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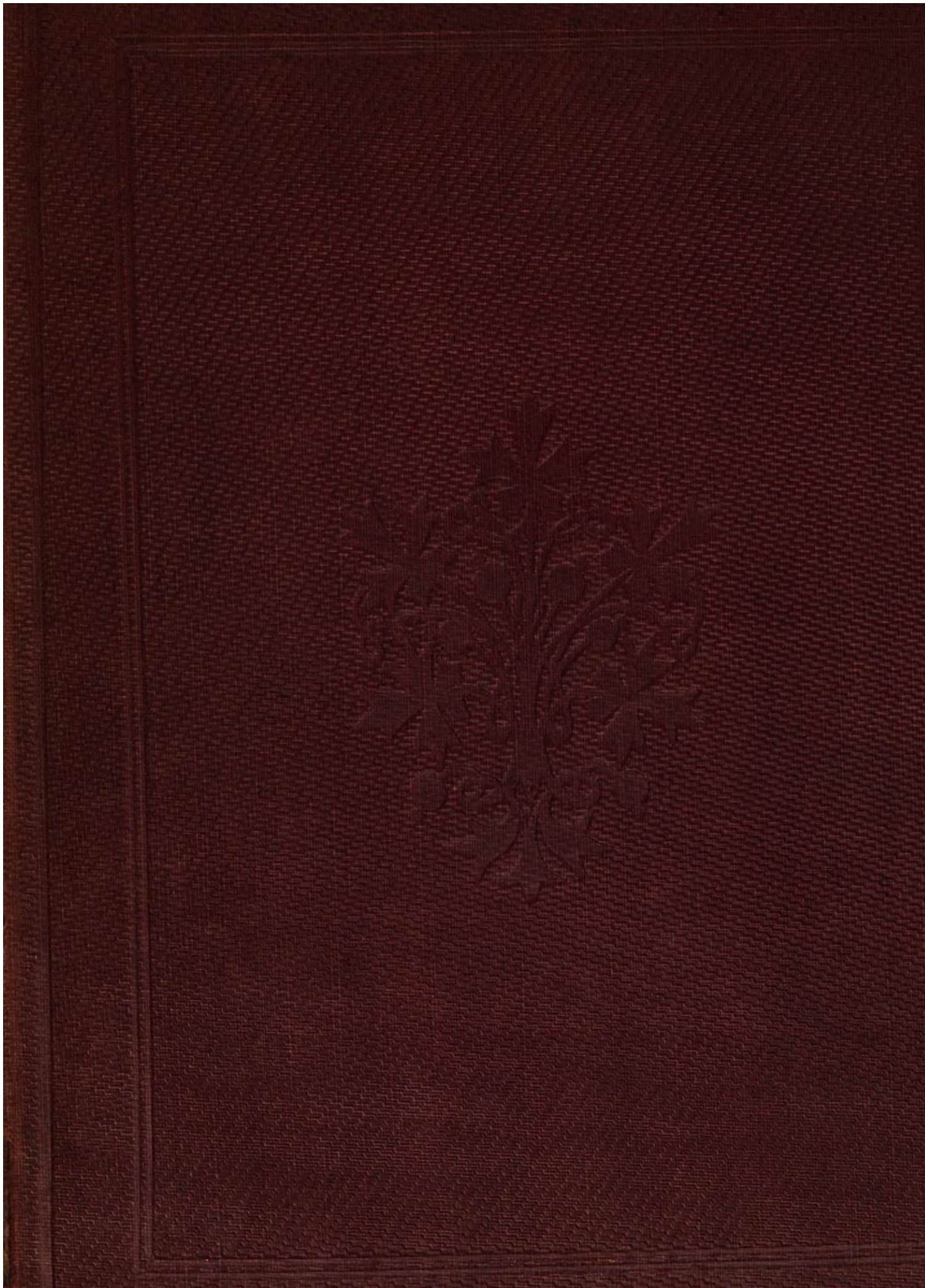
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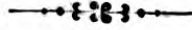
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LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS.

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[Continued at the end.]

