil,
 Beholding, in my trembling arms I caught
 This (10) dearest Brother (Brother now no more);
 But modesty prevented me from using
 A Sister's privilege, and ere I went,
 As was pretended, to the house of Peleus,

(10) Τυτον ειλομεν is the reading of Aldus, Barnes, Markland, and I apprehend, of every other edition; nor hath notice been taken of any variation in the manuscripts: but Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dr. Musgrave both insist, in very peremptory terms, on the absolute necessity of converting the affirmative into a negative, and reading *οτ' απειλομεν*; but for what reason I am unable to discover. Iphigenia, in the preceding tragedy, brings Orestes in her arms when she implores her Father's mercy, (see Iphigenia in Aulis, v. 1119 and 1241) and may be supposed to have again hastily snatched him up as she was borne to the altar, but to have refrained from taking a solemn leave of him, or making any mention of her being, not a Bride, but a victim destined to bleed at the altar; when such a multitude of spectators were present. As for the pronoun *αυτος*, it is indeed defined to be *δεικτικον*, but frequently refers to a person already spoken of (which is the case with Orestes, whom his Sister mentions in the commencement of this very speech) with no less propriety than to one marked out as present. Five lines farther, Reiskius, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, all four change *κακω* into *καλω*, on their own mere conjectures. The privilege of a Translator happily does not extend so far as by any means to authorise him, in following such examples, to call Evil, Good, or Good, Evil.

Joining my lips to his: each fond caress,
 Like one who to her Argos might return,
 To a long future season I deferr'd.
 If, hapless youth, thou sleep among the dead,
 By what disastrous fortunes art thou fall'n,
 Striving to emulate thy Father's fame.
 Such casuistry as that with which they charge
 Our Goddess, I abhor, who from her fane
 Expels the murderer, and e'en him who touches
 A corse, or an abortion, as impure;
 While she herself delights in human victims.
 To mighty Jove Latona never bore
 Such folly. I this rumour too believe not,
 That at the board of Tantalus, the Gods
 On a child's flesh erst feasted with delight.
 Rather the bloody Scythians have transferr'd
 To a celestial Being, their own crimes.
 I deem no God can e'er be thus deprav'd.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

Cyanean rocks, beneath whose cloven height
 The furious tide impells the crashing mast,
 Where Io stung with wild affright,
 By Jove's relentless Consort, pass'd,
 From Europe driven to th' Asiatic strand;
 Say, whence these youths? left they Eurotas' bank,
 Where reeds o'erspread the meadows dank,
 Or Dirce's holy fount? they land,
 Their hapless voyage to conclude,
 'Midst an inhospitable race,
 Where by yon Maid with human gore imbru'd
 The hallow'd altars reek, and columns' sculptur'd base.

I. 2.

These strangers, trusting to the dangerous seas;
 Each oar did surely ply, and dare t' unfold

Their swelling canvas to the breeze,
 By an immoderate thirst for gold
 Lur'd from their distant homes. Hope, pleasing bane
 Of mortals, with insatiable desires
 To heap up riches, still inspires
 Its votaries wandering o'er the main,
 Who tempt th' unknown Barbarian waste:
 How vain our judgements! some pursue
 Wealth, as the first of blessings man can taste;
 Others, the gilded bait with calm indifference view.

II. 1.

How could their vessel thrid th' impending steep,
 Or by the rocks of watchful Phineus glide (11)
 Sounding the chambers of the deep,
 And Amphitrite's boisterous tide,
 Where Nereus' fifty Daughters, choral notes
 Attuning, glide in sportive band around,
 Till the bark a road hath found
 O'er trackless ocean as it floats,
 Aided by the southern gale
 Or zephyr, to Achilles' land,
 Where the bold warrior anchoring furl'd his sail,
 And ran with swift career on Leuca's chalky strand.

II. 2.

Might Leda's Daughter Helen (O what joy!)
 Fulfilling this illustrious virgin's prayer,
 Come hither from the field of Troy:
 Then sprinkling o'er her auburn hair

(11) Phineus was Brother to Cepheus, King of Æthiopia, who exposed his Daughter Andromeda to a sea monster, sent by Neptune to ravage his dominions: Perseus undertook to deliver the Princess, her Father having sworn to give her in marriage to him as a reward: but after he had slain the monster, Phineus to whom his Niece had been previously engaged, attacked him with a band of armed followers. Perseus defended himself with great courage, but finding himself on the point of being overpowered by numbers, lifted up the head of Medusa, which metamorphosed Phineus and his comrades, into the rocks here spoken of, called Sleepless, according to Barnes, from the sound of the waves continually dashing against them.

The lustral drops, should Iphigenia's hand
Perform its task, and give the vengeful stroke.

What tidings, if to loose our yoke,
From Greece some sailor here should land!
At least, ye flattering dreams, prolong
Th' ideal moments of delight,

Such thoughts as these inspire a loftier song,
My lov'd and natal walls yet dance before my sight.

ORESTES, PYLADES, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

IPHIGENIA.

The victims of our Goddess come, their hands
Secur'd with double chains. My friends be silent:
For the two youths, first fruits of Greece, approach
The temple. I perceive that herdsman brought
No groundless tidings.

CHORUS.

Aweful Queen, accept
The proffer'd victims, if this city, mov'd
By thy command, did institute such rites
As seem unholy thro' our Grecian laws.

IPHIGENIA.

Enough. On me it is incumbent, first
To see the due solemnities perform'd.
Release the strangers' hands, for they are sacred,
And should be bound no longer. In the fane
Prepare what this emergency requires,
And antient customs authorise. Alas!
What Mother brought you forth? who was your Sire?
And had ye any Sister? if ye had,
How must she weep th' irreparable loss
Of two such Brothers? but who knows what fortunes
Hereafter will befall him? the designs
Of Heaven in thick obscurity are veil'd,
None view what mischiefs, yet unripe, now hang
O'er their devoted heads; the ways of chance
Are such, as mortals cannot understand.

Unhappy youths, whence came ye? from what shore
 Far distant, to these regions did ye sail?
 Your absence from your country shall be long,
 For in the shades beneath are ye ordain'd
 To dwell for ever.

ORESTES.

Whosoe'er thou art,
 O Woman, why dost thou bewail, why look
 Thus sorrowful at our impending fate?
 Unwise I deem the Man, who, on the verge
 Of Death, by pride attempts to overcome (12)
 The terrors which that awful hour inspires:
 Him too I blame, who wails without a hope
 Of being respited, for he creates
 Two evils out of one; is charg'd with folly,
 Nor lengthens out the coward life he doats on.
 Let Fortune do her worst, do thou forbear
 These lamentations: for in Scythia, well
 We know what victims at the altar bleed.

IPHIGENIA.

But which of you two strangers bears the name
 Of Pylades? I to this question first,
 An answer would receive.

ORESTES.

'Tis he: if aught
 Of pleasure such intelligence can yield.

IPHIGENIA.

Say in what Grecian city was he born?

ORESTES.

O Virgin, will it profit thee to know?

IPHIGENIA.

Had ye one Mother?

ORESTES.

Friendship's sacred ties

(12) The evident improvement it gives to the construction, induces me to read with Dr. Musgrave *οἶκω*, fastu, instead of *οἶκῳ*, ploratione, though I do not find it supported by the authority of any edition or manuscript whatever.

Form all our brotherhood, not those of blood.

IPHIGENIA.

Answer what name receiv'd you from your Sire?

ORESTES.

With truth I *The Unhappy* might be styl'd.

IPHIGENIA.

That's foreign to my question. The whole blame
On Fortune must be charg'd.

ORESTES.

Leave me to die

Unknown, that in the grave I may escape
Each bitter taunt.

IPHIGENIA.

Why grudge to answer me? (13)

Whence do these lofty sentiments arise?

ORESTES.

The blade may pierce this bosom, but my name
Thou canst not slay.

IPHIGENIA.

And will you not reveal

The city whence you came?

ORESTES.

What thou hast ask'd

Is of no service to a dying man.

IPHIGENIA.

But what prevents your granting my request?

ORESTES.

With pride I own that Argos is my country.

IPHIGENIA.

Were you indeed, O stranger, (by the Gods
Speak, I conjure you, speak,) in Argos born?

ORESTES.

Yes, at Mycene, a once happy town.

(13) That the first *φρονεις* in this speech ought to be *φθονεις* was a conjecture of Mr. Tyrwhitt's, which we find by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave is confirmed both by the Parisian manuscripts and one at Oxford.

IPHIGENIA.

But were you banish'd from your native land,
Or by what fortune to these regions borne?

ORESTES.

Mine was a willing yet reluctant flight.

IPHIGENIA.

Will you not answer any of the questions
Which I propose?

ORESTES.

That must I, with the haste
Of one who stands upon the verge of Death.

IPHIGENIA.

By me much wish'd for, you from Argos come.

ORESTES.

To my own bane: but if thou list, indulge
A cruel triumph.

IPHIGENIA.

Troy perchance you knew,
Whose fame spread through the world.

ORESTES.

Ah, would to Heaven
I had not, e'en in dreams!

IPHIGENIA.

'Tis now no more,
As they report, but was by war destroy'd.

ORESTES.

E'en so: nor hast thou heard a groundless tale.

IPHIGENIA.

Did Helen thence to her own house return
With Menelaus?

ORESTES.

She return'd: the pest
Of one to whom I nearly am allied.

IPHIGENIA.

Where is she now? me too she erst did wrong.

ORESTES.

In Sparta her first Husband's bed she shares.

IPHIGENIA.

Hateful to every Greek, not me alone,

ORESTES.

I too have tasted the pernicious fruit
Of her accursed nuptials.

IPHIGENIA.

Speaks Fame true,

When she relates the Grecian host came back?

ORESTES.

A thousand various subjects of enquiry,
How dost thou blend in one?

IPHIGENIA.

Before you die,

Of this intelligence I first would fain
Avail myself.

ORESTES.

Since this desire is earnest,

Propose thy questions, I will answer them.

IPHIGENIA.

There was a Seer named Calchas: from the siege
Of Troy, did he return?

ORESTES.

That Augur perish'd, (14)

(14) The account Quintus Calaber gives of Calchas after Troy was taken is, that he foretold the destruction of the Grecian fleet on the rocks of Capharens, and refusing to accompany his countrymen, who were deaf to his prudent advice, delayed his embarkation, and staid behind for some time with Amphilochus, younger son of the augur Amphiareus, the Fates having decreed they should sail to Pamphylia: and Herodotus, speaking of the troops furnished by that country at the time of Xerxes' expedition against Greece, says, they were descended from the comrades of Amphilochus and Calchas, separated from their comrades on their return from Troy. The death of Calchas has been variously represented; Lycophron twice mentions it in his Cassandra, v 426, and 930: from the first of these passages with the assistance of Tzetzes' Greek Scholia, and the Latin annotations of Canterus, we collect, that this famous soothsayer after the destruction of Troy came to Colophon, where finding in Mopsus a prophet of superior skill, he *perished* according to the Oracle, which leaves us not clear whether he destroyed himself, or

As all Mycene's citizens aver.

IPHIGENIA.

Dread Goddess! but how fares Laertes' son?

ORESTES.

His home he hath not reach'd, tho' yet he lives
As it is rumour'd.

IPHIGENIA.

May he die, and view
His native land no more!

ORESTES.

Thy curses spare,
For he enough already is distrest.

IPHIGENIA.

Doth yet the Nereid-Thetis' Son survive?

ORESTES.

Achilles is no more, his nuptial rites
At Aulis did he celebrate in vain.

merely pined away through chagrin: but in the latter passage, *καρὸν μασίης γόγγυλη τυπεις* leads us rather to infer that violence was offered to him by others. The matters in which these two rival Seers are represented as having exerted their science, are of a most trivial nature: Mopsus's triumph being founded on his immediately naming the exact number of figs which grew on a tree loaded with fruit; and the disgrace of Calchas, on his giving an erroneous answer when questioned how many pigs a certain pregnant sow would produce: but Conon in the 6th of his narrations assigns a much more important cause for the fate of our Augur, and says that Amphimachus King of Lycia, having consulted both Mopsus and Calchas in regard to the success of a war in which he was about to embark; the former cautioned him against going forth to battle, and foretold that he would be defeated; while the latter encouraged him by the most flattering predictions of success: but upon that Monarch's being vanquished, such distinguished honours were paid to Mopsus, that Calchas in rage and despair killed himself. It ought however, in justice to that Prophet, to be remembered, that he was subdued by no ordinary antagonist; as it appears from both the passages of Conon above-cited, and more fully from Gronovius's comment on Seneca's *Medea*, v. 652, that this Mopsus (whom some have injudiciously confounded with Mopsus the son of Ampycus, mentioned by Ovid as having been present at the hunting of the Calydonian bear) was begotten by Apollo, and had for his Mother Manto the Daughter of Tiresias, whom we have seen introduced by Euripides in his Tragedy of the Phœnician Damsels.

IPHIGENIA.

Most treacherous nuptial rites, as they assert
Who felt them to their cost.

ORESTES.

But who art thou
That speak'st in terms thus accurate of Greece?

IPHIGENIA.

There was I born: from youth's first bloom I date
My sufferings.

ORESTES.

Hence, O Virgin, thy desire
To know what there hath pass'd deserves our praise.

IPHIGENIA.

Where is that Chieftain, whom men term the Blest?

ORESTES.

What General dost thou mean? for he I knew
Was not among the fortunate.

IPHIGENIA.

The son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty King.

ORESTES.

I know not; wave that question, gentle Maid.

IPHIGENIA.

No, by the Gods, I cannot: O reply,
And cheer my soul.

ORESTES.

Most wretchedly he perish'd,
And others in his ruin hath involv'd.

IPHIGENIA.

Is he too dead? Thro' what disastrous fate?
Ah me!

ORESTES.

But wherefore groan'st thou for his loss?
To thee was he allied?

IPHIGENIA.

On his past greatness
I think not without sorrow.

ORESTES.

His dire end
Was this, a Woman smote him.

IPHIGENIA.

Both to her
His Murdress, and the slain, our tears are due.

ORESTES.

Be satisfied at length, and ask no more.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet lives the Wife of that unhappy King?

ORESTES.

She lives not, by her own Son's hand destroy'd.

IPHIGENIA.

O house, a scene of wild confusion now!
But what could instigate him?

ORESTES.

To avenge
His murder'd Sire, he took her life away.

IPHIGENIA.

A noble criminal! there justice urg'd.

ORESTES.

But Heaven with frowns beheld the righteous deed.

IPHIGENIA.

Left Agamemnon any other issue?

ORESTES.

One Daughter, yet a virgin, nam'd Electra.

IPHIGENIA.

But what! is there no mention made of her
He sacrific'd?

ORESTES.

Nought else, but, with the dead
Now number'd, that no more she views the sun.

IPHIGENIA.

Wretched was she, most wretched too the Sire
Who slew her.

ORESTES.

In a worthless woman's cause.

Victim to base ingratitude she fell.

IPHIGENIA.

At Argos dwells the son of its slain King?

ORESTES.

A miserable wanderer, he is no where,
And every where.

IPHIGENIA.

Adieu, for ye are nothing,
Ye lying dreams.

ORESTES (15).

Nor are those Demons, call'd
By mortals wise, less guilty of deceit
Than flitting visions. Dire confusion reigns
As well in Heaven above as earth below.
But this one comfort's left, thro' his own folly
Orestes perish'd not, but from complying
With oracles pronounc'd by mighty Seers:
For that he perish'd, they who know it well
Assert.

CHORUS.

Ah! who our fortunes can disclose,
And those of our lov'd parents, are they dead,
Or do they yet survive?

IPHIGENIA.

Ye strangers, hear.
I will propose a scheme I now have form'd,
Which, if ye both concur, to your advantage
As well as mine may tend; but if we all
In one design cooperate, we shall best
Ensure success. If I preserve your life,
Will you, repairing to the Argive realm,

(15) The dividing the speech here, and putting the last five lines into the mouth of Orestes, seems to have been first suggested by Mr. Heath, who is followed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, who observes that Orestes had reason to charge the oracles with falshood, which Iphigenia had not, and that in the Parisian manuscripts the speech is broken, and the three last lines ascribed to Orestes.

The message I intrust you with, relate,
 And, to the friends whom I have there, convey
 A letter written by a captive youth
 Who pitied me, nor of my own accord
 Thought that I slew him, tho' Barbarian laws
 Enforc'd his death, and she whom we adore
 Holds murder to be just? I yet have found
 No captive born in Argos, if I sav'd
 His life, who might return, and to my friends
 Dispatch a letter. Therefore you who seem
 (16) To spring from no ignoble race, and know
 Full well Mycenè and the friends I mean,
 Shall be set free, your life no small reward
 Obtaining by these trivial services,
 But since our city thus decrees, your friend
 Torn from his friend, must for a victim bleed.

ORESTES.

In all but this, O Priestess, I approve
 What thou hast spoken; it would add fresh weight
 To my calamities, should he be slain.
 For it is I who steer the bark of woe,
 He sails but as the partner of my toils.
 Nor is it just to serve thee, on such terms
 As leaving him to perish, while I 'scape
 From danger singly. But be this thy plan,
 To him the letter give, which he shall bear
 To Argos; hence with thee shall all be well:
 But as for me, let those to whom belongs
 Such office, slay me. There is nought so base
 As he, who when in misery he hath plung'd
 His friends, himself escapes. But with this friend
 Am I united by the strictest ties,
 Nor more solicitous to view the Sun
 Than to preserve his life.

(16) *δυσμηνής*, infestus, is here by Dr. Musgrave altered into *δυσγενής*, ignobilis, on the authority of the Parisian manuscripts.

IPHIGENIA.

How truly great!

From some illustrious parents sure you spring,
 Inspir'd with sentiments of real friendship.
 May He, that hapless youth who yet survives,
 The last of all my house. resemble you :
 For, O ye strangers, I too have a Brother,
 Whom now these eyes behold not. — This your wish
 Shall be complied with ; *him* will I dispatch
 My letter to convey : but you shall bleed,
 Since with such eagerness you rush on death.

ORESTES.

By what remorseless hand shall I be slain?
 Who perpetrates so horrible a deed?

IPHIGENIA.

Myself : for in these expiatory rites
 I by our awful Goddess am employ'd.

ORESTES.

Unseemly function for a blooming maid,
 And such-as none can envy.

IPHIGENIA.

But enjoin'd

By that severe necessity which claims
 Obedience.

ORESTES.

Feeble woman as thou art,
 Canst thou uplift a sacred knife to pierce
 The manly bosom?

IPHIGENIA.

No ; but on your head

Shall I pour lustral waters.

ORESTES.

May I ask

Who slay the victims?

IPHIGENIA.

Station'd in yon fane

Are they to whom such office doth belong.

ORESTES.

What sepulchre is destin'd to receive me
When I am dead?

IPHIGENIA.

The hallow'd fires within
Are kindled, and beneath th' o'ershadowing rock
A cavern gapes your ashes to contain.

ORESTES.

O that a Sister's hand could have perform'd
Such pious office!

IPHIGENIA.

A vain wish, O wretch,
Whoe'er you are, is this: far, far remote
From this Barbarian land your Sister dwells.
But since my native Argos gave you birth,
Far as my power extends, will I omit
No courtesy, but on your tomb dispose
The various ornaments; (17) with oil anoint
Your corse, and pour on your funeral pyre
The honied spoils collected by the bee.
But, from Diana's inmost shrine, I go
To bring my letter. To my charge impute
No wilful cruelty. With care, ye guards,
Observe, but bind them not. When, to that friend
At Argos, whom my soul holds ever dear,
Those unexpected tidings shall arrive,
Perceiving by my letter I still live
Whom he thought dead, what pleasures will he feel!
[Exit IPHIGENIA.]

CHORUS.

Brave youth, let me condole *thy* fate, o'er thee
Soon must the laver pour its lustral stream.

(17) On the authority, as Mr. Markland informs us, of four manuscripts, the line

Ἐαθὺ τ' ἕλαι σωμα σὺν κτασθεῖω

is inserted by him and Dr. Musgrave.

ORESTES.

My fate demands no pity, yet accept
From me a last farewell, ye foreign dames.

CHORUS.

But on your happier fortunes, we to *you*
Address our congratulations, for at length
You to your native region shall return.

PYLADES.

Objects unwish'd-for by a real friend
Are life or country, if his friend must die.

CHORUS.

Most inauspicious voyage! which, ah which,
Shall I consider as ordain'd to bleed?
My soul still doubts to whether of the twain
These plaints, these tributary tears, are due.

ORESTES.

O Pylades, I by the Gods conjure you,
Unfold the secret workings of your heart,
And answer if they sympathise with mine.

PYLADES.

Thy sentiments I know not: thou a question
Hast ask'd impossible for me to solve.

ORESTES.

What Maid is this? with what a Grecian zeal
Of us did she enquire into the toils
Sustain'd at Ilion, how the host return'd,
What had befall'n the skilful augur Calchas:
Achilles too she nam'd: then what compassion
For Agamemnon's fate did she express,
And ask how far'd it with his Wife, his Children!
This Damsel from some Argive race must spring,
Or she this letter never would dispatch,
Nor search into their fortunes so minutely,
As if the welfare of Mycene's Kings
Immediately concern'd her.

PYLADES.

But one moment

Didst thou anticipate me. Thy remark
 Accords with mine : this only hast thou left
 Unnotic'd; when Kings bleed, the great event
 Is known by all, who with attention mark
 Human vicissitudes. But other thoughts
 Demand us now.

ORESTES.

Communicate those thoughts :
 Instruction is the fruit of social converse.

PYLADES.

'Twere base in me to live when thou no more
 Behold'st the sun, for we together sail'd,
 And therefore am I bound to share thy death.
 Else, both in Argos' realm, and thro' each vale
 Of Phocis, with the coward's hated name
 Shall I be ever branded. To the many
 (For in the many envious malice reigns)
 When I return alone, I shall appear
 To have betray'd thee, or amid the wreck
 Of thy unhappy house to have contriv'd
 Thy murder, thro' the hope thy Sister's Husband,
 Heir to thy fortunes, might obtain the throne ;
 This fills my soul with horror ; virtuous shame
 Constrains me now to mix my latest breath
 With thine, at yon dread altar : let the knife
 At once transpierce us, the funereal pyre
 Consume our bodies ; for I still have borne
 The title of thy friend, and fear disgrace.

ORESTES.

Use more auspicious language : my own woes
 My duty is to bear, nor will I add
 To my afflictions, which are single now,
 Yours which would make them double : for each suffering
 And all that infamy you name, were mine,
 If you, the generous partner of my toils,
 I caus'd to perish. It is not amiss
 For me, afflicted by the scourge of Heaven,

To yield up a diseas'd and wretched life :
 But you are blest, your mansions neither guilt
 Nor sorrow visits : mine at the same time
 Are impious and unhappy. If you scape,
 My Sister, whom on you I have bestow'd
 In marriage, may a race of children bear ;
 Hence shall my name continue, and the race
 Of Agamemnon never be extinct.
 Go, live, support my noble Father's house.
 But when you reach the Grecian coast, the realms
 Of martial Argos, I by this right hand,
 The pledge of amity, implore you, heap
 A tomb, and o'er it place the stone, to guard
 My memory ; let my Sister shed the tear
 And cut her tresses o'er my vacant grave.
 Relate how by a certain Argive maid
 I perish'd at the bloody altar, sprinkled
 With lustral drops, and as a victim slain :
 Nor e'er forsake my Sister, tho' you see (18)
 Your kindred, and my Father's house, o'erwhelm'd
 With desolation. Now farewell for ever !
 For I in you the dearest friend have found.
 O my lov'd comrade in the sylvan chase,
 With whom in early childhood I was nurtur'd,
 The faithful partner of my various toils.
 But Phœbus, that prophetic God, deceiv'd us ;
 Expert in each equivocating art,
 He drove me to these distant shores, asham'd
 Of his past oracles. I to his guidance
 Myself abandon'd wholly, and with zeal
 Obey'd his voice, when I my Mother slew :
 But now I am requited with destruction.

(18) *ομων* here claims a place in the stead of *προδας*, which seems to have been a mere blundering repetition of *προδας* in the preceding line, *ομων* being inserted on the authority of a concurrence of manuscripts (as they both inform us) by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave: in the reply of Pylades, twelve lines further, *σε* & *εστηας* are substituted for *με* & *εστηα* on the same testimonies, with the addition of the conjecture of Reiskius.

PYLADES.

To thee sepulchral honours shall be paid,
Nor will I e'er forsake thy Sister's bed,
O my unhappy friend. The love I bore
To thee, while living, shall become more fervent
Beyond the grave. But the response pronounc'd
By Phœbus hath not utterly destroy'd thee,
Tho' on the verge of slaughter thou art plac'd.
For from great woes great changes oft arise
If Fortune thus ordain.

ORESTES.

No more. To me
'Tis now of no avail that I obey'd
The Delian God's oracular behest:
For lo the Priestess issues from the fane.

IPHIGENIA, ORESTES, PYLADES, CHORUS.

IPHIGENIA, *to the Guards.*

Go, and prepare within whate'er is needful
For those who o'er this ministry of blood
Are destin'd to preside. These folds contain
My letter: but this one commission more
Have I to add; ye strangers mark me well:
Under affliction, no man is the same,
As when th' impending terror is remov'd,
And he again grows bold. I therefore dread,
Lest when with safety from these shores he lands
In his own country, he whom I employ
To bear this letter to the Argive realm,
Should be unmindful of that sacred trust.

ORESTES.

What would'st thou have? what cares perplex thy soul?

IPHIGENIA.

That he this letter, to the friend I name
At Argos, will deliver, let him swear.

ORESTES.

But wilt thou likewise bind thyself by oath?

ORESTES.

Sparing his life, that him thou wilt dismiss
From these Barbarian regions.

IPHIGENIA.

Rightly said:
Else how from me these tidings should he bear?

ORESTES.

But will the Scythian King allow of this?

IPHIGENIA.

With him can I prevail, and safe aboard
A ship your comrade will myself convey.

ORESTES.

Now swear, my Pylades : but first do thou,
O Virgin, dictate a most solemn oath.

IPHIGENIA.

Engage to bear this letter to my friends.

PYLADES.

I to your friends this letter will present.

IPHIGENIA.

On this condition, from Cyanean rocks
I vow to set you free.

ORESTES.

But say what God
Wilt thou invoke to witness what thou swear'st?

IPHIGENIA.

Diana, in whose temple I possess
This holy office.

PYLADES.

I, Heaven's awful King,
Immortal Jove.

IPHIGENIA.

Regardless of your oath
If you betray me.

PYLADES.

Ne'er may I return :
But if you save me not.

IPHIGENIA.

My native shores
Of Argos may I never live to tread!

PYLADES.

To a material circumstance attend
Which 'scap'd our notice.

IPHIGENIA.

If in this aright
You speak, my former vows will I renew.

PYLADES.

To me this one exemption yet allow,
If aught betall the ship, if in the waves
The letter be ingulph'd, and I escape
With life alone, me from the oath release.

IPHIGENIA.

My purpose know you not? since many dangers
Attend thè many in their mid career,
All that the letter's secret folds contain,
I will in words repeat, that to my friends
You may disclose; we hence shall be secure
From danger, for if haply you preserve
What I have written, tho' in silent language,
Will each particular be hence made known.
But should this letter vanish, swallow'd up
By the devouring billows, if you 'scape
With life, you will remember my behests.

PYLADES.

Full well have you decided in this matter
As to the Gods and me: but say to whom
At Argos I this letter must convey,
What verbal message to your friends relate?

IPHIGENIA.

Inform Orestes, Agamemnon's son,
That she, his Sister, who at Aulis' bay
Was as a chosen victim offer'd up;
That Iphigenia lives, and sends him this,
Tho' to her friends and to her country dead.

ORESTES.

But, ah, where is she, from the grave return'd?

IPHIGENIA.

Your eyes e'en now behold her. While I speak,
 Forbear, and interrupt not. "To the realm
 " Of Argos, O my Brother, ere I die,
 " Conduct me from these loath'd Barbarian shores,
 " And place thy hapless Sister, place me far
 " From Dian's altars red with human gore,
 " Where I the stranger am ordain'd to slay."

ORESTES.

O Pylades, what answer shall I make?
 Where are we?

IPHIGENIA.

" Else to thy devoted house
 " Will I become a vengeful Fiend, know this,
 " Orestes." Twice have I pronounc'd the name,
 That you may learn 'tis he of whom I speak.

PYLADES.

Ye righteous Gods!

IPHIGENIA.

But wherefore thus invoke
 The Gods on my account?

PYLADES.

No matter; finish
 The tale you have begun: I in that moment
 Was wandering: but O let me question you,
 And we shall trace a series of events
 Surpassing credibility.

IPHIGENIA.

Say how
 Diana, awful Goddess, sav'd my life,
 By placing on her altar in my stead
 A Hind, (which by my Sire was slain, who deem'd
 That in my bosom he had plung'd the sword),
 And bore me to this land. Such is my message,
 The same too in my letter is contain'd.

PYLADES.

O what an easy oath have you impos'd!
Sworn to perform an honourable task,
I will not loiter, but this very moment
Accomplish my engagement. Here, behold,
This letter from thy Sister, I to thee
Deliver, O Orestes.

ORESTES.

I receive
The acceptable gift: but ere I break
Its folds, allow me to indulge a joy
Beyond the reach of language to express.
Thee, O my dearest Sister, who art smitten
With such astonishment as equals mine,
I in these arms infold, while with delight
Confounded, I thy wondrous tale have heard.

CHORUS.

Stranger, it ill becomes thee to approach
The Priestess, and pollute her sacred robe
With thy unhallow'd touch.

ORESTES.

My Sister, sprung
From Agamemnon, from one common Sire,
Turn not away from me; thou hast, thou hast
A Brother, tho' thou ne'er could'st have expected
To see him more.

IPHIGENIA.

Are you indeed my Brother?
Will you not cease to boast so fond a name?
In Argos near the Nauplian coast he dwells.

ORESTES.

Thou, hapless virgin, hast no Brother there.

IPHIGENIA.

From Spartan Clytemnestra did you spring?

ORESTES.

To Pelops' Grandson too I owe my birth.

IPHIGENIA.

What say you? can you give me any proof
Of this?

ORESTES.

I can: propose to me some question
Relating to the mansion of our Sire.

IPHIGENIA.

You it behoves to speak, and me to hear.

ORESTES.

Speak then I will: first listen to the tale
Which from Electra I have heard: thou know'st,
O Sister, what abhorr'd dissention rose
'Twixt Atreus and Thyestes.

IPHIGENIA.

Oft I heard,
How they contended for the golden Ram.

ORESTES.

And canst thou not remember that this tale
In rich embroidery erst thou didst express?

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Brother, you a topic start
Which wounds my inmost soul.

ORESTES.

There too the Sun
Turn'd back his steeds.

IPHIGENIA.

My shuttle also form'd
This variegated texture of the loom.

ORESTES.

Yet more, at Aulis, Clytemnestra pour'd
The laver on thy head.

IPHIGENIA.

Full well I know
She did: for luckless were my spousal rites.

ORESTES.

But to thy Mother why didst thou direct
Thy tresses should be borne?

IPHIGENIA.

That in my stead,
For a memorial in the silent grave
Them she might lodge.

ORESTES.

Indisputable tokens
Which these eyes saw, are those of which I speak;
The spear which Pelops bore when erst he won
Hippodamía, after he had slain
Oenomaus, hangs in th' innermost recess
(19) Of thy apartments.

IPHIGENIA.

You, my lov'd Orestes,
For you still, still the same, are to my soul
Ever most welcome, I again possess,
Our only hope, who from our native land
From Argos, O my dearest Brother, came.

ORESTES.

Once more I clasp my Iphigenia, deem'd
A lifeless shade: tears different far from those
Which mourners shed, and sorrows mix'd with joy
Bedew thine eyes and mine.

IPHIGENIA.

But him while yet
He was a child, him clinging to the arms
Of a fond Nurse (20), at home I left behind.

“(19) As the English reader may possibly not perceive at first sight, all
“ the force of this piece of evidence produced by Orestes, upon which
“ Iphigenia immediately acknowledges him for her Brother; it may be
“ proper to inform him, that the Grecian women, especially virgins,
“ were kept with great strictness and reserve in separate and retired
“ apartments, into which no man, except their nearest relations, such as
“ Fathers or Brothers, were permitted to enter. Orestes therefore, by
“ giving this proof of his having been in Iphigenia's apartment, proves
“ himself to be her Brother in so convincing a manner, that she immedi-
“ ately embraces him, and weeps for joy.” WEST.

(20) “ Pindar calls this Nurse of Orestes, Arsinoe; but Pherecydes
“ gives her the name of Laodamia: Ægysthus slew her son, either think-
“ ing that he had caught Orestes, or enraged with the mother of the

How, O my soul, beyond the power of words
 Blest as thou art, shall I declare thy transports?
 Still more than miracles are these events,
 And quite surpass all language.

ORESTES.

May we both
 Henceforth together lead an happy life!

IPHIGENIA.

An unexpected pleasure, O my friends,
 Have I experienc'd, tho' e'en now I dread
 Lest bursting from these arms, he to the realms
 Of ether take his flight. Ye mansions rear'd
 By the fam'd Cyclops, O my native land,
 My dear Mycene, I, to you, for life
 Am thankful, and the nurture ye bestow'd;
 Since ye train'd up this generous Brother too
 To shed new light on Agamemnon's house.

ORESTES.

We in the noble race from which we sprung
 Are fortunate, my Sister, tho' our lives
 Have been to many grievous ills expos'd.

IPHIGENIA.

This, wretched I experienc'd, o'er my neck
 When my unhappy Sire the falchion wav'd.

ORESTES.

Ah me! tho' I was absent, yet I seem
 As if I saw thee there.

IPHIGENIA.

Instead of wedding
 Achilles, O my Brother, to that tent
 Th' abode of treacherous wolves was I convey'd.

“ boy for having secretly removed him. Here it is proper to mark out
 “ a gross error of the very learned Benedictus, the Latin translator of
 “ Pindar, who calls Orestes a child of three years old at the time he
 “ was rescued from death; not recollecting that he was born before
 “ the Trojan war, as is evident from Homer, *Il. L. 9. v. 142*, and that
 “ Agamemnon was not slain till after the conclusion of that war, which
 “ lasted for ten years.” BARNES.

Before the very altar tears gush'd forth,
 And bitter plaints disgrac'd th' unholy rite:
 Alas, how dreadful were those lustral streams!

ORESTES.

The rash unnatural crime my Father dar'd
 To perpetrate, I too have wail'd.

IPHIGENIA.

The doom
 Which I experienc'd, with paternal love
 Was sure most inconsistent.

ORESTES.

From events
 Like these, what wondrous consequences rise!
 But if, O hapless Virgin, thou hadst slain
 Thy Brother, by some ruthless Demon urg'd,
 A crime thus horrible had made thee wretched.

IPHIGENIA.

Atrocious, O my Brother, was the deed
 I had resolv'd on: from an impious death
 How narrowly, alas! have you escap'd,
 From a misguided Sister's bloody hand!
 Where, after these miraculous events,
 Can we expect an end to our distress?
 What fortune will attend me, or what schemes
 Shall I devise, to forward your escape
 From these domains, and from impending slaughter,
 To our lov'd native Argos, ere the sword
 Be with your gore distain'd? Unhappy youth,
 On you 'tis now incumbent to weigh well,
 If on dry land, unaided by a bark,
 You on the swiftness of your feet alone
 Relying, rather ought to hazard life
 Encompass'd by Barbarian tribes, and journeying
 O'er wilds untrodden: if you strive to glide
 'Twixt the Cyanean rocks, their narrow pass,
 And afterwards a length of watery waste
 Threatens the mariner. Ah me, unblest!

What tutelary God, what human aid,
 Or unexpected chance, along the road,
 Now deem'd impervious, will direct our flight,
 And to us two, of Atreus' princely house
 (21) The only wretched relics, ope some gate
 To save us from destruction?

CHORUS.

What these eyes
 Behold, and these astonish'd ears have hear'd,
 As truly wondrous, and surpassing all
 That fiction can devise, will I relate.

PYLADES.

When friends again with transport view the face
 Of those they love, Orestes, it is fit
 They in their arms each other should infold:
 But check the streaming tear, and rather think
 How we a blest deliv'rance may obtain,
 And quit with glory this Barbarian realm:
 For it behoves the wise man not to slight
 His opportunity when Fortune smiles.

ORESTES.

Well hast thou spoken. Fortune will, I trust,
 With us co-operate: for the Gods bestow
 Their aid on those who with undaunted soul
 Exert themselves.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet shall not aught, or check,

(21) " Pierson observes that Orestes and Iphigenia cannot properly
 " be called the only relics of the house of Atreus, because Electra also
 " was yet living: but the same inaccuracy adopted by Sophocles in his
 " *Antigone*, where he makes that Princess, who had a little before been
 " conversing with her Sister Ismene, say

Δευσσέει θεῶν; οἱ κείρανίδαι

Την βασιλευσιν μύθησιν λατῶν. v. 952.

" Look on me Princes, see the last of all

" My royal race."

DR. FRANKLIN.

" admonishes us not to be too hasty in altering the text."

DR. MUSGRAVE.

Or cause me from my purpose to digress,
Till an enquiry first I make, what fate
Hath overta'en Electra; for the whole
Of her adventures gladly would I learn.

ORESTES.

To this my friend in wedlock join'd, she leads
A prosperous life.

IPHIGENIA.

But of what land is he
A native, and whose Son?

ORESTES.

From Strophius, lord
Of Phocis' region, he derives his birth.

IPHIGENIA.

And thro' his Mother, royal (22) Atreus' Daughter,
Connected with our house?

ORESTES.

Thus near in blood,
And the sole friend on whom I dare rely.

IPHIGENIA.

He was not born, when me my Sire consign'd
A victim to the altar.

ORESTES.

No, he was not:
For Strophius long remain'd without a child.

IPHIGENIA.

Hail, O thou Husband of my Sister, hail!

ORESTES.

My more than kinsman, saviour of my life!

IPHIGENIA.

What prompted you to that atrocious crime
'Gainst her who bore you?

ORESTES.

Let us in deep silence
Bury that action: to avenge my Sire.

IPHIGENIA.

But thro' what motive did she slay her Lord?

ORESTES.

No more: it were unfit for thee to hear
Thy Mother's shame.

IPHIGENIA.

In silence I obey.

To you, its only hope, the Argive realm
Doth now no doubt with due respect attend.

ORESTES.

The reins of empire Menelaus holds:
I am an exile from my native land.

IPHIGENIA.

Could he, an Uncle, on our sinking house
Heap such foul wrong?

ORESTES.

No, but the Furies, arm'd
With all their terrors, caus'd me thence to fly.

IPHIGENIA.

By them on yonder beach you was assail'd,
For of your frantic actions on that spot
Have I been told.

ORESTES.

Not then for the first time
This my disease betray'd itself.

IPHIGENIA.

Full well

I understand your meaning, to avenge
Maternal blood, those Goddesses arise.

ORESTES.

They fasten'd on my jaws their gory curbs.

IPHIGENIA.

But wherefore did you land upon this coast?

ORESTES.

At Phœbus' dread oracular behest
I hither came.

IPHIGENIA.

What action to perform?

May you declare it, or were you enjoind
To keep strict silence?

ORESTES.

I will tell thee all,
And here begins a tale of endless woe :
Since on my Mother these polluted hands
Aveng'd those crimes which I forbear to name,
Have I, into a tedious exile driven,
And chas'd by Furies, wander'd thro' the world ;
Till I, by Phœbus' edicts, to the realm
Of Athens was directed to repair,
And pacify those Goddesses whose names
We utter not. The sacred judgement seat
Is there, at which Jove erst ordain'd, that Mars,
(23) Whose hands had been defil'd with recent gore,
Should undergo a trial. In that city
When I arriv'd, their hospitable doors
None op'd with zeal spontaneous, to admit
A stranger, whom they deem'd the Gods abhorr'd :
Till some, more courteous, furnish'd in their hall
For me a separate solitary board,
And underneath the self-same roof abode.
But where I came, all conversation ceas'd,
None would associate with me in their food,
Or drain one common goblet ; but to each
In separate portions was an equal share
Of wine administer'd : they all rejoic'd,

(23) Mars was brought to a trial for having killed Halirothius Son of Neptune, who had presumed to violate Alcippe his Daughter by Aglauros : see the *Elektra* of our Author, v. 1260. Pausanias, in his *Attica*, describes the spot where this ravisher was slain, as being close to a fountain within the precincts of the temple of Æsculapius. We find in Apollodorus that Mars was acquitted by the verdict of the twelve Gods who sat in judgement upon him.

But I presum'd not to reproach my hosts,
 And griev'd in silence, feigning not to mark
 The dire affront, in bitterness of soul
 Groaning because I with vindictive hand
 Had slain my Mother. Yet have I been told,
 Among th' Athenian people, from my woes,
 An awful ceremony takes its rise,
 (24) (Which still they practice;) where the bowl contains
 An equal quantity (25) with those then fill'd
 For every guest apart. But when I reach'd
 The hill of Mars, my trial to abide,
 One seat I occupied, (the other left
 For my accuser, th' elder-born of Hell,
 And pleaded my own cause. Apollo heard
 How I was charg'd with having slain my Mother,
 Nor scrupled as a witness to appear
 On my behalf, and save me : for the votes
 Prov'd equal, number'd by Minerva's hand.
 Thus by that awful court I from the charge
 Of murder was absolv'd. Such of the Furies
 As acquiesc'd in the decree, resolv'd
 (26) To occupy a temple on the spot

(24) Mr. West observes that this speech may be considered as the legendary account of many civil and religious customs observed at Athens, even in the time of Euripides. Here the Poet seems to forget the character of Orestes, and speak in his own person.

(25) *χρησεις*, the term here made use of, which Barnes renders libatorium vas, is in the translations of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, on the authority of Suidas, quod continet octo cotylas, aut congiarium; in English, eight Pints, or what is the same thing, one gallon, which would sound like a quantity of liquor far exceeding the proper stint for those who attended a religious ceremony, were we not perpetually reminded, by Homer and other antient writers, that it was customary for large portions of water to be mingled with the wine prepared for the Grecian Heroes, who were by no means addicted to intemperance in their cups.

(26) The explanation I have here made use of is that of Pierson, who in a note on the word *σηταμα* in his edition of Mæris Lex. Att. p. 352, renders *ἄηρον* locum ubi suffragia data sunt, and *ιερον*, templum: Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave have both followed him; and he in a very satis-

Where judgement was awarded : but the rest
 Of their fell Sisterhood, who would not yield
 To this decision, with unwearied rage
 Harrass'd me as before, till I repair'd
 A second time to Phœbus' hallow'd seat,
 And stretcht before the portals of his fane,
 Tasting no food, swore on that spot to end
 A miserable life, unless the God,
 Who had undone, would save. He with a loud voice
 Then from the golden tripod his response
 Pronouncing, hither sent me, to remove,
 And in the blest domains of Athens place,
 The Heaven-descended statue : this behest,
 On which he caus'd our safety to depend,
 Thy furtherance claims : for if we can obtain
 That image of the Goddess, I from frenzy
 Shall be deliver'd, and with prosperous sails
 Convey thee to Mycene's distant coast.
 But, O my dearest, dearest Sister, save
 Thy Father's house, thy wretched Brother save,
 For I, and the remains of Pelops' race,
 Are ruin'd utterly, unless we seize
 The statue which descended from the skies.

CHORUS.

Some dire resentment of offended Heaven
 Against the seed of Tantalus yet burns,
 And hurries them amidst incessant toils.

factory manner establishes the propriety of the sense he gives these words, by referring to the *Electra* of our Author, v. 1270: the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, where Minerva, from v. 394 to the close of the piece, repeatedly mentions that divine worship should be paid the Furies in a temple appropriated to them at Athens; and Pausanias, who describes its situation as being near an altar which Orestes on his acquittal dedicated to Minerva. In the *Arcadica* of the same writer, we find accounts of two other temples sacred to the Furies, erected in memory of events which had happened to Orestes at the time of his wandering, stung with frenzy, through the region of Arcadia, previous to his trial at the Athenian Areopagus.

IPHIGENIA.

Before you hither came, this ardent wish
 I form'd, that I to Argos might return,
 And, O my Brother, you again behold.
 With you conspiring, now I from these toils
 Would set you free, and to its antient splendour
 Restore the falling mansion of our Sire,
 ('Gainst him who would have sacrific'd his Child
 Bearing no enmity,) refrain my hand
 From slaying you, and save our wretched house:
 Yet tremble to think how I can elude
 The Goddess, and the Monarch, when he finds
 A vacant niche where erst the Statue stood.
 To 'scape from death, what plausible excuse
 Shall I allege? but if you could at once
 That image bear away, and with it lodge
 Me safe aboard the ship, such bold exploit
 Were glorious; but, if seizing that, you leave
 Me here behind, I certainly must perish,
 While you, accomplishing your projects, reach
 The coast of Argos: yet I shun no toils,
 Not death itself, if I your life can save.
 For when a man, the heir of mighty thrones,
 Expires, he falls regretted, but our sex
 Are deem'd of little worth.

ORESTES.

Let me not add
 Thy murder to the guilt of having slain
 Our Mother, 'tis enough that with her blood
 I have defil'd these hands. I would concur
 With thee in the same generous views, and share
 Either in life or death one common fate.
 (27) For if success attend my bold emprise,

(27) The original reading of the Aldus' edition $\eta\mu\tau\epsilon\varsigma \kappa' \alpha\upsilon\tau\omicron\varsigma \epsilon\pi\tau\alpha\upsilon\theta\eta$
 $\pi\epsilon\sigma\sigma\omega$, estiamsi et ipse hic occumbam, is so evidently faulty, as to give
 rise to a variety of conjectural alterations: Barnes has changed $\eta\mu\tau\epsilon\varsigma$ into

Thee to our native land will I conduct,
 If not, lie stretcht beside thee in the grave.
 Hear my opinion; if to chaste Diana
 Our project had given umbrage, why should Phœbus
 Command me, by an oracle, to bear
 The image of that Goddess to the city
 Where Pallas is ador'd, or suffer me
 Thy face, my dearest Sister, to behold?
 From every circumstance together weigh'd,
 I trust that we with safety shall return.

IPHIGENIA.

How can we 'scape from death, and how attain
 The object of our wishes? O reflect,
 Whether a voyage homeward on such terms
 Be feasible: my zeal indeed is great.

ORESTES.

Shall we be able to dispatch the King?

IPHIGENIA.

There's danger in the scheme you have propos'd,
 For foreigners to slay their royal host.

ORESTES,

But if 'twill save us both, we ought to face
 The danger.

IPHIGENIA.

This I cannot do; yet praise
 Your enterprising spirit.

ORESTES.

In the fane,
 Suppose thou place me from all eyes conceal'd.

IPHIGENIA.

That we, when darkness favours, may escape.

τη μη, Mr. Markland κ' αυτος into μη 'υλος; but Dr. Musgrave, who justly observes that the sense hereby becomes exactly the same with η σε καθιστων μενω μελα in the next line, has (as appears to me) more happily substituted in his note εν το γει, for κ' αυτος, and rendered this passage si res hic bene ceciderint, which at once removes the inconsistency of the antient reading, and the tautology of some later editors who have made injudicious attempts to correct it.

ORESTES.

Night is the season fit for treacherous deeds;
But truth prefers the clearest beams of day.

IPHIGENIA.

Priests watch within; nor can we hope t' elude
Their vigilance.

ORESTES.

We utterly are ruin'd!
Alas! what hope of safety yet remains?

IPHIGENIA.

A fresh discovery I methinks have made.

ORESTES.

What mean'st thou? tell me, for I wish to know
Thy projects.

IPHIGENIA.

To deceive them, of your woes (28)
Will I avail myself.

ORESTES.

Sure women frame
Their stratagems with most surprising art.

IPHIGENIA.

That, having slain your Mother, I will say,
You hither fled from Argos.

ORESTES.

Make what use
Thou canst of my afflictions, if in aught
They serve thy interests.

IPHIGENIA.

Nor is it allow'd
To offer up such victims to the Goddess.

(28) The reading of *ωναις*, *furor*, was so harsh and ill-suited to the context, that Brodæus renders it *culpâ ac crimine*, Carmelli attempts to reconcile him and Barnès, by saying, in his note, *furor*es erant mala ex crimine profecta: but these palliations are now become needless, as Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave have established *ωναις*, *infortunio*, on the authority of three manuscripts: and what follows shews that Iphigenia had not the least intention to avail herself of the *madness*, but of the *misfortunes* of her Brother.

ORESTES.

What cause allege? for I suspect in part.

IPHIGENIA.

That you are still impure, but shall be slain
When sanctified by due religious rites.

ORESTES.

How can this aid us to bear off the statue?

IPHIGENIA.

You will I cleanse in ocean's lustral waves.

ORESTES (29).

Remains that image yet within the fane,
For which we hither sail'd?

IPHIGENIA.

And must be wash'd,
Since by thy touch polluted, will I add.

ORESTES.

Mean'st thou to bear it to the craggy shore,
Still moisten'd by the foaming surge?

IPHIGENIA.

Where lies
Your ship at anchor.

ORESTES.

Whom wilt thou appoint
To carry it?

IPHIGENIA.

Myself: for I alone
The sacred pledge may handle.

ORESTES.

In this murder (30)
What share shall we to Pylades assign?

(29) The alterations of Ετ' for Εσθ' at the commencement of this line, and ερω for ερα, at the close of the next, which materially alter the sense, and therefore require to be noticed, are adopted on the same authorities with the reading which is mentioned in the note immediately preceding.

(30) The very needless conjectural alterations which I find here made by Brodæus, Canterus, Scaliger, and Dr. Musgrave, together with the

IPHIGENIA.

He shall be charg'd with having dipp'd his hands,
Like you, in blood.

ORESTES.

These projects, from the King,
Mean'st thou to hide, or with his privity
Carry them on ?

IPHIGENIA.

Him my persuasive words
Shall win, for 'twere impossible to bar
His knowledge of the fact.

ORESTES.

Our bark is ready
With oars well furnish'd.

IPHIGENIA.

To conduct what else
May tend to forward our escape, be yours.

ORESTES.

Yet one thing more is needful ; these thy Friends
Must keep thy counsels secret. O beseech them,
And arguments most prevalent devise :
For female eloquence hath force to move
The sternest heart to pity. All beside
I trust will prosper.

IPHIGENIA.

O my lov'd associates,

far-fetched interpretations given to this speech by Barnes and Carmelli, induce me to quote the sense in which it is taken by the truly able and ingenious Monsieur Hardion ; quelle part donnerons nous a Pylade dans, le meurtre dont vous me direz coupable, afin d'avoir un pretexte pour le mener avec nous ? Acad. des Inscript. tom. 5. list. p. 119, 4to. edit. Louvre. Heath has approved, and Markland followed, this clear and apparently obvious version : the caution with which it is introduced, on ne doit jamais se permettre de corriger le texte d'un Auteur, que lorsqu'on n'en peut absolument tirer aucun sens, could not be more needed in 1718, which is the date it bears, than at this day, when the text of ancient writers is so frequently debased and polluted by officious editors.

To you with stedfast hope I raise my eyes,
 On you depends it whether I with bliss
 Shall be attended, or reduc'd to nothing,
 Torn from my country, from my Brother torn,
 And this our (31) Kinsman. Thus begins my speech.
 Since we are women, prone to mutual love,
 And stedfast in the cause of our whole sex,
 My schemes divulge not, and with generous zeal
 Conspire to aid my flight. The tongue deserves
 Great praise when with fidelity endued.
 But mark how Fortune, by one single act,
 To our paternal regions may restore,
 Or visit with immediate death, us three
 The dearest friends. But if I hence escape,
 That you in our prosperity may share,
 Hence will I waft you to the Grecian coast,
 But O, by friendship's plighted hand, those cheeks,
 Those knees, and every fond connection left
 At your own homes, by Mother, hoary Sire,
 And Children, if among you there are those
 Who boast the name of Parent; I implore
 Both you, and you, and all. Reply, who grants,
 Or who rejects my prayer? if ye consent not
 To aid the scheme I have propos'd, myself
 And my unhappy Brother too must perish.

(31) The expression of *τρεις της φιλατης*, five lines lower, leaves little room to doubt that the word *συγγονα* relates to Pylades, and is properly translated by Barnes cognato; but Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave are of opinion, that it ought to be understood of Orestes, and rendered fratre, in order to effect which, they are forced to alter *φιλαι αδελφαι*, in the beginning of the line, into *φιδης αδελφης*, and apply it to Electra. *Συγγονος*, no doubt, signifies either "a Brother" or "a Kinsman," and in the interpretation of ambiguous words, every man is at liberty to choose for himself, without violating the context; but a double alteration, without the smallest authority quoted in its support, merely for the sake of twisting the version according to it, will naturally incur the strongest suspicions of being erroneous.

CHORUS.

Take courage; the sole obj ct of thy care
 Be thy own safety, O my dearest mistress :
 The secret which to me thou hast entrusted,
 Shall never be reveal'd : (32) imperial Jove
 I call to witness.

IPHIGENIA.

May each bliss attend
 These generous words ! It now behoves you both
 To go into the temple : for the King
 Of these domains will in a moment come,
 To make enquiry if these foreign youths
 Are sacrific'd. Most venerable Goddess,
 Who erst, at Aulis' winding bay didst snatch
 Thy votary from a Father's cruel arm
 Uplifted to destroy me, now protect
 Both me and these ; else will Apollo's voice
 Thro' thee by mortals be no more esteem'd
 For its veracity. But O depart
 With us from these abhorr'd Barbarian realms
 Propitious, and to Athens speed thy course :
 For here it ill becomes thee to reside,
 When that blest city opens wide the gates
 Of holier fanes impatient to receive thee.

[*Exeunt* IPHIGENIA, ORESTES, and PYLADES.

(32) Lord Rosecommon, in a note on " ille tegat commissa," sub-joined to his translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, observes, that the rule is not so general but it may admit of some exception; and after equally blaming the Corinthian women for concealing Medea's murder of her children, and the Chorus in Ion for betraying the secret of Xuthus to Creusa, adds; " but I can much less forgive Euripides for the treachery committed in Iphigenia in Tauris; the Chorus is composed of Grecian women, and this Princess begs them to tell nobody of her plan to carry off the statue of Diana, promising to take them with her. The women are faithful to her, and yet she flies away alone with Orestes, and abandons them to the rage of Thoas, who would certainly have severely punished them, had not Minerva come to their deliverance."

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

O restless bird, in midway air
 Still hovering round where pointed cliffs arise,
 Thy song, fond Halcyon, to the wise,
 For Ceyx' death, expresses thy despair.
 With wings unfurnish'd, yet to thee
 Justly compar'd for hopeless woe,
 The peopled realms of Greece I long to see,
 Long to attend Diana, who the bow
 On Cynthus twangs, long for the shade
 The palm and laurel's foliage braid,
 Which on the sacred mountain grows
 Luxuriant, and the olive's vernal bloom
 Diffusing o'er the lake a rich perfume,
 Where from the dying Swan th' harmonious cadence
 flows.

