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THE ODYSSEYS OF HOMER

TRANSLATED ACCORDING TO THE GREEK,

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY THE

REV. RICHARD HOOPER, M.A.,

VICAR OF UPTON AND ASTON UPTHORPE, BERKS.

VOLUME I.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON.
REEVES & TURNER.
1897.
TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.

FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY,

AND

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

WHO

TO CONSUMMATE STATESMANSHP

UNITES

THE MOST EXQUISITE SCHOLARSHIP,

THIS NEW EDITION OF

THE FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY

IS DEDICATED,

WITH SINCERE ADMIRATION AND RESPECT

FOR HIS SPLENDID TALENTS,

BY

THE EDITOR.
THE former impression of these volumes, consisting of a thousand copies, has long been numbered amongst scarce books; and there has been a constant demand for their republication. It is gratifying to think that there is existing among us such a taste for sterling poetry. In acceding to my excellent publisher's request to superintend a new edition, I have carefully revised the text, and believe it to be as accurate as possible. Since the former publication there have been many translations of the Odyssey, but one of which only appears to be worthy of notice, namely that in the Spenserian stanza, by the late lamented Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley. The illustrious statesman to whom this new edition is dedicated must be held responsible for this sudden outburst of zeal for Homeric translation, as his admirable "Studies on Homer" turned the public attention to the old bard. I have no doubt, however, that he has been sufficiently punished by innumerable presentation copies. I could have wished to have added a few more notes illustrative of Chapman's language, but I trust, on the republication (if called for) of the fifth volume of the Translations, to give a Glossarial Index to the whole.

R. H.

Upton Vicarage, Berks,
August 21, 1873.
INTRODUCTION.*

The Editor of the present volumes has the gratification of being the first to restore to light a noble work which has been lying dormant for nearly two centuries and a half. Chapman's Odyssey, originally published in folio, 1614-16, either from the limited number of the impression, or the more than ordinary ravages of time, has become so rare as to be inaccessible to the general reader, and comparatively unknown to the more curious student of old English literature. Though issued in a separate form, it is now seldom found except in conjunction with the Iliad; and the price of the united volume, besides its scarcity, places it beyond the reach of all but a few whose libraries are stored with the more precious treasures of our language. Of the Iliad, portions and the whole, we have seen there were at least four impressions published during the author's life-time, besides Dr. Cooke Taylor's 2 vols. 8vo. 1843, and yet it is by no means a common book, and perfect and clean copies of Chapman's own editions are desirable volumes.

* Originally written 1857.
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Of the Odyssey, however, the present is the only edition besides that superintended by the author himself. Great care has, therefore, been taken in rendering the text as accurate as possible, by reading it with the original Greek, amending the extremely faulty punctuation, judiciously, it is hoped, modernizing the orthography, and adding a few notes illustrative of Chapman’s language. The reader has, therefore, now an opportunity of examining for himself the value of this fine old book.

Coleridge, in his letter to Wordsworth (cited in our Preface to the Iliad) thought Chapman’s version of the Odyssey finer than his Iliad; but then it must be remembered he also generally preferred the Odyssey in the original. “He told us,” says Mr. Payne Collier, “that he liked the Odyssey, as a mere story, better than the Iliad; the Odyssey was the oldest and the finest romance that has ever been written.”* The same authority informs us that he preferred the ordinary ten-syllable heroic measure to the longer fourteen-syllable line employed by Chapman in his translation of the Iliad and wished that he had always used it, as “it would have been more readable, and might have saved us from Pope.” “Chapman had failed,” added Coleridge, “where he had not succeeded, by endeavouring to write English as Homer had written Greek; Chapman’s was Greekified English, —it did not want vigour or variety, but smoothness and facility. Detached passages could not be improved; they were Homer writing English.” Opinions, however, will differ as to Chapman’s merit in the Odyssey. The

* Coleridge’s Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, by J. Payne Collier, Esq. p. xxx.
late Dr. Maginn, whose Homeric Ballads have caught the true spirit of the old bard, says: "I am sorry that Chapman, whose version must be considered the most Homeric ever attempted in our language, did not apply to the Odyssey the fourteen-syllable verse, which had succeeded so well in the Iliad. There appears to me greater opportunity for its flowing use in the more discursive poem; and Chapman had by no means the same command of the ten-syllable distich." There is some truth in this; and perhaps many readers will share in Dr. Maginn's disappointment. Chapman, however, probably yielded to the objections made against the length of his lines, to which he alludes in his Introductory Poem to the Iliad. But it is surely a mistake to say he had not command over the ordinary heroic couplet! He has certainly not the epigrammatic smoothness of Pope and his school, but his verse has great vigour and terseness. It should be borne in mind that his Odyssey is the first, and only, considerable specimen of a poem of this measure in the Elizabethan age, and as such claims our interest and attention. "It is like the heroic measure only in its rhyme and its number of syllables. In all other respects, in the hands of Chapman, it has the freedom of blank verse. And in reading it, as well as the Iliad, the reader must not depend for aid too much on the melody of the verse."* Again, let it be remembered that "Chapman did not perform his task, as Pope was in the habit of doing, by small portions at a time, which were, each in order, burnished up to the highest polish by unremitting care and labour; but, drinking in deep draughts of his author at a time,

he became over-informed with his subject, and then breathed his spirit forth again with the enthusiasm of an original creator.* And if this be true of the liberties he takes with his original in expanding and contracting the text as suited his vein, it is not less true of his versification. He paid little regard to the polishing of his work; nay, perhaps, too little. He poured forth his sentiments, as the poetic phrenzy seized him, and consequently, if we be disappointed at not finding the rich melody of a Dryden, we cannot but be struck with his unwonted freshness and freedom. When once the ear has become habituated to the rhythm, there is a dramatic power about Chapman's Odyssey that has never been attained by any subsequent translator. It may be said, that this was not required in a simple ballad-poem like the Odyssey; but it is surely far preferable to the diluted weakness passing under Pope's name, or Cowper's abrupt lines. Gilbert Wakefield has said that the "bee of Twickenham" sipped the honey from the flowers of Chapman's garden; but a close examination will show that this was merely another phrase for simple plagiarism. Pope was indebted to Chapman for more than he was willing to acknowledge. But enthusiastic as we may be in Chapman's cause, it must not be disguised that in the present version he has too frequently wandered from his original, and not seldom curtailed passages. It was not, however, intended in the present editions to point out these passages, the object being merely to give the best possible text, and in such a form as to be accessible at a convenient price. The Editor still hopes that sufficient encouragement may be given,

so that at some future period a more enlarged and splendid impression may be put forth. In the meanwhile the unlearned reader may rest assured that, besides the intrinsic beauty of the poems, he has far more of Homer in these noble versions than in any other translation extant. If the University of Oxford has wisely determined that greater attention should be paid by her sons to the study of Homer, for the many reasons so ably set forth by Mr. Gladstone, it is not, perhaps, too much to hope that a similar influence may be exercised over the minds of the less-educated by the aid of the labours of good old George Chapman. They will not only find Homer here, but they will read him in the language of the contemporary and friend of Shakespeare. They will read him as Shakespeare himself probably read him; and their minds will be carried back to that period of our literature which at once excites our admiration and astonishment, and when, they will not fail to remember, our present venerable and cherished translation of The Bible was called into existence.*

As it is possible that these volumes may fall into the hands of some who do not possess our edition of Chapman's Iliad, it has been thought advisable to append a concise life of the author.

* Of course I do not mean that the Bible was translated at this time. Much of the language is that of former times and translations, but the standard was now fixed.
few are the details of which the biographer can avail himself in the life of George Chapman. That Hertfordshire can boast the honour of his birth, and that in that county he translated at least the earlier portion of his Homer, we gather from one of his own writings. In a small poem entitled “Euthymiae Raptus, or the Teares of Peace,” 4to, 1609, he introduces himself in a reverie, when the Shade of Homer appears, and in reply to the poet’s enquiry:—

“What may I reckon thee,
Whose heav’ly look showes not, nor voice sounds, man?
‘I am,’ sayd he, ‘that spirit Elysian
That in thy native ayre, and on the Hill
Next Hitchin’s left hand, did thy bosome fill
With such a floode of soule that thou wert faine
(With acclamations of her rapture then)
To vent it to the echoes of the vale;
When meditating of me, a sweet gale
Brought me upon thee; and thou didst inherit
My true sense (for the time then) in my spirit,
And I invisible went prompting thee
To those fayre greenes where thou didst English me.’”

His contemporary and friend, William Browne, in his “Britannia’s Pastorals” (Book I. Song 5), also styles him

“The learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill.”

The date of his birth we fix by inference in 1559, from the inscription round the portrait attached to the title of the Complete Homer, “Georgius Chapmanus Homeri Metaphrases .Eta. lvii. m.dc.xvi.” The Oxford antiquary, Antony Wood, gives the date as 1557, but the evidence of the portrait published in the poet’s lifetime, and probably under his own immediate eye, is the better. Besides, Wood was ignorant of Chapman’s
INTRODUCTION.

birthplace, and conjectures him to have been of a family seated at Stone Castle in Kent. The Parish Registers of Hitchin unfortunately only commence with the year 1562, so we cannot arrive at any facts relative to his parentage. There are, however, several entries relating to the families of John and Thomas Chapman, who were possibly the poet's brothers. In 1593, Aug. 5, was baptized George, the son of John Chapman; and from Easter, 1603, to Easter, 1605, the same John Chapman was one of the churchwardens, and has signed the Parish Registers in a bold and scholarly hand. Amongst the Additional MSS. in the British Museum (No. 16,273) is a "Survey of the King's timber and woods in Hertfordshire and Essex in 1608," and under the "Maner de Hutchin" (Hitchin) is "Upon the Copyhold of Thomas Chapman, in Longe Close 27 Saplings £4. In Beerton Closes 260 Elmes £18, Firewood £35." This Thomas Chapman was probably a man of respectability and substance, for in the Harleian MSS., No. 781, p. 28, is a petition to Prince Charles from Thomas Chapman, in 1619, for the bailiwick of Hitchin, which he formerly held under the Exchequer Seal, but of which the Earl of Salisbury had deprived him. On November 30 of the same year the claim was referred to the Commissioners of the Revenue of the Prince of Wales. The relationship, however, to the poet is mere conjecture, as we have no positive proof of any facts connected with his family. I have carefully examined the various Heraldic Visitations of Hertfordshire and the County Histories, but have been unable to discover any traces of him. I have been informed, however, that there is still a family of the name of Chapman
resident at Hitchin, claiming collateral descent from that of the poet. Nothing is known of his youth, or where he was educated.

"In 1574, or thereabouts," says Antony Wood, "he, being well-grounded in school-learning, was sent to the University, but whether first to this of Oxon, or that of Cambridge, is to me unknown. Sure I am that he spent some time in Oxon, where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic and philosophy, and therefore I presume that that was the reason why he took no degree here." Warton also says (from the information of Mr. Wise, Radcliffe's Librarian, and Keeper of the Archives at Oxford) "that he passed two years at Trinity College, with a contempt of philosophy, but in a close attention to the Greek and Roman Classics." The present Keeper of the Archives,* however, has been unable to discover Chapman's name. It is probable from the date of his birth (1559) that he would have been matriculated before the year 1581, when subscription to the Articles began. Before that date the Matriculation Register is very incomplete. Mr. Wise's communication to Warton seems merely a repetition of Wood's information, with the addition of the name of the college (Trinity) of which Chapman is supposed to have been a member. But even this point cannot be ascertained. The records of admissions to Trinity, at the time Chapman would have entered, are either lost or destroyed. We must be content then with Antony Wood's assurance "that he spent some time in Oxon." Researches as to his

* Rev. John Griffiths, now Warden of Wadham.
residence or admission at Cambridge would probably be equally fruitless, as he is not mentioned in the excellent "Athenae Cantabrigienses" of the Messrs. Cooper. At the same time it may not be improbable that he received some portion of his education there, as it was not an unusual custom for young men to study at both Universities, and the vicinity of Hitchin to Cambridge might countenance the supposition. One part of Antony Wood's statement seems worthy of examination. He observes that Chapman at Oxford was "most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philosophy." It appears to me that in many of his writings he was eminently of a philosophical turn of mind, and he speaks in his Preface to the Iliad of his friendship with Thomas Harriot and Robert Hews, two of the most remarkable mathematicians of the day, the pensioners of Henry, Earl of Northumberland, who, with Walter Warner, kept him company in the Tower, and were called his "magi." Harriot, whose name is well-known to mathematicians, was a native of Oxford, and there probably Chapman became acquainted with him. "The Shield of Achilles," taken from the xvith Book of the Iliad, and published in 1598, concludes with a poetical address, "To my admired & soule-loved friend, mayster of all essentiall and true knowledge, M. Harriots." It may also be mentioned that in a small 4to. tract of thirty-two leaves published in 1596, entitled, "A relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana, performed and written in the yeare 1596. By Lawrence Keymis, Gent." is an English poem in blank verse, "De Guianâ Carmen Epicum, by G. C." George Steevens, writing to Bishop Percy (Nichols'
“Literary Illustrations,” vol. vii. p. 121) assigned this to Chapman, and it bears evidence of his style. It is interesting as an early specimen of blank verse. In the same volume is a short Latin poem, “Ad Thomam Hariotum Matheseos et universae philosophiae peritissimam, by L. K.” Harriot accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh in his voyage to America. In Maty’s Review (vol. ix. p. 394) is an account of the discovery of a large amount of Harriot’s correspondence at Petworth, the seat of the Earl of Egremont, to whom it had descended from the Earl of Northumberland. I think I have read somewhere that Lord Egremont presented the correspondence to the British Museum. Though these papers were chiefly mathematical, it is not improbable that some notice of Chapman may be found in them. That Chapman certainly was fond of philosophy seems sufficiently indicated by one of his earliest publications (1595), “Ovid’s Banquet of Sense a Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie &c. &c.” and also by the title of his “Petrarch’s Seven Penitential Psalmes, paraphrastically translated: with other philosophical poems, &c. &c.” (12mo. 1612). In the inscription, too, on his tomb, as given by Wood and Le Neve, he is described as “Philosophus verus (etsi Christianus poeta) plusquam celebris.”

Quitting the University without a degree, he afterwards settled, says Wood, in the metropolis, and associated with Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Daniel, and other celebrated persons of the day. Though he undoubtedly knew Marlowe, it is not very probable that they were very intimate, as their dispositions and characters were very dissimilar. Chapman, in the midst
of a dissolute age, seems always, by the universal testimony of his contemporaries, to have maintained a character for uprightness, respectability, and piety. Upon his arrival in London he appears to have been taken under the patronage of Sir Thomas Walsingham. There arises, however, the question, did Chapman resort to the metropolis immediately on leaving Oxford? I am sorry to disturb the faith that is usually placed in the gossip of old Anthony Wood. My investigations have led me to conclude that much of his information is unreliable. That his work is of immense value to the literary student is unquestionable, but too much credence must not be given to many of his anecdotes. Chapman would have left Oxford, according to Wood's date, in 1576; the true date would be 1578. His first acknowledged publication is in 1594. Sixteen years must have elapsed, then, before he appeared in public. This seems too long a time for a man of Chapman's energy to have been silent amidst the wits of London. Mr. Singer conjectures that he appeared as a writer anonymously, although we have no clue to his earlier performances. A very ingenious suggestion has been lately made, which appears plausible. In 1867 was published at Leipzic, "George Chapman's Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany, edited with an Introduction and Notes by Karl Elze." I have not yet seen this work, but the extracts from it which I have met with show that Herr Elze has taken great pains to investigate Chapman's writings. "Alphonsus" was originally published in 1654, twenty years after the poet's death. Herr Elze observes that the writer displays an intimate knowledge of the German language
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(much of the dialogue being in German) and German manners, and he conjectures that Chapman must have travelled to some of the German Courts. Chapman was undoubtedly a learned man for his age, and seems to have been well acquainted with modern languages, as he mentions the French and Italian translations of Homer. Though the fact cannot now be ascertained, it appears probable that he acquired this knowledge in Continental travel. It is possible that he might have picked up his knowledge from books, or from associating with members of foreign legations at the English Court; for he is said to have had some small appointment at Court, though I have been unable to verify the fact. If Chapman proceeded to the Continent on quitting the University, it would account for the long interval before his appearance as an author. The only reason I have to doubt the circumstance is that the old poet, who certainly did not hide his light under a bushel, would have mentioned it in some of his self-laudations. He is very particular in wishing us to appreciate his scholarship, and that it was derived from original sources, and I think he would hardly have left us in ignorance of such an important era of his life as a tour or sojourn on the Continent, where he would have acquired his knowledge of modern languages. But whether Chapman did travel or not, it appears that he spent much time occasionally at Hitchin, as he informs us that he there translated Homer. With the year 1594 his career of authorship begins. In that year he published two fine poems: "The Shadow of Night: containing two poetical Hymnes, devised by G. C. Gent.," 4to., and dedicated to his "deare and most worthy friend Master
Mathew Roydon.” They have been reprinted by Mr. Singer in his edition of “Chapman’s Hymns of Homer” (Chiswick, 1818). In 1595 appeared “Ovid’s Banquet of Sense, a Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous Zodiacke: with a translation of a Latine Copie (sc. of verses) written by a fryer, Anno Dom. 1400,” 4to. This was also dedicated to Matthew Roydon, with commendatory verses by Richard Stapilton, Thomas Williams, and I. D. of the Middle Temple. It was reprinted in 1639, 12mo., without the dedication and verses. John Davis of Hereford has an epigram “To the right-well-deserving Mr Mathew Roydon.” Of Richard Stapilton I should like to know more, as Chapman at the conclusion of his Preface to the Iliad says: “Nor can I forget here (but with all hearty gratitude remember) my most ancient, learned, and right noble friend, M. Richard Stapilton, first most desertful mover in the frame of our Homer. For which (and much other most ingenious and utterly undeserved desert) God make me amply his requiter; and be his honourable family’s speedy and full restorer.” At first this would seem as if Stapilton had translated Homer before Chapman; but this is not true. The only version that had appeared previous to Chapman’s was that of “Ten Books of the Iliad” translated from the French metrical version of Salel by Arthur Hall, and published in 1581. I presume Chapman’s allusion is to some support or patronage given by Stapilton to encourage the poet in his undertaking. In Burke’s “Peerage and Baronetage,” under the article “Stapleton, Bart.,” I find “Richard Stapleton, who obtained in 1566, from Queen Elizabeth, an exemplification of a
grant from King John to Sir John Stapleton, Knt., of some confiscated lands.” This is probably Chapman’s friend, and we can thus understand the wish that “God would be his honourable family’s speedy and full restorer.” In 1595 Chapman began his dramatic career, if indeed he had not written and exhibited plays previous to this date which have not come down to us. It will, perhaps, be most convenient to treat his dramas apart from his other numerous writings. Though one of the earliest Elizabethan playwrights, he cannot be placed in the foremost rank. He obtained great popularity in his day, and perhaps too little attention has been paid to him. Charles Lamb, in his well-known “Specimens of English Dramatic Poets,” first published in 1808, says: “The selections which I have made from this poet are sufficient to give an idea of that full and heightened style which Webster makes characteristic of Chapman. Of all the English play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakespeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakespeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences; but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all forms.” The reader who would wish to examine an able and thorough criticism on Chapman’s plays will find such in the fourth and fifth volumes of the “Retrospective Review,” and I have given many details of them at some length in my Introduction to the Iliad. Mr. John Pearson, the bookseller, of York Street, Covent Garden, has during the present year (1873) given them to the
public in three prettily-printed volumes. Mr. Pearson, however, has printed \textit{verbatim} from the original 4tos., and reproduced with marvellous fidelity all the faults, misprints, and inaccuracies, and thus rendered to all but antiquaries his edition useless. My friend the late Rev. Alexander Dyce within the last twelve months of his life wrote to me, announcing his intention of thoroughly editing them; but he was called away before his project could be executed, and thus we have lost an edition which would have doubtless been worthy of the fame of that most learned of Elizabethan scholars, and done justice to the author’s text.

Referring, then, the reader to my Introduction to the Iliad, and the Retrospective Review, I shall merely here set down a list of the poet’s numerous dramas.

(1). \textit{The Blind Beggar of Alexandria}, a comedy, first exhibited Feb. 12, 1595, and continued to be acted till April, 1597, when it was withdrawn, and published in the following year, 1598. It was revived in 1601.

(2). \textit{An Humorous Day’s Mirth}, a comedy; published in 1599.

(3). \textit{Eastward Ho!} a comedy; written in conjunction with Ben Jonson and Marston; published in 1605.

(4). \textit{All Fools}, a comedy; from Terence’s \textit{Heautontimoroumenos}; published in 1605.

(5). \textit{Monsieur d’Olive}, a comedy, one of his best; published 1606.

(6). \textit{The Gentleman Usher}, a comedy; published 1606.
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(7). *Bussy d'Ambois*, a tragedy; published 1607.
(8). *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*, a tragedy acted in two plays; the best of his tragedies; published 1608.
(9). *May Day*, a comedy; published 1611.
(10). *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy; published 1612.
(11). *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, a tragedy; published 1613.
(13). *Two Wise Men, and all the rest Fools*, a comedy, or, as the title expresses it, "A Comical Moral, censuring the Follies of this Age." It is questionable whether this is by Chapman.
(14). *Cesar and Pompey*, a Roman Tragedy; published 1631. This is said to have been printed in 1607, but I think this is a mistake.

This was the last work published by Chapman. After his death appeared:
(15). *The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France*, written in conjunction with Shirley; published 1639.
(16). *The Ball*, a comedy, also written conjointly with Shirley; published 1639.
(17). *Revenge for Honour*, a tragedy; published 1654.
(18). *Tragedy of Alphonse*, Emperor of Germany; published 1654.

Besides these published dramas, Dr. Bliss mentions five plays in MS. which were in the library of the late Richard Heber, viz.
(22). *Tragedy of a Yorkshire Gentleman.*

(23). *The Second Maiden’s Tragedy.* This was published as No. 1. of “*The Old English Drama,*” London, 1825.

In addition to this long list there are indications in Henslowe’s Diary (Shakespeare Society) of other dramas, the names of which are lost, with the exception of a tragedy of “*Benjamin’s Plot.*” Mr. Charles Knight, in his editions of Shakespeare, thinks that the parts in the drama of “*The Two Noble Kinsmen,*” in which Shakespeare is asserted to have assisted Fletcher, are more probably by Chapman than the great poet. The reader may possibly like to see the following criticism before we dismiss this portion of the poet’s writings.

“Chapman’s dramas, although works of much significance in the history of our old literature, are not the most valuable of his works. They are among the many productions of his time which were written by men tempted, through the fashion of the day, into a walk of composition for which they were but indifferently qualified. In comedy, which had been formed into a native school more completely than tragedy, Chapman adapts himself readily, and not without success, to the teaching of his juniors, especially Jonson and Fletcher; while he gives to the tone of his works not unfrequently an elevation of thought and a fulness of descriptive imagery which make some amends for the pervading stiffness of his portraiture of character and the forced and artificial turn of his incidents. In his tragic dramas he is, in point of plan and form, a semi-classic. He attempts at once to gratify the taste of his age and nation for the direct and vivid representation of dramatic horror.
and to maintain that tone of didactic reflection which Seneca had taught him, and to which his cast of mind made him naturally prone." *

Active, however, as Chapman was as a writer for the stage, his literary efforts were by no means confined to that field. His greatest fame will always rest on his Homer, the various portions of which we will consider by and by. In 1600† he found time to continue and publish "Marlowe's Hero and Leander," a poem of great beauty. It has been supposed that Marlowe had, at some time or other, expressed a wish that Chapman should continue this work. This he did, and divided the work into its present form of sestyads. On the publication of "Eastward Ho!" in 1605, he was thrown into prison with his colleagues Jonson and Marston, at the instigation of Sir John Murray, for a supposed reflection on the Scotch. On their release, Jonson's mother, at an entertainment which he gave, showed him a packet of poison which she had designed to have mixed with his wine, if a report that the prisoners were to have had their noses and ears slit had proved true. "To show that she was no churl," adds the story, "she designed to have first drunk it herself." Chapman seems to have undergone a second imprisonment with Jonson, and to have been released by the intervention of the Earl of Salisbury, who probably knew him as a Hertfordshire man. In 1609 appeared a small 4to., "Euthymius Raptus; or the Teares of Peace, with interlocutions," a poem dedicated to Prince Henry.

* English Cyclopaedia.
† I believe an edition has been found of the date of 1598 or 9. It has been very frequently reprinted. See my Introduction to the Iliad, p. xxxii.
This work is interesting, as informing us of the birthplace of the poet, and the spot where he translated Homer.

In 1612, he published "Petrarch's Seven Penitential Psalms, paraphrastically translated: with other philosophical poems, and a Hymne to Christ upon the Crosse," a small 12mo. dedicated to Sir Edward Philips,* Master of the Rolls. This is a singularly rare volume, and an exquisite copy is in the Bodleian Library.

In November, 1612, Henry Prince of Wales died, and in him, to whom he had dedicated his Iliad, Chapman lost his best patron. He deeply lamented the young prince, and published on the occasion "An Epicide, or Funerall Song," 4to., dedicated to Mr. Henry Jones. It is a beautiful poem, and has been reprinted at the Lee Priory Press, 4to., 1818. In the early part of 1613 he wrote the poetry for the masque performed at Whitehall by the societies of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, in honour of the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth and the Palsgrave. His friend Inigo Jones designed the machinery. The magnificence displayed by these learned societies may be estimated from the fact that, according to Dugdale, the expenses incurred amounted to the then enormous sum of £1,086 8s. 11d. Ben Jonson told Drummond that, "Next himself (i.e. Jonson) only Fletcher and Chapman could make a mask." Chapman published the masque in 1614 (4to.), and dedicated it to Sir Edward Philips, Master of the Rolls, from whose house the masquers proceeded to Whitehall. At the close of the volume is an epithalamium. Mr. Payne Collier possesses

* The name is now spelt Philips.
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a copy with Chapman's autograph corrections. It has been reprinted in Nichols' "Progresses of King James I.," and in Mr. Pearson's edition of Chapman's plays. In 1614 also appeared "Andromeda Liberata, or the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda," a poem with a long dedicatory epistle to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Frances, his Countess. According to Wood, "This being not rightly understood, and carped at by many, came out soon after a pamphlet written in prose and poetry, entitled, 'A free and offenceless justification of a late published and most maliciously misinterpreted Poem,' &c., London, 1614, 4to., in two sheets, penned, I presume, by Chapman." It may be readily supposed that a dedication to two such persons would be cavilled at. According to Mr. Payne Collier, Somerset had himself conceived that "Andromeda Liberata" was a covert attack upon himself, and from this notion Chapman was anxious to relieve himself. It does not appear when Carr had become Chapman's patron, but in the early part of this year (1614) appeared the first "Twelve Books of the Odyssey," dedicated to him. It is to be feared Chapman was suffering under the pressure of poverty at this period, for in this Dedication he says:

"Twelve labours of your Thespian Hercules
I now present your Lordship; do but please
To lend life means, till th' other twelve receive
Equal achievement."

In this same year (1614) also appeared "Eugenia; or True Nobilitie's Trance, For the memorable death of the thrice noble and religious William Lord Russel, &c. Divided into foure vigils of the nighte," 4to., pp. 44, not numbered. (See Brydges' "Restituta," vol. ii, p. 57.) Lord Russell had died, August 9th, 1613.
In 1616 he published his "Translation of Musaeus." He informs us in the Preface that it is a different work from the continuation of Marlowe's poem. This extremely rare volume, not two inches long and scarcely one broad, is fully described by Dr. Bliss in vol. ii. col. 9 of his admirable edition of Wood's "Athenae Oxonienses." The only known copy is in the Bodleian. I have reprinted it in the fifth volume of the present edition of Chapman's Translations. "The Georgics of Hesiod, translated elaborately out of the Greek," appeared in a thin 4to., London, 1618. This volume is so rare that Warton was not aware of its existence. It is amusing to see how pertinaciously he refused to believe that it had been printed, although he discovered its entry in the Stationers' Registers ("Hist. English Poetry," iii. 360, ed. 1840). Elton, who, from his own noble version of Hesiod, was a competent judge, pronounces it "close, vigorous, and elegant." (Habington's "Castara," p. 155, ed. Elton, Bristol, 1812.) It has commendatory verses by Ben Jonson and Drayton, and is dedicated to Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor, who had been a student of Gray's Inn, which gave Chapman the opportunity of punning: "All judgments of this season (savouring anything the truth) preferring to the wisdom of all other nations these most wise, learned, and circularly-spoken Grecians; according to that of the poet,

GRAHS INGENIUM, GRAHS DEDIT ORE ROTUNDO
MUSA LOQVI.

And why may not this Romane elogie of the Graiains extend in praisefull intention (by waie of prophetick
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poesie) to Graies-Inne wits and orators?" In the same Dedication is an allusion to Lord Bacon's "Advancement of Learning." From the extreme rarity of Chapman's Hesiod, its price is usually very great.* It will be found, however, reprinted in our fifth volume above-mentioned, with a facsimile of the original title. In 1622, we have a small poem, "Pro Vere Autumni Lacrymæ," to the memory of Sir Horatio Vere. In 1629 appeared, "A justification of a strange Action of Nero in burying with a solemnne Funerall one of the cast hayres of his Mistress Poppea; also a just reproofe of a Roman Smell-feast, being the fifth Satyre of Juvenall," 4to. The version of Juvenal is spirited and good, and is included in our above-cited fifth volume.

We have only now to refer to the various editions of his Homer. Though Chapman claims the merit of being the first who gave an original and complete version of Homer, he had been anticipated in the honour of introducing him to the English reader. We have elsewhere shown that Arthur Hall, M.P. for Grantham, had translated Ten Books of the Iliad from the French of Salel, and published them in 1581. With this exception, Chapman is the first of our nation who has ventured upon translating the Father of Poetry. His first essay was the publication, in 1598, of "Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere, Prince of Poetes, &c., printed by John Windlet, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crosse-Keyes neare Paules Wharffe." These are not the first seven books continuously, but the first and second, and then the seventh to the eleventh,

* Mr. Corser's copy, a very fine one, sold in 1871 for, I think, £26.
inclusive. In explaining this circumstance, Chapman denies that Homer set the books together, but they were collected into an entire poem at a subsequent period. “In the next edition,” he adds “when they come out by the dozen, I will reserve the ancient and common received forme.” The volume is dedicated to Lord Essex, who is described as “the most honoured now living instance of the Achilleian virtues.” These books are written in the fourteen-syllable measure. The copy of them in the British Museum has the autograph, “Sum Ben Jonsonii.”

Later in the same year he published “Achilles’ Shield, translated as the other seven Bookes of Homer, out of his Eighteenth booke of Iliades. By George Chapman, Gent.” This is also printed by Windet, and also dedicated to Lord Essex, “the most honoured Earle Marshall.” It is in the ordinary ten-syllable metre. The Epistle Dedicatory is well worth reading, and the Preface “To the Understander” commences, “You are not every-body: to you (as to one of my very few friends) I may be bold to utter my mind.” He alludes to his already published “Seven Books.” “My Epistle Dedicatory before my Seven Books is accounted dark and too much laboured.” He declares, “That it could only be dark to ranke riders or readers, that have no more soules than burbolts.” As for the labour, “I protest two mornings both ended it, and the Reader’s Epistle.” This is a very interesting Preface, and in it Chapman shows his thorough enthusiasm for Homer. He also alludes to the new words and epithets with which he has enriched our language from Homer.

These two volumes rarely occur for sale.
Warton is in error in saying that *Fifteen Books* were printed about the year 1600 in a thin folio; an error in which he has been followed by every subsequent writer. We have seen that Chapman had mentioned, in his Preface to the Seven Books of 1598, that his next issue should be of *Twelve Books*, and consequently in 1609 there appeared a small thin folio, the title of which is: "*Homer, Prince of Poets, translated according to the Greeke in Twelve Books of his Iliads, by George Chapman. At London, printed for Samuel Matcham.*" This work is printed in italic type, and has (in a smaller size) the engraved title by William Hole, which was used in an enlarged form for the subsequent editions of the "Complete Iliad," and the "Whole Works," and a facsimile of which accompanies our present edition of the Iliad. It contains the Epistle Dedicatory to Prince Henry, the Poem to the Reader, and the Sonnet to Queen Anne. The version is the same (with little or no alteration) as that of the edition of 1598, with the addition of the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Twelfth Books. The volume is closed with fourteen Sonnets. The date may be pretty accurately inferred from the following facts. In the Stationers' Register is the entry of "*Seven Bookes of Homer's Iliades, translated into English by George Chapman, to Samuel Matcham, by assignment from Mr. Windet, November, 14, 1608.*" Here we find the assignment of the copyright of the Seven Books from Windet to Matcham to enable the latter to publish the Twelve. Now one of the Sonnets is addressed to the Earl of Salisbury, who is styled Lord Treasurer, which office was conferred on him on May 4, 1609. The volume, therefore, was probably published a little later in that year. This small folio
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is also a rare book. Mr. Payne Collier possesses an interesting copy with Chapman's autograph: "For Love to the true Love of Virtue in ye worthy Knighte, and his constant friende, S. Henrye Crofts: Geo. Chapman gives this as testimonie of his true inclination with this most affectionate inscription."

The Complete version of the Iliad appeared without date, "printed for Nathaniell Butler," but from an entry in the Stationers' Books, and internal evidence, it must have been published in 1611, or early in 1612. The entry in the Stationers' Registers is, "Nathl Butler, April 8, 1611. A booke called Homer's Iliades in English, containing 24 Bookes." Chapman tells us, in the Commentary on the First Book, that he had entirely rewritten the two first Books, but had left the viith, viith, ixth, and xth untouched. I do not find much correction, except a few verbal alterations, in the others. He mentions that he had translated the last twelve in less than fifteen weeks, and considers these the best portion of his work. To this edition he added the Prose Preface to the Reader, and the Commentaries on various Books, to obviate the accusation that had been made against him that he did not translate direct from the Greek, but through the medium of the Latin. These Commentaries do not tend to raise the estimate of his scholarship,* yet I think it evident from his version that he really did understand and thoroughly feel the Greek. Three of the Sonnets (those to the Lady Arabella, who had fallen into disgrace in 1609, to the Lord Wotton, and to Lord Arundel) were withdrawn, and five newly added. The volume (though not mentioned in the title) was printed

*I discover that all his interpretations are from Scapula.
by Richard Field, upon a fine paper, with good clear type and very antiquated orthography. I have styled it the first folio in my edition of the Iliad. The fine engraved title by William Hole was the same as that of the folio of 1609 on an enlarged scale.

In 1614 appeared the "First Twelve Books of the Odyssey," with a dedication to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset. It is a thin folio. In the Douce Collection is a copy with Chapman's autograph: "For my right worthie Knighte, my exceeding noble friende, Sir Henry Fanshawe. A pore Homericall new yeare's gift." At the end of the Twelfth Book is "Finis duodecimi Hom. Odyss. Opus novem dierum. Συν Θεός." I can hardly imagine that Chapman meant by this that he had translated the Twelve Books in nine days; which would be incredible, and, as Coleridge observes (in a MS. note to his copy mentioned below), would "indeed be a nine days' wonder;" but probably he meant to indicate the time he took in translating the last book. In the Douce copy he has run his pen through the words, as he had probably been joked about them. The remaining Twelve Books were finished in the same year, and published probably in 1615, as the entry in the Stationers' Register is, "November 2: 1614, Twenty-four Bookes of Homer's Odisses by George Chapman to Nathaniell Butter." When the last twelve books were printed they were united to the previous twelve, a blank page being inserted between them, and the pagination was continued to give the volume the appearance of being printed at one and the same time. There is an observable difference, however, which we have preserved in our edition: the cou-
clusions to the first twelve books are in Latin, while those of the latter part of the volume are in English. I presume the complete volume of the Odyssey appeared in a separate form, although I have never met with a copy which was not united with the Iliad, to form "The Whole Works of Homer, &c." I have met with two or three copies of the First Twelve Books—that in the Douce Collection for instance. The engraved title to the Odyssey, reproduced in our edition, is very rare. To some copies a printed title is given, which is not of usual occurrence.

In 1616 the Iliad and Odyssey were united in one volume. The title-page by Hole, which had previously served for the edition of the Iliad, was altered to "The Whole Works of Homer, &c.," as accompanies our edition of the Iliad. To the back of the title was affixed the fine portrait of Chapman, and another engraved plate was added "To the immortall memorye of Henrye Prince of Wales, &c." To the title of some copies the portrait of Chapman is not affixed, and such titles are rarer than the others. In some copies of the "Whole Works," the Iliad is found of an evidently later impression. The paper is thin and poor, the type is bleared and inelegant, and the orthography somewhat modernized; it is, moreover, disfigured by many misprints, and, judging from the general appearance of the volume, it is considerably later in date than 1616.* I have never yet met with a copy which was separate.

*A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. lvii. p. 300, states, I know not upon what authority, that "Chapman's Homer was likewise published in 1620." He does not mention what portion of Homer; probably it was the folio of the "Hymns," which came out a little later.
from the Odyssey. This impression differs in many places from the first complete Iliad. I have called it in our edition of the Iliad the *second folio*. I hazard the conjecture that it may have been printed to bind up with the surplus copies of the Odyssey, as the Iliad had been in circulation for the five preceding years.

Dr. Cooke Taylor printed from this copy, but he seems to have been ignorant of its worthlessness in comparison with the *first folio* of 1611. He simply says he had adopted the "third edition" (what he means I do not know) "in which were many valuable corrections." The two folios have been most accurately collated, and the chief variations noted, by me, and the value of this "third" edition can thus be properly estimated. I must apologize for using the terms *first* and *second folios*, which may appear pedantic, but I could not well apply the word *Edition*, as I refer solely to the *complete* version, there having been two previous editions of portions of the Iliad. The folios may easily be distinguished from their general appearance, and from the vignettes or headings to the books, those of Richard Field's (or the best copy) being cornucopias of flowers, &c., while the inferior copy has a sort of Gothic ornament. The Grenville copy, in the British Museum, is the *second folio*, while that in the General Library is of the *first* impression. In different copies of the best impression (Richard Field's) there are minute differences, arising probably from corrections being made as the press was kept standing (as is well known to have been the case with early-printed books). I do not think there was a new edition printed by Field for the complete volume of the "Whole Works," but that
the remaining copies of the Iliad of 1611 were bound up with the Odyssey of 1614-15 with a new and general title; and that at some subsequent period (I should think far later) the second folio was printed to bind with copies of the Odyssey when the first folio was exhausted. In the Heber Catalogue, part iv. lot 1445 was a copy of the Iliad. It had belonged to George Steevens, and was bought at Heber’s sale by the late Mr. Rodd. Park, in a note to vol. iii. of Warton’s History of English Poetry, p. 358 (ed. 1840) says that “Chapman’s own copy of his translation of Homer, corrected by him throughout for a future edition, was purchased for five shillings from the shop of Edwards by Mr. Steevens, and at the sale of his books in 1800 was transferred to the invaluable library of Mr. Heber.” This is not correct. I have traced the volume, and it is now in the magnificent library of Mr. Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane. It is a fine volume of the Iliad of 1611, in red morocco of the period. At the back of the title is in Chapman’s autograph, “In witness of his best love so borne to his best deserving friend Mr. Henrye Jones: George Chapman gives him these fruits of his best labors, and desires love betwixt us as long-tired as Homer.” The corrections are merely three or four in the Preface and one in the text, which I have specified in my Introduction to the Iliad. I subsequently bought a similar copy (though not in morocco), and Mr. Aldis Wright informs me that there is one in the Library of Trinity College Cambridge, with the same corrections. My friend the late Rev. John Mitford possessed Pope’s copy of
Chapman's Iliad. It was a most interesting volume, having Pope's autograph, "Ex libris Alexandri Popei, Pret. 3s," and marked in the margins by him. On Pope's death it passed to Bishop Warburton, who gave it to Thomas Warton. The last time I saw it was in the shop of the late Mr. Joseph Lilly, who had marked it at £16 16s. Mr. Lilly also showed me a copy of the "Whole Works—Iliad, Odyssey, and Hymns"—which Coleridge had sent to Wordsworth (see Introduction to Iliad); it was full of Coleridge's MS. notes.

Having completed the Iliad and Odyssey, Chapman was determined to translate every possible or probable portion of Homer. Hence he published "The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia; or, the Battaille of Frogs and Mise. His Hymnes and Epigrams. Translated according to the Original, by George Chapman. London: Printed by John Bill, his Majesties Printer." This very rare volume is a thin folio; it has an exquisitely engraved title by William Pass, which is very spirited, and called forth Coleridge's admiration. The date of this folio is assigned by my friend the late Mr. S. W. Singer to about the year 1624 by comparing it with other books by Bill, and it could hardly have been earlier. I once saw a beautiful copy at the shop of Messrs. Boone of Bond Street (now retired from business) which had the following autograph inscription by Chapman:—"In love and honour of ye Righte virtuousse and worthie Gent: Mr. Henry Reynolds, and to crowne all his deservings with eternall memorie, Geo. Chapman formes this Crowne & conclusion of all the Homericall merits with his accomplisht Improvements; advising
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that if at first sighte he seeme darcke or too fierie, He will get holde him fast (like Proteus) till he appere in his proper similitude, and he will then shewe himselfe

"—ratem corygium, cui non sit publica vena,
Quia nihil expositum soleat deducere; nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale monet."*

Chapman had made with his pen an alteration in his portrait as possessing too much beard, and one or two verbal alterations in the text. I have reprinted this folio with Chapman's Hesiod, Musæus and Juvenal in a fifth volume, and given a facsimile of the beautiful engraved title by Pass. I may mention that there is a magnificent large copy in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, though not on Large Paper, as I mentioned in my former Introduction.

I have thus detailed all Chapman's writings. There are some few poems in "Poetical Essays on the Turtle and Phoenix," published with others on the same subject by Shakespeare, Jonson, and Marston, at the end of Chester's "Love's Martyr, or Rosalind's Complaint," 4to., 1601; a volume of great rarity.

Those who would wish to see many criticisms on the merits of Chapman's Homer I must refer to my Introduction to the Iliad. To the remarks there cited may be added the following† (the writer is speaking of the Iliad): "The republication of this fine old poem is a judicious tribute to the improved taste of our time in poetical literature. * * * For vigour of fancy, for a loose kind of faithfulness to the spirit of the original, for constant strength and frequent felicity of diction, the

* Juvenal, Sat. vii. 53.
† English Cyclopedia, art. Chapman.
work: is one of the finest poems which our language possesses."

The Odyssey, even in the original, is less known than the Iliad to general readers, though I must confess that I share Coleridge's preference for it. In an able article on my editions of Chapman's Homer in the "Times" (December 29, 1865) the writer observes, "The 'Odyssey' is an unknown book to many. Let those who know it not, read it in Chapman's verse. They will find it a beautiful story rendered with grace and vigour into English which is not too antique to have lost its quaintness, and in a verse which, if it is not as neat and musical as Pope's, has far more of the life and power of the Homeric original." And again, "Whether the 'Odyssey' be more beautiful than the 'Iliad' or not may be a question, but there can be none that Chapman's 'Odyssey' far exceeds his 'Iliad.' The style is smoother, and the metre more manageable than the fourteen-syllable lines he used in the 'Iliad.'"

"At length," said old Antony Wood, "this most eminent and reverend poet, having lived 77 years* in this vain and transitory world, made his last exit in the Parish of St. Giles' in the Fields, near London, on the twelfth day of May, in sixteen hundred and thirty-four, and was buried in the yard on the south side of the Church of St. Giles. Soon after was a monument erected over his grave, built after the way of the old Romans, by the care and charge of his most beloved friend Inigo Jones; whereon is engraven, "Georgius Chapmanus, poeta Homericus, Philosophus verus (etsi

*Chapman would have only been seventy-five by the date of his birth on his portrait, but Wood places that date two years earlier.
Christianus Poeta) plusquam celebris, &c." Le Neve also gives us the inscription "D. O. M. Here lyes George Chapman, a Christian Philosopher and Homericall Poet; he liv'd 77 yeeres, and died ye 12 of May 1634, for whose worth and memory to posterity, Inigo Jones, Architect to the King, for antient friendshipp made this." Le Neve's information was from Peter Le Neve's (Norroy's) MSS. This monument, which escaped the destruction of the old church, is still standing; but the present inscription, which was recut on an inserted slab some few years ago, does not tally with that of Wood and Le Neve. I had hoped to have at least discovered the register of the poet's burial, but in this I was disappointed, as the Burial Register of St. Giles's between the years 1610 and 1637 was stolen some few years since. Habington, who published his "Castara" in the year of Chapman's death, has the following lines (p. 155, ed. Elton):

"'Tis true that Chapman's reverend ashes must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
'Cause carefull heyers the wealthy only have,
To build a glorious trouble o're the grave.
Yet doe I not despair some one may be
So seriously devout to poesie,
As to translate his reliques, and find roome
In the warme church to build him up a tombe,
Since Spenser hath a stone," &c.

Habington's pious wish, I am sure, will find an echo in many a breast. The great translator of Homer at least deserves a record in the aisles of Westminster, as his respectable character forms a happy contrast to many less deserving recipients of that honour.

For his learning and for his literary eminence Chapman was held in great esteem by all his contemporaries;
nor was his personal character held in less respect. Antony Wood describes him as "a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet." Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine's "Dramatic Poets" (British Museum), says: "Indeed his head was a poetical treasury, magazine, or chronicle, of whatsoever was memorable amongst the poets of the time, which made him latterly much resorted to by young gentlemen of good taste and occupation. But he was choice of his company, shy of loose, shallow, and sordid associates, and preserved in his own conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper." Ben Jonson declared to Drummond that "he loved Chapman;" and Michael Drayton has some lines which we must quote:*

"Others againe here liv'd in my dayes
That have of us deserv'd no lesse praise
For their translations, than the daintiest wit
That on Parnassus thinks he high'st doth sit,
And for a chaire may 'mongst the Muses call,
As the most curious maker of them all;
As Reverent Chapman, who hath brought to us
Museus, Homer, and Hesiodus
Out of the Greeke; and by his skill hath rear'd
Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd,
That were those Poets at this day alive,
To see their bookes thus with us to survive,
They would think, having neglected them so long,
They had bin written in the English tongue."

But there is no need of further eulogy. Chapman, I fear, suffered from the poet's fate of poverty, though he numbered amongst his friends and patrons Henry

* "Elegie to my most dearely-loved friend Henry Reynolds Esquire, of Poets and Poesie." (ed. 1627.)
Prince of Wales, Carr Earl of Somerset, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Sir Edward Philips, Inigo Jones, and others. His goodness of heart and gratitude are shown in the steadiness of his adherence to the fallen fortunes of Somerset. He had dedicated his Odyssey to the Earl when the favourite was still basking in the sunshine of his declining career, and when that sun was set in sad obscurity the old poet did not forget his former friend. The Hymns and Batrachomyomachia are dedicated to him in a noble strain. We may lament the unworthiness of the subject of his panegyric, but we must admire the kindness of the once-befriended bard.

Of the incidents of his personal life we have no record. What he was, where he lived, whether he was married, are all unknown to us. We are only made cognizant of the fact that he died and was buried in the parish of St. Giles, "near London," then, probably, a pleasant hamlet in the fields. I caused enquiries to be made at Montacute, in Somersetshire, the ancient seat of the Phelps family, and built by Sir Edward Philips, Master of the Rolls, and the poet's patron; but though there is a vast amount of valuable State Papers of the time of James I. amongst the family archives, there is no trace of George Chapman. The old folio of the Homer (probably a presentation copy) was missing from its accustomed shelf!

In bidding you farewell, reader, "if," in purchasing these volumes (to use Chapman's own words), "you be quicke and acceptive," I trust they will induce you to also purchase the other three, containing the Iliad and Hymns, and thus add to your library a storehouse of
poetry of almost magic beauty, the acquisition of which you will never regret. In the perusal, too, remember, I pray you, the estimable character of good and grand old George.
HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.
TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONOURED, MY
SINGULAR GOOD LORD, ROBERT,
EARL OF SOMERSET,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.*

I HAVE adventured, right noble Earl, out
of my utmost and ever-vowed service to
your virtues, to entitle their merits to the
patronage of Homer's English life, whose

* The story of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, is too well
known to all who are familiar with the life and times of James
1st. He was a Scotsman by birth, the son of Carr of Fern-
hurst, so often mentioned in the letters of Mary Queen of Scots.
He had been a royal page before the accession of James to the
throne of England, and, having spent some years in France,
was re-introduced at Court in 1606. The circumstances of
this re-introduction are too familiar to need repetition. His
rise was rapid. He was knighted on Christmas-eve, 1607;
created Lord Carr of Bransprath, and Viscount Rochester,
1610, and made Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, shortly
after, Knight of the Garter; and in 1614 created Earl of
Somerset, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household. His con-
nection with the infamous Countess of Essex, and their trial for
the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, their condemnation, im-
prisonment, and subsequent pardon and release from the Tower
in 1621 are matters of history. The Countess died in ob-
scurity in 1632, and the Earl survived till July, 1645; both
having lived to see their former passion for each other
change to the bitterest hatred. Their only daughter, Anne,
made William, afterwards the first Duke of Bedford.
wished natural life the great Macedon would have protected as the spirit of his empire,

That he to his unmeasur'd mighty acts
Might add a fame as vast; and their extracts,
In fires as bright and endless as the stars,
His breast might breathe and thunder out his wars.
But that great monarch's love of fame and praise
Receives an envious cloud in our foul days;
For since our great ones ceased themselves to do
Deeds worth their praise, they hold it folly too
To feed their praise in others. But what can,
Of all the gifts that are, be giv'n to man
More precious than Eternity and Glory,
Singing their praises in unsilenc'd story?
Which no black day, no nation, nor no age,
No change of time or fortune, force nor rage,
Shall ever rase? All which the monarch knew,
Where Homer liv'd entitled, would ensue:

*Cujus de gurgite vivo
-Combibit arcanos catum omnis turba furores, &c.*

From whose deep fount of life the thirsty rout
Of Thespian prophets have lien sucking out
Their sacred rages. And as th' influent stone
Of Father Jove's great and laborious son†
Lifts high the heavy iron, and far implies
The wide orbs that the needle rectifies,
In virtuous guide of ev'ry sea-driv'n course,
To all aspiring his one boundless force;
So from one Homer all the holy fire
That ever did the hidden heat inspire
In each true Muse came clearly sparkling down,

* Ex Angeli Politiani Ambrâ, 12. † Hercules.
And must for him compose one flaming crown.  
He, at Jove’s table set, fills out to us  
Cups that repair age sad and ruinous,  
And gives it built of an eternal stand  
With his all-sinewy Odyssean hand,  
Shifts time and fate, puts death in life’s free state,  
And life doth into ages propagate.  
He doth in men the Gods’ affects inflame,  
His fuel Virtue blown by Praise and Fame;  
And, with the high soul’s first impression driv’n,  
Breaks through rude chaos, earth, the seas, and heav’n.  
The nerves of all things hid in nature lie  
Naked before him; all their harmony  
Tun’d to his accents, that in beasts breathe minds.  
What fowls, what floods, what earth, what air, what winds,  
What fires ethereal, what the Gods conclude  
In all their counsels, his Muse makes indued  
With varied voices that ev’n rocks have mov’d.  
And yet for all this, naked Virtue lov’d,  
Honours without her he as abject prizes,  
And foolish Fame, deriv’d from thence, despises.  
When from the vulgar taking glorious bound  
Up to the mountain where the Muse is crown’d,  
He sits and laughs to see the jaded rabble  
Toil to his hard heights, t’ all access unable, &c.*  

And that your Lordship may in his face take view of  
his mind, the first words of his Iliads is ὁμήριον, wrath;  
the first word of his Odysseys, ἀνδρόσ α, man: contracting  
in either word his each work’s proposition. In one  
predominant perturbation: in the other overruling wisdom. In one the body’s fervour and fashion of outward  

*Thus far Angel. Politianus, for the most part, translated.
fortitude to all possible height of heroical action; in the other the mind’s inward, constant, and unconquered empire, unbroken, unaltered, with any most insolent and tyrannous infliction. To many most sovereign praises is this poem entitled; but to that grace, in chief, which sets on the crown both of poets and orators; τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως, καὶ τὰ κοντὰ καὶνως: that is, Parva magnè dicere; perrulgata novè; jejuna plenè.—To speak things little greatly; things common rarely; things barren and empty fruitfully and fully. The return of a man into his country is his whole scope and object; which in itself, your Lordship may well say, is jejune and fruitless enough, affording nothing feastful, nothing magnificent. And yet even this doth the divine inspiration render vast, illustrious, and of miraculous composure. And for this, my Lord, is this poem preferred to his Iliads; for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, gives great aid to his industry; but in this are these helps exceeding sparing, or nothing; and yet is the structure so elaborate and pompous that the poor plain ground-work, considered together, may seem the naturally rich womb to it, and produce it needfully. Much wondered at, therefore, is the censure of Dionysius Longinus, (a man otherwise affirmed grave and of elegant judgment,) comparing Homer in his Iliads to the Sun rising, in his Odysseys to his descent or setting, or to the ocean robbed of his æsture, many tributary floods and rivers of excellent ornament withheld from their observance. When this his work so far exceeds the ocean, with all his court and concourse, that all his sea is only a serviceable stream to it. Nor can it be compared to any one power to be named in nature, being
an entirely well-sorted and digested confluence of all; where the most solid and grave is made as nimble and fluent as the most airy and fiery, the nimble and fluent as firm and well-bounded as the most grave and solid. And, taking all together, of so tender impression, and of such command to the voice of the Muse, that they knock heaven with her breath, and discover their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising Poesy fantastic or mere fictive; but the most material and doctrinal implications of truth, both for all manly information of manners in the young, all prescription of justice, and even Christian piety, in the most grave and high governed. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a body and a soul in them. Wherein, if the body (being the letter or history) seems fictive, and beyond possibility to bring into act, the sense then and allegory, which is the soul, is to be sought, which intends a more eminent expressu're of Virtue for her loveliness, and of Vice for her ugliness, in their several effects; going beyond the life than any art within life can possibly delineate. Why then is fiction to this end so hateful to our true ignorants? Or why should a poor chronicler of a Lord Mayor’s naked truth (that peradventure will last his year) include more worth with our modern wizards than Homer for his naked Ulysses clad in eternal fiction? But this prosér Dionysius, and the rest of these grave and reputatively learned—that dare undertake for their gravities the headstrong censure of all things, and challenge the understanding of these toys in their childhoods; when even these childish vanities retain deep and most necessary learning enough in them to make them children in their ages, and teach them
while they live—are not in these absolute divine infusions allowed either voice or relish: for, *Qui Poeticas ad foras accedit, &c.* (says the divine philosopher) he that knocks at the gates of the Muses, *sine Musarum furore,* is neither to be admitted entry, nor a touch at their thresholds; his opinion of entry ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselves (might I a little insist on these contempts, not tempting too far your Lordship's Ulyssean patience) presume to these doors without the truly genuine and peculiar induction. There being in Poesy a twofold rapture,—oralienation of soul, as the above-said teacher terms it,—one *insania,* a disease of the mind, and a mere madness, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanity: *et ex homine, brutum quodammodò redditur:*—(for which poor Poesy, in this diseased and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified;)—the other is, *divinus furor,* by which the sound and divinely healthful *suum naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit.* One a perfection directly infused from God; the other an infection obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the divine fury, my Lord, your Homer hath ever been both first and last instance; being pronounced absolutely, *τὸν σοφῶτατον, καὶ τὸν θείωτατον θεωτήν,* "*THE MOST WISE AND MOST DIVINE POET.*" Against whom whosoever shall open his profane mouth may worthily receive answer with this of his divine defender—Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epicharmus, &c. being of Homer's part—*τὸς οἷς, &c.*; who against such an army, and the general Homer, dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous? And yet against this host, and this invincible commander, shall we have every *besognè* and fool a

*Besognè—Italian besognio, a beggar.*
leader. The common herd, I assure myself, ready to receive it on their horns. Their infected leaders,

Such men as sideling ride the ambling Muse,
Whose saddle is as frequent as the stews.
Whose raptures are in ev'ry pageant seen,
In ev'ry wassail-rhyme and dancing-green;
When he that writes by any beam of truth
Must dive as deep as he, past shallow youth.
Truth dwells in gulfs, whose deeps hide shades so rich
That Night sits muffled there in clouds of pitch,
More dark than Nature made her, and requires,
To clear her tough mists, heav'n's great fire of fires,
To whom the sun itself is but a beam.
For sick souls then—but rapt in foolish dream—
To wrastle with these heav'n-strong mysteries,
What madness is it? when their light serves eyes
That are not worldly in their least aspect,
But truly pure, and aim at heav'n direct.
Yet these none like but what the brazen head
Blatters abroad, no sooner born but dead.