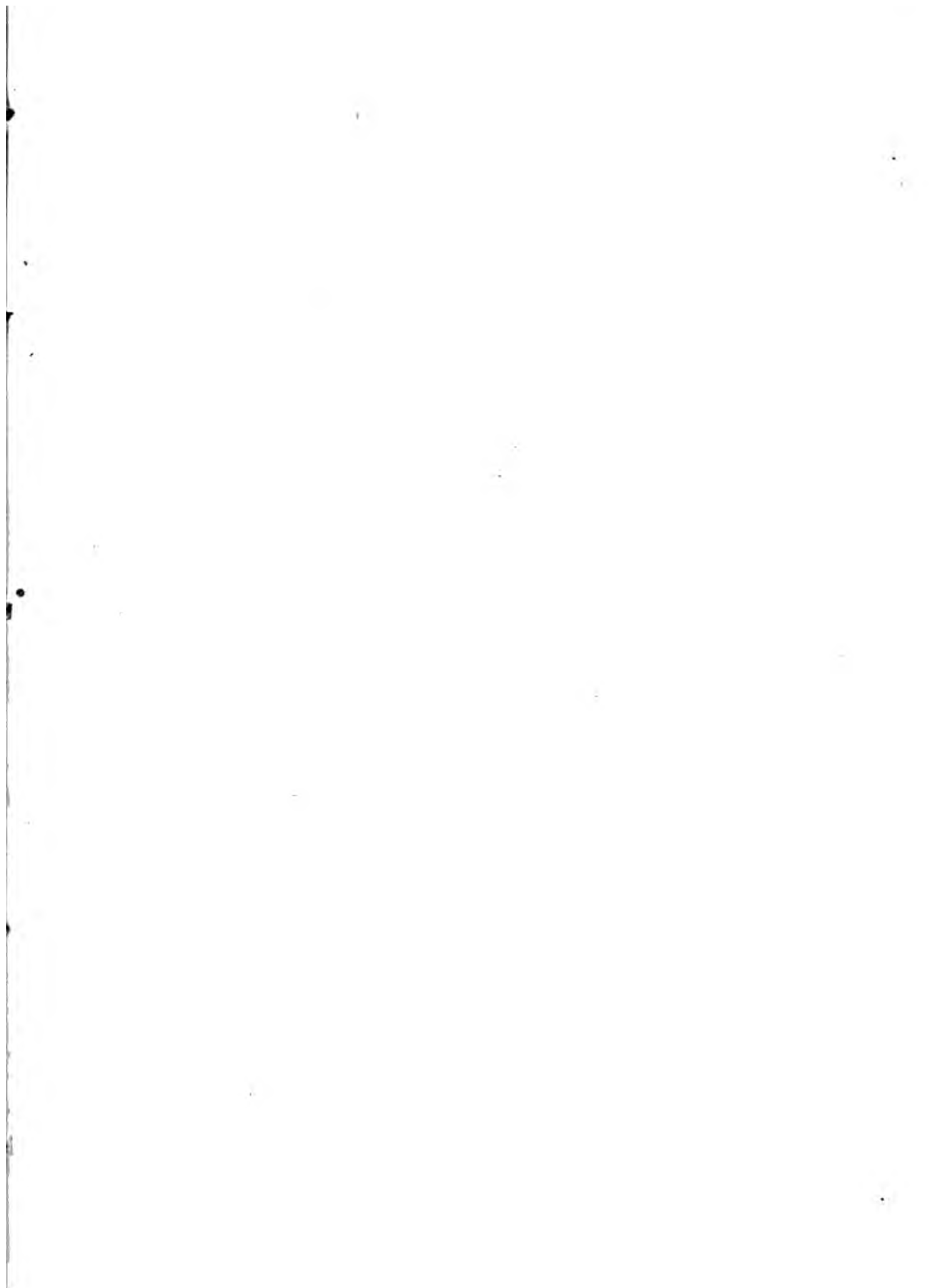


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Library of Old Authors







HOMER'S ODYSSEY.
Translated according to y^e Greeke

By. Geo: Chapman

*At mihi q^{uo} viuo detraxerit Fruida Turba
Post obitum duplici fenore reddet Honos.*

Soleus Sapit
hic homo.

Reliqui vero.

Umbrae mouentur.

Pallas

Ulysses

*Imprinted at London by
Rich: Field for Nath:
aniell Butter.*

W.J. Alden 1822

THE ODYSSEYS OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED ACCORDING TO THE GREEK,

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY RICHARD HOOPER, M.A., F.S.A.

VOLUME I.



LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.
1857.

293. 9. 28.





INTRODUCTION.



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

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

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

* Coleridge's *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, by J. Payne Collier, Esq. p. xxxi.

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

* Retrospective Review, vol. III. p. 184.

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

* *Ibid.* p. 173.

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

As it is possible that these volumes may fall into the hands of some who do not possess our edition of Chapman's Iliad, it has been thought advisable to append a somewhat corrected life of the Author, as a few details have been discovered since the former publication.



THAT GEORGE CHAPMAN was born at, or in the neighbourhood of, Hitchin in Hertfordshire, and that he there translated at least the earlier portions of his Homer, we have the evidence of his own writings.

In a small poem entitled, "*Euthymicæ Raptus, or the Teares of Peace*," 4to. 1609, he introduces himself in a reverie, when the Shade of Homer appears, and in reply to the Poet's enquiry—

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

His contemporary William Browne, also, in his "*Britannia's Pastorals*," styles him

"The learned shepherd of fair Hitching Hill."

The date of his birth we fix by inference in 1559, as round the portrait prefixed to his *Iliad* is the legend "*Georgius Chapmanus Homeri Metaphrastes Æta. LVII. M.DC.XVI.*" The Hitchin Registers only commence with the year 1562, so we are unable to arrive at any facts relative to his parentage. There are, however, several entries relating to the families of John and Thomas Chapman, who were possibly the poet's brothers. In 1593, Aug. 5, was baptized George the son of John Chapman; and from Easter 1603 to Easter 1605 the same John Chapman was one of the churchwardens, and has signed the Parish Registers in a bold and scholarly hand. Amongst the additional MSS. in the British Museum (No. 16,273) is a "*Survey of the King's timber and woods in Hertfordshire and Essex in 1608*,"

and under the “*Manēr de Hutchin*” (Hitchin) is “*Upon the Copyhold of Thomas Chapman, in Longe Close 27 Saplings £4. In Beerton closes 260 Elmes £18, Fire wood £35.*” This Thomas Chapman was probably a man of respectability and substance, for in Harleian MSS. No. 781, p. 28, is a petition to Prince Charles from Thomas Chapman, in 1619, for the bailiwick of Hitchin, which he formerly held under the Exchequer Seal, but of which the Earl of Salisbury had deprived him. On November 30 of the same year the claim was referred to the Commissioners of the Revenue of the Prince of Wales. The relationship, however, to the poet is mere conjecture, as we have no positive proof of any facts connected with his family. We have carefully examined the various Heraldic visitations of Hertfordshire, and Chauncy’s history of that county, but have been unable to discover any traces of him. Nothing is known of the place of his education. In 1574, “or thereabouts” (according to Antony Wood), he was sent to Oxford; and from Warton we learn “that he passed two years at Trinity College, with a contempt of philosophy, but in a close attention to the Greek and Roman classics.” Upon quitting Oxford without a degree, about 1576, he probably repaired to London, though some have supposed, without more evidence than a not infrequent custom of the day, that he completed his studies at Cambridge. Upon settling in the metropolis he associated, says Wood, with Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Daniel, and Drayton, and other celebrated persons of the day. Though he undoubtedly knew Marlowe, it is not very probable, as Mr. Dyce well observes, that they were very intimate, as their dispositions and characters

