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Corrected and  
altered in many  
places  
and should these  
Books be reprinted  
together with the remaining  
Books of the Odyssey  
which I have translated  
these corrections should  
be made. a fair copy  
of the 17 remaining Books  
is in my library at  
Oxford

2032  
f. 59

Pat. from Blackwell

Charles Lloyd | son of  
transl.

These translations are  
by my Grandfather

J. F. Lloyd

2932 f. 59

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2

Charles Hayd  
A

TRANSLATION

OF THE

FIRST SEVEN BOOKS

OF THE

ODYSSEY

OF

*HOMER.*

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*Birmingham,*

PRINTED BY KNOTT AND LLOYD.

—  
1810.

X



*IT is justly remarked by Pope, that "the great beauty of Homer's language consists in that noble simplicity which runs through all his works," and as justly remarked by Johnson, that "he supposes many readers of Pope's translation of the Iliad, when they have been touched with some unexpected beauty of the lighter kind, have tried to enjoy it in the original, where, alas! it was not to be found. Homer, doubtless, owes to his translator many Ovidian graces, not exactly suitable to his character." The same remarks may be applied to the Odyssey.*

*This attempt to preserve in English rhyme, with little or no embellishment, the noble simplicity of the original, has engaged some of the leisure hours of a man of business, who, till near his 60th year, had written a few trifles only in verse, and this circumstance, he hopes, will plead in his excuse for the deficiencies which a critical eye will observe in this volume.*





# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

## BOOK I.

THE man of wisdom versatile, relate  
To me, O Muse! who toss'd by adverse fate,  
After his arms and stratagems profound,  
Had levell'd sacred Ilium to the ground,  
Saw many cities, diligent to trace  
The varied manners of the human race,  
Suffering dire conflicts on the stormy wave,  
His own and comrades' lives intent to save:  
\* A vain attempt—his men by folly led,  
On oxen sacred to Apollo fed.  
The god enraged, for ever took away  
Of their return the long protracted day. +  
These deeds, in part <sup>to our remembrance</sup> at least, to memory bring,  
Daughter of Jove! and aid me as I sing.  
10 Now all the rest, who had not fallen a prey 15  
To wars by land, or tempests on the sea,  
= Had safe return'd—Ulysses sole remain'd  
A wanderer—~~from his wife and home detain'd~~  
By fair Calypso in her grot, who strove =  
To kindle in his breast connubial love: 20  
But when revolving years disclosed the date  
Assign'd for his return by heaven and fate,

5  
10  
15  
20  
+ But they were at work, day, day, to find  
On the plains of Ithaca, for the m'ny day  
The God was angry for ever took away  
From them the long return day

\* From them, then long'd for home return day  
= to memory  
or to memory

(Tho' even then new difficulties rose,  
 For former friends were number'd with his foes) 25  
 The gods with pity view'd the hero's lot,  
 Neptune except, whose anger still was hot;  
 But he to Æthiopia's sons was gone, 20  
 These near the rising, those the setting sun,  
 Men far remote—to his high altars led,  
 There he enjoy'd the hecatombs which bled. 30  
 The other deities collected move  
 To meet in council in the court of Jove;  
 When thus Saturnius open'd the debate,  
 Revolving in his breast Ægisthus' fate 35  
 (Whom for his crimes, tho' beautiful to view,  
 Orestes, son of Agamemnon, slew):— 30  
 Alas! that mortal men should heaven upbraid,  
 As tho' calamities by us were made,  
 When to their folly and their crimes they owe,  
 And not to us, their more than fated woe; 40  
 Ægisthus thus by impure passion led,  
 Dared to pollute the sacred marriage bed  
 Of Agamemnon, whom by fraud he slew,  
 Altho' the fatal consequence he knew:  
 This we had told him—Mercury I sent 45  
 To warn him, and these wicked deeds prevent,  
 For that Orestes, grown to man's estate,  
 Most surely would avenge his father's fate.  
 This warning he despised, and lo! he bleeds  
 Just punishment for his atrocious deeds. 50  
 To him Minerva, blue-eyed maid replied,  
 Most glorious king! Ægisthus justly died  
 For his great crimes, and may a vengeance due  
 O'ertake all those such courses who pursue!

1. 'Vno they for a great time  
 Ægisthus' fate were cleaving in his breast

20

30

40

But brave Ulysses' fate my heart deplores, 55  
 Who from his friends remote and native shores,  
 In a secluded isle with forests crown'd,  
 50 Whose shores the ocean's boisterous waves surround,  
 Pines with distress, tho' here a goddess dwells,  
 Who entertains him in her rural cells; 60  
 Atlas her father, skill'd in mystic lore,  
 Whose eyes the secrets of the deep explore,  
 He who supports the pillars vast and high,  
 Which from the earth sustain the vaulted sky;  
 She with soft speeches and alluring art, 65  
 Strives to expel his country from his heart;  
 But still Ulysses pines to feast his eyes  
 With Ithaca, and see its smokes arise,  
 Or else to die. And can no pity move  
 60 Thy heart, or change thy will, Olympian Jove? 70  
 Did not Ulysses on the Trojan plain,  
 Burn on thy altar fat of victims slain?  
 Why then wilt thou forget his service past?  
 And must thine indignation ever last?  
 To her replied the cloud-collecting Jove: 75  
 Daughter, how rash thy speech to doubt my love  
 Of brave Ulysses, whose enlighten'd mind  
 In prudent thought excels all human kind!  
 His reverence for the gods is not forgot,  
 Altho' at present hapless be his lot; 80  
 By Neptune's wrath the hero is distress'd,  
 The Cyclops' wrong still rankles in his breast,  
 70 The Cyclop Polypheme, who held the place  
 Foremost for strength among the one-eyed race.  
 This giant man the nymph Thöosa bore 85  
 To Neptune, in a cave on Ocean's shore;

The daughter she of Phocys, whose wide sway  
 The unconquer'd ocean's boisterous waves obey:  
 For this offence, tho' Neptune will not kill  
 The suffering man, he makes him wander still. 90  
 But now consider how we may restore  
 Patient Ulysses to his native shore,  
 And cause the wrath of ocean's king to end,  
 For how can he with all the gods contend?  
 To him the blue-eyed goddess made reply: 95  
 Saturnius! father! sovereign deity!  
 If it be heaven's high pleasure to restore  
 The suffering wanderer to his native shore,  
 Then to Ogygia's isle let Hermes go,  
 That fair Calypso may our pleasure know, 100  
 For now by heaven's decree the time is come,  
 When he again must see his long'd-for home.  
 To go to Ithaca, the task be mine,  
 The son to warm with energy divine,  
 That he to council may the Greeks invite, 105  
 And there with firmness vindicate his right,  
 Checking the ravenous suitors, who destroy  
 His sheep and oxen with licentious joy;  
 Then will I send him o'er the boisterous main  
 To Sparta, and to Pylus' sandy plain, 110  
 That he may gain renown, and may enquire  
 What cause unknown detains his absent sire.  
 She spoke, and to her feet the sandals bright  
 Ambrosial, golden, binds; with these her flight,  
 Swift as the wind, the blue-eyed maid sustains, 115  
 O'er the wide seas and o'er the extended plains,  
 While in her hand the mighty spear she wields,  
 Vast, heavy, strong, the terror of the fields,

Before whose point the kings and nations fly,  
 When she descends in anger from the sky: 120  
 Downward from vast Olympus' towering height,  
 The eager goddess speeds her rapid flight,  
 And now before Ulysses' palace stands,  
 The ponderous javelin glittering in her hands;  
 The likeness she of Taphia's king exprest, 125  
 Coming to Ithaca a stranger guest.  
 She found the suitors arrogantly gay  
 Before the palace, all intent on play  
 With ivory balls; the hides of oxen slain  
 Afforded seats to all the sportive train; 130  
 Around, the heralds and the servants haste,  
 Busied in preparations for the feast;  
 Some sponge the tables, some the goblets bring,  
 Mixing the wine with water from the spring;  
 And some divide the flesh; and thus the board 135  
 With meat and wine was plentifully stored.  
 The goddess, who yet unobserved stood by,  
 Attracted first Telemachus's eye;  
 A noble youth, who, vex'd with heartfelt pain,  
 In silence sat among the suitor train; 140  
 His father's image present to his view,  
 On whose return to Ithaca, he knew  
 The suitors soon would take their rapid flight,  
 For he would vindicate his kingly right.  
 Thus as he mused, with anxious thought opprest, 145  
 Turning his eye, he saw the stranger guest;  
 Instant he rose, indignant to behold  
 A stranger stand, and meet reception cold;  
 He warmly seized his hand, approaching near,  
 And kindly speaking, took his shining spear: 150

Welcome, oh stranger! thou from us shalt find  
 Hearty reception, generous and kind!  
 First take refreshment, then to us impart  
 What are the wants and wishes of thy heart.  
 He spoke, and led the way with aspect kind; 155  
 The martial goddess follow'd him behind;  
 And entering the high and spacious hall,  
 The spear he placed against a column tall  
 Within the polish'd armoury, where stood  
 Of wise Ulysses' spears a threat'ning wood: 160  
 130 He led the goddess to a splendid throne,  
 Carpets of curious art around it shone,  
 Beneath a footstool stood, and near he placed  
 His own bright couch with various colours graced,  
 But separate from the suitors, lest their joy 165  
 Tumultuous, should the stranger guest annoy,  
 And might impede his wishes to enquire  
 After his absent and lamented sire.  
 Now in a golden vase the handmaid brings,  
 To lave his hands, pure water from the springs, 170  
 With ewer of silver, then she hastes to spread  
 The polish'd table, which with finest bread  
 And many dainties soon was cover'd o'er  
 By the attentive matron of the store:  
 The sewer served up variety of meat, 175  
 And rang'd the golden cups in order neat;  
 These cups the servitor with wine supplies,  
 Each want observing with attentive eyes.  
 Now to the hall th' insulting suitors haste,  
 Eager to take their seats and share the feast; 180  
 The servants on their hands pure water shed,  
 The maids the baskets fill with finest bread:

The guests thus seated, and the feast prepared,  
 Their eager hands the varied dainties shared;  
 150 But when the relish ceased for food and wine, 185  
 To songs and dances their loose thoughts incline;  
 Phemius the harper touch'd the tuneful string,  
 For him the suitors would compel to sing;  
 He sweetly sung, and struck the sounding lyre,  
 His bosom glowing with poetic fire; 190  
 Mean time Telemachus the blue-eyed maid  
 Accosts, and in low voice to her he said,  
 That others might not hear:—Beloved guest!  
 May all my thoughts with freedom be exprest!  
 The harp and song are these men's chief delight, 195  
 No wonder—they consume another's right,  
 Ulysses' right, whose white bones now remain  
*rotting in the sea or rotting on the plain*  
 Rotting on shore, or well'ring in the main;  
 Should he return, their fears would soon express  
 How much swift feet excell'd parade of dress: 200  
 \* Alas! how vain to <sup>think</sup> hope he draws his breath!  
 He certainly has died a wretched death;  
 No hope remains—I can no credit give  
 To those who tell me that he yet doth live,  
 And will return—no! he will never more 205  
 Revisit Ithaca, his native shore!  
 And now permit me, stranger, to enquire  
 Thy name, thy country, city, and thy sire,  
 What vessel brought thee, who the sailors are?  
 All these particulars to me declare. 210  
 Thou couldst not come on foot, 'tis manifest:  
 Art thou a stranger, or an ancient guest?  
 For many to my house their way will find,  
 Because my sire was hospitably kind.

\* But surely he <sup>B 4</sup> has met a wretched fate  
 they can give credit to those who state  
 that he will not return no help more  
 still he revisits his native shore



To him Minerva, blue-eyed maid, replied,      215  
 The truth I will declare, and nothing hide:  
 My name is Mentès, and descent I claim  
 From wise Anchialus, well known to fame;  
 I rule the Taphians brave, expert to guide  
 Swift-sailing vessels o'er the whelming tide;      220  
 Now with my ship and sailors I am bound,  
 Braving the dangers of the vast profound,  
 To Temesis, where dwells a stranger race,  
 To purchase polish'd steel with shining brass;  
 My ship at anchor near the city rides,      225  
 At Rheithrus, under Neia's woodland sides;  
 I glory that the hospitable right,  
 Me and thy father did as friends unite;  
 The brave Laertes will this fact confirm,  
 If thou wilt ask him, who with age infirm  
 Forsakes the city, wishing to assuage  
 By rural quiet the distress of age;  
 An ancient matron o'er his house presides,  
 And for the old man meat and drink provides,  
 When from his vineyard (now his chief delight)      235  
 Fatigue withdraws him, or the shades of night.  
 As for thy father, tho' a wanderer still,  
 And kept from Ithaca by heaven's high will,  
 In a secluded isle—he is not dead,  
 Tho' all around the ocean's waves are spread,      240  
 And tho' a race of savage men detain  
 The suffering man, who pines for home in vain;  
 But now the thoughts suggested to my mind,  
 And which I think accomplishment will find,  
 I will declare, altho' I have no claim      245  
 To inspiration, or a prophet's name:

From his dear country he will not remain  
 An exile long, tho' iron chains ~~detain,~~ *detain*  
 For wiles and stratagems will soon restore  
 Prudent Ulysses to his native shore. 250

But now declare, and let truth guide thy tongue,  
 Art thou indeed from wise Ulysses sprung?

I think I can a strong resemblance trace

In thy bright eyes, and dignity of face:

Thy father's converse I did oft enjoy, 255

Before he sail'd hence, to the wars of Troy,

Where many heroes of the Grecian name

Went in their hollow ships and sought for fame;

But since this time, ye separate have been,

~~And neither of us has the other seen.~~ *And neither of us has the other seen* 260

To her the wise Telemachus replied:

Stranger! from thee the truth I will not hide:

My mother tells me, that from him I sprung,

And sure no falsehood can defile her tongue!

I know no more: what mortal can declare, 265

From his own knowledge, who his parents are?

Oh! that some happy man had been my sire,

Who full of years and riches might expire!

But to the man most wretched on the earth,

I owe, they tell me, my unhappy birth. 270

To him the blue-eyed goddess made reply:

Happy will be thy future destiny,

Or sure the immortals a wise son like thee

Would not have given to Penelope!

But now explicitly declare and say, 275

What means this dinner and this crowd so gay?

Is it a banquet or a marriage feast,

By no symbolic elegancies graced?

The guests indulge in riotous excess,  
 A prudent man would grieve and seek redress. 280  
 230 Telemachus replied, My friend and guest,  
 What thou wouldst wish to know thou hast express'd:  
 Then hear, this house was rich, and prudence reign'd  
 In each department, while its lord remain'd;  
 But now, alas! the gods have changed the scene, 285  
 And made Ulysses most distress'd of men:  
 I should not so lament, had he been slain  
 Among his comrades on the Trojan plain,  
 Or Troy subdued, had yielded up his breath,  
 His friends beloved being present at his death; 290  
 For then the Greeks, who much his merits praised,  
 To eternize his fame a tomb had raised,  
 And then this well-earn'd honour would have shone  
 With undiminish'd lustre on his son;  
 But now his limbs, the harpies foul have torn, 295  
 Obscure he died, inglorious and forlorn.  
 To me he left anxiety and woe;  
 But not for him alone my tears do flow:  
 The gods have added many other griefs,  
 For now the powerful and the neighbouring chiefs, 300  
 Who rule Dulichium, Samos, and renown'd  
 Zacynthus' isle, with shady forests crown'd,  
 And those who power in Ithaca enjoy,  
 Address my mother, and my wealth destroy.  
~~Averse to marry, she will not refuse; 305~~  
~~My house they ruin, and my stores abuse,~~  
~~And much I fear to judge from what is past,~~  
~~That me myself they will destroy at last.~~  
 The blue-eyed goddess with a sigh replied,  
 Alas! thou wantest such a prudent guide. 310

✓ Then hated suit she put her doth refuse  
 Nor will an eye; but they my stores abuse  
 With laugh and jest, and judging from  
 They will proceed and ruin me the rest  
 Of my property will destroy at last

As was thy father—his terrific eye  
 And nervous arm would make the suitors fly.  
 Oh! that he now before the gate did stand,  
 With shield and helmet, grasping in his hand  
 Two massive spears! for in this warlike guise, 315  
 At my own mansion first he met my eyes;  
 He drank our wine, was cheerful and was gay,  
 On his return from Ilus, who bore sway  
 In Ephyré, for there Ulysses went,  
 A poisonous liquor to procure intent, 320  
 In this to steep his darts and shining spears:  
 Ilus refused it, for the gods he fears:  
 My father gave it, for he loved him much:  
 Oh that the suitors now could see him such  
 As then he was, all glorious! they would hate 325  
 Their nuptial visions, trembling for their fate:  
 But heaven best knows his future destined lot,  
 Whether he ever will return or not.  
 This then we leave; but now consider well,  
 What plan is best the suitors to expel. 330  
 Hear my opinion:—All the Greeks invite  
 To meet in council, as is just and right:  
 Tell them thy will—appeal to heaven above—  
 Command the suitors to their homes to move;  
 And if thy mother should incline to wed, 335  
 And take another husband to her bed,  
 Let her, as decency requires, retire  
 To the safe mansion of her revered sire:  
 A marriage portion let her father give,  
 Such as so dear a daughter should receive, 340  
 Then let her marry. Further I advise,  
 If thou wilt hearken to my counsel wise,

280 Prepare a ship with twenty rowers mann'd,  
 And sail from Ithaca thy native land,  
 Visit the neighbouring countries, and enquire 345  
 After thy honour'd and lamented sire;  
 Facts thou mayst learn, and hear the voice of fame,  
 Which thro' the earth exalts a hero's name.  
 First go to Pylus, where sage Nestor reigns,  
 And thence proceed to Sparta's fertile plains, 350  
 For Menelaüs of the Grecian host,  
 Return'd the latest to his native coast:  
 If thou shouldst hear thy father is alive,  
 Expecting his return, thou mayst contrive  
 (Tho' worn with grief) to pass away one year; 355  
 But of his certain death, if thou shouldst hear,  
 290 Return to Ithaca thy native shore,  
 And with due rites thy father's death deplore,  
 Erect a <sup>tomb and then let no delay</sup> monument, ~~no longer stay,~~  
~~Say no more~~ <sup>procrastinate</sup> thy mother's nuptial day. 360  
 These things complete, thy earnest thoughts employ  
 On the best plan the suitors to destroy,  
 Whether by fraud, or in the face of day,  
 For now thy years forbid all childish play:  
 Thou art a man—how often hast thou heard, 365  
 How all the neighbouring nations have conferr'd  
 Praise on Orestes, who with vengeance due,  
 Ægisthus, murderer of his father, slew?  
 And thou, my friend (for thou art good and great)  
 Be firm, that fame thy deeds may celebrate. 370  
 Now to my vessel swift I haste away,  
 To join my men, impatient of delay;  
 But ponder well my counsels in thy breast,  
 Fulfil thy duty, leave to heaven the rest.

Telemachus replied, Thy words impart 375  
 (For they are friendly) comfort to my heart;  
 I never shall forget them, for they move  
 My soul, like pledges of paternal love:  
 But tho' in haste thy journey to pursue,  
 First let the bath and food thy strength renew; 380  
 Then take on board thy ship, a gift which may  
 Be my memorial at some future day;  
 Not a mean gift, but such as men bestow,  
 When their warm hearts with strong affections glow.  
 The blue-eyed goddess answer'd, Do not stay 385  
 My journey, for I now must haste away;  
 But let the precious gifts with thee remain,  
 Till to thy friendly house I come again,  
 Then will I take them from thy liberal hand;  
 But gifts like these a just return demand. 390  
 Thus spoke the goddess of cærulean eyes,  
 And like a bird she sprang and sought the skies,  
 Warming his breast with renovated fire,  
 And with increased remembrance of his sire.  
 Struck with a sight so strange, amazed he stood, 395  
 And thought this stranger guest must be a god:  
 Majestic then he join'd the suitor throng,  
 Who sat attentive to the minstrel's song.  
 The Greeks' distress the tuneful bard deploras,  
 From Troy returning to their native shores, 400  
 (Distress occasion'd by Minerva's ire).  
 The song divine thus chaunted to the lyre,  
 Re-echoes through the house, and strikes the ear  
 Of chaste Penelope—the tender tear  
 Steals from her eye, as in her lofty room 405  
 She sat, employ'd in labours of the loom:

Moved by the song, she rises from her seat,  
 Two prudent handmaids on her steps await  
 As she descends the staircase, and appears  
 Before the suitors, lovely in her tears; 410  
 A light thin veil flow'd loosely o'er her face,  
 And standing at the door with pensive grace,  
 The master of the song she thus address'd,  
 In words which told the anguish of her breast:  
 Phemius well skill'd to touch the tuneful string, 415  
 And deeds of heroes and of gods to sing,  
 Choose some of these to charm the listening ear;  
 But from this tale of misery forbear,  
 It raises tumults in my throbbing breast,  
 Destroys my peace, and robs me of my rest, 420  
 Reminding me what husband I have lost,  
 The pride and glory of the Grecian host.  
 Mother! Telemachus replied, 'tis wrong  
 To check the harmonious minstrel in his song;  
 Minstrels are not to blame, they tune their lyres 425  
 To songs heroic, as the muse inspires,  
 And sure no song with deeper interest flows,  
 Than this which celebrates our country's woes;  
 Facts of late date are always heard and told  
 With stronger feelings than the deeds of old; 430  
 Then calm the passions of thy troubled breast,  
 For many other men have been distress'd  
 Besides Ulysses, who like him no more  
 Will ever see their dear and native shore;  
 Then quietly retire, and in thy room 435  
 Direct the varied labours of the loom;  
 Leave other cares to men, and chief to me,  
 Who in this house have first authority.

Struck with his words, Penelope retires,  
 And tho' rebuked, his prudence she admires; 440  
 But in her chamber tears abundant flow,  
 Nor can her maidens soothe her heartfelt woe:  
 At length Minerva kindly deigns to close  
 Her eyes throughout the night in soft repose.  
 Now noise increased amidst the suitor crew, 445  
 Tho' o'er the house black night his mantle threw;  
 Tired out at length with riot, they incline *depressed*  
~~To seek their lodgings, and on beds recline;~~ *to retire*  
 When thus Telamachus to them address'd  
 The thoughts revolving in his troubled breast: 450  
 Disdainful suitors! why not feast in peace;  
 Will noise and rude intemperance never cease?  
 The minstrel's song, which sure the muse inspired,  
 A still attention from the guests required.  
 To-morrow let each suitor take his seat, 455  
 In general council then will I repeat  
 What I now tell you: Hence depart away,  
 For in my house no longer shall you stay,  
 Seek your own homes, your own possessions waste,  
 And to each other give the sumptuous feast; 460  
 But should you still determine to destroy  
 My herds, my substance, with licentious joy,  
 I will appeal to heaven, and vengeance due  
 Your deeds unjust, atrocious, shall pursue;  
 Within this house each man shall yield his breath, 465  
 And meet an unrevenged and sudden death.  
 He spoke. The suitors bit their lips, amazed,  
 And on Telemachus with wonder gazed.  
 At length Antinous, Eupethëus' son,  
 Dared to reply, and taunting thus begun: 470



Truly, Telemachus, a wondrous flow  
 Of eloquence, on thee the gods bestow !  
 Thy sounding words how arrogant and vain !  
 But may the gods not suffer thee to reign  
 O'er sea-girt Ithaca, tho' thou mayst trace 475  
 Some right as offspring of a royal race.  
 The prudent prince replied : My words attend,  
 And may they not Antinous offend !  
 If Jove permit, I certainly will claim  
 My kingly right—is this a cause of blame ? 480  
 Who would despise an honourable crown,  
 Conferring riches, influence, and renown ?  
 I grant in Ithaca that many hold  
 A kingly rank, some young and others old ;  
 Should one of these usurp th' imperial sway, 485  
 (Ulysses dead) and make the rest obey,  
 Still over my own house and menial train,  
 My right to rule I ever will maintain :  
 These were my father's, and by him procured ;  
 Another's claim can never be endured. 490  
 Eurymachus replied, The gods best know  
 On whom the future sceptre to bestow ;  
 But no man wishes by unlawful might,  
 To take from thee thy undisputed right  
 To thy own house, thy chattels, and thy land ; 495  
 These are thy own, and these thou mayst command.  
 But now, O Prince ! permit me to enquire  
 About thy guest, his country, and his sire :  
 Did he come hither solely to relate  
 News of thy father's yet uncertain fate ? 500  
 Or to collect some debts ?—so short his stay,  
 Unknown he came, unknown he went away ;

But in his looks and manners we could trace  
 Marks of descent from no ignoble race.  
 Telemachus replied—Alas! no more 505  
 Will brave Ulysses reach his native shore!  
 Fix'd is his fate, the happy long'd-for day  
 Of his return is ever pass'd away!  
 No prophets I regard—my mother's ears  
 They fill, and multiply her hopes and fears: 510  
 The guest you saw came here from Taphia's coast,  
 Mentès his name, who was my father's host,  
 The brave Anchialus his sire, he bears  
 Rule o'er the Taphians, skill'd in sea affairs.  
 The prince thus cautiously himself express'd, 515  
 Tho' he knew Mentès was no mortal guest.  
 Still the gay dance, the minstrel's lyre, and song,  
 Engage the attention of the suitor throng,  
 Till the black shades of night the earth o'erspread,  
 When they moved home to seek repose in bed. 520  
 To his own room Telemachus withdrew,  
 Within the splendid hall, retired from view,  
 There on his bed, if possible, to find  
 The balm of sleep to heal his care-worn mind:  
 The flaming torches Euryclea bears, 525  
 Chaste and intelligent, who knew his cares,  
 Daughter of Ops, Pisenor's son, whom brave  
 Laertes bought, and twenty oxen gave;  
 The maid was young, the object of his love,  
 But his wife's jealousy he would not move, 530  
 Knowing a rival she could not endure,  
 So she lived with them innocent and pure;  
 She nursed Telemachus, when yet a child,  
 And rear'd him with affection strong and mild;

She was his favour'd handmaid; now she bore 535  
The torches, and unlock'd the chamber door;  
He follow'd her, and seated on his chair,  
Takes off his tunic, which she folds with care,  
440 Suspending near his bed—with silver ring  
She shuts the door, and drops the bolt and string: 540  
Thus on the softest wool retired to rest,  
Telemachus revolves within his breast,  
How to arrange his journey, and pursue  
The plans which Pallas open'd to his view.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

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## BOOK II.