Holding, then, in eternal contempt, my Lord, those short-lived bubbles, eternize your virtue and judgment with the Grecian monarch; esteeming not as the least of your new-year's presents,

Homer, three thousand years dead, now reviv'd,
Ev'n from that dull death that in life he liv'd;
When none conceited him, none understood
That so much life in so much death as blood
Conveys about it could mix. But when death
Drunk up the bloody mist that human breath
Pour'd round about him—poverty and spite
Thick'ning the hapless vapour—then truth's light
Glimmer'd about his poem; the pinch'd soul
(Amidst the mysteries it did enrol)
Brake pow'rfully abroad. And as we see
The sun all-hid in clouds, at length got free,
Through some forc'd covert, over all the ways,
Near and beneath him, shoots his vented rays
Far off, and sticks them in some little glade,
All woods, fields, rivers, left besides in shade;
So your Apollo, from that world of light
Clos'd in his poem's body, shot to sight
Some few forc'd beams, which near him were not seen,
(As in his life or country) Fate and spleen
Clouding their radiance; which when Death had clear'd,
To far-off regions his free beams appear'd;
In which all stood and wonder'd, striving which
His birth and rapture should in right enrich.

Twelve labours of your Thespian Hercules
I now present your Lordship; do but please
To lend life means till th' other twelve receive
Equal achievement; and let Death then reave
My life now lost in our patrician loves,
That knock heads with the herd; in whom there moves
One blood, one soul, both drown'd in one set height
Of stupid envy and mere popular spite.
Whose loves with no good did my least vein fill;
And from their hates I fear as little ill.
Their bounties nourish not when most they feed,
But, where there is no merit or no need,
Rain into rivers still, and are such show'rs
As bubbles spring and overflow the flow'rs.
Their worst parts and worst men their best suborns,
Like winter cows whose milk runs to their horns.
And as litigious clients' books of law
Cost infinitely; taste of all the awe
Bench'd in our kingdom's policy, piety, state;
Earn all their deep explorings; satiate
All sorts there thrust together by the heart
With thirst of wisdom spent on either part;
Horrid examples made of Life and Death
From their fine stuff wov'n; yet when once the breath
Of sentence leaves them, all their worth is drawn
As dry as dust, and wears like cobweb lawn:
So these men set a price upon their worth,
That no man gives but those that trot it forth
Though Need's foul ways, feed Humours with all cost
Though Judgment sterves in them; rout, State engrost
(At all tobacco-benches, solemn tables,
Where all that cross their envies are their fables)
In their rank faction; shame and death approv'd
Fit penance for their opposites; none lov'd
But those that rub them; not a reason heard
That doth not soothe and glorify their preferr'd
Bitter opinions. When, would Truth resume
The cause to his hands, all would fly in fume
Before his sentence; since the innocent mind
Just God makes good, to Whom their worst is wind.
For, that I freely all my thoughts express,
My conscience is my thousand witnesses;
And to this stay my constant comforts vow,
*You for the world I have, or God for you.*
CERTAIN ANCIENT GREEK EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED.

All stars are drunk-up by the fiery sun,
And in so much a flame lies shrunk the moon.
Homer's all-liv'd name all names leaves in death,
Whose splendour only Muses' bosoms breathe.

Another.

Heav'n's fires shall first fall darken'd from his sphere,
Grave Night the light weed of the Day shall wear,
Fresh streams shall chase the sea, tough ploughs shall tear
Her fishy bottoms, men in long date dead
Shall rise and live, before Oblivion shed
Those still-green leaves that crown great Homer's head.

Another.

The Mæonides doth only write,
And to him dictates the great God of Light.

Another.

Sev'n kingdoms strove in which should swell the womb
That bore great Homer, whom Fame freed from tomb;
Argos, Chios, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophonic,
The learn'd Athenian, and Ulysscean throne.
Another.

Art thou of Chios? No. Of Salamine?
As little. Was the Smyrnean country thine?
Nor so. Which then? Was Cuma's? Colophone?
Nor one, nor other. Art thou, then, of none
That fame proclaims thee? None. Thy reason call.
If I confess of one I anger all.
ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

To the numerous testimonies in favour of Chapman's Homer may be added the following. Speaking of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakespeare, the elder Disraeli, in his charming "Amenities of Literature" (vol. iii. p. 33, ed. 1841) says: "Among these poets stood He, in whose fire the Greek of Homer burned clear in his Homeric English. Chapman often caught the ideas of Homer, and went on writing HomERICally; at once the translator and the original." In a note Mr. Disraeli adds—"When Pope translated Homer, Chapman's version lay open before him. The same circumstance, as I have witnessed, occurred with the last translator—Mr. Sotheby."

A note or two may be added to our text.

Book x. 569, a feast secret. Though this is the reading of the folio, select would appear the right word. The epithet is not in the original.

Book xxii., 24, high-born. So in folio, but probably high-borne would be the proper spelling. It is not in the original.

Book xxii. 251. Against these odd mischiefs —odd, unequalled, peerless. In this sense of peerless, without an equal, it occurs in Arthur Hall's rare translation of the Iliad (1581). In the preface he says, "I cried out envying Virgil's prosperitie, who gathered of Homer, that he had fallen into the oddest man's hands that England ever bred." And in the Vth Book, at the parting of Hector and Andromache:

"The servants al do sobbe and howle with shrill and heavy cryes, beweeping Hector thus they say: on this odde knyghtes alacke! We never shall set eyes again, this day will be his wracke."

Book xxii. 388, breezes—a name for the gad-fly.

The extreme accuracy of the printers has rendered my task of correction comparatively a light one. The "faults escaped," I am happy to say, are not only very few, but of
the most trivial kind, such probably as only the most critical eye would detect. The reader, therefore, is requested to correct with the pen the following:—

Book ii. Arg. 3, dele comma before and after taken; 471, dele comma after fleet. iii. 7, dele comma after I. iv. 627, put comma after me; 1070, dele comma after sleep. vi. Put Chapman to note on line 3. vii. 141, dele comma after motion; 196, dele comma after view. viii. note on 289, read others’. x. 202, dele comma after way. xv. Arg. dele comma after Isle; 154, read house-keeping; 251, put semi-colon for comma after fame; 252, put comma for semi-colon after friendship; 570 for their prise read her. xxii. 277, for pray’rs read prayers. xxiv. 132, put comma after Fate.

In a very few cases the elision of the e in such words as pow’rs, ev’ry, heav’n, &c., has escaped observation. The reader is requested to correct such (though no errors) for uniformity’s sake.

The following is a mere slip of the press:—Book ii. 230, for ruinsall read ruins all.
THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S Odyssseys.

The Argument.
The Gods in council sit, to call
Ulysses from Calypso's thrall,
And order their high pleasures thus:
Grey Pallas to Telemachus
(In Ithaca) her way address;
And did her heav'ly limbs invest
In Mentor's likeness, that did reign
King of the Taphians, in the main
Whose rough waves near Lyciaades run,
Advising wise Ulysses' son
To seek his father, and address
His course to young Tantalides,
That govern'd Sparta. Thus much said,
She shew'd she was Heav'n's martial Maid,
And vanish'd from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the Wooers is.

Another Argument.
"Αλφα. The Deities sit;
The Man retired;
Th' Ulyscean wit
By Pallas fired.

HE man, O Muse, inform, that many a way
Wound with his wisdom to his wished stay;
That wander'd wondrous far, when he the town
Of sacred Troy had sack'd and shiver'd down;

1 The information or fashion of an absolute man; and necessary (or fatal) passage through many afflictions (according

Vol. I. Odyssey.
The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, minds, and fashions,
He saw and knew; at sea felt many woes,
Much care sustain'd, to save from overthrows
Himself and friends in their retreat for home;
But so their fates he could not overcome,
Though much he thirsted it. O men unwise,
They perish'd by their own impieties!
That in their hunger's rapine would not shun
The oxen of the lofty-going Sun,
Who therefore from their eyes the day bereft
Of safe return. These acts, in some part left,
Tell us, as others, deified Seed of Jove.

Now all the rest that austere death outstrove
At Troy's long siege at home safe anchor'd are,
Free from the malice both of sea and war;
Only Ulysses is denied access
To wife and home. The grace of Goddesses,
The rev'rend nymph Calypso, did detain
Him in her caves, past all the race of men
Enflam'd to make him her lov'd lord and spouse.
And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,
Which Ithaca on her rough bosom bears,
(The point of time wrought out by ambient years)
Should be his haven, Contention still extends
Her envy to him, ev'n amongst his friends.
All Gods took pity on him; only he,
That girds earth in the cincture of the sea,
with the most Sacred Letter) to his natural haven and country, is the whole argument and scope of this inimitable and miraculous poem. And therefore is the epithet \(\pi\omega\lambda\upsilon\tau\rho\rho\omicron\pi\omicron\nu\) given him in the first verse: \(\pi\omega\lambda\upsilon\tau\rho\rho\omicron\pi\omicron\nu\) signifying, *Homo eius ingenium velut per multas et varias vias certius in verum.*

—Chapman.
Divine Ulysses ever did envy,  
And made the fix’d port of his birth to fly.  

But he himself solemniz’d a retreat  
To th’ Æthiops, far dissunder’d in their seat,  
(In two parts parted, at the sun’s descent,  
And underneath his golden orient,  
The first and last of men) t’enjoy their feast  
Of bulls and lambs, in hecatombs addrest;  
At which he sat, giv’n over to delight.  

The other Gods in heav’n’s supremest height  
Were all in council met; to whom began  
The mighty Father both of God and man  
Discourse, inducing matter that inclin’d  
To wise Ulysses, calling to his mind  
Faultful Ægisthus, who to death was done  
By young Orestes, Agamemnon’s son.  
His memory to the Immortals then  
Mov’d Jove thus deeply: "O how falsely men  
Accuse us Gods as authors of their ill!  
When, by the bane their own bad lives instill,  
They suffer all the mis’ries of their states,  
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.  
As now Ægisthus, past his fate, did wed  
The wife of Agamemnon, and (in dread  

40 These notes following I am forced to insert (since the words they contain differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to err out of that ignorance that may perhaps possess my depraver.—Chapman.  
47 ἀμίνωνος translated in this place inculpabilis, and made the epithet of Ægisthus, is from the true sense of the word, as it is here to be understood ; which is quite contrary. As ἀντιθεος is to be expounded in some place Divinus, or Deo similis, but in another (soon after) contrarius Deo. The person to whom the epithet is given giving reason to distinguish it. And so ὁλοθρής, an epithet given to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifies mente perniciosus, in the next, qui universa mente gerit.—Chapman.
To suffer death himself) to shun his ill,
Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,
In slaughtering Atrides in retreat.
Which we foretold him would so hardly set
To his mur'd'rous purpose, sending Mercury
That slaughter'd Argus, our consid'rate spy,
To give him this charge: 'Do not wed his wife,
Nor murder him; for thou shalt buy his life
With ransom of thine own, impos'd on thee
By his Orestes, when in him shall be
Atrides'-self renew'd, and but the prime
Of youth's spring put abroad, in thirst to climb
His haughty father's throne by his high acts.'
These words of Hermes wrought not into facts
Ægisthus' powers; good counsel he despis'd,
And to that good his ill is sacrific'd.'

Pallas, whose eyes did sparkle like the skies,
Answer'd: "O Sire! Supreme of Deities,
Ægisthus pass'd his fate, and had desert
To warrant our infliction; and convert
May all the pains such impious men inflict
On innocent suff'ring to revenge as strict,
Their own hearts eating. But, that Ithacus,
Thus never meriting, should suffer thus,
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind
Divides him from these fortunes. Though unkind
Is piety to him, giving him a fate
More suff'reing than the most unfortunate,
So long kept friendless in a sea-girt soil,
Where the sea's navel is a sylvan isle,

Retreat.—It will be observed that Chapman frequently
uses this word in the sense of return.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

In which the Goddess dwells that doth derive
Her birth from Atlas, who of all alive
The motion and the fashion doth command
With his wise mind, whose forces understand
The inmost deeps and gulfs of all the seas,
Who (for his skill of things superior) stays
The two steep columns that prop earth and heav'n
His daughter 'tis, who holds this homeless-driv'n
Still mourning with her; evermore profuse
Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse
And make so languishingly, and possesse
With so remiss a mind her lovéd guest,
Manage the action of his way for home.
Where he, though in affection overcome,
In judgment yet more longs to show his hopes,
His country's smoke leap from her chimney tops,
And death asks in her arms. Yet never shall
Thy lov'd heart be converted on his thrall,

90 In this place is Atlas given the epithet δυσφόρων, which signifies qui universa mente agitatur, here given him for the power the stars have in all things. Yet this receives other interpretation in other places, as abovesaid.—CHAPMAN.

94 Δισφος is here turned by others, injelis, in the general collection; when it hath here a particular exposition, applied to express Ulysses' desert errors, παρὰ τὸ στὴνα, ut sit, qui vix locum invenire potest ubi consistat.—CHAPMAN.

97 This is thus translated, the rather to express and approve the allegory driven through the whole Odysseys. Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections; and the torments that breed in every pious mind; to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desires, at the proper and only true natural country of every worthy man, whose haven is heaven and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea in continual resture and vexation. The words occasioning all this are μαλακοὶς λόγοις: μαλακός signifying, qui languidit, et animo renissa rei aliquam gerit; which being the effect of Calypso's sweet words in Ulysses, is here applied passively to his own sufferance of their operation.—CHAPMAN.
Austere Olympius. Did not ever he,
In ample Troy, thy altars gratify,
And Grecians' fleet make in thy off'rings swim?
O Jove, why still then burns thy wrath to him?"

The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly,
Bold daughter, from thy pale of ivory?
As if I ever could cast from my care
Divine Ulysses, who exceeds so far
All men in wisdom, and so oft hath giv'n
To all th' Immortals thron'd in ample heav'n
So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees,
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
Stand to Ulysses' longings so extreme,
For taking from the God-foe Polypheme
His only eye; a Cyclop, that excell'd
All other Cyclops, with whose burden swell'd
The nymph Thoosa, the divine increase
Of Phorcys' seed, a great God of the seas.
She mix'd with Neptune in his hollow caves,
And bore this Cyclop to that God of waves.
For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill
Erring Ulysses, but reserves him still
In life for more death. But use we our pow'rs,
And round about us cast these cares of ours,

105 Ερκος ὑδώντων, viz. vallum or claustrum dentium, which, for the better sound in our language, is here turned, Pale of Ivory. The teeth being that rampire, or pale, given us by nature in that part for restraint and compression of our speech, till the imagination, appetite, and soul (that ought to rule in their examination, before their delivery) have given worthy pass to them. The most grave and divine poet, teaching therein, that not so much for the necessary chewing of our sustenance our teeth are given us, as for their stay of our words, lest we utter them rashly.—Chapman.

115 Neptune.

125 Erring—wandering.
All to discover how we may prefer
His wish'd retreat, and Neptune make forbear
His stern eye to him, since no one God can,
In spite of all, prevail, but 'gainst a man."

To this, this answer made the grey-eyed Maid:
"Supreme of rulers, since so well apaid
The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee,
To limit wise Ulysses' misery,
And that you speak as you referr'd to me
Prescription for the means, in this sort be
Their sacred order: Let us now address
With utmost speed our swift Argicides,
To tell the nymph that bears the golden tress
In th' isle Ogygia, that 'tis our will
She should not stay our lov'd Ulysses still,
But suffer his return; and then will I
To Ithaca, to make his son apply
His sire's inquest the more; infusing force
Into his soul, to summon the concourse
Of curl'd-head Greeks to council, and deter
Each wooer, that hath been the slaughterer
Of his fat sheep and crooked-headed beeves,
From more wrong to his mother, and their leaves
Take in such terms as fit deserts so great.
To Sparta then, and Pylos, where doth beat
Bright Amathus, the flood, and epithet
To all that kingdom, my advice shall send
The spirit-advanc'd Prince, to the pious end
Of seeking his lost father, if he may
Receive report from Fame where rests his stay;

\^\^ 134 Apaid—satisfied, content.
135 Inquest—search.
154 Epithet—i.e. gives the epithet ἅμαθεις, sandy, to Pylos.
And make, besides, his own successive worth
Known to the world, and set in action forth."

This said, her wing'd shoes to her feet she tied,
Form'd all of gold, and all eternified,
That on the round earth or the sea sustain'd
Her ravish'd substance swift as gusts of wind.
Then took she her strong lance with steel made keen,
Great, massy, active, that whole hosts of men,
Though all heroës, conquers, if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, back'd by so great a Sire.
Down from Olympus' tops she headlong div'd,
And swift as thought in Ithaca arriv'd,
Close at Ulysses' gates; in whose first court
She made her stand, and, for her breast support,
Lean'd on her iron lance; her form impress
With Mentas' likeness, come as being a guest.
There found she those proud wooers, that were then
Set on those ox-hides that themselves had slain,
Before the gates, and all at dice were playing.
To them the heralds, and the rest obeying,
Fill'd wine and water; some, still as they play'd,
And some, for solemn supper's state, purvey'd,
With porous sponges cleansing tables, serv'd
With much rich feast; of which to all they kerv'd.

God-like Telemachus amongst them sat,
Grieve'd much in mind; and in his heart begat
All representiment of his absent sire,
How, come from far-off parts, his spirits would fire
With those proud wooers' sight, with slaughter parting
Their bold concourse, and to himself converting

174 Mentas' likeness—Mentes, son of Anchialus, king of the Taphians, north of Ithaca.
182 Kerv'd—carved.
The honours they usurp'd, his own commanding.

In this discourse, he first saw Pallas standing,

Unbidden entry; up rose, and address

His pace right to her, angry that a guest

Should stand so long at gate; and, coming near,

Her right hand took, took in his own her spear,

And thus saluted: "Grace to your repair,

Fair guest, your welcome shall be likewise fair.

Enter, and, cheer'd with feast, disclose th' intent

That caus'd your coming." This said, first he went,

And Pallas follow'd. To a room they came,

Steep, and of state; the jav'lin of the Dame

He set against a pillar vast and high,

Amidst a large and bright-kept armory,

Which was, besides, with woods of lances grac'd

Of his grave father's. In a throne he plac'd

The man-turn'd Goddess, under which was spread

A carpet, rich and of deviceful thread;

A footstool staying her feet; and by her chair

Another seat (all garnish'd wondrous fair,

To rest or sleep on in the day) he set,

Far from the prease of wooers, lest at meat

The noise they still made might offend his guest,

Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,

Ev'n to his combat with that pride of theirs,

That kept no noble form in their affairs.

And these he set far from them, much the rather

To question freely of his absent father.

A table fairly-polish'd then was spread,

On which a rev'rend officer set bread,

And other servitors all sorts of meat

(Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)
Serv'd with observance in. And then the sewer
Pour'd water from a great and golden ewer,
That from their hands t' a silver cauldron ran.
Both wash'd, and seated close, the voiceful man
Fetch'd cups of gold, and set by them, and round
Those cups with wine with all endeavour crown'd.

Then rush'd in the rude wooers, themselves plac'd;
The heralds water gave; the maids in haste
Serv'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd
And set before them, the bold wooers shar'd,
Their pages plying their cups past the rest.
But lusty wooers must do more than feast;
For now, their hungrers and their thirsts allay'd,
They call'd for songs and dances; those, they said,
Were th' ornaments of feast. The herald straight
A harp, carv'd full of artificial sleight,
Thrust into Phemius', a learn'd singer's, hand,
Who, till he much was urg'd, on terms did stand,
But, after, play'd and sung with all his art.

Telemachus to Pallas then (apart,
His ear inclining close, that none might hear)
In this sort said: "My guest, exceeding dear,
Will you not sit incens'd with what I say?
These are the cares these men take; feast and play.
Which eas'ly they may use, because they eat,
Free and unpunish'd, of another's meat;
And of a man's, whose white bones wasting lie
In some far region, with th' incessancy
Of show'rs pour'd down upon them, lying ashore,
Or in the seas wash'd nak'd. Who, if he wore
Those bones with flesh and life and industry,
And these might here in Ithaca set eye
On him return'd, they all would wish to be
Either past other in celerity
Of feet and knees, and not contend t' exceed
In golden garments. But his virtues feed
The fate of ill death; nor is left to me
The least hope of his life's recovery,
No, not if any of the mortal race
Should tell me his return; the cheerful face
Of his return'd day never will appear.
But tell me, and let Truth your witness bear,
Who, and from whence you are? What city's birth?
What parents? In what vessel set you forth?
And with what mariners arriv'd you here?
I cannot think you a foot passenger.
Recount then to me all, to teach me well
Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell
In chance now first that you thus see us here,
Or that in former passages you were
My father's guest? For many men have been
Guests to my father. Studious of men
His sociable nature ever was.
On him again the grey-eyed Maid did pass
This kind reply: "I'll answer passing true
All thou hast ask'd: My birth his honour drew
From wise Anchialus. The name I bear
Is Mentas, the commanding islander
Of all the Taphians studious in the art
Of navigation; having touch'd this part
With ship and men, of purpose to maintain
Course through the dark seas t' other-languag'd men;
And Temesis sustains the city's name
For which my ship is bound, made known by fame
For rich in brass, which my occasions need,
And therefore bring I shining steel in stead,
Which their use wants, yet makes my vessels freight,
That near a plough'd field rides at anchor's weight,
Apart this city, in the harbour call'd
Rhethrus, whose waves with Neius' woods are wall'd.
Thy sire and I were ever mutual guests,
At either's house still interchanging feasts.
I glory in it. Ask, when thou shalt see
Laertes, th' old heroï, these of me,
From the beginning. He, men say, no more
Visits the city, but will needs deplore
His son's believ'd loss in a private field;
One old maid only at his hands to yield
Food to his life, as oft as labour makes
His old limbs faint; which, though he creeps, he takes
Along a fruitful plain, set all with vines,
Which husbandman-like, though a king, he proins.
But now I come to be thy father's guest;
I hear he wanders, while these wooers feast.
And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this hour)
I'll tell thee out of a prophetic pow'r,
(Not as profess'd a prophet, nor clear seen
At all times what shall after chance to men)
What I conceive, for this time, will be true:
The God's inflictions keep your sire from you.
Divine Ulysses, yet, abides not dead
Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried
In any seas, as you did late conceive,
But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept alive
Within an isle, by rude and upland men,
That in his spite his passage home detain.
Yet long it shall not be before he tread.
His country's dear earth, though solicited,
And held from his return, with iron chains;
For he hath wit to forge a world of trains,
And will, of all, be sure to make good one
For his return, so much relied upon.
But tell me, and be true: art thou indeed
So much a son, as to be said the seed
Of Ithacus himself? Exceeding much
Thy forehead and fair eyes at his form touch;
For oftentimes we met, as you and I
Meet at this hour, before he did apply
His pow'rs for Troy, when other Grecian states
In hollow ships were his associates.
But, since that time, mine eyes could never see
Renown'd Ulysses, nor met his with me."

The wise Telemachus again replied:
"You shall with all I know be satisfied.
My mother certain says I am his son;
I know not; nor was ever simply known
By any child the sure truth of his sire.
But would my veins had took in living fire
From some man happy, rather than one wise,
Whom age might see seis'd of what youth made prise.
But he whoever of the mortal race
Is most unblest, he holds my father's place.
This, since you ask, I answer." She, again:
"The Gods sure did not make the future strain

324 Τόσος παῖς, Tantus filius. Pallas thus enforcing her question, to stir up the son the more to the father's worthiness."—Chapman.
329 States—princes. See Iliad ii. 69.
330 Seized—in possession of.
334 Strain—descent. So Shakespeare,
"Thus far I can praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty."—Much ADO, ii. i.
Both of thy race and days obscure to thee,
Since thou wert born so of Penelope.
The style may by thy after acts be won,
Of so great sire the high undoubted son.

Say truth in this then: What's this feasting here?
What all this rout? Is all this nuptial cheer?
Or else some friendly banquet made by thee?
For here no shots are, where all sharers be.
Past measure contumeliously this crew
Fare through thy house; which should th'ingenuous view
Of any good or wise man come and find,
(Impiety seeing play'd in ev'ry kind)
He could not but through ev'ry vein be mov'd."

Again Telemachus: "My guest much lov'd,
Since you demand and sift these sights so far,
I grant 'twere fit a house so regular,
Rich, and so faultless once in government,
Should still at all parts the same form present
That gave it glory while her lord was here,
But now the Gods, that us displeasure bear,
Have otherwise appointed, and disgrace
My father most of all the mortal race.
For whom I could not mourn so were he dead,
Amongst his fellow-captains slaughterèd

Shots—reckoning, sum charged. Though now only
used as a vulgar term, it was not uncommon in our older
writers. Shakespeare,
"A man is never welcome to a place till some certain
shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome."

The derivation is from Anglo-Sax. sceat, tax, treasure, or a
piece of metal in an uncoined state equal to a penny. See
Bosworth's Anglo-Sax. Dict. It occurs in almost every
language. See Ital. scotto and Cotgrave in v. escot.

Disgrace—put out of favour, are unkind to.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

By common enemies, or in the hands
Of his kind friends had ended his commands,
After he had egregiously bestow'd
His pow'r and order in a war so vow'd,
And to his tomb all Greeks their grace had done,
That to all ages he might leave his son
Immortal honour; but now Harpies have
Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred grave.
Observe, inglorious, death hath made his end,
And me, for glories, to all griefs contend.
Nor shall I any more mourn him alone,
The Gods have giv'n me other cause of moan.
For look how many optimates remain
In Samos, or the shores Dulichian,
Shady Zacynthus, or how many bear
Rule in the rough brows of this island here;
So many now my mother and this house
At all parts make defam'd and ruinous;
And she her hateful nuptials nor denies,
Nor will despatch their importunities,
Though she beholds them spoil still as they feast
All my free house yields, and the little rest
Of my dead sire in me perhaps intend
To bring ere long to some untimely end."

This Pallas sigh'd and answer'd: "O," said she,
"Absent Ulysses is much miss'd by thee,
That on these shameless suitors he might lay
His weakful hands. Should he now come, and stay
In thy court's first gates, arm'd with helm and shield,
And two such darts as I have seen him wield,
When first I saw him in our Taphian court,
Feasting, and doing his desert's disport;"
When from Ephyrus he return'd by us  
From Ilus, son to Centaur Mermerus,  
To whom he travell'd through the wat'ry dreads,  
For bane to poison his sharp arrows' heads,  
That death, but touch'd, caus'd; which he would not give,  
Because he fear'd the Gods that ever live  
Would plague such death with death; and yet their fear  
Was to my father's bosom not so dear  
As was thy father's love; (for what he sought  
My loving father found him to a thought.)  
If such as then Ulysses might but meet  
With these proud wooers, all were at his feet  
But instant dead men, and their nuptialls  
Would prove as bitter as their dying galls.  
But these things in the God's knees are repos'd,  
If his return shall see with wreak inclos'd,  
These in his house, or he return no more;  
And therefore I advise thee to explore  
All ways thyself, to set these wooers gone;  
To which end give me fit attention:  
To-morrow into solemn council call  
The Greek heroës, and declare to all  
(The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is.  
Command to towns of their nativity  
These frontless wooers. If thy mother's mind  
Stands to her second nuptials so inclin'd,  
Return she to her royal father's tow'rs,  
Where th' one of these may wed her, and her dow'rs  
Make rich, and such as may consort with grace  
So dear a daughter of so great a race  
And thee I warn as well (if thou as well  
Wilt hear and follow) take thy best-built sail,
With twenty oars mann’d, and haste t’ inquire
Where the abode is of thy absent sire,
If any can inform thee, or thine ear
From Jove the fame of his retreat may hear,
For chiefly Jove gives all that honours men.

To Pylos first be thy addression then,
To god-like Nestor; thence to Sparta haste,
To gold-lock’d Menelaus, who was last
Of all the brass-arm’d Greeks that sail’d from Troy;
And try from both these, if thou canst enjoy
News of thy sire’s return’d life anywhere,
Though sad thou suffer’st in his search a year.
If of his death thou hear’st, return thou home,
And to his memory erect a tomb,
Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,
Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame;
And then thy mother a fit husband give.
These past, consider how thou mayst deprive
Of worthless life these wooers in thy house,
By open force, or projects ingenious.
Things childish fit not thee; th’ art so no more.
Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore
Divine Orestes, after he had slain
Ægisthus murd’ring by a treach’rous train
His famous father? Be then, my most lov’d,
Valiant and manly, ev’ry way approv’d
As great as he. I see thy person fit,
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit,
All giv’n thee so to use and manage here
That ev’n past death they may their memories bear.

435 Ingenious—ingenious. See Nares on the words, engine, and ingenious.
In meantime I'll descend to ship and men,
That much expect me. Be observant then
Of my advice, and careful to maintain
In equal acts thy royal father's reign."

Telemachus replied: "You ope, fair guest,
A friend's heart in your speech, as well exprest
As might a father serve t' inform his son;
All which sure place have in my memory won.
Abide yet, though your voyage calls away,
That, having bath'd, and dignified your stay
With some more honour, you may yet beside
Delight your mind by being gratified
With some rich present taken in your way,
That, as a jewel, your respect may lay
Up in your treasury, bestow'd by me,
As free friends use to guests of such degree."

"Detain me not," said she, "so much inclin'd
To haste my voyage. What thy lov'd mind
Commands to give, at my return this way,
Bestow on me, that I directly may
Convey it home; which more of price to me
The more it asks my recompence to thee."

This said, away grey-eyed Minerva flew,
Like to a mounting lark; and did endue
His mind with strength and boldness, and much more
Made him his father long for than before;
And weighing better who his guest might be,
He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deity
Was there descended; to whose will he fram'd
His pow'rs at all parts, and went so inflam'd
Amongst the wooers, who were silent set,
To hear a poet sing the sad retreat
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

The Greeks perform’d from Troy; which was from thence Proclaim’d by Pallas, pain of her offence. When which divine song was perceiv’d to bear That mournful subject by the list’ning ear Of wise Penelope, Icarius’ seed, Who from an upper room had giv’n it heed, Down she descended by a winding stair, Not solely, but the state in her repair Two maids of honour made. And when this queen Of women stoop’d so low, she might be seen By all her wooers. In the door, aloof, Ent’ring the hall grac’d with a goodly roof, She stood, in shade of graceful veils, implied About her beauties; on her either side, Her honour’d women. When, to tears mov’d, thus She chid the sacred singer: “Phemius, You know a number more of these great deeds Of Gods and men, that are the sacred seeds, And proper subjects, of a poet’s song, And those due pleasures that to men belong, Besides these facts that furnish Troy’s retreat, Sing one of those to these, that round your seat They may with silence sit, and taste their wine; But cease this song, that through these ears of mine Conveys deserv’d occasion to my heart Of endless sorrows, of which the desert In me unmeasur’d is past all these men, So endless is the memory I retain, And so desertful is that memory, Of such a man as hath a dignity So broad it spreads itself through all the pride Of Greece and Argos.” To the queen replied
Inspir'd Telemachus: "Why thus envies
My mother him that fits societies
With so much harmony, to let him please
His own mind in his will to honour these?
For these ingenious and first sort of men,
That do immediately from Jove retain
Their singing raptures, are by Jove as well
Inspir'd with choice of what their songs impell,
Jove's will is free in it, and therefore theirs.
Nor is this man to blame, that the repairs
The Greeks make homeward sings; for his fresh muse
Men still most celebrate that sings most news.

And therefore in his note your ears employ:
For not Ulysses only lost in Troy
The day of his return, but numbers more
The deadly ruins of his fortunes bore.
Go you then in, and take your work in hand,
Your web and distaff; and your maids command
To ply their fit work. Words to men are due,
And those reproving counsels you pursue,
And most to me of all men, since I bear
The rule of all things that are manag'd here."
She went amaz'd away, and in her heart
Laid up the wisdom Pallas did impart

528 Ἐρηνος ἀοῦδος. Cantor, cujus tam apta est societas hominibus.—Chapman.
531 Ἀνδράσις ἀλφητής. Ἀλφητής is an epithet proper to poets for their first finding out of arts and documents tending to elocution and government, inspired only by Jove, and are here called the first of men, since first they gave rules to manly life, and have their information immediately from Jove (as Plato in Ione witnesseth); the word deduced from ἀλφα, which is taken for him qui prinas teneat aliquid in re, and will ἀλφητής then be sufficiently expressed with ingeniositas, than which no exposition goes further.—Chapman.
To her lov'd son so lately, turn'd again
Up to her chamber; and no more would reign
In manly counsels. To her women she
Applied her sway; and to the wooers he
Began new orders, other spirits bewray'd
Than those in spite of which the wooers sway'd.
And (while his mother's tears still wash'd her eyes,
Till grey Minerva did those tears surprise
With timely sleep, and that her wooers did rouse
Rude tumult up through all the shady house,
Dispos'd to sleep because their widow was)
Telemachus this new-giv'n spirit did pass
On their old insolence: "Ho! you that are
My mother's wooers! much too high ye bear
Your petulant spirits; sit; and, while ye may
Enjoy me in your banquets, see ye lay
These loud notes down, nor do this man the wrong,
Because my mother hath disliked his song,
To grace her interruption. 'Tis a thing
Honest, and honour'd too, to hear one sing
Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,
As this man flows in. By the morn's first light,
I'll call ye all before me in a Court,
That I may clearly banish your resort,
With all your rudeness, from these roofs of mine.
Away; and elsewhere in your feasts combine.
Consume your own goods, and make mutual feast
At either's house. Or if ye still hold best,
And for your humours' more sufficèd fill,
To feed, to spoil, because unpunish'd still,
On other findings, spoil; but here I call

572 'HΘθεν, prima luce.—Chapman.
Th' Eternal Gods to witness, if it fall
In my wish'd reach once to be dealing wrecks,
By Jove's high bounty, these your present checks
To what I give in charge shall add more reins
To my revenge hereafter; and the pains
Ye then must suffer shall pass all your pride
Ever to see redress'd, or qualified."

At this all bit their lips, and did admire
His words sent from him with such phrase and fire;
Which so much mov'd them that Antinous,
Eupitheus' son, cried out; "Telemachus!
The Gods, I think, have rapt thee to this height
Of elocution, and this great conceit
Of self-ability. We all may pray,
That Jove invest not in this kingdom's sway
Thy forward forces, which I see put forth
A hot ambition in thee for thy birth."

"Be not offended," he replied, "if I
Shall say, I would assume this empery,
If Jove gave leave. You are not he that sings:
The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things.
Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne;
A man may quickly gain possession

599 Upon this answer of Telemachus, because it hath so sudden a change, and is so far let down from his late height of heat, altering and tempering so commandingly his affections I thought not amiss to insert here Spondanus' further annotations, which is this: Prudenter Telemachus joco fuorem Antinoi ac asperitatem emollit. Nam ita dictum illius interpretatur, ut existimetur censere jocosum illa etiam ab Antinoo adversum se pronunciata. Et primum ironicè se Regem esse exoptat propter commoda que Reges solent comitari. Ne tamen invidiam in se ambitionis concitat, testatur se regnum Ithace non ambire, mortuo Ulyssè, cum id alii possidere quacant se longe praestantiores ac digniores: hoc quum ait se moliri, ut propriarum adiunç et bonorum solus sit dominus, iis exclusis ac ejectis, qui vi illa occupare ac disperdere conantur.

CHAPMAN.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Of mighty riches, make a wondrous prize
Set of his virtues; but the dignities
That deck a king, there are enough beside
In this circumfluous isle that want no pride
To think them worthy of, as young as I,
And old as you are. An ascent so high
My thoughts affect not. Dead is he that held
Desert of virtue to have so excell'd.
But of these turrets I will take on me
To be the absolute king, and reign as free,
As did my father, over all his hand
Left here in this house slaves to my command."

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
To this made this reply: "Telemachus!
The girlond of this kingdom let the knees
Of Deity run for; but the faculties
This house is seis'd of, and the turrets here,
Thou shalt be lord of, nor shall any bear
The least part off of all thou dost possess,
As long as this land is no wilderness,
Nor rul'd by out-laws. But give these their pass,
And tell me, best of princes, who he was
That guested here so late? From whence? And what
In any region boasted he his state?
His race? His country? Brought he any news
Of thy returning father? Or for dues
Of moneys to him made he fit repair?
How suddenly he rush'd into the air,

619 Girlond—garland, crown, sovereignty. Shakespeare,
"Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the
crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord."—Richard III. iii. 2.
Nor would sustain to stay and make him known! His port show'd no debauch'd companion."

He answer'd: "The return of my lov'd sire is past all hope; and should rude Fame inspire From any place a flatter'ring messenger With news of his survival, he should bear No least belief off from my desp'rate love. Which if a sacred prophet should approve, Call'd by my mother for her care's unrest, It should not move me. For my late fair guest, He was of old my father's, touching here From sea-girt Taphos; and for name doth bear Mentas, the son of wise Anchialus; And governs all the Taphians studious Of navigation." This he said, but knew It was a Goddess. These again withdrew To dances and attraction of the song; And while their pleasures did the time prolong, The sable Even descended, and did steep The lids of all men in desire of sleep. Telemachus into a room built high Of his illustrious Court, and to the eye Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended, And in his mind much weighty thought contended. Before him Euryclea (that well knew All the observance of a handmaid's due, Daughter to Opis Pisenumides) Bore two bright torches; who did so much please Laërtes in her prime, that, for the price Of twenty oxen, he made merchandize Of her rare beauties; and love's equal flame, To her he felt, as to his nuptial dame,
Yet never durst he mix with her in bed,
So much the anger of his wife he fled.
She, now grown old, to young Telemachus
Two torches bore, and was obsequious
Past all his other maids, and did apply
Her service to him from his infancy.
His well-built chamber reach'd, she op'd the door,
He on his bed sat, the soft weeds he wore
Put off, and to the diligent old maid
Gave all; who fitly all in thick folds laid,
And hung them on a beam-pin near the bed,
That round about was rich embroider'd.
Then made she haste forth from him, and did bring
The door together with a silver ring,
And by a string a bar to it did pull.
He, laid, and cover'd well with curled wool
Wov'n in silk quilts, all night employ'd his mind
About the task that Pallas had design'd.

FINIS LIBRI PRIMI HOM. ODYS.
THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus to court doth call
The Wooers, and commands them all
To leave his house; and, taking, then
From wise Minerva ship and men,
And all things fit for him beside,
That Euryclea could provide
For sea-rites till he found his sire,
He hoists sail; when Heav'n stoops his fire.

5 Another Argument.

Bêrê. The old Maid's store
The voyage cheers.
The ship leaves shore,
Minerva steers.

Now when with rosy fingers, th' early born
And thrown through all the air, appear'd
the Morn,
Ulysses' lov'd son from his bed appear'd,
His weeds put on, and did about him gird
His sword that thwart his shoulders hung, and tied
To his fair feet fair shoes, and all parts plied
For speedy readiness: who, when he trod
The open earth, to men show'd like a God.
The heralds then he straight charg'd to consort
The curl'd-head Greeks, with loud calls, to a Court.
They summon'd; th' other came in utmost haste.
Who all assembled, and in one heap plac'd,
He likewise came to council, and did bear
In his fair hand his iron-headed spear.
Nor came alone, nor with men-troops prepar'd,
But two fleet dogs made both his train and guard.
Pallas supplied with her high wisdom's grace,
That all men's wants supplies, State's painted face.
His ent'ring presence all men did admire;
Who took seat in the high throne of his sire,
To which the grave peers gave him rev'rend way.
Amongst whom, an Egyptian heroë
(Crookéd with age, and full of skill) begun
The speech to all; who had a lovéd son
That with divine Ulysses did ascend
His hollow fleet to Troy; to serve which end,
He kept fair horse, and was a man-at-arms,
And in the cruel Cyclop's stern alarms
His life lost by him in his hollow cave,
Whose entrails open'd his abhorréd grave,
And made of him, of all Ulysses' train,
His latest supper, being latest slain;
His name was Antiphus. And this old man,
This crookéd-grown, this wise Egyptian,
Had three sons more; of which one riotous
A wooer was, and call'd Eurynomus;
The other two took both his own wish'd course.
Yet both the best fates weigh'd not down the worse,
But left the old man mindful still of moan;
Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:
"Hear, Ithacensians, all I fitly say:
Since our Divine Ulysses’ parting day
Never was council call’d, nor session,
And now by whom is this thus undergone?
Whom did necessity so much compell,
Of young or old? Hath anyone heard tell
Of any coming army, that he thus now
May openly take boldness to avow,
First having heard it? Or will any here
Some motion for the public good prefer?
Some worth of note there is in this command;
And, methinks, it must be some good man’s hand
That’s put to it, that either hath direct
Means to assist, or, for his good affect,
Hopes to be happy in the proof he makes;
And that Jove grant, whate’er he undertakes.”

Telemachus (rejoicing much to hear
The good hope and opinion men did bear
Of his young actions) no longer sat,
But long’d t’ approve what this man pointed at,
And make his first proof in a cause so good;
And in the council’s chief place up he stood;
When straight Pisenor (herald to his sire,
And learn’d in counsels) felt his heart on fire
To hear him speak, and put into his hand
The sceptre that his father did command;
Then, to the old Egyptian turn’d, he spoke:

"Father, not far he is that undertook
To call this Council; whom you soon shall know.
Myself, whose wrongs my griefs will make me show,
Am he that author’d this assembly here.
Nor have I heard of any army near,
Of which, being first told, I might iterate,
Nor for the public good can aught relate,
Only mine own affairs all this procure,
That in my house a double ill endure;
One, having lost a father so renown'd,
Whose kind rule once with your command was crown'd;
The other is, what much more doth augment
His weighty loss, the ruin imminent
Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.
And of all this the wooers, that are sons
To our chief peers, are the confusion,
Importuning my mother's marriage
Against her will; nor dares their blood's bold rage
Go to Icarius', her father's, court,
That, his will ask'd in kind and comely sort,
He may endow his daughter with a dow'r,
And, she consenting, at his pleasure's pow'r
Dispose her to a man, that, thus behav'd,
May have fit grace, and see her honour sav'd.
But these, in none but my house, all their lives
Resolve to spend; slaught'ring my sheep and beeves,
And with my fattest goats lay feast on feast,
My gen'rous wine consuming as they list.
A world of things they spoil, here wanting one,
That, like Ulysses, quickly could set gone
These peace-plagues from his house, that spoil like war;
Whom my pow'rs are unfit to urge so far,
Myself immaterial. But, had I the pow'r,
My will should serve me to exempt this hour
From out my life-time. For, past patience,
Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence
Of any honour. Falling is my house,
Which you should shame to see so ruinous.
Rev’rence the censures that all good men give,
That dwell about you; and for fear to live
Expos’d to heav’n’s wrath (that doth ever pay
Pains for joys forfeit) even by Jove I pray,
Or Themis, both which pow’rs have to restrain,
Or gather, councils, that ye will abstain
From further spoil, and let me only waste
In that most wretched grief I have embrac’d
For my lost father. And though I am free
From meriting your outrage, yet, if he,
Good man, hath ever with a hostile heart
Done ill to any Greek, on me convert
Your like hostility, and vengeance take
Of his ill on my life, and all these make
Join in that justice; but, to see abus’d
Those goods that do none ill but being ill-us’d,
Exceeds all right. Yet better ’tis for me,
My whole possessions and my rents to see
Consum’d by you, than lose my life and all;
For on your rapine a revenge may fall,
While I live; and so long I may complain
About the city, till my goods again,
Oft ask’d, may be with all amends repaid.
But in the mean space your misrule hath laid
Grievs on my bosom, that can only speak,
And are denied the instant pow’r of wreak.”

This said, his sceptre ’gainst the ground he threw,
And tears still’d from him; which mov’d all the crew,
The court struck silent, not a man did dare
To give a word that might offend his ear.
Antinous only in this sort replied:
"High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,  
How have you sham'd us in this speech of yours!  
Will you brand us for an offence not ours?  
Your mother, first in craft, is first in cause.  
Three years are past, and near the fourth now draws,  
Since first she mock'd the peers Achaian.  
All she made hope, and promis'd ev'ry man,  
Sent for us ever, left love's show in nought,  
But in her heart conceal'd another thought.  
Besides, as curious in her craft, her loom  
She with a web charg'd, hard to overcome,  
And thus bespake us: 'Youths, that seek my bed,  
Since my divine spouse rests amongst the dead,  
Hold on your suits but till I end, at most,  
This funeral weed, lest what is done be lost.  
Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere fate  
Of bitter death shall take into his state  
Laertes the heroë, it shall deck  
His royal corse, since I should suffer check  
In ill report of ev'ry common dame,  
If one so rich should show in death his shame.'  
This speech she us'd; and this did soon persuade  
Our gentle minds. But this a work she made  
So hugely long, undoing still in night,  
By torches, all she did by day's broad light,  
That three years her deceit div'd past our view,  
And made us think that all she feign'd was true.  
But when the fourth year came, and those sly hours  
That still surprise at length dames' craftiest powers,  
One of her women, that knew all, disclos'd  
The secret to us, that she still unloos'd  
Her whole day's fair affair in depth of night.
And then no further she could force her sleight,
But, of necessity, her work gave end.
And thus, by me, doth ev'ry other friend,
Professing love to her, reply to thee;
That ev'n thyself, and all Greeks else, may see,
That we offend not in our stay, but she.
To free thy house then, send her to her sire,
Commanding that her choice be left entire
To his election, and one settled will.
Nor let her vex with her illusions still
Her friends that woo her, standing on her wit,
Because wise Pallas hath giv'n wills to it
So full of art, and made her understand
All works in fair skill of a lady's hand.
But (for her working mind) we read of none
Of all the old world, in which Greece hath shown
Her rarest pieces, that could equal her:
Tyro, Alcmena, and Mycena were
To hold comparison in no degree,
For solid brain, with wise Penelope.
And yet, in her delays of us, she shows
No prophet's skill, with all the wit she owes;
For all this time thy goods and victuals go
To utter ruin; and shall ever so,
While thus the Gods her glorious mind dispose
Glory herself may gain, but thou shalt lose
Thy longings ev'n for necessary food,
For we will never go where lies our good,
Nor any other where, till this delay
She puts on all she quits with th' endless stay
Of some one of us, that to all the rest
May give free farewell with his nuptial feast.”

190 *Owes*—owns, possesses.
The wise young prince replied: "Antinous! I may by no means turn out of my house. Her that hath brought me forth and nourish'd me. Besides, if quick or dead my father be. In any region, yet abides in doubt; And 'twill go hard, my means being so run out, To tender to Icarius again, If he again my mother must maintain In her retreat, the dow'r she brought with her. And then a double ill it will confer, Both from my father and from God on me, When, thrust out of her house, on her bent knee My mother shall the horrid Furies raise With imprecati ons, and all men dispraise My part in her exposure. Never then Will I perform this counsel. If your spleen Swell at my courses, once more I command Your absence from my house; some other's hand Charge with your banquets; on your own goods eat, And either other mutually intreat, At either of your houses, with your feast. But if ye still esteem more sweet and best Another's spoil, so you still wreakless live, Gnaw, vermin-like, things sacred, no laws give To your devouring; it remains that I Invoke each Ever-living Deity, And vow, if Jove shall deign in any date Pow'r of like pains for pleasure so past rate, From thenceforth look, where ye have revell'd so Unwreak'd, your ruins all shall undergo."

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231 The word is κειπερα, κειπω signifying insatiabili, quidam edacitate voro. — CHAPMAN.
Thus spake Telemachus; t' assure whose threat, Far-seeing Jove upon their pinions set Two eagles from the high brows of a hill, That, mounted on the winds, together still Their strokes extended; but arriving now Amidst the Council, over ev'ry brow [fears, Shook their thick wings and, threat'ning death's cold Their necks and cheeks tore with their eager seres; Then, on the court's right-hand away they flew, Above both court and city. With whose view, And study what events they might foretell, The Council into admiration fell. The old heroë, Halitherses, then, The son of Nestor, that of all old men, His peers in that court, only could foresee By flight of fowls man's fix'd destiny, 'Twixt them and their amaze, this interpos'd:

"Hear, Ithacensians, all your doubts disclos'd. The Wooers most are touch'd in this ostent, To whom are dangers great and imminent; For now not long more shall Ulysses bear Lack of his most lov'd, but fills some place near, Addressing to these Wooers fate and death. And many more this mischief menaceth Of us inhabiting this famous isle. Let us consult yet, in this long forewhile, How to ourselves we may prevent this ill. Let these men rest secure, and revel still; Though they might find it safer, if with us They would in time prevent what threats them thus; Since not without sure trial I foretell These coming storms, but know their issue well.
For to Ulysses all things have event,
As I foretold him, when for Ilion went
The whole Greek fleet together, and with them
Th' abundant-in-all-counsels took the stream.
I told him, that, when much ill he had past,
And all his men were lost, he should at last,
The twentieth year, turn home, to all unknown;
All which effects are to perfection grown."

Euymachus, the son of Polybus,
Oppos'd this man's presage, and answer'd thus:
"Hence, great in years, go, prophesy at home,
Thy children teach to shun their ills to come.
In these superior far to thee am I.
A world of fowls beneath the sun-beams fly
That are not fit t' inform a prophecy.
Besides, Ulysses perish'd long ago;
And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so,
Since so thy so much prophecy had spar'd
Thy wronging of our rights, which, for reward
Expected home with thee, hath summon'd us
Within the anger of Telemachus.
But this I will presage, which shall be true:
If any spark of anger chance t' ensue
Thy much old art in these deep auguries,
In this young man incensed by thy lies,
Ev'n to himself his anger shall confer
The greater anguish, and thine own ends err
From all their objects: and, besides, thine age
Shall feel a pain, to make thee curse presage
With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee near.
But I will soon give end to all our fear,

Ulysses.
Preventing whatsoever chance can fall,
In my suit to the young prince for us all,
To send his mother to her father's house,
That he may sort her out a worthy spouse,
And such a dow'r bestow, as may befit
One lov'd, to leave her friends and follow it.
Before which course be, I believe that none
Of all the Greeks will cease th' ambition
Of such a match. For, chance what can to us,
We no man fear, no not Telemachus,
Though ne'er so greatly spoken. Nor care we
For any threats of austere prophecy,
Which thou, old dotard, vaunt'st of so in vain.
And thus shalt thou in much more hate remain;
For still the Gods shall bear their ill expense,
Nor ever be dispos'd by competence,
Till with her nuptials she dismiss our suits,
Our whole lives' days shall sow hopes for such fruits.
Her virtues we contend to, nor will go
To any other, be she never so
Worthy of us, and all the worth we owe.”

He answer'd him: “Eurymachus, and all
Ye gen'rous Wooers, now, in general,
I see your brave resolves, and will no more
Make speech of these points, and, much less, implore.
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
And all the Gods besides, just witness bear,
What friendly premonitions have been spent
On your forbearance, and their vain event.
Yet, with my other friends, let love prevail
To fit me with a vessel free of sail,
And twenty men, that may divide to me
My ready passage through the yielding sea.
For Sparta, and Amathoan Pylos' shore,
I now am bound, in purpose to explore
My long-lack'd father, and to try if fame
Or Jove, most author of man's honour'd name,
With his return and life may glad mine ear,
Though toil'd in that proof I sustain a year.
If dead I hear him, nor of more state, here
Retir'd to my lov'd country, I will rear
A sepulchre to him, and celebrate
Such royal parent-rites as fits his state;
And then my mother to a spouse dispose."

This said, he sat; and to the rest arose
Mentor, that was Ulysses' chosen friend,
To whom, when he set forth, he did commend
His complete family, and whom he will'd
To see the mind of his old sire fulfill'd,
All things conserving safe, till his retreat.
Who, tender of his charge, and seeing so set
In slight care of their king his subjects there,
Suff'ring his son so much contempt to bear,
Thus gravely, and with zeal, to him began:

"No more let any sceptre-bearing man,
Benevolent, or mild, or human be,
Nor in his mind form acts of piety,
But ever feed on blood, and facts unjust
Commit, ev'en to the full swing of his lust,
Since of divine Ulysses no man now,
Of all his subjects, any thought doth show.

