



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY
St. Cross Building, Oxford

①

1

2

Handwritten notes or scribbles in the upper right quadrant of the page.



B 8.23 HoML Ud.

2

Oxford University
ENGLISH FACULTY LIBRARY
Manor Road
Oxford OX1 3UQ
Telephone: (0865) 249631

Opening Hours:

Monday to Friday: 9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. in Full Term.

(9.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. in Vacations.)

Saturday: 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. in Full Term only (closed in Vacations).

The Library is closed for ten days at Christmas and at Easter, on
Encaenia Day, and for six weeks in August and September.

*This book should be returned on or before the latest date
below:*

17 JUL 1991
CANCELLED

*Readers are asked to protect Library books from rain, etc.
Any volumes which are lost, defaced with notes, or otherwise
damaged, may have to be replaced by the Reader responsible.*



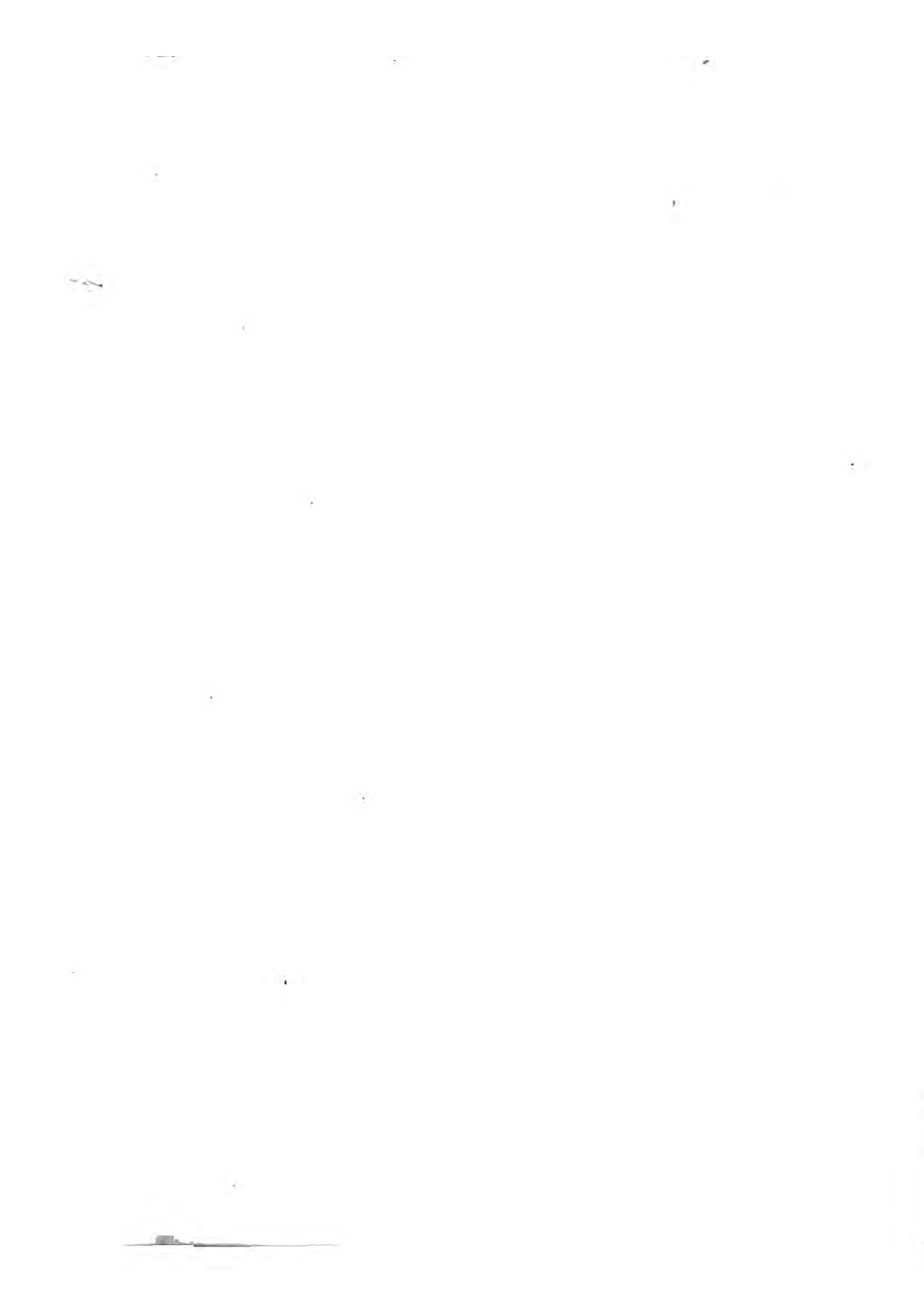
300072702L





Library of Old Authors.





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 II.

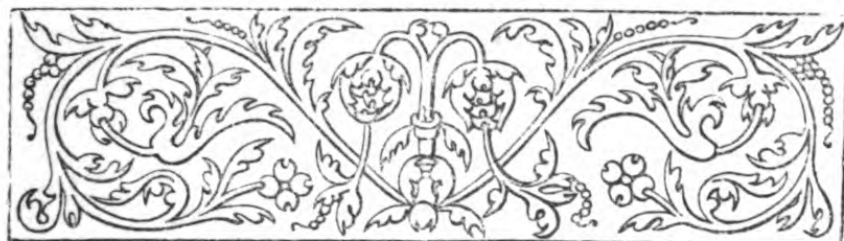
SECOND EDITION.



LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.

1874.

CHISWICK PRESS :—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.



THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES (shipp'd, but in the even,
With all the presents he was given,
And sleeping then) is set next morn
In full scope of his wish'd return,
And treads unknown his country-shore,
Whose search so many winters wore.
The ship (returning, and arriv'd
Against the city) is depriv'd
Of form, and, all her motion gone,
Transform'd by Neptune to a stone.

Ulysses (let to know the strand
Where the Phæacians made him land)
Consults with Pallas, for the life
Of ev'ry wooer of his wife.
His gifts she hides within a cave,
And him into a man more grave,
All hid in wrinkles, crookéd, gray,
Transform'd; who so goes on his way.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Nũ. Phæacia
Ulysses leaves;
Whom Ithaca,
Unwares, receives.



HE said; and silence all their tongues
contain'd,
In admiration, when with pleasure chain'd
Their ears had long been to him. At
last brake

2 *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

Alcinous silence, and in this sort spake
To th' Ithacensian, Laertes' son : 5

“ O Ithacus ! However over-run
With former suff'rings in your way for home,
Since 'twas, at last, your happy fate to come
To my high-roof'd and brass-foundation'd house,
I hope, such speed and pass auspicious 10
Our loves shall yield you, that you shall no more
Wander, nor suffer, homewards, as before.

 You then, whoever that are ever grac'd
With all choice of authoriz'd pow'r to taste
Such wine with me as warms the sacred rage, 15
And is an honorary giv'n to age,

With which ye likewise hear divinely sing,
In honour's praise, the poet of the king,
I move, by way of my command, to this :
That where in an elaborate chest there lies 20

A present for our guest, attires of price,
And gold engrav'n with infinite device,
I wish that each of us should add beside
A tripod, and a caldron, amplified

With size, and metal of most rate, and great ; 25
For we, in council of taxation met,
Will from our subjects gain their worth again ;
Since 'tis unequal one man should sustain

A charge so weighty, being the grace of all,
Which borne by many is a weight but small.” 30

 Thus spake Alcinous, and pleas'd the rest ;
When each man clos'd with home and sleep his feast.

¹⁶ Γερούσιος οίνος, *quod pro honorario senibus datur*. And because the word so Englished hath no other to express it, sounding well, and helping our language, it is here used.

But when the colour-giving light arose,
 All to the ship did all their speeds dispose,
 And wealth, that honest men makes, brought with them.
 All which ev'n he that wore the diadem 36
 Stow'd in the ship himself, beneath the seats
 The rowers sat in, stooping, lest their lets
 In any of their labours he might prove.
 Then home he turn'd, and after him did move 40
 The whole assembly to expected feast.
 Among whom he a sacrifice addrest,
 And slew an ox, to weather-wielding Jove,
 Beneath whose empire all things are, and move.
 The thighs then roasting, they made glorious cheer,
 Delighted highly ; and amongst them there 46
 The honour'd-of-the-people us'd his voice,
 Divine Demodocus. Yet, through this choice
 Of cheer and music, had Ulysses still
 An eye directed to the Eastern hill, 50
 To see Him rising that illustrates all ;
 For now into his mind a fire did fall
 Of thirst for home. And as in hungry vow
 To needful food a man at fixéd plow
 (To whom the black ox all day long hath turn'd 55
 The stubborn fallows up, his stomach burn'd
 With empty heat and appetite to food,
 His knees afflicted with his spirit-spent blood)
 At length the long-expected sun-set sees,
 That he may sit to food, and rest his knees ; 60
 So to Ulysses set the friendly light

³⁴ Intending in chief the senators, with every man's addition of gift.—CHAPMAN.

³⁵ *Εὐήγορα χαλκόν, bene honestos faciens æs.*—CHAPMAN.

⁵¹ i. e. The Sun.

4 *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

The sun afforded, with as wish'd a sight.
 Who straight bespake that oar-affecting State,
 But did in chief his speech appropriate
 To him by name, that with their rule was crown'd.

 “ Alcinous, of all men most renown'd, 66
 Dismiss me with as safe pass as you vow
 (Your off'ring past) and may the Gods to you
 In all contentment use as full a hand ;
 For now my landing here and stay shall stand 70
 In all perfection with my heart's desire,
 Both my so safe deduction to aspire,
 And loving gifts ; which may the Gods to me
 As blest in use make as your acts are free,
 Ev'n to the finding firm in love, and life, 75
 With all desir'd event, my friends, and wife.
 When, as myself shall live delighted there,
 May you with your wives rest as happy here,
 Your sons and daughters, in particular state,
 With ev'ry virtue render'd consummate ; 80
 And, in your gen'ral empire, may ill never
 Approach your land, but good your good quit ever.”

 This all applauded, and all jointly cried :
 “ Dismiss the stranger ! He hath dignified
 With fit speech his dismissal.” Then the king 85
 Thus charg'd the herald : “ Fill for offering
 A bowl of wine ; which through the whole large house
 Dispose to all men, that, propitious
 Our father Jove made with our pray'rs, we may
 Give home our guest in full and wishéd way.” 90

 This said, Pontonous commix'd a bowl

⁶³ *Oar-affecting state*—the oar-loving Phæacians.

⁶⁴ *Dignified*—rendered worthy.

Of such sweet wine as did delight the soul.
 Which making sacred to the blessed Gods,
 That hold in broad heav'n their supreme abodes,
 God-like Ulysses from his chair arose, 95
 And in the hands of th' empress did impose
 The all-round cup ; to whom, fair spoke, he said :
 " Rejoice, O queen, and be your joys repaid
 By heav'n, for me, till age and death succeed ;
 Both which inflict their most unwelcome need 100
 On men and dames alike. And, first, for me,
 I must from hence, to both : Live you here free,
 And ever may all living blessings spring,
 Your joy in children, subjects, and your king."
 This said, divine Ulysses took his way ; 105
 Before whom the unalterable sway
 Of king Alcinous' virtue did command
 A herald's fit attendance to the strand,
 And ship appointed. With him likewise went
 Handmaids, by Arete's injunction sent. 110
 One bore an out and in-weed, fair and sweet,
 The other an embroider'd cabinet,
 The third had bread to bear, and ruddy wine ;
 All which, at sea and ship arriv'd, resign
 Their freight conferr'd. With fair attendants then, 115
 The sheets and bedding of the man of men,
 Within a cabin of the hollow keel,
 Spread, and made soft, that sleep might sweetly seel
 His restful eyes, he enter'd, and his bed
 In silence took. The rowers order'd 120
 Themselves in sev'ral seats, and then set gone
 The ship, the gable from the hollow stone
 Dissolv'd and weigh'd-up, all, together, close

6 *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

Then beat the sea. His lids in sweet repose
 Sleep bound so fast, it scarce gave way to breath 125
 Inexcitable, most dear, next of all to death.
 And as amidst a fair field four brave horse
 Before a chariot stung into their course
 With fervent lashes of the smarting scourge,
 That all their fire blows high, and makes them urge 130
 To utmost speed the measure of their ground ;
 So bore the ship aloft her fiery bound ;
 About whom rush'd the billows black and vast,
 In which the sea-roars burst. As firm as fast
 She ply'd her course yet ; nor her wingéd speed 135
 The falcon-gentle could for pace exceed ;
 So cut she through the waves, and bore a man
 Even with the Gods in counsels, that began
 And spent his former life in all misease,
 Battles of men, and rude waves of the seas, 140
 Yet now securely slept, forgetting all.
 And when heav'n's brightest star, that first doth call
 The early morning out, avanc'd her head,
 Then near to Ithaca the billow-bred
 Phæacian ship approach'd. There is a port, 145
 That th' aged sea-God Phoreys makes his fort,
 Whose earth the Ithacensian people own,
 In which two rocks inaccessible are grown
 Far forth into the sea, whose each strength binds
 The boist'rous waves in from the high-flown winds 150
 On both the out-parts so, that all within
 The well-built ships, that once their harbour win
 In his calm bosom, without anchor rest,
 Safe, and unstirr'd. From forth the haven's high crest
 Branch the well-brawn'd arms of an olive-tree ; 155

Beneath which runs a cave from all sun free,
 Cool, and delightsome, sacred to th' access
 Of Nymphs whose surnames are the Naiadés ;
 In which flew humming bees, in which lay thrown
 Stone cups, stone vessels, shittles all of stone, 160
 With which the Nymphs their purple mantles wove,
 In whose contexture art and wonder strove ;
 In which pure springs perpetually ran ;
 To which two entries were ; the one for man,
 On which the North breath'd ; th' other for the Gods,
 On which the South ; and that bore no abodes 166
 For earthy men, but only deathless feet
 Had there free way. This port these men thought meet
 To land Ulysses, being the first they knew,
 Drew then their ship in, but no further drew 170
 Than half her bulk reach'd, by such cunning hand
 Her course was manag'd. Then her men took land,
 And first brought forth Ulysses, bed, and all
 That richly furnish'd it, he still in thrall
 Of all-subduing sleep. Upon the sand 175
 They set him softly down ; and then the strand
 They strew'd with all the goods he had, bestow'd
 By the renown'd Phæacians, since he show'd
 So much Minerva. At the olive root
 They drew them then in heap, most far from foot 180
 Of any traveller, lest, ere his eyes
 Resum'd their charge, they might be others' prise.
 These then turn'd home ; nor was the sea's Supreme
 Forgetful of his threats, for Polypheme
 Bent at divine Ulysses, yet would prove 185
 (Ere their performance) the decree of Jove.

“ Father ! no more the Gods shall honour me,

8 *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

Since men despise me, and those men that see
 The light in lineage of mine own lov'd race.
 I vow'd Ulysses should, before the grace 190
 Of his return, encounter woes enow
 To make that purchase dear ; yet did not vow
 Simply against it, since thy brow had bent
 To his reduction, in the fore-consent
 Thou hadst vouchsaf'd it ; yet, before my mind 195
 Hath full pow'r on him, the Phæacians find
 Their own minds' satisfaction with his pass,
 So far from suff'ring what my pleasure was,
 That ease and softness now is habited
 In his secure breast, and his careless head 200
 Return'd in peace of sleep to Ithaca,
 The brass and gold of rich Phæacia
 Rocking his temples, garments richly wov'n,
 And worlds of prise, more than was ever strov'n
 From all the conflicts he sustain'd at Troy, 205
 If safe he should his full share there enjoy."

The Show'r-dissolver answer'd : " What a speech
 Hath pass'd thy palate, O thou great in reach
 Of wrackful empire ! Far the Gods remain
 From scorn of thee, for 'twere a work of pain 210
 To prosecute with ignominies one
 That sways our ablest and most ancient throne.
 For men, if any so beneath in pow'r
 Neglect thy high will, now, or any hour
 That moves hereafter, take revenge to thee, 215
 Soothe all thy will, and be thy pleasure free."

" Why then," said he, " thou blacker of the fumes

¹⁸⁹ The Phæacians were descended originally from Neptune.
 CHAPMAN.

That dim the sun, my licens'd pow'r resumes
 Act from thy speech ; but I observe so much
 And fear thy pleasure, that, I dare not touch 220
 At any inclination of mine own,
 Till thy consenting influence be known.
 But now this curious-built Phæacian ship,
 Returning from her convoy, I will strip
 Of all her fleeting matter, and to stone 225
 Transform and fix it, just when she hath gone
 Her full time home, and jets before their prease
 In all her trim, amidst the sable seas,
 That they may cease to convoy strangers still,
 When they shall see so like a mighty hill 230
 Their glory stick before their city's grace,
 And my hands cast a mask before her face."

" O friend," said Jove, " it shows to me the best
 Of all earth's objects, that their whole prease, drest
 In all their wonder, near their town shall stand, 235
 And stare upon a stone, so near the land,
 So like a ship, and dam up all their lights,
 As if a mountain interpos'd their sights."

When Neptune heard this, he for Scheria went,
 Whence the Phæacians took their first descent. 240
 Which when he reach'd, and, in her swiftest pride,
 The water-treader by the city's side
 Came cutting close, close he came swiftly on,
 Took her in violent hand, and to a stone

²²⁷ *Jets*—struts. Shakespeare.

" O peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock
 of him. How he *jets* under his advanced plumes!"

Twelfth Night, II. 5.

²³² Ἀμφικαλύπτω, *superinjicio aliquid tanquam tegmen seu operimentum*.—CHAPMAN.

A cloud about him, to make strange the more
 His safe arrival, lest upon his shore
 He should make known his face, and utter all
 That might prevent th' event that was to fall. 280
 Which she prepar'd so well, that not his wife,
 Presented to him, should perceive his life,
 No citizen, no friend, till righteous fate
 Upon the Wooers' wrongs were consummate.
 Through which cloud all things show'd now to the king
 Of foreign fashion ; the enflow'ré'd spring 286
 Amongst the trees there, the perpetual waves,
 The rocks, that did more high their foreheads raise
 To his rapt eye than naturally they did,
 And all the haven, in which a man seem'd hid 290
 From wind and weather, when storms loudest chid.
 He therefore, being risen, stood and view'd
 His country-earth ; which, not perceiv'd, he rued,
 And, striking with his hurl'd-down hands his thighs,
 He mourn'd, and said : " O me ! Again where lies 295
 My desert way ? To wrongful men and rude,
 And with no laws of human right endued ?
 Or are they human, and of holy minds ?
 What fits my deed with these so many kinds
 Of goods late giv'n ? What with myself will floods 300
 And errors do ? I would to God, these goods
 Had rested with their owners, and that I
 Had fall'n on kings of more regality,
 To grace out my return, that lov'd indeed,
 And would have giv'n me consorts of fit speed 305
 To my distresses' ending ! But, as now
 All knowledge flies me where I may bestow

²⁹³ *Rued*—lamented.

³⁰¹ *Errors*—wanderings.

My labour'd purchase, here they shall not stay,
 Lest what I car'd for others make their prey.
 O Gods ! I see the great Phæacians then 310
 Were not all just and understanding men,
 That land me elsewhere than their vaunts pretended,
 Assuring me my country should see ended
 My miseries told them, yet now eat their vaunts.
 O Jove ! Great Guardian of poor suppliants, 315
 That others sees, and notes too, shutting in
 All in thy plagues that most presume on sin,
 Revenge me on them. Let me number now
 The goods they gave, to give my mind to know
 If they have stol'n none in their close retreat." 320

The goodly caldrons then, and tripods, set
 In sev'ral ranks from out the heap, he told,
 His rich wrought garments too, and all his gold,
 And nothing lack'd ; and yet this man did mourn
 The but suppos'd miss of his home-return, 325
 And creeping to the shore with much complaint ;
 Minerva (like a shepherd, young, and quaint,
 As king sons are, a double mantle cast
 Athwart his shoulders, his fair goers grac'd
 With fitted shoes, and in his hand a dart) 330
 Appear'd to him, whose sight rejoic'd his heart,
 To whom he came, and said : " O friend ! Since first
 I meet your sight here, be all good the worst
 That can join our encounter. Fare you fair,

³²⁷ Minerva like a shepherd (such as kings' sons used at those times to be) appears to Ulysses.—CHAPMAN.

³²⁷ *Quaint*.—Though now used only in the sense of *awkward*, *strange*, it was formerly applied to *elegant*, *neat*. Shakespeare says, "*My quaint Ariel*." "But, for a fine, *quaint*, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten of it."—*Much Ado about Nothing*, III. 4.

Nor with adverse mind welcome my repair, 335
 But guard these goods of mine, and succour me.
 As to a God I offer pray'rs to thee,
 And low access make to thy lovéd knee.
 Say truth, that I may know, what country then,
 What common people live here, and what men? 340
 Some famous isle is this? Or gives it vent,
 Being near the sea, to some rich continent?"

She answer'd: " Stranger, whatsoe'er you are,
 Y'are either foolish, or come passing far,
 That know not this isle, and make that doubt trouble,
 For 'tis not so exceedingly ignoble, 346
 But passing many know it; and so many,
 That of all nations there abides not any,
 From where the morning rises and the sun,
 To where the even and night their courses run, 350
 But know this country. Rocky 'tis, and rough,
 And so for use of horse unapt enough,
 Yet with sad barrenness not much infested,
 Since clouds are here in frequent rains digested,
 And flow'ry dews. The compass is not great, 355
 The little yet well-fill'd with wine and wheat.
 It feeds a goat and ox well, being still
 Water'd with floods, that ever over-fill
 With heav'n's continual show'rs; and woodéd so,
 It makes a spring of all the kinds that grow. 360
 And therefore, Stranger, the extended name
 Of this dominion makes access by fame
 From this extreme part of Achaia
 As far as Ilion, and 'tis Ithaca."

This joy'd him much, that so unknown a land 365

³⁵³ *Ἀνθρώπος, velut tristis, jejunaque naturâ.*—CHAPMAN.

Turn'd to his country. Yet so wise a hand
 He carried, ev'n of this joy, flown so high,
 That other end he put to his reply
 Than straight to show that joy, and lay abroad
 His life to strangers. Therefore he bestow'd 370
 A veil on truth ; for evermore did wind
 About his bosom a most crafty mind,
 Which thus his words show'd : " I have far at sea,
 In spacious Crete, heard speak of Ithaca,
 Of which myself, it seems, now reach the shore, 375
 With these my fortunes ; whose whole value more
 I left in Crete amongst my children there,
 From whence I fly for being the slaughterer
 Of royal Idomen's most-lov'd son,
 Swift-foot Orsilochus, that could out-run 380
 Profess'd men for the race. Yet him I slew,
 Because he would deprive me of my due
 In Trojan prise ; for which I suffer'd so
 (The rude waves piercing) the redoubled woe
 Of mind and body in the wars of men. 385
 Nor did I gratify his father then
 With any service, but, as well as he
 Sway'd in command of other soldiery,
 So, with a friend withdrawn, we waylaid him,
 When gloomy night the cope of heav'n did dim, 390
 And no man knew ; but, we lodg'd close, he came,
 And I put out to him his vital flame.
 Whose slaughter having author'd with my sword,
 I instant flight made, and straight fell aboard
 A ship of the renown'd Phœnician state ; 395
 When pray'r, and pay at a sufficient rate,
 Obtain'd my pass of men in her command ;

Whom I enjoin'd to set me on the land
 Of Pylos, or of Elis the divine,
 Where the Epeians in great empire shine. 400
 But force of weather check'd that course to thém,
 Though (loth to fail me) to their most extreme
 They spent their willing pow'rs. But, forc'd from thence,
 We err'd, and put in here, with much expence
 Of care and labour; and in dead of night, 405
 When no man there serv'd any appetite
 So much as with the memory of food,
 Though our estates exceeding needy stood.
 But, going ashore, we lay; when gentle sleep
 My weary pow'rs invaded, and from ship 410
 They fetching these my riches, with just hand
 About me laid them, while upon the sand
 Sleep bound my senses; and for Sidon they
 (Put off from hence) made sail, while here I lay,
 Left sad alone." The Goddess laugh'd, and took 415
 His hand in hers, and with another look
 (Assuming then the likeness of a dame,
 Lovely and goodly, éxpert in the frame
 Of virtuous housewif'ries) she answer'd thus:
 " He should be passing-sly, and covetous 420
 Of stealth, in men's deceits, that coted thee
 In any craft, though any God should be
 Ambitious to exceed in subtilty.
 Thou still-wit-varying wretch! Insatiate

⁴²¹ Ἐπικλοπος, *furandi avidus*.—CHAPMAN.

⁴²¹ *Coted*—outstripped. A term in coursing where the greyhound passes by its fellow and turns the hare into his mouth. See Iliad, xxiii. 324.

⁴²⁴ Σχέτλιε, ποικιλομήτα, *varia et multiplicia habens consilia*.
 CHAPMAN.

That lives unhurt itself, to suffer giv'n
 Up to all damage those poor few that strive
 To imitate it, and like the Deities live ?
 But where you wonder that I know you not 460
 Through all your changes, that skill is not got
 By sleight or art, since thy most hard-hit face
 Is still distinguish'd by thy free-giv'n grace ;
 And therefore, truly to acknowledge thee
 In thy encounters, is a mastery 465
 In men most-knowing ; for to all men thou
 Tak'st sev'ral likeness. All men think they know
 Thee in their wits ; but, since thy seeming view
 Appears to all, and yet thy truth to few,
 Through all thy changes to discern thee right 470
 Asks chief love to thee, and inspiréd light.
 But this I surely know, that, some years past,
 I have been often with thy presence grac'd,
 All time the sons of Greece wag'd war at Troy ;
 But when Fate's full hour let our swords enjoy 475
 Our vows in sack of Priam's lofty town,
 Our ships all boarded, and when God had blown
 Our fleet in sunder, I could never see
 The Seed of Jove, nor once distinguish thee
 Boarding my ship, to take one woe from me. 480
 But only in my proper spirit involv'd,
 Err'd here and there, quite slain, till heav'n dissolv'd
 Me, and my ill ; which chanc'd not, till thy grace
 By open speech confirm'd me, in a place
 Fruitful of people, where, in person, thou 485
 Didst give me guide, and all their city show ;
 And that was the renown'd Phæacian earth.

⁴⁵⁸ *Damage*—damage.

Now then, ev'n by the Author of thy birth,
 Vouchsafe my doubt the truth (for far it flies
 My thoughts that thus should fall into mine eyes 490
 Conspicuous Ithaca, but fear I touch
 At some far shore, and that thy wit is such
 Thou dost delude me) is it sure the same
 Most honour'd earth that bears my country's name?"
 " I see," said she, " thou wilt be ever thus 495
 In ev'ry worldly good incredulous,
 And therefore have no more the pow'r to see
 Frail life more plagued with infelicity
 In one so eloquent, ingenious, wise.
 Another man, that so long miseries 500
 Had kept from his lov'd home, and thus return'd
 To see his house, wife, children, would have burn'd
 In headlong lust to visit. Yet t' inquire
 What states they hold, affects not thy desire,
 Till thou hast tried if in thy wife there be 505
 A sorrow wasting days and nights for thee
 In loving tears, that then the sight may prove
 A full reward for either's mutual love.
 But I would never credit in you both
 Least cause of sorrow, but well knew the troth 510
 Of this thine own return, though all thy friends,
 I knew as well, should make returnless ends ;
 Yet would not cross mine uncle Neptune so
 To stand their safeguard, since so high did go
 His wrath for thy extinction of the eye 515
 Of his lov'd son. Come then, I'll show thee why
 I call this isle thy Ithaca, to ground
 Thy credit on my words : This haven is own'd
 By th' agéd sea-god Phorcys, in whose brow
 This is the olive with the ample bough, 520

And here, close by, the pleasant-shaded cave
 That to the Fount-Nymphs th' Ithacensians gave,
 As sacred to their pleasures. Here doth run
 The large and cover'd den, where thou hast done
 Hundreds of off'rings to the Naiades, 525
 Here Mount Neritus shakes his curléd tress
 Of shady woods." This said, she clear'd the cloud
 That first deceiv'd his eyes ; and all things show'd
 His country to him. Glad he stood with sight
 Of his lov'd soil, and kiss'd it with delight ; 530
 And instantly to all the Nymphs he paid
 (With hands held up to heav'n) these vows, and said :
 " Ye Nymphs the Naiades, great Seed of Jove,
 I had conceit that never more should move
 Your sight in these spheres of my erring eyes, 535
 And therefore, in the fuller sacrifice
 Of my heart's gratitude, rejoice, till more
 I pay your names in off'rings as before ;
 Which here I vow, if Jove's benign descent,
 The mighty Pillager, with life convent 540
 My person home, and to my sav'd decease
 Of my lov'd son's sight add the sweet increase."
 " Be confident," said Pallas, " nor oppress
 Thy spirits with care of these performances,
 But these thy fortunes let us straight repose 545
 In this divine cave's bosom, that may close
 Reserve their value ; and we then may see
 How best to order other acts to thee."

Thus enter'd she the light-excluding cave,
 And through it sought some inmost nook to save 550
 The gold, the great brass, and robes richly-wrought,
 Giv'n to Ulysses. All which in he brought,

⁵⁴⁵ *Repose*—lay up. (Lat.)

20 *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

Laid down in heap ; and she impos'd a stone
 Close to the cavern's mouth. Then sat they on
 The sacred olive's root, consulting how 555
 To act th' insulting Wooers' overthrow ;
 When Pallas said: " Examine now the means
 That best may lay hands on the impudence
 Of those proud Wooers, that have now three years
 Thy roof's rule sway'd, and been bold offerers 560
 Of suit and gifts to thy renownéd wife,
 Who for thy absence all her desolate life
 Dissolves in tears till thy desir'd return ;
 Yet all her Wooers, while she thus doth mourn,
 She holds in hope, and ev'ry one affords 565
 (In fore-sent message) promise ; but her words
 Bear other utt'rance than her heart approves."

 " O Gods," said Ithacus, " it now behoves
 My fate to end me in the ill decease
 That Agamemnon underwent, unless 570
 You tell me, and in time, their close intents.
 Advise then means to the reveng'd events
 We both resolve on. Be thyself so kind
 To stand close to me, and but such a mind
 Breathe in my bosom, as when th' Iliion tow'rs 575
 We tore in cinders. O if equal pow'rs
 Thou wouldst enflame amidst my nerves as then,
 I could encounter with three hundred men,
 Thy only self, great Goddess, had to friend,
 In those brave ardors thou wert wont t' extend !" 580

 " I will be strongly with thee," answer'd she,
 " Nor must thou fail, but do thy part with me.
 When both whose pow'rs combine, I hope the bloods
 And brains of some of these that waste thy goods

Shall strew thy goodly pavements. Join we then : 585
 I first will render thee unknown to men,
 And on thy solid lineaments make dry
 Thy now smooth skin ; thy bright-brown curls imply
 In hoary mattings ; thy broad shoulders clothe
 In such a cloak as ev'ry eye shall lothe ; 590
 Thy bright eyes blear and wrinkle ; and so change
 Thy form at all parts, that thou shalt be strange
 To all the Wooers, thy young son, and wife.
 But to thy herdsman first present thy life,
 That guards thy swine, and wisheth well to thee, 595
 That loves thy son and wife Penelopé.
 Thy search shall find him set aside his herd,
 That are with taste-delighting acorns rear'd,
 And drink the dark-deep water of the spring,
 Bright Arethusa, the most nourishing 600
 Raiser of herds. There stay, and, taking seat
 Aside thy herdsman, of the whole state treat
 Of home-occurrents ; while I make access
 To fair-dame-breeding Sparta for regress
 Of lov'd Telemachus, who went in quest 605
 Of thy lov'd fame, and liv'd the welcome guest
 Of Menelaus." The much-knower said :

" Why wouldst not thou, in whose grave breast is bred
 The art to order all acts, tell in this
 His error to him ? Let those years of his 610
 Amids the rude seas wander, and sustain
 The woes there raging, while unworthy men
 Devour his fortunes ? " " Let not care extend
 Thy heart for him," said she, " myself did send
 His person in thy search, to set his worth, 615
 By good fame blown, to such a distance forth.



THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES meets amidst the field
His swain Eumæus; who doth yield
Kind guest-rites to him, and relate
Occurrents of his wrong'd estate.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ἐἷ. Ulysses fains
For his true good:
His pious swain's
Faith understood.



UT he the rough way took from forth the
port,
Through woods and hill-tops, seeking
the resort

Where Pallas said divine Eumæus liv'd;
Who of the fortunes, that were first achiev'd
By God-like Ithacus in household rights,
Had more true care than all his prosylites.
He found him sitting in his cottage door,
Where he had rais'd to ev'ry airy blore

5

⁶ Πρόσυλος, *materiæ adhærens*: *item, qui rebus mundanis deditus est.*—CHAPMAN. This word does not occur in Homer's text. It is simply taken from Scapula, and is found only in very late or ecclesiastical Greek. All Chapman's explanations are from Scapula. *Prosylites* is a word of his own unhappy coinage.

24 *THE FOURTEENTH BOOK*

A front of great height, and in such a place
 That round ye might behold, of circular grace 10
 A walk so wound about it; which the swain
 (In absence of his far-gone sovereign)
 Had built himself, without his queen's supply,
 Or old Laertes', to see safely lie
 His houséd herd. The inner part he wrought 15
 Of stones, that thither his own labours brought,
 Which with an hedge of thorn he fenc'd about,
 And compass'd all the hedge with pales cleft out
 Of sable oak, that here and there he fix'd
 Frequent and thick. Within his yard he mix'd 20
 Twelve styes to lodge his herd; and ev'ry stye
 Had room and use for fifty swine to lie;
 But those were females all. The male swine slept
 Without doors ever; nor was their herd kept
 Fair like the females, since they suffer'd still 25
 Great diminution, he being forc'd to kill
 And send the fattest to the dainty feasts
 Affected by th' ungodly wooing guests.
 Their number therefore but three hundred were
 And sixty. By them mastiffs, as austere 30
 As savage beasts, lay ever, their fierce strain
 Bred by the herdsman, a mere prince of men,
 Their number four. Himself was then applied
 In cutting forth a fair-hued ox's hide,
 To fit his feet with shoes. His servants held 35
 Guard of his swine; three, here and there, at field,
 The fourth he sent to city with a sow,
 Which must of force be offer'd to the vow
 The Wooers made to all satiety,

³¹ *Strain*.—See Bk. I. 344, and *infra*, 286.

³² *Mere*.—See Bk. VIII. 115.

To serve which still they did those off'rings ply. 40
 The fate-born-dogs-to-bark took sudden view
 Of Odyssæus, and upon him flew
 With open mouth. He, cunning to appall
 A fierce dog's fury, from his hand let fall
 His staff to earth, and sat him careless down. 45
 And yet to him had one foul wrong been shown
 Where most his right lay, had not instantly
 The herdsman let his hide fall, and his cry
 (With frequent stones flung at the dogs) repell'd
 This way and that their eager course they held; 50
 When through the entry past, he thus did mourn :
 " O father ! How soon had you near been torn
 By these rude dogs, whose hurt had branded me
 With much neglect of you ! But Deity
 Hath giv'n so many other sighs and cares 55
 To my attendant state, that well unwares
 You might be hurt for me, for here I lie
 Grieving and mourning for the Majesty
 That, God-like, wanted to be ruling here,
 Since now I fat his swine for others' cheer, 60
 Where he, perhaps, errs hungry up and down,
 In countries, nations, cities, all unknown ;
 If any where he lives yet, and doth see
 The sun's sweet beams. But, father, follow me,
 That, cheer'd with wine and food, you may disclose 65
 From whence you truly are, and all the woes
 Your age is subject to." This said, he led
 Into his cottage, and of osiers spread
 A thicken'd hurdle, on whose top he strow'd

⁴¹ Ὑλακόμωρος, *ad latrandum fato quodam natus*.—CHAPMAN.

⁵⁸ *Majesty*.—Ulysses.

A wild-goat's shaggy skin, and then bestow'd 70
His own couch on it, that was soft and great.

Ulysses joy'd to see him so entreat
His uncouth presence, saying: "Jove requite,
And all th' immortal Gods, with that delight
Thou most desir'st, thy kind receipt of me, 75
O friend to human hospitality!"

Eumæus answer'd: "Guest! If one much worse
Arriv'd here than thyself, it were a curse
To my poor means, to let a stranger taste
Contempt for fit food. Poor men, and un plac'd 80
In free seats of their own, are all from Jove
Commended to our entertaining love.

But poor is th' entertainment I can give,
Yet free and loving. Of such men as live
The lives of servants, and are still in fear 85

Where young lords govern, this is all the cheer
They can afford a stranger. There was one
That us'd to manage this now desert throne,
To whom the Gods deny return, that show'd
His curious favour to me, and bestow'd 90

Possessions on me, a most-wishéd wife,
A house, and portion, and a servant's life,
Fit for the gift a gracious king should give;
Who still took pains himself, and God made thrive
His personal endeavour, and to me 95

His work the more increas'd, in which you see
I now am conversant. And therefore much
His hand had help'd me, had Heav'n's will been such,
He might have here grown old. But he is gone,
And would to God the whole successión 100
Of Helen might go with him, since for her

So many men died, whose fate did confer
 My liege to 'Troy, in Agamemnon's grace,
 To spoil her people, and her turrets race !”
 This said, his coat to him he straight did gird, 105
 And to his styes went that contain'd his herd ;
 From whence he took out two, slew both, and cut
 Both fairly up ; a fire inflam'd, and put
 To spit the joints ; which roasted well, he set
 With spit and all to him, that he might eat 110
 From thence his food in all the singeing heat,
 Yet dredg'd it first with flour ; then fill'd his cup
 With good sweet wine ; sat then, and cheer'd him up :
 “ Eat now, my guest, such lean swine as are meat
 For us poor swains ; the fat the Wooers eat, 115
 In whose minds no shame, no remorse, doth move,
 Though well they know the bless'd Gods do not love
 Ungodly actions, but respect the right,
 And in the works of pious men delight.
 But these are worse than impious, for those 120
 That vow t' injustice, and profess them foes
 To other nations, enter on their land,
 And Jupiter (to show his punishing hand
 Upon th' invaded, for their penance then)
 Gives favour to their foes, though wicked men, 125
 To make their prey on them ; who, having freight
 Their ships with spoil enough, weigh anchor straight,
 And each man to his house ; (and yet ev'n these,
 Doth pow'rful fear of God's just vengeance seize
 Ev'n for that prize in which they so rejoice) 130
 But these men, knowing (having heard the voice
 Of God by some means) that sad death hath reft
 The ruler here, will never suffer left

Their unjust wooing of his wife, nor take
 Her often answer, and their own roofs make 135
 Their fit retreats, but (since uncheck'd they may)
 They therefore will make still his goods their prey,
 Without all spare or end. There is no day,
 Nor night, sent out from God, that ever they
 Profane with one beast's blood, or only two, 140
 But more make spoil of; and the wrongs they do
 In meat's excess to wine as well extend,
 Which as excessively their riots spend,
 Yet still leave store, for sure his means were great,
 And no heroë, that hath choicest seat 145
 Upon the fruitful neighbour-continent,
 Or in this isle itself, so opulent
 Was as Ulysses; no, nor twenty such,
 Put altogether, did possess so much.
 Whose herds and flocks I'll tell to ev'ry head: 150
 Upon the continent he daily fed
 Twelve herds of oxen, no less flocks of sheep,
 As many herds of swine, stalls large and steep,
 And equal sorts of goats, which tenants there,
 And his own shepherds, kept. Then fed he here 155
 Eleven fair stalls of goats, whose food hath yield
 In the extreme part of a neighbour-field.
 Each stall his herdsman hath, an honest swain,
 Yet ev'ry one must ev'ry day sustain
 The load of one beast (the most-fat, and best 160
 Of all the stall-fed) to the Woers' feast.
 And I, for my part, of the swine I keep
 (With four more herdsmen) ev'ry day help steep
 The Woers' appetites in blood of one,
 The most select our choice can fall upon." 165

To this Ulysses gave good ear, and fed,
 And drunk his wine, and vex'd, and ravishéd
 His food for mere vexation. Seeds of ill
 His stomach sow'd, to hear his goods go still
 To glut of Wooers. But his dinner done, 170
 And stomach fed to satisfaci6n,

He drunk a full bowl, all of only wine,
 And gave it to the guardian of his swine,
 Who took it, and rejoic'd ; to whom he said :

“ O friend, who is it that, so rich, hath paid 175
 Price for thy service, whose commended pow'r,
 Thou sayst, to grace the Grecian conquerour,
 At Ilion perish'd ? Tell me. It may fall
 I knew some such. The great God knows, and all
 The other deathless Godheads, if I can, 180
 Far having travell'd, tell of such a man.”

Eumæus answer'd : “ Father, never one,
 Of all the strangers that have touch'd upon
 This coast, with his life's news could ever yet
 Of queen, or lov'd son, any credit get. 185
 These travellers, for clothes, or for a meal,
 At all adventures, any lie will tell.

Nor do they trade for truth. Not any man
 That saw the people Ithacensian,
 Of all their sort, and had the queen's supplies, 190
 Did ever tell her any news, but lies.

She graciously receives them yet, inquires
 Of all she can, and all in tears expires.
 It is th' accustom'd law, that women keep,
 Their husbands elsewhere dead, at home to weep. 195
 But do thou quickly, father, forge a tale,
 Some coat, or cloak, to keep thee warm withal,

I'll not receive a thread, but naked go. 230
 No less I hate him than the gates of hell,
 That poorness can force an untruth to tell.
 Let Jove then (Heav'n's chief God) just witness bear,
 And this thy hospitable table here,
 Together with unblam'd Ulysses' house, 235
 In which I find receipt so gracious,
 What I affirm'd of him shall all be true.
 This instant year thine eyes ev'n here shall view
 Thy lord Ulysses. Nay, ere this month's end,
 Return'd full-home, he shall revenge extend 240
 To ev'ry one, whose ever deed hath done
 Wrong to his wife and his illustrious son."
 "O father," he replied, "I'll neither give
 Thy news reward, nor doth Ulysses live.
 But come, enough of this, let's drink and eat, 245
 And never more his memory repeat.
 It grieves my heart to be remember'd thus
 By any one of one so glorious.
 But stand your oath in your assertion strong,
 And let Ulysses come, for whom I long, 250
 For whom his wife, for whom his agéd sire,
 For whom his son consumes his god-like fire,
 Whose chance I now must mourn, and ever shall.
 Whom when the Gods had brought to be as tall
 As any upright plant, and I had said, 255
 He would amongst a court of men have sway'd
 In counsels, and for form have been admir'd
 Ev'n with his father, some God misinspir'd,
 Or man took from him his own equal mind,
 And pass'd him for the Pylian shore to find 260

²⁴⁷ *Remember'd*—reminded.

A man, in fore-times, by the Cretan state,
 For goods, good children, and his fortunate
 Success in all acts, of no mean esteem. 295
 But death-conferring Fates have banish'd him
 To Pluto's kingdom. After whom, his sons
 By lots divided his possessions,
 And gave me passing little ; yet bestow'd
 A house on me, to which my virtues woo'd 300
 A wife from rich men's roofs ; nor was borne low,
 Nor last in fight, though all nerves fail me now.
 But I suppose, that you, by thus much seen,
 Know by the stubble what the corn hath been.
 For, past all doubt, affliction past all mean 305
 Hath brought my age on ; but, in seasons past,
 Both Mars and Pallas have with boldness grac'd,
 And fortitude, my fortunes, when I chus'd
 Choice men for ambush, prest to have produc'd
 Ill to mine enemies ; my too vent'rous spirit 310
 Set never death before mine eyes, for merit,
 But, far the first advanc'd still, still I strook
 Dead with my lance whoever overtook
 My speed of foot. Such was I then for war.
 But rustic actions ever fled me far, 315
 And household thrift, which breeds a famous race.
 In oar-driv'n ships did I my pleasures place,
 In battles, light darts, arrows. Sad things all,
 And into others' thoughts with horror fall.
 But what God put into my mind, to me 320
 I still esteem'd as my felicity.
 As men of sev'ral metals are address'd,
 So sev'ral forms are in their souls impress'd.

³⁰⁹ *Prest*—ready.