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**N**OW shone Aurora bright with rosy dies,  
When sleep forsook Telamachus's eyes,  
Who left his bed, and decently array'd,  
He ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> his shoulders hung his shining blade,  
Binding his active feet with sandals new, 5  
And from his chamber gracefully withdrew.  
The heralds now by his command prepared  
To call a counsel of the Greeks long-hair'd ;  
The summons heard, the observant Greeks obey,  
And to the council move without delay. 10  
The assembly full, the Prince his entrance makes,  
In his strong hand a brazen javelin shakes ;  
Two faithful dogs attend ; his form and face  
Pallas adorns with more than mortal grace ;  
The elders round him with attention wait, 15  
And introduce him with becoming state,  
While all the Greeks the blooming youth admire,  
The throne ascending of his valiant sire :  
Egyptius brave, but bent with age, first rose,  
Of knowledge deep, but much depress'd with woes ; 20  
His son beloved sail'd in Ulysses' train,  
To steed-famed Troy, across the stormy main ;

Brave Antiphus, whom for his supper, last  
 The Cyclops eat, a horrible repast;  
 Eurynomus had join'd the suitor crew, 25  
 One of his sons, at home were other two,  
 Who still attended at their father's side,  
 His labours lessen'd, and his wants supplied:  
 For loss of Antiphus, with grief oppress'd,  
 Midst flowing tears, he thus the Greeks address'd: 30  
 Ye men of Ithaca, my words attend—  
 Since wise Ulysses did his ship ascend,  
 Here we have held no council of debate  
 On the important business of the state;  
 Who call'd this council? (and we should be told 35  
 The cause of it) the young men or the old?  
 Have any rumours reach'd the public ear  
 Of men preparèd for war approaching near?  
 Is the man present who can clearly state  
 From whom these rumours did originate? 40  
 Or is there public business to discuss,  
 Which in particular relates to us?  
 Whoever thus convoked us, may heaven bless  
 His patriotic motives with success!  
 He spoke. Telemachus with pleasure hears 45  
 Words which sound sweet and grateful in his ears;  
 Eager to speak he rose, and took his stand  
 Full in the midst—a sceptre graced his hand,  
 By grave Pisenor given, the herald wise,  
 And turning to Egyptius, thus replies: 50  
 Old man! the person now to thee is near  
 Who call'd the assembly, as will soon appear:  
 No rumours have I heard of any band  
 Of men approaching this our native land,

*his motives and his right*

Which to the assembly I should now relate; 55  
 But 'tis my own distress, my cruel fate,  
 Which now o'erwhelms me—to my bitter grief,  
 Lost is my father, your indulgent chief,  
 Who ruled his subjects with parental love;  
 But I am doom'd a greater woe to prove, 60  
 Which soon will waste the substance I possess,  
 And o'erwhelm my house with deep distress.  
 The sons of men, who here are chiefs renown'd,  
 With suits of love Penelope surround;  
 She is averse; but could they gain consent 65  
 Of her own father, she might then relent,  
 And to the man the dearest to her heart,  
 A marriage gift Icarius might impart;  
 But at my house they loiter day by day,  
 My sheep, my oxen, and my goats they slay; 70  
 They banquet at my cost, in torrents pour  
 My generous wine, and all my wealth devour:  
 No man is here, who like Ulysses brave,  
 These pests could banish, and my house could save;  
 We are too weak, and have not manly might 75  
 To stem the torrent and assert our right;  
 But who can see such riot and excess,  
 Without a will these evils to redress?  
 Can you stand by indifferent, and see  
 Such flagrant wickedness and injury? 80  
 Among the neighbouring nations will not fame  
 Attach to you a high degree of blame?  
 Have ye no dread of heaven, whose *vengeance* ~~vengeance~~ just  
 Pursues all actions impious and unjust?  
 To Jove and Themis I submit my cause, 85  
 Themis presiding over human laws;

If my brave father had entail'd disgrace,  
 And heap'd oppression on the Grecian race,  
 Then you might well endure that I alone      90  
 Should by my sufferings for his deeds atone;  
 Then you might take revenge, and might excite  
 These lawless acts to gratify your spite;  
 But if my substance and my herds must be  
 Wasted in riot and in luxury,      95  
 Encourage not these men, but boldly dare  
 Among yourselves my property to share;  
 Then I might seek redress, and might appeal  
 To you, as members of our common weal;  
 But by encouraging these men ye throw      100  
 On me a load of unavailing woe.  
 He spoke in anger, and upon the ground  
 He dash'd his sceptre, while the people round,  
 Moved by his eloquence and tearful eye,  
 Kept silence, no man rising to reply.      105  
 At length Antinous, eager to oppose,  
~~To make reply to Telemachus~~  
~~thus to express his sentiments arose:~~  
 Telemachus! most arrogant and vain!  
 How canst thou dare thus rashly to complain,  
 Exposing us to obliquy and shame,      110  
 When thy own mother only is to blame?  
 Three years are past, the fourth is now arrived,  
 And during all these years she hath contrived,  
 By artful management, to find pretence,  
 To keep the Greeks in comfortless suspence;      115  
 To each of us encouragement she gives,  
 And each of us in expectation lives;  
 Her messages are always smooth and kind,  
 But these belie the purpose of her mind.

One of the frauds she harbour'd in her breast 120  
 Was this:—She wove a rich and ample vest,  
 Of finest texture, then to us she said,  
 Suitors, my wedding-day must be delay'd:  
 Urge me no more, for great Ulysses dead,  
 It would be wrong another man to wed, 125  
 Till I have finish'd for Laertes brave,  
 A shroud to wrap around him in the grave,  
 When by the stroke of fate he yields his breath,  
 A prey to cruel, unrelenting death;  
 For what would all the Grecian women say, 130  
 If he so rich without a covering lay?  
 She spoke, and gain'd our honest hearts' consent;  
 So she contrived until each day was spent,  
 To weave this robe; but in the dead of night,  
 The work unravell'd by the torches' light. 135  
 Thus for three years she practised hidden fraud,  
 But in the fourth her trick was noised abroad  
 By her own maidens, and to prove the fact,  
 We watch'd and caught her in the fraudulent act;  
 So we compell'd her to complete the vest: 140  
 This is the cause then, why thou art distress'd;  
 And thus we answer, that the Greeks may know  
 From whence thy sorrows and thy sufferings flow.  
 Now let thy mother from the palace move,  
 And wed the man the object of her love, 145  
 If so her father orders—but if still  
 Determined to pursue her wayward will,  
 The noble sons of Greece she will perplex  
 With all the arts delusive of her sex,  
 While she in curious works can take delight, 150  
 Which please the fancy and allure the sight,



(For Pallas to her mind and hands imparts  
 The nicest skill in all the curious arts,  
 Excelling all the women famed of old,  
 Of whose endowments we have oft been told,      155  
 Tyro, Alcmené, and Mycené fair.)  
 We think it right before you to declare,  
 Here we will stay, thy substance we will waste,  
 And on thy sheep, thy goats, and oxen feast,  
 So long as she retains within her breast      160  
 These sentiments, as tho' by heaven imprest,  
 Which as the multitude allows, confer,  
 Tho' at thy cost, much glory upon her;  
 But from thy house the suitors will not move,  
 Till she select the object of her love.      165  
 Telemachus replied—'Twould ill become  
 A son to drive a mother from her home,  
 To whom his birth and nourishment he owes,  
 And all the cares parental love bestows:  
 Whether my father breathes the vital air,      170  
 Or now hath ceased to live, I could not spare  
 Out of my substance, what the laws require  
 That I should render to my mother's sire,  
 If her I should dismiss against her will;  
 And just revenge my father's breast would fill;      175  
 The Furies too at her request would shed  
 Their direful plagues on my devoted head,  
 And all mankind would blame my harden'd heart;  
 Wherefore I cannot tell her to depart;  
 But if her conduct gives you such offence,      180  
 To linger here, what can be your pretence?  
 Go from my house—at your own homes employ  
 Your wealth in feasting and tumultuous joy;

But if you think it better here to stay,  
 And of one man the substance waste away, 185  
 Persist; and if the gods with vengeance due,  
 The wickedness of men on earth pursue,  
 Know at my prayer the shafts of wrath will fly,  
 And in my house you unrevenged shall die.  
 He spoke; and instant from the mountain's height, 190  
 By Jove's command, two eagles take their flight,  
 Swift as the wind tow'rds earth their course they bend,  
 And near together their broad wings extend,  
 And hovering o'er the assembled Greeks, they shake  
 Their rustling plumes, and round a circuit make; 195  
 (Their eager eyes denote that death is near)  
 Then with their claws their cheeks and necks they tear,  
 And o'er the city darting to the right,  
 Cut the light air and vanish from the sight.  
 Struck with astonishment the suitors stand, 200  
 And dread some dire misfortune near at hand;  
 When Alithuses, Mentor's son, who knew  
 The flight of birds portentous how to view,  
 By age made wise, the assembled Greeks address'd,  
 And thus the bodings of his soul express'd: 205  
 Ye men of Ithaca, my words observe,  
 Let them as warnings to the suitors serve,  
 Some dire disaster over them impends,  
 Ulysses absent, soon will join his friends;  
 Now he is near, revolving in his mind 210  
 Death and destruction to the suitors blind,  
 And many other Ithacans will feel,  
 If I mistake not, his avenging steel;  
 Let us then well consider, if we can  
 Adopt some prudent, well concerted plan, 215

Which may the suitors save, and may abate  
 The general suffering ere it be too late;  
 My words are not at random, but I tell  
 What I have learnt, and have consider'd well,  
 And I believe events will justify  
 (When the Greeks sail'd to Troy) my prophecy;  
 I told Ulysses he would undergo  
 Variety of unexpected woe,  
 That all his men would perish, and no more  
 Revisit their beloved and native shore;  
 That he himself within the twentieth year,  
 In his own house, unknown, would re-appear:  
 All these events I clearly then foretold,  
 And these events your eyes will soon behold.  
 To him the son of Polybus replied:—  
 Old man! 'twere better for thee to reside  
 Quiet at home, and to thy children prate  
 Of thy deep knowledge of mysterious fate;  
 Thus might they learn to shun some future ill,  
 But in this house I claim prophetic skill:  
 How many birds do oft at random fly,  
 This way and that, beneath the vaulted sky?  
 These are not all portentous: never more  
 Will wise Ulysses reach his native shore:  
 I wish that thou with him hadst met thy fate,  
 For then thou wouldst not thus so idly prate,  
 And in his son's imprudent breast instil  
 Such jealousies, by thy prophetic skill:  
 Some secret expectation lurks behind  
 Thy wish to agitate his youthful mind;  
 But let my words now teach thee to beware,  
 For I will execute what I declare,

If thou continuest to abuse thy skill,  
 And thus Telemachus with rage to fill,  
~~And~~ expectations vain, or dost impart  
 250  
 Revenge and anger to his generous heart.  
 We will on thee, old man, wreak vengeance due,  
 And thou too late wilt thy imprudence rue;  
 But to Telemachus in accents kind,  
 I would impart the suitors wish and mind: 255  
 Let him persuade his mother to retire,  
 And take the counsel of her aged sire,  
 Who may arrange her marriage, and provide  
 Such portion as would suit so dear a bride;  
 Till this be done, the suitors here will stay, 260  
 And in his house will feast from day to day.  
 No man we fear—Telemachus may threat;  
 But we unmoved shall smile at youthful heat.  
 Thy prophecies, old man, in air are spent;  
 But thy impertinence we all resent: 265  
 The substance of this house shall waste away,  
 And none of us a recompence will pay,  
 Till fair Penelope our doubts remove,  
 By fixing on the object of her love,  
 Then will the other suitors look around, 270  
 Where for good wives fair women may be found.  
 To him Telemachus discreet replied:  
 Eurymachus, and ye who here abide,  
 Suitors of noble blood, I ask no grace  
 From you—the gods are judges of my case; 275  
 But now I want a vessel to convey  
 Myself and twenty comrades o'er the sea,  
 To Sparta and to Pylus' sandy plain,  
 If haply there I may some news obtain

Of my long absent father, for his name 280  
 Lives like a hero's in the rolls of fame;  
 If happy tidings of him I should hear,  
 I then may be induced to wait a year;  
 But should I find that he has fallen a prey  
 To death relentless, then I will not stay, 285  
 But hasten homewards to my native shore,  
 And there my father's hapless fate deplore,  
 And as becomes a son to him will raise  
 A monument memorial of his praise:  
 Should then a suitor gain her free consent, 290  
 My mother's marriage I will not prevent.  
 Thus spoke Telemachus, and took his seat,  
 When Mentor rose, continuing the debate:  
 (He was Ulysses' friend, both wise and just,  
 Who to him left his family in trust; 295  
 He charged them to obey the old man's will,  
 And all his sage directions to fulfil):  
 Ye men of Ithaca, where shall we find  
 A man like sage Ulysses just and kind?  
 And how do ye his pious deeds requite? 300  
 Will future kings consider what is right,  
 When you so soon his kindness can forget,  
 And cancel from your hearts love's well-earn'd debt?  
 The suitors proud I view with less surprize,  
 Their deeds of violence less pain my eyes, 305  
 Tho' they Ulysses' herds and wealth destroy,  
 Thinking he never will return from Troy;  
 But 'tis your conduct which inflames my breast,  
 For all their lawless deeds might be repress'd  
 By your exertions, for in number few 310  
 The shameless suitors are, compared to you.

Leocritus, Evenor's son, replied:

Mentor! how full of insolence and pride

Thy words! What, wouldst thou have us hence to haste,

Lest we should fight with many for the feast? 315

We dread them not, should even Ulysses come,

And strive to force us from his festive dome:

His wife tho' pining for him, would not find

Any relief to her distracted mind;

For if with many he should dare contend, 320

He soon would fall and meet his fated end;

Wherefore thy words discover want of sense,

Or are the offspring of impertinence;

But now let every man depart away,

And mind his own employment for the day; 325

Mentor and Alithuses, friends select

Of sage Ulysses, may his son direct,

~~His way arranging, if he shall persist,~~

~~But if he pause, I think he will desist,~~

~~And that intelligence will reach his ears,~~ 330

At once determining his hopes and fears.

The assembly now dissolves, the Greeks retire,

Each to the comforts of his household fire;

The suitors seek the brave Ulysses' dome,

Which they consider as their proper home; 335

Telemachus withdrew alone, to lave

On the sea shore his hands in ocean's wave,

Then lifting them to heaven, he suppliant pray'd

For the protection of the blue-eyed maid:

Hear me, O goddess! who didst condescend 340

My house to visit as my guest and friend,

And then didst order that I should equip,

To cross the deep, a well-built nimble ship,

*x And if he still persists, his courage arrange  
that cool reflection may his heart be*

To foreign lands, that there I might enquire  
 News of my absent and lamented sire; 345  
 The Greeks incline to frustrate my intent,  
 And the proud suitors all withhold consent.  
 As thus Telemachus the prudent pray'd,  
 Near to him came conceal'd the blue-eyed maid,  
 Resembling Mentor <sup>both</sup> in his voice and look, 350  
 And thus in winged words to him she spoke:  
 Telemachus, if rightly I divine,  
 In future days thy memory will shine;  
 If in thy veins thy father's blood doth flow,  
 And thou like him to speak and act dost know, 355  
 Then will thy journey prosper; but if fame  
 Hath falsely given to thee a royal name,  
 And thou art not the rightful progeny  
 Of sage Ulysses and Penelope;  
 Then I should think thy journey would be vain, 360  
 And in thy house advise thee to remain;  
 In these degenerate days few sons excel  
 Their sires in thinking or in acting well;  
 Most are inferior, tho' we sometimes see  
 A son excel, like some rare prodigy; 365  
 But by thy looks, if rightly I divine,  
 Thy fame in future days will brightly shine,  
 For in thy words, thy manners, and thy face,  
 Ulysses' image I can clearly trace;  
~~Wherefore take courage, and in hope proceed,~~ 370  
~~That all thy plans will finally succeed;~~  
 Pay no regard to what the suitors say,  
 Folly and pride lead all of them astray;  
 Death and black fate they know not to descry,  
 And little think the dreadful hour is nigh: 375

\* When of an unduly hope that  
 they enter / right & have a great success

Thy journey will be short—I will abide  
 (Thy father's friend) attendant at thy side,  
 And for thy use a vessel will prepare;  
 But other things demand thy speedy care.  
 Go to thine house, and with the suitors mix, 380  
 But on the journey thy attention fix;  
 Prepare thy stores, and pack them in thy casks,  
 Fine meal in bags, and wine in earthen flasks,  
~~And I among the people will collect~~  
~~Experienced sailors and a ship select,~~ 385  
 For in this sea-girt isle swift ships abound,  
 If some be rotten, some are new and sound;  
 This ship well rigg'd and launch'd upon the tide,  
 Will till thy coming safe in harbour ride.  
 Thus spoke Minerva, and without delay 390  
 Telemachus obeys and hastes away:  
 Sad in his heart he join'd the suitors proud,  
 Their feast preparing arrogant and loud;  
 Some skin the goats, and when the flames expire,  
 Some broil the slices on the hall's clear fire: 395  
 Antinous smiling, quick the prince address'd,  
 Taking his hand, and thus himself express'd:  
 Telemachus, of brave and generous soul!  
 No more let care and grief thy joys controul,  
 Enjoy the feast, let flowing bowls impart 400  
 Accustom'd gladness to thy youthful heart:  
 The Greeks no longer thy request withstand,  
 The ship and mariners wait thy command  
 To sail to Pylus, where thou mayst enquire  
 What fame reports of thy renowned sire. 405  
 To him Telemachus discreet replied:  
 Antinous! how can ye sons of pride,

*And I will collect the sailors & equip  
 with careful requests a proper ship*



Expect that I against my will should taste  
 The sparkling wine, or share the sumptuous feast?  
 Say, was it not enough when I was young, 410  
 To see you waste and then restrain my tongue?  
 Now grown a man, I hear what others say,  
 Which grieves my heart unable to be gay;  
 But if I go to Pylus, or remain  
 Quiet at home, I ever shall retain 415  
 A sense of injury, and soon or late  
 Ye all will meet your well deserved fate:  
 Yes, I will go—my voyage will succeed,  
 An hired ship will serve in case of need;  
 I have no ship or rowers of my own; 420  
 Your jealousy of me by this is shown.  
 He spoke, and from Antinous' hand withdrew  
 Gently his own. The suitors now renew  
 Their preparations for their daily treat,  
 And taunting words incessantly repeat. 425  
 One of the youths most arrogant and proud,  
 In scornful language thus declared aloud:  
 Surely Telemachus our death intends,  
 He goes to Pylus to collect some friends,  
 And some from Sparta; for his mind is bent 430  
 To execute some deep and dire intent;  
 Or he to Ephyra's rich fields will go,  
 Where herbs producing mortal poison grow;  
 Into our cups he may infuse their juice,  
 And then our wine will certain death produce. 435  
 To him a suitor proud made this reply:  
 Let him depart, and like Ulysses die,  
 Far from his home a wanderer on the earth,  
 And thus lose all the advantage of his birth;

His substance then the suitors will divide, 440  
 And if Penelope become a bride,  
 To her or to her husband we will give  
 This noble house, where they may happy live.  
 Thus they communed, while to the chamber high,  
 Where brass and gold and chests of garments lie, 445  
 And oil abundant-breathing rich perfume,  
 (This was the sage Ulysses' private room)  
 Telemachus ascends; here casks of wine,  
 Mellow by age, were ranged, of flavour fine,  
 Reserved to hail the day which should restore 450  
 The great Ulysses to his native shore.  
 The doors were fasten'd with a double key,  
 A matron guarded them both night and day,  
 Who kept her prudent counsels in her breast;  
 To her Telemachus these words address'd: 455  
 Nurse, fill me pitchers of the richest juice,  
 Which from thy casks of wine thou canst produce,  
 Excell'd by none save that reserved in store,  
 My sire to welcome to his native shore,  
 Should he escape from death; twelve pitchers fill, 460  
 And let them be secured with nicest skill;  
 And into well sew'd bags then quickly pour  
 Twenty full measures of the finest flour;  
 Alone thou know'st where all these treasures lie,  
 And thou alone canst all my wants supply: 465  
 These I will take of thee at evening's gloom,  
 When my dear mother seeks her sleeping room;  
 For now to Sparta and the sandy plain  
 Of Pylus I depart, there to obtain  
 Some certainty amidst the rumours spread, 470  
 Whether my father be alive or dead.

He spoke. The nurse beloved with deep-fetch'd sigh,  
Lamenting bitterly, made this reply:

Dear son! from whence derives thy plan its birth,  
Thus to leave home and wander o'er the earth? 475

Thou art alone the object of our care:

No more Ulysses breathes the vital air:

The loss of him we all in vain deplore,

Who sure hath perish'd on some unknown shore;

And shouldst thou go, the suitors will debate, 480

How to o'erwhelm thee with a treacherous fate,

That these proud men thy substance might divide;

Wherefore, my son, contented here abide;

Lead not a wandering life, and do not brave

The storms and tempests of the unconquer'd wave. 485

To her Telemachus discreet replied:

Have confidence, I trust in heaven my guide,

Which safely will conduct me; but now swear,

That to my mother thou wilt not declare

~~What I have told thee, till th' eleventh day~~ 490  
~~Or twelfth succeed my sad departing day,~~

But if before, the news should reach her ears,

Then tell her all, and ease her anxious fears;

For should she weep, and be oppress'd with grief,

Thy tender soothing words would give relief. 495

He spoke. The matron took the oath required,

And fill'd the pitchers as the prince desired,

Up to the brim, with choice and mellow wine,

And heap'd the leathern bags with meal dress'd fine.

This done, Telemachus with manly grace, 500

Among the suitor train resumed his place.