were very dissimilar. He early acquired the patronage and friendship of Sir Thomas Walsingham and his son. The date of Chapman's first acknowledged publication, in 1594, is such a long interval from the time of his quitting Oxford, in 1576, that Mr. Singer has conjectured that he had probably appeared as a writer anonymously, although we have no clue to his earlier performances. But though, upon the authority of Wood, we have said he settled immediately in London, his time seems to have been occasionally spent at Hitchin, from his informing us that he there translated Homer. We are ignorant of his occupations during these many years. Mr. Singer's conjecture, however, is strengthened by the fact that in 1596 was published "*A relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana, performed and written in the yeare 1596. By Lawrence Keymis, Gent.*" A small 4to. tract of 32 leaves; republished in the third and last volume of Hakluyt's Collection of Voyages, fol. 1600, p. 668. In this is an English poem in blank verse, "*De Guianá Carmen Epicum*, by G. C." George Steevens, in writing to Bishop Percy (Nichols's "*Literary Illustrations*," vol. vii. p. 21), assigned this to Chapman, and it bears evidence of his style. It is curious and interesting, as being one of the earliest specimens of blank verse in the language. In the same volume (viz. of Keymis) is a short Latin poem, "*Ad Thomam Harriotum Matheseos et universæ philosophiæ peritissimum*, by L. K." This was, doubtless, the M. Harriots to whom Chapman addressed a poem at the end of his translation of the "*Shield of Achilles*," and who is mentioned in the Preface to the Iliad. In 1594, Chapman published two fine poems, "*The Shadow of Night: containing two poetical hymnes*,

devised by G. C. Gent," and dedicated to his "deare and most worthy friend Master Mathew Roydon." They have been reprinted by Mr. Singer in his edition of "Chapman's Hymns of Homer." (Chiswick, 1818.) In the following year (1595) appeared "*Ovid's Banquet of Sence, a Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous Zodiacke: with a translation of a Latine Copie* (sc. of verses) *written by a fryer, Anno Dom. 1400,*" 4to. This was also dedicated to Mathew Roydon, with commendatory verses, &c. It was reprinted in 1639, 12mo. without the dedication and verses. John Davis of Hereford has an epigram "To the right-well-deserving Mr. Mathew Roydon." Chapman was now in London, and employed in writing for the stage. From an entry in "Henslowe's Diary," p. 64, we learn that his comedy of the "*Blind Beggar of Alexandria*" was first brought out and acted by the Lord Admiral's (the Earl of Nottingham's) servants on the 12th of February, 1595. It seems to have been very successful, and to have attracted large houses, from the receipts being always considerable. It continued to be acted till April, 1597, when it was withdrawn, and published in the following year (1598). It was revived in 1601. "There is a coincidence," says Mr. Payne Collier, "between a line in it and Marlowe's Paraphrase of Hero and Leander. Marlowe's line is correctly cited, with acknowledgment to the 'dead Shepherd,' by Shakespeare in 'As you like it,' Act III. sc. 5.

'Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?'

Which Chapman, near the close of his '*Blind Beggar of Alexandria*,' gives thus:

'None ever lov'd but at first sight they lov'd.'

The circumstance might have been passed over without notice, if Chapman's play and Marlowe's poem had not been printed in the same year, and if Chapman, at a subsequent date, had not finished the poem which Marlowe left incomplete. Marlowe's portion having been published in 1598, Chapman immediately continued the subject, and the six sestiams appeared together in 1600.* The coincidence of the date of the publications is all that is remarkable. Marlowe's poem, though only printed in 1598, was entered in the Stationers' Registers as early as September 28, 1593, and again in 1597. It had probably been handed about in MS., as was not infrequently the case. Chapman, probably, had seen the line, and adopted the idea. It is equally possible that Marlowe might have been present at the representation of Chapman's play, and transferred the sentiment to his own poem, though the evidence of priority would seem to be in his favour. An allusion in Chapman's subsequent portion of the poem has led to the inference that Marlowe had at some time or other expressed a wish that he should conclude it. The reader will find an able criticism on Chapman's plays in the fourth and fifth vols. of the "*Retrospective Review*." The rapidity with which Chapman now issued his publications is astonishing. In this same year (1598) appeared his translation of the "*Shield of Achilles*" from Homer, and also his "*Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homere, Prince of Poets, &c.*" both small 4tos. "*printed by John Windet, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crosse-keyes neare Paules Wharffe.*" The "*Shield*" is in the ordinary ten-syllable heroic measure,

* Henslowe's Diary, p. 65 (Shakespeare Society).

and is dedicated to "the most honored Earle Marshall" (Lord Essex). The "*Seaven Bookes*" are likewise dedicated to Lord Essex, "the most honored now living instance of the Achilleian virtues." These books, which are not the first seven continuously, but the first and second, and then the seventh to the eleventh inclusive, are in the long fourteen-syllable verse. Chapman explained the reason for translating the books in this order, and promised to resume the old order in his next edition, which should be of twelve books. The publication of his Homer gained him great reputation. Meres, in his "*Wit's Treasury*," p. 156 (edit. Haslewood—Meres's first edit. was in 1598), speaks of Chapman's "inchoate Homer," for which he ranks him amongst the learned translators. As a proof that he was now in high fame, the same writer says: "As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes; and the Latine tongue by Virgill, Ouid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius, and Claudianus; so the English tongue is mightilie enriched, and gorgeously inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent abiliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, and *Chapman*." (p. 150.) In the next page he mentions Chapman as one of the best of our Tragedians, and, in the following, as a Comedian. This latter assertion is remarkable, as at this period Chapman had published but one drama. He had probably, therefore, written others which had been acted, though never published, and the authorship of which cannot now be determined. At this period are frequent