Before the sons of Greece set foot in Troy,
 Nine times, in chief, I did command enjoy 325
 Of men and ships against our foreign foe,
 And all I fitly wish'd succeeded so.
 Yet, after this, I much exploit achiev'd,
 When straight my house in all possessions thriv'd.
 Yet, after that, I great and rev'rend grew 330
 Amongst the Cretans, till the Thund'rer drew
 Our forces out in his foe-Troy decrees ;
 A hateful service that dissolv'd the knees
 Of many a soldier. And to this was I,
 And famous Idomen, enjoin'd t' apply 335
 Our ships and pow'rs. Nor was there to be heard
 One reason for denial, so preferr'd
 Was the unreasonable people's rumour.
 Nine years we therefore fed the martial humour,
 And in the tenth, de-peopling Priam's town, 340
 We sail'd for home. But God had quickly blown
 Our fleet in pieces ; and to wretched me
 The counsellor Jove did much mishap decree,
 For, only one month, I had leave t' enjoy
 My wife and children, and my goods t' employ. 345
 But, after this, my mind for Ægypt stood,
 When nine fair ships I rigg'd forth for the flood,
 Mann'd them with noble soldiers, all things fit
 For such a voyage soon were won to it.
 Yet six days after stay'd my friends in feast, 350
 While I in banquets to the Gods adrest
 Much sacred matter for their sacrifice.
 The seventh, we boarded ; and the Northern skies
 Lent us a frank and passing prosp'rous gale,
 'Fore which we bore us free and easy sail 355

As we had back'd a full and frolic tide ;
 Nor felt one ship misfortune for her pride,
 But safe we sat, our sailors and the wind
 Consenting in our convoy. When heav'n shin'd
 In sacred radiance of the fifth fair day, 360
 To sweetly-water'd Egypt reach'd our way,
 And there we anchor'd ; where I charg'd my men
 To stay aboard, and watch. Dismissing then
 Some scouts to get the hill-tops, and discover,
 They (to their own intemperance giv'n over) 365
 Straight fell to forage the rich fields, and thence
 Enforce both wives and infants, with th' expence
 Of both their bloods. When straight the rumour flew
 Up to the city. Which heard, up they drew
 By day's first break, and all the field was fill'd 370
 With foot and horse, whose arms did all things gild.
 And then the lightning-loving Deity cast
 A foul flight on my soldiers ; nor stood fast
 One man of all. About whom mischief stood,
 And with his stern steel drew in streams the blood 375
 The greater part fed in their dissolute veins ;
 The rest were sav'd, and made enthralled swains
 To all the basest usages there bred.
 And then, ev'n Jove himself supplied my head
 With saving counsel ; though I wish'd to die, 380
 And there in Egypt with their slaughters lie,
 So much grief seiz'd me, but Jove made me yield,
 Dishelm my head, take from my neck my shield,
 Hurl from my hand my lance, and to the troop
 Of horse the king led instantly made up, 385
 Embrace, and kiss his knees ; whom pity won
 To give me safety, and (to make me shun

The people's outrage, that made in amain,
 All jointly fir'd with thirst to see me slain)
 He took me to his chariot, weeping, home, 390
 Himself with fear of Jove's wrath overcome,
 Who yielding souls receives, and takes most ill
 All such as well may save yet love to kill.
 Seven years I sojourn'd here, and treasure gat
 In good abundance of th' Ægyptian state, 395
 For all would give; but when th' eighth year began,
 A knowing fellow (that would gnaw a man
 Like to a vermin, with his hellish brain,
 And many an honest soul ev'n quick had slain,
 Whose name was Phœnix) close accosted me, 400
 And with insinuations, such as he
 Practis'd on others, my consent he gain'd
 To go into Phœnicia, where remain'd
 His house, and living. And with him I liv'd
 A complete year; but when were all arriv'd 405
 The months and days, and that the year again
 Was turning round, and ev'ry season's reign
 Renew'd upon us, we for Libya went,
 When, still inventing crafts to circumvent,
 He made pretext, that I should only go 410
 And help convey his freight; but thought not so,
 For his intent was to have sold me there,
 And made good gain for finding me a year.
 Yet him I follow'd, though suspecting this,
 For, being aboard his ship, I must be his 415
 Of strong necessity. She ran the flood
 (Driven with a northern gale, right free, and good)
 Amids the full stream, full on Crete. But then

³⁹⁷ Ἄνηρ ἀπατήλια εἰδῶς, τρώκτης.—CHAPMAN.

Jove plotted death to him and all his men,
 For (put off quite from Crete, and so far gone 420
 That shore was lost, and we set eye on none,
 But all show'd heav'n and sea) above our keel
 Jove pointed right a cloud as black as hell,
 Beneath which all the sea hid, and from whence
 Jove thunder'd as his hand would never thence, 425
 And thick into our ship he threw his flash,
 That 'gainst a rock, or flat, her keel did dash
 With headlong rapture. Of the sulphur all
 Her bulk did savour; and her men let fall
 Amids the surges, on which all lay tost 430
 Like sea-gulls, round about her sides, and lost.
 And so God took all home-return from them.
 But Jove himself, though plung'd in that extreme,
 Recover'd me by thrusting on my hand
 The ship's long mast. And, that my life might stand
 A little more up, I embrac'd it round; 436
 And on the rude winds, that did ruins sound,
 Nine days we hover'd. In the tenth black night
 A huge sea cast me on Thesprotia's 'height,
 Where the heroë Phidon, that was chief 440
 Of all the Thesprots, gave my wrack relief,
 Without the price of that redemption
 That Phoenix fish'd for. Where the king's lov'd son
 Came to me, took me by the hand, and led
 Into his court my poor life, surfeited 445
 With cold and labour; and because my wrack
 Chanc'd on his father's shore, he let not lack
 My plight or coat, or cloak, or anything

⁴²⁶ Ἐλελίχθη *qui terram rapido motu concutit.* - CHAPMAN.

⁴⁴² Ἀπριάτην *sine emptiois seu redemptionis pretio.*—CHAPMAN.

Grace in my habit, and in place put on
 These tatter'd rags, which now you see upon
 My wretched bosom. When heav'n's light took sea,
 They fetch'd the field-works of fair Ithaca,
 And in the arm'd ship, with a well-wreath'd cord, 485
 They straitly bound me, and did all disboard
 To shore to supper, in contentious rout.
 Yet straight the Gods themselves took from about
 My presséd limbs the bands, with equal ease,
 And I, my head in rags wrapp'd, took the seas, 490
 Descending by the smooth stern, using then
 My hands for oars, and made from these bad men
 Long way in little time. At last, I fetch'd
 A goodly grove of oaks, whose shore I reach'd,
 And cast me prostrate on it. When they knew 495
 My thus-made 'scape, about the shores they flew,
 But, soon not finding, held it not their best
 To seek me further, but return'd to rest
 Aboard their vessel. Me the Gods lodg'd close,
 Conducting me into the safe repose 500
 A good man's stable yielded. And thus Fate
 This poor hour added to my living date."

"O wretch of guests," said he, "thy tale hath stirr'd
 My mind to much ruth, both how thou hast err'd,
 And suffer'd, hearing in such good parts shown. 505
 But, what thy chang'd relation would make known
 About Ulysses, I hold neither true,
 Nor will believe. And what need'st thou pursue
 A lie so rashly, since he sure is so
 As I conceive, for which my skill shall go? 510
 The safe return my king lacks cannot be,

He would be here ; and nothing so, nor so.
 But thou, an old man, taught with so much woe
 As thou hast suffer'd, to be season'd true, 545
 And brought by his fate, do not here pursue
 His gratulations with thy cunning lies,
 Thou canst not soak so through my faculties,
 For I did never either honour thee
 Or give thee love, to bring these tales to me, 550
 But in my fear of hospitable Jove
 Thou didst to this pass my affections move."
 " You stand exceeding much incredulous,"
 Replied Ulysses, " to have witness'd thus
 My word and oath, yet yield no trust at all. 555
 But make we now a covenant here, and call
 The dreadful Gods to witness, that take seat
 In large Olympus : If your king's retreat
 Prove made, ev'n hither, you shall furnish me
 With cloak, and coat, and make my passage free 560
 For lov'd Dulichius ; if, as fits my vow,
 Your king return not, let your servants throw
 My old limbs headlong from some rock most high,
 That other poor men may take fear to lie."
 The herdsman, that had gifts in him divine, 565
 Replied : " O guest, how shall this fame of mine
 And honest virtue, amongst men, remain
 Now, and hereafter, without worthy stain,
 If I, that led thee to my hovel here,
 And made thee fitting hospitable cheer, 570
 Should after kill thee, and thy lovéd mind
 Force from thy bones ? Or how should stand inclin'd
 With any faith my will t' importune Jove,
 In any pray'r hereafter for his love ?

Come, now 'tis supper's hour, and instant haste 575
 My men will make home, when our sweet repast
 We'll taste together." This discourse they held
 In mutual kind, when from a neighbour-field
 His swine and swine-herds came, who in their cotes
 Inclos'd their herds for sleep, which mighty throats
 Laid out in ent'ring. Then the God-like swain 581
 His men enjoin'd thus: "Bring me to be slain
 A chief swine female, for my stranger guest,
 When altogether we will take our feast,
 Refreshing now our spirits, that all day take 585
 Pains in our swine's good, who may therefore make
 For our pains with them all amends with one,
 Since others eat our labours, and take none."
 This said, his sharp steel hew'd down wood, and they
 A passing fat swine hal'd out of the sty, 590
 Of five years old, which to the fire they put.
 When first Eumæus from the front did cut
 The sacred hair, and cast it in the fire,
 Then pray'd to heav'n; for still before desire
 Was serv'd with food, in their so rude abodes, 595
 Not the poor swine-herd would forget the Gods,
 Good souls they bore, how bad soever were
 The habits that their bodies' parts did bear.
 When all the deathless Deities besought,
 That wise Ulysses might be safely brought 600
 Home to his house; then with a log of oak
 Left lying by, high lifting it, a stroke
 He gave so deadly it made life expire.
 Then cut the rest her throat, and all in fire
 They hid and sing'd her, cut her up; and then, 605
 The master took the office from the men,

Who on the altar did the parts impose
 That serv'd for sacrifice ; beginning close
 About the belly, thorough which he went.
 And (all the chief fat gath'ring) gave it vent 610
 (Part dredg'd with flour) into the sacred flame ;
 Then cut they up the joints, and roasted them,
 Drew all from spit, and serv'd in dishes all.
 Then rose Eumæus (who was general
 In skill to guide each act his fit event) 615
 And, all in seven parts cut, the first part went
 To service of the Nymphs and Mercury,
 To whose names he did rites of piety
 In vows particular ; and all the rest
 He shar'd to ev'ry one, but his lov'd guest 620
 He grac'd with all the chine, and of that king,
 To have his heart cheer'd, set up ev'ry string.
 Which he observing said : " I would to Jove,
 Eumæus, thou liv'dst in his worthy love
 As great as mine, that giv'st to such a guest 625
 As my poor self of all thy goods the best."

Eumæus answer'd : " Eat, unhappy wretch,
 And to what here is at thy pleasure reach.
 This I have, this thou want'st ; thus God will give,
 Thus take away, in us, and all that live. 630
 To his will's equal centre all things fall,
 His mind he must have, for he can do all."

Thus having eat, and to his wine descended,
 Before he serv'd his own thirst, he commended
 The first use of it in fit sacrifice 635
 (As of his meat) to all the Deities,
 And to the city-racer's hand applied
 The second cup, whose place was next his side.

44 THE FOURTEENTH BOOK

Mesauliús did dístribute the meat,
 (To which charge was Eumæus solely set, 640
 In absence of Ulysses, by the queen
 And old Laertes) and this man had been
 Bought by Eumæus, with his faculties,
 Employ'd then in the Taphian merchandise.

But now, to food appos'd, and order'd thus, 645
 All fell. Desire suffic'd, Mesauliús
 Did take away. For bed then next they were,
 All throughly satisfied with cóplete cheer.
 The night then came, ill, and no taper shin'd ;
 Jove rain'd her whole date ; th' ever-wat'ry wind 650
 Zephyr blew loud ; and Laertiades
 (Approving kind Eumæus' carefulness
 For his whole good) made far about assay,
 To get some cast-off cassock (lest he lay
 That rough night cold) of him, or any one 655
 Of those his servants ; when he thus begun :

“ Hear me, Eumæus, and my other friends,
 I'll use a speech that to my glory tends,
 Since I have drunk wine past my usual guise.
Strong wine commands the fool and moves the wise,
 Moves and impels him too to sing and dance, 661
 And break in pleasant laughters, and, perchance,
 Prefer a speech too that were better in.
 But when my spirits once to speak begin,
 I shall not then dissemble. Would to heav'n, 665
 I were as young, and had my forces driv'n
 As close together, as when once our pow'rs
 We led to ambush under th' Ilión tow'rs !
 Where Ithacus and Menelaus were
 The two commanders, when it pleas'd them there 670

To take myself for third, when to the town
 And lofty walls we led, we couch'd close down,
 All arm'd, amidst the osiers and the reeds,
 Which oftentimes th' o'er-flowing river feeds.
 The cold night came, and th' icy northern gale 675
 Blew bleak upon us, after which did fall
 A snow so cold, it cut as in it beat
 A frozen water, which was all concrete
 About our shields like crystal. All made feign
 Above our arms to clothe, and clothe again. 680
 And so we made good shift, our shields beside
 Clapp'd close upon our clothes, to rest and hide
 From all discovery. But I, poor fool,
 Left my weeds with my men, because so cool
 I thought it could not prove; which thought my pride
 A little strengthen'd, being loth to hide 686
 A goodly glitt'ring garment I had on;
 And so I follow'd with my shield alone,
 And that brave weed. But when the night near ended
 Her course on earth, and that the stars descended, 690
 I jogg'd Ulysses, who lay passing near,
 And spake to him, that had a nimble ear,
 Assuring him, that long I could not lie
 Amongst the living, for the fervency
 Of that sharp night would kill me, since as then 695
 My evil angel made me with my men
 Leave all weeds but a fine one. But I know
 'Tis vain to talk; here wants all remedy now.
 This said, he bore that understanding part
 In his prompt spirit that still show'd his art 700
 In fight and counsel, saying (in a word,
 And that low-whisper'd) peace, lest you afford
 Some Greek note of your softness. No word more,

46 *THE FOURTEENTH BOOK*

But made as if his stern austerity bore
 My plight no pity ; yet, as still he lay 705
 His head reposing on his hand, gave way
 To this invention : ‘ Hear me friends, a dream
 (That was of some celestial light a beam)
 Stood in my sleep before me, prompting me
 With this fit notice : ‘ We are far,’ said he, 710
 ‘ From out our fleet. Let one go then, and try
 If Agamemnon will afford supply
 To what we now are strong.’ This stirr’d a speed
 In Thoas to th’ affair ; whose purple weed
 He left for haste ; which then I took, and lay 715
 In quiet after, till the dawn of day.

This shift Ulysses made for one in need,
 And would to heav’n, that youth such spirit did feed
 Now in my nerves, and that my joints were knit
 With such a strength as made me then held fit 720
 To lead men with Ulysses ! I should then
 Seem worth a weed that fits a herdsman’s men,
 For two respects, to gain a thankful friend,
 And to a good man’s need a good extend.”

“ O father,” said Eumæus, “ thou hast shown 725
 Good cause for us to give thee good renown,
 Not using any word that was not freed
 From all least ill. Thou, therefore, shalt not need
 Or coat, or other thing, that aptly may
 Beseem a wretched suppliant for defray 730
 Of this night’s need. But, when her golden throne
 The morn ascends, you must resume your own,
 For here you must not dream of many weeds,
 Or any change at all. We serve our needs
 As you do yours : one back, one coat. But when 735
 Ulysses’ lovéd son returns, he then

Shall give you coat and cassock, and bestow
 Your person where your heart and soul is now.”
 This said, he rose, made near the fire his bed,
 Which all with goats' and sheep skins he bespread.
 All which Ulysses with himself did line. 741
 With whom, besides, he chang'd a gaberdine,
 Thick lin'd, and soft, which still he made his shift
 When he would dress him 'gainst the horrid drift
 Of tempest, when deep winter's season blows. 745
 Nor pleas'd it him to lie there with his sows,
 But while Ulysses slept there, and close by
 The other younkers, he abroad would lie,
 And therefore arm'd him. Which set cheerful fare
 Before Ulysses' heart, to see such care 750
 Of his goods taken, how far off soever
 His fate his person and his wealth should sever.
 First then, a sharp-edg'd sword he girt about
 His well-spread shoulders, and (to shelter out
 The sharp West wind that blew) he put him on 755
 A thick-lin'd jacket, and yet cast upon
 All that the large hide of a goat well-fed.
 A lance then took he, with a keen steel head,
 To be his keep-off both 'gainst men and dogs.
 And thus went he to rest with his male hogs, 760
 That still abroad lay underneath a rock,
 Shield to the North wind's ever-eager shock.

⁷⁴² *Gaberdine*—a coarse cloak. The work is used in Shakespeare, and Nares has illustrated it. Halliwell says it is still used in Kent.

⁷⁶² *Eager*—Shakespeare,

“It is a nipping and an eager air.”—*Hamlet*, i. 4.



THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA to his native seat
Exhorts Ulysses' son's retreat,
In bed, and waking. He receives
Gifts of Atrides, and so leaves
The Spartan court. And, going aboard,
Doth favourable way afford
To Theoclymenus, that was
The Argive augur, and sought pass,
Fled for a slaughter he had done.

Eumæus tells Laertes' son,
How he became his father's man,
Being sold by the Phœnician
For some agreed-on faculties,
From forth the Syrian Isle, made prise.

Telemachus, arrived at home,
Doth to Eumæus' cottage come.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

O. From Sparta's strand
Makes safe access
To his own land
Ulyssides.



LN Lacedæmon, large, and apt for dances,
Athenian Pallas her access advances
Up to the great-in-soul Ulysses' seed,
Suggesting his return now fit for deed.

¹ *Εὐρύχορον Λακεδαίμονα in quâ ampli ut pulchri chori duci possunt, vel ducuntur; which the vulgar translations turn therefore, latam, seu amplam.*—CHAPMAN.

She found both him and Nestor's noble son 5
 In bed, in front of that fair mansion,
 Nestorides surpris'd with pleasing sleep,
 But on the watch Ulysses' son did keep,
 Sleep could not enter, cares did so excite
 His soul, through all the solitary night, 10
 For his lov'd father. To him, near, she said :
 " Telemachus ! 'Tis time that now were stay'd
 Thy foreign travels, since thy goods are free
 For those proud men that all will eat from thee,
 Divide thy whole possessions, and leave 15
 Thy too-late presence nothing to receive.
 Incite the shrill-voic'd Menelaus then,
 To send thee to thy native seat again,
 While thou mayst yet find in her honour strong
 Thy blameless mother, 'gainst thy father's wrong. 20
 For both the father, and the brothers too,
 Of thy lov'd mother, will not suffer so
 Extended any more her widow's bed,
 But make her now her richest wooer wed,
 Eurymachus, who chiefly may augment 25
 Her gifts, and make her jointure eminent.
 And therefore haste thee, lest, in thy despite,
 Thy house stand empty of thy native right.
 For well thou know'st what mind a woman bears ;
 The house of him, whoever she endears 30
 Herself in nuptials to, she sees increas'd,
 The issue of her first lov'd lord deceas'd
 Forgotten quite, and never thought on more.
 In thy return then, the re-counted store
 Thou find'st reserv'd, to thy most trusted maid 35
 Commit in guard, till Heav'n's Powr's have purvey'd

A wife, in virtue and in beauty's grace,
 Of fit sort for thee, to supply her place.
 And this note more I'll give thee, which repose
 In sure remembrance : The best sort of those 40
 That woo thy mother watchful scouts address,
 Both in the straits of th' Ithacensian seas,
 And dusty Samos, with intent t' invade
 And take thy life, ere thy return be made.
 Which yet I think will fail, and some of them 45
 That waste thy fortunes taste of that extreme
 They plot for thee. But keep off far from shore,
 And day and night sail, for a fore-right blore,
 Whoever of th' Immortals that vow guard
 And 'scape to thy return, will see prepar'd. 50
 As soon as thou arriv'st, dismiss to town
 Thy ship and men, and first of all make down
 To him that keeps thy swine, and doth conceive
 A tender care to see thee well survive.
 There sleep ; and send him to the town, to tell 55
 The chaste Penelopé, that safe and well
 Thou liv'st in his charge, and that Pylos' sands
 The place contain'd from whence thy person lands."
 Thus she to large Olympus made ascent.
 When with his heel a little touch he lent 60
 To Nestor's son, whose sleep's sweet chains he loos'd,
 Bad rise, and see in chariot inclos'd
 Their one-hoof'd horse, that they might straight be gone.
 "No such haste," he replied, "Night holds her throne,
 And dims all way to course of chariot. 65
 The morn will soon get up. Nor see forgot
 The gifts with haste, that will, I know, be rich,
 And put into our coach with gracious speech

By lance-fam'd Menelaus. Not a guest
 Shall touch at his house, but shall store his breast 70
 With fit mind of an hospitable man,
 To last as long as any daylight can
 His eyes recomfort, in such gifts as he
 Will proofs make of his hearty royalty."

He had no sooner said, but up arose 75
 Aurora, that the golden hills repose.
 And Menelaus, good-at-martial-cries,
 From Helen's bed rais'd, to his guest applies
 His first appearance. Whose repair made known
 T' Ulysses' lov'd son, on his robe was thrown 80
 About his gracious body, his cloak cast
 Athwart his ample shoulders, and in haste
 Abroad he went, and did the king accost :

" Atrides, guarded with heav'n's deified host,
 Grant now remission to my native right, 85
 My mind now urging mine own house's sight."
 " Nor will I stay," said he, " thy person long,
 Since thy desires to go are grown so strong.
 I should myself be angry to sustain
 The like detention urg'd by other men. 90

Who loves a guest past mean, past mean will hate,
The mean in all acts bears the best estate.
 A like ill 'tis, to thrust out such a guest
 As would not go, as to detain the rest.
 We should a guest love, while he loves to stay, 95
 And, when he likes not, give him loving way.
 Yet suffer so, that we may gifts impose
 In coach to thee ; which ere our hands inclose,
 Thine eyes shall see, lest else our loves may glose.

⁹⁹ *Glose*—speak fair, flatter. See Bk. III. 139, and *infra*, 344.

52 *THE FIFTEENTH BOOK*

Besides, I'll cause our women to prepare 100
 What our house yields, and merely so much fare
 As may suffice for health. Both well will do,
 Both for our honour and our profit too.

And, serving strength with food, you after may
 As much earth measure as will match the day. 105

If you will turn your course from sea, and go
 Through Greece and Argos (that myself may so
 Keep kind way with thee) I'll join horse, and guide
 T' our human cities. Nor ungratified

Will any one remit us ; some one thing 110
 Will each present us, that along may bring

Our pass with love, and prove our virtues blaz'd :
 A caldron, or a tripod, richly-braz'd,
 Two mules, a bowl of gold, that hath his price
 Heighten'd with emblems of some rare device." 115

The wise prince answer'd : " I would gladly go
 Home to mine own, and see that govern'd so
 That I may keep what I for certain hold,
 Not hazard that for only hop'd-for gold.
 I left behind me none so all ways fit 120

To give it guard, as mine own trust with it.
 Besides, in this broad course which you propose,
 My father seeking I myself may lose."

When this the shrill-voic'd Menelaus heard,
 He charg'd his queen and maids to see prepar'd 125
 Breakfast, of what the whole house held for best.

To him rose Eteoneus from his rest,
 Whose dwelling was not far off from the court,
 And his attendance his command did sort
 With kindling fires, and furth'ring all the roast, 130
 In act of whose charge heard no time he lost.

Himself then to an odorous room descended,
 Whom Megapenthe and his queen attended.
 Come to his treasury, a two-ear'd cup
 He choos'd of all, and made his son bear up 135
 A silver bowl. The queen then taking stand
 Aside her chest, where by her own fair hand
 Lay vests of all hues wrought, she took out one
 Most large, most artful, chiefly fair, and shone
 Like to a star, and lay of all the last. 140

Then through the house with either's gift they past ;
 When to Ulysses' son Atrides said :

“ Telemachus, since so entirely sway'd
 Thy thoughts are with thy vow'd return now tender'd,
 May Juno's thund'ring husband see it render'd 145
 Perfect at all parts, action answ'ring thought.
 Of all the rich gifts, in my treasure sought,
 I give thee here the most in grace and best.
 A bowl but silver, yet the brim's comprest
 With gold, whose fabric his desert doth bring 150
 From Vulcan's hand, presented by the king
 And great heroë of Sidonia's state,
 When at our parting he did consummate
 His whole house keeping. This do thou command.’

This said, he put the round bowl in his hand, 155
 And then his strong son Megapenthe plac'd
 The silver cup before him, amply grac'd
 With work and lustre. Helen (standing by,
 And in her hand the robe, her housewifery)
 His name rememb'ring, said : “ And I present, 160
 Lov'd son, this gift to thee, the monument
 Of the so-many-lovèd Helen's hands,
 Which, at the knitting of thy nuptial bands,

And would to God, I could as well fulfill
 Mine own mind's gratitude, for your free grace,
 In telling to Ulysses, in the place
 Of my return, in what accomplish'd kind
 I have obtain'd the office of a friend 200
 At your deservings; whose fair end you crown
 With gifts so many, and of such renown!"

His wish, that he might find in his retreat
 His father safe return'd (to so repeat
 The king's love to him) was saluted thus: 205
 An eagle rose, and in her seres did truss
 A goose, all-white, and huge, a household one,
 Which men and women, crying out upon,
 Pursued, but she, being near the guests, her flight
 Made on their right hand, and kept still fore-right 210
 Before their horses; which observ'd by them,
 The spirits in all their minds took joys extreme,
 Which Nestor's son thus question'd: "Jove-kept
 king,

Yield your grave thoughts, if this ostentful thing
 (This eagle, and this goose) touch us, or you?" 215

He put to study, and not knowing how
 To give fit answer, Helen took on her
 Th' ostent's solution, and did this prefer:

"Hear me, and I will play the prophet's part,
 As the Immortals cast it in my heart, 220
 And as, I think, will make the true sense known:
 As this Jove's bird, from out the mountains flown,
 (Where was her eyrie, and whence rose her race,)
 Truss'd up this goose, that from the house did graze,

²¹³ Nestor's son to Menelaus, his ironical question continuing still Homer's character of Menelaus.—CHAPMAN.

So shall Ulysses, coming from the wild 225
 Of seas and suff'rings, reach, unreconcil'd,
 His native home, where ev'n this hour he is,
 And on those house-fed Wooers those wrongs of his
 Will shortly wreak, with all their miseries."

"O," said Telemachus, "if Saturnian Jove 230
 To my desires thy dear presage approve,
 When I arrive, I will perform to thee
 My daily vows, as to a Deity."

This said, he us'd his scourge upon the horse,
 That through the city freely made their course 235
 To field, and all day made that first speed good.
 But when the sun set, and obscureness stood
 In each man's way, they ended their access
 At Pheras, in the house of Diocles,
 Son to Orsilochus, Alphëus' seed, 240
 Who gave them guest-rites; and sleep's natural need
 They that night served there. When Aurora rose,
 They join'd their horse, took coach, and did dispose
 Their course for Pylos; whose high city soon
 They reach'd. Nor would Telemachus be won 245
 To Nestor's house, and therefore order'd thus
 His speech to Nestor's son, Pisistratus:

"How shall I win thy promise to a grace
 That I must ask of thee? We both embrace
 The names of bed-fellows, and in that name 250
 Will glory as an adjunct of our fame,
 Our fathers' friendship; our own equal age,
 And our joint travel, may the more engage
 Our mutual concord. Do not then assay,
 My God-lov'd friend, to lead me from my way 255
 To my near ship, but take a course direct

And leave me there, lest thy old sire's respect,
 In his desire to love me, hinder so
 My way for home, that have such need to go."

This said, Nestorides held all discourse 260
 In his kind soul, how best he might enforce
 Both promise and performance; which, at last,
 He vow'd to venture, and directly cast
 His horse about to fetch the ship and shore.
 Where come, his friends' most lovely gifts he bore 265
 Aboard the ship, and in her hind-deck plac'd
 The veil that Helen's curious hand had grac'd,
 And Menelaus' gold, and said: " Away,
 Nor let thy men, in any least date, stay,
 But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell 270
 The old duke, you are past; for passing well
 I know his mind to so exceed all force
 Of any pray'r, that he will stay your course,
 Himself make hither, all your course call back,
 And, when he hath you, have no thought to rack 275
 Him from his bounty, and to let you part
 Without a present, but be vex'd at heart
 With both our pleadings, if we once but move
 The least repression of his fiery love." 279

Thus took he coach, his fair-man'd steeds scourg'd on
 Along the Pylian city, and anon
 His father's court reach'd; while Ulysses' son
 Bade board, and arm; which with a thought was done.

His rowers set, and he rich odours firing 285
 In his hind-deck, for his secure retiring,
 To great Athenia, to his ship came flying
 A stranger, and a prophet, as relying
 On wishéd passage, having newly slain

A man at Argos, yet his race's vein
 Flow'd from Melampus, who in former date 290
 In Pylos liv'd, and had a huge estate,
 But fled his country, and the punishing hand
 Of great-soul'd Neleus, in a foreign land,
 From that most famous mortal, having held
 A world of riches, nor could be compell'd 295
 To render restitution in a year.
 In mean space, living as close prisoner
 In court of Phylacus, and for the sake
 Of Neleus' daughter mighty cares did take,
 Together with a grievous langour sent 300
 From grave Erinnys, that did much torment
 His vexéd conscience ; yet his life's expence
 He scap'd, and drave the loud-voiced oxen thence,
 To breed-sheep Pylos, bringing vengeance thus
 Her foul demerit to great Neleüs, 305
 And to his brother's house reduc'd his wife.
 Who yet from Pylos did remove his life
 For feed-horse Argos, where his fate set down
 A dwelling for him, and in much renown
 Made govern many Argives, where a spouse 310
 He took to him, and built a famous house.
 There had he born to him Antiphates,
 And forceful Mantius. To the first of these
 Was great Oicleus born : Oicleus gat
 Amphiaraus, that the popular state 315
 Had all their health in, whom ev'n from his heart
 Jove lov'd, and Phœbus in the whole desert
 Of friendship held him ; yet not bless'd so much
 That age's threshold he did ever touch,

³⁰⁶ *Reduced*—led back. (Lat.)

But lost his life by female bribery. 320
 Yet two sons author'd his posterity,
 Alcæon, and renown'd Amphilochus.
 Mantius had issue Polyphidius,
 And Clytus, but Aurora ravish'd him,
 For excellence of his admiréd limb, 325
 And interested him amongst the Gods.
 His brother knew men's good and bad abodes
 The best of all men, after the decease
 Of him that perish'd in unnatural peace
 At spacious Thebes. Apollo did inspire 330
 His knowing soul with a prophetic fire.
 Who, angry with his father, took his way
 To Hyperesia ; where, making stay,
 He prophesied to all men, and had there
 A son call'd Theoclymenus, who here 335
 Came to Telemachus, and found aboard
 Himself at sacrifice, whom in a word
 He thus saluted : " O friend, since I find,
 Ev'n here at ship, a sacrificing mind
 Inform your actions, by your sacrifice, 340
 And by that worthy choice of Deities
 To whom you offer, by yourself, and all
 These men that serve your course maritimal,
 Tell one that asks the truth, nor give it glose, 344
 Both who, and whence, you are ? From what seed
 rose
 Your royal person ? And what city's tow'rs
 Hold habitation to your parents' pow'rs ?"

³²⁰ His wife betrayed him for money.—CHAPMAN.

³²⁵ *Interested*—placed him among the Gods.

³²⁷ *Abodes*.—See Bk. IV. 664.

He answer'd: "Stranger! The sure truth is this:
 I am of Ithaca; my father is
 (Or was) Ulysses, but austere death now 350
 Takes his state from him; whose event to know,
 Himself being long away, I set forth thus
 With ship and soldiers." Theoclymenus
 As freely said: "And I to thee am fled
 From forth my country, for a man struck dead 355
 By my unhappy hand, who was with me
 Of one self-tribe, and of his pedigree
 Are many friends and brothers, and the sway
 Of Achive kindred reacheth far away.
 From whom, because I fear their spleens suborn 360
 Blood and black fate against me (being born
 To be a wand'rer among foreign men)
 Make thy fair ship my rescue, and sustain
 My life from slaughter. Thy deservings may
 Perform that mercy, and to them I pray." 365

"Nor will I bar," said he, "thy will to make
 My means and equal ship thy aid, but take
 (With what we have here, in all friendly use)
 Thy life from any violence that pursues."

Thus took he in his lance, and it extended 370
 Aloft the hatches, which himself ascended.
 The prince took seat at stern, on his right hand
 Set Theoclymenus, and gave command
 To all his men to arm, and see made fast
 Amidst the hollow keel the beechen mast 375
 With able halsers, hoise sail, launch; which soon
 He saw obey'd. And then his ship did run
 A merry course; blue-eyed Minerva sent
 A fore-right gale, tumultuous, vehement,

Along the air, that her way's utmost yield 380
The ship might make, and plough the brackish field.

Then set the sun, and night black'd all the ways.
The ship, with Jove's wind wing'd, where th' Epian
 sways,

Fetch'd Pheras first, then Elis the divine,
And then for those isles made, that sea-ward shine 385
For form and sharpness like a lance's head,
About which lay the Wooers ambush'd ;
On which he rush'd, to try if he could 'scape
His plotted death, or serve her treach'rous rape.

And now return we to Eumæus' shed, 390
Where, at their food with others marshall'd,
Ulysses and his noble herdsman sate.
To try if whose love's curious estate
Stood firm to his abode, or felt it fade,
And so would take each best cause to persuade 395
His guest to town, Ulysses thus contends :

“ Hear me, Eumæus, and ye other friends.
Next morn to town I covet to be gone,
To beg some others' alms, not still charge one.
Advise me well then, and as well provide 400
I may be fitted with an honest guide,
For through the streets, since need will have it so,
I'll tread, to try if any will bestow
A dish of drink on me, or bit of bread,
Till to Ulysses' house I may be led ; 405
And there I'll tell all-wise Penelope news,
Mix with the Wooers' pride, and, since they use
To fare above the full, their hands excite
To some small feast from out their infinite :
For which, I'll wait, and play the servingman, 410

Fairly enough, command the most they can.
 For I will tell thee, note me well, and hear,
 That, if the will be of Heav'n's Messenger,
 (Who to the works of men, of any sort,
 Can grace infuse, and glory) nothing short 415
 Am I of him, that doth to most aspire
 In any service, as to build a fire,
 To cleave sere wood, to roast or boil their meat,
 To wait at board, mix wine, or know the neat,
 Or any work, in which the poor-call'd worst 420
 To serve the rich-call'd best in Fate are forc'd."

He, angry with him, said: "Alas, poor guest,
 Why did this counsel ever touch thy breast?
 Thou seek'st thy utter spoil beyond all doubt,
 If thou giv'st venture on the Wooers' rout, 425
 Whose wrong and force affects the iron heav'n,
 Their light delights are far from being giv'n
 To such grave servitors. Youths richly trick'd
 In coats or cassocks, locks divinely slick'd,
 And looks most rapt, ever have the gift 430
 To taste their crown'd cups, and full trenchers shift.
 Their tables ever like their glasses shine,
 Loaded with bread, with varied flesh, and wine.
 And thou go thither? Stay, for here do none
 Grudge at thy presence, nor myself, nor one 435
 Of all I feed. But when Ulysses' son
 Again shall greet us, he shall put thee on
 Both coat and cassock, and thy quick retreat
 Set where thy heart and soul desire thy seat."

Industrious Ulysses gave reply: 440
 "I still much wish, that Heav'n's chief Deity
 Lov'd thee, as I do, that hast eas'd my mind

Of woes and wand'rings never yet confin'd.
Nought is more wretched in a human race,
Than country's want, and shift from place to place. 445
 But for the baneful belly men take care
 Beyond good counsel, whosoever are
 In compass of the wants it undergoes
 By wand'rings, losses, or dependent woes.
 Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home ; 450
 Which since thou wilt make here, as overcome
 With thy command for stay, I'll take on me
 Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.
 Does then Ulysses' sire, and mother, breathe,
 Both whom he left in th' age next door to death ? 455
 Or are they breathless, and descended where
 The dark house is, that never day doth clear ? ”
 “ Laertes lives,” said he, “ but ev'ry hour
 Beseecheth Jove to take from him the pow'r
 That joins his life and limbs ; for with a moan 460
 That breeds a marvel he laments his son
 Depriv'd by death, and adds to that another
 Of no less depth for that dead son's dead mother,
 Whom he a virgin wedded, which the more
 Makes him lament her loss, and doth deplore 465
 Yet more her miss, because her womb the truer
 Was to his brave son, and his slaughter slew her.
 Which last love to her doth his life engage,
 And makes him live an undigested age.
 O ! such a death she died as never may 470
 Seize any one that here beholds the day,
 That either is to any man a friend,
 Or can a woman kill in such a kind.

⁴⁴³ *Confin'd.*—See Bk. v. 365.

“ O me, Eumæus,” said Laertes’ son, 505
 “ Hast thou then err’d so of a little one,
 Like me, from friends and country? Pray thee say,
 And say a truth, doth vast Destruction lay
 Her hand upon the wide-way’d seat of men,
 Where dwelt thy sire and rev’rend mother then, 510
 That thou art spar’d there? Or else, set alone
 In guard of beeves, or sheep, set th’ enemy on,
 Surpris’d, and shipp’d, transferr’d, and sold thee here?
 He that bought thee paid well, yet bought not dear.”

“ Since thou enquir’st of that, my guest,” said he,
 “ Hear and be silent, and, mean space, sit free 516
 In use of these cups to thy most delights;
 Unspeakable in length now are the nights.
 Those that affect sleep yet, to sleep have leave,
 Those that affect to hear, their hearers give. 520
 But sleep not ere your hour; *much sleep doth grieve.*
 Whoever lists to sleep, away to bed,
 Together with the morning raise his head,
 Together with his fellows break his fast,
 And then his lord’s herd drive to their repast. 525
 We two, still in our tabernacle here
 Drinking and eating, will our bosoms cheer
 With memories and tales of our annoys.
Betwixt his sorrows ev’ry human joys,
 He most, who most hath felt and furthest err’d. 530
 And now thy will to act shall be preferr’d.

There is an isle above Ortygia,
 If thou hast heard, they call it Syria,

⁵⁰⁶ i. e. Hast thou wandered even from your childhood, when you were a little one?

⁵⁰⁹ Supposing him to dwell in a city.—CHAPMAN.

Where, once a day, the sun moves backward still.

'Tis not so great as good, for it doth fill 535

The fields with oxen, fills them still with sheep,
Fills roofs with wine, and makes all corn there cheap.

No dearth comes ever there, nor no disease

That doth with hate us wretched mortals seize,

But when men's varied nations, dwelling there 540

In any city, enter th' aged year,

The silver-bow-bearer, the Sun, and She

That bears as much renown for archery,

Stoop with their painless shafts, and strike them dead,

As one would sleep, and never keep the bed. 545

In this isle stand two cities, betwixt whom

All things that of the soil's fertility come

In two parts are divided. And both these

My father rul'd, Ctesius Ormenides,

A man like the Immortals. With these states 550

The cross-biting Phœnicians traffick'd rates

Of infinite merchandise in ships brought there,

In which they then were held exempt from peer.

There dwelt within my father's house a dame,

Born a Phœnician, skilful in the frame 555

Of noble housewif'ries, right tall and fair.

Her the Phœnician great-wench-net-lay'r

With sweet words circumvented, as she was

Washing her linen. To his amorous pass

He brought her first, shor'd from his ship to her, 560

To whom he did his whole life's love prefer,

Which of these breast-exposing dames the hearts

⁵⁵⁷ Πολυπαίπαλος, *admodum vafer*, *Der. ex παλεύω, pertraho in retia, et παῖς, puella.*—CHAPMAN. This is certainly the quaintest and most original of Chapman's translations and derivations.

Deceives, though fashion'd of right honest parts.
 He ask'd her after, what she was, and whence ?
 She, passing presently, the excellence 565
 Told of her father's turrets, and that she
 Might boast herself sprung from the progeny
 Of the rich Sidons, and the daughter was
 Of the much-year-revénued Arybas ;
 But that the Taphian pirates made their prise, 570
 As she return'd from her field-housewif'ries,
 Transferr'd her hither, and, at that man's house
 Where now she liv'd, for value precious
 Sold her to th' owner. He that stole her love
 Bade her again to her birth's seat remove, 575
 To see the fair roofs of her friends again,
 Who still held state, and did the port maintain
 Herself reported. She said : ' Be it so,
 So you, and all that in your ship shall row,
 Swear to return me in all safety hence.' 580

All swore. Th' oath past, with ev'ry consequence,
 She bade : ' Be silent now, and not a word
 Do you, or any of your friends, afford,
 Meeting me afterward in any way,
 Or at the washing-fount ; lest some display 585
 Be made, and told the old man, and he then
 Keep me strait bound, to you and to your men
 The utter ruin plotting of your lives.
 Keep in firm thought then ev'ry word that strives 589
 For dang'rous utt'rance. Haste your ship's full freight
 Of what you traffic for, and let me straight
 Know by some sent friend she hath all in hold,
 And with myself I'll bring thence all the gold
 I can by all means finger ; and, beside,

I'll do my best to see your freight supplied 595
 With some well-weighing burthen of mine own.
 For I bring-up in house a great man's son,
 As crafty as myself, who will with me
 Run ev'ry way along, and I will be
 His leader, till your ship hath made him sure. 600
 He will an infinite great price procure,
 Transfer him to what languag'd men ye may.'

This said, she gat her home, and there made stay
 A whole year with us, goods of great avail
 Their ship enriching. Which now fit for sail, 605
 They sent a messenger t' inform the dame ;
 And to my father's house a fellow came,
 Full of Phœnician craft, that to be sold
 A tablet brought, the body all of gold,
 The verge all-amber. This had ocular view 610
 Both by my honour'd mother and the crew
 Of her house-handmaids, handled, and the price
 Beat, ask'd, and promis'd. And while this device
 Lay thus upon the forge, this jeweller
 Made privy signs, by winks and wiles, to her 615
 That was his object ; which she took, and he,
 His sign seeing noted, hied to ship. When she,
 (My hand still taking, as she us'd to do
 To walk abroad with her) convey'd me so
 Abroad with her, and in the portico 620
 Found cups, with tasted viands, which the guests
 That us'd to flock about my father's feasts
 Had left. They gone (some to the council-court,
 Some to hear news amongst the talking sort)
 Her theft three bowls into her lap convey'd, 625

⁶⁰⁹ *Brought.*—The folio has *bought*, but evidently a misprint.

And forth she went. Nor was my wit so stay'd
 To stay her, or myself. The sun went down,
 And shadows round about the world were flown,
 When we came to the haven, in which did ride
 The swift Phœnician ship ; whose fair broad side 630
 They boarded straight, took us up ; and all went
 Along the moist waves. Wind Saturnius sent.
 Six days we day and night sail'd ; but when Jove
 Put up the seventh day, She that shafts doth love
 Shot dead the woman, who into the pump 635
 Like to a dop-chick div'd, and gave a thump
 In her sad settling. Forth they cast her then
 To serve the fish and sea-calves, no more men ;
 But I was left there with a heavy heart ;
 When wind and water drave them quit apart 640
 Their own course, and on Ithaca they fell,
 And there poor me did to Laertes sell.
 And thus these eyes the sight of this isle prov'd."

" Eumæus," he replied, " thou much hast mov'd
 The mind in me with all things thou hast said, 645
 And all the suff'rance on thy bosom laid,
 But, truly, to thy ill hath Jove join'd good,
 That one whose veins are serv'd with human blood
 Hath bought thy service, that gives competence
 Of food, wine, cloth to thee ; and sure th' expence
 Of thy life's date here is of good desert, 651
 Whose labours not to thee alone impart
 Sufficient food and housing, but to me ;
 Where I through many a heap'd humanity 654
 Have hither err'd, where, though, like thee, not sold,
 Nor stay'd like thee yet, nor nought needful hold."

634 Diana.

Is far superior man, and likest far
 To wed my mother, and as circular 690
 Be in that honour as Ulysses was.
 But heav'n-hous'd Jove knows the yet hidden pass
 Of her disposeure, and on them he may
 A blacker sight bring than her nuptial day."

As this he utter'd, on his right hand flew 695
 A saker, sacred to the God of view,
 That in his talons truss'd and plum'd a dove ;
 The feathers round about the ship did rove,
 And on Telemachus fell ; whom th' augur then
 Took fast by the hand, withdrew him from his men, 700
 And said : " Telemachus ! This hawk is sent
 From God ; I knew it for a sure ostent
 When first I saw it. Be you well assur'd,
 There will no Wooer be by heav'n endur'd
 To rule in Ithaca above your race, 705
 But your pow'rs ever fill the regal place."

