

*Cl.* The fire-god was the messenger. From Ida he sped forth the bright blaze, which beacon after beacon by courier flame passed on to us. Ida sent it first to Hermes' rock in Lemnos; and to the great bonfire on Lemnos' isle succeeded third Zeus' mountain of Athos, with such a soaring pile of wood upon it as might strengthen the travelling torch to pass joyously over the wide main; and this, with the golden light as it were of a sun, blazed on the message to the outlook on Makistos. Nor he for any delay or for overcoming sleep neglected heedlessly his messenger-part. Far over Euripus' stream came his beacon-light and gave the sign to the watchers of Messapius. These raised an answering light to pass the signal far away, with pile of withered heath which they kindled up. And the torch thus strengthened flagged not yet, but leaping, broad as a moon, over Asopus' plain to Cithaeron's scar, roused in turn the next herald of the fiery train; nor there did the sentinels refuse the far-heralded light, but made a bonfire higher than was bid, whose flying brightness lit beyond Gorgopis' water, and reaching the mount of Aegiplanctus, eagerly bade them not to slack the commanded fire. They sped it on, throwing high with force unstinted a flame like a great beard, which could even overpass, so far it flamed, the headland that looks down upon the Saronic gulf, and thus alight then, and only then, when it reached the outlook, nigh to our city, upon the Arachnaean peak; whence next it lighted (at last!) here upon our royal roof, yon light, which shows a pedigree from the fire of Ida. Such are the torch-bearers which I have ordained, by succession one to another completing the course:—of whom the victor is he who ran first and last. Such is the evidence and token I give thee, my husband's message sped out of Troy to me.

*Eld.* My thanksgiving, lady, to heaven shall be presently paid; but first this story—I would fain satisfy my wonder by hearing it repeated, in thy way of telling, from point to point.

*Cl.* Troy is this day in the hands of the Achæans! Methinks there must be sound there of voices that will not blend. Pour with the same vessel vinegar and oil, and thou wilt exclaim at their unfriendly parting. Even so their tones, the conqueror and the conquered, fall different as their fortunes upon the ear. These on the ground clasping the dead, their husbands, brothers, fathers, sons, young children weeping for gray sires, themselves enslaved, are wailing for their beloved. Those the hungry weariness of fighting and a restless night hath set to break their fast upon what is in the town, not billeted orderly, but lodging themselves forthwith, by such chance as falls to each eager hand, in the captured houses of Troy, to escape as they may