I. 2.

Adown my cheeks stream'd many a tear,
 When rapine's sons, an unrelenting band,
 The turrets of our native land
 O'erthrew with conquering fleet and hostile spear:
 Sold for a price I hither came,
 Where curst Barbarian laws prevail,
 By Iphigenia with indignant shame
 Employ'd in tasks which shuddering I bewail:
 To her whose shafts transfix the hind,
 Here human victims are consign'd,
 And here I still bemoan my wretched state.
 There are who to affliction long inur'd,
 Till fortune change, its burden have endur'd,
 But sorrows after bliss embitter man's hard fate.

II. 1.

Thee, sacred Virgin, from these shores
 (33) An Argive bark exulting shall convey,
 And Pan's shrill flute with rustic lay,
 Cheer the bold crew that ply their dashing oars,
 Apollo too, the Seer, shall sing,
 And wake the lyre with magic hand;
 Till 'midst auspicious melody he bring
 Thy vessel to the rich Athenian land:
 Thus shall the jocund nautic train
 For thee divide the azure main.
 In these bleak regions leaving me behind,
 Soon o'er the waves thy prosperous bark shall ride,
 From the tall mast th' extended cordage glide,
 And swelling streamers wanton in the amorous wind.

II. 2.

O that these tardy feet could spring
 To that bright circus of ethereal day
 Whence Phœbus darts his ardent ray;
 Yet would I cease my venturous course to wing,
 Soon as I reach'd my native land,

(33) "In the original it is 'a ship of fifty oars:' the first vessel of that size among the Greeks was supposed to have been the Argo, which however Theocritus in his Hylas calls *τριακονταζυγον*, 'consisting of thirty benches,' that is to say, furnished with sixty rowers. They before made use of small skiffs and pinnaces. The Phœnicians first invented these long ships, the first of which that the Greeks had any knowledge of was that of Danaus mentioned by Apollodorus: Euripides, in his Helen, calls a ship of fifty oars Sidonian." BARNES.

The reign of Danaus was about two hundred years prior to the Argonautic expedition: on referring to Apollodorus, I find he represents Danaus as the first person who invented the art of constructing a ship, *ναυη πρωτος κατασκευασει*, but gives no other account of the size or form of his bark, than that it was called *πεντηκονταζυγον*, on account of its furnishing a conveyance for his fifty Daughters, with whom he fled from Egypt to Argos; an event on which Æschylus has founded his tragedy of the Suppliants: but with what number of oars it was furnished does not appear: as for the vessel in which Deucalion and Pyrrha made their escape from the deluge, it appears to have been a mere raft, in which they were driven at the mercy of the winds and waves.

THOAS.

What mean'st thou by this prelude?
Be more explicit.

IPHIGENIA.

The two strangers brought
For sacrifice, O Monarch, are impure.

THOAS.

Whence learn'st thou this, or is it mere conjecture?

IPHIGENIA.

The image of Diana, with its face
Averted, on the marble basis stood.

THOAS.

Of its own free accord, or by some shock
Of earthquake, from its wonted posture thrown.

IPHIGENIA.

Spontaneously, and clos'd its anger'd eyes.

THOAS.

What was the cause; in yonder foreign youths
Found'st thou impurity?

IPHIGENIA.

To this alone
Can I ascribe what happen'd: dreadful crimes
Have they committed.

THOAS.

As on Scythia's coast
They landed, some Barbarian did they slay?

IPHIGENIA.

From their own home, defil'd with blood they came.

THOAS.

What blood? for I their history wish to learn?

IPHIGENIA.

They smote their Mother with confederate steel.

THOAS.

O Phœbus, e'en among Barbarian tribes
(34) There's no man capable of such a deed.

(34) D'Orville, in his notes on Chariton, is of opinion that Euripides here alludes to the following passage of Herodotus, who, speaking of the Persians, says, *αποκλινειναι εδεναι κω λεβισι τον εωςησ πωσπερω εδαι μνησρα.* L. 1. 137.

IPHIGENIA.

Hence from all Greece were they cast forth with hate.

THOAS.

Is this the cause why from the fane thou bear'st
Diana's image?

IPHIGENIA.

In the pure expanse
Of ether, far from every murderous taint,
To place it.

THOAS.

By what means could'st thou perceive
The strangers were unholy?

IPHIGENIA.

A full proof
This statue of the Goddess gave, which turn'd
Its face away.

THOAS.

Thou, by sagacious Greece
Train'd up in wisdom, canst discern aright.

IPHIGENIA.

But now by a delicious bait they strove
To win my soul.

THOAS.

Pretending that they came
With grateful tidings from the Argive realm?

IPHIGENIA.

Of my Orestes, my dear Brother's welfare.

THOAS.

Doubtless they hop'd that such intelligence
Might lure thee to dismiss them.

IPHIGENIA.

(35) My Sire lives
And prospers, they relate.

(35) This line has always struck me as a mere wanton falshood, which has not the least tendency whatever to promote the success of the plot Iphigenia had been forming; it only reflects disgrace on the character of the Heroine, and is therefore justly censurable in a Dramatic piece.

THOAS.

But thou didst yield
Just preference to the rites Diana claims.

IPHIGENIA.

Foe to all Greece, because all Greece conspir'd
To take away my life.

THOAS.

But how dispose
Of these two strangers? speak.

IPHIGENIA.

We must observe
The laws which here are 'stablish'd.

THOAS.

Why delay
To use the laver then, and sacred blade?

IPHIGENIA.

By washing I would purify them first.

THOAS.

With water from the limpid fountain drawn,
Or ocean's briny waves?

IPHIGENIA.

(36) The sea removes
Each taint of evil from the human race.

THOAS.

Made holier thus, to Dian shall they bleed.

IPHIGENIA.

And I become more prosperous.

THOAS.

Dashes not
The surge against the basis of the fane?

IPHIGENIA.

We must be private: for besides the rites
Foremention'd, I have others to perform.

(36) "It is reported that Euripides formerly travelled with Plato into
"Egypt, where he fell sick, and the Ægyptian Priests cured him by
"bathing in the sea, which gave rise to this poetical encomium on the
"virtue of its waters." BARNES.

THOAS.

Conduct the victims wheresoe'er thou wilt:
No wish have I those mysteries to behold
Which may not be divulg'd.

IPHIGENIA.

I next must cleanse
The statue of the Goddess.

THOAS.

If the stain
Of those who slew their Mother, it have caught.

IPHIGENIA.

Else had I never from its pedestal
Remov'd it hither.

THOAS.

Piety like thine
And forethought claim our homage.

IPHIGENIA.

Know you not
What next I must transact?

THOAS.

Be it thy part
To give directions.

IPHIGENIA.

In strong chains secure
The foreigners.

THOAS.

Why? whither can they fly?

IPHIGENIA.

Greece knows no faith.

THOAS.

Away, ye guards, and bind them.

IPHIGENIA.

Then bring the strangers hither.

THOAS.

Thy commands
Shall be obey'd

IPHIGENIA.

Cast mantles o'er their faces

To skreen them from Hyperion's radiant orb ;
And from your train detach some troops to aid me.

THOAS.

Thy steps my faithful servants shall attend.

IPHIGENIA.

Dispatch a messenger, who may announce
To the whole city —

THOAS.

What must he announce ?

IPHIGENIA.

Your strict commands that all at home remain.

THOAS.

Lest they with luckless step the murderers meet ?

IPHIGENIA.

Whence foul abomination would ensue.

THOAS.

Go, and proclaim my will, that none approach
To view the mystic rites.

IPHIGENIA.

The love you bear
This happy realm, surpasses every friend.

THOAS.

Such honours as on me thou hast bestow'd.
Our city to its Priestess justly pays.

IPHIGENIA.

But stay you here without the fane.

THOAS.

To me

What office is assign'd ?

IPHIGENIA.

The sacred dome
Cleanse from pollution.

THOAS.

Thou shalt find it done
At thy return.

IPHIGENIA.

But while the foreign youths
Are from its lofty portals issuing forth —

THOAS.

What must I do?

IPHIGENIA.

Cast o'er your eyes a veil.

THOAS.

Lest I from them contract the stain of murder?

IPHIGENIA.

But if my stay full tedious seem —

THOAS.

How long

Must I remain thus cover'd?

IPHIGENIA.

Wonder not.

THOAS.

Sufficient leisure to thyself allow
For ordering these solemnities aright.

IPHIGENIA.

O may this pious expiation answer
My utmost wish!

THOAS.

With thine my prayers unite.

IPHIGENIA.

Yon strangers from the temple I behold
Advancing, and before them borne in state
The ensigns of our Goddess. New-born lambs (37)
Have we prepar'd, that with their gushing blood
We may wash out foul murder's horrid stain.
Their holy lustre blazing torches shed,
And all things, that to purify the strangers
And image of Diana are requir'd,
Have I made ready: but with a loud voice
Each citizen I warn to stand aloof
From this defilement; let Heaven's chosen Priest

(37) Orestes and Pylades, though young men, could not certainly with any propriety be called νεογενεῖς "new-born." The reading of ἀγενας, instead of ἀγενας, first suggested by Pierson in his *Verisimilia*, is approved of by Reiskius, Heath, and Musgrave.

Who with cleans'd hands would offer up his vows,
 The Youth just hastening to his nuptial joys,
 And Matron burden'd with a pregnant womb,
 Depart, on them lest this pollution light.
 O Royal Maid, who sprung'st from thund'ring Jove
 And from Latona, when their bloody stains
 I shall have wash'd áway, and offer'd up
 Due sacrifice where thy behests ordain,
 Thou shalt inhabit a pure fane, and bliss
 Hereafter shall be ours: but tho' the tongue
 Express no more, O Goddess, without words
 Can I to thee, and Heaven's omniscient powers,
 Make known the secret purpose of my soul.

[*Exeunt* THOAS and IPHIGENIA.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

All hail, Latona's race, illustrious pair,
 In Delos' fruitful vales of yore
 Whom that exulting Goddess bore,
 Apollo, for his golden hair,
 And harp's melodious notes, renown'd,
 With her who from the sounding bow
 Sends forth th' inevitable wound:
 The throes of childbirth thus repaid,
 Not long on the same spot she staid,
 The margin of that lake profound
 (38) Into whose stagnant mass of waters flow
 No springs refreshing: from its craggy strand,
 To a more hospitable land

(38) " Pour l'intelligence de ce passage il suffira de ranger les termes
 " dans l'ordre grammatical qui leur convient; *μαλιν λιπησα κλεινα λοχηια*
 " *υδατων αστακτων, φησει νιν απο δεραδος εναλιος (εσ) κορυφαν Παργασσιον.* Par ces
 " parolles le Poete fait entendre que la mère d'Apollon et de Diane,
 " Latone, quittant les rochers de Delos, isle celebre a verité par ses
 " couches, mais qui ne l'est pas par une source pareille a celui de Cas-

She her immortal Twins convey'd,
 Mounting Parnassus' height, where roam
 Young Bacchus and his festive choir:
 Beneath the deep embowering shade,
 With speckled back, eyes darting fire,
 And visage drench'd in crimson foam,
 The Dragon, long, retreat had found,
 Earth's monstrous progeny: a mound
 To skreen his foul abode from view
 Of laurel's sacred verdure grew;
 A sleepless guard, he watch'd around
 The subterraneous Oracles.
 While yet an infant thou didst spring
 In the maternal arms, this foe,
 O Phœbus, thy unerring shafts laid low.
 Hence didst thou enter those prophetic cells,
 And on the golden tripod, mighty King,
 Thy seat establish; from a throne
 Whence falshood's banish'd, to make known
 Thy oracles thro' every land,
 With inspiration prompt to bless
 That sacred spot (39) my lov'd recess,
 Close to Castalia's tuneful spring,
 The centre of' the world, thy altars stand.

" taie, transporta ses enfans sur le sommet de Parnasse, consacré a
 " Bacchus et proche de Delphes ou Phebus eut bientot apres un oracle
 " renommé *υπερ Κασαλιας ρειθραν.*" Acad. Inscr. Tom. 31. Hist. p. 186.

I have transcribed the above criticism of Dupuy as by far the most obvious and satisfactory explanation I have met with of this difficult passage; Heath's arrangement of the words is in some measure similar: their remarks, however, were either not seen or totally disregarded by our two last editors of this tragedy, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, as the former candidly allows that he does not understand his Author, and the latter has only proposed an alteration of the text, which he seems to have abandoned, it not being inserted in his Latin version, which affords a receptacle for most of his conjectural readings.

(39) Though we find Carmelli, Reiskius, Heath, and Dr. Musgrave, all concur in reprobating the word *εμων*, and furnishing us according to custom with their four different conjectural alterations, I confess myself at a loss to discover in what respect any one of them has improved the

II.

When Phœbus with resistless might
 Had cast forth Themis, child of Earth, (40)
 Her mighty Parent griev'd, gave birth
 To various spectres of the night,
 And dreams which to the mental sight
 Of the bewilder'd sons of men,
 Sleeping beneath some murky den
 Display'd things past, things present, and to come.
 Thus Earth constrain'd Apollo to resign
 Awhile the talent of prophetic song,
 Resenting much her Daughter's wrong;
 Quench'd by her wrath then ceas'd the voice divine.
 His oracles awhile were dumb:
 But hastening to Olympus' choir
 Who wait around the throne of Jove,
 The youthful God besought his Sire,
 From Pythian temples to remove,
 Night's vague responses, and the ire

text, or what motive they had for making such attempt. From the Chorus' apologizing, v. 179 of the Tragedy, for their Asiatic dialect, Dr. Musgrave is of opinion that they are Ionians; if so, they certainly could not with the natives of the province of Phocis claim any peculiar right in the oracle on mount Parnassus, or call it *theirs* in the same sense as, in the Ion, Creusa's followers, who are Athenians, on seeing the picture of Minerva at the Delphi, exclaim, "my Goddess." But *αλλοισι, αλλος θεων μελει*, is a very just sentiment which Euripides puts into the mouth of Hippolytus: the oracles of Apollo were much visited by votaries of both sexes from distant regions, and the Phœnician virgins in our Author's third Tragedy are at Thebes in their road thither; nor hath it the sound of poetical exaggeration, for an Ionian Dame, sprung from Grecian parents, to express the strongest affection for the cave whence that God dealt forth his prophetic responses. The length of this Ode being too great for one stanza, I very readily comply with Dr. Musgrave's example in making two of it; which, though called in his edition, *Strophé*, and *Antistrophé*, are so very far from according with each other in their measures in the original, that I hope such conformity will be dispensed with in the translation.

(40) In Hesiod's Generation of the Gods, v. 135, we find Themis enumerated among those children of *Ουρανός* & *Γαία*, or Heaven and Earth, who were the elder-born Brothers and Sisters of Saturn or Time.

Of Earth dread Goddess. Jove benignly smil'd,
 At the arrival of his Child
 Prompted by strong desire
 T' obtain the honours of a God,
 And shrines replete with massive gold :
 Scar'd by the Thunderer's awful nod,
 Each Vision fled, its power destroy'd,
 And man no longer by his fears control'd
 Night's treacherous oracles explor'd,
 For to the honours he before enjoy'd
 Apollo was by Jove restor'd :
 Hence frequent votaries crowd his fane,
 And with implicit awe rely
 On the harmonious Deity,
 Who rouses inspiration's magic strain.

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

Ye guardians of the temple, who attend
 Its altars, where is Thoas, Scythia's King ?
 Unbar the massive doors, go forth and call
 The Sovereign of the land.

CHORUS.

Ha! what hath happen'd ?
 (41) If without fresh injunctions I may speak.

MESSENGER.

The captive youths are gone, they from these coasts
 Escaping, aided by the treacherous counsels
 Of Agamemnon's Daughter, bore away
 Diana's image in a Grecian bark.

CHORUS.

Incredible the tale thou hast related.
 But as for him whom thou would'st see, our King,

(41) The latter part of this speech ought not, Mr. Heath observes, to be construed interrogatively; the Messenger having addressed himself not to the Chorus, but to some persons who ministered in the Temple, the door of which appears to have been close to the scene of action.

In haste but now he from the temple went.

MESSENGER.

Whither? For he must hear what hath been done.

CHORUS.

We cannot tell: but follow him with speed,
And if thou chance to overtake, relate
These tidings.

MESSENGER.

Look, how treacherous the whole race
Of women are! ye too have some concern
In these transactions.

CHORUS.

Thou hast surely lost
Thy reason! for what interest in th' escape
Of strangers can we have? Without delay
(42) Hence to the palace wilt thou not repair?

MESSENGER.

No, not till some interpreter hath first
Inform'd me, if the ruler of this land
Be in the fane. Ho! loose the massive bars!
To those within the sanctuary I speak:
And to your King announce, that at the door
Laden with doleful tidings I attend.

THOAS, MESSENGER, CHORUS.

THOAS.

What miscreant raises, with unhallow'd voice,
This uproar round Diana's lov'd abode,
And thundering at the gate, spreads an alarm
E'en to its sanctuary?

MESSENGER.

To drive me hence

(42) Mr. Heath and Dr. Musgrave's division of this and the next speech, of which I have availed myself, is a great improvement to this dialogue; the Chorus well knew that Thoas was within the temple, and wished to send the Messenger to the palace in quest of him, to delay the pursuit of their friends.

These women strove, regardless of the truth,
When they denied that you were here within.

THOAS.

From such a fraud what gain could they expect,
Or what was their pursuit?

MESSENGER.

Of what relates
To them I at a future time will speak :
Now hear what claims your more immediate care ;
The virgin Iphigenia, she whose office
Was to attend these altars, from the land
Fled with you captive youths, and bore away
The venerable statue of the Goddess ;
Those expiatory rites of which she talk'd
Were mere impostures.

THOAS.

Ha ! what's this thou say'st ?
What prompted her ?

MESSENGER.

To save Orestes' life ;
This haply will astonish you !

THOAS.

What him
Whom Clytemnestra, Tyndarus' Daughter bore ?

MESSENGER.

The same, whom at these altars to Diana
She consecrated.

THOAS.

Prodigy of guilt !
How style thee by a more expressive name ?

MESSENGER.

Thither awhile your thoughts forbear to turn,
But hear my tale, and after you have weigh'd
Each circumstance with an attentive ear,
Devise what means there are to overtake
These strangers in their flight.

THOAS.

Proceed: for well
 Hast thou exprest thyself. So great a length
 Will be their voyage, that they cannot 'scape
 My vengeful spear.

MESSENGER.

Soon as we reach'd the shores
 Of Ocean, where conceal'd at anchor lay
 Orestes' bark; to us, whom you dispatch'd
 To guard the prisoners, Agamemnon's Daughter
 A nod, the signal, gave, to stand aloof,
 As if for sacrifice the mystic flame
 She now was kindling, and without delay
 Would purify the victims: in her hands
 Holding the strangers' chains, then from our troop
 (Which look'd suspicious), she with them retir'd:
 But we, your servants, to her pleasure yielded
 That deference, which, O Monarch, you enjoin'd.
 To make us think her more and more engag'd,
 As she pretended, by the solemn rite,
 After some interval she rais'd her voice,
 And chanted, in Barbaric strains, a form
 Of expiation: when we long had sat
 Waiting for their return, an anxious thought
 Enter'd our minds, lest from (43) their chains set free

(43) The word *λθετες* is, I apprehend, improperly rendered by Mr. West, "bursting their fetters:" for though Sinon, in Virgil, represents himself as bursting his bonds after the performance of certain initiatory rites, the salted cakes being prepared, and his head crowned with garlands: it was perhaps the art of the Poet to accompany his tale with circumstances of inconsistency, which would not strike the multitude, but with an accurate observer might conduce to a detection of its imposture: but on the contrary, in the Hecuba of Euripides, when Polyxena is borne to the altar, she insists, with great vehemence, on not having her arms confined, that she might die in a manner becoming one who was born free: and in this very Tragedy, v. 468, on Orestes and Pylades (whom she then considers as fit victims,) being first brought to Iphigenia, she directs their chains to be taken off on account of their

Those foreigners might slay her, and escape
 Without obstruction. We, restrain'd by dread
 Of viewing what religious awe ordains
 Shall be perform'd in secrecy, still kept
 Our silent station : till at length we all
 Concurr'd in one opinion, to advance,
 Nor wait for leave to join them. But with oars,
 Like wings stretcht forth, we now beheld where rode
 The Grecian vessel; on its benches rang'd,
 Sat fifty mariners: no longer bound,
 On the high deck those youths exulting stood.
 With poles, some guided from the shelving rocks
 The prow, on its projecting edge some lodg'd
 The anchor, others up the ladders ran,
 And letting down the hausers, threw them forth
 Across the waves, that by their aid, from shore,
 With (44) safety they the Princess might convey.
 But soon as we their treacherous arts perceiv'd,
 Resolv'd to face all dangers, holding fast
 The Maid, and hausers of the ship, we strove,
 With all our might, to sever from the Poop
 Its rudder : in opprobrious words our rage
 Broke forth; Why sail ye hither? from these shores
 “ Mean ye to steal the image, and our Priestess?
 “ Whose son, who art thou, and on what pretence
 “ Dost thou remove her like a purchas'd slave?”

being sacred to Diana; and accordingly, after the supposed performance of expiatory rites, they are now a second time unbound, according to the religious usages of those times.

(44) Without presuming to decide on this difficult passage, and those various conjectural readings which occur in the editions of Barnes, Markland, and Musgrave, I have endeavoured to express what seems to be the meaning of the passage, with as little deviation from the text as possible: the coast appears to have been so rocky, as to make the use of long poles necessary to prevent the ship from dashing itself to pieces by approaching too near; but the hausers and ladders which were thrown forth, in order to convey Iphigenia on shipboard, furnished some of the Scythian guards and crew of Orestes with a communication betwixt the shore and the ship, on which they met and fought.

He sternly answer'd ; “ Know, I to this Maid
 “ Am Brother, and Orestes is my name,
 “ The Son of Agamemnon, I but seize,
 “ And hence convey the Sister I had lost.”
 All this prevented not our holding fast
 The virgin, and our utmost might exerting,
 That to thy presence we might drag them back ;
 For in the hands of neither party gleam'd
 The steely blade ; but we with fists alone
 Encounter'd them, until our batter'd sides
 Felt the superior prowess of those youths
 And our whole frame was in th' unequal strife
 O'erpower'd and harrass'd. We with livid marks
 Disfigur'd, to the promontory fled,
 Some on our heads, and others in our eyes,
 Had bloody wounds, but on that height our stand
 Maintaining, we with greater caution fought,
 And from the rock its shiver'd fragments threw :
 Till archers, mounted on the lofty poop,
 Thence drove us with their shafts : a mighty wave
 Meantime roll'd on, and forc'd the ship to land ;
 The sailors fear'd a wreck : but, undismay'd,
 Orestes plung'd into the waves, and bore
 His Sister on his shoulders ; up the side
 Of the high deck, then by the ladder's aid
 He sprung, and lodg'd her with Diana's image,
 Which from the skies descended, safe aboard ;
 While (45) from the vessel's inmost hold burst forth
 A voice ; “ Ye valiant mariners of Greece,
 “ Now ply your oars, now cut the frothy deep,
 “ Since each inestimable prize is ours,

(45) The reading of *Εἰς τῆς*, instead of *Εἰς τῆς*, which, according to Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, is authorised by the Parisian manuscripts, appears to me a very forcible inducement for adopting the punctuation and interpretation suggested first by Mr. Heath, who justly observes, that the statue of Diana fell from Heaven, as is mentioned in these very lines, instead of crossing the Euxine sea to reach Tauris.

“ Crossing the Euxine tide, for which we steer’d
 “ ’Twixt the Symplegades our arduous course.”
 They dash’d the briny wave with murmuring sounds
 Of exultation. Till it left the port,
 The ship advanc’d; but in the narrow mouth
 Of ocean, by huge billows was assail’d:
 For suddenly did an impetuous wind
 Arise, which drove them backward, they in vain
 The stubborn cordage stretch’d, and undismay’d,
 With perseverance struggled ’gainst the waves:
 But the tide swelling with resistless force,
 Baffled their efforts, and again to land
 Impell’d the bark: then Iphigenia rose
 And pray’d; “ O Daughter of Latona, save
 “ Thy Priestess, waft me to the shores of Greece
 “ From these Barbaric regions, and forgive
 “ The theft I have committed: for thou lov’st
 “ Thy Brother, and, O Goddess, wilt excuse
 “ A deed which rises from a Sister’s zeal,”
 The mariners receiv’d the virgin’s prayer
 With clamorous Pæans, and their brawny arms
 Extending, plied the sweeping oar, each rous’d
 His comrade’s zeal: but to the shelving rock
 Nearer and nearer still their bark approach’d;
 Some leap’d into the sea, the anchors some
 Bound up with twisted cordage. I, O King,
 Was hither with the utmost speed dispatch’d,
 That I to you these tidings might convey.
 Go then, with chains and gliding nooses arm’d:
 For if the storm subside not, all the hopes
 These foreigners had form’d of an escape,
 Must vanish. (46) Neptune, Ocean’s awful King,

(46) The part Neptune acts in Homer directly contradicts what is here said of his animosity to the Greeks, and affection for the Trojans: in the fifteenth book of the Iliad, he insists on Jupiter’s demolishing Troy according to the promise he had made; and in the battle of the Gods, in the 21st, he challenges and reproaches Apollo, who had assisted him

O'er Ilion's friths oft casts his watchful eye,
 But to the race of Pelops is a foe,
 And will yield up, so justice hath ordain'd,
 To you, and to your citizens, the Son
 Of Agamemnon; ye with him shall take
 His Sister too, unmindful how she scap'd
 From death at Aulis, who again is caught
 By that vindictive Goddess she betray'd.

CHORUS.

Unhappy virgin, Iphigenia, doom'd
 To be the partner of your Brother's fate,
 How are you fall'n again into the hands
 Of Lords most merciless!

THOAS.

O ye who dwell

In this Barbaric region, why delay
 Your steeds to bridle, and with swift career
 The shore approaching, intercept these Greeks
 As from their stranded bark they issue forth,
 And, aided by Diana's self, pursue
 These impious miscreants with redoubled speed?
 Will ye not launch my ships, that, or by sea,
 Or with a numerous cavalry, by land,
 When we their flight o'ertake, we from the rock
 May either dash them headlong, or suspend
 Their bodies on the ignominious stake.

in erecting that city, with having forgotten the perjuries of Laomedon, and with his unjust partiality for the descendants of that faithless Tyrant. However, after the terrible disaster the Grecian navy had experienced on the rocks of Capharcus, the Tragic Poet may, in some measure, be justified for here representing the God of the Sea as unpropitious to his countrymen: but in his Trojan Captives, this deviation from Homer seems to have misled Euripides into a much greater impropriety, when he describes Minerva and Neptune as meeting in order to effect a reconciliation of their antient enmity arising from the opposite parts they had acted during the siege of Troy; though in the last mentioned book of the Iliad, they unite to save Achilles from being overwhelmed by the waters of Scamander.

But as for you, ye women, to their schemes
 Who have been privy, I your guilt will punish
 When I have leisure, but am now intent
 On greater objects which demand my care.

MINERVA, THOAS, CHORUS.

MINERVA.

Whither, O Thoas, whither, furious King,
 Lead'st thou thy squadrons eager in the chase?
 These counsels of Minerva hear, desist
 From thy pursuit, nor rouse the storms of war:
 Since by the dread behests of fate enjoïn'd,
 By Phœbus' oracles, Orestes came
 Reluctant to this land, that he might 'scape
 The wrath of the Eumenides, convey
 His Sister to her native Argos' coast,
 And lodge the statue in my chosen realm (47):
 Thus far to thee, O King, relates my speech:
 But as for him thy purpose is to slay,
 Orestes, intercepted by the surge,
 To him e'en now doth Neptune, for my sake,
 A prosperous voyage grant, and waft his bark
 Over the level surface of the main.
 Thou too, Orestes, having learnt my will,
 (For tho' thou art not here, Minerva's voice
 To thee is audible) go, bear away
 That image, and thy Sister, from these shores:
 But soon as thou arriv'st at Athens rear'd
 By hands divine, in the extremest bounds
 Of Attica, near steep Carysthus' mount
 There is a sacred spot known, by the name
 Of (48) Halas, to my people; there erect

(47) Athens, as has been repeatedly mentioned: see particularly v. 90, and v. 978 in Barnes's edition.

(48) The region called, by Strabo and Stephanus Byzantinus, Halas, or Halæ Araphenides, is situated according to what we collect from these authors, and the commentaries of Holstenius, on the sea-coast, in that

A temple to receive the Statue call'd
 Tauric Diana; thus to future times
 Transmitting a remembrance of thy toils,
 And wanderings thro' all Greece, from realm to realm
 Chas'd by the Furies. Hence unnumber'd throngs
 Shall join the choral hymn, and by that name
 The Goddess celebrate. Enact this law,
 That when they meet to hold the solemn feast,
 Grateful for thy miraculous escape
 From sacrifice, the Priest shall o'er the neck
 Of him who personates the victim, wave
 His sword, and draw forth crimson drops of blood;
 The honours which she claims, in later days
 Thus shall the sacred Artemis maintain:
 But you, O Iphigenia, still must bear
 The key that opes her shrine, doom'd to reside
 On the bleak summit of Brauronia's rocks:
 There, after death, shall they inter your corse,
 And grace your sepulchre with costly robes
 Of silken tissue, by those matrons left,
 Who in the pangs of childbirth breathe their last.
 But I on thee, Orestes, must impose
 Yet one injunction more, that thou convey
 These (49) Grecian damsels from the Scythian Coast,
 Mindful of their unshaken faith: for thee
 Did I preserve, when at the hill of Mars

part of Attica, which borders on the Bœotian territories: the city of Carystus, in the island of Eubœa, is separated from the Athenian limits by the narrow frith the Euripus, and the name of the mountain here spoken of, at the foot of which Carystus was situated, is Occha.

(49) Brodaus supposes that there is a deficiency in the original between this and the following line. Dupny, in the Acad. des Inscript. Tom. 51, Hist. p. 187, and Mr. Markland, have adopted the same opinion, and consider the Goddess as here addressing herself to Thoas. Without presuming to decide whether the authorities of these learned men, or those of Barnes, Brunoy, Mr. West, and Dr. Musgrave, who think otherwise, ought to predominate, I have chosen to follow the latter for the sake of avoiding a disagreeable break and confusion in this speech, where it did not seem clearly necessary.

The votes were equal, and on thy behalf
 Gave sentence: henceforth shall the self-same law
 Prevail, and an equality of votes
 Be deem'd sufficient to acquit the man
 Charg'd with a crime. But far from these domains
 Now bear thy Sister, thou illustrious Son
 Of Agamemnon, and, O Thoas, curb
 Thine anger.

THOAS.

O Minerva, awful Queen,
 Devoid of reason is the man who yields
 No credence to the Gods' supreme behests:
 But I, against Orestes, tho' he bore
 Diana's sacred image from this land,
 And 'gainst his Sister, all resentment wave.
 For what could it avail me to contend
 With Heaven's resistless might? let them convey
 The statue to your lov'd Athenian realm,
 And place it in a more auspicious shrine.
 To happy Greece these females will I send,
 As you enjoin, and stay the troops, and barks
 Prepar'd against yon strangers. With your pleasure,
 O Goddess, I comply.

MINERVA.

Such (50) conduct claims
 My praise, for stern Necessity prevails
 Both over thee, and the immortal Powers.
 Go, gentle gales, go waft the ship which bears
 The Son of Agamemnon to the coast
 Of Athens: I his voyage will attend,
 My Sister's sacred image to preserve.
 Away, O ye whose every toil's o'erpaid

(50) In Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave's editions, on the authority of a Parisian manuscript, the line, which usually closes Thoas's speech, is placed at the commencement of that of Minerva, and is thought to be an improvement to the context.

By Fate's benignant gifts ; for ye with truth
May be styl'd happy.

CHORUS.

But, O thou, rever'd

By Gods and mortals, Pallas, thy commands
Are we prepar'd to execute with joy.
For tidings most delightful, which exceed
Our utmost hopes, now vibrate on mine ear.
O venerable Victory, take possession
Of my whole life, nor ever cease to twine
Around these brows thy laureat wreath divine.

R H E S U S.

Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis
Agnoscit lachrymans, primo quæ prodita somno.
Tydides multâ vastabat cæde cruentus;
Ardentesq; avertit equos in castra, priusquam
Pabula gustassent Trojæ Xanthumque bibissent.

VIRGIL.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

CHORUS OF TROJAN CENTINELS.

HECTOR.

ÆNEAS.

DOLON.

A SHEPHERD.

RHESUS.

ULYSSES.

DIOMEDE.

PARIS.

MINERVA.

THE MUSE.

THE CHARIOTEER OF RHESUS.

SCENE—BEFORE HECTOR'S TENT AT THE GATES OF
TROY.

R H E S U S. (1)

CHORUS.

LET some swift Centinel to Hector's tent
Go and enquire if any messenger
Be yet arriv'd, who recent tidings bears
From those, who during the fourth nightly watch
Are by the host deputed. On your arm
Sustain your head, unfold those loursing eye-lids,
And from your lowly couch of wither'd leaves,
O Hector, rise, for it is time to listen.

HECTOR.

Who comes? art thou a friend? pronounce the watch
word.

Who are ye, that by night approach my bed?
Speak out.

CHORUS.

We guard the camp.

(1) The Prologue to Rhesus is wanting; but the following part of it, taken by Isaac Vossius from a Florentine manuscript, is quoted with some corrections by Valkenaer in his *Diatribè in Euripidis perditorum Dramatum reliquas*, p. 90, 4to. Lug. Bat. 1767, usually bound up with his edition of *Hippolytus*. These lines are evidently spoken by Juno:

O Pallas, daughter of imperial Jove,
I come: until this hour hath envious Fate
With-held our succours from the Grecian host.
For now, in battle worsted, are they harrass'd
By Hector's forceful spear. No grief hath sat
More heavy on my soul, since Paris judg'd
The charms of Venus to transeend both mine
And yours, Minerva, whom of all the gods
I hold most dear! nor will this sorrow cease,
Unless o'erthrown and utterly destroy'd
The walls of faithless Priam I behold.

HECTOR.

Why com'st thou hither
With this tumultuous haste?

CHORUS.

Be of good cheer.

HECTOR.

I am. Hast thou discover'd in the camp
This night some treachery?

CHORUS.

None.

HECTOR.

Why then deserting
The post where thou art station'd, dost thou rouse
The troops, unless thou thro' this midnight gloom
Bring some important tidings? know'st thou not
That near the Argive host we under arms
Take our repose.

CHORUS.

Prepare your brave allies:
Go to their chambers, bid them wield the spear,
Rouse them from slumber, and dispatch your friends
To your own troop; caparison the steeds.
Who bears the swift alarm to (2) Pantheus' son?
Who to (3) Europa's offspring, Lycia's chief?

(2) We meet with three sons of Pantheus in Homer: Polydamas, who is mentioned in several battles, and is chiefly known by his conference with Hector in the 12th book of the Iliad; Hyperenor, killed by Menelaus in the 14th, where he is called Παιμων Λαων, as bearing a considerable command in the army (of whom Barnes takes no notice), and Euphorbus, who wounds Patroclus in the 16th, and in attempting to revenge the death of his Brother Hyperenor, falls by the hand of Menelaus in single combat in the 17th: but it is impossible to ascertain which of them Euripides here means.

(3) Sarpedon, whom the classical writers unanimously speak of as the son of Jupiter: but though Herodotus, Strabo, and Apollodorus, accord with Euripides in calling Europa, the daughter of Agenor, his mother, he was, according to Homer, the offspring of Laodamia, whose two parents were Bellerophon, and a daughter of Iobates, king of Lycia: their son Hippolechus was the father of Glaucus, who, according to the

Where are the Priests who should inspect the victims?
 Who leads the light-arm'd squadron to the field?
 And where are Phrygia's archers? let each bow
 Be strung.

HECTOR.

Thy tidings are in part alarming,
 In part thou giv'st us courage, tho' thou speak
 Nought plainly. By the terrifying scourge
 Of Pan hast thou been smitten, that thou leav'st
 Thy station to alarm the host? Explain
 These clamorous sounds. What tidings shall I say
 Thou bring'st? thy words are many, but their drift
 I comprehend not.

CHORUS.

All night long, O Hector,
 The Grecian camp hath kindled fires, the torches
 Amid their fleet are blazing, and the host
 Tumultuous rush to Agamemnon's tent,
 At midnight calling on the king t' assemble
 A council: for the sailors never yet
 Were thus alarm'd. But I, because I fear
 What may ensue, these tidings hither bring,
 Lest you should charge me with a breach of duty.

HECTOR.

Full seasonably thou com'st, altho' thou speak
 Words fraught with terror: for these dastards hope
 They in their barks shall from this shore escape
 Ere I discover them: their kindled fires
 Prove this suspicion. Thou, O partial Jove,
 Hast robb'd me of my triumph, like the prey
 Torn from the lion, ere I have destroy'd

circumstantial account given of those two heroes in the 6th book of the Iliad, possessed, jointly with Sarpedon, Lycia, the hereditary throne of their common Grandmother: but, according to Herodotus and Strabo, Sarpedon obtained the sovereignty of that country by conquest, and not by inheritance.

With this avenging spear the Grecian host.
 Had not the Sun withdrawn his radiant beams,
 I the successful battle had prolong'd
 Till I had burnt their ships, and hewn a way
 Thro' their encampments, and in slaughter drench'd
 My bloody hand. I would have fought by night
 And taken my advantage of the gales
 Sent by auspicious fortune : but the wise,
 And Seers who knew the will of Heaven, advis'd me
 To wait but till to-morrow's dawn appear'd,
 And then sweep every Grecian from the land.
 But now no longer will they stay to prove
 The truth of what my Prophets have foretold :
 For cowards in the midnight gloom are brave.
 Instantly therefore thro' the host proclaim
 These orders ; " Take up arms, and rouse from sleep ;"
 Pierc'd thro' the back as to the ships he flies,
 So shall full many a dastard with his gore
 Distain the steep ascent ; the rest fast bound
 In galling chains shall learn to till our fields.

CHORUS.

O Hector, ere you learn the real fact,
 You are too hasty : for we know not yet
 That they are flying.

HECTOR.

Wherefore then by night
 Are those fires kindled thro' the Grecian camp ?

CHORUS.

I am not certain, tho' my soul full strongly
 Suspects the cause.

HECTOR.

If thou fear this, thou tremblest
 At a mere shadow.

CHORUS.

Such a light ne'er blaz'd
 Before among the foes.

HECTOR.

Nor such defeat
In battle, did they e'er till now experience.

CHORUS.

This have you done ; look now to what remains.

HECTOR.

I give this short direction ; take up arms
Against the foe.

CHORUS.

Behold ! Æneas comes :

Sure, from his haste, some tidings, which deserve
His friends' attentive ear, the warrior brings.

ÆNEAS, HECTOR, CHORUS.

ÆNEAS.

What mean the watch, O Hector, who by night
Were to their stations in the camp assign'd,
That they, with terror smitten, at your chamber
In a nocturnal counsel have assembled?
And why is the whole army thus in motion ?

HECTOR.

Put on thy arms, Æneas.

ÆNEAS.

What hath happen'd ?
Are you inform'd that in this midnight gloom
The foe hath form'd some stratagem ?

HECTOR.

They fly !

They mount their ships.

ÆNEAS.

What proof have you of this ?

HECTOR.

All night their torches blaze ; to me they seem
As if they would not wait to-morrow's dawn :
But, kindling fires upon their lofty decks,
They sure fly homeward from this hostile land.

ÆNEAS.

But why, if it be thus, prepare your troops
For battle?

HECTOR.

As they mount the deck, this spear
Shall overtake the dastards; I their flight
Will harrass: for 'twere base, and prejudicial
As well as base, when Heaven delivers up
The foe into our hands, to suffer those
Who wrong'd us to escape without a conflict.

ÆNEAS.

Ah! would to Heaven you equally stood foremost
In wisdom, as in courage: but one man
By bounteous nature never was endued
With knowledge universal: various gifts
Doth she dispense, to you the warrior's palm,
(4) To others sapient counsels: now you hear
Their torches blaze, you thence infer the Greeks
Are flying, and would lead the troops by night
Over the trenches: but when you have pass'd
The yawning fosse, should you perceive the foes,
Instead of flying from the land, resist,
With dauntless courage, your protended spear,
If you are vanquish'd, to these sheltering walls
You never can return: for in their flight
How shall the troops o'er slanting palisades
Escape, or, how the charioteer direct
Over the narrow bridge his crashing wheels?
If you prevail, you have a foe at hand,
The son of Pelcus, from your flaming torches
Who will protect the fleet, nor suffer you
Utterly to destroy the Grecian host
As you expect; for he is brave: Our troops

(4) See the conference between Annibal and Maherbal, after the victory gained over the Romans at Cannæ; in Livy, Plutarch's Life of Fabius, and Rollin Histoire Romaine.

Let us then leave to rest from martial toils,
 And sleep beside their shields. That we dispatch
 Amid the foe some voluntary spy,
 Is my advice: if they preparè for flight,
 Let us assail the Greeks; but if those fires
 Are kindled to ensnare us, having learn'd
 The enemies' intentions, let us hold
 A second council ón this great emprise.
 Illustrious chief, I have declar'd my thoughts.

CHORUS.

I.

These counsels I approve: thy wayward scheme
 O Hector, change, and think the same;
 For perilous commands I deem,
 Given by the headstrong chief, deserve our blame.
 Why send not to the fleet a spy,
 Who may approach the trenches, and descry
 With what intent our foes upon the strand
 Have kindled many a flaming brand?

HECTOR.

Ye have prevail'd, because ye all concur
 In one opinion: but depart, prepare
 Thy fellow-soldiers, for perhaps the host
 May by the rumours of our nightly council
 Be put in motion. I will send a spy
 Among the Greeks; and if we learn what schemes
 They have devis'd, the whole of my intentions
 To thee will I immediately reveal
 In person. With confusion and dismay
 But if the foe precipitate their flight,
 Give ear, and follow where the clanging trump
 Summons thee forth, for then I cannot wait,
 But will this night attack the Grecian host,
 Storm their entrenchments, and destroy their fleet.

ÆNEAS.

Dispatch the messenger without delay.
 For you now think discreetly, and in me

Shall find, when needed, in your bold emprise
A firm associate. [Exit ÆNEAS.]

HECTOR.

What brave Trojan, present
At this our conference, as a spy will go
T' explore the Grecian navy? to this land
What generous benefactor will arise?
Who answers? for I singly cannot serve
The cause of Troy and its confederate bands
In every station.

(5) DOLON.

For my native realm,
Facing this danger, to the fleet of Greece
I as a spy will go; and when I've search'd
Into the progress of our foes, return:
But I on these conditions undertake
The toilsome enterprise —

HECTOR.

Thou well deserv'st
Thy name, and to thy country art a friend,
O Dolon; for this day thy (6) father's house,
Which is already noble, thou exalt'st
With double fame.

(5) Though Dolon now makes his first appearance as a speaker, he has evidently been on the stage during the whole of the conference between Hector and Æneas; he must therefore, either have entered with the latter, or as I am rather inclined to think, is one of the watch who form the Chorus, and remains undistinguished among the body, till he comes forward, to accept the employment offered by Hector: the word *Δολων*, Dolon, the name of our adventurer, signifies both in the Greek and Latin languages a kind of staff, with a little rapier concealed in it. Plutarch in his Lives of the two Gracchuses, speaks of these weapons, as only made use of by assassins; but Virgil has armed the followers of Aventinus with them,

Pila manu scævosque gerunt in bella Dolones.

Hence arises the pun with which Hector begins his answer; but these strokes of low wit, which are too frequent in the writings of the antients, are impossible to be retained in a translation, nor is the loss of them (in a tragedy especially) to be in the least regretted.

(6) The Father of Dolon, according to Homer, was named Eumedes.

DOLON.

I therefore ought to strive:

But after all my labours let me reap
 A suitable reward. If gain arise
 From the performance of the task enjoin'd,
 We feel a twofold joy.

HECTOR.

This were but just:

I contradict thee not: name thy reward;
 Choose what thou wilt, except the rank I bear.

DOLON.

Your rich domains I wish not to possess.

HECTOR.

To thee a daughter of imperial Priam
 In marriage shall be given.

DOLON.

With my superiors

I will not wed.

HECTOR.

Abundant gold is ours,

If thou prefer this stipend.

DOLON.

My own house

With wealth is furnish'd, I am far remote
 From want.

HECTOR.

What then dost thou desire that Troy
 Contains?

DOLON.

When you have conquer'd the proud Greeks,
 Promise to give me ——

HECTOR.

I will give the all

That thou canst ask, except my royal captives.

DOLON.

Slay them; I seek not to withhold your arm
 From cutting off the vanquish'd Menelaus.

HECTOR.

Is it thy wish, Oileus' son to thee (7)
Should be consign'd?

DOLON.

The hands of princes, nurtur'd
Effeminately, are not form'd to till
The stubborn soil.

HECTOR.

From which of all the Greeks
Taken alive would'st thou receive his ransom?

DOLON.

Already have I told you, that at home
I have abundant riches.

HECTOR.

Thou shalt choose
Among our spoils.

DOLON.

For offerings let them hang
High in the temples of the Gods.

HECTOR.

What gift
Greater than these canst thou from me require?

DOLON.

Achilles' steeds: for when I stake my life
On Fortune's dye, 'twere reasonable to strive
For such an object as deserves my toils.

(7) Ajax, frequently called the "less," to distinguish him from the son of Telamon; Homer marks out his inferiority of strength and stature in the strongest terms.

Μειων, ὅτι τοσος γε, ὅσος Τελαμονίου Αἴας
Ἀλλὰ πολὺ μείων, ὀλιγὸς μὲν ἐστίν.

II. L. 2. v. 528.

All these words in the Greek are by Pope contracted into "Ajax the less." Homer represents him as a man of the most undaunted courage, but having had the audaciousness to ravish Cassandra in the temple of Minerva, he perished by shipwreck in his return from the siege of Troy, his fate being recorded, with some variations, by Homer, Quintus Calaber, Virgil, and several other writers.

HECTOR.

Although thou in thy wishes to possess
 Those steeds hast interfer'd with me : for sprung
 From an immortal race themselves immortal
 They bear Pelides through the ranks of war,
 Neptune, 'tis said, the king of ocean, tam'd them
 And gave to Peleus : I, who prompted thee
 To this emprise, will not bely thy hopes,
 But to adorn thy noble Father's house,
 On thee Achilles' generous steeds bestow.

DOLON.

This claims my gratitude : if I succeed,
 My courage will for me obtain a palm,
 Such as no Phrygian ever won before :
 Nor should you envy me, for joys unnumber'd
 And the first station in the realm, are yours.

[*Exit* HECTOR.]

CHORUS.

II.

The danger's great, but great rewards allure
 Thee, generous youth, t' assert thy claim,
 Thrice blest if thou the gift procure,
 Yet will thy toils deserve immortal fame :
 Th' allies of kings let grandeur tend,
 May Heaven and Justice thy emprise befriend,
 For thou already seem'st to have acquir'd
 All that from man can be desir'd.

DOLON.

I am resolv'd to go : but my own doors
 First must I enter, and myself attire
 In such a garb as suits my present scheme,
 Thence will I hasten to the Argive fleet.

CHORUS.

What other dress intend'st thou to assume
 Instead of that thou wear'st ?

DOLON.

Such as befits

My errand and the stealth with which I travel.

CHORUS.

We ought to gain instruction from the wise.
What covering hast thou chosen for thy body?

DOLON.

I to my back will fit the tawny hide
Of a slain (8) wolf, will muffle up my front
With the beast's hairy visage, fit my hands
To his fore-feet, thrust into those behind
My legs, and imitate his savage gait;
Approaching undiscover'd by the foe,
The trenches and the ramparts that defend
The navy: but whenever I shall come
To desert places, on two feet I mean
To travel: such deception have I fram'd.

CHORUS.

May Hermes, Maïa's offspring, who presides
O'er well-conducted fallacies, assist
Thy journey thither, and with safety lead
Thy homeward steps! for well thou understand'st
The business; there is nought which yet thou need'st
But good success.

DOLON.

I shall return in safety,
And having slain Ulysses, or the son

(8) We are here referred by Dr. Musgrave to Josephus, who informs us, that when he was besieged in Josophata by Vespasian, he found means for a time to send letters to his countrymen without the walls by disguising his messengers in hides that they might be taken for dogs. Villoison thinks the shepherd Dorcon in Longus, who puts on a wolf's hide to fright Chloe his obdurate mistress, acts much more in character than Dolon, and I confess the *Μεγαλὴ μύχαινα* of the citizen in the *Arcanenses* of Aristophanes, who makes his daughters disguise themselves like Pigs and creep into a sack that he may sell them to Dicaeopolis, strikes me as a well-pointed ridicule on this stratagem of Dolon: though I do not find any reference made in either of these passages from one author to the other, by the editors of Euripides, or even those of Aristophanes, whom we naturally expect to be more ready in pointing out parallels of this nature.

Of Tydeus, bring to you their ghastly heads :
 For (9) omens of assur'd success are mine :
 Then say that Dolon reach'd the Grecian fleet.
 These hands distain'd with gore, my native walls
 Will I revisit ere the Sun arise. [Exit DOLON.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

O thou, who issuing with majestic tread
 From Delian, Lycian, or Thymbraean fanes,
 Twang'st thy unerring bow ; on Phrygia's plains,
 Apollo, thy celestial influence shed,
 Hither come with nightly speed,
 The enterprizing Chief to lead
 Through mazes undiscover'd by our foes ;
 Aid thy lov'd Dardanian line,
 For matchless strength was ever thine,
 Constructed by thy hand Troys antient bulwarks rose.

I. 2.

Speed Dolon's journey to the Grecian fleet,
 Let him espy th' entrenchments of their host ;
 Again in triumph from the stormy coast
 Conduct the warrior to his native seat ;
 May he mount that chariot drawn
 By steeds that brows'd the Phthian lawn
 When our brave lord, the Mars of Greece, hath slain ;

(9) Apprehending the word *συμβολον* in this passage ought to be rendered an "Omen" (which Henry Stephens, *Thes. Gr. Ling.* V. I. p. 705, shews to be sometimes its meaning, by instances from Plutarch, Xenophon, &c. "quod signum sit rei futuræ"), and not the *sign* or *token* of a victory already gained ; I continue the reading of *εχω* with Aldus, Barnes, &c. Dr. Musgrave has altered it into *εχου* on the authority of two manuscripts which he has specified in his note, but on referring from thence to the list he has given in V. I. p. 381 of his edition of Euripides, we are induced to suppose that the Aldine reading of *εχω* is supported by a greater number of manuscripts of at least equal weight and antiquity.

Courers of unrival'd speed,
 Which erst to Eacus's seed
 To Pelens, Neptune gave who rules the billowy main.

II. 1.

His country, his paternal walls, to save,
 The generous youth explores the anchor'd fleet :
 From me such worth shall due encomiums meet.
 How few with hardy bosoms stem the wave,
 When Hyperion veils his face,
 And cities tremble on their base !
 At this dread crisis Phrygian heroes rise,
 Mysian chiefs, uncurb'd by fear,
 Brandish with nervous arm the spear :
 Curst be the lying tongue that slanders my allies.

II. 2.

In savage guise now Dolon stalks array'd,
 With step adventurous o'er the hostile ground :
 What Grecian chief shall feel the deadly wound,
 While the wolf's hide conceals his glittering blade ?
 Weltering first in crimson gore,
 May Menelaus rise no more ;
 Next may the victor, Agamemnon's head
 Bear to Helen, stung with grief
 At her affinity to that fam'd chief
 Who in a thousand ships to Troy his squadrons led.

A SHEPHERD, HECTOR, CHORUS.

SHEPHERD.

Most gracious monarch, may I ever greet
 My lords with tidings such as now I bring !

HECTOR.

Full oft misapprehension clouds the soul
 Of simple rustics : to thy Lord in arms
 Thou of thy fleecy charge art come to speak
 At this unseemly crisis : know'st thou not
 My mansion, or the palace of my Sire ?
 There ought'st thou to relate how fare thy flock.

SHEPHERD.

We shepherds are, I own, a simple race,
Yet my intelligence deserves attention.

HECTOR.

Such fortunes as befall the fold, to me
Relate not, for I carry in this hand
The battle and the spear.

SHEPHERD.

I too am come
Such tidings to unfold; for a brave Chief,
Your friend, the leader of a numerous host,
Marches to fight the battles of this realm.

HECTOR.

But from what country?

SHEPHERD.

Thrace, and he is call'd
The son of Strymon.

HECTOR.

Didst thou say, that Rhesus
Hath enter'd Ilion's fields?

SHEPHERD.

You comprehend me,
And have anticipated half my speech.

HECTOR.

Why doth he travel over Ida's hill,
Deserting that broad path where loaded wains
With ease might move?

SHEPHERD.

I have no certain knowledge;
Yet may we form conjectures; 'tis a scheme
Most prudent, with his host to march by night
Because he hears the plain with hostile bands
Is cover'd: but us rustics he alarm'd,
Who dwell on Ida's mount, the antient (10) seat

(10) "The Poet here seems to allude to Homer's account of the
"mountain Ida being inhabited before Troy was built in the plain?"

Of Iliou's first inhabitants, by night
 When through that wood, the haunt of savage beasts,
 The warrior trod? for with a mighty shout
 The Thracian host rush'd on, but we, our flocks,
 With terror smitten, to the summit drove,
 Lest any Greek should come to seize the prey,
 And waste your crowded stalls: till we discover'd
 Voices so different from th' Hellenian tribes,
 That we no longer fear'd them. I advanc'd,
 And in the Thracian language, made enquiry
 Of the king's vanguard, as they mov'd along
 To' explore a passage for the host, what name
 Their leader bore, sprung from what noble Sire,
 To Iliou's walls he came, the friend of Priam.
 When I had heard each circumstance I wish'd
 To know, I for a time stood motionless,
 And saw majestic Rhesus, like a God
 High in his chariot, drawn by Thracian steeds
 Whiter than snow, a golden beam confin'd
 Their necks, and o'er his shoulders hung a shield
 Adorn'd with sculptures wrought in massive gold;
 Like that which in Minerva's Ægis flames,
 Bound on the coursers' front, a brazen Gorgon
 Tinkled incessant with alarming sound.
 The numbers of an army so immense

ἔπι Ιλίου ἴση

Ἐν πείδῳ πειπολιῶ, πόλις μέγιστον ἀνθρώπων,
 Ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὑπάρχεις ἄκρον πολυπιδάκην ἰδής.

Il. L. 20. v. 216.

Iliou then

(The city since of many-languag'd men)
 Was not. The natives were content to till
 The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.

POPE.

“ he therefore calls it *αἰτοριζόν*, as being the sole root from which the inhabitants of that nation traced their origin.” Dr. MUSGRAVE.

Strabo comments on Homer's description of the tomb of Ilus, the founder of Troy, from whom that city derived its name of Iliou, which is spoken of as situated in the middle of the plain; by conjecturing that he was there interred because he was the first who ventured to leave the mountain.