Now other thoughts engaged the blue-eyed maid,

How she might best afford the prince her aid;

*so till the 12<sup>th</sup> of the death Jan  
the death Jan  
daily course have  
never*

Like to Telemachus she moved along  
 The streets, and mixed with the vulgar throng, 505  
 Selecting sailors, ordering them when dark,  
 At the ship's side to meet and then embark.  
 Noemon brave consented to equip,  
 At his request, a firm and nimble ship.  
 Now shades of night succeed the sun's bright ray, 510  
 When the swift ship they launch upon the sea,  
 And every requisite they put on board,  
 With which a well-built vessel should be stored:  
 In the safe port the ship securely rides,  
 And all the sailors gather round her sides; 515  
 Pallas their breasts with manly courage fires,  
 And then to wise Ulysses' house retires,  
 And to assist Telemachus, she sheds  
 A drowsy influence o'er the suitors' heads:  
 No more the flowing bowl goes briskly round; 520  
 They drop the cups, which dash against the ground;  
 With drowsiness oppress'd, at length they rose,  
 And to the city reel'd to seek repose.  
 Now from the house Minerva, blue-eyed maid,  
 Beckon'd Telemachus, and thus she said 525  
 (Assuming Mentor's voice, and shape, and air):  
 Telemachus, thy mariners prepare  
 Their oars to handle, and thy coming wait;  
 Let us depart, for now the hour is late.  
 Thus speaking, she walk'd on and led the way; 530  
 Her footsteps he pursued without delay,  
 And found the mariners all ready stand  
 On the sea shore, and waiting his command.  
 The prince address'd them:—Friends beloved, convey  
 The stores provided by me to the sea; 535

They all lie ready in my house; proceed  
 Thither and bring them to the ship with speed:  
 My mother of my plan hath not been told;  
 No servant knows it, but one matron old. 540  
 He spoke; they follow, as he leads the way,  
 And from his house the packages convey.  
 Thus as he order'd was the vessel stored,  
 And by Minerva led he went on board;  
 Near to the stern her seat the goddess chose, 545  
 Close by Telemachus—the sailors loose  
 The cables, and the rowers intent to ply  
 Their oars, observe Telemachus's eye:  
 Pallas commands the zephyrs soft to sweep,  
 With fresh and murmuring gales, the sable deep: 550  
 The prince directs the sailors to unbind  
 The ropes, and loose the canvas to the wind:  
 The men obey—they raise the fir-tree mast,  
 And with thick ropes protect and bind it fast,  
 Then stretch the canvas to the prosperous gale, 555  
 Which briskly blowing fill'd the middle sail;  
 Swift flies the vessel thro' the purple tides,  
 While the waves dash against her creaking sides;  
 Thus as the swift ship sails before the wind,  
 They fix the ropes and fast the tackle bind; 560  
 Then to the brim the goblets fill with wine,  
 And pour libations to the powers divine;  
 But chiefly to Minerva, blue-eyed maid,  
 By all the crew were due libations paid:  
 Thus thro' the night, until the dawn of day, 565  
 The vessel swift pursued her liquid way.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

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## BOOK III.

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<sup>day.</sup>  
**N**OW from the glassy sea the sun rose bright,  
Gladdening both heaven and earth with orient light:  
When they to Pylus' well-built city came,  
Where Neleus once reign'd, well known to fame,  
On the sea-shore the citizens prepared 5  
A sacrifice to Neptune, azure hair'd,  
Of bulls all black; nine rows of seats around  
Were placed, and each five hundred Grecians crown'd;  
Before each separate range, nine black bulls slain  
For sacrifice, lay stretch'd upon the plain: 10  
The inward parts they taste, and in the fire  
The thighs they burn, as sacred rites require.  
Into the port direct the vessel pass'd,  
Where furling sails, they make the moorings fast,  
Then disembark—Minerva moved before, 15  
And said, when landed on the friendly shore:  
Telemachus! assume a princely grace;  
No more let bashfulness unman thy face;  
The ocean thou hast traversed, to enquire  
After thy honour'd and lamented sire, 20  
Whether in distant lands he draws his breath,  
Or fell a victim to relentless death.

Now into Nestor's presence boldly go,  
 That we the secrets of his breast may know;  
 What he has learnt intreat him to unfold; 25  
 By him so wise no falsehood will be told.  
 Telemachus replied, I want address,  
 And have not words my wishes to express;  
 He is both old and wise, and I am young,  
 And shall accost him with a faltering tongue. 30  
 The blue-eyed maid replied, Be not distress,  
 Just thoughts will rise spontaneous in thy breast;  
 The powers divine will aid in case of need,  
 And give thee strength and wisdom to proceed;  
 For from thy youth a blessing hath been shed 35  
 (If I mistake not) on thy favour'd head.  
 As thus Minerva spoke, she led the way,  
 Her footsteps he pursued without delay;  
 And now before the Pyliau men they stand,  
 Who sat on benches ranged upon the sand; 40  
 There Nestor sat, his sons were near his side,  
 The attendant Greeks the plenteous feast provide;  
 Some fix the flesh on spits, while others toil  
 The fires to kindle and the flesh to broil.  
 Soon as they saw the strangers on the strand, 45  
 They rose in crouds and took them by the hand,  
 Kindly inviting them to take a seat;  
 Pisistratus was eager to repeat  
 This friendly welcome; both their hands he press'd,  
 And on soft hides he placed each stranger guest, 50  
 Near to his brothers, and his father sage,  
 Renown'd for wisdom in extreme old age;  
 He brought the choicest morsels, and fill'd up  
 With rosy wine the large and golden cup,

And turning to Minerva, blue-eyed maid, 55  
 He touch'd the cup, and thus to her he said :  
 Stranger ! to Neptune be thy prayer address'd,  
 As you with us participate his feast,  
 And when to him libation thou hast made,  
 Then by thy comrade let the rites be paid, 60  
 Out of this cup of honey-flavour'd wine,  
 For he, I think, reveres the powers divine ;  
 (And all men want their aid) but he appears  
 Like me, a youth not far advanced in years :  
 Thou art the elder, and thy age demands 65  
 The golden cup in preference from my hands.  
 Thus speaking, to her hands the cup he gives  
 Of mellow wine, which she well pleased receives,  
 Rejoicing that a man so young should know  
 Justly on age due honour to bestow. 70  
 Then thus to Neptune, ocean's king, she pray'd :  
 Grant us, O Neptune ! thy protecting aid ;  
 Prosper our plans—the aged Nestor crown,  
 And all his sons, with honour and renown ;  
 Accept the noble hecatomb with grace, 75  
 And give protection to the Pylian race ;  
 Grant us success—Telemachus restore  
 And me in safety to our native shore.  
 Thus pray'd Minerva, and perform'd each rite ;  
 Then to Telemachus she gave the bright 80  
 And massive golden cup, who also pray'd,  
 Imploring Neptune for his powerful aid.  
 Now all prepare to enjoy the festive treat,  
 And from the spits they draw the roasted meat,  
 Which they divide, and hunger now repress'd, 85  
 Gerenian Nestor thus his guests address'd :



Guests, have ye feasted to your hearts' desire?  
 If so, I now will venture to enquire  
 Your names?—your country?—why ye pass the sea?  
 Is it on business, or on piracy? 90  
 For many risk their lives, and dare to brave  
 The storms which agitate the restless wave,  
 Intent on plunder, and with hostile arms  
 Fill all the neighbouring countries with alarms.  
 Telemachus with prudence <sup>then</sup> thus replied:  
 (~~Pallas his breast with confidence supplied~~  
 Boldly to speak, and freely to enquire  
 After his honour'd and long-absent sire,  
 That among men his merit she might raise,  
 And they might give him well deserved praise) 100  
 O Nestor, son of Neleus! whose just fame  
 Adds to the glories of the Grecian name,  
 Thou askest who we are, and where we live?  
 Answer to these enquiries I will give:  
 We dwell in Ithaca—no public cause, 105  
 But private business us to Pylus draws.  
 I left my native country to enquire  
 News of my brave and patient suffering sire,  
 Ulysses wise, who aided to destroy,  
 With thee, the walls and palaces of Troy: 110  
 Certain intelligence to us was brought  
 Of other chiefs who with the Trojans fought,  
 The evils they endured, and where these brave,  
 Unhappy warriors found a distant grave;  
 But Jove from us Ulysses' fate conceals, 115  
 And no report his life or death reveals,  
 Whether on land by hostile armies slain,  
 Or overwhelmed in the stormy main:

*re digna*

On his account, I now thy knees embrace,  
 Hoping to gain thy confidence and grace, 120  
 That thou to me distinctly mayst relate  
 All that thou knowest of his adverse fate,  
 All thou hast seen, and all that others say;  
 Alas! most wretched was his natal day!  
 Fear not to wound the feelings of a youth, 125  
 Tho' thou shouldst tell him all the mournful truth;  
 If e'er my father, most renowned chief,  
 By deed or counsel brought the Greeks relief  
 In their distresses on the Trojan shore;  
 By these good acts I earnestly implore, 130  
 That thou to me distinctly wilt relate  
 All that thou knowest of his wretched fate.  
 Alas! my friend! replied the aged chief,  
 Thy words revive remembrance of my grief,  
 And of the miseries which we all sustain'd, 135  
 While before Troy the warlike Greeks remain'd;  
 How on the gloomy ocean we were toss'd,  
 When we first sail'd to gain that hated coast,  
 Lured by Achilles with the hopes of spoil;  
 Instead of which we found distress and toil. 140  
 How often did we fight?—how many brave  
 And noble chiefs were hasten'd to the grave?  
 The mighty Ajax there resign'd his breath,  
 There great Achilles fell a prey to death;  
 There fell Patroclus, who in wisdom shone, 145  
 And bold Antilochus, my dearest son,  
 Whom few could equal in the manly race,  
 And when the battle raged few dared to face:  
 Where is the mortal who could now relate  
 Our sad variety of adverse fate? 150

Five or six years with us thou mightst remain,  
 And questions ask, but still wouldst not obtain  
 A full recital—time at length would fail,  
 And thou tired out, to Ithaca wouldst sail.  
 During nine years we every effort made, 155  
 And many plots and stratagems we laid;  
 But after many toils and labours past,  
 Scarcely would Jove permit success at last.  
 Among the Greeks Ulysses was renown'd  
 For prudent thoughts and stratagems profound: 160  
 Thy father's counsel all the rest did sway;  
 He would advise, the others would obey.  
 Art thou his son?—thy words, thy face, impart  
 An answer, and convince me that thou art;  
 Tho' thou art young, I seem to hear and see 165  
 Ulysses' voice and countenance in thee:  
 Ulysses wise and brave with me agreed  
 Alone—in public—both in word and deed;  
 The Greeks we both instructed to excel  
 In thinking wisely and in acting well. 170  
 At length before our arms the city falls  
 Of Priam, and we razed its towers and walls;  
 Then we departed from the coast—but Jove  
 Dispersed the Greeks, and we were doom'd to prove  
 Variety of woes; for vengeance due 175  
 Ceased not the crimes of many to pursue:  
 The blue-eyed maid, whose wrath was not appeased,  
 Between the sons of Atreus discord raised;  
 Rashly they call'd a council, when the sun  
 Sunk in the west, his course diurnal run, 180  
 The Greeks assembled, and with wine oppress'd,  
 Were by their kings imprudent then address'd.

First Menelaus said, the time was come  
 For all the Greeks to sail and hasten home.  
 This pleased not Agamemnon: his advice           185  
 Was to perform a solemn sacrifice  
 Before they sail'd, that this might cause to cease  
 Minerva's wrath, and they might go in peace.  
 Insane! to think that those who heaven offend,  
 Can by a sacrifice its purpose bend!           190  
 The brothers thus each other's plans oppose,  
 While in confusion the assembly rose;  
 Some were inclined to go, and some to stay,  
 And thus perplex'd we pass'd the night away;  
 For we, alas! were doom'd by heaven to know   195  
 A sad variety of human woe!  
 Early we rose, and in our ships we stored  
 Our property, and led our wives on board;  
 But half the Greeks, to please their king, inclined  
 To follow his advice and stay behind;           200  
 The other half set sail; with oars we sweep  
 The calm smooth surface of the awful deep,  
 And soon reach Tenedos, where we adore  
 The gods, and long to gain our native shore;  
 But Jove was still averse; new quarrels rose,   205  
 And we again each other's plans oppose:  
 Some would return and pass the briny wave,  
 Led by their king Ulysses wise and brave;  
 For they concluded that they should impart  
 Relief to Agamemnon's anguish'd heart;           210  
 But with my ships I fled, for well I knew,  
 That wrath from heaven the lingerers would pursue.  
 The warrior son of Tydeus also fled,  
 And with him all his brave associates led;

'Twas late before king Menelaus came: 215  
 Again at Lesbos fierce debates inflame  
 The wavering Greeks; some voted to explore  
 Psyna's rough isle, and some Mimanta's shore.  
 Then we invoked the gods, who gave a sign,  
 Directing us to keep a middle line, 220  
 And crossing to Eubœa, carry press  
 Of sail, by speed avoiding deep distress:  
 The shrill winds murmur, and the freshen'd gales:  
 Over the fishy sea impel our sails,  
 And to Gerœstus in the night we came, 225  
 And thighs of bulls committed to the flame  
 In sacrifice to Neptune, having pass'd  
 With prosperous passage o'er the ocean vast.  
 On the fourth day Tydides with his host,  
 And well built ships came safe to Argos' coast; 230  
 I steer'd for Pylus, bless'd with prosperous gales,  
 Which freshly blew and fill'd my swelling sails:  
 Thus, my beloved son, I reach'd this port,  
 But cannot of the others make report,  
 Whether they safely gain'd their native coast, 235  
 Or in the ocean's whelming waves were lost:  
 Rumours have reach'd my ears, and what these are,  
 Without disguise I freely will declare.  
 'Tis said the Myrmidons, for spears renown'd,  
 Led by Achilles' noble son, have found. 240  
 A safe return, and if we credit fame  
 Of Philoctetes, he hath found the same;  
 Safely in Crete Idomeneus arrived  
 With all his men who Troy's sad war survived;  
 Not one was lost at sea. Atrides' fate, 245  
 As this ye know, 'tis needless to relate,

How he return'd, and by a treach'rous wife,  
 And base Ægisthus' treason lost his life;  
 But vengeance soon pursued these wicked deeds,  
 And by Orestes' hands the traitor bleeds; 250  
 Ægisthus guileful he deprived of breath,  
 And thus revenged his noble father's death:  
 And thou, my friend, of whom I augur well,  
 Be brave, and strive in ~~virtue~~ <sup>to excel</sup> to excel,  
 That thy good deeds may live in future days, 255  
 And be reported with deserved praise.  
 To him Telemachus again replied:  
 O Nestor! son of Neleus, Græcia's pride!  
 Orestes justly made Ægisthus bleed,  
 And all the Greeks applaud the filial deed; 260  
 His memory will live in future song:  
 Oh, that to me such courage did belong!  
 Then with the aid of heaven, in which I trust,  
 The suitors proud should meet a vengeance just,  
 Who riot in my palace, and destroy 265  
 My wealth, my cattle, with contemptuous joy:  
 Honour like this the gods to me deny,  
 And to my father—but 'tis best to try  
 Our suffering lots with patience to endure,  
 And mitigate the woes we cannot cure. 270  
 To him Gerenian Nestor answering said:  
 My friend beloved! as thou hast mention made  
 About thy own affairs, I will pursue  
 The subject, and enquire if fame speaks true:  
 Art ~~thou~~ <sup>they</sup> oppress'd by suitors, who pretend 275  
 To woo thy mother, while thy wealth they spend?  
 Do you submit against your own free choice?  
 Are you forced to it by the public voice?

Hath any oracle declared it fit,  
 That to these outrages thou shouldst submit? 280  
 Thy father may return, and may repress  
 Alone, or with the Greeks, their gross excess:  
 Oh may it be thy happy lot to share  
 Such a proportion of Minerva's care,  
 As once Ulysses did, when all the host 285  
 Of Greece was fighting on the Trojan coast!  
 For never did I see the gods bestow  
 Such manifested love on man below,  
 As on Ulysses did the blue-eyed maid,  
 Who favour'd him with open, powerful aid; 290  
 And should it prove thy happy lot to be  
 Cared for and loved by her in such degree,  
 All nuptial thoughts the suitors would forego,  
 Glad to escape from dire impending woe.  
 To him Telemachus replied—Alas! 295  
 Old man, thy words will never come to pass.  
 Thou speakst of mighty things; my heart is pain'd,  
 For sure such favours cannot be obtain'd.  
 To him replied Minerva, blue-eyed maid:  
 Telemachus! what rash words hast thou said! 300  
 Canst thou then doubt the power of heaven to bless,  
 Or to deliver from extreme distress?  
 As to myself, I sooner would sustain,  
 That I might safe return, distress and pain,  
 Than be like Agamemnon, whose base wife 305  
 And false Ægisthus him deprived of life:  
 But we are born to die, and soon or late  
 Each man must yield to his determined fate:  
 The gods prolong not mortals' fleeting breath,  
 When Fate consigns them to relentless death. 310

Telemachus replied—'Tis best to wave,  
 Mentor, my friend, these subjects sad and grave:  
 As to my father, he will never more  
 Return to Ithaca, his native shore:  
 The gods already have his fate decreed;      315  
 But now I wish in converse to proceed  
 With Nestor wise, and questions to propose,  
 For more than other men he surely knows.  
 Three generations now consign'd to dust,  
 Were happy in his sway, both mild and just;      320  
 And even now, tho' far advanced in years,  
 Like one of the immortals he appears.  
 O Nestor, son of Neleus, wilt thou tell,  
 How Agamemnon, son of Atreus, fell?  
 Where was his brother? What contrivance, say,      325  
 Ægisthus used this mighty king to slay?  
 Could not his brother aid? and was he then  
 At Argos? or among what race of men?  
 Some fury must have steel'd Ægisthus' heart,  
 Before he acted such a wicked part.      330  
 To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied:  
 The truth from thee, my son, I will not hide:  
 Just apprehensions now thy thoughts employ.  
 If Menelaus, when he came from Troy,  
 Had met Ægisthus living, then no ground      335  
 To cover him the traitor would have found;  
 But from the city cast he would have lain  
 A prey to dogs and vultures on the plain:  
 No women of Achaia would have shed  
 A tear of pity o'er his body dead.      340  
 His wicked deeds incurr'd the general hate,  
 And no one mourn'd his well deserved fate.



Dangers and conflicts we endured, before  
 We safely landed on our native shore.  
 Retired in Argos, false Ægisthus led 345  
 An idle life, and there his horses fed;  
 And Agamemnon's wife to gain he strove,  
 By all the soft, alluring arts of love.  
 At first she treated him with high disdain:  
 Her mind then pure, her life without a stain; 350  
 A minstrel on her steps did close attend,  
 Who was Atrides' confident and friend;  
 For when he sail'd to Troy he left the care  
 Strictly to him of Clytemnestra fair.  
 At length, alas! by adverse fate pursued, 355  
 Her innocence by passion was subdued;  
 Her watchful guard, the minstrel, was by guile  
 Led to a lonely and deserted isle,  
 And there was left disconsolate to stray  
 With ravenous dogs and hungry birds of prey. 360  
 Ægisthus now impatient to be wed,  
 Into his house this willing woman led,  
 While on the altars sacrifices flame,  
 And garlands, gold, and precious vests proclaim  
 His joy, that he this woman had obtain'd, 365  
 Whom he once thought he never could have gain'd.  
 Atrides and myself together sail'd  
 From Troy, and mutual confidence prevail'd;  
 But when we reach'd Athene's headland coast,  
 The sacred Sunium, Menelaus lost 370  
 His pilot Phrontis, who the rudder held,  
 And in the steering art all men excell'd;  
 Phœbus Apollo with a gentle dart,  
 Shot from his bow, transfix'd him to the heart;

Atrides, tho' in haste, to Phrontis gave 375  
 The funeral rites and honour of a grave.  
 Then in his hollow ships he launch'd again  
 On the rough billows of the stormy main,  
 And came near Molea, a mountain high,  
 When Jove with threat'ning clouds obscured the sky;  
 The tempest roars, the winds with whistling sound 381  
 Convulse the waters of the vast profound;  
 The waves like mountains rise, the scatter'd fleet  
 Divide—some ships are driven into Crète.  
 Here the Cydonian race of men resides, 385  
~~Round flowing Jardands' winding sides;~~ *the andrus*  
 Near to Gortyna, midst the gloomy waves,  
 Stands a smooth rock, which all their fury braves,  
 Abrupt towards the sea—the south wind drives  
 The billows on the left, to Phæstus' sides, 390  
 (For a small rock the dashing waves can tame)  
 Hither the vessels driven by tempest came,  
 Scarcely the men escape—the billows dash  
 The vessels on the rock with horrid crash;  
 Five ships alone the boisterous storm withstand, 395  
 Which winds and waves drove safe to Ægypt's laud;  
 There midst a race of men of unknown tongue,  
 Collecting gold and food, he wander'd long:  
 Meantime Ægisthus his base plot pursued;  
 The king he slew—the people he subdued; 400  
 And for seven years he held the chief command  
 O'er rich Mycæné and its subject land.  
 These wicked deeds the brave Orestes drew  
 From Athens, who his father's murderer slew  
 In the eighth year, and afterwards he gave 405  
 A funeral supper to the Argives brave,

Which was intended to commemorate  
 His hated mother's and Ægisthus' fate.  
 On the same day return'd Atrides bold,  
 His ships well stored with precious gifts and gold: 410  
 And thou, my friend, be cautious of delay,  
 For if from Ithaca thou long shouldst stay,  
 The suitors full of insolence and pride,  
 Thy house will ruin and thy wealth divide:  
 Little I fear will then for thee remain, 415  
 And thy long journey will be pass'd in vain.  
 Now to my counsel seriously attend:  
 To Menelaus go, thy father's friend,  
 For he from foreign lands is lately come,  
 Never expecting more to see his home, 420  
 For storms and tempests had his vessels cast  
 Into a sea so horrid and so vast,  
 That it would take the birds a year or more,  
 On swiftest wing, to fly from shore to shore;  
 Then let my sound advice with thee prevail, 425  
 And with thy ship and men to Sparta sail;  
 Or if thou shouldst incline to go by land,  
 Chariots and horses wait on thy command;  
 My sons are also ready as thy guides  
 To Lacedæmon, where the king resides; 430  
 All that he knows intreat him to unfold;  
 By him so just, no falsehood will be told.  
 Now to the setting sun succeeds the shade  
 Of night, when spoke Minerva, blue-eyed maid:  
 Old man, thy eloquence we all admire, 435  
 But now the night invites us to retire:  
 The tongues divide, and mix the mellow wine,  
 And pour libations to the powers divine;

The light is fast departing in the west,  
 And now the hour is come for needful rest; 440  
 And more than this, these sacred feasts require,  
 That in good time the guests should all retire.  
 She spoke and they obey. The heralds bring,  
 To wash their hands, clear water from the spring;  
 The youths with sparkling wine the goblets crown'd,  
 And handed to the guests who sat around; 446  
 The offer'd tongues the rising flames devour,  
 And then all rising, due libations pour.  
 The sense of thirst and hunger now allay'd,  
 Telemachus and Pallas, blue-eyed maid, 450  
 Wish'd to regain their ship; but Nestor rose  
 With friendly haste, their purpose to oppose.  
 May Jove, he said, and all the gods prevent  
 The execution of your rash intent,  
 As tho' from want and poverty you fled, 455  
 And could not in my house procure a bed;  
 My house abundant clothing can produce,  
 And splendid covering for a stranger's use:  
 Ulysses' son beloved shall never sleep  
 In a plank'd ship, while I shall live and keep 460  
 An open house, and while my sons delight  
 To practise every hospitable right.  
 To him the blue-eyed maid:—Thy words impart,  
 My aged friend, the kindness of thy heart:  
 Telemachus may yield to thy request, 465  
 And in thy house enjoy his nightly rest,  
 But to our ship and comrades I will go,  
 And all the necessary care bestow;  
 For I alone am aged, the others young,  
 Weak in experience, tho' in courage strong, 470

Like brave Telemachus, and for his sake  
 This voyage o'er the sea they undertake;  
 With them on board I wish the night to spend,  
 And with them in the morning I intend  
 The Caucons bold to visit, and pursue 475  
 A debt of consequence a long time due;  
 And thou, my friend, wilt take the needful care  
 Thy chariot and thy horses to prepare,  
 Telemachus to Sparta to convey,  
 And let thy son attend him on his way; 480  
 And of the horses which to thee belong,  
 Thou wilt select the swiftest and most strong.  
 Thus spoke the goddess with the azure eyes,  
 And like an eagle darted to the skies.  
 All were amazed, and with astonish'd look, 485  
 Telemachus's hand the old man took,  
 And thus address'd him:—Oh, my youthful friend!  
 What glories o'er thy future days impend!  
 Over thy fate the favouring gods preside,  
 And condescend thy youthful steps to guide; 490  
 This was no other of the powers above,  
 Than Pallas, daughter of Saturnian Jove,  
 Who first was pleased thy father brave to crown,  
 And now thyself with honour and renown:  
 Oh may her favours unto me extend! 495  
 Increase my glory and my house defend!  
 Then shall a broad-faced ox unyoked, well fed,  
 Unto thy altar, blue-eyed maid, be led;  
 Him will I sacrifice, and will infold  
 His horns with curious ornaments of gold. 500  
 Pallas propitious heard the old man pray,  
 Who walk'd before his son and led the way