327 The original is Ηιλον ἡμαθέντα, sandy Pylos. See Book 1, 154.
THE SECOND BOOK

All whom he govern'd, and became to them,
Rather than one that wore a diadem,
A most indulgent father. But, for all
That can touch me, within no envy fall
These insolent Wooers, that in violent kind
Commit things foul by th' ill wit of the mind,
And with the hazard of their heads devour
Ulysses' house, since his returning hour
They hold past hope. But it affects me much,
Ye dull plebeians, that all this doth touch
Your free states nothing; who, struck dumb, afford
These Wooers not so much wreak as a word,
Though few, and you with only number might
Extinguish to them the profaned night."

Evenor's son, Leocritus, replied:
"Mentor! the railer, made a fool with pride,
What language giv'st thou that would quiet us
With putting us in storm, exciting thus
The rout against us? Who, though more than we,
Should find it is no easy victory
To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts,
No not if Ithacus himself such guests
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,
And hope to force them from so sweet a fort.
His wife should little joy in his arrive,
Though much she wants him; for, where she alive
Would her's enjoy, there death should claim his rights.
He must be conquer'd that with many fights.
Thou speak'st unfit things. To their labours then
Disperse these people; and let these two men,
Mentor and Halitherses, that so boast

379 Arrive—arrival.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

From the beginning to have govern'd most
In friendship of the father, to the son
Confirm the course he now affects to run.
But my mind says, that, if he would but use
A little patience, he should here hear news
Of all things that his wish would understand,
But no good hope for of the course in hand."

This said, the Council rose; when ev'ry peer
And all the people in dispersion were
To houses of their own; the Wooers yet
Made to Ulysses' house their old retreat.

Telemachus, apart from all the prease,
Prepar'd to shore, and, in the aged seas
His fair hands wash'd, did thus to Pallas pray:
"Hear me, O Goddess, that but yesterday
Didst deign access to me at home, and lay
Grave charge on me to take ship, and inquire
Along the dark seas for mine absent sire!
Which all the Greeks oppose; amongst whom most
Those that are proud still at another's cost,
Past measure, and the civil rights of men,
My mother's Wooers, my repulse maintain."

Thus spake he praying; when close to him came
Pallas, resembling Mentor both in frame
Of voice and person, and advis'd him thus:
"Those Wooers well might know, Telemachus,
Thou wilt not ever weak and childish be,
If to thee be instill'd the faculty
Of mind and body that thy father grac'd;
And if, like him, there be in thee enchac'd
Virtue to give words works, and works their end.
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend,
Shall not so quickly, as they idly ween,
Be vain, or giv'n up, for their opposite spleen.
But, if Ulysses or Penelope
Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee
Of no more urging thy attempt in hand;
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,
Are like their parents, many that are worse,
And most few better. Those then that the nurse
Or mother call true-born yet are not so,
Like worthy sires much less are like to grow.
But thou show'st now that in thee fades not quite
Thy father's wisdom; and that future light
Shall therefore show thee far from being unwise,
Or touch'd with stain of bastard cowardice.
Hope therefore says, that thou wilt to the end
Pursue the brave act thou didst erst intend.
But for the foolish Wooers, they bewray
They neither counsel have nor soul, since they
Are neither wise nor just, and so must needs
Rest ignorant how black above their heads
Fate hovers holding Death, that one sole day
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee, the way thou wishest shall no more
Fly thee a step; I, that have been before
Thy father's friend, thine likewise now will be,
Provide thy ship myself, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and sooth each Wooer's vein,
But under hand fit all things for the main;
Wine in as strong and sweet casks as you can,
And meal, the very marrow of a man,
Which put in good sure leather sacks, and see
That with sweet food sweet vessels still agree.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

I from the people straight will press for you
Free voluntaries; and, for ships, enow
Sea-circled Ithaca contains, both new
And old-built; all which I'll exactly view,
And choose what one soever most doth please;
Which rigg'd, we'll straight launch, and assay the seas."

This spake Jove's daughter, Pallas; whose voice heard,
No more Telemachus her charge deferr'd,
But hasted home, and, sad at heart, did see
Amidst his hall th' insulting Wooers flea
Goats, and roast swine. 'Mongst whom, Antinous
Careless, discover'ing in Telemachus
His grudge to see them, laugh'd, met, took his hand,
And said: "High-spoken, with the mind so mann'd!
Come, do as we do, put not up your spirits
With these low trifles, nor our loving merits
In gall of any hateful purpose steep,
But eat egregiously, and drink as deep.
The things thou think'st on, all at full shall be
By th' Achives thought on, and perform'd to thee;
Ship, and choice oars, that in a trice will land
Thy hasty fleet, on heav'nly Pylos' sand,
And at the fame of thy illustrious sire."

He answer'd: "Men, whom pride did so inspire,
Are not fit consorts for an humble guest;
Nor are constrain'd men merry at their feast.
Is 't not enough, that all this time ye have
Op'd in your entrails my chief goods a grave,
And, while I was a child, made me partake?
My now more growth more grown my mind doth make,

450 Flea—flay.
And, hearing speak more judging men than you, Perceive how much I was misgovern'd now. I now will try if I can bring ye home An ill Fate to consort you; if it come From Pylos, or amongst the people here. But thither I resolve, and know that there I shall not touch in vain. Nor will I stay, Though in a merchant's ship I steer my way; Which shows in your sights best; since me ye know Incapable of ship, or men to row.”

This said, his hand he coyly snatch'd away From forth Antinous' hand. The rest the day Spent through the house with banquets; some with jests, And some with railings, dignifying their feasts. To whom a jest-proud youth the wit began:

“Telemachus will kill us ev'ry man.
From Sparta, to the very Pylian sand,
He will raise aids to his impetuous hand.
O he affects it strangely! Or he means
To search Ephyra's fat shores, and from thence Bring deathful poisons, which amongst our bowls Will make a general shipwrack of our souls.”

Another said: “Alas, who knows but he Once gone, and erring like his sire at sea, May perish like him, far from aid of friends, And so he makes us work? For all the ends Left of his goods here we shall share, the house Left to his mother and her chosen spouse.”

Thus they; while he a room ascended, high And large, built by his father, where did lie Gold and brass heap'd up, and in coffers were Rich robes, great store of odorous oils, and there
Stood tuns of sweet old wines along the wall,
Neat and divine drink, kept to cheer with all
Ulysses' old heart, if he turn'd again
From labours fatal to him to sustain.
The doors of plank were, their close exquisite,
Kept with a double key, and day and night
A woman lock'd within; and that was she
Who all trust had for her sufficiency,
Old Euryclea, one of Opis' race,
Son to Pisenor, and in passing grace
With grey Minerva; her the prince did call,
And said: "Nurse! Draw me the most sweet of all
The wine thou keep'st; next that which for my sire
Thy care reserves, in hope he shall retire.
Twelve vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.
Then into well-sew'd sacks of fine ground meal
Pour twenty measures. Nor, to any one
But thee thyself, let this design be known.
All this see got together; I it all
In night will fetch off, when my mother shall
Ascend her high room, and for sleep prepare.
Sparta and Pylos I must see, in care
To find my father." Out Euryclea cried,
And ask'd with tears: "Why is your mind applied,
Dear son, to this course? Whither will you go?
So far off leave us, and belovéd so,
So only? And the sole hope of your race?
Royal Ulysses, far from the embrace
Of his kind country, in a land unknown
Is dead; and, you from your lov'd country gone,
The Wooers will with some deceit assay

To your destruction, making then their prey
Of all your goods. Where, in your own y'are strong,
Make sure abode. It fits not you so young
To suffer so much by the aged seas,
And err in such a wayless wilderness.”

“Be cheer’d, lov’d nurse,” said he, “for, not without
The will of God, go my attempts about.
Swear therefore, not to wound my mother’s ears
With word of this, before from heav’n appears
Th’ elev’nth or twelfth light, or herself shall please
To ask of me, or hears me put to seas,
Lest her fair body with her woe be wore.”

To this the great oath of the Gods she swore;
Which having sworn, and of it every due
Perform’d to full, to vessels wine she drew,
And into well-sew’d sacks pour’d foody meal.
In mean time he, with cunning to conceal
All thought of this from others, himself bore
In broad house, with the Wooers, as before.

Then grey-eyed Pallas other thoughts did own;
And like Telemachus trod through the town,
Commanding all his men in th’ even to be
Aboard his ship. Again then question’d she
Noëmon, fam’d for aged Phronius’ son,
About his ship; who all things to be done
Assur’d her freely should. The sun then set,
And sable shadows slid through ev’ry street,
When forth they launch’d, and soon aboard did bring
All arms, and choice of ev’ry needful thing
That fits a well-rigg’d ship. The Goddess then
Stood in the port’s extreme part, where her men,
Nobly appointed, thick about her came,
Whose ev'ry breast she did with spirit enflame.
Yet still fresh projects laid the grey-eyed Dame.

Straight to the house she hasted, and sweet sleep
Pour'd on each Wooer; which so laid in steep
Their drowsy temples, that each brow did nod,
As all were drinking, and each hand his load,
The cup, let fall. All start up, and to bed,
Nor more would watch, when sleep so surfeited
Their leaden eye-lids. Then did Pallas call
Telemachus, in body, voice, and all,
Resembling Mentor, from his native nest,
And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest
To use their oars, and all expected now
He should the spirit of a soldier show.
"Come then," said she, "no more let us defer
Our honour'd action." Then she took on her
A ravish'd spirit, and led as she did leap;
And he her most haste took out step by step.

Arrived at sea and ship, they found ashore
The soldiers that their fashion'd-long hair wore;
To whom the prince said: "Come, my friends, let's bring
Our voyage's provision; ev'ry thing
Is heap'd together in our court; and none,
No not my mother, nor her maids, but one
Knows our intention." This express'd, he led,
The soldiers close together followed;
And all together brought aboard their store.
Aboard the prince went; Pallas still before
Sat at the stern, he close to her, the men
Up hasted after. He and Pallas then
Put from the shore. His soldiers then he had
See all their arms fit; which they heard, and had.
A beechen mast, then, in the hollow base
They put, and hoisted, fix'd it in his place
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halsers hoise
Their white sails, which grey Pallas now employs
With full and fore-gales through the dark deep main.
The purple waves, so swift cut, roar'd again
Against the ship sides, and now ran and plow'd
The rugged seas up. Then the men bestow'd
Their arms about the ship, and sacrifice
With crown'd wine-cups to th' endless Deities
They offer'd up. Of all yet thron'd above,
They most observ'd the grey-eyed seed of Jove;
Who, from the evening till the morning rose,
And all day long their voyage did dispose.

FINIS LIBRI SECUNDI HOM. ODYSS.
The Third Book of Homer's Odysseys.

The Argument.

Telemachus, and Heav'n's wise* Dame
That never husband had, now came
To Nestor; who his either guest
Receiv'd at the religious feast
He made to Neptune, on his shore;
And there told what was done before
The Trojan turrets, and the state
Of all the Greeks since Ilion's fate.
This book† these three of greatest place
Doth serve with many a varied grace.
Which past, Minerva takes her leave.
Whose state when Nestor doth perceive,
With sacrifice he makes it known,
Where many a pleasing rite is shown.
Which done, Telemachus hath gain'd
A chariot of him; who ordain'd
Pisistratus, his son, his guide
To Sparta; and when starry eyed
The ample heav'n began to be,
All house-rites to afford them free,
In Pheris, Diocles did please,
His surname Ortilochides.

Another Argument.

Pâµµa. Ulysses' son
With Nestor lies,
To Sparta gone;
Thence Pallas flies.

* Pallas.    + Minerva, Nestor, and Telemachus.
The sun now left the great and goodly lake,
And to the firm heav'n bright ascent did make,
To shine as well upon the mortal birth,
Inhabiting the plow'd life-giving earth,
As on the ever-treaders upon death.
And now to Pylos, that so garnisheth
Herself with buildings, old Neleus' town,
The prince and Goddess come had strange sights shown,
For, on the marine shore, the people there
To Neptune, that the azure locks doth wear,
Beeves that were wholly black gave holy flame.
Nine seats of state they made to his high name;
And ev'ry seat set with five hundred men,
And each five hundred was to furnish then
With nine black oxen ev'ry sacred seat.
These of the entrails only pleas'd to eat,
And to the God enflam'd the fleshy thighs.

By this time Pallas with the sparkling eyes,
And he she led, within the haven bore,
Struck sail, cast anchor, and trod both the shore,
She first, he after. Then said Pallas: "Now
No more befits thee the least bashful brow;
T' embolden which this act is put on thee,
To seek thy father both at shore and sea,
And learn in what clime he abides so close,
Or in the pow'r of what Fate doth repose.

Come then, go right to Nestor; let us see,
If in his bosom any counsel be,
That may inform us. Pray him not to trace
The common courtship, and to speak in grace

5 The Gods.
Of the demander, but to tell the truth;
Which will delight him, and commend thy youth
For such prevention; for he loves no lies,
Nor will report them, being truly wise."

He answer'd: "Mentor! how, alas! shall I
Present myself? How greet his gravity?
My youth by no means that ripe form affords,
That can digest my mind's instinct in words
Wise, and be seemly th' ears of one so sage.
Youth of most hope blush to use words with age."

She said: "Thy mind will some conceit impress,
And something God will prompt thy towardness;
For, I suppose, thy birth, and breeding too,
Were not in spite of what the Gods could do."

This said, she swiftly went before, and he
Her steps made guides, and follow'd instantly.
When soon they reach'd the Pylian throngs and seats,
Where Nestor with his sons sat; and the meats,
That for the feast serv'd, round about them were
Adherents dressing, all their sacred cheer,
Being roast and boil'd meats. When the Pylians saw
These strangers come, in thrall did all men draw
About their entry, took their hands, and pray'd
They both would sit; their entry first assay'd
By Nestor's son, Pisistratus. In grace
Of whose repair, he gave them honour'd place
Betwixt his sire and brother Thrasyman,
Who sat at feast on soft fells that were spread
Along the sea sands, kerv'd, and reach'd to them
Parts of the inwards, and did make a stream
Of sprightly wine into a golden bowl;]

58 Fells—sheep-skins, skins of beasts.  59 Kerv'd—carved
Which to Minerva with a gentle soul
He gave, and thus spake: "Ere you eat, fair guest,
Invoke the Seas' King, of whose sacred feast
Your travel hither makes ye partners now;
When, sacrificing as becomes, bestow
This bowl of sweet wine on your friend, that he
May likewise use these rites of piety;
For I suppose his youth doth prayers use,
Since all men need the Gods. But you I choose
First in this cup's disposure, since his years
Seem short of yours, who more like me appears."
Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant wine;
And since a wise and just man did design
The golden bowl first to her free receit,
Ev'n to the Goddess it did add delight,
Who thus invok'd: "Hear thou, whose vast embrace
Enspheres the whole earth, nor disdain thy grace
To us that ask it in performing this:
To Nestor first, and these fair sons of his,
Vouchsafe all honour; and, next them, bestow
On all these Pylians, that have offer'd now
This most renowned hecatomb to thee,
Remuneration fit for them, and free;
And lastly deign Telemachus and me,
The work perform'd for whose effect we came,
Our safe return, both with our ship and fame."
Thus pray'd she; and herself herself obey'd,
In th' end performing all for which she pray'd.
And now, to pray, and do as she had done,
She gave the fair round bowl t' Ulysses' son.

The meat then dress'd, and drawn, and serv'd t' each guest,
They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.
When appetite to wine and food allay’d,
Horse-taming Nestor then began, and said:

"Now life’s desire is serv’d, as far as fare,
Time fits me to enquire what guests these are.
Fair guests, what are ye? And for what coast tries
Your ship the moist deëps? For fit merchandise?
Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prise,
The rough seas tempting, desperately erring,
The ill of others in their good conferring?"

The wise prince now his boldness did begin,
For Pallas’ self had harden’d him within,
By this device of travel to explore
His absent father; which two girlands wore;
His good by manage of his spirits; and then
To gain him high grace in th’ accounts of men.

"O Nestor! still in whom Nellius lives!
And all the glory of the Greeks survives,
You ask from whence we are, and I relate:
From Ithaca (whose seat is situate
Where Neius, the renowned mountain, rears
His haughty forehead, and the honour bears
To be our sea-mark) we assay’d the waves.
The business, I must tell, our own good craves,
And not the public. I am come t’enquire,
If, in the fame that best men doth inspire
Of my most-suff’ring father, I may hear
Some truth of his estate now, who did bear
The name, being joined in fight with you alone,
To even with earth the height of Ilion.
Of all men else, that any name did bear,
And fought for Troy, the sev’ral ends we hear;

106 Girlands—garlands.
But his death Jove keeps from the world unknown, the certain fame thereof being told by none;
If on the continent by enemies slain,
Or with the waves eat of the ravenous main.
For his love 'tis that to your knees I sue,
That you would please, out of your own clear view,
T' assure his sad end; or say, if your ear
Hath heard of the unhappy wanderer,
To too much sorrow whom his mother bore.
You then by all your bounties I implore,
(If ever to you deed or word hath stood,
By my good father promis'd, render'd good
Amongst the Trojans, where ye both have tried
The Grecian suff'rance) that in nought applied
To my respect or pity you will glose,
But uncloth'd truth to my desires disclose.”

"O my much-lov'd," said he, "since you renew
Remembrance of the miseries that grew
Upon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece
Amongst Troy's people, I must touch a piece
Of all our woes there, either in the men
Achilles brought by sea and led to gain
About the country, or in us that fought
About the city, where to death were brought
All our chief men, as many as were there.
There Mars-like Ajax lies; Achilles there:
There the in-counsel-like-the-Gods, his friend;
There my dear son Antilochus took end,
Past measure swift of foot, and staid in fight.
A number more that ills felt infinite;

126 Fame—(Latin) report.
130 Gloze—gloss over.
131 Patroclus.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Of which to reckon all, what mortal man,
If five or six years you should stay here, can
Serve such enquiry? You would back again,
Affected with unsufferable pain,
Before you heard it. Nine years sieg'd we them,
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill past end.
Yet still they toil'd us; nor would yet Jove send
Rest to our labours, nor will scarcely yet.
But no man liv'd, that would in public set
His wisdom by Ulysses' policy,
As thought his equal; so excessively
He stood superior all ways. If you be
His son indeed, mine eyes ev'n ravish me
To admiration. And in all consent
Your speech puts on his speech's ornament.
Nor would one say, that one so young could use,
Unless his son, a rhetoric so profuse.
And while we liv'd together, he and I
Never in speech maintain'd diversity;
Nor sat in council but, by one soul led,
With spirit and prudent counsel furnished
The Greeks at all hours, that, with fairest course,
What best became them, they might put in force.
But when Troy's high tow'rs we had levell'd thus,
We put to sea, and God divided us.
And then did Jove our sad retreat devise;
For all the Greeks were neither just nor wise,
And therefore many felt so sharp a fate,
Sent from Minerva's most pernicious hate;
Whose mighty Father can do fearful things.
By whose help she betwixt the brother kings
Let fall contention; who in council met
In vain, and timeless, when the sun was set,
And all the Greeks call’d, that came charg’d with wine.
Yet then the kings would utter their design,
And why they summon’d. Menelaus, he
Put all in mind of home, and cried, To sea.
But Agamemnon stood on contraries,
Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice
Whole hecatombs to Pallas, to forego
Her high wrath to them. Fool! that did not know
She would not so be won; for not with ease
Th’ Eternal Gods are turn’d from what they please.
So they, divided, on foul language stood.
The Greeks in huge rout rose, their wine-heat blood
Two ways affecting. And, that night’s sleep too,
We turn’d to studying either other’s woe;
When Jove besides made ready woes enow.
Morn came, we launch’d, and in our ships did stow
Our goods, and fair-girt women. Half our men
The people’s guide, Atrides, did contain,
And half, being now aboard, put forth to sea.
A most free gale gave all ships prosp’rous way.
God settled then the huge whale-bearing lake,
And Tenedos we reach’d; where, for time’s sake,
We did divine rites to the Gods. But Jove,
Inexorable still, bore yet no love
To our return, but did again excite
A second sad contention, that turn’d quite
A great part of us back to sea again;
Which were th’ abundant-in-all-counsels man,
Your matchless father, who, to gratify
The great Atrides, back to him did fly.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

But I fled all, with all that follow'd me,
Because I knew God studied misery,
To hurl amongst us. With me likewise fled
Martial Tydides. I the men he led
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleet did bring
To Lesbos, where the yellow-headed king,
Though late, yet found us, as we put to choice
A tedious voyage; if we sail should hoise
Above rough Chius, left on our left hand,
To th' isle of Psyria, or that rugged land
Sail under, and for windy Mimas steer.
We ask'd of God that some ostent might clear
Our cloudy business, who gave us sign,
And charge, that all should, in a middle line,
The sea cut for Eubœa, that with speed
Our long-sustain'd infortune might be freed.
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,
And swiftly flew we through the fishy skies,
Till to Geræstus we in night were brought;
Where, through the broad sea since we safe had wrought,
At Neptune's altars many solid thighs
Of slaughter'd bulls we burn'd for sacrifice.

The fourth day came, when Tydeus' son did greet
The haven of Argos with his complete fleet.
But I for Pylos straight steer'd on my course;
Nor ever left the wind his foreright force,
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came,
Dear son, to Pylos, uninform'd by fame,
Nor know one sav'd by Fate, or overcome.
Whom I have heard of since, set here at home,
As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshown.

The expert spear-men, ev'ry Myrmidon,
Led by the brave, heir of the mighty-souled
Unpeer'd Achilles, safe of home got hold;
Safe Philoctetes, Pœan's famous seed;
And safe Idomenæus his men led
To his home, Crete, who fled the arméd field,
Of whom yet none the sea from him withheld.

Atrides, you have both heard, though ye be
His far-off dwellers, what an end had he,
Done by Ægisthus to a bitter death;
Who miserably paid for forced breath,
Atrides leaving a good son, that dyed,
In blood of that deceitful parricide,
His wreakful sword. And thou my friend, as he
For this hath his fame, the like spirit in thee
Assume at all parts. Fair and great, I see,
Thou art in all hope, make it good to th' end,
That after-times as much may thee commend."

He answer'd: "O thou greatest grace of Greece,
Orestes made that wreak his master-piece,
And him the Greeks will give a master-praise,
Verse finding him to last all after-days.
And would to God the Gods would favour me
With his performance, that my injury,
Done by my mother's Wooers, being so foul,
I might revenge upon their ev'ry soul;
Who, pressing me with contumelies, dare
Such things as past the pow'r of utt'rance are.
But Heav'n's great Pow'rs have grac'd my destiny
With no such honour. Both my sire and I
Are born to suffer everlastingly."

Parricide—this is a somewhat uncommon use of the word. Orestes slew his father's murderer.
"Because you name these Wooers, friend," said he, "Report says, many such, in spite of thee, Wooing thy mother, in thy house commit The ills thou nam'st. But say: Proceedeth it From will in thee to bear so foul a foil? Or from thy subjects' hate, that wish thy spoil, And will not aid thee, since their spirits rely, Against thy rule, on same grave augury? What know they, but at length thy father may Come, and with violence their violence pay; Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him? But if Minerva now did so esteem Thee, as thy father in times past; whom, past All measure, she with glorious favours grac't Amongst the Trojans, where we suffer'd so; (O! I did never see, in such clear show, The Gods so grace a man, as she to him, To all our eyes, appear'd in all her trim) If so, I say, she would be pleas'd to love, And that her mind's care thou so much couldst move, As did thy father, ev'ry man of these Would lose in death their seeking marriages."

"O father," answer'd he, "you make amaze Seize me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase You raise expression; but 'twill never be, That I shall move in any Deity So blest an honour. Not by any means, If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence, (The Gods of Fools) or ev'ry Deity Should will it; for 'tis past my destiny."

The burning-eyed Dame answer'd: "What a speech Hath past the teeth-guard Nature gave to teach
Fit question of thy words before they fly!
God easily can (when to mortal eye
He's furthest off) a mortal satisfy;
And does the more still. For thy car'd-for sire,
I rather wish, that I might home retire,
After my suff'rance of a world of woes,
Far off, and then my glad eyes might disclose
The day of my return, then straight retire,
And perish standing by my household fire;
As Agamemnon did, that lost his life
By false Ægisthus, and his falser wife.

For Death to come at length, 'tis due to all;
Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call
Their most-lov'd man, extend his vital breath
Beyond the fix'd bounds of abhorred Death.”

"Mentor!" said he, "let's dwell no more on this,
Although in us the sorrow pious is.
No such return, as we wish, Fates bequeath
My erring father; whom a present death
The Deathless have decreed. I'll now use speech
That tends to other purpose; and beseech
Instruction of grave Nestor, since he flows
Past shore in all experience, and knows
The sleights and wisdoms, and whose heights aspire
Others, as well as my commended sire,
Whom Fame reports to have commanded three
Ages of men, and doth in sight to me
Show like th' Immortals. 'Nestor! the renown
Of old Neleius, make the clear truth known,
How the most-great-in-empire, Atreus' son,
Sustain'd the act of his destruction.

314 Volente Deo, nihil est difficile.—Chapman.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Where then was Menelaus? How was it
That false Ægisthus, being so far unfit
A match for him, could his death so enforce?
Was he not then in Argos? or his course
With men so left, to let a coward breathe
Spirit enough to dare his brother's death?

"I'll tell thee truth in all, fair son," said he:
"Right well was this event conceiv'd by thee.
If Menelaus in his brother's house
Had found the idle liver with his spouse,
Arriv'd from Troy, he had not liv'd, nor dead
Had the digg'd heap pour'd on his lustful head,
But fowls and dogs had torn him in the fields,
Far off of Argos; not a dame it yields
Had giv'n him any tear, so foul his fact
Show'd ev'n to women. Us Troy's wars had rack'd
To ev'ry sinew's sufferance, while he
In Argos' uplands liv'd, from those works free,
And Agamemnon's wife with force of word
Flatter'd and soften'd, who, at first, abhorr'd
A fact so infamous. The heav'ly dame
A good mind had, but was in blood too blame.
There was a poet, to whose care the king
His queen committed, and in ev'ry thing,
When he from Troy went, charg'd him to apply
Himself in all guard to her dignity.
But when strong Fate so wrapt-in her effects,
That she resolv'd to leave her fit respects,

But was in blood too blame—The expression too blame was not unusual in old writers. NARES has illustrated it from Shakespeare, Heywood, and others. Our modern phrase that a person is to blame, i.e. to be blamed, is a modification of this old form too blame, i.e. too blameable. See Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV. iii. 1.
Into a desert isle her guardian led,
There left, the rapine of the vultures fed.
Then brought he willing home his will's won prize,
On sacred altars offer'd many thighs,
Hung in the God's fanes many ornaments,
Garments and gold, that he the vast events
Of such a labour to his wish had brought,
As neither fell into his hope nor thought.

At last, from Troy sail'd Sparta's king and I,
Both holding her untouch'd. And, that his eye
Might see no worse of her, when both were blown
to sacred Sunium, of Minerva's town
The goodly promontory, with his shafts severe
Augur Apollo slew him that did steer
Atrides' ship, as he the stern did guide,
And she the full speed of her sail applied.
He was a man that nations of men
Excell'd in safe guide of a vessel, when
A tempest rush'd in on the ruffled seas;
His name was Phrontis Onetorides.
And thus was Menelaus held from home,
Whose way he thirsted so to overcome,
To give his friend the earth, being his pursuit,
And all his exequies to execute.
But sailing still the wine-limed seas, to reach
Some shore for fit performance, he did fetch
The steep mount of the Malians, and there,
With open voice, offended Jupiter
Proclaim'd the voyage his repugnant mind,

386 Οἶνοπα πότον: οἶνοψ τοις τιμων repraesentat. CHAPMAN.
400 i.e. Proclaimed the voyage was in opposition to his will,
was distasteful to him.
And pour'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,
That nourish'd billows heighten'd like to hills;
And with the fleet's division fulfills
His hate proclaim'd; upon a part of Crete
Casting the navy, where the sea-waves meet
Rough Jardanus, and where the Cydons live.

There is a rock, on which the sea doth drive,
Bare, and all broken, on the confines set
Of Gortys, that the dark seas likewise fret;
And hither sent the South a horrid drift
Of waves against the top, that was the left
Of that torn cliff as far as Phæstus' strand.
A little stone the great seas' rage did stand.
The men here driv'n 'scap'd hard the ship's sore shocks,
The ships themselves being wrack'd against the rocks,
Save only five, that blue fore-castles bore,
Which wind and water cast on Egypt's shore.

When he (there victling well, and store of gold
Aboard his ships brought) his wild way did hold,
And t' other languag'd men was forc'd to roam.
Mean space Ægisthus made sad work at home,
And slew his brother, forcing to his sway
Atrides' subjects, and did sev'n years lay
His yoke upon the rich Mycennian state.

But in the eighth, to his affrighting fate,
Divine Orestes home from Athens came,
And what his royal father felt, the same
He made the false Ægisthus groan beneath.

Death evermore is the reward of death.

Thus having slain him, a sepulchral feast
He made the Argives for his lustful guest,
And for his mother whom he did detest.
The self-same day upon him stole the king
Good-at-a-martial-shout, and goods did bring,
As many as his freighted fleet could bear.
But thou, my son, too long by no means err,
Thy goods left free for many a spoilful guest,
Lest they consume some, and divide the rest,
And thou, perhaps, besides, thy voyage lose.
To Menelaus yet thy course dispose
I wish and charge thee; who but late arriv'd
From such a shore and men, as to have liv'd
In a return from them he never thought,
And whom black whirlwinds violently brought
Within a sea so vast, that in a year
Not any fowl could pass it anywhere,
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
With ship and men (or, if thou pleasest now
To pass by land, there shall be brought for thee
Both horse and chariot, and thy guides shall be
My sons themselves) to Sparta the divine,
And to the king whose locks like amber shine.
Intreat the truth of him, nor loves he lies,
Wisdom in truth is, and he's passing wise."

This said, the Sun went down, and up rose Night,
When Pallas spake: "O father, all good right
Bear thy directions. But divide we now
The sacrifices' tongues, mix wines, and vow
To Neptune, and the other Ever-Blest,
That, having sacrific'd, we may to rest.
The fit hour runs now, light dives out of date,
At sacred feasts we must not sit too late."

She said; they heard: the heralds water gave;

431 Good-at-a-martial-shout—Menelaus.
The youths crown'd cups with wine, and let all have
Their equal shares, beginning from the cup
Their parting banquet. All the tongues cut up,
The fire they gave them, sacrific'd, and rose,
Wine, and divine rights us'd, to each dispose;
Minerva and Telemachus desir'd
They might to ship be, with his leave, retir'd.

He, mov'd with that, provok'd thus their abodes:
"Now Jove forbid, and all the long-liv'd Gods,
Your leaving me, to sleep aboard a ship;
As I had drunk of poor Penia's whip,
Even to my nakedness, and had nor sheet
Nor cov'ring in my house; that warm nor sweet
A guest, nor I myself, had means to sleep;
Where I, both weeds and wealthy cov'ring's keep
For all my guests. Nor shall Fame ever say,
The dear son of the man Ulysses lay
All night a-ship-board here while my days shine,
Or in my court whiles any son of mine
Enjoys survival, who shall guests receive,
Whomever my house hath a nook to leave."

"My much-lov'd father," said Minerva, "well
All this becomes thee. But persuade to dwell
This night with thee thy son Telemachus,
For more convenient is the course for us,
That he may follow to thy house and rest,
And I may board our black-sail, that addrest
At all parts I may make our men, and cheer
All with my presence, since of all men there

471 Abodes—stay.
473 Penia's—i. e. poverty's. Greek Héria. A pedantic conceit in Chapman.
I boast myself the senior, th' others are
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care
Great-soul'd Telemachus, and are his peers
In fresh similitude of form and years.
For their confirmance, I will therefore now
Sleep in our black bark. But, when light shall show
Her silver forehead, I intend my way
Amongst the Cauncons, men that are to pay
A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,
Take you him home; whom in the morn dismiss,
With chariot and your sons, and give him horse
Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course."

This said, away she flew, form'd like the fowl
Men call the ossifrage; when ev'ry soul
Amaze invaded; even th' old man admir'd,
The youth's hand took, and said: "O most desir'd,
My hope says thy proof will no coward show,
Nor one unskill'd in war, when Deities now
So young attend thee, and become thy guides;
Nor any of the heav'n-hous'd States besides,
But Tritogenia's self, the Seed of Jove,
The great-in-prey, that did in honour move
So much about thy father, amongst all
The Grecian army. Fairest queen, let fall
On me like favours! Give me good renown!
Which, as on me, on my lov'd wife let down,

Ossifrage—bone-breaker. This term is generally applied to the osprey, or sea-eagle, which was in olden times supposed to have a fascinating influence over fish. In Leviticus xi. 13, however, among the fowls that may not be eaten, we have "the eagle, the ossifrage, and the osprey." The ossifrage Dr. Kitto thinks the lämmereiger of the Swiss, the largest flying bird of the old Continent. Osprey itself is only the French Orfrai or ossifrage.
And all my children. I will burn to thee
An ox right bred, broad-headed, and yoke-free,
To no man’s hand yet humbled. Him will I,
His horns in gold hid, give thy Deity.”

Thus pray’d he, and she heard; and home he led
His sons, and all his heaps of kindered.
Who ent’ring his court royal, ev’ry one
He marshall’d in his sev’ral seat and throne;
And ev’ry one, so kindly come, he gave
His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to have
Before his sev’ral year landed him from Troy;
Which now the butleress had leave t’ employ,
Who therefore pierc’d it, and did give it vent.
Of this the old duke did a cup present
To ev’ry guest; made his Maid many a pray’r
That wears the shield fring’d with his nurse’s hair,
And gave her sacrifice. With this rich wine
And food suffic’d, sleep all eyes did decline,
And all for home went; but his court alone
Telemachus, divine Ulysses’ son,
Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.

A bed, all chequer’d with elaborate art,
Within a portico that rung like brass,
He brought his guest to; and his bedfere was
Pisistratus, the martial guide of men,
That liv’d, of all his sons, unwed till then.
Himself lay in a by-room, far above,
His bed made by his barren wife, his love.

The rosy-finger’d Morn no sooner shone,
But up he rose, took air, and sat upon
A seat of white and goodly polish’d stone,

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533 Minerva. 534 Jupiter. 542 Bedfere—bed-fellow.

Vol. 1. Odyssey.
That such a gloss as richest ointments wore,
Before his high gates; where the counsellor
That match'd the Gods (his father) us'd to sit,
Who now, by fate forc'd, stoop'd as low as it.
And here sat Nestor, holding in his hand
A sceptre; and about him round did stand,
As early up, his sons' troop; Perseüs,
The god-like Thrasymed, and Aretus,
Echephron, Stratius, and sixth and last
Pisistratus, and by him (half embrac'd
Still as they came) divine Telemachus;
To these spake Nestor, old Gereniüs:
"Haste, lov'd sons, and do me a desire,
That, first of all the Gods, I may aspire
To Pallas' favour, who vouchsaf'd to me
At Neptune's feast her sight so openly.
Let one to field go, and an ox with speed
Cause hither brought, which let the herdsman lead;
Another to my dear guest's vessel go,
And all his soldiers bring, save only two;
A third the smith that works in gold command
(Laertius) to attend, and lend his hand,
To plate the both horns round about with gold;
The rest remain here close. But first, see told
The maids within, that they prepare a feast,
Set seats through all the court, see straight addrest
The purest water, and get fuel fell'd."

This said, not one but in the service held
Officious hand. The ox came led from field;
The soldiers troop'd from ship; the smith he came,
And those tools brought that serv'd the actual frame
His art conceiv'd, brought anvil, hammers brought,
Fair tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
Minerva likewise came, to set the crown
On that kind sacrifice, and make 't her own.

Then th' old knight Nestor gave the smith the gold,
With which he straight did both the horns infold,
And trimm'd the off'ring so, the Goddess joy'd.
About which thus were Nestor's sons employ'd:
Divine Echephron, and fair Stratius,
Held both the horns. The water odorous,
In which they wash'd, what to the rights was vow'd,
Arctus, in a caldron all bestrow'd
With herbs and flowers, serv'd in from th' holy room
Where all were drest, and whence the rights must come.
And after him a hallow'd virgin came,
That brought the barley-cake, and blew the flame.
The axe, with which the ox should both be fell'd
And cut forth, Thrasymed stood by and held.
Perseus the vessel held that should retain
The purple liquor of the off'ring slain.

Then wash'd the pious father, then the cake
(Of barley, salt, and oil, made) took, and brake,
Ask'd many a boon of Pallas, and the state
Of all the off'ring did initiate,
In three parts cutting off the hair, and cast
Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,
And all the cake broke, manly Thrasymed
Stood near, and sure, and such a blow he laid
Aloft the off'ring, that to earth he sunk,
His neck-nerves sunder'd, and his spirits shrunk.
Out shriek'd the daughters, daughter-in-laws, and wife
Of three-ag'd Nestor, who had eldest life.
Of Clymen's daughters, chaste Eurydice.
The ox on broad earth then laid laterally
They held, while duke Pisistratus the throat
Dissolv'd, and set the sable blood afloat,
And then the life the bones left. Instantly
They cut him up; apart flew either thigh,
That with the fat they dubb'd, with art alone,
The throat-brisk, and the sweet-bread pricking on.
Then Nestor broil'd them on the coal-turn'd wood,
Pour'd black wine on; and by him young men stood,
That spits fine-pointed held, on which, when burn'd
The solid thighs were, they transfix'd, and turn'd
The inwards, cut in cantles; which, the meat
Vow'd to the Gods consum'd, they roast and eat.

In mean space, Polycasté (call'd the fair,
Nestor's young'st daughter) bath'd Ulysses' heir;
Whom having cleans'd, and with rich balsms bespread,
She cast a white shirt quickly o'er his head,
And then his weeds put on; when forth he went,
And did the person of a God present,
Came, and by Nestor took his honour'd seat,
This pastor of the people. Then, the meat
Of all the spare parts roasted, off they drew,
Sat, and fell to. But soon the temperate few
Rose, and in golden bowls fill'd others wine.
Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline,
Nestor his sons bad fetch his high-man'd horse,
And them in chariot join, to run the course.

625 Cantles—portions. One of our oldest words, and frequently occurring in our best writers. The French have chanteau and chantelle; and the Dutch kanteel; the Latin quantulum. See Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary; and Cotgrave in v. eschanteler.
The prince resolv'd. Obey'd, as soon as heard, Was Nestor by his sons, who straight prepar'd Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store, Both bread and wine, and all such viands more, As should the feast of Jove-fed kings compose, Purvey'd the voyage. To the rich coach rose Ulysses' son, and close to him ascended The duke Pisistratus, the reins intended, And scourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew; And left the town that far her splendour threw, Both holding yoke, and shook it all the day. But now the sun set, dark'ning ev'ry way, When they to Pheris came; and in the house Of Diocles (the son t'Orsilochus, Whom flood Alphiëns got) slept all that night; Who gave them each due hospitable rite. But when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose, They went to coach, and did their horse inclose, Drive forth the fore-court, and the porch that yields Each breath a sound, and to the fruitful fields Rode scourging still their willing flying steeds, Who strenuously perform'd their wonted speeds, Their journey ending just when sun went down, And shadows all ways through the earth were thrown.

648 Intended, used by old writers in sense of attended to; hence superintend.
658 Inclose—i. e. put in harness.

FINIS LIBRI TERTII HOM. ODYSS.
THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.
Receiv'd now in the Spartan court,
Telemachus prefers report
To Menelaus of the throng
Of Wooers with him, and their wrong.
Atrides tells the Greeks' retreat,
And doth a prophecy repeat
That Proteus made, by which he knew
His brother's death; and then doth show
How with Calypso liv'd the sire
Of his young guest. The Wooers conspire
Their prince's death. Whose treach'ry known,
Penelope in tears doth drown.
Whom Pallas by a dream doth cheer,
And in similitude appear
Of fair Iphthima, known to be
The sister of Penelope.

Another Argument.
De'arna. Here of the sire
The son doth hear.
The Wooers conspire.
The Mother's fear.

In Lacedaemon now, the nurse of whales,
These two arriv'd, and found at festivals,
With mighty concourse, the renounéd king,

1 Δακεδαλονα κηρωσσαν which is expounded Spartam amplam, or μεγάλην magnum; where κηρωσσαν signifies properly plurima cete nutrientem.—Chapman.
His son and daughter jointly marrying.
Alecto's daughter he did give his son,
Strong Megapenthes, who his life begun
By Menelaus' bondmaid; whom he knew
In years when Helen could no more renew
In issue like divine Hermione,
Who held in all fair form as high degree
As golden Venus. Her he married now
To great Achilles' son, who was by vow
Bethroth'd to her at Troy. And thus the Gods
To constant loves give nuptial periods.
Whose state here past, the Myrmidons' rich town
(Of which she shar'd in the imperial crown)
With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.
Mean space, the high huge house with feast did flow
Of friends and neighbours, joying with the king.
Amongst whom did a heav'nly poet sing,
And touch his harp. Amongst whom likewise danc'd
Two, who in that dumb motion advanc'd,
Would prompt the singer what to sing and play.
All this time in the utter court did stay,
With horse and chariot, Telemachus,
And Nestor's noble son Pisistratus.
Whom Eteoneus, coming forth, descried,
And, being a servant to the king, most tried
In care and his respect, he ran and cried:
"Guests, Jove-kept Menelaus, two such men
As are for form of high Saturnius' strain.

23 Μολίθς ἐ ἀρχοντες Cantum auspicantes: of which place, the critics affirm, that satitatores motu suo indicant cantori quo genere cantus saltulatori furent. The rapture of Eteoneus at sight of Telemachus and Pisistratus.—CHAPMAN
31 Strain—See Book 1. 344.
Inform your pleasure, if we shall unclose
Their horse from coach, or say they must dispose
Their way to some such house, as may embrace
Their known arrival with more welcome grace?

He, angry, answer'd: "Thou didst never show
Thyself a fool, Boethides, till now;
But now, as if turn'd child, a childish speech
Vents thy vain spirits. We ourselves now reach
Our home by much spent hospitality
Of other men; nor know if Jove will try
With other after-wants our state again;
And therefore from our feast no more detain
Those welcome guests, but take their steeds from coach,
And with attendance guide in their approach."

This said, he rush'd abroad, and call'd some more
Tried in such service, that together bore
Up to the guests, and took their steeds that swet
Beneath their yokes from coach; at mangers set,
Wheat and white barley gave them mix'd; and plac'd
Their chariot by a wall so clear, it cast
A light quite through it. And then they led
Their guests to the divine house; which so fed
Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,
That admiration seiz'd them. Like the lights
The sun and moon gave, all the palace threw
A lustre through it. Satiate with whose view,
Down to the king's most bright-kept baths they went

43 Swet.—This orthography of the past tense is not infrequent in our old writers, as may be seen in the Iliad. Chapman uses bet for heated in a similar way:—
"Her blushing bet her chamber: she look'd out,
And all the air she purpled round about."

Marlow and Chapman's Musæus. Sestyad III.
Where handmaids did their services present,  
Bath'd, balm'd them, shirts and well-napt weeds put on,  
And by Atrides' side set each his throne.  
Then did the handmaid-royal water bring,  
And to a laver, rich and glittering,  
Of massy gold, pour'd; which she plac'd upon  
A silver caldron, into which might run  
The water as they wash'd. Then set she near  
A polish'd table, on which all the cheer  
The present could afford a rev'rend dame,  
That kept the larder, set. A cook then came,  
And divers dishes, borne thence, serv'd again;  
Furnish'd the board with bowls of gold. And then,  
His right hand giv'n the guests, Atrides said:  
"Eat, and be cheerful. Appetite allay'd,  
I long to ask, of what stock ye descend;  
For not from parents whose race nameless end  
We must derive your offspring. Men obscure  
Could get none such as you. The portraiture  
Of Jove-sustain'd and sceptre-bearing kings  
Your either person in his presence brings."

An ox's fat chine then they up did lift,  
And set before the guests; which was a gift,  
Sent as an honour to the king's own taste.  
They saw yet 'twas but to be eaten plac'd,  
And fell to it. But food and wine's care past,  
Telemachus thus prompted Nestor's son,  
(His ear close laying, to be heard of none):  
"Consider, thou whom most my mind esteems,

Telemachus to Pisistratus, in observation of the house,
not so much that he heartily admired it, as to please
Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he seemed desirous
he should not hear.—CHAPMAN.
The brass-work here, how rich it is in beams,
And how, besides, it makes the whole house sound;
What gold, and amber, silver, ivory, round
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the hall
Of Jupiter Olympus hath of all
This state the like. How many infinites
Take up to admiration all men's sights!"

Atrides over-heard, and said: "Lov'd son,
No mortal must affect contention
With Jove, whose dwellings are of endless date.
Perhaps of men some one may emulate,
Or none, my house, or me; for I am one
That many a grave extreme have undergone,
Much error felt by sea, and till th' eighth year,
Had never stay, but wander'd far and near,
Cyprus, Phoenicia, and Sidonia,
And fetch'd the far-off Æthiopia,
Reach'd the Erembi of Arabia,
And Lybia, where with horns ewes yeann their lambs,
Which ev'ry full year ewes are three times dams,
Where neither king, nor shepherd, want comes near
Of cheese, or flesh, or sweet milk; all the year
They ever milk their ewes. And here while I
Err'd, gath'ring means to live, one, murd'rously,
Unwares, unseen, bereft my brother's life,
Chiefly betray'd by his abhorred wife.
So hold I, not enjoying, what you see.
And of your fathers, if they living be,
You must have heard this, since my suff'ring was
So great and famous; from this palace here
(So rarely-well-built, furnish'd so well,
And substanced with such a precious deal
Of well-got treasure) banish'd by the doom
Of Fate, and erring as I had no home.
And now I have, and use it, not to take
Th' entire delight it offers, but to make
Continual wishes, that a triple part
Of all it holds were wanting, so my heart
Were eas'd of sorrows, taken for their deaths
That fell at Troy, by their revivéd breaths.
And thus sit I here weeping, mourning still
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill,
In paying just tears for their loss, my joy.
Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy,
The pleasure soon admits satiety.
But all these men's wants wet not so mine eye,
Though much they move me, as one sole man's miss,
For which my sleep and meat ev'n loathsome is
In his renew'd thought, since no Greek hath won
Grace for such labours as Laërtes' son
Hath wrought and suffer'd, to himself nought else
But future sorrows forging, to me hells
For his long absence, since I cannot know
If life or death detain him; since such woe
For his love, old Laërtes, his wise wife,
And poor young son sustains, whom new with life
He left as sireless." This speech grief to tears
(Pour'd from the son's lids on the earth) his ears,
Told of the father, did excite; who kept
His cheeks dry with his red weed as he wept,
His both hands us'd therein. Atrides then
Began to know him, and did strife retain,
If he should let himself confess his sire,
Or with all fitting circumstance enquire.
While this his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,
Like to the golden distaff-deck'd Divine,
From her bed's high and odoriferous room,
Helen. To whom of an elaborate loom,
Adresta set a chair; Alcippe brought
A piece of tapestry of fine wool wrought;
Phylo a silver cabinet conferr'd,
Giv'n by Alcandra, nuptially endear'd
To lord Polybius, whose abode in Thebes
Th' Ægyptian city was, where wealth in heaps
His famous house held, out of which did go,
In gift t' Atrides, silver bath-tubs two,
Two tripods, and of fine gold talents ten.
His wife did likewise send to Helen then
Fair gifts, a distaff that of gold was wrought,
And that rich cabinet that Phylo brought,
Round, and with gold ribb'd, now of fine thread full;
On which extended (crown'd with finest wool,
Of violet gloss) the golden distaff lay.
She took her state-chair, and a foot-stool's stay
Had for her feet; and of her husband thus
Ask'd to know all things: "Is it known to us,
King Menelaus, whom these men commend
Themselves for, that our court now takes to friend?
I must affirm, be I deceiv'd or no,
I never yet saw man nor woman so
Like one another, as this man is like
Ulysses' son. With admiration strike
His looks my thoughts, that they should carry now
Pow'r to persuade me thus, who did but know,
When newly he was born, the form they bore.
But 'tis his father's grace, whom more and more

Diana.
His grace resembles, that makes me retain
Thought that he now is like Telemachus, then
Left by his sire, when Greece did undertake
Troy's bold war for my impudency's sake."

He answer'd: "Now wife, what you think I know,
The true cast of his father's eye doth show
In his eyes' order. Both his head and hair,
His hands and feet, his very father's arc.
Of whom, so well remember'd, I should now
Acknowledge for me his continual flow
Of cares and perils, yet still patient.
But I should too much move him, that doth vent
Such bitter tears for that which hath been spoke,
Which, shunning soft show, see how he would cloak,
And with his purple weed his weepings hide."

Then Nestor's son, Pisistratus, replied:
"Great pastor of the people, kept of God!
He is Ulysses' son, but his abode
Not made before here, and he modest too,
He holds it an indignity to do
A deed so vain, to use the boast of words,
Where your words are on wing; whose voice affords
Delight to us as if a God did break
The air amongst us, and vouchsafe to speak.
But me my father, old duke Nestor, sent
To be his consort hither; his content
Not to be heighten'd so as with your sight,
In hope that therewith words and actions might
Inform his comforts from you, since he is
Extremely griev'd and injur'd by the miss
Of his great father; suffer'ing ev'n at home,
And few friends found to help him overcome
His too weak suff'rance, now his sire is gone;  
Amongst the people, not afforded one  
To check the miseries that mate him thus.  
And this the state is of Telemachus.”

"O Gods," said he, "how certain, now, I see  
My house enjoys that friend’s son, that for me  
Hath undergone so many willing fights!  
Whom I resolv’d, past all the Grecian knights,  
To hold in love, if our return by seas,  
The far-off Thunderer did ever please  
To grant our wishes. And to his respect  
A palace and a city to erect,  
My vow had bound me; whither bringing then  
His riches, and his son, and all his men,  
From barren Ithaca (some one sole town  
Inhabited about him batter’d down)  
All should in Argos live. And there would I  
Ease him of rule, and take the empery  
Of all on me. And often here would we,  
Delighting, loving either’s company,  
Meet and converse; whom nothing should divide,  
Till death’s black veil did each all over hide.  
But this perhaps hath been a mean to take  
Ev’n God himself with envy; who did make  
Ulysses therefore only the unblest,  
That should not reach his loved country’s rest.”

These woes made ev’ry one with woe in love;  
Ev’n Argive Helen wept, the seed of Jove;

218 *Mate*—oppose. Shakespeare (Henry VIII. iii. 2.)  
"Dare *mate* a sounder man than Surrey can be.”  
Beaum. and Fletcher (Rule a Wife, iii. 1.)  
"The piece of ignorant dough! He stood up to me,  
And mated my commands.”
Ulysses' son wept; Atreus' son did weep;
And Nestor's son his eyes in tears did steep,
But his tears fell not from the present cloud
That from Ulysses was exhal'd, but flow'd
From brave Antilochus' remember'd due,
Whom the renown'd Son of the Morning slew,
Which yet he thus excus'd: "O Atreus' son!
Old Nestor says, there lives not such a one
Amongst all mortals as Atrides is
For deathless wisdom. 'Tis a praise of his,
Still giv'n in your remembrance, when at home
Our speech concerns you. Since then overcome
You please to be with sorrow, ev'n to tears,
That are in wisdom so exempt from peers,
Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,
If it be lawful, I affect no use
Of tears thus after meals; at least, at night;
But when the morn brings forth, with tears, her light,
It shall not then impair me to bestow
My tears on any worthy's overthrow.
It is the only rite that wretched men
Can do dead friends, to cut hair, and complain.
But Death my brother took, whom none could call
The Grecian coward, you best knew of all.
I was not there, nor saw, but men report
Antilochus excell'd the common sort
For footman'ship, or for the chariot race,
Or in the fight for hardy hold of place."
"O friend," said he, "since thou has spoken so,
At all parts as one wise should say and do,
And like one far beyond thyself in years,
Thy words shall bounds be to our former tears.

244 Menelaus. 249 Memnon.
O he is questionless a right-born son,
That of his father hath not only won
The person but the wisdom; and that sire
Complete himself that hath a son entire,
Jove did not only his full fate adorn,
When he was wedded, but when he was born.
As now Saturnius, through his life's whole date,
Hath Nestor's bliss rais'd to as steep a state,
Both in his age to keep in peace his house,
And to have children wise and valorous.
But let us not forget our rear feast thus.
Let some give water here. Telemachus!
The morning shall yield time to you and me
To do what fits, and reason mutually."

This said, the careful servant of the king,
Asphalion, pour'd on th' issue of the spring;
And all to ready feast set ready hand.
But Helen now on new device did stand,
Infusing straight a medicine to their wine,
That, drowning care and anger, did decline
All thought of ill. Who drunk her cup could shed
All that day not a tear, no not if dead
That day his father or his mother were,
Not if his brother, child, or chiefest dear,
He should see murder'd then before his face.
Such useful medicines, only born in grace
Of what was good, would Helen ever have.
And this juice to her Polydamna gave
The wife of Thoon, an Egyptian born,
Whose rich earth herbs of medicine do adorn
In great abundance. Many healthful are,
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

And many baneful. Ev’ry man is there
A good physician out of Nature’s grace,
For all the nation sprung of Pæon’s race.

When Helen then her medicine had infus’d, 310
She bad pour wine to it, and this speech us’d:
“Atrides, and these good men’s sons, great Jove
Makes good and ill one after other move,
In all things earthly; for he can do all.
The woes past, therefore, he so late let fall, 315
The comforts he affords us let us take;
Feast, and, with fit discourses, merry make.
Nor will I other use. As then our blood
Griev’d for Ulysses, since he was so good,
Since he was good, let us delight to hear 320
How good he was, and what his suff’ring were;
Though ev’ry fight, and ev’ry suff’ring deed,
Patient Ulysses underwent, exceed
My woman’s pow’r to number, or to name.
But what he did, and suffer’d, when he came 325
Amongst the Trojans, where ye Grecians all
Took part with suff’rance, I in part can call
To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds
Himself he mangled, and the Trojan bounds,
Thrust thick with enemies, adventur’d on, 330
His royal shoulders having cast upon
Base abject weeds, and enter’d like a slave.
Then, beggar-like, he did of all men crave,
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greek fleet
Brought not besides. And thus through ev’ry street 335
He crept discov’ring, of no one man known.
And yet through all this diff’rence, I alone
Smoked his true person, talk'd with him; but he
Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,
Till I disclaim'd him quite; and so (as mov'd
With womanly remorse of one that prov'd
So wretched an estate, whate'er he were)
Won him to take my house. And yet ev'n there,
Till freely I, to make him doubtless, swore
A pow'rful oath, to let him reach the shore
Of ships and tents before Troy understood,
I could not force on him his proper good.
But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then
Confess'd, and told me all; and, having slain
A number of the Trojan guards, retir'd,
And reach'd the fleet, for sleight and force admir'd.
Their husbands' deaths by him the Trojan wives
Shriek'd for; but I made triumphs for their lives,
For then my heart conceiv'd, that once again
I should reach home; and yet did still retain
Woe for the slaughters Venus made for me,
When both my husband, my Hermione,
And bridal room, she robb'd of so much right,
And drew me from my country with her sleight,
Though nothing under heaven I here did need,
That could my fancy or my beauty feed."