I cannot calculate; the horse were many,
 Many the ranks of troops with bucklers arm'd,
 And archers; and a countless multitude,
 Light infantry in Thracian vests array'd
 Brought up the rear. Such is th' ally who comes
 On Troy's behalf to combat; nor by flight,
 Nor by withstanding his protended spear,
 Can Peleus' son escape him.

CHORUS.

When the Gods
 Are to a realm propitious, each event
 Is easily converted into bliss.

HECTOR.

Since I in battle prosper, and since Jove
 Is on our side, I shall have many friends;
 But those we need not who in former time
 Our toils partook not, with malignant blast
 When on the sails of Ilion Mars had breath'd.
 Rhesus hath shewn too plainly what a friend
 He is to Troy, for to the feast he comes,
 Yet was he absent when the hunters seiz'd
 Their prey, nor did he share the toils of war.

CHORUS.

You justly scorn such friends; yet, O receive
 Those who would aid the city.

HECTOR.

We who long
 Have guarded Ilion can defend it now.

CHORUS.

Are you persuaded you have gain'd already
 A triumph o'er the foes?

HECTOR.

I am persuaded,
 And when to-morrow's Sun the Heaven ascends
 This shall be prov'd.

CHORUS.

Beware of what may happen;

Jove oft' o'erthrows the prosperous.

HECTOR.

I abhor

These tardy succours.

SHEPHERD.

O, my Lord, 'twere odious,
Should you reject with scorn the proffer'd aid
Of our allies: the sight of such an host
Will strike the foe with terror.

CHORUS.

Since he comes
But as a guest, not partner in the war,
Let him approach your hospitable board,
For little thanks are due from Priam's sons
To such confederates.

HECTOR.

Prudent are thy counsels,
Thou too hast rightly judg'd? and in compliance
With what the messenger hath said, let Rhesus
Refulgent in his golden arms draw near,
For Ilium shall receive him as her friend.

[Exit SHEPHERD.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

Daughter of Jove, forbear to wreak
Impending vengeance, though the tongue,
(11) O Nemesis, its boastful strain prolong:
I the free dictates of my soul will speak.

(11) " It is universally known that Nemesis was esteemed by the ancients the avenger of arrogance and insolence. See the Adagy of Erasmus on Adrastæan Nemesis, and because Jupiter, as Sophocles observes,

μεγαλῆς γλῶσσης κομπῆς

ἔπερι-χθαιζει.

Antigone, v. 129.

hates the boastings of the proud,

FRANCKLIN.

" when they were disposed to speak in pompous terms, as Gasper Stib-

Thou com'st brave son of that illustrious spring,
 Thou com'st thrice welcome to our social hall;
 At length doth thy Pierian Mother bring
 Her favour'd child, while ling'ring in his fall,
 Adorn'd by many a bridge, thee with paternal call

I. 2.

Doth Strymon summon to the field : of yore
 When he the tuneful Muse address'd,
 A gliding stream he sought her snowy breast,
 Thee, lovely youth, the yielding Goddess bore :
 To us thou com'st a tutelary power
 Yoking thy coursers to the fervid car :
 O Phrygia ! O my country ! at this hour
 Hastes thy deliverer glittering from afar,
 Him may'st thou call thy Jove, thy thunderbolt of war.

II. 1.

While swiftly glides th' unheeded day,
 Again shall Troy without control
 Chant the young Loves, and o'er the foaming bowl
 The sportive contest urge 'midst banquets gay ;
 But Atreus's sons desponding cross the wave,
 And sail from Ilion to the Spartan strand.
 Accomplish what thy friends foretold, O save
 These menac'd walls by thy victorious hand,
 Return with laurels crown'd, and bless thy native land.

II. 2.

To dazzle fierce Pelides' sight,
 Before him wave thy golden shield
 Obliquely rais'd, that meteor of the field,
 Vault from thy chariot with unrival'd might,
 And brandish with each dextrous hand a lance ;

“ linus says, either of transcendent valour and invincible power, or of
 “ any late success, on which they founded the utmost confidence, the
 “ antients therefore strove to deprecate the wrath of Nemesis, who was
 “ wont to prohibit and punish unreasonable hopes. Hence the Chorus of
 “ Trojans, who expected every thing from the might and courage of
 “ Rhesus, first strive to reconcile Nemesis to themselves.” BARNES.

Whoever strives with thee shall ne'er return
 To Argive fanes, and join Saturnia's Dance,
 He by the spear of Thrace in combat slain,
 Shall lie a breathless corse on 'Troy's exulting plain.

Hail, mighty chief! ye Thracian realms, the mien
 Of him ye bore speaks his exalted rank.
 Observe those nervous limbs with plated gold
 Incas'd, and hearken to those tinkling chains
 Which on his shield are hung. A God, O Troy,
 E'en Mars himself, from Strymon's current sprung,
 And from the Muse, brings this auspicious gale.

RHESUS, HECTOR, CHORUS.

RHESUS.

Thou brave descendant of a noble Sire,
 Lord of this realm, O Hector, I accost thee
 After a tedious absence, and rejoice
 In thy success, for to the turrets rear'd
 By Greece, thou now lay'st siege, and I am come
 With thee those hostile bulwarks to o'erthrow,
 And burn their fleet.

HECTOR.

Son of the tuneful Muse,
 And Thracian Strymon's stream, I ever love
 To speak the truth, for I am not a man
 Vers'd in duplicity; long, long ago,
 Should you have come to succour Troy, nor suffer'd,
 Far as on you depended, by our foes
 This city to be ta'en. You cannot say
 That uninvited by your friends you came not,
 Because you mark'd not our distress. What heralds,
 What embassies to you did Phrygia send,
 Beseeching you, the city to protect,
 What sumptuous presents did she not bestow?
 But you, our kinsman, who derive your birth
 From a Barbarian stem, to Greece betray'd

Us, a (12) Barbarian nation, tho' from ruling
 Over a petty state, by this right arm
 I rais'd you to the wide-extended throne,
 When round Pangæum and Pæonia's realm
 Rushing upon the hardest Thracian troops
 I broke their ranks of battle, and subdued
 The people to your^s empire : but you spurn
 My benefits, nor come with speed to succour
 Your friends in their distress. Tho' they who spring not
 From the same ancestors, observ'd our summons ;
 Of whom full many in yon field of death
 Have tombs heap'd o'er them, a most glorious proof
 Of faith unshaken ; others under arms
 Their chariots mount, and stedfastly endure
 The wintry blasts, the parching flames of heaven,
 Nor on a gay convivial couch reclin'd
 Like you, O Rhesus, drain the frequent bowl.
 That you may know I yet can stand alone,
 Such conduct I resent ; this to your face
 I speak.

RHESUS.

I also am the same : my language

(12) Lest there should appear to the reader any inconsistency in Hector's calling his own nation Barbarians, it may not be unseasonable to observe, that the true classical definition of the term seems to be that given by Freret in the Acad. des Inscrip. Tom. 21. Hist. p. 14. "cette qualification des Barbares signifie des peuples qui ne sont point admis dans le corps Hellenique." Æschylus in his *Persæ* puts that expression not only into the mouth of the messenger who brings to Atossa tidings of Xerxes' defeat, but more than once into that of the old men who govern the kingdom during their Monarch's absence, and form the Chorus. Mr. Bryant, in his "Observations on various parts of Ancient History," has indeed laid a most unusual stress on the word *Βαρβαροι*, as applied by St. Paul to the inhabitants of the island Melita, and thence inferred that they were a people remarkable for their ferociousness, but *Ἑλληνιστὶ τε καὶ Βαρβαριστὶ*, is the language as well of St. Paul as of the Classical writers ; and Cicero complains that the Greek Physicians made as much havoc in his time at Rome as if they had entered into a conspiracy, *Barbaros omnes necare*.

Is plain and honest ; I am not a man
 Of mean duplicity. My soul was tortur'd
 With greater anguish far than thou could'st feel,
 Because I was not present in this land :
 But Scythia's tribes who near our confines dwell
 Made war against me just as I to Troy
 Was journeying ; I had reach'd the Euxine shore
 To sail with Thracia's host, the Scythian blood
 There stain'd our spears, and my brave troops expir'd
 Midst intermingled slaughter : this event
 Hinder'd my reaching Troy, and aiding thee
 In battle. Having conquer'd them, and taken
 For hostages their children, them I bound
 To pay me annual tribute ; with my fleet
 Then cross'd the Hellespont, and marched on foot
 Thro' various realms, nor, as thou proudly say'st,
 Drain'd the intoxicating bowl, nor slept
 Beneath a gilded roof, but to such blasts
 As cover with thick ice the Thracian (13) wave,
 Or thro' Pæonia howl, was I expos'd
 Wrapt in this mantle many a sleepless night.
 But I, tho' late, am in due season come :
 For this is the tenth year since thou hast wag'd
 An ineffectual war, day after day
 By thee is idly lavish'd, while the dye
 Of battle twixt the Argive host and thine
 Spins doubtful ere it fall. But it for me
 Will be sufficient that the sun once mount
 The heavens, while I their bulwarks storm, invade
 Their fleet, and slay the Greeks. To my own home
 I the next day from Ilion will return

(13) Τείχεα μὲν καὶ ἄνεγες ὕψισσι γίγνῃσι με πύργους
 Στρυμόνης Βορέας*

Calim. in Delum, v. 24.

Towers and walls

Strymonean Boreas levels with the ground.

Dodd's Callimachus.

Thy toils soon ending: let no Trojan bear
A shield: for with this spear will I subdue
The boasters, tho' 'twas late ere I arriv'd.

CHORUS.

My soul this language doth approve,
Such friends as thou art sent by Jove,
But humbly I that God beseech,
To pardon thy presumptuous speech.
The navy launch'd from Argos' strand,
Tho' freighted with a daring band,
Neither in (14) former times, nor now
Contain'd a Chief more brave than thou.
How shall Achilles' self withstand,
Or Ajax meet, thy vengeful hand?
O may the morn with orient ray
Exhibit that auspicious day,
When thou the victor's prize shalt gain
And dye with crimson gore the plain.

RHESUS.

Soon with exploits like these will I atone
For my long absence: but, with due submission
To Nemesis, I speak; when from the foe
We have deliver'd this beleaguer'd city
And seiz'd their spoils for offerings to the Gods;
With thee to Argos will I go, invade,
And ravage with victorious arms, all Greece,
To teach them in their turn what 'tis to suffer.

HECTOR.

Could I escape from the impending stroke,
And with that safety which we erst enjoy'd
These walls inhabit, I to Heaven should pay

(14) The word *Πρω* refers to the first expedition against Troy conducted by Hercules, he being an inhabitant of Argos, of which Agamemnon afterwards was King. These exaggerated encomiums are however somewhat qualified by the Chorus beginning with deprecating the wrath of Heaven, or Nemesis, whom Rhesus' boastful language might have offended.

Full many a grateful vow: but as for Argos,
As for the Grecian States, to lay them waste
By arms, were far less easy than you speak of.

RHESUS.

Is it not said the bravest chiefs of Greece
Came hither?

HECTOR.

Them I hold not in contempt,
But long have kept at bay.

RHESUS.

When these are slain,
We therefore each obstruction have remov'd.

HECTOR.

Forbear to think of distant prospects now,
While our immediate interests lie neglected.

RHESUS.

Art thou so tame as to endure such wrongs
Without retorting them?

HECTOR.

While I maintain
What I possess, my empire is sufficient.
But freely take your choice, or in the left
Or the right wing, or center of our host
Display your shield; and range your troops around.

RHESUS.

I singly will encounter all our foes,
O Hector; but if thou esteem it base
Not to assist me when I burn their fleet,
Because thou hast already toil'd so long,
Oppose me to Achilles in the front
Of battle.

HECTOR.

We at him no spear must aim.

RHESUS.

Yet was I told he sail'd for Troy.

HECTOR.

He sail'd,

And still is here, but angry with the chiefs,
Refuses to assist them.

RHESUS.

In the camp
Of Greece, say who is second in renown ?

HECTOR.

Ajax, I deem, and Tydeus' son are equal
To any; but most fluent in his speech,
And with sufficient fortitude inspir'd,
Is that Ulysses, from whom Troy hath suffer'd
Insults the most atrocious; for by night,
Entering Minerva's fane, he stole her image,
And bore it to the Grecian fleet: disguis'd
In tatter'd vest, that vile impostor next
Enter'd the gates, and curs'd the Argive host,
Sent as a spy to Ilion; having slain
The centinels, he thro' the gates escap'd,
And in some fraudulent scheme is ever found:
(15) At the Thymbraean temple is he station'd
Hard by our ramparts, we in him contend
With a most grievous pest.

RHESUS.

The valiant man

Is never mean enough to slay his foes
By stealth, he loves to meet them face to face;
But, as for him, the recreant Chief thou nam'st,
Who lurking with a thievish purpose frames
'These dark contrivances, as thro' the gates
I sally forth to combat, I will seize him;
Driven thro' his back, my spear shall leave the miscreant

(15) Strabo speaks of this temple, sacred to Apollo, as situated at the spot where a river called Thymbrius flows into the Scamander, at the distance of fifty stadia, or about six miles and a quarter from Troy: in this temple Aehilles is related to have been treacherously slain by the shafts of Paris, who invited him to a conference in regard to the marriage of Polyxena. Dolon, in Homer, informs Ulysses that Thymbra was occupied by an encampment of Phrygian troops, and a numerous body of their allies.

Food for the vultures, for the impious robber
 Who spoils the temples of the Gods deserves
 No better fate.

HECTOR.

Now choose, for it is night,
 The spot for an encampment : I will shew you
 A separate quarter where your troops must sleep.
 But mark me well, Apollo is the watch-word ;
 In case of an emergency, announce
 This signal to the Thracian host. [Exit RHESUS.
Extend
 The watch beyond the lines, and there receive
 Dolon our spy, who sallied forth t' explore
 The navy of our foes ; if he be safe
 He, by this time, the trenches must approach.
[Exit HECTOR.

CHORUS.

I.

Who comes this rampart to defend ?
 The times assign'd us centinels is o'er ;
 Yon fading constellation shines no more
 Now the seven Pleiades the heaven ascend.
 In ether view the Eagle glide.
 Wake ! what means this long delay ?
 Rise and watch ; now dawns the day.
 Saw ye the Moon diffuse her radiance wide ?
 Aurora is at hand : but at the gate
 (For Dolon sure returns) what faithful guard shall wait ?

SEMICHORUS.

To whom did the first watch belong ?

SEMICHORUS.

'Tis said
 Choræbus, son of (16) Mygdon, is their chief.

(16) " Mygdon and Otreus were sons of Dymas, whom some writers
 affirm to have been father of Hecuba ; and Homer himself calls
 " Asius, who is also son of Dymas, the brother of Hecuba ; but Euripides,

SEMICHORUS.

Who in his room was station'd?

SEMICHORUS.

The Pæonians

Call'd from their tent Cilicia's hardy troops.

SEMICHORUS.

The Mysians summon'd us.

SEMICHORUS.

Haste, let us seek

The fifth division of the watch, and rouse

Lycia's brave warriors as by lot ordain'd.

CHORUS.

II.

Hark! couch'd on her ill-omen'd nest,

Fell murderess of her (17) Son, in varied strains

“ Athenion, and Teleclides, are of opinion, that she was daughter of
 “ Cisseus. See Eustathius on the Iliad, f. 643. l. 28. and f. 1032. l. 60.
 “ and ed. Rom. 1542.” BARNES.

(17) By making use of the term *Παιδοκτονος* in speaking of the Nightingale, Euripides expresses himself conformably with Homer, whose account of the transaction alluded to, we find, on an examination of the text (*Odyssey* L. 19. v. 518.) and Scholia of Eustathius, to be as follows: Aedon, daughter of Pandareus, was married to Zethus, by whom she had one son named Itylus; envying the numerous progeny of her brother in law Amphion, she resolved to murder her eldest nephew Amaleus, but by mistake killed her own son. Perceiving her error, she implored the Gods to remove her from humankind, and was thereupon changed into a Nightingale. Her tale is very circumstantially related, with some variations, by Antoninus Liberalis, in his *Metamorphoses*, Ch. 11th; but Æschylus, and after him Sophocles and Euripides, have indeed altered the name of Itylus into Itys, and how far Ovid may have copied the three Greek tragedians in calling the son of Terentus and Progne, Itys, is a point foreign to my enquiry: but as Barnes in a note on the passage in Homer observes, the tale inserted in the sixth book of the *Metamorphoses* is essentially different both in the names and circumstances. After examining the passages referred to by Servius in his note on *Quas illi Philomela dapes quæ dona pararit*; in the 6th Eclogue of Virgil, and many more which have occurred to me, the authorities I collect among the Greek writers for his assertion, that *most of them represent Progné instead of Philomela as changed into a Nightingale*, are the 12th Ode of Anacreon, a passage or two in Apollodorus, and the narrations of Conon: Gorgias the Sophister, in Plutarch's *Symposia*, expostulates

Near Simois' banks the Nightingale complains;
 What sounds melodious heave her throbbing breast!
 The flocks on Ida wont to feed
 Still browse o'er that airy height,
 Soothing the cold ear of night,
 Hark to the murmurs of the pastoral reed.
 Sleep on our closing eyelids gently steals;
 Sweet are its dews when morn her earliest dawn reveals.

SEMICHORUS.

But wherefore doth not he draw near whom Hector
 Sent to explore the fleet?

SEMICHORUS.

He hath so long
 Been absent that I tremble.

SEMICHORUS.

If he fell
 Into some ambush, and is slain, we soon
 Shall have sufficient cause for fear.

SEMICHORUS.

But haste,
 Rouse Lycia's warriors as by lot ordain'd.

[Exit CHORUS.]

ULYSSES, DIOMEDE.

ULYSSES.

Heard'st thou, O Diomed, the sound of arms,
 Or in these ears did empty murmurs ring?

DIOMEDE.

No: but the steely trappings which are link'd
 To yonder chariots, rattled, and I too

with *Philomela* when a *Swallow* had dinged upon him. Arist. Rhet. L. 3. c. 3. *applauds* the distinction, as the action, though not unbecoming a Bird, would have been so in a Damsel: but most of the antient Greek writers follow the history cited from Homer, and with them *Αηδου*, signifies the Nightingale, as does *Philomela* in the Latin Poets. Whatever mistakes may have arisen in later times from the injudicious blending of the two stories, the writings of those Greek Poets who use the term *Αηδου* for Nightingale, clearly point out the story they allude to.

With vain alarm was seiz'd, till I perceiv'd
The coursers, who their clanging harness shook.

ULYSSES.

Beware, lest in this gloom of night thou stumble
Upon the centinels.

DIOMEDE.

Tho' in the dark

We tread, I with such caution will direct
My steps as not to err.

ULYSSES.

But, should'st thou wake them,
Thou know'st the watch-word of their host.

DIOMEDE.

I know

It is Apollo; this I heard from Dolon.

ULYSSES.

Ha! I perceive our foes have left these chambers.

DIOMEDE.

Here, Dolon told us, is the tent of Hector;
'Gainst him I wield this javelin.

ULYSSES.

What hath happen'd?

Is the whole squadron too elsewhere remov'd?

DIOMEDE.

Perchance they too 'gainst us may have contriv'd
Some stratagem.

ULYSSES.

For Hector now is brave
Since he hath conquer'd.

DIOMEDE.

How shall we proceed?

For in this chamber him we cannot find,
And all our hopes are vanish'd.

ULYSSES.

To the fleet

Let us in haste return: for him some God

Protects, and crowns him with triumphant wreaths :
We must not strive 'gainst Fortune's dread behests.

DIOMEDE.

Then to Æneas will we go, or Paris
That Phrygian most abhor'd, and with our swords
Lop off their heads.

ULYSSES,

But how, in darkness wrapt,
Canst thou direct thy passage thro' the troops,
To slay them without danger ?

DIOMEDE.

Yet 'twere base,
Back to the Grecian fleet should we return,
No fresh exploit performing 'gainst the foe.

ULYSSES,

What means this language? hast not thou perform'd
A great exploit? have we not slain the spy
Who to our navy went, and are not these
The spoils of Dolon? how canst thou expect
To spread a general havoc thro' their troops?
Comply; let us retire: may Fortune speed
Our progress homeward.

MINERVA, ULYSSES, DIOMEDE.

MINERVA.

With affliction stung,
Why from the Trojan camp do ye retire?
Altho' the Gods forbid you to destroy
Hector or Paris, heard ye not that Rhesus,
A mighty chief, with numerous troops is come
To Troy? if he outlives this night, nor Ajax,
Nor can Achilles hinder him from wasting
The camp of Greece, demolishing your walls,
And forcing a wide passage thro' your gates
With his victorious spear: him slay, and all
Is yours; but go not to the couch of Hector,

Nor hope to leave that chief a weltering trunk,
For he must perish by another hand (18)

ULYSSES.

Dread Goddess, O Minerva, I distinguish'd
Thy well-known voice: for midst unnumber'd toils
Thou ever dost support me: but, O say
Where sleeps the mighty warrior thou hast nam'd,
And in what part of the Barbarian host
Have they assign'd his station?]

MINERVA.

Near at hand,
And separate from the Phrygian troops, he lies;
Hector hath plac'd him just without the lines
Till morn arise; conspicuous in the gloom
Of night, and close beside their sleeping lord,
Yok'd to the car his Thracian coursers stand,
White as the glossy plumage of the swan:
Them bear away when ye have slain their lord,
A glorious prize, for the whole world can boast
No car beside drawn by such beauteous steeds.

ULYSSES.

Either do thou, O Diomede, transpierce
The Thracian soldiers, or to me consign
That task; meanwhile seize thou the steeds.

DIOMEDE.

To slay
The foe be mine; do you the coursers guide,
For you are practis'd in each nicer art,
And quick of apprehension. To each man
Should that peculiar station be assign'd
In which he can be useful.

MINERVA.

But to us
Paris I see is coming, who hath heard

(18) Virgil's *Mox illos sua fata manent majore sub hoste,*

“Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.” DRYDEN.

where he is speaking of Pallas and Lausus as pressing on to encounter each other, is a visible imitation and improvement on this line.

A doubtful rumour from the watch, that foes
Enter the trenches.

DIOMEDE.

Hath he any comrade,
Or marches he alone?

MINERVA.

Alone he seems
To go to Hector's chamber, to announce
That there are foes discover'd in the camp.

DIOMEDE.

Is it not first ordain'd that he shall die?

MINERVA.

You can no more, the Destinies forbid :
For Hector must not perish by your hand ;
But haste to him on whom ye came to wreak
Fate's dreadful purposes : myself meanwhile
Assuming Venus' form, who midst the toils
Of battle by her tutelary care
Protects him, will with empty words detain
Paris your foe. Thus much have I declar'd :
Yet he, whom you must smite, tho' near at hand,
Nor knows, nor hears, the words which I have utter'd.
[*Exeunt* ULYSSES and DIOMEDE.]

PARIS, MINERVA.

PARIS.

General and brother, Hector, thee I call:
Yet sleep'st thou? doth not this important hour
Demand thy vigilance? some foes approach,
Robbers or spies.

MINERVA.

Be of good cheer ; for Venus
Protects you: I in all your battles feel
An interest, mindful of the prize I gain'd
Favour'd by you, and am for ever grateful :
Now to the host of Ilium I conduct
Your noble Thracian friend, who from the Muse,
Harmonious Goddess, and from Strymon springs.

PARIS.

To Trøy and me thou ever art a friend.
 In thy behalf when I that judgement gave,
 I boast that for this city I obtain'd
 The greatest treasure life affords. But hither,
 Hearing an indistinct account, I come ;
 For 'mong the guards there hath prevail'd a rumour,
 That Grecian spies have enter'd Ilion's walls :
 Tho' the astonish'd messenger who bore
 These tidings, saw them not himself, nor knows
 Who saw them : I on this account am going
 To Hector's tent.

MINERVA.

Fear nought ; for in the camp
 No new event hath happen'd. To arrange
 The Thracian troops is Hector gone.

PARIS.

Thy words
 Are most persuasive, and to them I yield
 Implicit credence. From all fears releas'd,
 I to my former station will return.

MINERVA.

Go and depend upon my guardian care
 To see my faithful votaries ever blest ;
 For you in me shall find a zealous friend. [*Exit* PARIS.]

ULYSSES, DIOMEDE, MINERVA.

MINERVA.

But now to you, my real friends, I speak.
 Son of Laertes, O conceal your sword,
 For we have slain the Thracian Chief, and seiz'd
 His coursers, but our foes have ta'en th' alarm
 And rush upon you, therefore fly with speed,
 Fly to the naval ramparts. Why delay
 To savé your lives when hostile throngs approach ?

[*Exit* MINERVA.]

CHORUS, ULYSSES, DIOMEDE.

CHORUS.

Come on, strike, strike, destroy. Who marches yonder?
 Look, look, 'tis him I mean! these are the robbers
 Who in the dead of night alarm'd our host.
 Hither, my friends, haste hither; I have seiz'd them.
 What answer mak'st thou? tell me whence thou cam'st,
 And who thou art.

ULYSSES.

No right hast thou to know;
 Insult me, and this instant thou shalt die,

CHORUS.

Wilt thou not, ere this lance transpierce thy breast,
 Repeat the watch-word?

ULYSSES.

That thou soon shalt hear;
 Be satisfy'd.

SEMICHORUS I.

Come on, my friends, strike! strike!

SEMICHORUS II.

Hast thou slain Rhesus?

ULYSSES.

(19) I have slain the man
 Who would have murder'd thee: forbear.

SEMICHORUS I.

I will not.

(19) After reading the observations on this intricate passage in Petit, Miscel. L. 3. c. 22. p. 196, and the notes of Heath, and Dr. Musgrave, I am inclined to think with the two former, that these words are spoken by Ulysses, who, I apprehend, upon the Chorus seeing, and immediately knowing again, the horses of Rhesus, and thereupon asking him if he had murdered the Thracian king, replies, that he has slain the robber who had alarmed the camp, and recovered them out of his hands; not according to Heath's idea that he had been in the Grecian camp, killed one of the enemies *there*, and brought away *his* horses; those of Rhesus being, according to Euripides' description, very easily distinguishable in the night.

SEMICHORUS II.

Forbear to slay a friend.

SEMICHORUS I.

Pronounce the watch-word.

ULYSSES.

Apollo.

SEMICHORUS II.

Thou art right ; let not a spear
Be lifted up against him.

SEMICHORUS I.

Know'st thou whither

Those men are gone?

SEMICHORUS II.

We saw not.

SEMICHORUS I.

Follow close

Their steps, or we must call aloud for aid.

SEMICHORUS II.

Yet were it most unseemly to disturb
Our valiant comrades with our nightly fears.

[*Exeunt* ULYSSES and DIOMEDE.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

What Chief is he, who mov'd along ;
What daring plunderer fleet and strong,
Shall boast he 'scap'd my vengeful hand?
How overtake his rapid flight?
To whom compare him, who by night,
With dauntless step pass'd thro' our armed band
And slumbering guards? doth he reside
In Thessaly, near ocean's boisterous tide
In Locris, or those islands scatter'd o'er (20)

(20) By *σποράδα βίον* is meant I apprehend "the life of an inhabitant
"of the Sporades," islands so called, from being widely scattered over
the Ægean sea; they were principally occupied by Pirates, and we find

The waves? whence comes he to this fell debate?
 What Power supreme! doth he adore?

SEMICHORUS I.

Was this Ulysses' enterprise, or whose?

SEMICHORUS II.

If we may form our judgement from the past,
 Who but Ulysses —?

SEMICHORUS I.

Think'st thou that it was?

SEMICHORUS II.

Why not?

SEMICHORUS I.

He is an enterprizing foe.

SEMICHORUS II.

What bravery? whom do you applaud?

SEMICHORUS I.

Ulysses.

SEMICHORUS II.

Praise not the treacherous weapon of a robber.

CHORUS.

II.

He enter'd Ilium once before,
 With foam his eyes were cover'd o'er,
 In tatters hung his squalid vest;
 He artfully conceal'd his sword,
 And sued for fragments from our board;
 Shorn was his head, and like a beggar drest;
 He curst with simulated hate
 Th' Atrides, rulers of the Grecian state.
 May just revenge his forfeit life demand:
 Would he had perish'd as his crimes deserve,
 Before he reach'd the Phrygian land.

SEMICHORUS I.

Whether this deed was by Ulysses wrought
 It matters not, I shrink with fear, for Hector

Islander used as a term of contempt, in the *Andromache* of Euripides,
 and other antient writers.

Will to us guards impute the blame.

SEMICHORUS II.

What charge

Can he allege?

SEMICHORUS I.

He will suspect.

SEMICHORUS II.

Why shrink

With terror?

SEMICHORUS I.

'Twi't our ranks they pass'd.

SEMICHORUS II.

Who pass'd?

SEMICHORUS I.

They, who this night have enter'd Phrygia's camp.

CHARIOTEER OF RHESUS, CHORUS.

CHARIOTEER.

Alas! intolerable stroke of fate!

SEMICHORUS I.

Be silent.

SEMICHORUS II.

Rouse! for some one may have fallen
Into the snare.

CHARIOTEER.

O dire calamity
Of Troy's allies, the Thracians!

SEMICHORUS I.

Who is he

That groans?

CHARIOTEER.

Ah! wretched me, and O thou king
Of Thrace, who in an evil hour beheld'st
Accursed Iliion; what an end of life
Was thine!

CHORUS.

But which of our allies art thou?

For o'er these eyes the gloom of night is spread,
And I discern thee not.

CHARIOTEER.

Where shall I find
Some of the Trojan chiefs? beneath his shield
O where doth Hector taste the charms of sleep?
To which of Ilion's leaders shall I tell
All we have suffer'd? and what wounds unseen
Some stranger hath on us with ruthless hand
Inflicted? but he vanish'd and hath heap'd
Conspicuous sorrows on the Thracian realm.

CHORUS.

Some terrible disaster to the troops
Of Thrace it seems hath happen'd, if aright
I comprehend what I from him have heard.

CHARIOTEER.

Our host is utterly destroy'd, our King
Hath been dispatch'd by some foul secret stroke.
How am I tortur'd by a deadly wound,
Yet know not to what cause I must impute
My perishing! 'Twas by the Fates ordain'd,
That I, and Rhesus, who to Ilion led
Auxiliar troops, ingloriously should bleed.

CHORUS.

He in no riddle hath express'd the tale
Of our misfortunes; he asserts too clearly
That our allies are slain.

CHARIOTEER.

We are most wretched,
And to our wretchedness have join'd disgrace,
A twofold evil. For, to die with glory,
If glory must be purchas'd at the expence
Of life, is very bitterness I deem
To him who bleeds: (for what can make amends
For such a loss as life?) but to the living
Is he the source of pride, from him his house
Derives renown. But we, alas! like fools,

Ignobly perish. Hector in the camp
No sooner fix'd our station, and pronounc'd
The watch-word, than we slept upon the plain,
O'ercome with toil; no centinels were station'd
To watch our troops by night, nor were our arms
Duly arrang'd, and to the harness'd steeds
Hung no alarm bell; for our Monarch heard
That ye had prov'd victorious, and with ruin
Threaten'd the Grecian fleet. Immers'd we lay
In luckless slumber; till disturb'd in mind
I started up, and with a liberal hand
Measur'd the coursers' food, resolv'd betimes
To yoke them for the battle. I beheld
Two men, who, in the midnight darkness, walk'd
Around our camp; but when I mov'd, they fled,
And disappear'd immediately; with threats
I bade them keep aloof: 'twas my conjecture
That robbers, some of our own countrymen,
Approach'd: they answer'd not, nor know I more.
Returning to my tent, again I slept,
And forms tremendous hover'd in my dream.
For near my royal Master, as I stood,
I saw two visionary wolves ascend
Those coursers' backs which I was wont to guide,
Oft' lashing with their tails they forc'd them on,
Indignant breathing as they champ'd the bit,
And struggling with dismay; but in attempting
To drive away these ravenous beasts, I woke,
Rous'd by the terrors of the night, and heard,
Soon as I rais'd my head, expiring groans;
The tepid current of my Master's blood,
Yet gasping in the agonies of death,
Besprinkled me. As from the couch I leap'd
Unarm'd, and sought for weapons, some strong warrior
Sinote with his sword my ribs; the ghastly wound
Display'd his might: prostrate I sunk to earth.
Bearing the steeds away, and glittering car,

They by the swiftness of their feet escap'd,
 Tortur'd with pain, too faint to stand, I know
 Too well the dire calamity these eyes
 Beheld; but cannot say, or through what means,
 Or by the hand of whom, my Lord was slain:
 Yet can I guess that by our friends we suffer.

CHORUS.

O Charioteer of Thracia's wretched King,
 Be well assur'd this deed was by our foes
 Committed. For lo Hector's self, appriz'd
 Of this calamity, draws near; he feels
 Such anguish as he ought for thy disasters.

HECTOR, CHARIOTEER OF RHESUS,
 CHORUS.

HECTOR.

O ye accursed authors of this mischief,
 How did those spies, who by the foe were sent,
 Thus, to your infamy, escape, and spread
 Dire havoc through the host; both as they enter'd
 And as they left the camp? Yet, unmolested,
 Ye suffer'd them to pass. Who should be punish'd
 But you? for you, I say, were station'd here
 To watch the camp; but they without a wound
 Are vanish'd, laughing at the Phrygian troops
 For their unmanly cowardice, and me
 Their leader. Be assur'd, by Jove I swear,
 All-gracious Father, or the scourge or death
 Shall wait you for such guilt, else deem that Hector
 Is but a thing of nought, a very coward.

CHORUS.

Great is, alas! my danger, mighty Prince,
 The foe stole in while I to you convey'd
 Those tidings, that the Greeks around their ships
 Had kindled fires: through all the live-long night
 These watchful eyes have ne'er been seal'd by sleep.
 By Simois' holy fountain I conjure you,

My royal Lord, impute no blame to me,
 For I am wholly guiltless. If you learn
 That in my deeds or words I have offended,
 Plunge me alive beneath earth's deepest vault;
 I ask no mercy.

CHARIOTEER.

Why dost thou upbraid
 These for the guilt? by plausible harangues
 Would'st thou impose on thy Barbarian friends;
 O thou Barbarian, thou the bloody deed
 Didst perpetrate; nor can our slaughter'd comrades,
 Nor we who linger pierc'd with ghastly wounds,
 Admit that 'twas another. There requires
 A long and subtle speech to make me think
 Thou didst not basely murder thy allies,
 Because the beauty of our steeds attracted
 Thy admiration, and on their account
 Hast thou slain those who at thy earnest prayer
 Landed on Ilion's shore; they came, they died.
 With greater decency than thou observ'st,
 Who dost assassinate thy friends, did Paris
 The rites of hospitality infringe.
 Pretend not that some Grecian came unseen
 And smote us. Who subdu'd the Phrygian host,
 Who reach'd our quarters unobserv'd by Hector?
 Thou with the Trojan army wert before us;
 But who was wounded, who among thy troops
 Expir'd, when thro' their ranks as thou pretend'st
 The foe to us advanc'd? But I was wounded,
 And they, whom a more grievous ill o'ertook,
 No more behold the Sun. To be explicit,
 I charge no Greek: what foe could come by night
 And find out Rhesus' tent, unless some God
 Had told the murderers, for they sure knew nought
 Of his (21) arrival? therefore all this mischief
 Must be thy sole contrivance.

(21) The reading of *αι δ' απεγγαμενοι*, which stands in the various editions from Aldus to Barnes, is by Pierson in his *Verisimilia* altered into *δ'*

HECTOR.

Our allies
 Have long assisted us since first the Greeks
 This realm invaded ; and I never heard
 They to my charge imputed any crime.
 Could I begin with thee? by such desire
 For beauteous steeds may I be never seiz'd,
 As to induce me to destroy my friends.
 Ulysses was the author of this deed.
 What Greek could have accomplish'd or contriv'd
 Such an exploit, but he? him much I fear:
 My soul is also troubled, lest he light
 On Dolon too, and slay him, for 'tis long
 Since he went forth, nor doth he yet return.

CHARIOTEER.

I know not that Ulysses whom thou nam'st,
 Nor did a foe inflict this ghastly wound.

HECTOR.

Therefore retain, since thus to thee it seems,
 Thy own opinion.

CHARIOTEER.

O my native land,
 Might I but die in thee!

HECTOR.

Thou shalt not die:
 For of the dead the number is sufficient.

αφηγμενον, in consequence of the author of the *Etymologicum Magnum* citing *αδ' αφηγμενον το ωαμπαν ησαν* from the *Rhesus* of Euripides. Mr. Toup concurs with him, and confirms the alteration by the same quotation from *Suidas*; as does Dr. Musgrave by the authority of three manuscripts. I considered it as incumbent on me to alter my version conformably to a reading thus established, especially as it accords with the circumstances of *Rhesus* having avoided the common road, and travelled over Mount *Ida* in the night, and of *Ulysses* and *Diomedes*' receiving their intelligence of *Rhesus*'s arrival from *Minerva*, as they were quitting the Trojan camp on not finding *Hector*: for they could not, in the present instance, have extorted such information from *Dolon* as in *Homer*, because he in this Tragedy sets out to explore the Grecian camp before the Shepherd brings tidings of *Rhesus*'s approach.

CHARIOTEER.

Rest of my Lord, but whither shall I turn ?

HECTOR.

Thou in my house shalt careful treatment find,
And healing balsams.

CHARIOTEER.

Shall the ruthless hands

Of murderers dress my wounds ?

HECTOR.

He will not cease

Alleging the same charge.

CHARIOTEER.

Perdition seize

The author of this bloody deed ! my tongue
Has fix'd no charge, as thou pretend'st, on thee ;
But Justice knows.

HECTOR.

Conduct him to my palace

With speed, that we may 'scape his clamorous plaints.
But you must go, and to the citizens
Proclaim, acquainting Priam, and the elders
Who sit in council, first, that I direct
The bodies of the slain shall be interr'd
With due respect beside the public road.

[*Exit* CHARIOTEER, supported by one of
HECTOR'S Attendants.]

CHORUS.

Why from the summit of exalted bliss
Into fresh woes hath some malignant God
Plung'd Troy, why caus'd this sad reverse of fortune ?

THE MUSE APPEARS IN THE AIR, HECTOR,
CHORUS.

CHORUS.

High o'er our heads what Deity, O King,
Is hovering ? in her hands a recent corse
She bears : I shudder at the dreadful sight,

MUSE.

Ye Trojans, mark we well: for I a Muse,
 Who by the wise am worship'd, hither come,
 One of the nine fam'd Sisters, having seen
 The wretched fate of this my dearest son,
 Who by the foe was slain: but he who smote
 The generous youth, Ulysses, that dissembler,
 At length shall suffer as his crimes deserve.

O D E.

I.

Parental anguish rends my breast,
 For thee my Son, my Son, I grieve,
 Thy Mother sinks with woes oppress'd.
 Why didst thou take this road, why leave
 Thy home, and march to Ilion's gate,
 Where death did thy arrival wait?
 Oft with maternal zeal I strove
 Thy luckless courage to restrain,
 And oft thy Sire oppos'd in vain.
 But now with ineffectual love,
 My dearest Son, thee now no more,
 Thee, O my Son, must I deplore.

CHORUS.

As far as bosoms, by no kindred ties
 United, can partake a Mother's grief,
 Do I bewail thy Son's untimely fate,

MUSE.

II.

On him your tenfold vengeance shed
 From (22) Oeneus who derives his birth,
 Smite base Ulysses' perjurd head,
 Ye Fiends who desolate the earth;
 Thro' them with agonizing pain
 I mourn my valiant offspring slain;

(22) Diomedes's father Tydeus was son of Oeneus, king of Calydon, by his second wife Peribea, who, according to Apollodorus, was daughter of Hipponous and sister of Capaneus.

May Helen too partake their doom,
 Who from her bridal mansions fled,
 And sought th' adulterer's Phrygian bed ;
 For thou in Troy art to the tomb
 By her consign'd ; and many a state
 Bewails its bravest warriors' fate.

Much while on earth, and since thy murmuring ghost
 Was plung'd in Orcus' dreary mansions more,
 O (23) offspring of Philammon, didst thou wound
 My soul : that arrogance which caus'd thy ruin,
 That contest with Pieria's choir, gave birth
 To this unhappy youth : for having pass'd
 The rapid current, with incautious step
 Approaching Strymon's genial bed, we mounted
 Pangæum's summit, for its golden mines
 Distinguish'd ; each melodious instrument
 Around us in full concert breath'd ; our strife
 Was there decided with the Thracian minstrel ;
 That Thamyris who dar'd blaspheme our art,
 We of his eyes depriv'd. But since I bore
 Thee, O my Son, through deference for my sisters,
 And for my own reputed chastity,
 Thee to the watery mansions of thy Sire
 I sent ; and Strymon, to no human care,
 But to the nymphs who haunt his limpid founts,
 For nurture did consign thee : from those virgins
 When, O my dearest son, thou hadst receiv'd

(23) Thamyris, who, according to Pausanias, was the son of Philammon and Argiopa, a nymph who dwelt on Parnassus ; Homer gives the same account with Euripides of his being deprived of his eyes by the Muses : he is twice called *σφιστής* by the Tragic Poet, a term which it appears by the passage Dr. Musgrave has referred to in Athenæus, is also applied to a musician in a fragment of Æschylus's. Suidas says, that Thamyris was the eighth epic poet before Homer, or according to some the fifth ; and mentions a poem of his on the nature of the Gods, consisting of near three thousand verses : we are informed by Ovid, that his father Philammon was the son of Apollo by Chione the daughter of Dædalion.

The best of educations, thou becam'st
 Monarch of Thrace, the first of men. I felt
 No boding apprehensions of thy death ;
 By thee, while marshall'd on thy native ground,
 Athirst for blood the dauntless squadrons mov'd.
 But thee I caution'd, for I knew thy fate,
 That thou to Troy should'st never go : but thee
 Th' ambassadors of Hector and the Senate,
 By oft repeated messages, persuaded
 To come to the assistance of thy friends.
 Yet think not, O Minerva, thou sole cause
 Of my son's fate, that thou these watchful eyes
 Hast scap'd : Ulysses, and the son of Tydeus
 Were not the authors of this bloody deed,
 Altho' they gave the wound. We sister Muses
 Honour thy city, in thy land we dwell.
 Orpheus, the (24) kinsman of this hapless youth
 Whom thou hast slain, dark mysteries did unfold ;
 And by Apollo, and our sister choir,
 Thy venerable citizen Musæus
 Was taught to soar beyond each warbled strain
 Of pristine melody : but in return
 For all these favours, bearing in my arms
 My son, I utter this funereal dirge :
 But I no other minstrel will employ.

CHORUS.

Falsely the wounded Thracian charioteer

(24) Oeagrus, a Thracian king, was the father, and the Muse Calliope the mother, of Orpheus. Euripides distinguishes the mother of Rhesus by no name except that of *the Muse* ; but the commentators suppose her to have been either Terpsichore or Euterpe : Homer calls Eioneus, and not the river Strymon, his father ; and that river was, according to Plutarch, called Palæstinus before Strymon son of Mars and Helice, king of Thrace, and father of Rhesus, on hearing of his son's death, threw himself into it, and from that time the river was called Strymon : but Conon, in the fourth of his Narrations, in a great measure reconciles the account of Homer with that of Euripides, by informing us, that the river was called Ioneus before it obtained from the Thracian king the name of Strymon.

Charg'd us with a conspiracy to slay him.

HECTOR.

Full well I knew, there needed not a seer
 T' inform me, that he perish'd by the arts
 Of Ithacus. But was it not my duty
 When I my country saw by Grecian troops
 Besieg'd, to send forth heralds to my friends,
 Requesting them to aid us? I did send,
 And Rhesus came, by gratitude constrain'd,
 Illustrious partner of my toils. His death
 Lamenting, will I raise a tomb to grace
 The corse of my ally, and o'er the flame
 Strew tissued vests: for with confederate arms
 Dauntless he came, tho' piteous was his death.

MUSE.

They shall not plunge him in the yawning grave,
 Such vows will I address to Pluto's Bride,
 Daughter of fruitful Ceres, to release
 His ghost from the drear shades beneath: she owes
 To Orpheus' friends such honours. But henceforth,
 Dead as it were to me, will he no more
 Behold the sun, we ne'er must meet again,
 Nor shall he see his Mother, but shall lie
 Conceal'd beneath the caverns of that land
 With silver mines abounding, from a man
 Exalted to a God, restor'd to life,
 The priest of Bacchus, and of him (25) who dwells

(25) "From *σεμνός ποιῶν εἰδοσιν* it appears that this God, whoever he was, was not generally acknowledged and worshipped: I therefore refer this to the Thracian Lycurgus, who, according to Apollodorus, being imprisoned in a cave of the mountain Pangeum, was however worshipped by the Thracians, the rites in honour of him being united with those of Bacchus." See Strabo, p. 471. ed. Par. "Nonnus gives much the same account of Lycurgus, whom, however, he makes an Arabian," p. 369, ed. Falkin. "We must not pass over Lycurgus's being numbered by Apollodorus among the dead who were raised to life by Æsculapius, and the Scholiast of Pindar, Pyth. 3. Antis. 3. mentions Lycurgus' being raised from the dead." MUSGRAVE.

Beneath Pangeum's rock, a God ador'd
 By those who haunt his orgies. But ere long
 To yonder Goddess of the briny waves
 Shall I bear doleful tidings : for by fate
 It is decreed, her offspring too shall die ;
 But first our sisterhood, in choral plaints,
 Will sing of thee, O Rhesus, and hereafter
 Achilles, son of Thetis, shall demand
 Our elegiac strains, not she who slew
 Thee, hapless youth, Minerva, can redeem him ;
 Such an inevitable shaft is stor'd
 In Phœbus' quiver. O ye pangs that rend
 A mother's breast, ye toils the lot of man ;
 They who behold you in your real light
 Will live without a progeny, nor mourn
 With hopeless anguish o'er their children's tomb.

[*Exit the MUSE.*]

CHORUS.

To bury the deceas'd with honours due,
 Will be his Mother's care : but if, O Hector,
 Thou mean'st to execute some great emprise,
 'Tis now the time : for morn already dawns.

HECTOR.

Go, and this instant bid our comrades arm,
 Harness the steeds : but while ye in these toils
 Are busied, ye the signal must await,
 Th' Etrurian trumpet's clangor ; for I trust
 I first shall o'er the Grecian host prevail,
 Shall storm their ramparts, and then burn their fleet,
 And that Hyperion's orient beams will bring
 A day of freedom to Troy's valiant race.

CHORUS.

Obey the monarch : clad in glittering mail
 Let us go forth, and his behests proclaim
 To our associates : for that God who fights
 Our battles, haply will bestow success.

THE TROJAN CAPTIVES.

δεδαικτο δε χαιτας

Κραατος εκ Πολιοιο· τεφρη δ' επιπεπλατο πολλη
Την πα απ' εσχαρεωνος αδην κατεχευαλο χερσιν,
Ολλομενε Πριαμοιο, και αστεος αιθομενοιο·
Και ρα μεγα στοναχιζετ' αμφι ε δελιον ημας
Μαψ' αεκαζομενην· ετερος δ' ετερην γοωσαν
Ηγε Τροϊαδων σφετερας επι νηας αναγκη.

QUINTUS CALABER.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

NEPTUNE.

MINERVA.

HECUBA.

CHORUS OF CAPTIVE TROJAN DAMES.

TALTHYBIUS.

CASSANDRA.

ANDROMACHE.

MENELAUS.

HELEN.

**SCENE—BEFORE THE ENTRANCE OF AGAMEMNON'S
TENT IN THE GRECIAN CAMP NEAR TROY.**

THE TROJAN CAPTIVES.

NEPTUNE:

FROM the Ægean deep, in mazy dance
Where Nereus' Daughters glide with agile feet,
I Neptune hither come. For round the fields
Of Ilion, since Apollo and myself
With symmetry exact rear'd many a tower,
Hewn from the solid rock; the love I bore
The city where my Phrygian votaries dwelt,
Laid waste by Greece, where smoke e'en now ascends
The heavens, hath ne'er been rooted from this breast,
For on Parnassus bred, the Phocian chief
Epeus, by Minerva's arts inspir'd,
Fram'd with a skilful hand, and through the gates
Sent that accurs'd machine the Horse which teem'd
With ambush'd javelins (1). Thro' forsaken groves,

(1) I find myself under a necessity of leaving out the two next lines of the original, on account of their consisting of a pun not calculated for being rendered into English. "Hence shall it be called by posterity the — (*δυσπείης*) horse, on account of the hidden spears (*δῶρον*) contained in it." The Latin interpreters render *δυσπείης*, *dureus*, which Robert Stephens, in his Latin Thesaurus, considers as synonymous with *ligneus*: but Pausanias mentions a *brazen* statue of this Horse which he still calls *δυσπείης*; as extant among the curiosities in the Acropolis or citadel of Athens. By the genealogy of Epeus, which the same writer has given us in his *Corinthiaca*, we are informed that his father was *Panopeus* the son of *Phoëus*, whence it appears that *Pyrrhus* (to whom *Euripides* always gives the name of *Neoptolemus*) and *Epeus*, were both of them the great-grandsons of *Ææcus*. The recollection of this circumstance adds great force to that passage of *Virgil*, in which, after having called *Perseus* *Æaciden*, he attributes to *Paulus Æmilius* the glory of having avenged his Trojan ancestors by his triumphs over that monarch. *Pindar*, in his eighth *Olympic Ode*, says *Apollo* and *Neptune* called in *Ææcus* to their assistance in building *Troy*, and foretold that the walls he had joined with them in erecting should be overtaken in war, but not except by his posterity.

Thro' the polluted temples of the Gods,
Flow tides of crimson slaughter: at the base
Of altars sacred to Hercæan Jove,
Fell hoary Priam. But huge heaps of gold
And Phrygian plunder, to the fleet of Greece
Are sent: the leaders of the host that sack'd
This city, wait but for a prosperous breeze,
That after ten years absence they their wives
And children may with joy behold. Subdu'd
By Juno Argive Goddess, and Minerva,
Who leagu'd in Phrygia's overthrow, I leave
Troy the renown'd, and my demolish'd shrines.
For when pernicious Solitude extends
O'er cities her inexorable sway,
Abandon'd are the temples of the Gods,
None comes to worship there. Scamander's banks
Re-echo many a shriek of captive Dames
Distributed by lot; th' Areadians, some,
Some the Thessalians gain, and some the sons
Of Theseus leaders of th' Athenian troops:
But they whom chance distributes not, remain
Beneath yon roof selected by the chiefs
Of the confederate army. Justly deem'd
A captive, among them is Spartan Helen:
And if the stranger wishes to behold
That wretched woman, Hecuba lies stretcht
Before the gate, full many are her tears,
And her afflictions many: at the tomb
Of stern Achilles her unhappy Daughter
Polyxena died wretchedly, her Lord
The royal Priam, and her Sons are slain,
That spotless Virgin too whom from his shrine
Apollo with prophetic gifts inspir'd,
Cassandra, spurning every sacred rite,
Did Agamemnon violently drag
To his adulterous bed. But, O farewell,
Thou city prosperous once; ye splendid towers,

Had not Minerva's self ordain'd your fall,
Ye still on your firm basis might remain.

MINERVA, NEPTUNE.

MINERVA.

May I accost the God who to my Sire
In blood is nearest, mighty, through high Heaven
Rever'd, and lay aside our antient hate?

NEPTUNE.

'Tis well, thou royal Maid : an interview
'Twixt those of the same house, is to the soul
An efficacious philtre.

MINERVA.

I applaud
Those who are temperate in their wrath, and bring
Such arguments, O Monarch, as affect
Both you and me.

NEPTUNE.

From all th' assembled Gods
Some new commission bear'st thou, or from Jove,
Or what celestial power ?

MINERVA.

From none of these.
But in the cause of Troy, whose fields we tread,
I to your aid betake me, and would join
Our common strength.

NEPTUNE.

Hast thou then laid aside
Thy former hate, to pity Troy, consum'd
By the relentless flames ?

MINERVA.

First, thither turn
Your views: to me will you unfold your counsels,
And aid the schemes I would effect?

NEPTUNE.

With joy:

But I meanwhile would thy designs explore,

Whether thou com'st on the behalf of Greece,
Or Troy.

MINERVA.

The Trojans, erst my foes, I wish
To cheer, and to embitter the return
Of the victorious Grecian host.

NEPTUNE.

What means
This change of temper? to excess thou hat'st
And lov'st at random.

MINERVA.

Know you not the insult
Which hath been shewn to me, and to my temple?

NEPTUNE.

I know that Ajax violently tore
Cassandra thence.

MINERVA.

Yet by the Greeks unpunish'd
He 'scap'd, and e'en uncensur'd.

NEPTUNE.

Tho' the Greeks
O'erthrew Troy's walls thro' thy auxiliar might —

MINERVA.

And for this very cause will I conspire
With you to punish them.

NEPTUNE.

I am prepar'd
For any enterprize thou wilt. What mean'st thou?

MINERVA.

Their journey home I am resolv'd to make
Most inauspicious.

NEPTUNE.

While they yet remain
Upon the shore, or midst the briny waves?

MINERVA.

As to their homes from Iion's coast they sail,
For Jove will send down rain, immoderate hail,

And pitchy blasts of air : he promises
 To give me too his thunderbolts to smite
 The Greeks and fire their ships ; but join your aid,
 Cause the Ægean deep with threefold waves,
 And ocean's whirlpools horribly to rage,
 Fill with their corses the unfathom'd caves
 Beneath Eubœa's rocks, that Greece may learn
 My Shrines to reverence, nor provoke the Gods.

NEPTUNE.

It shall be done : there need not many words
 To recommend thy suit. My storms shall rouse
 Th' Ægean deep ; the shores of Myconè,
 Scyros with Lemnos, all the Delian rocks,
 And steep Caphareus with full many a corse
 Will I o'erspread. But mount Olympus' height,
 And from the Thunderer's hand his flaming shafts
 Receiving, mark when the devoted host
 Of Greece weigh anchor. Frantic is the man
 Who dares to lay the peopled city waste,
 Temples with tombs profaning, and bereaves
 Of their inhabitants those sacred vaults
 Where sleep the dead ; at length shall vengeance smite
 That harden'd miscreant in his bold career. [*Exeunt.*]

THE SCENE OPENS, AND DISCOVERS HECUBA

ON A COUCH.

HECUBA.

