

fitly the king so long away. For our prince is returned, bringing light in darkness to impart unto all that are here, even Agamemnon our king.

But ye must greet him observantly, as is his due, having digged Troy out of the earth with the mattock of Zeus the Avenger, which hath broken her soil to dust. Her foundations cannot be found, or her fixed religious fanes, and all she might grow from is perishing out of the ground. So strong compulsion hath the elder son of royal Atreus put upon Troy, and happiest of mankind he comes home. None hath such claim to requital, not one in the live world. As for Paris and his people, bound with him to payment, they cannot boast a balance of damage done. Sentenced for theft and rapine too, he hath not only lost the reprisal but also hath ruined and razed his very father's house, it and the place thereof together. Two-fold the loss the sons of Priam have paid.

*An Elder.* Joy to thee, herald of the coming Achæan host!

*Herald.* .....

*Eld.* Hast thou longed for thy native land with a torturing love?

*Her.* Aye, so that for joy mine eyes weep tears upon it.

*Eld.* Then learn that 'tis a sweet languishing ye have taken.

*Her.* How so? I need a lesson to master thy saying.

*Eld.* As being struck with a passion not unreturned.

*Her.* Argos, thou sayest, pined for her pining soldiers.

*Eld.* So pined, as oft to sigh for thee from a weary heart.

*Her.* Whence this melancholy? Was there yet this distress reserved for us that have fought?

*Eld.* For long past I have used silence to prevent hurt.

*Her.* But how so? Wast thou, the kings being away, in fear of some one?

*Eld.* So much that now, as thou sayest, e'en death were grateful.

*Her.* Yes, we have done well every way, well, for the length of time. A man must speak well of his fortune, though part be not so good. Only a god can be without trouble all his time. For were I to count our sufferings in bad quarters, the narrow and comfortless berths (and in the day-time miserable for want of everything), and other miseries by land (and there it was worse, our camp being close to the enemy's wall), how the sky rained, and the dews from the marshy ground, ever rotting our garments and breeding foul life upon us: or were one to count the winter's cold, made so intolerable by the snows of Ida that the birds fell dead, or the heat, when in his noon-day rest the sea sank windless and waveless to sleep—but what