Into his house, where they in princely state,  
 On thrones and couches in due order sate.  
 The old man then produced his cup of gold, 505  
 And filling it with wine eleven years old,  
 (Brought by the handmaid, who removed the case,  
 And loosed the stopper of the antient vase)  
 He pour'd libations to the blue-eyed maid,  
 And for her favour and protection pray'd. 510  
 These rites perform'd, with generous wine refresh'd,  
 The guests walk home t' enjoy the sweets of rest;  
 But in his house sage Nestor chose to keep  
 Ulysses' son beloved, that he might sleep  
 Within the porches, where for him was spread, 515  
 With curious art adorn'd, a costly bed;  
 And near to him, ~~companion of the night.~~  
~~Lay~~ <sup>replaced a throne for</sup> Pisistratus, ~~famed for martial might,~~  
 Who in the palace dwelt in bloom of life,  
 Not yet united to a lovely wife: 520  
 In the grand dome's recess the old king slept,  
 Where by his wife his bed and couch were kept.  
 Aurora now with rosy fingers bright,  
 Daughter of Dawn, dispell'd the shades of night,  
 When Nestor rose, and took his usual seat 525  
 On polish'd stones, before the palace gate:  
 These placed in rows all beautifully white,  
 Shone as tho' varnish'd to allure the sight;  
 Here Neleus sat, in former days renown'd  
 For prudent counsel and for thought profound, 530  
 (But he had yielded to relentless fate)  
 And in his stead Gerenian Nestor sate,  
 The guard of Greece, with sceptre in his hand,  
 And round him all his sons collected stand,

Thrasymedes the bold, and Persius, 535  
 Aretus, Echephron, and Statius,  
 Pisistratus came last, a hero brave;  
 These introduced Telemachus, and gave  
 A near adjoining seat, when thus began  
 Them to address the venerable man: 540  
 Assist, my sons beloved, your aged sire,  
 Who feels his breast inflamed with strong desire  
 His gratitude to Pallas to display,  
 Whose presence honour'd our late festive day:  
 By one of you the herdsman should be told 545  
 To bring a bullock from the rural fold;  
 And let another to the ship repair,  
 To bring Telemachus's comrades here,  
 Leaving two only; let another tell  
 Laerceus, whose works in gold excel, 550  
 Here to repair, for his nice skill adorns,  
 With ornaments of gold, the bullocks horns:  
 Into the house the others should repair;  
 And tell the household maidens to prepare  
 A splendid feast, the seats and wood to bring, 565  
 And crystal water from the limpid spring.  
 He spoke, and all a quick obedience yield:  
 The bullock first is driven from the field;  
 From the black ship the mariners depart,  
 The goldsmith brings his various tools of art, 560  
 The hammer, anvil, and the well made plyers,  
 To work the gold and twist the shining wires.  
 Minerva also came. Now store of gold  
 Was given to the smith by Nestor old,  
 Who with nice art, the bullock's horns around 565  
 (Pallas to please) the rich devices bound;

The bullock by the horns Echephron brave  
 And Staius led; and water pure to lave  
 Their hands, Aretus from the chamber bore,  
 In a rich laver form'd of burnish'd ore; 570  
 And in his other hand he held the cakes;  
 The keen-edged axe brave Thrasymedes takes,  
 Prepared to strike; before the beast he stood,  
 Perseus a bason held to catch the blood;  
 The old Gerenian Nestor fire provides, 575  
 To bake the cakes and heat the laver's sides:  
 All things prepared, the aged Nestor pray'd,  
 For her protection, to the blue-eyed maid;  
 Into the fire hairs plucked from his head  
 He threw, and round the fire the cakes he spread; 580  
 Thrasymedes with force the keen axe guides,  
 And the neck's tendons with a stroke divides,  
 Down drops the bullock; all the daughters sigh,  
 And the sons' wives unite their plaintive cry,  
 And Nestor's wife, the chaste Eurydice, 585  
 The eldest daughter of fair Clymene;  
 These from the ground the bullock's head updrew,  
 Whom ~~the brave hero~~ <sup>then</sup> Pisistratus ~~slew~~ <sup>the hero</sup>;  
 From the deep wound quick flows the purple tide—  
 The spirit flies; when they the flesh divide. 590  
 In the first place, the thighs being laid apart,  
 With fat are cover'd with the nicest art,  
 And morsels spread around—the old man stood  
 Near to the fire, piled up with cloven wood,  
 And pour'd the purple wine—on either hand 595  
 Young men with five-prong'd forks attentive stand:  
 The thighs first burnt—the inward parts they taste,  
 And cut the flesh in slices for the feast;



Which fixed on spits they broil, and when compleat,  
 With the prong'd forks take up the savoury meat. 600  
 Meantime the lovely Polycaste laves  
 Telemachus, in soft and limpid waves:  
 She was the youngest daughter of the king.  
 The bathing finish'd, then she hastes to bring  
 The softest oil, and last around she threw 605  
 A tunic, and a robe both fair and new.  
 Now from the bath he moves in princely state,  
 And near the aged king he takes his seat:  
 The upper slices broil'd, the attendants haste  
 To take them up, and serve them for the feast; 610  
 To fill the golden cups young men arose,  
 And round the board rich wine profusely flows.  
 Now appetite and thirst alike allay'd,  
 Thus to his sons Gerenian Nestor said:  
 Prepare the horses swift with flowing manes, 615  
 And to the chariot join and fix the reins,  
 That they Telemachus may hence convey,  
 With one of you companion of his way.  
 He spoke; his words direct attention find,  
 And to the car the horses swift they bind; 620  
 A store of bread and wine the matron brings,  
 And victuals dress'd, fit food for heaven-born kings;  
 The splendid car Telemachus ascends,  
 And at his side Pisistratus attends,  
 Holding the reins—the horses hear the sound 625  
 Of the smack'd whip, and spring along the ground.  
 Thus all the day they travell'd, till the sun  
 Set in the west, his course diurnal run,  
 And shades of night obscured the darken'd road,  
 When they approach'd Diocleus' abode 630

At Pheræ; from Ortilochus he claim'd  
Birth, and his grandfather was Alpheus named;  
Here they abode, and rested thro' the night,  
Refresh'd with every hospitable rite;  
But when Aurora bright with rosy dies, 635  
Rose in fresh glory up the vaulted skies,  
The horses they prepare, the car ascend,  
And from the portico their course they bend,  
The horses feel the lash, away they bound  
Thro' a fine country and a fertile ground; 640  
Such was their speed, they finish'd all the way  
As the sun set and night succeeded day.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

1875

# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

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## BOOK IV.

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**T**O deep-valed Lacedæmon now they come,  
And drive to noble Menelæus' dome;  
Engaged in nuptial feasts the king they found,  
With friends assembled from the country round,  
In honour of his son and daughter fair, 5  
She was betroth'd to brave Achilles' heir,  
For Menelaus promised when at Troy,  
That he his lovely daughter should enjoy;  
(And to the marriage now the gods consent)  
So he with chariots and with horses sent 10  
To the brave Myrmidons' famed town the bride,  
There with the king her husband to reside;  
But for his son from Sparta had convey'd  
Alector's daughter fair, a blooming maid:  
This son named Megapenthes, strong and brave, 15  
He had when aged by a female slave,  
(For Helen had no child, by heaven's decree,  
Since she brought forth the fair Hermione,  
Lovely as Venus with the golden hair;)  
So to the palace now the chiefs repair, 20  
Atrides' friends and neighbours, to employ  
The day auspicious in convivial joy:

Well pleased they hear the heavenly minstrel sing,  
 With voice responsive to the tuneful string;  
 With nimble feet, two dancers beat the ground, 25  
 Attentive to the harp's melodious sound:  
 The chariot stopt before the palace gate,  
 Where the young heroes for admission wait;  
 Eteoneus, who served with faithful care  
 The <sup>be as</sup> glorious Menelaus, was first aware 30  
 Of the two strangers, and to him he went  
~~Thro' the grand dome, the case to represent:~~  
<sup>without delay</sup>  
 Before thy gate, O king! two strangers stand,  
 And I am come to wait thy high command;  
 In countenance they seem of heavenly race; 35  
 Shall I their horses from the car unbrace?  
 Or shall I from thy gate these strangers send,  
 To gain a welcome from an unknown friend?  
 To him <sup>with warmth</sup> ~~enrag'd~~ the noble king replies:  
 Eteoneus, I once did think thee wise; 40  
 Now like a child's, thy words are void of sense;  
 How for such questions couldst thou find pretence?  
 In all my wanderings did I ever find  
 A cold reception, or a look unkind?  
 (May Jove secure me from all future ill!) 45  
 But now attend and execute my will;  
 Unloose the horses, and the men invite  
 Here, to partake each hospitable rite.  
 The king's command Eteoneus obey'd,  
 Calling two other servants to his aid, 50  
 Who loosed the horses fleet, with heat opprest,  
 And led them to the stables there to rest,  
*Then* ~~Setting~~ before them oats and barley white  
 And rear'd in splendid stall the chariot bright:

The royal house now entering, they behold 55  
The splendour bright of silver, brass, and gold;  
The gold and brass with solar brightness shone,  
The polish'd silver like the lucid moon;  
Each object strikes them with renew'd surprize,  
As round they cast their captivated eyes. 60  
Now satisfied with sight, their limbs they lave  
In polish'd baths, replenish'd with the wave;  
The softest oil th' attendant maids bestow,  
Then fleecy coats and robes around them throw:  
Thus having bathed, and all their dress compleat, 65  
To Menelaus near they take a seat.  
Now in a golden vase a handmaid brings,  
To lave their hands, pure water from the springs,  
With ewer of silver, then she hastes to spread  
The polish'd tables, which with finest bread 70  
And many dainties soon were cover'd o'er  
By the attentive matron of the store:  
The sewer served up variety of food,  
And golden cups around the table stood.  
Now Menelaus greets each stranger guest, 75  
And thus his hospitality exprest:  
Come taste my feast, and may it joy inspire,  
And when refresh'd, permit me to enquire  
Your names and country, for I plainly trace  
A noble lineage in your manly grace; 80  
For fathers surely of a low degree,  
Could never have such noble progeny!  
Thus as he spoke, before the youths he placed  
A fatted chine, which his own table graced:  
Their eager hands the savoury meat divide 85  
Till thirst and hunger both alike subside;

When Nestor's son Telemachus address'd, 97  
 ('That others might not hear) in speech depress'd: 98  
 My friend beloved, in whom my soul delights,  
 What wonders now attract our ravish'd sights! 99  
 The brass, the amber, silver, and the gold,  
 Shine with a splendour dazzling to behold;  
 The ivory how white! I seem to be  
 Within the mansion of a deity!  
 Atrides heard the whisperings of his guest, 95  
 And in wing'd words the noble youths address:  
 With Jove, my sons, no mortal can compare,  
 His house and furniture immortal are;  
 Some may have more, and some have less than me,  
 But who has undergone more misery? 100  
 Eight years a wanderer, on the ocean tost,  
 I scarcely reach'd at length the Cyprian coast,  
 Thence thro' Phœnicia and thro' Egypt pass'd  
 To Æthiopia—then my lot was cast  
 At Sidon and Erembos—Lybia then 105  
 Saw me a wanderer with my wretched men;  
 Here was a breed of horned sheep, who bear  
 Lambs at three periods in the perfect year;  
 The master and the shepherd never know  
 The want of cheese and meat, and milk doth flow 110  
 Winter and summer, from the udders press'd:  
 Thus as we pass'd thro' various lands distress'd,  
 Seeking provisions for myself and crew,  
 A wicked man my royal brother slew,  
 Assisted by his false abandon'd wife, 115  
 For by her secret fraud he lost his life;  
 How can I then as king my wealth enjoy,  
 When such calamities my peace destroy!

If you have fathers, they to you can tell  
 How great my sufferings, for they know them well. 120  
 I lost my house, in plenty where I reign'd,  
 Which many men and precious wealth contain'd;  
 Of all these treasures had I but one third,  
 This small proportion would be much preferr'd  
 To all I now enjoy, could I restore 125  
 The men who perish'd on the Trojan shore:  
 Their fates I mourn, when recollection brings  
 Unto my view the state of former things,  
 Tears then will flow, affording short relief  
 To my almost uninterrupted grief: 130  
 But of all those, I mourn no other's fate  
 So much as thine, Ulysses brave and great;  
 Both sleep and food are odious for thy sake,  
 For who such toils did ever undertake  
 Alas! brave man! thy troubles know no end, 135  
 And grief for thee my bleeding heart doth rend!  
 But whether he be now alive or dead,  
 Tears by his father and his wife are shed,  
 And by Telemachus, who was a boy  
 When his brave father sail'd with me to Troy. 140  
 These moving words raised sad, tho' sweet desire  
 In young Telemachus, to mourn his sire;  
 Tears down his cheeks in copious torrents steal,  
 Which with his robe he study'd to conceal.  
 Atrides saw how much he was distress'd, 145  
 And hesitated whether ~~it~~ were best *it*  
 To take no notice, till he should impart  
 The cause which stirr'd such feelings in his heart,  
 Or to enquire direct, and then relate  
 To him the sufferings of his father's fate. 150



As thus he waver'd, Heleḡ from her room,  
 Lofty and breathing exquisite perfume,  
 Like golden-bow'd Diana, now descends,  
 The fair Adrasté on her steps attends,  
 A chair adorn'd with curious art she bore; 155  
 Alcippé spreads the carpet on the floor,  
 Woven with finest wool; and Phylo brought  
 A silver basket, elegantly wrought;  
 Alcandré, wife of Polybus renown'd,  
 Of Thebes Ægyptian, in whose house abound 160  
 Rich moveables, presented this, and gave  
 Two silver baths to Menelaus brave,  
 With tripods two, and talents ten of gold;  
 And to fair Helen, splendid to behold,  
 A golden distaff, and a basket round 165  
 Of polish'd silver, with gold edgings bound;  
 This Phylo brought with finest thread supplied,  
 And placed the fleece-roll'd distaff by its side:  
 Now on her foot-stool'd seat the queen reclined,  
 Disclosed the secret feelings of her mind:— 170  
 King Menelaus, do we know what race  
 These men are sprung from, and their dwelling place?  
 I may be right or wrong in what I say,  
 But never did a form and face convey,  
 In man or woman, likeness so exact, 175  
 (Lost in astonishment I tell the fact)  
 As in this young man's person and his face,  
 To wise Ulysses noble son I trace,  
 Whom when his father sail'd with thee to Troy,  
 He left behind him, then a little boy. 180  
 Ah wretched me! that Greece should for my sake,  
 A war so fierce, so baneful undertake!

*Wife thou hast expressed*

*Thought to be chaste & honest spontaneous in breast*  
 To her Atrides answer'd fast  
~~Exactly wife, in sentiments with thee!~~

Like are his hands, his feet, his eyes and head, 185

And the fine locks which round his temples spread;

And when I lately did to him recount

The toils and dangers which on my account

Ulysses wise sustain'd, his tears reveal'd

His bitter grief, which could not be conceal'd, 190

Tho' with his purple robe he strove to hide

These tears fast flowing in a briny tide.

To him Pisistratus direct reply'd:

Atrides Menelaus, thy people's guide!

He is indeed his son, as thou hast said; 195

But young and diffident, he felt afraid

To make display of words before thy face;

For thou canst speak with more than mortal grace:

Gerenian Nestor sent me to attend

(Companion of his way) my noble friend, 200

Who wish'd to see thee, that thou might'st relate

All that thou knowest of his father's fate,

For much his absence grieves his feeling heart,

And he has none at home to take his part;

Without Ulysses' aid his hope is vain, 205

The insolence of others to restrain.

Atrides moved, his feelings thus exprest:

The son of him I loved, is he my guest?

Who for my sake did freely undergo

Variety of conflicts, toil, and woe; 210

Oh! had he safe return'd, I should have proved

By deeds, how much this prudent man I loved!

Had Jove vouchsafed our vessels swift to save

From the dire storms which agitate the wave,

I would for him have built on Argive ground 215  
 A city, where his people would have found  
 A safe retreat, where with his son and wealth  
 He might have livèd in happiness and health:  
 If people still were wanting, then I thought  
 From other town or city to have brought 220  
 Inhabitants, o'er whom I now command,  
 To fill the houses and to till the land;  
 Then we should oft have met with mutual joy,  
 For our warm friendship nothing can destroy;  
 Thro' every change of fortune it will last, 225  
 Till the black shades of death our eyes o'er cast:  
 But heaven forbids, and (what we all deplore)  
 Still keeps him absent from his native shore.  
 He spoke, and touch'd the tender strings of grief:  
 In tears the Argive Helen seeks relief; 230  
 Telemachus and Menelaus weep,  
 And Nestor's son was moved, and could not keep  
 Tears from his eyes; for on the Trojan plain  
 His brother by Aurora's son was slain:  
 Touch'd by the recollection, he replied: 235  
 Thy fame for prudence, king! extendeth wide:  
 My father lately mentioning thy name,  
 Confirm'd most fully the report of fame;  
 Then hear my counsel, which I think is right:  
 Tears after supper cannot give delight, 240  
 But in the morning let our tears be shed  
 For friends and kindred number'd with the dead;  
 For them we shave the head, and tears will flow,  
 For wretched man was born to suffer woe.  
 Antilochus is dead, my brother brave, 245  
 He found at Troy, alas! an early grave:

Thou oft hast seen him, but I never knew  
 This valiant youth; but if report speak true,  
 The prize to few Antilochus would yield,  
 Of swiftness, or of courage in the field. 250  
 The king replied—Dear youth! thy words engage  
 Notice, like words of more experienced age!  
 I hear thy father in thy wise reply;  
 For it is no hard matter to descry  
 The offspring of the man, upon whose head, 255  
 When born and married, Jove hath blessings shed.  
 How hath he always honour'd Nestor sage!  
 Soften'd the sufferings of extreme old age!  
 And given him sons to ease him of his care,  
 Prudent in council and expert in war! 260  
 But for the present let us cease to mourn,  
 And to the supper our attention turn,  
 Laving our hands, and with the morning light  
 In conversation we will re-unite.  
 He spoke—Asphalion pours upon their hands 265  
 Water, observant of his lord's commands;  
 And now they all partake the sumptuous feast,  
 While other thoughts engage fair Helen's breast;  
 With nicest art she mingled in the bowl  
 A drug to calm the tumults of the soul, 270  
 That whosoever tasted might be free  
 From pain, from anger, and from misery;  
 Throughout the day no tender tear might shed  
 For a dear father, or a mother dead;  
 Nor tho' a brother or a son should die 275  
 By murderous hands direct before his eye:  
 Such potent drugs Jove's daughter had in store,  
 Which she had brought from Egypt's fertile shore,

From herbs extracted, some of which produce,  
 When mix'd, a healing, some a pois'nous juice. 280  
 The wife of Thoor, Polydamna fair,  
 These drugs entrusted unto Helen's care.  
 (The Egyptians sprung from Pæon, fables tell,  
 In acts of healing other men excel.)  
 The wine thus mix'd, her orders she express'd 285  
 To pour it out, and hand it to each guest;  
 Then turning to her husband, spoke again:  
 Atrides Menelaus! we entertain  
 'The sons of noble men (but Jove bestows,  
 As suits his will, prosperities and woes); 290  
 Now sitting in the house, we feast at ease,  
 And with free converse one another please.  
 Let me some actions of Ulysses' state:  
 (But who can all his glorious deeds relate,  
 Which he perform'd, while all the Grecian host 295  
 Waged war disastrous on the Trojan coast?)  
 Dress'd like a slave, his back with scourges torn,  
 He came to Troy, an object most forlorn,  
 And as a beggar wander'd in the street,  
 Like to no mortal in the Grecian fleet; 300  
 All were deceived, except myself, who saw  
 Thro' the disguise, and answers strove to draw  
 To many questions, which with nicest art  
 He parried, when inviting him apart,  
 I laved his hands, and brought the softest oil 305  
 His body to refresh, oppress'd with toil,  
 Giving him raiment; then he made me swear,  
 That I to no one would his name declare,  
 Till he the tents and fleet had safe regain'd;  
 Then he to me the Greeks designs explain'd, 310

And many of the Trojans made to feel,  
 As he return'd, the sharpness of his steel:  
 Thus he deceived them with consummate art;  
 The women shriek'd, but joy possess'd my heart,  
 Which now pined after home, too long forgot, 315  
 And oft with tears I mourn'd my hapless lot,  
 Reproaching Venus for the snares she laid,  
 By which I was too easily betray'd  
 To sail to Troy, and leave my child behind,  
 And husband graceful and of noble mind. 320  
 To her Atrides made reply and said,  
 Thy observations, wife, are justly made;  
 Much have I travell'd, many heroes known,  
 Compared their words and counsels with my own; *counsel*  
 But as Ulysses, never have my eyes 325  
 Beheld a man so prudent and so wise;  
 The wooden horse he plann'd with wondrous skill,  
 And then contrived its caverns deep to fill  
 With Grecian heroes, eager to destroy  
 The walls, the city, and the men of Troy; 330  
 Thou camest near us, as impell'd by fate,  
 To add fresh glory to the Trojan state,  
 Follow'd by brave Deiphobus, and thrice  
 Thou walkedst round this hollow strange device,  
 Calling each Grecian hero by his name, 335  
 As tho' from each man's wife the calling came;  
 I and Tydides and Ulysses, all  
 Sat in the midst, and plainly heard thy call;  
 We both were eager with a sudden bound  
 Forth issuing, to spring upon the ground; 340  
 Our rash resolve, Ulysses wise restrain'd,  
 While all the rest a silence deep maintain'd,

Save Anticlus, who wish'd to make reply  
 Unto thy call, but brave Ulysses nigh  
 With both his mighty hands restrain'd his breath, 345  
 And thus preserved the chiefs of Greece from death,  
 And till thou went'st away, by Pallas led,  
 His nervous arms round Anticlus were spread.  
 To him the wise Telemachus replied:  
 Atrides Menelaus! thy people's guide! 350  
 'Tis hard—but glorious actions cannot save  
 The iron-hearted hero from the grave:  
 But let us now retire, and strive to close  
 Our eyes throughout the night in soft repose.  
 Helen then bade her ready maids to spread, 355  
 Under the porch, for each of them a bed  
 Of purple rugs, and carpets to prepare,  
 With coverlets wove warm with shaggy hair.  
 The maids go forth, with torches in their hands,  
 And lay the beds, obedient to commands; 360  
 The herald then attended on each guest,  
 And introduced them to the couch of rest.  
 Atrides' bed in a recess was placed,  
 Within the dome which lovely Helen graced.  
 But when the rosy-finger'd morning shone, 365  
 From his soft couch arose brave Atreus' son;  
~~his dress adjusted, o'er his shoulders slung~~  
 His dress adjusted, o'er his shoulders slung  
 The belt, from which his keen-edged faulchion hung;  
 His <sup>agile</sup> nimble feet, the fair new sandals grace;  
 His room then leaving with majestic pace, 370  
 Near to Telemachus a seat he took,  
 And thus address'd him with a friendly look:  
 What cause, Telemachus, could thee incline  
 To visit Lacedæmon the divine,

And pass the sea? The cause to me declare; 375  
 Is it a public or a private care?  
 Telemachus the prudent thus replied:  
 Atrides Menelaus! thy people's guide!  
 I came to ask thee freely to relate  
 All that thou knowest of my father's fate; 380  
 My wealth is eaten up, my works destroy'd,  
 My house by enemies is occupied;  
 My mother's suitors, insolent and vain,  
 Feast on my fatted sheep and bullocks slain;  
 Wherefore I now embrace thy knees to know 385  
 The full extent of all my father's woe,  
 All thou hast seen, and all that others say:  
 Most wretched surely was his natal day!  
 Fear not to wound the feelings of a youth,  
 Tho' thou shouldst tell him all the mournful truth: 390  
 If e'er my father, most renowned chief,  
 By deed or counsel brought the Greeks relief,  
 In their distresses, on the Trojan shore,  
 By these good acts I earnestly implore,  
 That thou to me distinctly wilt relate 395  
 All that thou knowest of his wretched fate.  
 To him Atrides, much enraged, replied:  
 Weak mortals, full of vanity and pride!  
 What strange presumption leads you to pretend  
 The bed of such a hero to ascend? 400  
 As in the forest where a deer is fed,  
 Who leaves her sucking fawns within the bed  
 Of a fierce lion, and then takes the range  
 Of hill and vale, her pasture fond to change,  
 The savage beast returning to his leir, 405  
 Finds in his den the tender trembling deer,