Arise thou wretch, and from the dust uplift
 Thy drooping head ; tho' Ilion be no more,
 And thou a Queen no longer, yet endure
 With patience Fortune's change, and as the tide
 Or as capricious Fortune wills, direct
 Thy sails, nor turn against the dashing wave
 Life's stubborn prow, for chance must guide thy voyage.
 Alas ! for what but groans belongs to me
 Whose country, children, husband, are no more ?
 O mighty splendour of my Sires, now pent

In a small tomb, how art thou found a thing
Of no account ! what portion of my woes
Shall I suppress, or what describe, how frame
A plaintive strain ? now fix'd on this hard couch,
Wretch that I am, are my unwieldy limbs.
Ah me ! my head, my temples, ah my side !
O how I wish to turn and to stretch forth
These joints ! My tears shall never cease to flow,
For like the Muse's lyre, th' affecting tale
Of their calamities consoles the wretched.
Ye prows of those swift barks which to the coast
Of fated Ilium, from the Grecian ports
Adventurous launch'd amid the purple wave,
Accompanied by inauspicious Pæans
From pipes, and the shrill flute's enlivening voice,
While from the mast devolv'd the twisted cordage
By Ægypt first devis'd, ye to the bay
Of Troy did follow Menelaus' wife,
Helen, abhorr'd aduress, who disgrac'd
Castor her Brother, and Eurotas' stream :
She murder'd Priam Sire of fifty sons,
And me the wretched Hecuba hath plung'd
Into this misery. Here, alas, I sit
In my loath'd prison, Agamemnon's tent ;
From princely mansions dragg'd, an aged slave,
My hoary tresses shorn, this head deform'd
With baldness. But, alas ye hapless wives
Of Ilium's dauntless warriors, blooming maids,
And brides affianc'd in an evil hour,
Together let us weep, for Ilium's smoke
Ascends the skies. Like the maternal bird,
Who wails her callow brood, I now commence
A strain far different from what erst was heard
When I on mighty Priam's sceptred state
Proudly relying, led the Phrygian dance
Before the hallow'd temples of the Gods.

[She rises, and comes forth from the Tent.

SEMICHORUS, HECUBA.

SEMICHORUS.

O Hecuba, what mean these clamorous notes,
 These shrieks of woe? for from the vaulted roof
 Thy plaints re-echoing smite my distant ear,
 And fresh alarms seize every Phrygian dame
 Who in these tents enslav'd deplores her fate.

HECUBA.

E'en now, my daughter, at the Grecian fleet
 Th' exulting sailors ply their oars.

SEMICHORUS.

Ah me!

What mean they? will they instantly convey me
 Far from my ruin'd country?

HECUBA.

By conjecture

Alone am I acquainted with our doom.

SEMICHORUS.

Soon shall we hear this sentence; "from these doors
 "Come forth ye Trojan captives, for the Greeks
 "Are now preparing to return."

HECUBA.

O cease,

My friends, nor from her chambers hither bring
 Cassandra, frantic prophetess, defil'd
 By Argive ruffians, for the sight of her
 Would but encrease my griefs.

SEMICHORUS.

Troy, wretched Troy,

Thou art no more, they too whom fate ordains
 No longer on thy fostering soil to dwell
 Are wretched, both the living and the slain.

CHORUS, HECUBA.

CHORUS.

Trembling I come from Agamemnon's tent,

Of thee my royal mistress to enquire
 Whether the Greeks have doom'd me to be slain,
 And whether yet along the poop arrang'd
 The mariners prepare to ply their oars.

HECUBA.

Depriv'd of sleep thro' horror, O my daughter,
 I hither came: but on the road I see
 A Grecian herald.

CHORUS.

Tell me to what lord
 Am wretched I consign'd.

HECUBA.

E'en now the lot
 Is casting, to decide your fate.

CHORUS.

What chief
 To Argos, or to Phthia, me shall bear,
 Or to some island, sorrowing, far from Troy?

HECUBA.

To whom shall wretched I, and in what land
 Become a slave, decrepid like the drone
 Thro' age, mere semblance of a pallid corse,
 Or flitting spectre from the realms beneath?
 Shall I be station'd or to watch the door,
 Or tend the children of an haughty lord,
 Erst plac'd at Troy in rank supreme?

CHORUS.

Alas!

HECUBA.

With what loud plaints dost thou revive thy woes!

CHORUS.

I never more thro' Ida's loom shall dart
 The shuttle, nor behold a blooming race
 Of children, in those lighter tasks employ'd
 Which suit the young and beauteous, to the couch
 Of some illustrious Greek convey'd, the joys

(2) Which night and fortune yields are lost to me ;
 Or fill'd with water, from Pirene's spring
 Shall I be doom'd to bear the ponderous urn.

HECUBA.

O could we reach the fam'd and happy realm
 Of Theseus, distant from Eurotas' tide,
 And curst Therapne's gates, where I should meet
 Perfidious Helen, and remain a slave
 To Menelaus, who demolish'd Troy.

CHORUS.

By fame's loud voice I am inform'd, the vale
 Of Pencus, at Olympus base, abounds
 With wealth, and plenteous fruitage.

HECUBA.

This I make

My second option, next the blest domain
 Of Theseus.

CHORUS.

I am told that Vulcan's realm
 Of Ætna, opposite Phœnicia's coast
 The mother of Sicilian hills, is fam'd
 For palms obtain'd by valour. Thro' the (3) realm
 Adjacent, bordering on th' Ionian deep,
 Crathis the bright, for auburn hair renown'd,

(2) This language appears so unseemly, in the mouth of the aged Hecuba, that I have followed Dr. Musgrave in the distribution of this speech and several others, both preceding and following it, (see his note V. II. p. 415.) Having so done, I apprehend it to be the less necessary for me to adopt his conjectural alterations, and perhaps the reader, who recollects the terms in which Hecuba addresses Agamemnon, when she is entreating him to suffer her to inflict vengeance on Polymestor, (Hecuba, v. 824—832) will think I have gone too far; though he will find the opinion of Dr. Musgrave, in regard to this speech, in a great measure confirmed by that of Mr. Tyrwhitt.

(3) The country here mentioned, appears to be that, on which the famous city of Sybaris, whose inhabitants were ruined by their luxury, originally stood: after its destruction, Diodorus Siculus says, the Athenians sent a Colony thither, who built a city on a spot very near the ruins of Sybaris, which they called Thurium, from a fountain of that

The tribute of its holy current pours,
 And scatters blessings o'er a martial land.
 But lo, with hasty step a herald comes
 Bearing some message from the Grecian host !
 What is his errand? for we now are slaves
 To you proud rulers of the Doric realm.

TALTHYBIUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

TALTHYBIUS.

O Hecuba, full oft, you know, to Troy
 I, as their herald, by the Grecian host
 Have been dispatch'd; you cannot be a stranger
 To me, Talthybius, who to you, and all,
 One message bring.

HECUBA.

This, this, my dearest friends
 Is what I long have fear'd.

TALTHYBIUS.

The lots are cast
 Already, if your terrors thence arose.

HECUBA.

Alas to what Thessalian city saidst thou,
 Or to the Phthian, or the Theban realm
 Shall we be carried ?

TALTHYBIUS.

To a separate lord
 Hath each of you distinctly been assign'd.

HECUBA.

To whom alas, to whom am I allotted?
 What Phrygian dames do happier fortunes wait ?

name. The river Crathis, on whose banks Sybaris stood, is celebrated, as Barnes informs us in his note on this passage, by a variety of antient writers, for the virtue which is ascribed to it by Euripides, of giving an auburn colour to the hair : it discharges itself into the bay of Tarentum.

The Thurians appear to have been under great obligations to the stern virtues of their law-giver Charondas, for raising their national character to a pitch far beyond that of their predecessors the Sybarites.

TALTHYBIUS.

I know : but be distinct in your enquiries,
Nor ask at once a multitude of questions.

HECUBA.

Say who by lot hath gain'd my wretched Daughter
Cassandra ?

TALTHYBIUS.

Her the royal Agamemnon
His chosen prize hath taken.

HECUBA.

As a slave
To tend his Spartan wife ? ah me !

TALTHYBIUS.

No slave,
But concubine.

HECUBA.

What, Phœbus' votive maid,
To whom the God with golden tresses gave
This privilege, that he should pass her life
In celibacy ?

TALTHYBIUS.

With the shafts of love
Hath the prophetic Nymph transpierc'd his breast.

HECUBA.

My Daughter, cast the sacred keys away,
And rend the garlands thou with pride didst wear.

TALTHYBIUS.

Is it not great for captives to ascend
The regal couch ?

HECUBA.

But where is she whom late
Ye took away, and whither have ye borne
That Daughter ?

TALTHYBIUS.

Speak you of Polyxena,
Or for whom else would you enquire ?

HECUBA.

On whom

Hath chance bestow'd her?

TALTHYBIUS.

At Achilles' tomb

It is decreed that she shall minister.

HECUBA.

Wretch that I am! for his sepulchral rites
Have I then borne a Priestess? but what law
Is this, what Grecian usage, O my friend?

TALTHYBIUS.

Esteem your Daughter happy; for with her
All now is well.

HECUBA.

What saidst thou? doth she live?

TALTHYBIUS.

'Tis her peculiar fate to be releas'd
From all affliction.

HECUBA.

But, alas! what fortune
Attends the warlike Hector's captive wife,
How fares it with the lost Andromache?

TALTHYBIUS.

Her too Achilles' son hath from the band
Of captives chosen.

HECUBA.

As to me who need
For a third foot, the staff which in these hands
I hold, whose head is whiten'd o'er with age,
To whom am I a slave?

TALTHYBIUS.

By lot the King
Of Ithaca Ulysses hath obtain'd you.

HECUBA.

Alas! alas! let your shorn temples feel
The frequent blow; rend your discolour'd cheeks.

Ah me! I am allotted for a slave
 To a detestable and treacherous man,
 Sworn foe of justice, to that lawless viper,
 With double tongue confounding all, 'twixt friends
 Exciting bitter hate. Ye Trojan dames,
 O shed the sympathizing tear: I sink
 Beneath the pressure of relentless fate.

CHORUS.

Thy doom, O Queen, thou know'st: but to what chief
 (4) Hellenian or Achaian I belong
 Inform me.

TALTHYBIUS.

Peace!—conduct Cassandra hither
 With speed, ye guards, into our General's hands
 When I his Captive have deliver'd up,
 That we the rest may portion out.—Why gleams
 That blazing torch within? would Ilion's dames
 Their chambers fire? what mean they? doom'd to leave
 This land, and to be borne to Argive shores,
 Are they resolv'd to perish in the flames?
 The soul, inspir'd with an unbounded love
 Of freedom, ill sustains such woes. Burst open
 The doors, lest, to their honour and the shame
 Of Greece, on me the censure fall.

HECUBA.

They kindle

No conflagration, but, with frantic step,
 My Daughter, lo, Cassandra rushes hither.

CASSANDRA, TALTHYBIUS, HECUBA,
 CHORUS.

CASSANDRA.

Avaunt! the sacred flame I bring
 With reverential awe profound,

(4) "The Poet here makes a distinction between Achaians and Hellenians. At the time of the Trojan war the Achaians were the inhabitants of Sparta according to Strabo and Pausanias, and the Hellenians, they who dwelt in Thessaly. There was a time too, when the Thessalians likewise were called Achaians, the reason for which may be collected from Pausanias." MUSGRAVE.

And wave the kindled torch around,
 O Hymen, thou benignant king.
 The Bridegroom comes with jocund pride,
 I too am sty'd a happy Bride,
 My name through Argos' streets shall ring,
 O Hymen, thou benignant king!
 While thou attend'st my Father's bier,
 O Hecuba, with many a tear,
 While Ilion's ramparts overthrown
 From thee demand th' incessant groan,
 Ere the bright Sun withhold his ray,
 E'en in the glaring front of day,
 I bid the nuptial incense blaze
 To thee, O Hymen, thee whose power
 Invoking at her bridal hour
 The bashful virgin comes. Yon maze
 Encircling, 'mid the choral dance,
 As antient usage bids, advance,
 And in thy hand a flaming pine,
 O mother, brandish. God of wine,
 Thy shouting votaries hither bring,
 As if in Ilion thou hadst found
 Old Priam still a happy king.
 Range that holy groupe around
 O Phœbus, in thy laureat mead,
 Thy temple, shall the victim bleed.
 Let Hymen, Hymen, Hymen, sound.
 My Mother, for the dance prepare,
 Vault nimbly, and our revels share.
 At Hymen's shrine, my friends, prolong
 Your vows, awake th' exstatic song;
 In honour of my bridal day,
 Chant, Phrygian nymphs, the choral lay,
 And celebrate the chief whom fate
 Ordains to be Cassandra's mate.

CHORUS.

Wilt thou not stop the Princess, lest she rush
 With frantic step amid the Grecian host?

HECUBA.

O Vulcan, wont to light the bridal torch,
 Now dost thou brandish an accursed flame;
 My soul foresaw not this. Alas, my Daughter,
 I little thought, that midst the din of arms,
 Or while we crouch beneath the Argive spear,
 Thou could'st have celebrated such espousals.
 Give me the torch, for while with frantic speed
 Thou rushest on, it trembles in thy hand.
 Nor yet have thy afflictions, O my Daughter,
 Brought back thy wandering reason, thou remain'st
 Disorder'd as before. Ye Trojan Dames,
 Remove yon blazing pines, and in the stead
 Of these her bridal songs let tears express
 The anguish of your souls.

CASSANDRA.

O Mother, place
 A laureat wreath on my victorious brow,
 Exulting lead me to the Monarch's bed.
 And if for thee too slowly I advance,
 Drag me along by force: for I am now
 No more the spouse of Phœbus; but that king
 Of Greece, fam'd Agamemnon, shall in me
 Take to his arms a bride more inauspicious
 Than even Helen's self: him will I smite,
 And lay his palace waste, in great revenge
 For my slain Sire and Brothers. But I cease
 These menaces, and speak not of the axe
 Which shall smite me and others, or the conflict
 My wedlock shall produce, whence by the hands
 Of her own son a Mother shall be slain,
 And th' overthrow of Atreus' guilty house.
 This city will I prove to have been happier
 Than the victorious Greeks (for though the Gods
 Inspire, I curb the transports of my soul),
 Who for one single woman, to regain
 The beauteous Helen only, wasted lives

Unnumber'd. Their wise leader, in the cause
Of those he hated, slew whom most he lov'd ;
He to his Brother yielded up his Daughter,
Joy of his house, for that vile woman's sake,
Who with her own consent, and not by force,
Was borne away. But at Scamander's banks
When they arriv'd, they died, though not by exile
Torn from their country, or their native towers :
But them who in embattled fields were slain,
Their children saw not, nor in decent shroud
Were they enwrapp'd by their lov'd consorts' hands,
But lie deserted on a foreign coast :
Their sorrows also who remain'd at home
Are similar; in widowhood forlorn
Some die ; and others, of their own brave sons
Depriv'd, breed up the children of a stranger ;
Nor at their slighted tombs is blood pour'd forth
To drench the thirsty ground. Their host deserves
Praises like these. 'Tis better not to speak
Of what is infamous, nor shall my Muse
Record the shameful tale. But, first and greatest
Of glories, in their country's cause expir'd
The Trojans ; the remains of those who fell
In battle, by their friends borne home, obtain'd
Sepulchral honours in their native soil,
That duteous office kindred hands perform'd :
While every Phrygian who escap'd the sword
Still with his wife and children did reside,
Joy to the Greeks unknown. Now hear the fate
Of Hector, him whom thou bewail'st, esteem'd
The bravest of our heroes, by the Greeks
Landing on Ilion's coast the warrior fell ;
In their own country had the foe remain'd,
His valour ne'er had been display'd : but Paris
Wedded the Daughter of imperial Jove,
In her possessing an illustrious bride.
It is the wise man's duty to avoid

Perilous war. After the dye is cast,
 He who undaunted meets the fatal stroke,
 Adds to his native city fair renown ;
 But the last moments of a coward shame
 The land which gave him birth. Forbear to weep,
 My Mother, for thy ruin'd country's fate ;
 Weep not because thou see'st thy daughter borne
 To Agamemnon's bed, for by these spouses
 Our most inveterate foes shall I destroy.

CHORUS.

How sweetly midst the sorrows of thy house
 Thou smil'st ! ere long perchance wilt thou afford
 A melancholy instance that thy strains
 Are void of truth.

TALTHYBIUS.

Had not Apollo fir'd
 E'en to distraction thy perverted soul,
 Thou on my honour'd leader, ere he quit
 The shores of Ilium, should'st not unaveng'd
 Pour forth these omens. But, alas ! the great,
 And they who in th' opinion of mankind
 Are wise, in no respect excel the vulgar.
 For the dread chieftain of the Grecian host,
 The son of Atreus, loves with boundless passion
 This damsel frantic as the Mænades.
 Myself am poor, yet would not I accept
 A wife like her. Since thou hast lost thy reason,
 I to the winds consign thy bitter taunts
 'Gainst Argos, with the praises thou bestow'st
 On Troy. Thou bride of Agamemnon, come,
 Follow me to the fleet. But when Ulysses
 Would bear you hence, O Hecuba, obey
 The summons, you are destin'd to attend
 A (5) Queen call'd virtuous by all those who come
 To Ilium.

(5) Penelope.

CASSANDRA.

Arrogant, detested slave !

All heralds are like thee, the public scorn,
 Crouching with abject deference to some king
 Or city. Say'st thou, " to Ulysses' house
 " My Mother shall be borne ?" Of what account
 Were then the oracles Apollo gave
 Utter'd by me his priestess, which declare,
 " She here shall die ?" I spare the shameful tale.
 He knows not, the unhappy Ithacus,
 What evils yet await him, in the tears
 Of me and every captive Phrygian maid,
 While he exults, and deems our misery gain.
 Ten more long years elaps'd beyond the term
 Spent in besieging Ilium, he alone
 Shall reach his country ; witness thou who dwell'st
 Mid'st ocean's straits tempestuous, dire Charibdis,
 Ye mountains where on human victims feast
 The Cyclops, with Ligurian Circe's isle,
 Whose wand transforms to swine, the billowy deep
 Cover'd with shipwrecks, the bewitching Lotus,
 The sacred Oxen of the Sun, whose flesh
 Destin'd to utter a tremendous voice
 The banquet shall embitter : he at length,
 In a few words his history to comprise,
 Alive must travel to the shades beneath,
 And hardly scaping from a watery grave
 In his own house find evils numberless.
 But why do I recount Ulysses' toils ?
 Lead on, that I the sooner in the realms
 Of Pluto, with that Bridegroom may consummate
 My nuptials. Ruthless miscreant as thou art,
 Thou in the tomb ignobly shalt be plung'd
 At midnight ; nor shall the auspicious beams
 Of day illumine thy funereal rites,
 O leader of the Grecian host, who deem'st
 That thou a mighty conquest hast achiev'd.

Near to my Lord's remains, and in that vale,
 Where down a precipice the torrent foams,
 My corse shall to the hungry wolves be thrown,
 The corse of Phœbus' priestess. O ye wreaths
 Of him whom best of all the Gods I lov'd,
 Adieu, ye symbols of my holy office,
 I leave those feasts the scenes of past delight,
 Torn from my brows avaunt, for I retain
 My chastity unsullied still; the winds
 To thee shall waft them, O prophetic King.
 Where is your general's bark, which I am doom'd
 T' ascend? the rising breezes shall unfurl
 Your sails this instant; for in me ye bear
 One of the three Eumenides from Troy.
 Farewell, my Mother, weep not for my fate,
 O my dear Country, my heroic Brothers,
 And aged Father, in the realms beneath,
 Ere long shall ye receive me: but victorious
 Will I descend among the mighty dead,
 When I have laid th' accursed mansions waste
 Of our destroyers, Atreus' impious sons.

[*Exeunt CASSANDRA and TALTHYBIUS.*

CHORUS.

Attendants of the aged Hecuba,
 Behold ye not your Mistress, how she falls
 Upon the pavement speechless? why neglect
 To prop her sinking frame! Ye slothful nymphs,
 Raise up this woman, whom a weight of years
 Bows to the dust.

HECUBA.

Away, and on this spot
 Allow me, courteous damsels, to remain:
 No longer welcome as in happier days
 Are your kind offices; this humble posture,
 This fall best suits my present lowly state,
 Best suits what I already have endur'd
 And still am doom'd to suffer. O ye Gods,

In you I call upon no firm allies,
Yet sure 'tis decent to invoke the Gods
When we by adverse fortune are opprest.
First, therefore, all the blessings I enjoy'd
Would I recount, hence shall my woes demand
The greater pity. Born to regal state,
And with a mighty King in wedlock join'd,
A race of valiant sons did I produce;
I speak not of their numbers, but the noblest
Among the Phrygian youths, such as no Trojan,
Nor Grecian, nor Barbarian dame could boast:
Them saw I fall beneath the hostile spear,
And at their tomb these tresses cut: their Sire,
The venerable Priam, I bewail'd not,
From being told of his calamitous fate
By others, but these eyes beheld him slain,
E'en at the altar of Hercæan Jove,
And Ilion taken. I those blooming maids
Have also lost, whom with maternal love
I nurtur'd for some noble husband's bed;
They from these arms are torn: nor can I hope
Or to be seen by them, or e'er to see
My children more. But last of all, to crown
My woes, an aged slave, shall I be borne
To Greece; and in such tasks will they employ me
As are most grievous in the wane of life;
Me, who am Hector's mother, at the door
Station'd to keep the keys, or knead the bread,
And on the pavement stretch my wither'd limbs,
Which erst repos'd upon a regal couch,
And in such tatter'd vestments, as bely
My former rank, enwrap my wasted frame.
Wretch that I am, who, thro' one woman's nuptials,
Have borne, and am hereafter doom'd to bear,
Such dreadful ills. O my unhappy Daughter,
Cassandra, whom the Gods have render'd frantic,
With what sad omens hath thy virgin zone

Been loos'd! and where, Polyxena, art thou,
 O virgin most unfortunate? but none
 Of all my numerous progeny, or male
 Or female, comes to aid their wretched Mother.
 Why, therefore, would ye lift me up? what room
 Is there for hope? me who with tender foot
 Pac'd through the streets of Troy, but now a slave,
 Drag from the palace to the rushy mat
 And stony pillow, that where'er I fall
 There may I die, through many many tears
 Exhausted. Of the prosperous and the great
 Pronounce none happy till the hour of death.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Prepare, O Muse, prepare a song
 Expressive of the fall of Troy;
 The sympathetic dirge prolong,
 And banish every note of joy.
 I with loud voice of Ilion's fate will speak,
 Sing how the foe our ramparts storm'd
 Through the machine their treachery form'd,
 The vehicle of many a daring Greek,
 Who burst like thunder from that wooden steed,
 With gorgeous trappings grac'd, in mimic state,
 Concealing armed bands, which pass'd the Scæan gate,
 They whom such semblance could mislead,
 The unsuspecting crowd,
 As on Troy's citadel they stood,
 Exclaim'd; "Henceforth our toils shall cease,
 "Come on, and to Minerva's fane convey
 "This holy image, pledge of peace."
 What veteran paus'd? what youth but led the way?
 Enlivening songs breath'd round in notes so sweet,
 That gladly they receiv'd the pestilential cheat.

II.

Then did all Phrygia's race combine
 Through their devoted gates to bear,
 Enclos'd in the stupendous pine
 The fraud of Greece, that latent snare,
 To glut Minerva with Dardanian blood,
 To pacify th' immortal Maid,
 They the huge mass with ropes convey'd:
 Thus the tall bark, into the briny flood
 Too ponderous to be borne, is roll'd along:
 Till they had lodg'd it in th' ill-omen'd fane
 Of Her to whom we owe our ruin'd country's bane.
 After their toil and festive song,
 The cloud-wrapp'd Evening spread
 Her veil o'er each devoted head,
 Shrill Phrygian voices did resound,
 And Libya's flutes accompanied the choir,
 While nymphs high vaulting from the ground,
 Mix'd their applauses with the chorded lyre,
 And from each hearth the flames with radiance bright,
 While heedless warriors slept, dispell'd the shades of
 night.

III.

Then o'er the genial board, to her who reigns
 In woodland heights, Diana, child of Jove,
 I wak'd the choral strains.
 But soon there flew a dismal sound
 Pergamus' wide streets around:
 The shrieking infant fondly strove
 To grasp the border of a Mother's vest,
 And with uplifted hands its little fears express'd:
 Mars from his (6) ambush by Minerva's aid

(6) "This is spoken of the Wooden Horse, whence the foe issuing
 forth, warred against the Trojans in the very heart of their city. The
 expression of *Ares*, Mars, is poetical, and signifies the Greek soldiers,
 who, aided by the counsels of Minerva, framed that stratagem."

Conspicuous issu'd and the fray began,
 Thick gore adown our altars ran,
 And many a slaughter'd youth was laid
 A headless trunk on the disfigur'd bed,
 That Greece might shine with laureat wreaths array'd,
 By Troy while fruitless tears are shed.

ANDROMACHE, HECUBA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Seest thou, Andromaché, O Queen, this way
 Advancing, wafted in a foreign car?
 Eager to cling to the maternal breast
 Close follows her belov'd Astyanax,
 The son of Hector.

HECUBA.

Whither art thou borne,
 O wretched woman, on a chariot plac'd
 Midst Hector's brazen armour, and those spoils
 From captive Phrygian chiefs in combat torn,
 With which Achilles' son from Ilion's siege
 Triumphant, will the Phthian temples grace?

ANDROMACHE.

Our Grecian masters drag me hence.

HECUBA.

Alas!

ANDROMACHE.

Why with your groans my anguish strive t' assuage?

HECUBA.

Oh!

ANDROMACHE.

I by griefs am compass'd—

HECUBA.

Mighty Jove!

ANDROMACHE.

And dread vicissitudes of fate.

HECUBA.

My children.

ANDROMACHE.

We once were blest.

HECUBA.

Now are those prosperous days
No more ; and Ilium is no more.

ANDROMACHE.

Most wretched

HECUBA.

My noble sons.

ANDROMACHE.

Alas !

HECUBA.

Alas my —

ANDROMACHE.

Woes.

HECUBA.

O piteous fortune —

ANDROMACHE.

Of the city —

HECUBA.

Wrapt

In smoke.

ANDROMACHE.

Return, my Husband, O return,

HECUBA.

In clamorous accents thou invoc'st my son,
Whom Pluto's realms detain, unhappy woman.

ANDROMACHE.

Thy Consort's tutelary power.

HECUBA.

And thou,

Whose courage long withstood the Grecian host,
Thou aged Father of our numerous race,
Lead me, O Priam, to the shades beneath.

ANDROMACHE.

Presumptuous are such wishes.

HECUBA.

We endure

These grievous woes.

CHORUS.

While ruin overwhelms

Our city, for on sorrows have been heap'd
 Fresh sorrows, thro' the will of angry Heaven,
 Since in an evil hour thy (7) Son was snatch'd
 From Pluto, who, determin'd to avenge
 Those execrable nuptials, with the ground
 Hath levell'd Pergamús' beleaguer'd towers.
 Near Pallas' shrine the corpses of the slain
 Weltering in gore to vultures lie expos'd,
 And Ilión droops beneath the servile yoke.
 Thee, O my wretched country, I with tears
 Forsake: e'en now thou view'st the piteous end
 Of all thy woes, and my lov'd native house.

HECUBA.

My children! O my desolated city!
 Your Mother is bereft of every joy.

CHORUS.

What shrieks, what plaints resound! what floods of tears
 Stream in our houses! but the dead forget
 Their sorrows, and for ever cease to weep,

HECUBA.

To those who suffer, what a sweet relief
 Do tears afford! the sympathetic Muse
 Inspires their plaints.

ANDROMACHE

O Mother of that chief,
 Whose forceful javelin thin'd the ranks of Greece,
 Illustrious Hector, see'st thou this?

(7) Paris; who, instead of being put to death in consequence of Cassandra's prophetic warnings, was sent to Mount Ida, and there bred up among the shepherds. I have disposed the ensuing speeches according to Dr. Musgrave's note.

HECUBA.

I see

The Gods delight in raising up the low,
And ruining the great.

ANDROMACHE.

Hence with my son,
A captive am I hurried ; noble birth
Subject to these vicissitudes now sinks
Into degrading slavery.

HECUBA.

Uncontroll'd
The power of fate : Cassandra from these arms
But now with brutal violence was torn !

ANDROMACHE.

A second Ajax to thy daughter seems
To have appear'd. Yet hast thou other griefs.

HECUBA.

All bounds, all numbers they exceed ; with ills
Fresh ills as for preeminence contend.

ANDROMACHE.

Polyxena, thy Daughter, at the tomb
Of Peleus' son hath breath'd her last, a gift
To the deceas'd.

HECUBA.

Wretch that I am, alas !
Too clearly now I understand the riddle
Which in obscurer terms Talthybius utter'd.

ANDROMACHE.

I saw her bleed, and lighting from this car
Cover'd her with the decent shroud and wail'd
O'er her remains.

HECUBA.

Alas ! alas ! my Child
To bloody altars dragg'd by impious hands,
Alas, alas, how basely wert thou slain !

ANDROMACHE.

Most dreadfully she perished ; yet her lot

Who perish'd is more enviable than mine.

HECUBA.

Far different, O my Daughter, is the state
Of them who live, from them who breathe no more:
For the deceas'd are nothing: but fair hope,
While life remains, can never be extinct.

ANDROMACHE.

(8) Thou whom, altho' I sprung not from thy womb,
I deem a Mother, to my cheering words
With patience listen, they will yield delight
To thy afflicted soul. 'Tis the same thing
Ne'er to be born, or die; but better far
To die, than to live wretched: for no sorrow
Affects th' unconscious tenant of the grave.
But he who once was happy, he who falls
From Fortune's summit down the vale of woe,
With an afflicted spirit wanders o'er
The scenes of past delight. In the cold grave,
Like one who never saw the blessed Sun,
Polyxena remembers not her woes.
But I who aim'd the dextrous shaft, and gain'd
An ample portion of renown, have miss'd
The mark of happiness. In Hector's house
I acted as behoves each virtuous Dame.
First, whether sland'rous tongues assail or spare
The Matron's chastity, an evil name,
Her who remains not at her home, pursues:
Such vain desires I therefore quell'd, I staid
In my own chamber, a domestic life
Preferring, and forbore to introduce

(8) The two first lines of this speech are a translation of $\text{O } \mu\eta\tau\epsilon\rho\varsigma, \mu\eta\tau\epsilon\rho\varsigma, \text{Καλλιστοῦ πατρὸς}$, which is restored from the Harleian and Florentine manuscripts by Dr. Musgrave, it having been omitted by the preceding Editors: the Doctor's alteration of ω into μ is absolutely necessary to be admitted, as Andromache was daughter to Hecuba by marriage only, and not by birth.

Vain sentimental language, such as gains
Too oft the ear of woman: 'twas enough
For me to yield obedience to the voice
Of Virtue, that best Monitor. My lord
With placid aspect and a silent tongue
I still receiv'd, for I that province knew
In which I ought to rule, and when to yield
Submission to a husband's will. The fame
This conduct gain'd me, reach'd the Grecian camp,
And prov'd my ruin: for when I became
A captive, Neoptolemus resolv'd
To take me to his bed, and in the house
Of murderers I to slavery am consign'd.
If shaking off my Hector's lov'd remembrance
To this new Husband I my soul incline,
I shall appear perfidious to the dead;
Or, if I hate Achilles' son, become
Obnoxious to my lords; tho' some assert
That one short night can reconcile th' aversion
Of any woman to the nuptial couch;
I scorn that widow, left of her first lord,
Who listens to the voice of love, and weds
Another. From her comrade torn, the mare
Sustains the yoke reluctant, tho' a brute
Dumb and irrational, by nature form'd
Subordinate to man: but I in thee
Possess'd a husband, O my dearest Hector,
In wisdom, fortune, and illustrious birth,
For me sufficient, great in martial deeds:
A spotless virgin-bride, me from the house
Of my great father, didst thou first receive;
But thou art slain, and I to Greece must sail
A captive, and endure the servile yoke?
Is not the death of that Polyxena,
Whom thou, O Hecuba, bewail'st, an ill
More tolerable than those which I endure?

For Hope, who visits every wretch beside,
 To me ne'er comes; to me no promis'd joys
 Afford a flattering prospect to deceive
 This anxious bosom; for 'tis sweet to think
 E'en of ideal bliss.

CHORUS.

Thou art involv'd
 In the same sufferings, and in plaintive notes
 Bewailing thy calamity, inform'st me
 What treatment to expect.

HECUBA.

I ne'er did mount

A ship, yet I from pictures and report
 These matters know: amidst a moderate storm,
 Such as they hope to weather out, the sailors
 To save themselves, exert a cheerful toil;
 This to the rudder, to the shatter'd sails
 That goes, a third laborious at the pump
 Draws off the rising waters; but if vanquish'd
 By the tempestuous ocean's rage, they yield
 To fortune, and consigning to the waves
 Their vessel, are at random driven along.
 Thus I am mute beneath unnumber'd woes,
 Nor can this tongue expatiate, for the Gods
 Such torrents pour as drown my feeble voice?
 But, O my daughter, cease to name the fate
 Of slaughter'd Hector, whom no tears can save.
 Pay due attention to thy present lord,
 With amorous glances and a fond compliance
 Receiving him; act thus, and thou wilt cheer
 Our friends, and this my grandson educate
 A bulwark to fallen Ilium, that his race
 The city may rebuild, and dwell in Troy.
 But a fresh topic of discourse ensues.
 What servant of the Greeks do I behold
 Again draw near, t' announce some new design?

TALTHYBIUS, ANDROMACHE, HECUBA,
CHORUS.

TALTHYBIUS.

O thou who erst wert Hector's wife, that bravest
Of Phrygians, hate me not; for with reluctance
Will I the general sentence of the Greeks
And Pelops' progeny, announce.

ANDROMACHE.

What means
This evil prelude?

TALTHYBIUS.

'Tis decreed thy Son ——
How shall I speak it?

ANDROMACHE.

To a separate lord
Shall be consign'd?

TALTHYBIUS.

None of the Grecian chiefs
Shall ever o'er Astyanax bear rule.

ANDROMACHE.

Must I leave here, him who alone remains
Of all that erst was dear to me in Troy?

TALTHYBIUS.

Alas! I know not in what terms t' express
The miseries that await thee?

ANDROMACHE.

I commend
Such modesty, provided thou canst speak
Aught to afford me comfort.

TALTHYBIUS.

They resolve
To slay thy son; thou hear'st my dismal errand.

ANDROMACHE.

Ah me! thou hast unfolded to these ears
An evil, greater than my menac'd spousals.

TALTHYBIUS.

By his harangues to the assembled Greeks,
Ulysses hath prevail'd.

ANDROMACHE.

Alas! alas!

Immoderate are the sorrows I endure.

TALTHYBIUS.

Saying they ought not to train up the son
Of that heroic sire.

ANDROMACHE.

May he obtain

O'er his own children triumphs great as these!

TALTHYBIUS.

He from the towers of Ilion must be thrown:
But I entreat thee, and thou hence shall seem
More prudent, strive not to withhold thy son,
But bear thy woes with firmness; nor, tho' weak,
Deem thyself strong; for thou hast no support,
And therefore must consider that thy city
Is overthrown, thy husband is no more,
Thou art reduc'd to servitude; and we
Are strong enough to combat with one woman:
O therefore brave not this unequal strife,
Stoop not to aught that's base, nor yet revile,
Nor idly scatter curses on thy foes;
For if thou utter aught that may provoke
The anger of the host, thy son will bleed
Unburied and unwept: but if thou bear
With silence and composure thy misfortunes,
Funereal honours shall adorn his grave,
And Greece to thee her lenity extend.

ANDROMACHE.

Thee, O my dearest son, thy foes will slay;
Soon art thou doom'd to leave thy wretched mother.
What saves the lives of others, the renown
Of an illustrious sire, to thee will prove
The cause of death: by this paternal fame

Art thou attended in an evil hour,
 To me how luckless prov'd the genial bed,
 And those espousals, that to Hector's house
 First brought me, when I trusted I should bear
 A son, no victim to the ruthless Greeks,
 But an illustrious Asiatic king.
 Weep'st thou, my Son? dost thou perceive thy woes?
 Why cling to me with timid hands? why seize
 My garment? thus beneath it's mother's wings
 The calow bird is shelter'd. From the tomb,
 No Hector brandishing his massive spear
 Rushes to save thee; no intrepid kinsman
 Of thy departed father, nor the might
 Of Phrygian hosts is here: but from aloof
 Borne headlong by a miserable leap,
 Shalt thou pour forth thy latest gasp of life
 Unpitied. Tender burden in the arms
 Of thy fond mother! what ambrosial odours
 Breath'd from thy lips? I swath'd thee to my breast
 In vain, I toil'd in vain, and wore away
 My strength with fruitless labours. Yet embrace
 Thy mother once again; around my neck
 Entwine thy arms, and give one parting kiss.
 Ye Greeks, who studiously invent new modes
 Of unexampled cruelty, why slay
 This guiltless infant? Helen, O thou daughter
 Of (9) Tyndarus, never didst thou spring from Jove,
 But I pronounce thee born of many Sires,

(9) Barnes's note on this passage, informing us that Helen's Father Tyndarus, was the fourth in a lineal descent from Lacedæmon, son of Jupiter, appears to have a tendency to mislead the reader. What Andromache here says of Helen, being only the language of indignation, with as little intention of questioning her pedigree, as Patroclus, in Homer, has of depriving his friend Achilles of both his parents, when he says,

Νηλεὺς ἢκ ἀρεῖ σοι γέ Πατὴρ ἢν ἑπὶ Πηλεὺς,
 Οὐδέ Θητις μητὴρ γλαυκὴ δέ σε τίκτε Ξαλαρσσα,
 Πέτραι τ' ἠλιδραται.

Il. L. 16. v. 33.

An evil Genius, Envy, Slaughter, Death,
 And every evil that from Earth receives
 Its nourishment; nor dare I to assert
 That Jove himself begot a pest like thee,
 Fatal to Greece and each Barbarian chief.
 Perdition overtake thee! for those eyes
 By their seducing glances have o'erthrown
 The Phrygian empire. Bear this child away,
 And cast him from the turrets if ye list,
 Then banquet on his quivering flesh: the Gods
 Ordain that I shall perish: nor from him
 Can I repell the stroke of death. Conceal
 This wretched form from public view, and plunge me
 In the ship's hold; for I have lost my son,
 Such the blest prelude to my nuptial rite.

CHORUS.

Thy myriads, hapless Ilium, did expire
 In combat for one woman, to maintain
 Paris' accurs'd espousals.

(10) ANDROMACHE.

Cease, my child,

Nor ever amorous Hero caus'd thy birth,
 Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth,
 Some rugged rocks' hard entrails gave thee form,
 And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm. POPE.

or Virgil's Dido, when she says to Æneas,

Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
 Perfide: sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.

ÆN. L. 4. v. 366.

False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
 Not sprung from noble blood, nor Goddess-born,
 But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock,
 And rough Hyrcanian tygers gave thee suck. DRYDEN.

In La Cerda's note on the latter of these passages, the reader will find near twenty similar instances, collected from a variety of Greek and Latin writers, not only in verse but prose.

(10) From the whole tenor of this speech, and more particularly the terms *κηρυκευον* and *υπερθεος γυναικας*, I am strongly induced to conclude that

Fondly to lisp thy wretched Mother's name,
 Ascend the height of thy paternal towers,
 Whence 'tis by Greece decreed thy parting breath
 Shall issue. Take him hence. Aloud proclaim
 This deed ye merciless: that wretch alone
 Who never knew the blush of virtuous shame,¹
 Your sentence can applaud.

[*Exeunt* ANDROMACHE and TALTHYBIUS.

HECÛBA.

O child, thou son
 Of my unhappy Hector, from thy Mother
 And me thou unexpectedly art torn.
 What can I do, what help afford? for thee
 I smite this head, this miserable breast;
 Thus far my power extends. Alas, thou city,
 And, O my grandson! is there yet a curse
 Beyond what we have felt? remains there aught
 To save us from the yawning gulph of ruin?

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

In Salamis' profound retreat
 Fam'd for the luscious treasures of the bee,
 High rais'd above th' encircling sea
 Thou, Telamon, didst fix thy regal seat;
 Near to (11) those sacred hills, where spread
 The olive first its fragrant sprays,

Aldus, Barnes, &c have judged right in ascribing it to Andromache, who on leaving the stage ends with addressing herself to Talthybius. It appears, however, by Dr. Musgrave's notes and his Latin version, that both Mr. Tyrwhitt and himself are of a different opinion, and put these lines into the mouth of Talthybius; but I observe, that in order to effect such change of speakers with any apparent propriety, they propose altering *υπελπεας* into *ημελπεας*, without citing any authority for so doing: *Corriguntur antiquæ editiones ab eruditis hominibus, quæ tamen interdum nihil emendationis indigent, is a passage in the Adversaria of Turnebus which very frequently occurs to me.*

(11) The hill upon which the citadel of Athens was afterwards erected, is the place where the olive first made its appearance, on Minerva's

To form a garland for Minerva's head,
 And the Athenian splendor raise :
 With the fam'd archer, with Almena's son
 Thou cam'st exulting with vindictive joy ;
 By your confederate arms was Ilion won,
 When from thy Greece thou cam'st our city to destroy.

I. 2.

Repining for the promis'd steeds,
 From Greece Alcides led a chosen band,
 With hostile prows th' indented strand
 He reach'd, and anchor'd near fair Simois' meads ;
 Selected from each ship, he led
 Those who with dextrous hand could wing
 Th' merring shaft, till slaughter reach'd thy head,
 Laomedon, thou perjur'd king :
 Those battlements which Phœbus' self did rear
 The victor wasted with devouring flame ;
 Twice o'er Troy's walls hath wav'd the hostile spear,
 Twice have insulting shouts announc'd Dardania's shame.

II. 1.

Thou bear'st the sparkling wine in vain
 With step effeminate, O (12) Phrygian boy,
 Erewhile didst thou approach with joy

striking the ground with her spear in her contest with Neptune, which of them should give their name to Cecropia, which was afterwards called Athens, in honour of the Goddess, from *Αθηναι*, the Greek for Minerva. The island of Salamis is situated in the Saronian bay, or gulph of Ægina, not far distant from the coast of Athens, and was reduced into subjection by that state before the days of Euripides. Strabo and Eustathius say, that when the Athenians and Megarians were contending for Salamis, Pislstratus or Solon quoted the two following lines from Homer, to prove that the island belonged to the Athenians :

*Λιαις δ' εκ Σαλαμινος αλφι ενουκαδεκα ηταις,
 Στισι δ' αγων εν' Αθηραιων ισανη φελαγες.*

II. L. 2. v. 557.

Many critics suppose the second of these lines to have been forged on that occasion. But Aristotle, in his Rhetoric, calls the above passage of Homer " a clear testimony, of which the Athenians availed themselves," without insinuating the least doubt of its authenticity.

(12) Ganymede.

To fill the goblet of imperial Jove ;
 For now thy Troy lies levell'd with the plain,
 And its thick smoke ascends the realms above.

On th' echoing coast our plaints we vent,
 As feather'd songsters o'er their young bewail,
 A child or husband these lament,
 And those behold their captive Mothers sail :
 The founts where thou didst bathe, th' athletic sports,
 Are now no more. Each blooming grace
 Sheds charms unheeded o'er thy placid face,
 And thou frequent'st Heaven's splendid courts.
 Triumphant Greece hath levell'd in the dust
 The throne where Priam rul'd the virtuous and the just.

II. 2.

With happier auspices, O Love,
 Erst didst thou hover o'er this fruitful plain,
 Hence caught the Gods thy thrilling pain ;
 By thee embellish'd, Troy's resplendent towers
 Rear'd their proud summits blest by thundering Jove,
 For our allies were the celestial powers.

But I no longer will betray
 Heaven's ruler to reproach and biting shame.

The white-wing'd Morn, blest source of day,
 Who cheers the nations with her kindling flame,
 Beheld these walls demolish'd, and th' abode
 Of that dear (13) Prince who shar'd her bed
 In fragments o'er the wasted champain spread :
 While swift along the starry road,
 Her golden car his country's guardian bore :
 False was each amorous God, and Ilion is no more.

MENELAUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

MENELAUS.

Hail, O ye solar beams, who on this day,
 When I my consort Helen shall regain

(13) Tithonus.

Your radiance shed. For I am he who long
 Endur'd the toils of battle, Menelaus,
 Attended by the Grecian host. To Troy,
 Not in a woman's cause, as many deem,
 I came, but came to punish him who broke
 The laws of hospitality, and ravish'd
 My Consort from my palace. He hath suffer'd
 As he deserv'd, such was the will of Heaven,
 He and his country by the spear of Greece
 Have been destroy'd. But I am come to bear
 That Spartan Dame away, whom with regret
 I term my Consort, though she once was mine.
 But she beneath these tents is with the rest
 Of Phrygia's captives number'd: for the troops
 Whose arms redeem'd her, have to me consign'd
 That I might either take away, or spare
 Her life, and waft her to the Argive coast,
 I am resolv'd that Helen shall not bleed
 In Troy, but o'er the foaming waves to Greece
 Will I convey her, and to them whose friends
 Before yon walls were slain, surrender up
 To perish by their vengeance. But with speed
 Enter the tent, thence by that hair defil'd
 With murder, O my followers, drag her forth,
 And hither bring: for when a prosperous breeze
 Arises, her will I to Greece convey.

HECUBA.

O thou who mov'st the world, and in this earth
 Hast fix'd thy station, whosoe'er thou art,
 Impervious to our reason, whether thou,
 O Jove, art dread Necessity which rules
 All Nature, or that Soul which animates
 The breasts of mortals, thee do I adore,
 For in a silent path thou tread'st and guid'st
 With justice the affairs of man.

MENELAUS.

What means

This innovation in the solemn prayer
You to the Gods address ?

HECUBA.

I shall applaud
The stroke, O Menelaus, if thou slay
Thy wife ; but soon as thou behold'st her, fly,
Lest she with love ensnare thee. For the eyes
Of men she captivates, o'erturns whole cities,
And fires the roofs of lofty palaces,
She is possess'd of such resistless charms ;
Both I and thou and thousands to their cost,
Alas ! are sensible how great her power.

HELEN, MENELAUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

HELEN.

O Menelaus, this is sure a prelude
To greater horrors. For with brutal hands
I by your servants from these tents am dragg'd ?
Too well I know you hate me, yet would learn,
How you and Greece have of my life dispos'd.

MENELAUS.

Thou by the utmost rigour of the laws
Hast not been sentenc'd ; but the host, to me
Whom thou hast wrong'd, consign thee to be slain.

HELEN.

May not I answer to these harsh resolves,
That if I bleed, unjustly shall I bleed ?

MENELAUS.

I came not hither to debate, but slay thee ?

HECUBA.

Hear her, nor let her die, O Menelaus,
Without this privilege. Me too allow
To make reply to her defence ; for nought
Of the foul deeds, which she in Troy committed
Yet know'st thou : if united, the whole tale
Must force thee to destroy her, and preclude
All means of her escaping.

MENELAUS.

An indulgence

Like this supposes leisure to attend ;
 However, if she have a wish to speak,
 She may : but be assur'd, that my compliance
 To your request is owing, for such favour
 To her I would not grant.

HELEN.

Perhaps with me

Whom you account a foe, you will not deign,
 Whether I seem to utter truth, or falshood,
 To parly.— But to each malignant charge
 With which, O Hecuba, I know thou com'st
 Prepar'd against me, will I make reply,
 And to o'er-balance all that thou canst urge
 Produce recriminations.—First, she bore
 Paris, the author of these mischiefs, next
 Did aged Priam ruin Troy and me,
 When erst that infant he forbore to slay,
 That baleful semblance of a flaming torch?
 Hear what ensued ; by Paris were the claims
 Of the three rival Goddesses decided.
 The gift Minerva proffer'd ; that commanding
 The Phrygians, he should conquer Greece ; while Juno
 Promis'd, that he his empire should extend
 From Asia to remotest Europe's bounds,
 If he to her adjudg'd the golden prize ;
 But Venus, who in rapturous terms extoll'd
 My charms, engag'd that as the great reward
 She would on him bestow me ; to her beauty
 If o'er each Goddess he the preference gave.
 Observe the sequel ; Venus, o'er Minerva,
 And Juno, gain'd the triumph ; and my nuptials
 Thus far have been a benefit to Greece ;
 Ye are not subject to Barbarian lords,
 Crush'd by invasion, or tyrannic power.
 But I my ruin owe to what my country

Hath found thus advantageous, for my charms
 To Paris sold, and branded with disgrace,
 E'en for such deeds as merited a wreath
 To crown these brows. But you may urge, that all
 I have alleg'd is of no real weight,
 Because by stealth I from your palace fled.
 Accompanied by no mean Goddess, came
 That evil genius, sprung from Hecuba,
 Distinguish him by either name you list
 Paris or Alexander, in your house,
 Whom, O delirious, you behind you left,
 And sail'd from Sparta to the (14) Cretan isle.
 Well, be it so. Of my own heart, not you
 I in regard to all that hence ensued
 Will ask the question. What could have induc'd me,
 Following that stranger, to forsake my home,
 False to my native land? impute the guilt
 To Venus, and assume a power, beyond
 E'en that of Jove, who rules th' inferior Gods
 But yields to her behests. My crime was venial;
 Yet hence you may allege a specious charge
 Against me; since to earth's dark vaults the corpse
 Of Paris was consign'd, no longer bound
 Thro' Heaven's supreme decree in nuptial chains,
 I to the Grecian fleet should have escap'd
 From Ilion's palace; such was my design:
 This can the guards of Troy's beleagu'rd towers,
 And centinels who on the walls were station'd,
 Attest, that oft they caught me, as with ropes
 By stealth I strove to light upon the ground;
 But a new husband, fierce Deiphobus,
 Obtain'd me for a wife by brutal force,

(14) " Upon Paris's landing in Sparta he was received with the
 " greatest honours by Menelaus; but, because it was necessary for
 " Menelaus to go at that time to Crete to divide the wealth of Atreus,
 " he left Paris at his house, and commanded Helen to pay the same at-
 " tention to his guest as to himself. BARNES.

Tho' every Phrygian disapprov'd. What law
 Can sentence me, whom 'gainst my will he wedded,
 By you, my Lord, with justice to be slain?
 But for the benefits thro' me deriv'd
 To Greece, I in the stead of laureat wreaths
 With slavery am requited. If you wish
 To overcome the Gods' supreme behests
 That very wish were folly.

CHORUS.

O my Queen,
 Assert thy children's and thy country's cause,
 'Gainst her persuasive language, for she speaks
 With eloquence, tho' guilty: curst imposture!

HECUBA.

I those three Goddesses will first defend,
 And prove that she hath utter'd vile untruths:
 For of such madness ne'er can I suspect
 Juno and Pallas that immortal maid,
 As that the first should to Barbarian tribes
 Propose to sell her Argos, or Minerva
 To make her Athens subject to the Phrygians:
 Seeking in sportive strife the palm of beauty
 They came to Ida's mount. For thro' what motive
 Could Juno with such eagerness have wish'd
 Her charms might triumph? to obtain a husband
 Greater than Jove? could Pallas, who besought
 Her Sire she ever might remain a virgin,
 Propose to wed some Deity? Forbear
 To represent these Goddesses as foolish,
 That thy transgressions may by their example
 Be justified: thou never canst persuade
 The wise. Thou hast presum'd t' assert (but this
 Was a ridiculous pretence) that Venus
 Came with my son to Menelaus' house.
 Could she not calmly have abode in Heaven,
 Yet waited thee and all Amycla's city
 To Ilion? but the beauty of my son

Was great, and thy own heart, when thou beheld'st him
 Became thy Venus: for whatever folly
 Prevails, is th' (15) Aphrodite of mankind:
 That of Love's Goddess, justly doth commence
 With the same (15) letters as an idiot's name.
 Him did'st thou see in a barbaric vest
 With gold refulgent, and thy wanton heart
 Was thence inflam'd with love, for thou wert poor
 While yet thou didst reside in Greece; but leaving
 The Spartan regions, thou didst hope, the city
 Of Troy, with gold o'erflowing, could support
 Thy prodigality; for the revenues
 Of Menelaus far too scanty prov'd
 For thy luxuriant appetites: but say'st thou
 That Paris bore thee thence by force? what Spartan
 Saw this? or, with what cries didst thou invoke
 Castor or Pollux, thy immortal brothers,
 Who yet on earth remain'd, nor had ascended
 The starry height? but since thou cam'st to Troy,
 And hither the confederate troops of Greece
 Tracing thy steps, began the bloody strife,
 Whene'er thou heard'st that Menelaus prosper'd
 Him did'st thou praise, and make my Son to grieve
 That such a mighty rival shar'd thy love:
 But if the Trojan army prov'd victorious,
 He shrunk into a thing of nought. On Fortune
 Still didst thou look, still deaf to Virtue's call
 Follow her banners: yet dost thou assert

(15) Though I am very sensible the word Aphrodite is not naturalized in the English language as a name of Venus; the quibble here made use of, induces me to retain it in this passage: the Greek Lexicographers derive the word from *αφροειδης* "foamy" on account of her origin from the sea; but though this be its common acceptation, it is here twisted, as Henry Stephens observes in his Greek Thesaurus, into the same etymology with *αργουριον* which signifies "folly." An English translator, however, finds himself here under the same disadvantages with those mentioned by Barnes in his notes on this passage, with regard to his Latin version.

That thou by cords hast from the lofty towers
 In secrecy attempted to descend,
 As if thou here hadst been constrain'd to stay?
 Where then wert thou surpriz'd, or sharpen'd sword,
 Or ropes preparing, as each generous dame
 Who sought her former husband would have done?
 Oft have I counsell'd thee in many words;
 "Depart, O Daughter, that my Sons may take
 "Brides less obnoxious: thee aboard the ships
 "Of Greece, assisting in thy secret flight,
 "Will I convey. O end the war 'twixt Greece
 "And Ilium." But to thee was such advice
 Unwelcome; for with pride thou in the house
 Of Paris didst behave thyself, and claim
 The adoration of Barbaric tribes,
 For this was thy great object. But e'en now
 Thy charms displaying, clad in gorgeous vest
 Dost thou go forth, still daring to behold
 That canopy of Heaven which o'erhangs
 Thy injur'd husband; thou detested woman!
 Whom it had suited, if in tatter'd vest
 Shivering, with tresses shorn, in Scythian guise
 Thou hadst appear'd, and for transgressions past
 Deep smitten with remorse, assum'd the blush
 Of virtuous matrons, not that frontless air.
 O, Menelaus! I will now conclude;
 By slaying her, prepare for Greece the wreaths
 It merits, and extend to the whole sex
 This law, that every woman who betrays
 Her lord shall die.

CHORUS.

As that illustrious stem
 Whence thou deriv'st thy birth, and as thy rank
 Demand, on thy adulterous wife inflict
 Just punishment, and purge this foul reproach,
 This instance of a woman's lust, from Greece;
 So shall thy very enemies perceive
 Thou art magnanimous.

MENELAUS.

Your thoughts concur
 With mine, that she a willing fugitive
 My palace left and sought a foreign bed ;
 But speaks of Venus merely to disguise
 Her infamy. — Away ! thou shalt be ston'd,
 And in one instant for the tedious woes
 Of Greece make full atonement ; I will teach thee
 That thou didst shame me in an evil hour.

HELEN.

I by those knees entreat you, O forbear
 To slay me, that distraction sent by Heaven
 To me imputing : but forgive me.

HECUBA.

Wrong not
 Thy partners in the war, whom she hath slain ;
 In theirs, and in my children's cause, I sue.

MENELAUS.

Desist, thou hoary matron : her entreaties
 Move not this stedfast bosom. O my followers
 Attend her, I command you, to the ships
 Which shall convey her hence.

HECUBA.

Let her not enter
 Thy ship.

MENELAUS.

