

swelled the agony to its height; for the ships were dashed one against another by Thracian winds, till butting violently beneath the storm of the hurricane and the beating rain of the surge they fled away and away, lashed round by their cruel driver. And when the bright dawn rose, we saw on the Ægean corpses thick as flowers, our dead and wreck of our ships. As for ourselves and our ship, yet whole in hull, we were stolen away or, may be, were begged off by some one more than human, who took her helm. Fortune, to save us, was pleased to ride aboard of her, and keep her alike from taking in the surging water between her planks and from running upon rocks. So having escaped a watery grave, there in the white day, scarce sure of our good fortune, we brooded melancholy upon our altered case, our host undone and utterly dashed to pieces. And at this moment if any of them is living and draws breath, they are doubtless speaking of us as lost, while we imagine the same case for them. But let us hope the best.

For Menelaus then, be it first supposed and soonest, that he got home. And at worst, if any where the sun's ray is discovering him, Zeus, we may hope, who cannot mean to destroy his offspring quite, will contrive to bring him alive and well to his home again. So much is all I can warrant you for fact. [*Exit.*]

*The Elders.* Who can have given that name, so to the very letter true? Was it some unseen power, who by foreknowledge of fate guided his tongue aright, that named the woman wooed with battle and spear by the name of Helen? She proved her name indeed upon ship and men and peoples, when from the delicate veils of her costly bower she passed over sea before the gale of the felon West, and after her a great hunt of shielded soldiers, following by the vanished track of the oar a quarry landed on Simois' banks, whose woods were to be wasted by their bloody fray.

A bride? A sorrowful bride she was to Ilium, pursued by sure-remembering wrath, destined one day to avenge the dishonour of the board, and of Zeus the sanctifier of the feast, upon those that gave significant honour to that bridal music, the marriage-hymn of the groomsmen, their vantage of an hour. The aged city of Priam hath learnt an altered song, a burden surely of loud lamentation, and finds for the wedded Paris an evil name; for burdened with lamentation have been all her weary days till this for the miserable slaughter of her people.

A shepherd man in his house brought up a lion's whelp, weaned from the teat, a hungry suckling. Gentle it was in its infant days of love, made friends with youth, drew smiles from gravity's self.