Her husband said: "Wife! what you please to tell
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well;
And I myself, that now may say have seen
The minds and manners of a world of men,

338 Smoked—discovered. Shakespeare,
"He was smoked by the old Lord Lafew, when his dis-
guise, &c."—All's Well that ends Well, iii. 6.

341 Remorse—pity. See Iliad viii. 208.
And great heroes, measuring many a ground,
Have never, by these eyes that light me, found
One with a bosom so to be belov'd,
As that in which th' accomplish'd spirit mov'd
Of patient Ulysses. What, brave man,
He both did act, and suffer, when he wan
The town of Ilion, in the brave-built horse,
When all we chief states of the Grecian force
Were hous'd together, bringing Death and Fate
Amongst the Trojans, you, wife, may relate;
For you, at last, came to us; God, that would
The Trojans' glory give, gave charge you should
Approach the engine; and Deiphobus,
The god-like, follow'd. Thrice ye circled us
With full survey of it; and often tried
The hollow crafts that in it were implied.
When all the voices of their wives in it
You took on you with voice so like and fit,
And ev'ry man by name so visited,
That I, Ulysses, the king Diomed,
(Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)
Tydides, and myself (as half appall'd
With your remorseful plaints) would passing fain
Have broke our silence, rather than again
Endure, respectless, their so moving cries.
But Ithacus our strongest phantasies
Contain'd within us from the slenderest noise,
And ev'ry man there sat without a voice.
Antichus only would have answer'd thee,

389 Helen counterfeited the wives' voices of those kings of Greece that were in the wooden horse, and calls their husbands.—Chapman.
390 Respectless—without taking notice.
But his speech Ithacus incessantly
With strong hand held in, till, Minerva's call
Charging thee off, Ulysses sav'd us all."

Telemachus replied: "Much greater is
My grief, for hearing this high praise of his.
For all this doth not his sad death divert,
Nor can, though in him swell'd an iron heart.
Prepare, and lead then, if you please, to rest:
Sleep, that we hear not, will content us best."

Then Argive Helen made her handmaid go,
And put fair bedding in the portico,
Lay purple blankets on, rugs warm and soft,
And cast an arras coverlet aloft.

They torches took, made haste, and made the bed;
When both the guests were to their lodgings led
Within a portico without the house.
Atrides, and his large-train-wearing spouse,
The excellent of women, for the way,
In a retir'd receit, together lay.
The Morn arose; the king rose, and put on
His royal weeds, his sharp sword hung upon
His ample shoulders, forth his chamber went,
And did the person of a God present.

Telemachus accosts him, who begun
Speech of his journey's proposition:
"And what, my young Ulyssean heroë,
Provok'd thee on the broad back of the sea,
To visit Lacedæmon the divine?"
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Speak truth, some public [good] or only thine?

"I come," said he, "to hear, if any fame

Breath'd of my father to thy notice came.

My house is sack'd, my fat works of the field

Are all destroy'd; my house doth nothing yield

But enemies, that kill my harmless sheep,

And sinewy oxen, nor will ever keep

Their steels without them. And these men are they

That woo my mother, most inhumanly

Committing injury on injury.

To thy knees therefore I am come, t' attend

Relation of the sad and wretched end

My erring father felt, if witness'd by

Your own eyes, or the certain news that fly

From others' knowledges. For, more than is

The usual heap of human miseries,

His mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then,

Without all ruth of what I can sustain,

The plain and simple truth of all you know.

Let me beseech so much, if ever vow

Was made, and put in good effect to you,

At Troy, where suff'rance bred you so much smart,

Upon my father good Ulysses' part,

And quit it now to me (himself in youth)

Unfolding only the unclos'd truth."

He, deeply sighing, answer'd him: "O shame,

That such poor vassals should affect the fame

To share the joys of such a worthy's bed!

As when a hind, her calves late farrow'd,

[Good].—A word is wanting here which I have thus supplied.

This is the first simile in the Odyssey, and Chapman has
To give suck, enters the bold lion’s den,
He roots of hills and herby vallies then
For food (there feeding) hunting; but at length
Returning to his cavern, gives his strength
The lives of both the mother and her brood
In deaths indecent; so the Wooers’ blood
Must pay Ulysses’ pow’rs as sharp an end.
O would to Jove, Apollo, and thy friend
The wise Minerva, that thy father were
As once he was, when he his spirits did rear
Against Philomelides, in a fight
Perform’d in well-built Lesbos, where, down-right
He strook the earth with him, and gat a shout
Of all the Grecians! O, if now full out
He were as then, and with the Wooers coped,
Short-liv’d they all were, and their nuptials hoped
Would prove as desp’rate. But, for thy demand
Enforc’d with pray’rs, I’ll let thee understand
The truth directly, nor decline a thought,
Much less deceive, or sooth thy search in ought;
But what the old and still-true-spoken God,
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,
Disclos’d to me, to thee I’ll all impart,
Nor hide one word from thy sollicitous heart.

I was in Ægypt, where a mighty time
The Gods detain’d me, though my natural clime
I never so desir’d, because their homes

made it very confused. The original is simply: “As when a hind, having laid her new-born suckling fawns in the den of a strong lion, searches out the lower parts of a hill (see κηρύδος) and grassy vallies for food, but he then has entered his lair, &c.” Chapman, however, makes the lion hunting in the vales for food (deer) feeding there. (See Bk. xvii. 157.)
I did not greet with perfect hecatombs.
For they will put men evermore in mind,
How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is, besides, a certain island, call'd
Pharos, that with the high-wav'd sea is wall'd,
Just against Egypt, and so much remote,
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,
A hollow ship can sail. And this isle bears
A port most portly, where sea-passengers
Put in still for fresh water, and away
To sea again. Yet here the Gods did stay
My fleet full twenty days; the winds, that are
Masters at sea, no prosp'rous puff would spare
To put us off; and all my victuals here
Had quite corrupted, as my men's minds were,
Had not a certain Goddess giv'n regard,
And pitied me in an estate so hard;
And 'twas Idothea, honour'd Protens' seed,
That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
With my compassion, when (walk'd all alone,
From all my soldiers, that were ever gone
About the isle on fishing with hooks bent;
Hunger their bellies on her errand sent)
She came close to me, spake, and thus began:

'Of all men thou art the most foolish man!
Or slack in business, or stay'st here of choice,
And dost in all thy suff'rances rejoice,
That thus long liv'st detain'd here, and no end
Canst give thy tarriance? Thou dost much offend
The minds of all thy fellows.' I replied:

'Whoever thou art of the Deified,
I must affirm, that no way with my will
I make abode here; but, it seems, some ill
The Gods, inhabiting broad heav'n, sustain
Against my getting off. Inform me then,
For Godheads all things know, what God is he
That stays my passage from the fishy sea?

'Stranger,' said she, 'I'll tell thee true: There lives
An old sea-farer in these seas, that gives
A true solution of all secrets here,
Who deathless Proteus is, th' Egyptian peer,
Who can the deeps of all the seas exquire,
Who Neptune's priest is, and, they say, the sire
That did beget me. Him, if any way
Thou couldst inveigle, he would clear display
Thy course from hence, and how far off doth lie
Thy voyage's whole scope through Neptune's sky.
Informing thee, O God-preserv'd, beside,
If thy desires would so be satisfied,
Whatever good or ill hath got event,
In all the time thy long and hard course spent,
Since thy departure from thy house.' This said;
Again I answer'd: 'Make the sleights display'd
Thy father useth, lest his foresight see,
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
He flies the fixt place of his us'd abode.
'Tis hard for man to countermine with God.'

She straight replied: 'I'll utter truth in all:
When heav'n's supremest height the sun doth skall,
The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deeps, and hides
Amidst a black storm, when the West Wind chides,
In caves still sleeping. Round about him sleep
(With short feet swimming forth the foamy deep)

537 Skall—scale.
The sea-calves, lovely Halosyndes call’d,
From whom a noisome odour is exhal’d,
Got from the whirl-pools, on whose earth they lie.
Here, when the morn illustrates all the sky,
I’ll guide, and seat thee in the fittest place
For the performance thou hast now in chace.
In mean time, reach thy fleet, and choose out three
Of best exploit, to go as aids to thee.

But now I’ll show thee all the old God’s sleights:
He first will number, and take all the sights
Of those his guard, that on the shore arrives.
When having view’d, and told them forth by fives,
He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleep,
Like to a shepherd midst his flock of sheep.
In his first sleep, call up your hardiest cheer,
Vigour and violence, and hold him there,
In spite of all his strivings to be gone.
He then will turn himself to ev’ry one
Of all things that in earth creep and respire,
In water swim, or shine in heav’ly fire.
Yet still hold you him firm, and much the more
Press him from passing. But when, as before,
When sleep first bound his pow’rs, his form ye see,
Then cease your force, and th’ old heroë free,
And then demand, which heav’n-born it may be
That so afflicts you, hind’ring your retreat,
And free sea-passage to your native seat.’

This said, she div’d into the wavy seas,
And I my course did to my ships address,
That on the sands stuck; where arriv’d, we made
Our supper ready. Then th’ ambrosian shade
Of night fell on us, and to sleep we fell.
Rosy Aurora rose; we rose as well,
And three of them on whom I most relied,
For firm at ev'ry force, I choos'd, and hied
Straight to the many-river-servèd seas;
And all assistance ask'd the Deities.

Mean time Idothea the sea's broad breast
Embrac'd, and brought for me, and all my rest,
Four of the sea-calves' skins but newly flay'd,
To work a wile which she had fashion'd
Upon her father. Then, within the sand
A covert digging, when these calves should land,
She sat expecting. We came close to her;
She plac'd us orderly, and made us wear
Each one his calf's skin. But we then must pass
A huge exploit. The sea-calves' savour was
So passing sour, they still being bred at seas,
It much afflicted us; for who can please
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?
But she preserves us, and to memory calls
A rare commodity; she fetch'd to us
Ambrosia, that an air most odorous
Bears still about it, which she 'nointed round
Our either nostrhrls, and in it quite drown'd
The nasty whale-smell. Then the great event
The whole morn's date, with spirits patient,
We lay expecting. When bright noon did flame,
Forth from the sea in shoals the sea-calves came,
And orderly, at last lay down and slept
Along the sands. And then th' old Sea-God crept
From forth the deeps, and found his fat calves there,

596 *Nosthrls.*—The etymological spelling of the word is *nos* and *thirl*, a perforation; *Anglo-Sax.*
Survey'd, and numbered, and came never near
The craft we us'd, but told us five for calves.
His temples then dis-eas'd with sleep he salves;
And in rush'd we, with an abhorred cry,
Cast all our hands about him manfully;
And then th' old Forger all his forms began:
First was a lion with a mighty mane,
Then next a dragon, a pied panther then,
A vast boar next, and suddenly did strain
All into water. Last he was a tree,
Curl'd all at top, and shot up to the sky.

We, with resolv'd hearts, held him firmly still,
When th' old one (held too strait for all his skill
To extricate) gave words, and question'd me:
'Which of the Gods, O Atreus' son,' said he,
'Advis'd and taught thy fortitude this sleight,
To take and hold me thus in my despite?'
'What asks thy wish now?' I replied. 'Thou know'st.
Why dost thou ask? What wiles are these thou show'st?
I have within this isle been held for wind
A wondrous time, and can by no means find
An end to my retention. It hath spent
The very heart in me. Give thou then vent
To doubts thus bound in me ye Gods know all,
Which of the Godheads doth so foullly fall
On my addresion home, to stay me here,
Avert me from my way, the fishy clear
Barr'd to my passage?' He replied: 'Of force,
If to thy home thou wishest free recourse,
To Jove, and all the other Deities,
Thou must exhibit solemn sacrifice;

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606 Dis-eased—tired. See infra, 1087, and Iliad, x. 45.
And then the black sea for thee shall be clear,
Till thy lovd country's settled reach. But where
Ask these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate
To thee and thy affairs appropriate,
That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread
Thy country's earth, nor see inhabited
Thy so magnificent house, till thou make good
Thy voyage back to the Egyptian flood,
Whose waters fell from Jove, and there hast giv'n
To Jove, and all Gods housed in ample heav'n,
Devoted hecatombs, and then free ways
Shall open to thee, clear'd of all delays.'
This told he; and, methought, he brake my heart,
In such a long and hard course to divert
My hope for home, and charge my back retreat
As far as Egypt. I made answer yet:
"Father, thy charge I'll perfect; but before
Resolve me truly, if their natural shore
All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enjoy,
That Nestor and myself left, when from Troy
We first rais'd sail? Or whether any died
At sea a death unwish'd? Or, satisfied,
When war was past, by friends embrac'd, in peace
Resign'd their spirits?" He made answer: "Cease
To ask so far. It fits thee not to be
So cunning in thine own calamity.
Nor seek to learn what learn'd thou shouldst forget.
Men's knowledges have proper limits set,
And should not prease into the mind of God.
But 'twill not long be, as my thoughts abode,
Before thou buy this curious skill with tears.

664 Abode—prognosticate. A common word.
Many of those, whose state so tempt thine ears 
Are stoop'd by death, and many left alive, 
One chief of which in strong hold doth survive, 
Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat, 
Are done to death. I list not to repeat 
Who fell at Troy, thyself was there in fight. 
But in return swift Ajax lost the light, 
In his long-oar'd ship. Neptune, yet, awhile 
Saft him unwrack'd, to the Gyræan isle, 
A mighty rock removing from his way. 
And surely he had 'scap'd the fatal day, 
In spite of Pallas, if to that foul deed 
He in her fame did, (when he ravished 
The Trojan prophetess) he had not here 
Adjoin'd an impious boast, that he would bear, 
Despite the Gods, his ship safe through the waves 
Then rais'd against him. These his impious braves 
When Neptune heard, in his strong hand he took 
His massy trident, and so soundly strook 
The rock Gyræan, that in two it cleft; 
Of which one fragment on the land he left, 
The other fell into the troubled seas; 
At which first rush'd Ajax Oiliades, 
And split his ship; and then himself afloat 
Swum on the rough waves of the world's vast mote, 
Till having drunk a salt cup for his sin, 
There perish'd he. Thy brother yet did win 
The wreath from death, while in the waves they strove, 
Afflicted by the rev'rend wife of Jove. 
But when the steep mount of the Malian shore 
He seem'd to reach, a most tempestuous blore,

670 Ajax Oileus. 
670 Cassandra.
Far to the fishy world that sighs so sore,
Straight ravish'd him again as far away,
As to th' extreme bounds where the Agrians stay,
Where first Thyestes dwelt, but then his son
Ægisthus Thyestiades liv'd. This done,
When his return untouch'd appear'd again,
Back turn'd the Gods the wind, and set him then
Hard by his house. Then, full of joy, he left
His ship, and close t' his country earth he cleft,
Kiss'd it, and wept for joy, pour'd tear on tear,
To set so wishedly his footing there.
But see, a sentinel that all the year
Crafty Ægisthus in a watchtow'r set
To spy his landing, for reward as great
As two gold talents, all his pow'rs did call
To strict remembrance of his charge, and all
Discharg'd at first sight, which at first he cast
On Agamemnon, and with all his haste
Inform'd Ægisthus. He an instant train
Laid for his slaughter: Twenty chosen men
Of his plebeians he in ambush laid;
His other men he charg'd to see purvey'd
A feast; and forth, with horse and chariots grac'd,
He rode t' invite him, but in heart embrac'd
Horrible welcomes, and to death did bring,
With treach'rous slaughter, the unwary king,
Receiv'd him at a feast, and, like an ox
Slain at his manger, gave him bits and knocks.
No one left of Atrides' train, nor one
Sav'd to Ægisthus, but himself alone,
All strew'd together there the bloody court.'
This said, my soul he sunk with his report,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Flat on the sands I fell, tears spent their store,
I light abhor'd, my heart would live no more.

When dry of tears, and tir'd of tumbling there,
Th' old Tell-truth thus my daunted spirits did cheer:

'No more spend tears nor time, O Atreus' son,
With ceaseless weeping never wish was won.
Use uttermost assay to reach thy home,
And all unwares upon the murderer come,
For torture, taking him thyself alive;
Or let Orestes, that should far out-strive
Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
Of such a dark soul, and do thou the rite
Of burial to him with a funeral feast.'

With these last words I fortified my breast,
In which again a gen'rous spring began
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
But, as a brother, I must ever mourn.
Yet forth I went, and told him the return
Of these I knew; but he had nam'd a third,
Held on the broad sea, still with life inspir'd,
Whom I besought to know, though likewise dead,
And I must mourn alike. He answer'd:

'He is Laertes' son; whom I beheld
In nymph Calypso's palace, who compell'd
His stay with her, and, since he could not see
His country earth, he mourn'd incessantly.
For he had neither ship, instruct with oars,
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.
Where leave we him, and to thyself descend,
Whom not in Argos Fate nor Death shall end,
But the immortal ends of all the earth,
So rul'd by them that order death by birth,
The fields Elysian, Fate to thee will give; 
Where Rhadamanthus rules, and where men live 
A never-troubled life, where snow, nor show'rs, 
Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitless pow'rs, 
But from the ocean Zephyr still resumes 
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes. 
Which, since thou marriedst Helen, are thy hire, 
And Jove himself is by her side thy sire.' 
This said; he div'd the deepsome wat'ry heaps; 
I and my tried men took us to our ships, 
And worlds of thoughts I varied with my steps. 

Arriv'd and shipp'd, the silent, solemn night 
And sleep bereft us of our visual light. 
At morn, masts, sails, rear'd, we sat, left the shores, 
And beat the foamy ocean with our oars. 

Again then we the Jove-fall'n flood did fetch, 
As far as Ægypt; where we did beseech 
The Gods with hecatombs; whose angers ceast, 
I tomb'd my brother that I might be blest. 

All rites perform'd, all haste I made for home, 
And all the prosp'rous winds about were come, 
I had the passport now of ev'ry God, 
And here clos'd all these labours' period. 

Here stay then till th' eleventh or twelfth day's light, 
And I'll dismiss thee well, gifts exquisite 
Preparing for thee, chariot, horses three, 
A cup of curious frame to serve for thee 
To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice, 
Mindful of me while all suns light thy skies.” 

He answer'd: “Stay me not too long time here, 
Though I could sit attending all the year.
Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,
Take my affections from you, so on fire
With love to hear you are my thoughts; but so
My Pylian friends I shall afflict with woe
Who mourn ev'n this stay. Whatsoever be
The gifts your grace is to bestow on me,
Vouchsafe them such as I may bear and save
For your sake ever. Horse, I list not have,
To keep in Ithaca, but leave them here,
To your soil's dainties, where the broad fields bear
Sweet cypers grass, where men-fed lote doth flow,
Where wheat-like spelt, and wheat itself, doth grow,
Where barley, white, and spreading like a tree;
But Ithaca hath neither ground to be,
For any length it comprehends, a race
To try a horse's speed, nor any place
To make him fat in; fitter far to feed
A cliff-bred goat, than raise or please a steed.
Of all isles, Ithaca doth least provide
Or meads to feed a horse, or ways to ride."

He, smiling, said: "Of good blood art thou, son.
What speech, so young! What observation
Hast thou made of the world! I well am pleas'd
To change my gifts to thee, as being confess'd
Unfit indeed, my store is such I may.
Of all my house-gifts then, that up I lay
For treasure there, I will bestow on thee
The fairest, and of greatest price to me.
I will bestow on thee a rich carv'd cup,

Of silver all, but all the brims wrought up
With finest gold; it was the only thing
That the heroical Sidonian king
Presented to me, when we were to part
At his receipt of me, and 'twas the art
Of that great Artist that of heav'n is free;
And yet ev'n this will I bestow on thee."

This speech thus ended, guests came, and did bring
Muttons, for presents, to the God-like king,
And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.
Their riband-wreathed wives brought fruit and cakes.

Thus in this house did these their feast apply;
And in Ulysses' house activity
The Wooers practis'd; tossing of the spear,
The stone, and hurling; thus delighted, where
They exercis'd such insolence before,
Ev'n in the court that wealthy pavements wore.
Antinous did still their strifes decide,
And he that was in person deified
Eurymachus; both ring-leaders of all,
For in their virtues they were principal.

These by Noémon, son to Phronius,
Were sided now, who made the question thus:
"Antinous! Does any friend here know,
When this Telemachus returns, or no,
From sandy Pylos? He made bold to take
My ship with him; of which, I now should make
Fit use myself, and sail in her as far
As spacious Elis, where of mine there are
Twelve delicate mares, and under their sides go
Laborious mules, that yet did never know
The yoke, nor labour; some of which should bear

Vulcan.
The taming now, if I could fetch them there."
This speech the rest admir'd, nor dream'd that he
Neleian Pylos ever thought to see,
But was at field about his flock's survey,
Or thought his herdsman held him so away.
Eupitheus son, Antinous, then replied:
"When went he, or with what train dignified?
Of his selected Ithacensian youth?
Prest men, or bond men, were they? Tell the truth.
Could he effect this? Let me truly know.
To gain thy vessel did he violence show,
And us'd her 'gainst thy will? or had her free,
When fitting question he had made with thee?"

Noémon answer'd: "I did freely give
My vessel to him. Who deserves to live
That would do other, when such men as he
Did in distress ask? He should churlish be
That would deny him. Of our youth the best
Amongst the people, to the interest
His charge did challenge in them, giving way,
With all the tribute all their pow'rs could pay.
Their captain, as he took the ship, I knew,
Who Mentor was, or God. A Deity's shew
Mask'd in his likeness. But, to think 'twas he,
I much admire, for I did clearly see,
But yester-morning, God-like Mentor here;
Yet th' other ev'ning he took shipping there,
And went for Pylos." Thus went he for home,
And left the rest with envy overcome;

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854 Admir'd—were astonished at. He—Telemachus.
861 Prest men—hired men; men for hire ready (prest) to
march. See Todd's Johnson.
Who sat, and pastime left. Eupitheus son,
Sad, and with rage his entrails overrun,
His eyes like flames, thus interpos’d his speech:
"Strange thing! An action of how proud a reach
Is here committed by Telemachus!
A boy, a child, and we, a sort of us,
Vow’d 'gainst his voyage, yet admit it thus!
With ship and choice youth of our people too!
But let him on, and all his mischief do,
Jove shall convert upon himself his pow’rs,
Before their ill presum’d he brings on ours.
 Provide me then a ship, and twenty men
To give her manage, that, against again
He turns for home, on th’ Ithacensian seas,
Or clifty Samian, I may interprease,
Way-lay, and take him, and make all his craft
Sail with his ruin for his father saft."

This all applauded, and gave charge to do,
Rose, and to greet Ulysses’ house did go.
But long time past not, ere Penelope
Had notice of their far-fetch’d treachery.
Medon the herald told her, who had heard
Without the hall how they within conferr’d,
And hasted straight to tell it to the queen,
Who, from the entry having Medon seen,
Prevents him thus: "Now herald, what affair
Intend the famous Wooers, in your repair?
To tell Ulysses’ maids that they must cease
From doing our work, and their banquets dress?
I would to heav’n, that, leaving wooing me,

*887 Sort—number. See Iliad iv. 460.
*896 Interprease—i. e. interpress, interpose.
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

Nor ever troubling other company,
Here might the last feast be, and most extreme,
That ever any shall address for them.
They never meet but to consent in spoil,
And reap the free fruits of another’s toil.
O did they never, when they children were,
What to their fathers was Ulysses, hear?
Who never did ’gainst any one proceed
With unjust usage, or in word or deed?
’Tis yet with other kings another right,
One to pursue with love, another spite;
He still yet just, nor would, though might, devour,
Nor to the worst did ever taste of pow’r.
But their unrul’d acts show their minds’ estate.
Good turns receiv’d once, thanks grow out of date.”

Medon, the learn’d in wisdom, answer’d her:
“I wish, O queen, that their ingratitude was
Their worst ill towards you; but worse by far,
And much more deadly, their endeavours are,
Which Jove will fail them in. Telemachus
Their purpose is, as he returns to us,
To give their sharp steels in a cruel death;
Who now is gone to learn, if fame can breathe
News of his sire, and will the Pylian shore,
And sacred Sparta, in his search explore.”

This news dissolv’d to her both knees and heart,
Long silence held her ere one word would part,
Her eyes stood full of tears, her small soft voice
All late use lost; that yet at last had choice
Of wonted words, which briefly thus she us’d:
“Why left my son his mother? Why refus’d

Unrul’d—irregular, not to be ruled.
His wit the solid shore, to try the seas,
And put in ships the trust of his distress,
That are at sea to men unbridled horse,
And run, past rule, their far-engaged course,
Amidst a moisture past all mean unstaid?
No need compell'd this. Did he it, afraid
To live and leave posterity his name?"

"I know not," he replied, "if th' humour came
From current of his own instinct, or flow'd
From others' instigations; but he vow'd
Attempt to Pylos, or to see descried
His sire's return, or know what death he died."

This said, he took him to Ulysses' house
After the Wooers; the Ulyssian spouse,
Run through with woes, let Torture seize her mind,
Nor in her choice of state chairs stood inclin'd
To take her seat, but th' abject threshold chose
Of her fair chamber for her loath'd repose,
And mourn'd most wretch-like. Round about her fell
Her handmaids, join'd in a continuant yell.
From ev'ry corner of the palace, all
Of all degrees tun'd to her comfort's fall
Their own dejections; to whom her complaint
She thus enforc'd: "The Gods, beyond constraint
Of any measure, urge these tears on me;
Nor was there ever dame of my degree
So past degree griev'd. First, a lord so good,
That had such hardy spirits in his blood,
That all the virtues was adorn'd withall,
That all the Greeks did their superior call,
To part with thus, and lose! And now a son,
So worthily belov'd, a course to run
Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempests have Made far from home his most inglorious grave! Unhappy wenches, that no one of all (Though in the reach of ev'ry one must fall His taking ship) sustain'd the careful mind, To call me from my bed, who this design'd And most vow'd course in him had either stay'd, How much soever hasted, or dead laid He should have left me. Many a man I have, That would have call'd old Dolius my slave, (That keeps my orchard, whom my father gave At my departure) to have run, and told Laertes this; to try if he could hold From running through the people, and from tears, In telling them of these vow'd murderers; That doth divine Ulysses' hope, and his, Resolv'd to end in their conspiracies."

His nurse then, Euryclea, made reply:
"Dear sov'reign, let me with your own hands die, Or cast me off here, I'll not keep from thee One word of what I know. He trusted me With all his purpose, and I gave him all The bread and wine for which he pleas'd to call. But then a mighty oath he made me swear, Not to report it to your royal ear Before the twelfth day either should appear, Or you should ask me when you heard him gone. Impair not then your beauties with your moan, But wash, and put untear-stain'd garments on, Ascend your chamber with your ladies here,

977 *Wenches*—young women. Though now degenerated, the word was formerly used in a good sense. See *Iliad* xvi. 78.
And pray the seed of goat-nurs'd Jupiter,
Divine Athenia, to preserve your son,
And she will save him from confusion.
Th' old king, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd
For his grave counsels, you perhaps may find
Unfit affected, for his age's sake.
But heav'n-kings wax not old, and therefore make
Fit pray'rs to them; for my thoughts never will
Believe the heav'nly Pow'rs conceit so ill
The seed of righteous Arcesiades,
To end it utterly, but still will please
In some place evermore some one of them
To save, and deck him with a diadem,
Give him possession of erected tow'rs,
And far-stretch'd fields, crown'd all of fruit and flow'r's."
This eas'd her heart, and dried her humorous eyes,
When having wash'd, and weeds of sacrifice
Pure, and unstain'd with her distrustful tears,
Put on, with all her women-ministers
Up to a chamber of most height she rose,
And cakes of salt and barley did impose
Within a wicker basket; all which broke
In decent order, thus she did invoke:

"Great Virgin of the goat preserv'd God,
If ever the inhabited abode
Of wise Ulysses held the fatted thighs
Of sheep and oxen, made thy sacrifice
By his devotion, hear me, nor forget
His pious services, but safe see set
His dear son on these shores, and banish hence
These Wooers past all mean in insolence."

1020 *Humorous*—moist (Lat.) See Iliad xx. 186.
This said, she shriek'd, and Pallas heard her pray'r. 
The Wooers broke with tumult all the air 
About the shady house; and one of them, 
Whose pride his youth had made the more extreme, 
Said: "Now the many-wooer-honour'd queen 
Will surely satiate her delayful spleen, 
And one of us in instant nuptials take. 
Poor dame, she dreams not, what design we make 
Upon the life and slaughter of her son."

So said he; but so said was not so done; 
Whose arrogant spirit in a vaunt so vain 
Antinous chid, and said: "For shame, contain 
These braving speeches. Who can tell who hears? 
Are we not now in reach of others' ears? 
If our intentions please us, let us call 
Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall. 
By watchful danger men must silent go. 
What we resolve on, let's not say, but do."

This said, he choos'd out twenty men, that bore 
Best reckoning with him, and to ship and shore 
All hasted, reach'd the ship, launch'd, rais'd the mast, 
Put sails in, and with leather loops made fast 
The oars; sails hoisted, arms their men did bring, 
All giving speed and form to ev'rything. 
Then to the high deeps their rigg'd vessel driven, 
They supp'd, expecting the approaching even. 

Mean space, Penelope her chamber kept 
And bed, and neither eat, nor drunk, nor slept, 
Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameless son, 
Still in contention, if he should be done 
To death, or 'scape the impious Wooers' design.

*Expecting*—(Latin) awaiting.
Look how a lion, whom men-troops combine
To hunt, and close him in a crafty ring,
Much varied thought conceives, and fear doth sting
For urgent danger; so far'd she, till sleep,
All juncture of her joints and nerves did steep
In his dissolving humour. When, at rest,
Pallas her favours varied, and addrest
An idol, that Iphthima did present
In structure of her ev'ry lineament,
Great-soul'd Icarius' daughter, whom for spouse
Eumelus took, that kept in Pheris' house.
This to divine Ulysses' house she sent,
To try her best mean how she might content
Mournful Penelope, and make relent
The strict addiction in her to deplore.
This idol, like a worm, that less or more
Contracts or strains her, did itself convey,
Beyond the wards or windings of the key,
Into the chamber, and, above her head
Her seat assuming, thus she comforted
Distress'd Penelope: "Doth sleep thus seize
Thy pow'rs, affected with so much dis-ease?
The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see
Thy tears nor griefs, in any least degree,
Sustain'd with cause, for they will guard thy son
Safe to his wish'd and native mansión,
Since he is no offender of their states,
And they to such are firmer than their fates."

The wise Penelope receiv'd her thus,
Bound with a slumber most delicious,
And in the port of dreams: "O sister, why
Repair you hither, since so far off lie
Your house and household? You were never here
Before this hour, and would you now give cheer
To my so many woes and miseries,
Affecting fitly all the faculties
My soul and mind hold, having lost before
A husband, that of all the virtues bore
The palm amongst the Greeks, and whose renown
So ample was that Fame the sound hath blown
Through Greece and Argos to her very heart?
And now again, a son, that did convert
My whole pow'rs to his love, by ship is gone;
A tender plant, that yet was never grown
To labour's taste, nor the commerce of men;
For whom more than my husband I complain,
And lest he should at any suff'rance touch
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much
Estrang'd to him that must his consorts be)
Fear and chill tremblings shake each joint of me.
Besides, his danger sets-on foes profess'd
To way-lay his return, that have address'd
Plots for his death." The scarce-discern'd Dream,
Said: "Be of comfort, nor fears so extreme
Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate
Attending thee, as some at any rate
Would wish to purchase, for her pow'r is great;
Minerva pities thy delight's defeat,
Whose grace hath sent me to foretell thee these."
"If thou," said she, "be of the Goddesses,
And hearest her tell thee these, thou mayst as well
From her tell all things else. Deign then to tell,
If yet the man to all misfortunes born,
My husband, lives, and sees the sun adorn
The darksome earth, or hides his wretched head
In Pluto's house, and lives amongst the dead?"
"I will not," she replied, "my breath exhale
In one continued and perpetual tale,
Lives he or dies he. 'Tis a filthy use,
To be in vain and idle speech profuse."
This said, she, through the key-hole of the door,
Vanish'd again into the open blore.
Icarius' daughter started from her sleep,
And Joy's fresh humour her lov'd breast did steep,
When now so clear, in that first watch of night,
She saw the seen Dream vanish from her sight.
The Wooers' ship the sea's moist waves did ply,
And thought the prince a haughty death should die.
There lies a certain island in the sea,
Twixt rocky Samos and rough Ithaca,
That cliffy is itself, and nothing great,
Yet holds convenient havens that two ways let
Ships in and out, call'd Asteris; and there
The Wooers hop'd to make their massacre.

138 Blore—is generally used for a blast, or gale of wind,
(see Iliad ii. 122,) but here would seem simply the air.

FINIS LIBRI QUARTI HOM. ODYSS.
THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S Odyssseys.

The Argument.
A second Court on Jove attends;
Who Hermes to Calypso sends,
Commanding her to clear the ways
Ulysses sought; and she obeys.
When Neptune saw Ulysses free,
And so in safety plough the sea,
Enrag'd, he ruffles up the waves,
And splits his ship. Leucothea saves
His person yet, as being a Dame
Whose Godhead govern'd in the frame
Of those seas' temper. But the mean,
By which she curbs dread Neptune's spleen,
Is made a jewel, which she takes
From off her head, and that she makes
Ulysses on his bosom wear,
About his neck, she ties it there,
And, when he is with waves beset,
Bids wear it as an amulet,
Commanding him, that not before
He touch'd upon Phaeacia's shore,
He should not part with it, but then
Return it to the sea again,
And cast it from him. He performs;
Yet, after this, hides bitter storms,
And in the rocks sees death engrav'd,
But on Phaeacia's shore is sav'd.

Another Argument.
E. Ulysses builds
A ship; and gains
The glassy fields;
Pays Neptune pains.
AURORA rose from high-born Tithon's bed,
That men and Gods might be illustrated,
And then the Deities sat. Imperial Jove,
That makes the horrid murmur beat above,
Took place past all, whose height for ever springs,
And from whom flows th' eternal pow'r of things.

Then Pallas, mindful of Ulysses, told
The many cares that in Calypso's hold
He still sustain'd, when he had felt before
So much affliction, and such dangers more.

"O Father," said she, "and ye Ever-blest,
Give never king hereafter interest
In any aid of yours, by serving you,
By being gentle, human, just, but grow
Rude, and for ever scornful of your rights,
All justice ord'ring by their appetites,
Since he, that rul'd as it in right behov'd,
That all his subjects as his children lov'd,
Finds you so thoughtless of him and his birth.
Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth,
And grudge at what ye let him undergo,
Who yet the least part of his suff'rance know:
Thrall'd in an island, shipwrack'd in his tears,
And, in the fancies that Calypso bears,
Bound from his birthright, all his shipping gone,
And of his soldiers not retaining one.
And now his most-lov'd son's life doth inflame
Their slaught'rous envies; since his father's fame
He puts in pursuit, and is gone as far
As sacred Pylos, and the singular

...
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Dame-breeding Sparta." This, with this reply,
The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly
Thine own remembrance, daughter? Hast not thou
The counsel giv'n thyself, that told thee how
Ulysses shall with his return address
His Wooers wrong? And, for the safe access
His son shall make to his innative port,
Do thou direct it, in as curious sort
As thy wit serves thee; it obeys thy pow'rs;
And in their ship return the speedless Wooers."

Then turn'd he to his issue Mercury,
And said: "Thou hast made good our embassy
To th' other Statists, to the Nymph then now,
On whose fair head a tuft of gold doth grow;
Bear our true-spoken counsel, for retreat
Of patient Ulysses; who shall get
No aid from us, nor any mortal man,
But in a patch'd-up skiff (built as he can,
And suff'ring woes enough) the twentieth day
At fruitful Scheria let him breathe his way,
With the Phaeacians, that half Deities live,
Who like a God will honour him, and give
His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brass, and gold,
More than for gain of Troy he ever told;
Where, at the whole division of the prey,
If he a saver were, or got away
Without a wound, if he should grudge, 'twas well.
But th' end shall crown all; therefore Fate will deal
So well with him, to let him land, and see
His native earth, friends, house, and family."

48 Επὶ σχεδίας πολυδήσας, in rate multis vinculis ligatus.

CHAPMAN.
Thus charg'd he; nor Argicides denied,
But to his feet his fair wing'd shoes he tied,
Ambrosian, golden, that in his command
Put either sea, or the unmeasur'd land,
With pace as speedy as a puff of wind.
Then up his rod went, with which he declin'd
The eyes of any waker, when he pleas'd,
And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseas'd.

This took; he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence
Kiss'd as he flew, and check'd the waves as light
As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
Her thick wings sousing in the savory seas.
Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness;
But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went
Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,
Whom he within found, without seldom seen.
A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
The matter precious, and divine the frame,
Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breath'd an odour round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars, crown'd,
Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bittours bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread;

68 Diseased—aroused. See Bk. iv.
69 Bittours—bitterns.
All fowls maritimal; none roosted there,
But those whose labours in the waters were.
A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
Four fountains, one against another, pour'd
Their silver streams; and meadows all enflower'd
With sweet balm-gentle, and blue-violets hid,
That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should any one, though he immortal were,
Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them, and be over-joy'd;
And so stood Hermes' ravish'd pow'rs employ'd.

But having all admir'd, he enter'd on
The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown
Of great Calypso (for all Dieties are
Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so far
Sever'd in dwellings) but he could not see
Ulysses there within; without was he,
Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view
Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty drew
His heart of comfort. Plac'd here in her throne,
That beams cast up to admiration,
Divine Calypso question'd Hermes thus:
"For what cause, dear, and much-esteem'd by us,
Thou golden-rod-adorn'd Mercury,
Arriv'st thou here? Thou hast not us'd t' apply
Thy passage this way. Say, whatever be
Thy heart's desire, my mind commands it thee,
If in my means it lie, or pow'r of fact.
But first, what hospitable rites exact,
Come yet more near, and take." This said, she set
A table forth, and furnish'd it with meat,
Such as the Gods, taste; and serv'd in with it Vermilion nectar. When with banquet fit He had confirm'd his spirits, he thus exprest His cause of coming: "Thou hast made request, Goddess of Goddesses, to understand My cause of touch here; which thou shalt command, And know with truth: Jove caus'd my course to thee Against my will, for who would willingly Lackey along so vast a lake of brine, Near to no city that the Powr's divine Receives with solemn rites and hecatombs? But Jove's will ever all law overcomes, No other God can cross or make it void; And he affirms, that one the most annoy'd With woes and toils of all those men that fought For Priam's city, and to end hath brought Nine years in the contention, is with thee. For in the tenth year, when roy victory Was won to give the Greeks the spoil of Troy, Return they did profess, but not enjoy, Since Pallas they incens'd, and she the waves By all the winds' pow'r, that blew ope their graves. And there they rested. Only this poor one This coast both winds and waves have cast upon; Whom now forthwith he wills thee to dismiss, Affirming that th' unalter'd Destinies Not only have decreed he shall not die

131 Lackey—go on foot, be a footman. The word is common, and may be found even in Milton, and Dryden. Tutt. lacken, to run.

130 Roy—royal. I do not remember to have met with the word thus used. Roy for king was not uncommon. See Nares.

148 Unalter'd—unalterable.
Apart his friends, but of necessity
Enjoy their sights before those fatal hours,
His country earth reach, and erected tow’rs.”

This struck a love-check’d horror through her pow’rs,
When, naming him, she this reply did give:
“Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live,
In all things you affect; which still converts
Your pow’rs to envies. It afflicts your hearts,
That any Goddess should, as you obtain
The use of earthly dames, enjoy the men,
And most in open marriage. So ye far’d,
When the delicious-finger’d Morning shar’d
Orion’s bed; you easy-living States
Could never satisfy your emulous hates,
Till in Ortygia the precise-liv’d Dame,
Gold-thron’d Diana, on him rudely came,
And with her swift shafts slew him. And such pains,
When rich-hair’d Ceres pleas’d to give the reins
To her affections, and the grace did yield
Of love and bed, amidst a three-cropp’d field,
To her Iasion, he paid angry Jove,
Who lost no long time notice of their love,
But with a glowing lightning was his death.
And now your envies labour underneath
A mortal’s choice of mine; whose life I took
To lib’ral safety, when his ship Jove strook,
With red-hot flashes, piece-meal in the seas,
And all his friends and soldiers succourless
Perish’d but he. Him, cast upon this coast
With blasts and billows, I, in life giv’n lost,
Perserv’d alone, lov’d, nourish’d, and did vow
To make him deathless, and yet never grow
Crooked, or worn with age, his whole life long.
But since no reason may be made so strong
To strive with Jove's will, or to make it vain,
No not if all the other Gods should strain
Their pow'rs against it, let his will be law,
So he afford him fit means to withdraw,
As he commands him, to the raging main.
But means from me he never shall obtain,
For my means yield nor men, nor ship, nor oars
To set him off from my so envied shores.
But if my counsel and good will can aid
His safe pass home, my best shall be assay'd."

"Vouchsafe it so," said heav'n's ambassador,
"And deign it quickly. By all means abhor
T' incense Jove's wrath against thee, that with grace
He may hereafter all thy wish embrace."

Thus took the Argus-killing God his wings.
And since the rev'rend Nymph these awful things
Receiv'd from Jove, she to Ulysses went;
Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent,
His eyes kept never dry he did so mourn,
And waste his dear age for his wish'd return;
Which still without the cave he us'd to do,
Because he could not please the Goddess so.
At night yet, forc'd, together took their rest,
The willing Goddess and th' unwilling Guest;
But he all day in rocks, and on the shore,
The vex'd sea view'd, and did his fate deplore.
Him, now, the Goddess coming near bespake:

"Unhappy man, no more discomfort take
For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age,
I now will passing freely disengage
Thy irksome stay here. Come then, fell thee wood,
And build a ship, to save thee from the flood.
I'll furnish thee with fresh wave, bread, and wine
Ruddy and sweet, that will the piner pine,
Put garments on thee, give thee winds foreright,
That ev'ry way thy home-bent appetite
May safe attain to it; if so it please
At all parts all the heav'n-hous'd Deities,
That more in pow'r are, more in skill, than I,
And more can judge what fits humanity."

He stood amaz'd at this strange change in her,
And said: "O Goddess! Thy intents prefer
Some other project than my parting hence,
Commanding things of too high consequence
For my performance, that myself should build
A ship of pow'r, my home-assays to shield
Against the great sea of such dread to pass;
Which not the best-built ship that ever was
Will pass exulting, when such winds, as Jove
Can thunder up, their trims and tacklings prove.
But could I build one, I would ne'er aboard,
Thy will oppos'd, nor, won, without thy word,
Giv'n in the great oath of the Gods to me,
Not to beguile me in the least degree."

The Goddess smil'd, held hard his hand, and said:
"O y' are a shrewd one, and so habited
In taking heed thou know'st not what it is
To be unwary, nor use words amiss.
How hast thou charm'd me, were I ne'er so sly!
Let earth know then, and heav'n, so broad, so high,
And th' under-sunk waves of th' infernal stream,
(Which is an oath, as terribly supreme,  
As any God swears) that I had no thought  
But stood with what I spake, nor would have wrought,  
Nor counsel’d, any act against thy good;  
But ever diligently weigh’d, and stood  
On those points in persuading thee, that I  
Would use myself in such extremity.  
For my mind simple is, and innocent,  
Not giv’n by cruel sleights to circumvent,  
Nor bear I in my breast a heart of steel,  
But with the sufferer willing suff’rance feel.”  
This said, the Grace of Goddesses led home,  
He trac’d her steps; and, to the cavern come,  
In that rich throne, whence Mercury arose,  
He sat. The Nymph herself did then appose,  
For food and bev’rage, to him all best meat  
And drink, that mortals use to taste and eat.  
Then sat she opposite, and for her feast  
Was nectar and ambrosia addrest  
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar’d,  
Did freely fall to. Having fitly far’d,  
The Nymph Calypso this discourse began:  
“Jove-bred Ulysses! Many-witted man!  
Still is thy home so wish’d? So soon, away?  
Be still of cheer, for all the worst I say.  
But, if thy soul knew what a sum of woes,  
For thee to cast up, thy stern Fates impose,  
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attain,  
Undoubtedly thy choice would here remain,  
Keep house with me, and be a liver ever.  
Which, methinks, should thy house and thee dissever,  
Though for thy wife there thou art set on fire,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

And all thy days are spent in her desire;
And though it be no boast in me to say
In form and mind I match her ev'ry way.
Nor can it fit a mortal dame's compare,
T' affect those terms with us that deathless are."

The great-in-counsels made her this reply:
"Renown'd, and to be rev'renc'd, Deity!
Let it not move thee, that so much I vow
My comforts to my wife; though well I know
All cause myself why wise Penelope
In wit is far inferior to thee,
In feature, stature, all the parts of show,
She being a mortal, an immortal thou,
Old ever growing, and yet never old.
Yet her desire shall all my days see told,
Adding the sight of my returning day,
And natural home. If any God shall lay
His hand upon me as I pass the seas,
I'll bear the worst of what his hand shall please,
As having giv'n me such a mind as shall
The more still rise the more his hand lets fall.
In wars and waves my suff'rings were not small.
I now have suff'red much, as much before,
Hereafter let as much result, and more."

This said, the sun set, and earth shadows gave;
When these two (in an in-room of the cave,
Left to themselves) left love no rites undone:
The early Morn up, up he rose, put on
His in and out weed. She herself enchaces
Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces,
Ample, and pleated thick like fishy scales;
A golden girdle then her waist impales
Her head a veil decks; and abroad they come.
And now began Ulysses to go home.

A great axe first she gave, that two ways cut,
In which a fair well-polish'd helm was put,
That from an olive bough receiv'd his frame.
A plainer then. Then led she, till they came
To lofty woods that did the isle confine.
The fir-tree, poplar, and heav'n-scaling pine,
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
He choos'd for lighter sail. This place thus shown,
The Nymph turn'd home. He fell to felling down,
And twenty trees he stoop'd in little space,
Plain'd, used his plumb, did all with artful grace.
In mean time did Calypso wimbles bring.
He bor'd, clos'd, nail'd, and order'd ev'ry thing,
And look how much a ship-wright will allow
A ship of burden (one that best doth know
What fits his art) so large a keel he cast,
Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side-boards, mast,
With willow watlings arm'd her to resist
The billows' outrage, added all she miss'd,
Sail-yards, and stern for guide. The Nymph then brought
Linen for sails, which with dispatch he wrought,
Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the frame
In four days' space to full perfection came.

Plainer—i. e. a plane, that which makes plain, smooth.
So in 322.

Wimbles—gimlets, boring tools.
Miss'd—wanted, required.
Gables and halsters—cables and hawsers.
This four days' work (you will say) is too much for one man: and Pliny affirms, that Hiero (a king of Sicily) in five-and-forty days built two hundred and twenty ships, rigged them, and put to sea with them.—Chapman.
The fifth day, they dismiss’d him from the shore,
Weeds neat, and odorous, gave him, victuals store,
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosp’rous wind,
To which, Ulysses, fit-to-be-divin’d,
His sails expos’d, and hois’d. Off he gat;
And cheerful was he. At the stern he sat,
And steer’d right artfully. Nor sleep could seize
His eye-lids. He beheld the Pleiades;
The Bear, surnam’d the Wain, that round doth move
About Orion, and keeps still above
The billowy ocean; the slow-setting star
Bootes call’d, by some the Waggoner.

Calypso warn’d him he his course should steer
Still to his left hand. Seventeen days did clear
The cloudy night’s command in his moist way,
And by the eighteenth light he might display
The shady hills of the Phæacian shore,
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
The country did a pretty figure yield,
And look’d from off the dark seas like a shield.

Imperious Neptune, making his retreat
From th’ Ethiop’ian earth, and taking seat
Upon the mountains of the Solymi,
From thence, far off discov’ring, did descry
Ulysses his fields ploughing. All on fire
The sight straight set his heart, and made desire
Of wreak run over, it did boil so high.
When, his head nodding, “O impiety,”
He cried out, “now the Gods’ inconstancy
Is most apparent, alt’ring their designs

Display—see, view. See Iliad xi. 74.
Since I the Æthiops saw, and here confines
To this Ulysses’ fate his misery.
The great mark, on which all his hopes rely,
Lies in Phæacia. But I hope he shall
Feel woe at height, ere that dead calm befall.”
This said; he, begging, gather’d clouds from land,
Frighted the seas up, snatch’d into his hand
His horrid trident, and aloft did toss,
Of all the winds, all storms he could engross,
All earth took into sea with clouds, grim Night
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light,
The East and South winds justled in the air,
The violent Zephyr, and North making-fair,
Roll’d up the waves before them. And then bent
Ulysses’ knees, then all his spirit was spent.
In which despair, he thus spake: “Woe is me!
What was I born to, man of misery!
Fear tells me now, that, all the Goddess said,
Truth’s self will author, that Fate would be paid
Grief’s whole sum due from me, at sea, before
I reach’d the dear touch of my country’s shore.
With what clouds Jove heav’n’s heighten’d forehead
binds!
How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds!
How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,
And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps!
Thus dreadful is the presence of our death.
Thrice four times blest were they that sunk beneath
Their fates at Troy, and did to nought contend
But to renown Atrides with their end!

365 Confines—Puts an end to.
370 Συναγείσω—Mendicando colligo.—CHAPMAN.
I would to God, my hour of death and fate
That day had held the pow'r to terminate,
When show'rs of darts my life bore undepress'd
About divine Αεαcides deceas'd!
Then had I been allotted to have died,
By all the Greeks with fun'rals glorified,
(Whence death, encouraging good life, had grown)
Where now I die, by no man mourn'd nor known."

This spoke, a huge wave took him by the head,
And hurl'd him o'er board; ship and all it laid
Inverted quite amidst the waves, but he
Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about the sea,
His stern still holding broken off, his mast
Burst in the midst, so horrible a blast
Of mix'd winds struck it. Sails and sail-yards fell
Amongst the billows; and himself did dwell
A long time under water, nor could get
In haste his head out, wave with wave so met
In his depression; and his garments too,
Giv'n by Calypso, gave him much to do,
Hind'ring his swimming; yet he left not so
His drenched vessel, for the overthrow
Of her nor him, but gat at length again,
Wrestling with Neptune, hold of her; and then
Sat in her bulk, insulting over death,
Which, with the salt stream prest to stop his breath,
He 'scap'd, and gave the sea again to give
To other men. His ship so striv'd to live,
Floating at randon, cuff'd from wave to wave.
As you have seen the North wind when he drave

419 Prêt—ready.
422 Randon—the old and etymological spelling.
In autumn heaps of thorn-fed grasshoppers
Hither and thither, one heap this way bears,
Another that, and makes them often meet
In his confus'd gales; so Ulysses' fleet
The winds hurl'd up and down; now Boreas
Toss'd it to Notus, Notus gave it pass
To Eurus, Eurus Zephyr made pursue
The horrid tennis. This sport call'd the view
Of Cadmus' daughter, with the narrow heel,
Ino Leucothea, that first did feel
A mortal dame's desires, and had a tongue,
But now had th' honour to be nam'd among
The marine Godheads. She with pity saw
Ulysses justled thus from flaw to flaw,
And, like a cormorant in form and flight,
Rose from a whirl-pool, on the ship did light,
And thus bespake him: "Why is Neptune thus
In thy pursuit extremely furious,
Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,
Ev'n to thy death? He must not serve his will,
Though 'tis his study. Let me then advise
As my thoughts serve; thou shall not be unwise
To leave thy weeds and ship to the commands
Of these rude winds, and work out with thy hands
Pass to Phæacia, where thy austere Fate
Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.
Take here this tablet, with this riband strung,
And see it still about thy bosom hung;
By whose eternal virtue never fear
To suffer thus again, nor perish here.
But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,
Then take it from thy neck, nor wear it more,
OF homer's odysseys.

But cast it far off from the continent,
And then thy person far ashore present."

Thus gave she him the tablet; and again,
Turn'd to a cormorant, div'd, past sight, the main.

Patient Ulysses sigh'd at this, and stuck

In the conceit of such fair-spoken luck,
And said: "Alas! I must suspect ev'n this,
Lest any other of the Deities
Add sleight to Neptune's force, to counsel me
To leave my vessel, and so far off see
The shore I aim at. Not with thoughts too clear
Will I obey her, but to me appear
These counsels best: As long as I perceive
My ship not quite dissolv'd, I will not leave
The help she may afford me, but abide,
And suffer all woes till the worst be tried.
When she is split, I'll swim. No miracle can,
Past near and clear means, move a knowing man."

While this discourse employ'd him, Neptune rais'd
A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seiz'd
Him and his ship, and toss'd them through the lake.
As when the violent winds together take
Heaps of dry chaff, and hurl them ev'ry way;
So his long wood-stack Neptune strook astray.

Then did Ulysses mount on rib, perforce,
Like to a rider of a running horse,
To stay himself a time, while he might shift
His drenched weeds, that were Calypso's gift.
When putting straight Leucothea's amulet
About his neck, he all his forces set
To swim, and cast him prostrate to the seas.
When pow'rful Neptune saw the ruthless prease
Of perils siege him thus, he mov'd his head,
And this betwixt him and his heart he said:

"So, now feel ills now, and struggle so,
Till to your Jove-lov'd islanders you row.
But my mind says, you will not so avoid
This last task too, but be with suff’rance cloy'd."