Is she grown heavier than before ?

HECUBA.

He never lov'd who doth not always love,
 Howe'er the inclinations of the dame
 He loves may fluctuate.

MENELAUS.

All shall be perform'd
 According to thy wish ; she shall not enter
 My bark : for thou hast utter'd wholesome counsels :
 But soon as she in Argos' lands, with shame,
 As she deserves, shall she be slain, and warn
 All women to be chaste. No easy task :

Yet shall her ruin startle every child
Of folly, tho' more vicious still than Helen.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

E'en thus by too severe a doom,
To Greece, O Jove, hast thou betray'd
Our shrines, our altars, dropping rich perfume,
The lambent flame that round the victims play'd,
Myrrh's odorous smoke that mounts the skies,
Yon holy citadel, with Ida's grove
Around whose oaks the clasping ivy plies,
Where riulets meandering rove
Cold and translucent from the drifted snows;
On that high ridge with orient blaze
The Sun first scatters his enlivening rays,
And with celestial flame th' ecstastic Priestess glows.

I. 2.

Each sacrifice, each pious rite,
Hence vanish'd, with th' harmonious choirs
Whose accents sooth'd the languid ear of night,
While to the Gods we wak'd our sounding lyres;
Their golden images no more
Twelve times each year, on that revolving eve
When shines the full-orb'd moon, do we adore.
Harrass'd by anxious fears, I grieve,
Oft thinking, whether thou, O Jove, wilt deign
To listen to our piteous moan,
High as thou sitt'st on thy celestial throne;
For Troy, by fire consum'd, lies level with the plain.

II. 1.

Thou, O my husband, roam'st a flitting shade,
To thee are all funereal rites denied,
To thee no lustral drops supplied:
But I by the swift bark shall be convey'd

Where Argos' cloud-capp'd fortress stands,
 Erected by the Cyclops' skilful hands,
 Before our doors assembling children groan,
 And oft repeat with clamorous moan
 A mother's name. — Alone shall I be borne
 Far from thy sight, by the victorious host
 Of Greece, and leaving Ilion's coast,
 O'er Ocean's azure billows sail forlorn,
 Either to Salamis, that sacred land,
 Or where the Isthmian summit o'er two seas
 A wide extended prospect doth command,
 (16) Seated in Pelops' straits where Greece the prize
 decrees.

II. 2.

Its arduous voyage more than half complete,
 In the Ægean deep, and near the land,

(16) Unable after the searches I have made for that purpose, to meet either with any reading or exposition of this difficult passage which appears to me preferable to *εἶθι πωλοῖαις*

Πελοπος εἰχμησιν εἰςαι, copied from Aldus,

Ubi in portis Pelopis sunt sedes, as it stands in Barnes, who thus interprets it in his note "Ubi sedes Pelopis, id est Peloponnesus in angustis suis (*Πυλοῖαις* vocat) habet certamen Isthmicum." The Isthmian games celebrated by Pindar, date their origin from Sisyphus king of Corinth, who finding on the shore the body of Melicerta (the son of Ino, who was afterwards deified by the name of Palæmon) buried it; soon after which, the land was afflicted by a plague, and Sisyphus consulted the oracle, which directed him to celebrate funereal games in honour of Melicerta. When the Corinthians left off paying this homage to the new Sea-God, the pestilence broke out afresh, and the same oracular response commanded the games to be perpetuated: they were however interrupted for a time by the outrages and murders committed on the Isthmus, but were re-established by Theseus, after he had purged the land of Sinis and the other robbers who infested it. The circumstance which to me seems to account for these "*εἰςαι*" or "seats for viewing the Isthmian games," being here introduced, is, its being mentioned by Plutarch, in his life of Theseus, that he agreed with the Corinthians, as an acknowledgement for the services he had done them, that the Athenians who attended the Isthmian games should have the privilege of occupying the first seats: an honorary distinction to his country not likely for Euripides to omit making some allusion to.

May the red lightning by Jove's hand
 Wing'd from the skies with tenfold ruin, meet
 The bark that wafts me o'er the wave
 From Troy to Greece a miserable slave.
 Before the golden mirror went to braid
 Her tresses, like a sportive maid,
 May Helen never reach the Spartan shore,
 Those household Gods to whom she prov'd untrue,
 Nor her paternal mansions view,
 Enter the streets of Pitane no more,
 Nor Pallas' temple with its brazen gate;
 Because her nuptials teem'd with foul disgrace
 To mighty Greece thro' each confederate state;
 And hence on Simois' banks were slain Troy's guiltless race

But ha! on this devoted realm are hurl'd
 Successive woes. Ye hapless Phrygian dames,
 Behold the slain Astyanax, whom Greece
 With rage inhuman from yon towers hath thrown.

TALTHYBIUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

The Body of ASTYANAX borne in upon a Shield.

TALTHYBIUS.

O Hecuba, one ship is left behind
 To carry the remainder of the spoils
 Which to Achilles' Son have been adjudg'd,
 To Phthia's coast. For Neoptolemus,
 Hearing that recent evils hath befall'n
 His grandsire Peleus, and that Pelias' son (17)

(17) "Pelias, the father of Acastus, was son of Neptune or Salmonus, who was the son of Dorus, who was the son of Deucalion. Others represent this history differently, for while our Poet asserts that Peleus when oppressed with old age was stripped of his Kingdom by Acastus, son of Pelias; Apollodorus and others affirm that, long before this time, Acastus, with his Wife who had falsly accused Peleus of adultery, was slain by Peleus. See Apollodorus, L. 3, c. 12."

BARNES.

Upon examining the passage referred to, I find that it is very inaccu-

Acastus hath expell'd him from his realm,
 Already hath departed with such speed
 As would admit of no delay: with him
 Andromache is gone, for whom I shed
 A stream of tears, when from the land she went
 Wailing her country, and to Hector's tomb
 Her plaints addressing: the victorious chief
 Hath she entreated, to allow the corse
 Of your unhappy Hector's Son, who perish'd
 From Ilion's ramparts thrown, to be interr'd,
 Nor bear this Shield, the terror of the Greeks,
 With brass refulgent, which his Father plac'd
 Before his flank in battle, to the house
 Of Peleus; nor to that ill-omen'd chamber
 Where sponsals dire on her arrival wait
 The Mother of the slain; for such an object
 Must grieve her to behold: but in the stead
 Of cedar and the monumental stone,
 Bury the child in this: for she the corse
 Hath to your arms consign'd, that you may grace it
 With many a fragrant garland, and with vests
 Such as your present fortunes will afford.
 For she has sail'd, and thro' his haste her lord
 Prevented her from lodging in the grave
 Her Son. While thus you his remains adorn
 We will mark out the spot, and with our spears
 Dig up the ground. Without delay perform
 These duties: I one task to you most irksome
 Have render'd needless: for I lav'd the body,
 And cleans'd the wounds as o'er Scamander's stream
 I pass'd. But to prepare for the deceas'd
 A tomb, I go, that with united toil

rately cited by Barnes, and that the accounts of Apollodorus and Euripides are by no means irreconcilable, as the former only says that Peleus, aided by Jason and the two Dioscorides or sons of Jupiter, Castor and Pollux, sacked Iolchos, and slew Astydamia the Wife of Acastus: an account which not only does not contradict, but adds fresh probability to, the event of his being afterwards stripped of his kingdom by Acastus, after the death of Achilles, and in the absence of Neoptolemus.

When this we have accomplish'd, they may steer
Our vessel homeward. [Exit TALTYBIUS.

HECUBA.

Place that orb'd Shield

Of Hector on the ground, a spectacle
Most piteous, and unwelcome to these eyes.
How, O ye Greeks, whose abject souls bely
Your brave achievements, trembling at a child,
Could ye commit this unexampled murder,
Lest at some future time he should rebuild
The walls of Ilion? Ye inhuman cowards!
Our ruin from that fatal hour we date
When Hector with unnumber'd heroes fell.
But having sack'd our city, and destroy'd
Each Phrygian warrior, fear'd ye such an infant?
The dastard I abhor who meanly shrinks
Thro' groundless panic.—O for ever lov'd,
By what a piteous fate didst thou expire!
Hadst thou, the champion of thy country, died,
In riper years, when married, and endued
With power scarce second to th' immortal Gods,
Thou hadst been blest, if aught on earth deserves
The name of bliss. But thou, my son, beheld'st
And hadst a distant knowledge of these joys,
Which thou didst ne'er experience: for to thee
The treasures which the palaces of Troy
Contain'd, prov'd useless. O unhappy youth,
How wert thou hurl'd from thy paternal walls
Rear'd by Apollo's hand; and thro' those ringlets,
Which oft thy Mother smooth'd and kiss'd, the gore
Bursts from thy fractur'd skull: but let me wave
So horrid a description. O ye hands,
How in your fingers do ye still retain
A pleasing sad remembrance of your Sire,
Or why do ye lie motionless before me?
Dear mouth, full many a babbling accent wont
To utter, art thou clos'd by death? thy voice

Deceiv'd me erst, when clinging to these garments
 " O Mother," oft didst thou exclaim ; " the hair
 " Shorn from my brows to thee I will devote,
 " Lead round thy tomb my comrades, and address
 " Thy hovering ghost in many a plaintive strain."
 Now not to me, alas ! dost thou perform
 These duteous offices, but I, bow'd down
 With age, an exile, of my children reft,
 Must bury the disfigur'd corse of thee
 A tender infant. These unnumber'd kisses,
 My cares in nurturing thee, and broken sleep,
 Prov'd fruitless. What inscription can the bard
 Place o'er thy sepulchre ? " The Greeks who fear'd
 " This infant, slew him !" Such an epitaph
 Would shame them. As for thee who hast obtain'd
 Nought of thy wealth paternal, yet this Shield
 In which thou shalt be buried will be thine.
 O brazen orb, which erst wert wont to guard
 The nervous arm of Hector, thou hast lost
 Thy best possessor : in thy concave circle
 How is that Hero's shape impress'd ; it bears
 Marks of that sweat which drop'd from Hector's brow,
 Wearied with toil, when 'gainst thy edge he lean'd
 His cheek. Hence carry, to adorn the corse,
 Whate'er our present station will afford,
 For such the fortunes which Jove grants us now
 As splendor suits not : yet accept these gifts
 Out of the little I possess. An ideot
 Is he, who thinking himself blest, exults
 As if his joys were stable : like a man
 Smitten with frenzy, changeful Fortune bounds
 Inconstant in her course, now here now there,
 Nor is there any one who leads a life
 Of bliss uninterrupted.

CHORUS.

All is ready :

For from the spoils yon Phrygian Matrons bear
 Trappings to grace the dead.

HECUBA.

On thee, my Son,
 Not as a victor who with rapid steeds
 Didst ever reach the goal, or wing the shaft
 With surer aim, an exercise rever'd
 By each unwearied Phrygian youth, thy grandame
 Places these ornaments which erst were thine :
 But now hath Helen, by the Gods abhorr'd,
 Stripp'd thee of all thou didst possess, and caus'd
 Thy murder, and the ruin of our house.

CHORUS.

Alas ! thou hast transpierc'd my inmost soul,
 O thou, whom I expected to have seen
 Troy's mighty ruler.

HECUBA.

But I now enwrap
 Thy body with the vest thou should'st have worn
 At Hymen's festive rites, in wedlock join'd
 With Asia's noblest Princess. But, O source
 Of triumphs numberless, dear shield of Hector,
 Accept these laureat wreaths : for tho' by death
 Thou canst not be affected, thou shalt lie
 Join'd with this corse in death ; since thou deserv'st
 More honourable treatment, than the arms
 Of crafty and malignant Ithacus.

CHORUS.

Thee, much lamented youth, shall earth receive,
 Now groan, thou wretched mother.

HECUBA.

Oh !

CHORUS.

Commence

Those wailings which are utter'd o'er the dead.

HECUBA.

Ah me !

CHORUS.

Alas ! too grievous are thy woes
 'To be endur'd.

HECUBA.

These fillets o'er thy wounds
I bind, and exercise the healing art
In name and semblance only, but, alas!
Not in reality. Whate'er remains
Unfinish'd, 'mid the shades beneath, to thee
With tender care thy Father will supply.

CHORUS.

Smite with thy hand thy miserable head
Till it resound. Alas!

HECUBA.

My dearest comrades.

CHORUS.

Speak to thy friends; O Hecuba, what plaints
Hast thou to utter?

HECUBA.

Nought but woe for me
Was by the Gods reserv'd; beyond all cities
To them hath Troy been odious. We in vain
Have offer'd sacrifice. But had not Jove
O'erthrown and plung'd us in the shades beneath,
We had remain'd obscure, we by the Muse
Had ne'er been sung, nor ever furnish'd themes
To future Bards. But for this hapless youth
Go and prepare a grave; for the deceas'd
Is with funereal wreaths already crown'd:
Altho' these pomps, I deem, are to the dead
Of little consequence; an empty pride
They in the living serve but to display,

CHORUS.

Thy wretched Mother on thy vital thread
Had stretch'd forth mighty hopes: tho' styl'd most happy
From thy illustrious birth, thou by a death
Most horrid didst expire.

HECUBA.

Ha, who are these
Whom I behold, in their victorious hands

Waving those torches o'er the roofs of Troy?
E'en now o'er Ilion some fresh woes impend.

TALTHYBIUS, HECUBA, CHORUS.

TALTHYBIUS.

To you I speak, O leaders of the troops
Who are ordain'd to burn this town of Priam.
No longer in your hands without effect
Reserve those blazing torches: but hurl flames
On this devoted city, for when Troy
Is utterly demolish'd, we shall leave
Its hated shores, exulting. But to you
O Phrygians, I the same behests address;
When the shrill trumpet of our chiefs resounds,
Ye to the Grecian Navy must repair
And from these regions sail. But as for thee,
Thou aged and most miserable Dame,
Follow their steps who from Ulysses come,
To whom thy fate consigns thee for a slave
Far from thy country in a foreign land.

HECUBA.

Ah, wretched me! this surely is the last,
The dire completion this, of all my woes.
I leave my country: Ilion's bulwarks flame.
Yet, O decrepid feet, with painful haste
Bear me along, that I may bid adieu
To my unhappy city. Thou, O Troy,
Distinguish'd erst among Barbarian tribes
By thy superior prowess, soon shalt lose
The most illustrious name thou didst acquire:
Thee will the flames consume, and us our foes
Drag from our home to slavery. O ye Gods!
Upon the Gods yet wherefore should I call?
For when we erst invok'd them oft, they heard not.
Come on, and let us rush amid the flames:
For in the ruins of my blazing country
'Twill be to me most glorious to expire.

TALTHYBIUS.

Thy griefs, O wretched woman, make thee frantic.
But lead her hence, neglect not. For Ulysses
Obtain'd this prize, and she to him must go.

HECUBA.

O dread Saturnian king, from whom the Phrygians
Derive their origin, dost thou behold
Our sufferings, most unworthy of the race
Of Dardanus?

CHORUS.

He surely doth behold:
But this great city, city now no more,
Is ruin'd: nought remains of Troy.

HECUBA.

The blaze
Of Ilium glares, the fire hath caught the roofs,
The streets of Pergamus, and crashing towers.

CHORUS.

As the light smok on rapid wing ascends
To heaven, how swiftly vanishes fallen Troy!
Torrents of flame have laid the palace waste,
And o'er its summit waves the hostile spear.

HECUBA.

O fostering soil, that gave my children birth.

CHORUS.

Alas! alas!

HECUBA.

Yet hear me, O my sons,
Your Mother's voice distinguish.

CHORUS.

With loud plaints
Thou call'st upon the dead, those aged limbs
Stretcht on the ground, and scraping up the dust
With either hand. I follow thy example
Kneeling on earth's cold bosom, and invoke
My wretched husband in the shades beneath.

HECUBA.

We forcibly are borne —

CHORUS.

Most doleful sound ?

HECUBA.

To servile roofs.

CHORUS.

From my dear native land.

HECUBA.

(18) Slain, uninter'd, abandon'd by thy friends,
Thou sure, O Priam, know'st not what I suffer.
For sable Death hath clos'd thine eyes for ever ;
Tho' pious, thou by impious hands wert murder'd.
O ye polluted temples of the Gods,
And thou my dearest city.

CHORUS.

Ye, alas,

Are by the deadly flame and pointed spear
Now occupied, on this beloved soil
Soon shall you lie a heap of nameless ruins :
For dust, which mix'd with sinoak, to Heaven ascends,
No longer will permit me to discern
Where erst my habitation stood : the land
Loses its very name, and each memorial
Of pristine grandeur ; wretched Troy's no more.

HECUBA.

Ye know the fatal truth, ye heard the crash

(18) Virgil in the like manner represents the body of the unfortunate Priam as deprived of funereal rites, and left exposed on the strand by the victorious Greeks :

Jacet ingens littore truncus,

Avulsumque humeris caput & sine nomine corpus.

“ On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd King,

“ A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.”

DRYDEN.

The latter part of the description is conformable to the account given by Quintus Calaber, who represents the head of Priam as severed from his body by Neoptolemus with as much ease as the reaper cuts an ear of ripe corn : the circumstance of Priam's being left without a funereal pyre, while Troy was burning, *flamma indiget ardente Trojâ*, is also recorded by Seneca with his usual quaintness.

Of falling towers. Our city to its basis
Is shaken. O ye trembling, trembling limbs,
Support my steps.

TALTHYBIUS.

Depart to end thy days
In servitude. Alas! thou wretched city!
Yet to the navy of the Greeks proceed.

THE BACCHANALIANS.

Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyadas,

Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes

Cantare rivos, atque truncis

Lapsa cavis iterare mella;

—— Tectaque Penthei

Disjecta non levi ruina.

HOR.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

BACCHUS.

PENTHEUS.

CHORUS OF BACCHANALIAN WOMEN.

SERVANT.

TIRESIAS.

CADMUS.

MESSENGER.

ANOTHER MESSENGER.

AGAVE.

SCENE—BEFORE THE PALACE OF PENTHEUS AT
THEBES.

THE BACCHANALIANS.

BACCHUS.

THIS Theban land, I Bacchus Son of Jove
Revisit: I, whom Semele, the Daughter
Of Cadmus, erst amid the lightning's blaze
Brought forth. But for a human form exchanging
That of the God, I to my native fount
Of Dircè and Ismenos' waters come,
And, of my Mother whom the thunder smote,
Behold the tomb, close to her ruin'd house,
Where th' unextinguishable flame from Heaven
Yet blazes, a memorial of the hate
Which Juno to her hapless rival bore.
My praise on Cadmus I bestow, who rear'd
A temple to his Daughter on this spot
Which no unhallow'd feet invade: its walls
I with the blushing fruitage of the vine
Have skreen'd around. But now from Lydia's fields
With gold abounding, from the Phrygian realm,
And that of Persia scorch'd by torrid suns,
Passing thro' Bactrian gates, the frozen land
Of Media, and thro' Araby the blest,
With Asia's wide-extended continent
Reaching to ocean's briny verge, where Greeks
Are intermingled with Barbarian tribes
In many a fortress, and well-peopled town
(1) Where I have led the choral dance, and 'stablish'd
My rites: to manifest my power divine
Among mankind I come to this the first

(1) I have here placed *καὶ χειρῶν* &c. and the following line, before *Εἰς τινδε* &c. on the authority of Pierson's *Verisimilia*: this transposition is also recommended by Dr. Musgrave in his note, and followed in his version.

Of the Hellenian cities; here, in Thebes
 First have I loudly shouted, first have worn
 The hides of slaughter'd stags, and in their hands
 Bade my intrepid votaries wield the spear
 With ivy bound, the thyrsus. For the Sisters
 Of my own Mother, whom it least became,
 Pretend that Bacchus never sprung from Jove,
 But by a human paramour seduc'd,
 That Semele unjustly charg'd the God
 With her transgression, Cadmus having fram'd
 Such stratagem: hence falsly they assert
 She for this boast was by the Thunderer slain.
 I therefore have expell'd them from their homes;
 With frenzy smitten, on yon mount they dwell,
 Now destitute of reason; I constrain'd them
 T' assume the habit in my orgies worn,
 And every woman of the seed of Cadmus,
 Fir'd with the same delirium, I drove forth
 From her abode; they with the Theban youths
 Sit intermingled on the lofty rocks
 Beneath yon verdant pines. Yet must this city,
 Tho' loth, be taught at length that to my rites
 She still remains a stranger, that I plead
 My Mother's cause, and to mankind appear
 A God, by Jove begotten. But his throne,
 And rank, hath Cadmus yielded up to Pentheus,
 His Daughter's Son, who wages impious war
 With me, from his libations who repels me,
 Nor e'er makes mention of me in his prayers.
 To him I therefore, and to every Theban
 Will shew myself a God: all matters here
 Well settled, then to some fresh land remove:
 But if the Theban city in its wrath
 With arms would from the mount my votaries drive,
 Myself will lead the Mænades to battle:
 I for this cause assume a mortal form,
 And have cast off the semblance of a God.

But, O ye generous Dames, who to frequent
 My orgies came from Lydian Tmolus' height,
 By me selected from Barbarian tribes
 My faithful comrades, hither bring those timbrels
 Whose well-known sound pervades the Phrygian realm,
 By Rhea, holy Mother, and by me
 Invented, and around the regal dome
 Of Pentheus marching, beat them loud, that Thebes
 May all come forth and your procession view.
 But with my followers to Cithæron's top
 Will I ascend, and view their choral rites.

[*Exit* BACCHUS.

CHORUS.

Leaving the realms of Asia, and the mount
 Of sacred Tmolus, most delightful toil,
 Pleasing fatigue, I lead the dance prescrib'd
 By Bromius, and attune my voice to chaunt
 The praises of our God. But who obstructs
 My path, or who at yonder portals stands?
 Avaunt, and utter no unhallow'd sounds:
 For as our solemn usages ordain
 Will I to Bacchus ever wake the song.

O D E.

I. 1.

Acquainted with Heaven's mystic rites,
 How blest is he who, purg'd from every stain,
 Glows with religious ardour, and delights
 To haunt the mountains with our duteous train;
 Who to the mighty Mother, yields,
 To Cybele's dread orgies, honour due,
 And to Bacchus' worship true,
 With ivy crown'd, a thyrsus wields.
 Away ye votaries of the God,
 And hither lead the Son of Jove,
 Who Phrygia's pathless mountains long hath trod;
 Midspacious Grecian streets with transport shall he rove.

I. 2.

When sudden throes her entrails tore,
 As wing'd from Heaven the rapid lightnings came,
 The Mother an abortive infant bore,
 And died o'ercome by that celestial flame :
 But Jove, in such distressful state,
 Did for his Son another womb supply,
 And safe within his fostering thigh
 Conceal him from Saturnia's hate :
 At length the horned God he bore,
 Form'd by the Fates with plastic care ;
 Who on his head a wreath of serpents wore,
 The Mænades hence twine the spoils around their hair.

II. 1.

Fresh ivied Garlands shall be thine ;
 O Thebes, where lovely Semele was born :
 Convolvulus with pliant shoots entwine,
 Wield in your revelry the branches torn
 From lofty oak, or verdant pine,
 And of the hides of Stags a vestment wear
 Conspicuous with its spotted hair.
 The celebrate the rites divine
 Now arm yourselves with sportive wand :
 E'en things inanimate shall dance,
 With Bromius, o'er yon mount, the female band,
 Their looms, their shuttles, left, in frantic guise advance.

II. 2.

O ye Curetes, sacred race
 Of happy Crete, where Jove himself was born,
 And Corybantes, with terrific grace
 On whose bright helms three nodding crests are worn ;
 To your inventive skill we owe
 The timbrel, to attemper whose harsh sound
 Soft breath'd the Phrygian pipes around.
 On Rhea first did ye bestow
 That present, which the frantic crew

Of (2) Satyrs, from th' immortal Dame
Obtain'd : to the triennial feasts it drew
A numerous groupe at length, amidst whose loud acclaim

III.

Pleas'd on some mountain Bacchus stands,
Oft as some votary, from his agile bands,
In the Stag's hide array'd, with headlong speed
From its summit to the mead
Descending, quaffs the wild goat's spouting gore,
Eager on crude flesh to prey,

And to the Lydian hills pursues his way :
With Evoë, Evoë sounds each mountain hoar :
Bromius himself conducts the festive band :

Rills of milk, and rills of wine,
Moisten the enchanted land ;

For him the bee's nectareous treasures stream,
And Syrian frankincense perfumes his shrine.

The God, who lifts a blazing pine,
Swift rushes on, and scattering wide its gleam
Excites the loiterers, in their mid-career

His voice pervades their ear,
While wanton in the gale his tresses bright :

Inspiring thus their festive strain,
He cries, " Advance, O duteous train,
" My praise to hymn on Tmolus' golden height,
" With loud-mouth'd drum, and Phrygian shout,
" Record great Evan your victorious God,
" Wheree'er the pipe invites your giddy rout
" To sports in my belov'd abode,
" Such sports as suits the Mænades, who climb

(2) " These two verses, hitherto little understood, ought, I think, to be rendered, *but the frantic Satyrs obtained it* (i. e. the Timbrel) *from the Mother-Goddess.* For the Poet is giving a kind of history of the Timbrel: its invention was due to the Curetes and Corybantes, by whom it was delivered into the hands of Mother Rhea, and obtained from her by the Satyrs, who united it to the triennial dances " with which Bacchus is delighted."

HEATH, not. Trag. Vet. p. 108, Oxon. 1762.

“ With fearless step the ridge sublime.”
 Like the young colt, with conscious pride
 Who gambols by the Mother’s side,
 Exulting see each Nymph advance
 To join the Bacchanalian dance.

TIRESIAS, CHORUS.

TIRESIAS.

Who from the palace gates calls Cadmus forth,
 Agenor’s Son, who rear’d these Theban walls
 After he fled from Sidon’s coast? go, say
 Tiresias seeks him, he my errand knows,
 And our agreement; hoary veterans both,
 To bear the sacred thyrsus, and array’d
 In dappled hides of stags, around our heads
 The flaunting ivy bind.

CADMUS, TIRESIAS, CHORUS.

CADMUS.

My dearest friend,
 What joy inspir’d me, when each sapient word
 That flows from thy instructive tongue, I heard
 Within the palace: but I come prepar’d,
 Invested with the ensigns of the God.
 For it behoves us, with our utmost might
 To raise the glories of my Daughter’s Son,
 Illustrious Bacchus, who to mortal eyes
 A potent God displays himself. O where
 Shall we begin, or where conclude the dance,
 Shaking our hoary locks? conduct the steps,
 Aged Tiresias, of thy aged friend:
 For thou art wise; and I, by night, by day
 Unwearied, with my thyrsus am resolv’d
 To smite the ground, tho’ sports like these our age
 Has caus’d us to forget.

TIRESIAS.

You sympathise

With me, for I too am grown young again,
And in the dance will join.

CADMUS.

We in our chariots

Will therefore mount the hill.

TIRESIAS.

This might be deem'd

An insufficient homage to the God.

CADMUS.

Old as I am, O veteran, like a child

Thee will I guide.

TIRESIAS.

Superfluous are our toils,

For to Cithæron will the God himself

Conduct us.

CADMUS.

But shall we alone, of all

The Theban citizens, to Bacchus lead

The festive dance ?

TIRESIAS.

Because ourselves alone

Are truly wise, but others judge amiss.

CADMUS.

'Twill be a tedious march : but take my hand.

TIRESIAS.

O clasp yours fast in mine.

CADMUS.

I am a man

And hence presume not to despise the Gods.

TIRESIAS.

Into the nature of th' immortal Powers

I search not too minutely. Those traditions

Which from our Sires descended, and which long

We have preserv'd, coeval with our birth,

By no insidious reasoning, no device

Of sophisters, can ever be o'erthrown.

Some will allege, I use not the discretion

My age requires, when I resolve to dance,
 And with a wreath of ivy crown my brows.
 Whether the young or old should lead his choir
 The God hath not defin'd, but claims from all
 A public homage, tho' to him no joy
 Mere numbers by their worship can afford.

CADMUS.

Since, O Tiresias, thou these solar beams
 Behold'st not, by my words will I to thee
 Perform the faithful office of a Seer.
 Pentheus with speed toward the palace comes,
 Echion's son, to whom I have surrender'd
 The empire of this land. How is he smitten
 With wonder! what fresh tidings can he bring?

PENTHEUS, CADMUS, TIRESIAS, CHORUS.

PENTHEUS.

Having awhile been absent from the realm,
 On my return I hear, that by fresh evils
 This city is infested, and their homes
 Our women have deserted, on pretence
 That they in mystic orgies are engag'd;
 On the unbrageous hills they chant the praise
 Of this new God, whoe'er he be, this Bacchus;
 Him in their dances they revere, and place
 Amid their ranks huge goblets fraught with wine:
 Some fly to pathless deserts, where they meet
 Their paramours, while they in outward shew
 Are Mænades by holy rites engross'd,
 Yet Venus more than Bacchus they revere.
 Binding their hands, as many as I caught,
 My servants in the public prisons hold:
 But o'er the craggy mountains will I chase
 All who escap'd, both Ino and Agave
 Who to Echion bore me, with Autonöe
 Actæon's mother; them in galling chains
 Will I secure, and force them to desist

From these accursed Bacchanalian rites.
But they inform me that a stranger, vers'd
In fraud and vile enchantments, is arriv'd
From Lydia, grac'd with auburn tresses, wreath'd
In wavy ringlets, his complexion's ruddy,
And in his animated eyes are lodg'd
All Cytherea's graces, he, by day,
By night, holds converse with our blooming maids,
Pretending to instruct them in the rites
Of Bacchus. But if once within these walls
I seize him, he no more shall brandish wide
His thyrsus, or those auburn ringlets wave,
For I that head will sever from his trunk.
He says that Bacchus is a God, pretends
That erst he in the fostering thigh of Jove
Was lodg'd secure, tho' by Heaven's flaming bolts
He with his guilty Mother was consum'd,
Because with lying tongue she styl'd herself
The Thunderer's bride. Doth not the arrogance
Of this vain stranger, whosoc'er he be,
Merit severe and exemplary vengeance?
But lo, another miracle! I view
The seer Tiresias, in the dappled hides
Of stags, (O most ridiculous!) array'd
Attended by my Mother's hoary Father,
Who brandishes a wand in frantic guise.
'Tis with disgust, my Grandsire, that these eyes
Behold your venerable age devoid
Of understanding. Why refuse to cast
That ivy-wreath away, or why still holds
Your hand the thyrsus? was it, O Tiresias,
Thro' thy persuasion? would'st thou have him too,
Bias'd in introducing to mankind
This upstart God, observe the winged tribes
That skim the air, or from the blazing shrine
Derive a gainful trade? Unless grey hairs
Had pleaded thy excuse, thou should'st sit chain'd

Amid you Bacchanalians. For when women
Shame at their feasts the grape's bewitching juice ;
From their licentious orgies, I pronounce,
No good results.

CHORUS.

Ye violated rites
Ordain'd by Heáven ! O stranger, for the Gods
Hast thou no reverence, or for mighty Cadmus,
Who erst that crop of earth-born warriors sow'd ?
Son of Echion, dost thou shame thy race ?

TIRESIAS.

When the wise man hath found a specious topic
On which to argue, he with ease may frame
An eloquent harangue. Your tongue indeed
Is voluble like theirs who reason well,
But in your language no discretion reigns.
He who possesses courage, sovereign power,
And fluency of speech, if not endued
With wisdom, is an evil citizen.
I have not words t' express how this new God
Whom you deride, thro' Greece shall be rever'd.
The two chief rulers of this nether world,
Proud boy, are Ceres, Goddess most benign,
Or Earth, (distinguish her by either name)
Who nourishes mankind with solid food :
Yet hath the son of Semele discover'd,
And introduc'd, the grape's delicious draught,
Which vies with her, which causes every grief
To cease among the wretched tribes of men,
With the enlivening beverage of the vine
Whenever they are fill'd ; he also gives
Sleep, sweet oblivion to our daily cares,
Than which no medicine is with greater power
Endued to heal our anguish. Tho' a God,
He in libations to th' immortal powers
Is oft pour'd forth, that men thro' him may gain
Unnumber'd benefits. But you deride him,

Because he erst was in the thigh of Jove
 Enclos'd : to you I fully will expound
 This noble mystery. From the lightning's blaze
 When Jove had snatch'd and to Olympus borne
 The tender infant, Juno from the realms
 Of Heaven would have expelled him. But Jove fram'd
 This stratagem to thwart her ; having broken
 A portion of that Ether which enwraps
 The world, he plac'd him there, surrendering up
 Young Bacchus for an hostage, to appease
 The wrath of Juno ; whence, in after-times,
 Deluded mortals said he in the thigh
 Of Jove was nourish'd, and by thus omitting
 (3) One single letter, the tradition forg'd.
 This God too is a mighty Seer, the transports,
 And Bacchanalian frenzy he inspires,
 With a prophetic energy abound :
 For when he enters with resistless force
 The human frame, he prompts his madding votaries
 To speak of things hereafter, and assumes,
 In some degree, the character of Mars (4)

(3) Substituting *μηρος*, which signifies "thigh," for *ομηρος* "hostage." Many antient Greek writers call Juno "the Air," insomuch that, *Ἡρα ο αερα* is a definition to be met with in Suidas, and several other Lexicographers ; and hence Bacchus' being lodg'd in the *Air* when he was an infant, is called his being given to *Juno* for an hostage : But Diodorus Siculus imputes the origin of this tradition to the concealment of Bacchus in a mountain of India, called *Meros*, overlooking the city of Nysa, which boasted of having that God for its founder.

(4) Nonnus in like manner draws a comparison between Bacchus and Mars ;

Ἀρεος ἢ καλῶν σε χερσίωναι· κει γὰρ ἐριζοῖς
 Παισι Διὸς τεκνεσσιν· ἐπει φωνῆ στο θυρῶν
 Τῶσσαν ἀριστευεις, ὅσσαν δορι μακροτάτῃ Ἀρης.

Dionyss. L. 18. p. 504, ed. Lubini.

In nought to Mars inferior thee I call ;
 Great 'midst th' sons of Jove, thou viest with all :
 Not Mars with more success his spear doth wield
 Than thou thy thyrsus in th' embattled field.

The same Poet, in another passage, which does not at present readily

For he with sudden terror smites the host,
 When under arms, e'en in the ranks of war,
 Before a lance is hurl'd: by Bacchus wrought
 Are madness, and these fears: on Delphic rocks
 May you behold him vaulting, with a torch
 Smiting the cloven summit of Parnassus,
 And brandishing the Bacchanalian branch;
 He thro' all Greece is mighty. But, O Pentheus,
 To my persuasions yield, nor idly boast
 Of your authority, your rank supreme:
 Learn to suppress the fond conceit, nor think
 That you are wise. But in this land receive
 The God, pour forth libations, celebrate
 His feasts, and on your brow the garland bind.
 For Bacchus drags not a reluctant train
 Of Females to th' impure delights of Venus:
 But in his nature still doth there subsist
 An inborn modesty, which never fails,
 To this we should look well: for midst the rites
 Of Bacchus, no contagion can infect
 The bosoms of the chaste. Hath this escap'd
 Your notice? You rejoice, when crowds beset
 The gates, and Thebes extolls the name of Pentheus:
 He too delights in homage I presume.
 Myself, and Cadmus whom you ridicule,
 Will therefore wear our ivy crowns, and dance,
 Both grey with age, yet is behoves us both
 To join the choral dance, nor shall your words
 Urge me to wage an ineffectual war
 Against the God. For with inveterate frenzy
 Are you possest, no magic charms can heal
 A malady like yours, which owes its rise
 To some enchantment.

CHORUS.

Aged man, thou hold'st

occur to me, describes in a very animated strain the wonderful and instantaneous effects of a Panic terror on the human mind,

A language not unworthy of Apollo,
And wisely pay'st due honours to young Bromius,
That mighty God.

CADMUS.

Tiresias, O my son,
Hath counsell'd thee aright: with us reside,
The laws forbid not. But from us thou fliest,
Tho' capable, yet destitute of wisdom,
What tho', as thou averr'st, this Bacchus prove
At length no God, yet call him one; the falshood
Shall do thee credit: since he is the son
Of Semele, th' opinion that she bore
A Deity, great honour will reflect
On us, and all our race. Hast thou beheld
Actæon's wretched fate, whom in the woods,
Train'd by his care, the ravenous hounds devour'd,
Because he idly boasted to excel
Diana in the chase? lest thou like him
Should'st perish, hither come, and round thy head
'The sacred ivy will I bind; with us
Yield homage to the God.

PENTHEUS.

You shall not touch me;
Go celebrate these Bacchanalian rites,
Your folly is contagious. On the wretch
From whom you learn such madness, will I wreak
A vengeance just and terrible. Let some
Go to yon chair with speed, whence he observes
The flight of birds, o'erturn it with their levers
As if with Neptune's trident, in confusion
Blend all his ensigns of the Soothsayer's trade,
And to the winds of Heaven disperse his wreaths;
Hence shall I sting him deeply: but let others
Range thro' the city, and trace out the steps
Of that effeminate stranger, who misleads
Into fresh guilt our women, and defiles
The bridal couch: if ye the miscreant seize,

Bind him and drag him hither, to be ston'd
As he deserves : in Thebes shall he behold
Most inauspicious Bacchanalian rites.

TIRESIAS.

Unhappy man, you know not what you say.
You certainly are frantic, and long since
Your reason has been wavering. Let us go
And offer up our prayers for him, O Cadmus,
(Altho' his wrath be dreadful) and for Thebes,
Lest signal vengeance, by th' offended God,
Should be on all inflicted. With your staff
Of ivy follow me, and let us strive
Each other to support : it were unseemly
For two old men to fall. But come what may,
To Bacchus, son of Jove, must we perform
Our duteous service. But beware, lest Pentheus
Bring sorrow to your house. Not as a Seer
This do I speak ; but by experience taught
That folly issues from the mouth of fools.

[*Exeunt CADMUS and TIRESIAS.*]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

Religion, O thou venerable Queen,
Borne on thy golden pinions thro' the world,
-Heard'st thou that foul reproach,
By the blaspheming Pentheus cast
On Bromius, Semele's illustrious son,
Who crown'd with vernal garlands, at the board
Where genial mirth presides, is most rever'd
Of all the blest immortal powers ?
His offices are these ; to dance,
To hear the pipe's sweet sounds with joy,
To bid care cease, when the grape's clusters
Are introduc'd among the Gods,
And foaming bowls, with ivy tendrills wreath'd,
Cause the gay feast to close in lenient sleep.

I. 2.

To certain misery, the unbridled tongue,
 And frenzy's lawless rage, at length must lead;
 But a pacific life
 On its stable basis rests,
 And Wisdom is the pillar of a throne.
 Distant in place, from Ether's lucid fields
 The Gods look down on mortals here below.
 That science which beyond the scope
 Of frail humanity aspires,
 Haunts not the bosom of the Sage.
 Short is life, and they who follow
 Ambition's splendid treacherous lure
 Taste not the blessings of the present hour:
 I deem their conduct frantic and unwise.

II. 1.

O could I sail to Cyprus, happy isle
 Of Venus, whence sweet Loves dispens'd to man
 Sooth every anxious breast!
 And Paphos, where with hundred mouths
 The waves of ocean fructify the plains,
 Tho' never aided by refreshing showers;
 Or to the Muses' fair Pierian seat
 Olympus' consecrated vale,
 O Bromius, Bromius, thither lead
 Our chosen band, thou Power Divine:
 In those realms are found the Graces,
 There inhabits young Desire,
 And there exulting Bacchus' festive train
 Their sacred orgies are allow'd to hold.

II. 2.

Our Deity, the son of Jove, delights
 In banquets, and in Peace, the source of wealth,
 And nurse of blooming youths:
 Impartial to the rich and poor,
 On both he showers unmingled joys of wine:
 Whoever sternly slights the proffer'd boon,

Foe to the God, rejects a bliss which lasts
 Thro' lengthen'd days and happy nights.
 'Tis wisdom to restrain our souls
 From crediting the doctrines taught
 By men, rashly overweening.
 Whate'er with uniform consent,
 The multitude hath practis'd and approv'd,
 As an unquestion'd truth will I proclaim.

SERVANTS BRING BACCHUS BOUND,
 PENTHEUS, CHORUS.

SERVANT.

We come, O Pentheus, having seiz'd the prey,
 For whom thou didst dispatch us, nor in vain
 Assail'd we, for we found the savage tame :
 He fled not, but without reluctance yielded
 And undismay'd, nor did those ruddy cheeks
 Change their complexion ; with a smile he bade us
 Bind him and lead him on ; his firm demeanor
 Extorted my respect : then seiz'd with shame
 I cry'd ; " O stranger, I against my will
 " Convey thee hence ; but I am sent by Pentheus,
 " Who thus enjoin'd." As for the female choir
 Of Bacchus' votaries, whom, when caught, by chains
 Thou in the public prison didst confine,
 Escap'd from bondage, thro' the sacred groves
 They in wild measures lead the dance, and call
 On Bromius, on the God whom they adore.
 Spontaneously their fetters burst asunder,
 And massive bars, untouch'd by human hand,
 Flew from the doors. To Thebes this stranger comes
 With many powers miraculous endued.
 But 'tis thy part to see to what remains.

PENTHEUS.

Hold fast his hands : for now he is confin'd
 Amid the toils, he hath not speed sufficient
 To 'scape me. The mere graces of thy form
 Are such, O stranger, as may well entice

Frail women's hearts, and for this cause thou com'st.
 Unlike a wrestler's, o'er thy cheeks dishevel'd
 Stream the long ringlets of thy hair, expressive
 Of wantonness; effeminately white
 Is thy complexion; the sun's parching rays
 Avoiding, by thy charms in shadowy groves
 Thou striv'st love's idle dalliance to invite.
 But first inform me from what race thou spring'st.

BACCHUS.

No empty boast I utter, but with ease
 Can answer this enquiry. Have you heard
 Of Tmolus' flowery mount?

PENTHEUS.

I know it circles
 The walls of Sardis.

BACCHUS.

Thence I come: my country
 Is Lydia.

PENTHEUS.

But from whence dost thou import
 These rites to Greece?

BACCHUS.

By Bacchus, son of Jove,
 Was I initiated.

PENTHEUS.

Is there a Jove
 In those Barbaric regions who begets
 New Deities?

BACCHUS.

No: but 'tis he who here
 Took for his Bride the beauteous Semele.

PENTHEUS.

Was it by night or in the face of day
 That he constrain'd thee to adopt his worship?

BACCHUS.

By him was I discern'd, him too I saw
 Full clearly, when to me the God entrusted

The mystic rites.

PENTHEUS.

But of these mystic rites

What is the nature?

BACCHUS.

They who never mingled

In Bacchus' sacred orgies must not know.

PENTHEUS.

Avail they aught to those who at his altars
Present th' oblation?

BACCHUS.

Tho' it well deserve

All your researches, this you must not hear.

PENTHEUS.

Thou artfully hast vamp'd up this deceit
To raise my curiosity.

BACCHUS.

The rites

Of Bacchus dwell not underneath the roof
Of bold impiety.

PENTHEUS.

Since thou averr'st

That thou full clearly hast discern'd the God,
Describe his person.

BACCHUS.

He assum'd what form

He pleas'd, nor did I issue my commands.

PENTHEUS.

My question thou full dextrously evad'st,
And mak'st no answer.

BACCHUS.

He must seem devoid

Of reason, who mysterious truths unfolds
To those who lack discretion.

PENTHEUS.

Cam'st thou first

To Thebes, to introduce this God?

BACCHUS.

In dance

All the Barbarians celebrate our orgies.

PENTHEUS.

Because in wisdom they are far beneath
The citizens of Greece.

BACCHUS

In this respect

They far transcend: but different are their laws.

PENTHEUS.

By night or day these sacred rites perform'st thou?

BACCHUS.

Mostly by night, for venerable is darkness.

PENTHEUS.

To women this is treacherous and unsafe.

BACCHUS.

E'en in the broadest day may shame be found.

PENTHEUS.

Thou for thy impious sophistries shalt suffer
Due punishment.

BACCHUS.

For indiscretion, you,

And want of reverence to the God.

PENTHEUS.

How bold

Is Bacchus, practis'd in the strife of words!

BACCHUS.

What shall I suffer, say what dreadful sentence
On me wilt thou inflict?

PENTHEUS.

First will I cut

Thy graceful ringlets.

BACCHUS.

Sacred are these locks,

I (5) nourish them in reverence to the God.

(5) "Virgil has translated this passage in the account of Amata
"pretending to devote her Daughter Lavinia to Bacchus;

PENTHEUS.

Then let thy hands surrender up the thyrsus.

BACCHUS.

Take it away thyself: it was the gift
Of Bacchus, and I bear it.

PENTHEUS.

In a dungeon

Thee will I guard.

BACCHUS.

Whene'er I please, the God,
The God himself, will instantly release me.

PENTHEUS.

When 'midst his frantic votaries thou shalt stand,
And call upon his name.

BACCHUS.

E'en now the God
Is present, and beholds what I endure.

PENTHEUS.

Where is he? to these eyes he still remains
Invisible.

BACCHUS.

With me: but you are impious,
And cannot see him.

PENTHEUS.

Hold him fast; he scorns
Both me and Thebes.

“ Quin etiam in silvas simulato numine Bacchi

“ Evolat, et natam frondosis montibus abdit,

“ Evoë Bacche, fremens, solam te virgine dignum

“ Vociferans. Etenim molles tibi sumere thyrsos,

“ Te lustrare choro, *sacram tibi pascere crinem.* Æn. l. vii. v. 385.

“ Wandering through woods and wilds and devious ways,

“ She feign'd the rites of Bacchus, cried aloud

“ And to the buxom God the Virgin vow'd:

“ Evoë, O Bacchus, thus began the song,

“ And Evoë, answer'd all the female throng.

“ O Virgin, worthy thee alone!” she cried;

“ O worthy thee alone!” the crew replied:

“ For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,

“ And with thy winding ivy wreathls her lance.

DRYDEN.”

BRUNCK.

BACCHUS.

Stand off, and bind me not :
I still retain my reason, and say this
To the distracted.

PENTHEUS.

I who here am lord
O'er thee, repeat it, that thou shalt be bound.

BACCHUS.

You know not that you live, you neither see
Nor recollect your very name.

PENTHEUS.

'Tis Pentheus ;
Agave and Echion were my parents.

BACCHUS.

Such (6) inauspicious fortunes as that name
Prognosticates, you justly have deserv'd.

PENTHEUS.

Go, bind him to the manger where my steeds
Are fed, that darkness may his prospects bound.
There dance : but I for slaves will sell these women
Whom thou bring'st hither, partners of thy crimes ;
Or from the rattling drum at least restrain
Their busy hands, and make them ply the loom.

[Exit PENTHEUS.]

BACCHUS.

I will retire : For what the fates decree not,
Necessity constrains us not t'endure.
But for these scoffs, will Bacchus, whom you call
A thing of nought, on your devoted head
Inflict just vengeance : for, while me you wrong,
You drag, in galling chains, the captive God.

[Exit BACCHUS guarded.]

(6) In the Greek language *πενθος*; signifies "Grief." At the conclusion of the dialogue between Cadmus and Tiresias a few pages before, the latter has already made the same miserable pun; and Theocritus has debased his 26th Idyllium by it,

Εξ οπρὸς πενθημα, και ε Πενθηα φερησαι.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

From Achelous' slimy bed,
 O lovely Dirce, who deriv'st thy birth ;
 When first Jove's son young Bacchus grac'd the earth,
 Thy streams were sprinkled o'er his head.
 Th' abortive infant, his relenting Sire
 Snatch'd from the lightning's livid fire,
 And shelter'd in his thigh ;
 " Let this male womb contain thee," cried aloud
 The parent God ; " till to Thebes' wondering crowd
 " Thee I produce, their Deity,
 " By Dithyrambus' name." Our solemn rite,
 Yet thou, O Dirce, dost confound,
 Regardless of our train with garlands crown'd.
 Why scorn my prayer ? what means thy flight ?
 Obedient to young Bromius' nod,
 Soon shall thy current hail the jocund God,
 Shaded by ripen'd clusters bright,
 And vineyards blushing rich delight.

II.

But ah, with what ungovern'd rage
 Amidst our orgies stalks yon earth-born King,
 Pentheus, who from the Dragon's teeth did spring
 The prop of bold Echion's age ?
 No human features mark that savage face,
 He, like the Giants' bloody race,
 Defies th' immortal Powers.
 'Midst Bromius' votaries, while I tread the plain,
 Me will the Tyrant bind with galling chain ;
 The partner of our festive hours
 Already in a dungeon he detains,
 Secluded from the beams of day.
 O Bacchus, Son of Jove, dost thou survey
 The Priest who chants thy hallow'd strains

Expos'd to Fate's impending scourge ?
 Descend benign from steep Olympus' verge,
 Brandish thy thyrsus, and repress
 That ruthless miscreant's wantonness.

III.

Lead'st thou the votive choir
 To Nyssa's (7) mount where savage beasts abound,
 On steep Corycian summits art thou found,
 Or dost thou haunt Olympus' shadowy cave,
 Where Orpheus erst, with magic lyre,
 Collected trees that listen'd to his strain,
 And lur'd the howling lion from the plain ?
 O blest Pierian mount,
 Revering thee, ere long will Bacchus lead
 His shouting followers to the Muses' fount,
 And crossing Axius' rapid spring
 The Mænades to (8) Lydia bring
 Streaming with joys exhaustless and refin'd,
 Bounteous parent of mankind,
 Whose waters glide thro' regions fan'd
 For coursers which outstrip the wind.

(7) The epithet *Νυσσοτροφος*; "nurse of wild beasts" seems to be here applied to the mountain Nyssa, on account of its producing the Tigers by which Poets and Painters concur in representing the chariot of Bacchus as drawn,

Qui pampineis victor juga flectit habenis
 Liber, agens celso Nysæ de vertice Tigres.

VIRGIL, *Æd.* l. vi. v. 804.

Bacchus turning from his Indian war,
 By Tygers drawn triumphant in his car
 From Nisus' top descending on the plains ;
 With curling vines around his purple reins.

DRYDEN.

Mr. Jodrell having too hastily taken the last of the above lines from Virgil, detached ; calls it a representation of the God *pursuing* the Tigers from the lofty eminence of Nysa.

(8) Heath and Dr. Musgrave, in their notes, observe that the Asiatic Lydia cannot be the place here meant, but that the Poet is speaking of a river called Lydia, mentioned by several of the antient historians and geographical writers, which constitutes the boundary between some part of Bœotia and Macedon.

BACCHUS (*within*).

Ho! listen, listen, listen, to my voice,
Ye Bacchanalian Nymphs.

CHORUS.

Who's there? whence came
The sounds of Eivus which thus call me forth?

BACCHUS (*within*).

To you again I speak, e'en I the Son
Of Semele and Jove.

SEMICHORUS I.

Thou mighty Lord,
O Bromius, Bromius, join our votive choir.
How horribly the ground beneath our feet
Shakes! venerable God! ere long the house
Of Pentheus from its basis shall be hurl'd.
Refulgent in the portals Bacchus stands,
To him yield duteous worship.

SEMICHORUS II.

We obey.

See the beams starting from yon marble columns.
Within those chambers the triumphant shouts
Of Bromius shall be heard.

SEMICHORUS I.

Light, light the torch,
The blazing torch, and fire the house of Pentheus.

SEMICHORUS II.

Behold'st thou not the rising conflagration,
And on the sacred tomb of Semele
How with redoubled force those embers burn
The relics of Jove's lightning? on the ground
Fall prostrate, O ye trembling Mænades:
For Bacchus, Son of Jove, our King, invades,
And levels these proud mansions with the ground.

BACCHUS, CHORUS.

BACCHUS.

What! seiz'd with terror, ye Barbarian dames,

On earth are ye fallen prostrate? ye perceiv'd,
 It seems, how Bacchus shook the house of Pentheus.
 Rise; let those trembling limbs resume their office,
 And lay aside your fears.

CHORUS.

O thou who pour'st
 A splendour o'er our Bacchanalian rites,
 Thee with what transport I again behold!
 Forlorn we wail'd thy absence.

BACCHUS.

By despair
 Were ye encompass'd; borne to Pentheus' house
 When I was sentenc'd to the gloomy dungeon.

CHORUS.

What could I feel but horror; for what friend
 Had I if thou hadst fail'd? But by what means
 Wert thou deliver'd, after thou hadst fallen
 Into the hands of that unrighteous man?

BACCHUS.

Myself full easily myself set free,
 And with no toil.

CHORUS.

Did he not bind thy hands
 In galling chains?

BACCHUS.

Herein too I his rage
 Have mock'd: for while he thought he had secur'd
 His prisoner, me he touch'd not, but was sooth'd
 With empty hope: for having found a Bull
 In the same stall to which they had confin'd me,
 The beast's tough hoofs he shackled, breathing ire;
 Sweat from each pore distill'd, and with his teeth
 He gnaw'd his lips, while I sat near at hand
 An unconcern'd spectator: but meantime
 Bacchus on his arrival shook the walls,
 And kindled on his Mother's sepulchre
 The sleeping embers, which, when Pentheus saw,

He thought the mansion blaz'd, and ran impetuous
 Now here, now there, commanding his attendants
 To bring all (9) Achelous : to no purpose
 Did every servant toil ; but he the flames
 Left unextinguish'd, and on a surmise
 That I had 'scap'd, into the palace rush'd
 With his drawn sword. Then Bromius (I describe
 Each circumstance as it to me appear'd)
 Within the hall, a meteor in my shape
 Compos'd, which the distracted Pentheus smote,
 Wounding the air as if he had transpierc'd

(8) The river Achelous was so much celebrated, that it has frequently been made use of to signify water in general, as in Virgil's *Georgics*,

*Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit aristâ,
 Poculaque inventis Acheloia miscuit uvis.*

Which Dryden has rendered

“ Who gave us corn for mast, for water wine.”

When Hermione makes use of the term *Αχελως ὄροσον* in the *Andromache*, while she is threatening to employ that unfortunate Princess in the most servile offices, I have concurred with the Latin translation in rendering it simply “*water*,” because I was apprehensive it might sound preposterous to an English reader to speak of the small quantity of water carried in a vessel at Phthia, a province of Thessaly, by the name of a river dividing Ætolia from Acarnania, at which it was impossible it could have been filled. But where the frantic Pentheus is calling for whole rivers to extinguish a conflagration, the geography becomes immaterial, nor are we bound to enquire whether the scene is near their banks : by dropping the metaphor, and saying only “to bring water,” we may be thought to weaken the energy of the original. I cannot discover any other reason for Dirce being called, in the preceding Ode, the Daughter of Achelous, than that river's being considered as Didymus (cited by Barnes) styles it, in the light of the most antient of all others, *Ποταμῶν πρεσβυτατῶν*. Nonnus calls the fountain Dirce, the Daughter of Ismenos, a river near Thebes, often mentioned in conjunction with it by Euripides ; and Boccace, in his *Genealogia Decorum Gentilium*, speaks of Dirce, who, before her metamorphosis, was Wife of Lycus, as one of the Daughters of the Sun. In regard to the passage referred to by Barnes, in *Natalis Comes*, a writer of the sixteenth century, it affords no new light, as the above-mentioned passage of Euripides is the sole authority he produces for calling Dirce daughter of Achelous.