entries in Henslowe's Diary relating to advances of money made to him. In p. 123 we have, "Lent unto M^r Chapmane, the 16 of Maye 1598, in earneste of a boocke for the companye xxxxs^s Wittnes, W^m BIRDE." Again, "Lent unto W^m Birde, the 23 of Maye 1598, which he lent unto M^r Chappmann, upon his boocke, which he promised us : xx^s." "Lent unto the companey, the 10 of June 1598, to lend unto M^r Chapman x^s." And again, "Lent unto Robart Shawe and Edward Jube, the 15 of June 1598, to geve M^r Chapman, in earneste of his boocke called the *Wylle of a Woman* . . . xx^s." It would seem, then, that this is the name of the "boocke" for the Company so often alluded to. Mr. Payne Collier, in a note on this passage, thinks that it was only the same play mentioned by Henslowe, in pp. 119-122, as "*A Woman will have her Wille*," and which is there given to Harton (William Haughton), and that Chapman may have added to it, or assisted him in it, as it would seem unlikely that two plays, so resembling in title, would have been produced at the same time. This may be true; but it is equally improbable that Chapman should have received such considerable and frequent sums for merely assisting in writing a play, which is, moreover, constantly styled his book. An entry is made on the 31st of September, 1598, of £3 to buy a "Boocke" of Mr. Chapman entitled "*The Fountain of New Fashions*;" and on the 12th of October he received xx^s. in full payment for the same play. On the 23rd* of the same month is an

* Of this date also is the following memorandum in Henslowe, p. 191. "Be it knowen unto all men by thes presentes, that I George Chapman of London, gentleman, doe owe unto M^r

advance of £3 to Mr. Chapman on "his playe boocke and ij ectes of a tragedie of *bengemen's plotte*." We have no farther information respecting this "tragedy of *Benjamin's Plot*." In November, 1598, Henslowe records the expenses incurred for the production of "*The Fountain of New Fashions*," and in December an advance of x^s. to Chapman. On the 4th and 8th of January 159⁸/₉, Chapman received the respective sums of £3 for a tragedy, the name of which is not given. But though these plays were not printed,* in 1599 was published "*An Humorous Day's Mirth*," a comedy, which had been frequently acted by the Lord Admiral's company. We are inclined to think that this is the play referred to by Henslowe under the entry of May 11. 1597, and elsewhere, where he says "*Rd at the Comodey of Umers*." Malone was of opinion that this piece was Ben Jonson's "*Every man in his Humour*;" but this is absurd, as Ben Jonson himself tells us (folio edit. 1616) that his comedy was first acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants in 1598. See Collier's Life of Shakespeare, p. CLXV. Notwithstanding his labours for

Phillip Henslowe, of the parishe of St Saviours, gentleman, the some of x^{li} x^s of lawfull money of England. In wittenesse whereof I have hereunto sett my hand, this xxiiijth of Octobr. 1598.

GEO. CHAPMAN."

The signature only is in the handwriting of Chapman.

* "*The Fountain of New Fashions*," and "*The Will of a Woman*," were in MS. in the late Mr. Heber's library. Where are they now? If the "*Will of a Woman*" could be discovered, it would settle the question as to Haughton's play, which was printed, in 1616, under the title, "*Englishmen for my Money, or a Woman will have her Will*," and several times reprinted. Mr. Collier says it is an extremely good comedy. In the last old edition, 4to. 1631, the printer dropped the first part of the title, and reverted to the name it bears in Henslowe's Diary. It was not given to any author till the discovery of Henslowe's MS.

the stage, Chapman found time to continue and publish, in 1600, *Marlowe's Hero and Leander*, a poem of great beauty. We have seen that it is supposed Marlowe had at some time or other expressed a wish that Chapman should continue this work. From this fact is alleged the intimacy between Chapman and Marlowe; yet it proves nothing, whereas the extreme dissimilarity of their lives would tend to negative the supposition. Warton and others are in error in supposing it to be a translation from the Greek. It is a story founded on Musæus. Chapman subsequently translated Musæus, as we shall see. Chapman divided the work into its present form of Sestiyads, and published it in 1600 (4to.) without his name, which was first attached to the edition of 1606.* The year 1605 was marked by the publication of "*Eastward Hoe*," which Chapman had written conjointly with Ben Jonson and Marston. The circumstances connected with this play are too familiar to need detail. Chapman and his companions were committed to prison, though they do not seem to have been detained long. Jonson disclaimed to Drummond having anything to do with the offensive passage, and pretended that he *voluntarily* accompanied his friends to prison. The play was well received, and Mr. Gifford says, "Indeed it deserved to be, for it is exceedingly pleasant." "*Eastward Hoe*" suggested to Hogarth the plan of his set of prints of the "Idle and Industrious Apprentices." It was revived at Drury Lane in 1751. This alteration was published

* Reprinted 4to. 1609, 4to. 1613, 4to. 1629, 4to. 1637; in Sir Egerton Brydges' "Restituta," vol. II.; in Mr. Singer's "Select Early English Poets," Chiswick, 1821; in Mr. Bell's "Annotated Poets," 1856; and in Mr. Dyce's edition of Marlowe's Works.