This said, his rich-man'd horse he mov'd, and reach'd
His house at Ægas. But Minerva fetch'd
The winds from sea, and all their ways but one
Barr'd to their passage; the bleak North alone
She set to blow, the rest she charg'd to keep
Their rages in, and bind themselves in sleep.
But Boreas still flew high to break the seas,
Till Jove-bred Ithacus the more with ease
The navigation-skill'd Phæacian states
Might make his refuge, Death and angry Fates
At length escaping. Two nights, yet, and days
He spent in wrastling with the sable seas;
In which space, often did his heart propose
Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,
And threw the third light from her orient hair,
The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air,
Not one breath stirring. Then he might desery,
Rais'd by the high seas, clear, the land was nigh.
And then, look how to good sons that esteem
Their father's life dear, (after pains extreme,
Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long
Down to his bed, and with affections strong
Wasted his body, made his life his load,
As being inflicted by some angry God)
When on their pray'rs they see descend at length
Health from the heav'ns, clad all in spirit and strength,
The sight is precious; so, since here should end
Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend
Health to his country, held to him his sire,
And on which long for him disease did tire,
And then, besides, for his own sake to see
The shores, the woods so near, such joy had he,
As those good sons for their recover'd sire.
Then labour'd feet and all parts to aspire
To that wish'd continent; which when as near
He came, as Clamour might inform an ear,
He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred rocks,
Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,
That belch'd upon the firm land weeds and foam,
With which were all things hid there, where no room
Of fit capacity was for any port,
Nor from the sea for any man's resort,
The shores, the rocks, the cliffs, so prominent were.
"O," said Ulysses then, "now Jupiter
Hath giv'n me sight of an unhop'd for shore,
Though I have wrought these seas so long, so sore.
Of rest yet no place shows the slend'rest prints,
The rugged shore so bristled is with flints,
Against which ev'ry way the waves so flock,
And all the shore shows as one eminent rock,
So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand
Is there for any tired foot to stand,
Nor fly his death-fast-following miseries,
Lest, if he land, upon him foreright flies
A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a cliff,
Worse than vain rend'ring all his landing strife.
And should I swim to seek a hav'n elsewhere,
Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear
I shall be taken with a gale again,
And cast a huge way off into the main;
And there the great Earth-shaker (having seen
My so near landing, and again his spleen
Forcing me to him) will some whale send out,
(Of which a horrid number here about
His Amphitrite breeds,) to swallow me.
I well have prov'd, with what malignity
He treads my steps." While this discourse he held,
A curs'd surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd
His naked body, which it gash'd and tore,
And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
Had cast him on it. But She prompted him,
That never fail'd, and bade him no more swim
Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,
And hug the rock that him so rudely tore;
Which he with both hands sigh'd and clasp'd, till past
The billow's rage was; when 'scap'd, back so fast
The rock repuls'd it, that it reft his hold,
Sucking him from it, and far back he roll'd
And as the polypus that (forc'd from home
Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land come
For shelter 'gainst the storms that beat on her
At open sea, as she abroad doth err)
A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones,
Needfully gathers in her hollow bones;
So he forc'd hither by the sharper ill,
Shunning the smoother, where he best hop'd, still
The worst succeeded; for the cruel friend,
To which he cling'd for succour, off did rend
From his broad hands the soaken flesh so sore
That off he fell, and could sustein no more.

564 Pallas.
Quite under water fell he; and, past fate,
Hapless Ulysses there had lost the state
He held in life, if, still the grey-eyed Maid
His wisdom prompting, he had not assay'd
Another course, and ceas'd t' attempt that shore,
Swimming, and casting round his eye t' explore
Some other shelter. Then the mouth he found
Of fair Callicoe's flood, whose shores were crown'd
With most apt succours; rocks so smooth they seem'd
Polish'd of purpose; land that quite redeem'd
With breathless coverts th' others' blasted shores.
The flood he knew, and thus in heart implores:
"King of this river, hear! Whatever name
Makes thee invok'd, to thee I humbly frame
My flight from Neptune's furies. Rev'rend is
To all the ever-living Deities
What erring man soever seeks their aid.
To thy both flood and knees a man dismay'd
With varied suff'rance sues. Yield then some rest
To him that is thy suppliant profest."
This, though but spoke in thought, the Godhead heard,
Her current straight stay'd, and her thick waves clear'd
Before him, smooth'd her waters, and, just where
He pray'd half-drown'd, entirely sav'd him there.
Then forth he came, his both knees falt'ring, both
His strong hands hanging down, and all with froth
His cheeks and nostrhils flowing, voice and breath
Spent to all use, and down he sunk to death.
The sea had soak'd his heart through; all his veins

591 Callicoe's flood.—The original is simply ποταμῷο κατὰ στῆμα καλλιρρόης, at the mouth of a fair-flowing river. I presume Chapman meant the epithet for the name of the river, calling it Callicoe, not Callicoe, as it is printed in the folio.
His toils had rack'd t' a labouring woman's pains. Dead weary was he. But when breath did find
A pass reciprocal, and in his mind
His spirit was recollected, up he rose,
And from his neck did th' amulet unloose,
That Ino gave him; which he hurl'd from him
To sea. It sounding fell, and back did swim
With th' ebbing waters, till it straight arriv'd
Where Ino's fair hand it again receiv'd.
Then kiss'd he th' humble earth; and on he goes,
Till bulrushes show'd place for his repose,
Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soul:
"O me, what strange perplexities control
The whole skill of thy pow'rs in this event!
What feel I? If till care-nurse night be spent
I watch amidst the flood, the sea's chill breath,
And vegetant dews, I fear will be my death,
So low brought with my labours. Towards day
A passing sharp air ever breathes at sea.
If I the pitch of this next mountain scale,
And shady wood, and in some thicket fall
Into the hands of Sleep, though there the cold
May well be check'd, and healthful slumbers hold
Her sweet hand on my pow'rs, all care allay'd,
Yet there will beasts devour me. Best appaid
Doth that course make me yet; for there, some strife,
Strength, and my spirit, may make me make for life;
Which, though impair'd, may yet be fresh applied,
Where peril possible of escape is tried.
But he that fights with heav'n, or with the sea,

613 Ωδε ce of ὀδίως à partu doleo.—CHAPMAN. It is hardly necessary to observe that Chapman's fanciful derivation is wrong, Ωδε ce being the imperfect of οἶδω, tumeo.
To indiscretion adds impiety."

Thus to the woods he hasted; which he found
Not far from sea, but on far-seeing ground,
Where two twin underwoods he enter'd on,
With olive-trees and oil-trees overgrown;
Through which the moist force of the loud-voic'd wind
Did never beat, nor ever Phoebus shin'd,
Nor show'r beat through, they grew so one in one,
And had, by turns, their pow'r t' exclude the sun.
Here enter'd our Ulysses; and a bed:
Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance, spread
With all his speed. Large he made it, for there
For two or three men ample cov'ring's were,
Such as might shield them from the winter's worst,
Though steel it breath'd, and blew as it would burst.

Patient Ulysses joy'd, that ever day
Show'd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,
Store of leaves heaping high on ev'ry side.
And as in some out-field a man doth hide
A kindled brand, to keep the seed of fire,
No neighbour dwelling near, and his desire
Serv'd with self store, he else would ask of none,
But of his fore-spent sparks rakes th' ashes on;
So this out-place Ulysses thus receives,
And thus nak'd virtue's seed lies hid in leaves.
Yet Pallas made him sleep as soon as men
Whom delicacies all their flatt'ries deign,
And all that all his labours could comprise
Quickly concluded in his closed eyes.

657 A metaphorical hyperbole, expressing the winter's extremity of sharpness.—CHAPMAN.

FINIS LIBRI QUINTI HOM. ODYSS.
THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Minerva in a vision stands
Before Nausicaa; and commands
She to the flood her weeds should bear,
For now her nuptial day was near.
Nausicaa her charge obeys,
And then with other virgins plays.
Their sports make wak'd Ulysses rise,
Walk to them, and beseech supplies
Of food and clothes. His naked sight
Puts th' other maids, afraid, to flight;
Nausicaa only boldly stays,
And gladly his desire obeys.
He, furnish'd with her favours shown,
Attends her and the rest to town.

Another Argument.

Zê ra. Here olive leaves
'T' hide shame began.
The maid receives
The naked man.

The much-sustaining, patient, heav'nly man,
Whom Toil and Sleep had worn so weak and wan,

*Τὰνω καὶ καμάτῳ ἀρμένος. Somno et labore afflictus Sleep (κατάχρηστικῶς) for the want of sleep.*
Thus won his rest. In mean space Pallas went
To the Phaeacian city, and descent
That first did broad Hyperia's lands divide,
Near the vast Cyclops, men of monstrous pride,
That prey'd on those Hyperians, since they were
Of greater pow'r; and therefore longer there
Divine Nausithous dwelt not, but arose,
And did for Scheria all his pow'rs dispose,
Far from ingenious art-inventing men;
But there did he erect a city then,
First drew a wall round, then he houses builds,
And then a temple to the Gods, the fields
Lastly dividing. But he, stoop'd by Fate,
Div'd to th' infernals; and Alcinous sate
In his command, a man the Gods did teach
Commanding counsels. His house held the reach
Of grey Minerva's project, to provide
That great-soul'd Ithacus might be supplied
With all things fitting his return. She went
Up to the chamber, where the fair descent
Of great Alcinous slept; a maid, whose parts
In wit and beauty wore divine deserts.
Well-deck'd her chamber was; of which the door
Did seem to lighten, such a gloss it bore
Betwixt the posts, and now flew ope to find
The Goddess entry. Like a puff of wind
She reach'd the virgin bed; near which there lay
Two maids, to whom the Graces did convey
Figure and manners. But above the head
Of bright Nausicaa did Pallas tread
The subtle air, and put the person on

22 Nausicaa.
Of Dymas' daughter, from comparison
Exempt in business naval. Like his seed
Minerva look'd now; whom one year did breed
With bright Nausicaa, and who had gain'd
Grace in her love, yet on her thus complain'd:
"Nausicaa! Why bred thy mother one
So negligent in rites so stood upon
By other virgins? Thy fair garments lie
Neglected by thee, yet thy nuptials nigh;
When rich in all attire both thou shouldst be,
And garments give to others honouring thee,
That lead thee to the temple. Thy good name
Grows amongst men for these things; they inflame
Father and rev'rend mother with delight.
Come, when the Day takes any wink from Night,
Let's to the river, and repurify
Thy wedding garments. My society
Shall freely serve thee for thy speedier aid,
Because thou shalt no more stand on the maid.
The best of all Phaeacia woo thy grace,
Where thou wert bred, and ow'st thyself a race.
Up, and stir up to thee thy honour'd sire,
To give thee mules and coach, thee and thy tire,
Veils, girdles, mantles, early to the flood
To bear in state. It suits thy high-born blood,
And far more fits thee, than to foot so far,
For far from town thou know'st the bath-founts are."

This said, away blue-eyed Minerva went
Up to Olympus, the firm continent

34 From comparison exempt, &c.—unrivalled in naval business.
36 Intending Dymas' daughter.—Chapman.
52 Stand on the maid—i. e. remain unmarried.
That bears in endless being the Deified kind,
That's neither sous'd with show'rs, nor shook with wind,
Nor chill'd with snow, but where Serenity flies
Exempt from clouds, and ever-beamy skies
Circle the glitt'ring hill, and all their days
Give the delights of blessed Deity praise.
And hither Pallas flew, and left the maid,
When she had all that might excite her said.
Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
To admiration took; who no time spent
To give the rapture of her vision vent
To her lov'd parents, whom she found within.
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd;
Her maids about her. But she chanc'd to find
Her father going abroad, to council call'd
By his grave Senate. And to him exhal'd
Her smother'd bosom was: "Lov'd sire," said she,
"Will you not now command a coach for me,
Stately and complete, fit for me to bear
To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
Before repurified? Yourself it fits
To wear fair weeds, as ev'ry man that sits

A rock—a distaff. Here it would seem the wool on the distaff.

This familiar and near wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father, join'd with that virgin modesty expressed in her after, is much praised by the gravest of Homer's expositors; with her father's loving allowance of it, knowing her shame-fastness and judgment would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inserted, not as if this were more worthy the observation than other every-where strewed flowers of precept, but because this more generally pleasing subject may perhaps find more fitness for the stay of most readers.
In place of council. And five sons you have,
Two wed, three bachelors, that must be brave
In ev'ry day's shift, that they may go dance;
For these three last with these things must advance
Their states in marriage, and who else but I,
Their sister, should their dancing rights supply?"

This gen'ral cause she show'd, and would not name
Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
He understood her yet, and thus replied:
"Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
I either will deny thee, or defer,
Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go, my servants shall
Serve thy desires, and thy command in all."

The servants then commanded soon obey'd,
Fetch'd coach, and mules join'd in it. Then the Maid
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
All up in coach; in which her mother plac'd
A maund of victuals, varied well in taste,
And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
Both for her daughter's and her handmaid's, use,
To soften their bright bodies, when they rose
Cleans'd from their cold baths. Up to coach then goes
Th' observ'd Maid, takes both the scourge and reins,
And to her side her handmaid straight attains.
Nor these alone, but other virgins, grac'd

Maund—basket. (Anglo-Sax.) Still in use in Devon
shire.
Junkets—sweetmeats. Properly *juncate*, a cheesecake,
or cream-cheese, from the Ital. *giuncata*, cheese so called be-
cause pressed and brought to market on rushes (*giunco*, Latin
*juncus*, a rush).
The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy plac’d, 115  
Nausicaa scourg’d to make the coach-mules run,  
That neigh’d, and pac’d their usual speed, and soon  
Both maids and weeds brought to the river-side,  
Where baths for all the year their use supplied,  
Whose waters were so pure they would not stain, 120  
But still ran fair forth, and did more remain  
Apt to purge stains, for that purg’d stain within,  
Which by the water’s pure store was not seen.  
These, here arriv’d, the mules uncoach’d, and drave 125  
Up to the gullfy river’s shore, that gave  
Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then  
took  
Their clothes, and steep’d them in the sable brook;  
Then put them into springs, and trod them clean  
With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,  
Who should have soonest and most cleanly done. 130  
When having thoroughly cleans’d, they spread them on  
The flood’s shore, all in order. And then, where  
The waves the pebbles wash’d, and ground was clear,  
They bath’d themselves, and all with glitt’ring oil  
Smooth’d their white skins; refreshing then their toil  
With pleasant dinner, by the river-side; 135  
Yet still watch’d when the sun their clothes had dried.  
Till which time, having din’d, Nausicaa  
With other virgins did at stool-ball play,  
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by. 140  
Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,

115 Benn—company. Generally applied to quails, as covey  
to partridges. It is a common word, and abundantly  
illustrated in Todd’s Johnson.

139 Stool-ball—Dr. Johnson tells us is a game where balls are  
driven from stool to stool. See however Strutt and Brand.
The liking stroke struck, singing first a song,
As custom order'd, and amidst the throng
Made such a show, and so past all was seen,
As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving, Queen,
Along the mountains gliding, either over
Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,
Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chace,
Or swift-hov'd hart, and with her Jove's fair race,
The field Nymphs, sporting; amongst whom, to see
How far Diana had priority,
Though all were fair, for fairness yet of all,
As both by head and forehead being more tall,
Latona triumph'd, since the dullest sight
Might eas'ly judge whom her pains brought to light;
Nausicaa so, whom never husband tam'd,
Above them all in all the beauties flam'd.
But when they now made homewards, and array'd,
Ord'ring their weeds disorder'd as they play'd,
Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought
What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,
That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,
Whom she intended should become his aid,
Bring him to town, and his return advance.
Her mean was this, though thought a stool-ball chance:
The Queen now, for the upstroke, struck the ball
Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
Amidst the whirlpools. At which out shriek'd all,
And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake;

\[149 \text{Swift-hoved} - \text{with swift feet, hooves, or hoofs.}\]
\[150 \text{The piety and wisdom of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the Sacred Letter) not the least of things he makes come to pass } \text{sine Numinis providentiâ. As Spondanus well notes of him.} - \text{Chapman.}\]
Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make
That sudden outcry, and in mind thus striv'd:
"On what a people am I now arriv'd?
At civil hospitable men, that fear
The Gods? Or dwell injurious mortals here?
Unjust, and churlish? Like the female cry
Of youth it sounds. What are they? Nymphs bred high
On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,
In herby marshes, or in leafy woods?
Or are they high-spoke men I now am near?
I'll prove, and see." With this, the wary peer
Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough
Broke with his broad hand, which he did bestow
In covert of his nakedness, and then
Put hasty head out. Look how from his den
A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued
With drops of trees, and weather-beaten-hued,
Bold of his strength, goes on, and in his eye
A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey
On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
His belly charging him, and he must part
Stakes with the herdsman in his beasts' attempt,
Ev'n where from rape their strengths are most exempt;
So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,
Ev'n to the home-fields of the country's breed
Ulysses was to force forth his access,
Though merely naked; and his sight did press
The eyes of soft-hair'd virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them; the hard pass
He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight,

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170 Merely—entirely. A common sense.
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but Nausicaa fled; but she fast stood,
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear comprest.
And still she stood him, as resolv'd to know
What man he was, or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them. And here was he
Put to his wisdom; if her virgin knee
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace,
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtain
Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
The last he best thought, to be worth his own,
In weighing both well; to keep still aloof,
And give with soft words his desires their proof,
Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,
He might incense her maiden modesty.
This fair and fil'd speech then shew'd this was he:
"Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of thee,
Are you of mortal, or the deified, race?
If of the Gods, that th' ample heav'ns embrace,
I can resemble you to none above
So near as to the chaste-born birth of Jove,
The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present,
In grace of ev'ry God-like lineament,
Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
You promise of her very perfectness.
If sprung of humans, that inhabit earth,
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth,

219 Fil'd—filed, smooth, polished. This was a frequent expression as applied to speech.
Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts
Must, ev'n to rapture, bear delighted hearts,
To see, so like the first trim of a tree,
Your form adorn a dance. But most blest he,
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t' engage
Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
And deck his house with your commanding merit.
I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
Nor man, nor woman, I did ever see,
At all parts equal to the parts in thee.
T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
My eyes, and apprehensive faculties.
Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
Arriv'd, that render'd me most wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a palm, whose issue swell'd
About Apollo's fane, and that put on
A grace like thee; for Earth had never none
Of all her sylvan issue so adorn'd.
Into amaze my very soul was turn'd,
To give it observation; as now thee
To view, O virgin, a stupidity
Past admiration strikes me, join'd with fear
To do a suppliant's due, and press so near,
As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange,
For one of fresh and firmest spirit would change
T' embrace so bright an object. But, for me,
A cruel habit of calamity
Prepar'd the strong impression thou hast made;
For this last day did fly night's twentieth shade

252 Stupidity—stupor, astonishment.
Since I, at length, escap'd the sable seas;
When in the mean time th' unrelenting prease
Of waves and stern storms toss'd me up and down,
From th' isle Ogygia. And now God hath thrown
My wrack on this shore, that perhaps I may
My mis'ries vary here; for yet their stay,
I fear, Heav'n hath not order'd, though, before
These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.
O queen, deign pity then, since first to you
My fate importunes my distress to vow.
No other dame, nor man, that this Earth own,
And neighbour city, I have seen or known.
The town then show me; give my nakedness
Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas
Linen or woollen you have brought to cleanse.
God give you, in requital, all th' amends
Your heart can wish, a husband, family,
And good agreement. Nought beneath the sky
More sweet, more worthy is, than firm consent
Of man and wife in household government.
It joys their wishers-well, their enemies wounds,
But to themselves the special good redounds."

She answer'd: "Stranger! I discern in thee
Nor sloth, nor folly, reigns; and yet I see
Th' art poor and wretched. In which I conclude,
That industry nor wisdom make endued
Men with those gifts that make them best to th' eye;
Jove only orders man's felicity.
To good and bad his pleasure fashions still
The whole proportion of their good and ill.
And he, perhaps, hath form'd this plight in thee,
Of which thou must be patient, as he free.
But after all thy wand’rings, since thy way,
Both to our earth, and near our city, lay,
As being expos’d to our cares to relieve,
Weeds, and what else a human hand should give
To one so suppliant and tam’d with woe,
Thou shalt not want. Our city I will show,
And tell our people’s name: This neighbour town,
And all this kingdom, the Phaeacians own.
And (since thou seem’dst so fain to know my birth,
And mad’st a question, if of heav’n or earth,)  
This earth hath bred me; and my father’s name
Alcinous is, that in the pow’r and frame
Of this isle’s rule is supereminent.”  

Thus, passing him, she to the virgins went,
And said: “Give stay both to your feet and fright.
Why thus disperse ye for a man’s mere sight?
Esteem you him a Cyclop, that long since
Made use to prey upon our citizens?
This man no moist man is, (nor wat’rish thing,
That’s ever f litting, ever ravishing
All it can compass; and, like it, doth range
In rape of women, never stay’d in change).
This man is truly manly, wise, and stay’d,
In soul more rich the more to sense decay’d,
Who nor will do, nor suffer to be done,
Acts lewd and abject; nor can such a one

311 Διερδος βρόδος. Cui vitalis vel sensualis humiditas inest. 
βρόδος α ἐρωθ, vel dicatur quasi ὁρός, i. c. ὁ ἐν ῥοῆ ὡν, quod
nihil sit magis flumum quam homo.—CHAPMAN.
315 Ἀνὴρ viri animo præditus, fortis, magianimus. Nor
are those affirmed to be men, qui servile quidpiam et abjectum
faciant, vel, facere sustinent: according to this of Herodotus
in Polym. πολλοὶ μὲν ἄνθρωποι εἶν, ἓλιγοι δὲ ἄνδρες. Many
men’s forms sustain, but few are men.—CHAPMAN.
Greet the Phaeacians with a mind envious,  
Dear to the Gods they are, and he is pious,  
Besides, divided from the world we are,  
The out-part of it, billows circular  
The sea revolving round about our shore;  
Nor is there any man that enters more  
Than our own countrymen, with what is brought  
From other countries. This man minding nought  
But his relief, a poor unhappy wretch,  
Wrack'd here, and hath no other land to fetch,  
Him now we must provide for. From Jove come  
All strangers, and the needy of a home,  
Who any gift, though ne'er so small it be,  
Esteem as great, and take it gratefully.  
And therefore, virgins, give the stranger food,  
And wine; and see ye bathe him in the flood,  
Near to some shore to shelter most inclin'd.  

To cold-bath-bathers hurtful is the wind,  
Not only rugged making th' outward skin,  
But by his thin pow'rs pierceth parts within.

This said, their flight in a return they set,  
And did Ulysses with all grace entreat,  
Show'd him a shore, wind-proof, and full of shade,  
By him a shirt and utter mantle laid,  
A golden jug of liquid oil did add,  
Bad wash, and all things as Nausicaa bad.  

Divine Ulysses would not use their aid;  
But thus bespake them: "Ev'ry lovely maid,  

\[329\] According to another translator:  
"Ab Jove nam supplcx pauper procedit et hospes,  
Res brevis, at cura est, magni quoque muneris, instar."  
Which I cite to show his good when he keeps him to the original, and near in any degree expounds it.—Chapman.
Let me entreat to stand a little by,
That I, alone, the fresh flood may apply
To cleanse my bosom of the sea-wrought brine,
And then use oil, which long time did not shine
On my poor shoulders. I'll not wash in sight
Of fair-hair'd maidens. I should blush outright,
To bathe all-bare by such a virgin light."

They mov'd, and mus'd a man had so much grace,
And told their mistress what a man he was.

He cleans'd his broad soil'd shoulders, back, and head
Yet never tam'd, but now had foam and weed
Knit in the fair curls. Which dissolv'd, and he
Slick'd all with sweet oil, the sweet charity
The untouch'd virgin show'd in his attire
He cloth'd him with. Then Pallas put a fire,
More than before, into his sparkling eyes,
His late soil set off with his soon fresh guise.
His locks, cleans'd, curl'd the more, and match'd, in pow'r
To please an eye, the hyacinthian flow'r.
And as a workman, that can well combine
Silver and gold, and make both strive to shine,
As being by Vulcan, and Minerva too,
Taught how far either may be urg'd to go
In strife of eminence, when work sets forth
A worthy soul to bodies of such worth,
No thought reproving th' act, in any place,  
Nor Art no debt to Nature's liveliest grace;  
So Pallas wrought in him a grace as great  
From head to shoulders, and ashore did seat  
His goodly presence. To which such a guise  
He show'd in going, that it ravish'd eyes.  
All which continued, as he sat apart,  
Nausicaa's eye struck wonder through her heart,  
Who thus bespake her consorts: "Hear me, you  
Fair-wristed virgins! This rare man, I know,  
Treads not our country-earth, against the will  
Of some God thronéd on th' Olympian hill.  
He show'd to me, till now, not worth the note,  
But now he looks as he had godhead got.  
I would to heav'n my husband were no worse,  
And would be call'd no better, but the course  
Of other husbands pleas'd to dwell out here.  
Observe and serve him with our utmost cheer."

She said, they heard and did. He drunk and eat  
Like to a harpy, having touch'd no meat  
A long before time. But Nausicaa now  
Thought of the more grace she did lately vow,  
Had horse to chariot join'd, and up she rose,  
Up cheer'd her guest, and said: "Guest, now dispose  
Yourself for town, that I may let you see  
My father's court, where all the peers will be  
Of our Phæacian state. At all parts, then,  
Observe to whom and what place y' are t' attain;  
Though I need usher you with no advice,  
Since I suppose you absolutely wise.  
While we the fields pass, and men's labours there,  
So long, in these maids' guides, directly bear
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

Upon my chariot (I must go before
For cause that after comes, to which this more
Be my induction) you shall then soon end
Your way to town, whose tow’rs you see ascend
To such a steepness. On whose either side
A fair port stands, to which is nothing wide
An ent’rer’s passage; on whose both hands ride
Ships in fair harbours; which once past, you win
The goodly market-place (that circles in
A fane to Neptune, built of curious stone,
And passing ample) where munition,
Gables, and masts, men make, and polish’d oars;
For the Phæacians are not conquerors
By bows nor quivers; oars, masts, ships they are
With which they plough the sea, and wage their war.
And now the cause comes why I lead the way,
Not taking you to coach: The men, that sway
In work of those tools that so fit our state,
Are rude mechanicals, that rare and late
Work in the market-place; and those are they
Whose bitter tongues I shun, who straight would say
(For these vile vulgars are extremely proud,
And foully-languag’d) ‘What is he, allow’d
To coach it with Nausican, so large set,
And fairly fashion’d? Where were these two met?
He shall be sure her husband. She hath been
Gadding in some place, and, of foreign men
Fitting her fancy, kindly brought him home

407 The city’s description so far forth as may in part, induce her promised reason, why she took not Ulysses to coach with her.—Chapman.
415 Gables—cables.
422 Rare—early. Still in use in the West of England.
In her own ship. He must, of force, be come
From some far region; we have no such man.
It may be, praying hard, when her heart ran
On some wish'd husband, out of heav'n some God
Dropp'd in her lap; and there lies she at road
Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she,
Ranging abroad, a husband, such as he
Whom now we saw, laid hand on, she was wise,
For none of all our nobles are of prize
Enough for her; he must beyond sea come,
That wins her high mind, and will have her home
Of our peers many have importun'd her,
Yet she will none.' Thus these folks will confer
Behind my back; or, meeting, to my face
The foul-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.
And this would be reproaches to my fame,
For, ev'n myself just anger would inflame,
If any other virgin I should see,
Her parents living, keep the company
Of any man to any end of love,
Till open nuptials should her act approve.
And therefore hear me, guest, and take such way,
That you yourself may compass, in your stay,
Your quick deduction by my father's grace,
And means to reach the root of all your race.

We shall, not far out of our way to town,
A never-fell'd grove find, that poplars crown,
To Pallas sacred, where a fountain flows,
And round about the grove a meadow grows,
In which my father holds a manor-house,
Deck'd all with orchards, green, and odorous,

^436 Lies at road—i. e. is moored.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

As far from town as one may hear a shout.
There stay, and rest your foot-pains, till full out
We reach the city; where, when you may guess
We are arriv'd, and enter our access
Within my father's court, then put you on
For our Phæacian state, where, to be shown
My father's house, desire. Each infant there
Can bring you to it; and yourself will clear
Distinguish it from others, for no shows
The city-buildings make compar'd with those
That king Alcinous' seat doth celebrate.
In whose roofs, and the court (where men of state,
And suitors sit and stay) when you shall hide,
Straight pass it, ent'ring further, where abide
My mother, with her withdrawn housewif'ries,
Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies
Her rock, all-purple, and of pompous show,
Her chair plac'd 'gainst a pillar, all-a-row
Her maids behind her set; and to her here
My father's dining-throne looks, seated where
He pours his choice of wine in, like a God.
This view once past, for th' end of your abode,
Address suit to my mother, that her mean
May make the day of your redition seen,
And you may frolic straight, though far away
You are in distance from your wished stay.
For, if she once be won to wish you well,
Your hope may instantly your passport seal,
And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,
Fair house, and all to which your heart contends."

This said, she us'd her shining scourge, and lash'd

479 Rock—distaff.  496 Redition—(Lat.) return.
Her mules, that soon the shore left where she wash'd,
And, knowing well the way, their pace was fleet,
And thick they gather'd up their nimble feet,
Which yet she temper'd so, and us'd her scourge
With so much skill, as not to over-urge
The foot behind, and make them straggle so
From close society. Firm together go
Ulysses and her maids. And now the sun
Sunk to the waters, when they all had won
The never-fell'd, and sound-exciting, wood,
Sacred to Pallas; where the god-like good
Ulysses rested, and to Pallas pray'd:

"Hear me, of goat-kept Jove th' unconquer'd Maid!
Now throughly hear me, since, in all the time
Of all my wrack, my pray'rs could never climb
Thy far-off ears; when noiseful Neptune toss'd
Upon his watry bristles my emboss'd
And rock-torn body. Hear yet now, and deign
I may of the Phæacian state obtain
Pity, and grace." Thus pray'd he, and she heard,
By no means yet, expos'd to sight, appear'd,
For fear t' offend her uncle, the supreme
Of all the Sea-Gods, whose wrath still extreme
Stood to Ulysses, and would never cease,
Till with his country shore he crown'd his peace.

495 Not without some little note of our omnisufficient
Homer's general touch of the least fitness lying in his way,
may this courtly discretion he describes in Nausicaa be observed, if you please.—CHAPMAN.
500 More of our Poet's curious and sweet piety.—CHAPMAN.
510 *Emboss'd—covered with foam. Chapman here uses a hunting term. When the deer foamed at the mouth from fatigue, it was said to be *embossed.

FINIS LIBRI SEXTI HOM. ODYSS.
THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Nausicaa arrives at town;
And then Ulysses. He makes known
His suit to Arete; who view
Takes of his vesture, which she knew,
And asks him from whose hands it came.
He tells, with all the hapless frame
Of his affairs in all the while
Since he forsook Calypso's isle.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

'Hra. The honour'd minds,
And welcome things,
Ulysses finds
In Scheria's kings.

Thus pray'd the wise and God-observing man.
The Maid, by free force of her palfreys, wan
Access to town, and the renowned court
Reach'd of her father; where, within the port,
She stay'd her coach, and round about her came
Her brothers, made as of immortal frame,
Who yet disdain'd not, for her love, mean deeds,
But took from coach her mules, brought in her weeds.
And she ascends her chamber; where purvey'd
A quick fire was by her old chamber maid,
Eurymedusa, th' Aperean born,
And brought by sea from Apera t' adorn
The court of great Alcinous, because
He gave to all the blest Phæacians laws,
And, like a heav'n-born pow'r in speech, acquir'd
The people's ears. To one then so admir'd,
Eurymedusa was esteem'd no worse
Than worth the gift; yet now, grow old, was nurse
To ivory-arm'd Nausicaa, gave heat
To all her fires, and dress'd her privy meat.

Then rose Ulysses, and made way to town;
Which ere he reach'd, a mighty mist was thrown
By Pallas round about him, in her care,
Lest, in the sway of envies popular,
Some proud Phæacian might foul language pass,
Justle him up, and ask him what he was.

Ent'ring the lovely town yet, through the cloud
Pallas appear'd, and like a young wench show'd
Bearing a pitcher, stood before him so
As if objected purposely to know
What there he needed; whom he question'd thus:
"Know you not, daughter, where Alcinous,
That rules this town, dwells? I, a poor distrest
Mere stranger here, know none I may request
To make this court known to me." She replied:

"Strange father, I will see you satisfied

8 Hac fuit illius saeuli simplicitas: nam vel fraternus
quoque amor tantus fuit, ut libenter hanc redemisit charissimae
sorori operam praestiterint. Spond.—Chapman.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

In that request. My father dwells just by
The house you seek for; but go silently,
Nor ask, nor speak to any other, I
Shall be enough to show your way. The men
That here inhabit do not entertain
With ready kindness strangers, of what worth
Or state soever, nor have taken forth
Lessons of civil usage or respect
To men beyond them. They, upon their pow'rs
Of swift ships building, top the watry tow'rs,
And Jove hath giv'n them ships, for sails so wrought,
They cut a feather, and command a thought."

This said, she usher'd him, and after he
Trod in the swift steps of the Deity.
The free-sail'd seamen could not get a sight
Of our Ulysses yet, though he forthright
Both by their houses and their persons past,
Pallas about him such a darkness cast
By her divine pow'r, and her rev'rend care,
She would not give the town-born cause to stare.

He wonder'd, as he past, to see the ports;
The shipping in them; and for all resorts
The goodly market-steads; and aisles beside
For the heroës; walls so large and wide;
Rampires so high, and of such strength withall,
It would with wonder any eye appall.

At last they reach'd the court, and Pallas said:
"Now, honour'd stranger, I will see obey'd

48 Νέες ὦκότα ὦτα, περὶ δὲ νόημα, naves veloces reluti
penna, atque cognitione.—CHAPMAN.
49 Market-steads—The composition stead meant place, thus
girdle-stead, gorget-stead, navel-stead, home-stead. All which
frequently occur in Chapman. Aisles—walks, alleys.
Your will, to show our ruler's house; 'tis here; Where you shall find kings celebrating cheer. Enter amongst them, nor admit a fear.

More bold a man is, he prevails the more, Though man nor place he ever saw before.

You first shall find the queen in court, whose name Is Arete, of parents born the same
That was the king her spouse; their pedigree I can report. The great Earth-shaker, he Of Periboea (that her sex out-shone,
And youngest daughter was t' Eurymedon, Who of th' unmeasur'd-minded giants sway'd Th' imperial sceptre, and the pride allay'd Of men so impious with cold death, and died Himself soon after) got the magnified
In mind, Nausithous; whom the kingdom's state First held in supreme rule. Nausithous gat Rhexenor, and Alcinous, now king. Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruit spring, And whom the silver-bow-grac'd Phoebus slew Young in the court) his shed blood did renew In only Arete, who now is spouse To him that rules the kingdom in this house, And is her uncle King Alcinous, Who honours her past equal. She may boast More honour of him than the honour'd most Of any wife in earth can of her lord, How many more soever realms afford,

For the more perspicuity of this pedigree, I have here set down the diagram, as Spondanus hath it. Neptune begat Nausithous of Periboea. By Nausithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous were begot. By Rhexenor, Arete, the wife of her uncle Alcinous.—Chapman.

The honour of Arete (or virtue) alleg.—Chapman.
That keep house under husbands. Yet no more
Her husband honours her, than her blest store
Of gracious children. All the city cast
Eyes on her as a Goddess, and give taste
Of their affections to her in their pray'rs,
Still as she decks the streets; for, all affairs
Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.
Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deign
Goodness enough. If her heart stand inclin'd
To your despatch, hope all you wish to find,
Your friends, your longing family, and all
That can within your most affections fall."
This said, away the grey-eyed Goddess flew
Along th' untam'd sea, left the lovely hue
Scheria presented, out-flew Marathon,
And ample-streeted Athens lighted on;
Where to the house, that casts so thick a shade,
Of Erechtheus she ingression made.
   Ulysses to the lofty-builied court
Of king Alcinous made bold resort;
Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before
The brazen pavement of the rich court bore
His enter'd person. Like heav'n's two main lights,
The rooms illustrated both days and nights.
On ev'ry side stood firm a wall of brass,
Ev'n from the threshold to the inmost pass,
Which bore a roof up that all-sapphire was.
The brazen thresholds both sides did enfold
Silver pilasters, hung with gates of gold;
Whose portal was of silver; over which
A golden cornice did the front enrich.

*Cast* *so thick a shade*—πυκνός *spissus.*—*Chapman.*
On each side, dogs, of gold and silver fram'd,
The house's guard stood; which the Deity lam'd
With knowing inwards had inspir'd, and made
That death nor age should their estates invade.

Along the wall stood ev'ry way a throne,
From th' entry to the lobby, ev'ry one
Cast over with a rich-wrought cloth of state.
Beneath which the Phæacian princes sate
At wine and food, and feasted all the year.
Youths forg'd'd of gold, at ev'ry table there,
Stood holding flaming torches, that, in night,
Gave through the house each honour'd guest his light.

And, to encounter feast with housewif'ry,
In one room fifty women did apply
Their sev'ral tasks. Some apple-colour'd corn
Ground in fair querns, and some did spindles turn,
Some work in looms; no hand least rest receives,
But all had motion, apt as aspen leaves.
And from the weeds they wove, so fast they laid,
And so thick thrust together thread by thread,
That th' oil, of which the wool had drunk his fill,
Did with his moisture in light dews distill.

As much as the Phæacian men excell'd
All other countrymen in art to build
A swift-sail'd ship; so much the women there,
For work of webs, past other women were.
Past mean, by Pallas' means, they understood
The grace of good works; and had wits as good.
Without the hall, and close upon the gate,
A goodly orchard-ground was situate,

125 Deity lam'd—i.e. Vulcan.
130 Querns—hand-mills. (Anglo-Sax. cweorn.)
Of near ten acres; about which was led
A lofty quickset. In it flourished
High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore,
Sweet figs, pears, olives; and a number more
Most useful plants did there produce their store,
Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,
Nor hottest summer wither. There was still
Fruit in his proper season all the year.
Sweet Zephyr breath'd upon them blasts that were
Of varied tempers. These he made to bear
Ripe fruits, these blossoms. Pear grew after pear,
Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape,
Fig after fig came; time made never rape
Of any dainty there. A spritely vine
Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine
Made ripe betimes; here grew another green.
Here some were gath'ring, here some pressing, seen.
A large-allotted sev'ral each fruit had;
And all th' adorn'd grounds their appearance made
In flow'r and fruit, at which the king did aim
To the precisest order he could claim.

Two fountains grac'd the garden; of which, one
Pour'd out a winding stream that over-run
The grounds for their use chiefly, th' other went
Close by the lofty palace gate, and lent
The city his sweet benefit. And thus
The Gods the court deck'd of Alcinous.

Patient Ulysses stood awhile at gaze,
But, having all observ'd, made instant pace
Into the court; where all the peers he found,
And captains of Phaeacia, with cups-crown'd
Off’ring to sharp-eyed Hermes, to whom last
They us’d to sacrifice, when sleep had cast
His inclination through their thoughts. But these
Ulysses pass’d, and forth went; nor their eyes
Took note of him, for Pallas stopp’d the light
With mists about him, that, unstay’d, he might
First to Alcinous, and Arete,
Present his person; and, of both them, she,
By Pallas’ counsel, was to have the grace
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace
He cast about her knee. And then off flew
The heav’ly air that hid him. When his view,
With silence and with admiration strook
The court quite through; but thus he silence broke:
“Divine Rhexenor’s offspring, Arete,
To thy most honour’d husband, and to thee,
A man whom many labours have distrest
Is come for comfort, and to ev’ry guest.
To all whom heav’n vouchsafe delightsome lives,
And after to your issue that survives
A good resignment of the goods ye leave,
With all the honour that yourselves receive
Amongst your people. Only this of me
Is the ambition; that I may but see
(By your vouchsaf’d means, and betimes vouchsaf’d)
My country-earth; since I have long been left
To labours, and to errors, barr’d from end,
And far from benefit of any friend.”

He said no more, but left them dumb with that,
Went to the hearth, and in the ashes sat,

_ERRORS_—(Latin) wanderings.
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake,
And Echinœus, th' old herœ, spake;
A man that all Phæacians pass'd in years,
And in persuasive eloquence all the peers,
Knew much, and us'd it well; and thus spake he:

"Alcinous! It shews not decently,
Nor doth your honour what you see admit,
That this your guest should thus abjectly sit,
His chair the earth, the hearth his cushion,
Ashes as if appos'd for food. A throne,
Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand
To see his person plac'd in, and command
That instantly your heralds fill-in wine,
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine
We may do sacrifice; for he is there,
Where these his rev'rend suppliants appear.
Let what you have within be brought abroad,
To sup the stranger. All these would have show'd
This fit respect to him, but that they stay
For your precedence, that should grace the way."

When this had added to the well-inclin'd
And sacred order of Alcinous' mind,
Then of the great-in-wit the hand he seis'd,
And from the ashes his fair person rais'd,
Advanc'd him to a well-adorned throne,
And from his seat rais'd his most lov'd son,
Laodamias, that next himself was set,
To give him place. The handmaid then did get
An ewer of gold, with water fill'd, which plac'd
Upon a caldron, all with silver grac'd,
She pour'd out on their hands. And then was spread
A table, which the butler set with bread,
As others serv'd with other food the board,
In all the choice the present could afford.
Ulysses meat and wine took; and then thus
The king the herald call'd: "Pontonous!
Serve wine through all the house, that all may pay
Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way
With humble suppliants, and them pursues
With all benign and hospitable dues."

Pontonous gave act to all he will'd,
And honey-sweetness-giving-minds wine fill'd,
Disposing it in cups for all to drink.
All having drunk what either's heart could think
Fit for due sacrifice, Alcinous said:
"Hear me, ye dukes that the Pheacians lead,
And you our counsellors, that I may now
Discharge the charge my mind suggests to you,
For this our guest: Feast past, and this night's sleep,
Next morn, our senate summon'd, we will keep
Justs, sacred to the Gods, and this our guest
Receive in solemn court with fitting feast;
Then think of his return, that, under hand
Of our deduction, his natural land
(Without more toil or care, and with delight,
And that soon giv'n him, how far hence dissite
Soever it can be) he may ascend;
And in the mean time without wrong attend,
Or other want, fit means to that ascent.
What, after, austere Fates shall make th' event

256 The word that bears this long epithet is translated only
dulce: which signifies more. Meliphora oino ekkra Vinum

255 Justs—games, tournaments. (French joustes.)

270 Dissite—distant, sundered apart.

273 Ascent to his country's shore. Chapman.
Of his life's thread, now spinning, and began
When his pain'd mother freed his root of man,
He must endure in all kinds. If some God
Perhaps abides with us in his abode,
And other things will think upon than we,
The Gods' wills stand, who ever yet were free
Of their appearance to us, when to them
We offer'd hecatombs of fit esteem,
And would at feast sit with us, ev'n where we
Order'd our session. They would likewise be
Encount'ring us, when in way alone
About his fit affairs went any one.
Nor let them cloak themselves in any care
To do us comfort, we as near them are,
As are the Cyclops, or the impious race
Of earthy giants, that would heav'n outface."

Ulysses answer'd; "Let some other doubt
Employ your thoughts than what your words give out,
Which intimate a kind of doubt that I
Should shadow in this shape a Deity.

280 Eustathius will have this comparison of the Phaeacians
with the Giants and Cyclops to proceed out of the inveterate
virulence of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cause (as is
before said) of their remove from their country; and with
great endeavour labours the approbation of it; but (under
his peace) from the purpose: for the sense of the Poet is
clear, that the Cyclops and Giants being in part the issue
of the Gods, and yet afterward their defiers, (as Polyp, here-
after dares profess) Antinous (out of bold and manly reason,
even to the face of one that might have been a God, for the
past manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and
the rest in him, that if they graced those Cyclops with their
open appearance, that, though descended from them, durst
yet deny them, they might much more do them the honour
of their open presence that adored them.—CHAPMAN.
I bear no such least semblance, or in wit, Virtue, or person. What may well befit One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know Bears up and down the burthen of the woe Appropriate to poor man, give that to me; Of whose moans I sit in the most degree, And might say more, sustaining griefs that all The Gods consent to; no one 'twixt their fall And my unpitied shoulders letting down The least diversion. Be the grace then shown, To let me taste your free-giv'n food in peace. Through greatest grief the belly must have ease; Worse than an envious belly nothing is. It will command his strict necessities, Of men most griev'd in body or in mind, That are in health, and will not give their kind A des'riate wound. When most with cause I grieve, It bids me still, Eat, man, and drink, and live; And this makes all forgot. Whatever ill I ever bear, it ever bids me fill. But this ease is but forc'd, and will not last, Till what the mind likes be as well embrac'd; And therefore let me wish you would partake In your late purpose; when the morn shall make Her next appearance, deign me but the grace, Unhappy man, that I may once embrace My country-earth. Though I be still thrust at By ancient ills, yet make me but see that. And then let life go, when withal I see My high-roof'd large house, lands, and family.” This all approv'd; and each will'd ev'ry one, Since he hath said so fairly, set him gone.
Feast past and sacrifice, to sleep all vow
Their eyes at either's house. Ulysses now
Was left here with Alcinous, and his Queen,
The all-lov'd Arete. The handmaids then
The vessel of the banquet took away.
When Arete set eye on his array;
Knew both his out and under weed, which she
Made with her maids; and mus'd by what means he
Obtain'd their wearing; which she made request
To know, and wings gave to these speeches: "Guest!
First let me ask, what, and from whence you are?
And then, who grac'd you with the weeds you wear?
Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas,
And thence arriv'd here?" Laertiades
To this thus answer'd: "'Tis a pain, O Queen,
Still to be op'ning wounds wrought deep, and green,
Of which the Gods have open'd store in me;
Yet your will must be serv'd. Far hence, at sea,
There lies an isle, that bears Ogygia's name,
Where Atlas' daughter, the ingenious dame,
Fair-hair'd Calypso lives; a Goddess grave,
And with whom men nor Gods society have;
Yet I, past man unhappy, liv'd alone,
By Heav'n's wrath forc'd, her house-companion.
For Jove had with a fervent lightning cleft
My ship in twain, and far at black sea left
Me and my soldiers; all whose lives I lost.
I in mine arms the keel took, and was tost
Nine days together up from wave to wave.
The tenth grim night, the angry Deities drave
Me and my wrack on th' isle, in which doth dwell
Dreadful Calypso; who exactly well
Receiv'd and nourish'd me, and promise made
To make me deathless, nor should age invade
My pow'rs with his deserts through all my days.
All mov'd not me, and therefore, on her stays,
Sev'n years she made me lie; and there spent I
The long time, steeping in the misery
Of ceaseless tears the garments I did wear,
From her fair hand. The eighth revolv'd year
(Or by her chang'd mind, or by charge of Jove)
She gave provok'd way to my wish'd remove,
And in a many-jointed ship, with wine
Dainty in savour, bread, and weeds divine,
Sign'd, with a harmless and sweet wind, my pass.
Then sev'nteen days at sea I homeward was,
And by the eighteenth the dark hills appear'd
That your earth thrusts up. Much my heart was
cheer'd,
Unhappy man, for that was but a beam,
To show I yet had agonies extreme
To put in suff'rance, which th' Earth-shaker sent,
Crossing my way with tempests violent,
Unmeasur'd seas up-lifting, nor would give
The billows leave to let my vessel live
The least time quiet, that ev'n sigh'd to bear
Their bitter outrage, which, at last, did tear
Her sides in pieces, set on by the winds.
I yet through-swum the waves that your shore binds,
Till wind and water threw me up to it;
When, coming forth, a ruthless billow smit
Against huge rocks, and an accessless shore,
My mang'ld body. Back again I bore,

362 On her stays—by her staying me.
And swim till I was fall’n upon a flood,  
Whose shores, methought, on good advantage stood  
For my receipt, rock-free, and fence’d from wind;  
And this I put for, gath’ring up my mind.

Then the divine night came, and treading earth,  
Close by the flood that had from Jove her birth,  
Within a thicket I repos’d; when round  
I ruffled up fall’n leaves in heap; and found,

Let fall from heav’n, a sleep interminate.

And here my heart, long time excruciate,  
Amongst the leaves I rested all that night,  
Ev’n till the morning and meridian light.

The sun declining then, delightsome sleep  
No longer laid my temples in his steep,

But forth I went, and on the shore might see  
Your daughter’s maids play. Like a Deity  
She shin’d above them; and I pray’d to her,

And she in disposition did prefer  
Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low than might  
Become the goodness of a Goddess’ height.

Nor would you therefore hope, suppos’d distrest  
As I was then, and old, to find the least  
Of any grace from her, being younger far.

With young folks Wisdom makes her commerce rare.  
Yet she in all abundance did bestow  
Both wine, that makes the blood in humans grow,  
And food, and bath’d me in the flood, and gave  

The weeds to me which now ye see me have.

This through my griefs I tell you, and ’tis true.”

Alcinous answer’d: “Guest! my daughter knew

413 Υθοψ ωνος, Vinum caelestareundi vim habens.—CHAPMAN.
Least of what most you give her; nor became
The course she took, to let with ev'ry dame
Your person lackey; nor hath with them brought
Yourself home too; which first you had besought."

"O blame her not," said he, "heroical lord,
Nor let me hear against her worth a word.
She faultless is, and wish'd I would have gone
With all her women home, but I alone
Would venture my receipt here, having fear
And rev'rend awe of accidents that were
Of likely issue; both your wrath to move,
And to inflame the common people's love
Of speaking ill, to which they soon give place.
We men are all a most suspicious race."

"My guest," said he, "I use not to be stirr'd
To wrath too rashly; and where are preferr'd
To men's conceits things that may both ways fail,
The noblest ever should the most prevail.
Would Jove our Father, Pallas, and the Sun,
That, were you still as now, and could but run
One fate with me, you would my daughter wed,
And be my son-in-law, still vow'd to lead
Your rest of life here! I a house would give,
And household goods, so freely you would live,
Confined with us. But 'gainst your will shall none
Contain you here, since that were violence done
To Jove our Father. For your passage home,
That you may well know we can overcome
So great a voyage, thus it shall succeed:
To-morrow shall our men take all their heed,
While you securely sleep, to see the seas
In calmest temper, and, if that will please,
Show you your country and your house ere night,
Though far beyond Euboea be that sight.
And this Euboea, as our subjects say
That have been there and seen, is far away,
Farthest from us of all the parts they know;
And made the trial when they help'd to row
The gold-lock'd Rhadamanth, to give him view
Of earth-born Tityus; whom their speeds did show
In that far-off Euboea, the same day
They set from hence; and home made good their way
With ease again, and him they did convey.

Which I report to you, to let you see
How swift my ships are, and how matchlessly
My young Phaeacians with their oars prevail,
To beat the sea through, and assist a sail."

This cheer'd Ulysses, who in private pray'd:
"I would to love our Father, what he said,
He could perform at all parts; he should then
Be glorified for ever, and I gain
My natural country." This discourse they had;
When fair-arm'd Arete her handmaids bad
A bed make in the portico, and ply
With clothes, the cov'ring tapestry,
The blankets purple; well-napp'd waistcoats too,
To wear for more warmth. What these had to do,
They torches took and did. The bed purvey'd,
They mov'd Ulysses for his rest, and said:
"Come guest, your bed is fit, now frame to rest."

Motion of sleep was gracious to their guest;
Which now he took profoundly, being laid
Within a loop-hole tow'r, where was convey'd
The sounding portico. The King took rest In a retir’d part of the house; where drest The Queen her self a bed, and trundlebed, And by her lord repos’d her rev’rend head.

484 Trundle-bed—this was the same as truckle-bed, a small, low bedstead, moving on wheels or castors, which ran in under the principal bed. The allusions to the trundle-bed are numerous in old writers. Bp. Hall, in his Satires, says, one of the conditions prescribed to a humble chaplain and tutor in an esquire’s family was,

“First that he lie upon the truckle-bed, While his young maister lieth o’er his head.”

Warton says, in the Statutes of Corpus Christi Coll. Oxford, given in 1516, the Scholars are ordered to sleep respectively under the beds of the Fellows in a truckle-bed, or small bed shifted about on wheels. Similar curious injunctions are given in the Statutes of Magdalen and Trinity Colleges. In an old comedy, “The Return from Pernassus,” acted at Cambridge in 1606, Amoretto says, “When I was in Cambridge, and lay in a truckle-bed under my tutor.”—Act ii. sc. 6. It was generally appropriated to a servant or attendant.
THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Peers of the Phaeacian State
A Council call, to console
Ulysses with all means for home.
The Council to a banquet come,
Invited by the King. Which done,
Assays for hurling of the stone
The youths make with the stranger-king.
Demodocus, at feast, doth sing
Th' adultery of the God of Arms
With Her that rules in amorous charms;
And after sings the intercourse
Of acts about th' Epean horse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Oμη. The council's frame
At fleet applied.
In strifes of game
Ulysses tried.

OW when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
The sacred pow'r Alcinous did dispose
Did likewise rise; and, like him, left his
case
The city-razer Laertiades.
The Council at the navy was design'd;
To which Alcinous, with the sacred mind,
Came first of all. On polish'd stones they sate,  
Near to the navy. To increase the state,  
Minerva took the herald’s form on her,  
That serv’d Alcinous, studious to prefer  
Ulysses’ suit for home. About the town  
She made quick way, and fill’d with the renown  
Of that design the ears of ev’ry man,  
Proclaiming thus: “Peers Phæacensian!  
And Men of Council, all haste to the court,  
To hear the stranger that made late resort  
To King Alcinous, long time lost at sea,  
And is in person like a Deity.”  

This all their pow’rs set up, and spirit instill’d,  
And straight the court and seats with men were fill’d.  
The whole state wonder’d at Laertes’ son,  
When they beheld him. Pallas put him on  
A supernatural and heav’nly dress,  
Enlarg’d him with a height, and goodliness  
In breast and shoulders, that he might appear  
Gracious, and grave, and reverend, and bear  
A perfect hand on his performance there  
In all the trials they resolv’d t’ impose.  