And quick devours them—thus Ulysses will,  
 On his return, the trembling suitors kill.  
 Oh! that it now might be the will of heaven,  
 That strength to sage Ulysses might be given, 410  
 Such as he had when on the Lesbian shore  
 The prize from Philomeledes he bore!  
 'Twas a fierce contest; but at length he gain'd  
 The victory, and great applause obtain'd.  
 If midst the suitors such he should appear, 415  
 Soon would they tremble, struck with panic fear,  
 Then thinking only of impending fate,  
 All their bright schemes of marriage they would hate.  
 But now to satisfy thy earnest prayer,  
 I will without disguise the truth declare, 420  
 And what the aged and true sea prophet told,  
 With scrupulous exactness will unfold:  
 The gods in Egypt long compell'd my stay,  
 Tho' I was anxious to depart away;  
 No hecatomb had bled—a judgment due, 425  
 Neglect of heaven is certain to pursue.  
 Pharos, an island in the billowy main,  
 Lies at a distance from th' Egyptian plain,  
 As far remote as with a prosp'rous gale,  
 A well-rigg'd vessel in a day could sail; 430  
 It has a spacious harbour, where they keep  
 Their ships, and thence they launch them on the deep:  
 The gods averse, for twenty days confined  
 My vessels here, nor sent a prosperous wind;  
 For 'tis the gales fresh blowing, which convey 435  
 The ships fast sailing o'er the broad-back'd sea.  
 Provisions now grew scarce, my comrades brave  
 Were faint, when came a goddess us to save,

Edothea, daughter of the old sea seer  
 Proteus, by pity moved, approach'd me near, 440  
 As I was wandering on the shore alone,  
 For all my comrades then from me were gone  
 To catch with crooked hooks the finny race,  
 Food to supply, our languid limbs to brace,  
 And thus she spoke: *chief* Thou simple wandering guest, 445  
 Art thou ~~by idleness or grief depress'd?~~ *cap. & circumst. by calling on grief*  
 How canst thou linger with a heart at ease, *rest*  
 Thy men ~~worn out by~~ *worn* famine and disease? *or just?*  
 I answer'd, Goddess, whosoe'er thou art,  
 I will to thee my tale of woe impart: 450  
 Here I am kept against my will, and dread  
 The wrath divine impending o'er my head;  
 But as the gods know all things, wilt thou say  
 Which of the immortals now obstructs my way,  
 And will not suffer me my ships to guide 455  
 Over the waters of the fishy tide?  
 Thus I address'd her; when to me she said,  
 Stranger, to thee just answer shall be made:  
 Near to these shores a true sea prophet dwells,  
 The Egyptian Proteus, in the ocean's cells, 460  
 (The son of Neptune) who the deep surveys,  
 And knows the caverns of the boundless seas;  
 He is my father, if report speaks true;  
 And if by secret fraud thou canst subdue  
 And bind him fast, he clearly will relate 465  
 The future changes of thy destined fate;  
 The time of thy return, the length of way  
 That thou must traverse o'er the fishy sea;  
 And he, O noble chief! if such thy will,  
 Will clearly tell thee all the good and ill 470

*of which*  
 Which in thy family have ~~been~~ *long complain'd* sustain'd,  
 While wanderings long and strange have thee detain'd.  
 The goddess spoke. I answer'd in reply:  
*Let me* Tell me what stratagems I should apply, *and rely,*  
 For how can mortal man a snare devise, 475  
 To blind immortal scrutinizing eyes?  
 The goddess answered, Stranger, take good heed  
 To my directions, and thou wilt succeed:  
 When his meridian height the sun shall gain,  
 And scorch with fervid rays the sandy plain, 480  
 Then from the sea the prophet old will rise,  
 Hid in a sable mist from vulgar eyes,  
 And seeking shelter in a cave, will close  
 His eyes, desirous of profound repose.  
 The feetless phocæ will forsake the wave, 485  
 And sleep around him in the hollow cave.  
 From them a fetid smell marine exhales,  
 Which taints the sweetness of the freshest gales.  
 To-morrow morning I will be thy guide:  
 Be it thy care three comrades to provide, 490  
 Selected from thy men—I will unfold  
 All the devices of the prophet old:  
 His calves he first will number and survey  
 By fives, and afterwards himself will lay  
 Amidst them in the cave, as shepherds keep 495  
 Watch on the plain amidst their fleecy sheep;  
 But when with sleep oppress'd he close his eyes,  
 Then in full strength and confidence arise,  
 Your nervous arms around him firmly clasp,  
 Let not his struggles loosen your firm grasp, 500  
 Tho' he will try all efforts to escape,  
 Assuming every earthly reptile's shape;

Then will appear as water, then as fire;  
 But hold him fast until he shall inquire  
 (His sleeping form assuming) who you are;      505  
 Then cease from force, and all restraint forbear:  
 Why thus thou sufferest ask him to disclose,  
 And what immortals thy return oppose.  
 She spoke, and sunk beneath the azure flood.  
 I sought my ships, which on the sea-shore stood,      510  
 And as I walk'd along, my sad heart beat;  
 But when I thus had made a safe retreat,  
 Our supper we prepared, and strove to close,  
 On the sea-shore, our eyes in soft repose.  
 Now when the daughter of the dawn, with bright      515  
 And rosy fingers scatter'd orient light,  
 Then on the ocean's far extended shore  
 (The aid divine desirous to implore)  
 I walk'd, and from my men three comrades chose,  
 In whose firm courage I could most repose;      520  
 Into the sea the goddess plunged again,  
 And brought four skins of sea-calves to the plain,  
 All fresh; and guileful now she took her stand,  
 In shelter'd stations hollow'd in the sand;  
 Near we approach'd her, when in order due      525  
 She placed us, and the skins around us threw:  
 These we could scarcely bear, their stench was such,  
 For who a calf marine could dare to touch?  
 For this a remedy she quick applied,  
 And with ambrosial dew perfumed each hide.      530  
 Throughout the morning we with patience wait,  
 When, lo! the phocæ from the sea retreat  
 In multitudes, and lay themselves to rest  
 On the sea-shore, as tho' with sleep opprest;

Then from the deep the old man rose, and found 535  
 The phocæ fat extended on the ground;  
 No fraud suspecting, them he number'd o'er,  
 Including us, then slept upon the shore:  
 Instant with shouts our arms round him we cast,  
 And with strong graspings strive to hold him fast; 540  
 He to elude us, and excite our fears,  
 A lion grim with bristling mane appears,  
 A dragon, then a panther, monstrous sow,  
 Then thro' our hands like water seems to flow;  
 Then like a tree he spreads—now grown more bold, 545  
 With firmer arms we grasp the prophet old.  
 At length his arts all fail'd him, when he found  
 His breath was straighten'd and his limbs were bound;  
 And, O thou son of Atreus! then he said,  
 Which of the gods my secrets hath betray'd, 550  
 And taught thee thus to baffle all my skill?  
 What brings thee hither? what is now thy will?  
 Old man, I said, thou askest me to tell  
 What brings me hither, when thou knowest well,  
 That in an island long constrain'd to stay, 555  
 (Whence to escape I find no opening way)  
 My spirits fail me, and I came to learn  
 (For gods know all) what hinders my return?  
 Which of the offended deities doth keep  
 My ships from sailing o'er the fishy deep? 560  
 I spoke—the prophet answer'd in reply,  
 To Jove and all the rulers of the sky,  
 It is thy duty sacred rites to pay,  
 Then open to thy home would be the way;  
 Then would thy vessels, bless'd with prosperous gales,  
 Fly o'er the sable deep with spreading sails; 566

But fate forbids that thou shouldst ever more  
 Thy friends revisit and thy native shore,  
 Till thou return to Egypt's sacred stream,  
 And cause on altars hecatombs to flame 570  
 To the immortals, who will then provide  
 A wind to waft thee o'er the ocean wide.  
 His words sink deep—my heart within me fails,  
 Because tow'rds Egypt I must spread my sails,  
 And tempt again the stormy winds which sweep, 575  
 In this long passage, o'er the sable deep;  
 But I replied, I will thy words obey,  
 And brave again the dangers of the sea:  
 And now I pray thee, prophet, to relate,  
 If all the Greeks return'd with prosperous fate, 580  
 Together with their ships—are any lost,  
 Whom I and Nestor left on Ilion's coast?  
 Did any perish by a sudden death?  
 By friends have any been deprived of breath?  
 I spoke—the prophet answer'd in reply, 585  
 Why dost thou seek to know their destiny?  
 O son of Atreus! wilt thou like to hear  
 Tidings to wound thine heart, and cause the tear  
 Of sympathy to flow Must I relate,  
 That many lost their lives by adverse fate, 590  
 Many survived? Two leaders of the host  
 Perish'd before they gain'd their native coast.  
 Thou at the fight was present. One brave chief  
 Is still alive, tho' hopeless of relief.  
 He is detain'd in some sequester'd spot 595  
 In the wide sea, and mourns his hapless lot.  
 The younger Ajax, shipwreck'd on the rock  
 Craggy of Gyræ, scarce survived the shock;

Neptune preserved him from impending fate,  
(Tho' still the object of Minerva's hate) 600  
And he had safe return'd, if words profane  
He had not utter'd, insolent and vain.  
The storms and tempests of the deep he braved,  
And said, in spite of heaven he should be saved;  
These impious boastings Neptune heard, enraged, 605  
With his strong hand the trident vast he seized,  
And smote the mountain—the impetuous shock  
Clave into twain the hard Gyrean rock;  
Part kept its station—part where Ajax stood,  
With crash tremendous sunk beneath the flood; 610  
The agitated waves the rock surround,  
And Ajax wounded, sunk, and there was drown'd.  
Her aid the venerable Juno gave,  
And with his ship preserved thy brother brave,  
Who steering near to Malea's mountain vast, 615  
Was by the raging tempest backward cast  
Into the deep, whose heaving billows bore  
The suffering man to Argos' extreme shore,  
Where formerly Thyeste's mansion stood,  
And where his son, Ægisthus, now abode: 620  
Safe near the land, he thought all danger past;  
But the winds changed, and by their furious blast  
His ship was driven home, with joy elate  
He landed, thankful for his happy fate,  
And kneeling kiss'd the ground, while flowing tears 625  
Attest his present joy and former fears.  
A watchman in a station kept his stand,  
To notice every ship approaching land,  
Who by the false Ægisthus had been told,  
That he would give him talents two of gold; 630

So for a year he watched to explore  
 Each ship approaching to the Argive shore.  
 He to Ægisthus ran with eager speed,  
 Who plann'd direct a most atrocious deed:  
 Twenty stout men he chose, in wait to lie, 635  
 Ordering his own domestics to supply  
 A sumptuous feast, then with a splendid train  
 Of horses and of chariots, rode to feign  
 A welcome to Atrides, and invite  
 The king to every hospitable rite. 640  
 He unsuspecting went, and lost his life,  
 Like a stall'd ox, who falls beneath the knife;  
 Not one survived of all Atrides' train,  
 And all Ægisthus' men were also slain.  
 The prophet spoke, and fill'd my heart with woe, 645  
 My soul was moved, and tears spontaneous flow;  
 Mourning I sat upon the sandy plain,  
 Nor wish'd to live, or see the light again.  
 Sate at length with grief, for tears impart  
 Respite from sorrow to a bleeding heart. 650  
 The old and true sea seer the silence broke,  
 And speech resuming, thus to me he spoke:  
 O son of Atreus! why indulge in grief,  
 When tears and sighs can give thee no relief?  
 How to return endeavour to contrive: 655  
 The wretch Ægisthus may be yet alive;  
 If kill'd already by Orestes brave,  
 Perform the rites sepulchral o'er his grave.  
 These words afford my trouble spirits rest,  
 And calm the anguish of my throbbing breast; 660  
 When I to him a further suit preferr'd:  
 These men I know, but say who is the third,



Who still a wanderer from his native shores,  
 In a lone isle his wretched fate deplores:  
 Is he alive or dead? I wish to know, 665  
 Altho' the tale may still increase my woe.  
 The seer replied, The chief who is detain'd,  
 Laertes' son, in Ithaca once reign'd;  
 Him in Calypso's isle I lately view'd,  
 Mourning his fate, his face with tears bedew'd; 670  
 For the fair goddess would his stay constrain,  
 And all his efforts to escape were vain;  
 No ship or comrades left, who could convey  
 Ulysses homeward o'er the broad-back'd sea;  
 But it will never be thy destiny, 675  
 O noble chief! in Argive land to die;  
 But to th' Elysian fields the gods will send  
 Thee, where the earth's remotest boundaries end:  
 Here Rhadamanthus dwells, and men enjoy  
 A life of happiness without alloy. 680  
 No snows—no winters chill—no storms assail;  
 But from the ocean springs the softest gale  
 Of Zephyrus, throughout the perfect year,  
 The limbs to strengthen and the spirits cheer.  
 Here thou shalt dwell and lead a happy life, 685  
 With Helen lovely, thy immortal wife!  
 He spoke, and plunged beneath the sable wave;  
 When to my vessels with my comrades brave  
 I bent my steps, and as I thus retreat,  
 My anxious heart with quick pulsations beat: 690  
 Our supper we partake—when shades of night  
 Our wearied limbs to soft repose invite;  
 But when the rosy-finger'd morn appear'd,  
 We launch'd our vessels and the masts we rear'd,

The sails we spread, and every thing compleat, 695  
 Each man upon the bench resumed his seat;  
 Then with our oars the frothy sea we sweep,  
 And steer to Egypt's flowing river deep;  
 Where safe arrived, as sacred rites require,  
 The perfect hecatombs we burn with fire, 700  
 Hoping the wrath divine would be appeas'd  
 By sacrifice; and afterwards we rais'd  
 (To eternize his memory and fame)  
 A monument to Agamemnon's name;  
 Then we embark'd, and heaven propitious gave 705  
 A wind to waft us o'er the sable wave  
 Safe to our home. And now protract your stay  
 Till the eleventh or twelfth ensuing day,  
 Then I will speed your journey, and impart  
 Gifts, which denote the friendship of my heart: 710  
 Three horses famed for speed, a chariot new,  
 A golden cup, from which libations due  
 Pour'd to the gods, may every day revive  
 Remembrance of me while on earth we live.  
 'To him Telemachus replied: Refrain, 715  
 O king! to press me longer to remain,  
 Tho' I could stay with pleasure for a year,  
 For so thy words do captivate my ear,  
 That friends and home excite no warm desire  
 Within my breast, from Sparta to retire 720  
 Them to revisit; but with Nestor left  
 My comrades mourn, of me so long bereft.  
 As to thy proffer'd present, let it be  
 Proper to carry and to keep with me;  
 But unto Ithaca I will not drive 725  
 Thy horses, which in Argos better thrive:

Thy fields are spacious, grass and herbs abound,  
 Wheat, beans, and barley flourish o'er the ground.  
 In Ithaca we have no Champaign fields,  
 No lawn which food for goats and horses yields; 730  
 Our isles are barren, and of compass small,  
 And Ithaca most desolate of all.

He spoke—his hand Atrides gently press'd,  
 And smiling, thus the prudent youth address'd:  
 My son beloved! thy words do not disgrace 735  
 The well known wisdom of thy noble race;  
 To prove my friendship, I will give the best  
 Of all the treasures now by me possest;  
 A silver cup, most curious to behold,  
 Whose splendid rim is bright with burnish'd gold, 740  
 The work of Vulcan—this a hero brave  
 To me, his guest, the king of Sidon gave;  
 This precious cup I will on thee bestow,  
 Pledge of my friendship, which tow'rds thee do glow.  
 Thus they conversed; and now the attendants bring 745  
 (Entering the palace of the noble king)  
 Sheep and heart-cheering wine, while women fair,  
 And elegantly veil'd, the feast prepare:

The attendants thus their varied skill applied  
 Within the house, a supper to provide. 750  
 Meantime the suitors, arrogantly gay,  
 Before Ulysses' house indulged in play  
 On the smooth pavement—discks and bowls afford  
 A relaxation from the festive board.

Antinous here sat, and by his side 755  
 Eurymachus—<sup>who seem'd to Gods allied</sup> these o'er the rest preside;

Noemon, son of Phromius, coming near,  
 Now spoke, approaching to Antinous' ear,

*By grace of a noble suitors led the rest  
 For of the numerous band they were  
 the best*

Have we consider'd with attention due,  
 The consequences likely to ensue, 760  
 When to these shores Telemachus again  
 Shall safe return from Pylus' sandy plain?  
 He hired of me a ship to pass the sea,  
 Which now I stand in need of to convey  
 Myself to spacious Elis, where I feed 765  
 Twelve mares, and have of mules a hardy breed;  
 All these at present range the fields unbroke,  
 And one I want to tame him to the yoke.  
 Struck with astonishment the suitors hear  
 Noemon's words, and thrill with chilling fear. 770  
 They had not heard Telemachus was gone  
 To Pyle, but thought he wandered alone  
 Among his flocks and herds, or might incline  
 To see Eumæus, keeper of the swine.  
 At length Antinous, Eupitheus' son, 775  
 Replied: Now tell us truly, Noemon,  
 When did he go? what chosen youths attend,  
 From Ithaca, Telemachus their friend?  
 Or did he on his men alone rely?  
 For they, we know, could all his wants supply; 780  
 And further, ~~to us explicitly say,~~ *to accurately say*  
 Did he by force thy vessel take away,  
 Or didst thou grant it with a willing mind,  
 Moved by intreaties and by speeches kind?  
 To him Noemon, Phromius' son, replied: 785  
 Freely I lent—this cannot be denied—  
 Who could refuse, when such a man required  
 A ship, to grant him what his soul desired?  
 The leading young men who with us reside  
 With him embark'd, and Mentor was their guide; 790

Except some god, with condescending grace,  
 Assumed the port of Mentor and his face;  
 For I acknowledge to my great surprize,  
 Mentor himself appear'd before my eyes  
 When the last morning shone, tho' well I knew 795  
 He led to Pyle Telemachus's crew.  
 Thus having spoke, his father's house he sought;  
 The suitors all alarm'd and lost in thought,  
 Sat in deep silence, tho' of late so gay,  
 Ceasing at once from merriment and play: 800  
 At length Antinous the silence broke,  
 And full of bitter anguish thus he spoke  
 (His black heart bursting with revengeful ire,  
 His flashing eyes resembling flames of fire):  
 What! hath Telemachus, elate with pride, 805  
 A voyage plann'd, and pass'd the briny tide!  
 We never thought this boy would thus have dared;  
 But now despising us, he hath prepared  
 A ship and chosen comrades, and is gone:  
 Evils, ye suitors, seldom come alone; 810  
 Dangers surround us, but in heaven we trust,  
 That on his head this threatening storm will burst:  
 Give me a ship and twenty comrades brave,  
 And we will tempt the dangers of the wave,  
 And waiting his return, our vessel moor 815  
 Near Ithaca and Samo's rocky shore,  
 And make him grieve, when grief will be too late,  
 That he had sail'd to learn his father's fate.  
 With loud applause they all the plan approve,  
 And rising, to Ulysses' house they move. 820  
 Not long Penelope untold remain'd  
 Of the dire scheme the suitors entertain'd;

*without the door*  
 Mentor the herald, who attentive stood  
 Without the hall, their counsels understood;  
 Instant he moved across the spacious court,

825

To seek Penelope and make report,  
 Who met him coming to her, and addrest  
 To him the thoughts revolving in her breast:  
 Herald, what message do the suitors send?

Do they require the maidens to attend  
 (Their present work neglecting) to provide  
 A feast to suit their gluttony and pride?

830

Alas! I fear they still will make pretence  
 Of love, and never will depart from hence,  
 Till they consume with riotous excess,

835

All which Telemachus doth now possess!  
 Did not your parents in your youthful days,  
 The conduct of Ulysses often praise?  
 How kindly and how justly all he used?

The right of kings by him was not abused;  
 Never capricious in his love or hate,

840

He would forgive, altho' the offence were great.  
 For his kind deeds what gratitude is shown?  
 The sons their fathers' gratitude disown.

To her the prudent Medon made reply:  
 I wish, O queen! no ill of deeper dye

845

Afflicted us; but now I must relate  
 The direful plot the suitors meditate;  
 May Jove avert it!—if the plot succeed,  
 Telemachus thy son will surely bleed

850

On his return from Pylus' sacred town,  
 And Lacedæmon city of renown,  
 For thither is his journey to enquire  
 News of his absent and lamented sire.

Thus Medon spoke—her strength and spirits go, 855  
 Silent she stood, and tears of anguish flow;  
 At length the melancholy pause she broke,  
 And thus in faint and trembling accents spoke:  
 Herald, why did he go? and why equip,  
 To cross the deep immense, a nimble ship? 860  
 For ships are on the sea like steeds on land,  
 Which move obedient to their lords' command;  
 Did he desire a deathless name to raise,  
 That future men might celebrate his praise?  
 To her the prudent Medon made reply: 865  
 I know not whether any deity  
 Prompted the deed, or his intense desire  
 To learn the fortunes of his noble sire.  
 Thus speaking he withdrew. The queen oppress'd  
 With bitter grief, could find no place of rest: 870  
 At length on her high-finish'd bed she sate,  
 Lamenting deeply her most wretched fate;  
 Her maidens young and old with doleful cries,  
 Join in her griefs, and answer sighs with sighs:  
 Thus as they mourn'd, Penelope address'd ~~×~~ 875  
 Her kind domestics, for her sake distress'd:  
 Hear me, my maids beloved! for heaven bestows  
 On me unheard of miseries and woes!  
 My husband I have lost, a man most kind,  
 Who, lion-hearted, had a patient mind; 880  
 By Greece and Argos honour'd and caress'd,  
 For the rare virtues which his soul possess'd;  
 And now his son beloved will fall a prey  
 To the dire storms which agitate the sea;  
 His death inglorious! Oh! he never took 885  
 A last farewell, or gave a parting look;

And have not ye my confidence betray'd?  
 Ye knew the plan my son beloved had laid  
 To pass the waters of the sable deep,  
 Why did ye not awake me from my sleep 890  
 When he embark'd? for if my tears had fail'd  
 To move him, arguments might have prevail'd:  
 Had these proved vain, I should have sunk away  
 To unavailing grief and death a prey.  
 Now let some servant call my faithful slave 895  
 Old Dolius, whom to me my father gave,  
 The keeper of my orchard planted well,  
 That he may all things to Laertes tell,  
 Who may devise some plan for our relief,  
 Or move the people to regard my grief, 900  
 Who may unite with ardent zeal to save  
 The only offspring of Ulysses brave.  
 The nurse beloved, Euryclea, replied:  
 My mistress dear, permit me to abide  
 Within thy house, or if it be thy will, 905  
 With the keen sword thy faithful handmaid kill,  
 But nothing from thee shall my tongue conceal;  
 Thy son to me did all his plans reveal:  
 I gave him bread and wine as he desired;  
 But he from me a solemn oath required, 910  
 That till the twelfth day came I would not say  
 A word to thee that he was gone away,  
 Except some tidings should have reach'd thy ear,  
 And thou the certain truth should wish to hear;  
 Lest thou to bitter grief shouldst fall a prey, 915  
 And thy health suffer premature decay:  
 But now command th' attendant maids to bring  
 Water to lave thee from the crystal spring,



And elegantly clothed, thy prayers address  
 To Pallas, who may pity thy distress, 920  
 And save thy son from death; but let not old  
 Infirm Laertes of thy griefs be told;  
 For I believe that brave Arcesius' line  
 Is not forsaken by the powers divine;  
 But his possessions and high house will be 925  
 Inherited by his posterity.  
 She spoke; her soothing words afford relief  
 To chaste Penelope's heart-rending grief;  
 Her tears no more her inward pangs express,  
 She bathes, and clothes herself in purest dress, 930  
 Then to her high and private room ascends,  
 A train of maidens on her steps attends,  
 And hallow'd cakes within the baskets laid,  
 She to Minerva supplication made:  
 Goddess invincible! thy suppliant hear! 935  
 If e'er Ulysses did thy might revere,  
 And on thy altar burnt the fatted thighs  
 Of sheep and bullocks, let remembrance rise  
 Fresh in thy breast, and let thy guardian care,  
 From the proud suitors save his blooming heir! 940  
 She spoke, and sigh'd aloud. Minerva heard  
 Her prayer, in bitterness of soul preferr'd.  
 Meantime the suitors in the shaded court,  
 Indulge in riot and licentious sport,  
 And one of them exclaim'd, elate with joy, 945  
 Surely the queen doth now her thoughts employ  
 To which of us she shall the preference give,  
 Nor knows how short a time her son will live.  
 At random thus he spoke, but little knew  
 What dire events were likely to ensue. 950