" I wish to heav'n," said he, " thy word might stand,
 Thou then shouldst soon acknowledge from my hand
 Such gifts and friendship, as would make thee, guest,
 Met and saluted as no less than blest." 710

This said, he call'd Piræus, Clytus' son,
 His true associate, saying : " Thou hast done
 (Of all my followers to the Pylia shore)
 My will in chief in other things, once more
 Be chiefly good to me ; take to thy house 715
 This lovéd stranger, and be studious
 T' embrace and greet him with thy greatest fare,
 Till I myself come and take off thy care."

The famous-for-his-lance said : " If your stay

⁶⁹⁶ *Saker*—falcon.

72 *THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.*

Take time for life here, this man's care I'll lay 720
On my performance, nor what fits a guest
Shall any penury withhold his feast."

Thus took he ship, bade them board, and away.
They boarded, sat, but did their labour stay
Till he had deck'd his feet, and reach'd his lance. 725
They to the city; he did straight advance
Up to his styes, where swine lay for him store,
By whose side did his honest swine-herd snore,
Till his short cares his longest nights had ended,
And nothing worse to both his lords intended. 730

THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.



THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Prince at field, he sends to town
Eumæus, to make truly known
His safe return. By Pallas' will,
Telemachus is giv'n the skill
To know his father. Those that lay
In ambush, to prevent the way
Of young Ulyssides for home,
Retire, with anger overcome.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

II. To his most dear
Ulysses shows.
The wise son here
His father knows.



LYSSES and divine Eumæus rose
Soon as the morning could her eyes
unclose,
Made fire, brake fast, and to their pasture
send

The gather'd herds, on whom their swains attend.
The self-tire barking dogs all fawn'd upon,
Nor bark'd, at first sight of Ulysses' son.

The whinings of their fawnings yet did greet
 Ulysses' ears, and sounds of certain feet,
 Who thus bespake Eumæus: "Sure some friend,
 Or one well-known, comes, that the mastiffs spend 10
 Their mouths no louder. Only some one near
 They whine, and leap about, whose feet I hear."

Each word of this speech was not spent, before
 His son stood in the entry of the door.

Out-rush'd amaz'd Eumæus, and let go 15
 The cup to earth, that he had labour'd so,
 Cleans'd for the neat wine, did the prince surprise,
 Kiss'd his fair forehead, both his lovely eyes,
 Both his white hands, and tender tears distill'd.
 There breath'd no kind-soul'd father that was fill'd 20
 Less with his son's embraces, that had liv'd
 Ten years in far-off earth, now new retriev'd,
 His only child too, gotten in his age,
 And for whose absence he had felt the rage
 Of griefs upon him, than for this divin'd 25
 So-much-for-form was this divine-for-mind;
 Who kiss'd him through, who grew about him kissing,
 As fresh from death 'scap'd. Whom so long time
 missing,

He wept for joy, and said: "Thou yet art come,
 Sweet light, sweet sun-rise, to thy cloudy home. 30
 O, never I look'd, when once shipp'd away
 For Pylos' shores, to see thy turning day.
 Come, enter, lov'd son, let me feast my heart
 With thy sweet sight, new-come, so far apart.
 Nor, when you liv'd at home, would you walk down 35
 Often enough here, but stay'd still at town;
 It pleas'd you then to cast such forehand view

About your house on that most damnéd crew."

"It shall be so then, friend," said he, "but now
I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and know 40
If still my mother in her house remain,
Or if some Wooer hath aspir'd to gain
Of her in nuptials; for Ulysses' bed,
By this, lies all with spiders' cobwebs spread,
In penury of him that should supply it." 45

"She still," said he, "holds her most constant quiet,
Aloft thine own house, for the bed's respect;
But, for her lord's sad loss, sad nights and days
Obscure her beauties, and corrupt their rays."

This said, Eumæus took his brazen spear, 50
And in he went; when, being enter'd near
Within the stony threshold, from his seat
His father rose to him, who would not let
Th' old man remove, but drew him back and prest
With earnest terms his sitting, saying: "Guest, 55
Take here your seat again, we soon shall get
Within our own house here some other seat.
Here's one will fetch it." This said, down again
His father sat, and to his son his swain
Strew'd fair green osiers, and impos'd thereon 60
A good soft sheepskin, which made him a throne.

Then he appos'd to them his last-left roast,
And in a wicker basket bread engrost,
Fill'd luscious wine, and then took opposite seat
To the divine Ulysses. When, the meat 65

³⁸ 'Αἰδῆλον ὄμιλον, αἰδῆλος of αἰδής, *orcus*, and signifies properly *tenebrius*, or *infernalis*, so that *perniciosus* (which is the Latin translation) is not so fit as *damnéd* for that crew of dissolute Wooers. The phrase being now used to all so licentious.—CHAPMAN.

Set there before them, all fell-to, and eat.

When they had fed, the prince said : " Pray thee say,
Whence comes this guest ? What seaman gave him way
To this our isle ? I hope these feet of his
Could walk no water. Who boasts he he is ?" 70

" I'll tell all truly son : From ample Crete
He boasts himself, and says, his erring feet
Have many cities trod, and God was he
Whose finger wrought in his infirmity.
But, to my cottage, the last 'scape of his 75
Was from a Thesprot's ship. Whate'er he is,
I'll give him you, do what you please ; his vaunt
Is, that he is, at most, a suppliant."

" Eumæus," said the prince, " to tell me this,
You have afflicted my weak faculties ; 80
For how shall I receive him to my house
With any safety, that suspicious
Of my young forces (should I be assay'd
With any sudden violence) may want aid
To shield myself ? Besides, if I go home, 85
My mother is with two doubts overcome,
If she shall stay with me, and take fit care
For all such guests as there seek guestive fare,
Her husband's bed respecting, and her fame
Amongst the people ; or her blood may frame 90
A liking to some Wooer, such as best
May bed her in his house, not giving least.
And thus am I unsure of all means free
To use a guest there, fit for his degree.
But, being thy guest, I'll be his supply 95
For all weeds, such as mere necessity
Shall more than furnish. Fit him with a sword,

And set him where his heart would have been shor'd ;
 Or, if so pleas'd, receive him in thy shed,
 I'll send thee clothes, I vow, and all the bread 100
 His wish would eat, that to thy men and thee
 He be no burthen. But that I should be
 His mean to my house, where a company
 Of wrong-professing Wooers wildly live,
 I will in no sort author, lest they give 105
 Foul use to him, and me as gravely grieve.
 For what great act can any one achieve
 Against a multitude, although his mind
 Retain a courage of the greatest kind ?
 For all minds have not force in one degree." 110

Ulysses answer'd: " O friend, since 'tis free
 For any man to change fit words with thee,
 I'll freely speak: Methinks, a wolfish pow'r
 My heart puts on to tear and to devour,
 To hear your affirmation, that, in spite 115
 Of what may fall on you, made opposite,
 Being one of your proportion, birth, and age,
 These Wooers should in such injustice rage.
 What should the cause be? Do you wilfully
 Endure their spoil? Or hath your empery 120
 Been such amongst your people, that all gather
 In troop, and one voice (which ev'n God doth father)
 And vow your hate so, that they suffer them?
 Or blame your kinsfolk's faiths, before th' extreme
 Of your first stroke hath tried them, whom a man, 125
 When strifes to blows rise, trusts, though battle ran
 In huge and high waves? Would to heav'n my spirit
 Such youth breath'd, as the man that must inherit
 Yet-never-touch'd Ulysses, or that he,

But wand'ring this way, would but come, and see 130
 What my age could achieve (and there is Fate
 For Hope yet left, that he may recreate
 His eyes with such an object) this my head
 Should any stranger strike off, if stark dead
 I struck not all, the house in open force 135
 Ent'ring with challenge ! If their great concourse
 Did over-lay me, being a man alone,
 (Which you urge for yourself) be you that one,
 I rather in mine own house wish to die
 One death for all, than so indecently 140
 See evermore deeds worse than death applied,
 Guests wrong'd with vile words and blow-giving pride,
 The women-servants dragg'd in filthy kind
 About the fair house, and in corners blind
 Made serve the rapes of ruffians, food devour'd 145
 Idly and rudely, wine exhaust, and pour'd
 Through throats profane ; and all about a deed
 That's ever wooing, and will never speed."

" I'll tell you, guest, most truly," said his son,
 " I do not think that all my people run 150
 One hateful course against me ; nor accuse
 Kinsfolks that I in strifes of weight might use ;
 But Jove will have it so, our race alone
 (As if made singular) to one and one
 His hand confining. Only to the king, 155
 Jove-bred Arcesius, did Laertes spring ;
 Only to old Laertes did descend
 Ulysses ; only to Ulysses' end
 Am I the adjunct, whom he left so young,
 That from me to him never comfort sprung. 160
 And to all these now, for their race, arise

Up in their house a brood of enemies.
 As many as in these isles bow men's knees,
 Samos, Dulichius, and the rich-in-trees
 Zacynthus, or in this rough isle's command, 165
 So many suitors for the nuptials stand,
 That ask my mother, and, mean space, prefer
 Their lusts to all spoil, that dishonour her.
 Nor doth she, though she loaths, deny their suits,
 Nor they denials take, though taste their fruits. 170
 But all this time the state of all things there
 Their throats devour, and I must shortly bear
 A part in all. And yet the periods
 Of these designs lie in the knees of Gods.
 Of all loves then, Eumæus, make quick way 175
 To wise Penelopé, and to her say
 My safe return from Pylos, and alone
 Return thou hither, having made it known.
 Nor let, besides my mother, any ear
 Partake thy message, since a number bear 180
 My safe return displeasure." He replied :
 " I know, and comprehend you. You divide
 Your mind with one that understands you well.
 But, all in one yet, may I not reveal
 To th' old hard-fated Arcesiades 185
 Your safe return ? Who, through his whole distress
 Felt for Ulysses, did not yet so grieve,
 But with his household he had will to live,
 And serv'd his appetite with wine and food,
 Survey'd his husbandry, and did his blood 190
 Some comforts fitting life ; but since you took
 Your ship for Pylos, he would never brook

Or wine or food, they say, nor cast an eye
 On any labour, but sits weeping by,
 And sighing out his sorrows, ceaseless moans 195
 Wasting his body, turn'd all skin and bones."

"More sad news still," said he, "yet, mourn he still ;
 For if the rule of all men's works be will,
 And his will his way goes, mine stands inclin'd
 T' attend the home-turn of my nearer kind. 200
 Do then what I enjoin ; which giv'n effect,
 Err not to field to him, but turn direct,
 Entreating first my mother, with most speed,
 And all the secrecy that now serves need,
 To send this way their store-house guardian, 205
 And she shall tell all to the aged man."

He took his shoes up, put them on, and went.
 Nor was his absence hid from Jove's descent,
 Divine Minerva, who took straight to view
 A goodly woman's shape that all works knew, 210
 And, standing in the entry, did prefer
 Her sight t' Ulysses ; but, though meeting her,
 His son Telemachus nor saw nor knew.

The Gods' clear presences are known to few.
 Yet, with Ulysses, ev'n the dogs did see, 215
 And would not bark, but, whining lovingly,
 Fled to the stall's far side. When she her eyne
 Mov'd to Ulysses ; he knew her design,
 And left the house, pass'd the great sheep-cote's wall,
 And stood before her. She bade utter all 220

²⁰⁰ Intending his father, whose return though he were far from knowing, or fully expecting, yet he desired to order all things as he were present.—CHAPMAN.

²⁰⁶ Intending to Laertes, all that Eumæus would have told
 CHAPMAN.

²¹⁷ *When*.—The folio has *where*.

Now to his son, nor keep the least unlos'd,
 That, all the Wooers' deaths being now dispos'd,
 They might approach the town ; affirming, she
 Not long would fail t' assist to victory.

This said, she laid her golden rod on him, 225
 And with his late-worn weeds grac'd ev'ry limb,
 His body straighten'd, and his youth instill'd,
 His fresh blood call'd up, ev'ry wrinkle fill'd
 About his broken eyes, and on his chin 229
 The brown hair spread. When his whole trim wrought in,
 She issued, and he enter'd to his son,
 Who stood amaz'd, and thought some God had done
 His house that honour, turn'd away his eyes,
 And said : " Now guest, you grace another guise
 Than suits your late show. Other weeds you wear, 235
 And other person. Of the starry sphere
 You certainly present some deathless God.
 Be pleas'd, that to your here-vouchsaf'd abode
 We may give sacred rites, and offer gold,
 To do us favour." He replied : " I hold 240
 No deified state. Why put you thus on me
 A God's resemblance ? I am only he
 That bears thy father's name ; for whose lov'd sake
 Thy youth so grieves, whose absence makes thee take
 Such wrongs of men." Thus kiss'd he him, nor could
 Forbear those tears that in such mighty hold 246
 He held before, still held, still issuing ever ;
 And now, the shores once broke, the springtide never
 Forbore earth from the cheeks he kiss'd. His son,
 By all these violent arguments not won 250
 To credit him his father, did deny
 His kind assumpt, and said, some Deity

When rustic hands their tender eyries draw, 285
 Before they give their wings their full-plum'd law.
 But miserably pour'd they from beneath
 Their lids their tears, while both their breasts did breathe
 As frequent cries ; and, to their fervent moan,
 The light had left the skies, if first the son 290
 Their dumb moans had not vented, with demand
 What ship it was that gave the natural land
 To his bless'd feet ? He then did likewise lay
 Hand on his passion, and gave these words way : 294
 " I'll tell thee truth, my son : The men that bear
 Much fame for shipping, my reducers were
 To long-wish'd Ithaca, who each man else
 That greets their shore give pass to where he dwells.
 The Phæacensian peers, in one night's date,
 While I fast slept, fetch'd th' Ithacensian state, 300
 Grac'd me with wealthy gifts, brass, store of gold,
 And robes fair-wrought ; all which have secret hold
 In caves that by the Gods' advice I chus'd.
 And now Minerva's admonitions us'd
 For this retreat, that we might here dispose 305
 In close discourse the slaughters of our foes.
 Recount the number of the Wooers then,
 And let me know what name they hold with men,
 That my mind may cast over their estates
 A curious measure, and confer the rates 310
 Of our two pow'rs and theirs, to try, if we
 Alone may propagate to victory
 Our bold encounters of them all, or prove
 The kind assistance of some others' love."
 " O father," he replied, " I oft have heard 315
 Your counsels and your force of hand preferr'd

²⁹⁶ *Reducers.*—See Bk. xv. 306.

To mighty glory, but your speeches now
 Your vent'rous mind exceeding mighty show.
 Ev'n to amaze they move me ; for, in right
 Of no fit counsel, should be brought to fight 320
 Two men 'gainst th' able faction of a throng.
 No one two, no one ten, no twice ten, strong
 These Wooers are, but more by much. For know,
 That from Dulichius there are fifty two,
 All choice young men ; and ev'ry one of these 325
 Six men attend. From Samos cross'd the seas
 Twice-twelve young gallants. From Zacynthus came
 Twice-ten. Of Ithaca, the best of name,
 Twice-six. Of all which all the state they take
 A sacred poet and a herald make. 330
 Their delicacies two, of special sort
 In skill of banquets, serve. And all this port
 If we shall dare t' encounter, all-thrust-up
 In one strong roof, have great care lest the cup,
 Your great mind thirsts, exceeding bitter taste, 335
 And your retreat commend not to your haste
 Your great attempt, but make you say, you buy
 Their pride's revenges at a price too high.
 And therefore, if you could, 'twere well you thought
 Of some assistant. Be your spirit wrought 340
 In such a man's election, as may lend
 His succours freely, and express a friend."

His father answer'd : " Let me ask of thee ;
 Hear me, consider, and then answer me.
 Think'st thou, if Pallas and the King of skies 345
 We had to friend, would their sufficiencies
 Make strong our part ? Or that some other yet
 My thoughts must work for ? " " These," said he, " are set

Aloft the clouds, and are found aids indeed,
 As pow'rs not only that these men exceed, 350
 But bear of all men else the high command,
 And hold of Gods an overruling hand."

" Well then," said he, " not these shall sever long
 Their force and ours in fights assur'd and strong.
 And then 'twixt us and them shall Mars prefer 355
 His strength, to stand our great distinguisher,
 When in mine own roofs I am forc'd to blows.
 But when the day shall first her fires disclose,
 Go thou for home, and troop up with the Wooers, 359
 Thy will with theirs join'd, pow'r with their rude pow'rs;
 And after shall the herdsman guide to town
 My steps, my person wholly overgrown
 With all apparance of a poor old swain,
 Heavy, and wretched. If their high disdain
 Of my vile presence make them my desert 365
 Affect with contumelies, let thy lov'd heart
 Beat in fix'd confines of thy bosom still,
 And see me suffer, patient of their ill.
 Ay, though they drag me by the heels about
 Mine own free earth, and after hurl me out, 370
 Do thou still suffer. Nay, though with their darts
 They beat and bruise me, bear. But these foul parts
 Persuade them to forbear, and by their names
 Call all with kind words; bidding, for their shames,
 Their pleasures cease. If yet they yield not way, 375
 There breaks the first light of their fatal day.
 In mean space, mark this: When the chiefly-wise
 Minerva prompts me, I'll inform thine eyes
 With some giv'n sign, and then all th' arms that are
 Aloft thy roof in some near room prepare 380

For speediest use. If those brave men inquire
 Thy end in all, still rake up all thy fire
 In fair cool words, and say: ' I bring them down
 To scour the smoke off, being so overgrown
 That one would think all fumes, that ever were 385
 Breath'd since Ulysses' loss, reflected here.
 These are not like the arms he left behind,
 In way for Troy. Besides, Jove prompts my mind
 In their remove apart thus with this thought,
 That, if in height of wine there should be wrought
 Some harsh contention 'twixt you, this apt mean 391
 To mutual bloodshed may be taken clean
 From out your reach, and all the spoil prevented
 Of present feast, perhaps ev'n then presented
 My mother's nuptials to your long kind vows. 395
Steel itself, ready, draws a man to blows.'
 Thus make their thoughts secure ; to us alone
 Two swords, two darts, two shields left ; which see done
 Within our readiest reach, that at our will
 We may resume, and charge, and all their skill 400
 Pallas and Jove, that all just counsels breathe,
 May darken with secureness to their death.
 And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine,
 And as thy veins mine own true blood combine :
 Let, after this, none know Ulysses near, 405
 Not any one of all the household there,
 Not here the herdsman, not Laertes be
 Made privy, not herself Penelopé,
 But only let thyself and me work out
 The women's thoughts of all things borne about 410
 The Wooers' hearts ; and then thy men approve,
 To know who honours, who with rev'rence love,

Our well-weigh'd memories, and who is won
 To fail thy fit right, though my only son."
 "You teach," said he, "so punctually now, 415
 As I knew nothing, nor were sprung from you.
 I hope, hereafter, you shall better know
 What soul I bear, and that it doth not let
 The least loose motion pass his natural seat.
 But this course you propose will prove, I fear, 420
 Small profit to us ; and could wish your care
 Would weigh it better as too far about.
 For time will ask much, to the sifting out
 Of each man's disposition by his deeds ;
 And, in the mean time, ev'ry Wooer feeds 425
 Beyond satiety, nor knows how to spare.
 The women yet, since they more easy are
 For our inquiry, I would wish you try,
 Who right your state, who do it injury.
 The men I would omit, and these things make 430
 Your labour after. But, to undertake
 The Wooers war, I wish your utmost speed,
 Especially if you could cheer the deed
 With some ostent from Jove." Thus, as the sire
 Consented to the son, did here expire 435
 Their mutual speech. And now the ship was come,
 That brought the young prince and his soldiers home.
 The deep haven reach'd, they drew the ship ashore,
 Took all their arms out, and the rich gifts bore
 To Clitius' house. But to Ulysses' court 440
 They sent a herald first, to make report
 To wise Penelopé, that safe at field
 Her son was left ; yet, since the ship would yield
 Most haste to her, he sent that first, and them

To comfort with his utmost the extreme 445
 He knew she suffer'd. At the court now met
 The herald and the herdsman, to repeat
 One message to the queen. Both whom arriv'd
 Within the gates, both to be foremost striv'd
 In that good news. The herald, he for haste 450
 Amongst the maids bestow'd it, thinking plac'd
 The queen amongst them. "Now," said he, "O queen,
 Your lov'd son is arriv'd." And then was seen
 The queen herself, to whom the herdsman told
 All that Telemachus enjoin'd he should ; 455
 All which discharg'd, his steps he back bestows,
 And left both court and city for his sows.
 The Wooers then grew sad, soul-vex'd, and all
 Made forth the court ; when, by the mighty wall
 They took their sev'ral seat, before the gates. 460
 To whom Eurymachus initiates
 Their utter'd grievance. "O," said he, "my friends,
 A work right-great begun, as proudly ends.
 We said, Telemachus should never make
 His voyage good, nor this shore ever take 465
 For his return's receipt ; and yet we fail,
 And he performs it. Come, let's man a sail,
 The best in our election, and bestow
 Such soldiers in her as can swiftest row,
 To tell our friends that way-lay his retreat 470
 'Tis safe perform'd, and make them quickly get
 Their ship for Ithaca." This was not said
 Before Amphinomus in port display'd
 The ship arriv'd, her sails then under-stroke, 474
 And oars resum'd ; when, laughing, thus he spoke :
 " Move for no messenger. These men are come.

⁴⁷³ *Display'd*.—See Bk. v. 350.

Some God hath either told his turning home,
 Or they themselves have seen his ship gone by,
 Had her in chase, and lost her." Instantly
 They rose, and went to port; found drawn to land 480
 The ship, the soldiers taking arms in hand.
 The Wooers themselves to council went in throng,
 And not a man besides, or old, or young,
 Let sit amongst them. Then Eupitheus' son,
 Antinous, said: " See what the Gods have done! 485
 They only have deliver'd from our ill
 The men we way-laid. Ev'ry windy hill
 Hath been their watch-tow'r, where by turns they stood
 Continual sentinel. And we made good
 Our work as well, for, sun once set, we never 490
 Slept wink ashore all night, but made sail ever,
 This way and that, ev'n till the morning kept
 Her sacred station, so to intercept
 And take his life, for whom our ambush lay;
 And yet hath God to his return giv'n way. 495
 But let us prosecute with counsels here
 His necessary death, nor anywhere
 Let rest his safety; for if he survive,
 Our sails will never in wish'd havens arrive;
 Since he is wise, hath soul, and counsel too, 500
 To work the people, who will never do
 Our faction favour. What we then intend
 Against his person, give we present end,
 Before he call a council, which, believe,
 His spirit will haste, and point where it doth grieve,
 Stand up amongst them all, and urge his death 506
 Decreed amongst us. Which complaint will breathe
 A fire about their spleens, and blow no praise

On our ill labours. Lest they therefore raise
 Pow'r to exile us from our native earth, 510
 And force our lives' societies to the birth
 Of foreign countries, let our speeds prevent
 His coming home to this austere complaint,
 At field and far from town, or in some way
 Of narrow passage, with his latest day 515
 Shown to his forward youth, his goods and lands
 Left to the free division of our hands,
 The moveables made all his mother's dow'r,
 And his, whoever Fate affords the pow'r
 To celebrate with her sweet Hymen's rites. 520
 Or if this please not, but your appetites
 Stand to his safety, and to give him seat
 In his whole birth-right, let us look to eat
 At his cost never more, but ev'ry man
 Haste to his home, and wed with whom he can 525
 At home, and there lay first about for dow'r,
 And then the woman give his second pow'r
 Of nuptial-liking, and, for last, apply
 His purpose with most gifts and destiny."

This silence caus'd ; whose breach, at last, begun
 Amphinomus, the much renownéd son 531
 Of Nisus surnam'd Aretiades,
 Who from Dulichius full of flow'ry leas
 Led all the Wooers, and in chief did please
 The queen with his discourse, because it grew 535
 From roots of those good minds that did endue
 His goodly person ; who, exceeding wise,
 Us'd this speech : " Friends, I never will advise

⁵³⁶ *Φρεσὶ ἀγαθῶσιν*, *bonis mentibus*, the plural number used ever by Homer.—CHAPMAN.

The prince's death ; for 'tis a damnéd thing
 To put to death the issue of a king. 540
 First, therefore, let's examine, what applause
 The Gods will give it : If the equal laws
 Of Jove approve it, I myself will be
 The man shall kill him, and this company
 Exhort to that mind : If the Gods remain 545
 Adverse, and hate it, I advise, refrain."

This said Amphinomus, and pleas'd them all ;
 When all arose, and in Ulysses' hall

Took seat again. Then to the queen was come
 The Wooers' plot, to kill her son at home, 550

Since their abroad-design had miss'd success,
 The herald Medon (who the whole address
 Knew of their counsels) making the report.

The Goddess of her sex, with her fair sort
 Of lovely women, at the large hall's door 555

(Her bright cheeks clouded with a veil she wore)
 Stood, and directed to Antinous

Her sharp reproof, which she digested thus :

“ Antinous ! Compos'd of injury !

Plotter of mischief ! Though reports that fly 560
 Amongst our Ithacensian people say

That thou, of all that glory in their sway,
 Art best in words and counsels, th' art not so.

Fond, busy fellow, why plott'st thou the woe
 And slaughter of my son, and dost not fear 565

The presidents of suppliants, when the ear
 Of Jove stoops to them ? 'Tis unjust to do

Slaughter for slaughter, or pay woe for woe,
 Mischief for kindness. Death for life sought, then,

Is an injustice to be loath'd of men. 570

Serves not thy knowledge to remember when
 Thy father fled to us? Who (mov'd to wrath
 Against the Taphian thieves) pursued with scathe
 The guiltless Thesprotis; in whose people's fear,
 Pursuing him for wreak, he landed here, 575
 They after him, professing both their prize
 Of all his chiefly-valued faculties,
 And more priz'd life. Of all whose bloodiest ends
 Ulysses curb'd them, though they were his friends.
 Yet thou, like one that no law will allow 580
 The least true honour, eat'st his house up now
 That fed thy father; woo'st for love his wife,
 Whom thus thou griev'st and seek'st her sole son's life!
 Cease, I command thee, and command the rest
 To see all thought of these foul fashions ceas'd." 585

Eurymachus replied: "Be confident,
 Thou all-of-wit-made, the most fam'd descent
 Of king Icarius. Free thy spirits of fear.
 There lives not any one, nor shall live here
 Now, nor hereafter, while my life gives heat 590
 And light to me on earth, that dares intreat
 With any ill touch thy well-lov'd son,
 But here I vow, and here will see it done,
 His life shall stain my lance. If on his knees
 The city-racer, Laertiades, 595
 Hath made me sit, put in my hand his food,
 And held his red wine to me, shall the blood
 Of his Telemachus on my hand lay
 The least pollution, that my life can stay?
 No! I have ever charg'd him not to fear 600
 Death's threat from any. And, for that most dear
 Love of his father, he shall ever be

Much the most lov'd of all that live to me.

*Who kills a guiltless man from man may fly,
From God his searches all escapes deny."* 605

Thus cheer'd his words, but his affections still
Fear'd not to cherish foul intent to kill
Ev'n him whose life to all lives he preferr'd.

The queen went up, and to her love appear'd
Her lord so freshly, that she wept, till sleep 610
(By Pallas forc'd on her) her eyes did steep
In his sweet humour. When the even was come,
The God-like herdsman reach'd the whole way home.

Ulysses and his son for supper drest
A year-old swine, and ere their host and guest 615
Had got their presence, Pallas had put by
With her fair rod Ulysses' royalty,
And render'd him an aged man again,
With all his vile integuments, lest his swain
Should know him in his trim, and tell his queen, 620
In these deep secrets being not deeply seen.

He seen, to him the prince these words did use :
" Welcome divine Eumæus ! Now what news
Employs the city ? Are the Wooers come
Back from their scout dismay'd ? Or here at home 625
Will they again attempt me ? " He replied :
" These touch not my care. I was satisfied
To do, with most speed, what I went to do ;
My message done, return. And yet, not so
Came my news first ; a herald (met with there) 630
Forestall'd my tale, and told how safe you were.
Besides which merely necessary thing,
What in my way chanc'd I may over-bring,
Being what I know, and witness'd with mine eyes.

Where the Hermæan sepulchre doth rise 635
 Above the city, I beheld take port
 A ship, and in her many a man of sort ;
 Her freight was shields and lances ; and, methought,
 They were the Wooers ; but, of knowledge, nought
 Can therein tell you." The prince smil'd, and knew
 They were the Wooers, casting secret view 641
 Upon his father. But what they intended
 Fled far the herdsman ; whose swain's labours ended,
 They dress'd the supper, which, past want, was eat.
 When all desire suffic'd of wine and meat, 645
 Of other human wants they took supplies
 At Sleep's soft hand, who sweetly clos'd their eyes.

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
 ODYSSEYS.



THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS, return'd to town,
Makes to his curious mother known,
In part, his travels. After whom
Ulysses to the court doth come,
In good Eumæus' guide, and prest
To witness of the Wooers' feast ;
Whom, though twice ten years did bestow
In far-off parts, his dog doth know.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Pũ. Ulysses shows
Through all disguise.
Whom his dog knows ;
Who knowing dies.



UT when air's rosy birth, the morn, arose,
Telemachus did for the town dispose
His early steps ; and took to his command
His fair long lance, well-sorting with his
hand,

Thus parting with Eumæus : " Now, my friend, 5
I must to town, lest too far I extend
My mother's moan for me, who, till her eyes
Mine own eyes witness, varies tears and cries

Through all extremes. Do then this charge of mine,
 And guide to town this hapless guest of thine, 10
 To beg elsewhere his further festival.

Give they that please, I cannot give to all,
 Mine own wants take up for myself my pain.
 If it incense him, he the worst shall gain.
 The lovely truth I love, and must be plain." 15

"Alas, friend," said his father, "nor do I
 Desire at all your further charity.
 'Tis better beg in cities than in fields,
 And take the worst a beggar's fortune yields. 20
 Nor am I apt to stay in swine-styes more,

However ; ever the great chief before
 The poor ranks must to ev'ry step obey.
 But go ; your man in my command shall sway,
 Anon yet too, by favour, when your fires
 Have comforted the cold heat age expires, 25

And when the sun's flame hath besides corrected
 The early air abroad, not being protected
 By these my bare weeds from the morning's frost,
 Which (if so much ground is to be engrost
 By my poor feet as you report) may give 30
 Too violent charge to th' heat by which I live."

This said, his son went on with spritely pace,
 And to the Wooers studied little grace.
 Arriv'd at home, he gave his jav'lin stay
 Against a lofty pillar, and bold way 35

Made further in. When having so far gone
 That he transcended the fair porch of stone,
 The first by far that gave his entry eye
 Was nurse Euryclea ; who th' embroidery
 Of stools there set was giving cushions fair ; 40

Who ran upon him, and her rapt repair
 Shed tears for joy. About him gather'd round
 The other maids ; his head and shoulders crown'd
 With kisses and embraces. From above
 The Queen herself came, like the Queen of Love, 45
 Or bright Diana ; cast about her son
 Her kind embraces, with effusion
 Of loving tears ; kiss'd both his lovely eyes,
 His cheeks, and forehead ; and gave all supplies
 With this entreaty : " Welcome, sweetest light ! 50
 I never had conceit to set quick sight
 On thee thus soon, when thy lov'd father's fame
 As far as Pylos did thy spirit inflame,
 In that search ventur'd all-unknown to me.
 O say, by what pow'r cam'st thou now to be 55
 Mine eyes' dear object ? " He return'd reply :
 " Move me not now, when you my 'scape descry
 From imminent death, to think me fresh entrapt ;
 The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I 'scapt.
 Double not needless passion on a heart 60
 Whose joy so green is, and so apt t' invert ;
 But pure weeds putting on, ascend and take
 Your women with you, that ye all may make
 Vows of full hecatombs in sacred fire
 To all the Godheads, if their only Sire 65
 Vouchsafe revenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which he
 Is to protect as being their Deity.
 My way shall be directed to the hall
 Of common concourse, that I thence may call
 A stranger, who from off the Pylian shore 70
 Came friendly with me ; whom I sent before
 With all my soldiers, but in chief did charge

Piræus with him, wishing him t' enlarge
 His love to him at home, in best affair,
 And utmost honours, till mine own repair." 75

Her son thus spoken, his words could not bear
 The wings too easily through her either ear,
 But putting pure weeds on, made vows entire
 Of perfect hecatombs in sacred fire
 To all the Deities, if their only Sire 80
 Vouchsaf'd revenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which he
 Was to protect as being their Deity.

Her son left house, in his fair hand his lance,
 His dogs attending ; and, on ev'ry glance
 His looks cast from them, Pallas put a grace 85
 That made him seem of the celestial race.
 Whom, come to concourse, ev'ry man admir'd.
 About him throng'd the Wooers, and desir'd
 All good to him in tongues, but in their hearts
 Most deep ills threaten'd to his most deserts. 90
 Of whose huge rout once free, he cast glad eye
 On some that, long before his infancy,
 Were with his father great and gracious,
 Grave Halitherses, Mentor, Antiphus ;
 To whom he went, took seat by them, and they 95
 Inquir'd of all things since his parting day.
 To them Piræus came, and brought his guest
 Along the city thither, whom not least
 The prince respected, nor was long before
 He rose and met him. The first word yet bore 100
 Piræus from them both ; whose haste besought
 The prince to send his women to see brought
 The gifts from his house that Atrides gave,
 Which his own roofs, he thought, would better save.

The wise prince answer'd : " I can scarce conceive
 The way to these works. If the Wooers reave 106
 By privy stratagem my life at home,
 I rather wish Piræus may become
 The master of them, than the best of these.
 But, if I sow in their fields of excess 110
 Slaughter and ruin, then thy trust employ,
 And to me joying bring thou those with joy."

This said, he brought home his grief-practis'd guest;
 Where both put off, both oil'd, and did invest
 Themselves in rich robes, wash'd, and sate, and eat. 115
 His mother, in a fair chair taking seat
 Directly opposite, her loom applied ;
 Who, when her son and guest had satisfied
 Their appetites with feast, said : " O my son,
 You know that ever since your sire was won 120
 To go in Agamemnon's guide to Troy,
 Attempting sleep, I never did enjoy
 One night's good rest, but made my quiet bed
 A sea blown-up with sighs, with tears still shed
 Embrew'd and troubled ; yet, though all your miss 125
 In your late voyage hath been made for this,
 That you might know th' abode your father made,
 You shun to tell me what success you had.
 Now then, before the insolent access
 The Wooers straight will force on us, express 130
 What you have heard." " I will," said he, " and true.
 We came to Pylos, where the studious due
 That any father could afford his son,
 (But new-arriv'd from some course he had run

¹⁰⁶ *Reave*—take away by violence, tear away. (Anglo-Sax.)
Bereave, reft, &c. are more commonly used.

To an extreme length, in some voyage vow'd), 135
 Nestor, the pastor of the people, show'd
 To me arriv'd, in turrets thrust-up high,
 Where not his brave sons were more lov'd than I.
 Yet of th' unconquer'd ever-sufferer,
 Ulysses, never he could set his ear, 140
 Alive or dead, from any earthy man.
 But to the great Lacedæmonian,
 Atrides, famous for his lance, he sent,
 With horse and chariots, me, to learn th' event
 From his relation ; where I had the view 145
 Of Argive Helen, whose strong beauties drew,
 By wills of Gods, so many Grecian states,
 And Trojans, under such laborious fates.
 Where Menelaus ask'd me, what affair
 To Lacedæmon render'd my repair. 150
 I told him all the truth, who made reply :
 'O deed of most abhorr'd indecency !
 A sort of impotents attempt his bed
 Whose strength of mind hath cities levelléd !
 As to a lion's den, when any hind 155
 Hath brought her young calves, to their rest inclin'd,
 When he is ranging hills, and herby dales,
 To make of feeders there his festivals,
 But, turning to his luster, calves and dam
 He shows abhorr'd death, in his anger's flame ; 160
 So, should Ulysses find this rabble hous'd
 In his free turrets, courting his espous'd,
 Foul death would fall them. O, I would to Jove,
 Phœbus, and Pallas, that, when he shall prove
 The broad report of his exhausted store 165

¹⁵⁹ *Luster*— (Lat. *lustrum*) den.

True with his eyes, his nerves and sinews wore
 That vigour then that in the Lesbian tow'rs,
 Provok'd to wrastle with the iron pow'rs
 Philomelides vaunted, he approv'd ;
 When down he hurl'd his challenger, and mov'd 170
 Huge shouts from all the Achives then in view.
 If, once come home, he all those forces drew
 About him there to work, they all were dead,
 And should find bitter his attempted bed.
 But what you ask and sue for, I, as far 175
 As I have heard the true-spoke mariner,
 Will tell directly, nor delude your ear :
 He told me that an island did ensphere,
 In much discomfort, great Laertes' son ;
 And that the Nymph Calypso, overrun 180
 With his affection, kept him in her caves,
 Where men, nor ship, of pow'r to brook the waves,
 Were near his convoy to his country's shore,
 And where herself importun'd evermore
 His quiet stay ; which not obtain'd, by force 185
 She kept his person from all else recourse.'

This told Atrides, which was all he knew.
 Nor stay'd I more, but from the Gods there blew
 A prosp'rous wind, that set me quickly here."

This put his mother quite from all her cheer. 190
 When Theoclymenus the augur said:

" O woman, honour'd with Ulysses' bed,
 Your son, no doubt, knows clearly nothing more,
 Hear me yet speak, that can the truth uncore,

¹⁷⁶ Proteus.

¹⁹⁴ *Uncore*.—The meaning is obvious, though I am not certain whether Chapman meant the word for a contraction of *uncover*. If *un-core*, open from the heart, be the word, it is rare.

102 THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK

Nor will be curious. Jove then witness bear, 195
 And this thy hospitable table here,
 With this whole household of your blameless lord,
 That at this hour his royal feet are shor'd
 On his lov'd country-earth, and that ev'n here
 Coming, or creeping, he will see the cheer 200
 These Wooers make, and in his soul's field sow
 Seeds that shall thrive to all their overthrow.
 This, set a ship-board, I knew sorted thus,
 And cried it out to your Telemachus."

Penelopé replied: "Would this would prove, 205
 You well should witness a most friendly love,
 And gifts such of me, as encount'ring Fame
 Should greet you with a blesséd mortal's name."
 This mutual speech past, all the Wooers were
 Hurling the stone, and tossing of the spear, 210
 Before the palace, in the pavéd court,
 Where otherwhiles their petulant resort
 Sat plotting injuries. But when the hour
 Of supper enter'd, and the feeding pow'r
 Brought sheep from field, that fill'd up ev'ry way 215
 With those that us'd to furnish that purvey,
 Medon, the herald (who of all the rest
 Pleas'd most the Wooers, and at ev'ry feast
 Was ever near) said: "You whose kind consort
 Make the fair branches of the tree our court, 220
 Grace it within now, and your suppers take.
 You that for health, and fair contention's sake,
 Will please your minds, know, bodies must have meat;
Play's worse than idleness in times to eat."

This said, all left, came in, cast by, on thrones 225

²⁰³ *Sorted*—fated, decreed.

And chairs, their garments. Their provisions
 Were sheep, swine, goats, the chiefly-great and fat,
 Besides an ox that from the herd they gat.
 And now the king and herdsman, from the field,
 In good way were to town ; 'twixt whom was held 230
 Some walking conference, which thus begun
 The good Eumæus : " Guest, your will was won,
 Because the prince commanded, to make way
 Up to the city, though I wish'd your stay,
 And to have made you guardian of my stall ; 235
 But I, in care and fear of what might fall
 In after-anger of the prince, forbore.

The checks of princes touch their subjects sore.
 But make we haste, the day is nearly ended,
 And cold airs still are in the even extended." 240

" I know't," said he, " consider all ; your charge
 Is giv'n to one that understands at large.
 Haste then. Hereafter, you shall lead the way ;
 Afford your staff too, if it fit your stay,
 That I may use it ; since you say our pass 245
 Is less friend to a weak foot than it was."

Thus cast he on his neck his nasty scrip,
 All-patch'd and torn ; a cord, that would not slip
 For knots and bracks about the mouth of it,
 Made serve the turn ; and then his swain did fit 250
 His forc'd state with a staff. Then plied they hard
 Their way to town, their cottage left in guard
 To swains and dogs. And now Eumæus led
 The king along, his garments to a thread
 All-bare and burn'd, and he himself hard bore 255
 Upon his staff, at all parts like a poor

²⁴⁹ *Bracks*—broken parts. (Anglo-Sax.)

And sad old beggar. But when now they got
 The rough highway, their voyage wanted not
 Much of the city, where a fount they reach'd,
 From whence the town their choicest water fetch'd, 260
 That ever overflow'd, and curious art
 Was shown about it; in which three had part
 Whose names Neritus and Polycor were,
 And famous Ithacus. It had a sphere
 Of poplar, that ran round about the wall; 265
 And into it a lofty rock let fall
 Continual supply of cool clear stream.
 On whose top, to the Nymphs that were supreme
 In those parts' loves, a stately altar rose,
 Where ev'ry traveller did still impose 270
 Devoted sacrifice. At this fount found
 These silly travellers a man renown'd
 For guard of goats, which now he had in guide,
 Whose huge-stor'd herd two herdsmen kept beside,
 For all herds it excell'd, and bred a feed 275
 For Woors only. He was Dolius' seed,
 And call'd Melanthius. Who casting eye
 On these two there, he chid them terribly,
 And so past mean, that ev'n the wretched fate
 Now on Ulysses he did irritate. 280
 His fume to this effect he did pursue :
 " Why so, 'tis now at all parts passing true,
 That ill leads ill, good evermore doth train
 With like his like. Why, thou unenvied swain,
 Whither dost thou lead this same victless leaguer, 285
 This bane of banquets, this most nasty beggar,
 Whose sight doth make one sad, it so abhors?
 Who, with his standing in so many doors,

Hath broke his back ; and all his beggary tends
 To beg base crusts, but to no manly ends, 290
 As asking swords, or with activity
 To get a caldron. Wouldst thou give him me,
 To farm my stable, or to sweep my yard,
 And bring browse to my kids, and that preferr'd
 He should be at my keeping for his pains 295
 To drink as much whey as his thirsty veins
 Would still be swilling (whey made all his fees)
 His monstrous belly would oppress his knees.
 But he hath learn'd to lead base life about,
 And will not work, but crouch among the rout 300
 For broken meat to cram his bursten gut.
 Yet this I'll say, and he will find it put
 In sure effect, that if he enters where
 Ulysses' roofs cast shade, the stools will there
 About his ears fly, all the house will throw, 305
 And rub his ragged sides with cuffs enow."

Past these reviles, his manless rudeness spurn'd
 Divine Ulysses ; who at no part turn'd
 His face from him, but had his spirit fed
 With these two thoughts, if he should strike him dead
 With his bestowéd staff, or at his feet 311
 Make his direct head and the pavement meet.
 But he bore all, and entertain'd a breast
 That in the strife of all extremes did rest.

Eumæus, frowning on him, chid him yet, 315
 And, lifting up his hands to heav'n, he set
 This bitter curse at him : " O you that bear
 Fair name to be the race of Jupiter,
 Nymphs of these fountains ! If Ulysses ever
 Burn'd thighs to you, that, hid in fat, did never 320

Fail your acceptance, of or lamb or kid,
 Grant this grace to me: Let the man thus hid
 Shine through his dark fate, make some God his guide,
 That, to thee, goatherd, this same palate's pride,
 Thou driv'st afore thee, he may come and make 325
 The scatt'rings of the earth, and overtake
 Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to ever err
 About the city, hunted by his fear.

And in the mean space by some slothful swains
 Let lousy sickness gnaw thy cattle's veins." 330

"O Gods!" replied Melanthius, "what a curse
 Hath this dog bark'd out, and can yet do worse!
 This man shall I have giv'n into my hands,
 When in a well-built ship to far-off lands
 I shall transport him, that, should I want here, 335
 My sale of him may find me victuals there.
 And, for Ulysses, would to heav'n his joy
 The silver-bearing-bow God would destroy,
 This day, within his house, as sure as he
 The day of his return shall never see." 340

This said, he left them going silent on;
 But he out-went them, and took straight upon
 The palace-royal, which he enter'd straight,
 Sat with the Wooers, and his trencher's freight
 The carvers gave him of the flesh there vented, 345
 But bread the rev'rend butleress presented.
 He took against Eurymachus his place,
 Who most of all the Wooers gave him grace.
 And now Ulysses and his swain got near,
 When round about them visited their ear 350

³²⁴ Intending his fat herd, kept only for the Wooers' dainty palates.—CHAPMAN.