All met, and gather’d in attention close,  
Alcinous thus bespake them: “Dukes, and lords,  
Hear me digest my hearty thoughts in words.  
This stranger here, whose travels found my court,  
I know not, nor can tell if his resort  
From East or West comes; but his suit is this:  
That to his country-earth we would dismiss  
His hither-forced person, and doth bear  
The mind to pass it under ev’ry peer;  

To pass it under every peer, &c.—desires to lay it before every peer, for his assistance, advice, &c.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 171

Whom I prepare, and stir up, making known
My free desire of his deduction.
Nor shall there ever any other man
That tries the goodness Phæacensian
In me, and my court's entertainment, stay,
Mourning for passage, under least delay.
Come then, a ship into the sacred seas,
New-built, now launch we; and from out our prease
Choose two-and-fifty youths, of all, the best
To use an oar. All which see straight impress,
And in their ear-bound seats. Let others hie
Home to our court, commanding instantly
The solemn preparation of a feast,
In which provision may for any guest
Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things
I give our youth. You, sceptre-bearing kings,
Consort me home, and help with grace to use
This guest of ours; no one man shall refuse.
Some other of you haste, and call to us
The sacred singer, grave Demodocus,
To whom hath God giv'n song that can excite
The heart of whom he listeth with delight.”
This said, he led. The sceptre-bearers lent
Their free attendance; and with all speed went
The herald for the sacred man-in-song,
Youths two-and-fifty, chosen from the throng,
Went, as was will'd, to the untam'd sea's shore;
Where come, they launch'd the ship, the mast it bore
Advanc'd, sails hois'd, ev'ry seat his oar
Gave with a leather thong. The deep moist then
They further reach'd. The dry streets flow'd with men,

That troop'd up to the king's capacious court,
Whose porticos were chok'd with the resort,
Whose walls were hung with men, young, old, thrust there
In mighty concourse; for whose promis'd cheer
Alcinous slew twelve sheep, eight white-tooth'd swine,
Two crook-haunch'd beeves; which flay'd and dress'd, divine
The show was of so many a jocund guest,
All set together at so set a feast.
To whose accomplish'd state the herald then
The lovely singer led; who past all mean
The Muse affected, gave him good, and ill,
His eyes put out, but put in soul at will.
His place was giv'n him in a chair all grac'd
With silver studs, and 'gainst a pillar plac'd;
Where, as the centre to the state, he rests,
And round about the circle of the guests.
The herald on a pin above his head
His soundful harp hung, to whose height he led
His hand for taking of it down at will,
A board set by with food, and forth did fill
A bowl of wine, to drink at his desire.
The rest then fell to feast, and, when the fire
Of appetite was quench'd, the Muse inflam'd
The sacred singer. Of men highliest fam'd
He sung the glories, and a poem penn'd,
That in applause did ample heav'n ascend.
Whose subject was, the stern Contention
Betwixt Ulysses and great Thetis' son,
As, at a banquet sacred to the Gods,
In dreadful language they express'd their odds.
When Agamemnon sat rejoic’d in soul
To hear the Greek peers jar in terms so foul;
For augur Phœbus in presage had told
The King of men (desirous to unfold
The war’s perplex’d end, and being therefore gone
In heav’ly Pythia to the porch of stone,
That then the end of all griefs should begin
'Twixt Greece and Troy, when Greece (with strife to win
That wish’d conclusion) in her kings should jar,
And plead, if force or wit must end the war.

This brave Contention did the poet sing,
Expressing so the spleen of either king,
That his large purple weed Ulysses held
Before his face and eyes, since thence distill’d
Tears uncontain’d; which he obscure’d, in fear
To let th’ observing presence note a tear.
But, when his sacred song the mere divine
Had giv’n an end, a goblet crown’d with wine
Ulysses, drying his wet eyes, did seize,
And sacrific’d to those Gods that would please
’T inspire the poet with a song so fit
To do him honour, and renown his wit.
His tears then stay’d. But when again began,
By all the kings’ desires, the moving man,
Again Ulysses could not choose but yield
To that soft passion, which again, withheld,
He kept so cunningly from sight, that none,
Except Alcinous himself alone,

112 More—entire. This word occurs so frequently in both
the Iliad and Odyssey, that there will be no further necessity
to notice it.
117 The continued piety of Ulysses through all places,
times, and occasions.—Chapman.
Discern’d him mov’d so much. But he sat next, And heard him deeply sigh; which his pretext Could not keep hid from him. Yet he conceal’d His ut’rance of it, and would have it held From all the rest, brake off the song, and this Said to those oar-affecting peers of his:

“Princes, and peers! We now are satiate With sacred song that fits a feast of state, With wine and food. Now then to field, and try In all kinds our approv’d activity, That this our guest may give his friends to know, In his return, that we as little owe To fights and wrastlings, leaping, speed of race, As these our court-rites; and commend our grace In all to all superior.” Forth he led, The peers and people troop’d up to their head. Nor must Demodocus be left within; Whose harp the herald hung upon the pin, His hand in his took, and abroad he brought The heav’nly poet, out the same way wrought That did the princes, and what they would see With admiration, with his company They wish’d to honour. To the place of game These throng’d; and after routs of other came, Of all sort, infinite. Of youths that strove, Many and strong rose to their trial’s love. Up rose Acroneus, and Oeyalus, Elatreus, Prymneus, and Anchialus,

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134 Since the Phaeacians were not only dwellers by sea, but studious also of sea qualities, their names seem to usurp their faculties therein. All consisting of sea-faring signification, except Laodamas. As Acroneus, summa seu extrema navis pars. Oeyalus, vox in mari. Elatreus, or Ἐλατηρός, Ἐλατηόρος, Ῥεμεξ, &c.—Chapman.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Xanteus, Eretmeus, Thoon, Proreiüs,
Ponteus, and the strong Amphialus
Son to Tectonides Polyneüs.
Up rose to these the great Euryalus,
In action like the Homicide of War.
Nausbolides, that was for person far
Past all the rest, but one he could not pass,
Nor any thought improve, Laodamas.
Up Anabesinēus then arose;
And three sons of the Sceptre-state, and those
Were Halius, the fore-prais'd Laodamas,
And Clytonēus like a God in grace.
These first the foot-game tried, and from the lists
Took start together. Up the dust in mists
They hurl'd about, as in their speed they flew;
But Clytonēus first of all the crew
A stitch's length in any fallow field
Made good his pace; when, where the judges yield
The prize and praise, his glorious speed arriv'd.
Next, for the boist'rous wrestling game they striv'd;
At which Euryalus the rest outshone.
At leap Amphialus. At the hollow stone
Elatreiis excell'd. At buffets, last,
Laodamas, the king's fair son, surpast.

When all had striv'd in these assays their fill,
Laodamas said: "Come friends, let's prove what skill
This stranger hath attain'd too in our sport.
Methinks, he must be of the active sort,
His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show
That Nature disposition did bestow
To fit with fact their form. Nor wants he prime."
But sour affliction, made a mate with time,
Makes time the more seen. Nor imagine I,
A worse thing to enforce debility
Than is the sea, though nature ne'er so strong
Knits one together." "Nor conceive you wrong," 190
Replied Euryalus, "but prove his blood
With what you question." In the midst then stood
Renown'd Laodamas, and prov'd him thus:

"Come, stranger-father, and assay with us
Your pow'rs in these contentions. If your show 195
Be answer'd with your worth, 'tis fit that you
Should know these conflicts. Nor doth glory stand
On any worth more, in a man's command,
Than to be strenuous both of foot and hand.
Come then, make proof with us, discharge your mind
Of discontentments; for not far behind

201

Comes your deduction, ship is ready now,
And men, and all things." "Why," said he, "dost thou
Mock me, Laodamas, and these strifes bind
My pow'rs to answer? I am more inclin'd 205
To cares than conflict. Much sustain'd I have,
And still am suff'ring. I come here to crave,
In your assemblies, means to be dismiss'd,
And pray both kings and subjects to assist."

Euryalus an open brawl began,
And said: "I take you, sir, for no such man
As fits these honour'd strifes. A number more
Strange men there are that I would choose before.
To one that loves to lie aship-board much,

202 The word is τοµην, signifying, deductio. qui transve-

hendum curamus eum qui nobiscum aliquando est versatus.

CHAPMAN.
Or is the prince of sailors; or to such
As traffic far and near, and nothing mind
But freight, and passage, and a foreright wind;
Or to a victualler of a ship; or men
That set up all their pow’rs for rampant gain;
I can compare, or hold you like to be:
But, for a wrastler, or of quality
Fit for contentions noble, you abhor
From worth of any such competitor.”
Ulysses, frowning, answer’d: “Stranger, far
Thy words are from the fashions regular
Of kind or honour. Thou art in thy guise
Like to a man that authors injuries.
I see, the Gods to all men give not all
Manly addiction, wisdom, words that fall,
Like dice, upon the square still. Some man takes
Ill form from parents, but God often makes
That fault of form up with observ’d repair
Of pleasing speech, that makes him held for fair,
That makes him speak securely, makes him shine
In an assembly with a grace divine.
Men take delight to see how ev’n’ly lie
His words asteep in honey modesty.
Another, then, hath fashion like a God,
But in his language he is foul and broad.
And such art thou. A person fair is giv’n,
But nothing else is in thee sent from heav’n;
For in thee lurks a base and earthy soul,
And t’ hast compell’d me, with a speech most foul,
To be thus bitter. I am not unseen
In these fair strifes, as thy words overween,

227 Ἀτάσθαλος damnorum magnorum auctor.—CHAPMAN.
THE EIGHTH BOOK

But in the first rank of the best I stand;
At least I did, when youth and strength of hand
Made me thus confident, but now am worn
With woes and labours, as a human born
To bear all anguish. Suffer'd much I have.
The war of men, and the inhuman wave,
Have I driv'n through at all parts. But with all
My waste in suff'rance, what yet may fall
In my performance, at these strifes I'll try.
Thy speech hath mov'd, and made my wrath run high."
   This said, with robe and all, he grasp'd a stone,
A little graver than was ever thrown
By these Phæacians in their wrestling rout,
More firm, more massy; which, turn'd round about,
He hurried from him with a hand so strong
It sung, and flew, and over all the throng,
That at the others' marks stood, quite it went;
Yet down fell all beneath it, fearing spent
The force that drave it flying from his hand,
As it a dart were, or a walking wand;
And far past all the marks of all the rest
His wing stole way; when Pallas straight impress
A mark at fall of it, resembling then
One of the navy-giv'n Phæacian men,
And thus advance'd Ulysses: "One, though blind,
O stranger, groping, may thy stone's fall find,
For not amidst the rout of marks it fell,
But far before all. Of thy worth think well,
And stand in all strifes. No Phæacian here
This bound can either better or come near."

257 *Graver*—(Latin) heavier.
Ulysses joy’d to hear that one man yet
Us’d him benignly, and would truth abet
In those contentions; and then thus smooth
He took his speech down: “Reach me that now, youth,
You shall, and straight, I think, have one such more,
And one beyond it too. And now, whose core
Stands sound and great within him, since ye have
Thus put my spleen up, come again and brave
The guest ye tempted, with such gross disgrace,
At wrestling, buffets, whirlbat, speed of race;
At all, or either, I except at none,
But urge the whole state of you; only one,
I will not challenge in my forced boast,
And that’s Laodamas, for he’s mine host.
And who will fight, or wrangle, with his friend?
Unwise he is, and base, that will contend
With him that feeds him in a foreign place;
And takes all edge off from his own sought grace.
None else except I here, nor none despise,
But wish to know, and prove his faculties,
That dares appear now. No strife ye can name
Am I unskill’d in; reckon any game
Of all that are, as many as there are
In use with men. For archery I dare
Affirm myself not mean. Of all a troop
I’ll make the first foe with mine arrow stoop,

Core—(Fr. cœur) heart.

He names Laodamas only for all the other brothers; since in his exception, the other’s envies were curbed: for brothers either are or should be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas, he calls his host, being eldest son to Alcinous: the heir being ever the young master; nor might he conveniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, since he stood not in competition at these contentions.

Chapman.
Though with me ne'er so many fellows bend
Their bows at mark'd men, and affect their end.
Only was Philoctetes with his bow
Still my superior, when we Greeks would show
Our archery against our foes of Troy.
But all, that now by bread frail life enjoy,
I far hold my inferiors. Men of old,
None now alive shall witness me so bold,
To vaunt equality with, such men as these;
(Echalián Eurytus, Hercules,
Who with their bows durst with the Gods contend;
And therefore caught Eurytus soon his end,
Nor died at home, in age, a rev'rend man.
But by the great incensed Delphian
Was shot to death, for daring competence
With him in all an archer's excellence.
A spear I'll hurl as far as any man
Shall shoot a shaft. How at a race I can
Bestir my feet, I only yield to fear,
And doubt to meet with my superior here.
So many seas so too much have misus'd
My limbs for race, and therefore have diffus'd
A dissolution through my loved knees."
This said, he still'd all talking properties.
Alcinous only answer'd: "O my guest,
In good part take we what you have been prest
With speech to answer. You would make appear
Your virtues therefore, that will still shine where
Your only look is. Yet must this man give
Your worth ill language; when, he does not live
In sort of mortals (whencesoe'er he springs,

315 Appollo.  

227 Prest.—See Bk. ix. 124
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

That judgment hath to speak becoming things;
That will deprave your virtues. Note then now
My speech, and what my love presents to you,
That you may tell heroës, when you come
To banquet with your wife and birth at home,
(Mindful of our worth) what deservings Jove
Hath put on our parts likewise, in remove
From sire to son, as an inherent grace
Kind, and perpetual. We must needs give place
To other countrymen, and freely yield
We are not blameless in our fights of field,
Buffets, nor wrastlings; but in speed of feet,
And all the equipage that fits a fleet,
We boast us best; for table ever spread
With neighbour feasts, for garments variéd,
For poesy, music, dancing, baths, and beds.
And now, Phaeacians, you that bear your heads
And feet with best grace in enamouring dance,
Enflame our guest here, that he may advance
Our worth past all the world's to his home-friends,
As well for the unmatch'd grace that commends
Your skill in footing of a dance, as theirs
That fly a race best. And so, all affairs,
At which we boast us best, he best may try,
As sea-race, land-race, dance, and poesy.
Some one with instant speed to court retire,
And fetch Demodocus's soundful lyre."
This said the God-grac'd king; and quick resort
Pontonous made for that fair harp to court.
Nine of the lot-choos'd public rulers rose,
That all in those contentions did dispose,
Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,
And all the people in fair game aside.
Then with the rich harp came Pontonous,
And in the midst took place Demodocus.
About him then stood forth the choice young men,
That on man’s first youth made fresh entry then,
Had art to make their natural motion sweet,
And shook a most divine dance from their feet,
That twinkled star-like, mov’d as swift, and fine,
And beat the air so thin, they made it shine.
Ulysses wonder’d at it, but amaz’d
He stood in mind to hear the dance so phras’d.
For, as they danc’d, Demodocus did sing,
The bright-crown’d Venus’ love with Battle’s King;
As first they closely mix’d in th’ house of fire.
What worlds of gifts won her to his desire,
Who then the night-and-day-bed did defile
Of good king Vulcan. But in little while
The Sun their mixture saw, and came and told.
The bitter news did by his ears take hold
Of Vulcan’s heart. Then to his forge he went,
And in his shrewd mind deep stuff did invent.
His mighty anvil in the stock he put,
And forg’d a net that none could lose or cut,
That when it had them it might hold them fast.
Which having finish’d, he made utmost haste
Up to the dear room where his wife he woo’d,
And, madly wrath with Mars, he all bestrow’d
The bed, and bed-posts, all the beam above
That cross’d the chamber; and a circle strove

368 Ἐλπίδιας μπόϊν. Ἐλπίδια signifies splendor vibrans; a twincked splendor: παραμπύσις, vibrare veluti radios solares.—Chapman.
Of his device to wrap in all the room.
And 'twas as pure, as of a spider's loom
The woof before 'tis wor'n. No man nor God
Could set his eye on it, a sleight so odd
His art show'd in it. All his craft bespent
About the bed, he feign'd as if he went
To well-built Lemnos, his most loved town
Of all towns earthly; nor left this unknown
To golden-bridle-using Mars, who kept
No blind watch over him, but, seeing stept
His rival so aside, he hasted home
With fair-wreath'd Venus' love stung, who was come
New from the court of her most mighty Sire.
Mars enter'd, wrung her hand, and the retire
Her husband made to Lemnos told, and said:
"Now, love, is Vulcan gone, let us to bed,
He's for the barbarous Sintians." Well appay'd
Was Venus with it; and afresh assay'd
Their old encounter. Down they went; and straight
About them cling'd the artificial sleight
Of most wise Vulcan; and were so ensnar'd,
That neither they could stir their course prepar'd
In any limb about them, nor arise.
And then they knew, they would no more disguise
Their close conveyance, but lay, forc'd, stone-still.
Back rush'd the both-foot-cook'd, but straight in skill,
From his near scout-hole turn'd, nor ever went
To any Lemnos, but the sure event
Left Phœbus to discover, who told all.
Then home hopp'd Vulcan, full of grief and gall,

419 Both-foot-cook'd.—Perhaps we ought to read both-foot-crook'd.
Stood in the portal and cried out so high,
That all the Gods heard: "Father of the sky,
And ev'ry other deathless God," said he,
"Come all, and a ridiculous object see,
And yet not sufferable neither. Come,
And witness how, when still I step from home,
Lame that I am, Jove's daughter doth profess
To do me all the shameful offices,
Indignites, despitcs, that can be thought;
And loves this all-things-making-come-to-nought,
Since he is fair forsooth, foot-sound, and I
Took in my brain a little, legg'd awry;
And no fault mine, but all my parent's fault,
Who should not get, if mock me, with my halt.
But see how fast they sleep, while I, in moan,
Am only made an idle looker on.
One bed their turn serves, and it must be mine;
I think yet, I have made their self-loves shine.
They shall no more wrong me, and none perceive;
Nor will they sleep together, I believe,
With too hot haste again. Thus both shall lie
In craft, and force, till the extremity
Of all the dow'r I gave her sire (to gain
A dogged set-fac'd girl, that will not stain
Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)
He pays me back. She's fair, but was no maid."

While this long speech was making, all were come
To Vulcan's wholly-brazen founded home,
Earth-shaking Neptune, useful Mercury,
And far-shot Phoebus. No She-Deity,
For shame, would show there. All the give-good Gods
Stood in the portal, and past periods
Gave length to laughers, all rejoic'd to see
That which they said, that no impiety
Finds good success at th' end. "And now," said one,
"The slow outgoes the swift. Lame Vulcan, known
To be the slowest of the Gods, outgoes
Mars the most swift. And this is that which grows
To greatest justice: that adul'try's sport,
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort
(And lame craft too) is plagued, which grieves the more,
That sound limbs turning lame the lame restore." 465

This speech amongst themselves they entertain'd,
When Phœbus thus ask'd Hermes: "Thus enchain'd
Wouldst thou be, Hermes, to be thus disclos'd?
Though with thee golden Venus were repos'd?"

He soon gave that an answer: "O," said he,
"Thou king of archers, would'wre thus with me!
Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite
Were pour'd about me, and that ev'r light,
In great heav'n shining, witness'd all my harms,
So golden Venus slumber'd in mine arms."

The Gods again laugh'd; even the Watery State
Wrung out a laughter, but propitiate
Was still for Mars, and pray'd the God of Fire
He would dissolve him, off'ring the desire
He made to Jove to pay himself, and said,
All due debts should be by the Gods repaid.
"Pay me, no words," said he, "where deeds lend pain,
Wretched the words are giv'n for wretched men.

465 Intending the sound of foot, when they outgo the soundest.—CHAPMAN.
476 Watery State—Neptune.
How shall I bind you in th' Immortals' sight,  
If Mars be once loos'd, nor will pay his right?

"Vulcan," said he, "if Mars should fly, nor see  
Thy right repaid, it should be paid by me."

"Your word, so giv'n, I must accept," said he.  
Which said, he loos'd them. Mars then rush'd from sky,  
And stoop'd cold Thrace. The laughing Deity
For Cyprus was, and took her Paphian state,  
Where she a grove, ne'er cut, had consecrate,  
All with Arabian odours fum'd, and hath  
An altar there, at which the Graces bathe,  
And with immortal balms besmooth, her skin,  
Fit for the bliss Immortals solace in;  
Deck'd her in to-be-studied attire,  
And apt to set beholders' hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred muse, whose notes and words  
The dancers' feet kept as his hands his chords.  
Ulysses much was pleas'd, and all the crew.

This would the king have varied with a new  
And pleasing measure, and performed by  
Two, with whom none would strive in dancery;  
And those his sons were, that must therefore dance  
Alone, and only to the harp advance,  
Without the words. And this sweet couple was  
Young Halius, and divine Laodamas;  
Who danc'd a ball-dance. Then the rich-wrought ball,

That Polybus had made, of purple all,  
They took to hand. One threw it to the sky,  
And then danc'd back; the other, capering high,

485 This is τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως, &c. Parva magnē dicere; grave sentence out of lightest vapour.—Chapman.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Would surely catch it ere his foot touch'd ground,
And up again advanc'd it, and so found
The other cause of dance; and then did he
Dance lofty tricks, till next it came to be
His turn to catch, and serve the other still.
When they had kept it up to either's will,
They then dance'd ground tricks, oft mix'd hand in
hand,
And did so gracefully their change command,
That all the other youth that stood at pause,
With deaf'ning shouts, gave them the great applause.

Then said Ulysses: "O, past all men here
Clear, not in pow'r, but in desert as clear,
You said your dancers did the world surpass,
And they perform it clear, and to amaze."

This won Alcinoi's heart, and equal prize
He gave Ulysses, saying: "Matchless wise,
Princes and rulers, I perceive our guest,
And therefore let our hospitable best
In fitting gifts be giv'n him: Twelve chief kings
There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdom; and, the thirteenth, I
Exist, as crown to all. Let instantly
Be thirteen garments giv'n him, and of gold
Precious, and fine, a talent. While we hold
This our assembly, be all fetch'd, and giv'n,
That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heav'n,
Our guest may enter. And, that nothing be
Left unperform'd that fits his dignity,
Euryalus shall here conciliate
Himself with words and gifts, since past our rate
He gave bad language." This did all commend
And give in charge; and ev'ry king did send
His herald for his gift. Euryalus,
Answ'ring for his part, said: "Alcinous!
Our chief of all, since you command, I will
To this our guest by all means reconcile,
And give him this entirely-metall'd sword,
The handle massy silver, and the board,
That gives it cover, all of ivory,
New, and in all kinds worth his quality."

This put he straight into his hand, and said:
"Frolic, O guest and father; if words fled
Have been offensive, let swift whirlwinds take
And ravish them from thought. May all Gods make
Thy wife's sight good to thee, in quick retreat
To all thy friends, and best-lov'd breeding seat,
Their long miss quiting with the greater joy;
In whose sweet vanish all thy worst annoy."

"And frolic thou to all height, friend," said he,
"Which heav'n confirm with wish'd felicity;
Nor ever give again desire to thee
Of this sword's use, which with affects so free,
In my reclaim, thou hast bestow'd on me."

This said, athwart his shoulders he put on
The right fair sword; and then did set the sun.
When all the gifts were brought, which back again
(With king Alcinous in all the train)
Were by the honour'd heralds borne to court;
Which his fair sons took, and from the resort
Laid by their rev'rend mother. Each his throne
Of all the peers (which yet were overshone
In king Alcinous' command) ascended;
Whom he to pass as much in gifts contended,
And to his queen said: "Wife! See brought me here
The fairest cabinet I have, and there
Impose a well-cleans'd in, and utter, weed.
A caldron heat with water, that with speed
Our guest well-bath'd, and all his gifts made sure,
It may a joyful appetite procure
To his succeeding feast, and make him hear
The poet's hymn with the securer ear.
To all which I will add my bowl of gold,
In all frame curious, to make him hold
My memory always dear, and sacrifice
With it at home to all the Deities."

Then Arete her maids charg'd to set on
A well-siz'd caldron quickly. Which was done,
Clear water pour'd in, flame made so entire,
It gilt the brass, and made the water fire.
In mean space, from her chamber brought the queen
A wealthy cabinet, where, pure and clean,
She put the garments, and the gold bestow'd
By that free state, and then the other vow'd
By her Alcinous, and said: "Now, guest,
Make close and fast your gifts, lest, when you rest
Aship-board sweetly, in your way you meet
Some loss, that less may make your next sleep sweet."

This when Ulysses heard, all sure he made
Enclos'd and bound safe; for the saving trade
The rev'rend-for-her-wisdom, Circe, had
in foreyears taught him. Then the handmaid bad
His worth to bathing; which rejoic'd his heart,
For, since he did with his Calypso part,
He had no hot baths; none had favour'd him,
Nor been so tender of his kingly limb.
But all the time he spent in her abode,
He liv'd respected as he were a God.

Cleans'd then and balm'd, fair shirt and robe put on,
Fresh come from bath, and to the feasters gone,
Nausicaa, that from the God's hands took
The sov'reign beauty of her bless'd look,
Stood by a well-carv'd column of the room,
And through her eye her heart was overcome
With admiration of the port imprest
In his aspect, and said: "God save you, guest!
Be cheerful, as in all the future state
Your home will show you in your better fate.
But yet, ev'n then, let this remember'd be,
Your life's price I lent, and you owe it me."

The varied-in-all-counsels gave reply:
"Nausicaa! Flow'r of all this empery!
So Juno's husband, that the strife for noise
Makes in the clouds, bless me with strife of joys,
In the desir'd day that my house shall show,
As I, as I to a Goddess there shall vow,
To thy fair hand that did my being give,
Which I'll acknowledge ev'ry hour I live."

This said, Alcinous plac'd him by his side.
Then took they feast, and did in parts divide
The sev'ral dishes, fill'd out wine, and then
The striv'd-for-for-his-worth of worthy men,
And rev'renc'd-of-the-state, Demodocus
Was brought in by the good Pontonous.
In midst of all the guests they gave him place,
Against a lofty pillar, when this grace

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*Epi trov  áooudòv, Poetam eujus hominibus digna est societas.*
CHAPMAN.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

The grac'd-with-wisdom did him: From the chine,
That stood before him, of a white-tooth'd swine,
Being far the daintiest joint, mix'd through with fat,
He carv'd to him, and sent it where he sat.
By his old friend the herald, willing thus:
"Herald, reach this to grave Demodocus,
Say, I salute him, and his worth embrace.
Poets deserve, past all the human race,
Rev'rend respect and honour, since the queen
Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men,
The Muse, informs them, and loves all their race."

This reach'd the herald to him, who the grace
Receiv'd encourag'd; which, when feast was spent,
Ulysses amplified to this ascent:
"Demodocus! I must prefer you far,
Past all your sort, if, or the Muse of war,
Jove's daughter, prompts you, that the Greeks respects,
Or if the Sun, that those of Troy affects.
For I have heard you, since my coming, sing
The fate of Greece to an admir'd string.
How much our suff'rance was, how much we wrought,
How much the actions rose-to when we fought.
So lively forming, as you had been there,
Or to some free relater lent your ear.
Forth then, and sing the wooden horse's frame,
Built by Epëus, by the martial Dame
Taught the whole fabric; which, by force of sleight,
Ulysses brought into the city's height,
When he had stuff'd it with as many men
As levell'd lofty Ilion with the plain.
With all which if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quick and elegant.
You sung the rest, I will pronounce you clear
Inspir'd by God, past all that ever were."

This said, ev'n stirr'd by God up, he began,
And to his song fell, past the forms of man,
Beginning where the Greeks aship-board went,
And ev'ry chief had set on fire his tent,
When th' other kings, in great Ulysses' guide,
In Troy's vast market place the horse did hide,
From whence the Trojans up to Ilion drew
The dreadful engine. Where sat all arew
Their kings about it; many counsels giv'n
How to dispose it. In three ways were driv'n
Their whole distractions. First, if they should feel
The hollow wood's heart, search'd with piercing steel;
Or from the battlements drawn higher yet
Deject it headlong; or that counterfeit
So vast and novel set on sacred fire,
Vow'd to appease each anger'd Godhead's ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
They then should have resolv'd; th' unalter'd law
Of fate presaging, that Troy then should end,
When th' hostile horse she should receive to friend,
For therein should the Grecian kings lie hid,
To bring the fate and death they after did.

He sung, besides, the Greeks' eruption
From those their hollow crafts, and horse foregone;
And how they made depopulation tread
Beneath her feet so high a city's head.
In which affair, he sung in other place,
That of that ambush some man else did race
The Ilion tow'rs than Laertiades;
But here he sung, that he alone did seize,
With Menelaus, the ascended roof
Of prince Deiphobus, and Mars-like proof
Made of his valour, a most dreadful fight
Daring against him; and there vanquish'd quite,
In little time, by great Minerva's aid,
All Ilion's remnant, and Troy level laid.
This the divine expressor did so give
Both act and passion, that he made it live,
And to Ulysses' facts did breathe a fire
So deadly quick'ning, that it did inspire
Old death with life, and render'd life so sweet,
And passionate, that all there felt it fleet;
Which made him pity his own cruelty,
And put into that ruth so pure an eye
Of human frailty, that to see a man
Could so revive from death, yet no way can
Defend from death, his own quick pow'rs it made
Feel there death's horrors, and he felt life fade,
In tears his feeling brain swet; for, in things
That move past utterance, tears ope all th'ir springs.
Nor are there in the pow'rs that all life bears
More true interpreters of all than tears.

And as a lady mourns her sole-lov'd lord,
That fall'n before his city by the sword,
Fighting to rescue from a cruel fate
His town and children, and in dead estate

\[701\] As by the divine fury directly inspired so, for Ulysses glory.—Chapman.
\[711\] In that the slaughters he made were expressed so lively.—Chapman.
\[720\] Τῆκετο Ὄδησσεύς. Τῆκω, metaphor. signifying, consumo, tabesco.—Chapman.

VOL. I. ODYSSEY.
Yet panting seeing him, wraps him in her arms,
Weeps, shricks, and pours her health into his arms,
Lies on him, striving to become his shield
From foes that still assail him, spears impell'd
Through back and shoulders, by whose points embrued,
They raise and lead him into servitude,
Labour, and languor; for all which the dame
Eats down her cheeks with tears, and feeds life's flame
With miserable suff'rance; so this king
Of tear-swet anguish op'd a boundless spring;
Nor yet was seen to any one man there
But king Alcinous, who sat so near
He could not 'scape him, sighs, so chok'd, so brake
From all his tempers; which the king did take
Both note and grave respect of, and thus spake:
"Hear me, Phæacian councilors and peers,
And cease Demodocus; perhaps all ears
Are not delighted with his song, for, ever
Since the divine Muse sung, our guest hath never
Contain'd from secret mournings. It may fall,
That something sung he hath been grieved withall,
As touching his particular. Forbear,
That feast may jointly comfort all hearts here,
And we may cheer our guest up; 'tis our best
In all due honour. For our rev'rend guest
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
His love hath added to our festival.
A guest, and suppliant too, we should esteem
Dear as our brother, one that doth but dream
He hath a soul, or touch but at a mind

729 Pours her health into his arms.—So the folio. It is one of Chapman's interpolations, and to me unintelligible. Should we read, "pours her health into his harms?"
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 195

Deathless and manly, should stand so inclin'd.
Nor cloak you longer with your curious wit,
Lov'd guest, what ever we shall ask of it.
It now stands on your honest state to tell,
And therefore give your name, nor more conceal
What of your parents, and the town that bears
Name of your native, or of foreigners
That near us border, you are call'd in fame.
There's no man living walks without a name,
Noble nor base, but had one from his birth
Impos'd as fit as to be borne. What earth,
People, and city, own you, give to know.
Tell but our ships all, that your way must show.
For our ships know th' expressed minds of men,
And will so most intently retain
Their scopes appointed, that they never err,
And yet use never any man to steer,
Nor any rudders have, as others need.
They know men's thoughts, and whither tends theirs speed,
And there will set them; for you cannot name
A city to them, nor fat soil, that Fame
Hath any notice giv'n, but well they know,
And will fly to them, though they ebb and flow
In blackest clouds and nights; and never bear
Of any wrack or rock the slend'rest fear.
But this I heard my sire Nausithous say
Long since, that Neptune, seeing us convey

777 This ἐπαραγωγή or affirmation of miracles, how impossible soever in these times assured, yet in those ages they were neither absurd nor strange. Those inanimate things having (it seemed) certain Genii, in whose powers, they supposed, their ships' faculties. As others have affirmed oaks to have sense of hearing; and so the ship of Argos, was said to have a mast made of Dodonean oak, that was vocal, and could speak.—CHAPMAN.
So safely passengers of all degrees, 785
Was angry with us; and upon our seas
A well-built ship we had, near harbour come
From safe deduction of some stranger home,
Made in his flitting billows stick stone still;
And dimm'd our city, like a mighty hill
With shade cast round about it. This report,
The old king made; in which miraculous sort,
If God had done such things, or left undone,
At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,
And truth relate us, both [from] whence you err'd,
And to what clime of men would be transferr'd,
With all their fair towns, be they as they are,
If rude, unjust, and all irregular,
Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
The mighty Deity. Which one of these
You would be set at, say, and you are there.
And therefore what afflicts you? Why, to hear
The fate of Greece and Ilion, mourn you so?
The Gods have done it; as to all they do
Destine destruction, that from thence may rise
A poem to instruct posterities.
Fell any kinsman before Ilion?
Some worthy sire-in-law, or like-near son,
Whom next our own blood and self-race we love?
Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move
A knowing soul, and no unpleasing thing?
Since such a good one is no underling
To any brother; for, what fits true friends,
True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcend.

792 Intending his father Nausithous.—CHAPMAN.
795 [From].—The metre would require this word.

FINIS LIBRI OCTAVI HOM. ODYSS.
THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Ulysses here is first made known;
Who tells the stern contention
His pow'rs did 'gainst the Cieons try;
And thence to the Lotophagi
Extends his conquest; and from them
Assays the Cyclop Polyphemus,
And, by the crafts his wits apply,
He puts him out his only eye.

Another Argument.

Ἰῶτα.  The strangely fed
Lotophagi.
The Cieons fled.
The Cyclop's eye.

Ulysses thus resolv'd the king's demands:
"Alcinous, in whom this empire stands,
You should not of so natural right detherit
Your princely feast, as take from it the
spirit.
To hear a poet, that in accent brings
The Gods' breasts down, and breathes them as he sings,
Is sweet, and sacred; nor can I conceive,
In any common-weal, what more doth give
THE NINTH BOOK

Note of the just and bleséd empery,
Than to see comfort universally
Cheer up the people, when in ev'ry roof
She gives observers a most human proof
Of men's contents. To see a neighbour's feast
Adorn it through; and thereat hear the breast
Of the divine Muse; men in order set;
A wine-page waiting; tables crown'd with meat,
Set close to guests that are to use it skill'd;
The cup-boards furnish'd, and the cups still fill'd;
This shows, to my mind, most humanely fair.
Nor should you, for me, still the heav'nly air,
That stirr'd my soul so; for I love such tears
As fall from fit notes, beaten through mine ears
With repetitions of what heav'n hath done,
And break from hearty apprehension
Of God and goodness, though they show my ill.
And therefore doth my mind excite me still,
To tell my bleeding moan; but much more now,
To serve your pleasure, that to over-flow
My tears with such cause may by sighs be driv'n,
Though ne'er so much plagued I may seem by heav'n.

And now my name; which way shall lead to all
My mis'ries after, that their sounds may fall
Through your ears also, and show (having fled
So much affliction) first, who rests his head
In your embraces, when, so far from home,
I knew not where t' obtain it resting room.

I am Ulysses Laertiades,
The fear of all the world for policies,
For which my facts as high as heav'n resound.
I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd,
All over-shadow'd with the shake-leaf ill,
Tree-fam'd Neritus; whose near confines fill
Islands a number, well-inhabited,
That under my observance taste their bread;
Dulichius, Samos, and the full-of-food
Zacynthus, likewise grac'd with store of wood.
But Ithaca, though in the seas it lie,
Yet lies she so aloft she casts her eye
Quite over all the neighbour continent;
Far northward situate, and, being lent
But little favour of the morn and sun,
With barren rocks and cliffs is over-run;
And yet of hardy youths a nurse of name;
Nor could I see a soil, where'er I came,
More sweet and wishful. Yet, from hence was I
Withheld with horror by the Deity,
Divine Calypso, in her cavy house,
Enflam'd to make me her sole lord and spouse.
Circe Ææa too, that knowing dame,
Whose veins the like affections did enflame,
Detain'd me likewise. But to neither's love
Could I be tempted; which doth well approve,
Nothing so sweet is as our country's earth,
And joy of those from whom we claim our birth.
Though roofs far richer we far off possess,
Yet, from our native, all our more is less.

To which as I contended, I will tell
The much-distress-conferring facts that fell
By Jove's divine prevention, since I set

41 Eíνοσίφωλλος, quationtem sen agitantem frondes.—CHAPMAN
45 Quelam quibus corpus alitur et vita sustentatur θνη
appellantur.—CHAPMAN.
63 Amor patriae.—CHAPMAN.
69 Prevention—anticipation.
From ruin'd Troy my first foot in retreat.

From Ilium ill winds cast me on the coast
The Cicons hold, where I employ'd mine host
For Ismarus, a city built just by
My place of landing; of which victory
Made me expugner. I depeopled it,
Slew all the men, and did their wives remit,
With much spoil taken; which we did divide,
That none might need his part. I then applied
All speed for flight; but my command therein,
Fools that they were, could no observance win
Of many soldiers, who, with spoil fed high,
Would yet fill higher, and excessively
Fell to their wine, gave slaughter on the shore
Clov'n-footed beeves and sheep in mighty store.
In mean space, Cicons did to Cicons cry,
When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
Many and better soldiers made strong head,
That held the continent, and managed
Their horse with high skill, on which they would fight,
When fittest cause serv'd, and again alight,
With soon seen vantage, and on foot contend.
Their concourse swift was, and had never end;
As thick and sudden 'twas, as flow'rs and leaves
Dark spring discovers, when she light receives.
And then began the bitter Fate of Jove
To alter us unhappy, which ev'n strove
To give us suff'rance. At our fleet we made
Enforced stand; and there did they invade
Our thrust-up forces; darts encounter'd darts,
With blows on both sides; either making parts

94 After night, in the first of the morning.—CHAPMAN.
Good upon either; while the morning shone,
And sacred day her bright increase held on,
Though much out-match'd in number; but as soon
As Phœbus westward fell, the Cicons won
Much hand of us; six prov'd soldiers fell,
Of ev'ry ship, the rest they did compell
To seek of Flight escape from Death and Fate.

Thence sad in heart we sail'd; and yet our state
Was something cheer'd, that (being o'er-match'd so much
In violent number) our retreat was such
As sav'd so many. Our dear loss the less,
That they surviv'd, so like for like success.
Yet left we not the coast, before we call'd
Home to our country-earth the souls exhal'd
Of all the friends the Cicons overcame.

Thrice call'd we on them by their sev'ral name,
And then took leave. Then from the angry North
Cloud-gath'ring Jove a dreadful storm call'd forth
Against our navy, cover'd shore and all
With gloomy vapours. Night did headlong fall
From frowning heav'n. And then hurl'd here and there
Was all our navy; the rude winds did tear
In three, in four parts, all their sails; and down
Driv'n under hatches were we, prest to drown.
Up rush'd we yet again, and with tough hand
(Two days, two nights, entoil'd) we gat near land,
Labours and sorrows eating up our minds.
The third clear day yet, to more friendly winds
We masts advanc'd, we white sails spread, and sate.

Forewinds and guides again did iterate

The ancient custom of calling home the dead.—

Chapman.
Our ease and home-hopes; which we clear had reach'd, 
Had not, by chance, a sudden north-wind fetch'd, 
With an extreme sea, quite about again 
Our whole endeavours, and our course constrain 
To giddy round, and with our bow'd sails greet 
Dreadful Maleia, calling back our fleet 
As far forth as Cythera. Nine days more 
Adverse winds toss'd me; and the tenth, the shore, 
Where dwelt the blossom-fed Lotophagi, 
I fetch'd, fresh water took in, instantly 
Fell to our food aship-board, and then sent 
Two of my choice men to the continent 
(Adding a third, a herald) to discover 
What sort of people were the rulers over 
The land next to us. Where, the first they met, 
Were the Lotophagi, that made them eat 
Their country-diet, and no ill intent 
Hid in their hearts to them; and yet th' event 
To ill converted it, for, having eat 
Their dainty viands, they did quite forget 
(As all men else that did but taste their feast) 
Both countrymen and country, nor addrest 
Any return t' inform what sort of men 
Made fix'd abode there, but would needs maintain 
Abode themselves there, and eat that food ever. 
I made out after, and was feign to sever 
Th' enchanted knot by forcing their retreat, 
That striv'd, and wept, and would not leave their meat 
For heav'n itself. But, dragging them to fleet, 
I wrapt in sure bands both their hands and feet, 
And cast them under hatches, and away 
Commanded all the rest without least stay,
Lest they should taste the lota too, and forget
With such strange raptures their despis'd retreat.

All then aboard, we beat the sea with oars,
And still with sad hearts sail'd by out-way shores,
Till th' out-law'd Cyclop's land we fetch'd; a race
Of proud-liv'd loiterers, that never sow,
Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plow,
But trust in God for all things; and their earth,
Unsown, unplow'd, gives ev'ry offspring birth
That other lands have; wheat, and barley, vines
That bear in goodly grapes delicious wines;
And Jove sends show'rs for all. No councils there,
Nor councillors, nor laws; but all men bear
Their heads aloft on mountains, and those steep,
And on their tops too; and their houses keep
In vaulety caves, their households govern'd all
By each man's law, impos'd in several,
Nor wife, nor child awed, but as he thinks good,
None for another caring. But there stood
Another little isle, well stor'd with wood,
Betwixt this and the entry; neither nigh
The Cyclop's isle, nor yet far off doth lie.
Men's want it suffer'd, but the men's supplies
The goats made with their inarticulate cries.
Goats beyond number this small island breeds,
So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds,
No hunters, that the tops of mountains scale,
And rub through woods with toil, seek them at all.
Nor is the soil with flocks fed down, nor plow'd,
Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd.
Nor place the neighbour Cyclops their delights
In brave vermilion-prow-deck'd ships; nor wrights
Useful, and skilful in such works as need
Perfection to those traffics that exceed
Their natural confines, to fly out and see
Cities of men, and take in mutually
The prease of others; to themselves they live,
And to their island that enough would give
A good inhabitant; and time of year
Observe to all things art could order there.
There, close upon the sea, sweet meadows spring,
That yet of fresh streams want no watering
To their soft burthens, but of special yield.
Your vines would be there; and your common field
But gentle work made for your plow, yet bear
A lofty harvest when you came to shear;
For passing fat the soil is. In it lies
A harbour so opportune, that no ties,
Halsers, or gables need, nor anchors cast.
Whom storms put in there are with stay embrac’d,
Or to their full wills safe, or winds aspire
To pilots’ uses their more quick desire.
At entry of the haven, a silver ford
Is from a rock impressing fountain pour’d,
All set with sable poplars. And this port
Were we arriv’d at, by the sweet resort
Of some God guiding us, for ’twas a night
So ghastly dark all port was past our sight,
Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the moon
Afford a beam to us, the whole isle won
By not an eye of ours. None thought the blore,
That then was up, shov’d waves against the shore,
That then to an unmeasur’d height put on; 225
We still at sea esteem’d us, till alone
Our fleet put in itself. And then were strook
Our gather’d sails; our rest ashore we took,
And day expected. When the morn gave fire,
We rose, and walk’d, and did the isle admire;
Our crook’d bows took, long-pil’d darts, and drew
Ourselves in three parts out; when, by the grace
That God vouchsaf’d, we made a gainful chase.
Twelve ships we had, and ev’ry ship had nine
Fat goats allotted, ten only mine.
Thus all that day, ev’n till the sun was set,
We sat and feasted, pleasant wine and meat
Plenteously taking; for we had not spent
Our ruddy wine aship-board, supplement
Of large sort each man to his vessel drew,
When we the sacred city overthrew
That held the Cicons. Now then saw we near
The Cyclops’ late-prais’d island, and might hear
The murmur of their sheep and goats, and see
Their smokes ascend. The sun then set, and we,
When night succeeded, took our rest ashore.
And when the world the morning’s favour wore,
I call’d my friends to council, charging them
To make stay there, while I took ship and stream,
With some associates, and explor’d what men
The neighbour isle held; if of rude disdain,
Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewray’d
Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,

238 [It]—The metre requires this word.
I boarded, and commanded to ascend
My friends and soldiers, to put off, and lend
Way to our ship. They boarded, sat, and beat
The old sea forth, till we might see the seat
The greatest Cyclop held for his abode,
Which was a deep cave, near the common road
Of ships that touch'd there, thick with laurels spread,
Where many sheep and goats lay shadowed;
And, near to this, a hall of torn-up stone,
High built with pines, that heav'n and earth attone,
And lofty-fronted oaks; in which kept house
A man in shape immane, and monstrous,
Fed all his flocks alone, nor would afford
Commerce with men, but had a wit abhor'd,
His mind his body answ'ring. Nor was he
Like any man that food could possibly
Enhance so hugely, but, beheld alone,
Show'd like a steep hill's top, all overgrown
With trees and brambles; little thought had I
Of such vast objects. When, arriv'd so nigh,
Some of my lov'd friends I made stay aboard,
To guard my ship, and twelve with me I shor'd,
The choice of all. I took besides along
A goat-skin flagon of wine, black and strong,
That Maro did present, Evantheus' son,
And priest to Phœbus, who had mansion
In Thracian Ismarus (the town I took).
He gave it me, since I (with rev'rence strook
Of his grave place, his wife and children's good)
Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood,

\[260\] Atone—make one, at-one. The reader need hardly be reminded that this is the etymology of atone, and atonement.
Sacred to Phoebus, stood his house; from whence He fetch'd me gifts of varied excellence; Sev'n talents of fine gold; a bowl all fram'd Of massy silver; but his gift most fam'd Was twelve great vessels, fill'd with such rich wine As was incorruptible and divine.

He kept it as his jewel, which none knew But he himself, his wife, and he that drew. It was so strong that never any fill'd A cup, where that was but by drops instill'd, And drunk it off, but 'twas before allay'd With twenty parts in water; yet so sway'd The spirit of that little, that the whole A sacred odour breath'd about the bowl.

Had you the odour smelt and scent it cast, It would have vex'd you to forbear the taste. But then, the taste gain'd too, the spirit it wrought To dare things high set-up-an-end my thought. Of this a huge great flagon full I bore, And, in a good large knapsack, victuals store; And long'd to see this heap of fortitude, That so illit'rate was and upland rude That laws divine nor human he had learn'd. With speed we reach'd the cavern; nor discern'd His presence there, his flocks he fed at field. Ent'ring his den, each thing beheld did yield Our admiration; shelves with cheeses heap'd; Sheds stuff'd with lambs and goats, distinctly kept, Distinct the biggest, the more mean distinct, Distinct the youngest. And in their precinct, Proper and placeful, stood the troughs and pails, In which he milk'd; and what was giv'n at meals,
Set up a creaming; in the ev'n'ing still
All scouring bright as dew upon the hill.

Then were my fellows instant to convey
Kids, cheeses, lambs, aship-board, and away
Sail the salt billow. I thought the best not so,
But better otherwise; and first would know,
What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew
My friends on whom they would have prey'd. His view
Prov'd after, that his inwards were too rough
For such bold usage. We were bold enough
In what I suffer'd; which was there to stay,
Make fire and feed there, though bear none away.
There sat we, till we saw him feeding come,
And on his neck a burthen lugging home,
Most highly huge, of sere-wood, which the pile
That fed his fire supplied all supper-while.
Down by his den he threw it, and up rose
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close
Withdrew ourselves, while he into a cave
Of huge receipt his high-fed cattle drive,
All that he milk'd; the males he left without
His lofty roofs, that all bestrow'd about
With rams and buck-goats were. And then a rock
He lift aloft, that damn'd up to his flock
The door they enter'd; 'twas so hard to wield,
That two-and-twenty waggons, all four-wheel'd,
(Could they be loaded, and have teams that were
Proportion'd to them) could not stir it there.
Thus making sure, he kneel'd and milk'd his ewes,
And braying goats, with all a milker's dues;
Then let in all their young. Then quick did dress
His half milk up for cheese, and in a press
Of wicker press’d it; put in bowls the rest,  
To drink and eat, and serve his supping feast.  
All works dispatch’d thus, he began his fire;  
Which blown, he saw us, and did thus inquire:  

‘Ho! guests! What are ye? Whence sail ye these seas?  
Traffic, or rove ye, and like thieves oppress  
Poor strange adventurers, exposing so  
Your souls to danger, and your lives to woe?’  

This utter’d he, when fear from our hearts took  
The very life, to be so thunder-strook  
With such a voice, and such a monster see;  
But thus I answer’d: ‘Erring Grecians, we  
From Troy were turning homewards, but by force  
Of adverse winds, in far diverted course,  
Such unknown ways took, and on rude seas toss’d,  
As Jove decreed, are cast upon this coast.  
Of Agamemnon, famous Atreus’ son,  
We boast ourselves the soldiers; who hath won  
Renown that reacheth heav’n, to overthrow  
So great a city, and to ruin so  
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie  
Our prostrate bosoms, forc’d with pray’rs to try  
If any hospitable right, or boon  
Of other nature, such as have been won  

368 This his relation of Agamemnon, and his glory and theirs for Troy’s sack, with the piety of suppliants’ receipt, to him that was so barbarous and impious, must be intended spoken by Ulysses, with supposition that his hearers would note, still as he spake, how vain they would show to the Cyclops; who respected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit against Troy, or the Gods themselves. For otherwise, the serious observation of the words (though good and grave, if spoken to another) want their intentional sharpness and life.—Chapman.
By laws of other houses, thou wilt give.
Rev’rence the Gods, thou great’st of all that live.
We suppliants are; and hospitable Jove
Pours wreak on all whom pray’rs want pow’r to move
And with their plagues together will provide
That humble guests shall have their wants supplied.’

He cruelly answer’d: ‘O thou fool,’ said he,
‘To come so far, and to importune me
With any God’s fear, or observ’d love!
We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed Jove,
Nor other Bless’d ones; we are better far.
To Jove himself dare I bid open war,
To thee, and all thy fellows, if I please.
But tell me, where’s the ship, that by the seas
Hath brought thee thither? If far off, or near,
Inform me quickly.’ These his temptings were;
But I too much knew not to know his mind,
And craft with craft paid, telling him the wind
(Thrust up from sea by Him that shakes the shore)
Had dash’d our ships against his rocks, and tore
Her ribs in pieces close upon his coast,
And we from high wrack sav’d, the rest were lost.’

He answer’d nothing, but rush’d in, and took
Two of my fellows up from earth, and strook
Their brains against it. Like two whelps they flew
About his shoulders, and did all embrace
The blushing earth. No mountain lion tore
Two lambs so sternly, lapp’d up all their gore
Gush’d from their torn-up bodies, limb by limb
(Trembling with life yet) ravish’d into him.
Both flesh and marrow-stuff’d bones he eat,
And ev'n th' uncleanse'd entrails made his meat.
We, weeping, cast our hands to heav'n, to view
A sight so horrid. Desperation flew,
With all our after lives, to instant death,
In our believ'd destruction. But when breath
The fury of his appetite had got,
Because the gulf his belly reach'd his throat,
Man's flesh, and goat's milk, laying lay'r on lay'r,
Till near chok'd up was all the pass for air,
Along his den, amongst his cattle, down
He rush'd, and streak'd him. When my mind was grown
Desp'rate to step in, draw my sword, and part
His bosom where the strings about the heart
Circle the liver, and add strength of hand.
But that rash thought, more stay'd, did countermand,
For there we all had perish'd, since it past
Our pow'rs to lift aside a log so vast,
As barr'd all outscape; and so sigh'd away
The thought all night, expecting active day.
Which come, he first of all his fire enflames,
Then milks his goats and ewes, then to their dams
Lets in their young, and, wondrous orderly,
With manly haste dispatch'd his housewif'ry.
Then to his breakfast, to which other two
Of my poor friends went; which eat, out then go
His herds and fat flocks, lightly putting by
The churlish bar, and clos'd it instantly;
For both those works with ease as much he did,
As you would ope and shut your quiver lid.
With storms of whistlings then his flock he drave
Up to the mountains; and occasion gave

\[416 \text{Streak'd—stretched.} \text{—See Bk. xii. 148.}\]
For me to use my wits, which to their height
I striv'd to screw up, that a vengeance might
By some means fall from thence, and Pallas now
Afford a full ear to my neediest vow.
This then my thoughts preferr'd: A huge club lay
Close by his milk-house, which was now in way
To dry and season, being an olive-tree
Which late he fell'd, and, being green, must be
Made lighter for his manage. 'Twas so vast,
That we resembled it to some fit mast,
To serve a ship of burthen that was driv'n
With twenty oars, and had a bigness giv'n
To bear a huge sea. Full so thick, so tall,
We judg'd this club; which I, in part, hew'd small,
And cut a fathom off. The piece I gave
Amongst my soldiers, to take down, and shave;
Which done, I sharpen'd it at top, and then,
Harden'd in fire, I hid it in the den
Within a nasty dunghill reeking there,
Thick, and so moist it issued ev'rywhere.
Then made I lots cast by my friends to try
Whose fortune serv'd to dare the bor'd-out eye
Of that man-eater; and the lot did fall
On four I wish'd to make my aid of all,
And I the fifth made, chosen like the rest.

Then came the even, and he came from the feast
Of his fat cattle, drave in all, nor kept
One male abroad; if, or his memory slept
By Gods' direct will, or of purpose was
His driving in of all then, doth surpass
My comprehension. But he clos'd again
The mighty bar, milk'd, and did still maintain
All other observation as before.
His work all done, two of my soldiers more
At once he snatch'd up, and to supper went.
Then dar'd I words to him, and did present
A bowl of wine, with these words: 'Cyclop! take
A bowl of wine, from my hand, that may make
Way for the man's flesh thou hast eat, and show
What drink our ship held; which in sacred vow
I offer to thee to take ruth on me
In my dismissal home. Thy rages be
Now no more sufferable. How shall men,
Mad and inhuman that thou art, again
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
If thus thou rages, and eat'st up their race.'