Antinous then rose, and them address'd:  
 My friends, let boasting language be repress'd;  
 Let us be firm, tho' silent, and conceal  
 Our deep designs, which talking may reveal:  
 In our wise purpose we are all agreed, 955  
 To execute it now we should proceed.  
 He spoke, and instantly he chose a crew  
 Of twenty men, and to the shore withdrew,  
 Who launch the ship, and raise the lofty mast,  
 And spread the sails, and make the tackle fast, 960  
 With art accustom'd every oar remove  
 To its right place within its leathern groove;  
 Then arms on board the zealous servants bore,  
 When they embark, and push off from the shore,  
 Then take their suppers, with desiring eyes 965  
 Longing to see fair Hesperus arise.  
 But in her chamber, vex'd with bitter grief,  
 The queen remain'd, refusing all relief  
 From wine or food; her son's uncertain fate  
 Raised in her breast a conflict of debate; 970  
 Sometimes she hoped he might return in peace,  
 Then for his life, parental fears increase:  
 As when a lion whom a band surrounds  
 Of clamorous hunters, and of savage hounds,  
 Knows not which way to turn; at length opprest 975  
 With grief, sweet sleep composed her mind to rest;  
 She lay with limbs relax'd, in soft repose,  
 When this device the blue-eyed goddess chose;  
 She form'd an image like in shape and air  
 To Iphime, Icarius' daughter fair, 980  
 Whom Eumelus had married, who abode  
 In Pheræ, where his noble mansion stood;

Penelope's distress had touch'd his heart,  
 And he had sent his wife to bear a part  
 In her afflictions, and afford relief 985  
 To her sad tears and agonizing grief:  
 The bolt she loosen'd, and approach'd the bed,  
 And thus address'd her, standing near her head:  
 Sleep'st thou, Penelope, opprest with woe!  
 The gods forbid thy bitter tears to flow; 990  
 Thy son will safe return—repose thy trust  
 In heaven, which succours and supports the just.  
 To her dear friend Penelope replies,  
 Tho' in soft slumber sleep had seal'd her eyes:  
 Sister beloved, to Ithaca what cause, 995  
 From lands so distant, thy attention draws?  
 Is it to soothe the agonies which prey  
 Upon my bleeding heart, both night and day?  
 My husband I have lost, a man most kind,  
 Who lion-hearted, had a patient mind; 1000  
 By Greece and Argos honour'd and caress'd,  
 For the rare virtues which his soul possess'd;  
 And now his son beloved hath dared to brave  
 (A stripling yet) the dangers of the wave,  
 And visit foreign lands, altho' his mind 1005  
 Knows not the wiles and commerce of mankind;  
 I mourn my husband's wretched fate, but more  
 The rashness of his offspring I deplore;  
 I tremble at the thought, lest ill betide  
 Among the people where he may reside, 1010  
 Or lest the suitors base, who fraud employ,  
 Should on the sea my fondest hope destroy.  
 To her the shade replied, Dispel all fear,  
 For to assist superior help is near;

How would all men rejoice to have a friend 1015  
 Such as he has, upon their steps attend?  
 Minerva present watches at his side,  
 And for his wants both can and will provide;  
 She sympathizes with thee in thy grief,  
 And sent me hither to afford relief. 1020  
 If thou a goddess be, the queen replied,  
 Or by a goddess sent, oh! do not hide  
 From me my husband sage Ulysses' fate,  
 But all thou know'st explicitly relate.  
 Does he yet live and see the solar light, 1025  
 Or are his eyelids closed in endless night?  
 To her the shade replied, I must conceal  
 What I am not permitted to reveal;  
 From all reply 'tis better to refrain,  
 Except the answer be direct and plain. 1030  
 Thus as she spoke she vanish'd into air,  
 The queen awoke relieved from anxious care,  
 Her fears were calmed, her spirits now were light,  
 Cheer'd by the vision of the cloudless night:  
 The suitors now on board their vessel sweep 1035  
 With their long oars the bosom of the deep,  
 And all their thoughts maliciously employ,  
 How they may young Telemachus destroy:  
 A rocky island in the sea is seen,  
 Samos the rude and Ithaca between, 1040  
 Named Asteris, not large, on either side  
 Are ports, where ships may enter and abide;  
 Hither the suitors sail, and lie in wait  
 To intercept Telemachus' retreat.

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# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

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## BOOK V.

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NOW from Tithonus' bed Aurora bright  
Rose, and to gods and men restored the light,  
When the immortals in the courts above  
Assembled frequent round the throne of Jove ;  
Pallas still mindful of her favour'd chief,       5  
Rememb'ring all his labours and his grief  
(Who by the nymph Calypso in her grot  
Was still detain'd, and mourn'd his hapless lot)  
Thus spoke: Jove father! and ye powers above,  
What sceptred king will now benignant prove,       10  
And like Ulysses, covet to excel  
In thinking wisely and in acting well?  
All will be cruel, faithless to their trust,  
Committing actions impious and unjust.  
Alas! ye all forget Ulysses brave,       15  
A gentle king, who took delight to save,  
Who in Calypso's isle with grief oppress,  
Is still detain'd and finds no place of rest;  
Compell'd by her to stay, he still deplores  
His absence from his wife and native shores:       20  
He has no ships and comrades brave to sweep  
With their long oars the unmeasurable deep;

And now they wait in ambush to destroy,  
 On his return, his dear and only boy,  
 Who went to Pyle and Sparta to enquire 25  
 After his honour'd and long absent sire.  
 How rash thy speech, Saturnius made reply,  
 Who like thyself wise counsel can supply?  
 Ulysses with thy aid would make them feel,  
 When he returns, his sharp avenging steel; 30  
 And canst not thou thy guardian care employ,  
 'To save from every ill his blooming boy,  
 And cause the suitors to repass the main,  
 Their plots and stratagems all render'd vain?  
 He spoke,—and Mercury his son address: 35  
 My son, by thee my pleasure is exprest;  
 Now to the fair-hair'd nymph my will impart,  
 Say from her isle Ulysses must depart,  
 Without a mortal or immortal guide:  
 Himself a well rigg'd vessel shall provide, 40  
 And on the twentieth day, with toil opprest,  
 Shall Scheria reach and find a place of rest.  
 Here the Phæacians live, a noble race,  
 Who with true kindness will the chief embrace,  
 And will convey him, with a plenteous store 45  
 Of gold and silver, to his native shore,  
 Such as Ulysses never could have gain'd,  
 Had he his portion of the spoil obtain'd  
 From captured Troy—for now the time is come  
 For him again to see his native home. 50  
 He spoke, and Hermes with obedience meet,  
 Binds the wing'd sandals to his nimble feet,  
 Ambrosial, golden, these will speed convey  
 The Argycide from heaven, o'er earth and sea,

*Daughter! the clouds collecting save Ulysses  
 From thy wise lips what was suddenly his fate  
 Hast thou not in thy mind devised a plan  
 By which thyself might endearing man  
 His eye on his safe return take your chance and  
 For all the insults of the Sutor crew*

Swift as the wind—his magic wand he takes, 55  
 With which the sleeping mortals he awakes,  
 And when he pleases, every eye can close  
 In the soft stillness of profound repose.  
 Arm'd with this wand, ~~Mercurius takes his flight,~~ *he takes his rapid flight*  
 And lightly passing o'er Pieria's height, 60  
 Stoops to the sea, and skims above the wave,  
 Like gull marine, expert his wings to lave,  
 When rising from the shore he darts away,  
 And skims the deep in search of fishy prey:  
 Thus o'er the ocean vast, Mercurius flew, 65  
 And now the isle remote appeared in view,  
 On this he lands and hastens to the spot,  
 Where the fair nymph was seated in her grot;  
 A fire of cedar cleft the hearth illumes,  
 And frankincense breathes round its rich perfumes; 70  
 From hand to hand the golden shuttle springs,  
 As busied at the loom she sweetly sings;  
 Trees clad in living green luxuriant grow,  
 Hang on the hills and shade the vales below;  
 The dark-leaved alder and the poplar pale, 75  
 And cypress sweet, which scents the freshen'd gale:  
 Here broad-wing'd fowls to build their nests delight,  
 The owl, the crow marine long-tongued, and kite;  
 The vines luxuriant round the grotto shoot  
 Their branches, laden with delicious fruit; 80  
 Four crystal streams meandering o'er the plain,  
 Now near approach and now diverge again;  
 Soft beds of violets the air perfume,  
 And evergreens appear in vernal bloom;  
 Even immortals when they hither go, 85  
 Feel with delight their raptured bosoms glow;



With admiration Mercury survey'd  
 The rocks, the groves, the grotto, and the glade;  
 The grot then enter'd, and as near he drew,  
 Calypso saw him, and directly knew; 90  
 For gods, tho' distant in abode, can trace  
 The port and features of their kindred race.  
 Hermes found not Ulysses in the grot;  
 He sat upon the shore and mourn'd his lot,  
 On the same beach where he was wont to go, 95  
 And vent in tears his heart-corroding woe;  
 The restless sea he view'd with look intent,  
 And all his thoughts on Ithaca were bent.  
 On a rich throne Calypso placed her guest,  
 And with kind looks the Argycide address: 100  
 Hermes with golden wand, to me most dear,  
 Say what important business brings thee here?  
 Seldom I see thee—now to me impart  
 All the desires and wishes of thine heart,  
 And if I can perform them, thou wilt find 105  
 In me a willing and observant mind;  
 But first proceed within, and let my board  
 Its hospitable rites to thee afford.  
 She spoke, and instantly a table spread  
 With food ambrosial and with nectar red;  
 He ~~sat~~ <sup>when</sup> and drank, <sup>new spirits were put by his guest</sup> ~~and now his soul refresh'd,~~ 110  
 Thus in wing'd words the goddess he address'd:  
 A goddess asks a god to tell her why  
 He comes to visit her, and leaves the sky;  
 Then hear the truth—I come against my will, 115  
 Saturnian Jove's commandments to fulfil;  
 For who spontaneous could delight to take  
 So long a passage o'er the briny lake,

No city near, where men high altars raise,  
 On which to heaven the sacrifices blaze; 120  
 But who of men below or gods above,  
 Dares to resist the ægis-bearing Jove?  
 He says thou now detain'st a suffering chief,  
 More worn with toil and overwhelm'd with grief,  
 Than all the men who round the walls of Troy 125  
 Fought for nine years the city to destroy;  
 In the tenth year success their efforts crown'd,  
 And Priam's city smoked upon the ground;  
 Then they embark'd, and in their haste to sail,  
 In due oblations to Minerva fail; 130  
 Enraged she bade the boisterous winds to sweep,  
 And to convulse the waters of the deep:  
 His comrades brave were miserably lost;  
 But him the tempest drove upon this coast;  
 Dismiss him hence, for such is Jove's command, 135  
 He must not perish in a foreign land,  
 For fate has fix'd Ulysses to restore  
 To his own house, his friends, and native shore.  
 He spoke—a panic seized Calypso's breast,  
 Who in wing'd words the Argycide address; 140  
 Envious immortals! must no goddess prove  
 The pure delights of chaste connubial love!  
 Aurora rosy-finger'd gain'd thy heart  
 Orion, when, alas! a vengeful dart  
 From chaste Diana's bow unerring flew, 145  
 And the young hunter in Ortygia slew:  
 Jason with fair-tress'd Ceres fondly roves  
 Thro' the rich harvests and the shady groves;  
 Jove watch'd their motions—quick the lightning flies,  
 And by its vivid flash the hero dies: 150

And now ye envy me my happy lot,  
 Because a mortal lives within my grot,  
 Whom from the fury of the whelming wave,  
 Toss'd on a wreck, I deign'd alone to save;  
 For in the middle of the sable deep, 155  
 Jove launch'd his thunderbolt and cleft the ship;  
 His faithful brave companions all were lost,  
 And he was shipwreck'd on my friendly coast;  
 I pitied his distress—my actions proved  
 How much by me the suffering man was loved; 160  
 I promised him (alas! my words were vain!)  
 Immortal life exempt from age and pain;  
 But as no god, howe'er much inclined,  
 Of mighty Jove can counteract the mind,  
 Ulysses from my island shall depart, 165  
 As Jove has fix'd this purpose in his heart:  
 But how can I dismiss him when I have  
 No ship or men to waft him o'er the wave?  
 But I will tell him how he may explore  
 A safe conveyance to his native shore. 170  
 Hermes replied, Dismiss him, and be wise:  
 Why shouldst thou cause the wrath of Jove to rise?  
 Thus having spoke, on rapid wings he flew,  
 When from her grot the lovely nymph withdrew  
 To seek the brave Ulysses, and fulfil 175  
 What she now knew was Jove's determined will.  
 On the sea-shore she found the mournful chief,  
 Whose cheeks were moisten'd with the tears of grief;  
 He pined for home—in vain Calypso strove  
 To fan within his breast the flame of love: 180  
 Throughout the day he sat upon the shore,  
 Accustom'd there his miseries to deplore;

On the vast sea he cast his longing eyes  
 Tow'rd's Ithaca, and mix'd his tears with sighs.  
 As thus he sat, with anxious thought oppress'd, 185  
 Calypso near approach'd him, and address'd:  
 Unhappy man, no more let bitter grief  
 Consume thy strength—I come to give relief;  
 I will release thee: let my forests feel  
 How strong thy arm—how sharp thy axe's steel: 190  
 Prepare the planks, and hasten to equip  
 With deck and masts a firm and nimble ship,  
 Which may convey thee to thy native shore;  
 From me thou shalt receive a plenteous store  
 Of bread and water, and the purple juice 195  
 Of grapes, the best my vintage can produce;  
 These will refresh thee, and I will bestow  
 Garments, and cause a prosperous wind to blow,  
 That if the gods permit, thou may'st once more  
 Return to Ithaca thy native shore. 200  
 She spoke. Her words the patient man surprize,  
 Who fraud suspecting, thus to her replies:  
 Goddess! I fear thy words do not impart  
 The deep design kept secret in thine heart;  
 How can I think, thou wishest me to brave 205  
 The horrid storms which agitate the wave  
 In such a boat? when ships equipt with skill,  
 And when fair winds their spreading canvass fill,  
 Their settled course with difficulty keep?  
 I dare not, therefore, venture on the deep, 210  
 Except thou wilt most solemnly declare,  
 Thy specious words conceal no hidden snare.  
 As thus he spoke, Calypso kindly took  
 His hand, and answer'd with a smiling look:

Thy words, my friend, discover depth of thought, 215  
 And cautious prudence by experience bought ;  
 But let the heaven above and earth below,  
 And Styx's water which beneath doth flow,  
 Attest the truth of what I now declare  
 (No oath more solemn can the immortals swear); 220  
 No injury to thee my heart conceals,  
 But what I think is best, my tongue reveals,  
 And all I have proposed, I should incline  
 To do myself, if now thy lot were mine :  
 In thy distress I take a friendly part, 225  
 Mine is a tender, not an iron heart.  
 Thus speaking, she withdrew—Ulysses brave  
 Her steps attended to the grotlike cave,  
 And the high throne ascended, where of late  
 Hermes the messenger from heaven had sate; 230  
 The nymph before him spread a sumptuous treat  
 Of wine and food, which mortals drink and eat;  
 She sat before him, and her maids produce  
 For her ambrosial food and nectar's juice;  
 They both enjoy the well-appointed feast ; 235  
 But when of wine and food the relish ceased,  
 The lovely goddess first the silence broke,  
 And to Ulysses famed for wisdom spoke :  
 Ulysses! skill'd in every prudent art,  
 Wilt thou from me and from my isle depart? 240  
 May thy plans prosper, but reflect, before  
 Thou leav'st this happy hospitable shore :  
 Need I the perils of thy way relate?  
 These all are fix'd by never varying fate;  
 But wouldst thou stay and guard my peaceful grot, 245  
 How far more happy then would be thy lot?

**I** would have given to thee immortal life,  
**Why** then so anxious for a mortal wife?  
**Am** I in mind less wise, in shape less fair,  
**If** mortals with immortals may compare? 250  
**To** her replied Ulysses just and wise:  
**Goddess** revered! let not thine anger rise!  
**I** know Penelope cannot compare  
**With** thee, a goddess most supremely fair!  
**She** is a mortal frail, but thou art free 255  
**From** age, from sickness, and from misery;  
**But** take her as she is, she has my heart,  
**And** every hour I long from hence to part,  
**And** for her sake and home I dare to brave  
**The** storms and dangers of the sable wave; 260  
**In** war, at sea, thro' perils I have pass'd,  
**And** I can bear them if they still must last.  
**The** sun now set and night succeeds to day,  
**Within** the grot the king and goddess lay;  
**But** when the dawn's fair daughter, morning bright, 265  
**With** rosy fingers scatter'd orient light,  
**Ulysses** left the couch of soft repose,  
**And** round his limbs the coat and tunic throws;  
**The** lovely nymph her graceful person drest  
**In** a soft flowing and a snow-white vest; 270  
**A** splendid zone around her waist she spread,  
**A** coronet and veil adorn'd her head;  
**To** expedite his voyage, then intent  
**She** to magnanimous Ulysses lent  
**A** brazen axe two-edged, of ponderous weight, 275  
**Fix'd** to an olive haft with art complete,  
**And** polish'd adze, and as the place she knew  
**Where** alders, elms, and firs in plenty grew,

Now dry and fit for use, she walk'd before  
 And led Ulysses to the farthest shore, 280  
 Amidst the forests, then she bade adieu,  
 And to her grot with pensive steps withdrew.  
 Ulysses wields the axe—the trees around  
 Yield to his strokes, and twenty strew the ground ;  
 These trees he cleaves and squares with nicest art, 285  
 To make them join complete in every part.  
 Calypso then the augers gave to bore  
 The planks hew'd smooth and ready on the shore ;  
 The cramps and keys and clinchers he provides,  
 To join the planks and raise the vessel's sides: 290  
 As when a shipwright spreads the bottom wide  
 Of a stout ship to brave the wind and tide,  
 So did Ulysses exercise his art,  
 In just proportions framing every part ;  
 The sides secure with solid planks he made, 295  
 And on supporters strong the deck he laid ;  
 He rear'd the mast, to which the yard was tied,  
 And fix'd the helm the vessel swift to guide ;  
 With willow crates he made the helm secure,  
 The dashings of the billows to endure: 300  
 Linen for sails the lovely goddess brought,  
 Which into shape and size Ulysses wrought ;  
 He fix'd the ropes, and then with levers gave  
 A ready launching on the mighty wave.  
 On the fourth day, before the setting sun, 305  
 Calypso saw the work completely done ;  
 The chief then bathed upon the sea-beat shore,  
 Garments perfumed the fair Calypso bore,  
 A flask of purple wine, of water clear  
 A vessel large, his limbs and heart to cheer; 310

And in a bag abundant food she gave,  
 To guard from hunger as he pass'd the wave;  
 Then she dismiss'd him—soft and placid gales,  
 At her direction fill his spreading sails;  
 Ulysses joyful at the rudder stands, 315  
 And guides the vessel with his skilful hands;  
 The pleiades he views throughout the night,  
 With the slow-setting star Bootes bright;  
 The Bear he watches with attentive eye,  
 Round the north pole revolving in the sky, 320  
 Which on Orion and his glittering train  
 Attends, and bathes not in the azure main.  
 Calypso charged him on the left to keep  
 This constellation as he pass'd the deep.  
 For seventeen days a steady course he held, 325  
 On the eighteenth his longing eyes ~~beheld~~<sup>beheld</sup>  
 The shady mountains of Phæacia's land,  
 Which like a shield amidst the ocean stand.  
 From Æthiopia Neptune now return'd,  
 From Solyma's high rock the king discern'd 330  
 Passing the deep—fierce anger fill'd his breast,  
 And thus he reason'd and himself address'd:  
 What! in my absence have the gods decreed,  
 That in his plans Ulysses shall succeed!  
 Now to Phæacia's isle his course he bends, 335  
 And Fate declares that there his conflict ends;  
 But I will mar his hopes, and he shall know  
 A further sad variety of woe.  
 He spoke, and gathering the clouds, he seized  
 His trident vast, and storms tumultuous raised; 340  
 The winds rush forth with loud and hollow roar,  
 And a thick darkness covers sea and shore;



The east and north with south and west contend,  
 And in a tempest all their forces blend;  
 Then with convulsive and tremendous sweep, 345  
 Raise mountain high the billows of the deep.  
 Terror relax'd Ulysses' knees and breast,  
 When worn with grief he thus his soul address:  
 Unhappy man! what evils now await!  
 I fear Calypso knew my wretched fate, 350  
 When she declared that I should undergo  
 A sad variety of human woe!  
 Alas! she spoke the truth—the clouds around  
 Are black, and storms convulse the vast profound.  
 These all portend to me a wretched death: 355  
 'Thrice happy they who drew their latest breath  
 Before Troy's lofty walls in manly fight,  
 Bravely contending for Atrides' right.  
 Oh! had I perish'd, when Achilles' dead  
 The Trojan darts flew thick around my head; 360  
 Then would the Greeks a monument have raised,  
 And heroes yet unborn my name have praised;  
 But now, alas! Fate tells me I must have  
 A ~~wretched~~ <sup>death not a wretched</sup> exit and a wat'ry grave.  
 Thus as he spoke, a mighty billow dash'd 365  
 Against the ship, and all its timbers crash'd.  
 His hands no longer could the rudder keep,  
 The ship upset and plunged him in the deep;  
 The horrid tempest broke the mast in twain,  
 The sails and tackle floated on the main; 370  
 He sunk beneath the wave, whose mighty weight  
 Had nearly fix'd the struggling hero's fate,  
 Whose garments which Calypso fair bestow'd,  
 Were now to him an inconvenient load.

Rising at length, with open mouth he gave 375  
 A free emission to the briny wave,  
 And still collected in his prudent mind,  
 He look'd around the shatter'd ship to find,  
 And seeing it, his nervous sinews strain'd  
 To reach it, and at length the wreck he gain'd. 380  
 Thus having death escaped, he took a seat,  
 While round the wreck the mighty billows beat ;  
 As in the country when the new-cut corn  
 Is by the south wind whirl'd away, and borne  
 Aloft thro' air, or scatter'd o'er the fields, 385  
 Thus to the storm the shatter'd vessel yields :  
 Now north with south, now east contends with west,  
 When fair Leucothea pitying the distrest,  
 Rose from the sea (a mortal once, but she  
 Was favour'd now with immortality) 390  
 Like a sea-mew she skimm'd along the deep,  
 And near Ulysses seated on the ship  
 Unhappy man ! she said, declare what cause  
 On thee the wrath of mighty Neptune draws,  
 Thus to oppress thee ! but tho' strong his will, 395  
 He has not power his purpose to fulfil !  
 Thou wilt escape ! and now my words attend,  
 My prudent counsel will thy cause befriend :  
 Cast off thy garments, let the vessel drive  
 Before the wind, and thou by swimming strive 400  
 To gain Phæacia's shore, for I can state,  
 Thy safe arrival there is fix'd by Fate :  
 This veil ambrosial biud around thy breast,  
 And let no boding fears thy soul molest ;  
 But when thy hands shall touch the shore, untie 405  
 The veil and cast it with averted eye

Into the ocean; then the veil she gave,  
 And like a sea-mew sunk beneath the wave.  
 The brave Ulysses still with doubts oppress'd,  
 Sighing, his soul magnanimous address'd: 410  
 What shall I do? Have I no cause to dread  
 Some guileful snare for my destruction spread?  
 Shall I obey, and leave my ship, and brave  
 The storms which agitate the mighty wave?  
 The land declared to be my refuge lies 415  
 Distant, far distant from my longing eyes!  
 This then is my resolve:—I here will wait,  
 And patiently abide my destined fate,  
 While firm the ship; but should her planks divide,  
 Dash'd by the fury of the whelming tide, 420  
 Then will I swim—this plan appears the best.  
 As thus he reason'd in his anxious breast,  
 Neptune's strong arm a mighty billow cast  
 Full on the ship, tremendous, heavy, vast:  
 As in the fields when heaps of stubble dry 425  
 Before the wind in eddying circles fly,  
 So flew the vessel's planks before the wave;  
 But the wise king intent his life to save,  
 Clung to a board and cast away his vest,  
 Binding Leucothea's veil around his chest, 430  
 Then plunged into the sea—with nervous sweep  
 His arms support him on the briny deep,  
 Not unobserved by Neptune, who exprest,  
 Moving his head, the feelings of his breast:  
 Woe suffering man! wilt thou the deeps explore? 435  
 And gain at length Phæacia's happy shore?  
 Do so!—the sufferings now by thee endured,  
 Have given a wound which never can be cured.

