

And many a thing it got when, like a nursing-child embraced, it fixed a bright eye on the hand and fawned for its belly's need. But after a time it showed the way that was born in it; for it paid thanks for its rearing by bloody ravage of the flock, making a feast unbidden; and the house was dabbled with gore, and the house-folk helpless in agony, and wide was the murderous waste. God sent it to that dwelling with a mission of ravage therein.

Even so came, would I say, to Ilium what seemed to fancy a windless calm, a darling of rich indolence<sup>1</sup>, whose gentle eye shot that soft bolt, which pricks from the heart the flower of love. But swerving from that, she made them rue in the end that she was won, blasting with her companionship the ruined house of Priam's sons, whither the god of guest-plight sped and conducted her, a fiend to wed and repent.

It is an ancient maxim, made long ago among men, that wealth of man, grown big, gets offspring of its body before it die, and that of good fortune the natural scion is unappeasable woe. But I think not with the generality. It is in truth the impious deed, which after begetteth more, and like to its own kind. The house that keepeth righteousness, fair is the generation thereof for ever. But it is the way of old pride to beget in the wicked soon or late, when the destined hour arrives for the youthful birth, a young pride and the kindred spirit (?) of insolence, godless, resistless, masterless, black curses both to the mansion and like their parents both.

But righteousness shineth in sooty dwellings and prizeth the modest man. If the palace is gilt but foul the hands, with eyes averted she goes thence to the pure home, disdaining the might of wealth mis-stamped with praise. And she guideth all to the goal.

[*Enter* AGAMEMNON, CASSANDRA, etc.]

See now, O sovereign, Troy's conqueror, Atreus' son, how shall I address thee? How pay thee homage neither above nor short of due complaisance?

Many rate semblance above reality, and do injustice so. Sighs for the suffering all have ready, although of the outward grief none touches the heart; and they copy the looks of him that laughs, putting force upon faces where no smile is. But he that knoweth the points of a man is sure to detect when the human eyes, which pretend to glisten with kindness, are flattering him with a love that is but water.

Thou in past time, while warring still for Helen's sake (frankly be it said) didst make an ungracious figure in mine eyes, didst seem an

<sup>1</sup> Reading ἀκασκαίων and adopting Hesychius. But with ἀκασκαίων τ' the the gloss ἡσυχίων (*securorum*) from sense may be much the same.