The hollow harp's delicious-stricken string,
To which did Phemius, near the Wooers, sing.

Then by the hand Ulysses took his swain,
And said: "Eumæus, one may here see plain,
In many a grace, that Laertiades 355

Built here these turrets, and, 'mongst others these,
His whole court arm'd with such a goodly wall,
The cornice, and the cope, majestic,
His double gates, and turrets, built too strong
For force or virtue ever to expugn. 360

I know the feasters in it now abound,
Their cates cast such a savour; and the sound
The harp gives argues an accomplish'd feast.

The Gods made music banquet's dearest guest."

"These things," said he, "your skill may tell withease,
Since you are grac'd with greater knowledges. 366

But now consult we how these works shall sort,
If you will first approach this praiséd court,
And see these Wooers, I remaining here;
Or I shall enter, and yourself forbear? 370

But be not you too tedious in your stay,
Lest thrust ye be and buffeted away.

Brain hath no fence for blows; look to 't I pray."

"You speak to one that comprehends," said he,
"Go you before, and here adventure me. 375

I have of old been us'd to cuffs and blows;
My mind is harden'd, having borne the throes
Of many a sour event in waves and wars,
Where knocks and buffets are no foreigners.

And this same harmful belly by no mean 380
The greatest abstinent can ever wean.

Men suffer much bane by the belly's rage ;
 For whose sake ships in all their equipage
 Are arm'd, and set out to th' untaméd seas,
 Their bulks full-fraught with ills to enemies." 385
 Such speech they chang'd ; when in the yard there lay
 A dog, call'd Argus, which, before his way
 Assum'd for Ilion, Ulysses bred,
 Yet stood his pleasure then in little stead,
 As being too young, but, growing to his grace, 390
 Young men made choice of him for ev'ry chace,
 Or of their wild goats, of their hares, or harts.
 But his king gone, and he, now past his parts,
 Lay all abjectly on the stable's store,
 Before the oxstall, and mules' stable door, 395
 To keep the clothes cast from the peasants' hands,
 While they laid compass on Ulysses' lands,
 The dog, with ticks (unlook'd-to) overgrown.
 But by this dog no sooner seen but known
 Was wise Ulysses, who new-enter'd there, 400
 Up went his dog's laid ears, and, coming near,
 Up he himself rose, fawn'd, and wagg'd his stern,
 Couch'd close his ears, and lay so ; nor discern
 Could evermore his dear-lov'd lord again.
 Ulysses saw it, nor had pow'r t' abstain 405
 From shedding tears ; which (far-off seeing his swain)
 He dried from his sight clean ; to whom he thus
 His grief dissembled : " 'Tis miraculous,
 That such a dog as this should have his lair
 On such a dunghill, for his form is fair. 410
 And yet, I know not, if there were in him
 Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly limb ;

⁴⁰³ The dog died as soon as he had seen Ulysses.—CHAPMAN.

Or he liv'd empty of those inward things,
 As are those trencher-beagles tending kings,
 Whom for their pleasure's, or their glory's, sake, 415
 Or fashion, they into their favour take."

"This dog," said he, "was servant to one dead
 A huge time since. But if he bore his head,
 For form and quality, of such a height,
 As when Ulysses, bound for th' Ilium fight, 420
 Or quickly after, left him, your rapt eyes
 Would then admire to see him use his thighs
 In strength and swiftness. He would nothing fly,
 Nor anything let 'scape. If once his eye
 Seiz'd any wild beast, he knew straight his scent; 425
 Go where he would, away with him he went.
 Nor was there ever any savage stood
 Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood
 Long time before him, but he pull'd him down;
 As well by that true hunting to be shown 430
 In such vast coverts, as for speed of pace
 In any open lawn. For in deep chace
 He was a passing-wise and well-nos'd hound.
 And yet is all this good in him uncrown'd
 With any grace here now, nor he more fed 435
 Than any errant cur. His king is dead,
 Far from his country; and his servants are
 So negligent they lend his hound no care.
*Where masters rule not, but let men alone,
 You never there see honest service done, 440
 That man's half-virtue Jove takes quite away,
 That once is sun-burnt with the servile day."*

This said, he enter'd the well-builde'd tow'rs,
 Up bearing right upon the glorious Wooers,

⁴⁴⁴ *Glorious*—vaunting, boasting.

And left poor Argus dead ; his lord's first sight 445
 Since that time twenty years bereft his light.

Telemachus did far the first behold
 Eumæus enter, and made signs he should
 Come up to him. He, noting, came, and took
 On earth his seat. And then the master-cook 450
 Serv'd in more banquet ; of which, part he set
 Before the Wooers, part the prince did get,
 Who sate alone, his table plac'd aside ;
 To which the herald did the bread divide.

After Eumæus, enter'd straight the king, 455
 Like to a poor and heavy aged thing,
 Bore hard upon his staff, and was so clad
 As would have made his mere beholder sad.
 Upon the ashen floor his limbs he spread,
 And 'gainst a cypress-threshold stay'd his head, 460
 The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct
 Tried by the plumb and by the architect.
 The prince then bade the herdsman give him bread,
 The finest there, and see that prostrated
 At-all-parts plight of his giv'n all the cheer 465
 His hands could turn to : "Take," said he, "and bear
 These cates to him, and bid him beg of all
 These Wooers here, and to their festival
 Bear up with all the impudence he can ;
Bashful behaviour fits no needy man." 470

He heard, and did his will. "Hold guest," said he,
 "Telemachus commends these cates to thee,
 Bids thee bear up, and all these Wooers implore.
Wit must make impudent whom Fate makes poor."

⁴⁵⁵ Ulysses' ruthless fashion of entry to his own hall.

“ O Jove,” said he, “ do my poor pray’rs the grace
 To make him blessed’st of the mortal race, 476
 And ev’ry thought now in his gen’rous heart
 To deeds that further my desires convert.”

Thus took he in with both his hands his store,
 And in the uncouth scrip, that lay before 480
 His ill-shod feet, repos’d it ; whence he fed
 All time the music to the feasters play’d.
 Both jointly ending, then began the Wooers
 To put in old act their tumultuous pow’rs ;
 When Pallas standing close did prompt her friend, 485
 To prove how far the bounties would extend
 Of those proud Wooers ; so, to let him try
 Who most, who least, had learn’d humanity.
 However, no thought touch’d Minerva’s mind,
 That any one should ’scape his wreak design’d. 490
 He handsomely became all, crept about
 To ev’ry Wooer, held a forc’d hand out,
 And all his work did in so like a way,
 As he had practis’d begging many a day.
 And though they knew all beggars could do this, 495
 Yet they admir’d it as no deed of his ;
 Though far from thought of other, us’d expence
 And pity to him, who he was, and whence,
 Inquiring mutually. Melanthius then :
 “ Hear me, ye Wooers of the far-fam’d queen, 500
 About this beggar. I have seen before
 This face of his ; and know for certain more,
 That this swain brought him hither. What he is,
 Or whence he came, flies me.” Reply to this
 Antinous made, and mock’d Eumæus thus : 505

“ O thou renownéd herdsman, why to us

Brought'st thou this beggar? Serves it not our hands,
 That other land-leapers, and cormorands,
 Profane poor knaves, lie on us, uncondacted,
 But you must bring them? So amiss instructed 510
 Art thou in course of thrift, as not to know
 Thy lord's goods wrack'd in this their overflow?
 Which think'st thou nothing, that thou call'st in these?"

Eumæus answer'd: "Though you may be wise,
 You speak not wisely. Who calls in a guest 515
 That is a guest himself? None call to feast
 Other than men that are of public use,
 Prophets, or poets, whom the Gods produce,
 Physicians for men's ills, or architects.
 Such men the boundless earth affords respects 520
 Bounded in honour, and may call them well.
 But poor men who calls? Who doth so excell
 In others' good to do himself an ill?
 But all Ulysses' servants have been still
 Eyesores in your way more than all that woo, 525
 And chiefly I. But what care I for you,
 As long as these roofs hold as thralls to none
 The wise Penelope and her godlike son?"

"Forbear," said he, "and leave this tongue's bold ill.
 Antinous uses to be crossing still, 530
 And give sharp words; his blood that humour bears,
 To set men still together by the ears.
 But," turning then t' Antinous, "O," said he,
 "You entertain a father's care of me,
 To turn these eating guests out. 'Tis advice 535
 Of needful use for my poor faculties.

⁵⁰⁸ *Land-leapers and cormorands.*—Halliwell says *land-loupers* is still a North-country provincialism for those who bolt for debt. Ben Jonson uses the word *cormorant* for a servant.

But God doth not allow this ; there must be
 Some care of poor men in humanity.
 What you yourselves take, give ; I not envý,
 But give command that hospitality 540
 Be giv'n all strangers. Nor shall my pow'rs fear,
 If this mood in me reach my mother's ear ;
 Much less the servants', that are here to see
 Ulysses' house kept in his old degree.
 But you bear no such mind, your wits more cast 545
 To fill yourself than let another taste."

Antinous answer'd him : " Brave-spoken man !
 Whose mind's free fire see check'd no virtue can.
 If all we Wooers here would give as much
 As my mind serves, his largess should be such 550
 As would for three months serve his far-off way
 From troubling your house with more cause of stay."

This said, he took a stool up, that did rest,
 Beneath the board, his spangled feet at feast,
 And offer'd at him ; but the rest gave all, 555
 And fill'd his fulsome scrip with festival.
 And so Ulysses for the present was,
 And for the future, furnish'd, and his pass
 Bent to the door to eat. Yet could not leave
 Antinous so, but said : " Do you too give, 560
 Lov'd lord ; your presence makes a show to me
 As you not worst were of the company,
 But best, and so much that you seem the king,
 And therefore you should give some better thing
 Than bread, like others. I will spread your praise 565
 Through all the wide world, that have in my days

⁵⁵⁰ *His*—intending Ulysses.—CHAPMAN.

⁵⁵⁶ *Fulsome*—nasty.

Kept house myself, and trod the wealthy ways
 Of other men ev'n to the title Blest ;
 And often have I giv'n an erring guest
 (How mean soever) to the utmost gain 570
 Of what he wanted, kept whole troops of men,
 And had all other comings in, with which
 Men live so well, and gain the fame of rich.
 Yet Jove consum'd all ; he would have it so ;
 To which, his mean was this : He made me go 575
 Far off, for Egypt, in the rude consort
 Of all-ways-wand'ring pirates, where, in port,
 I bade my lov'd men draw their ships ashore,
 And dwell amongst them ; sent out some t' explore
 Up to the mountains, who, intemperate, 580
 And their inflam'd bloods bent to satiate,
 Forag'd the rich fields, hal'd the women thence,
 And unwean'd children, with the foul expence
 Both of their fames and bloods. The cry then flew
 Straight to the city ; and the great fields grew 585
 With horse and foot, and flam'd with iron arms ;
 When Jove (that breaks the thunder in alarms)
 An ill flight cast amongst my men ; not one
 Inspir'd with spirit to stand, and turn upon
 The fierce pursuing foe ; and therefore stood 590
 Their ill fate thick about them ; some in blood,
 And some in bondage ; toils led by constraint
 Fast'ning upon them. Me along they sent
 To Cyprus with a stranger-prince they met,
 Dmetor Iasides, who th' imperial seat 595
 Of that sweet island sway'd in strong command.
 And thus feel I here need's contemned hand."

“ And what God sent,” said he, “ this suff'ring bane

To vex our banquet? Stand off, nor profane
 My board so boldly, lest I show thee here 600
 Cyprus and Egypt made more sour than there.

You are a saucy set-fac'd vagabond.
 About with all you go, and they, beyond
 Discretion, give thee, since they find not here
 The least proportion set down to their cheer. 605

But ev'ry fountain hath his under-floods.

It is no bounty to give others' goods."

"O Gods," replied Ulysses, "I see now,
 You bear no soul in this your goodly show.
 Beggars at your board, I perceive, should get 610

Scarce salt from your hands, if themselves brought meat;
 Since, sitting where another's board is spread,
 That flows with feast, not to the broken bread
 Will your allowance reach." "Nay then," said he,
 And look'd austerely, "if so saucy be 615

Your suffer'd language, I suppose, that clear
 You shall not 'scape without some broken cheer."

Thus rapt he up a stool, with which he smit
 The king's right shoulder, 'twixt his neck and it.
 He stood him like a rock. Antinous' dart 620

Not stirr'd Ulysses; who in his great heart
 Deep ills projected, which, for time yet, close
 He bound in silence, shook his head, and went
 Out to the entry, where he then gave vent
 To his full scrip, sat on the earth, and eat, 625

And talk'd still to the Wooers: "Hear me yet,
 Ye Wooers of the Queen. It never grieves
 A man to take blows, where for sheep, or beeves,
 Or other main possessions, a man fights;
 But for his harmful belly this man smites, 630

Whose love to many a man breeds many a woe.
 And if the poor have Gods, and Furies too,
 Before Antinous wear his nuptial wreath,
 He shall be worn upon the dart of death."

"Harsh guest," said he, "sit silent at your meat,
 Or seek your desp'rate plight some safer seat, 636
 Lest by the hands or heels youths drag your years,
 And rend your rotten rags about your ears."

This made the rest as highly hate his folly,
 As he had violated something holy. 640

When one, ev'n of the proudest, thus began :

"Thou dost not nobly, thus to play the man
 On such an errant wretch. O ill dispos'd !
 Perhaps some sacred Godhead goes enclos'd
 Ev'n in his abject outside ; for the Gods 645
 Have often visited these rich abodes
 Like such poor stranger pilgrims, since their pow'rs
 (Being always shapeful) glide through towns and tow'rs,
 Observing, as they pass still, who they be
 That piety love, and who impiety." 650

This all men said, but he held sayings cheap.
 And all this time Telemachus did heap
 Sorrow on sorrow on his beating heart,
 To see his father stricken ; yet let part
 No tear to earth, but shook his head, and thought 655
 As deep as those ills that were after wrought.

The Queen now, hearing of her poor guest's stroke,
 Said to her maid (as to her Wooer she spoke),
 "I wish the famous-for-his-bow, the Sun,
 Would strike thy heart so." Her wish, thus begun,
 Her lady, fair Eurynome, pursued 661
 Her execration, and did thus conclude :

" So may our vows call down from heav'n his end,
 And let no one life of the rest extend
 His life till morning." " O Eurynomé," 665
 Replied the Queen, " may all Gods speak in thee,
 For all the Wooers we should rate as foes,
 Since all their weals they place in others' woes!
 But this Antinous we past all should hate,
 As one resembling black and cruel Fate. 670
 A poor strange wretch begg'd here, compell'd by need,
 Ask'd all, and ev'ry one gave in his deed,
 Fill'd his sad scrip, and eas'd his heavy wants,
 Only this man bestow'd unmanly taunts,
 And with a cruel blow, his force let fly, 675
 'Twixt neck and shoulders show'd his charity."
 These minds, above, she and her maids did show,
 While, at his scrip, Ulysses sat below.
 In which time she Eumæus call'd, and said:
 " Go, good Eumæus, and see soon convey'd 680
 The stranger to me; bid him come and take
 My salutations for his welcome's sake,
 And my desire serve, if he hath not heard
 Or seen distress'd Ulysses, who hath err'd
 Like such a man, and therefore chance may fall 685
 He hath by him been met and spoke withal?"
 " O Queen," said he, " I wish to heav'n your ear
 Were quit of this unrev'rend noise you hear
 From these rude Wooers, when I bring the guest;
 Such words your ear would let into your breast 690
 As would delight it to your very heart.
 Three nights and days I did my roof impart
 To his fruition (for he came to me
 The first of all men since he fled the sea)

And yet he had not giv'n a perfect end 695
 To his relation of what woes did spend
 The spite of Fate on him, but as you see
 A singer, breathing out of Deity
 Love-kindling lines, when all men seated near
 Are rapt with endless thirst to ever hear ; 700
 So sweeten'd he my bosom at my meat,
 Affirming that Ulysses was in Crete,
 Where first the memories of Minos were,
 A guest to him there dwelling then, as dear
 As his true father ; and from thence came he 705
 Tir'd on with sorrows, toss'd from sea to sea,
 To cast himself in dust, and tumble here,
 At Wooers' feet, for blows and broken cheer.
 But of Ulysses, where the Thesprots dwell,
 A wealthy people, Fame, he says, did tell 710
 The still survival ; who his native light
 Was bound for now, with treasure infinite."

" Call him," said she, " that he himself may say
 This over to me. We shall soon have way
 Giv'n by the Wooers ; they, as well at gate, 715
 As set within doors, use to recreate
 Their high-fed spirits. As their humours lead
 They follow ; and may well ; for still they tread
 Uncharg'd ways here, their own wealth lying unwasted
 In poor-kept houses, only something tasted 720
 Their bread and wine is by their household swains,
 But they themselves let loose continual reins
 To our expenses, making slaughter still
 Of sheep, goats, oxen, feeding past their fill,

⁶⁹⁷ Simile, in which Ulysses is compared with a poet for the sweetness of his speech.—CHAPMAN.

And vainly lavishing our richest wine ; 725
 All these extending past the sacred line,
 For here lives no man like Ulysses now
 To curb these ruins. But should he once show
 His country-light his presence, he and his
 Would soon revenge these Wooers' injuries." 730

This said, about the house, in, echoes round,
 Her son's strange neesings made a horrid sound ;
 At which the Queen yet laugh'd, and said : " Go call
 The stranger to me. Heard'st thou not, to all
 My words last utter'd, what a neesing brake 735
 From my Telemachus ? From whence I make
 This sure conclusion : That the death and fate
 Of ev'ry Wooer here is near his date.

Call, then, the guest, and if he tell as true
 What I shall ask him, coat, cloak, all things new, 740
 These hands shall yield him." This said, down he went,
 And told Ulysses, " that the Queen had sent
 To call him to her, that she might enquire
 About her husband what her sad desire
 Urg'd her to ask ; and, if she found him true, 745
 Both coat, and cassock (which he needed) new
 Her hands would put on him ; and that the bread,
 Which now he begg'd amongst the common tread,
 Should freely feed his hunger now from her,
 Who all he wish'd would to his wants prefer." 750

His answer was : " I will with fit speed tell
 The whole truth to the Queen ; for passing well
 I know her lord, since he and I have shar'd
 In equal sorrows. But I much am scar'd
 With this rude multitude of Wooers here, 755

⁷³² Neezing a good omen.—CHAPMAN.

The rage of whose pride smites heav'n's brazen sphere.
 Of whose rout when one struck me for no fault,
 Telemachus nor none else turn'd th' assault
 From my poor shoulders. Therefore, though she haste,
 Beseech the Queen her patience will see past 760
 The day's broad light, and then may she enquire.
 'Tis but my closer pressing to the fire
 In th' ev'ning's cold, because my weeds, you know,
 Are passing thin ; for I made bold to show
 Their bracks to you, and pray'd your kind supply."

He heard, and hasted ; and met instantly 766
 The Queen upon the pavement in his way,
 Who ask'd : " What ! Bring'st thou not ? What cause
 of stay

Find his austere supposes ? Takes he fear
 Of th' unjust Wooers ? Or thus hard doth bear 770
 On any other doubt the house objects ?
 He does me wrong, and gives too nice respects
 To his fear'd safety." " He does right," said he,
 " And what he fears should move the policy
 Of any wise one ; taking care to shun 775
 The violent Wooers. He bids bide, till sun
 Hath hid his broad light. And, believe it, Queen,
 'Twill make your best course, since you two, unseen,
 May pass th' encounter ; you to speak more free,
 And he your ear gain less distractedly." 780

" The guest is wise," said she, " and well doth give
 The right thought use. Of all the men that live,
 Life serves none such as these proud Wooers are,
 To give a good man cause to use his care."

⁷⁶⁵ *Bracks*—tatters, breaches.

⁷⁶⁹ *Supposes*—suppositions, thoughts.

Thus, all agreed, amongst the Wooers goes 785
 Eumæus to the prince, and, whisp'ring close,
 Said: "Now, my love, my charge shall take up me,
 (Your goods and mine). What here is, you must see
 In fit protection. But, in chief, regard
 Your own dear safeguard; whose state study hard, 790
 Lest suff'rance seize you. Many a wicked thought
 Conceal these Wooers; whom just Jove see brought
 To utter ruin, ere it touch at us."

"So chance it, friend," replied Telemachus,
 "Your bever taken, go. In first of day 795
 Come, and bring sacrifice the best you may.
 To me and to th' Immortals be the care
 Of whatsoever here the safeties are."

This said, he sat in his elaborate throne.
 Eumæus (fed to satisfaction) 800
 Went to his charge, left both the court and walls
 Full of secure and fatal festivals,
 In which the Wooers' pleasures still would sway.
 And now begun the even's near-ending day.

⁷⁹⁵ *Bever*.—In the Prompt. Parvul. *bever* is called *drynkyngge time* (*biberium*). NARES says "an intermediate refreshment between breakfast and dinner." Here it is an *evening meal*. Todd says "it is still used among workmen for their repast between dinner and the time of ending work." It is not uncommon in our older writers; and in the earlier part of the present century was as familiar in the metropolis as *luncheon*.



THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES and rogue Irus fight.
Penelope vouchsafes her sight
To all her Wooers; who present
Gifts to her, ravish'd with content.
A certain parlé then we sing,
Betwixt a Wooer and the King.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Σίγμα. The beggar's glee.
The King's high fame.
Gifts giv'n to see
A virtuous dame.



HERE came a common beggar to the court,
Who in the city begg'd of all resort,
Excell'd in madness of the gut, drunk, ate,
Past intermission, was most hugely great,
Yet had no fibres in him nor no force; 5
In sight a man, in mind a living corse.
His true name was Arnæus, for his mother
Impos'd it from his birth, and yet another
The city youth would give him (from the course
He after took, deriv'd out of the force 10
That need held on him, which was up and down
To run on all men's errands through the town)
Which sounded Irus. When whose gut was come,

⁵ *Fibres*—sinews.

He needs would bar Ulysses his own home,
 And fell to chiding him: "Old man," said he, 15
 "Your way out of the entry quickly see
 Be with fair language taken, lest your stay
 But little longer see you dragg'd away.
 See, sir, observe you not how all these make
 Direct signs at me, charging me to take 20
 Your heels, and drag you out? But I take shame.
 Rise yet, y' are best, lest we two play a game
 At cuffs together." He bent brows, and said:
 "Wretch! I do thee no ill, nor once upbraid
 Thy presence with a word, nor, what mine eye 25
 By all hands sees thee giv'n, one thought envý.
 Nor shouldst thou envy others. Thou may'st see
 The place will hold us both; and seem'st to me
 A beggar like myself; which who can mend?
The Gods give most to whom they least are friend. 30
The chief goods Gods give, is in good to end.
 But to the hands' strife, of which y' are so free,
 Provoke me not, for fear you anger me;
 And lest the old man, on whose scorn you stood,
 Your lips and bosom make shake hands in blood. 35
 I love my quiet well, and more will love
 To-morrow than to-day. But if you move
 My peace beyond my right, the war you make
 Will never after give you will to take
 Ulysses' house into your begging walk." 40
 "O Gods," said he, "how volubly doth talk
 This eating gulf! And how his fume breaks out,
 As from an old crack'd oven! Whom I will clout
 So bitterly, and so with both hands mall
 His chaps together, that his teeth shall fall 45

As plain seen on the earth as any sow's,
 That ruts the corn-fields, or devours the mows.
 Come, close we now, that all may see what wrong
 An old man tempts that takes at cuffs a young."

Thus in the entry of those lofty tow'rs 50
 These two, with all spleen, spent their jarring pow'rs.
 Antinous took it, laugh'd, and said: " O friends,
 We never had such sport ! This guest contends
 With this vast beggar at the buffets' fight.
 Come, join we hands, and screw up all their spite." 55

All rose in laughters ; and about them bore
 All the ragg'd rout of beggars at the door.
 Then mov'd Antinous the victor's hire
 To all the Wooers thus: " There are now at fire
 Two breasts of goat ; both which let law set down 60
 Before the man that wins the day's renown,
 With all their fat and gravy. And of both
 The glorious victor shall prefer his tooth,
 To which he makes his choice of, from us all,
 And ever after banquet in our hall, 65
 With what our boards yield ; not a beggar more
 Allow'd to share, but all keep out at door."
 This he propos'd ; and this they all approv'd.
 To which Ulysses answer'd: " O most lov'd,
 By no means should an old man, and one old 70
 In chief with sorrows, be so over-bold
 To combat with his younger ; but, alas,
 Man's own-ill-working belly needs will pass
 This work upon me, and enforce me, too,
 To beat this fellow. But then, you must do 75
 My age no wrong, to take my younger's part,
 And play me foul play, making your strokes' smart

Help his to conquer ; for you eas'ly may
 With your strengths crush me. Do then right, and lay
 Your honours on it in your oaths, to yield 80
 His part no aid, but equal leave the field."

All swore his will. But then Telemachus
 His father's scoffs with comforts serious
 Could not but answer, and made this reply :

" Guest ! If thine own pow'rs cheer thy victory, 85
 Fear no man's else that will not pass it free.
 He fights with many that shall touch but thee.
 I'll see thy guest-right paid. Thou here art come
 In my protection ; and to this the sum
 Of all these Wooers (which Antinous are 90
 And King Eurymachus) conjoin their care."

Both vow'd it. When Ulysses, laying by
 His upper weed, his inner beggary
 Near show'd his shame, which he with rags prevented
 Pluck'd from about his thighs, and so presented 95
 Their goodly sight, which were so white and great,
 And his large shoulders were to view so set
 By his bare rags, his arms, his breast, and all,
 So broad, and brawny—their grace natural
 Being kept by Pallas, ever standing near— 100
 That all the Wooers his admirers were
 Beyond all measure, mutual whispers driv'n
 Through all their cluster, saying : " Sure as heav'n
 Poor Irus pull'd upon him bitter blows.

Through his thin garment what a thigh he shows!" 105

They said; but Irus felt. His coward mind

¹⁰⁶ *Coward*—both here and infra 128 the orthography of the folio (as is usual with Chapman) is *cowherd*. I have observed on Iliad v. 530, that it has been given by some as the etymology of *coward*, *base*.

Was mov'd at root. But now he needs must find
 Facts to his brags ; and forth at all parts fit
 The servants brought him, all his art'ries smit
 With fears and tremblings. Which Antinous saw, 110
 And said : " Nay, now too late comes fear. No law
 Thou shouldst at first have giv'n thy braggart vein,
 Nor should it so have swell'd, if terrors strain
 Thy spirits to this pass, for a man so old,
 And worn with penuries that still lay hold 115
 On his ragg'd person. Howsoever, take
 This vow from me for firm : That if he make
 Thy forces stoop, and prove his own supreme,
 I'll put thee in a ship, and down the stream
 Send thee ashore where King Echetus reigns, 120
 (The roughest tyrant that the world contains)
 And he will slit thy nostrils, crop each ear,
 Thy shame cut off, and give it dogs to tear."
 This shook his nerves the more. But both were now
 Brought to the lists ; and up did either throw 125
 His heavy fists. Ulysses, in suspense
 To strike so home that he should fright from thence
 His coward soul, his trunk laid prostrate there,
 Or let him take more leisure to his fear,
 And stoop him by degrees. The last show'd best, 130
 To strike him slightly, out of fear the rest
 Would else discover him. But, peace now broke,
 On his right shoulder Irus laid his stroke.
 Ulysses struck him just beneath the ear,
 His jawbone broke, and made the blood appear ; 135
 When straight he strew'd the dust, and made his cry
 Stand for himself ; with whom his teeth did lie,
 Spit with his blood out ; and against the ground

His heels lay sprawling. Up the hands went round
 Of all the Wooers, all at point to die 140
 With violent laughters. Then the king did ply
 The beggar's feet, and dragg'd him forth the hall,
 Along the entry, to the gates and wall ;
 Where leaving him, he put into his hand
 A staff, and bade him there use his command 145
 On swine and dogs, and not presume to be
 Lord of the guests, or of the beggary,
 Since he of all men was the scum and curse ;
 And so bade please with that, or fare yet worse.
 Then cast he on his scrip, all-patch'd and rent, 150
 Hung by a rotten cord, and back he went
 To greet the entry's threshold with his seat.

The Wooers throng'd to him, and did entreat
 With gentle words his conquest, laughing still,
 Pray'd Jove and all the Gods to give his will 155
 What most it wish'd him and would joy him most,
 Since he so happily had clear'd their coast
 Of that unsavoury morsel ; whom they vow'd
 To see with all their utmost haste bestow'd
 Aboard a ship, and for Epirus sent 160
 To King Echetus, on whose throne was spent
 The worst man's seat that breath'd. And thus was grac'd
 Divine Ulysses, who with joy embrac'd
 Ev'n that poor conquest. Then was set to him
 The goodly goat's breast promis'd (that did swim 165
 In fat and gravy) by Antinous.
 And from a basket, by Amphinomus,
 Were two breads giv'n him ; who, besides, renown'd
 His banquet with a golden goblet crown'd,

¹⁶⁸ *Were*—the folio, *was*.

And this high salutation: " Frolic, guest, 170
 And be those riches that you first possest
 Restor'd again with full as many joys,
 As in your poor state I see now annoys."

" Amphinomus," said he, " you seem to me
 Exceeding wise, as being the progeny 175
 Of such a father as authentic Fame
 Hath told me was so, one of honour'd name,
 And great revenues in Dulichius,
 His fair name Nisus. He is blazon'd thus ;
 And you to be his son, his wisdom heiring, 180
 As well as wealth, his state in nought impairing.
 To prove which always, let me tell you this,

(As warning you to shun the miseries
 That follow full states, if they be not held
 With wisdom still at full, and so compell'd 185
 To courses that abode not in their brows,
 By too much swing, their sudden overthrows)
*Of all things breathing, or that creep on earth,
 Nought is more wretched than a human birth.
 Bless'd men think never they can curséd be, 190
 While any power lasts to move a knee.*

But when the bless'd Gods make them feel that smart,
 That fled their faith so, as they had no heart
 They bear their suff'rings, and, what well they might
 Have clearly shunn'd, they then meet in despite. 195
*The mind of man flies still out of his way,
 Unless God guide and prompt it ev'ry day.*

I thought me once a blesséd man with men,
 And fashion'd me to all so counted then,
 Did all injustice like them, what for lust, 200
 Or any pleasure, never so unjust

I could by pow'r or violence obtain,
 And gave them both in all their pow'rs the rein,
 Bold of my fathers and my brothers still ;
 While which held good my arts seem'd never ill. 205
 And thus is none held simply good or bad,
 But as his will is either miss'd or had.

All goods God's gifts man calls, howe'er he gets them,
 And so takes all, what price soe'er God sets them,
 Says nought how ill they come, nor will controul 210
 That ravine in him, though it cost his soul.

And these parts here I see these Wooers play,
 Take all that falls, and all dishonours lay
 On that man's Queen, that, tell your friends, doth bear
 No long time's absence, but is passing near. 215

Let God then guide thee home, lest he may meet
 In his return thy undeparted feet ;
 For when he enters, and sees men so rude,
 The quarrel cannot but in blood conclude."

This said, he sacrific'd, then drunk, and then 220
 Referr'd the giv'n bowl to the guide-of-men ;
 Who walk'd away, afflicted at his heart,
 Shook head, and fear'd that these facts would convert
 To ill in th' end ; yet had not grace to fly,
 Minerva stay'd him, being ordain'd to die 225
 Upon the lance of young Ulyssides.

So down he sat ; and then did Pallas please
 T' incline the Queen's affections to appear
 To all the Wooers, to extend their cheer
 To th' utmost lightning that still ushers death, 230
 And made her put on all the painted sheath,
 That might both set her Wooers' fancies high,

130 THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK

And get her greater honour in the eye
 Ev'n of her son and sov'reign than before.
 Who laughing yet, to show her humour bore 235
 No serious appetite to that light show,
 She told Eurynomé, that not till now
 She ever knew her entertain desire
 To please her Wooers' eyes, but oft on fire
 She set their hate, in keeping from them still ; 240
 Yet now she pleas'd t' appear, though from no will
 To do them honour, vowing she would tell
 Her son that of them that should fit him well
 To make use of ; which was, not to converse
 Too freely with their pride, nor to disperse 245
 His thoughts amongst them, since they us'd to give
 Good words, but through them ill intents did drive.

Eurynomé replied : “ With good advise
 You vow his counsel, and your open guise.
 Go then, advise your son, nor keep more close 250
 Your cheeks, still drown'd in your eyes' overflows,
 But bathe your body, and with balms make clear
 Your thicken'd count'nance. *Uncomposéd cheer,*
And ever mourning, will the marrow wear.
 Nor have you cause to mourn ; your son hath now 255
 Put on that virtue which, in chief, your vow
 Wish'd, as your blessing, at his birth, might deck
 His blood and person.” “ But forbear to speak
 Of baths, or balmings, or of beauty, now,”
 The Queen replied, “ lest, urging comforts, you 260
 Discomfort much ; because the Gods have won
 The spoil of my looks since my lord was gone.
 But these must serve. Call hither then to me
 Hippodamia and Autoñoé,

That those our train additions may supply 265
 Our own deserts. And yet, besides, not I,
 With all my age, have learn'd the boldness yet
 T' expose myself to men, unless I get
 Some other gracers." This said, forth she went
 To call the ladies, and much spirit spent 270
 To make their utmost speed, for now their Queen
 Would both herself show, and make them be seen.

But now Minerva other projects laid,
 And through Icarus' daughter's veins convey'd
 Sweet sleep's desire; in whose soft fumes involv'd 275
 She was as soon as laid, and quite dissolv'd
 Were all her lineaments. The Goddess then
 Bestow'd immortal gifts on her, that men
 Might wonder at her beauties; and the beams
 That glister in the Deified Supremes 280
 She clear'd her mourning count'nance up withall.
 Ev'n such a radiance as doth round empall
 Crown'd Cytherea, when her order'd places
 Conduct the bevy of the dancing Graces,
 She added to her own; more plump, more high, 285
 And fairer than the polish'd ivory,
 Rend'ring her parts and presence. This grace done,
 Away the Deity flew; and up did run
 Her lovely-wristed ladies, with a noise
 That blew the soft chains from her sleeping joys; 290
 When she her fair eyes wip'd, and, gasping, said:
 "O me unblest! How deep a sweet sleep spread
 His shades about me! Would Diana pleas'd
 To shoot me with a death no more diseas'd,

²⁶⁹ Eurynome.

²⁷⁴ Penelope.

²⁸⁰ *Glister*—an old form of *glitter*.

As soon as might be, that no more my moan 295
 Might waste my blood in weepings never done,
 For want of that accomplish'd virtue spher'd
 In my lov'd lord, to all the Greeks preferr'd!"

Then she descended with her maids, and took
 Place in the portal; whence her beamy look 300
 Reach'd ev'ry Wooer's heart; yet cast she on
 So thin a veil, that through it quite there shone
 A grace so stol'n, it pleas'd above the clear,
 And sunk the knees of ev'ry Wooer there,
 Their minds so melted in love's vehement fires, 305
 That to her bed she heighten'd all desires.

The prince then coming near, she said: "O son,
 Thy thoughts and judgments have not yet put on
 That constancy in what becomes their good,
 Which all expect in thee. Thy younger blood 310
 Did sparkle choicer spirits; but, arriv'd
 At this full growth, wherein their form hath thriv'd
 Beyond the bounds of childhood, and when now,
 Beholders should affirm, 'This man doth grow
 Like [to] the rare son of his matchless Sire, 315
 (His goodliness, his beauty, and his fire
 Of soul aspir'd to)' thou mak'st nothing good
 Thy fate, nor fortune, nor thy height of blood,
 In manage of thy actions. What a deed
 Of foul desert hath thy gross suff'rance freed 320
 Beneath thine own roof! A poor stranger here
 Us'd most unmanly! How will this appear
 To all the world, when Fame shall trumpet out,
 That thus, and thus, are our guests beat about
 Our court unrighted? 'Tis a blaze will show 325
 Extremely shameful to your name and you."

" I blame you not, O mother," he replied,
 " That, this clear wrong sustain'd by me, you chide ;
 Yet know I both the good and bad of all,
 Being past the years in which young errors fall. 330
 But, all this known, skill is not so exact
 To give, when once it knows, things fit their fact.
 I well may doubt the prease of strangers here,
 Who, bent to ill, and only my nerves near,
 May do it in despite. And yet the jar, 335
 Betwixt our guest and Irus was no war
 Wrought by the Wooers ; nor our guest sustain'd
 Wrong in that action, but the conquest gain'd.
 And would to Jove, Minerva, and the Sun,
 That all your Wooers might serve Contention 340
 For such a purchase as the beggar made,
 And wore such weak heads ! Some should death invade,
 Strew'd in the entry, some embrue the hall,
 Till ev'ry man had vengeance capital,
 Sattled like Irus at the gates, his head 345
 Ev'ry way nodding, like one forfeited
 To reeling Bacchus, knees nor feet his own,
 To bear him where he's better lov'd or known."

Their speeches giv'n this end, Eurymachus
 Began his courtship, and express'd it thus : 350

" Most wise Icarus' daughter ! If all those,
 That did for Colchos vent'rous sail dispose
 For that rich purchase, had before but seen
 Earth's richer prize in th' Ithacensian Queen,
 They had not made that voyage, but to you 355
 Would all their virtues and their beings vow.
 Should all the world know what a worth you store,

³⁴⁵ *Sattled*—a North-country provincialism for *settled*.

134 *THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK*

To-morrow than to-day, and next light, more
 Your court should banquet ; since to all dames you
 Are far preferr'd, both for the grace of show, 360
 In stature, beauty, form in ev'ry kind
 Of all parts outward, and for faultless mind."

" Alas," said she, " my virtue, body, form,
 The Gods have blasted with that only storm
 That ravish'd Greece to Ilion, since my lord, 365
 For that war shipp'd, bore all my goods aboard.
 If he, return'd, should come and govern here
 My life's whole state, the grace of all things there
 His guide would heighten, as the spirit it bore ;
 Which dead in me lives, giv'n him long before. 370

A sad course I live now ; Heav'n's stern decree
 With many an ill hath numb'd and deaded me.
 He took life with him, when he took my hand
 In parting from me to the Trojan strand,
 These words my witness : ' Woman ! I conceive 375
 That not all th' Achives bound for Troy shall leave
 Their native earth their safe returnéd bones,
 Fame saying, that Troy trains up approvéd sons
 In deeds of arms, brave putters-off of shafts,
 For winging lances masters of their crafts, 380
 Unmatchéd riders, swift of foot, and straight
 Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight.

Hope then can scarce fill all with life's supply,
 And of all any failing, why not I ?
 Nor do I know, if God hath marshall'd me 385
 Amongst the safe-return'd ; or his decree
 Hath left me to the thraldom order'd there.
 However, all cares be thy burthens here,
 My sire and mother tend as much as now,

I further off, more near in cares be you. 390
 Your son to man's state grown, wed whom you will ;
 And, you gone, his care let his household fill.'
 Thus made my lord his will, which Heav'n sees prov'd
 Almost at all parts ; for the Sun remov'd
 Down to his set, ere long, will lead the night 395
 Of those abhorréd nuptials, that should fright
 Each worthy woman, which her second are
 With any man that breathes, her first lord's care
 Dead, because he to flesh and blood is dead ;
 Which, I fear, I shall yield to, and so wed 400
 A second husband ; and my reason is,
 Since Jove hath taken from me all his bliss.
Whom God gives over they themselves forsake,
Their griefs their joys, their God their devil, make.
 And 'tis a great grief, nor was seen till now 405
 In any fashion of such men as woo
 A good and wealthy woman, and contend
 Who shall obtain her, that those men should spend
 Her beeves and best sheep, as their chiefest ends,
 But rather that herself and all her friends 410
 They should with banquets and rich gifts entreat.
Their life is death that live with other's meat."
 Divine Ulysses much rejoic'd to hear
 His Queen thus fish for gifts, and keep in cheer
 Their hearts with hope that she would wed again, 415
 Her mind yet still her first intent retain.
 Antinous saw the Wooers won to give,
 And said: " Wise Queen, by all your means receive
 Whatever bounty any Wooer shall use.
 Gifts freely giv'n 'tis folly to refuse. 420
 For know, that we resolve not to be gone

To keep our own roofs, till of all some one,
Whom best you like, your long-woo'd love shall win."

This pleas'd the rest, and ev'ry one sent in
His present by the herald. First had place 425
Antinous' gift : A robe of special grace,
Exceeding full and fair, and twenty hues
Chang'd lustre to it ; to which choice of shows,
Twelve massy plated buttons, all of gold,
Enrich'd the substance, made to fairly hold 430
The robe together, all lac'd down before,
Where keeps and catches both sides of it wore.

Eurymachus a golden tablet gave,
In which did Art her choicest works engrave ;
And round about an amber verge did run, 435
That cast a radiance from it like the Sun.

Eurydamas two servants had that bore
Two goodly earrings, whose rich hollows wore
Three pearls in either, like so many eyes,
Reflecting glances radiant as the skies. 440

The king Pisander, great Polycetor's heir,
A casket gave, exceeding rich and fair.

The other other wealthy gifts commended
To her fair hand ; which took, and straight ascended
This Goddess of her sex her upper state. 445

Her ladies all her gifts elaborate
Up bearing after. All to dancing then
The Wooers went, and song's delightful strain ;
In which they frolick'd, till the evening came,
And then rais'd sable Hesperus his flame. 450

When, for their lights within, they set up there
Three lamps, whose wicks were wood exceeding sere,
And passing porous ; which they caus'd to burn,

Their matter ever minister'd by turn
 Of sev'ral handmaids. Whom Ulysses seeing 455
 Too conversant with Wooers, ill-agreeing
 With guise of maids, advis'd in this fair sort :
 " Maids of your long-lack'd King, keep you the port
 Your Queen's chaste presence bears. Go up to her,
 Employ your looms, or rocks, and keep ye there ; 460
 I'll serve to feed these lamps, should these lords' dances
 Last till Aurora cheer'd us with their glances.
 They cannot weary me, for I am one
 Born to endure when all men else have done."
 They wantonly brake out in laughters all, 465
 Look'd on each other ; and to terms did fall
 Cheek-proud Melantho, who was Dolius' seed,
 Kept by the Queen, that gave her dainty bread
 Fit for her daughter ; and yet won not so
 Her heart to her to share in any woe 470
 She suffer'd for her lord, but she was great
 With great Eurymachus, and her love's heat
 In his bed quench'd. And this choleric thing
 Bestow'd this railing language on the King :
 " Base stranger, you are taken in your brain, 475
 You talk so wildly. Never you again
 Can get where you were born, and seek your bed
 In some smith's hovel, or the marketsted,
 But here you must take confidence to prate
 Before all these ; for fear can get no state 480
 In your wine-hardy stomach. Or 'tis like
 To prove your native garb, your tongue will strike
 On this side of your mouth still, being at best.
 Is the man idle-brain'd for want of rest ?
 Or proud because he beat the roguish beggar ? 485

Take heed, Sir, lest some better man beleager
 Your ears with his fists, and set headlong hence
 Your bold abode here with your blood's expence."

He, looking sternly on her, answer'd her :
 " Dog ! What broad language giv'st thou ? I'll prefer
 Your usage to the prince, that he may fall 491
 Foul on your fair limbs till he tell them all."

This fray'd the wenches, and all straight got gone
 In fear about their business, ev'ry one
 Confessing he said well. But he stood now 495
 Close by the cressets, and did looks bestow
 On all men there ; his brain employ'd about
 Some sharper business than to dance it out,
 Which had not long to go. Nor therefore would
 Minerva let the Wooers' spleens grow cold 500
 With too good usage of him, that his heart
 Might fret enough, and make his choler smart.
 Eurymachus provok'd him first, and made
 His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had
 Fetch'd far from what was spoken long before, 505
 That his poor form perhaps some Deity bore.
 " It well may chance," said he, " some God doth bear
 This man's resemblance, for, thus standing near
 The glist'ring torches, his slick'd head doth throw
 Beams round about it as those cressets do, 510
 For not a hair he hath to give it shade.
 Say, will thy heart serve t' undertake a trade
 For fitting wages ? Should I take thee hence
 To walk my grounds, and look to ev'ry fence, 514
 Or plant high trees, thy hire should raise thy forces
 Food store, and clothes. But these same idle courses

⁵⁰⁵ *Fetch'd.*—The folio *fetch*.