Thus as he spoke, he drove with loosen'd reins  
 To Ægæ's dome, his steeds, with flowing manes. 440  
 And now Minerva to her hero kind,  
 Check'd the wild uproar of each boisterous wind,  
 Commanding Boreas alone to sweep  
 And calm the billows of the troubled deep,  
 Till wise Ulysses saved from death and fate, 445  
 With the Phæacians found a safe retreat.  
 Two nights and days his nervous arms he plies  
 To reach the land, with death before his eyes;  
 But on the third day, when Aurora rose,  
 The winds were still and hush'd in soft repose, 450  
 Then he perceived that near the shore he drew,  
 On which with longing eyes he cast a view:  
 And as to sons a father's life is dear,  
 And doubly precious when his death is near,  
 When wasted by disease and racked with pain, 455  
 No hopes of his recovery remain,  
 If unexpectedly the gods restore  
 The good man's health, they then rejoice the more;  
 So felt Ulysses when before his eyes,  
 On the high land he saw the forests rise; 460  
 He swam with all his might, and when so near,  
 That men on land his shouting voice might hear,  
 He heard the billows dash against the rocks,  
 And sounds re-echo from their mighty shocks:  
 About the shore thick hung a misty spray, 465  
 Which like a cloud obscured the face of day;  
 No port was here, where ships at anchor ride,  
 But craggy rocks project on every side;  
 His knees were loosen'd, terror fill'd his breast,  
 When he his soul magnanimous addrest: 470

How hard my lot! the favour of the skies  
 Brings me near land, and now access denies!  
 The rocks are craggy, sharp, and very steep,  
 The waves tremendous and the water deep!  
 I feel no bottom, and all hope is lost, 475  
 Should a wave dash me on the rocky coast;  
 And if I try by swimming to explore  
 A safer landing on a level shore,  
 I fear the waves tremendous will again  
 Drive me far backward on the fishy main, 480  
 Or Amphitrite may a shark command  
 To swallow me, before I gain the land:  
 Neptune is still my foe, and still I dread  
 His vengeance hanging o'er my wretched head.  
 Thus as he thought perplex'd, a billow bore 485  
 And dash'd him trembling on the rocky shore;  
 This sudden impulse on the rugged stones  
 Had torn his flesh and broken all his bones,  
 Had he not clasp'd a fragment of a rock,  
 In hopes to lessen the tremendous shock, 490  
 And as the surest means his life to save,  
 Sunk on the bosom of the refluent wave,  
 Which bore the hero with impetuous sweep  
 Far from the land, and plunged him in the deep;  
 And as a polypus with clinging claws, 495  
 Torn from his bed, the stones and pebbles draws,  
 So in his wounded hands Ulysses bore  
 The rock's sharp splinters from the craggy shore,  
 And sunk o'erwhelmed by the mighty wave;  
 And now he would have found a wat'ry grave, 500  
 Had not in this distress the blue-eyed maid  
 Imparted prudence for his special aid:

Emerging from the wave, he look'd around,  
 If any shore more level might be found,  
 And swam with all his strength—and now he came 505  
 Near to a river's mouth, whose flowing stream  
 Mix'd with the sea, and where the shores subside,  
 And no rough winds convulse the rapid tide:  
 He view'd the river with delighted eyes,  
 While in his breast these supplications rise: 510  
 Hear me, thou guardian of this rapid stream!  
 Thy help I crave, whatever be thy name!  
 Let my sad case thy sympathy engage,  
 I fly to thee from Neptune's cruel rage!  
 The immortal gods with sympathy survey 515  
 On earth the wanderer in an unknown way;  
 I am a shipwreck'd wretch—to me impart  
 Thine aid, and calm the anguish of mine heart.  
 As thus he pray'd, more smooth the waters glide,  
 And safe he landed on the river's side; 520  
 With knees relax'd he dropt upon the sands,  
 And strength forsook his nervous arms and hands;  
 The sea had marr'd his courage—from his nose  
 And mouth the briny wave profusely flows;  
 Swoln was his body, and his voice and breath 525  
 Fail'd, and he fainted as tho' struck by death.  
 At length revived, the white veil he untied,  
 And ~~cast behind him on the yellow tide,~~ <sup>with upstart eyes behind him</sup>  
 The rapid river with impetuous sweep,  
 Convey'd it swiftly to the sable deep, 530  
 Safe to fair Ino's hands. Now from the shore  
 His trembling knees the patient sufferer bore,  
 Who kiss'd the earth with rapture, then he spread  
 His limbs exhausted on a sedgy bed,

And deeply sighing, bitterly distress'd, 535  
 He thus his soul magnanimous address'd:  
 Oh wretched mortal! worn with toil and grief!  
 Where canst thou turn, thyself to gain relief?  
 If near the river I attempt to pass  
 The solitary night upon the grass, 540  
 I fear the bitter cold and falling dew  
 My little strength remaining will subdue;  
 For near a river and on marshy ground,  
 When morn approaches, chilling damps abound;  
 But if I mount the hill, and try to rest 545  
 Within the wood, my limbs with toil opprest,  
 I may escape the cold, but then I fear  
 The savage beasts my wretched limbs will tear.  
 As thus he reason'd, he resolved to move  
 And seek the shelter of the neighbouring grove: 550  
 Entering he found two olive trees, one wild,  
 The other fruitful, with luxuriance smiled;  
 Their leaves and branches interwoven made  
 From Phœbus' scorching ray a cooling shade,  
 And when the tempests rage, the pouring rain 555  
 To penetrate this covert strives in vain.  
 When this most shelter'd spot Ulysses found,  
 The leaves he gather'd strew'd upon the ground,  
 And raised a heap on which three men might lye,  
 And find a shelter from a winter's sky; 560  
 On this the patient chief reclined his head,  
 And round his limbs the wither'd foliage spread:  
 As in the country where a man depends  
 Upon himself, and has no neighbouring friends,  
 Dreading the extinction of his frugal fire, 565  
 He heaps on ashes till its flames expire;

Thus leaves o'erspread Ulysses, when sweet sleep  
Over his wearied limbs began to creep,  
And Pallas kindly deign'd his eyes to close  
In the soft stillness of profound repose. 570

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.





# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

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## BOOK VI.

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**T**HUS thro' the night the patient king, oppress  
With toil and grief, reposed in placid rest;  
Meantime Minerva sought the spacious town,  
Where the Phæacians dwelt of high renown;  
These in Hyperea's rich and spacious plains, 5  
Enjoy'd a peaceful life and rich domains;  
But near them dwelt the Cyclops, men whose pride  
All human laws insulted and defied;  
Their strength enabled them to make a prey  
Of men more weak, whose herds they drove away: 10  
Nausithous then, a chief divinely brave,  
Rose, the oppress'd Phæacian race to save,  
And far remote from all the polish'd race  
Of men, in Scheria fix'd their dwelling place:  
He raised high walls the city to enclose, 15  
Where splendid temples to the immortals rose;  
Among his subjects portioned out the land,  
And exercised a just supreme command;  
But when by Fate's decree, the stroke of death  
Deprived this hero of his mortal breath, 20  
Alcinous the imperial crown possest,  
Whom the immortal gods with wisdom blest.

To his high house now came the blue-eyed maid,  
 Intent the cause of Ithacus to aid ;  
 The room she enters elegant and gay, 25  
 Where the fair daughter of Alcinous lay,  
 Who in her intellect and charms of face,  
 Appear'd superior to the human race ;  
 Two handmaids lovely as the Graces, kept  
 Watch near the chamber where the virgin slept ; 30  
 The polish'd doors were closed—like fleeting air  
 The blue-eyed maid approach'd Nausicaa fair,  
 As daughter of Dymantes, skill'd to guide  
 Swift-sailing vessels o'er the sable tide ;  
 She was Nausicaa's friend, alike in age, 35  
 And sentiments alike their hearts engage ;  
 Her shape assuming, near the virgin's head  
 Minerva stood, and thus to her she said :  
 Is it thy mother's fate a child to have  
 Of habits negligent, to sloth a slave ?  
 Thy mantles, robes, and vests neglected lie,  
 Altho' thy nuptial day approaches nigh,  
 When thou shouldst dress most elegantly neat,  
 With thy companions who around thee wait,  
 Thus thou wouldst cause thy parents to rejoice, 45  
 And gain the favour of the public voice ;  
 Come then, enjoy with me the morning air,  
 And to the river let us both repair ;  
 Thy virgin state, believe me, soon will end,  
 For all our choicest, noblest youths contend 50  
 To gain thy love,—now to thy father go,  
 Ask him, his mules and chariot to bestow,  
 That to the river, at the dawn of day,  
 We, with our robes and vests may haste away ;



For if I judge with prudence, it would be 55  
 Unfitting to thy sex and dignity  
 To walk, as distant from the city lie  
 The cisterns, which the crystal streams supply.  
 Thus spoke the blue-eyed maid, and took her flight  
 To vast Olympus, on whose towering height, 60  
 Firm and immoveable, the gods enjoy  
 A state of happiness without alloy:  
 Rain falls not here, nor flakes of wintry snow,  
 Damps never chill, nor winds tempestuous blow,  
 Pure is the air, and clouds are never seen, 65  
 To dim the lustre of the pure serene.  
 Now with the morning rose the virgin fair,  
 Pondering the vision, eager to repair  
 To her dear parents, and to them impart  
 The wish which took possession of her heart. 70  
 Her mother seated near the fire she found,  
 Spinning soft wool, and her attendants round;  
 Withdrawing thence, her father at the gate  
 She met, proceeding to the hall of state,  
 To join the nobles' council—near she press'd, 75  
 And in respectful tone these words address'd:  
 Father beloved! with my request comply,  
 Lend me this morn thy chariot round and high,  
 That to the streams I may convey the vests,  
 Which now lie soil'd within our ample chests; 80  
 Those who converse with princes should express  
 Respect by elegant and cleanly dress:  
 Thou hast five sons who now reside at home,  
 Two bless'd with wives and three in youthful bloom;  
 These love to dance and captivate the sight 85  
 With clothing elegant, wash'd clean and white:

These are my cares. Thus artful she exprest  
 Her wish, but hid the secrets of her breast.  
 Her father dear, who understood her mind,  
 Replied in words affectionate and kind: 90  
 Daughter! the mules I grudge not to resign,  
 For all that I possess is ever thine;  
 The high round car the servants shall provide,  
 With every needful requisite supplied.  
 He spoke—the servants his commands obey, 95  
 And the swift car draw forth without delay,  
 And rein the mules, while from the chamber chests  
 The virgin bears the robes and curious vests,  
 Which neatly folded in the car were spread,  
 While in a basket, varied food and bread 100  
 Her mother stored, and hasted to provide  
 Wine, which she poured in a goat's dress'd hide;  
 Nausicaa then the chariot high ascends,  
 And at her side her female train attends;  
 The softest oil, a golden cruise within, 105  
 Lastly, her mother gave, to smooth the skin;  
 In her left hand the splendid reins she takes,  
 While in her right the twisted scourge she shakes;  
 Stung with the lash the mules impetuous bound,  
 Whirling the chariot rattling o'er the ground, 110  
 And soon the virgin and her handmaids came  
 To the great river's clear and flowing stream,  
 Where marble cisterns many years had stood,  
 Thro' which the river pour'd a crystal flood;  
 Here they alight, and from the splendid reins 115  
 They loose the mules to graze the verdant plains;  
 Then in the troughs the robes and vests they spread,  
 Which as the water flows they nimbly tread;

**And** when thus cleansed and purified they bore,  
**And** laid them on the pebbles near the shore; 120  
**Laved** and with oil perfumed the maidens fair  
**On** the green bank a plenteous dinner share,  
**While** to the freshen'd gales and solar ray  
**Exposed**, the garments on the pebbles lay.  
**Refresh'd** with food and wine the youthful train 125  
**Unveil'd**, now sport along the verdant plain;  
**From** hand to hand the circling balls they fling,  
**And** hear the white-arm'd Nausicaa sing;  
**And** as Diana with her quiver bright,  
**Bounds** over hills and mountains with delight, 130  
**Sees** the wild goats and deer around her fly  
**On** Erymanthus and Taygetus high,  
**Her** sportive nymphs attending as she roves  
**O'er** hills and dales and thro' the shady groves,  
**She** 'midst her trains appears with matchless grace, 135  
**In** height, in shape, and loveliness of face,  
**So** 'midst her maids now sporting on the shore,  
**The** palm of beauty Nausicaa bore.  
**The** vests now dry, they fold with nicest art,  
**And** rein the mules, preparing to depart; 140  
**When** other thoughts Minerva's mind possest,  
**Who** wish'd Ulysses might be roused from rest,  
**And** see Nausicaa the bright-eyed maid,  
**That** she the wanderer to the town might lead.  
**Now** to her maids the virgin cast a ball, 145  
**Which** erring, in the river chanced to fall;  
**They** shout aloud—Ulysses with surprize  
**Starts** from his sleep, alarmed by their cries;  
**He** left his bed, and sitting on the ground,  
**Mused** thus within himself in thought profound: 150

Where am I now?—what race of men possess  
 This land? and will they pity my distress?  
 Do they revere the gods in whom I trust,  
 Or are they impious, savage, and unjust?  
 I thought I heard the cry of nymphs, who rove 155  
 O'er mountain tops or thro' the shady grove,  
 Nymphs who in vales and flowery meads delight,  
 In gently flowing streams and fountains bright;  
 Or it may be, that men approaching near,  
 Have raised the cry, alarming to my ear. 160  
 But why these doubtings? From the wood I'll go,  
 And with my eyes the certainty will know.  
 Determined thus, Ulysses gently crept  
 From the thick covert where he lately slept,  
 And from a tree a branch full-leaved he tore, 165  
 Which as a covering in his hand he bore,  
 Then forward moved. As when a lion bold,  
 On mountains bred, inured to wet and cold,  
 Pinch'd with keen hunger, rolls his fiery eyes,  
 Intent the sheep and oxen to surprize; 170  
 And these not finding, or the forest deer,  
 Attacks the guarded fold devoid of fear:  
 Ulysses thus was forced by want to dare,  
 Tho' naked, to approach the maidens fair;  
 But as besmear'd with sea-brine near he drew, 175  
 This way and that the trembling virgins flew;  
 Nausicaa alone no fear possest,  
 For Pallas fill'd with confidence her breast;  
 She waited his approach with aspect kind,  
 When he revolved in his prudent mind, 180  
 Whether, as supplicant her knees to press,  
 Or standing distant, tell her his distress,

**B**eseeching her some clothing to bestow,  
**A**nd to the city famed the way to show.  
**T**hus as he ponder'd he resolved to stay 185  
**H**is steps, and humbly for assistance pray,  
**L**est if he clasp'd her knees she might conclude,  
**H**e was a fellow insolent and rude;  
**T**hen with the softest voice he silence broke,  
**A**nd thus in wise and prudent accents spoke: 190  
**W**hether of mortal or immortal race,  
**T**o thee, O queen! I sue for pitying grace;  
**I**f thou inhabitest the skies above,  
**D**iana thou resemblest sprung from Jove;  
**I**n form and majesty like thee she moves 195  
**O**'er hills and mountains and thro' shady groves;  
**B**ut if thou be a native of the earth,  
**T**hrice happy those to whom thou ow'st thy birth,  
**T**hrice happy are thy brothers! what delight  
**M**ust they experience when they see thee, bright 200  
**W**ith charms celestial, gracefully advance  
**T**o join the youthful circle in the dance;  
**B**ut happiest of all beyond compare,  
**M**ust be the husband of a maid so fair,  
**F**or never did I see such winning grace, 205  
**S**uch lovely person, and such charms of face.  
**I**n Delos lately, with my wand'ring eyes  
**I** saw a palm-tree of majestic size,  
**N**ear to Apollo's altar—to that shore  
**M**any went with me (and I now deplore 210  
**T**hat wretched journey)—on the tree I gazed  
**F**or a long time, delighted and amazed;  
**F**or from the earth, if fame's report be true,  
**N**o other tree so beautifully grew:



Thus lost in admiration of thy grace, 215  
 I distant stand, nor dare thy knees embrace,  
 For I to toil and sorrow am a prey,  
 Saved from the tempest on the twentieth day;  
 The sable wave convey'd me, and the gales  
 Blew from Ogygia's isle my swelling sails; 220  
 Some god hath driven me to this welcome shore,  
 Where it may be my lot to suffer more;  
 For tho' I much have suffer'd, still I dread,  
 That more calamities hang o'er my head:  
 But thou, O queen! commiserate my distress, 225  
 For to thee first my humble suit I press:  
 I am a stranger here—the land, the town,  
 And the inhabitants, to me unknown,  
 Shew me, I pray, the city, and bestow  
 A garment round my shivering limbs to throw; 230  
 If in thy store of raiment thou canst find  
 A linen covering of the meanest kind,  
 Then may the gods in recompence impart  
 Success to all the wishes of thine heart;  
 May a kind husband, with domestic peace, 235  
 And a fine offspring, all thy joys increase;  
 For sure no happiness is so complete,  
 As that experienced in the nuptial state,  
 When man and wife in sentiment agree,  
 And perfect concord rules the family: 240  
 Envy will pine at such a happy sight,  
 Benevolence surveys it with delight.  
 To him the white-arm'd maid—Thy words bespeak  
 A man who is not ignorant or weak;  
 Olympian Jove, as suits his will, bestows 245  
 On good and bad, prosperities and woes:

He may have given thee miseries, but still  
 Thou shouldst submit with patience to his will:  
 'Tis our delight to succour the distrest,  
 And thee we welcome as a stranger guest; 250  
 Clothing thou shalt not want, we will provide  
 This and all other needful things beside;  
 The city I will show thee, and will tell  
 What race of people now within it dwell:  
 They are Phæacians, who possess the land, 255  
 And brave Alcinous holds the chief command:  
 He is my father. Thus the virgin fair  
 Spoke, and then call'd her maids with flowing hair:  
 Why do ye fly, my maids? why should the sight  
 Of this poor man thus fill you with affright? 260  
 He is not like a fierce invading foe,  
 Whose savage spirits vigorously flow;  
 And we are dear to heaven—the ocean roars  
 Around our happy and sequester'd shores  
 With other states no ~~intercourse we hold~~; 265  
 But ~~can we from~~ <sup>let us</sup> ~~this wanderer withhold~~ <sup>we know</sup>  
 Our friendly aid? The stranger and the poor  
 Jove sends for succour to the rich man's door;  
 The smallest gift which charity imparts,  
 Is like a cordial to their drooping hearts. 270  
 Now wine and food to this poor mortal bring,  
 And wash his body in the flowing spring;  
 But to some shelter'd, quiet nook repair,  
 And guard his shivering limbs from chilling air.  
 She spoke—her maids approach and round her stand,  
 Attentive to obey her kind command. 276  
 By them Ulysses to the stream was led,  
 And vests and garments near to him they spread;

The golden cruise with softest oil they gave,  
 And in the stream directed him to lave; 280  
 When thus Ulysses spoke: The task be mine  
 To cleanse my body from the oozy brine,  
 Then I will soften it with fragrant oil,  
 Most grateful to the limbs oppress'd with toil;  
 But first, ye maids, withdraw your steps from hence, 285  
 Why should I give your modesty offence?  
 For in your presence I should dread to lave  
 My naked body in the crystal wave.  
 He spoke—the maidens instantly retreat,  
 And to Nausicaa his words repeat; 290  
 Then wise Ulysses plunges in the tide,  
 And purifies his back and shoulders wide,  
 Washes his hair, and o'er his body pours,  
 From the gold cruise, the oil in softening showers;  
 Then in the garments his firm limbs array'd, 295  
 Which were presented by the noble maid;  
 Pallas adorn'd him with superior grace,  
 With manly beauty and majestic pace;  
 His locks like flowers of hyacinth o'erspread  
 And fall in graceful ringlets from his head; 300  
 As when an artist whom the god of fire  
 And wisdom's goddess with their skill inspire,  
 Round a rich vase of pure and burnish'd gold  
 Weaves silver edgings, curious to behold,  
 Thus grace abundant round the hero shone, 305  
 Who on the verdant shore sat down alone,  
~~Not unobserved by the noble maid,~~  
*But not unobserved by*  
 Who with attentive eyes the change survey'd,  
 And calling her attendants, thus exprest  
 The thoughts revolving in her wond'ring breast: 310

My white-arm'd maidens to my words attend ;

Surely the gods to us this stranger send :

I view him with surprize, for sure such grace

Cannot belong to one of mortal race!

~~If such a man inhabited this land,~~

~~To him with pleasure I could give my hand:~~

Now ask the stranger whether he incline

His spirits to refresh with food and wine.

The maids attentive, her commands obey,

And wine and food before Ulysses lay,

320

Who eat and drank with appetite most keen,

For without nourishment he long had been.

Meantime Nausicaa her care bestows,

To fold and in the chariot place the clothes;

Then joins the mules sure-footed to the yoke,

325

And as the car she mounted, thus she spoke:

Stranger arise! and I will be thy guide,

And shew thee where my father doth reside,

And at his court the nobles thou wilt see,

Who in this land have chief authority:

330

But now attend to what my thoughts suggest,

For wisdom surely dwells within thy breast:

While thro' the fields and orchard I proceed,

Follow the chariot and the mules with speed,

Thou and my maidens—I before will drive,

335

Till at the city's suburbs we arrive:

High woods surround it, and on either side

Ships in their stations in the docks abide;

Narrow the passage from the stormy main,

Thro' which the vessels pass the docks to gain;

340

The forum near to Neptune's temple stands,

Built with hewn stones, the work of skilful hands;

*+ O. has a man who says he has seen  
 the man who was in the chariot*

There shipwrights labour—these the sails provide,  
 Rudders and oars to sweep the briny tide;  
 For the Phæacians no pains bestow 345  
 To form the quiver or to bend the bow;  
 But they depend on ships with masts and oars,  
 To brave the sea and pass to foreign shores:  
 To these give no pretence to raise a tale,  
 Which to thy disadvantage may prevail, 350  
 For they are proud, and shouldst thou in the way  
 Meet with a ~~man~~ <sup>stranger</sup> envious man, he perhaps might say,  
 Who is this stranger of majestic mien,  
 Attendant on the daughter of the queen?  
 Where did she find him? where did he reside? 355  
 And will she condescend to be his bride?  
 Or he may be some wanderer who explores,  
 In his own ship, our far sequester'd shores,  
 And craves her pity—in the country round,  
 Seldom or never such a man is found; 360  
 Or it may be some god hath heard her ~~cries~~ <sup>sighs</sup>  
 And for her sake hath left the vaulted skies;  
 Well she contrives, if rambling she can find  
 A husband suited to her generous mind:  
 Must then the nobles of Phæacia sigh 365  
 In vain, and have from her no kind reply?  
 Thus will they say, and injure my good name;  
 But should not I another virgin blame,  
 Who while her father and her mother live,  
 Should rashly dare encouragement to give 370  
 To any youth before her wedding day,  
 And thus her parents' confidence betray?  
 But now, O guest! my prudent counsel hear,  
 That thou may'st gain my honour'd father's ear,

And may'st from him a nimble ship obtain, 375  
To bear thee home across the sable main.  
Near to the road, a noble grove appears  
Of poplar trees, the growth of many years,  
Sacred to Pallas, hence a spring is seen  
To flow meand'ring thro' the meadows green; 380  
From this, my father's house and gardens lie  
As far as we can hear a herald cry;  
There wait with patience, seated on the grass,  
Till tow'rd's my father's house thou see me' pass,  
Then enter thou the city and enquire, 385  
Where stands the palace of my noble sire,  
A building so conspicuous boys could tell,  
For in such house no other persons dwell;  
Pass thro' the court and hall, and seek the room  
Where sits my mother, busied at the loom, 390  
Weaving a robe of rich and purple dies;  
From hand to hand the nimble shuttle flies:  
Before a blazing fire she sits, reclined  
Against a pillar, with her maids behind:  
My father's throne o'erlooking her is placed, 395  
Which with his noble presence oft is graced,  
And where he takes delight to cheer his soul  
With temperate quaffings of the flowing bowl:  
Pass by this throne, and as a suppliant pray,  
My mother to insure the welcome day. 400  
Of thy return, that so thy longing eyes  
May view thy home, tho' distant far it lies:  
If she receive thee with an aspect kind,  
Then thou may'st cherish confidence of mind,  
That thou again thy native land shalt see, 405  
Thy well-built house, thy friends and family.