12mo. n. d., with the additional title of “*The Prentices*,” but it did not succeed. Mrs. Charlotte Lennox altered it; and it was once more revived at Drury Lane in 1775, with the title of “*Old City Manners*,” when it met with a more favourable reception. It will be found in Dodsley’s *Old Plays*. It appears that Chapman underwent a second imprisonment with Jonson, shortly after their release, in consequence of supposed reflections upon some individual in a play of their joint composition. A letter from Jonson to the Earl of Salisbury was found amongst the Hatfield State Papers by Dr. Birch. It is dated 1605, and complains of being committed “unexamined and unheard to a vile prison,” and with him “a learned gentleman (whose name may, perhaps, have come to your lordship), one Mr. George Chapman, a learned and honest man.” It is gratifying to know that it met with instant success. In this year (1605) also was published “*All Fools*,” a comedy, the plot of which is taken from Terence’s “*Heautontimorumenos*.” It does not appear when this play was acted, but there are several curious entries in Henslowe’s Diary, which all seem to refer to it. “Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 22 of Janewary 1598, to lend unto M^r Chapman, in earneste of a boocke called the world rones a whelles, the some of iij^{li}.” “Lent unto Mr. Chapman, the 13 of febreary 1508, in pt of payment of his boocke called the world ronnes on whelles, xx^s.” Similiar advances of xx^s and xxx^s are made on the 2nd and 21st of June 1599; and on the second of July, 1599, is “Lent unto Thomas Downton to paye M^r Chapman in full paymente for his boocke called the world rones on whelles, and now all foolles, but the foolle, some of xxx^s.” Mr.

Payne Collier, in a note on this passage, thinks we have a notice of three separate works by Chapman, "*The World runs on Wheels*," "*All Fools*," and "*The Fool*;" yet he doubts "whether Henslowe does not mean that the title of "*All Fools*" was substituted for the "*World runs on Wheels*." There seems little doubt on the subject, and all three names meant the same play. We may observe that in the same page Henslowe enters, "Lent unto Thomas Downton the 17th of Julye 1599 to lend unto M^r Chapman in earneste of a pastrall tragedie, the some of xxxxs." What this *Pastoral Tragedy* was it is impossible to say, as we have no further notice of it. "*All Fools*," though not published till 1605, had evidently been completed, and probably acted in 1599. It is an excellent play; and a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (April, 1841, vol. 73. p. 226) considers it Chapman's best—"a piece in which the situations are devised with an infinity of comic and histrionic effect." The *Retrospective Review** says: "The characters in general are well sustained; the dialogue is spirited; and the incidents interesting and agreeable; added to which the versification is rich and musical, and many passages of considerable merit are scattered over it. The talents of Chapman nowhere appear to so great advantage." To a *very few* copies a Sonnet to Sir Thomas Walsingham is prefixed, in which Chapman says that "he was marked by age for aims of greater weight." Mr. Payne Collier† has shown that a very beautiful passage is taken from an Italian Madrigal by Andrea Navagero inserted in Domenichi's *Rime Diverse*, Venice, 1546. "*All*

* Vol. v. p. 316.

† *Hist. of Dramat. Poetry*, III. p. 257.

Fools" was reprinted in Dodsley's Collection, and in the "Ancient British Drama," vol. II. 1810. In the following year (1606), Chapman published two comedies, "*Monsieur D'Olive*," and "*The Gentleman Usher*;" the former of which had been frequently acted with great success at the Blackfriars. In 1607 appeared the first tragedy of "*Bussy D'Ambois*." It had been frequently represented "at Paules." Dryden's contempt for this tragedy, which had pleased him at the representation, is well known from his Dedication to his "*Spanish Fryer*." "*Bussy d'Ambois*" was reprinted in 4to. 1608, 1616, 1641, 1657, and was the most popular of Chapman's tragedies. It was altered and revived by T. D'Urfey in 1691. The following year (1608) produced "*The Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France*," acted in two plays, and dedicated to Sir Thomas Walsingham. These two plays, we are told, have not come down to us as they were originally written, in consequence of the remonstrance of the French Ambassador. (Collier's Shakespeare, vol. I. p. 218.) They are fine, and are styled by Mr. Collier "noble poems, full of fine thoughts, and rich in diversity and strength of expression." The Edinburgh Reviewer (*ut suprâ*) calls the latter play "the finest tragic composition Chapman has left." "*Euthymicæ Raptus, or the Teares of Peace, with interlocutions*," a small poem, dedicated to Prince Henry, appeared in 4to. 1609. The work is chiefly interesting from the allusion to Chapman's birth-place, as quoted in the beginning of this article. In 1611 we have "*May Day*," a comedy, reprinted in "Old English Plays," vol. IV. 8vo. 1814; and the "*Widow's Tears*," another comedy, in 1612.

This last play is very fine in parts ; but the plot, which is taken from the story of the Ephesian Matron in Petronius, is exceptionable. But, while enumerating Chapman's dramatic efforts, we have omitted to mention that in 1609 appeared the long-promised Twelve Books of the Iliad. Warton is in error in saying that *Fifteen Books* were printed in 1600 in a thin folio. Chapman had mentioned, in his Preface to the Seven Books, of 1598, that his next issue should be of Twelve Books ; and consequently appeared in this year (1609) a small thin folio, the title of which is, "*Homer, Prince of Poets, translated according to the Greeke in Twelve Books of his Iliads, by George Chapman. At London, printed for Samuel Matcham.*" This work is printed in Italic type, and has (in a smaller size) the engraved title by William Hole, which was used in an enlarged form for the subsequent editions of the Iliad and the Whole Works, and a facsimile of which accompanies our own edition of the Iliad. It contains the Epistle Dedicatory to Prince Henry, the Poem to the Reader, and the Sonnet to Queen Anne. The version is the same as that of the edition of 1598, with the addition of the IIIrd, IVth, Vth, VIth, and XIth Books. The volume is closed with fourteen Sonnets ; and has been sufficiently described in our Introduction to the Iliad. It is wished, however, to correct an error as to its *exact* date. In the Stationers' Registers is the entry of the "Seven Bookes of Homer's Iliades, translated into English by George Chapman, to Samuel Matcham by assignment from Mr. Windet, November, 14. 1608." Now one of the Sonnets is addressed to the Earl of Salisbury, who is styled Lord Treasurer, which office was con-