Thou art so prompt in that thou wilt not work,
 But forage up and down, and beg, and lurk
 In ev'ry house whose roofs hold any will
 To feed such fellows. That thy gut may fill, 520
 Gives end to all thy being." He replied :

 " I wish, at any work we two were tried,
 In height of spring-time, when heav'n's lights are long,
 I a good crook'd scythe that were sharp and strong,
 You such another, where the grass grew deep, 525
 Up by day-break, and both our labours keep
 Up till slow darkness eas'd the labouring light,
 Fasting all day, and not a crumb till night ;
 We then should prove our either workmanship.
 Or if, again, beeves, that the goad or whip 530
 Were apt t'obey before a tearing plow,
 Big lusty beasts, alike in bulk and brow,
 Alike in labour, and alike in strength,
 Our task four acres, to be till'd in length
 Of one sole day ; again then you should try 535
 If the dull glebe before the plow should fly,
 Or I a long stitch could bear clean and even.
 Or lastly, if the Guide of earth and heaven
 Should stir stern war up, either here or there,
 And that at this day I had double spear, 540
 And shield, and steel casque fitting for my brows ;
 At this work likewise, 'midst the foremost blows,
 Your eyes should note me, and get little cause
 To twit me with my belly's sole applause.
 But you affect t' affect with injury, 545
 Your mind ungentle, seem in valour high,
 Because 'gainst few, and those not of the best,
 Your conversation hath been still profest.

But if Ulysses, landed on his earth,
 And enter'd on the true right of his birth, 550
 Should come and front ye, straight his ample gates
 Your feet would hold too narrow for your fates."

He frown'd, rag'd, call'd him wretch, and vow'd
 To be his death, since he durst prove so proud
 Amongst so many, to tell him so home 555
 What he affected ; ask'd, if overcome

With wine he were, or, as his minion said,
 Talk'd still so idly, and were palsié'd
 In his mind's instruments, or was proud because
 He gat from Irus off with such applause ? 560

With all which, snatching up a stool, he threw ;
 When old Ulysses to the knees withdrew
 Of the Dulichian lord, Amphinomus,
 As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus
 His aged object, and his page's hand 565

(A boy that waited on his cup's command,
 Now holding of an ewer to him) he smit.
 Down fell the sounding ewer, and after it
 The guiltless page lay sprawling in the dust,
 And crying out. When all the Wooers thrust 570

A tumult up amongst them, wishing all
 The rogue had perish'd in some hospital,
 Before his life there stirr'd such uproars up,
 And with rude speeches spice their pleasures' cup.
 And all this for a beggar to fulfill 575

A filthy proverb : *Good still yields to ill.*

The prince cried out on them, to let the bad
 Obscure the good so ; told them they were mad,
 Abus'd their banquet, and affirm'd some God
 Tried mast'ries with them ; bade them take their load

Of food and wine, sit up, or fall to bed 581
At their free pleasures ; and since he gave head
To all their freedoms, why should they mistake
Their own rich humours for a beggar's sake ?

All bit their lips to be so taken down, 585
And taught the course that should have been their own,
Admir'd the prince, and said he bravely spoke.

But Nisus' son then struck the equal stroke,
And said : " O friends, let no man here disdain
To put up equal speeches, nor maintain 590

With serious words an humour, nor with stroke
A stranger in another's house provoke,

Nor touch the meanest servant, but confine
All these dissentions in a bowl of wine ;
Which fill us, cup-bearer, that, having done 595

Our nightly sacrifice, we may atone
Our pow'rs with sleep, resigning first the guest
Up to the prince, that holds all interest

In his disposure here ; the house being his
In just descent, and all the faculties." 600

This all approv'd ; when noble Mulius,
Herald-in-chief to lord Amphinomus,
The wine distributed with rev'rend grace

To ev'ry Wooer ; when the Gods giv'n place
With service fit, they serv'd themselves, and took 605
Their parting cups, till, when they all had shook

The angry humour off, they bent to rest,
And ev'ry Wooer to sev'ral roofs address.



THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES and his son eschew
Offending of the Wooers' view
With any armour. His birth's seat,
Ulysses tells his Queen, is Crete.
Euryclea the truth yet found,
Discover'd by a scar-heal'd wound,
Which in Parnassus' tops a boar,
Struck by him in his chace, did gore.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Taũ. The King still hid
By what he said ;
By what he did
Informs his maid.



YET did divine Ulysses keep his roof,
And with Minerva plotted still the proof
Of all the Wooers' deaths ; when thus
his son

He taught with these fore-counsels : " We must run
A close course with these arms, and lay them by, 5
And to the Wooers make so fair a sky
As it would never thunder. Let me then,
That you may well retain, repeat again

What in Eumæus' cottage I advis'd :
 If when they see no leisure exercis'd 10
 In fetching down your arms, and ask what use
 Your mind will give them, say, 'tis their abuse
 With smoke and rust that makes you take them down,
 This not being like the armory well-known
 To be the leavings of Laertes' son 15
 Consorting the design for Ilion ;
 Your eyes may see how much they are infected,
 As all fires' vapours ever since reflected
 On those sole arms. Besides, a graver thought
 Jove graves within you, lest, their spirits wrought 20
 Above their pitch with wine, they might contend
 At some high banquet, and to wounds transcend,
 Their feast inverting ; which, perhaps, may be
 Their nuptial feast with wise Penelopé.
The ready weapon, when the blood is up, 25
Doubles the uproar heighten'd by the cup.
Wrath's means for act, curb all the ways ye can,
As loadstones draw the steel, so steel draws man.
 Retain these words ; nor what is good think, thus
 Receiv'd at second hand, superfluous." 30

The son, obeying, did Euryclea call,
 And bade her shut in th' utter porches all
 The other women, till himself brought down
 His father's arms, which all were overgrown
 By his neglect with rust, his father gone, 35
 And he too-childish to spend thoughts upon
 Those manly implements ; but he would now
 Reform those young neglects, and th' arms bestow
 Past reach of smoke. The loving nurse replied :
 " I wish, O son, your pow'rs would once provide

For wisdom's habit, see your household were 41
 In thrifty manage, and tend all things there.
 But if these arms must down, and ev'ry maid
 Be shut in utter rooms, who else should aid
 Your work with light?" He answer'd: "This my guest.
 There shall no one in my house taste my feast, 46
 Or join in my nave, that shall idly live,
 However far hence he his home derive."

He said, and his words stood. The doors she shut
 Of that so well-fill'd house. And th' other put 50
 Their thoughts in act; best shields, helms, sharpen'd
 lances,

Brought down; and Pallas before both advances
 A golden cresset, that did cast a light
 As if the Day sat in the throne of Night.

When, half-amaz'd, the prince said: "O my father,
 Mine eyes my soul's pow'rs all in wonder gather, 56
 For though the walls, and goodly wind-beams here,
 All all these pillars, that their heads so rear,
 And all of fir, they seem yet all of fire.
 Some God is surely with us." His wise sire 60
 Bade peace, and keep the counsels of the Gods,
 Nor ask a word: "These Pow'rs, that use abodes
 Above the stars, have pow'r from thence to shine
 Through night and all shades to earth's inmost mine.
 Go thou for sleep, and leave me here to wake 65
 The women, and the Queen whose heart doth ache
 To make inquiry for myself of me."

⁴⁷ *Χοίνυκος ἄπρηται*, they will needs turn this, *quadram* (for *modium*) *gustet*. Though the words bear no such signification, but give a proverb then in use repetition, which was: *he shall not join or make a spoke in the nave of my chariot, or chariot-wheel*. *Χοίνυκον*, or *χοίνυκις*, signifying *modiolus rotæ*, and *ἄπτω*, *necto*.—CHAPMAN.

He went to sleep where lights did endlessly
 Burn in his night-rooms ; where he feasted rest,
 Till day's fair weed did all the world invest. 70

Thus was divine Ulysses left alone
 With Pallas, plotting foul confusion
 To all the Wooers. Forth then came the Queen ;
 Phœbe, with golden Cytherea seen,
 Her port presented. Whom they set a chair 75

Aside the fire, the fashion circular,
 The substance silver and rich elephant ;
 Whose fabric did the cunning finger vaunt
 Of great Icmalius, who besides had done
 A footstool for her that did suit her throne, 80
 On which they cast an ample skin, to be
 The cushion for her other royalty.

And there she sat ; about whom came her maids,
 Who brought upon a table store of breads,
 And bowls that with the Wooers' wine were crown'd.
 The embers then they cast upon the ground 85
 From out the lamps, and other fuel added,
 That still with cheerful flame the sad house gladdened.

Melantho seeing still Ulysses there,
 Thus she held out her spleen : " Still, stranger, here ?
 Thus late in night ? To see what ladies do ? 91
 Avaunt you, wretch, hence, go without doors, go ;
 And quickly, too, lest ye be singed away
 With burning firebrands." He, thus seeing their fray
 Continued by her with such spleen, replied : 95

" Minion ! What makes your angry blood thus chide
 My presence still ? Is it because you see
 I shine not in your wanton bravery,
 But wear these rags ? It fits the needy fate

That makes me beg thus of the common state. 100
 Such poor souls, and such beggars, yet are men ;
 And ev'n my mean means means had to maintain
 A wealthy house, and kept a manly press,
 Was counted blessed, and the poor access
 Of any beggar did not scorn, but feed 105
 With often hand, and any man of need
 Reliev'd as fitted ; kept my servants, too,
 Not few, but did with those additions go
 That call choice men *The Honest*, who are styl'd
 The rich, the great. But what such great ones build
 Jove oft pulls down, as thus he ruin'd me ; 111
 His will was such, which is his equity.
 And therefore, woman, bear you fitting hand
 On your behaviour, lest your spirit thus mann'd,
 And cherish'd with your beauties, when they wane, 115
 Comes down, your pride now being then your bane ;
 And in the mean space shun the present danger,
 Lest your bold fashion breed your sov'reign's anger,
 Or lest Ulysses come, of whom ev'n yet
 Hope finds some life in Fate. Or, be his seat 120
 Amongst the merely ruin'd, yet his son,
 Whose life's heat Phœbus saves, is such a one
 As can discover who doth well deserve
 Of any woman here his years now serve."

The Queen gave ear, and thus suppress'd the flame :
 " Thou quite without a brow, past female shame, 126
 I hear thy monstrous boldness, which thy head
 Shall pay me pains for. Thou hast heard it said,
 And from myself too, and at ev'ry part
 Thy knowledge serves thee, that, to ease my heart 130
 So punish'd in thy witness, my desire

Dwelt on this stranger, that I might inquire
 My lost friend's being. But 'tis ever tried,
Both man and God are still forgot with pride.

Eurynomé, bring here this guest a seat, 135
 And cushion on it, that we two may treat
 Of the affair in question. Set it near,
 That I may softly speak, yet he well hear."

She did this little freely; and he sat
 Close by the Queen, who ask'd him, Whence, and what
 He was himself? And what th' inhabited place 141
 Where liv'd his parents? Whence he fetch'd his race?

"O woman," he replied, "with whom no man,
 That moves in earth's unbounded circle, can
 Maintain contention for true honour giv'n, 145
 Whose fame hath reach'd the fairly-flowing heav'n,
 Who, like a never-ill-deserving king,
 That is well-spoke of, first, for worshipping,
 And striving to resemble God in empire;
 Whose equal hand impartially doth temper 150
 Greatness and Goodness; to whom therefore bears
 The black earth store of all grain, trees confers
 Cracking with burthen, long-liv'd herds creates,
 All which the sea with her sorts emulates;
 And all this feeds beneath his pow'ful hand 155
 Men, valiant, many, making strong his land
 With happy lives led; nothing else the cause
 Of all these blessings, but well-order'd laws;
 Like such a king are you, in love, in fame,
 And all the bliss that deifies a dame. 160

And therefore do not mix this with a moan
 So wretched as is now in question;
 Ask not my race nor country, lest you fill

My heart yet fuller with repeated ill ;
 For I must follow it with many tears, 165
 Though 'tis not seemly to sit wounding ears
 In public roofs with our particular life.
Time's worst expense is still-repeated grief.
 I should be irksome to your ladies here,
 And you yourself would say you urg'd your ear 170
 To what offends it, my still-broken eyne
 Supposing wounded with your too-much wine."

" Stranger," said she, " you fear your own excess
 With giving me too great a nobleness.
 The Gods my person, beauty, virtue too, 175
 Long since subverted, when the Iliion woe
 The Greek design attempted ; in which went
 My praise and honour. In his government
 Had I deserv'd your utmost grace, but now
 Sinister Deity makes dishonour woo, 180
 In show of grace, my ruin. All the peers
 Sylvan Zacynthus, and Dulichius, spheres,
 Samos and Ithaca, strange strifes have shown
 To win me, spending on me all mine own ;
 Will wed me, in my spite ; and these are those 185
 That take from me all virtue to dispose
 Or guest or suppliant, or take any course
 Amongst my heralds, that should all disburse,
 To order anything. Though I need none
 To give me grief at home, abroad errs one 190
 That my veins shrink for, whom these holding gone,
 Their nuptials hasten, and find me as slow.
 Good spirits prompted me to make a show
 Of undertaking a most curious task,
 That an unmeasur'd space of time would ask ; 195

Which they enduring long would often say,
 When ends thy work? I soon had my delay,
 And pray'd their stay; for though my lord were dead,
 His father's life yet matter ministred
 That must employ me; which, to tell them true, 200
 Was that great work I nam'd. For now near drew
 Laertes' death, and on my hand did lie
 His funeral-robe, whose end, being now so nigh,
 I must not leave, and lose so much begun,
 The rather lest the Greek dames might be won 205
 To tax mine honour, if a man so great
 Should greet his grave without his winding sheet.
 Pride made them credulous, and I went on;
 When whatsoever all the day had done
 I made the night help to undo again, 210
 Though oil and watch it cost, and equal pain.
 Three years my wit secur'd me undiscern'd,
 Yet, when the fourth came, by my maids discern'd,
 False careless wenches, how they were deluded;
 When, by my light discern'd, they all intruded, 215
 Used threat'ning words, and made me give it end;
 And then could I to no more length extend
 My linger'd nuptials; not a counsel more
 Was to be stood upon; my parents bore
 Continual hand on me to make me wed; 220
 My son grew angry that so ruinéd
 His goods were by them. He is now a man
 Wise in a great degree, and one that can
 Himself give order to his household fare;
 And Jove give equal glory to his care. 225
 But thus you must not pass me; I must know,
 It may be for more end, from whence doth grow

Your race and you ; for I suppose you none
Sprung of old oak, or justled out of stone."

He answer'd : " O Ulysses' rev'rend wife ! 230
Yet hold you purpose to inquire my life ?
I'll tell you, though it much afflict me more
Than all the sorrows I have felt before.

As worthily it may, since so long time
As I have wander'd from my native clime, 235
Through human cities, and in suff'rance still,
To rip all wounds up, though of all their ill
I touch but part, must actuate all their pain.
But, ask you still, I'll tell, though still sustain.

In middle of the sable sea there lies 240
An isle call'd Crete, a ravisher of eyes,
Fruitful, and mann'd with many an infinite store ;
Where ninety cities crown the famous shore,
Mix'd with all-languag'd men. There Greeks survive,
There the great-minded Eteocretans live, 245

There the Dorensians never out of war,
The Cydons there, and there the singular
Pelasgian people. There doth Cnossus stand,
That mighty city, where had most command
Great Jove's disciple, Minos, who nine years 250
Conferr'd with Jove, both great familiars
In mutual counsels. And this Minos' son,

The mighty-minded king Deucalion,
Was sire to me and royal Idomen,
Who with Atrides went to Ilion then, 255
My elder brother and the better man,
My name Aethon. At that time began
My knowledge of Ulysses, whom my home
Receiv'd with guest-rites. He was thither come

By force of weather, from the Malean coast 260
 But new got off, where he the navy lost,
 Then under sail for Troy, and wind-bound lay
 Long in Amnisus ; hardly got away
 From horrid storms, that made him anchor there,
 In havens that sacred to Lucina were, 265
 Dreadful and dang'rous, in whose bosom crept
 Lucina's cavern. But in my roof slept
 Ulysses, shor'd in Crete ; who first inquir'd
 For royal Idomen, and much desir'd
 To taste his guest-rites, since to him had been 270
 A welcome guest my brother Idomen.
 The tenth or 'leventh light on Ulysses shin'd
 In stay at Crete, attending then the wind
 For threaten'd Ilion. All which time my house
 With love and entertainments curious 275
 Embrac'd his person, though a number more
 My hospitable roofs receiv'd before.
 His men I likewise call'd, and from the store
 Allow'd them meal and heat-exciting wine,
 And oxen for their slaughter, to confine 280
 In my free hand the utmost of their need.
 Twelve days the Greeks stay'd, ere they got them freed,
 A gale so bitter blew out of the north,
 That none could stand on earth, being tumbled forth
 By some stern God. But on the thirteenth day 285
 The tempest ceas'd, and then went Greeks their way."

Thus many tales Ulysses told his wife,
 At most but painting, yet most like the life ;
 Of which her heart such sense took through her ears,
 It made her weep as she would turn to tears. 290
 And as from off the mountains melts the snow,

Which Zephyr's breath conceal'd, but was made flow
 By hollow Eurus, which so fast pours down,
 That with their torrent floods have overflown ;
 So down her fair cheeks her kind tears did glide, 295
 Her miss'd lord mourning set so near her side.

Ulysses much was mov'd to see her mourn,
 Whose eyes yet stood as dry as iron or horn
 In his untroubled lids, which in his craft
 Of bridling passion he from issue saft. 300

When she had giv'n her moan so many tears,
 That now 'twas satiate, her yet loving fears
 Ask'd thus much further : " You have thus far tried
 My love's credulity, but if gratified
 With so long stay he was with you, you can 305
 Describe what weed he wore, what kind of man
 Both he himself was, and what followers
 Observ'd him there." " Alas," said he, " the years
 Have grown so many since—this making now
 Their twentieth revolution—that my show 310
 Of these slight notes will set my memory sore,
 But, to my now remembrance, this he wore :
 A double purple robe, drawn close before
 With golden buttons, plaited thick, and bore
 A facing where a hundred colours shin'd. 315
 About the skirts a hound a freckled hind
 In full course hunted ; on the foreskirts, yet,
 He pinch'd and pull'd her down, when with her feet,
 And all her force, she struggled hard for flight.
 Which had such life in gold, that to the sight 320
 It seem'd the hind itself for ev'ry hue,
 The hound and all so answering the view,

³⁰⁰ Saft—saved.

That all admir'd all. I observ'd beside
 His inner weed, so rarely beautified
 That dumb amaze it bred, and was as thin 325
 As any dry and tender onion skin ;
 As soft 'twas, too, and glister'd like the sun.
 The women were to loving wonder won
 By him and by his weeds. But, by the way,
 You must excuse me, that I cannot say 330
 He brought this suit from home, or had it there
 Sent for some present, or, perhaps, elsewhere
 Receiv'd it for his guest-gift ; for your lord
 Had friends not few, the fleet did not afford
 Many that had not fewer. I bestow'd 335
 A well-edg'd sword on him, a robe that flow'd
 In folds and fulness, and did reach his feet,
 Of richest purple ; brought him to his fleet
 With all my honour ; and besides, to add
 To all this sifted circumstance, he had 340
 A herald there, in height a little more
 Put from the earth, that thicker shoulders wore,
 A swarth complexion and a curléd head,
 His name Eurybates ; and much in stead
 He stood your king, employ'd in most command, 345
 Since most of all his mind could understand."

When all these signs she knew for chiefly true,
 Desire of moan upon her beauties grew,
 And yet, ev'n that desire suffic'd, she said :

" Till this, my guest, a wretched state array'd 350
 Your ill-us'd person, but from this hour forth
 You shall be honour'd, and find all the worth
 That fits a friend. Those weeds these hands bestow'd
 From out my wardrobe ; those gold buttons sew'd

Before for closure and for ornament. 355

But never more must his return present
 The person that gave those adornments state ;
 And therefore, under an abhorréd fate,
 Was he induc'd to feed the common fame,
 To visit vile Troy, ay too vile to name." 360

 " No more yet mourn," said he, " nor thus see pin'd
 Your lovely person. *Weeping wastes the mind.*

And yet I blame you not ; for any dame
 That weds one young, and brings to him his name,
 Whatever man he is, will mourn his loss. 365

Much more respectful then must show your woes
 That weep thus for Ulysses, who, Fame says,
 Was equal with the Gods in all his ways.

But where no cause is there must be no moan,
 And therefore hear me, my relation 370

Shall lay the clear truth naked to your view :
 I heard amongst the Thesprot for most true,
 That lord Ulysses liv'd, and stood just now
 On his return for home ; that wealth did flow
 In his possession, which he made not known, 375

But begg'd amongst the people, since alone
 He quite was left, for all his men were lost
 In getting off from the Trinacrian coast ;

Jove and the Sun was wroth with them for rape
 Made of his oxen, and no man let 'scape 380

The rugged deeps of Neptune ; only he,
 The ship's keel only keeping, was by sea
 Cast on the fair Phæacian continent,
 Where men survive that are the Gods' descent,

³⁷⁹ i.e. Jove was wroth, and the Sun was wroth for stealing his (i.e. the Sun's) oxen.

And like a God receiv'd him, gave him heaps 385
 Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct his steps
 Themselves safe home ; which he might long ago
 His pleasure make, but profit would not so.
 He gather'd going, and had mighty store
 Of gold in safeguard ; so beyond the shore 390
 That common sails kept, his high flood of wit
 Bore glorious top, and all the world for it
 Hath far exceeded. All this Phædon told,
 That doth the sceptre of Thesprotia hold,
 Who swore to me, in household sacrifice, 395
 The ship was launch'd, and men to man the prise,
 That soon should set him on his country earth,
 Show'd me the goods, enough to serve the birth
 That in the tenth age of his seed should spring,
 Yet in his court contain'd. But then the king, 400
 Your husband, for Dodona was in way,
 That from th' Oraculous Oak he might display
 Jove's will what course for home would best prevail,
 To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail.
 But me the king dispatch'd in course before, 405
 A ship then bound for the Dulichian shore.
 So thus you see his safety whom you mourn ;
 Who now is passing near, and his return
 No more will punish with delays, but see
 His friends and country. All which truth to thee 410
 I'll seal with sacred oath. Be witness, Jove,
 Thou first and best of all the thron'd above !
 And thou house of the great Laertes' heir,
 To whose high roofs I tender my repair,
 That what I tell the Queen event shall crown ! 415

⁴⁰² *Display*.—See Bk. v. 350.

This year Ulysses shall possess his own,
 Nay ere the next month ends shall here arrive,
 Nay, ere it enters, here abide alive !”

“O may this prove,” said she; “gifts, friendship, then
 Should make your name the most renown’d of men. 420
 But ’tis of me receiv’d, and must so sort,
 That nor my lord shall ever see his court,
 Nor you gain your deduction thence, for now
 The alter’d house doth no such man allow
 As was Ulysses, if he ever were, 425
 To entertain a rev’rend passenger,
 And give him fair dismissal. But, maids, see
 Ye bathe his feet, and then with tapestry,
 Best sheets and blankets, make his bed, and lay
 Soft waistcoats by him, that, lodg’d warm, he may 430
 Ev’n till the golden-seated morning’s ray
 Enjoy good rest; and then, with her first light,
 Bathe, and give alms, that cherish’d appetite
 He may apply within our hall, and sit
 Safe by Telemachus. Or, if th’ unfit 435
 And harmful mind of any be so base
 To grieve his age again, let none give grace
 Of doing any deed he shall command,
 How wroth soever, to his barbarous hand.
 For how shall you, guest, know me for a dame 440
 That pass so far, nay, turn and wind the fame
 Of other dames for wisdom, and the frame
 Of household usage, if your poor thin weeds
 I let draw on you want, and worser deeds,
 That may, perhaps, cause here your latest day? 445
The life of man is short and flies away.
 And if the ruler’s self of households be

Ungentle, studying inhumanity,
 The rest prove worse, but he bears all the blame ;
 All men will, living, vow against his name 450
 Mischiefs and miseries, and, dead, supply
 With bitter epitaphs his memory.
 But if himself be noble—noble things
 Doing and knowing—all his underlings
 Will imitate his noblesse, and all guests 455
 Give it, in many, many interests.”

“But, worthiest Queen,” said he, “where you command
 Baths and rich beds for me, I scorn to stand
 On such state now nor ever thought it yet,
 Since first I left the snowy hills of Crete. 460
 When once I fell a-shipboard those thoughts fled ;
 I love to take now, as long since, my bed.
 Though I began the use with sleepless nights,
 I many a darkness with right homely rites
 Have spent ere this hour, and desir'd the morn 465
 Would come, and make sleep to the world a scorn.
 Nor run these dainty baths in my rude head ;
 Nor any handmaid, to your service bred,
 Shall touch my ill-kept feet, unless there live
 Some poor old drudge here, that hath learn'd to give
 Old men good usage, and no work will fly, 471
 As having suffer'd ill as much as I.
 But if there live one such in your command,
 I will not shame to give my foot her hand.”

She gave this answer : “ O my lovéd guest, 475
 There never enter'd these kind roofs for rest
 Stranger or friend that so much wisdom laid
 In gage for guest-rites, as your lips have paid.
 There lives an old maid in my charge that knows

The good you speak of by her many woes ; 480
 That nourish'd and brought up, with curious care,
 Th' unhappy man, your old familiar,
 Ev'n since his mother let him view the light,
 And oft hath felt in her weak arms his weight ;
 And she, though now much weaker, shall apply 485
 Her maiden service to your modesty.

Euryclea, rise, and wash the feet of one
 That is of one age with your sov'reign gone,
 Such hands, such feet hath, though of alter'd grace.
Much grief in men will bring on change apace." 490

She, from her aged slumber wak'd, did clear
 Her heavy eyes, and instantly, to hear
 Her sov'reign's name, had work enough to dry
 Her cheeks from tears, and to his memory
 These moans did offer : " O my son," said she, 495
 " I never can take grief enough for thee,

Whom Goodness hurts, and whom ev'n Jove's high spleen,
 Since thou art Jove-like, hates the most of men.

For none hath offer'd him so many thighs,
 Nor such whole hecatombs of sacrifice, 500

Fat and selected, as thy zeal hath done ;
 For all, but praying that thy noble son,
 Thy happy age might see at state of man.

And yet hath Jove with mists Cimmerian
 Put out the light of his returning day. 505

And as yourself, O father, in your way
 Took these fair roofs for hospitable rites,
 Yet find, for them, our dogged women's spites ;
 So he, in like course, being driven to proof,
 Long time ere this, what such a royal roof 510
 Would yield his mis'ries, found such usage there.

And you, now flying the foul language here,
 And many a filthy fact of our fair dames,
 Fly me like them, and put on causeless shames
 To let me cleanse your feet. For not the cause 515
 The Queen's command yields is the pow'r that draws
 My will to wash your feet, but what I do
 Proceeds from her charge and your rev'rence too ;
 Since I in soul am stricken with a ruth
 Of your distresses, and past show of truth ; 520
 Your strangeness claiming little interest
 In my affections. And yet many a guest
 Of poor condition hath been harbour'd here,
 But never any did so right appear
 Like king Ulysses as yourself, for state 525
 Both of your stature, voice, and very gait."

"So all have said," said he, "that ever yet
 Had the proportions of our figures met
 In their observance ; so right your eye
 Proves in your soul your judging faculty." 530

Thus took she up a caldron brightly scour'd,
 To cleanse his feet in ; and into it pour'd
 Store of cold wave, which on the fire she set ;
 And therein bath'd, being temperately heat,
 Her sov'reign's feet. Who turn'd him from the light,
 Since suddenly he doubted her conceit, 536
 So rightly touching at his state before,
 A scar now seeing on his foot, that bore
 An old note, to discern him, might descry
 The absolute truth ; which, witness'd by her eye, 540
 Was straight approv'd. He first receiv'd this sore

⁵²⁰ Intending with truth itself, not his show only.

As in Parnassus' tops a white-tooth'd boar
 He stood in chase withal, who struck him there,
 At such time as he liv'd a sojourner
 With his grandsire, Autolycus; who th' art 545
 Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart,
 But by equivocation) first adorn'd
 Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
 By Jove's descent, ingenious Mercury,
 Who did bestow it, since so many a thigh 550
 Of lambs and kids he had on him bestow'd
 In sacred flames, who therefore when he vow'd
 Was ever with him. And this man impos'd
 Ulysses' name, the light being first disclos'd
 To his first sight then, when his grandsire came 555
 To see the then preferrer of his fame,
 His lovéd daughter. The first supper done,
 Euryclea put in his lap her son,
 And pray'd him to bethink and give his name,
 Since that desire did all desires inflame. 560

" Daughter and son-in-law," said he, " let then
 The name that I shall give him stand with men.
 Since I arriv'd here at the hour of pain,
 In which mine own kind entrails did sustain
 Moan for my daughter's yet unended throes, 565
 And when so many men's and women's woes,
 In joint compassion met of human birth,
 Brought forth t' attend the many-feeding earth,
 Let Odyssëus be his name, as one
 Expos'd to just constraint of all men's moan. 570

⁵⁶⁹ Autolycus gives his grandchild Ulysses his name: from whence the *Odyssey* is derived, Ὀδυσσεύς, derived of ὀδύζομαι, *ex ὀδύνη factum*; signifying *dolorem proprie corporis, nam ira ex dolore oritur*.—CHAPMAN.

When here at home he is arriv'd at state
 Of man's first youth he shall initiate
 His practis'd feet in travel made abroad,
 And to Parnassus, where mine own abode
 And chief means lie, address his way, where I 575
 Will give him from my open'd treasury
 What shall return him well, and fit the fame
 Of one that had the honour of his name."

For these fair gifts he went, and found all grace
 Of hands and words in him and all his race. 580
 Amphithea, his mother's mother, too,
 Applied her to his love, withal, to do
 In grandame's welcomes, both his fair eyes kist,
 And brows ; and then commanded to assist
 Were all her sons by their respected sire 585
 In furnishing a feast, whose ears did fire
 Their minds with his command ; who home straight led
 A five-years-old male ox, fell'd, slew, and flay'd,
 Gather'd about him, cut him up with art,
 Spitted, and roasted, and his ev'ry part 590
 Divided orderly. So all the day
 They spent in feast ; no one man went his way
 Without his fit fill. When the sun was set,
 And darkness rose, they slept, till day's fire het
 Th' enlighten'd earth ; and then on hunting went 595
 Both hounds and all Autolycus' descent.

In whose guide did divine Ulysses go,
 Climb'd steep Parnassus, on whose forehead grow
 All sylvan offsprings round. And soon they reach'd
 The concaves, whence air's sounding vapours fetch'd
 Their loud descent. As soon as any sun 601

⁹⁴ *Het.*—See Bk. iv. 48.

Had from the ocean, where his waters run
 In silent deepness, rais'd his golden head,
 The early huntsmen all the hill had spread,
 Their hounds before them on the searching trail, 605
 They near, and ever eager to assail :
 Ulysses brandishing a lengthful lance,
 Of whose first flight he long'd to prove the chance.
 Then found they lodg'd a boar of bulk extreme,
 In such a queach as never any beam 610
 The sun shot pierc'd, nor any pass let find
 The moist impressions of the fiercest wind,
 Nor any storm the sternest winter drives,
 Such proof it was ; yet all within lay leaves
 In mighty thickness ; and through all this flew 615
 The hounds' loud mouths. The sounds the tumult threw,
 And all together, rous'd the boar, that rush'd
 Amongst their thickest, all his bristles push'd
 From forth his rough neck, and with flaming eyes
 Stood close, and dar'd all. On which horrid prise 620
 Ulysses first charg'd ; whom above the knee
 The savage struck, and rac'd it crookedly
 Along the skin, yet never reach'd the bone.
 Ulysses' lance yet through him quite was thrown,
 At his right shoulder ent'ring, at his left 625
 The bright head passage to his keenness cleft,
 And show'd his point gilt with the gushing gore.
 Down in the dust fell the extended boar,

⁶¹⁰ *Queach*.—Chapman uses this word for *thicket*, thus,—
 “ All sylvan copses, and the fortresses
 Of thorniest *queaches*.”—*Hymn to Pan*, 12.

Skinner says “ *dumetum, vepretum, locus arbusculis stipatus.*”
 Drayton generally uses the word *queachy* for *squashy, boggy*.
 I am inclined to think the word, as used by Chapman, is
 allied to *quick, quickset*.

And forth his life flew. To Ulysses round
 His uncle drew ; who, woeful for his wound, 630
 With all art bound it up, and with a charm
 Stay'd straight the blood, went home, and, when the harm
 Receiv'd full cure, with gifts, and all event
 Of joy and love to his lov'd home they sent
 Their honour'd nephew ; whose return his sire 635
 And rev'rend mother took with joys entire,
 Enquir'd all passages, all which he gave
 In good relation, nor of all would save
 His wound from utt'rance ; by whose scar he came
 To be discover'd by this aged dame. 640

Which when she cleansing felt, and noted well,
 Down from her lap into the caldron fell
 His weighty foot, that made the brass resound,
 Turn'd all aside, and on th' embrewéd ground
 Spilt all the water. Joy and grief together 645
 Her breast invaded ; and of weeping weather
 Her eyes stood full ; her small voice stuck within
 Her part expressive ; till at length his chin
 She took and spake to him : " O son," said she,
 " Thou art Ulysses, nor canst other be ; 650
 Nor could I know thee yet, till all my king
 I had gone over with the warméd spring."

Then look'd she for the Queen to tell her all ;
 And yet knew nothing sure, though nought could fall
 In compass of all thoughts to make her doubt, 655
 Minerva that distraction struck throughout
 Her mind's rapt forces that she might not tell.

⁶⁴⁴ *Embrewed*—imbrued with moisture. The word is frequent in our older writers for *soiled*.

⁶⁴⁸ *Her part expressive*—mouth. One of Chapman's quaintnesses.

Ulysses, noting yet her aptness well,
 With one hand took her chin, and made all show
 Of favour to her, with the other drew 660
 Her offer'd parting closer, ask'd her why
 She, whose kind breast had nurs'd so tenderly
 His infant life, would now his age destroy,
 Though twenty years had held him from the joy
 Of his lov'd country? But, since only she, 665
 God putting her in mind, now knew 'twas he,
 He charg'd her silence, and to let no ear
 In all the court more know his being there,
 Lest, if God gave into his wreakful hand
 Th' insulting Wooers' lives, he did not stand 670
 On any partial respect with her,
 Because his nurse, and to the rest prefer
 Her safety therefore, but, when they should feel
 His punishing finger, give her equal steel.

"What words," said she, "fly your retentive pow'rs?
 You know you lock your counsels in your tow'rs 676
 In my firm bosom, and that I am far
 From those loose frailties. Like an iron bar,
 Or bolt of solid'st stone, I will contain;
 And tell you this besides: that if you gain, 680
 By God's good aid, the Wooers' lives in yours,
 What dames are here their shameless paramours,
 And have done most dishonour to your worth,
 My information well shall paint you forth."

"It shall not need," said he, "myself will soon, 685
 While thus I mask here, set on ev'ry one
 My sure observance of the worst and best.
 Be thou then silent, and leave God the rest."

This said, the old dame for more water went,

The rest was all upon the pavement spent 690
 By known Ulysses' foot. More brought, and he
 Supplied beside with sweetest ointments, she
 His seat drew near the fire, to keep him warm,
 And with his piec'd rags hiding close his harm.
 The Queen came near, and said : " Yet, guest, afford
 Your further patience, till but in a word 696
 I'll tell my woes to you ; for well I know
 That Rest's sweet hour her soft foot orders now,
 When all poor men, how much soever griev'd,
 Would gladly get their woe-watch'd pow'rs reliev'd.
 But God hath giv'n my grief a heart so great 701
 It will not down with rest, and so I set
 My judgment up to make it my delight.
 All day I mourn, yet nothing let the right
 I owe my charge both in my work and maids ; 705
 And when the night brings rest to others' aids
 I toss my bed ; Distress, with twenty points,
 Slaught'ring the pow'rs that to my turning joints
 Convey the vital heat. And as all night
 Pandareus' daughter, poor Edone, sings, 710
 Clad in the verdure of the yearly springs,
 When she for Itylus, her lovéd son,
 By Zethus' issue in his madness done
 To cruel death, pours out her hourly moan,
 And draws the ears to her of ev'ry one ; 715
 So flows my moan that cuts in two my mind,
 And here and there gives my discourse the wind,
 Uncertain whether I shall with my son
 Abide still here, the safe possession
 And guard of all goods, rev'rence to the bed 720

⁷¹⁰ *Edone*—*ἀηδών*, the nightingale.

166 *THE NINETEENTH BOOK*

Of my lov'd lord, and to my far-off spread
 Fame with the people, putting still in use,
 Or follow any best Greek I can chuse
 To his fit house, with treasure infinite,
 Won to his nuptials. While the infant plight 725
 And want of judgment kept my son in guide,
 He was not willing with my being a bride,
 Nor with my parting from his court; but now,
 Arriv'd at man's state, he would have me vow
 My love to some one of my Wooers here, 730
 And leave his court; offended that their cheer
 Should so consume his free possessions.
 To settle then a choice in these my moans,
 Hear and expound a dream that did engrave
 My sleeping fancy: Twenty geese I have, 735
 All which, methought, mine eye saw tasting wheat
 In water steep'd, and joy'd to see them eat;
 When straight a crook-beak'd eagle from a hill
 Stoop'd, and truss'd all their necks, and all did kill;
 When, all left scatter'd on the pavement there, 740
 She took her wing up to the Gods' fair sphere.
 I, ev'n amid my dream, did weep and mourn
 To see the eagle, with so shrewd a turn,
 Stoop my sad turrets; when, methought, there came
 About my mournings many a Grecian dame, 745
 To cheer my sorrows; in whose most extreme
 The hawk came back, and on the prominent beam
 That cross'd my chamber fell, and us'd to me
 A human voice, that sounded horribly,
 And said: 'Be confident, Icarus' seed, 750
 This is no dream, but what shall chance indeed.
 The geese the Wooers are, the eagle, I,

Was heretofore a fowl, but now imply
 Thy husband's being, and am come to give
 The Wooers' death, that on my treasure live.' 755
 With this sleep left me, and my waking way
 I took, to try if any violent prey
 Were made of those my fowls, which well enough
 I, as before, found feeding at their trough
 Their yoted wheat." "O woman," he replied, 760
 "Thy dream can no interpretation bide
 But what the eagle made, who was your lord,
 And said himself would sure effect afford
 To what he told you ; that confusion
 To all the Wooers should appear, and none 765
 Escape the fate and death he had decreed."

She answer'd him : "O guest, these dreams exceed
 The art of man t' interpret ; and appear
 Without all choice or form ; nor ever were
 Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are 770
 To these light dreams, that like thin vapours fare,
 Two two-leav'd gates, the one of ivory,
 The other horn. Those dreams, that fantasy
 Takes from the polish'd ivory port, delude
 The dreamer ever, and no truth include ; 775
 Those, that the glitt'ring horn-gate lets abroad,
 Do evermore some certain truth abode.
 But this my dream I hold of no such sort
 To fly from thence ; yet, whichsoever port
 It had access from, it did highly please 780
 My son and me. And this my thoughts profess :
 That day that lights me from Ulysses' court

⁷⁶⁰ *Yoted*—soaked in water. Grose says it is a West-country word.

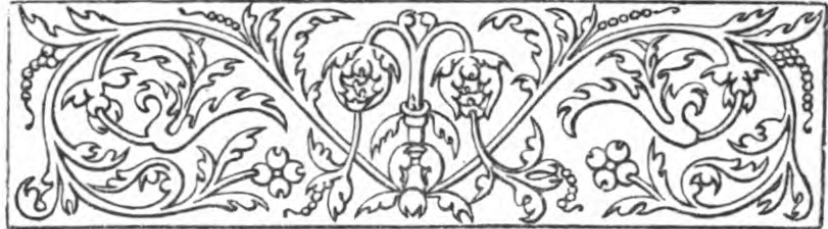
Shall both my infamy and curse consort.
 I, therefore, purpose to propose them now,
 In strong contention, Ulysses' bow ; 785
 Which he that eas'ly draws, and from his draft
 Shoots through twelve axes (as he did his shaft,
 All set up in a row, and from them all
 His stand-far-off kept firm) my fortunes shall
 Dispose, and take me to his house from hence, 790
 Where I was wed a maid, in confluence
 Of feast and riches ; such a court here then
 As I shall ever in my dreams retain."

" Do not," said he, " defer the gameful prize,
 But set to task their importunities 795
 With something else than nuptials ; for your lord
 Will to his court and kingdom be restor'd
 Before they thread those steels, or draw his bow."

" O guest," replied Penelope, " would you
 Thus sit and please me with your speech, mine ears 800
 Would never let mine eyelids close their spheres !
 But none can live without the death of sleep.
 Th' Immortals in our mortal memories keep
 Our ends and deaths by sleep, dividing so,
 As by the fate and portion of our woe, 805
 Our times spent here, to let us nightly try
 That while we live, as much live as we die.
 In which use I will to my bed ascend,
 Which I bedew with tears, and sigh past end
 Through all my hours spent, since I lost my joy 810
 For vile, lewd, never-to-be-naméd, Troy.
 Yet there I'll prove for sleep, which take you here,
 Or on the earth, if that your custom were,

Or have a bed, dispos'd for warmer rest."
Thus left she with her ladies her old guest, 815
Ascended her fair chamber, and her bed,
Whose sight did ever duly make her shed
Tears for her lord ; which still her eyes did steep,
Till Pallas shut them with delightsome sleep.

THE END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS



THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES, in the Wooers' beds,
Resolving first to kill the maids.
That sentence giving off, his care
For other objects doth prepare.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ψ. Jove's thunder chides,
But cheers the King,
The Wooers' prides
Discomfiting.



ULYSSES in the entry laid his head,
And under him an ox-hide newly-flay'd,
Above him sheep-fells store ; and over
those
Eurynomé cast mantles. His repose
Would bring no sleep yet, studying the ill 5
He wish'd the Wooers ; who came by him still
With all their wenches, laughing, wantoning,
In mutual lightness ; which his heart did sting,
Contending two ways, if, all patience fled,
He should rush up and strike those strumpets dead, 10

Or let that night be last, and take th' extreme
 Of those proud Wooers, that were so supreme
 In pleasure of their high-fed fantasies.
 His heart did bark within him to surprise
 Their sports with spoils ; no fell she-mastiff can, 15
 Amongst her whelps, fly eag'rer on a man
 She doth not know, yet scents him something near,
 And fain would come to please her tooth, and tear,
 Than his disdain, to see his roof so fil'd
 With those foul fashions, grew within him wild 20
 To be in blood of them. But, finding best
 In his free judgment to let passion rest,
 He chid his angry spirit, and beat his breast,
 And said : " Forbear, my mind, and think on this :
 There hath been time when bitter agonies 25
 Have tried thy patience. Call to mind the day
 In which the Cyclop, which pass'd manly sway
 Of violent strength, devour'd thy friends ; thou then
 Stood'st firmly bold, till from that hellish den
 Thy wisdom brought thee off, when nought but death 30
 Thy thoughts resolv'd on." This discourse did breathe
 The fiery boundings of his heart, that still
 Lay in that æsture, without end his ill
 Yet manly suff'ring. But from side to side
 It made him toss apace. You have not tried 35
 A fellow roasting of a pig before
 A hasty fire, his belly yielding store
 Of fat and blood, turn faster, labour more
 To have it roast, and would not have it burn,
 Than this and that way his unrest made turn 40
 His thoughts and body, would not quench the fire,
 And yet not have it heighten his desire

Past his discretion, and the fit enough
 Of haste and speed, that went to all the proof
 His well-laid plots, and his exploits requir'd, 45
 Since he, but one, to all their deaths aspir'd.

In this contention Pallas stoop'd from heav'n,
 Stood over him, and had her presence giv'n
 A woman's form, who sternly thus began :
 " Why, thou most sour and wretched-fated man 50
 Of all that breathe, yet liest thou thus awake ?
 The house in which thy cares so toss and take
 Thy quiet up is thine ; thy wife is there ;
 And such a son, as if thy wishes were
 To be suffic'd with one they could not mend." 55

" Goddess," said he, "'tis true ; but I contend
 To right their wrongs, and, though I be but one,
 To lay unhelp'd and wreakful hand upon
 This whole resort of impudents, that here
 Their rude assemblies never will forbear. 60
 And yet a greater doubt employs my care,
 That if their slaughters in my reaches are,
 And I perform them, Jove and you not pleas'd,
 How shall I fly their friends ? And would stand seis'd
 Of counsel to resolve this care in me." 65

" Wretch," she replied, " a friend of worse degree
 Might win thy credence, that a mortal were,
 And us'd to second thee, though nothing near
 So pow'rful in performance nor in care ;
 Yet I, a Goddess, that have still had share 70
 In thy achievements, and thy person's guard,
 Must still be doubted by thy brain, so hard
 To credit anything above thy pow'r ;

⁶⁴ *Seised*—put in possession of.