He took, and drunk, and vehemently joy'd
To taste the sweet cup; and again employ'd
My flagon's pow'rs, entreating more, and said:
'Good guest, again afford my taste thy aid,
And let me know thy name, and quickly now,
That in thy recompense I may bestow
A hospitable gift on thy desert,
And such a one as shall rejoice thy heart.
For to the Cyclops too the gentle earth
Bears gen'rous wine, and Jove augments her birth,
In store of such, with show'rs; but this rich wine
Fell from the river, that is mere divine,
Of nectar and ambrosia.' This again
I gave him, and again; nor could the fool abstain,
But drunk as often. When the noble juice
Had wrought upon his spirit, I then gave use
To fairer language, saying: 'Cyclop! now,
As thou demand'st, I'll tell my name, do thou

Of Homer's Odysseys. 213
Make good thy hospitable gift to me.
My name is No-Man; No-Man each degree
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name." He answer'd, as his cruel soul became:
'No-Man! I'll eat thee last of all thy friends;
And this is that in which so much amends
I vow'd to thy deservings, thus shall be
My hospitable gift made good to thee.'
This said, he upwards fell, but then bent round
His fleshy neck; and Sleep, with all crowns crown'd,
Subdued the savage. From his throat brake out
My wine, with man's-flesh gobbets, like a spout,
When, loaded with his cups, he lay and snor'd;
And then took I the club's end up, and gor'd
The burning coal-heap, that the point might heat;
Confirm'd my fellow's minds, lest Fear should let
Their vow'd assay, and make them fly my aid.
Straight was the olive-lever, I had laid
Amidst the huge fire to get hard'ning, hot,
And glow'd extremely, though 'twas green; which got
From forth the cinders, close about me stood
My hardy friends; but that which did the good
Was God's good inspiration, that gave
A spirit beyond the spirit they us'd to have;
Who took the olive spar, made keen before,
And plung'd it in his eye, and up I bore,
Bent to the top close, and help'd pour it in,

No-man.—It may be necessary to explain to the reader who is unacquainted with the original, that the play is upon the word No-man, Ulysses telling Polyphemus that his name is such. This pun occasions the misconception of his brother Cyclops in lines 560-1. Euripides has adopted the passage in his satyric drama of "The Cyclops."
With all my forces. And as you have seen
A ship-wright bore a naval beam, he oft
Thrusts at the auger's froofe, works still aloft,
And at the shank help others, with a cord
Wound round about to make it sooner bor'd,
All plying the round still; so into his eye
The fiery stake we labour'd to imply.
Out gush'd the blood that scalded, his eye-ball
Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorch'd all
His brows and eye-lids, his eye-strings did crack,
As in the sharp and burning rafter brake.
And as a smith, to harden any tool,
Broad axe, or mattock, in his trough doth cool
The red-hot substance, that so fervent is
It makes the cold wave straight to seethe and hiss;
So sod and hiss'd his eye about the stake.
He roar'd withal, and all his cavern brake
In claps like thunder. We did frightened fly,
Dispers'd in corners. He from forth his eye
The fix'd stake pluck'd; after which the blood
Flow'd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
About his hovel. Out he then did cry
For other Cyclops, that in caverns by
Upon a windy promontory dwell'd;
Who, hearing how impetuously he yell'd,
Rush'd ev'ry way about him, and inquir'd,
What ill afflicted him, that he exspir'd
Such horrid clamours, and in sacred Night
To break their sleeps so? Ask'd him, if his fright

539 Prooif. — I cannot understand this word. It is probably a misprint, but for what? Prooif, trial, seems the nearest.
554 Exspir'd—breathed forth.
Came from some mortal that his flocks had driv'n?
Or if by craft, or might, his death were giv'n?
He answer'd from his den: 'By craft, nor might,
No-Man hath giv'n me death.' They then said right,
If no man hurt thee, and thyself alone,
That which is done to thee by Jove is done;
And what great Jove inflicts no man can fly.
Pray to thy Father yet, a Deity,
And prove, from him if thou canst help acquire.'

Thus spake they, leaving him; when all-on-fire
My heart with joy was, that so well my wit
And name deceiv'd him; whom now pain did split,
And groaning up and down he groping tried
To find the stone, which found, he put aside;
But in the door sat, feeling if he could
(As his sheep issued) on some man lay hold;
Esteeming me a fool, that could devise
No stratagem to 'scape his gross surprise.
But I, contending what I could invent
My friends and me from death so eminent
To get deliver'd, all my wiles I wove
(Life being the subject) and did this approve:
Fat fleecy rams, most fair, and great, lay there
That did a burden like a violet bear.
These, while this learn'd-in-villainy did sleep,
I yok'd with osiers cut there, sheep to sheep,
Three in a rank, and still the mid sheep bore
A man about his belly, the two more
March'd on his each side for defence. I then
Choosing myself the fairest of the den,

564 Neptune.
589 Wool of a violet colour.—Chapman.
His fleecy belly under-crept, embrac'd
His back, and in his rich wool wrapt me fast
With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.
And thus each man hung, till the morning shin'd;
Which come, he knew the hour, and let abroad
His male-flocks first, the females unmilk'd stood
Bleating and braying, their full bags so sore
With being unemptied, but their shepherd more
With being unsighted; which was cause his mind
Went not a milking. He, to wreak inclin'd,
The backs felt, as they pass'd, of those male dams,
Gross fool! believing, we would ride his rams!
Nor ever knew that any of them bore
Upon his belly any man before.
The last ram came to pass him, with his wool
And me together loaded to the full,
For there did I hang; and that ram he stay'd,
And me withal had in his hands, my head
Troubled the while, not causelessly, nor least.
This ram he grop'd, and talk'd to: 'Lazy beast!
Why last art thou now? Thou hast never us'd
To lag thus hindmost, but still first hast bruised
The tender blossom of a flow'r, and held
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field,
First still at fold at even, now last remain?
Dost thou not wish I had mine eye again,
Which that abhor'd man No-Man did put out,
Assisted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me down with wine? But he
Must not escape my wreak so cunningly.
I would to heav'n thou knew'st, and could but speak,
To tell me where he lurks now! I would break
His brain about my cave, strew'd here and there,
To ease my heart of those foul ills, that were
Th' inflictions of a man I priz'd at nought.'

Thus let he him abroad; when I, once brought
A little from his hold, myself first los'd,
And next my friends. Then drave we, and dispos'd,
His straight-legg'd fat fleece-bearers over land,
Ev'n till they all were in my ship's command;
And to our lov'd friends show'd our pray'd-for sight,
Escap'd from death. But, for our loss, outright
They brake in tears; which with a look I stay'd,
And bade them take our boot in. They obey'd,
And up we all went, sat, and us'd our oars.
But having left as far the savage shores
As one might hear a voice, we then might see:
The Cyclop at the haven; when instantly
I stay'd our oars, and this insultance us'd:
'Cyclop! thou shouldst not have so much abus'd
Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least
Against a man immartial, and a guest,
And eat his fellows. Thou mightst know there were
Some ills behind, rude swain, for thee to bear,
That fear'd not to devour thy guests, and break
All laws of humans. Jove sends therefore wreak,
And all the Gods, by me.' This blew the more
His burning fury; when the top he tore
From off a huge rock, and so right a throw
Made at our ship, that just before the prow
It overflew and fell, miss'd mast and all
Exceeding little; but about the fall
So fierce a wave it rais'd, that back it bore

630 Boot—booty.
Our ship so far, it almost touch’d the shore.
A bead-hook then, a far-extended one,
I snatch’d up, thrust hard, and so set us gone
Some little way; and straight commanded all
To help me with their oars, on pain to fall
Again on our confusion. But a sign
I with my head made, and their oars were mine
In all performance. When we off were set,
(Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,
It would again provoke him, but my men
On all sides rush’d about me, to contain,
And said: ‘Unhappy! why will you provoke
A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,
Giv’n with his rock-dart, made the sea thrust back
Our ship so far, and near hand forc’d our wrack?
Should he again but hear your voice resound,
And any word reach, thereby would be found
His dart’s direction, which would, in his fall,
Crush piece-meal us, quite split our ship and all;
So much dart yields the monster.’ Thus urg’d they
Impossible things, in fear; but I gave way
To that wrath which so long I held deprest,
By great necessity conquer’d, in my breast:
‘Cyclop! if any ask thee, who impos’d
Th’ unsightly blemish that thine eye enclos’d,
Say that Ulysses, old Laertes’ son,
Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won
Surname of City-razer, bor’d it out.’

At this, he bray’d so loud, that round about

673 Ulysses’ continued insolence, no more to repeat what he said to the Cyclop, than to let his hearers know epithets, and estimation in the world.—Chapman.
He drove affrighted echoes through the air,
And said: 'O beast! I was premonish'd fair,
By aged prophecy, in one that was
A great and good man, this should come to pass;
And how 'tis prov'd now! Augur Telemus,
Surname'd Eurymides (that spent with us
His age in augury, and did exceed
In all presage of truth) said all this deed
Should this event take, author'd by the hand
Of one Ulysses, who I thought was mann'd
With great and goodly personage, and bore
A virtue answerable; and this shore
Should shake with weight of such a conqueror;
When now a weakling came, a dwarfy thing,
A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,
That brought supply to all, and with his wine
Put out the flame where all my light did shine.
Come, land again, Ulysses! that my hand
May guest-rites give thee, and the great command,
That Neptune hath at sea, I may convert
To the deduction where abides thy heart,
With my solicitings, whose son I am,
And whose fame boasts to bear my father's name.
Nor think my hurt offends me, for my sire
Can soon repose in it the visual fire,
At his free pleasure; which no pow'r beside
Can boast, of men, or of the Deified.'

I answer'd: 'Would to God I could compell
Both life and soul from thee, and send to hell
Those spoils of nature! Hardly Neptune then
Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again.'

703. Repose—(Lat.) replace.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Then flew fierce vows to Neptune, both his hands 710.
To star-born heav'n cast: 'O thou that all lands
Gird'st in thy ambient circle, and in air
Shak'st the curl'd tresses of thy sapphire hair,
If I be thine, or thou mayst justly vaunt
Thou art my father, hear me now, and grant
That this Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
That dwells in Ithaca, and name hath won
Of City-ruiner, may never reach
His natural region. Or if to fetch
That, and the sight of his fair roofs and friends, 720.
Be fatal to him, let him that amends
For all his miseries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and fail of; nor that fate fulfill,
Till all his soldiers quite are cast away
In others' ships. And when, at last, the day 725
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling show,
Let Detriment prepare him wrongs enow.'

Thus pray'd he Neptune; who, his sire, appear'd,
And all his pray'r to ev'ry syllable heard.
But then a rock, in size more amplified 730.
Than first, he ravish'd to him, and implied
A dismal strength in it, when, wheel'd about,
He sent it after us; nor flew it out
From any blind aim, for a little pass
Beyond our fore-deck from the fall there was,
With which the sea our ship gave back upon,
And shrunk up into billows from the stone,
Our ship again repelling near as near
The shore as first. But then our rowers were,

721 Fatal—ordained by fate.
Being warn'd, more arm'd, and stronglier stemm'd the flood
That bore back on us, till our ship made good
The other island, where our whole fleet lay,
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay,
And ev'ry minute look'd when we should land.
Where, now arriv'd, we drew up to the sand,
The Cyclops' sheep dividing, that none there
Of all our privates might be wrung, and bear
Too much on pow'r. The ram yet was alone
By all my friends made all my portion
Above all others; and I made him then
A sacrifice for me and all my men
To cloud-compelling Jove that all commands,
To whom I burn'd the thighs; but my sad hands
Receiv'd no grace from him, who studied how
To offer men and fleet to overthrow.

All day, till sun-set, yet, we sat and eat,
And lib'ral store took in of wine and meat.
The sun then down, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept. Morn came, my men I rais'd, and made
All go aboard, weigh anchor, and away.
They boarded, sat, and beat the aged sea;
And forth we made sail, sad for loss before,
And yet had comfort since we lost no more.”

No occasion let pass to Ulysses' piety in our Poet's singular wit and wisdom.—Chapman.

FINIS LIBRI NONI HOM. ODYSS.
THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses now relates to us
The grace he had with Æolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow Winds;
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gives Ulysses; all but one,
Which Zephyr was, who fill'd alone
Ulysses' sails. The bag once seen,
While he slept, by Ulysses' men,
They thinking it did gold enclose,
To find it, all the winds did loose,
Who back flew to their Guard again.
Forth sail'd he: and did next attain
To where the Laestrygonians dwell.
Where he eleven ships lost, and fell
On the Æacan coast, whose shore
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,
Dividing with him half his men.
Who go, and turn no more again,
All, save Eurylochus, to swine
By Circe turn'd. Their stays incline
Ulysses to their search; who got
Of Mercury an antidote,
Which moly was, 'gainst Circe's charms,
And so avoids his soldiers' harms.
A year with Circe all remain,
And then their native forms regain.
On utter shores a time they dwell,
While Ithacus descends to hell.
O the Æolian island we attain'd,
That swum about still on the sea, where
regn'd
The God-lov'd Æolus Hippotades.
A wall of steel it had; and in the seas
A wave-beat-smooth rock mov'd about the wall.
Twelve children in his house imperial
Were born to him; of which six daughters were,
And six were sons, that youth's sweet flow'r did bear.
His daughters to his sons he gave as wives;
Who spent in feastful comforts all their lives,
Close seated by their sire and his grave spouse.
Past number were the dishes that the house
Made ever savour; and still full the hall
As long as day shin'd; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaste wives, each his fair carv'd bed
Most richly furnish'd; and this life they led.

We reach'd the city and fair roofs of these,
Where, a whole month's time, all things that might please
The king vouchsaf'd us; of great Troy inquir'd,
The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks retir'd.
To all which I gave answer as behov'd.

The fit time come when I dismissal mov'd,
He nothing would deny me, but addrest
My pass with such a bounty, as might best
Teach me contentment; for he did enfold
Within an ox-hide, flay'd at nine years old,
All th' airy blasts that were of stormy kinds.
Saturnius made him Steward of his Winds,
And gave him pow'r to raise and to assuage.
And these he gave me, curb'd thus of their rage,
Which in a glitt'ring silver band I bound,
And hung-up in my ship, enclos'd so round
That no egression any breath could find;
Only he left abroad the Western Wind,
To speed our ships, and us with blasts secure.
But our securities made all unsure;
Nor could he consummate our course alone,
When all the rest had got egression;
Which thus succeeded: Nine whole days and nights
We sail'd in safety; and the tenth, the lights
Borne on our country-earth we might desery,
So near we drew; and yet ev'n then fell I,
Being overwatch'd, into a fatal sleep,
For I would suffer no man else to keep
The foot that rul'd my vessel's course, to lead
The faster home. My friends then Envy fed
About the bag I hung-up, and suppos'd
That gold and silver I had there enclos'd,
As gift from Æolus, and said: 'O heav'n!
What grace and grave price is by all men giv'n
To our commander! Whatsoever coast
Or town he comes to, how much he engrost
Of fair and precious prey, and brought from Troy!
We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy
In our return these empty hands for all.
This bag, now, Æolus was so liberal

45 ἴδια ρής—He calls the stern the foot of the ship.
To make a guest-gift to him; let us try
Of what consists the fair-bound treasury,
And how much gold and silver it contains.'

They op'd the bag, and out the vapours brake,
When instant tempest did our vessel take,
That bore us back to sea, to mourn anew
Our absent country. Up amaz'd I flew,
And desp'rate things discours'd; if I should cast
Myself to ruin in the seas, or taste
Amongst the living more moan, and sustain?
Silent, I did so, and lay hid again
Beneath the hatches, while an ill wind took
My ships back to Æolia, my men strook
With woe enough. We pump'd and landed then,
Took food, for all this; and of all my men
I took a herald to me, and away
Went to the court of Æolus, where they
Were feasting still; he, wife, and children, set
Together close. We would not at their meat
Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.
He then, amaz'd, my presence wonder'd at,
And call'd to me: 'Ulysses! How thus back
Art thou arriv'd here? What foul spirit brake
Into thy bosom, to retire thee thus?
We thought we had deductions curious
Giv'n thee before, to reach thy shore and home;
Did it not like thee? I, ev'n overcome
With worthy sorrow, answer'd: 'My ill men
Have done me mischief, and to them hath been
My sleep th' unhappy motive; but do you,
Dearest of friends, deign succour to my vow.
Your pow'rs command it.' Thus endeavour'd I
With soft speech to repair my misery.
The rest with ruth sat dumb. But thus spake he:
'Avault, and quickly quit my land of thee,
Thou worst of all that breathe. It fits not me
To convoy, and take-in, whom Heav'ns expose.
Away, and with thee go the worst of woes,
That seek'st my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.'

Thus he dismiss'd me sighing. Forth we sail'd,
At heart afflicted. And now wholly fail'd
The minds my men sustain'd, so spent they were
With toiling at their oars, and worse did bear
Their growing labours; and they caus'd their grought
By self-will'd follies; nor now ever thought
To see their country more. Six nights and days
We sail'd; the seventh we saw fair Lamos raise
Her lofty tow'rs, the Laestrygonian state
That bears her ports so far disterminate;
Where shepherd shepherd calls out, he at home
Is call'd out by the other that doth come
From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleep,
The other issuing; he whose turn doth keep

101 *Growth*—growth. So spelt for rhyme's sake.
107 This place suffers different construction in all the Commentors; in which all err from the mind of the Poet, as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approve) especially about ἐγγός γὰρ νυκτὸς, &c. *Prope enim noctis et dies sunt vice* (or similiter, which ἐγγός signifies) which they will have to be understood, that the days in that region are long, and the nights short; where Homer intends, that the equinoctial is there; for how else is the course of day and night near or equal? But therefore the night's-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other; and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were so long, why should the night's-man be preferred in wages?—CHAPMAN.
The night observance hath his double hire,
Since day and night in equal length expire
About that region, and the night's watch weigh'd
At twice the day's ward, since the charge that's laid
Upon the night's-man (besides breach of sleep)
Exceeds the days-man's; for one oxen keep,
The other sheep. But when the haven we found,
(Exceeding famous, and environ'd round)
With one continuant rock, which so much bent
That both ends almost met, so prominent
They were, and made the haven's mouth passing strait)
Our whole fleet in we got; in whose receit
Our ships lay anchor'd close. Nor needed we
Fear harm on any stays, Tranquillity
So purely sat there, that waves great nor small
Did ever rise to any height at all.
And yet would I no entry make, but stay'd
Alone without the haven, and thence survey'd,
From out a lofty watch-tow'r raised there,
The country round about; nor anywhere
The work of man or beast appear'd to me,
Only a smoke from earth break I might see.
I then made choice of two, and added more,
A herald for associate, to explore
What sort of men liv'd there. They went, and saw
A beaten way, through which carts us'd to draw
Wood from the high hills to the town, and met
A maid without the port, about to get
Some near spring-water. She the daughter was
Of mighty Læstrygonian Antiphas,

For being cast on the stays, as ships are by weather.

CHAPMAN.
And to the clear spring call'd Artacia went,
To which the whole town for their water sent.
To her they came, and ask'd who govern'd there,
And what the people whom he order'd were?
She answer'd not, but led them through the port,
As making haste to show her father's court.
Where enter'd, they beheld, to their affright,
A woman like a mountain-top in height,
Who rush'd abroad, and from the council-place
Call'd home her horrid husband Antiphas.

Who, deadly-minded, straight he snatch'd up one,
And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;
And to the fleet came. Antiphas a cry
Drave through the city; which heard, instantly
This way and that innumerable sorts,
Not men, but giants, issued through the ports,
And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they threw
Amongst our ships; through which an ill noise flew
Of shiver'd ships, and life-expiring men,
That were, like fishes, by the monsters slain,
And borne to sad feast. While they slaughter'd these,
That were engag'd in all th' advantages
The close-mouth'd and most dead-calm haven could
give,
I, that without lay, made some means to live,
My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oars
Set all my men; and, from the plagues those shores
Let fly amongst us, we made haste to fly,
My men close working as men loth to die.
My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay
On heaps in harbours could enforce no way

150 Antiphas was king there.—Chapman.
Through these stern fates that had engag'd them there.
Forth our sad remnant sail'd, yet still retain'd
The joys of men, that our poor few remain'd.

Then to the isle Ææa we attain'd,
Where fair-hair'd, dreadful, eloquent Circe reign'd,
Ææta's sister both by dame and sire,
Both daughters to Heav'n's man-enlight'ning Fire,
And Perse, whom Oceanus begat.
The ship-fit port here soon we landed at,
Some God directing us. Two days, two nights,
We lay here pining in the fatal spights
Of toil and sorrow; but the next third day
When fair Aurora had inform'd, quick way
I made out of my ship, my sword and lance
Took for my surer guide, and made advance
Up to a prospect; I assay to see
The works of men, or hear mortality
Exspire a voice. When I had climb'd a height,
Rough and right hardly accessible, I might
Behold from Circe's house, that in a grove
Set thick with trees stood, a bright vapour move.
I then grew curious in my thought to try
Some fit inquiry, when so spritely fly
I saw the yellow smoke; but my discourse
A first retiring to my ship gave force,
To give my men their dinner, and to send
(Before th' adventure of myself) some friend.
Being near my ship, of one so desolate
Some God had pity, and would recreate

182 Μερμαίρω, curiosè cogito.—CHAPMAN.
194 Ἀἴθωπα καπνὸν. Ἀἴθωπ σημαίνειν rutilus, by reason of
the fire mixed with it. Fumus qui fit dum aliquid accenditur.
    CHAPMAN.
My woes a little, putting up to me
A great and high-palm'd hart, that (fatally,
Just in my way, itself to taste a flood)
Was then descending; the sun heat had sure
Importun'd him, besides the temperature
His natural heat gave. Howsoever, I
Made up to him, and let my jav'lin fly,
That struck him through the mid-part of his chine,
And made him, braying, to the dust confine
His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew;
When I stept in, and from the death's wound drew
My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie
Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply
A withe a fathom long, with which his feet
I made together in a sure league meet,
Stoop'd under him, and to my neck I heav'd
The mighty burden, of which I receiv'd
A good part on my lance, for else I could
By no means with one hand alone uphold
(Join'd with one shoublcr) such a deathful load.
And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stoo1
Needful assistants; for it was a deer
Goodly-well-grown. When (coming something near
Where rode my ships) I cast it down, and rear'd
My friends with kind words; whom by name I cheer'd
In note particular, and said: 'See friends,
We will not yet to Pluto's house; our ends
Shall not be hasten'd, though we be declin'd
In cause of comfort, till the day design'd
By Fate's fix'd finger. Come, as long as food
Or wine lasts in our ship, let's spirit our blood,
And quit our care and hunger both in one.'
This said, they frolick'd, came, and look'd upon
With admiration the huge-bodied beast;
And when their first-serv'd eyes had done their feast,
They wash'd, and made a to-be-striv'd-for meal
In point of honour. On which all did dwell
The whole day long. And, to our venison's store,
We added wine till we could wish no more.

Sun set, and darkness up, we slept, till light
Put darkness down; and then did I excite
My friends to counsel, ut'tring this: 'Now, friends,
Afford unpassionate ear; though ill Fate lends
So good cause to your passion, no man knows
The reason whence and how the darkness grows;
The reason how the morn is thus begun;
The reason how the man-enlight'ning sun
Dives under earth; the reason how again
He rears his golden head. Those counsels, then,
That pass our comprehension, we must leave
To him that knows their causes; and receive
Direction from him in our acts, as far
As he shall please to make them regular,
And stoop them to our reason. In our state
What then behoves us? Can we estimate,
With all our counsels, where we are? Or know
(Without instruction, past our own skills) how,

235 Ἐρυκυόεα δαίτα.—CHAPMAN.
241 The whole end of this counsel was to persuade his
soldiers to explore those parts, which he knew would prove
a most unpleasing motion to them: for their fellows' terrible
entertainment with Antiphæs, and Polyph, and therefore he
prepares the little he hath to say with this long circum-
stance; implying a necessity of that service, and necessary
resolution to add the trial of the event to their other
adventures.—CHAPMAN.
Put off from hence, to steer our course the more?  
I think we cannot. We must then explore  
These parts for information; in which way  
We thus far are: Last morn I might display  
(From off a high-rais'd cliff) an island lie  
Girt with th' unmeasur'd sea, and is so nigh  
That in the midst I saw the smoke arise  
Through tufts of trees. This rests then to advise,  
Who shall explore this? This struck dead their hearts,  
Rememb'ring the most execrable parts  
That Læstrygonian Antiphas had play'd,  
And that foul Cyclop that their fellows Bray'd  
Betwixt his jaws; which mov'd them so, they cried.  
But idle tears had never wants supplied.  
I in two parts divided all, and gave  
To either part his captain. I must have  
The charge of one; and one of God-like look,  
Eurylochus, the other. Lots we shook,  
Put in a casque together, which of us  
Should lead th' attempt; and 'twas Eurylochus.  
He freely went, with two-and-twenty more;  
All which took leave with tears; and our eyes wore  
The same wet badge of weak humanity.  
These in a dale did Circe's house descry,  
Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way.  
Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions, lay;  
Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she made,  
That wolf nor lion would one man invade  
With any violence, but all arose,  
Their huge long tails wagg'd, and in fawns would close,  
As loving dogs, when masters bring them home  
Relics of feast, in all observance come,
And soothe their entries with their fawns and hounds,
All guests still bringing some scraps for their hounds;
So, on these men, the wolves and lions ramp'd,
Their horrid paws set up. Their spirits were damp'd
To see such monstrous kindness, stay'd at gate,
And heard within the Goddess elevate
A voice divine, as at her web she wrought,
Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought,
As all the housewif'ries of Deities are.
To hear a voice so ravishingly rare,
Polités (one exceeding dear to me,
A prince of men, and of no mean degree
In knowing virtue, in all acts whose mind
Discreet cares all ways us'd to turn, and wind)
Was yet surpris'd with it, and said: 'O friends,
Some one abides within here, that commends
The place to us, and breathes a voice divine,
As she some web wrought, or her spindle's twine
She cherish'd with her song; the pavement rings
With imitation of the tunes she sings.
Some woman, or some Goddess, 'tis. Assay
To see with knocking.' Thus said he, and they
Both knock'd, and call'd; and straight her shining gates
She open'd, issuing, bade them in to cates.
Led, and unwise, they follow'd; all but one,
Which was Eurylochus, who stood alone
Without the gates, suspicious of a sleight.
They enter'd, she made sit; and her deceit
She cloak'd with thrones, and goodly chairs of state;
Set herby honey, and the delicate
Wine brought from Smyrna, to them; meal and cheese;

301 Κεδός, cujus animus curas prudentes versat. — Chapman.
But harmful venoms she commix'd with these,
That made their country vanish from their thought.
Which eat, she touch'd them with a rod that wrought
Their transformation far past human woes;
Swine's snouts, swine's bodies, took they, bristles, grunts,
But still retain'd the souls they had before,
Which made them mourn their bodies' change the more.
She shut them straight in styes, and gave them meat,
Oak-mast, and beech, and cornel-fruit, they eat,
Grow'ling like swine on earth, in foulest sort.
Eurylochus straight hasted the report
Of this his fellows' most remorseful fate,
Came to the ships, but so excruciate
Was with his woe, he could not speak a word,
His eyes stood full of tears, which show'd how stor'd
His mind with moan remain'd. We all admir'd,
Ask'd what had chanc'd him, earnestly desir'd
He would resolve us. At the last, our eyes
Enflam'd in him his fellows' memories,
And out his grief burst thus: 'You will'd; we went
Through those thick woods you saw; when a descent
Show'd us a fair house, in a lightsome ground,
Where, at some work, we heard a heav'ny sound
Breath'd from a Goddess', or a woman's, breast.
They knock'd, she op'd her bright gates; each her guest
Her fair invitement made; nor would they stay,
Fools that they were, when she once led the way.
I enter'd not, suspecting some deceit.
When all together vanish'd, nor the sight
Of any one (though long I look'd) mine eye
Could any way discover.' Instantly,

—Chapman.
My sword and bow reach'd, I bad show the place,
When down he fell, did both my knees embrace,
And pray'd with tears thus: 'O thou kept of God,
Do not thyself lose, nor to that abode
Lead others rashly; both thyself, and all
Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall
In one sure ruin. With these few then fly;
We yet may shun the others' destiny.'

I answer'd him: 'Eurylochus! Stay thou,
And keep the ship then, eat and drink; I now
Will undertake th' adventure; there is cause
In great Necessity's unalter'd laws.'
This said, I left both ship and seas, and on
Along the sacred valleys all alone
Went in discov'ry, till at last I came
Where of the main-medicine-making Dame
I saw the great house; where encounter'd me
The golden-rod-sustaining Mercury,
Ev'n ent'ring Circe's doors. He met me in
A young man's likeness, of the first-flow'r'd chin,
Whose form hath all the grace of one so young.
He first call'd to me, then my hand he wrung,
And said: 'Thou no-place-finding-for-repose,
Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes
Thy erring foot? Th' art ent'ring Circe's house,
Where, by her medicines, black, and sorcerous,
Thy soldiers all are shut in well-arm'd styes,
And turn'd to swine. Art thou arriv'd with prize
Fit for their ransoms? Thou com'st out no more,
If once thou ent'rest, like thy men before
Made to remain here. But I'll guard thee free,
And save thee in her spite. Receive of me
This fair and good receipt; with which once arm'd,
Enter her roofs, for th' art to all proof charm'd
Against the ill day. I will tell thee all
Her baneful counsel: With a festival
She'll first receive thee, but will spice thy bread
With flow'ry poisons; yet unalter'd
Shall thy firm form be, for this remedy
Stands most approv'd 'gainst all her sorcery,
Which thus particularly shun: when she
Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantly
Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and fly on her
As to her slaughter. She; surpris'd with fear
And love, at first, will bid thee to her bed.
Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcomed
Thou may'st with all respect be, and procure
Thy fellows' freedoms. But before, make sure
Her favours to thee; and the great oath take
With which the bless'd Gods assurance make
Of all they promise; that no prejudice
(By stripping thee of form, and faculties)
She may so much as once attempt on thee.'
This said, he gave his antidote to me,
Which from the earth he pluck'd, and told me all
The virtue of it, with what Deities call
The name it bears; and Moly they impose
For name to it. The root is hard to loose
From hold of earth by mortals; but God's pow'r
Can all things do. 'Tis black, but bears a flow'ry

406 The herb Moly, which, with Ulysses' whole narration, hath in chief an allegorical exposition. Notwithstanding I say with our Spoudanus, Credo in hoc vasto mundi ambitu extare res innumeræs mirandæ facultatis; adeo, ut ne quidem ista que ad transformandâ corpora pertinet, jure è mundo eximî possit. Æc.—CHAPMAN. For an account of the μῶλα see Classical Mus. vol. v. p. 58.
As white as milk. And thus flew Mercury
Up to immense Olympus, gliding by
The sylvan island. I made back my way
To Circe's house, my mind of my assay
Much thought revolving. At her gates I stay'd
And call'd; she heard, and her bright doors display'd,
Invited, led; I follow'd in, but trac'd
With some distraction. In a throne she plac'd
My welcome person; of a curious frame
'Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame;
A foot-stool added. In a golden bowl
She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul
Deform'd things thinking; for amidst the wine
She mix'd her man-transforming medicine;
Which when she saw I had devour'd, she then
No more observ'd me with her soothing vein,
But struck me with her rod, and to her stye
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellows lie.
I drew, my sword, and charg'd her, as I meant
To take her life. When out she cried, and bent
Beneath my sword her knees, embracing mine,
And, full of tears, said: 'Who? Of what high line
Art thou the issue? Whence? What shores sustain
Thy native city? I amaz'd remain
That, drinking these my venoms, th' art not turn'd.
Never drunk any this cup but he mourn'd
In other likeness, if it once had pass'd
The ivory bounders of his tongue and taste.
All but thyself are brutishly declin'd.
Thy breast holds firm yet, and unchang'd thy mind.
Thou canst be therefore none else but the man
Of many virtues, Ithacensian,
Deep-soul'd Ulysses, who, I oft was told,
By that sly God that bears the rod of gold,
Was to arrive here in retreat from Troy.

Sheathe then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy
So much a man, that when the bed we prove,
We may believe in one another's love.'

I then: 'O Circe, why entreat'st thou me
To mix in any human league with thee,
When thou my friends hast beasts turn'd; and thy bed
Tender'st to me, that I might likewise lead
A beast's life with thee, soften'd, naked stripp'd
That in my blood thy banes may more be steep'd?
I never will ascend thy bed, before,
I may affirm, that in heav'n's sight you swore
The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt
To do me ill is from your thoughts exempt.'

I said, she swore, when, all the oath-rites said,
I then ascended her adorn'd bed,
But thus prepar'd: Four handmaids serv'd her there,
That daughters to her silver fountains were,
To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods,
And to her uncut consecrated woods.
One deck'd the throne-tops with rich cloths of state,
And did with silks the foot-pace consecrate.
Another silver tables set before
The pompous throne, and golden dishes' store
Serv'd in with sev'ral feast. A third fill'd wine.
The fourth brought water, and made fuel shine
In ruddy fires beneath a womb of brass.
Which heat, I bath'd; and od'rous water was
Disperpled lightly on my head and neck,
That might my late heart-hurting sorrows check

Disperpled—sprinkled.
With the refreshing sweetness; and, for that, 
Men sometimes may be something delicate.
Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a throne 
Of massy silver, and of fashion 
Exceeding curious. A fair foot-stool set, 
Water appos'd, and ev'ry sort of meat 
Set on th' elaborately-polish'd board, 
She wish'd my taste employ'd; but not a word 
Would my ears taste of taste; my mind had food 
That must digest; eye-meat would do me good. 
Circe (observing that I put no hand 
To any banquet, having countermand 
From weightier cares the light cates could excuse) 
Bowing her near me, these wing'd words did use: 
'Why sits Ulysses like one dumb, his mind 
Less'ning with languors? Nor to food inclin'd, 
Nor wine? Whence comes it? Out of any fear 
Of more illusion? You must needs forbear 
That wrongful doubt, since you have heard me swear.' 
'O Circe!' I replied, 'what man is he, 
Aw'd with the rights of true humanity, 
That dares taste food or wine, before he sees 
His friends redeem'd from their deformities? 
If you be gentle, and indeed incline 
To let me taste the comfort of your wine, 
Dissolve the charms that their fore'd forms enchain, 
And show me here my honour'd friends like men.' 
This said, she left her throne, and took her rod, 
Went to her stye, and let my men abroad, 
Like swine of nine years old. They opposite stood, 
Observ'd their brutish form, and look'd for food; 
When, with another med'cine, ev'ry one
All over smear'd, their bristles all were gone,
Produc'd by malice of the other bane,
And ev'ry one, afresh, look'd up a man,
Both younger than they were, of stature more,
And all their forms much goodlier than before.
All knew me, cling'd about me, and a cry
Of pleasing mourning flew about so high
The horrid roof resounded; and the queen
Herself was mov'd to see our kind so keen,
Who bad me now bring ship and men ashore,
Our arms, and goods in caves hid; and restore
Myself to her, with all my other men.
I granted, went, and op'd the weeping vein
In all my men; whose violent joy to see
My safe return was passing kindly free
Of friendly tears, and miserably wept.
You have not seen young heifers (highly kept,
Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and driv'n
Home to their hovels, all so spritely giv'n
That no room can contain them, but about
Bace by the dams, and let their spirits out
In ceaseless bleating) of more jocund plight
Than my kind friends, ev'n crying out with sight
Of my return so doubted; circled me
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
Dispos'd their rapt minds, as if there they saw
Their natural country, cliffy Ithaca,
And ev'n the roofs where they were bred and born,
And vow'd as much, with tears: 'O your return

527 Bace—run by. So the game of Prisoners' Base.\(\text{Cot-}\)
grave says under the word "barres," "the play at Bace, or Prison Bars."
As much delights us as in you had come
Our country to us, and our natural home.
But what unhappy fate hath reft our friends?'
I gave unlook'd-for answer, that amends
Made for their mourning, bad them first of all
Our ship ashore draw, then in caverns stall
Our foody cattle, hide our mutual prize,
'And then,' said I, 'attend me, that your eyes,
In Circe's sacred house, may see each friend
Eating and drinking banquets out of end.'

They soon obey'd; all but Eurylochus,
Who needs would stay them all, and counsell'd thus:

'O wretches! whither will ye? Why are you
Fond of your mischiefs, and such gladness show
For Circe's house, that will transform ye all
To swine, or wolves, or lions? Never shall
Our heads get out, if once within we be,
But stay compell'd by strong necessity.
So wrought the Cyclop, when t' his cave our friends
This bold one led on, and brought all their ends
By his one indiscretion.' I for this
Thought with my sword (that desp'rate head of his
Hewn from his neck) to gash upon the ground
His mangled body, though my blood was bound
In near alliance to him. But the rest
With humble suit contain'd me, and request,
That I would leave him with my ship alone,
And to the sacred palace lead them on.

I led them; nor Eurylochus would stay
From their attendance on me, our late fray
Struck to his heart so. But mean time, my men,
In Circe's house, were all, in sev'ral bain,
Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oil, and deck'd
With in and out weeds, and a feast secret
Serv'd in before them; at which close we found
They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.
When mutual sight had, and all thought on, then
Feast was forgotten, and the moan again
About the house flew, driv'n with wings of joy.
But then spake Circe: 'Now, no more annoy.
I know myself what woes by sea, and shore,
And men unjust have plagued enough before
Your injur'd virtues. Here then feast as long,
And be as cheerful, till ye grow as strong
As when ye first forsook your country-earth.
Ye now fare all like exiles; not a mirth,
Flash'd in amongst ye, but is quench'd again
With still-renew'd tears, though the beaten vein
Of your distresses should, methink, be now
Benumb with suff'rance.' We did well allow
Her kind persuasions, and the whole year stay'd
In varied feast with her. When, now array'd
The world was with the spring, and orby hours
Had gone the round again through herbs and flow'rs,
The months absolv'd in order, till the days
Had run their full race in Apollo's rays,
My friends remember'd me of home, and said,
If ever fate would sign my pass, delay'd
It should be now no more. I heard them well,
Yet that day spent in feast, till darkness fell,

570 In sev'ral bain—each in a bath. (French.)
573 Φράσταντό τε πάντα. Commemorabuntque omnia. Intending all their miseries, escapes, and meetings.—Chapman.
582 Remembered—reminded.
And sleep his virtues through our vapours shed.
When I ascended sacred Circe’s bed,
Implor’d my pass, and her performed vow
Which now my soul urg’d, and my soldiers now
Afflicted me with tears to get them gone.
All these I told her, and she answer’d these:
‘Much-skill’d Ulysses Laertiades!
Remain no more against your wills with me,
But take your free way; only this must be
Perform’d before you steer your course for home:
You must the way to Pluto overcome,
And stern Persephoné, to form your pass,
By th’ aged Theban soul Tiresias,
The dark-brow’d prophet, whose soul yet can see
Clearly, and firmely; grave Persephoné,
Ev’n dead, gave him a mind, that he alone
Might sing truth’s solid wisdom, and not one
Prove more than shade in his comparison.’

This broke my heart; I sunk into my bed,
Mourn’d, and would never more be comforted
With light, nor life. But having now exprest
My pains enough to her in my unrest,
That so I might prepare her ruth, and get
All I held fit for an affair so great,
I said: ‘O Circe, who shall steer my course
To Pluto’s kingdom? Never ship had force
To make that voyage.’ The divine-in-voice
Said: ‘Seek no guide, raise you your mast, and hoise
Your ship’s white sails, and then sit you at peace,
The fresh North Spirit shall waft ye through the seas.
But, having past the ocean, you shall see
A little shore, that to Persephoné
Puts up a consecrated wood, where grows
Tall firs, and sallows that their fruits soon lose.
Cast anchor in the gulfs, and go alone
To Pluto’s dark house, where, to Acheron
Cocytus runs, and Pyriphlegethon,
Cocytus born of Styx, and where a rock
Of both the met floods bears the roaring shock.
The dark heroë, great Tiresias,
Now coming near, to gain propitious pass,
Dig of a cubit ev’ry way a pit,
And pour to all that are deceas’d in it
A solemn sacrifice. For which, first take
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make;
Then sweet wine neat; and thirdly water pour;
And lastly add to these the whitest flour.
Then vow to all the weak necks of the dead
Off’rings a number; and, when thou shalt tread
The Ithacensian shore, to sacrifice
A heifer never-tam’d, and most of prize,
A pile of all thy most esteem’d goods
Enflaming to the dear streams of their bloods;
And, in secret rites, to Tiresias vow
A ram coal-black at all parts, that doth flow
With fat and fleece, and all thy flocks doth lead.
When the all-calling nation of the dead
Thou thus hast pray’d to, offer on the place
A ram and ewe all black; being turn’d in face
To dreadful Erebus, thyself aside
The flood’s shore walking. And then, gratified

Which is expounded Inclyta ex-
amina mortuorum; but κλυτός is the epithet of Pluto, and
by analogy belongs to the dead, quod ad se omnes advocat.

CHAPMAN.
With flocks of souls of men and dames deceas'd
Shall all thy pious rites be. Straight address'd
See then the off'ring that thy fellows slew,
Flay'd, and impos'd in fire; and all thy crew
Pray to the state of either Deity,
Grave Pluto, and severe Persephoné.
Then draw thy sword, stand firm, nor suffer one
Of all the faint shades of the dead and gone
T' approach the blood, till thou hast heard their king,
The wise Tiresias; who thy offering
Will instantly do honour, thy home-ways,
And all the measure of them by the seas,
Amply unfolding.' This the Goddess told;
And then the Morning in her throne of gold
Survey'd the vast world; by whose orient light
The Nymph adorn'd me with attires as bright,
Her own hands putting on both shirt and weed,
Robes fine, and curious, and upon my head
An ornament that glitter'd like a flame,
Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came
Amongst my soldiers, rous'd them all from sleep,
And bad them now no more observance keep
Of ease, and feast, but straight a-shipboard fall,
For now the Goddess had inform'd me all.
Their noble spirits agreed; nor yet so clear
Could I bring all off, but Elpenor there
His heedless life left. He was youngest man
Of all my company, and one that wan
Least fame for arms, as little for his brain;
Who (too much steep'd in wine, and so made fain
To get refreshing by the cool of sleep,
Apart his fellows, plung'd in vapours deep,
And they as high in tumult of their way
Suddenly wak’d and (quite out of the stay
A sober mind had giv’n him) would descend
A huge long ladder, forward, and an end
Fell from the very roof, full pitching on
The dearest joint his head was plac’d upon,
Which, quite dissolv’d, let loose his soul to hell.
I to the rest, and Circe’s means did tell
Of our return, as erossing clean the hope
I gave them first, and said: ‘You think the scope
Of our endeavours now is straight for home;
No; Circe otherwise design’d, whose doom
Enjoin’d us first to greet the dreadful house
Of austere Pluto and his glorious spouse,
To take the counsel of Tiresias,
The rev’rend Theban, to direct our pass.’
This brake their hearts, and grief made tear their hair.
But grief was never good at great affair;
It would have way yet. We went woful on
To ship and shore, where was arriv’d as soon
Circe unseen, a black ewe and a ram
Binding for sacrifice, and, as she came,
Vanish’d again unwitness’d by our eyes;
Which griev’d not us, nor check’d our sacrifice,
For who would see God, loth to let us see,
This way or that bent; still his ways are free.

FINIS DECIMI LIBRI HOM. ODYSS.
THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The Argument.

Ulysses' way to Hell appears;
Where he the grave Tiresias hears;
Enquires his own and others' fates;
His mother sees, and th' after states
In which were held by sad decease
Heroës, and Heroesses,
A number, that at Troy wag'd war;
As Ajax that was still at jar
With Ithacus, for th' arms he lost;
And with the great Achilles' ghost.

Another Argument.

Δάμβα. Ulysses here
Invokes the dead.
The lives appear
Hereafter led.

Arrived now at our ship, we launch'd,
and set
Our mast up, put forth sail, and in did get
Our late-got cattle. Up our sails, we went,
My wayward fellows mourning now th' event.
A good companion yet, a foreright wind,
Circe (the excellent ut'trer of her mind)

*They mourned the event before they knew it.—Chapman.*
Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was
Both speed and guide to our adventurous pass.
All day our sails stood to the winds, and made
Our voyage prosp'rous. Sun then set, and shade
All ways obscuring, on the bounds we fell
Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell
Whom a perpetual cloud obscures outright,
To whom the cheerful sun lends never light,
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven,
Nor when he stoops earth, and sets up the even,
But night holds fix'd wings, feather'd all with banes,
Above those most unblest Cimmerians.
Here drew we up our ship, our sheep withdrew,
And walk'd the shore till we attain'd the view,
Of that sad region Circe had foreshow'd;
And then the sacred off'rings to be vow'd
Eurylochus and Persimedes bore.
When I my sword drew, and earth's womb did gore
Till I a pit digg'd of a cubit round,
Which with the liquid sacrifice we crown'd,
First honey mix'd with wine, then sweet wine neat,
Then water pour'd in, last the flour of wheat.
Much I importun'd then the weak-neck'd dead,
And vow'd, when I the barren soil should tread
Of clifty Ithaca, amidst my hall
To kill a heifer, my clear best of all,
And give in off'ring, on a pile compos'd
Of all the choice goods my whole house enclos'd.
And to Tiresias himself, alone,
A sheep coal-black, and the selectest one
Of all my flocks. When to the Pow'rs beneath,
The sacred nation that survive with death,
My pray'rs and vows had done devotions fit,
I took the off'ring, and upon the pit
Bereft their lives. Out gush'd the sable blood,
And round about me fled out of the flood.
The souls of the deceas'd. There cluster'd then
Youths, and their wives, much-suff'ring aged men,
Soft tender virgins that but new came there
By timeless death, and green their sorrows were.
There men-at-arms, with armours all embrew'd,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd,
In numbers, up and down the ditch, did stalk,
And threw unmeasur'd cries about their walk,
So horrid that a bloodless fear surpris'd
My daunted spirits. Straight then I advis'd
My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifice,
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,
Stern Pluto and Persephoné, apply
Exciteful pray'rs. Then drew I from my thigh
My well-edg'd sword, stept in, and firmly stood
Betwixt the prease of shadows and the blood,
And would not suffer any one to dip
Within our off'ring his unsolid lip,
Before Tiresias that did all controul.
The first that press'd in was Elpenor's soul,
His body in the broad-way'd earth as yet
Unmourn'd, unburied by us, since we swet
With other urgent labours. Yet his smart
I wept to see, and rued it from my heart,
Enquiring how he could before me be
That came by ship? He, mourning, answer'd me:
'In Circe's house, the spite some spirit did bear,
And the unspeakable good liquor there,
Hath been my bane; for, being to descend
A ladder much in height, I did not tend
My way well down, but forwards made a proof
To tread the rounds, and from the very roof
Fell on my neck, and brake it; and this made
My soul thus visit this infernal shade.
And here, by them that next thyself are dear,
Thy wife, and father, that a little one
Gave food to thee, and by thy only son
At home behind thee left, Telemachus,
Do not depart by stealth, and leave me thus,
Unmourn'd, unburied, lest neglected I
Bring on thyself th' incensed Deity.
I know that, sail'd from hence, thy ship must touch
On th' isle Ææa; where vouchsafe thus much,
Good king, that, landed, thou wilt instantly
Bestow on me thy royal memory
To this grace, that my body, arms and all,
May rest consum'd in fiery funeral;
And on the foamy shore a sepulchre
Erect to me, that after-times may hear
Of one so hapless. Let me these implore
And fix upon my sepulchre the oar
With which alive I shook the aged seas,
And had of friends the dear societies.'

I told the wretched soul I would fulfill
And execute to th' utmost point his will;
And, all the time we sadly talk'd, I still
My sword above the blood held, when aside
The idol of my friend still amplified
His plaint, as up and down the shades he err'd.

Misenus apud Virgilium, ingenti mole, &c.—Chapman.
(Æn. vi. 232.)
Then my deceased mother's soul appear'd,
Fair daughter of Autolycus the great,
Grave Anticlea, whom, when forth I set
For sacred Ilion, I had left alive.
Her sight much mov'd me, and to tears did drive
My note of her decease; and yet not she
(Though in my ruth she held the high'st degree)
Would I admit to touch the sacred blood,
Till from Tiresias I had understood
What Circe told me. At the length did land
Theban Tiresias' soul, and in his hand
Sustain'd a golden sceptre, knew me well,
And said: 'O man unhappy, why to hell
Admitt'st thou dark arrival, and the light
The sun gives leav'st, to have the horrid sight
Of this black region, and the shadows here?
Now sheathe thy sharp sword, and the pit forbear,
That I the blood may taste, and then relate
The truth of those acts that affect thy fate.'

I sheath'd my sword, and left the pit, till he,
The black blood tasting, thus instructed me:
'Renown'd Ulysses! All unmask'd I know
That all the cause of thy arrival now
Is to enquire thy wish'd retreat for home;
Which hardly God will let thee overcome,
Since Neptune still will his opposure try,
With all his laid-up anger, for the eye
His lov'd son lost to thee. And yet through all
Thy suff'ring course (which must be capital)
If both thine own affections, and thy friends,
Thou wilt contain, when thy access ascends
The three-fork'd island, having 'scap'd the seas,
Where ye shall find fed on the flow'ry leas
Fat flocks, and oxen, which the Sun doth own,
To whom are all things as well heard as shown,
And never dare one head of those to slay,
But hold unharmful on your wish'd way,
Though through enough affliction, yet secure
Your Fates shall land ye; but presage says sure,
If once ye spoil them, spoil to all thy friends,
Spoil to thy fleet, and if the justice ends
Short of thyself, it shall be long before,
And that length forc'd out with inflictions store,
When, losing all thy fellows, in a sail
Of foreign built (when most thy Fates prevail
In thy deliv'rance) thus th' event shall sort:
Thou shalt find shipwrack raging in thy port,
Proud men thy goods consuming, and thy wife
Urging with gifts, give charge upon thy life.
But all these wrongs revenge shall end to thee,
And force, or cunning, set with slaughter free
The house of all thy spoilers. Yet again
Thou shalt a voyage make, and come to men
That know no sea, nor ships, nor oars that are
Wings to a ship, nor mix with any fare
Salt's savoury vapour. Where thou first shalt land,
This clear-giv'n sign shall let thee understand,
That there those men remain: Assume ashore
Up to thy royal shoulder a ship oar,
With which, when thou shalt meet one on the way
That will in county admiration say

\[135\] Built—build.
\[155\] Men that never eat salt with their food.—Chapman.
\[162\] County.—So the folio, but country is evidently the word.
What dost thou with that wan upon thy neck? There fix that wan thy oar, and that shore deck With sacred rites to Neptune; slaughter there A ram, a bull, and (who for strength doth bear The name of husband to a herd) a boar. And, coming home, upon thy natural shore, Give pious hecatombs to all the Gods, Degrees observ'd. And then the periods Of all thy labours in the peace shall end Of easy death; which shall the less extend His passion to thee, that thy foe, the Sea, Shall not enforce it, but Death's victory Shall chance in only-earnest-pray-vow'd age, Obtain'd at home, quite emptied of his rage, Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest. And here hath Truth summ'd up thy vital rest.' I answer'd him: 'We will suppose all these Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please Tiresias to resolve me, why so near The blood and me my mother's soul doth bear, And yet nor word, nor look, vouchsafe her son? Doth she not know me?' 'No,' said he, 'nor none Of all these spirits, but myself alone, Knows anything till he shall taste the blood. But whomsoever you shall do that good, He will the truth of all you wish unfold; Who you envy it to will all withhold.' Thus said the kingly soul, and made retreat

163 Wan—a provincialism for wand.
165 Θηρα ἐπὶ λιπαρός. Which all translate senectute, sub molli. The epithet λιπαρός not of λιπαρός, viz. pinguis, or λιπαρός, pingüiter, but λιπαρός signifying flagitanter orando. To which pious age is ever altogether addicted.—Chapman.
180 Envy—grudge, deny.
Amidst the inner parts of Pluto's seat,
When he had spoke thus by divine instinct.
Still I stood firm, till to the blood's precinct
My mother came, and drunk; and then she knew
I was her son, had passion to renew
Her natural plaints, which thus she did pursue:
'How is it, O my son, that you alive
This deadly-darksome region underdive?
'Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
And horrid currents, interpose their prease,
Oceanus in chief? Which none (unless
More help'd than you) on foot now can transgress.
A well-built ship he needs that ventures there.
Com'st thou from Troy but now, enforc'd to err
All this time with thy soldiers? Nor has seen,
Ere this long day, thy country, and thy queen?'
I answer'd: 'That a necessary end
To this infernal state made me contend;
That from the wise Tiresias' Theban soul
I might an oracle involv'd unroll;
For I came nothing near Achaia yet,
Nor on our lov'd earth happy foot had set,
But, mishaps suff'ring, err'd from coast to coast,
Ever since first the mighty Grecian host
Divine Atrides led to Ilion,
And I his follower, to set war upon
The rapeful Trojans; and so pray'd she would
The fate of that ungentle death unfold,
That forc'd her thither; if some long disease,
Or that the spleen of her-that-arrows-please,
Diana, envious of most eminent dames,
Had made her th' object of her deadly aims?
My father's state and sons I sought, if they
Kept still my goods? Or they became the prey
Of any other, holding me no more
In pow'r of safe return? Or if my store
My wife had kept together with her son?
If she her first mind held, or had been won
By some chief Grecian from my love and bed?'

All this she answer'd: 'That affliction fed
On her blood still at home, and that to grief.
She all the days and darkness of her life
In tears had consecrate. That none possesst
My famous kingdom's throne, but th' interest
My son had in it still he held in peace,
A court kept like a prince, and his increase
Spent in his subjects' good, administ'ring laws
With justice, and the general applause
A king should merit, and all call'd him king.
My father kept the upland, labouring,
And shunn'd the city, us'd no sumptuous beds,
Wonder'd-at furnitures, nor wealthy weeds,
But in the winter strew'd about the fire
Lay with his slaves in ashes, his attire
Like to a beggar's; when the summer came,
And autumn all fruits ripen'd with his flame,
Where grape-charg'd vines made shadows most abound,
His couch with fall'n leaves made upon the ground,
And here lay he, his sorrow's fruitful state
Increasing as he faded for my fate;
And now the part of age that irksome is
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his
She led, and perish'd in; not slaughter'd by
The Dame that darts lov'd, and her archery;
Nor by disease invaded, vast and foul,
That wastes the body, and sends out the soul
With shame and horror; only in her moan,
For me and my life, she consum'd her own.'

She thus, when I had great desire to prove
My arms the circle where her soul did move.
Thrice prov'd I, thrice she vanish'd like a sleep,
Or fleeting shadow, which struck much more deep
The wounds my woes made, and made ask her why
She would my love to her embraces fly,
And not vouchsafe that ev'n in hell we might
Pay pious Nature her unalter'd right,
And give Vexation here her cruel fill?
Should not the Queen here, to augment the ill
Of ev'ry suff'rance, which her office is,
Enforce thy idol to afford me this?