ferred on him on May 4, 1609. The volume, therefore, was published, probably, a little later in that year. Mr. Payne Collier possesses an interesting copy of this small folio with Chapman's autograph, "*For Love to the true Love of Virtue in y^e worthy Knighte, and his constant friende Sr Henrye Crofts: Geo. Chapman gives this as testimonie of his true inclination, wth this most affectionate inscription.*" It is not intended to repeat here the observations in our Introduction to the Iliad, but it may be noted that the first edition of the complete version of the Iliad appeared about 1611, "printed" (without date) for Nathaniell Butter." In 1612, Chapman published "*Petrarch's Seven Penitentiall Psalms, paraphrastically translated: with other philosophical poems, and a Hymne to Christ upon the Crosse,*" a small 8vo. dedicated to Sir Thomas Philips, Master of the Rolls. This is a very rare volume, which we have not yet seen; but we are told Chapman speaks in it of his yet unfinished translation of Homer, which, he adds, the Prince of Wales had commanded him to conclude. It is not improbable, then, that the real date of the printing of the Complete Iliad should be the early part of 1612, though the entry in the Stationers' Books is for the preceding year. A copy of Chapman's Petrarch is in the Bodleian. Upon the death of his best patron, Prince Henry, in November 1612, Chapman expressed his lamentation in a beautiful "*Epicede, or Funerall Song.*" This has been reprinted at the Lee Priory Press, 4to. 1818. In the early part of 1613 he wrote the poetry for the Masque performed at Whitehall by the Societies of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, in honour of the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth and the Palsgrave.

Ben Jonson told Drummond that "next himself (i. e. Jonson) only Fletcher and Chapman could make a mask." A copy of this masque, corrected by Chapman in his own hand, is in Mr. Payne Collier's possession. In 1614 appeared "*Andromeda Liberata, or the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda,*" a poem, with a long dedicatory Epistle to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Frances his countess. This work is curious solely from the fact that Carr seems to have been from this time a great patron of Chapman. It would be interesting to discover how they became connected. Wood tells us that this poem "being not rightly understood, and carped at by many, came out soon after a pamphlet written in prose and poetry, entitled '*A free and offenceless justification of a late published and most maliciously misinterpreted Poem, &c. London, 1614,*' 4to. in two sheets, pen'd, I presume, by Chapman." According to Mr. Payne Collier, Somerset himself had conceived that *Andromeda Liberata* was a covert attack upon him; and from this notion Chapman was anxious to relieve himself. In the early part of this year, however, appeared the first Twelve Books of the *Odyssey*, also dedicated to Carr. From the Dedication it would seem Chapman was suffering under the pressure of poverty, as we find him saying,—

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

Somerset's patronage of Chapman, whatever it may have been, met with no unworthy return; for the distressed poet of 1614, when the royal favourite was still basking

in the declining sunshine of his career, did not forget him when that sun had set. On November 2, 1614, is an entry in the Stationers' Register to Nathaniell Butter of "Twenty-four Bookes of Homer's Odisses by George Chapman," and the complete translation appeared with the old dedication. Besides which, some years after, when the Earl was living in obscurity, the Hymns and *Batrachomyomachia* are inscribed to him in a noble strain, which reflects great credit on Chapman's goodness of heart, however we may lament the unworthiness of the subject of his panegyric. In this same year (1614) also appeared "*Eugenia; or, True Nobilitie's Trance for the memorable death of the thrice noble and religious William Lord Russel, &c. Divided into foure vigils of the nighte.*" 4to. pp. 44 not numbered. (See Brydges' *Restituta*, vol. II. p. 57.) In 1616 he published the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* collected into one volume. He had finished the last twelve books of the *Odyssey* by the end of the year 1614; and when they were printed they were united with the previous impression of the first twelve, a blank page being inserted between them, and the pagination was continued, to give the volume the appearance of being printed at one and the same time. There is an observable difference, however, which we have preserved in this edition: the conclusions of the first twelve books are in Latin, while those of the later part of the volume are in English. In the Douce Collection at Oxford is a copy of the volume of 1614 (the first twelve books) with Chapman's autograph: "*For my righte worthie Knighte, my exceeding noble friende, Sir Henry Fanshawe. A pore Homericall new yeare's gifte.*" The expression at the end of the

twelfth book, “*Opus novem dierum, Σὺν Θεῶν,*” is remarkable; but probably Chapman meant that that book had been completed in nine days, as that the whole twelve were finished in that time would be incredible. The engraved title to the *Odyssey* (which accompanies these volumes) is very rare. To some copies a printed title is given. Though the *Odyssey* had undoubtedly appeared in a separate form, yet, as we have before observed, it is now seldom found but in copies of the united volume of 1616. We affix this date, as it is upon the portrait of Chapman appearing on the reverse of the title. The engraved title by William Hole, which had before served for the editions of the *Iliad*, was now altered to the “*Whole Works of Homer, &c.*” as accompanies our edition; and here again is a peculiarity to be noted: some of the titles have not the portrait behind them, which leads us to remark (as is well known to those conversant with early printing) that the copies of Chapman’s *Homer* were corrected as the press was kept standing; and thus, though there exists but one edition of this date, there are several minute differences as the copies were worked off. The portrait, then, most probably, was not finished when the earlier impressions were struck off, and it was affixed at a later period. The titles without the portrait are far rarer than those with it. It will not be necessary to repeat what has been said in our Introduction to the *Iliad* as to the various editions of that version, farther than, from accurate investigation, it would seem that there are but *two* impressions of the complete *Iliad* (our *first* and *second* folios) and *one* of the *Odyssey*. Prince Henry having died in 1612, an engraved plate “*To the immortall memorie of Henrye Prince of Wales,*