And that must come from heav'n ; if ev'ry hour
 There be not personal appearance made, 75
 And aid direct giv'n, that may sense invade.
 I'll tell thee, therefore, clearly : If there were
 Of divers-languag'd men an army here
 Of fifty companies, all driving hence
 Thy sheep and oxen, and with violence 80
 Offer'd to charge us, and besiege us round,
 Thou shouldst their prey reprise, and them confound.
 Let sleep then seize thee. *To keep watch all night
 Consumes the spirits, and makes dull the sight.*"
 Thus pour'd the Goddess sleep into his eyes, 85
 And reascended the Olympian skies.

When care-and-lineament-resolving sleep
 Had laid his temples in his golden steep,
 His wise-in-chaste-wit-worthy wife did rise,
 First sitting up in her soft bed, her eyes 90
 Open'd with tears, in care of her estate,
 Which now her friends resolv'd to terminate
 To more delays, and make her marry one.
 Her silent tears then ceas'd, her orison
 This Queen of women to Diana made : 95

“ Rev'rend Diana, let thy darts invade
 My woeful bosom, and my life deprive,
 Now at this instant, or soon after drive
 My soul with tempests forth, and give it way
 To those far-off dark vaults, where never day 100
 Hath pow'r to shine, and let them cast it down
 Where refluent Oceanus doth crown
 His curléd head, where Pluto's orchard is,
 And entrance to our after miseries.
 As such stern whirlwinds ravish'd to that stream 105

Pandareus' daughters, when the Gods to them
 Had reft their parents, and them left alone,
 Poor orphan children, in their mansion ;
 Whose desolate life did Love's sweet Queen incline
 To nurse with presséd milk and sweetest wine ; 110
 Whom Juno deck'd beyond all other dames
 With wisdom's light, and beauty's moving flames ;
 Whom Phœbe goodliness of stature render'd ;
 And to whose fair hands wise Minerva tender'd
 The loom and needle in their utmost skill ; 115
 And while Love's Empress scal'd th' Olympian hill
 To beg of lightning-loving Jove (since he
 The means to all things knows, and doth decree
 Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortal race)
 For those poor virgins, the accomplish'd grace 120
 Of sweetest nuptials, the fierce Harpies prey'd
 On ev'ry good and miserable maid,
 And to the hateful Furies gave them all
 In horrid service ; yet, may such fate fall
 From steep Olympus on my loathéd head, 125
 Or fair-chair'd Phœbe strike me instant dead,
 That I may undergo the gloomy shore
 To visit great Ulysses' soul, before
 I soothe my idle blood and wed a worse.
 And yet, beneath how desperate a curse 130
 Do I live now ! It is an ill that may
 Be well endur'd, to mourn the whole long day,
 So night's sweet sleeps, that make a man forget
 Both bad and good, in some degree would let
 My thoughts leave grieving ; but, both day and night,
 Some cruel God gives my sad memory sight. 136

¹¹⁹ *Infortunes*—misfortunes, (A. N.)

This night, methought, Ulysses grac'd my bed
In all the goodly state with which he led
The Grecian army ; which gave joys extreme
To my distress, esteeming it no dream, 140
But true indeed ; and that conceit I had,
That when I saw it false I might be mad.

Such cruel fates command in my life's guide."

By this the morning's orient dews had dyed
The earth in all her colours ; when the King, 145
In his sweet sleep, suppos'd the sorrowing
That she us'd waking in her plaintive bed
To be her mourning, standing by his head,
As having known him there ; who straight arose,
And did again within the hall dispose 150

The carpets and the cushions, where before
They serv'd the seats. The hide without the door
He carried back, and then, with held-up hands,
He pray'd to Him that heav'n and earth commands :

" O Father Jove, if through the moist and dry 155
You, willing, brought me home, when misery
Had punish'd me enough by your free dooms,
Let some of these within those inner rooms,
Startled with horror of some strange ostent,
Come here, and tell me that great Jove hath bent 160
Threat'nings without at some lewd men within."

To this his pray'r Jove shook his sable chin,
And thunder'd from those pure clouds that, above
The breathing air, in bright Olympus move.
Divine Ulysses joy'd to hear it roar. 165

Report of which a woman-miller bore
Straight to his ears ; for near to him there ground
Mills for his corn, that twice six women found

Rose from his bed, to his embalm'd feet tied
 Fair shoes, his sword about his breast applied, 200
 Took to his hand his sharp-pil'd lance, and met,
 Amidst the entry, his old nurse, that set
 His haste at sudden stand; to whom he said:
 "O, my lov'd nurse, with what grace have you laid
 And fed my guest here? Could you so neglect 205
 His age, to lodge him thus? Though all respect
 I give my mother's wisdom, I must yet
 Affirm it fail'd in this; for she hath set
 At much more price a man of much less worth,
 Without his person's note, and yet casts forth 210
 With ignominious hands, for his form sake,
 A man much better." "Do not faulty make,
 Good son, the faultless. He was giv'n his seat
 Close to her side, and food till he would eat,
 Wine till his wish was serv'd; for she requir'd 215
 His wants, and will'd him all things he desir'd;
 Commanded her chief maids to make his bed,
 But he, as one whom sorrow only fed
 And all infortune, would not take his rest
 In bed, and cov'rings fit for any guest, 220
 But in the entry, on an ox's hide
 Never at tanner's, his old limbs implied,
 In warm sheep-fells; yet over all we cast
 A mantle, fitting for a man more grac'd."
 He took her answer, left the house, and went, 225
 Attended with his dogs, to sift th' event
 Of private plots, betwixt him and his sire
 In common counsel. Then the crew entire

²¹⁵ *Required*—sought, enquired.

²¹⁹ *Infortune*.—Suprà, 119.

Of all the household-maids Euryclea bad
 Bestir them through the house, and see it clad 230
 In all best form ; gave all their parts ; and one
 She set to furnish ev'ry seat and throne
 With needleworks, and purple clothes of state ;
 Another set to scour and cleanse the plate ;
 Another all the tables to make proud 235
 With porous sponges ; others she bestow'd
 In all speed to the spring, to fetch from thence
 Fit store of water ; all at all expence
 Of pains she will'd to be ; for this to all
 Should be a day of common festival, 240
 And not a Wooer now should seek his home,
 Elsewhere than there, but all were bid to come
 Exceeding early, and be rais'd to heav'n
 With all the entertainment could be giv'n.
 They heard with greedy ears, and ev'rything 245
 Put straight in practice. Twenty to the spring
 Made speed for water ; many in the house
 Took pains ; and all were both laborious
 And skill'd in labour ; many fell to fell
 And cleave their wood ; and all did more than well. 250
 Then troop'd the lusty Wooers in ; and then
 Came all from spring ; at their heels loaded men
 With slaughter'd brawns, of all the herd the prize,
 That had been long fed-up in sev'ral styes ;
 Eumæus and his men convey'd them there. 255
 He, seeing now the king, began to cheer,
 And thus saluted him : “ How now, my guest ?
 Have yet your virtues found more interest

²³⁵ *Proud*—the sense is obvious, though the use would seem somewhat singular.

In these great Wooers' good respects ? Or still
Pursue they you with all their wonted ill ?" 260

" I would to heav'n, Eumæus," he replied,
" The Deities once would take in hand their pride,
That such unseemly fashions put in frame
In others' roofs, as show no spark of shame."

Thus these ; and to these came Melanthius, 265
Great guardian of the most egregious
Rich Wooers' herds, consisting all of goats ;
Which he, with two more, drave, and made their cotes
The sounding porticos of that fair court.

Melanthius, seeing the king, this former sort 270
Of upland language gave : " What ? Still stay here,
And dull these Wooers with thy wretched cheer ?

Not gone for ever yet ? Why now I see
This strife of cuffs betwixt the beggary,
That yesterday assay'd to get thee gone, 275

And thy more roguery, needs will fall upon
My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not hence
Till I set on thee ; thy ragg'd impudence
Is so fast-footed. Are there not beside
Other great banquetants, but you must ride 280
At anchor still with us ?" He nothing said,
But thought of ill enough, and shook his head.

Then came Philætius, a chief of men,
That to the Wooers' all-devouring den
A barren steer drave, and fat goats ; for they 285
In custom were with traffickers by sea,
That who they would sent, and had utt'rance there.
And for these likewise the fair porches were
Hurdles and sheep-pens, as in any fair.

Philætius took note in his repair 290

Of seen Ulysses, being a man as well
 Giv'n to his mind's use as to buy and sell,
 Or do the drudg'ry that the blood desir'd,
 And, standing near Eumæus, this enquir'd :
 " What guest is this that makes our house of late 295
 His entertainer ? Whence claims he the state
 His birth in this life holds ? What nation ?
 What race ? What country stands his speech upon ?
 O'er hardly portion'd by the terrible Fates.
 The structure of his lineaments relates 300
 A king's resemblance in his pomp of reign
 Ev'n thus in these rags. But poor erring men,
 That have no firm home, but range here and there
 As need compels, God keeps in this earth's sphere,
 As under water, and this tune he sings, 305
 When he is spinning ev'n the cares of kings."

Thus coming to him, with a kind of fear
 He took his hand, and, touch'd exceeding near
 With mere imagination of his worth,
 This salutation he sent loudly forth : 310

" Health ! Father stranger ! In another world
 Be rich and happy, though thou here art hurl'd
 At feet of never such insulting Need.
 O Jove, there lives no one God of thy seed
 More ill to man than thou. Thou tak'st no ruth— 315
 When thou thyself hast got him in most truth—
 To wrap him in the straits of most distress,
 And in the curse of others' wickedness.
 My brows have swet to see it, and mine eyes
 Broke all in tears, when this being still the guise 320
 Of worthiest men, I have but only thought,
 That down to these ills was Ulysses wrought,

And that, thus clad, ev'n he is error-driv'n,
 If yet he live and sees the light of heav'n.
 But, if now dead, and in the house of hell, 325
 O me ! O good Ulysses ! That my weal
 Did ever wish, and when, but half a man
 Amongst the people Cephalenian,
 His bounty to his oxen's charge preferr'd
 One in that youth ; which now is grown a herd 330
 Unspeakable for number, and feed there
 With their broad heads, as thick as of his ear
 A field of corn is to a man. Yet these
 Some men advise me with this noted prease
 Of Wooers may devour, and wish me drive 335
 Up to their feasts with them, that neither give
 His son respect, though in his own free roof,
 Nor have the wit to fear th' infallible proof
 Of Heav'nly vengeance, but make offer now
 The long-lack'd King's possessions to bestow 340
 In their self-shares. Methinks the mind in me
 Doth turn as fast, as in a flood or sea
 A raging whirlpit doth, to gather in
 To fishy death those swimmers in their sin ;
 Or feeds a motion as circular 345
 To drive my herds away. But while the son
 Bears up with life, 'twere heinous wrong to run
 To other people with them, and to trust
 Men of another earth. And yet more just
 It were to venture their laws, the main right 350
 Made still their masters, than at home lose quite
 Their right and them, and sit and grieve to see

³²³ *Error-driven*—driven wandering.

³³⁴ *Advise*—notify, warn. Still used in commercial language.

The wrong authoriz'd by their gluttony.
 And I had long since fled, and tried th' event
 With other proud kings, since more insolent 355
 These are than can be borne, but that ev'n still
 I had a hope that this, though born to ill,
 Would one day come from some coast, and their last
 In his roofs strew with ruins red and vast."

"Herdsman," said he, "because thou art in show
 Nor lewd nor indiscreet, and that I know 361
 There rules in thee an understanding soul,
 I'll take an oath, that in thee shall control
 All doubt of what I swear : Be witness, Jove,
 That sway'st the first seat of the thron'd above, 365
 This hospitable table, and this house,
 That still hold title for the strenuous
 Son of Laertes, that, if so you please,
 Your eyes shall witness Laertiades
 Arriv'd at home, and all these men that reign 370
 In such excesses here shall here lie slain !"

He answer'd : "Stranger ! Would just Jove would sign
 What you have sworn ! In your eyes' beams should shine
 What pow'rs I manage, and how these my hands
 Would rise and follow where he first commands." 375

So said Eumæus, praying all the Sky
 That wise Ulysses might arrive and try.

Thus while they vow'd, the Wooers sat as hard
 On his son's death, but had their counsels scar'd,
 For on their left hand did an eagle soar, 380
 And in her seres a fearful pigeon bore.
 Which seen, Amphinomus presag'd : " O friends,
 Our counsels never will receive their ends
 In this man's slaughter. Let us therefore ply

Our bloody feast, and make his oxen die." 385

Thus came they in, cast off on seats their cloaks,
And fell to giving sacrificing strokes
Of sheep and goats, the chiefly fat and great,
Slew fed-up swine, and from the herd a neat.

The inwards roasted they dispos'd betwixt 390
Their then observers, wine in flagons mixt.

The bowls Eumæus brought, Philætius bread,
Melanthius fill'd the wine. Thus drank and fed
The feastful Wooers. Then the prince, in grace
Of his close project, did his father place 395

Amidst the pavéd entry, in a seat
Seemless and abject, a small board and meat
Of th' only inwards ; in a cup of gold
Yet sent him wine, and bade him now drink bold,
All his approaches he himself would free 400

'Gainst all the Wooers, since he would not see
His court made popular, but that his sire
Built it to his use. Therefore all the fire
Blown in the Wooers' spleens he bade suppress,
And that in hands nor words they should digress 405
From that set peace his speech did then proclaim.

They bit their lips and wonder'd at his aim
In that brave language ; when Antinous said :
" Though this speech, Grecians, be a mere upbraid,
Yet this time give it pass. The will of Jove 410

Forbids the violence of our hands to move,
But of our tongues we keep the motion free,
And, therefore, if his further jollity
Tempt our encounter with his braves, let's check
His growing insolence, though pride to speak 415

⁴⁰² *Made popular*—given up to the public.

Fly passing high with him." The wise prince made
No more spring of his speech, but let it fade.

And now the heralds bore about the town
The sacred hecatomb ; to whose renown
The fair-hair'd Greeks assembled, and beneath 420
Apollo's shady wood the holy death
They put to fire ; which, made enough, they drew,
Divided all, that did in th' end accrue
To glorious satisfaction. Those that were
Disposers of the feast did equal cheer 425
Bestow on wretched Laertiades,
With all the Wooers' souls ; it so did please
Telemachus to charge them. And for these
Minerva would not see the malices
The Wooers bore too much contain'd, that so 430
Ulysses' mov'd heart yet might higher flow
In wreakful anguish. There was wooing there,
Amongst the rest, a gallant that did bear
The name of one well-learn'd in jests profane,
His name Ctesippus, born a Samian ; 435
Who, proud because his father was so rich,
Had so much confidence as did bewitch
His heart with hope to wed Ulysses' wife ;
And this man said : " Hear me, my lords, in strife
For this great widow. This her guest did share 440
Even feast with us, with very comely care
Of him that order'd it ; for 'tis not good
Nor equal to deprive guests of their food,
And specially whatever guest makes way
To that house where Telemachus doth sway ; 445
And therefore I will add to his receipt
A gift of very hospitable weight,

Which he may give again to any maid
 That bathes his grave feet, and her pains see paid,
 Or any servant else that the divine 450
 Ulysses' lofty battlements confine."

Thus snatch'd he with a valiant hand, from out
 The poor folks' common basket, a neat's foot,
 And threw it at Ulysses ; who his head
 Shrunk quietly aside, and let it shed 455
 His malice on the wall ; the suff'ring man
 A laughter raising most Sardinian,
 With scorn and wrath mix'd, at the Samian.
 Whom thus the prince reprov'd : " Your valour wan
 Much grace, Ctesippus, and hath eas'd your mind 460
 With mighty profit, yet you see it find
 No mark it aim'd at ; the poor stranger's part
 Himself made good enough, to 'scape your dart.
 But should I serve thee worthily, my lance
 Should strike thy heart through, and, in place t' advance
 Thyself in nuptials with his wealth, thy sire 466
 Should make thy tomb here ; that the foolish fire
 Of all such valours may not dare to show
 These foul indecencies to me. I now
 Have years to understand my strength, and know 470
 The good and bad of things, and am no more
 At your large suff'rance, to behold my store
 Consum'd with patience, see my cattle slain,
 My wine exhausted, and my bread in vain
 Spent on your license ; for to one then young 475
 So many enemies were match too strong.

⁴⁵⁷ *Sardinian*.—A *Sardinian*, or *sardonic*, laugh ; from *σαρδόνιον* a plant of Sardinia, which was said to distort the face of the eater. The reading, however, is generally *σαρδάνιον*, from *σαίρω*, to grin like a dog, show the teeth.

But let me never more be witness to
 Your hostile minds, nor those base deeds ye do ;
 For, should ye kill me in my offer'd wreak,
 I wish it rather, and my death would speak 480
 Much more good of me, than to live and see
 Indignity upon indignity,
 My guests provok'd with bitter words and blows,
 My women-servants dragg'd about my house
 To lust and rapture." This made silence seize 485
 The house throughout ; till Damastorides
 At length the calm brake, and said : " Friend, forbear
 To give a just speech a disdainful ear ;
 The guest no more touch, nor no servant here.
 Myself will to the Prince and Queen commend 490
 A motion grateful, if they please to lend
 Grateful receipt. As long as any hope
 Left wise Ulysses any passage ope
 To his return in our conceits, so long
 The Queen's delays to our demands stood strong 495
 In cause and reason, and our quarrels thus
 With guests, the Queen, or her Telemachus,
 Set never foot amongst our lib'ral feast ;
 For should the King return, though thought deceas'd,
 It had been gain to us, in finding him, 500
 To lose his wife. But now, since nothing dim
 The days break out that show he never more
 Shall reach the dear touch of his country-shore,
 Sit by your mother, in persuasion
 That now it stands her honour much upon 505
 To choose the best of us, and, who gives most,
 To go with him home. For so, all things lost
 In sticking on our haunt so, you shall clear

Recover in our no more concourse here,
 Possess your birth-right wholly, eat and drink, 510
 And never more on our disgraces think."

" By Jove, no, Agelaus ! For I swear
 By all my father's sorrows, who doth err
 Far off from Ithaca, or rests in death,
 I am so far from spending but my breath 515
 To make my mother any more defer
 Her wishéd nuptials, that I'll counsel her
 To make her free choice ; and besides will give
 Large gifts to move her. But I fear to drive
 Or charge her hence ; for God will not give way 520
 To any such course, if I should assay."

At this, Minerva made for foolish joy
 The Wooers mad, and rous'd their late ann oy
 To such a laughter as would never down. 524
 They laugh'd with others' cheeks, ate meat o'erflown
 With their own bloods, their eyes stood full of tears
 For violent joys ; their souls yet thought of fears,
 Which Theoclymenus express'd, and said :

" O wretches ! Why sustain ye, well apaid, 529
 Your imminent ill ? A night, with which Death sees,
 Your heads and faces hides beneath your knees ;
 Shrieks burn about you ; your eyes thrust out tears ;
 These fixé walls, and that main beam that bears
 The whole house up, in bloody torrents fall ;
 The entry full of ghosts stands ; full the hall 535
 Of passengers to hell ; and under all
 The dismal shades ; the sun sinks from the poles ;
 And troubled air pours bane about your souls."

They sweetly laughed at this. Eurymachus
 To mocks dispos'd, and said : " This new-come-t'-us

Is surely mad, conduct him forth to light 541
 In th' open market-place ; he thinks 'tis night
 Within the house." " Eurymachus," said he,
 " I will not ask for any guide of thee,
 I both my feet enjoy, have ears and eyes, 545
 And no mad soul within me ; and with these
 Will I go forth the doors, because I know
 That imminent mischief must abide with you,
 Which not a man of all the Wooers here
 Shall fly or 'scape. Ye all too highly bear 550
 Your uncurb'd heads. Impieties ye commit,
 And ev'ry man affect with forms unfit."
 This said, he left the house, and took his way
 Home to Piræus ; who, as free as day,
 Was of his welcome. When the Wooers' eyes 555
 Chang'd looks with one another, and, their guise
 Of laughters still held on, still eas'd their breasts
 Of will to set the Prince against his guests,
 Affirming that of all the men alive
 He worst luck had, and prov'd it worst to give 560
 Guests entertainment ; for he had one there
 A wand'ring hunter-out of provender,
 An errant beggar ev'ry way, yet thought
 (He was so hungry) that he needed nought
 But wine and victuals, nor knew how to do, 565
 Nor had a spirit to put a knowledge to,
 But liv'd an idle burthen to the earth.

Another then stepp'd up, and would lay forth
 His lips in prophecy, thus : " But, would he hear
 His friends' persuasions, he should find it were 570
 More profit for him to put both aboard
 For the Sicilian people, that afford

These feet of men good price ; and this would bring
 Good means for better guests." These words made wing
 To his ears idly, who had still his eye 575
 Upon his father, looking fervently
 When he would lay his long-withholding hand
 On those proud Wooers. And, within command
 Of all this speech that pass'd, Icarius' heir,
 The wise Penelope, her royal chair 580
 Had plac'd of purpose. Their high dinner then
 With all-pleas'd palates these ridiculous men
 Fell sweetly to, as joying they had slain
 Such store of banquet. But there did not reign
 A bitterer banquet-planet in all heav'n 585
 Than that which Pallas had to that day driv'n,
 And, with her able friend now, meant t' appose,
 Since they till then were in deserts so gross.

⁵⁷³ *These feet of men, &c.*—*ἀνδραποδισταί.*—CHAPMAN.



THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

PENELOPE proposeth now
To him that draws Ulysses' bow
Her instant nuptials. Ithacus
Eumæus and Philætius
Gives charge for guarding of the gates;
And he his shaft shoots through the plates.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Φῖ. The nuptial vow
And game rehears'd,
Drawn is the bow,
The steels are pierc'd.



ALLAS, the Goddess with the sparkling
eyes,
Excites Penelope t' object the prize,
The bow and bright steels, to the Wooers'
strength ;

And here began the strife and blood at length.
She first ascended by a lofty stair
Her utmost chamber ; of whose door her fair
And half transparent hand receiv'd the key,
Bright, brazen, bitted passing curiously,
And at it hung a knob of ivory.

And this did lead her where was strongly kept 10
 The treasure-royal ; in whose store lay heapt
 Gold, brass, and steel, engrav'n with infinite art ;
 The crooked bow, and arrowy quiver, part
 Of that rich magazine. In the quiver were
 Arrows a number, sharp and sighing gear. 15
 The bow was giv'n by kind Eurytides
 Iphitus, fashion'd like the Deities,
 To young Ulysses, when within the roof
 Of wise Orsilochus their pass had proof
 Of mutual meeting in Messena ; where 20
 Ulysses claim'd a debt, to whose pay were
 The whole Messenian people bound, since they
 From Ithaca had forc'd a wealthy prey
 Of sheep and shepherds. In their ships they thrust
 Three hundred sheep together ; for whose just 25
 And instant rendry old Laertes sent
 Ulysses his ambassador, that went
 A long way in the embassy, yet then
 Bore but the foremost prime of youngest men ;
 His father sending first to that affair 30
 His gravest counsellors, and then his heir.
 Iphitus made his way there, having lost
 Twelve female horse, and mules commended most
 For use of burthen ; which were after cause
 Of death and fate to him ; for, past all laws 35
 Of hospitality, Jove's mighty son,
 Skill'd in great acts, was his confusion
 Close by his house, though at that time his guest,
 Respecting neither the apposed feast,
 And hospitable table, that in love 40

192 *THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK*

He set before him, nor the voice of Jove,
 But, seizing first his mares, he after slew
 His host himself. From those mares' search now grew
 Ulysses known t' Iphitus ; who that bow
 At their encounter did in love bestow, 45
 Which great Eurytus' hand had borne before,
 (Iphitus' father) who, at death's sad door,
 In his steep turrets, left it to his son.

Ulysses gave him a keen falchion,
 And mighty lance. And thus began they there 50
 Their fatal loves ; for after never were

Their mutual tables to each other known,
 Because Jove's son th' unworthy part had shown
 Of slaughtering this God-like loving man,
 Eurytus' son, who with that bow began 55

And ended love t' Ulysses ; who so dear
 A gift esteem'd it, that he would not bear
 In his black fleet that guest-rite to the war,
 But, in fit memory of one so far
 In his affection, brought it home, and kept 60
 His treasure with it ; where till now it slept.

And now the Queen of women had intent
 To give it use, and therefore made ascent
 Up all the stairs' height to the chamber door,
 Whose shining leaves two bright pilasters bore 65
 To such a close when both together went
 It would resist the air in their consent.

The ring she took then, and did draw aside
 A bar that ran within, and then implied
 The key into the lock, which gave a sound, 70
 The bolt then shooting, as in pasture ground
 A bull doth low, and make the valleys ring ;

So loud the lock humm'd when it loos'd the spring,
 And ope the doors flew. In she went, along
 The lofty chamber, that was boarded strong 75
 With heart of oak, which many years ago
 The architect did smooth and polish so
 That now as then he made it freshly shine,
 And tried the evenness of it with a line.

There stood in this room presses that enclos'd 80
 Robes odoriferous, by which repos'd
 The bow was upon pins; nor from it far
 Hung the round quiver glitt'ring like a star;
 Both which her white extended hand took down.

Then sat she low, and made her lap a crown 85
 Of both these relics, which she wept to see,
 And cried quite out with loving memory
 Of her dear lord; to whose worth paying then
 Kind debts enow, she left, and, to the men
 Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked bow, 90
 And shaft-receiving quiver, that did flow
 With arrows beating sighs up where they fell.

Then, with another chest, replete as well
 With games won by the King, of steel and brass,
 Her maids attended. Past whom making pass 95
 To where her Wooers were, she made her stay
 Amids the fair hall door, and kept the ray
 Of her bright count'nance hid with veils so thin,
 That though they seem'd t' expose, they let love in;
 Her maids on both sides stood; and thus she spake: 100

“ Hear me, ye Wooers, that a pleasure take
 To do me sorrow, and my house invade
 To eat and drink, as if 'twere only made
 To serve your rapines; my lord long away,

194 *THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK*

And you allow'd no colour for your stay 105
 But his still absence ; striving who shall frame
 Me for his wife ; and, since 'tis made a game,
 I here propose divine Ulysses' bow
 For that great master-piece to which ye vow.
 He that can draw it with least show to strive, 110
 And through these twelve axe-heads an arrow drive,
 Him will I follow, and this house forego
 That nourish'd me a maid, now furnish'd so
 With all things fit, and which I so esteem
 That I shall still live in it in my dream." 115
 This said, she made Eumæus give it them.
 He took and laid it by, and wept for woe ;
 And like him wept Philœtius, when the bow
 Of which his king was bearer he beheld.
 Their tears Antinous' manhood much refell'd, 120
 And said : " Ye rustic fools ! that still each day
 Your minds give over to this vain dismay,
 Why weep ye, wretches, and the widow's eyes
 Tempt with renew'd thought, that would otherwise
 Depose her sorrows, since her lord is dead, 125
 And tears are idle ? Sit, and eat your bread,
 Nor whisper more a word ; or get ye gone,
 And weep without doors. Let this bow alone
 To our out-match'd contention. For I fear
 The bow will scarce yield draught to any here ; 130
 Here no such man lives as Laertes' son
 Amongst us all. I knew him ; thought puts on
 His look's sight now, methinks, though then a child."
 Thus show'd his words doubt, yet his hopes instill'd
 His strength the stretcher of Ulysses' string, 135
 And his steels' piercer. But his shaft must sing

Through his pierc'd palate first ; whom so he wrong'd
 In his free roof, and made the rest ill-tongued
 Against his virtues. Then the sacred heat
 That spirited his son did further set 140
 Their confidence on fire, and said : " O friends,
 Jove hath bereft my wits. The Queen intends,
 Though I must grant her wise, ere long to leave
 Ulysses' court, and to her bed receive
 Some other lord ; yet, notwithstanding, I 145
 Am forc'd to laugh, and set my pleasures high
 Like one mad sick. But, Wooers, since ye have
 An object for your trials now so brave,
 As all the broad Achaian earth exceeds,
 As sacred Pylos, as the Argive breeds, 150
 As black Epirus, as Mycena's birth,
 And as the more fam'd Ithacensian earth,
 All which, yourselves well know, and oft have said—
 For what need hath my mother of my aid
 In her advancement ?—tender no excuse 155
 For least delay, nor too much time profuse
 In stay to draw this bow, but draw it straight,
 Shoot, and the steels pierce ; make all see how slight
 You make these poor bars to so rich a prize.
 No eag'rer yet ? Come on. My faculties 160
 Shall try the bow's strength, and the piercé'd steel.
 I will not for my rev'rend mother feel
 The sorrows that I know will seize my heart,
 To see her follow any, and depart
 From her so long-held home ; but first extend 165
 The bow and arrow to their tender'd end.
 For I am only to succeed my sire

¹⁵⁶ *Profuse*—pour forth, waste. The verb is uncommon.

In guard of his games, and let none aspire
 To their besides possession." This said,
 His purple robe he cast off; by he laid 170
 His well-edg'd sword; and, first, a sev'ral pit
 He digg'd for ev'ry axe, and strengthen'd it
 With earth close ramm'd about it; on a rew
 Set them, of one height, by a line he drew
 Along the whole twelve; and so orderly 175
 Did ev'ry deed belonging (yet his eye
 Never before beholding how 'twas done)
 That in amaze rose all his lookers-on.
 Then stood he near the door, and prov'd to draw
 The stubborn bow. Thrice tried, and thrice gave law
 To his uncrown'd attempts; the fourth assay 181
 With all force off'ring, which a sign gave stay
 Giv'n by his father; though he show'd a mind
 As if he stood right heartily inclin'd
 To perfect the exploit, when all was done 185
 In only drift to set the Wooers on.
 His weakness yet confess'd, he said: "O shame!
 I either shall be ever of no name,
 But prove a wretch; or else I am too young,
 And must not now presume on pow'rs so strong 190
 As sinews yet more growing may engraft,
 To turn a man quite over with a shaft.
 Besides, to men whose nerves are best prepar'd,
All great adventures at first proof are hard.
 But come, you stronger men, attempt this bow, 195
 And let us end our labour." Thus, below
 A well-join'd board he laid it, and close by
 The brightly-headed shaft; then thron'd his thigh
 Amidst his late-left seat. Antinous then

Bade all arise ; but first, who did sustain 200
 The cup's state ever, and did sacrifice
 Before they ate still, and that man bade rise,
 Since on the other's right hand he was plac'd,
 Because he held the right hand's rising, grac'd
 With best success still. This discretion won 205
 Supreme applause ; and first rose CEnops' son,
 Liodes, that was priest to all the rest,
 Sat lowest with the cup still, and their jest
 Could never like, but ever was the man
 That check'd their follies ; and he now began 210
 To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard,
 And held aloft, and, till he quite had marr'd
 His delicate tender fingers, could not stir
 The churlish string ; who therefore did refer
 The game to others, saying, that same bow, 215
 In his presage, would prove the overthrow
 Of many a chief man there ; nor thought the fate
 Was any whit austere, since death's short date
 Were much the better taken, than long life
 Without the object of their amorous strife, 220
 For whom they had burn'd-out so many days
 To find still other, nothing but delays
 Obtaining in them ; and affirm'd that now
 Some hop'd to have her, but when that tough bow
 They all had tried, and seen the utmost done, 225
 They must rest pleas'd to cease ; and now some one
 Of all their other fair-veil'd Grecian dames
 With gifts, and dower, and Hymeneal flames,
 Let her love light to him that most will give,

²¹¹ *Taste*.—The old French verb *taster* (derived from the Teut. *tasten*) was to *handle, feel, touch, to try by the touch*.

And whom the nuptial destiny did drive." 230

Thus laid he on the well-join'd polish'd board
The bow and bright-pil'd shaft, and then restor'd
His seat his right. To him Antinous
Gave bitter language, and reprov'd him thus :

“ What words, Liodes, pass thy speech's guard, 235
That 'tis a work to bear, and set so hard
They set up my disdain! This bow must end
The best of us? Since thy arms cannot lend
The string least motion? Thy mother's throes
Brought never forth thy arms to draught of bows, 240
Or knitting shafts off. Though thou canst not draw
The sturdy plant, thou art to us no law.

Melanthius! Light a fire, and set thereat
A chair and cushions, and that mass of fat
That lies within bring out, that we may set 245
Our pages to this bow, to see it het

And suppled with the suet, and then we
May give it draught, and pay this great decree
Utmost performance.” He a mighty fire
Gave instant flame, put into act th' entire 250

Command laid on him, chair and cushions set,
Laid on the bow, which straight the pages het,
Chaf'd, suppled with the suet to their most ;
And still was all their unctuous labour lost,
All Wooers' strengths too indigent and poor 255
To draw that bow ; Antinous' arms it tore,
And great Eurymachus', the both clear best,

²³³ *Restored his seat his right.*—A quaint expression for returned to his seat. *His right*, i. e. *its*. The reader will bear in mind that the neuter possessive pronoun was not then in use.

²⁵² *Het.*—See Bk. IV. 48.

Yet both it tir'd, and made them glad to rest.
Forth then went both the swains, and after them
Divine Ulysses: when, being past th' extreme 260
Of all the gates, with winning words he tried
Their loves, and this ask'd: " Shall my counsels hide
Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know
If suddenly Ulysses had his vow
Made good for home, and had some God to guide 265
His steps and strokes to wreak these Wooers' pride,
Would your aids join on his part, or with theirs?
How stand your hearts affected?" They made pray'rs
That some God would please to return their lord,
He then should see how far they would afford 270
Their lives for his. He, seeing their truth, replied:
" I am your lord, through many a suff'rance tried,
Arriv'd now here, whom twenty years have held
From forth my country. Yet are not conceal'd
From my sure knowledge your desires to see 275
My safe return. Of all the company
Now serving here besides, not one but you
Mine ear hath witness'd willing to bestow
Their wishes of my life, so long held dead.
I therefore vow, which shall be perfected, 280
That if God please beneath my hand to leave
These Wooers lifeless, ye shall both receive
Wives from that hand, and means, and near to me
Have houses built to you, and both shall be
As friends and brothers to my only son. 285
And, that ye well may know me, and be won
To that assurance, the infallible sign
The white-tooth'd boar gave, this mark'd knee of mine,
When in Parnassus he was held in chase

200 *THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK*

By me, and by my famous grandsire's race, 290
 I'll let you see." Thus sever'd he his weed
 From that his wound ; and ev'ry word had deed
 In their sure knowledges. Which made them cast
 Their arms about him, his broad breast embrac'd,
 His neck and shoulders kiss'd. And him as well 295
 Did those true pow'rs of human love compell
 To kiss their heads and hands, and to their moan
 Had sent the free light of the cheerful sun,
 Had not Ulysses broke the ruth, and said :

 " Cease tears and sorrows, lest we prove display'd
 By some that issue from the house, and they 301
 Relate to those within. Take each his way,
 Not all together in, but one by one,
 First I, then you ; and then see this be done :
 The envious Wooers will by no means give 305
 The offer of the bow and arrow leave
 To come at me ; spite then their pride, do thou,
 My good Eumæus, bring both shaft and bow
 To my hand's proof ; and charge the maids before,
 That instantly they shut in ev'ry door, 310
 That they themselves (if any tumult rise
 Beneath my roofs by any that envies
 My will to undertake the game) may gain
 No passage forth, but close at work contain
 With all free quiet, or at least constrain'd. 315
 And therefore, my Philœtius, see maintain'd,
 When close the gates are shut, their closure fast,
 To which end be it thy sole work to cast
 Their chains before them." This said, in he led,
 Took first his seat ; and then they seconded 320

³⁰⁰ *Display'd.* See Bk. v. 350.

His entry with their own. Then took in hand
 Eurymachus the bow, made close his stand
 Aside the fire, at whose heat here and there
 He warm'd and suppled it, yet could not stere
 To any draught the string, with all his art ; 325
 And therefore swell'd in him his glorious heart,
 Affirming, " that himself and all his friends
 Had cause to grieve, not only that their ends
 They miss'd in marriage, since enough besides
 Kind Grecian dames there liv'd to be their brides 330
 In Ithaca, and other bord'ring towns,
 But that to all times future their renowns
 Would stand disparag'd, if Ulysses' bow
 They could not draw, and yet his wife would woo."

Antinous answer'd : " That there could ensue 335
 No shame at all to them ; for well he knew
 That this day was kept holy to the Sun
 By all the city, and there should be done
 No such profane act, therefore bade lay by
 The bow for that day ; but the mastery 340
 Of axes that were set up still might stand,
 Since that no labour was, nor any hand
 Would offer to invade Ulysses' house,
 To take, or touch with surreptitious
 Or violent hand, what there was left for use. 345
 He, therefore, bade the cup-bearer infuse
 Wine to the bowls, that so with sacrifice
 They might let rest the shooting exercise,
 And in the morning make Melanthius bring
 The chief goats of his herd, that to the King 350
 Of bows and archers they might burn the thighs

³²⁴ *Stere*—*stir*.

For good success, and then attempt the prize.”

The rest sat pleas'd with this. The heralds straight
 Pour'd water on their hands ; each page did wait
 With his crown'd cup of wine, serv'd ev'ry man 355
 Till all were satisfied. And then began
 Ulysses' plot of his close purpose thus :

“ Hear me, ye much renown'd Eurymachus,
 And king Antinous, in chief, who well,
 And with decorum sacred, doth compell 360
 This day's observance, and to let lay down
 The bow all this light, giving Gods their own.
 The morning's labour God the more will bless,
 And strength bestow where he himself shall please.
 Against which time let me presume to pray 365
 Your favours with the rest, that this assay
 May my old arms prove, trying if there lie
 In my poor pow'rs the same activity
 That long since crown'd them ; or if needy fare
 And desolate wand'ring have the web worn bare 370
 Of my life's thread at all parts, that no more
 Can furnish these affairs as heretofore.”

This het their spleens past measure, blown with fear
 Lest his loath'd temples would the garland wear
 Of that bow's draught ; Antinous using speech 375
 To this sour purpose : “ Thou most arrant wretch
 Of all guests breathing, in no least degree
 Grac'd with a human soul, it serves not thee
 To feast in peace with us, take equal share
 Of what we reach to, sit, and all things hear 380
 That we speak freely,—which no begging guest
 Did ever yet,—but thou must make request

³⁶² *All this light*—i. e. all to-day.

To mix with us in merit of the Queen.
 But wine inflames thee, that hath ever been
 The bane of men whoever yet would take 385
 Th' excess it offers and the mean forsake.
 Wine spoil'd the Centaur great Eurytion,
 In guest-rites with the mighty-minded son
 Of bold Ixion, in his way to war
 Against the Lapithes ; who, driv'n as far 390
 As madness with the bold effects of wine,
 Did outrage to his kind host, and decline
 Other heroës from him feasted there
 With so much anger that they left their cheer,
 And dragg'd him forth the fore-court, slit his nose, 395
 Cropp'd both his ears, and, in the ill-dispose
 His mind then suffer'd, drew the fatal day
 On his head with his host ; for thence the fray
 Betwixt the Centaurs and the Lapithes
 Had mortal act. But he for his excess 400
 In spoil of wine fared worse himself ; as thou
 For thy large cups, if thy arms draw the bow,
 My mind foretells shalt fear ; for not a man
 Of all our consort, that in wisdom can
 Boast any fit share, will take pray'rs then, 405
 But to Echetus, the most stern of men,
 A black sail freight with thee, whose worst of ill,
 Be sure, is past all ransom. Sit, then, still,
 Drink temp'rately, and never more contend
 With men your youngers." This the Queen did end
 With her defence of him, and told his foe 411
 It was not fair nor equal t' overcrow
 The poorest guest her son pleas'd t' entertain

⁴⁰⁴ *Consort*—company.

In his free turrets with so proud a strain
 Of threats and bravings ; asking if he thought, 415
 That if the stranger to his arms had brought
 The stubborn bow down, he should marry her,
 And bear her home? And said, himself should err
 In no such hope ; nor of them all the best
 That griev'd at any good she did her guest 420
 Should banquet there ; since it in no sort show'd
 Noblesse in them, nor paid her what she ow'd
 Her own free rule there. This Eurymachus
 Confirm'd and said : " Nor feeds it hope in us,
 Icarius' daughter, to solemnize rites 425
 Of nuptials with thee ; nor in noblest sights
 It can show comely ; but to our respects
 The rumour both of sexes and of sects
 Amongst the people would breed shame and fear,
 Lest any worst Greek said : ' See, men that were 430
 Of mean deservings will presume t' aspire
 To his wife's bed, whom all men did admire
 For fame and merit, could not draw his bow,
 And yet his wife had foolish pride to woo,
 When straight an errant beggar comes and draws 435
 The bow with ease, performing all the laws
 The game besides contain'd ;' and this would thus
 Prove both indignity and shame to us."

The Queen replied : " The fame of men, I see,
 Bears much price in your great suppos'd degree ; 440
 Yet who can prove amongst the people great,
 That of one so esteem'd of them the seat
 Doth so defame and ruin ? And beside,
 With what right is this guest thus vilified
 In your high censures, when the man in blood 445

Is well compos'd and great, his parents good ?
 And therefore give the bow to him, to try
 His birth and breeding by his chivalry.
 If his arms draw it, and that Phœbus stands
 So great a glory to his strength, my hands 450
 Shall add this guerdon : Ev'ry sort of weed,
 A two-edg'd sword, and lance to keep him freed
 From dogs and men hereafter, and dismiss
 His worth to what place tends that heart of his."

Her son gave answer : " That it was a wrong 455
 To his free sway in all things that belong
 To guard of that house, to demand the bow
 Of any Wooer, and the use bestow
 Upon the stranger : for the bow was his
 To give or to withhold ; no masteries 460
 Of her proposing giving any pow'r
 T' impair his right in things for any Wooer,
 Or any that rough Ithaca affords,
 Any that Elis ; of which no man's words
 Nor pow'rs should curb him, stood he so inclin'd, 465
 To see the bow in absolute gift resign'd
 To that his guest to bear and use at will,
 And therefore bade his mother keep her still
 Amongst her women at her rock and loom ;
 Bows were for men ; and this bow did become 470
 Past all men's his disposeure, since his sire
 Left it to him, and all the house entire."

She stood dismay'd at this, and in her mind
 His wise words laid up, standing so inclin'd
 As he had will'd, with all her women going 475
 Up to her chamber, there her tears bestowing,

⁴⁴⁶ *Εὐπηγῆς, bene compactus et coagmentatus.*—CHAPMAN.

As ev'ry night she did, on her lov'd lord,
Till sleep and Pallas her fit rest restor'd.

The bow Eumæus took, and bore away ;
Which up in tumult, and almost in fray, 480
Put all the Wooers, one enquiring thus :

“ Whither, rogue, abject, wilt thou bear from us
That bow propos'd ? Lay down, or I protest
Thy dogs shall eat thee, that thou nourishest
To guard thy swine ; amongst whom, left of all, 485
Thy life shall leave thee, if the festival,
We now observe to Phœbus, may our zeals
Grace with his aid, and all the Deities else.”

This threat made good Eumæus yield the bow
To his late place, not knowing what might grow 490
From such a multitude. And then fell on
Telemachus with threats, and said : “ Set gone
That bow yet further ; 'tis no servant's part
To serve too many masters ; raise your heart
And bear it off, lest, though your younger, yet 495
With stones I pelt you to the field with it.
If you and I close, I shall prove too strong.
I wish as much too hard for all this throng
The Gods would make me, I should quickly send
Some after with just sorrow to their end, 500
They waste my victuals so, and ply my cup,
And do me such shrewd turns still.” This put up
The Wooers all in laughters, and put down
Their angers to him, that so late were grown
So grave and bloody ; which resolv'd that fear 505
Of good Eumæus, who did take and bear
The King the bow ; call'd nurse, and bade her make
The doors all sure, that if men's tumults take

The ears of some within, they may not fly,
 But keep at work still close and silently. 510

These words put wings to her, and close she put
 The chamber door. The court-gates then were shut
 By kind Philætius, who straight did go
 From out the hall, and in the portico
 Found laid a gable of a ship, compos'd 515
 Of spongy bulrushes ; with which he clos'd,
 In winding round about them, the court-gates,
 Then took his place again, to view the fates
 That quickly follow'd. When he came, he saw
 Ulysses viewing, ere he tried to draw, 520
 The famous bow, which ev'ry way he mov'd,
 Up and down turning it ; in which he prov'd
 The plight it was in, fearing, chiefly, lest
 The horns were eat with worms in so long rest.
 But what his thoughts intended turning so, 525
 And keeping such a search about the bow,
 The Wooers little knowing fell to jest,
 And said : " Past doubt he is a man profest
 In bowyers' craft, and sees quite through the wood ;
 Or something, certain, to be understood 530
 There is in this his turning of it still.
 A cunning rogue he is at any ill."