'O son,' she answer'd, 'of the race of men
The most unhappy, our most equal Queen
Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,
Nor suffer empty shades again t' invade
Flesh, bones, and nerves; nor will defraud the fire
Of his last dues, that, soon as spirits expire
And leave the white bone, are his native right,
When, like a dream, the soul assumes her flight.
The light then of the living with most haste,
O son, contend to. This thy little taste
Of this state is enough; and all this life
Will make a tale fit to be told thy wife.'

This speech we had: when now repair'd to me
More female spirits, by Persephoné
Driv'n on before her. All th' heroës' wives,

258 Proserpine.
And daughters, that led there their second lives,
About the black blood throng'd. Of whom yet more
My mind impell'd me to inquire, before
I let them altogether taste the gore,
For then would all have been dispers'd, and gone
Thick as they came. I, therefore, one by one
Let taste the pit, my sword drawn from my thigh,
And stand betwixt them made, when, sevrally;
All told their stocks. The first, that quench'd her fire,
Was Tyro, issued of a noble sire.
She said she sprung from pure Salmoneus' bed,
And Cretheus, son of Æolus, did wed;
Yet the divine flood Enipēus lov'd,
Who much the most fair stream of all floods mov'd.
Near whose streams Tyro walking, Neptune came,
Like Enipēus, and enjoy'd the dame.
Like to a hill, the blue and snaky flood
Above th' immortal and the mortal stood,
And hid them both, as both together lay,
Just where his current falls into the sea.
Her virgin waist dissolv'd, she slumber'd then;
But when the God had done the work of men,
Her fair hand gently wringing, thus he said:
'Woman! rejoice in our combin'd bed,
For when the year hath run his circle round
(Because the Gods' loves must in fruit abound)
My love shall make, to cheer thy teeming moans,
Thy one dear burden bear two famous sons;
Love well, and bring them up. Go home, and see
That, though of more joy yet I shall be free,
Thou dost not tell, to glorify thy birth;
Thy love is Neptune, shaker of the earth.'
This said, he plung'd into the sea; and she,
Begot with child by him, the light let see
Great Pelias, and Xeleus, that became
In Jove's great ministry of mighty fame.
Pelias in broad Iolcus held his throne,
Wealthy in cattle; 'thi other royal son
Rul'd sandy Pylos. To these issue more
This queen of women to her husband bore,
Æson, and Pheres, and Amythaon
That for his fight on horseback stoop'd to none.

Next her, I saw admir'd Antiope,
Asopus' daughter, who (as much as she
Boasted attraction of great Neptune's love)
Boasted to slumber in the arms of Jove,
And two sons likewise at one burden bore
To that her all-controlling paramour,
Amphion, and fair Zethus; that first laid
Great Thebes' foundations, and strong walls convey'd
About her turrets, that seven ports enclos'd,
For though the Thebans much in strength repos'd,
Yet had not they the strength to hold their own,
Without the added aids of wood and stone.

Alcmena next I saw, that famous wife
Was to Amphitryo, and honour'd life
Gave to the lion-hearted Hercules,
That was of Jove's embrace the great increase.

I saw, besides, proud Creon's daughter there,
Bright Megara, that nuptial yoke did wear
With Jove's great son, who never field did try
But bore to him the flow'r of victory.

The mother then of OEdipus I saw,
Fair Epicasta, that, beyond all law,
Her own son married, ignorant of kind,
And he, as darkly taken in his mind,
His mother wedded, and his father slew.
Whose blind act Heav'n expos'd at length to view,
And he in all-lov'd Thebes the supreme state
With much moan manag'd, for the heavy fate
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
To Pluto's dark house from the loathed light,
Beneath a steep beam strangled with a cord,
And left her son, in life, pains as abhor'd
As all the Furies pour'd on her in hell.
Then saw I Chloris, that did so excell
In answering beauties, that each part had all.
Great Neleus married her, when gifts not small
Had won her favour, term'd by name of dow'r.
She was of all Amphion's seed the flow'r;
Amphion, call'd Iasides, that then
Rul'd strongly Myniæan Orchomen,
And now his daughter rul'd the Pylian throne,
Because her beauty's empire overshone.
She brought her wife-awed husband, Neleús,
Nestor much honour'd, Periclymenus,
And Chromius, sons with sov'reign virtues grac'd;
But after brought a daughter that surpass'd,
Rare-beautied Pero, so for form exact
That Nature to a miracle was rack'd
In her perfections, blaz'd with th' eyes of men;
That made of all the country's hearts a chain,
And drew them suitors to her. Which her sire
Took vantage of, and, since he did aspire
To nothing more than to the broad-brow'd herd
Of oxen, which the common fame so rear'd,
Own'd by Iphiclus, not a man should be
His Pero's husband, that from Phylace
Those never-yet-driv'n oxen could not drive.
Yet these a strong hope held him to achieve,
Because a prophet, that had never err'd,
Had said, that only he should be preferr'd
To their possession. But the equal fate
Of God withstood his stealth; inextricate
Imprisoning bands, and sturdy churlish swains
That were the herdsmen, who withheld with chains
The stealth-attempter; which was only he
That durst abet the act with prophecy,
None else would undertake it, and he must;
The king would needs a prophet should be just.
But when some days and months expired were,
And all the hours had brought about the year,
The prophet did so satisfy the king
(Iphiclus, all his cunning questioning)
That he enfranchis'd him; and, all worst done,
Jove's counsel made th' all-safe conclusion.

Then saw I Leda, link'd in nuptial chain
With Tyndarus, to whom she did sustain
Sons much renown'd for wisdom; Castor one,
That pass'd for use of horse comparison;
And Pollux, that excell'd in whirlbat fight;
Both these the fruitful earth bore, while the light
Of life inspir'd them; after which, they found
Such grace with Jove, that both liv'd under ground,
By change of days; life still did one sustain,
While th' other died; the dead then liv'd again,
The living dying; both of one self date
Their lives and deaths made by the Gods and Fate.

Iphimedia after Leda came,
That did derive from Neptune too the name
Of father to two admirable sons.
Life yet made short their admirations,
Who God-opposéd Otus had to name,
And Ephialtes far in sound of fame.
The prodigal earth so fed them, that they grew
To most huge stature, and had fairest hue
Of all men, but Orion, under heav’n.
At nine years old nine cubits they were driv’n
Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathoms high.
They threaten’d to give battle to the sky,
And all th’ Immortals. They were setting on
Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
Steep Ossa leavy Pelius, that ev’n
They might a highway make with lofty heav’n ;
And had perhaps perform’d it, had they liv’d
Till they were striplings; but Jove’s son depriv’d
Their limbs of life, before th’ age that begins
The flow’r of youth, and should adorn their chins.

Phædra and Procris, with wise Minos’ flame,
Bright Ariadne, to the off’ring came.
Whom whilome Theseus made his prize from Crete,
That Athens’ sacred soil might kiss her feet,
But never could obtain her virgin flow’r,
Till, in the sea-girt Dia, Dian’s pow’r
Detain’d his homeward haste, where (in her fane,
By Bacchus witness’d) was the fatal wane
Of her prime glory. Mæra, Clymene,
I witness’d there; and loath’d Eriphyle,
That honour’d gold more than she lov’d her spouse.

But, all th’ heroesses in Pluto’s house

Amphiaraus was her husband, whom she betrayed to
his ruin at Thebes, for gold taken of Adrastus her brother.

CHAPMAN.
That then encounter'd me, exceeds my might
To name or number, and ambrosian night
Would quite be spent, when now the formal hours
Present to sleep our all-disposéd pow'rs,
If at my ship, or here. My home-made vow
I leave for fit grace to the Gods and you.”

This said; the silence his discourse had made
With pleasure held still through the house’s shade,
When white-arm’d Areté this speech began:
“Phæacians! How appears to you this man,
So goodly-person’d, and so match’d with mind?
My guest he is, but all you stand combin’d
In the renown he doth us. Do not then
With careless haste dismiss him, nor the main
Of his dispatch to one so needy maim,
The Gods’ free bounty gives us all just claim
To goods enow.” This speech, the oldest man
Of any other Phæacensian,
The grave heroë, Echinëus, gave
All approbation, saying: “Friends! ye have
The motion of the wise queen in such words
As have not miss’d the mark, with which accords
My clear opinion. But Alcinous,
In word and work, must be our rule.” He thus;
And then Alcinous said: “This then must stand,
If while I live I rule in the command
Of this well-skill’d-in-navigation state:
Endure then, guest, though most importunate
Be your affects for home. A little stay
If your expectance bear, perhaps it may
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all
Your due deduction asks; but principal...
I am therein the ruler." He replied:

"Alcinous, the most duly glorified
With rule of all of all men, if you lay
Commandment on me of a whole year's stay,
So all the while your preparations rise,
As well in gifts as time, ye can devise
No better wish for me; for I shall come
Much fuller-handed, and more honour'd, home,
And dearer to my people, in whose loves
The richer evermore the better proves."

He answer'd: "There is argued in your sight
A worth that works not men for benefit,
Like prollers or impostors; of which crew,
The gentle black earth feeds not up a few,
Here and there wand'yers, blanching tales and lies,
Of neither praise, nor use. You move our eyes
With form, our minds with matter, and our ears
With elegant oration, such as bears
A music in the order'd history
It lays before us. Not Demodocus
With sweeter strains hath us'd to sing to us
All the Greek sorrows, wept out in your own.
But say: Of all your worthy friends, were none
Objected to your eyes that consorts were
To Ilion with you, and serv'd destiny there?
This night is passing long, unmeasur'd, none

483 Venustè et salès dictum.—CHAPMAN.
490 Prollers—prowlers, wanderers in quest of plunder.
492 Blanching.—The word to bianch not infrequently occurs in the sense of to put a fair appearance on a thing, to slur over, deceive. See Iliad, Bk. xii. 223. Florio, in his "Wordes of Wordes," 1598, says, under the word "Biancheffiane," "metaphorically it is taken to raile at one secretly." The sense is obvious here.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Of all my household would to bed yet; on,
Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you,
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
Till the divine Aurora show'd her head,
I should in no night relish thought of bed."

"Most eminent king," said he, "times all must keep,
There's time to speak much, time as much to sleep.
But would you hear still, I will tell you still,
And utter more, more miserable ill
Of friends than yet, that scap'd the dismal wars,
And perish'd homewards, and in household jars
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaste Queen
No sooner made these lady ghosts unseen,
Here and there flitting, but mine eye-sight won
The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Sad, and about him all his train of friends,
That in Ægisthus' house endur'd their ends
With his stern fortune. Having drunk the blood,
He knew me instantly, and forth a flood
Of springing tears gush'd; out he thrust his hands,
With will t' embrace me, but their old commands
Flow'd not about him, nor their weakest part.
I wept to see, and moan'd him from my heart,
And ask'd: "O Agamemnon! King of men!
What sort of cruel death hath render'd slain
Thy royal person? Neptune in thy fleet
Heav'n and his hellish billows making meet,
Rousing the winds? Or have thy men by land
Done thee this ill, for using thy command,
Past their consents, in diminution
Of those full shares their worths by lot had won

515 Proserpina.
Of sheep or oxen? Or of any town,
In covetous strife, to make their rights thine own
In men or women prisoners? ' He replied:
'By none of these in any right I died,
But by Ægisthus and my murd'rous wife
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life
Hath thus been reft me, to my slaughter led
Like to an ox pretended to be fed.
So miserably fell I, and with me
My friends lay massacred, as when you see
At any rich man's nuptials, shot, or feast,
About his kitchen white-tooth'd swine lie drest.
The slaughters of a world of men thine eyes,
Both private, and in prease of enemies,
Have personally witness'd; but this one
Would all thy parts have broken into moan,
To see how strew'd about our cups and cates,
As tables set with feast, so we with fates,
All gash'd and slain lay, all the floor embrued
With blood and brain. But that which most I rued,
Flew from the heavy voice that Priam's seed,
Cassandra, breath'd, whom, she that wit doth feed
With baneful crafts, false Clytemnestra, slew,
Close sitting by me; up my hands I threw
From earth to heav'n, and tumbling on my sword
Gave wretched life up; when the most abhor'd,
By all her sex's shame, forsook the room,
Nor deign'd, though then so near this heavy home,
To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.

545 Shot.—See Bk. i. 352. The Greek ἐπαυς was a feast at which each guest brought his portion, or contributed his share in money.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Nothing so heap'd is with impieties,
As such a woman that would kill her spouse
That married her a maid. When to my house
I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,
To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th' art
Of only mischief hearty) not alone
Cast on herself this foul aspersión,
But loving dames, hereafter, to their lords
Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.'
'Alas,' said I, 'that Jove should hate the lives
Of Atreus' seed so highly for their wives!
For Menelaus' wife a number fell,
For dang'rous absence thine sent thee to hell.'
'For this,' he answer'd, 'be not thou more kind
Than wise to thy wife. Never all thy mind
Let words express to her. Of all she knows,
Curbs for the worst still, in thyself repose.
But thou by thy wife's wiles shalt lose no blood,
Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.
Icarius' daughter, chaste Penelope,
We left a young bride, when for battle we
Forsook the nuptial peace, and at her breast
Her first child sucking, who, by this hour, blest,
Sits in the number of surviving men.
And his bliss she hath, that she can contain,
And her bliss thou hast, that she is so wise.
For, by her wisdom, thy returned eyes
Shall see thy son, and he shall greet his sire
With fitting welcomes; when in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes my son's dear sight,
And, as from me, will take from him the light,
Before she adds one just delight to life,
Or her false wit one truth that fits a wife.
For her sake therefore let my harms advise,
That though thy wife be ne'er so chaste and wise,
Yet come not home to her in open view,
With any ship or any personal show,
But take close shore disguis'd, nor let her know,
For 'tis no world to trust a woman now.
But what says Fame? Doth my son yet survive,
In Orchomen, or Pylos? Or doth live
In Sparta with his uncle? Yet I see
Divine Orestes is not here with me.'

I answer'd, asking: 'Why doth Atreus' son
Enquire of me, who yet arriv'd where none
Could give to these news any certain wings?
And 'tis absurd to tell uncertain things.'

Such sad speech past us; and as thus we stood,
With kind tears rend'ring unkind fortunes good,
Achilles' and Patroclus' soul appear'd,
And his soul, of whom never ill was heard,
The good Antilochus, and the soul of him
That all the Greeks past both for force and limb,
Excepting the unmatch'd Æacides,
Illustrious Ajax. But the first of these
That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,
Was Thetis' conqu'ring son, who (heavily
His state here taking) said: 'Unworthy breath!
What act yet mightier imagineth
Thy vent'rous spirit? How dost thou descend
These under-regions, where the dead man's end
Is to be look'd on, and his foolish shade?'

I answer'd him: 'I was induc'd t' invade

This advice he followed at his coming home.—Chapman.
These under-parts, most excellent of Greece,
To visit wise Tiresias, for advice
Of virtue to direct my voyage home
To rugged Ithaca; since I could come
To note in no place, where Achaia stood,
And so liv'd ever, tortur'd with the blood
In man's vain veins. Thou therefore, Thetis' son,
Hast equall'd all, that ever yet have won
The bliss the earth yields, or hereafter shall.
In life thy eminence was ador'd of all,
Ev'n with the Gods; and now, ev'n dead, I see
Thy virtues propagate thy empery
To a renew'd life of command beneath;
So great Achilles triumphs over death.'
This comfort of him this encounter found;
'Urge not my death to me, nor rub that wound,
I rather wish to live in earth a swain,
Or serve a swain for hire, that scarce can gain
Bread to sustain him, than, that life once gone,
Of all the dead sway the imperial throne.
But say, and of my son some comfort yield,
If he goes on in first fights of the field,
Or lurks for safety in the obscure rear?
Or of my father if thy royal ear
Hath been advertis'd, that the Phthian throne
He still commands, as greatest Myrmidon?
Or that the Phthian and Thessalian rage
(Now feet and hands are in the hold of age)
Despise his empire? Under those bright rays,
In which heav'n's fervour hurls about the days,
Must I no more shine his revenger now,
Such as of old the Ilion overthrow
Witness'd my anger, th' universal host
Sending before me to this shady coast,
In fight for Grecia. Could I now resort,
(But for some small time) to my father's court,
In spirit and pow'r as then, those men should find
My hands inaccessible, and of fire my mind,
That durst with all the numbers they are strong
Unseat his honour, and suborn his wrong.'

This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low,
And this I answer'd thus: 'I do not know
Of blameless Peleus any least report,
But of your son, in all the utmost sort,
I can inform your care with truth, and thus:

From Scyros princely Neoptolemus
By fleet I convey'd to the Greeks, where he
Was chief, at both parts, when our gravity
Retir'd to council, and our youth to fight.
In council still so fiery was Conceit
In his quick apprehension of a cause,
That first he ever spake, nor pass'd the laws
Of any grave stay, in his greatest haste.
None would contend with him, that counsell'd last,
Unless illustrious Nestor, he and I
Would sometimes put a friendly contrary
On his opinion. In our fights, the prease
Of great or common, he would never cease,
But far before fight ever. No man there,
For force, he forcéd. He was slaughterer
Of many a brave man in most dreadful fight.
But one and other whom he reft of light,
In Grecian succour, I can neither name,
Nor give in number. The particular fame
Of one man's slaughter yet I must not pass;  
Eurypylus Telephides he was,  
That fell beneath him, and with him the falls  
Of such huge men went, that they show'd like whales  
Rampir'd about him. Neoptolemus  
Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous  
Favours of mistresses he saw him wear;  
For past all doubt his beauties had no peer  
Of all that mine eyes noted, next to one,  
And that was Memonon, Tithon's Sun-like son.  
Thus far, for fight in public, may a taste  
Give of his eminence. How far surpast  
His spirit in private, where he was not seen,  
Nor glory could be said to praise his spleen,  
This close note I excerpted. When we sat  
Hid in Epæus horse, no optimate  
Of all the Greeks there had the charge to ope  
And shut the stratagem but I. My scope  
To note then each man's spirit in a strait  
Of so much danger, much the better might  
Be hit by me, than others, as, provok'd,  
I shifted place still, when, in some I smok'd  
Both privy tremblings, and close vent of tears,  
In him yet not a soft conceit of theirs  
Could all my search see, either his wet eyes  
Ply'd still with wipings, or the goodly guise,  
His person all ways put forth, in least part,  
By any tremblings, show'd his touch'd-at heart.

694 This place (and a number more) is most miserably mis-  
taken by all translators and commentors.—CHAPMAN.  
708 The horse above said.—CHAPMAN  
712 Smoked.—See Bk. iv. 338.
But ever he was urging me to make
Way to their sally, by his sign to shake
His sword hid in his scabbard, or his lance
Loaded with iron, at me. No good chance
His thoughts to Troy intended. In th' event,
High Troy depopulate, he made ascent
To his fair ship, with prise and treasure store,
Safe, and no touch away with him he bore
Of far-off-hurl’d lance, or of close-fought sword,
Whose wounds for favours war doth oft afford,
Which he (though sought) miss’d in war's closest wage.
*In close fights Mars doth never fight, but rage.*
This made the soul of swift Achilles tread
A march of glory through the herby mead,
For joy to hear me so renown his son;
And vanish’d stalking. But with passion
Stood th' other souls struck, and each told his bane.
Only the spirit Telamonian
Kept far off, angry for the victory
I won from him at fleet; though arbitry
Of all a court of war pronounc’d it mine,
And Pallas' self. Our prise were th' arms divine
Of great Æaeides, propos’d t' our fames
By his bright Mother, at his funeral games.
I wish to heav'n I ought not to have won;
Since for those arms so high a head so soon
The base earth cover’d, Ajax, that of all
The host of Greece had person capital,
And acts as eminent, excepting his
Whose arms those were, in whom was nought amiss.
I tried the great soul with soft words, and said:

*736 Ajax the son of Telamon.—CHAPMAN.*
'Ajax! Great son of Telamon, array'd
In all our glories! What! not dead resign
Thy wrath for those curst arms? The Pow'rs divine
In them forg'd all our banes, in thine own one,
In thy grave fall our tower was overthrown.
We mourn, for ever maim'd, for thee as much
As for Achilles; nor thy wrong doth touch,
In sentence, any but Saturnius' doom;
In whose hate was the host of Greece become
A very horror; who express'd it well
In signing thy fate with this timeless hell.
Approach then, king of all the Grecian merit,
Repress thy great mind and thy flamy spirit,
And give the words I give thee worthy ear.'

All this no word drew from him, but less near
The stern soul kept; to other souls he fled,
And glid along the river of the dead.
Though anger mov'd him, yet he might have spoke,
Since I to him. But my desires were strook
With sight of other souls. And then I saw
Minos, that minister'd to Death a law,
And Jove's bright son was. He was set, and sway'd
A golden sceptre; and to him did plead
A sort of others, set, about his throne,
In Pluto's wide-door'd house; when straight came on
Mighty Orion, who was hunting there
The herds of those beasts he had slaughter'd here
In desert hills on earth. A club he bore,
Entirely steel, whose virtues never wore.
Tityus I saw, to whom the glorious earth
Open'd her womb, and gave unhappy birth.
Upwards, and flat upon the pavement, lay
His ample limbs, that spread in their display
Nine acres' compass. On his bosom sat
Two vultures, digging, through his caul of fat,
Into his liver with their crooked beaks;
And each by turns the concrete entrail breaks
(As smiths their steel beat) set on either side.
Nor doth he ever labour to divide
His liver and their beaks, nor with his hand
Offer them off, but suffers by command
Of th' angry Thund'rer, off'ring to enforce
His love Latona, in the close recourse
She us'd to Pytho through the dancing land,
Smooth Panopœus. I saw likewise stand,
Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,
Tormented Tantalus, yet could not slake
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornful cup
Th' old man would taste, so oft 'twas swallow'd up,
And all the black earth to his feet descried,
Divine pow'r (plaguing him) the lake still dried.
About his head, on high trees, clust'ring, hung
Pears, apples, granates, olives ever-young,
Delicious figs, and many fruit-trees more
Of other burden; whose alluring store
When th' old soul striv'd to pluck, the winds from sight,
In gloomy vapours, made them vanish quite.
There saw I Sisyphus in infinite moan,
With both hands heaving up a massy stone,
And on his tip-toes racking all his height,
To wrest up to a mountain-top his freight;
When prest to rest it there, his nerves quite spent,

\(^{811} \text{Prest—ready.}\)
Down rush’d the deadly quarry, the event
Of all his torture new to raise again;
To which straight set his never-rested pain.
The sweat came gushing out from ev’ry pore,
And on his head a standing mist he wore,
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust
Were rais’d about it. Down with these was thrust
The idol of the force of Hercules,
But his firm self did no such fate oppress,
He feasting lives amongst th’ Immortal States,
White-ankled Hebe and himself made mates
In heav’nly nuptials. Hebe, Jove’s dear race,
And Juno’s whom the golden sandals grace.
About him flew the clamours of the dead
Like fowls, and still stoop’d cuffing at his head.
He with his bow, like Night, stalk’d up and down,
His shaft still nock’d, and hurling round his frown’d
At those vex’d hov’rers, aiming at them still,
And still, as shooting out, desire to still.
A horrid bawdrick wore he thwart his breast,
The thong all-gold, in which were forms imprest,
Where art and miracle drew equal breaths,
In bears, boars, lions, battles, combats, deaths.
Who wrought that work did never such before,
Nor so divinely will do ever more.
Soon as he saw, he knew me, and gave speech:
‘Son of Laertes, high in wisdom’s reach,
And yet unhappy wretch, for in this heart,
Of all exploits achiev’d by thy desert,
Thy worth but works out some sinister fate,
As I in earth did. I was generate

815 The idol of the force of Hercules.—The shade of Hercules.
By Jove himself, and yet past mean opprest
By one my far inferior, whose proud hest
Impos'd abhorred labours on my hand.
Of all which one was, to descend this strand,
And hale the dog from thence. He could not think
An act that danger could make deeper sink.
And yet this depth I drew, and fetch'd as high,
As this was low, the dog. The Deity
Of sleight and wisdom, as of downright pow'r,
Both stoop'd, and rais'd, and made me conqueror.'

This said, he made descent again as low
As Pluto's court; when I stood firm, for show
Of more heroës of the times before,
And might perhaps have seen my wish of more,
(As Theseus and Pirithous, deriv'd
From roots of Deity) but before th' achiev'd
Rare sight of these, the rank-soul'd multitude
In infinite flocks rose, venting sounds so rude,
That pale Fear took me, lest the Gorgon's head
Rush'd in amongst them, thrust up, in my dread,
By grim Persephoné. I therefore sent
My men before to ship, and after went.
Where, boarded, set, and launch'd, the ocean wave
Our oars and forewinds speedy passage gave.

Mercury.

FINIS LIBRI UNDECIMI HOM. ODYSS.
THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

He shows from Hell his safe retreat
To th' isle Æaea, Circe's seat;
And how he 'scap'd the Sirens' calls,
With th' erring rocks, and waters' falls,
That Seylla and Charybdis break;
The Sun's stol'n herds; and his sad wreak
Both of Ulysses' ship and men,
His own head 'scaping scarce the pain.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Mr. The rocks that err'd.
The Sirens' call.
The Sun's stol'n herd.
The soldiers' fall.

Our ship now past the straits of th' ocean flood,
She plow'd the broad sea's billows, and made good
The isle Æaea, where the palace stands
Of th' early riser with the rosy hands,
Active Aurora, where she loves to dance,
And where the Sun doth his prime beams advance.
When here arriv'd, we drew her up to land,
And trod ourselves the re-saluted sand,
Found on the shore fit resting for the night,
Slept, and expected the celestial light.

Soon as the white-and-red-mix'd-finger'd Dame
Had gilt the mountains with her saffron flame,
I sent my men to Circe's house before,
To fetch deceas'd Elpenor to the shore.

Straight swell'd the high banks with fell'd heaps of trees,
And, full of tears, we did due exsequies
To our dead friend. Whose corse consum'd with fire,
And honour'd arms, whose sepulchre entire,
And over that a column rais'd, his ear,
Curiously carv'd, to his desire before,
Upon the top of all his tomb we fix'd.
Of all rites fit his funeral pile was mix'd.

Nor was our safe ascent from Hell conceal'd
From Circe's knowledge; nor so soon reveal'd
But she was with us, with her bread and food,
And ruddy wine, brought by her sacred brood
Of woods and fountains. In the midst she stood,
And thus saluted us: 'Unhappy men,
That have, inform'd with all your senses, been
In Pluto's dismal mansion! You shall die
Twice now, where others, that Mortality
In her fair arms holds, shall but once decease.
But eat and drink out all conceit of these,
And this day dedicate to food and wine,
The following night to sleep. When next shall shine
The cheerful morning, you shall prove the seas.
Your way, and ev'ry act ye must address,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

My knowledge of their order shall design,
Lest with your own bad counsels ye incline
Events as bad against ye, and sustain,
By sea and shore, the woful ends that reign
In wilful actions.' Thus did she advise
And, for the time, our fortunes were so wise
To follow wise directions. All that day
We sat and feasted. When his lower way
The Sun had enter'd, and the Even the high,
My friends slept on their gables; she and I
(Let by her fair hand to a place apart,
By her well-sorted) did to sleep convert
Our timid pow'rs; when all things Fate let fall
In our affair she ask'd; I told her all.
To which she answer'd: 'These things thus took end.
And now to those that I inform attend,
Which you rememb'ring, God himself shall be
The bless'd author of your memory.

First to the Sirens ye shall come, that taint
The minds of all men whom they can acquaint
With their attractions. Whosoever shall,
For want of knowledge mov'd, but hear the call
Of any Siren, he will so despise
Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
That never home turns his affection's stream,
Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them.
The Sirens will so soften with their song
(Shrill, and in sensual appetite so strong)
His loose affections, that he gives them head.
And then observe: They sit amidst a mead,
And round about it runs a hedge or wall
Of dead men's bones, their wither'd skins and all
Hung all along upon it; and these men
Were such as they had fawn'd into their fen,
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
Sail by them therefore, thy companions
Beforehand causing to stop ev'ry ear
With sweet soft wax, so close that none may hear
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you,
If you affect it, open ear allow
To try their motion; but presume not so
To trust your judgment, when your senses go
So loose about you, but give strait command
To all your men, to bind you foot and hand
Sure to the mast, that you may safe approve
How strong in instigation to their love
Their rapting tunes are. If so much they move,
That, spite of all your reason, your will stands
To be enfranchis'd both of feet and hands,
Charge all your men before to slight your charge,
And rest so far from fearing to enlarge
That much more sure they bind you. When your friends
Have outsail'd these, the danger that transcends
Rests not in any counsel to prevent,
Unless your own mind finds the tract and bent
Of that way that avoids it. I can say
That in your course there lies a twofold way,
The right of which your own, taught, present wit,
And grace divine, must prompt. In gen'ral yet
Let this inform you: Near these Sirens' shore
Move two steep rocks, at whose feet lie and roar
The black sea's cruel billows; the bless'd Gods
Call them the Rovers. Their abhorrov'd abodes
No bird can pass; no not the doves, whose fear
Sire Jove so loves that they are said to bear
Ambrosia to him, can their ravine 'scape,
But one of them falls ever to the rape
Of those sly rocks; yet Jove another still
Adds to the rest, that so may ever fill
The sacred number. Never ship could shun
The nimble peril wing'd there, but did run
With all her bulk, and bodies of her men,
To utter ruin. For the seas retain
Not only their outrageous æsture there,
But fierce assistants of particular fear,
And supernatural mischief, they exspire,
And those are whirlwinds of devouring fire
Whisking about still. Th' Argive ship alone,
Which bore the care of all men, got her gone,

101 Πέλειας τρήρωνες. Columbae timidae. What these doves were, and the whole mind of this place, the great Macedon
asking Chiron Amphipolites, he answered: They were the
Pleiades or seven Stars. One of which (besides his proper
imperfection of being ἀμυνόδος, i.e. ut exilis, vel subobscurus, ut
vix appareat) is utterly obscured or let by these rocks.
Why then, or how, Jove still supplied the lost one, that the
number might be full, Athenæus falls to it, and helps the
other out, interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetual
septenary number, though there appeared but six. But
how lame and loathsome these prosers show in their affected
expositions of the poetical mind, this and an hundred
others, spent in mere presumptuous guess at this inacces-
sible Poet, I hope will make plain enough to the most
envious of any thing done, besides our own set censures, and
most arrogant overweenings. In the 23 of the Iliads (being ψ)
at the games celebrated at Patroclus' funerals, they tied
to the top of a mast πέλειαν τρήρωνα, timidam columbam, to
shoot at for a game, so that (by these great men's above-said
expositions) they shot at the Pleiades.—CHAPMAN.

106 Νῦς πᾶσι μέλωσα, &c. Navis omnibus cura: the ship
that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our critics
will needs restrain, omnibus heroibus, Poetis omnibus, vel Histo-
Come from Areta. Yet perhaps ev’n she
Had wrack’d at those rocks, if the Deity,
That lies by Jove’s side, had not lent her hand
To their transmission; since the man, that mann’d
In chief that voyage, she in chief did love.
Of these two spiteful rocks, the one doth shove
Against the height of heav’n her pointed brow.
A black cloud binds it round, and never show
Lends to the sharp point; not the clear blue sky
Lets ever view it, not the summer’s eye,
Nor fervent autumn’s. None that death could end
Could ever scale it, or, if up, descend,
Though twenty hands and feet he had for hold,
A polish’d ice-like glibness doth enfold
The rock so round, whose midst a gloomy cell
Shrouds so far westward that it sees to hell.
From this keep you as far, as from his bow
An able young man can his shaft bestow.
For here the whuling Scylla shrouds her face,
ricis, when the care of all men’s preservation is affirmed to
be the freight of it; as if poets and historians comprehended
all things, when I scarce know any that makes them any
part of their care. But this likewise is garbage good enough
for the monster. Nor will I tempt our spiced consciences
with expressing the divine mind it includes. Being afraid
to affirm any good of poor poesy, since no man gets any
goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-eyed
starters at profanation are for nothing so afraid of it; as
that lest their galled consciences (scarce believing the most
real truth, in approbation of their lives) should be rubbed
with the confirmation of it, even in these contemned vanities
(as their impieties please to call them) which by much more
learned and pious than themselves have ever been called the
raptures of divine inspiration, by which, Homo supra
humanae naturae erigitur, et in Deum transit.—Plat.—
CHAPMAN.
135 Δεινόν λεακύα, &c. Graviter vociferans; as all most
untruly translate it. As they do in the next verse these
That breathes a voice at all parts no more base
Than are a newly-kitten’d kitling’s cries,
Herself a monster yet of boundless size,
Whose sight would nothing please a mortal’s eyes,
No nor the eyes of any God, if he
(Whom nought should fright) fell foul on her, and she
Her full shape show’d. Twelve foul feet bear about
Her ugly bulk. Six huge long necks look out
Of her rank shoulders; ev’ry neck doth let
A ghastly head out; ev’ry head three set,
Thick thrust together, of abhorred teeth,
And ev’ry tooth stuck with a sable death.

words σκύλακος νεογυλής κατολι λεονίς, no lion being here
dreamed of, nor any vociferation. Δεινῶν λελακυῖα signifying
indignum, dissimilem, or horribilem vocem edens: but in what
kind horribilem? Not for the gravity or greatness of her
voice, but for the unworthy or disproportionable small
whuling of it; she being in the vast frame of her body, as
the very words πέλαρκα κακῶν signify, monstrum ingenus; whose
disproportion and deformity is too poetically (and therein
elegantly) ordered for fat and flat prosers to comprehend.
Nor could they make the Poet’s words serve their compre-
hension; and therefore they add of their own, λάσκα, from
whence λελακυῖα is derived, signifying crepo, or stridulē clamo.
And σκύλακος νεογυλῆς is to be expounded, catuli vaper or
recess nati, not leonis. But thus they botch and abuse the
incomparable expressor, because they knew not how other-
wise to be monstrous enough themselves to help out the
monster. Imagining so huge a great body must needs have
a voice as huge; and then would not our Homer have
likened it to a lion’s whelp’s voice, but to the lion’s own; and
all had been much too little to make a voice answerable to
her hugeness. And therefore found our inimitable master
a new way to express her monstrous disproportion; per-
foming it so, as there can be nihil suprad. And I would fain
learn of my learned detractor, that will needs have me only
translate out of the Latin, what Latin translation tells me
this? Or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred
other such? Which may be some poor instance, or proof,
of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two
simple Poems, but not a syllable further will my silly spirit
presume.—CHAPMAN.
She lurks in midst of all her den, and streaks
From out a ghastly whirlpool all her necks;
Where, gloting round her rock, to fish she falls;
And up rush dolphins, dogfish; sometimes whales,
If got within her when her rapine feeds;
For ever-groaning Amphitrite breeds
About her whirlpool an unmeasur'd store.
No sea-man ever boasted touch of shore
That there touch'd with his ship, but still she fed
Of him and his; a man for ev'ry head
Spoiling his ship of. You shall then desery
The other humbler rock, that moves so nigh
Your dart may mete the distance. It receives
A huge wild fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaves,
Beneath whose shades divine Charybdis sits,
Supping the black deeps. Thrice a day her pits
She drinking all dry, and thrice a day again
All up she belches, baneful to sustain.
When she is drinking, dare not near her draught,
For not the force of Neptune, if once caught,
Can force your freedom. Therefore, in your strife
To 'scape Charybdis, labour all for life
To row near Scylla, for she will but have
For her six heads six men; and better save
The rest, than all make off 'rings to the wave.'

This need she told me of my loss, when I
Desir'd to know, if that Necessity,
When I had 'scap'd Charybdis' outrages,
My pow'rs might not revenge, though not redress?
She answer'd: 'O unhappy! art thou yet
Enflam'd with war, and thirst to drink thy sweat?'

148 Streaks—stretches. See Bk. ix. 416.
Not to the Gods give up both arms and will?  
She deathless is, and that immortal ill  
Grave, harsh, outrageous, not to be subdued,  
That men must suffer till they be renew'd.  
Nor lives there any virtue that can fly  
The vicious outrage of their cruelty.  
Shouldst thou put arms on, and approach the rock,  
I fear six more must expiate the shock.  
Six heads six men ask still.  Hoise sail, and fly,  
And, in thy flight, aloud on Cratis cry  
(Great Scylla's mother, who expos'd to light  
The bane of men) and she will do such right  
To thy observance, that she down will tread  
Her daughter's rage, nor let her show a head.  
From thenceforth then, for ever past her care,  
Thou shalt ascend the isle triangular,  
Where many oxen of the Sun are fed,  
And fatted flocks.  Of oxen fifty head  
In ev'ry herd feed, and their herds are seven;  
And of his fat flocks is their number even.  
Increase they yield not, for they never die.  
There ev'ry shepherdess a Deity.  
Fair Phaethusa, and Lampetie,  
The lovely Nymphs are that their guardians be,  
Who to the daylight's lofty-going Flame  
Had gracious birthright from the heav'nly Dame,  
Still young Nerea; who (brought forth and bred)  
Far off dismiss'd them, to see duly fed  
Their father's herds and flocks in Sicily.  
These herds and flocks if to the Deity  
Ye leave, as sacred things, untouch'd, and on  

Sicily.  

The Sun.
THE TWELFTH BOOK

Go with all fit care of your home, alone,
(Though through some suff’rance) you yet safe shall land
In wish’d Ithaca. But if impious hand
You lay on those herds to their hurts, I then
Presage sure ruin to thy ship and men.
If thou escap’st thyself, extending home
‘Thy long’d-for landing, thou shalt loaded come
With store of losses, most exceeding late,
And not consorted with a savéd mate.’

This said, the golden-thron’d Aurora rose,
She her way went, and I did mine dispose
Up to my ship, weigh’d anchor, and away.
When rev’rend Circe help’d us to convey
Our vessel safe, by making well inclin’d
A seaman’s true companion, a forewind,
With which she fill’d our sails; when, fitting all
Our arms close by us, I did sadly fall
To grave relation what concern’d in fate
My friends to know, and told them that the state
Of our affairs’ success, which Circe had
Presag’d to me alone, must yet be made
To one nor only two known, but to all;
That, since their lives and deaths were left to fall
In their elections, they might life elect,
And give what would preserve it fit effect.

I first inform’d them, that we were to fly
The heav’nly-singing Sirens’ harmony,
And flow’r-adornéd meadow; and that I
Had charge to hear their song, but fetter’d fast
In bands, unfavour’d, to th’ erected mast,
From whence, if I should pray, or use command,
‘To be enlarg’d, they should with much more band
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 287

Contain my strugglings. This I simply told
To each particular, nor would withhold
What most enjoin'd mine own affection's stay,
That theirs the rather might be taught t' obey.  245

In mean time flew our ships, and straight we fetch'd
The Siren's isle; a spleenless wind so stretch'd
Her wings to waft us, and so urg'd our keel.
But having reach'd this isle, we could not feel
The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead,
And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread,
The Sirens' devil charm'd all. Up then flew
My friends to work, struck sail, together drew,
And under hatches stow'd them, sat, and plied
The polish'd oars, and did in curls divide  255
The white-head waters. My part then came on:
A mighty waxen cake I set upon,
Chopp'd it in fragments with my sword, and wrought
With strong hand ev'ry piece, till all were soft
The great pow'r of the sun, in such a beam
As then flew burning from his diadem,
To liquefaction help'd us. Orderly
I stopp'd their ears; and they as fair did ply
My feet and hands with cords, and to the mast
With other halsers made me soundly fast.  260

Then took they seat, and forth our passage strook,
The foamy sea beneath their labour shook.

Row'd on, in reach of an erected voice,
The Sirens soon took note, without our noise,
Turn'd those sweet accents that made charms so strong,
And these learn'd numbers made the Sirens' song:  271

Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise,
Ulysses! stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none pass'd ever but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd, and instructed more
By us, than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever all the earth can show
T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know.'

This they gave accent in the sweetest strain
That ever open'd an enamour'd vein.
When my constrain'd heart needs would have mine ear
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear.
To which end I commanded with all sign
Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine
Had pow'r to stir) my friends to rise, and give
My limbs free way. They freely striv'd to drive
Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,
Eurylochus and Perimedes rose
To wrap me surer, and oppress'd me more
With many a halser than had use before.
When, rowing on without the reach of sound,
My friends unstopp'd their ears, and me unbound,
And that isle quite we quitted. But again
Fresh fears employ'd us. I beheld a main
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend,
A horrid murmur hearing. Ev'ry friend
Astonish'd sat; from ev'ry hand his oar
Fell quite forsaken; with the dismal roar
Were all things there made echoes; stone-still stood
Our ship itself, because the ghastly flood
Took all men’s motions from her in their own.
I through the ship went, labouring up and down
My friends’ recover’d spirits. One by one
I gave good words, and said: That well were known
These ills to them before, I told them all,
And that these could not prove more capital
Than those the Cyclops block’d us up in, yet
My virtue, wit, and heav’n-help’d counsels set
Their freedoms open. I could not believe
But they remember’d it, and wish’d them give
My equal care and means now equal trust.
The strength they had for stirring up they must
Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid
His pow’rs in theirs up, and would add his aid
To ecape ev’n that death. In particular then,
I told our pilot, that past other men
He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway’d
The continent that all our spirits convey’d,
In his whole guide of her. He saw there boil
The fiery whirlpools that to all our spoil
Inclos’d a rock, without which he must steer,
Or all our ruins stood concluded there.
   All heard me and obey’d, and little knew
That, shunning that rock, six of them should rue
The wrack another hid. For I conceal’d
The heavy wounds, that never would be heal’d,
To be by Scylla open’d; for their fear
Would then have robb’d all of all care to steer,
Or stir an oar, and made them hide beneath,
When they and all had died an idle death.
But then ev’n I forgot to shun the harm

323 Continent—ship, that which contained us.

VOL. I. ODYSSEY.
Circe forewarn'd; who will'd I should not arm,
Nor show myself to Scylla, lest in vain
I ventur'd life. Yet could not I contain,
But arm'd at all parts, and two lances took,
Up to the foredeck went, and thence did look
That rocky Scylla would have first appear'd
And taken my life with the friends I fear'd.

From thence yet no place could afford her sight,
Though through the dark rock mine eye threw her light,
And ransack'd all ways. I then took a strait
That gave myself, and some few more, receit
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; whence we saw
How horridly Charybdis' throat did draw
The brackish sea up, which when all abroad
She spit again out, never caldron sod
With so much fervour, fed with all the store
That could enrage it; all the rock did roar
With troubled waters; round about the tops
Of all the steep crags flew the foamy drops.
But when her draught the sea and earth dissunder'd,
The troubled bottoms turn'd up, and she thunder'd,
Far under shore the swart sands naked lay.
Whose whole stern sight the startled blood did fray
From all our faces. And while we on her
Our eyes bestow'd thus to our ruin's fear,
Six friends had Scylla snatch'd out of our keel,
In whom most loss did force and virtue feel.
When looking to my ship, and lending eye
To see my friends' estates, their heels turn'd high,
And hands cast up, I might discern, and hear
Their calls to me for help, when now they were
To try me in their last extremities.
And as an angler med’cine for surprise
Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks,
From out the crook’d horn of a fold-bred ox,
And then with his long angle hoists them high
Up to the air, then slightly hurls them by,
When helpless sprawling on the land they lie;
So eas’ly Scylla to her rock had rapt
My woeful friends, and so unhelp’d entrapt
Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape,
Who in their tortures, desp’rate of escape,
Shriek’d as she tore, and up their hands to me
Still threw for sweet life. I did never see,
In all my suff’rance ransacking the seas,
A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus having fled these rocks (these cruel dames
Scylla, Charybdis) where the King of flames
Hath off’rings burn’d to him, our ship put in
The island that from all the earth doth win
The epithet Faithless, where the broad-of-head
And famous oxen for the Sun are fed,
With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
Set in my ship, mine ear reach’d where we rode
The bellowing of oxen, and the bleat
Of fleecy sheep, that in my memory’s seat
Put up the forms that late had been imprest
By dread Ægean Circe, and the best
Of souls and prophets, the blind Theban seer,
The wise Tiresias, who was grave decree’r
Of my return’s whole means; of which this one
In chief he urg’d—that I should always shun
The island of the man-delighting Sun.
When, sad at heart for our late loss, I pray’d
My friends to hear fit counsel (though dismay'd
With all ill fortunes) which was giv'n to me
By Circe's and Tiresias' prophecy,—
That I should fly the isle where was ador'd
The Comfort of the world, for ills abhor'd
Were ambush'd for us there; and therefore will'd
They should put off and leave the isle. This kill'd
Their tender spirits; when Eurylochus
A speech that vex'd me utter'd, answ'ring thus:
  'Cruel Ulysses! Since thy nerves abound
In strength, the more spent, and no toils confound
Thy able limbs, as all beat out of steel,
Thou ablest us too, as unapt to feel
The teeth of Labour, and the spoil of Sleep,
And therefore still wet waste us in the deep,
Nor let us land to eat but madly now
In night put forth, and leave firm land to strow
The sea with errors. All the rabid flight
Of winds that ruin ships are bred in night.
Who is it that can keep off cruel Death,
If suddenly should rush out th' angry breath
Of Notus, or the eager-spirited West,
That cuff ships dead, and do the Gods their best?
Serve black Night still with shore, meat, sleep, and ease,
And offer to the Morning for the seas.'
This all the rest approv'd, and then knew I
That past all doubt the Devil did apply
His slaught'rous works. Nor would they be withheld;
I was but one, nor yielded but compell'd.

405 The Comfort of the world—the Sun. (Τερψιμβρότου ἠλιοσ.)
413 Ablest—the word here seems used in the same sense as Shakespeare, King Lear, iv. 6. See Nares in v.
But all that might contain them I assay'd,
A sacred oath on all their pow'rs I laid,
That if with herds or any richest flocks
We chanc'd t' encounter, neither sheep nor ox
We once should touch, nor (for that constant ill
That follows folly) scorn advice and kill,
But quiet sit us down and take such food
As the immortal Circe had bestow'd.

They swore all this in all severest sort;
And then we anchor'd in the winding port
Near a fresh river, where the long'd-for shore
They all flew out to, took in victuals store,
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their loss by Scylla, weeping till they slept.

In night's third part, when stars began to stoop,
The Cloud-assembler put a tempest up.
A boist'rous spirit he gave it, drave out all
His flocks of clouds, and let such darkness fall
That Earth and Seas, for fear, to hide were driv'n,
For with his clouds he thrust out Night from heav'n.

At morn we drew our ships into a cave,
In which the Nymphs that Phœbus' cattle drave
Fair dancing-rooms had, and their seats of state.
I urg'd my friends then, that, to shun their fate,
They would observe their oath, and take the food
Our ship afforded, nor attempt the blood
Of those fair herds and flocks, because they were
The dreadful God's that all could see and hear.

They stood observant, and in that good mind
Had we been gone; but so adverse the wind
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.
For one whole month perpetually did blow
Impetuous Notus, not a breath's repair
But his and Eurus' rul'd in all the air.
As long yet as their ruddy wine and bread
Stood out amongst them, so long not a head
Of all those oxen fell in any strife
Amongst those students for the gut and life;
But when their victuals fail'd they fell to prey,
Necessity compell'd them then to stray
In rape of fish and fowl; whatever came
In reach of hand or hook, the belly's flame
Afflicted to it. I then fell to pray'r,
And (making to a close retreat repair,
Free from both friends and winds) I wash'd my hands,
And all the Gods besought, that held commands
In liberal heav'n, to yield some mean to stay
Their des'rate hunger, and set up the way
Of our return restrain'd. The Gods, instead
Of giving what I pray'd for—pow'r of deed—
A deedless sleep did on my lids distill,
For mean to work upon my friends their fill.
For whiles I slept, there wak'd no mean to curb
Their headstrong wants; which he that did disturb
My rule in chief at all times, and was chief
To all the rest in counsel to their grief,
Knew well, and of my present absence took
His fit advantage, and their iron strook
At highest heat. For, feeling their desire
In his own entrails, to allay the fire
That Famine blew in them, he thus gave way
To that affection: 'Hear what I shall say,
Though words will staunch no hunger, ev'ry death
To us poor wretches that draw temporal breath
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

You know is hateful; but, all know, to die
The death of Famine is a misery
Past all death loathsome. Let us, therefore, take
The chief of this fair herd, and off’rings make
To all the Deathless that in broad heav’n live,
And in particular vow, if we arrive
In natural Ithaca, to straight erect
A temple to the Haughty-in-aspect,
Rich and magnificent, and all within
Deck it with relics many and divine.
If yet he stands incens’d, since we have slain
His high-brow’d herd, and, therefore, will sustain
Desire to wrack our ship, he is but one,
And all the other Gods that we atone
With our divine rites will their suffrage give
To our design’d return, and let us live.
If not, and all take part, I rather crave
To serve with one soul death the yawning wave,
Than in a desert island lie and serve,
And with one pin’d life many deaths observe.’

All cried ‘He counsels nobly,’ and all speed
Made to their resolute driving; for the feed
Of those coal-black, fair, broad-brow’d, sun-lov’d beeves
Had place close by our ships. They took the lives
Of sence, most eminent; about their fall
Stood round, and to the States Celestial
Made solemn vows; but other rites their ship
Could not afford them, they did, therefore, strip
The curl’d-head oak of fresh young leaves, to make
Supply of service for their barley-cake.
And on the sacredly-enflam’d, for wine,

518 Sense.—Qy. seven the most eminent? No number is specified in the Greek.
Pour'd purest water, all the parts divine
Spitting and roasting; all the rites beside
Orderly using. Then did light divide
My low and upper lids; when, my repair
Made near my ship, I met the delicate air
Their roast exhal'd; out instantly I cried,
And said: 'O Jove, and all ye Deified,
Ye have oppress'd me with a cruel sleep,
While ye conferr'd on me a loss as deep
As Death descends to. To themselves alone
My rude men left ungovern'd, they have done
A deed so impious, I stand well assur'd,
That you will not forgive though ye procur'd.'

Then flew Lampetié with the ample robe
Up to her father with the golden globe,
Ambassadress t' inform him that my men
Had slain his oxen. Heart-incensed then,
He cried: 'Revenge me, Father, and the rest
Both ever-living and for ever blest!
Ulysses' impious men have drawn the blood
Of those my oxen that it did me good
To look on, walking all my starry round,
And when I trod earth all with meadows crown'd.
Without your full amends I'll leave heav'n quite,
Dis and the dead adorning with my light.'

The Cloud-herd answer'd: 'Son! Thou shalt be ours,
And light those mortals in that mine of flow'rs!
My red-hot flash shall graze but on their ship,
And eat it, burning, in the boiling deep.'

This by Calypso I was told, and she
Inform'd it from the verger Mercury.

Come to our ship, I chid and told by name
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Each man how impiously he was to blame.
But chiding got no peace, and beeves were slain!
When straight the Gods forewent their following pain
With dire ostents. The hides the flesh had lost
Crept all before them. As the flesh did roast,
It bellow'd like the ox itself alive.
And yet my soldiers did their dead beeves drive
Through all these prodigies in daily feasts.
Six days they banqueted and slew fresh beasts;
And when the sev'nth day Jove reduc'd the wind
That all the month rag'd, and so in did bind
Our ship and us, was turn'd and calm'd, and we
Launch'd, put up masts, sails hoiséd, and to sea.

The island left so far that land nowhere
But only sea and sky had pow'r t' appear,
Jove fix'd a cloud above our ship, so black
That all the sea it darken'd. Yet from wrack
She ran a good free time, till from the West
Came Zephyr ruffling forth, and put his breast
Out in a singing tempest, so most vast
It burst the gables that made sure our mast.
Our masts came tumbling down, our cattle down
Rush'd to the pump, and by our pilot's crown
The main-mast pass'd his fall, pash'd all his skull,
And all this wrack but one flaw made at full.
Off from the stern the sternsman diving fell,
And from his sinews flew his soul to hell.
Together all this time Jove's thunder chid,
And through and through the ship his lightning glid,
Till it embrac'd her round; her bulk was fill'd
With nasty sulphur, and her men were kill'd,
Tumbled to sea, like sea-mews swum about,
And there the date of their return was out.

I toss'd from side to side still, till all-broke
Her ribs were with the storm, and she did choke
With let-in surges; for the mast torn down
Tore her up piecemeal, and for me to drown
Left little undissolv'd. But to the mast
There was a leather thong left, which I cast
About it and the keel, and so sat tost
With baneful weather, till the West had lost
His stormy tyranny. And then arose
The South, that bred me more abhorrd woes;
For back again his blasts expell'd me quite
On ravenous Charybdis. All that night
I totter'd up and down, till Light and I
At Scylla's rock encounter'd, and the nigh
Dreadful Charybdis. As I drave on these,
I saw Charybdis supping up the seas,
And had gone up together, if the tree
That bore the wild figs had not rescued me;
To which I leap'd, and left my keel, and high
Chamb'ring upon it did as close imply
My breast about it as a reremouse could;
Yet might my feet on no stub fasten hold
To ease my hands, the roots were crept so low
Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow
The far-spread arms that, though good height I gat,
I could not reach them. To the main bole flat
I, therefore, still must cling; till up again!
She belch'd my mast, and after that amain
My keel came tumbling. So at length it chanc'd
To me, as to a judge that long advanc'd

Chambering—The word is doubtless clambering.
To judge a sort of hot young fellows' jars,
At length time frees him from their civil wars,
When glad he riseth and to dinner goes;
So time, at length, releas'd with joys my woes,
And from Charybdis' mouth appear'd my keel.
To which, my hand now loos'd and now my heel,
I altogether with a huge noise dropp'd,
Just in her midst fell, where the mast was propp'd,
And there row'd off with owers of my hands.
God and man's Father would not from her sands
Let Scylla see me, for I then had died
That bitter death that my poor friends supplied.

Nine days at sea I hover'd; the tenth night
In th' isle Ogygia, where, about the bright
And right renown'd Calypso, I was cast
By pow'r of Deity; where I lived embrac'd
With love and feasts. But why should I relate
Those kind occurrences? I should iterate
What I in part to your chaste queen and you
So late imparted. And, for me to grow
A talker-over of my tale again,
Were past my free contentment to sustain.”

Owers—oars. The old orthography would show that
the word was often pronounced as a dissyllable.

FINIS DUODECIMI LIBRI HOM. ODYSS.

Opus novem dieum.

Συν Ως.
Homerus
The Odysseys of Homer
2d ed.