&c.” was added to the united volume of the “ Whole Works.” The copy of the Iliad mentioned in our former Introduction as having belonged to George Steevens, from whose library it passed into the Heber Collection, is now in the magnificent library of Robert Holford, Esq. M. P. of Dorchester House. Park, in a note to Warton’s History, said it was Chapman’s own copy prepared for a future edition. This is a great error. It is a fine volume of the Iliad of 1611, in red morocco of the period. At the back of the title is in Chapman’s autograph, “ *In witness of his best love so borne to his best deserving friende Mr. Henrye Jones : George Chapman gives him theise fruites of his best labors, and desires love betwixt us as long lived as Homer.*” The corrections are merely three or four in the Preface ; which may be here specified. In p. lxiv of our Edition, lines 6, 7, the words “ *how could they differ far from, and be combined with eternity,*” are pasted over, and “ *how could they defie fire, iron, and, &c.*” substituted in a printed slip. In p. lxxviii, line 12, “ *to cast any rubs or plasters,*” Chapman has run his pen through this word, and substituted “ *plashes.*” In the same page, line 3 from the bottom, “ *and therefore may my poor self put up with motion ;*” is corrected to “ *without motion.*” In Book VIII. 497—

“ *And all did wilfully expect the silver-throned morn.*”

George Steevens remarks that the 4to. of 1598 reads “ *wishfully,*” a variation which should be noted, and perhaps adopted, but, printing from the folio, we retained “ *wilfully.*” Thus we see upon what slight evidence Mr. Park’s assertion was made ! The Holford copy, however, has an inserted leaf amongst the Sonnets with

one addressed to Sir Edward Philips, Master of the Rolls. This confirms our conjecture in the Preface to the Sonnets (vol. II. p. 279).

In 1616, Chapman published his *Translation of Musæus*. He informs us in his Preface that it is a different work to the continuation of Marlowe's poem. This extremely rare volume, not two inches long, and scarcely one broad, is fully described by Dr. Bliss in vol. II. col. 9. of his admirable edition of Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses." The only known copy is in the Bodleian. It is dedicated to his "auncient poore friende" Inigo Jones. In 1618 appeared "*The Georgics of Hesiod, translated elaborately out of the Greek;*" a thin 4to. volume, also now very rare. Elton, who, from his own noble version of Hesiod, was a competent judge, pronounces it "close, vigorous, and elegant." (Habington's *Castara*, p. 155, ed. Elton, Bristol.) It has commendatory verses by Ben Jonson and Drayton, and is dedicated to Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor, who had been a student of Gray's Inn. Chapman puns on the lines—

" GRAIIS INGENIUM, GRAIIS DEDIT ORE ROTUNDO
MUSA LOQUI."

"Why may not this Romane elogie of the Grecians extend in praisefull intention (by waye of prophetick poesie) to *Graies-Inne* wits and orators?" In 1619 was printed "*Two wise Men, and all the rest Fooles,*" a comedy, or, as the title styles it, A Comical Moral, censuring the Follies of this Age." There is a peculiarity about this play, if it may be so called, which is remarkable. It is extended to *seven* acts, instead of five. "It is, however, on tradition only that this piece is ranked

among Chapman's writings; it being published without any author's name, or even so much as a mention of the place where it was printed." (Biograph. Dramat.) In 1622 we have a small poem, "*Pro Vere Autumnæ Lachrymæ*," to the memory of Sir Horatio Vere. In 1629 appeared "*A justification of a strange action of Nero in burying with a solemne Funerall one of the cast hayres of his Mistress Poppæa; Also a just re-proofe of a Romane Smellfeast, being the fifth Satyre of Juvenall.*" The version of Juvenal is spirited and good. At what time he published "*The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia; or the Battaile of Frogs and Mise. Translated according to the originall, by George Chapman. London. Printed by John Bill, his Maiesties Printer,*" cannot now be precisely determined. Mr. Singer (who printed an elegant edition of it in 1818, Chiswick) says it would seem to have been after 1624, by comparing it with other books by the same printer. The volume, a thin folio, very rare, contains the Hymns of Homer. The engraved title by William Pass, containing a portrait of Chapman at an advanced age, is most spirited, and called forth Coleridge's admiration. As we shall print this work in a fifth volume of Chapman's Translations, it is needless to dwell upon it now. Messrs. Boone, the eminent booksellers of Bond Street, possess a very fine copy with some presentation verses in Chapman's autograph, and an alteration or two in the engraving made with his pen. In the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth is a LARGE PAPER copy! A magnificent volume, and probably unique. In 1631, Chapman printed "*Cæsar and Pom-*

pey, a Roman Tragedy, concerning their Warres. *Out of whose events is evicted this Proposition : Only a just Man is a free Man.*" This play is dedicated to the Earl of Middlesex, and does not seem to have been intended for the stage.* This was the last of Chapman's works that appeared in his lifetime. "At length," says old Antony Wood, "this most eminent and reverend poet, having lived 77 years† in this vain and transitory world, made his last exit in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, near London, on the twelfth day of May, in sixteen hundred and thirty-four, and was buried in the yard on the south side of the church of St. Giles. Soon after was a monument erected over his grave, built after the way of the old Romans, by the care and charge of his most beloved friend Inigo Jones; whereon is this engraven, 'Georgius Chapmanus, poeta Homericus, Philosophus verus, (etsi Christianus poeta) plusquam celebris, &c.'" Misled by a letter from "Myrtilla Glovestring" to Sylvanus Urban in 1737 (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. VII.), and by the assertion of Sir Egerton Brydges, in our former Introduction we stated that this monument was destroyed with the old church. It is, however, still standing, and the inscription, which had been effaced by time, was recut under the direction of the Rector (the Rev. J. Endell Tyler, ὁ μακαρίτης) and Churchwardens some years since. The present inscription, which does not tally with Wood's account, contains a strange anachronism:—

* In the *Biograph. Dram.* "Cæsar and Pompey" is said to have been published in 4to. 1607, and to have been acted at the Blackfriars. This is probably a mistake.