My vitals. Bacchus then afflicted him
 With greater evils, for he dash'd the roof
 Upon the ground, and the whole structure broke
 Into a thousand fragments, while he view'd
 The scene of my captivity, a scene
 To him most inauspicious: thro' fatigue
 His sword he from his hand let fall, and droops
 Unnerv'd; presumptuous man, who with a God
 Hath dar'd to wage this war. But undismay'd
 I from these doors the Bacchanalian choir
 Conducting, join your band, nor heed the wrath
 Of Pentheus. But I deem he soon will reach
 The vestibule, for I his sandals hear
 Within resounding. After these events
 What vehement reproaches will he utter?
 Yet will I meet him calmly, tho' he come
 Breathing die threats: for it behoves the wise
 To curb the sallies of outrageous ire,

PENTHEUS, BACCHUS, CHORUS.

PENTHEUS.

Most horrid are the ills I have endur'd:
 That stranger, whom so recently I bound,
 Hath from confinement 'scap'd. But ha! 'tis he.
 What prodigies are these? How com'st thou forth,
 How dar'st thou to appear before my gates?

BACCHUS.

O pause awhile; refrain these hasty strides,
 And curb that vehemence of soul.

PENTHEUS.

How cam'st thou
 Forth from thy prison? how could'st thou shake off
 Thy fetters?

BACCHUS.

Said I not, or did these words
 Escape your ears? "A God shall set me free."

PENTHEUS.

I know not what thou mean'st, such various boasts

Flow from that tongue.

BACCHUS.

He who for man produc'd

The clustering vine.

PENTHEUS.

Thou falsly dost assert

That Bacchus wrought this miracle.

BACCHUS.

Bar fast

The massive doors of each encircling tower.

PENTHEUS.

Would that avail me? cannot Gods o'erleap
The topmost pinnacles?

BACCHUS.

In all beside

Are you full wise, except in that great point
Where wisdom is most needful.

PENTHEUS.

I am vers'd

In each essential rule of a sage conduct.

BACCHUS.

First then to yonder Messenger give ear,
And learn what tidings from the mount he brings;
While we will here remain, and scorn to fly.

MESSENGER, PENTHEUS, BACCHUS,
CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

O Pentheus, monarch of this Theban realm,
I, from Cithæron's summit, am arriv'd,
Pil'd with unwasted heaps of whitest snow.

PENTHEUS.

What mighty business doth this speech announce?

MESSENGER.

I saw the Bacchanalian dames, who, urg'd
By frantic transports, issued from our gates
With their feet bare. My Sovereign, I to you
And to this city, would relate the deeds

They have committed, which are fraught with horror
 And most miraculous ; but wish to hear
 Whether I freely may recount what happen'd,
 Or should abridge the tale : for, O my Lord,
 The hasty temper of your soul, that rage
 And awful mien of royalty I fear.

PENTHEUS.

Speak out : thou shalt incur no punishment
 From me, to whom the voice of honest truth
 Conveys no hostile sounds : but in proportion
 As the exploits of yonder madding crew ;
 Which thou to me report'st, are more atrocious,
 Severer wrath shall overtake the miscreant,
 Who to our women taught these impious rites.

MESSENGER.

Our heifers in large herds the mountain's brow
 Ascended, as the sun his orient beams
 Diffus'd to warm earth's surface, there I saw
 Three groups of women ; o'er the first Autonoe
 Presided, o'er the next your royal Mother
 Agave, and the third was Ino's band.
 Carelessly stretcht upon the ground all slept,
 Some for their pillow chose the leaves of fir ;
 On the oak's casual foliage spread beneath
 While others decently reclin'd their heads ;
 Nor had th' intoxicating bowl, or sound
 Of the shrill pipe, as you assert, impell'd them
 To wander thro' the verdant grove in quest
 Of Venus' joys impure. But standing up
 Amidst the Bacchanalian choir, your Mother,
 To wake them from their slumbers, loudly shouted
 Soon as the bellowing of the bulls she heard.
 Then casting off sweet slumber from their eyes,
 With wond'rous seeming modesty they rose,
 Young, old, the virgin, and th' unwedded dame.
 Over their shoulders first their streaming hair
 They spread, resuming the hind's shaggy hide

Which loosely floated, by no zone confin'd,
The speckled skins of serpents round their knees
Were girt, some in their arms bore kids, or whelps
Of surly wolves, and gave them suck, at home
Leaving their new-born children; on her front
Each plac'd a vivid garland form'd of oak,
Ivy, or flowers of wild convolvulus:
But one of them her thyrsus seiz'd, and smote
The solid rock, whence gush'd the limpid fount;
Another plung'd her wand into the ground,
From whence the bounteous God caus'd streams of wine
To issue forth, while they who wish'd for milk
Thrusting their fingers only through the turf
Found lacteous currents follow: honey dripp'd
From every staff with pliant ivy bound.
Had you been there, and seen these prodigies,
You, to that Deity whom now you scorn,
Had yielded homage. We together met,
Leaving our oxen and our fleecy charge,
Among each other a debate to hold
On their miraculous and strange exploits?
But an impostor, who in cities long
Had exercis'd his fluency of speech,
Address'd us in these terms, "O ye who dwell
" Upon this hallow'd mount, are ye dispos'd
" From her wild orgies forcibly to drag
" Agave Pentheus' Mother, and perform
" An acceptable service to our King?"
His words approving, we behind the thicket
In ambush plac'd ourselves: they wildly mov'd,
Their band collecting at the stated hour
To celebrate their feasts, with a loud voice
Invoking Bacchus, Bromius Son of Jove:
The savage beasts, the very mountain shar'd
Their Bacchanalian transports; where they trod
All nature whirl'd around. But near me leap'd
Agave; starting up, I, from the thicket

Where I lay hid, sprung forth and ran to seize her.
She shriek'd aloud; "O ye my nimble hounds,
"These men would hunt us down; but follow me
"Each with her thyrsus arm'd." By hasty flight
From these infuriate Bacchanalian dames
We 'scap'd; but they our grazing herds invaded,
Tho' in their hands no steely weapon gleam'd:
You might have seen one seize and firmly hold
A fatted heifer, others rent the limbs
Of steers asunder; ribs and cloven hoofs
Were toss'd around, from branching pines distill'd
Morsels of flesh and intermingled gore.
The raging bulls, who menac'd with their horns,
Were in a moment stretch'd upon the ground
Assail'd by many a blooming maid: the Daughters
Of royal Cadmus from the flesh tore off
The hides, ere you could close your eyes; and swift
As birds that cleave the air, they to the vale
Were borne, where o'er Asopus' current waves
The plenteous Theban harvest: on they rush'd
Midst Hysia's and Erythra's swains, who dwell
Beneath Cithæron's mount: with hostile rage,
All their opponents scatter'd, and dragg'd forth
The shrieking infants from their lowly cots;
But whatsoe'er they on their shoulders plac'd,
Tho' fasten'd by no bandage, close adher'd,
And fell not to the earth; no not e'en brass,
Or ponderous steel: unsing'd their tresses bore
The lambent fire. But in their wrath, the peasants,
Harrass'd by Bacchus' votaries, took up arms:
A wondrous spectacle, O King, ensued,
For by our brazen spears no blood was drawn:
Hurl'd from their hands, but where the thyrsus smote,
A griesly wound appear'd; that female troop
Discomfited the warriors, not without
Th' assistance of some Deity: then came
Back to their station, to those very springs

Which for their use by their benignant God
 Were open'd, there they cleans'd the sprinkled gore,
 And serpents with their tongues wip'd clammy drops
 From their discolour'd cheeks. My Lord, admit
 Into this city, whosoe'er he be,
 This Power Divine, for wondrous is his might:
 I am inform'd, this also they aver,
 That he, the grape, that med'cine for our cares,
 Bestow'd on favour'd mortals. Take away
 The sparkling Wine, fair Venus smiles no more,
 And every pleasure quits the human race.

CHORUS.

Tho' in the presence of a mighty King
 I dread to speak so freely, yet this truth
 Shall be declar'd, that Bacchus is inferior
 To none of all the Gods.

PENTHEUS.

In one short moment
 The pride of his insensate train like fire
 Is lighted up, to all the Greeks a source
 Of great dishonour. But the times admit
 Of no delay; go to Electra's gate
 And give command to all the troops who bear
 The ponderous targe, or mount the rapid steed;
 The light-arm'd infantry, and those who twang
 With surest aim the sounding bow, to join me,
 That we may war against this frantic crew,
 Else will disgrace attend us, if we brook
 Such insults from a female band. [*Exit* MESSENGER.

(10) BACCHUS.

O Pentheus,
 You still remain obdurate tho' you hear
 My counsels, yet tho' I from you endure
 Such cruel treatment, still do I maintain

(10) This speech, and several which follow, are ascribed to Bacchus on the authorities of Reiskius, Mr. Heath, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Dr. Musgrave, and Brunck.

It is your duty not to take up arms
Against the God: forego this rash emprise;
For ne'er will Bromius suffer you to drive
His votive train from yonder haunted mount.

PENTHEUS.

Counsel me not; but having 'scap'd from prison,
Be satisfied with this, or I again
Will punish thee.

BACCHUS.

Much rather I to him
Would offer sacrifice, than in my wrath,
Frail mortal as I am, kick 'gainst the spurs
Of a vindictive God.

PENTHEUS.

I will consign
Fit victims to the altar; slay those women
As they deserve, and o'er Cithæron's top
Spread universal havoc.

BACCHUS.

Your whole band
Shall be discomfited, and to complete
Your shame, your brazen shields shall be transpierc'd
With the slight thyrsus.

PENTHEUS.

We, a stranger harsh
And obstinate, encounter, who, nor yields
To punishments inflicted, nor desists
From his rash enterprise.

BACCHUS.

You still have means
Of happily composing these dissensions.

PENTHEUS.

By doing what? by crouching to my slaves?

BACCHUS.

These women hither will I bring unarm'd.

PENTHEUS.

Alas, thou meditat'st some fell deceit.

BACCHUS.

Why do you talk of treachery ; by my schemes
When I would save you ?

PENTHEUS.

Ye this plot devised
With one consent, that ye might ever haunt
Those Bacchanalian orgies.

BACCHUS.

I have form'd
A compact with the God.

PENTHEUS.

Bring, bring my arms ;
And be thou silent.

BACCHUS.

Would you see them seated
Together on the summit of the hill ?

PENTHEUS.

This earnestly I wish for ; and with heaps
Of gold, for the discovery, will reward thee.

BACCHUS.

Whence can such wondrous eagerness arise ?

PENTHEUS.

Woe be to those I find inflam'd with wine.

BACCHUS.

Why long to see the objects which you loathe ?

PENTHEUS.

Know then, in silence as I sit beneath
You sheltering pine —

BACCHUS.

But they will trace your footsteps,
Tho' you attempt concealment.

PENTHEUS.

Face to face
Shall Pentheus meet them ; thou hast rightly spoken.

BACCHUS.

Under my conduct will you undertake
The toilsome march ?

PENTHEUS.

Without delay lead on :

For I my time to thy disposal yield.

BACCHUS.

Over your body cast a linen robe.

PENTHEUS.

Shall I forget to act a manly part,
And wear the dress of women ?

BACCHUS.

Lest they kill you,

If they perceive you are a man.

PENTHEUS.

These counsels

Are well suggested ; whosoe'er thou art,
Thou sure art wise.

BACCHUS.

I these instructions gain'd

From Bacchus.

PENTHEUS.

Teach me therefore how to practise
The wholesome admonitions thou hast given.

BACCHUS.

Entering the palace, in a fit disguise
Will I equip you.

PENTHEUS.

Such as women wears ?

It shames me.

BACCHUS.

Now no longer are you prompt
The votive train of Bacchus to behold.

PENTHEUS.

Describe the dress thou mean'st I shall assume.

BACCHUS.

Long hair I down your back will cause to stream
In many a ringlet.

PENTHEUS.

But what other mode
Of ornaments for me wilt thou contrive ?

BACCHUS.

The stole shall reach your feet, and o'er your head
I mean to place a coif.

PENTHEUS.

Is there aught more
Which thou would'st add?

BACCHUS.

The thyrsus in your hand
Must you sustain, and in the dappled hide
Of a slain hind advance.

PENTHEUS.

Such female robes
Are what I cannot, will not stoop to wear.

BACCHUS.

Go then, and perish in th' unequal strife
With Bacchus' votaries.

PENTHEUS.

Better were it first
Their motions to observe.

BACCHUS.

By far more wise
Than hunting after others ills to swell
The number of those ills already known.

PENTHEUS.

But thro' the city how shall I proceed
Unseen by every Theban?

BACCHUS.

We must use
Paths unfrequented: I will lead the way.

PENTHEUS.

I rather would submit to aught, than suffer
Bacchus' infuriate votaries to deride me.

BACCHUS.

The palace we will enter, and deliberate,
If you think proper.

PENTHEUS.

Wheresoe'er thou wilt,

I give my free consent, and will go forth
 Prepar'd to wield the javelin, or adopt
 Each salutary counsel thou canst give.

[*Exit* PENTHEUS.]

BACCHUS.

Soon shall he reach the Bacchanalian choir,
 And die as he deserves. Ye generous Dames,
 Within your reach he stands. To thee, O God
 Of Nyssa, now belongs the dread emprise,
 Nor art thou distant far: be vengeance ours;
 But first do thou with madness fire his soul,
 For while his reason yet remains entire,
 He will refuse to wear a female vest,
 But hurried to distraction soon assume
 Such garb: I would expose him to the scoffs
 Of every Theban, thro' the city led
 In such apparel, since he utter'd threats
 The most alarming. But I go t' array
 Pentheus in trappings such as he shall bear,
 Slain by his Mother, to the shades beneath.
 Thus shall he know dread Bacchus, son of Jove,
 A God most terrible when he asserts
 His slighted power: but gracious to mankind.

[*Exit* BACCHUS.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

When shall I join the midnight dance,
 With agile step my comrades lead,
 And as our festive choirs advance
 Triumphant o'er the enamel'd mead,
 My heaving bosom to the dewy gale
 Expand, high bounding like a fawn
 Who gambols o'er the verdant lawn,
 When from the hunter she with ease

Hath 'scap'd, and sprung from his entangling snare,
 In vain a clamorous troop pursue ;
 Swift as the storm bursts thro' the troubled air,
 She leaves them far behind, and in the dale
 'Midst gushing rivulets, anew
 Tastes the sweet charms of solitude,
 While intervoven thickets rude
 Her favourite habitation veil ?
 What greater priv'lege 'midst the fell debate
 Can sage or chieftain from the Gods request
 Than that of ever fast'ning on the crest
 Of the miscreant whom we hate ?
 Pleasure with unsullied fame
 Ever must alliance claim.

II.

The tardy God arrives at length
 His stedfast promise to fulfil,
 Exulting in immortal strength.
 Tremble, ye ministers of ill !
 With vengeance arm'd he smites the impious head
 Of him who dares pollute his shrine,
 And madly spurn the powers divine.
 The Gods thick mists around them spread,
 With art the lingering foot of Time they hide,
 And to his haunts the sinner trace.
 Desist ! ah, hope not with intemperate pride
 Thou canst ascend above Heaven's sacred laws.
 The wise these obvious truths embrace ;
 Whate'er he be, the God is strong,
 And every custom 'stablish'd long
 From nature's self derives its cause.
 What greater priv'lege 'midst the fell debate
 Can sage or chieftain from the Gods request
 Than that of ever fastening on the crest
 Of the miscreant whom we hate ?
 Pleasure with unsullied fame
 Ever must alliance claim.

III.

Blest is the man who 'scapes the stormy wave,
 And in the harbour finds repose:
 He too is blest, 'midst dangers brave,
 Who soars above the malice of his foes:
 And now these, now those possess
 Superior talents or success;
 Distinct their aims; but hope each bosom fires.
 There are, a rich encrease who find,
 The vows of some are scatter'd in the wind:
 But in my judgement blest are they
 Who taste, tho' only for the day,
 The joys their soul desires.

BACCHUS, PENTHEUS, CHORUS,

BACCHUS.

On you, O Pentheus, eager to behold
 The rites which are forbidden, and attempt
 Impossibilities, I call; come forth
 Without the palace, and before these eyes
 Appear in Bacchanalian robes attir'd,
 A likeness of the Mænades, a spy
 On your own Mother, and the hallow'd choir.
 Your form resembles one of Cadmus' daughters.

PENTHEUS.

Two suns, methinks, these wondering eyes behold,
 And the strange vision of a double Thebes
 With its seven gates; thou, chang'd into a bull,
 Appears't to lead the way, and from thy head
 Rise stately horns. Art thou indeed that beast?
 For thou its semblance bear'st. Before us marches
 Some unpropitious God.

BACCHUS.

He is a friend
 To our designs: and now those eyes discern
 The objects you were destin'd to behold.

PENTHEUS.

What semblance do I wear? Is not this gait,
The gait of Ino, this Ágave's mien?

BACCHUS.

Fixing my eyes on you, methinks e'en now
I see them. But those tresses are misplac'd,
And loosen'd from the coif which I bound o'er them.

PENTHEUS.

By shaking them, as in my house I trod
With Bacchanalian transports, in wild dance,
I have dishevel'd them.

BACCHUS.

But, I, whose office
Is to attend you, will their braids renew:
Lift up your head.

PENTHEUS.

These ornaments adjust;
For I on thee depend.

BACCHUS.

Your zone is loose,
Nor hangs the decent vest in waving folds
Down to your feet.

PENTHEUS.

To me they seem to leave
My right expos'd, but cover my left ankle.

BACCHUS.

Will you not place me in the foremost rank
Among your friends, when with surprize you find
The Bacchanalians virtuous?

PENTHEUS.

In which hand
Holding my thyrsus, shall I most resemble
One of their festive troop?

BACCHUS.

You from the ground
With your right hand and your right foot must lift it.
This change in your opinion I applaud.

PENTHEUS.

Upon my shoulders can I bear away,
Cithæron's mount, with Bacchus' frantic crew?

BACCHUS.

You certainly are able if you will.
Erst was your soul diseas'd, but you now think
Just as you ought.

PENTHEUS.

Strong levers must I bring,
Or with these hands unaided, from its basis
Can I pluck up the mountain, on these arms
And shoulders heaving it?

BACCHUS.

O spare that seat
Dear to the Nymphs, and dear to gentle Pan
Whence oft resounds the flute.

PENTHEUS.

Thou well hast spoken,
Defenceless women must not be subdued
By brutal strength : but in the piny grove
Will I conceal myself.

BACCHUS.

A place well-suited
For your intended ambush will you find,
When thither you ascend, a treacherous spy,
To view the Mænades.

PENTHEUS.

I rather think
That 'midst the woods, they like the feather'd race
May in their beds be caught, to wanton sloth
While they themselves abandon.

BACCHUS.

On the watch
Go therefore, and you haply will surprize them
If not surpriz'd yourself.

PENTHEUS.

In pomp conduct

Me thro' the midst of the fam'd Theban realm,
 For I alone of all its valiant sons
 Have dar'd to undertake this great emprise.

BACCHUS.

You singly for the city have endur'd
 Toils to yourself peculiar, and such conflicts
 As your achievements have deserv'd, await you.
 But follow me, for I am a safe guide :
 Thence shall another bear you.

PENTHEUS.

What, my Mother ?

BACCHUS.

To every eye conspicuous.

PENTHEUS.

Such my aim.

BACCHUS.

You shall be carried back.

PENTHEUS.

Thou represent'st me

Like some inactive dastard.

BACCHUS.

In the hands

Of her who gave you birth.

PENTHEUS.

How ! must I then

Be so effeminate ?

BACCHUS.

As this implies.

PENTHEUS.

An undertaking worthy of myself
 Is that on which I enter.

[Exit PENTHEUS.]

BACCHUS.

You in wrath
 Are dreadful, and to dreadful scenes of blood
 Rush with impetuous step. Too high for earth,
 Go seek renown in Heaven. Stretch forth your hands,
 Agave, and thy sisters, O ye Daughters

Of Cadmus. To a mighty strife I lead
 This youth, where I and Bromius shall prevail.
 The sequel, let th' event itself disclose.

[*Exit* BACCHUS.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Swift hounds of Madness, the steep mount ascend,
 To Cadmus' Daughters at their mystic rite
 Hie instantly, each bosom rend
 With that portentous rage your stings excite
 'Gainst yon distracted spy, in female vest
 Who with a treacherous purpose drest,
 The hallow'd Mænades invades.
 His Mother on the rock, surveys our foe
 Ascending from the plains below,
 And to her comrades 'midst their wonted shades,
 Exclaims; "With impious scorn
 "What Theban mounts these hills to vex our choir?
 "He was not by a mortal Sire
 "Begotten, or of woman born,
 "From some lion's fierce embrace
 "He sprung, or from the Libyan Gorgon's race."
 Descend from Heaven, thy glittering steel
 Unsheath, O Justice, let that earth-born youth,
 Foe to religion, law, and plighted truth,
 Echion's Son, severest vengeance feel.

II.

With views tyrannic, and immoderate ire,
 Where Bacchus loves his midnight sports to hold,
 And Semele's devoted choir
 Her praises chant, he ranges uncontrol'd,
 As if man's feeble prowess could defy
 Th' unconquerable Deity.
 Securely o'er life's dangerous stage
 Who hope to pass, their wandering thoughts confine,
 Nor scrutinise exploits divine.

I envy not the talents of the Sage ;
 Far nobler aims are mine :
 Those truths alone I labour to attain
 Which stablish Virtue's endless reign,
 In such devotions prompt to join
 I each rite with horror view,
 That tends to rob the Gods of homage due.

Descend from Heaven, thy glittering steel
 Unsheath, O Justice, let that earth-born youth,
 Foe, to religion, law, and plighted truth,
 Echion's Son, severest vengeance feel.

III.

Assume the bull's tremendous form,
 A dragon arm'd with thousand heads arise,
 Or with the lion's glaring eyes
 Thou mighty (11) Hunter rouse the gathering storm ;
 Yet rather now thine own ingenuous face
 Displaying, in the snare surprize
 Yon Tyrant ere his danger he descries,
 Fallen 'mong the Mænades that fatal race.

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

Ye mansions, prosperous erst in Greece, and founded
 (12) By that old man of Sidon, in these meads
 Who sow'd the earth-born crop when he had slain
 The Dragon ; with what tears do I bewail
 Your fate : tho' servitude be my hard portion ;
 Yet sympathises an ingenuous slave
 In the afflictions of his lords.

(11) Zagreus, one of the names of Bacchus, is derived by the lexicographers from his activity in the chase ; *Zagyeus*, quasi *Παν αγρευων*. H. Steph. Thes. Gr. vol. 5. p. 1003.

(12) Cadmus, who founded Thebes, when he was yet young and previous to his marriage with Harmonia ; but is in this Tragedy represented as very aged and infirm, his Grandson Pentheus being arrived at years of maturity.

CHORUS.

What bringst thou
Fresh tidings from the Bacchanalian dames ?

MESSENGER.

Echion's offspring, Pentheus, is no more.

CHORUS.

O sovereign Bromius, now dost thou appear
A mighty God.

MESSENGER.

What mean'st thou by this language ?
At the disastrous fortunes of our King
Dost thou exult, O woman ?

CHORUS.

I was born
In foreign climes, and with Barbaric voice
Chant Bacchus' praises. Now no more I fear
The galling chain.

MESSENGER.

Canst thou suppose that Thebes
Is thus enervate grown ?

CHORUS.

Not Thebes, but Bacchus,
Bacchus is now our Ruler.

MESSENGER.

I forgive thee ;
Yet glorying in the mischiefs ye have done,
O woman, is unseemly.

CHORUS.

By what fate
The miscreant died, inform me.

MESSENGER.

Having left
Therapnè, Pentheus and myself now cross'd
Asopus' current, and begun to climb
Cithæron's mount, a Stranger guided us
To view the mystic orgies ; on my lord
I tended : first we reach'd a verdant grove

Thro' which with cautious step we trod, observing
 Strict silence : for unseen we hop'd to see.
 There was a valley, which on either side
 Was bounded by a precipice, refresh'd
 By many a spring, and shaded o'er with pines,
 Where sat the Mænades, their hands employ'd
 In pleasing labours ; round their batter'd thyrsus
 Some wound anew the ivy, while the rest
 Leaving the craggy summit of the hill,
 Like sportive coursers from the yoke releas'd,
 Sung to each other in alternate strains
 Their Bacchanalian hymns. But hapless Pentheus,
 Beholding not the female band, exclaim'd ;
 " O Stranger, from the spot on which we stand,
 " These eyes distinctly see not the wild gestures
 " Of Bacchus' votaries : but if we mount
 " The neighbouring hillock, on whose summit grows
 " A lofty pine, I better shall discern
 " Their rites unseemly." Soon as he had spoken ;
 Wrought by the Stranger, an exploit I witness'd
 The most miraculous ; for with his hand
 He seiz'd the topmost branches of the pine
 Which tower'd to Heaven, and trail'd them in the dust :
 Thus like a bow, or like the crooked wheel
 Which with unwearied motion in a circle
 Around its axis whirls, the Stranger warp'd
 The stateliest trunk which on the mountain grew,
 With more than human might : then placing Pentheus
 Upon the branches of the pine, he loos'd
 His hold with gradual caution, lest the King
 Might from his seat, by an elastic bound,
 Be shaken : but the tree, on which my Lord
 Still kept his seat, tower'd upright to the skies :
 Here by the Mænades was he discover'd ;
 Ere he beheld them : for exalted thus,
 He now was more conspicuous than before.
 The Stranger was no longer to be seen :

But from the clouds, a voice burst forth, suppos'd
To be by Bacchus utter'd, " O ye Nymphs,
" I bring the misereant hither who derides
" Both you, and me, and the mysterious orgies
" Which I ordain'd: 'tis yours to punish him."
Scarce had he spoken, when the sacred flames
From Heaven descending overspread the ground.
Hush'd was the air, and in the silent grove
No rustling motion of the leaves was heard,
Nor roar'd the beasts of prey: yet not distinctly
Did the voice reach their ears, they rose to listen,
And wildly gaz'd around, till he afresh
Issu'd his mandates. Soon as Cadmus' Daughters
Clearly distinguish'd the commands of Bacchus,
Like winged doves, they ran with nimble foot;
Agave, Mother to our King, her Sisters,
And all the Bacchanalian Dames, o'erleap'd
The foaming torrent, and the craggy rock,
For Bacchus had breath'd frenzy on their souls.
Descrying Pentheus seated on the pine,
First at the Monarch's head they hurl'd huge stones,
Mounting an adverse cliff, and strove to smite him
With the torn branches of the pine; their comrades,
The missile thyrsus aiming at the foe,
Wasted in air their unavailing rage:
Too high for them to reach, he sat, regardless
Of danger, till at length, they with a force,
Like that of thunderbolts, threw arms of oaks
Which they had rooted up without the aid
Of iron levers. But when yet their toils
Remain'd unfinish'd; " O ye Mænades,"
Agave cried; " collected in a ring
" Around the tree, take hold of it, and seize
" The Beast who to its summit hath ascended,
" Lest he divulge our God's mysterious rites."
They, at the signal, with a thousand hands,
Grasp'd the firm pine, and tore it from the ground.
To earth, high-mounted, from its giddy top

Fell Pentheus groaning : for he knew his fate
 Was near. His wretched Mother, like a Priestess,
 Began the sacrifice ; he threw the cawl
 From his dishevel'd hair, that she her Son
 Might recognise, nor in his gore imbrue
 Her ruthless hands : he touch'd her cheeks and cried ;
 " I am, I am, O Mother, your own Son,
 " That Pentheus whom beneath Echion's roof
 " You bore, take pity on me then, nor slay
 " Your guilty child." But she meantime with rage
 Still foaming, roll'd her eyes, of reason reft,
 Possess'd by Bacchus, nor her stubborn soul
 Could his entreaties move : then with both hands
 Seiz'd his left arm, and stamping on the ribs
 Of this unhappy victim, tore away
 His (13) shoulder, nor appear'd th' exertion great,

(13) In describing the death of Pentheus, with a minuteness which cannot fail of disgusting every reader, Euripides has been followed by Ovid, *Met.* l. iii. v. 710. Propertius very justly enumerates it among the horrors of Grecian history, and joins it with the exposure of Andromeda, Thyestes' feast, the death of Meleager, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and the cruelties of Sinis retorted on his own head : but his application is peculiarly unfortunate when he compliments Italy as free from equal enormities : for Rome in those early days, which may most fitly be adduced as parallels to the above events, (collected from a variety of detached Grecian states) beheld its very foundation cemented with the blood of Remus slain by his Brother's hand : of the six first Kings, Numa alone appears to have escaped assassination. Add to these crimes, Horatius stabbing his own Sister, the cruelty exercised on the traitor Metius, and the rape of Lucretia, the first ages of Rome will suffice at least for a counterpart to those of Greece : but if we suppose the Latin Poet, inattentive to the more antient records of his country, to have had in view only the times in which he lived ; the history of the second Triumvirate, and its inhuman proscriptions, is too well known to need any discussion : but its being recorded that the Father of Propertius was massacred by command of Augustus, is a circumstance I can by no means pass over, as it leaves us in doubt how to portion out our detestation between the Tyrant, whose cowardice and cruelty deluged Rome with blood, shed by the daggers of assassins, and the venal Bard, who, by giving the appellation of Deus to his Father's murderer, hath left us an instance of servility at which nature shudders.

For by the God, with ease was she enabled
 Her bloody purpose to effect : but Ino,
 On his right side, full many a ghastly wound
 Inflicted ; with Autoncë, the whole choir
 Of Bacchanalian Dames press'd on, and join'd
 In one tremendous shout : his groans continued
 Till he had breath'd his last. They howl'd, one rent
 His arm away, another with his foot
 The sandal ; they laid bare his ribs, and scatter'd,
 Like balls, the mangled morsels of his flesh :
 Dispers'd, his body lies, beneath the rocks,
 And midst the leafy thicket, nor with ease
 Can be discover'd. But the ghastly head
 His Mother seiz'd, and, on her thyrsus fixt,
 Over Cithæron's mountain, as the spoils
 Of a slain lion, bears it ; having left
 Her Sisters with the Mænades engag'd
 In choral rites, proud of her horrid trophy
 She thro' the portals stalks, and calls aloud
 On Bacchus her companion in the chase,
 Who aided her to take the prize. What tears
 From so unblest a triumph soon shall stream !
 But from the scene of misery I retir'd
 Before Agave to these mansions come.
 For modest worth, and reverence for the Gods,
 Are, in my judgement, the most certain marks
 Of glory and of wisdom in mankind.

[Exit MESSENGER.]

CHORUS.

Bacchus claims our choral lay.
 Be the fall of Pentheus sung,
 From the mighty Dragon sprung ;
 Who in female vestments gay,
 Sure pledge of death, the sacred wand
 Bore enwreath'd with ivy band,
 By the Bull's false semblance led
 To inevitable fate.

Ye Mænades, who spring from Cadmus, hear !
 On him the God hath wreak'd his hate,
 Our presumptuous foe hath bled
 With many a groan and many a tear.
 Heroic strife, the Mother tore
 Her Son, and in his streaming gore
 Did her triumphant hands imbrue.
 But I cease the warbled strain,
 For hither fierce Agave hies :
 Madness glaring in her eyes :
 She to Bacchus hath been true ;
 Let her join our hallow'd train.

AGAVE, CHORUS.

AGAVE.

Ye Asiatic Bacchanalians !

CHORUS.

Ha !

Why call me ?

AGAVE.

From yon mountain, to the palace,
 I bring this Whelp new-slain, no vulgar prize.

CHORUS.

I see it, and receive you for our comrade.

AGAVE.

Without a snare, I this young Lion caught,
 As your own eyes may witness.

CHORUS.

In what desert ?

AGAVE.

Cithæron.

CHORUS.

Say what mean you by Cithæron ?

AGAVE.

Cithæron slew him.

CHORUS.

Who first gave the wound ?

AGAVE.

That praise was all my own.

CHORUS.

Thrice blest Agave!

AGAVE.

Hence in loud hymns shall they record my name.

CHORUS.

What partner had you?

AGAVE.

Cadmus' —

CHORUS.

Who belonging

To Cadmus?

AGAVE.

After me his Daughters smote

This Beast.

CHORUS.

Successful in so great a prize.

AGAVE.

Partake the banquet.

CHORUS.

What shall I partake?

Wretch that I am!

AGAVE.

This seems a tender Whelp,

His head was cover'd with a length of hair,

But on his cheeks it just began to spring:

And from his shaggy mane 'tis evident

That he's a Lion. Bacchus, skilful hunter,

Rous'd 'gainst this Beast the Mænades.

CHORUS.

Our King

Returns victorious from the sylvan chase,

AGAVE.

You praise —

CHORUS.

On whom do I my praise bestow?

AGAVE.

Soon shall the Thebans praise me; soon shall Pentheus,

My Son, applaud his Mother, who hath slain
The Lion's furious Whelp.

CHORUS.

Do you exult?

AGAVE.

With transport, yes with transport I recount
The great and glorious deeds I have atchiev'd.

CHORUS.

Now to the citizens, O wretched woman,
Display the trophies you have hither brought.

AGAVE.

Draw near, O ye inhabitants of Thebes
With stately turrets crown'd, that ye may view
The ravenous Beast, whom we of Cadmus' race
Hunted and caught, without the barbed shafts
Thessalia lends, without the fraudulent net,
But by our hands alone. I hence may speak
In loftier terms, and scorn the useless toil
Of them who forge the spear: for with these hands
Have I both caught and rent the howling Savage.
Where is my aged Sire? let him approach:
And where my Son, my Pentheus? from the palace
Go bid him bring a ladder, and affix
The Lion's head to yonder sculptur'd frieze.

CADMUS, AGAVE, CHORUS.

CADMUS *to his ATTENDANTS.*

Follow my steps, and in procession march
Before these mansions, O my friends, who bear
That miserable burden, Pentheus' corse,
Which after long researches I have found
Upon Cithæron's cliff, and hither bring,
In pieces torn, and from the tangled thicket
Collected: for I heard th' audacious deed
My Daughters have committed; thro' the streets,
As I, with old Tiresias, to perform
The rites of Bacchus went: the sacred mount
Revisiting, I thence convey my Son,

Slain by the Mænades. Autonoë, ' Wife
 To Aristæus, Mother of Actæon,
 And with her Ino, I beheld : possest
 By frenzy 'midst the thicket still they range.
 But hither, as some stranger hath inform'd me,
 Agave comes with Bacchanalian step,
 Nor groundless were the tidings which I heard :
 For I her inauspicious face descry.

AGAVE.

Thou, O my Father, hast a right to boast
 That thou the noblest Daughters hast begotten :
 In the same terms I speak of the whole race,
 But mostly of myself, who at the loom
 Leaving my web unfinish'd, have aspir'd
 To greater actions, with these naked hands
 Seizing the Lion. In my arms, thou seest,
 The trophies which my valour hath obtain'd
 I bring, to be suspended in the palace :
 Receive them, O my Father, and exulting
 In my successful chase, invite thy friends
 To share the feast, for thou, thro' such exploits
 By me perform'd, art happy, yes thrice happy.

CADMUS.

O grief, all bounds surpassing ! and O murder,
 Which by those miserable hands was wrought,
 Too grievous to behold ! A chosen victim
 Presenting to the Gods, all Thebes and me
 You to the feast invite. First let me wail
 Your woes, and then my own : for from the God
 Tho' we deserve such treatment, too severely
 Have we been punish'd by the mighty Bromius
 Our kinsman.

AGAVE.

How morose ! what louring frowns
 Contract the eye-lids of an aged man !
 May my Son prosper in the chase, and act
 Like his intrepid Mother, when, surrounded

By Theban youths, he rushes on the haunts
 Of savage beasts: but he can only wage
 An impious war against the Gods. My Sire,
 Let us instruct him not to place delight
 In sophistry's pernicious art. Where is he?
 Who will invite him hither as a witness
 To my felicity?

CADMUS.

Alas! alas!

When you perceive what you have done, your sorrows
 Will be intolerable: but if for ever
 You in your present state could have remain'd,
 Tho' ye are distant far from real bliss
 Yet would not you seem wretched to yourselves.

AGAVE.

But which of these transactions was not right,
 Or can produce affliction.

CADMUS.

First lift up

Your eyes to Heaven.

AGAVE.

I do. Why bid me look
 On that ethereal region?

CADMUS.

Seems the air
 To you as if it still remain'd the same,
 Or is it chang'd?

AGAVE.

'Tis brighter than before,
 And more transparent.

CADMUS.

Is your soul still seiz'd
 With the same stupefaction?

AGAVE.

Tho' I know not
 The meaning of this language, by degrees
 Am I grown calm, my former transports cease.

CADMUS.

Are your ears open then to wisdom's voice?
Can you discreetly answer?

AGAVE.

I forget

Each circumstance we talk'd of, O my Sire.

CADMUS.

Into what mansion, 'midst the jocund rites
Of Hymen, did you enter?

AGAVE.

Me thou gav'st

In marriage to Echion, w ho, they say,
Sprung from the Dragon's teeth.

CADMUS.

Beneath those roofs

What offspring to your husband did you bear?

AGAVE.

Pentheus, the product of our mutual love.

CADMUS.

But in those arms whose visage do you hold?

AGAVE.

A Lion's, as my partners of the chase
Inform me.

CADMUS.

View it stedfastly; with ease
May you discern.

AGAVE.

Ha! what do I behold?

Why in my hands this trophy do I bear?

CADMUS.

Mark, and inform yourself yet more distinctly,

AGAVE.

These eyes discern the greatest of all griefs.

CADMUS.

Doth it appear the semblance of a Lion?

AGAVE.

No: I his miserable Mother hold

The head of Pentheus.

CADMUS.

Slain before you knew him :

Most piteous doom !

AGAVE.

Who murder'd him ? how fell he

Into my hands ?

CADMUS.

O wretched Truth, thou com'st

Unseasonably.

AGAVE.

Speak out ; my bosom throbs

'Midst this suspence.

CADMUS.

You, and your Sisters, slew him.

AGAVE.

Where died he ? In his palace ? Name the spot.

CADMUS.

Where erst Actæon by his hounds was torn.

AGAVE.

But wherefore did the helpless youth ascend
Cithæron's mount ?

CADMUS.

He went to ridicule

Your orgies, and the God.

AGAVE.

What motive brought

Us hither ?

CADMUS.

Ye were frantic ; and all Thebes
With Bacchanalian transports was inspir'd.

AGAVE.

Bacchus hath caus'd our ruin, this at length
I comprehend.

CADMUS.

By you was he insulted ;
For him ye deem'd no God.

AGAVE.

But where, my Sire,
Are Pentheus' lov'd remains?

CADMUS.

I with much toil
Have trac'd his body out, and hither bring.

AGAVE

Are these limbs join'd anew? but on my Son
What portion of my madness did I wreak?

CADMUS.

Like you, he worship'd not the God, who hence
All in one ruin hath involv'd, both you
And him, that he this miserable house
Might overthrow, and me who destitute
(14) Of Sons, alas, my Daughter, see this youth,
Fruit of your womb, dishonourably slain,
And by unholy hands. To him, my house
Look'd up with eyes of hope. Thou, O my Grandson,
The pillar of these mansions, wert rever'd
By the whole city. No man dar'd t' insult me,
Altho' I was grown old, when he beheld
Thy prowess: for from thee would he have found
The punishment he merited. But now
Shall I the mighty Cadmus with disgrace
Be from these walls expell'd, e'en I who sow'd
The Theban race, and reap'd that glorious harvest.
O most belov'd! altho' thou art no more,

(14) "Here Euripides representing the aged Cadmus without male issue, violates the received tradition of antient History, and even contradicts his own express authority in the Phœnissæ, where he declares that Cadmus by his wife Harmonia had a son whose name was Polydorus. And we learn from Diodorus Siculus, that Polydorus son of Caunus returned to the kingdom of Thebes after the expulsion of his Father, and that his descendents there reigned in succession. Pausanias likewise mentions this Polydorus as son of Cadmus, and informs us that he enjoyed the sovereignty of Thebes, after the migration of Cadmus to the Illyrians and the Echeleans. We have also the concurring testimony of Apollodorus in support of this son of Cadmus, Polydorus, as king of Thebes.

Still to be number'd with my dearest children.
 Touching this chin, no more shalt thou accost
 Thy Grandsire with a fond embrace, and say;
 "Old man, who injures thee? who dares to vex
 "Thy sorrowing heart? O speak, that I may crush
 "The author of thy wrongs." But now, one fate,
 One direful fate, involves both me, and thee,
 Thy wretched mother, and her wretched sisters.
 If any impious mortal yet contemns
 The Powers celestial, let him view the death
 Of Pentheus, to convince him there are Gods.

CHORUS.

For thee I grieve, O Cadmus: tho' the fate
 Of thy unhappy Grandson was deserv'd,
 Yet 'tis to thee the source of bitter woe.

BACCHUS, CADMUS, AGAVE, CHORUS.

BACCHUS.

O Father, you behold how I am chang'd.
 You also, and Harmonia child of Mars
 Whom you a mortal wedded, must assume
 The form of Serpents: in a chariot drawn
 (15) By oxen, as Jove's oracles pronounce,

(15) "Instead of *οχον δε μοσχων* the manuscripts of Henry Stephens
 "have *οχλον δε μοχθων*, which Barnes approves of, though extremely
 "harsh. Reiskus supposes the Moschi to be here meant, a barbarous
 "nation mentioned by Herodotus and Strabo, where we learn that
 "they inhabited the regions situated on the banks of the Phasis, and
 "consequently at a great distance from Illyria. There is no need of
 "any alteration, for what obstacle is there to Cadmus and Harmonia
 "being drawn (at least according to the popular opinion) by oxen har-
 "nessed to their chariot? Nonnus in various passages ascribes such a
 "vehicle to the Moon; nor was the mother of Cleobis and Biton
 "conveyed in any other manner. Moreover, there was an antient
 "rumour, that Cadmus himself, when he fled into Illyria, rode in a
 "car drawn by oxen. The author of the Etymologicum Magnum,
 "under the word *Βεθον*, Buthoe, calls it a city of Illyria, so named
 "from Cadmus' having founded it when he hasted in a chariot
 "drawn by Oxen from Thebes to the Illyrians." Dr. MUSGRAVE.

You and your Consort borne sublime, shall rule
 Barbarian tribes, and with unnumber'd troops
 Lay many cities waste, but after plundering
 Apollo's temple, shall the host return
 With evil auspices: yet Mars will save
 You and Harmonia, both thenceforth ordain'd
 To live amid the islands of the blest.

I, Bacchus, from no human Father sprung,
 But from immortal Jove, to you announce
 These fortunes. If ye earlier could have learn'd
 That wisdom which your stubborn hearts rejected,
 Much bliss had been your portion, while your walls
 Contain'd Jove's son, their guardian.

CADMUS.

We implore

Thy mercy; we, O Bacchus, have transgress'd.

BACCHUS.

Too late, my power divine have ye acknowledg'd;
 For at the season when 'twas most important
 Ye knew me not.

CADMUS.

Our errors we confess:

But thou art too vindictive.

BACCHUS.

Tho' a God,

By you was I insulted.

CADMUS.

In their wrath

Gods ought not to resemble men.

BACCHUS.

Long since

By Jove my Father thus it was ordain'd.

AGAVE.

Thy doom, alas! old man, is wretched exile.

CADMUS.

My Daughter, in what dreadful woes involv'd
 Are we, and you, and your beloved Sisters!

I too, an aged sojourner, must go
 To those Barbarian tribes ; Heaven's oracles
 Moreover have ordain'd I shall invade
 My bleeding country with a foreign host,
 And, chang'd into a Dragon's scaly form,
 Harmonia, sprung from Mars, my Consort lead,
 Who shall the same ferocious shape assume,
 To these polluted altars and the tombs
 Of slaughter'd Greeks, when to the field I bring
 That unrelenting phalanx. But my woes
 Shall never end, nor can I steer my bark
 Down to the tranquil shores of Acheron.

AGAVE.

But I, my Father, when of thee bereft,
 From Thebes myself will banish.

CADMUS.

O my Daughter,
 Why thus with trembling arms around me cling,
 As the young swan to its decrepid sire ?

AGAVE.

Ah ! whither turn, an outcast from my country ?

CADMUS.

I know not, O my Daughter: small relief
 Can your poor Sire afford.

AGAVE.

Farewell, thou palace ;
 Farewell, my native city, thee I leave
 A hapless exile from my bridal chamber.

CADMUS.

To Aristæus' friendly hearth repair.

AGAVE.

Of thee am I depriv'd.

CADMUS.

I weep, my child,
 For you and for your Sisters.

AGAVE.

Terribly,

Most terribly, hath Bacchus on thy house
Pour'd down his vengeance.

BACCHUS.

Dreadful wrongs from you
I suffer'd, no due honours to my name
Were paid in Thebes.

AGAVE.

Farewell, my Sire.

CADMUS.

To you
I also bid farewell, my wretched Daughter,
But what I wish, you scarcely can attain.

AGAVE.

Conduct me to my Sisters, ye who guide
My wretched steps, that I may take them with me
The partners of my flight. For I will go
Where the polluted mountain of Cithæron
Rears not its summit, ne'er will I behold
That scene of horrors, nor recall to mind
How erst I bore a thyrsus: let the rest
Of Bacchus' followers oe'r these rites preside.

CHORUS.

A thousand shapes our varying Fates assume,
The Gods perform what least we could expect,
And oft the things for which we fondly hop'd
Come not to pass: Heaven finds a clue to guide
Our steps thro' the perplexing maze of life,
And thus doth this important business end.

THE CYCLOPS.

Domus sanie dapibusque eruentis

Intus opaca ingens : ipse arduus, altaque pulsat

Sidera. Dii, talem terris avertite pestem!

VIRGIL.

Venustissimum et ab ipsis Gratiis compositum hoc Poema.

PIERSONI VERISIMILIA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SILENUS.

CHORUS OF SATYRS.

ULYSSES.

POLYPHEME THE CYCLOPS.

SCENE—THE MOUNTAIN OF ÆTNA IN SICILY.

THE CYCLOPS.

SILENUS.

O BACCHUS, for thy sake have I endur'd
Unnumber'd toils, both at the present hour,
And when these nerves by vigorous youth were strung :
By Juno first with wild distraction fir'd,
Thou didst forsake the mountain Nymphs whose care
Nurtur'd thy infancy. Next in that war
With the gigantic progeny of Earth,
Station'd beside thee to sustain thy shield,
Piercing the buckler of Enceladus,
I slew him with my lance. Is this a dream?
By Jove it is not : for I shew'd his spoils
To Bacchus, and the labours I endure
At present, are so great that they exceed
E'en those. For since 'gainst thee Saturnia rous'd,
To bear thee far away, Etruria's race
Of impious pirates, I soon caught th' alarm,
And sail'd in quest of thee with all my children :
Myself the stern ascended, to direct
The rudder, and each Satyr plied an oar
Till ocean's azure surface with white foam
Was cover'd ; thee, O mighty King, they sought.
Near Malea's harbour as the vessel rode,
An Eastern blast arose, and to this rock
Of Ætna, drove us, where the Sons of Neptune,
The one-ey'd Cyclops, drench'd with human gore,
Inhabit desert caves ; by one of these
Were we made captives, and beneath his roof
To slavery are reduc'd. Our Master's name
Is Polypheme ; instead of Bacchus' orgies
We tend the flocks of an accursed Cyclops.
My blooming Sons, on yonder distant cliffs,
Feed the young lambs ; while I at home am station'd

The goblet to replenish, and to scrape
 The rugged floor; to this unholy lord,
 A minister of impious festivals:
 And now must I perform the task assign'd
 Of cleansing with this rake the filthy ground,
 So shall the cave be fit for his reception,
 When with his flocks my absent Lord returns.
 But I already see my Sons approach,
 Their fleecy charge conducting. Ha, what means
 This uproar? would ye now renew the dance
 Of the (1) Sicinnides, as when ye form'd
 The train of amorous Bacchus, and assembled,
 Charm'd by the lute, before Althæa's gate?

CHORUS, SILENUS.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Sprung from an untainted race,
 Hardy Father of the fold,
 Why, bounding o'er that craggy space,
 Roam'st thou desperately bold,
 Far from the refreshing gale,
 The verdant herbage of the mead,
 And sloping channel wont to feed
 Thy trough with springs that never fail?

(1) "The dance peculiar to the Satyric fables was called *σικιννίς* either "as *κίνησις* "a motion," some letters being transposed and changed, as "Athenæus writes, or from Sicinnus, the inventor, according to the "same author in his 14th book." Causabon de Poes. Sat. L. i. c. 4. Sicinnus was, as Rambach observes in his note, an attendant on the children of Themistocles, a Persian by birth, who by his subtlety merited a place among the most illustrious champions of Greece. The passage alluded to, though not specified by Rambach, is to be met with in Herodotus, L. viii. c. 75. p. 654, e'. Wesseling. and gives an account of Sicinnus being dispatched by Themistocles to the fleet of the Medes to inform them that the Greeks were flying, which induced the Persians to make a very injudicious disposition of their forces previous to the naval engagement at Salamis.

Yon caves with bleating lambkins ring,
 Come, depasture with the flock ;
 Leave, O leave the dewy rock,
 Ere this ponderous stone I fling.
 Thee with speeding horns I call
 To the Cyclops' lofty stall.

II.

Thou too those swollen udders yield,
 That thy young ones may be fed,
 Who, while thou browses't o'er the field,
 Lie neglected in the shed ;
 Slumbering all the live-long day
 At length with clamorous plaints they wake,
 Thou t' appease them wilt forsake
 Ætna's vallies ever gay.
 Young Bromius and his jocund rout
 Here their orgies ne'er repeat,
 No thyrsus waves, no drums they beat ;
 Where the gurgling currents spout,
 Here no vineyards yield delight,
 Nor sport the Nymphs on Nyssa's height.

III.

Yet here I chaunt the strains which Bacchus taught,
 To that Venus whom I sought
 When with the Mænades I rang'd.
 Where, gentle Evan, dost thou tread
 Alone, and from thy comrades far estrang'd,
 Those auburn ringlets floating from thy head ?
 Thy votary once, but now a slave
 To yonder one-ey'd Cyclops, I abide
 In this detested cave :
 Cover'd with a goat's vile hide,
 Thy Friend, alas, expos'd to scorn
 Wanders helpless and forlorn.

SILENUS.

My sons, be silent : bid your followers drive
 Their flocks into the stony cave.

CHORUS.

Proceed.

But wherefore, O my Father, in this haste?

SILENUS.

A Grecian vessel, stranded on the coast,
I see, and to this cave the mariners
Attend their leader, on their heads they bear
Those empty vessels which express they want
Provisions, with fresh water too their urns
Would they replenish. O unhappy strangers!
Who are they? unappris'd what Lord here rules,
Dread Polypheme, they in an evil hour
Are entering this inhospitable threshold,
And rushing headlong e'en into the jaws
Of this fierce Cyclops, gorg'd with human flesh.
But interrupt me not; I will enquire
Whence to Sicilian Ætna's mount they came.

ULYSSES, SILENUS, CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

Can ye direct me, strangers, where to find
Fresh springs to slake our thirst; or who will sell
Food to the hungry sailor? But what means
That groupe of Satyrs, whom before you cave
I see assembled? we at Bacchus' city
Seem to have landed. Thee, the elder-born,
Thee first I hail.

SILENUS.

Hail! foreigner; acquaint us
Both who you are, and from what realm you came.

ULYSSES.

Ulysses king of Ithaca, and th' isle
Of Cephalenè.

SILENUS.

That loquacious man,
The crafty brood of Sisiphus, full well
I know.

ULYSSES.

Reproach me not, for I am he.

SILENUS.

Whence sail'd you to Sicilia?

ULYSSES.

From the shores
Of blazing Ilion, from the war of Troy,

SILENUS.

What, knew you not the way to your own country?

ULYSSES.

The tempests violently drove me hither.

SILENUS.

By Heaven, your fortunes are the same with mine.

ULYSSES.

What, can'st thou hither too against thy will?

SILENUS.

Yes, in pursuit of those accursed pirates
Who seiz'd on Bromius.

ULYSSES.

But what land is this,
And by what men inhabited?

SILENUS.

This mountain,
Call'd Ætna, overlooks Sicilia's plains.

ULYSSES.

Where are the fortresses and lofty towers
Which guard its peopled cities?

SILENUS.

They exist not.
No men, O stranger, on these summits dwell.

ULYSSES.

But who possess the land, a savage race
Of beasts?

SILENUS.

The Cyclops occupy these caves,
They have no houses.

ULYSSES.

Govern'd by what chief?

Is this a mere democracy?

SILENUS.

They lead

The life of shepherds, and in no respect
Yield to each other.

ULYSSES.

Do they sow the grain

Of Ceres, or on what do they subsist?

SILENUS.

On milk, on cheese, and on their sheep, they feed.

ULYSSES.

Affords the vine, nectareous juice, the drink
Bacchus invented?

SILENUS.

No such thing: they dwell

In an ungrateful soil. (2)

ULYSSES.

But do they practise

(2) This dialogue affords by far the most satisfactory explanation I have met with of Πεδων ακαερπιστων Σικελιας in the Phœnissæ, which has given rise to a great variety of comments. It is moreover very observable, that this very island, which for a long period was called the great granary of Europe, and supplied the Roman empire with such immense quantities of corn, (notwithstanding the natural fertility of its soil,) from the account given, in Mr. Brydone's Tour, of its present state, seems to be relapsing apace into that misery and indigence in which Ulysses found it while under the dominion of the Cyclops: what Homer says of its exuberant product while thus untilled, must be considered as the language of a Poet, not that of a Philosopher; a nation who totally neglect to cultivate their lands,

Θεοισι παρεθελεις αθανατοισι.

Od. L. 9. v. 107.

must soon reduce the country they inhabit to a barren wilderness. Not the smallest grounds can I meet with for those alterations which Dr. Musgrave proposes in his notes on the Troades, v. 225, which, if admitted, would make Euripides contradict himself by speaking of the *fruitfulness of Sicily*, which we by no means find to be the case in the usual reading of that passage; he has likewise I apprehend with as little success laboured to explain away the expression cited from the Phœnissæ in the beginning of this note.

The rites of hospitality, and hold
The stranger sacred?

SILENUS.

They aver the flesh
Of strangers is a most delicious food.

ULYSSES.

What said'st thou, banquet they on human flesh?

SILENUS.

Here no man lands who is not doom'd to bleed.

ULYSSES.

Where is this Cyclops, in the cave?

SILENUS.

He went
To Ætna's summit, with his hounds to trace
The savage beasts.

ULYSSES.

But know'st thou by what means
We from this this region may escape?

SILENUS.

I know not.

But, O Ulysses, I'll do every thing
To serve you.

ULYSSES.

Sell us bread, supply our want.

SILENUS.

I told you we have nothing here but flesh.

ULYSSES.

By this, sharp hunger, which makes all things sweet,
May be assuag'd.

SILENUS.