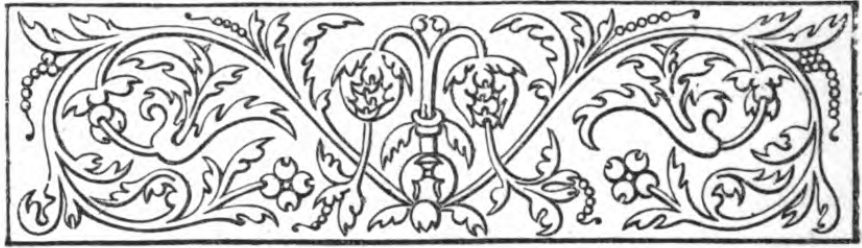
Then spake another proud one : " Would to heav'n,
 I might, at will, get gold till he hath giv'n
 That bow his draught!" With these sharp jests did these
 Delightful Woo'rs their fatal humours please. 536
 But when the wise Ulysses once had laid
 His fingers on it, and to proof survey'd
 The still sound plight it held, as one of skill
 In song, and of the harp, doth at his will, 540

In tuning of his instrument, extend
 A string out with his pin, touch all, and lend
 To ev'ry well-wreath'd string his perfect sound,
 Struck all together ; with such ease drew round
 The King the bow. Then twang'd he up the string, 545
 That as a swallow in the air doth sing
 With no continued tune, but, pausing still,
 Twinks out her scatter'd voice in accents shrill ;
 So sharp the string sung when he gave it touch,
 Once having bent and drawn it. Which so much 550
 Amaz'd the Wooers, that their colours went
 And came most grievously. And then Jove rent
 The air with thunder ; which at heart did cheer
 The now-enough-sustaining traveller,
 That Jove again would his attempt enable. 555
 Then took he into hand, from off the table,
 The first drawn arrow ; and a number more
 Spent shortly on the Wooers ; but this one
 He measur'd by his arm, as if not known
 The length were to him, nock'd it then, and drew ;
 And through the axes, at the first hole, flew 561
 The steel-charg'd arrow ; which when he had done
 He thus bespake the Prince : " You have not won
 Disgrace yet by your guest ; for I have strook
 The mark I shot at, and no such toil took 565
 In wearying the bow with fat and fire
 As did the Wooers. Yet reserv'd entire,
 Thank Heav'n, my strength is, and myself am tried,
 No man to be so basely vilified
 As these men pleas'd to think me. But, free way 570
 Take that, and all their pleasures ; and while day
 Holds her torch to you, and the hour of feast

Hath now full date, give banquet, and the rest,
Poem and harp, that grace a well-fill'd board."

This said, he beckon'd to his son ; whose sword
He straight girt to him, took to hand his lance, 576
And c6mplete-arm'd did to his sire advance.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.



THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Wooers in Minerva's sight
Slain by Ulysses; all the light
And lustful housewives by his son
And servants are to slaughter done.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Xi. The end of pride,
And lawless lust,
Is wretched tried
With slaughters just.



HE upper rags that wise Ulysses wore
Cast off, he rusheth to the great hall door
With bow and quiver full of shafts, which
down

He pour'd before his feet, and thus made known
His true state to the Wooers: "This strife thus 5
Hath harmless been decided; now for us
There rests another mark, more hard to hit,
And such as never man before hath smit;
Whose full point likewise my hands shall assay,
And try if Phœbus will give me his day." 10

He said, and off his bitter arrow thrust
Right at Antinous; that struck him just

As he was lifting up the bowl, to show
 That 'twixt the cup and lip much ill may grow.
 Death touch'd not at his thoughts at feast ; for who 15
 Would think that he alone could perish so
 Amongst so many, and he best of all ?
 The arrow in his throat took full his fall,
 And thrust his head far through the other side.
 Down fell his cup, down he, down all his pride ; 20
 Straight from his nostrils gush'd the human gore ;
 And, as he fell, his feet far overbore
 The feastful table ; all the roast and bread
 About the house strew'd. When his high-born head
 The rest beheld so low, up rush'd they all, 25
 And ransack'd ev'ry corner of the hall
 For shields and darts ; but all fled far their reach.
 Then fell they foul on him with terrible speech,
 And told him it should prove the dearest shaft
 That ever pass'd him ; and that now was saft 30
 No shift for him, but sure and sudden death ;
 For he had slain a man, whose like did breathe
 In no part of the kingdom ; and that now
 He should no more for games strive with his bow,
 But vultures eat him there. These threats they spent,
 Yet ev'ry man believ'd that stern event 36
 Chanc'd 'gainst the author's will. O fools, to think
 That all their rest had any cup to drink
 But what their great Antinous began !

He, frowning, said : " Dogs, see in me the man 40
 Ye all held dead at Troy. My house it is
 That thus ye spoil, and thus your luxuries
 File with my women's rapes ; in which ye woo
 The wife of one that lives, and no thought show

212 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK*

Of man's fit fear, or God's, your present fame, 45
 Or any fair sense of your future name ;
 And, therefore, present and eternal death
 Shall end your base life." This made fresh fears breathe
 Their former boldness. Ev'ry man had eye
 On all the means, and studied ways to fly 50
 So deep deaths imminent. But seeing none,
 Eurymachus began with suppliant moan
 To move his pity, saying : " If you be
 This isle's Ulysses, we must all agree,
 In grant of your reproof's integrity, 55
 The Greeks have done you many a wrong at home,
 At field as many. But of all the sum
 Lies here contract in death ; for only he
 Impos'd the whole ill-offices that we
 Are now made guilty of, and not so much 60
 Sought his endeavours, or in thought did touch
 At any nuptials, but a greater thing
 Employ'd his forces ; for to be our king
 Was his chief object ; his sole plot it was
 To kill your son, which Jove's hand would not pass, 65
 But set it to his own most merited end.
 In which end your just anger, nor extend
 Your stern wreak further ; spend your royal pow'rs
 In mild ruth of your people ; we are yours ;
 And whatsoever waste of wine or food 70
 Our liberties have made, we'll make all good
 In restitutions. Call a court, and pass
 A fine of twenty oxen, gold, and brass,
 On ev'ry head, and raise your most rates still,
 Till you are pleas'd with your confess'd fill. 75
 Which if we fail to tender, all your wrath

It shall be justice in our bloods to bathe."

"Eurymachus," said he, "if you would give
 All that your fathers' hoard, to make ye live,
 And all that ever you yourselves possess, 80
 Or shall by any industry increase,
 I would not cease from slaughter, till your bloods
 Had bought out your intemp'rance in my goods.
 It rests now for you that you either fight
 That will 'scape death, or make your way by flight. 85
 In whose best choice, my thoughts conceive, not one
 Shall shun the death your first hath undergone."

This quite dissolv'd their knees. Eurymachus,
 Enforcing all their fears, yet counsell'd thus:

"O friends! This man, now he hath got the bow 90
 And quiver by him, ever will bestow
 His most inaccessible hands at us,
 And never leave, if we avoid him thus,
 Till he hath strewn the pavement with us all;
 And, therefore, join we swords, and on him fall 95
 With tables forc'd up, and borne in oppos'd
 Against his sharp shafts; when, being round-enclos'd
 By all our onsets, we shall either take
 His horrid person, or for safety make
 His rage retire from out the hall and gates; 100
 And then, if he escape, we'll make our states
 Known to the city by our gen'ral cry.
 And thus this man shall let his last shaft fly
 That ever his hand vaunted." Thus he drew
 His sharp-edg'd sword; and with a table flew 105
 In on Ulysses, with a terrible throat
 His fierce charge urging. But Ulysses smote
 The board, and cleft it through from end to end

Borne at his breast, and made his shaft extend
 His sharp head to his liver, his broad breast 110
 Pierc'd at his nipple ; when his hand releast
 Forthwith his sword, that fell and kiss'd the ground,
 With cups and victuals lying scatter'd round
 About the pavement ; amongst which his brow
 Knock'd the imbrued earth, while in pains did flow 115
 His vital spirits, till his heels shook out
 His feastful life, and hurl'd a throne about
 That way-laid death's convulsions in his feet ;
 When from his tender eyes the light did fleet.

Then charg'd Amphinomus with his drawn blade 120
 The glorious king, in purpose to have made
 His feet forsake the house ; but his assay
 The prince prevented, and his lance gave way
 Quite through his shoulder, at his back ; his breast
 The fierce pile letting forth. His ruin prest 125
 Groans from the pavement, which his forehead strook.

Telemachus his long lance then forsook—
 Left in Amphinomus—and to his sire
 Made fiery pass, not staying to acquire
 His lance again, in doubt that, while he drew 130
 The fixéd pile, some other might renew
 Fierce charge upon him, and his unharm'd head
 Cleave with his back-drawn sword ; for which he fled
 Close to his father, bade him arm, and he
 Would bring him shield and jav'lins instantly, 135
 His own head arming, more arms laying by
 To serve the swine-herd and the oxen-herd.
Valour well arm'd is ever most preferr'd.

“Run then,” said he, “and come before the last
 Of these auxiliary shafts are past, 140

For fear, lest, left alone, they force my stand
 From forth the ports." He flew, and brought to hand
 Eight darts, four shields, four helms. His own parts then
 First put in arms, he furnish'd both his men,
 That to their king stood close ; but he, as long 145
 As he had shafts to friend, enough was strong
 For all the Wooers, and some one man still
 He made make even with earth, till all a hill
 Had rais'd in th' even-floor'd hall. His last shaft spent,
 He set his bow against a beam, and went 150
 To arm at all parts, while the other three
 Kept off the Wooers, who, unarm'd, could be
 No great assailants. In the well-built wall
 A window was thrust out, at end of all
 The house's entry ; on whose utter side 155
 There lay a way to town, and in it wide
 And two-leav'd folds were forg'd, that gave fit mean
 For flyers-out ; and, therefore, at it then
 Ulysses plac'd Eumæus in close guard ;
 One only pass ope to it, which (prepar'd 160
 In this sort by Ulysses 'gainst all pass)
 By Agelaus' tardy memory was
 In question call'd, who bade some one ascend
 At such a window, and bring straight to friend
 The city with his clamour, that this man 165
 Might quickly shoot his last. " This no one can
 Make safe access to," said Melanthius,
 " For 'tis too near the hall's fair doors, whence thus
 The man afflicts ye ; for from thence there lies
 But one strait passage to it, that denies 170
 Access to all, if any one man stand,
 Being one of courage, and will countermand

216 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK*

Our offer to it. But I know a way
 To bring you arms, from where the King doth lay
 His whole munition ; and believe there is 175
 No other place to all the armories

Both of himself and son." This said, a pair
 Of lofty stairs he climb'd, and to th' affair
 Twelve shields, twelve lances brought, as many casques
 With horsehair plumes ; and set to bitter tasks 180

Both son and sire. Then shrunk Ulysses' knees,
 And his lov'd heart, when thus in arms he sees
 So many Wooers, and their shaken darts ;
 For then the work show'd as it ask'd more parts
 To safe performance, and he told his son 185
 That or Melanthius or his maids had done
 A deed that foul war to their hands conferr'd.

" O father," he replied, "'tis I have err'd
 In this caus'd labour ; I, and none but I,
 That left the door ope of your armoury. 190

But some, it seems, hath set a sharper eye
 On that important place. Eumæus ! Haste
 And shut the door, observing who hath past
 To this false action ; any maid, or one
 That I suspect more, which is Dolius' son." 195

While these spake thus, Melanthius went again
 For more fair arms ; whom the renownéd swain
 Eumæus saw, and told Ulysses straight
 It was the hateful man that his conceit
 Before suspected, who had done that ill ; 200
 And, being again there, ask'd if he should kill,
 If his pow'r serv'd, or he should bring the swain
 To him, t' inflict on him a sev'ral pain
 For ev'ry forfeit he had made his house.

He answer'd : " I and my Telemachus 205
 Will here contain these proud ones in despite,
 How much soever these stol'n arms excite
 Their guilty courages, while you two take
 Possession of the chamber, The doors make
 Sure at your back, and then, surprising him, 210
 His feet and hands bind, wrapping ev'ry limb
 In pliant chains ; and with a halter cast
 Above the wind-beam—at himself made fast—
 Aloft the column draw him ; where alive
 He long may hang, and pains enough deprive 215
 His vexéd life before his death succeed."
 This charge, soon heard, as soon they put to deed,
 Stole on his stealth, and at the further end
 Of all the chamber saw him busily bend
 His hands to more arms, when they, still at door, 220
 Watch'd his return. At last he came, and bore
 In one hand a fair helm, in th' other held
 A broad and ancient rusty-rested shield,
 That old Laertes in his youth had worn,
 Of which the cheek-bands had with age been torn. 225
 They rush'd upon him, caught him by the hair,
 And dragg'd him in again ; whom, crying out,
 They cast upon the pavement, wrapp'd about
 With sure and pinching cords both foot and hand,
 And then, in full act of their King's command, 230
 A pliant chain bestow'd on him, and hal'd
 His body up the column, till he scal'd
 The highest wind-beam ; where made firmly fast,
 Eumæus on his just infliction past
 This pleasurable cavil : " Now you may 235
 All night keep watch here, and the earliest day

218 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK*

Discern, being hung so high, to rouse from rest
 Your dainty cattle to the Wooers' feast.
 There, as befits a man of means so fair,
 Soft may you sleep, nought under you but air ; 240
 And so long hang you." Thus they left him there,
 Made fast the door, and with Ulysses were
 All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all stood close,
 Their minds fire breath'd in flames against their foes,
 Four in th' entry fighting all alone ; 245
 When from the hall charg'd many a mighty one.

But to them then Jove's seed, Minerva, came,
 Resembling Mentor both in voice and frame
 Of manly person. Passing well apaid
 Ulysses was, and said : " Now, Mentor, aid 250
 'Gainst these odd mischiefs ; call to memory now
 My often good to thee, and that we two
 Of one year's life are." Thus he said, but thought
 It was Minerva, that had ever brought
 To her side safety. On the other part, 255
 The Wooers threaten'd ; but the chief in heart
 Was Agelaus, who to Mentor spake :

" Mentor ! Let no words of Ulysses make
 Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side
 'Gainst all us Wooers ; for we firm abide 260
 In this persuasion, that when sire and son
 Our swords have slain, thy life is sure to run
 One fortune with them. What strange acts hast thou
 Conceit to form here ? Thy head must bestow
 The wreak of theirs on us. And when thy pow'rs 265
 Are taken down by these fierce steels of ours,
 All thy possessions, in-doors and without,
 Must raise on heap with his ; and all thy rout

Of sons and daughters in thy turrets bleed
 Wreak off'rings to us ; and our town stand freed 270
 Of all charge with thy wife." Minerva's heart
 Was fir'd with these braves, the approv'd desert
 Of her Ulysses chiding, saying : " No more
 Thy force nor fortitude as heretofore
 Will gain thee glory ; when nine years at Troy 275
 White-wristed Helen's rescue did employ
 Thy arms and wisdom, still and ever us'd
 The bloods of thousands through the field diffus'd
 By thy vast valour ; Priam's broad-way'd town
 By thy grave parts was sack'd and overthrown ; 280
 And now, amongst thy people and thy goods,
 Against the Wooers' base and petulant bloods
 Stint'st thou thy valour ? Rather mourning here
 Than manly fighting ? Come, friend, stand we near,
 And note my labour, that thou may'st discern 285
 Amongst thy foes how Mentor's nerves will earn
 All thy old bounties." This she spake, but stay'd
 Her hand from giving each-way-often-sway'd
 Uncertain conquest to his certain use,
 But still would try what self-pow'rs would produce 290
 Both in the father and the glorious son.

Then on the wind-beam that along did ron
 The smoky roof, transform'd, Minerva sat,
 Like to a swallow ; sometimes cuffing at
 The swords and lances, rushing from her seat, 295
 And up and down the troubl'd house did beat
 Her wing at ev'ry motion. And as she
 Had rous'd Ulysses ; so the enemy
 Damastor's son excited, Polybus,
 Amphinomus, and Demoptolemus, 300

Eurynomus, and Polyctorides ;
 For these were men that of the wooing prease
 Were most egregious, and the clearly best
 In strength of hand of all the desp'rate rest
 That yet surviv'd, and now fought for their souls ; 305
 Which straight swift arrows sent among the fowls.
 But first, Damastor's son had more spare breath
 To spend on their excitements ere his death,
 And said : That now Ulysses would forbear
 His dismal hand, since Mentor's spirit was there, 310
 And blew vain vaunts about Ulysses' ears ;
 In whose trust he would cease his massacres,
 Rest him, and put his friend's huge boasts in proof ;
 And so was he beneath the entry's roof
 Left with Telemachus and th' other two. 315
 " At whom," said he, " discharge no darts, but throw
 All at Ulysses, rousing his faint rest ;
 Whom if we slaughter, by our interest
 In Jove's assistance, all the rest may yield
 Our pow'rs no care, when he strews once the field." 320
 As he then will'd, they all at random threw
 Where they suppos'd he rested ; and then flew
 Minerva after ev'ry dart, and made
 Some strike the threshold, some the walls invade,
 Some beat the doors, and all acts render'd vain 325
 Their grave steel offer'd. Which escap'd, again
 Came on Ulysses, saying : " O that we
 The Wooers' troop with our joint archery
 Might so assail, that where their spirits dream
 On our deaths first, we first may slaughter them !" 330

³⁰⁶ *Fowls*.—The folio has *Fouls*, doubtless for *fowls*, alluding to Minerva's likeness of a swallow. It is needless to say that it is not in the original.

Thus the much-suff'rer said ; and all let-fly,
 When ev'ry man struck dead his enemy.
 Ulysses slaughter'd Demoptolemus.
 Euryades by young Telemachus
 His death encounter'd. Good Eumæus slew 335
 Elatus. And Philœtius overthrew
 Pisander. All which tore the pavéd floor
 Up with their teeth. The rest retir'd before
 Their second charge to inner rooms ; and then
 Ulysses follow'd ; from the slaughter'd men 340
 Their darts first drawing. While which work was done,
 The Wooers threw with huge contention
 To kill them all ; when with her swallow-wing
 Minerva cuff'd, and made their jav'lins ring
 Against the doors and thresholds, as before. 345
 Some yet did graze upon their marks. One tore
 The prince's wrist, which was Amphimedon,
 Th' extreme part of the skin but touch'd upon.
 Ctesippus over good Eumæus' shield
 His shoulder's top did taint ; which yet did yield 350
 The lance free pass, and gave his hurt the ground.
 Again then charg'd the Wooers, and girt round
 Ulysses with their lances ; who turn'd head,
 And with his jav'lin struck Eurydamas dead.
 Telemachus disliv'd Amphimedon ; 355
 Eumæus, Polybus ; Philœtius won
 Ctesippus' bosom with his dart, and said,
 In quittance of the jester's part he play'd,
 The neat's foot hurling at Ulysses : " Now,
 Great son of Polytherses, you that vow 360
 Your wit to bitter taunts, and love to wound
 The heart of any with a jest, so crown'd

³⁵⁵ *Disliv'd*—i. e. deprived of life.

222 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK*

Your wit be with a laughter, never yielding
 To fools in folly, but your glory building
 On putting down in fooling, spitting forth 365
 Puff'd words at all sorts, cease to scoff at worth,
 And leave revenge of vile words to the Gods,
 Since their wits bear the sharper edge by odds ;
 And, in the mean time, take the dart I drave,
 For that right hospitable foot you gave 370
 Divine Ulysses, begging but his own."

Thus spake the black-ox-herdsman ; and straight down
 Ulysses struck another with his dart—
 Damastor's son. Telemachus did part,
 Just in the midst, the belly of the fair 375
 Evenor's son ; his fierce pile taking air
 Out at his back. Flat fell he on his face,
 His whole brows knocking, and did mark the place.

And now man-slaught'ring Pallas took in hand
 Her snake-fring'd shield, and on that beam took stand
 In her true form, where swallow-like she sat. 381
 And then, in this way of the house and that,
 The Wooers, wounded at the heart with fear,
 Fled the encounter ; as in pastures where
 Fat herds of oxen feed, about the field 385
 (As if wild madness their instincts impell'd)
 The high-fed bullocks fly, whom in the spring,
 When days are long, gad-bees or breezes sting.
 Ulysses and his son the flyers chas'd,
 As when, with crooked beaks and seres, a cast 390
 Of hill-bred eagles, cast-off at some game,
 That yet their strengths keep, but, put up, in flame
 The eagle stoops ; from which, along the field
 The poor fowls make wing, this and that way yield

Their hard-flown pinions, then the clouds assay 395
 For 'scape or shelter, their forlorn dismay
 All spirit exhaling, all wings' strength to carry
 Their bodies forth, and, truss'd up, to the quarry
 Their falconers ride-in, and rejoice to see
 Their hawks perform a flight so fervently ; 400
 So, in their flight, Ulysses with his heir
 Did stoop and cuff the Wooers, that the air
 Broke in vast sighs, whose heads they shot and cleft,
 The pavement boiling with the souls they reft.

Liodes, running to Ulysses, took 405
 His knees, and thus did on his name invoke :
 " Ulysses ! Let me pray thee to my place
 Afford the rev'ence, and to me the grace,
 That never did or said, to any dame
 Thy court contain'd, or deed, or word to blame ; 410
 But others so affected I have made
 Lay down their insolence ; and, if the trade
 They kept with wickedness have made them still
 Despise my speech, and use their wonted ill,
 They have their penance by the stroke of death, 415
 Which their desert divinely warranteth.

But I am priest amongst them, and shall I
 That nought have done worth death amongst them die?
 From thee this proverb then will men derive :
Good turns do never their mere deeds survive." 420

He, bending his displeaséd forehead, said :
 " If you be priest among them, as you plead,
 Yet you would marry, and with my wife too,
 And have descent by her. For all that woo
 Wish to obtain, which they should never do, 425
 Dames' husbands living. You must therefore pray

Of force, and oft in Court here, that the day
 Of my return for him might never shine ;
 The death to me wish'd, therefore, shall be thine."

This said, he took a sword up that was cast 430
 From Agelaus, having struck his last,
 And on the priest's mid neck he laid a stroke
 That struck his head off, tumbling as he spoke.

Then did the poet Phemius (whose surname
 Was call'd Terpiades ; who thither came 435
 Forc'd by the Wooers) fly death ; but being near
 The court's great gate, he stood, and parted there
 In two his counsels ; either to remove
 And take the altar of Herceian Jove
 (Made sacred to him, with a world of art 440
 Engrav'n about it, where were wont t' impart
 Laertes and Ulysses many a thigh
 Of broad-brow'd oxen to the Deity)

Or venture to Ulysses, clasp his knee,
 And pray his ruth. The last was the decree 445
 His choice resolv'd on. 'Twixt the royal throne
 And that fair table that the bowl stood on
 With which they sacrific'd, his harp he laid
 Along the earth, the King's knees hugg'd, and said :

" Ulysses ! Let my pray'rs obtain of thee 450
 My sacred skill's respect, and ruth to me !
 It will hereafter grieve thee to have slain
 A poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.
 . of myself am taught, for God alone
 All sorts of song hath in my bosom sown, 455
 And I, as to a God, will sing to thee ;
 Then do not thou deal like the priest with me.
 Thine own lov'd son Telemachus will say,

That not to beg here, nor with willing way
 Was my access to thy high court adrest, 460
 To give the Wooers my song after feast,
 But, being many, and so much more strong,
 They forced me hither, and compell'd my song."

This did the prince's sacred virtue hear,
 And to the King, his father, said: "Forbear 465
 To mix the guiltless with the guilty's blood.
 And with him likewise let our mercies save
 Medon the herald, that did still behave
 Himself with care of my good from a child;
 If by Eumæus yet he be not kill'd, 470
 Or by Philœtius, nor your fury met,
 While all this blood about the house it swet."

This Medon heard, as lying hid beneath
 A throne set near, half-dead with fear of death;
 A new-flay'd ox-hide, as but there thrown by, 475
 His serious shroud made, he lying there to fly.
 But hearing this he quickly left the throne,
 His ox-hide cast as quickly, and as soon
 The prince's knees seiz'd, saying: "O my love,
 I am not slain, but here alive and move. 480
 Abstain yourself, and do not see your sire
 Quench with my cold blood the unmeasur'd fire
 That flames in his strength, making spoil of me,
 His wrath's right, for the Wooers' injury."

Ulysses smil'd, and said: "Be confident 485
 This man hath sav'd and made thee different,
 To let thee know, and say, and others see,
Good life is much more safe than villany.
 Go then, sit free without from death within.
 This much-renowned singer from the sin 490

Of these men likewise quit. Both rest you there,
While I my house purge as 'it fits me here."

This said, they went and took their seat without
At Jove's high altar, looking round about,
Expecting still their slaughter. When the King 495
Search'd round the hall, to try life's hidden wing
Made from more death. But all laid prostrate there
In blood and gore he saw. Whole shoals they were,
And lay as thick as in a hollow creek
Without the white sea, when the fishers break 500
Their many-mesh'd draught-net up, there lie
Fish frisking on the sands, and fain the dry
Would for the wet change, but th' all-seeing beam
The sun exhales hath suck'd their lives from them ;
So one by other sprawl'd the Wooers there. 505
Ulysses and his son then bid appear
The nurse Euryclea, to let her hear
His mind in something fit for her affair.

He op'd the door, and call'd, and said: "Repair,
Grave matron long since born, that art our spy 510
To all this house's servile housewif'ry ;
My father calls thee, to impart some thought
That asks thy action." His word found in nought
Her slack observance, who straight op'd the door
And enter'd to him ; when himself before 515
Had left the hall. But there the King she view'd
Amongst the slain, with blood and gore imbrued.
And as a lion skulking all in night,
Far-off in pastures, and come home, all dight
In jaws and breast-locks with an ox's blood 520
New feasted on him, his looks full of mood ;
So look'd Ulysses, all his hands and feet

Freckled with purple. When which sight did greet
 The poor old woman (such works being for eyes
 Of no soft temper) out she brake in cries, 525
 Whose vent, though throughly open'd, he yet clos'd,
 Call'd her more near, and thus her plaints compos'd :
 " Forbear, nor shriek thus, but vent joys as loud.
It is no piety to bemoan the proud,
 Though ends befall them moving ne'er so much, 530
 These are the portions of the Gods to such.
Men's own impieties in their instant act
Sustain their plagues, which are with stay but rackt.
 But these men Gods nor men had in esteem,
 Nor good nor bad had any sense in them. 535
 Their lives directly ill were, therefore, cause
 That Death in these stern forms so deeply draws.
 Recount, then, to me those licentious dames
 That lost my honour and their sex's shames."
 " I'll tell you truly," she replied : " There are 540
 Twice five-and-twenty women here that share
 All work amongst them ; whom I taught to spin,
 And bear the just bands that they suffer'd in.
 Of all which only there were twelve that gave
 Themselves to impudence and light behave, 545
 Nor me respecting, nor herself—the Queen.
 And for your son he hath but lately been
 Of years to rule ; nor would his mother bear
 His empire where her women's labours were.
 But let me go and give her notice now 550
 Of your arrival. Sure some God doth show
 His hand upon her in this rest she takes,
 That all these uproars bears and never wakes."
 " Nor wake her yet," said he, " but cause to come

Those twelve light women to this utter room." 555

She made all utmost haste to come and go,
And bring the women he had summon'd so.

Then both his swains and son he bade go call
The women to their aid, and clear the hall
Of those dead bodies, cleanse each board and throne
With wetted sponges. Which with fitness done, 561
He bade take all the strumpets 'twixt the wall
Of his first court and that room next the hall,
In which the vessel of the house were scour'd,
And in their bosoms sheath their ev'ry sword, 565
Till all their souls were fled, and they had then
Felt 'twas but pain to sport with lawless men.

This said, the women came all drown'd in moan,
And weeping bitterly. But first was done
The bearing thence the dead ; all which beneath 570
The portico they stow'd, where death on death
They heap'd together. Then took all the pains
Ulysses will'd. His son yet and the swains
With paring-shovels wrought. The women bore
Their parings forth, and all the clotted gore. 575
The house then cleans'd, they brought the women out,
And put them in a room so wall'd about
That no means serv'd their sad estates to fly.
Then said Telemachus : " These shall not die
A death that lets out any wanton blood, 580
And vents the poison that gave lust her food,
The body cleansing, but a death that chokes
The breath, and altogether that provokes
And seems as bellows to abhorred lust,
That both on my head pour'd depraves unjust, 585
And on my mother's, scandalling the Court,

With men debauch'd, in so abhorr'd a sort."

This said, a halser of a ship they cast
 About a cross-beam of the roof, which fast
 They made about their necks, in twelve parts cut, 590
 And hal'd them up so high they could not put
 Their feet to any stay. As which was done,
 Look how a mavis, or a pigeon,
 In any grove caught with a springe or net,
 With struggling pinions 'gainst the ground doth beat
 Her tender body, and that then strait bed 596
 Is sour to that swing in which she was bred ;
 So strived these taken birds, till ev'ry one
 Her pliant halter had enforc'd upon
 Her stubborn neck, and then aloft was haul'd 600
 To wretched death. A little space they sprawl'd,
 Their feet fast moving, but were quickly still.

Then fetch'd they down Melanthius, to fulfill
 The equal execution ; which was done
 In portal of the hall, and thus begun : 605
 They first slit both his nostrils, cropp'd each ear,
 His members tugg'd off, which the dogs did tear
 And chop up bleeding sweet ; and, while red-hot
 The vice-abhorring blood was, off they smote
 His hands and feet ; and there that work had end. 610
 Then wash'd they hands and feet that blood had stain'd,
 And took the house again. And then the King
 Euryclea calling, bade her quickly bring
 All-ill-expelling brimstone, and some fire,
 That with perfumes cast he might make entire 615
 The house's first integrity in all.

And then his timely will was, she should call
 Her Queen and ladies ; still yet charging her

230 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.*

That all the handmaids she should first confer.

She said he spake as fitted ; but, before, 620
She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,
And she would others bring him, that not so
His fair broad shoulders might rest clad, and show
His person to his servants was too blame.

“First bring me fire,” said he. She went, and came
With fire and sulphur straight ; with which the hall 626
And of the huge house all rooms capital
He throughly sweeten’d. Then went nurse to call
The handmaid servants down ; and up she went
To tell the news, and will’d them to present 630
Their service to their sov’ reign. Down they came
Sustaining torches all, and pour’d a flame
Of love about their lord, with welcomes home,
With huggings of his hands, with laboursome
Both heads and foreheads kisses, and embraces, 635
And plied him so with all their loving graces
That tears and sighs took up his whole desire ;
For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

⁶²⁴ *Too blame*—See Bk. III. 365.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.



THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES to his wife is known.
A brief sum of his travels shown.
Himself, his son, and servants go
T' approve the Wooers' overthrow.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ψi. For all annoys
Sustain'd before,
The true wife's joys
Now made the more.



HE servants thus inform'd, the matron goes
Up where the Queen was cast in such
repose,
Affected with a fervent joy to tell
What all this time she did with pain conceal.
Her knees revok'd their first strength, and her feet 5
Were borne above the ground with wings to greet
The long-griev'd Queen with news her King was come ;
And, near her, said: "Wake, leave this withdrawn room,
That now your eyes may see at length, though late,
The man return'd, which, all the heavy date 10
Your woes have rack'd out, you have long'd to see.

⁵ *Revok'd*—called back.

Ulysses is come home, and hath set free
 His court of all your Wooers, slaught'ring all
 For wasting so his goods with festival,
 His house so vexing, and for violence done 15
 So all ways varied to his only son."

She answer'd her: "The Gods have made thee mad,
 Of whose pow'r now thy pow'rs such proof have had.
 The Gods can blind with follies wisest eyes,
 And make men foolish so to make them wise. 20
 For they have hurt ev'n thy grave brain, that bore
 An understanding spirit heretofore.

Why hast thou wak'd me to more tears, when Moan
 Hath turn'd my mind with tears into her own?
 Thy madness much more blameful, that with lies 25
 Thy haste is laden, and both robs mine eyes
 Of most delightsome sleep, and sleep of them,
 That now had bound me in his sweet extreme,
 T' embrace my lids and close my visual spheres.
 I have not slept so much this twenty years, 30
 Since first my dearest sleeping-mate was gone
 For that too-ill-to-speak-of Ilion.

Hence, take your mad steps back. If any maid
 Of all my train besides a part had play'd
 So bold to wake, and tell mine ears such lies, 35
 I had return'd her to her housewif'ries
 With good proof of my wrath to such rude dames.
 But go, your years have sav'd their younger blames."

She answer'd her: "I nothing wrong your ear,
 But tell the truth. Your long-miss'd lord is here, 40
 And, with the Wooers' slaughter, his own hand,
 In chief exploit, hath to his own command
 Reduc'd his house; and that poor guest was he,

That all those Wooers wrought such injury.
 Telemachus had knowledge long ago 45
 That 'twas his father, but his wisdom so
 Observ'd his counsels, to give surer end
 To that great work to which they did contend."
 This call'd her spirits to their conceiving places ;
 She sprung for joy from blames into embraces 50
 Of her grave nurse, wip'd ev'ry tear away
 From her fair cheeks, and then began to say
 What nurse said over thus : " O nurse, can this
 Be true thou say'st ? How could that hand of his
 Alone destroy so many ? They would still 55
 Troop all together. How could he then kill
 Such numbers so united ?" " How," said she,
 " I have not seen nor heard ; but certainly
 The deed is done. We sat within in fear,
 The doors shut on us, and from thence might hear 60
 The sighs and groans of ev'ry man he slew,
 But heard nor saw more, till at length there flew
 Your son's voice to mine ear, that call'd to me,
 And bade me then come forth, and then I see
 Ulysses standing in the midst of all 65
 Your slaughter'd Wooers, heap'd up, like a wall,
 One on another round about his side.
 It would have done you good to have descried
 Your conqu'ring lord all-smear'd with blood and gore
 So like a lion. Straight, then, off they bore 70
 The slaughter'd carcasses, that now before
 The fore-court gates lie, one on another pil'd.
 And now your victor all the hall, defil'd
 With stench of hot death, is perfuming round,
 And with a mighty fire the hearth hath crown'd. 75

“ Thus, all the death remov’d, and ev’ry room
 Made sweet and sightly, that yourself should come
 His pleasure sent me. Come, then, take you now
 Your mutual fills of comfort. Grief on you
 Hath long and many suff’rings laid ; which length, 80
 Which many suff’rings, now your virtuous strength
 Of uncorrupted chasteness hath conferr’d
 A happy end to. He that long hath err’d
 Is safe arriv’d at home ; his wife, his son,
 Found safe and good ; all ill that hath been done 85
 On all the doers’ heads, though long prolong’d,
 His right hath wreak’d, and in the place they wrong’d.”
 She answer’d : “ Do not you now laugh and boast
 As you had done some great act, seeing most
 Into his being ; for you know he won— 90
 Ev’n through his poor and vile condition—
 A kind of prompted thought that there was plac’d
 Some virtue in him fit to be embrac’d
 By all the house, but most of all by me,
 And by my son that was the progeny 95
 Of both our loves. And yet it is not he,
 For all the likely proofs ye plead to me,—
 Some God hath slain the Wooers in disdain
 Of the abhorréd pride he saw so reign
 In those base works they did. No man alive, 100
 Or good or bad, whoever did arrive
 At their abodes once, ever could obtain
 Regard of them ; and therefore their so vain
 And vile deserts have found as vile an end.
 But, for Ulysses, never will extend 105
 His wish’d return to Greece, nor he yet lives.”

“ How strange a Queen are you,” said she, “ that gives

No truth your credit, that your husband, set
 Close in his house at fire, can purchase yet
 No faith of you, but that he still is far 110
 From any home of his ! Your wit 's at war
 With all credulity ever ! And yet now
 I'll name a sign shall force belief from you :
 I bath'd him lately, and beheld the scar
 That still remains a mark too ocular . 115
 To leave your heart yet blinded ; and I then
 Had run and told you, but his hand was fain
 To close my lips from th' acclamation
 My heart was breathing, and his wisdom won
 My still retention, till he gave me leave 120
 And charge to tell you this. Now then receive
 My life for gage of his return ; which take
 In any cruel fashion, if I make
 All this not clear to you." " Lov'd nurse," said she,
 " Though many things thou know'st, yet these things be
 Veil'd in the counsels th' uncreated Gods 126
 Have long time mask'd in ; whose dark periods
 'Tis hard for thee to see into. But come,
 Let's see my son, the slain, and him by whom 129
 They had their slaughter." This said, down they went ;
 When, on the Queen's part, divers thoughts were spent,
 If, all this giv'n no faith, she still should stand
 Aloof, and question more ; or his hugg'd hand
 And lovéd head she should at first assay
 With free-giv'n kisses. When her doubtful way 135
 Had pass'd the stony pavement, she took seat
 Against her husband, in the opposite heat
 The fire then cast upon the other wall.

¹²⁹ *Him*—The folio has *he*.

Himself set by the column of the hall,
 His looks cast downwards, and expected still 140
 When her incredulous and curious will
 To shun ridiculous error, and the shame
 To kiss a husband that was not the same,
 Would down, and win enough faith from his sight.
 She silent sat, and her perplexéd plight 145
 Amaze encounter'd. Sometimes she stood clear
 He was her husband; sometimes the ill wear
 His person had put on transform'd him so
 That yet his stamp would hardly current go.

Her son, her strangeness seeing, blam'd her thus:
 "Mother, ungentle mother! tyrannous! 151

In this too-curious modesty you show.
 Why sit you from my father, nor bestow
 A word on me t' enquire and clear such doubt
 As may perplex you? Found man ever out 155

One other such a wife that could forbear
 Her lov'd lord's welcome home, when twenty year
 In infinite suff'rance he had spent apart.
No flint so hard is as a woman's heart."

"Son," said she, "amaze contains my mind, 160
 Nor can I speak and use the common kind
 Of those enquiries, nor sustain to see
 With opposite looks his count'nance. If this be
 My true Ulysses now return'd, there are
 Tokens betwixt us of more fitness far 165

To give me argument he is my lord;
 And my assurance of him may afford
 My proofs of joy for him from all these eyes
 With more decorum than objéct their guise
 To public notice." The much-suff'rer brake 170

In laughter out, and to his son said: "Take
 Your mother from the prease, that she may make
 Her own proofs of me, which perhaps may give
 More cause to the acknowledgments that drive
 Their show thus off. But now, because I go 175
 So poorly clad, she takes disdain to know
 So loath'd a creature for her lovéd lord.

Let us consult, then, how we may accord
 The town to our late action. Some one slain
 Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him fain 180
 To fly his friends and country; but our swords
 Have slain a city's most supportful lords,
 The chief peers of the kingdom, therefore see
 You use wise means t' uphold your victory."

"See you to that, good father," said the son, 185
 "Whose counsels have the sov'reign glory won
 From all men living. None will strive with you,
 But with unquestion'd girlands grace your brow,
 To whom our whole alacrities we vow
 In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leave 190
 Your onsets needy of supplies to give
 All the effects that in our powr's can fall."

"Then this," said he, "to me seems capital
 Of all choice courses: Bathe we first, and then
 Attire we freshly; all our maids and men 195
 Enjoining likewise to their best attire.

The sacred singer then let touch his lyre,
 And go before us all in graceful dance,
 That all without, to whose ears shall advance
 Our cheerful accents, or of travellers by, 200
 Or firm inhabitants, solemnity
 Of frolic nuptials may imagine here.

And this perform we, lest the massacre
 Of all our Wooers be divulg'd about
 The ample city, ere ourselves get out 205
 And greet my father in his grove of trees,
 Where, after, we will prove what policies
 Olympius shall suggest to overcome
 Our latest toils, and crown our welcome home."

This all obey'd; bath'd, put on fresh attire 210
 Both men and women did. Then took his lyre
 The holy singer, and set thirst on fire
 With songs and faultless dances; all the court
 Rung with the footings that the numerous sport
 From jocund men drew and fair-girdled dames; 215
 Which heard abroad, thus flew the common fames:

"This sure the day is when the much-woo'd Queen
 Is richly wed. O wretch! That hath not been
 So constant as to keep her ample house
 Till th' utmost hour had brought her foremost spouse."

Thus some conceiv'd, but little knew the thing. 221
 And now Eurynomé had bath'd the King,
 Smooth'd him with oils, and he himself attir'd
 In vestures royal. Her part then inspir'd
 The Goddess Pallas, deck'd his head and face 225
 With infinite beauties, gave a goodly grace
 Of stature to him, a much plumper plight
 Through all his body breath'd, curls soft and bright
 Adorn'd his head withal, and made it show
 As if the flow'ry hyacinth did grow 230
 In all his pride there, in the gen'ral trim
 Of ev'ry lock and ev'ry curious limb.
 Look how a skilful artizan, well-seen
 In all arts metalline, as having been

Taught by Minerva and the God of fire, 235
Doth gold with silver mix so that entire
They keep their self-distinction, and yet so
That to the silver from the gold doth flow
A much more artificial lustre than his own,
And thereby to the gold itself is grown 240
A greater glory than if wrought alone,
Both being stuck off by either's mixtion ;
So did Minerva her's and his combine,
He more in her, she more in him, did shine.
Like an Immortal from the bath he rose, 245
And to his wife did all his grace dispose,
Encount'ring this her strangeness : " Cruel dame
Of all that breathe, the Gods past steel and flame
Have made thee ruthless. Life retains not one
Of all dames else that bears so overgrown 250
A mind with abstinence, as twenty years
To miss her husband drown'd in woes and tears,
And at his coming keep aloof, and fare
As of his so long absence and his care
No sense had seiz'd her. Go, nurse, make a bed, 255
That I alone may sleep ; her heart is dead
To all reflection !" To him thus replied
The wise Penelope : " Man half-deified,
'Tis not my fashion to be taken straight
With bravest men, nor poorest use to sleight. 260
Your mean appearance made not me retire,
Nor this your rich show makes me now admire,
Nor moves at all ; for what is all to me
If not my husband ? All his certainty
I knew at parting ; but, so long apart, 265
The outward likeness holds no full desert

For me to trust to. Go, nurse, see adrest
 A soft bed for him, and the single rest
 Himself affects so. Let it be the bed
 That stands within our bridal chamber-sted, 270
 Which he himself made. Bring it forth from thence,
 And see it furnish'd with magnificence."

This said she to assay him, and did stir
 Ev'n his establish'd patience; and to her
 Whom thus he answer'd: "Woman! your words prove
 My patience strangely. Who is it can move 276
 My bed out of his place? It shall oppress
 Earth's greatest understander; and, unless
 Ev'n God himself come, that can eas'ly grace
 Men in their most skills, it shall hold his place; 280
 For man he lives not that (as not most skill'd,
 So not most young) shall easily make it yield,
 If, building on the strength in which he flows,
 He adds both levers too and iron crows:
 For in the fixture of the bed is shown 285
 A master-piece, a wonder; and 'twas done
 By me, and none but me, and thus was wrought:
 There was an olive-tree that had his grought
 Amidst a hedge, and was of shadow proud,
 Fresh, and the prime age of his verdure show'd, 290
 His leaves and arms so thick that to the eye
 It show'd a column for solidity.
 To this had I a comprehension
 To build my bridal bow'r; which all of stone,
 Thick as the tree of leaves, I rais'd, and cast 295
 A roof about it nothing meanly grac'd,

²⁸⁸ *Grought*—growth. So spelt for the rhyme's sake.

²⁸⁹ *Proud*—luxuriant.