She spoke, and flourishing her shining scourge,  
 She lashed the mules, their sluggish pace to urge,  
 Leaving the stream, they bound along the plains,  
 While she with skilful hands conducts the reins, 410  
 So that Ulysses and the maids might find,  
 She did not wish to leave them far behind.  
 The sun now set as they approach'd the grove  
 Of Pallas, daughter of Olympian Jove;  
 Here wise Ulysses took a seat, and pray'd 415  
 For the protection of the blue-eyed maid:  
 Hear me, O goddess! tho' my prayers were vain  
 When Neptune toss'd me on the stormy main;  
 From the Phæacians grant that I may find  
 Reception friendly, generous, and kind. 420  
 He pray'd, and Pallas lent a gracious ear,  
 But would not let this openly appear;  
 She fear'd <sup>her father's wrath</sup> ~~her uncle~~ for his wrath she knew,  
 Ceased not <sup>to</sup> ~~the suffering hero~~ to pursue.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

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## BOOK VII.

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**T**HUS the divine and patient hero pray'd,  
While to the town the strong mules drew the maid,  
Whose noble brothers at the palace gate,  
Like youths immortal, round her person wait;  
The mules unbracing, they within convey 5  
The vests and robes which in the chariot lay;  
The virgin to her chamber high ascends,  
Eurymedusa on her steps attends,  
Whom from Apeira, when a blooming maid,  
The vessels swift to Scheria's isle convey'd; 10  
She was presented to the king, whose sway  
The race Phæacian honour and obey;  
Within the house she nursed the virgin fair,  
And waited on her with maternal care;  
The fire first kindled, then she hastes to spread 15  
The supper board with cakes and finest bread.  
Now from his seat Ulysses rose, and drew  
Near to the city, when Minerva threw  
Around her favour'd chief a misty veil,  
From prying eyes his person to conceal, 20  
Lest the Phæacians proud might seek pretence  
To treat a man unknown with insolence,



And rudely ask his country and his name;  
 But to the city's entrance when he came,  
 He saw the blue-eyed maid before him stand, 25  
 Like a young girl with pitcher in her hand,  
 'To whom Ulysses—Daughter! wilt thou tell  
 The house where great Alcinous doth dwell,  
 For I am here a wandering stranger guest,  
 From home remote, with miseries opprest; 30  
 To me the country, the delightful town,  
 And the inhabitants, are all unknown.  
 Father and guest! Minerva answering said,  
 To thy request attention shall be paid;  
 The house is near my father's—by thy side 35  
 I will attend, and be thy willing guide;  
 But move with caution thro' the public street,  
 And question no man thou may'st chance to meet,  
 For the Phæacians are to strangers shy,  
 And view them always with a jealous eye; 40  
 In vessels swift they trust, with sails and oars,  
 To brave the sea and pass to distant shores,  
 So fleet their motion, as tho' ocean's king  
 Had to their ships imparted mind and wing.  
 She spoke, and led the way with aspect kind, 45  
 Her steps Ulysses follow'd close behind,  
 Unseen of all he pass'd, the misty cloud  
 Continuing still his person to inshroud;  
 But as he moves new objects meet his eyes,  
 'The ships and harbours fill him with surprize; 50  
 He views the wond'rous works, the lofty wall,  
 The ditch well fenced, the docks and'arsenal:  
 At length Ulysses and the blue-eyed maid  
 Came to the palace, when to him she said:

This is the house, my father and my guest! 55  
 Which I now show, fulfilling thy request;  
 Within this house the heaven-bred kings employ  
 The hour in banqueting and festive joy,  
 Enter among them with a manly face,  
 Let not timidity thy looks disgrace; 60  
 The man courageous always fares the best,  
 Be he a well known or a stranger guest:  
 First in the palace thou the queen wilt find,  
 Her name Arété, generous and kind,  
 From the same ancestors, well known to fame, 65  
 She and Alcinous her husband came;  
 Fair Peribæa on the ocean's shore,  
 Nausithous to mighty Neptune bore;  
 She was the youngest daughter of the bold  
 Eurymedon, a king renown'd of old, 70  
 Who o'er the giants held imperial sway,  
 And taught their stubborn spirits to obey:  
 Nausithous begat Rhexenor brave,  
 Who had no son, but found an early grave,  
 For in the palace, Phœbus' winged dart 75  
 Pierced him, a happy bridegroom, to the heart.  
 Alcinous also from Nausithous sprung,  
 And he Arété married fair and young;  
 She was Rhexenor's only child; on her  
 Alcinous delighted to confer 80  
 Such honour, as no woman ever gain'd  
 From any husband who on earth had reign'd;  
 Her children also with their father strove  
 To make her happy with attentive love;  
 And in the streets whenever she was seen, 85  
 The people hail'd her as a heaven-born queen;

For she was wise, and bade contention cease,  
 Always promoting harmony and peace;  
 If she receive thee with an aspect kind,  
 Then may'st thou cherish confidence of mind, 90  
 That thou again thy native shore shalt see,  
 Thy friends, thy palace, and thy family.  
 Minerva spoke, and vanishing from sight,  
 O'er the vast ocean took her rapid flight;  
 The lovely Scheria left, she sought the plains 95  
 Of Marathon, and Athens' fair domains,  
 And to Erichtheus' citadel, which lay  
 Within the spacious city, bent her way.  
 Now near the royal house Ulysses drew,  
 The brazen pavement opening to his view; 100  
 Struck with the sight, he stood in deep amaze,  
 His pulse beat quick, his eyes incessant gaze;  
 For with the splendour of the sun or moon,  
 The noble palace of Alcinous shone:  
 Firm walls of brass adorn'd with cornice grey, 105  
 Led to th' apartments from the brazen way;  
 The rooms within were closed with doors of gold,  
 And silver pillars g'orious to behold  
 Stood on the brazen way; the lintels bright,  
 With cornices of gold allured the sight; 110  
 Golden and silver dogs, which seem'd to live,  
 (Such wonderful effect could Vulcan give)  
 Watch'd on each side with animated eyes,  
 To guard the house from danger and surprize;  
 From the decay of age these dogs were free, 115  
 As tho' possess'd of immortality.  
 Ranges of seats on either side were placed  
 The walls of brass, with whitest linen graced,

By women woven with the finest thread,  
 And o'er the ranges elegantly spread ; 120  
 On these the nobles of the land recline  
 On festive days, and quaff delicious wine.  
 Before the altar, youths of solid gold  
 (Their hands extended) blazing torches hold,  
 Which brightly shine throughout the festive night, 125  
 And cheer the guests with never-failing light.  
 Within the house were fifty maidens fair,  
 Some grind the corn and some the meal prepare,  
 Some at the loom their nimble fingers ply,  
 Like leaves of poplars quivering constantly 130  
 Fann'd by the zephyrs, and as thus they toil,  
 From the wove vest distils the humid oil ;  
 As the Phæacians other men exceed  
 In building ships to sail with rapid speed,  
 So can no women on the earth presume 135  
 To vie with their's in labours of the loom ;  
 To them Minerva liberally imparts  
 Her knowledge exquisite in curious arts.  
 Near to the house a spacious orchard lay,  
 Four acres in extent with blossoms gay, 140  
 Surrounded by a fence, aloft to view  
 The spreading trees in full luxuriance grew :  
 The pear and varied apple here were seen,  
 The fig delicious and the olive green ;  
 These never fail their fruitage to repeat, 145  
 In winter's cold or in the summer's heat,  
 For here the zephyrs never cease to blow,  
 The trees to bud, the ripen'd fruit to glow ;  
 Apple to apple, pear succeeds to pear,  
 And fig to fig throughout the perfect year, 150

And grape to grape—the spacious vineyard lay  
 Open, to catch the sun's meridian ray:  
 Some pluck the ripen'd fruit, and some produce  
 From the press'd bunches rich nectarious juice;  
 Here from the vines the clusters green depend, 155  
 And there with ripen'd grapes the branches bend;  
 Around, rich beds of varied flowers are seen,  
 Part in full blossom, part in freshest green.  
 Two crystal fountains in the garden rise,  
 The orchard one, and one the house supplies, 160  
 And from the stream the citizens procure,  
 For every purpose, water clear and pure.  
 Thus was Antinous bless'd, for heaven had shed  
 Its gifts abundant on his favour'd head.  
 Patient divine Ulysses at the sight 165  
 Stood still, and view'd with wonder and delight  
 The noble palace, then without delay  
 The dome he enter'd, o'er the brazen way,  
 And here he found the nobles of the land,  
 And counsellors, an honourable band, 170  
 Who now retiring to the couch of rest,  
 Libations pour'd and gratitude exprest  
 To Mercury—Minerva's misty veil  
 Continued still Ulysses to conceal,  
 As thro' the house he moved, of all unseen, 175  
 Till he approach'd Antinous and his queen,  
 When round her knees his suppliant hands he threw,  
 While from his head the heavenly vapour flew;  
 Astonish'd at the sight, they all were mute,  
 When thus Ulysses press'd his earnest suit: 180  
 Arété, daughter of Rhexenor brave!  
 Thy knees I press, and as a suppliant crave

Thy husband's aid, and that of every guest,  
 To me, a mortal wretched and distrest;  
 So may the gods permit you to enjoy 185  
 A life of happiness without alloy;  
 So may they guard your property, and crown,  
 Your noble offspring, with well earn'd renown!  
 Assist me then, I earnestly implore,  
 To gain a passage to my native shore; 190  
 Long absence from my friends hath made me know  
 A sad variety of human woe.  
 Thus having spoke, from bended knee he rose,  
 And near the fire a humble seat he chose,  
 Among the ashes—none the silence broke, 195  
 Till first the aged brave Echeneus spoke,  
 Who deeply skill'd in learning, did excel  
 In thinking wisely and in speaking well:  
 Alcinous! it is not right nor fit,  
 That such a guest should on the ashes sit; 200  
 For thy commands respectfully we wait,  
 To introduce him to a better seat;  
 Then let the herald wine delicious bring,  
 And pour libations to the Olympian king,  
 Who never fails the wanderer to attend, 205  
 And is to modest supplicants a friend:  
 Now let the matron haste to set before  
 This guest a supper from her liberal store.  
 He spoke, and touched Alcinous's breast,  
 Who rose, and taking by the hand his guest, 210  
 He placed him on a seat which brightly shone  
 With studs of silver, where his own dear son  
 Laomedon was seated by his side,  
 A noble youth, his father's joy and pride.

Now in a golden vase the handmaid brings, 215  
 To lave his hands, pure water from the springs,  
 Placed on a silver ewer, then hastes to spread  
 The polish'd table, which with finest bread  
 And many dainties soon was cover'd o'er  
 By the attentive matron of the store. 220  
 Ulysses eat and drank, when thus the brave  
 Antinous orders to the herald gave :  
 Pontonous, fill the cup, and let it move  
 To all around, that now to thundering Jove  
 We may libations pour, for he attends 225  
 The virtuous stranger, and his cause befriends.  
 He spoke—Pontonous ready at his call,  
 Pours the rich wine, and hands it round to all  
 With reverence; the due libations paid,  
 Each freely drank, when thus Antinous said: 230  
 Phæacian coun<sup>se</sup>llors and leaders bold!  
 Attend, while I my secret thoughts unfold:  
 The supper ended, now let every guest  
 In his own house enjoy his nightly rest,  
 And I the reverend elders will invite 235  
 To meet in council with the morning's light,  
 Then shall this stranger to our houses find  
 An introduction generous and kind :  
 The sacred rites first finish'd, ~~we will turn~~<sup>head</sup>  
~~Our thoughts to aid his safe and quick return,~~<sup>by X</sup> 240  
 'That so from future toil and danger free,  
 He may again his friends and country see,  
 Tho' far remote they lie, and may sustain  
 While in our land, no misery or pain;  
 But if it be his fate to suffer more, 245  
 When safely landed on his native shore,

f. *How safely home we aid, we act. f*  
*thoughts will be*

He must endure it, for from early birth  
 The Fates have fix'd our destinies on earth;  
 But if from heaven immortal he descend,  
 This visit does some great event portend, 250  
 For the immortals often leave the skies,  
 And join us at the solemn sacrifice;  
 With us they often deign to take a seat,  
 And at our festivals to drink and eat:  
 The lonely traveller oppress'd with grief, 255  
 They often meet and grant the wish'd relief;  
 For to protect us they are ever near,  
 And do not keep us in continual fear,  
 As do the Cyclops, and the giants' race,  
 All those who near them have their dwelling place. 260  
 Ulysses answering, thus the king address'd:  
 Banish such thoughts, Alcinous, from thy breast;  
 Surely in me no likeness canst thou find  
 To the immortals, or in form, or mind.  
 I am a mortal, and as such, ye know, 265  
 Exposed to hardship, misery, and woe;  
 And I could now a moving tale relate  
 Of the disasters of my wretched fate,  
 Ordain'd by heaven; but tho' a prey to grief,  
 Let me from food and wine find some relief; 270  
 For pinch'd with hunger when a man is faint,  
 His craving stomach breaks thro' all restraint;  
 Its urgent calls what mortal can repress?  
 They will be heard in spite of our distress;  
 They will impel a wretch to drink and eat, 275  
 And to forget his griefs, however great:  
 But in the morning aid me, I implore,  
 To pass the ocean to my native shore;



There, if I happily arrive at last,  
 (Forgetting all the miseries I have past) 280  
 I shall with cheerfulness resign my breath,  
 And by my friends surrounded, welcome death.  
 He ceased—well pleased they hear the stranger guest,  
 And all incline to forward his request;  
 When due libations offer'd, they arose, 285  
 And each moved homewards to enjoy repose;  
 But in the house Ulysses still remain'd,  
 And near the king and queen his seat retain'd.  
 Now to remove, the attentive maidens haste,  
 The splendid apparatus of the feast; 290  
 When thus Arété, white-arm'd queen, address  
 Ulysses, for her eyes observed the vest,  
 Which she had woven with her women fair,  
 Upon his shoulders—Stranger guest declare  
 Thy name! thy country!—who these garments gave!  
 Didst not thou say, that driven by the wave, 296  
 Thou camest hither? Unto her the wise  
 Prudent Ulysses answering, thus replies:  
 'Tis a hard task, Arété, to relate  
 The many hardships of my adverse fate; 300  
 But to thy questions, hear my true replies:  
 Far in the sea the isle Ogygia lies,  
 Where dwells Calypso, terrible tho' fair,  
 Daughter of Atlas, nymph with lovely hair;  
 There she most artful, solitary reigns, 305  
 Nor intercourse with god or man maintains;  
 Some demon (and my fate I still deplore)  
 Drove me a wretched wanderer to her shore;  
 For in the middle of the sable main,  
 Jove with his lightning cleft my ship in twain; 310

Then perish'd all my dear companions brave,  
 But to the wreck I clung and 'scaped the wave:  
 Nine days I floated, driven by the blast,  
 And the tenth evening on her coast was cast;  
 The fair-hair'd goddess, awful in her smile, 315  
 Gave me a gracious welcome to her isle;  
 She clothed and fed me, offering to engage,  
 That I should live exempt from care and age,  
 But could not move me—so for seven long years  
 I mourn'd and wet my garments with my tears; 320  
 But when the eighth year came, at Jove's command,  
 She prompted me to seek my native land;  
 (Or p'rhaps my grief might cause her to relent,  
 So in a well rigg'd vessel I was sent  
 From her fair isle—she gave me wine and bread, 325  
 And o'er my limbs, ambrosial garments spread,  
 And with the softest and the sweetest gales  
 The goddess kindly fill'd my spreading sails;  
 For seventeen days a prosperous course I held,  
 And the next day your cloud-capt hills beheld; 330  
 Then did my heart with gladness overflow,  
 But soon, alas! I found return of woe;  
 For Neptune raised the winds, whose boisterous sweep  
 Convulsed the mighty waters of the deep;  
 Against my creaking ship the billows dash, 335  
 Which sunk beneath their weight and horrid crash;  
 But while my fate I bitterly deplore,  
 I swam with all my might to gain the shore,  
 And near approach'd, when by a billow vast  
 Among the rocks projecting I was cast 340  
 And craggy stones—intent my life to save,  
 I dropt and floated on the reflux wave,

And tow'rd's the river swam in hopes to find  
 A landing place secure from rocks and wind:  
 This gain'd, I lay exhausted—now the night 345  
 Ambrosial came and veil'd the sacred light,  
 When I sought shelter in a neighbouring wood,  
 Which not far distant from the river stood;  
 I spread dry leaves my shivering limbs around,  
 And soon my eyes were closed in sleep profound; 350  
 Thus, tho' my heart was sad, thro' night I lay,  
 Cover'd with leaves, until the midst of day,  
 And did not leave my quiet place of rest  
 Till the bright sun was sinking tow'rd's the west,  
 When near the shore I saw the maidens gay 355  
 Of thy fair daughter in the meadow play;  
 She like a goddess shone amidst her train,  
 To her I pray'd, and did not pray in vain;  
 In her I found such dignity of mind,  
 As in a maid so young we seldom find, 360  
 (For youth is prone to folly and excess)  
 With gentle look she noticed my distress,  
 Gave food and wine, directing me to lave  
 My limbs exhausted in the limpid wave,  
 And gave these garments—thus, tho' much distress'd,  
 I have without disguise the truth express'd. 366  
 To him Antinous spoke in accents mild,  
 Stranger! I blame the conduct of my child!  
 With her attendants, when my house she sought,  
 She should with them her supplicant have brought. 370  
 To him the wise Ulysses answering said,  
 Hero! blame not the fair and virtuous maid!  
 She order'd me to follow in her train,  
 Then cease of her attention to complain;

But I revered her virgin innocence, 375  
Fearful of giving her or thee offence,  
And of my own accord I stopt behind,  
For to suspicion prone is human kind.  
Antinous replied—My stranger guest!  
I banish anger from my gentle breast, 380  
And always wish to practice and pursue  
Those things alone which are both just and true,  
And may th' immortals grant that I may meet  
With one like thee, so wise and so discreet,  
To wed my daughter—if thou shouldst incline 385  
To be my son-in-law, and home resign,  
Thou for my daughter's portion mayst command  
A noble house, with furniture and land;  
But or to go or stay, thy choice is free,  
For Jove protects the stranger's liberty, 390  
To leave our island, if thou shalt decide,  
I will to-morrow a swift ship provide;  
But now the shades of night invite to rest,  
And when with sleep thy spirits are refresh'd,  
Then shalt thou sail, and quickly thou wilt see 395  
Thy native land, thy house, and family,  
Tho' from our country longer be the way,  
Than to Eubœa, as our sailors say;  
For some with valiant Rhadamanthus went  
'To see the Earth's son Tityus, intent; 400  
From hence they parted with Aurora's light,  
And safe returned with the shades of night,  
Proving how much our ships and men excel  
In sailing swiftly and in rowing well.  
He spoke, and gladness fill'd Ulysses' breast, 405  
Who thus his prayer to Jupiter address:

O may Alcinous! the noble king!  
 To full perfection every purpose bring!  
 Immortal glory then he will obtain,  
 And I shall see my native shore again! 410  
 Arété now commands her maids to spread,  
 Under the portico, a splendid bed,  
 With purple rugs, and carpets to prepare,  
 With coverlets made warm with shaggy hair.  
 The maids go forth with torches in their hands 415  
 And lay the bed, obedient to command;  
 All things prepared, they wait upon the guest,  
 Who with glad heart retires to tranquil rest:  
 Thus in the porch divine Ulysses lay,  
 And in soft slumbers pass'd the night away: 420  
 In the grand dome's recess Alcinous' bed  
 Was placed, and near to his, the queen's was spread.

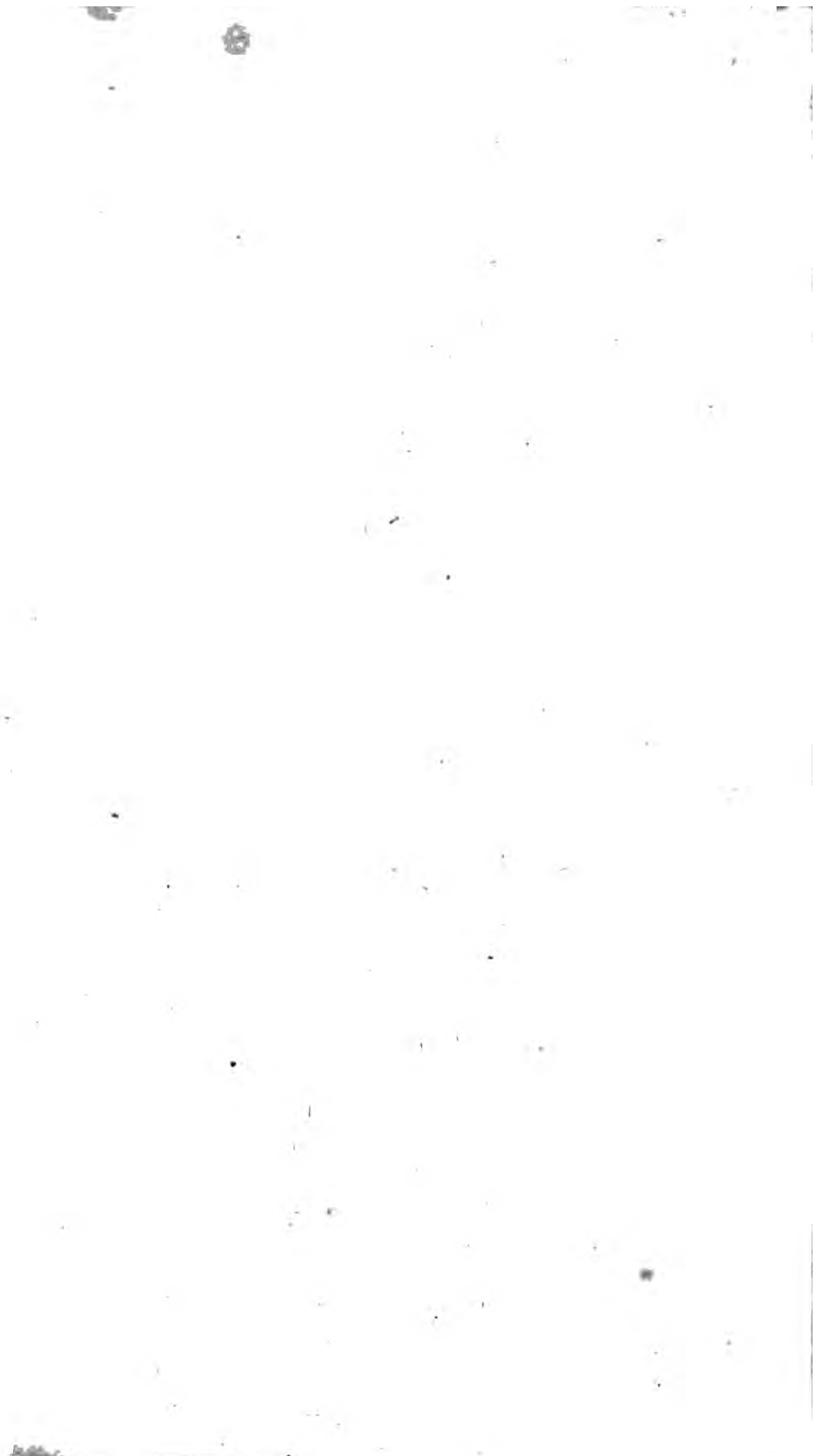


END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

	P	lbs
	558	544
	273	566
	630	642
	1108	1046
	637	570
6	394	424
7	433	422
	<u>4240</u>	<u>4212</u>

40 4212

125 sides in 1 side  
 23 sides in 1 side



✓	19. line	492	read Helen & Edgar
✓	34. line	502	for her read. Seven
✓	63. line	146	for it read it
✓	140. line	415	for hand read to read
✓	140.	416	concluded, read
✓	82. line	744	for do read doth
✓	119.	207	wandering read was
✓	19. line	8	for council read
	132. line	170	for council read
✓	45. line	275	for long read then
	69.	324	for council. read
	85.	824	do do
✓	8	227	for night read with
	30	350	for his read her
✓	68	294	for acts read acts
	117	128	American sheet
		138	do