Cheese from the press, and milk
Of heifers too.

ULYSSES.

Produce them : while the day
Yet lasts, should we conclude our merchandise.

SILENUS.

With how much gold will you repay me? speak.

ULYSSES.

No gold I bring, but Bacchus' cheering juice.

SILENUS.

My dearest friend, you mention what we long
Have stood in need of.

ULYSSES.

This enchanting liquor

(3) Did Maron, offspring of the courteous God,
On us bestow.

SILENUS.

Whom erst, while yet a boy
I in these arms sustain'd.

ULYSSES.

The son of Bacchus,
T'inform thee more minutely who he is,

SILENUS.

Aboard the ship, or have you hither brought it?

ULYSSES.

Here is the cask, old man, which thou perceiv'st
Contains the wine.

SILENUS.

It hardly is a sup.

ULYSSES.

But we have twice as much as this will yield.

SILENUS.

A most delicious spring is that you nam'd.

(3) Maron was, according to Homer, Son of Evanthus,

“ αἰεὶ αἰγῶν εὐσχοῖν ἔχον μεδωνὸς οἴνου,

“ Ἡέως, οὐ μοι ἔδωκε Μαρῶν Εὐθανθεὸς υἱός. Odyss. L. ix. v. 196.

“ Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,

“ The gift of Maron, of Evanthus' line.

POPE.

“ but Evanthus was the Son of Bacchus by Ariadne; though some
“ think Evanthus to be Bacchus himself; and Nonnus, in his Dio-
“ nysiaca, calls Maron the Son of Silemus, Hesiod of Oenopion.
“ From him the wine of Maron derives its name; and a city of the
“ Cicones in Thrace, situated on the shore of the Ægean sea, is called
“ Maronæa. Homer makes this Maron a Priest of Apollo, and an
“ inhabitant of Ismarus: Athenæus thinks he was one of the com-
“ manders of the troops of Bacchus.” BARNES.

ULYSSES.

Shall I first treat thee with some wine unmix'd,
That thou may'st taste ?

SILENUS.

Well-judg'd: this specimen
Soon will induce me to conclude the purchase.

ULYSSES.

A cup too I have brought as well as cask.

SILENUS.

Pour forth, that I may drink, and recollect
The grateful taste of wine.

ULYSSES.

Look there.

SILENUS.

Ye Gods!

How beauteous is its odour!

ULYSSES.

Hast thou seen it ?

SILENUS.

By Jove I have not, but I smell its charms.

ULYSSES.

Taste, nor to words alone confine thy praise.

SILENUS.

Ha! ha! now Bacchus to the choral dance
Invites me.

ULYSSES.

Hath it moisten'd well thy palate?

SILENUS.

So well as e'en to reach my fingers' ends.

ULYSSES.

Beside all this, shall money too be thine.

SILENUS.

Empty the vessel, and reserve your gold.

ULYSSES.

Bring forth the cheese and lambs.

SILENUS.

That will I do,
Regardless of my Lord, because I wish

To drain one goblet of this wine, and give
 The flocks of all the Cyclops in its stead.
 (4) I'd from Leucadè, when completely drunk,
 Into the ocean take a lover's leap,
 Shutting my eyes. For he who, when he quaffs
 The mantling bowl, exults not, is a madman.
 Thro' wine new joys our wanton bosoms fire,
 With eager arms we clasp the yielding fair,
 And in the giddy dance forget each ill
 That heretofore assail'd us. So I kiss
 The rich potation; let the stupid Cyclops
 Weep with that central eye which in his front
 Glares horribly. [Exit SILENUS.

CHORUS.

Attend: for we must hold
 A long confabulation, O Ulysses.

ULYSSES.

We meet each other like old friends.

CHORUS.

Was Troy

(4) The expression *Λευκαδὸς πετρεῖς*, rendered by Barnes *albâ rupe*, is interpreted by Heath and Dr. Musgrave as referring to the famous Lover's leap from the rock of Leucadè, which appears, by the account given of it in the antient Geographers, to have been formerly a part of Acarnania, united to the main continent of Greece by an isthmus, which the Corinthians afterwards dug through, and made it an island. The most authentic accounts of the antiquity of the Lover's leap are such as render this language by no means improper in the mouth of Silenus. Without insisting on the testimony of Ovid, who represents this practice as originating from Deucalion; upon referring to Strabo, we find him contradicting Menander, who calls Sappho the first who leaped from Leucadè, and remarking that they, who write more accurately on antient history, say it was *Κεφαλὸν ἐρασθέντι Πταολῷ τῷ Διονέως*, the expression is so dubious, that critics debate whether Cephalus or Ptaola leaped from the rock; nor is it material to my purpose, which is merely to observe, that Cephalus the son of Dioneus, here spoken of by Strabo, appears, from the account given of him by Pausanias, to have been Amphytrion's comrade in arms, and consequently to have lived at least two ages before the chronological æra of this Dramatic piece, it being subsequent to the siege of Troy, where Tlepolemus, the Grandson of Amphytrion, fell by the spear of Sarpedon.

By you subdued? was Helen taken captive?

ULYSSES.

And the whole house of Priam we laid waste.

CHORUS.

When ye had seiz'd on that transcendent fair,
 Did ye then all enjoy her in your turn,
 Because she loves variety of Husbands?
 False to her vows, when she the painted greaves
 Around the legs of Paris, on his neck
 The golden chain, beheld, with love deep smitten
 From Menelaus, best of men, she fled.
 Ah would to Heaven no women had been born
 But such as were reserv'd for my embraces.

SILENUS RETURNING, ULYSSES, CHORUS.

SILENUS.

Here, King Ulysses, is the shepherd's food:
 Banquet on bleating lambs, and bear away
 As many curdled cheeses as you can;
 But from these caverns with your utmost speed
 Depart, when ye have given me in return
 The clustering vine's rich juice which Bacchus loves.

ULYSSES.

The Cyclops comes. What shall we do? Old man,
 We are undone. Ah, whither can we fly?

SILENUS.

Ye may conceal yourselves beneath that rock.

ULYSSES.

Most dangerous is the scheme thou hast propos'd,
 To rush into the toils.

SILENUS.

No danger truly;
 For in this rock is many a hiding place.

ULYSSES.

Not thus: indignant Troy might groan indeed
 If from a single arm we basely fled.
 Oft with my shield against a countless band
 Of Phrygians have I fought. If we must die,

Let us die nobly? or with life maintain
The fame we erst in dubious fields acquir'd.

POLYPHEME, SILENUS, CHORUS, ULYSSES.

POLYPHEME.

What mean these transports, this insensate uproar,
These Bacchanalian orgies? Nyssa's God,
The brazen timbrel, and the rattling drum,
Are distant from these regions. In the cave
How fare the new-yeen'd lambkins? do they suck,
Or follow they the ewes? have ye prepar'd
In wicker vats the cheeses? No reply?
This club shall make ye weep forthwith. Look up,
Not on the ground.

CHORUS.

We lift our dazzled eyes
To Jove himself; I view the twinkling stars
And bright Orion.

POLYPHEME.

Is my dinner ready?

CHORUS.

It is. Prepare your jaws for mastication.

POLYPHEME.

Are the bowls fill'd with milk?

CHORUS.

They overflow,
And you may drink whole hogsheads if you will.

POLYPHEME.

Of sheep, or cows, or mixt?

CHORUS.

Whate'er you please;
But swallow not me too.

POLYPHEME.

No certainly;
For ye would foot it in my tortur'd paunch,
And kill me with those antics. But what crowd
Behold I in the stalls? Some thieves or pirates
Are landed: at the mouth of yonder cave

The lambs are bound with osiers, on the floor
 The cheese-press scatter'd lies, and the bald head
 Of this old man is swoll'n with many bruises.

SILENUS.

An me ! into a fever I am beaten.

POLYPHEME.

By whom, old man, who smote thy hoary head ?

SILENUS.

O Cyclops, by these ruffians whom I hinder'd
 From carrying off their plunder.

POLYPHEME

Know they not

I am a God sprung from the blest Immortals ?

SILENUS.

All this I told them, yet they seiz'd your goods,
 Eat up your cheese without my leave, dragg'd forth
 The lambs, declar'd they would exhibit you
 In a huge collar of three cubits long,
 Closely imprison'd, and before that eye,
 Which in the centre of your forehead glares,
 Bore out your entrails, soundly scourge your hide,
 Then throw you into their swift vessel's hold
 Tied hand and foot, and sell you, with a lever
 To heave up ponderous stones, or to the ground
 (5) Level some door.

POLYPHEME.

Indeed ! go whet the knives

(5) " The Poet, always mindful of keeping up the propriety of his characters, introduces Silenus alluding to the mischievous exploits which he had been accustomed to when conversant with the followers of Bacchus : so he here speaks of throwing down a door as a thing by no means new to him, which it is well known was formerly often practised by drunken and wanton youths, in order to enable them to force their way to the apartment of their mistress, or sometimes through mere sport." HEATH.

I was induced to translate part of the above note, as a sufficient support of the common reading, against the conjectural alteration suggested by Dr. Musgrave, and the obvious version, against the forced construction of the preceding editors.

Without delay, collect a mighty pile
 Of wood, and light it up with flaming brands,
 They shall be slain immediately, and broil'd
 To satisfy my appetite with viands
 Hot from the coals. The rest shall be well sodden ;
 For I am sated with unsavoury beasts,
 Enough on lions have I banqueted
 And stags that haunt this mountain : but 'tis long
 Since human flesh I tasted.

SILENUS.

My dread lord,
 Variety is sweet : no other strangers
 Have reach'd of late these solitary caves.

ULYSSES.

O Cyclops, hear the strangers also speak,
 In their defence. We, wanting to buy food,
 Came to your caverns from our anchor'd bark.
 These lambs to us he barter'd for our wine,
 And of his own accord, when he had drank,
 Yielded them up ; no violence was us'd :
 But the account he gives is utter falshood,
 Since he was caught without your privity
 Vending your goods.

SILENUS.

I? curses on your head !

ULYSSES.

If I have utter'd an untruth.

SILENUS.

By Neptune
 Your Sire, O Cyclops, by great Triton, Nereus,
 Calypso, Nereus' Daughters, by the waves,
 And all the race of fishes, I protest,
 Most beauteous Cyclops, my dear little lord,
 I sold not to the foreigners your goods ;
 May swift perdition, if I did, o'ertake
 These sinners here, my children, whom I love
 Beyond expression.

CHORUS.

Curb thy tongue: I saw thee
 Vending thy lord's possessions to the strangers:
 If I speak falshood, may our Father perish!
 But injure not these foreigners.

POLYPHEME.

Ye lie;
 For I in him much rather would confide
 Than Rhadamanthus, and pronounce that he
 Is a more upright judge. But I to them
 Some questions would propose. Whence sail'd
 strangers?
 Where is your country and your native town?

ULYSSES.

We in the realms of Ithaca were born;
 But after we had laid Troy's bulwarks waste,
 O Cyclops, by those howling winds which raise
 The ocean's boisterous surges, to your coast
 Our vessel was impell'd.

POLYPHEME.

Are ye the men
 Who worthless Helen's ravisher pursued
 To Ilion's turrets on Scamander's bank?

ULYSSES.

The same: most dreadful toils have we endur'd.

POLYPHEME.

Dishonourable warfare; in the cause
 Of one vile woman, ye to Phrygia sail'd.

ULYSSES.

Such was the will of Jove; on no man charge
 The fault. But we to you, O generous Son
 Of Ocean's God, our earnest prayers address,
 Nor fear with honest freedom to remonstrate
 That we your hapless friends, who to these caves
 For refuge fly, deserve not to be slain
 To satiate with accursed human food
 Your appetite: for to your Sire, great King,
 Full many a temple on the shores of Greece

Have we erected ; Tænarus' sacred haven
 To him remains inviolate, the cliff
 Of Malea, Sunium for its silver mines
 Renown'd, on whose steep promontory stands
 Minerva's fane, and the Gerastian bay,
 But those intolerable wrongs which Greece
 From Troy had suffer'd, could we not forgive.
 Our triumph interests you, who in a land
 With Greece (6) connected, dwell, beneath the rock
 Of flaming Ætna. Let those public laws
 Which all mankind obey, on you prevail
 To change your ruthless purpose, and admit
 Your suppliants to a conference, who have long
 Endur'd the perils of the billowy deep ;
 With hospitable gifts, and change of raiment
 Assist us, nor affix our quivering limbs
 On spits, to sate your gluttony. Enough
 Hath Priam's land depopulated Greece,
 Whole myriads have in fighting fields been slain ;
 The widow'd bride, the aged childless matron,
 And hoary sire, hath Troy made ever wretched.
 But if you burn, and at your hateful feasts
 Devour the scatter'd relics of our host,
 Whither shall any Grecian turn ? but listen
 To my persuasion, Cyclops, and control
 Your gluttony. What piety enjoins,
 Prefer to this defiance of the Gods :
 For ruin oft attends unrighteous gain.

SILENUS.

Leave not the smallest morsel of his flesh ;
 Take my advice, and if you eat his tongue,
 You certainly, O Cyclops, will become
 A most accomplish'd orator.

(6) " The Greeks, as Thucydides informs us in the 6th book, introduced many colonies into Sicily ; though not till long after the time of its being governed by the Cyclops, and Læstrygones : but such anticipations are familiar to the Poets." BARNES.

POLYPHEME,

Vile caitiff,

Wealth is the deity the wise adore,
But all things else are unsubstantial boasts,
And specious words alone. I nought regard
Those promontories sacred to my Sire.
Why dost thou talk of them? I tremble not,
O stranger, at the thunderbolts of Jove,
Him I account not a more powerful God
Than I am, nor henceforth will heed him: hear
My reasons; when he from the skies sends down
The rain, secure from its inclemency
Beneath this rock I dwell, and make a feast
On roasted calves, or on the savage prey,
Stretcht at my length supine, then drain a pitcher
Of milk, and emulate the thunder's sound.
When Thracian Boreas pours his flaky showers,
In hides of beasts my body I enwrap,
Approach the fire, nor heed the pelting snows.
Compell'd by strong necessity, the ground
Produces grass, and nourishes my herds,
Whom, to no other God except myself,
And to this belly, greatest of the Gods,
I sacrifice. Because each day to eat,
To drink, and feel no grief, is bliss supreme,
The Heaven, the object of the wise man's worship.
I leave those gloomy law-givers to weep,
Who by their harsh impertinent restrictions
Have checker'd human life; but will indulge
My genius, and devour thee. That my conduct
May be exempt from blame, thou shalt receive
As pledges of our hospitality
The fire, and that hereditary cauldron
Well heated, which shall boil thy flesh: walk in,
Ye shall adorn my table, and produce
Delicious meals to cheer my gloomy cave,
Such as a God can relish.

ULYSSES.

I have 'scap'd,
 Alas, each danger at the siege of Troy,
 'Scap'd the tempestuous ocean ; but in vain
 Attempt to soften the unpitying heart
 Of him who spurns all laws. Now, sacred Queen,
 Daughter of Jove, now aid me, O Minerva.
 For I such perils as far, far exceed
 My Phrygian toils, encounter : and, O Jove,
 Dread guardian of each hospitable rite,
 Who sitt'st enthron'd above the radiant stars,
 Look down : for if thou view not this, tho' deem'd
 Omnipotent, thou art a thing of nought.

[*Exeunt* POLYPHEME, ULYSSES, and SILENUS.]

SEMICHORUS I.

That insatiate throat expand,
 Boil'd and roast are now at hand
 For thee, O Cyclops, to devour :
 From the coals in evil hour
 Yet reeking, shall thy teeth divide
 The limbs of each unhappy guest,
 To thy table serv'd when drest
 In dishes form'd of shaggy hide.
 O betray me not, my friend,
 For I on you alone depend :
 Now approach the shades of night,
 Launch the bark, and aid our flight.

SEMICHORUS II.

Thou cave, and ye unholy rites,
 Adieu, the Cyclops' curst delights,
 Who on his prisoners wont to feed,
 Hath banish'd pity from his breast.
 Inhuman execrable deed !
 On his own hearth, the suppliant guest,
 Regardless of the Lares' guardian powers,
 Now he slays, and now devours :
 Hot from the coals, with odious jaws,
 Human flesh the miscreant gnaws.

ULYSSES, CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

How, mighty Jove! shall I express myself?
 (7) The dreadful scenes I in the cave have view'd
 Are so astonishing, they more resemble
 Some fable than the actions of a man.

CHORUS.

What now, Ulysses, on your lov'd companions
 Feasts this most impious Cyclops?

ULYSSES.

Two, the fattest,
 Having well view'd, and pois'd them in his hands —

CHORUS.

How did you bear, O miserable man,
 These cruel outrages?

ULYSSES.

Soon as we enter'd
 The rocky cave, he lighted first the fire,
 On the wide blaze heap'd trunks of lofty oaks,
 A load sufficient for three wains to bear;
 Then near the flaming hearth, upon the ground,
 Arrang'd his couch of pine leaves, fill'd a bowl,
 Holding about ten firkins, with the milk
 Of heifers, and beside it plac'd a jug
 Adorn'd with ivy, the circumference seem'd
 Three spacious ells, the depth no less than four:

(7) " It seems not only inconsistent with historical faith, but also
 " with reason, that Ulysses should now be able to wander forth from
 " the cave of the Cyclops; but it was absolutely necessary that the
 " spectators should be acquainted with the transactions going on within,
 " and the projects formed by Ulysses. Wherefore, the Cyclops not
 " being yet fallen asleep, it is to be supposed the cave was not shut up,
 " but some passage left open for Ulysses, whom the Cyclops said he
 " would devour last of all; but that his comrades being cooped up were
 " unable to follow him: being at liberty, he would however by no
 " means fly without them, but was determined either to die or escape
 " * together: see v. 478. Thus much was it proper to say for the sake
 " of Euripides, who though he in this matter somewhat differ from
 " Homer, lay under a necessity of accommodating his fable to the
 " stage." BARNES.

Then made his cauldron bubble, and reach'd down
 Spits burnt at the extremities, and polish'd
 Not with a knife, but hatchets; Ætna furnish'd
 Such instruments for sacrifice, the stems
 Of (8) thorn. No sooner had the hellish cook
 Finish'd his preparations, than he seiz'd
 Two of my valiant comrades, whom he slew
 With calm deliberation; one he cast
 Into the hollow cauldron; from the ground
 Then lifting up his fellow by the foot
 Dash'd out his brains against the pointed rock;
 Severing his flesh with an enormous knife,
 Part at the fire he roasted, and to boil,
 His other joints into the cauldron threw.
 But I, tho' from these eyes full many a tear
 Burst forth, approach'd the Cyclops, and on him
 Attended, while my friends, like timorous birds
 Lurk'd in the distant crannies of the rock,
 And all the blood forsook their pallid frame.
 When sated with his feast the monster lay
 Supine, and snor'd, a thought by Heaven inspir'd
 Enter'd this bosom; having fill'd a cup
 With Maron's juice unmingled, I to him
 Bore it, that he might drink; and cried, "Behold
 " O Cyclops, Son of Neptune, how divine
 " The beverage which our Grecian vineyards yield,
 " The stream of Bacchus." But already glutted
 With his abominable food, he seiz'd

(8) In my version of this passage I have principally availed myself of Heald's readings and interpretation; the word which I have rendered *thorn* is in the Greek *Πελλαγος*, a tree whose branches appear to have been of a tough and flexible nature, from Strabo's speaking of the Troglodytes as binding the necks and feet of their dead *παβδος παλισμους*. Virgil, in his *Georgics*, describes the *Paliurus* as of a prickly nature, and springing up upon uncultivated land. *Carduus et spinis surgit Paliurus acutis*,

"Knotty burrs and thorns disgrace the ground." DRYDEN.

In Martin's comment on this passage, and Miller's *Gardener's Dictionary*, we find it given as their opinion, that the *Paliurus* of the antients was the shrub now called *Christ-thorn*.

And emptied the whole bumper at one draught,
 Then lifting up, in token of applause,
 His hand; "O dearest stranger," he exclaim'd,
 "To a delicious banquet thou hast added
 "Delicious wine." Perceiving he grew merry
 I plied him with a second cup, well knowing
 That wine will stagger him: he soon shall feel
 Such punishment as he deserves. He sung;
 I pour'd forth more and more, to warm his bowels
 With strong potations: 'midst my weeping crew
 He makes the cave with unharmonious strains
 Re-echo. But I silently came forth,
 And, if ye give consent, design to save
 You, and myself. Say therefore, will ye fly
 From this unsocial monster, and reside
 With (9) Grecian maids beneath the roofs of Bacchus.

(9) Dr. Musgrave having in his edition removed the Aldus reading of *Δαναίδων*, and substituted that of *Ναυαίδων*, for which he produces no other authority than the conjecture of Causabon; it may not be improper to lay before the reader the following note of Barnes: "Thus have I left the text unchanged as it formerly stood, not but that Isaac Causabon with great acuteness reads *Ναυίδων*, nor because the Naiades were not the associates of Bacchus, nor that the Danaides (Daughters of Danaus) have any thing to do here, but because Ulysses does not promise to conduct the Satyrs to these Nymphs, the Naiades: (for how could he, being unacquainted with the place of their residence?) but because he meant to remove them from Sicily to Greece, where the worship of Bacchus was established, and Grecian maids (not the Daughters of Danaus) celebrated his rites. I admire Causabon, I embrace Sealiger; but it behoves me not to place implicit trust in the great names of any men, however learned." The versions I have referred to, from Camillus down to Carmelli, accord with Barnes in his interpretation of the words: nor does Dr. Musgrave in his note dissent from them in that respect, but attempts to prove the absolute necessity of an alteration, from the Satyrs who compose the Chorus being utter strangers to "the Grecian maids:" admitting this circumstance, the object seems to carry with it no force whatever, as the words are not put into *their* mouths, but into the mouth of Ulysses, who proceeds in a subsequent speech more directly to promise, what at the close of the piece he is supposed to effect, that he will convey the Satyrs with him in his ship from Sicily to Greece.

Your Sire within approves of these proposals :
 But now grown feeble and o'ercharg'd with wine,
 Attracted by the goblet, as if bird-lime
 Had smear'd his wings, he wavers. But with me,
 Do thou preserve thyself, for thou art young :
 And I to Bacchus, to thy antient friend
 Far different from this Cyclops, will restore thee.

CHORUS.

My dearest friend, O could we see that day,
 And 'scape yon impious monster ! for we long
 Have been depriv'd of the enlivening bowl,
 Nor entertain a single hope of freedom.

ULYSSES.

Now hear the means by which I can requite
 This odious savage, and thou too may'st 'scape
 From servitude.

CHORUS.

Speak, for we should not hear
 The sound of Asia's harp with more delight,
 Than the glad tidings of the Cyclops' death.

ULYSSES.

By wine enliven'd, he resolves to go
 And revel with his brethren.

CHORUS.

I perceive
 You mean to seize and kill him when alone,
 (10) By some enchantment, or to dash him headlong
 From the steep rock.

(10) A variety of proposed alterations are enumerated by Barnes in his note on the word *ρῦθμοισι*, which he and most editors have inserted in their text from the Aldus edition. *ρῦπηγοισι*, *loris*, was discovered by Henry Stephens in some antient manuscripts ; others, he says, but not with his concurrence, read *ρῦθμω σι*, which they explain *uno ictu* : *επηγμοισι*, in *littoribus*, is the conjecture of Brødæus and Duport, *ρυσμοισι* *tractionibus*, of Scaliger and Causabon ; nor have later critics been backward in furnishing their quota : Carmelli proposes either to continue the reading of *ρῦθμοισι*, and to render it *rationibus*, or to substitute in its place *λιθοισι*, *lapidibus* ; Reiskius prefers *ρωγμοισι*, in *præcipitiis* ; Mr. Tyrwhitt and

ULYSSES.

I have no such design
As these : on craft alone my plan depends.

CHORUS.

How then will you proceed : For we long since
Have heard that you for wisdom are renown'd.

ULYSSES.

I will deter him from the feast, and say
He must not portion out among the Cyclops
This liquor, but reserve it for himself
And lead a joyous life : when overcome
By Bacchus' gifts he sleeps, this sword shall point
An olive pole, which to my purpose suited
Lies in the cave : I in the fire will heat,
And, when it flames, direct the hissing brand
Full on the Cyclops' forehead, to extinguish
The orb of sight. As when some artist frames
A nautic structure, he by thongs directs
The pondrous augre ; thus will I whirl round
Within the Cyclops' eye the kindled staff,
And scorch his visual nerve.

CHORUS.

Ho ! I rejoice ;

This blest invention almost makes me frantic.

ULYSSES.

Thee, and thy friends, and thy decrepid Sire,
This done, aboard my vessel will I place,
And from this region with a double tier
Of oars convey.

CHORUS.

But is it possible

Dr. Musgrave *δρυμοισι*, in sylvis. Amidst all this diversity of opinions, my principal inducement for giving the preference to the antient reading and interpretation of *ρυθμοισι*, rhythmis vel carminibus, arises from its appearing to me greatly strengthened by the Chorus saying afterwards, v. 642, *οιδ' επωδην Ορφεως*, scio incantationem Orphei, and supposing that by this incantation the flaming brand might be caused to fall on the Cyclops' eye.

That I, as if dread Jove were my confederate,
 Shall guide the well-pois'd brand, and of his eye-sight
 Deprive the monster? For I wish to share
 In such assassination.

ULYSSES.

I expect
 Your aid: the brand is weighty, and requires
 Our social efforts.

CHORUS.

I'd sustain a load
 Equal to what an hundred teams convey,
 Could I dash out the cursed Cyclops' eye
 E'en as a swarm of wasps.

ULYSSES.

Be silent now;
 (Ye know my stratagem) and at my bidding
 To those who o'er th' adventurous scheme preside
 Yield prompt obedience: for I scorn to leave
 My friends within, and save this single life.
 True, 'scape I might, already having pass'd
 The cavern's deep recess: but it were mean
 If I should extricate myself alone,
 False to the faithful partners of my voyage.

[Exit ULYSSES.]

CHORUS.

Who first, who next, with steadfast hand
 Ordain'd to guide the flaming brand,
 The Cyclops' radiant eye shall pierce?

SEMICHORUS I.

Silence! for from within a song
 Bursts on my ear, in tuneless verse,
 Insensate minstrel, doom'd ere long
 This luxurious meal to rue,
 He staggers from yon rocky cave.
 Him let us teach who never knew
 How at the banquet to behave,
 Outrageous and unmanner'd hind,
 Soon shall he totally be blind.

SEMICHORUS II.

Thrice blest is he, in careless play
 'Midst Bacchuss' orgies ever gay,
 Stretcht near the social board whence glides
 The vine's rich juice in purple tides,
 Who fondly clasps with eager arms
 The consenting virgin's charms ;
 Rich perfumes conspire to shed
 Sweetest odours on his head,
 While enamour'd of the fair
 He wantons with her auburn hair.
 But hark ! for surely 'tis our mate
 Exclaiming, " Who will ope the gate ?"

POLYPHEME, ULYSSES, SILENUS, CHORUS.

POLYPHEME.

Ha ! ha ! I am replete with wine, the banquet
 Hath cheer'd my soul : like a well-freighted ship
 My stomach's with abundant viands stow'd
 Up to my very chin. This smiling turf
 Invites me to partake a vernal feast
 With my Cyclopean brothers. Stranger, bring
 That vessel from the cave. [Exit ULYSSES.

CHORUS.

With bright-ey'd grace
 Our master issues from his spacious hall ;
 (Some God approves—the kindled torch—) that form
 Equals the lustre of a blooming nymph
 Fresh from the dripping caverns of the main.
 Soon shall the variegated wreath adorn
 Your temples.

ULYSSES *returning.*

Hear me, Cyclops ; well I know
 Th' effect of this potation, Bacchus' gift,
 Which I to you dispens'd.

POLYPHEME.

Yet say what sort

Of God is Bacchus by his votaries deem'd ?

ULYSSES.

The greatest source of pleasure to mankind.

POLYPHEME.

I therefore to my palate find it sweet.

ULYSSES.

A God like this to no man will do wrong.

POLYPHEME.

But in a bottle how can any God
Delight to dwell ?

ULYSSES.

In whatsoever place

We lodge him, the benignant Power resides.

POLYPHEME.

The skins of goats are an unseemly lodging
For Deities.

ULYSSES.

If you admire the wine,

Why quarrel with its case ?

POLYPHEME.

Those filthy hides

I utterly detest, but love the liquor.

ULYSSES.

Stay here; drink, drink, O Cyclops, and be gay.

POLYPHEME.

This luscious beverage, must I not impart
To cheer my brothers ?

ULYSSES.

Keep it to yourself

And you shall seem more honourable.

POLYPHEME.

More useful,

If I distribute largely to my friends.

ULYSSES.

Broils, taunts, and discord from the banquet rise.

POLYPHEME.

Tho' I am fuddled, no man dares to touch me.

ULYSSES.

He who hath drunk too freely, O my friend,
Ought to remain at home.

POLYPHEME.

Devoid of reason
Is he who when he drinks pays no regard
To mirth and to good fellowship.

ULYSSES.

More wise,
O'ercharg'd with wine, who ventures not abroad.

POLYPHEME.

Shall we stay here? What think'st thou, O Silenus?

SILENUS.

With all my heart. What need, for our carousals,
Of a more numerous company?

POLYPHEME.

The ground
Beneath our feet, a flowery turf adorns.

SILENUS.

O how delightful 'tis to drink, and bask
Here in the sun-shine: on this grassy couch
Beside me take your seat.

POLYPHEME.

Why dost thou place
The cup behind my elbow?

SILENUS.

Lest some stranger
Should come and snatch the precious boon away.

POLYPHEME.

Thou mean'st to tope clandestinely: between us
Here let it stand.—O stranger, by what name
Say shall I call thee?

ULYSSES.

(11) Noman is my name.

(11) The quibbles on the word *Ουτις*, "no man," both here and again from v. 668 to 671, are very closely copied from Homer, *Odys.* L. 9, v. 366—410.

But for what favour shall I praise your kindness.

POLYPHEME.

Thee last of all the crew will I devour.

ULYSSES.

A wondrous privilege is this, O Cyclops,
Which on the stranger, you, bestow.

POLYPHEME.

What mean'st thou?
Ha! art thou drinking up the wine by stealth?

SILENUS.

Only the gentle Bacchus gave that kiss,
Because I look so blooming.

POLYPHEME.

Thou shalt weep,
Because thy lips were to the wine applied,
Nor did it seek thy mouth.

SILENUS.

Not thus, by Jove;
I drank because the generous God of wine
Declar'd that he admir'd me for my beauty.

POLYPHEME.

Pour forth; give me a bumper.

SILENUS.

I must taste
To see what mixture it requires.

POLYPHEME.

Damnation!
Give it me pure.

SILENUS.

Not so, the Heavens forbid!
Till you the wreath bind on your ample front,
And I again have tasted.

POLYPHEME.

What a knave
Is this my cup-bearer!

SILENUS.

Accuse me not;

The wine is sweet: you ought to wipe your mouth
Before you drink.

POLYPHEME.

My lips and beard are clean.

SILENUS.

Loll thus upon your elbow with a grace,
Drink as you see me drink, and imitate
My every gesture.

POLYPHEME.

What art thou about?

SILENUS.

I swallow'd then a most delicious bumper.

POLYPHEME.

Take thou the cask, O stranger, and perform
The office of my cup-bearer.

ULYSSES.

These hands
Have been accustom'd to the pleasing office.

POLYPHEME.

Now pour it forth.

ULYSSES.

Be silent: I obey.

POLYPHEME.

Thou hast propos'd a difficult restraint
To him who largely drinks.

ULYSSES.

Now drain the bowl;
Leave nought behind: the toper must not prate
Before his liquor's ended.

POLYPHEME.

In the vine

There's wisdom.

ULYSSES.

When to plenteous food you add
An equal share of liquor, and well drench
The throat beyond what thirst demands, you sink
Into sweet sleep: but if you leave behind

Aught of th' unfinish'd beverage in your cup,
Bacchus will scorch your entrails.

POLYPHEME,

'Tis a mercy
(12) How I swam out; the very Heavens whirl round
Mingled with earth. I view Jove's throne sublime,
And the whole synod of encircling Gods.
Were all the Graces to solicit me,
I would not kiss them: Ganymede himself
Appears in matchless beauty.

SILENUS.

I, O Cyclops,
Am Jove's own Ganymede.

POLYPHEME.

By Heaven thou art!
Whom from the realms of Dardanus I bore.

[Exit POLYPHEME.

SILENUS.

Ruin awaits me.

CHORUS.

Dost thou loath him now?

SILENUS.

Ah me! I from this sleep shall soon behold
The most accurs'd effects. [Exit SILENUS.

ULYSSES.

Come on, ye Sons
Of Bacchus, generous youths; for soon dissolv'd
In slumber shall the monster from those jaws
Vomit forth flesh, within the hall now smokes
The brand, and nought remains but to burn out
The Cyclops' eye: act only like a man.

(12) This language, as Barnes and Carmelli both observe, is extremely natural in the mouth of a drunken man, who from the giddiness of his head, and the effects of the fumes of the wine on his senses, imagines he has been plunged into the sea, and is with great difficulty just escaped from thence. It appeared expedient to me to omit a line and half at the close of this speech.

CHORUS.

The firmness of my soul shall equal rocks
 And adamant. But go into the cave
 With speed, before tumultuous sounds assail
 Our aged Father's ears; for, to effect
 Your purpose, all is ready.

ULYSSES.

Vulcan, King

Of Ætna, from this impious pest, who haunts
 Thy sacred mountain, free thyself at once,
 By burning out his glaring eye; and thou
 Nurtur'd by sable Night, O Sleep, invade
 With thy resistless force this beast abhorr'd
 By Heaven; nor after all the glorious deeds
 Atchiev'd at Ilion, with his faithful sailors,
 Destroy Ulysses' self, by him who heeds
 Nor God nor mortal. Else must we hold Fortune
 A Goddess, and all other Deities
 Inferior to resistless Fortune's power. [*Exit* ULYSSES.

CHORUS.

The neck of him who slays his guest,
 With burning pincers shall be prest,
 And fire bereaving him of sight
 Soon shall destroy that orb of light.
 Within the embers near at hand
 Lies conceal'd a smoking brand,
 Torn from its parental tree.
 Maron, we depend on thee;
 May th' exasperated foe
 With success direct the blow!
 May the Cyclops lose his eye,
 And curse his ill-tim'd jolity!
 Thee, Bromius, how I long to meet
 Thy front adorn'd with ivy twine;
 Leaving this abhorr'd retreat.
 Ah, when shall such delight be mine?

ULYSSES, CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

Be silent, O ye savages, restrain
 Those clamorous tongues: by Heaven ye shall not
 breathe,
 Nor wink your eyes, nor cough, lest ye awaken
 This pest, the Cyclops, ere he of his eye-sight
 Is by the fire bereft.

CHORUS.

We will be silent,
 And in our jaws confine the very air.

ULYSSES.

The pond'rous weapon seize with dauntless hands,
 Entering the cavern; for 'tis fully heated.

CHORUS.

Will you not give directions who shall first
 Manage the glowing lever, and burn out
 The Cyclops' eye, that in one common fortune
 We all may share.

SEMICHORUS I.

We who before the portals
 Are station'd, are not tall enough to drive
 Full on its destin'd mark the hissing brand.

SEMICHORUS II.

But I am with a sudden lameness seiz'd.

SEMICHORUS I.

The same calamity which you experience
 To me hath also happen'd; for my feet
 Are by convulsions tortur'd, tho' the cause
 I know not.

ULYSSES.

If ye feel such dreadful spasms,
 How can ye stand?

CHORUS.

Our eyes are also fill'd
 With dust or ashes.

ULYSSES.

These allies of mine
Are worthless cowards.

CHORUS.

We forsooth want courage
Because we feel compassion for our shoulders,
Nor would be beaten till our teeth drop out.
But I a magic incantation know,
Devis'd by Orpheus, which hath such effect,
That of its own accord the brand shall pierce
The skull of him, the one-ey'd Son of Earth. (13)

ULYSSES.

Long have I known ye are by nature such ;
But more than ever do I know you now.
On my own friends I therefore must rely.
Yet if thou hast no vigour in that arm,
Exhort my drooping friends to act with valour
And let thy counsels aid the bold emprise.

[Exit ULYSSES.]

CHORUS.

Such be my province : we this Carian's life (14)

(13) " Apollonius Rhodius, in the first book of his Argonautics, calls Polypheme the Cyclops, son of Neptune and Europa, daughter of Tityus; but Andron of Teium, Possidonius, and Apollodorus relate, that Polypheme was son to Elatus one of the Lapithæ and the Nymph Stilbè; Conon, in his Heraclea, calls him the son of Elatus and Anymonè. But we must either say that these authors confounded Polypheme the Argonaut with the Cyclops, or give the entire preference to the authority of Homer, who assigns to him Neptune for father, and Thoosa daughter of Phoreys for mother. Euripides also calls Neptune, the father of Polypheme, nor doth he deny that Thoosa was his mother; but calls the Earth his mother, because the Earth produced Giants like him; the enemies of the Gods." BARNES.

(14) " The Carians, according to Ælian, in his history of Animals, L. 12, c. 30, and Lycophron, v. 1384, were the first nation that ever fought for hire; whence a Carian among the antients has much the same signification with a mercenary soldier. Hence arises the proverb εν τω Καρι κινδυνευειν, when any person in making an experiment hazards the life of another. Hesychius informs us that this expression is principally made use of in speaking of those who expose meaner

Will hazard. But my counsels shall induce them
 To burn the Cyclops. Ho! with courage whirl
 The brand, delay not to scorch out the eye
 Of him who banquets on the stranger's flesh.
 With fire assail the savage, pierce the front
 Of Ætna's shepherd, lest, with anguish stung,
 On you he perpetrate some deed of horror.

POLYPHEME *within.*

Ah me! by burning coals I am depriv'd
 Of eye-sight.

CHORUS.

That was a melodious Pæan:
 To me, O Cyclops, sing th' enchanting strain.

POLYPHEME, CHORUS.

POLYPHEME.

Ah, how am I insulted and destroy'd!
 Yet shall ye never from this hollow rock
 Escape triumphant, O ye things of nought:
 For in my station rooted, where this cleft
 Opens a door, will I spread forth my hands
 And stop your passage?

“souls to danger in their stead; which Polybius calls the part of a
 “prudent man. The Chorus therefore facetiously says, We whose life
 “is of great value will stand aloof from danger, and expose you, a vile
 “and ignoble man, to die for us.” DR. MUSGRAVE.

I have only abridged this valuable note, which amply obviates the
 supposed necessity of an alteration in the text. The term of Caryatides
 is to this day given to entablatures supported by female figures in the
 stead of columns, in regard to the origin of which denomination, Vitru-
 vius gives the following account: Caria a city of Peloponesus conspired
 with the Persians against Greece; no sooner had the Greeks ended that
 war by a glorious victory, than they with one consent declared war
 against the inhabitants of Caria: having taken and destroyed the city,
 and slain the men, they led away their matrons for slaves, and the archi-
 tects of those times placed images of these captive dames to support the
 weight of public edifices, that the memorable punishment of the inha-
 bitants of Caria might be transmitted to posterity.

CHORUS.

Ha! what means these outcries,
O Cyclops?

POLYPHEME.

I am ruin'd.

CHORUS.

You appear
To have much been abus'd.

POLYPHEME.

Deplorably.

CHORUS.

When fuddled, did you fall 'mid burning coals?

POLYPHEME.

Noman hath ruin'd me.

CHORUS.

To you then no one
Hath offer'd any wrong.

POLYPHEME.

These lids hath Noman
Depriv'd of sight.

CHORUS.

You therefore are not blind.

POLYPHEME.

Would thou could'st see as little.

CHORUS.

How can no man
Put out your eye.

POLYPHEME.

Thou art dispos'd to jest.

But where is Noman?

CHORUS.

He is no where, Cyclops.

POLYPHEME.

That execrable stranger, mark me well,
Is author of my ruin, who produc'd
The fraudulent draught, and burn'd my visual nerves.

CHORUS.

Wine is invincible.

POLYPHEME.

By all the Gods,

Answer me I conjure you; did they fly,
Or are they here within?

CHORUS.

They on the top

Of yonder rock which skreens them from your reach,
In silence take their stand.

POLYPHEME.

But on which side?

CHORUS.

Your right.

POLYPHEME.

Where, where?

CHORUS.

Upon that very rock.

Have you yet caught them?

POLYPHEME.

To mischance succeeds

Mischance; I have fallen down and crack'd my skull.

CHORUS.

They 'scape you now.

POLYPHEME.

Ye misinform'd me sure;

They are not here.

CHORUS.

I say not that they are.

POLYPHEME.

Where then?

CHORUS.

They wheel around your on your left.

POLYPHEME.

Ah me! I am derided, ye but mock
At my affliction.

CHORUS.

They are there no longer :

But Noman stands before you.

POLYPHEME.

O thou villain,

Where art thou ?

ULYSSES, POLYPHEME, CHORUS.

ULYSSES.

Keeping cautiously aloof,

Thus I, Ulysses, guard my threaten'd life.

POLYPHEME.

What said'st thou ? Wherefore hast thou chang'd thy
name

T' assume a new one ?

ULYSSES.

Me my father nam'd

Ulysses. It was destin'd you should suffer

A just requital for your impious feast ;

For I in vain had with consuming flames

Laid Ilium waste, had I forborn t' avenge

On you the murder of my valiant friends.

POLYPHEME.

Now is that antient oracle, alas,

Accomplish'd, which foretold, that I by thee,

On thy return from Troy, should be depriv'd

Of sight : but that thou also for a deed

So cruel, shalt be punish'd, and full long

Endure the beating of tempestuous waves.

ULYSSES.

Go weep, my (15) actions justify these words.

But to the shore I haste ; and to my country

Will steer the vessel o'er Sicilia's waves.

(15) Dr. Musgrave cites the authority of two manuscripts for altering
ἰδούχ', video, into ἐδούχ', effeci.

THE CYCLOPS.

POLYPHEME.

Thou shalt not ; with this fragment of the rock
Hurl'd at thy head, thee and thy perjur'd crew
Will I demolish : for I yet, tho' blind,
Can mount the cliff which overhangs the port,
And in its wonted crannies fix my steps.

CHORUS.

But we, blest partners in Ulysses' voyage,
Henceforth the laws of Bacchus will obey.

THE
CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

Ultor adest, primisque ducem profitetur in annis,
 Bellaque non puero tractat agenda puer.
Auspiciis, animisque patris puer arma movebis,
 Et vinces animis, auspiciisque patris :
Tale rudimentum tanto sub nomine debes.

OVID.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

IOLAUS.

COPREUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIAN OLD MEN.

DEMOPHOON.

MACARIA.

ALCMENA.

MESSENGER.

EURYSTHEUS.

SCENE — BEFORE THE ALTAR OF JUPITER, IN THE
FORUM AT MARATHON, A CITY IN THE ATHENIAN
DOMINIONS.

THE
CHILDREN OF HERCULES.

IOLAUS.

LONG have I held this sentiment ; the just
Are born the streams of bounty to diffuse
On all around them : while the man whose soul
Is warp'd by interest, useless in the state,
Untractable and harsh to every friend,
Lives only for himself : in words alone
This doctrine I imbib'd not. Thro' a sense
Of virtuous shame and reverence for my kindred (1)
When I in peace at Argos might have dwelt,
I singly shar'd the toils of Hercules,
While he on earth remain'd : but now he dwells
In Heaven, I guard his children, tho' protection
Be what I need myself. For when their Sire
Forsook this nether world, Eurystheus strove
Immediately to slay us ; but I 'scap'd
From that oppressor's fangs, and tho' to me
Lost is my country, I have sav'd my life.
But we poor vagabonds, from city fly
To some fresh city, ever forc'd to change
Our dwelling : for Eurystheus deems it meet
To add this wrong to former wrongs, he sends
His Heralds wheresoe'er he hears we settle,
And claims and drives us forth from every land ;
No slight resentment from the Argive realm

(1) Iolaus, whom Pausanias and Apollodorus call the charioteer of Hercules, was son of Iphicles, Brother of that Hero by Automedusa daughter of Alcahous, and accompany'd his Uncle in most of his labours.

Against our friends denouncing, he reminds them
 Of his own prosperous fortunes: when they see
 My weakness, and these little ones bereft
 Of their great Father, to superior might
 They crouch, and force the suppliant to depart.
 But with the exil'd race of Hercules
 A voluntary exile, I partake
 Their evil fortunes, stedfastly resolv'd
 Not to betray them; by malignant tongues
 It never shall be said; "O mark these Orphans!
 "Since their Sire's death, their kinsman Iolaus
 "Protects them not." But, exil'd from all Greece,
 On reaching Marathon and the domain
 Subject to the same rulers, here we sit
 Before the altars of the Gods, and sue
 For their assistance. In this region dwell
 Two Sons of Theseus, I am told, by lot
 Who portion out this realm, they from Pandion
 Descend, and to these Children are allied.
 We therefore undertook our present journey
 To the Athenian realm; two aged guides
 Conduct the hapless wanderers; my attention
 Is to the boys devoted: but Alcmena,
 Entering the adjacent temple, in her arms
 Tenderly clasps the female progeny
 Of her departed Son. Amid the crowd
 We fear to introduce these tender Virgins,
 Or place them at the altars of the Gods.
 But Hyllus and his Brothers, more mature,
 In years, enquire in what far distant land
 A fortress for our future residence
 We yet can find, if we from these domains
 By force should be expell'd. My Sons, come hither,
 Cling to this garment; for to us I see
 Eurystheus' Herald coming, by whose hate,
 We wanderers, banish'd from each friendly realm,
 Are still pursued. Thou, execrable miscreant,

Perish thyself, and perish he who sent thee :
 For to the noble Father of these Children
 Oft hath that (2) tongue enjoin'd severest toils.

COPREUS, IOLAUS.

COPREUS.

What, think'st thou unmolested to enjoy
 This pleasant seat, and have thy vagrant steps
 Enter'd at length a city prompt to fight
 Thy battles? for the man who will prefer
 Thy feeble arm to that of great Eurystheus,
 Exists not. Hence! why in these useless toils
 Dost thou persist? thou must return to Argos
 Where they have doom'd thee to be ston'd.

IOLAUS.

Not thus :

For in this altar shall I find protection,
 And this free country on whose soil we tread.

COPREUS.

Wilt thou constrain me then to have recourse
 To violence?

IOLAUS.

With forceful hand, nor me
 Nor these poor children shalt thou hence expel.

COPREUS.

Ere long shalt thou perceive that thou hast utter'd
 Erroneous propheties.

(2) " The Scholiast on the following passage in the fifteenth book of
 Homer's Iliad, v. 639,

" Κοπριος φιλον γον ος Ευρυσθος αυτακτος

" Αγγελιης οιχνησκει βιη Ηρακλησειη.

" The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire

" Against Alcides, Copreus was his Sire.

POPE.

" says; this Copreus was the herald of Eurystheus King of Argos, and
 " announced his commands to Hercules, who remained without the walls
 " of the city to perform the labours enjoined, for Eurystheus did not
 " suffer him to enter the gates."

BARNES.

IOLAUS.

This ne'er shall be

Long as I live.

COPREUS.

Depart, for I will seize them
'Gainst thy consent, and to Eurystheus' power
Surrender up, for they to him belong.

IOLAUS.

Aid me, ye antient citizens of Athens,
For we, tho' suppliants, forcibly are torn
E'en from Jove's public altar, and the wreaths
Twin'd round our sacred branches are polluted;
Shame to your city, insult to the Gods.

CHORUS, IOLAUS, COPREUS.

CHORUS,

What clamorous voices from yon altars rise?
What mischiefs are impending?

IOLAUS.

See a man
Burden'd with age, wretch that I am! lie prostrate.

CHORUS.

Who threw thee down? what execrable hand—?

IOLAUS.

'Tis he, O stranger, he who to your Gods
Yielding no reverence, strives with impious force
E'en now, to drag me from this hallow'd seat
Before Joves altar.

CHORUS.

He! — But from what land
Cam'st thou, old man, to this confederate state
Form'd of four (3) cities? From the distant coast

(3) The passage of Strabo quoted by Barnes in his note on this passage, informs us, that Xuthus, on his marriage to the daughter of Erectheus, founded the state of Attica, consisting of four cities; Oenoe, Marathon, Probalinthus, and Tricorythus. By referring to the word *Tetrapolis*, in either Strabo, Stephanus Byzantinus, or Cellarius's Geography, the reader will meet with further particulars.

Of steep Eubœa did ye ply your oars ?

IOLAUS.

The life I lead, O stranger, is not that
Of vagrant Islanders ; but in your realm
From fam'd Mycene's bulwarks I arrive.

CHORUS.

Among thy countrymen, old Man, what name
Thou bear'st, inform me.

IOLAUS.

Ye perchance knew somewhat
Of Iolaus, great Alcides' comrade,
A name not quite unnotic'd by renown.

CHORUS.

I formerly have heard of him : but say
Who is the Father of that infant race,
Whom with thy arm thou guid'st ?

IOLAUS.

These are the Sons

Of Hercules, O strangers, they, to you,
And to your city, humble suppliants come.

CHORUS.

On what account, inform me ; to demand
An audience of the state ?

IOLAUS.

That to their foes
They may not be surrender'd up, nor torn
Forcibly from the altars of your Gods,
And carried back to Argos.

COPREUS.

But thy Lords
Who bear rule over thee, and hither trace
Thy steps, will ne'er be satisfied with this.

CHORUS.

O stranger, 'tis our duty to revere
The suppliants of the Gods : with forceful hand
Shall no man drag thee from this holy spot,
This seat of the immortal Powers : dread Justice

Shall guard thee from the wrong.

COPREUS.

Out of your land

The vagrant subjects of Eurystheus drive,
As I admonish; and this hand shall use
No violence.

CHORUS.

How impious is that city
Which disregards the helpless stranger's prayer!

COPREUS.

'Twere best to interfere not in these broils,
And to adopt some more expedient counsels.

CHORUS.

You therefore, to the Monarch of this realm
Should have declar'd your errand, ere thus far
You had proceeded: but with brutal force
These strangers from the altars of the Gods
Presume not to convey, and to this land
Of freedom yield due reverence.

COPREUS.

But what King

Rules this domain and city?

CHORUS.

Theseus' son,

Renown'd Demophoon.

COPREUS.

Better I with him

This contest could decide: for all I yet
Have spoken, is but a mere waste of words.

CHORUS.

Behold, he hither comes in haste, and with him,
To hear this cause, his brother Acamas.

DEMOPHOON, IOLAUS, COPREUS, CHORUS.

DEMOPHOON.

Since by thy speed, old man, thou hast outstripp'd
Thy juniors, and already reach'd the shrine

Of Jove, inform me what event hath caus'd
This multitude t' assemble.

CHORUS.

There the Sons
Of Hercules in suppliant posture sit,
And with their wreaths, as you behold, O King,
Adorn the altar; that is Iolaus,
The faithful comrade of their valiant Sire.

DEMOPHOON.

How need'd their distress these clamorous shrieks?

CHORUS, *turning towards COPREUS.*

He rais'd the uproar, when by force he strove
To bear them hence, and on his knees, to earth
Threw the old Man, till I for pity wept.

DEMOPHOON.

Altho' he in the habit which he wears
Adopts the mode of Greece, such deeds as these
Speak the Barbarian.— But without delay
On thee it is incumbent now to tell me
The country whence thou cam'st.

COPREUS.

I am an Argive;

Thus far to solve your question: but from whence
I come, and on what errand, will I add;
Mycene's King, Eurystheus, sends me hither
To fetch these vagrants home: yet I, O stranger,
Will with abundant justice, in my actions,
As well as words, proceed; myself an Argive,
I bear away these Argives, I but seize
The fugitives who from my native land
Escap'd, when by the laws which there prevail
They were ordain'd to bleed. We have a right,
Because we are the rulers of the city,
To execute the sentence we enact
— 'Gainst our own subjects. To the sacred hearths
Of many other states when they repair'd,
We urg'd the self-same reasons, and none ventur'd

To be the authors of their own destruction.
 But haply they in you may have perceiv'd
 A foolish tenderness, and hither come,
 Desperate themselves, you also to involve
 In the same perils, whether they succeed
 Or fail in the emprise: for they no hope
 Can cherish, while you yet retain your reason,
 That you alone, in all the wide extent
 Of Greece, whose various regions they have travers'd,
 Should pity those calamities which rise
 But from their own imprudence. Now compare
 Th' alternative propos'd; by sheltering them
 In these dominions, or allowing us
 To bear them hence, what gain may you expect?
 Side but with us, these benefits are yours;
 Eurystheus' self, and Argos' numerous troops,
 Will aid this city with their utmost might:
 But if, by their seducing language mov'd,
 Ye harbour groundless pity for their woes,
 Arms must decide the strife. Nor vainly think
 We will desist till we have fully tried
 The temper of our swords. But what excuse
 Have ye to plead? Of what domains bereft
 Are ye provok'd to wage a desperate war
 With the Tiryinthian Argives? What allies
 Will aid you? What pretext can ye allege
 To claim funereal honours for the slain?
 The curses of your city will await
 Such conduct; for the sake of that old Man,
 Whom I may justly call a tomb, a shadow,
 And those unfriended Children, should you step
 Into the yawning gulph. Suppose the best
 Which possibly can happen, that a prospect
 Of future good hence rises; distant hopes
 Fall short of present gain. In riper years
 Ill can these youths be qualified to fight
 Against the Argive host, (if this elate

Your soul with hope) and ere that wish'd event
 There is a length of intermediate time
 In which ye may be ruin'd : but comply
 With my advice ; on me no gift bestow,
 Let me but take what to ourselves belongs,
 Mycené shall be yours. But O forbear
 To act as ye are wont, nor form a league
 With those of no account, when mightier friends
 May be procur'd.

DEMOPHOON.

Who can decide a cause,
 Or ascertain its merits, till he hear
 Both sides distinctly ?

IOLAUS.