Put glued doors to it, that op'd art enough.
 Then from the olive ev'ry broad-leav'd bough
 I lopp'd away ; then fell'd the tree ; and then
 Went over it both with my axe and plane, 300
 Both govern'd by my line. And then I hew'd
 My curious bedstead out ; in which I shew'd
 Work of no common hand. All this begun,
 I could not leave till to perfection
 My pains had brought it ; took my wimble, bor'd 305
 The holes, as fitted, and did last afford
 The varied ornament, which show'd no want
 Of silver, gold, and polish'd elephant.
 An ox-hide dyed in purple then I threw
 Above the cords. And thus to curious view 310
 I hope I have objected honest sign
 To prove I author nought that is not mine.
 But if my bed stand unremov'd or no,
 O woman, passeth human wit to know."
 This sunk her knees and heart, to hear so true 315
 The signs she urg'd ; and first did tears ensue
 Her rapt assurance ; then she ran and spread
 Her arms about his neck, kiss'd oft his head,
 And thus the curious stay she made excus'd :
 " Ulysses ! Be not angry that I us'd 320
 Such strange delays to this, since heretofore
 Your suff'ring wisdom hath the garland wore
 From all that breathe ; and 'tis the Gods that, thus
 With mutual miss so long afflicting us,
 Have caus'd my coyness ; to our youths envied 325
 That wish'd society that should have tied
 Our youths and years together ; and since now
 Judgment and Duty should our age allow

As full joys therein as in youth and blood,
 See all young anger and reproof withstood 330
 For not at first sight giving up my arms,
 My heart still trembling lest the false alarms
 That words oft strike-up should ridiculize me.
 Had Argive Helen known credulity
 Would bring such plagues with it, and her again, 335
 As authoress of them all, with that foul stain
 To her and to her country, she had stay'd
 Her love and mixture from a stranger's bed ;
 But God impell'd her to a shameless deed,
 Because she had not in herself decreed, 340
 Before th' attempt, that such acts still were shent
 As simply in themselves as in th' event.
 By which not only she herself sustains,
 But we, for her fault, have paid mutual pains.
 Yet now, since these signs of our certain bed 345
 You have discover'd, and distinguishéd
 From all earth's others, no one man but you
 Yet ever getting of it th' only show,
 Nor one of all dames but myself and she
 My father gave, old Actor's progeny, 350
 Who ever guarded to ourselves the door
 Of that thick-shaded chamber, I no more
 Will cross your clear persuasion, though till now
 I stood too doubtful and austere to you."
 These words of hers, so justifying her stay, 355
 Did more desire of joyful moan convey
 To his glad mind than if at instant sight

³⁴¹ *Shent*.—(Anglo-Sax.) To *shend* is to *reprove*, *scold*. Here, however, it would seem to be *disgraceful*, as in Spenser:—

“How may it be,” said then the knight half wroth,

“That knight should knighthood ever so have *shent*?”

She had allow'd him all his wishes' right.
 He wept for joy, t' enjoy a wife so fit
 For his grave mind, that knew his depth of wit, 360
 And held chaste virtue at a price so high.
 And as sad men at sea when shore is nigh,
 Which long their hearts have wish'd, their ship quite lost
 By Neptune's rigour, and they vex'd and tost
 'Twixt winds and black waves, swimming for their lives,
 A few escap'd, and that few that survives, 366
 All drench'd in foam and brine, crawl up to land,
 With joy as much as they did worlds command;
 So dear to this wife was her husband's sight,
 Who still embrac'd his neck, and had, till light 370
 Display'd her silver ensign, if the Dame,
 That bears the blue sky intermix'd with flame
 In her fair eyes, had not infix'd her thought
 On other joys, for loves so hardly brought
 To long'd-for meeting; who th' extended night 375
 Withheld in long date, nor would let the light
 Her wing-hoov'd horse join—Lampus, Phaeton—
 Those ever-colts that bring the morning on
 To worldly men, but, in her golden chair,
 Down to the ocean by her silver hair 380
 Bound her aspirings. Then Ulysses said:
 "O wife! Nor yet are my contentions stay'd.
 A most unmeasur'd labour long and hard
 Asks more performance; to it being prepar'd
 By grave Tiresiás, when down to hell 385
 I made dark passage, that his skill might tell
 My men's return and mine. But come, and now
 Enjoy the sweet rest that our Fates allow."

³⁷¹ Minerva.

“The place of rest is ready,” she replied,
 “Your will at full serve, since the Deified 390
 Have brought you where your right is to command.
 But since you know, God making understand
 Your searching mind, inform me what must be
 Your last set labour ; since ’twill fall to me,
 I hope, to hear it after, tell me now. 395
The greatest pleasure is before to know.”
 “Unhappy !” said Ulysses ; “To what end
 Importune you this labour ? It will lend
 Nor you nor me delight, but you shall know
 I was commanded yet more to bestow 400
 My years in travel, many cities more
 By sea to visit ; and when first for shore
 I left my shipping, I was will’d to take
 A naval oar in hand, and with it make
 My passage forth till such strange men I met 405
 As knew no sea, nor ever salt did eat
 With any victuals, who the purple beaks
 Of ships did never see, nor that which breaks
 The waves in curls, which is a fan-like oar,
 And serves as wings with which a ship doth soar. 410
 To let me know, then, when I was arriv’d
 On that strange earth where such a people liv’d,
 He gave me this for an unfailing sign :
 When any one that took that oar of mine,
 Borne on my shoulder, for a corn-cleanse fan, 415
 I met ashore, and show’d to be a man
 Of that land’s labour, there had I command
 To fix mine oar, and offer on that strand
 T’ imperial Neptune, whom I must implore,
 A lamb, a bull, and sow-ascending boar ; 420

And then turn home, where all the other Gods
 That in the broad heav'n made secure abodes
 I must solicit—all my curious heed
 Giv'n to the sev'ral rites they have decreed—
 With holy hecatombs ; and then, at home, 425
 A gentle death should seize me that would come
 From out the sea, and take me to his rest
 In full ripe age, about me living blest
 My loving people ; to which, he presag'd,
 The sequel of my fortunes were engag'd." 430

“ If then,” said she, “ the Gods will please t' impose
 A happier being to your fortune's close
 Than went before, your hope gives comfort strength
 That life shall lend you better days at length.”

While this discourse spent mutual speech, the bed
 Eurynomé and nurse had made, and spread 436
 With richest furniture, while torches spent
 Their parcel-gilt thereon. To bed then went
 The aged nurse ; and, where their sov'reigns were,
 Eurynomé, the chambermaid, did bear 440
 A torch, and went before them to their rest ;
 To which she left them and for her's addrest.
 The King and Queen then now, as newly-wed,
 Resum'd the old laws of th' embracing bed.

Telemachus and both his herdsmen then 445
 Dissolv'd the dances both to maids and men ;
 Who in their shady roofs took timely sleep.
 The bride and bridegroom having ceas'd to keep
 Observéd love-joys, from their fit delight

⁴³⁸ *Parcel-gilt*—the chequered light thrown by the torches.
 The term *parcel-gilt* for *party-gilt* is frequent in old inventories
 of plate, and is amply illustrated by the commentators on
 Shakespeare, 2 Henry IV. II. 1.

246 *THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK*

They turn'd to talk. The Queen then did recite 450
 What she had suffer'd by the hateful rout
 Of harmful Wooers, who had eat her out
 So many oxen and so many sheep,
 How many tun of wine their drinking deep
 Had quite exhausted. Great Ulysses then 455
 Whatever slaughters he had made of men,
 Whatever sorrows he himself sustain'd,
 Repeated amply ; and her ears remain'd
 With all delight attentive to their end,
 Nor would one wink sleep till he told her all, 460
 Beginning where he gave the Cicons fall ;
 From thence his pass to the Lotophagi ;
 The Cyclop's acts, the putting out his eye,
 And wreak of all the soldiers he had eat,
 No least ruth shown to all they could entreat ; 465
 His way to Æolus ; his prompt receipt
 And kind dismissal ; his enforc'd retreat
 By sudden tempest to the fishy main,
 And quite distraction from his course again ;
 His landing at the Læstrigonian port, 470
 Where ships and men in miserable sort
 Met all their spoils, his ship and he alone
 Got off from the abhorr'd confusión ;
 His pass to Circe, her deceits and arts ;
 His thence descension to th' Infernal parts ; 475
 His life's course of the Theban prophet learn'd,
 Where all the slaughter'd Grecians he discern'd,
 And lovéd mother ; his astonish'd ear
 With what the Sirens' voices made him hear ;
 His 'scape from th' erring rocks, which Scylla was, 480
 And rough Charybdis, with the dang'rous pass

Of all that touch'd there ; his Sicilian
 Offence giv'n to the Sun ; his ev'ry man
 Destroy'd by thunder vullied out of heav'n,
 That split his ship ; his own endeavours driv'n 485
 To shift for succours on th' Ogygian shore,
 Where Nymph Calypso such affection bore
 To him in his arrival, that with feast
 She kept him in her caves, and would have blest
 His welcome life with an immortal state 490
 Would he have stay'd and liv'd her nuptial mate,
 All which she never could persuade him to ;
 His pass to the Phæacians spent in woe ;
 Their hearty welcome of him, as he were
 A God descended from the starry sphere ; 495
 Their kind dismissal of him home with gold,
 Brass, garments, all things his occasions would.

This last word us'd, sleep seiz'd his weary eye
 That salves all care to all mortality.

In mean space Pallas entertain'd intent 500
 That when Ulysses thought enough time spent
 In love-joys with his wife, to raise the day,
 And make his grave occasions call away.
 The morning rose and he, when thus he said :
 " O Queen, now satiate with afflictions laid 505
 On both our bosoms,—you oppresséd here
 With cares for my return, I ev'rywhere
 By Jove and all the other Deities tost
 Ev'n till all hope of my return was lost,—
 And both arriv'd at this sweet haven, our bed, 510
 Be your care us'd to see administ'red
 My house-possession left. Those sheep, that were
 Consum'd in surfeits by your Wooers here,

I'll forage to supply with some ; and more
 The suff'ring Grecians shall be made restore, 515
 Ev'n till our stalls receive their wonted fill.

“ And now, to comfort my good father's ill
 Long suffer'd for me, to the many-tree'd
 And ample vineyard grounds it is decreed
 In my next care that I must haste and see 520
 His long'd-for presence. In the mean time, be
 Your wisdom us'd, that since, the sun ascended,
 The fame will soon be through the town extended
 Of those I here have slain, yourself, got close
 Up to your chamber, see you there repose, 525
 Cheer'd with your women, and nor look afford
 Without your court, nor any man a word.”

This said, he arm'd ; to arms both son and swain
 His pow'r commanding, who did entertain
 His charge with spirit, op'd the gates and out, 530
 He leading all. And now was hurl'd about
 Aurora's ruddy fire ; through all whose light
 Minerva led them through the town from sight.



THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

By Mercury the Wooers' souls
Are usher'd to th' infernal pools.
Ulysses with Laertes met,
The people are in uproar set
Against them, for the Wooers' ends ;
Whom Pallas stays and renders friends.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ω. The uproar's fire,
The people's fall :
The grandsire, sire,
And son, to all.



CYLLENIAN Hermes, with his golden rod,
The Wooers' souls, that yet retain'd abode
Amidst their bodies, call'd in dreadful rout
Forth to th' Infernals ; who came mur-
muring out.

And as amidst the desolate retreat 5
Of some vast cavern, made the sacred seat
Of austere spirits, bats with breasts and wings
Clasp fast the walls, and each to other clings,
But, swept off from their coverts, up they rise
And fly with murmurs in amaze-ful guise 10

250 THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

About the cavern ; so these, grumbling, rose
 And flock'd together. Down before them goes
 None-hurting Mercury to Hell's broad ways,
 And straight to those straits, where the ocean stays
 His lofty current in calm deeps, they flew. 15
 Then to the snowy rock they next withdrew,
 And to the close of Phœbus' orient gates.
 The nation then of dreams, and then the states
 Of those souls' idols that the weary dead
 Gave up in earth, which in a flow'ry mead 20
 Had habitable situation.
 And there they saw the soul of Thetis' son,
 Of good Patroclus, brave Antilochus,
 And Ajax, the supremely strenuous
 Of all the Greek host next Pelëion ; 25
 All which assembled about Maia's son.
 And to them, after, came the mournful ghost
 Of Agamemnon, with all those he lost
 In false Ægisthus' court. Achilles then
 Beholding there that mighty king of men, 30
 Deplor'd his plight, and said : " O Atreus' son !
 Of all heroës, all opinion
 Gave thee for Jove's most lov'd, since most command
 Of all the Greeks he gave thy eminent hand
 At siege of Ilium, where we suffer'd so. 35
 And is the issue this, that first in woe
 Stern Fate did therefore set thy sequel down?
None borne past others' Fates can pass his own.
 I wish to heav'n that in the height of all
 Our pomp at Ilium Fate had sign'd thy fall, 40
 That all the Greeks might have advanc'd to thee
 A famous sepulchre, and Fame might see

Thy son giv'n honour in thy honour'd end !
 But now a wretched death did Fate extend
 To thy confusion and thy issue's shame." 45

“ O Thetis' son,” said he, “ the vital flame
 Extinct at Ilion, far from th' Argive fields,
 The style of Blessed to thy virtue yields.
 About thy fall the best of Greece and Troy
 Were sacrific'd to slaughter. Thy just joy 50
 Conceiv'd in battle with some worth forgot
 In such a death as great Apollo shot

At thy encounters. Thy brave person lay
 Hid in a dusty whirlwind, that made way
 With human breaths spent in thy ruin's state. 55

Thou, great, wert greatly valued in thy fate.
 All day we fought about thee ; nor at all
 Had ceas'd our conflict, had not Jove let fall
 A storm that forc'd off our unwilling feet.

But, having brought thee from the fight to fleet, 60
 Thy glorious person, bath'd and balm'd, we laid
 Aloft a bed ; and round about thee paid
 The Greeks warm tears to thy deplor'd decease,
 Quite daunted, cutting all their curls' increase.

Thy death drave a divine voice through the seas 65
 That started up thy mother from the waves ;
 And all the marine Godheads left their caves,
 Consorting to our fleet her rapt repair.

The Greeks stood frighted to see sea and air
 And earth combine so in thy loss's sense, 70
 Had taken ship and fled for ever thence,
 If old much-knowing-Nestor had not stay'd
 Their rushing off ; his counsels having sway'd
 In all times former with such cause their courses ;

Who bade contain themselves, and trust their forces, 75
 For all they saw was Thetis come from sea,
 With others of the wat'ry progeny,
 To see and mourn for her deceased son.
 Which stay'd the fears that all to flight had won ;
 And round about thee stood th' old sea-God's Seeds 80
 Wretchedly mourning, their immortal weeds
 Spreading upon thee. All the sacred Nine
 Of deathless Muses paid thee dues divine,
 By varied turns their heav'nly voices venting,
 All in deep passion for thy death consenting. 85
 And then of all our army not an eye
 You could have seen undrown'd in misery,
 The moving Muse so rul'd in ev'ry mind.
 Full seventeen days and nights our tears confin'd
 To celebration of thy mourn'd end ; 90
 Both men and Gods did in thy moan contend.
 The eighteenth day we spent about thy heap
 Of dying fire. Black oxen, fattest sheep
 We slew past number. Then the precious spoil,
 Thy corse, we took up, which with floods of oil 95
 And pleasant honey we embalm'd ; and then
 Wrapp'd thee in those robes that the Gods did rain.
 In which we gave thee to the hallow'd flame ;
 To which a number of heroical name,
 All arm'd, came rushing-in in desp'rate plight, 100
 As prest to sacrifice their vital right
 To thy dead ruins while so bright they burn'd.
 Both foot and horse brake in, and fought and mourn'd
 In infinite tumult. But when all the night
 The rich flame lasted, and that wasted quite 105
 Thy body was with the enamour'd fire,

We came in early morn, and an entire
 Collection made of ev'ry ivory bone ;
 Which wash'd in wine, and giv'n fit uncti^on,
 A two-ear'd bowl of gold thy mother gave, 110
 By Bacchus giv'n her and did form receive
 From Vulcan's famous hand, which, O renown'd
 Great Thetis' son, with thy fair bones we crown'd
 Mix'd with the bones of Menœtiades
 And brave Antilochus ; who, in decease 115
 Of thy Patroclus, was thy favour's dear.
 About thee then a matchless sepulchre
 The sacred host of the Achaians rais'd
 Upon the Hellespont, where most it seiz'd,
 For height and conspicuity, the eyes 120
 Of living men and their posterities.
 Thy mother then obtain'd the Gods' consent
 To institute an honour'd game, that spent
 The best approvement of our Grecian fames.
 In whose praise I must say that many games 125
 About heroës' sepulchres mine eyes
 Have seen perform'd, but these bore off the prize
 With miracles to me from all before.
 In which thy silver-footed mother bore
 The institution's name, but thy deserts, 130
 Being great with heav'n, caus'd all the eminent parts.
 And thus, through all the worst effects of Fate
 Achilles' fame ev'n Death shall propagate.
 While any one shall lend the light an eye
 Divine Æacides shall never die. 135
 But wherein can these comforts be conceiv'd
 As rights to me ? When, having quite achiev'd

¹¹⁴ Patroclus.

254 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK*

An end with safety, and with conquest, too,
 Of so unmatch'd a war, what none could do
 Of all our enemies there, at home a friend 140
 And wife have given me inglorious end?"

While these thus spake, the Argus-killing spy
 Brought-near Ulysses' noble victory
 To their renew'd discourse, in all the ends
 The Wooers suffer'd, and show'd those his friends; 145
 Whom now amaze invaded with the view
 And made give back; yet Agamemnon knew
 Melanthius' heir, much-fam'd Amphimedon,
 Who had in Ithaca guest-favours shown
 To great Atrides; who first spake, and said: 150

“ Amphimedon! What suff'rance hath been laid
 On your alive parts that hath made you make
 This land of darkness the retreat you take,
 So all together, all being like in years,
 Nor would a man have choos'd, of all the peers 155
 A city honours, men to make a part
 More strong for any object? Hath your smart
 Been felt from Neptune, being at sea—his wrath
 The winds and waves exciting to your scathe?
 Or have offensive men impos'd this fate— 160
 Your oxen driving, or your flock's estate?
 Or for your city fighting and your wives,
 Have deaths untimely seiz'd your best-tim'd lives?
 Inform me truly. I was once your guest,
 When I and Menelaus had profest 165
 First arms for Ilion, and were come ashore
 On Ithaca, with purpose to implore
 Ulysses' aid, that city-racing man,
 In wreak of the adult'rous Phrygian.

Retain not you the time? A whole month's date 170
 We spent at sea, in hope to instigate
 In our arrival old Laertes' son,
 Whom, hardly yet, to our design we won."
 The soul made answer: "Worthiest king of men,
 I well remember ev'ry passage then 175
 You now reduce to thought, and will relate
 The truth in whole form of our timeless fate:
 "We woo'd the wife of that long-absent king,
 Who (though her second marriage were a thing
 Of most hate to her) she would yet deny 180
 At no part our affections, nor comply
 With any in performance, but decreed,
 In her delays, the cruel Fates we feed.
 Her craft was this: She undertook to weave
 A funeral garment destin'd to receive 185
 The corse of old Laertes; being a task
 Of infinite labour, and which time would ask.
 In midst of whose attempt she caus'd our stay
 With this attraction: 'Youths, that come in way
 Of honour'd nuptials to me, though my lord 190
 Abide amongst the dead, yet cease to board
 My choice for present nuptials, and sustain,
 Lest what is past me of this web be vain,
 Till all receive perfection. 'Tis a weed
 Dispos'd to wrap in at his funeral need 195
 The old Laertes; who, possessing much,
 Would, in his want of rites as fitting, touch
 My honour highly with each vulgar dame.'
 Thus spake she, and persuaded; and her frame
 All-day she labour'd, her day's work not small, 200
 But ev'ry night-time she unwrought it all.

¹⁹¹ *Board*.—See Bk. xv. 500.

Three years continuing this imperfect task ;
 But when the fourth year came her sleights could mask
 In no more covert, since her trusted maid
 Her whole deceit to our true note betray'd. 205
 With which surpriz'd, she could no more protract
 Her work's perfection, but gave end exact
 To what remain'd, wash'd-up, and set thereon
 A gloss so bright that like the sun and moon
 The whole work show'd together. And when now 210
 Of mere necessity her honour'd vow
 She must make good to us, ill-fortune brought
 Ulysses home, who yet gave none one thought
 Of his arrival, but far-off at-field
 Liv'd with his herdsman, nor his trust would yield 215
 Note of his person, but liv'd there as guest,
 Ragg'd as a beggar in that life profest.
 At length Telemachus left Pylos' sand,
 And with a ship fetch'd soon his native land,
 When yet not home he went, but laid his way 220
 Up to his herdsman where his father lay ;
 And where both laid our deaths. To town then bore
 The swine-herd and his King, the swain before.
 Telemachus in other ways bestow'd
 His course home first, t' associate us that woo'd. 225
 The swain the King led after, who came on
 Raggéd and wretched, and still lean'd upon
 A borrow'd staff. At length he reach'd his home,
 Where (on the sudden and so wretched come)
 Nor we nor much our elders once did dream 230
 Of his return there, but did wrongs extreme
 Of words and blows to him ; all which he bore
 With that old patience he had learn'd before.

But when the mind of Jove had rais'd his own,
 His son and he fetch'd all their armour down, 235
 Fast-lock'd the doors, and, to prepare their use,
 He will'd his wife, for first mean, to produce
 His bow to us to draw ; of which no one
 Could stir the string ; himself yet set upon
 The deadly strength it held, drew all with ease, 240
 Shot through the steels, and then began to seize
 Our armless bosoms ; striking first the breast
 Of king Antinous, and then the rest
 In heaps turn'd over ; hopeful of his end
 Because some God, he knew, stood firm his friend. 245
 Nor prov'd it worse with him, but all in flood
 The pavement straight blush'd with our vital blood.
 And thus our souls came here ; our bodies laid
 Neglected in his roofs, no word convey'd
 To any friend to take us home and give 250
 Our wounds fit balming, nor let such as live
 Entomb our deaths, and for our fortunes shed
 Those tears and dead-rites that renown the dead."

Atrides' ghost gave answer : " O bless'd son
 Of old Laertes, thou at length hast won 255
 With mighty virtue thy unmatched wife.
 How good a knowledge, how untouch'd a life,
 Hath wise Penelope ! How well she laid
 Her husband's rights up, whom she lov'd a maid !
 For which her virtues shall extend applause 260
 Beyond the circles frail mortality draws ;
 The deathless in this vale of death comprising
 Her praise in numbers into infinites rising.
 The daughter Tyndarus begat begot
 No such chaste thoughts, but cut the virgin knot 265

That knit her spouse and her with murd'rous swords.
 For which posterities shall put hateful words
 To notes of her that all her sex defam'd,
 And for her ill shall ev'n the good be blam'd."

To this effect these these digressions made 270
 In hell, earth's dark and ever-hiding shade.

Ulysses and his son, now past the town,
 Soon reach'd the field elaborately grown
 By old Laertes' labour, when, with cares
 For his lost son, he left all court affairs, 275

And took to this rude upland ; which with toil
 He made a sweet and habitable soil ;
 Where stood a house to him ; about which ran,
 In turnings thick and labyrinthian,
 Poor hovels, where his necessary men 280
 That did those works (of pleasure to him then)
 Might sit, and eat, and sleep. In his own house
 An old Sicilian dame liv'd, studious
 To serve his sour age with her cheerful pains.

Then said Ulysses to his son and swains : 285
 " Go you to town, and for your dinner kill
 The best swine ye can choose ; myself will still
 Stay with my father, and assay his eye
 If my acknowledg'd truth it can descry,
 Or that my long time's travel doth so change 290
 My sight to him that I appear as strange."

Thus gave he arms to them, and home they hied.
 Ulysses to the fruitful field applied
 His present place ; nor found he Dolius there,
 His sons, or any servant, anywhere 295
 In all that spacious ground ; all gone from thence
 Were dragging bushes to repair a fence,

Old Dolius leading all. Ulysses found
 His father far above in that fair ground,
 Employ'd in proining of a plant ; his weeds 300
 All torn and tatter'd, fit for homely deeds,
 But not for him. Upon his legs he wore
 Patch'd boots to guard him from the bramble's gore ;
 His hands had thorn-proof hedging mittens on ;
 His head a goat-skin casque ; through all which shone
 His heart giv'n over to abjectest moan. 306

Him when Ulysses saw consum'd with age,
 And all the ensigns on him that the rage
 Of grief presented, he brake out in tears ;
 And, taking stand then where a tree of pears 310
 Shot high his forehead over him, his mind
 Had much contention, if to yield to kind,
 Make straight way to his father, kiss, embrace,
 Tell his return, and put on all the face
 And fashion of his instant-told return ; 315
 Or stay th' impulsion, and the long day burn
 Of his quite loss giv'n in his father's fear
 A little longer, trying first his cheer
 With some free dalliance, th' earnest being so near.

This course his choice preferr'd, and forth he went.
 His father then his aged shoulders bent 321
 Beneath what years had stoop'd, about a tree
 Busily digging : " O, old man," said he,
 " You want no skill to dress and deck your ground,
 For all your plants doth order'd distance bound. 325
 No apple, pear, or olive, fig, or vine,
 Nor any plat or quarter you confine
 To grass or flow'rs stands empty of your care,
 Which shows exact in each peculiar ;

And yet (which let not move you) you bestow 330
 No care upon yourself, though to this show
 Of outward irksomeness to what you are
 You labour with an inward froward care,
 Which is your age, that should wear all without
 More neat and cherishing. I make no doubt 335
 That any sloth you use procures your lord
 To let an old man go so much abhorr'd
 In all his weeds ; nor shines there in your look
 A fashion and a goodliness so took
 With abject qualities to merit this 340
 Nasty entreaty. Your resemblance is
 A very king's, and shines through this retreat.
 You look like one that having wash'd and eat
 Should sleep securely, lying sweet and neat.
It is the ground of age, when cares abuse it, 345
To know life's end, and, as 'tis sweet, so use it.
 " But utter truth, and tell what lord is he
 That rates your labour and your liberty ?
 Whose orchard is it that you husband thus ?
 Or quit me this doubt, for if Ithacus 350
 This kingdom claims for his, the man I found
 At first arrival here is hardly sound
 Of brain or civil, not enduring stay
 To tell nor hear me my inquiry out
 Of that my friend, if still he bore about 355
 His life and being, or were div'd to death,
 And in the house of him that harboureth
 The souls of men. For once he liv'd my guest ;
 My land and house retaining interest
 In his abode there ; where there sojourn'd none 360
 As guest from any foreign region

Of more price with me. He deriv'd his race
 From Ithaca, and said his father was
 Laertes, surnam'd Arcesiades.
 I had him home, and all the offices 365
 Perform'd to him that fitted any friend,
 Whose proof I did to wealthy gifts extend :
 Seven talents gold ; a bowl all-silver, set
 With pots of flowers ; twelve robes that had no pleat ;
 Twelve cloaks, or mantles, of delicious dye ; 370
 Twelve inner weeds ; twelve suits of tapestry.
 I gave him likewise women skill'd in use
 Of loom and needle, freeing him to choose
 Four the most fair." His father, weeping, said :
 " Stranger ! The earth to which you are convey'd
 Is Ithaca ; by such rude men possess'd, 376
 Unjust and insolent, as first address'd
 To your encounter ; but the gifts you gave
 Were giv'n, alas ! to the ungrateful grave.
 If with his people, where you now arrive, 380
 Your fate had been to find your friend alive,
 You should have found like guest-rites from his hand,
 Like gifts, and kind pass to your wish'd land.
 But how long since receiv'd you for your guest
 Your friend, my son, who was th' unhappiest 385
 Of all men breathing, if he were at all ?
 O born when Fates and ill-aspects let fall
 A cruel influence for him ! Far away
 From friends and country destin'd to allay
 The sea-bred appetites, or, left ashore, 390
 To be by fowls and upland monsters tore,
 His life's kind authors nor his wealthy wife
 Bemoaning, as behov'd, his parted life,

262 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK*

Nor closing, as in honour's course it lies
 To all men dead, in bed his dying eyes. 395
 But give me knowledge of your name and race.
 What city bred you? Where the anchoring-place
 Your ship now rides-at lies that shor'd you here
 And where your men? Or, if a passenger
 In other keels you came, who (giving land 400
 To your adventures here, some other strand
 To fetch in further course) have left to us
 Your welcome presence?" His reply was thus:
 " I am of Alybandé, where I hold
 My name's chief house, to much renown extoll'd. 405
 My father Aphidantes, fam'd to spring
 From Polypemon, the Molossian king.
 My name Eperitus. My taking land
 On this fair isle was rul'd by the command
 Of God or fortune, quite against consent 410
 Of my free purpose, that in course was bent
 For th' isle Sicania. My ship is held
 Far from the city, near an ample field.
 And for Ulysses, since his pass from me
 'Tis now five years. Unbless'd by destiny, 415
 That all this time hath had the fate to err!
 Though, at his parting, good birds did augur
 His putting-off, and on his right hand flew,
 Which to his passage my affection drew,
 His spirit joyful; and my hope was now 420
 To guest with him, and see his hand bestow
 Rites of our friendship." This a cloud of grief
 Cast over all the forces of his life.
 With both his hands the burning dust he swept
 Up from the earth, which on his head he heapt, 425

And fetch'd a sigh as in it life were broke.
 Which grieved his son, and gave so smart a stroke
 Upon his nostrils with the inward stripe,
 That up the vein rose there ; and weeping ripe
 He was to see his sire feel such woe 430
 For his dissembled joy ; which now let go,
 He sprung from earth, embrac'd and kiss'd his sire,
 And said : " O father ! He of whom y' enquire
 Am I myself, that, from you twenty years,
 Is now return'd. But do not break in tears, 435
 For now we must not forms of kind maintain,
 But haste and guard the substance. I have slain
 All my wife's Wooers, so revenging now
 Their wrong so long time suffer'd. Take not you
 The comfort of my coming then to heart 440
 At this glad instant, but, in prov'd desert
 Of your grave judgment, give moan glad suspense,
 And on the sudden put this consequence
 In act as absolute, as all time went
 To ripening of your resolute assent." 445
 All this haste made not his staid faith so free
 To trust his words ; who said : " If you are he,
 Approve it by some sign." " This scar then see,"
 Replied Ulysses, " giv'n me by the boar
 Slain in Parnassus, I being sent before 450
 By your's and by my honour'd mother's will,
 To see your sire Autolycus fulfill
 The gifts he vow'd at giving of my name.
 I'll tell you, too, the trees, in goodly frame
 Of this fair orchard, that I ask'd of you 455
 Being yet a child, and follow'd for your show
 And name of ev'ry tree. You gave me then

Of fig-trees forty, apple-bearers ten,
 Pear-trees thirteen, and fifty ranks of vine ;
 Each one of which a season did confine 460
 For his best eating. Not a grape did grow
 That grew not there, and had his heavy brow
 When Jove's fair daughters, the all-ripening Hours,
 Gave timely date to it." This charg'd the pow'rs
 Both of his knees and heart with such impression 465
 Of sudden comfort, that it gave possession
 Of all to Trance, the signs were all so true,
 And did the love that gave them so renew.
 He cast his arms about his son and sunk,
 The circle slipping to his feet ; so shrunk 470
 Were all his age's forces with the fire
 Of his young love rekindled. The old sire
 The son took up quite lifeless. But his breath
 Again respiring, and his soul from death
 His body's pow'r recov'ring, out he cried, 475
 And said : " O Jupiter ! I now have tried
 That still there live in heav'n rememb'ring Gods
 Of men that serve them ; though the periods
 They set on their appearances are long
 In best men's suff'rings, yet as sure as strong 480
 They are in comforts, be their strange delays
 Extended never so from days to days.
 Yet see the short joys or the soon-mix'd fears
 Of helps withheld by them so many years !
 For if the Wooers now have paid the pain 485
 Due to their impious pleasures, now again
 Extreme fear takes me, lest we straight shall see
 The Ithacensians here in mutiny,
 Their messengers dispatch'd to win to friend

The Cephallenian cities." "Do not spend 490
 Your thoughts on these cares," said his suff'ring son,
 "But be of comfort, and see that course run
 That best may shun the worst. Our house is near,
 Telemachus and both his herdsmen there
 To dress our supper with their utmost haste ; 495
 And thither haste we." This said, forth they past,
 Came home, and found Telemachus at feast
 With both his swains ; while who had done, all drest
 With baths and balms and royally array'd
 The old king was by his Sicilian maid. 500
 By whose side Pallas stood, his crook'd-age straight'ning,
 His flesh more plumping, and his looks enlight'ning.
 Who issuing then to view, his son admir'd
 The Gods' aspects into his form inspir'd,
 And said : "O father, certainly some God 505
 By your addression in this state hath stood,
 More great, more rev'rend, rend'ring you by far
 At all your parts than of yourself you are !"
 "I would to Jove," said he, "the Sun, and She
 That bears Jove's shield, the state had stood with me
 That help'd me take-in the well-builded tow'rs 511
 Of strong Nericus (the Cephalian pow'rs
 To that fair city leading) two days past,
 While with the Wooers thy conflict did last,
 And I had then been in the Wooers' wreak ! 515
 I should have help'd thee so to render weak
 Their stubborn knees, that in thy joy's desert
 Thy breast had been too little for thy heart."
 This said, and supper order'd by their men,
 They sat to it ; old Dolius ent'ring then, 520
 And with him, tried with labour, his sons came,

Call'd by their mother, the Sicilian dame
 That brought them up and dress'd their father's fare,
 As whose age grew, with it increas'd her care
 To see him serv'd as fitted. When thus set 525
 These men beheld Ulysses there at meat,
 They knew him, and astonish'd in the place
 Stood at his presence ; who, with words of grace,
 Call'd to old Dolius, saying : " Come and eat,
 And banish all astonishment. Your meat 530
 Hath long been ready, and ourselves made stay,
 Expecting ever when your wish'd way
 Would reach amongst us." This brought fiercely on
 Old Dolius from his stand ; who ran upon,
 With both his arms abroad, the King, and kiss'd 535
 Of both his rapt up hands the either wrist,
 Thus welcoming his presence : " O my love,
 Your presence here, for which all wishes strove,
 No one expected. Ev'n the Gods have gone
 In guide before you to your mansion. 540
 Welcome, and all joys to your heart contend.
 Knows yet Penelope ? Or shall we send
 Some one to tell her this ?" " She knows," said he,
 " What need these troubles, father, touch at thee ?"
 Then came the sons of Dolius, and again 545
 Went over with their father's entertain,
 Welcom'd, shook hands, and then to feast sat down.
 About which while they sat, about the town
 Fame flew, and shriek'd about the cruel death
 And fate the Wooers had sustain'd beneath 550
 Ulysses' roofs. All heard ; together all
 From hence and thence met in Ulysses' hall,
 Short-breath'd and noiseful, bore out all the dead

To instant burial, while their deaths were spread
 To other neighbour cities where they liv'd, 555
 From whence in swiftest fisher-boats arriv'd
 Men to transfer them home. In mean space here
 The heavy nobles all in council were ;
 Where, met in much heap, up to all arose
 Extremely-griev'd Eupitheus so to lose 560
 His son Antinous, who, first of all,
 By great Ulysses' hand had slaught'rous fall.
 Whose father, weeping for him, said : " O friends,
 This man hath author'd works of dismal ends,
 Long since conveying in his guide to Troy 565
 Good men, and many that did ships employ,
 All which are lost, and all their soldiers dead ;
 And now the best men Cephallenia bred
 His hand hath slaughter'd. Go we then (before
 His 'scape to Pylos, or the Elians' shore, 570
 Where rule the Epeans) 'gainst his horrid hand ;
 For we shall grieve, and infamy will brand
 Our fames for ever, if we see our sons
 And brothers end in these confusions,
 Revenge left uninflicted. Nor will I 575
 Enjoy one day's life more, but grieve and die
 With instant onset. Nor should you survive
 To keep a base and beastly name alive.
 Haste, then, lest flight prevent us." This with tears
 His griefs advis'd, and made all sufferers 580
 In his affliction. But by this was come
 Up to the council from Ulysses' home—
 When sleep had left them, which the slaughters there
 And their self-dangers from their eyes in fear

⁵⁵⁸ *Heavy*—i. e. sorrowing.

Had two nights intercepted—those two men 585
 That just Ulysses sav'd out of the slain,
 Which Medon and the sacred singer were.
 These stood amidst the council; and the fear
 The slaughter had impress'd in either's look
 Stuck still so ghastly, that amaze it strook 590
 Through ev'ry there beholder. To whose ears
 One thus enforc'd, in his fright, cause of theirs :
 “ Attend me, Ithacensians ! This stern fact
 Done by Ulysses was not put in act
 Without the Gods' assistance. These self eyes 595
 Saw one of the immortal Deities
 Close by Ulysses, Mentor's form put on
 At ev'ry part. And this sure Deity shone
 Now near Ulysses, setting on his bold
 And slaught'rous spirit, now the points controll'd 600
 Of all the Wooers' weapons, round about
 The arm'd house whisking, in continual rout
 Their party putting, till in heaps they fell.”
 This news new fears did through their spirits impell,
 When Halitherses (honour'd Mastor's son, 605
 Who of them all saw only what was done
 Present and future) the much-knowing man
 And aged heroë this plain course ran
 Amongst their counsels : “ Give me likewise ear,
 And let me tell ye, friends, that these ills bear 610
 On your malignant spleens their sad effects,
 Who not what I persuaded gave respects,
 Nor what the people's pastor, Mentor, said,—
 That you should see your issues' follies stay'd
 In those foul courses, by their petulant life 615
 The goods devouring, scandalling the wife

Of no mean person, who, they still would say,
 Could never more see his returning-day.
 Which yet appearing now, now give it trust,
 And yield to my free counsels: Do not thrust 620
 Your own safe persons on the acts your sons
 So dearly bought, lest their confusions
 On your lov'd heads your like addictions draw."

This stood so far from force of any law
 To curb their loose attempts, that much the more 625
 They rush'd to wreak, and made rude tumult roar.
 The greater part of all the court arose ;
 Good counsel could not ill designs dispose.
 Eupitheus was persuader of the course,
 Which, complete-arm'd, they put in present force ; 630
 The rest sat still in council. These men met
 Before the broad town, in a place they set
 All girt in arms ; Eupitheus choosing chief
 To all their follies, who put grief to grief,
 And in his slaughter'd son's revenge did burn. 635
 But Fate gave never feet to his return,
 Ordaining there his death. Then Pallas spake
 To Jove, her Father, with intent to make
 His will high arbiter of th' act design'd,
 And ask'd of him what his unsearchéd mind 640
 Held undiscover'd ? If with arms, and ill,
 And grave encounter he would first fulfill
 His sacred purpose, or both parts combine
 In peaceful friendship ? He ask'd : " Why incline
 These doubts thy counsels ? Hast not thou decreed 645
 That Ithacus should come and give his deed
 The glory of revenge on these and theirs ?
 Perform thy will ; the frame of these affairs

Have this fit issue : When Ulysses' hand
 Hath reach'd full wreak, his then renown'd command
 Shall reign for ever, faithful truces strook 651
 'Twixt him and all ; for ev'ry man shall brook
 His sons' and brothers' slaughters ; by our mean
 To send Oblivion in, expunging clean
 The character of enmity in them all, 655
 As in best leagues before. *Peace, festival,*
And riches in abundance, be the state
That crowns the close of wise Ulysses' Fate."
 This spurr'd the free, who from heav'n's continent
 To th' Ithacensian isle made straight descent. 660
 Where, dinner past, Ulysses said : " Some one
 Look out to see their nearness." Dolius' son
 Made present speed abroad, and saw them nigh,
 Ran back, and told, bade arm ; and instantly
 Were all in arms. Ulysses' part was four, 665
 And six more sons of Dolius ; all his pow'r
 Two only more, which were his aged sire
 And like-year'd Dolius, whose lives'-slak'd fire
 All-white had left their heads, yet, driv'n by need,
 Made soldiers both of necessary deed. 670
 And now, all-girt in arms, the ports set wide,
 They sallied forth, Ulysses being their guide ;
 And to them in the instant Pallas came,
 In form and voice like Mentor, who a flame
 Inspir'd of comfort in Ulysses' heart 675
 With her seen presence. To his son, apart,
 He thus then spake : " Now, son, your eyes shall see,
 Expos'd in slaught'rous fight, the enemy,
 Against whom who shall best serve will be seen.
 Disgrace not then your race, that yet hath been 680

For force and fortitude the foremost tried
 Of all earth's offsprings." His true son replied :
 " Yourself shall see, lov'd father, if you please,
 That my deservings shall in nought digress
 From best fame of our race's foremost merit." 685

The old king sprung for joy to hear his spirit,
 And said : " O lov'd Immortals, what a day
 Do your clear bounties to my life display !

I joy, past measure, to behold my son
 And nephew close in such contention 690

Of virtues martial." Pallas, standing near,
 Said : " O my friend ! Of all supremely dear,
 Seed of Arceus, pray to Jove and Her
 That rules in arms, his daughter, and a dart,
 Spritefully brandish'd, hurl at th' adverse part." 695

This said, he pray'd ; and she a mighty force
 Inspir'd within him, who gave instant course
 To his brave-brandish'd lance, which struck the brass
 That cheek'd Eupitheus' casque, and thrust his pass
 Quite through his head ; who fell, and sounded falling,
 His arms the sound again from earth recalling. 701

Ulysses and his son rush'd on before,
 And with their both-way-headed darts did gore
 Their enemies' breasts so thick, that all had gone
 The way of slaughter, had not Pallas thrown 705

Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay
 And spare expense of blood. Her voice did fray
 The blood so from their faces that it left
 A greenish paleness ; all their hands it reft
 Of all their weapons, falling thence to earth ; 710
 And to the common mother of their birth,

⁶⁹⁰ *Nephew*—grandson ; like the Latin *nepos*.

272 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.*

The city, all fled, in desire to save
The lives yet left them. Then Ulysses gave
A horrid shout, and like Jove's eagle flew
In fiery púrsuit, till Saturnius threw 715
His smoking lightning 'twixt them, that had fall
Before Minerva, who then out did call
Thus to Ulysses : " Born of Jove ! Abstain
From further bloodshed. Jove's hand in the slain
Hath equall'd in their pains their prides to thee. 720
Abstain, then, lest you move the Deity."

Again then, 'twixt both parts the Seed of Jove,
Athenian Pallas, of all future love
A league compos'd, and for her form took choice
Of Mentor's likeness both in limb and voice. 725

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH AND LAST BOOK
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.



*O wrought divine Ulysses through his woes,
So crown'd the light with him his
mother's throes,
As through his great Renowner I have
wrought,*

*And my safe sail to sacred anchor brought.
Nor did the Argive ship more burthen feel, 5
That bore the care of all men in her keel,
That my adventurous bark ; the Colchian fleece
Not half so precious as this Soul of Greece,
In whose Songs I have made our shores rejoice,
And Greek itself vail to our English voice. 10
Yet this inestimable Pearl will all
Our dunghill chanticleers but obvious call ;
Each modern scraper this Gem scratching by,
His oüt preferring far. Let such let lie.
So scorn the stars the clouds, as true-soul'd men 15
Despise deceivers. For, as clouds would fain
Obscure the stars, yet (regions left below
With all their envies) bar them but of show,
For they shine ever, and will shine, when they
Dissolve in sinks, make mire, and temper clay ; 20
So puff'd impostors (our muse-vapours) strive,
With their self-blown additions, to deprive*

¹⁰ *Vail*—lower, submit, used as a token of inferiority.

Men solid of their full, though infinite short
They come in their compare, and false report
Of levelling or touching at their light, 25
That still retain their radiance, and clear right,
And shall shine ever, when, alas ! one blast
Of least disgrace tears down th' impostor's mast,
His tops and tacklings, his whole freight, and he
Confiscate to the fishy monarchy, 30
His trash, by foolish Fame brought now, from hence
Given to serve mackarel forth, and frankincense.
Such then, and any too soft-eyed to see,
Through works so solid, any worth, so free
Of all the learn'd professions, as is fit 35
To praise at such price, let him think his wit
Too weak to rate it, rather than oppose
With his poor pow'rs Ages and Hosts of Foes.



TO THE RUINS OF TROY AND
 GREECE.

Troy rac'd, Greece wrack'd, who mourns? Ye both may
boast,
Else th' Iliads and Odysseys had been lost !



AD DEUM.



*HE Only True God (betwixt Whom and me
 I only bound my comfort, and agree
 With all my actions) only truly knows,
 And can judge truly, me, with all that goes
 To all my faculties. In Whose free Grace 5
 And Inspiration I only place
 All means to know (with my means, study, pray'r,
 In and from His Word taken) stair by stair,
 In all continual contentation, rising
 To knowledge of His Truth, and practising 10
 His Will in it, with my sole Saviour's Aid,
 Guide, and Enlight'ning ; nothing done, nor said,
 Nor thought, that good is, but acknowledg'd by
 His Inclination, Skill, and Faculty.
 By which, to find the way out to His Love 15
 Past all the worlds, the sphere is where doth move
 My studies, pray'rs, and pow'rs ; no pleasure taken
 But sign'd by His, for which, my blood forsaken,
 My soul I cleave to, and what (in His Blood 19
 That hath redeem'd, cleans'd, taught her) fits her good.*

DEO OPT. MAX. GLORIA.

FINIS.