In your land, O King,
 This great advantage, freedom of reply
 To the malignant charge against me urg'd,
 I find, and no man, as from other cities,
 Shall drive me hence. But we have nothing left
 For which it now behoves us to contend
 With him, nor aught, since that decree hath pass'd,
 To do with Argos : from our native land
 We are cast forth. In this distressful state,
 How can he drag us back again with justice
 As subjects of Mycené, to that realm
 Which hath already banish'd us ? We there
 Are only foreigners. But why should he
 Whom Argos dooms to exile, by all Greece
 Be also exil'd ? Not by Athens sure :
 For ne'er will Athens from its blest domains
 Expel the race of Hercules, appal'd
 By Argos' menac'd wrath. For neither (4) Trachis,

(4) According to Pausanias, Ceyx the King of Trachis, a city in Thessaly, finding himself unable to protect the Children of Hercules against the tyrant Eurystheus, sent them to Athens, hoping they might find a more powerful defender in *Theseus*. In a fragment of Hecataeus, an antient Greek historian, cited by Longinus, whose writings are not

Nor is that city of Achaia here,
 Whence thou by boasting of the might of Argos
 In words like those which thou hast utter'd now,
 These suppliants didst unjustly drive away
 Tho' seated at the altars. If thy threats
 Here too prevail, no longer shall we find
 Freedom, not e'en in Athens: but I know
 Full well the generous temper of its Sons,
 And rather would they die. For to the brave
 Shame is a load which renders life most hateful.
 Enough of Athens—for immoderate praise
 Becomes invidious: I remember too
 How oft I have been heretofore distress'd
 By overstrain'd encomiums. But on you
 How greatly 'tis incumbent to protect
 These Children, will I shew, since o'er this land
 You rule: For Pittheus was the Son of Pelops,
 From Pittheus Æthra sprung, From Æthra Theseus
 Your Father: from your ancestors to those
 Of your unhappy suppliants I proceed;
 Alcides was the Son of thundering Jove
 And of Alcmena; from Lysidice
 Daughter of Pelops, did Alcmena spring,

now extant; it is said that Ceyx commanded *τῶν Ἡρακλῆιδῶν ἐπιβουῆς*, "The descendants of Hercules' Children" to quit his kingdom, lest they themselves should perish, and involve him in their ruin. Euripides, by making Iolaus bring the infant Sons of Hercules to Demophoon and Acamas, the two Sons of Theseus, and joint sovereigns of Athens, appears guilty of a chronological inaccuracy, as Theseus, according to Dr. Blair's tables, survived his friend Hercules 17 years, and Menestheus occupied the throne of Athens after his death for 23 years, so that a space of 40 years intervened between the death of Hercules, and Acamas and Demophoon's becoming Kings of Athens: but Euripides, as I have had occasion elsewhere to observe, evidently considers the two Sons of Theseus as their Father's immediate successors. The classical reader will meet with further particulars relative to Ceyx, who was the Husband of Alcyone, and had been a friend to the deceased Hercules, in Barnes's note upon this passage.

One common (5) Grandsire gave your Grandame birth,
 And theirs: so near in blood are you to them:
 But, O Demophoon, what beyond the ties
 Of family you to these Children owe
 Will I inform you, and relate how erst
 With Theseus in one bark I sail'd, and bore
 Their Father's shield, when we that belt (6), the cause
 Of dreadful slaughter, sought; and from the caves
 Of Pluto, Hercules led back your Sire.
 This truth all Greece attests. They in return
 From you implore this boon, that to their foes
 They may not be surrender'd up, nor torn
 By force from these your tutelary Gods,
 And banish'd from this realm. For to yourself
 'Twere infamous, and baneful to your city,
 Should suppliants, exiles, sprung from ancestors
 The same with yours (ah miserable me!
 Behold, behold them!) with a forceful arm
 Be dragg'd away. But to your hands, and beard,
 Lifting these hallow'd branches, I entreat you
 Slight not Alcides' Children, undertake
 Their cause; and, O, to them become a Kinsman,
 Become a Friend, a Father, Brother, Lord,
 For better were it to admit these claims,

(5) The term made use of in the original is, thy Father and theirs were *αδελφοί*, an expression which Henry Stephens in his Greek Thesaurus will not allow to be equally vague with *αδελφοί* which is rendered "Cousin;" but by saying, *restringi significationem puto*, means apparently to confine it to Cousin-Germans, or the Children of Brothers, or Sisters; but it being evident from the foregoing pedigrees of Theseus and Hercules, that they were related to each other in the degree of Third Cousins only; I knew not how to express this in the English language in the accurate manner which *πρῶτος ὠδὸς* in the next line seems to render necessary, otherwise than by a circumlocution; which I fear will be thought very ungraceful. Where Eurystheus, near the close of this Tragedy, calls himself *αδελφοί* to Alcmena, he evidently mean First Cousin, as their Fathers Sthenelus and Electryon were Brothers, being both of them Sons of Perseus.

(6) Of Hippolyta the Amazon: see Hercules Distracted, v. 415, ed. Barnes.

Thou suffer them to fall beneath the rage
Of Argive tyrants.

CHORUS.

I with pity heard
Their woes, O King, but now I clearly see
How noble Birth to adverse Fortune yields :
For tho' they spring from an illustrious Sire,
Yet meet they with afflictions they deserve not,

DEMOPHOON.

Three powerful motives urge me, while I view
The misery which attends you, not to spurn
These strangers; first dread Jove, before whose altars
You with these children sit; next kindred ties,
And services perform'd in antient days,
Give them a claim to such relief from me
As from their godlike Father mine obtain'd;
And last of all that infamy which most
I ought to loathe : for if I should permit
A foreigner this altar to despoil,
I in a land of freedom shall no longer
Appear to dwell, but to surrender up,
Thro' fear, the suppliants to their Argive lords,
In this extreme of danger. Would to Heaven
You had arriv'd with happier auspices :
But tremble not lest any brutal hand
Should from this hallow'd altar force away,
You and the children. Therefore go thou back
To Argos, and this message to Eurystheus
Deliver; tell him too if there be aught
Which 'gainst our guests he can allege, the laws
Are open : but thou shalt not drag them hence.

COPREUS.

Not if I prove that it is just, and bring
Prevailing reasons?

DEMOPHOON.

How can it be just
To drive away the suppliant?

COPREUS.

Hence no shame
Shall light on me, but ruin on your head.

DEMOPHOON.

Should I permit thee to convey them hence
In me 'twere base indeed.

COPREUS.

Let them be banish'd
From your domains, and I elsewhere will seize them.

DEMOPHOON.

Thou fool, who deem'st thyself more wise than Jove!

COPREUS.

All villains may, it seems, take refuge here.

DEMOPHOON.

This altar of the Gods, to all affords
A sure asylum.

COPREUS.

In a different light,
This to Mycene's rulers will appear.

DEMOPHOON.

Am not I then the Monarch of this realm?

COPREUS.

Offer no wrong to them, if you are wise.

DEMOPHOON.

Do ye then suffer wrong when I refuse
To violate the temples of the Gods?

COPREUS.

I would not have you enter on a war
Against the Argives.

DEMOPHOON.

Equally inclin'd
Am I to peace, yet will not I yield up
These suppliants.

COPREUS.

Hence am I resolv'd to drag
Those who belong to me.

DEMOPHOON.

Thou then to Argos
Shalt not with ease return (7).

COPREUS.

Soon will I make
Th' experiment and know.

DEMOPHOON.

If thou presume
To touch them, thou immediately shalt rue it.

COPREUS.

I by the Gods conjure you not to strike
A Herald.

DEMOPHOON.

Strike I will, unless that Herald
Learn to behave discreetly.

CHORUS.

Go.— And you,
O King, forbear to touch him.

COPREUS.

I retire :

For weak in combat is a single arm.
But I again shall hither come, and bring
An host of Argives arm'd with brazen spears :
Unnumber'd warriors wait for my return.
The King himself, Eurystheus, is their Chief ;
He on the borders of (8) Alcahous' realm

(7) The Athenians are said by Philostratus to [have instituted a public and solemn mourning in commemoration of the crime they had committed in killing the herald Copreus, as he was forcibly dragging away the Children of Hercules from their altars; but Euripides was too well acquainted both with the laws of the Drama, and poetic justice, to throw out any thing beyond a distant hint relative to this flagrant breach of the laws of nations. To have exhibited on the stage the murder of an Ambassador, (whose person was held sacred even among nations the most uncivilised) committed by the people, whom he on all occasions describes as models of honour and justice, would have been in him the most glaring inconsistency, and must have rendered him odious to his countrymen.

(8) This province, of which Megara was the capital, situated between Athens and Corinth, usually known by the name of Megaris,

Waits for an answer. He in glittering mail,
 Soon as he hears your arrogant reply,
 To you, your subjects, this devoted realm,
 And all its wasted forests will appear,
 For we in vain at Argos should possess
 A band so numerous of heroic youths,
 If we chastis'd not your assuming pride.

[*Exit* COPREUS.

DEMOPHOON.

Away, detested Miscreant; for I fear not
 Thy Argos: and thou ne'er, by dragging hence
 These suppliants, shalt disgrace me: for this city
 As an appendage to the Argive realm
 I hold not, but its freedom will maintain.

CHORUS.

'Tis time each sage precaution to exert,
 Ere to the confines of this land advance
 The troops of Argos: For Mycene's wrath
 Is terrible in combat, and more fierce
 Than heretofore will they invade us now.
 For to exaggerate facts beyond the truth
 Is every Herald's custom. To his King,
 How many specious tales do you suppose
 Of the atrocious insults he endur'd,
 He will relate, and add how he the loss
 Of life endanger'd?

was also called Alcatheè, from Alcatheus the son of Pelops, who, being suspected of having slain his brother Chrysippus, came to that country for an asylum; the king Megareus having lost both his sons, the elder of whom, Timaleus, came with Castor and Pollux to besiege Aphidna, and was there killed by Theseus, and Euippus the younger, had recently been torn to pieces by a terrible lion, who haunted the mountains of Cithæron: Megareus hereupon promised his Daughter and his kingdom to whoever would dispatch the lion; Alcatheus undertook to encounter this formidable beast, and proved victorious: after he had thus obtained the crown, Alcatheus erected a citadel in Megara, which was called by his name, and Apollo is said to have endued its walls with the quality of emitting harmonious sounds. See Pausanias and Barnes.

IOLAUS.

To the sons devolve
 No honours which exceed the being born
 Of an illustrious and heroic Sire,
 And wedding into virtuous families.
 But on that man no praise will I bestow,
 Who by his lusts impell'd, among the wicked
 A nuptial union forms; hence to his sons
 Disgrace, instead of pleasure, he bequeaths.
 For noble birth repels adversity
 Better than abject parentage. When sinking
 Under the utmost pressure of our woes,
 We find these friends and kinsmen, who alone
 Amid the populous extent of Greece
 Stand forth in our behalf. Ye generous youths,
 Now give them your right hands, and in return
 Take those of your protectors: O my sons,
 Draw near: we have made trial of our friends.
 If ye again behold your native walls,
 Possess the self-same mansions, and the honours
 Which your illustrious Father erst enjoy'd;
 These deem your saviours and your friends, nor wield
 Against their fostering land the hostile spear.
 On your remembrance let these benefits
 Be ever stamp'd, and hold this city dear;
 For they deserve your reverence, who from us
 Repel so great a nation, such a swarm
 Of fierce Pelasgian troops: and, tho' they see
 Our poverty and exile, have refus'd
 To yield us up, or banish from their realm.
 Both while I live, and after the cold grave
 Receives me at the destin'd hour; my friend,
 I with loud voice your merits will applaud,
 Approaching mighty Theseus, and my words
 Shall soothe your Father's ear when I recount
 With what humanity you have receiv'd us,
 And how protected the defenceless Sons

Of Hercules: by your illustrious birth
 Distinguish'd, you the glories of your Sire
 Thro' Greece maintain: sprung from a noble lineage,
 Yet are you one among that chosen few
 Who in no instance deviate from the virtues
 Of your great ancestry: altho' mid thousands
 Scarce is a single instance to be found
 Of those who emulate their Father's worth.

CHORUS.

This country, in a just and honest cause.
 Is ever prompt to succour the distress.
 Hence in it's friends' behalf hath it sustain'd
 Unnumber'd toils, and now another conflict
 I see impending.

DEMOPHOON.

Rightly hast thou spoken,
 And in such toils I feel a conscious pride.
 These benefits shall never be forgotten.
 But an assembly of the citizens
 I instantly will summon, and arrange
 A numerous squadron, to receive the onset
 Of fierce Mycene's host, first sending spies
 To meet them, lest they unawares assail us.
 For the bold warrior, who without delay
 Goes forth to battle, keeps the foe aloof.
 I also will collect the Seers, and slay
 The victims: but do you, old Man, meanwhile
 Enter the palace with these Children, leaving
 Jove's altar: for my menial train are there,
 Who will with fond solicitude attend you,
 Altho' I am not present: but go in.

IOLAUS.

I will not leave the altar; on this seat
 We suppliants will remain, and pray to Jove,
 That prosperous fortunes may attend your city.
 But when you from this conflict are with glory
 Releas'd, we to your palace will repair;

Nor are the Gods, who war on our behalf,
 O King, inferior to the Gods of Argos.
 For o'er that city, Jove's majestic Consort,
 Juno, but here Minerva doth preside.
 This I maintain, that nought ensures success
 Beyond the aid of mightier Deities,
 Nor will imperial Pallas be subdued.

[*Exit* DEMOPHOON.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Boast as thou wilt, and urge thy proud demand,
 This nation disregards thy ire,
 Thou stranger from the Argive land.
 Nor can thy sounding words control
 The stedfast purpose of my soul:
 Great Athens, by her lovely choir
 Distinguish'd, shall unstain'd preserve
 Her antient glory, nor from virtue swerve;
 But thou, devoid of wisdom, dost obey
 (9) The Son of Sthenelus, the tyrant's impious sway,

(9) "Eurystheus, whose father Sthenelus was the son of Perseus and Andromeda: hence Ovid calls him Stheneleus:

"Quem non mille feræ, quem non Stheneleus hostis,
 "Non potuit Juno vincere, vicit Amor."

He whom a thousand monsters, whom his foe
 The son of Sthenelus in vain pursued,
 Nor e'en the wrath of Juno could o'erthrow,
 Was by the shafts of love at length subdued.

"When Hercules was on the point of being born, Jupiter, in an assembly of the Gods, swore that there should that very day be born a child of his race, who should rule over the neighbouring nations: Juno hereupon descending to the earth, came to Argos, delayed the delivery of Alcmena, and forced Archippe, wife of Sthenelus, then only seven months gone with child, to bear a son afterwards called Eurystheus; who on this account obtained the Argive throne, and ruled over Hercules."

BARNES.

Perseus being the son of Jupiter and Danaë, and one of Perseus'

II.

Who com'st amidst an independent state,
 In nought inferior to the strength
 Of Argos, and with brutal hate
 Dar'st, tho' a foreigner, to seize
 The exiles, who our Deities
 Implore, and in these realms at length
 From their distress obtain a shield:
 'Thou e'en to scepter'd monarchs will not yield,
 Yet no just plea thy subtle tongue hath found.
 How can such conduct warp the man whose judgment's
 sound?

III.

Peace is the object of my dear delight:
 But thou, O Tyrant, thou whose breast
 Well may I deem by frenzy is possest,
 If 'gainst this city thou exert thy might,
 Pant'st after trophies which thou ne'er shalt gain.
 Bearing targe and brazen lance
 Others with equal arms advance.
 O thou, who fondly seek'st th' embattled plain,
 Shake not these turrets, spare the haunt
 Of every gentle Grace. — Thou wretch, avaunt.

DEMOPHOON, IOLAUS, CHORUS.

IOLAUS.

Why com'st thou hither, O my son, with eyes
 Expressive of affliction? from the foe
 What recent information canst thou give?
 Do they delay their march, are they at hand,
 Or bring'st thou any tidings? for the threats
 That Herald utter'd sure will be accomplish'd.
 Blest in the favour of the Gods, the Tyrant
 Exults, I know, and arrogantly deems

sons, Electryon, father to Alcmena the mother of Hercules, that hero was doubly descended from Jupiter, both by his maternal ancestors, and by the God's amour with Alcmena.

That he o'er Athens shall prevail : but Jove
Chastises the presumptuous.

DEMOPHOON.

Argos comes

With numerous squadrons, and its king Eurystheus,
Myself beheld him. It behoves the man
Who claims the merit of an able Chief,
Not to depend upon his spies alone
To mark the foe's approach. But with his host
He hath not yet invaded these domains,
But halting on yon mountain's topmost ridge
Observes, (I from conjecture speak) the road
By which he may lead forth his troops to battle,
And where he in this realm with greatest safety
May station them. Already have I made
Each preparation to repel their onset.
The city is in arms, the victims stand
Before the altars, with their blood t' appease
The wrath of every God, and due lustrations
Are sprinkled by the Seers, that o'er our foes
We may obtain a triumph, and preserve
This country. Every Prophet who expounds
The oracles, convening, have I search'd
Into each sage response of antient times,
Or public or conceal'd, on which depends
The welfare of the realm. In all beside
Differ Heaven's mandates : but one dread behest
Runs thro' the several auspices, to Ceres
They bid me sacrifice some blooming Maid
Who from a nobler Sie derives her birth.
Zeal have I shewn abundant in your cause,
But will not slay my Daughter, nor constrain
Any Athenian citizen to make
Such an abhorr'd oblation : for the man
Exists not, who is so devoid of reason,
As willingly to yield his children up
With his own hands. But what afflicts me most

Is this ; tumultuous crowds appear ; some cry,
 'Tis just that we the foreign suppliants aid,
 But others blame my folly. If no means
 Can be devis'd to satisfy them all,
 Soon will a storm of civil war arise.
 See thou to this, and think of some expedient,
 How ye, and how this country, may be sav'd,
 Without the citizens' calumnious tongues
 My fame assailing. For I rule not here
 With boundless power, like a Barbarian King :
 Let but my deeds be just, and in return
 Shall I experience justice.

CHORUS.

Will not Jove

Suffer this city to exert its courage,
 And aid these hapless strangers as we wish?

IOLAUS.

Our situation, O my sons, resembles
 That of the Mariners, who having 'scap'd
 The storm's relentless fury, when in sight
 Of land, are from the coast by adverse winds
 Driven back into the deep. Thus from this realm
 Just as we reach the shore, like shipwreck'd men,
 Are we expell'd. O inauspicious Hope,
 Why didst thou soothe me with ideal joy,
 Altho' it was ordain'd that thou should'st leave
 Thy favours incomplete ? The King deserves
 At least to be excus'd, if he consent not
 To slay his subjects' Daughters ; to this city
 My praise is due, and if the Gods would place me
 In the same prosperous fortunes, from my soul
 Your benefits should never be effac'd.
 But now, alas ! no counsel can I give
 To you, my children. Whither shall we turn ?
 What God have we neglected ? To what land
 Have we not fled for shelter ? We must perish,
 We shall be yielded up. My being doom'd

To die, I heed but for this cause alone,
 That by my death, I shall afford delight
 To our perfidious foes. But, O my sons,
 For you I weep, I pity you, I pity
 Alcmena, aged Mother of your Sire,
 O most unhappy in a life too long!
 I too am wretched, who unnumber'd toils
 Have fruitlessly endur'd: it was ordain'd,
 It was ordain'd, alas! that we should fall
 Into the hands of our relentless foes,
 And meet a shameful, miserable death.
 Know you, what still remains for you to do,
 On my behalf? For all my hopes of saving
 The children, are not vanish'd. In their stead
 Me to the Argive host surrender up,
 O King, and rush not into needless danger,
 Yet save these children. To retain a love
 Of life, becomes me not; I yield it up
 Without regret. It is Eurystheus' wish
 The rather to seize me, and to expose
 To infamy, because I was the comrade
 Of Hercules: For frenzy hath possess'd
 His soul. The wise man, e'en in those he hates,
 Had rather find discretion than a want
 Of understanding: for a foe endued
 (10) With sense, will pay due reverence to the vanquish'd.

CHORUS.

Forbear, old Man, thus hastily to blame
 This city: For to us tho' it might prove
 More advantageous, yet to our disgrace
 Would it redound, should we betray our guests.

DEMOPHOON.

A generous, but impracticable scheme

(10) Instead of reading *Kai τυχης*, I have availed myself of the alteration of substituting *Kαὶ ἀτυχης*, i. e. *Kai ατυχης*, as proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and approved by Dr. Musgrave, who in his Latin version renders this line, *multam enim clementiam etiam infelix quis consequatur.*

Is that thou hast propos'd : for Argos' King
 In quest of thee no squadrons hither leads.
 What profit to Eurystheus from the death
 Of one so old as thou art could arise ?
 He wants to murder *these* : For to their foes
 The rising blossoms of a noble race,
 To whom the memory of their Father's wrongs
 Is present, must be dreadful : for all this
 He cannot but foresee. But if thou know
 Of any other counsel more expedient,
 Adopt it ; for my soul hath been perplex'd,
 Since that oracular response I heard
 Which fills me with unwelcome apprehensions.

[*Exit* DEMOPHOON.]

MACARIA, IOLAUS, CHORUS.

MACARIA.

Deem not that I, O strangers, am too bold
 Because I from my chamber venture forth ;
 This is my first request : for silence, join'd
 With modesty and a domestic life,
 Is woman's best accomplishment. I heard
 Your groans, O Iolaus, and advanc'd
 Tho' not appointed by our house to act
 As their embassadress ; in some degree
 Yet am I qualified for such an office,
 I have so great an interest in the weal
 Of these my Brothers ; on my own account
 I also wish to hear if any ill,
 Added to those you have already suffer'd,
 Torture your soul.

IOLAUS.

Not now for the first time,
 On thee, O Daughter, most of all the children
 Of Hercules, my praise can I bestow :
 But our ill-fated house, just as it seem'd
 Emerging from its past disgraces, sinks

Afresh into inextricable ruin.

The King informs us, that the Seers, whose voice
 Expounds the will of Heaven, have signified
 No Bull nor Heifer, but some blooming Maid
 Who from a noble Sire derives her birth,
 Must be the victim, if we would redeem
 The city and ourselves from utter ruin ;
 Here then are we perplex'd : for his own children
 He says he will not sacrifice, nor those
 Of any of his subjects. Tho' to me
 Indeed he speaks not plainly, in some sort
 He intimates, that if we by no means
 Can extricate ourselves from these distresses,
 We must find out some other land to flee to,
 For he this realm would from destruction save.

MACARIA.

May we indulge the hope of our escape
 Upon these terms ?

IOLAUS.

These only : in all else
 With prosperous fortunes crown'd.

MACARIA.

No longer dread
 The spear of Argos, for myself, old Man,
 Am ready, ere they doom me to be slain,
 And here stand forth a voluntary victim.
 For what could we allege on our behalf,
 If Athens condescend to undergo
 Dangers so great, while we who have impos'd
 These toils on others, tho' within our reach
 Lie all the means of being sav'd, yet shrink
 From death ? Not thus : we should provoke the laugh
 Of universal scorn, if, with loud groans,
 We suppliants, at the altars of the Gods
 Should take our seats, and prove devoid of courage,
 From that illustrious Father tho' we spring.
 How can the virtuous reconcile such conduct ?

This to our glory would forsooth redound,
(O may it never happen!) when this city
Is taken, should we fall into the hands
Of our triumphant foes, when after all
Some noble Maid reluctant must be dragg'd
To Pluto's loath'd embrace. But from these realms
Cast forth, should I become an abject vagrant,
Must I not blush when any one enquires,
" Why came ye hither with your suppliant branches
" Too fond of life? Retreat from these domains,
" For we no aid to cowards will afford."
But if when these are dead, my single life
Be sav'd; I cannot entertain a hope
That I shall e'er be happy: tho' this motive
Have caus'd full many to betray their friends.
For who with a deserted Maid will join,
Or in the bonds of wedlock, or desire
That I to him a race of sons should bear?
I therefore hold it better far to die,
Than to endure, without deserving them,
Such foul indignities, as can seem light
To her alone, who, from a noble race
Like mine, descends not: to the scene of death
Conduct, with garlands crown me, and prepare
If ye think fit, th' initiatory rites;
Ye hence the foe shall conquer: for this soul
Shrinks not with mean reluctance. I engage
For these my Brothers, and myself, to bleed
A willing victim; for with ease detach'd
From life, I have imbib'd this best of lessons,
To die with firmness in a glorious cause.

CHORUS.

Alas! what language shall I find, t' express
My admiration of the lofty speech
I from this Virgin hear, who for her Brothers
Resolves to die? What tongue can utter words

More truly generous ; or what man surpass
Such deeds as these ?

IOLAUS.

Thou art no spurious child,
But from the godlike seed of Hercules,
O Daughter, dost indeed derive thy birth.
Alho' thy words are such as cannot shame,
Thy fate afflicts me. Yet will I propose
What may with greater justice be perform'd.
Together call the Sisters of this Maid,
And to atone for the whole race, let her
On whom th' impartial lot shall fall, be slain ;
But without such decision 'tis not just
That thou should'st die.

MACARIA.

I will not die as chance
The lot dispenses ; for I hence should forfeit
All merit : name not such a scheme, old Man.
If me ye will accept, and of my zeal
Avail yourselves, I gladly yield up life
Upon these terms, but stoop not to constraint.

IOLAUS.

The speech thou now has utter'd soars beyond
What thou at first didst say, tho' that was noble :
But thou thy former courage dost surpass
By this fresh instance of exalted courage,
The merit of thy former words, by words
More meritorious. Daughter, I command not,
Nor yet oppose thy death : for thou by dying
Wilt serve thy Brothers.

MACARIA.

You in cautious terms
Command me : fear not, lest on my account
You should contract pollution : for to die
Is my free choice. But follow me, old Man,
For in your arras would I expire : attend,

And o'er my body cast the decent veil :
 To dreadful slaughter dauntless I go forth,
 Because I from that Father spring, whose name
 With pride I utter.

IOLAUS.

At the hour of death

I cannot stand beside thee.

MACARIA.

Grant but this,

That when I breathe my last, I may be tended
 By women, not by men.

IOLAUS. (11)

It shall be thus,

O miserable Virgin : for in me
 'Twere base, if I neglected any rite
 That decency enjoins, for many reasons ;
 Because thy soul is great, because 'tis just,
 And of all women I have ever seen,
 Because thou art most wretched. But from these
 And from thy aged kinsman, if thou wish
 For aught, to me thy last behests address.

MACARIA.

Adieu, my venerable friend, adieu !
 Instruct these boys in every branch of wisdom,
 And make them like yourself, they can attain

(11) Mr. Heath, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave in his Latin version, put this speech into the mouth of Demophoon, and with great appearance of probability : but from his having no concern either in the preceding part of the dialogue, or throughout the remainder of the Tragedy, I am, upon the whole, induced to mark his final exit at v. 474 of Barnes's edition, immediately before the entrance of Macaria, not seeing where it can with propriety be placed in any subsequent part of this piece, and aware of the absurdity of supposing the King to remain on the stage as a mute character for the space of more than three acts ; as to the close of the speech before us, instead of supposing the person by whom it is uttered leaving the stage, it evidently invites that reply which Macaria immediately commences with addressing herself to Iolæus, whom I therefore apprehend to be now speaking.

No higher pitch ; strive to protect them still,
 And for their sake that valued life prolong ;
 Your children we, to you our nurture owe.
 Me you behold, mature for bridal joys,
 Dying to save them. But may ye, my band
 Of Brothers who are here, be blest, and gain
 All those advantages, which to procure
 For you, the falchion shall transpierce my breast.
 Revere this good Old Man, revere Alcmena
 Your Father's aged Mother, and these Strangers.
 Should ye be ever rescued from your woes,
 Should gracious Heaven permit you to revisit
 Your native land, forget not to inter,
 With such magnificence as I deserve,
 Your benefactress, for I have not prov'd
 Deficient in attention to your welfare,
 But die to save our family. To me
 These monumental honours shall suffice
 Instead of children, or the virgin state,
 If there be aught amid the realms beneath,
 But 'tis my wish there may not : for if grief
 On us frail mortals also there attend,
 I know not whither any one can turn :
 For by the wise hath death been ever deem'd
 The most effectual cure for every ill.

IOLAUS.

O thou, distinguish'd by thy lofty soul,
 Be well assur'd thy glory shall outshine
 That of all other women ; both in life
 And death, shalt thou be honour'd by thy friends.
 But ah, farewell ! for with ill-omen'd words
 I tremble lest we should provoke the Goddess,
 Dread Proserpine, to whom thou now art sacred.

[Exit MACARIA.]

My sons I perish : grief unnerves my frame ;
 Support and place me in the hallow'd seat :
 And, O my dearest children, o'er my face

Extend this garment : for I am not pleas'd
 With what is done : yet, had not Heaven's response
 Found this completion, we must all have died ;
 For we must then have suffer'd greater ills
 Than these, which are already most severe.

CHORUS.

O D E.

In just proportion, as the Gods ordain,
 Is bliss diffus'd thro' life's short span,
 Or sorrow portion'd out to man :
 No favour'd house can still maintain
 From age to age its prosperous state,
 For swift are the vicissitudes of Fate,
 Who now assails Pride's towering crest,
 Now makes the drooping exile blest.
 From Destiny we cannot fly ;
 No wisdom can her shafts repel ;
 But he who vainly dares her power defy
 Compass'd with endless toils shall dwell.
 Ask not from Heaven with impious prayer,
 Blessings it cannot grant to man,
 Nor waste in misery life's short span
 O'erwhelm'd by querulous despair.
 The Nymph goes forth to meet a noble death,
 Her Brothers and this land to save,
 And Fame, with tributary breath,
 Shall sound her praises in the grave.
 For dauntless Virtue finds a way
 Thro' labours which her progress would delay.
 Such deeds as these, her Father grace,
 And add fresh splendour to her race,
 But if with reverential awe thou shed
 Over the virtuous dead
 A tear of pity, in that tear I'll join,
 Inspir'd with sentiments like thine.

SERVANT, IOLAUS, CHORUS.

SERVANT.

Ye children, hail! but where is Iolaus,
That aged man; and hath your Grandame left
Her seat before the altar?

IOLAUS.

Here am I,
If aught my presence can avail.

SERVANT.

On earth
Why art thou stretch, what means that downcast look?

IOLAUS.

Domestic cares have harrow'd up my soul.

SERVANT.

Lift up thy head, arise.

IOLAUS.

I am grown old,
And all my strength is vanish'd.

SERVANT.

But to thee
I bring most joyful tidings.

IOLAUS.

Who art thou?
Where have I seen thee? I remember not.

SERVANT.

Hyllus' attendant, canst thou not distinguish
These features?

IOLAUS.

O my friend, art thou arriv'd
To snatch me from despair?

SERVANT.

Most certainly:
Moreover the intelligence I bring
Will make thee happy.

IOLAUS.

Thee I call, come forth,

Alcmena, Mother of a noble Son,
 And-listen to these acceptable tidings:
 Full long thy soul, for those who now approach,
 Was torn with grief, lest they should ne'er return.

ALCMENA, SERVANT, IOLAUS, CHORUS.

ALCMENA.

Whence with your voice resounds this echoing dome?
 O Iolaus, is another Herald
 From Argos come, who forcibly assails you?
 My strength indeed is small, yet be assur'd
 Of this, presumptuous stranger, while I live,
 Thou shalt not bear them hence. May I no more
 Be deem'd the Mother of that godlike Son,
 When I submit to this. But if thou dare
 To touch the children, with two aged foes
 Ignobly wilt thou strive.

IOLAUS.

Be of good cheer,
 Thou hoary Matron, banish these alarms;
 No Herald with an hostile message comes
 From Argos.

ALCMENA.

Why then rais'd you that loud voice,
 The harbinger of fear?

IOLAUS.

That from the temple
 Thou might'st come forth, and join us.

ALCMENA.

What you mean
 I comprehend not. Who is this?

IOLAUS.

He tells us
 Thy Grandson marches hither.

ALCMENA.

Hail, O thou
 Who bear'st these welcome tidings! but what brings him

To these domains? Where is he? What affairs
Prevented him from coming hither with thee,
To fill my soul with transport?

SERVANT.

He now marshals
The forces which attend him.

ALCMENA.

In this conference
Am I no longer then allow'd to join?

IOLAUS.

Thou art: but 'tis my business to enquire
Into these matters.

SERVANT.

Which of his transactions
Say art thou most solicitous to know?

IOLAUS.

The number of the troops he leads?

SERVANT.

Is great,
I cannot count them.

IOLAUS.

The Athenian chiefs
Are sure appriz'd of this.

SERVANT.

They are appriz'd,
And the left wing is form'd.

IOLAUS.

Then the whole host
Array'd in arms is ready for the battle.

SERVANT.

The victims to a distance from the ranks
Already are remov'd.

IOLAUS.

But at what distance
Is the encampment of the Argive warriors?

SERVANT.

So near that we their leader can distinguish.

IOLAUS.

What is he doing ; marshaling our foes ?

SERVANT.

This we conjecture : for I could not hear
His voice : but I must go ; for I my Lord
Will not abandon when he nobly braves
The dangers of the field.

IOLAUS.

I too with thee

Will join him ; for the same are our intentions,
As honour bids us, to assist our friends.

SERVANT.

Unwisely hast thou spoken.

IOLAUS.

With my friends

Shall not I then the stubborn conflict share ?

SERVANT.

(12) That strength which erst was thine is now no more.

IOLAUS.

Can I not pierce their shields ?

SERVANT.

'Thou may'st : but first,

More likely, fall thyself.

IOLAUS.

No foe will dare

To meet me face to face.

SERVANT.

By thy mere looks,

With that debilitated arm, no wound

Canst thou inflict.

IOLAUS.

My presence in the field

(12) This and the four next lines are arranged in the translation, according to the method of transposing them, recommended in Dr. Musgrave's note, as the connection seems thereby better preserved : they stand in this order, 5, 2, 3, 4, 1, in Barnes, and the other editors.

Will to our troops give courage, and augment
Their number.

SERVANT.

Of small service to thy friends
Will thy appearance prove.

IOLAUS.

Detain me not :
I for some glorious action am prepar'd.

SERVANT.

Thou hast the will to act, but not the power.

IOLAUS.

I will not be reproach'd for loitering here,
Say what thou wilt beside.

SERVANT.

But without arms
How wilt thou face yon warriors sheath'd in mail ?

IOLAUS.

The various implements of war are lodg'd
Beneath these roofs; with freedom will I use,
And if I live, return them : if I die,
The God will not demand them back again.
Go then into the temple, and reach down
Those martial trappings from the golden nails
On which they hang, and bring them to me swiftly.
For this were infamous, while some are fighting,
If others loiter slothfully behind. [*Exit* SERVANT.

CHORUS.

Time hath not yet debas'd that lofty soul,
'Tis vigorous, tho' thy body be decay'd.
Why should'st thou enter on these fruitless toils,
Which only injure thee, and to our city
Can be of little service? on thy age
Should'st thou reflect, and lay aside attempts
That are impossible, for by no arts
The long-lost force of youth canst thou regain.

ALCMENA.

What schemes are these? distemper'd in your mind,

Me and my Children mean you to abandon?

IOLAUS.

The battle is man's province : to thy care
Them I consign.

ALCMENA.

But if you die, what means
Have I of being sav'd?

IOLAUS.

The tender care
Of the surviving children of thy Son.

ALCMENA.

Should they too meet with some severe mishap,
Which may the Gods forbid.

IOLAUS.

These generous strangers
Will not betray thee ; banish every fear.

ALCMENA.

In them I trust : I have no other friend.

IOLAUS.

Jove too, I know, is mindful of thy toils.

ALCMENA.

I will not speak in disrespectful terms
Of Jove : but whether he his plighted troth
Have kept, full well he knows.

SERVANT (*returning*).

Thou here behold'st

The brazen panoply, now haste to sheathe
Thy limbs in mail ; the battle is at hand,
And Mars detests a loiterer : if thou fear
Accoutrements so ponderous, to the field
Advance disarm'd, nor till thou join the ranks
Wear these unwieldy trappings ; for meantime
I in my hands their burden will sustain.

IOLAUS.

Well hast thou spoken ; with those arms attend me
Ready for the encounter, place a spear

In my right hand, and under my left arm
Hold me, and guide my steps.

SERVANT.

Shall I conduct
A warrior like a child?

IOLAUS.

I must tread sure,
Else 'twere an evil omen.

SERVANT.

Would thy power
Equal'd thy zeal.

IOLAUS.

Haste : greatly 'twill afflict me
If, left behind, I cannot join the fray.

SERVANT.

Slow are thy steps, and hence thou deem'st I move not.

IOLAUS.

Behold'st thou not the swiftness of my pace?

SERVANT.

Thou to thyself I see appear'st to hasten,
Altho' thou gain'st no ground.

IOLAUS.

When in the field
Thou seest me, thou wilt own I speak the truth.

SERVANT.

What great exploit atchieving? I could wish
That thou might'st prove victorious.

IOLAUS.

Thro' his shield
Some foe transfixing.

SERVANT.

We at length may reach
Th' embattled plain, but this I greatly fear.

IOLAUS.

Ah, would to Heaven, that thou, my wither'd arm,
Again wert vigorous, as in former days

Thee I remember, when thou didst lay waste
 The (13) Spartan realms with Hercules; thus fight
 My battles now, and singly will I triumph
 Over Eurystheus, for that dastard fears
 To face the dangers of th' embattled field:
 Too apt in our ideas to unite
 Valour with wealth, yet to the prosperous man
 Superior wisdom falsely we ascribe.

[*Exeunt* IOLAUS and SERVANT.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

O fostering Earth, resplendent Moön,
 Who gladd'st the dreary shades of night,
 And thou, enthron'd at broadest noon,
 Hyperion, 'midst exhaustless light,
 To me propitious tidings bring,
 Raise to the skies a festive sound,
 And waft the gladsome notes around,
 Till, from the palace of our King,
 They echo thro' Minerva's fane:
 My house, my country, to maintain
 Against the ruthless spoiler's pride,
 Menac'd because this realm extends
 Protection to its suppliant friends,
 I with the sword our contest will decide.

(13) "This passage refers to the history which relates that Hercules, on account of their having slain his Cousin Oëon, Son of Licymnius Alcmena's Brother, made war on the Sons of Hippocoon and Lacedæmon, and having overcome them, and taken the city of Sparta, reduced it under the dominion of Tyndarus, with whom he nearly connected himself by marriage, taking to Wife Deianira, the Daughter of Oeneus and Althæa, and Niece of Leda. See Scholiast on the Orestes of Euripides, v. 457, Pausanias Lacon, p. 244, ed. Kuhnii, and Apollodorus, L. ii, c. 7, §. 3, after taking Pylos, Hercules fought against Sparta, wishing to punish the Sons of Hippocoon; which is here spoken of by Euripides, because he was not fond of the Lacedæmonians."

I. 2.

Altho' there seem just cause for dread,
 When cities like Mycene blest
 Whose triumphs fame hath widely spread
 Enter this region to invest
 Our bulwarks, harbouring ruthless hate.
 Think, O my country, think what shame,
 Should we reject the suppliant's claim
 Appall'd by Argos' haughty state.
 Resistless Jove shall aid the spear
 I brandish unappall'd by fear;
 The tribute of eternal praise
 From all that breathe, to him is due:
 Nor magnified by our weak view
 Shall men above the Gods their trophies raise.

II. 1.

Descend with venerable mien,
 O thou our Guardian and our Queen,
 For on thy fostering soil we stand,
 These walls were rear'd by thy command,
 Drive from our menac'd gates the lawless host,
 Suppress that Argive tyrant's boast;
 For if by you unaided, is this hand
 Too weak their fury to withstand.

II. 2.

Thee, O Minerva, we adore,
 Thy altar ever streams with gore;
 We on each Moon's concluding day
 To thee our public homage pay;
 Thro' every fane harmonious numbers sound,
 Sweet minstrelsy then breathes around,
 And th' echoing hills their nightly dance repeat
 As the Nymphs move with agile feet.

SERVANT, ALCMENA, CHORUS.

SERVANT.

O royal Dame, the message that to you

I bring, is both concise, and what reflects
 On me abundant glory to relate,
 In fight have we prevail'd, and trophies rear'd
 On which the armour of your foes is hung.

ALCMENA.

This day hath brought thee hither, O my friend,
 Thy freedom for such tidings to receive :
 But one anxiety there still remains
 To which thou leav'st me subject ; much I fear
 For the important lives of those I love.

SERVANT.

They live, and have obtain'd from all the host
 The greatest fame.

ALCMENA.

And Iolaus too

My aged friend?

SERVANT.

Yet more, he hath perform'd
 Thro' the peculiar favour of the Gods
 Exploits most memorable.

ALCMENA.

What glorious deed

Hath he achiev'd in fight?

SERVANT.

From an old man,

He is grown young again.

ALCMENA.

Thou speak'st of things
 Most wonderful. But first, how fought our friends
 With such success, I wish thee to inform me.

SERVANT.

All that hath pass'd, at once will I relate :
 When, to each other in the field oppos'd,
 We had arrang'd both armies, and spread forth
 The van of battle to its full extent,
 Hyllus alighting from his chariot, stood
 In the mid-way 'twixt either host, and cried ;

“Thou leader of the Argive troops, who com’st
 “With hostile fury to invade this land,
 “Thy interests recommend what I propose,
 “Nor can Mycene suffer from the loss
 “If thou deprive her of a single warrior;
 “Therefore with me encounter hand to hand,
 “And if thou slay me, seize and bear away
 “The Sons of Hercules; but if thou die,
 “My palace and hereditary rank
 “Permit me to enjoy.” The troops assented,
 And prais’d what he had spoken as the means
 Of finishing their labours, and a proof
 Of his exalted courage. But Eurystheus
 Unmov’d by reverence for th’ assembled host
 Who heard the challenge, and with terror smitten,
 Forgot the General’s part, nor dar’d to face
 The lifted spear, but acted like a dastard:
 Yet he who was thus destitute of courage
 Came to enslave the Sons of Hercules.
 Hyllus again retreated to his rank;
 The Prophets too, when they perceiv’d no peace
 Could be effected by a single combat,
 Without delay the blooming Virgin slew,
 Auspicious victim, from whose pallid lips
 Her trembling spirit fled. The lofty car
 Some mounted, o’er their sides while others flung
 Their bucklers to protect them. To his host,
 Meantime the King of Athens, in a strain
 Worthy of his exalted courage, spoke:
 “Ye citizens, the land to which ye owe
 “Your nourishment and birth, now claims your aid.”
 Equally loth to sully the renown
 Of Argos and Mycene, in like terms
 The Foe besought his partners of the war
 Their utmost vigour to exert. No sooner
 Had the loud signal by Etruria’s trump
 Been given, than they in thickest battle join’d.

Think with what crash their brazen shields resounded,
 What groans and intermingled shouts were heard!

First thro' our lines the host of Argos burst,
 And in their turn gave way: then foot to foot,
 And man to man oppos'd, in stubborn conflict
 We all persisted: multitudes were slain.

But in this language either Chief his troops
 Encourag'd; "O ye citizens of Athens,
 "O ye who till the fruitful Argive field,
 "Will ye not from your native land repel
 "The foul disgrace?" But with our utmost efforts
 Scarce could we put to flight the Argive host.

When Iolaus saw young Hyllus break
 The ranks of battle, he with lifted hands
 Entreated him to place him in his car,
 Then seiz'd the reins, and onward in pursuit
 Of the swift coursers of Eurystheus drove.

As to the sequel; from report alone
 Let others speak, I tell what I have seen:

(14) While thro' Pallenè's streets he pass'd, where rise
 Minerva's altars, soon as he descried

The chariot of Eurystheus, he a prayer
 Address'd to blooming Hebe, and to Jove,
 That for that single day he might recover

(14) The Pallenè here spoken of, by the slight accounts of it which Brodaeus has collected from Stephanus Byzantinus and Herodotus, appears to have been a small town in Attica, situated between Athens and Marathon, the scene of this Tragedy. Athenæus, in his sixth book, mentions the inscriptions on some votive offerings in this temple at Pallenè, which Dalechamp, one of his commentators, confounds with Pellene, in Achaia. In vain do we recur to Strabo for farther particulars; the Pallene spoken of in the gleanings subjoined, in Causabon's edition, to his seventh book, being the peninsula in Macedon, otherwise called Phlegra, where the battle was fought between the Gods and Giants. From Minerva being called by Eurystheus, in the last scene of this Tragedy, the Pallenian Goddess, we must infer that the temple there erected to her was one of the most celebrated in the Athenian territories, which it is well known were crowded with her altars, she being considered as the tutelar Deity of the land, and having given her name to its capital city.

The pristine vigour of his youth, and punish
 His foes as they deserve. You now shall hear
 What a miraculous event ensued;
 Two stars 'bove Iolaus' chariot stood,
 And overshadow'd it with gloomy clouds,
 Which, by the wise 'tis said, were Hercules
 Your Son, and blooming Hebe: from that mist
 Which veil'd the skies, the Chief grown young again,
 Display'd his vigorous arms, and near the rocks
 Of Scyron, seiz'd Eurystheus in his ear.
 Binding his hands with chains, he lither brings
 The Argive tyrant, a distinguish'd prize,
 Who once was happy; but on all mankind
 Loudly inculcates by his present fortunes
 This lesson; not too rashly to ascribe
 Felicity to him who in appearance
 Is prosperous, but to wait till we behold
 His close of life; for Fortune day by day
 Doth waver.

CHORUS.

Thou great author of success,
 O Jove, at length am I allow'd to view
 The day, by which my terrors are dispell'd.

ALCMENA.

'Twas late indeed, when thou, O Jove, didst look
 On my afflictions; yet am I to thee
 Most grateful for the kindness thou hast shewn me.
 And tho' I erst believ'd not that my Son
 Dwells with the Gods, I clearly know it now.
 Now, O my Children, ye from all your toils
 Shall be set free, and of Eurystheus, doom'd
 With shame to perish, burst the galling yoke,
 Behold your Father's city, the rich fields
 Of your inheritance again possess,
 And sacrifice to your paternal Gods,
 From whom excluded, in a foreign land
 Ye led a wandering miserable life.

But with what sage design yet undisclos'd,
 Hath Iolaus spar'd Eurystheus' life,
 Inform me: for to us it seems unwise
 Not to avenge our wrongs when we have caught
 Our enemies.

SERVANT.

He thro' respect to you
 Hath acted thus, that you might see the Tyrant
 Vanquish'd, and render'd subject to your power,
 Not by his own consent, but in the yoke
 Bound by Necessity; for he was loth
 To come into your presenee, ere he bleed,
 And suffer as he merits. But farewell,
 O venerable Matron, and remember
 The promise you first made when I began
 These tidings, and O set me free: for nought
 But truth should from ingenuous lips proceed.

[Exit SERVANT.]

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

To me the choral song is sweet,
 When the shrill flute and genial banquet meet,
 If Venus also grace the festive board:
 I taste a more refin'd delight
 Now I behold my friends (transporting sight!)
 To unexpected happiness restor'd.
 For in this nether world, eventful Fate,
 And Saturn's offspring Time, full many a change create.

I. 2.

Follow the plain and beaten way,
 From Justice, O my country, never stray,
 Nor cease the Powers immortal to revere.
 To heights scarce short of frenzy rise
 The errors of that mortal, who denies
 Assent to truths confirm'd by proofs so clear.

Jove's power by signal judgements is descried,
Oft as his vengeance blasts the towering crest of pride.

H. 1.

In heavenly mansions with the blest,
Thy Son, O venerable Dame, doth rest ;
He hath confuted those invidious tales,
That to loath'd Pluto's house he came
Soon as he perish'd in that dreadful flame: (15)
He under roofs of burnish'd gold regales,
On the soft couch of lovely Hebe plac'd ;
Them two, both sprung from Jove, O Hymen, thou
hast grac'd.

H. 2.

Events, which strike man's wondering eyes,
From a variety of causes rise.
For fame relates, how Pallas sav'd the Sire,
And from her city far renown'd,
Her race, protection have the Children found ;
She hath suppress'd th' o'erweening Tyrant's ire,
Whose violence no laws could e'er control ;
Curse on such boundless pride, that fever of the soul.

MESSENGER, EURYSTHEUS, ALCMENA,
CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

Your eyes indeed behold, O royal Dame,
Yet shall this tongue declare, that we have brought
Eurystheus hither, unexpected sight,
Reverse of fortune his presumptuous soul
Foresaw not, this oppressor little deem'd
That he should ever fall into your hands,
When from Mycene, by the Cyclops' toil

(15) "On mount Oeta, where Hercules, tortured by the poisoned
"vest which the Centaur Nessus had given to Deianira, threw himself
"into a funereal pyre, and was burnt to death. See Apollodorus,
"Natalis Comes' Mythology, the Trachiniae of Sophocles, and Seneca's
"Hercules Octæus." BARNES.

Erected, he those squadrons led, and hop'd
 With pride o'erweening to lay Athens waste ;
 But Heaven our situation hath revers'd :
 And therefore with exulting Hyllus joins
 The valiant Iolaus, in erecting
 Trophies to Jove the author of our conquest.
 But they to you commanded me to lead
 This captive, wishing to delight your soul :
 For 'tis most grateful to behold a foe
 Fall'n from the height of gay prosperity.

ALCMENA.

Com'st thou, detested wretch ? at length hath Justice
 O'ertaken thee ? First hither turn thy head,
 And dare to face thine enemies : for, dwindled
 Into a vassal, thou no longer rul'st.
 Art thou the Man (for I would know the truth)
 Who did'st presume to heap unnumber'd wrongs,
 Thou author of all mischief, on my Son
 While yet he liv'd, wherever now resides
 His dauntless spirit ? For in what one instance
 Didst thou not injure him ? At thy command,
 Alive he travell'd to th' infernal shades ;
 Thou sent'st, and didst commission him to slay
 Hydras and Lions. Various other mischiefs,
 Which were by thee contriv'd, I mention not,
 For an attempt to speak of them at large
 Would be full tedious. Nor was it enough
 For thee to venture on these wrongs alone,
 But thou, moreover, from each Grecian state
 Me and these Children hast expell'd, tho' seated
 As suppliants at the altars of the Gods,
 Confounding those whose locks are grey thro' age
 With tender infants. But thou here hast found
 Those who were men indeed, and a free city
 Which fear'd thee not. Thou wretchedly shalt perish,
 And pay this bitter usury to atone

For all thy crimes, whose number is so great
That it were just thou more than once should'st die.

MESSENGER (16).

You must not kill him.

ALCMENA.

Then have we in vain
Taken him captiye. But what law forbids
His being slain ?

MESSENGER.

The rulers of this land
Consent not.

ALCMENA.

Is it not by them esteem'd
A glorious action to dispatch our foes ?

MESSENGER.

Not such as they have seiz'd alive in battle.

ALCMENA.

Is Hyllus satisfied with this decree ?

MESSENGER.

He, in my judgement, will forsooth act rightly,
If he oppose what Athens shall enjoin.

ALCMENA.

The captive Tyrant ill deserves to live,
Or longer view the sun.

(16) " Mr. Tyrwhitt judiciously observes, that the names of the speakers prefixed to this and the thirteen following lines are faulty: Barnes also perceived that those which are in the editions ascribed to the Messenger, belong to Alcmena: Mr. Tyrwhitt was the first to observe, that those to which the character of the Chorus stands prefixed, are spoken by the Messenger. What shews this, is Alcmena's asking whether Hyllus bore patiently the decree of the rulers of Athens, which the Chorus must have been equally ignorant of with herself: it is also evident from the Chorus afterwards asking Alcmena's leave to give their opinion, which would be ridiculous, if they had previously conversed together on that subject." DR. MUSGRAVE.

MESSENGER.

In this first instance
They did amiss, when by their swords he died not.

ALCMENA.

Is it not just that he should suffer still?

MESSENGER.

He who will slay him is not to be found.

ALCMENA.

What shall I say if some adventurous hand —

MESSENGER.

If you do this, you will incur great censure.

ALCMENA.

I love this city, I confess : but no man,
Since he is fall'n into my power, shall force
This prisoner from me : let them call me bold
And more presumptuous than becomes a woman,
I am resolv'd to execute my purpose.

MESSENGER.

Full well I know the hatred which you bear
To this unhappy man is terrible,
And such as merits pardon.

EURYSTHEUS.

Be convinc'd

Of this, O Woman, that I cannot flatter,
Nor to preserve this wretched life say aught,
Whence they may brand me with a dastard's name.
For I with much reluctanee undertook
This contest ; near in blood am I to thee,
And of that race whence sprung thy son Alcides.
But whether I consented, or was loth,
Me Juno caus'd by her immortal power
To harbour this dire frenzy in my breast.
Since I became his foe, since I resolv'd
Upon this strife, much mischief I devis'd,
And brooded o'er it many a tedious night,

That after I had wearied out and slain
 Those I abhorr'd, I might no longer lead
 A life of fear: for well I knew thy Son
 Was no mere cypher, but a man indeed:
 Tho' strong my hate, on him will I confer
 The praise he merits from his valiant deeds.
 But after he was dead, was I not forc'd,
 Because I was a foe to these his Sons,
 And knew what bitter enmity 'gainst me
 They from their Sire inherited, to leave
 No stone unturn'd, to slay, to banish them,
 And plot their ruin? Could I have succeeded
 In these designs, my throne had stood secure.
 If thou my prosperous station hadst obtain'd,
 Would'st thou not have attempted to hunt down
 The lion's whelps, instead of suffering them
 At Argos unmolested to reside?
 Thou canst prevail on no man to give credit
 To such assertions: therefore, since my foes
 Forbore to slay me, when prepar'd to lose
 My life in battle; by the laws of Greece,
 If I now die, my blood will fix a stain
 Of lasting guilt on him who murders me.
 This city hath discreetly spar'd my life,
 More influenc'd by its reverence for the Gods
 Than by the hatred which to me it bears.
 My answer to the charges thou hast urg'd
 Against me, having heard, esteem me now
 A suppliant, and tho' wretched, still a King,
 For such is my condition: tho' to die
 I wish not, yet can I without regret
 Surrender up my life.

CHORUS.

To you, Alcmena,
 A little wholesome counsel would I give,
 This captive Monarch to release, since such
 The pleasure of the city.

ALCMENA.

If he die,
And to the mandates of th' Athenian realm
I still submit, what mischief can ensue?

CHORUS.

'Twere best of all. But how can these two things
Be reconcil'd?

ALCMENA.

I will inform you how
This may with ease be done. I, to his friends,
When slain will yield him up, and with this land
Comply in the disposal of his corse:
But he shall die to sate my just revenge.

EURYSTHEUS.

Destroy me if thou wilt; to thee I sue not:
But on this city, since it spar'd my life
Thro' pious reverence, and forbore to slay me,
Will I bestow an antient oracle
Of Phœbus, which in future times shall prove
More advantageous than ye now suppose;
For after death, so have the Fates decreed,
My corse shall ye inter before the temple
Of the (17) Pallenian maid: to you a friend
And guardian of your city, shall I rest
Beneath this soil for ever; but a foe
To those who spring from this detested race
When with their armies they invade this land (18),
Requiting with ingratitude your kindness:
Such strangers ye protect.—But thus forewarn'd,
Why came I hither? Thro' a fond belief
That Juno was with far superior power
To each oracular response endued,

(17) Minerva.

(18) " Which the Lacedæmodians, the descendants of the Heraclidae,
did more than once, during the time of the Peloponesian war."

And that my cause she ne'er would have betray'd.
 On me waste no libations, nor let gore
 Be pour'd forth on the spot of my interment,
 For I to punish these their impious deeds,
 Will cause them with dishonour to return :
 From me shall ye receive a double gain,
 For you I will assist, and prove to them
 Most baneful e'en in death.

ALCMENA. |

Why are ye loth
 To slay this man, if what ye hear be true,
 That welfare to this city hence will spring,
 And your posterity? For he points out
 The safest road. Alive he is a foe,
 But after he is dead will prove a friend.
 Ye servants bear him hence, and to the dogs
 Cast forth without delay his breathless corse :
 Think not, presumptuous wretch, that thou shalt live
 Again t' expel me from my native land.

CHORUS.

With this am I well pleas'd. My followers, go.
 For hence in our King's sight shall we stand guiltless.

END OF VOL. II.



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