† Wood erroneously says Chapman was born in 1557. If the date of his death be true, he was 75.

GEORGIUS CHAPMAN

POETA

MDCXX (*sic*)

IGNATIUS JONES

ARCHITECTUS REGIUS

ob honorem

BONARUM LITERARUM

familiari

suo hoc mon.

D. S. P. F. C.

The monument, “ built after the way of the old Romans,” has very much the appearance of a Roman milestone. Habington, who published his “ Castara” in the year of Chapman’s death, has the following lines (“ Castara,” p. 155. ed. Elton)—

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

Habington’s pious wish, we are sure, will find an echo in many a breast. The great Translator of Homer deserves a record in the aisles of Westminster, as his respectable character forms a happy contrast to many less deserving recipients of that honour.

After Chapman’s death appeared, in 1639, “ *The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France*,” written in conjunction with Shirley. The reviewer of Mr. Dyce’s edition of Shirley’s works (*Quarterly Rev.* vol. xlix. p. 29) says: “ In the fine and eloquent tragedy of Chabot,

the obscurity of Chapman's manner, the hardness of which his contemporaries call his 'full and heightened style,' is greatly increased by the incorrectness of the press.* This play, as bearing the name of Shirley in its title-page conjoined with that of Chapman, ought not to have been omitted; yet it is very difficult to assign any part of it to Shirley; even the comic scenes are more in Chapman's close and pregnant manner, than in the light and airy style of Shirley." In the same year (1639) was published "*The Ball*," a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley. "*Revenge for Honour*," a tragedy, by Chapman alone, was published in 1654, 1659, 4to. Dr. Bliss mentions five plays in MS. which were in the library of the late Richard Heber, Esq., "*The Fountain of New Fashions*," 1598; "*The Will of a Woman*," 1598; "*The Fatal Love*," a tragedy; "*Tragedy of a Yorkshire Gentleman*;" and "*The Second Maiden's Tragedy*." This last was published as No. I. of "*The Old English Drama*," London, 1825. From the same authority (and from Sir Egerton Brydges' "*Restituta*") we are informed that there are poems by Chapman in "*Poetical Essays on the Turtle and Phoenix*," published, with others on the same subject, by Shakespeare, Jonson, and Marston, at the end of "*Love's Martyr, or Rosalind's Complaint*," 4to. 1601; a volume of exquisite rarity.

Though we are unable to ascertain any of the details of Chapman's life (and what do we know of any of his great contemporaries?) his many works are before us, from which we may occasionally glean an allusion or

* This remark applies equally well to the original editions of his Homer, and all his works.

two. As a dramatic writer, he has been frequently criticized, and cannot be placed in the foremost rank. But we should not forget he was one of the earliest purveyors for the public taste. His style, in his original works, is intensely crabbed and confused, yet, "as a poetical imaginer and thinker, far too little attention has been paid to him." (*Edinb. Rev.* vol. lxxiii. p. 226.) Even as a writer for the stage, he attained great popularity in his day. The writings of his contemporaries are full of allusions to him. He is much quoted in "*England's Parnassus*," by R. Allott, 12mo. 1600. In Thomas Freeman's Epigrams (4to. 1614, Pt. 2nd, Epig. 87) is the following:—

" TO GEORGE CHAPMAN.

George, it is thy genius innated,
Thou pick'st not flowers from another's field,
Stol'n similes, or sentences translated,
Nor seekest but what thine owne soile doth yield :
Let barren wits go borrow what to write,
'Tis bred and born with thee what thou inditest,
And our Comedians thou outstrippest quite,
And all the hearers more than all delightest,
With unaffected style and sweetest strain.
Thy inambitious pen keeps on her pace,
And cometh near'st the ancient comic vein.
Thou hast beguiled us all of that sweet grace ;
And were Thalia to be sold and bought,
No *Chapman* but thyself were to be sought."

It is to his Homer, however, we must look for his greatest reputation. We have elsewhere shown that he had been anticipated by Arthur Hall in the translation of the first ten books from the French ; but he claims the honour of being the first original translator of the great bard. Immediately on the publication of his "*Seven Books*" were his praises resounded. In Fitz-

Geffrey's "*Affaniæ*," Oxon, 1601, p. 88, are two Epigrams, "Ad Homerum e Græciâ in Britanniam a Georgio Chapmanno traductum;" and in "*The Passionate Poet; with a description of the Thracian Ismarus. By T. P.*" (Thomas Powell) we read:—

" Out on thee, foole! blind of thy impotence,
Thou dost admire but in a popular sense,
Esteeming more a Pasquil's harsher lines
Than Iliad's worth, which Chapman's hand refines."

(See Brydges' "*Restituta*," vol. iii. p. 169). Bolton, in his "*Hypercritica*" (p. 246, ed. Haslewood), mentions Chapman's "first seaven bookes of Iliades" amongst good writers of English style; and again (p. 250) he says, "brave language are Chapman's Iliads, those I mean which are translated into tessara-decasyllabons, or lines of fourteen syllables." Ben Jonson, Drayton, William Browne, and others, contributed their testimonies; and Samuel Sheppard, in his "*Six Bookes of Epigrams*," London, 1651, 12mo., has one which we will transcribe:—

" ON MR. CHAPMAN'S INCOMPARABLE TRANSLATION
OF HOMER'S WORKES.

What none before durst ever venture on
Unto our wonder is by Chapman done,
Who by his skill hath made Great Homer's song
To vaile its bonnet to our English tongue,
So that the learned well may question it
Whether in Greek or English Homer writ?
O happy Homer, such an able pen
To have for thy translator, happier then
Ovid* or Virgil,† who beyond their strength
Are stretched, each sentence neare a mile in length.
But our renowned Chapman, worthy praise,
And meriting the never-blasted bayes,

* "By Golding."

† "By Phaier."

Hath rendered Homer in a genuine sence,
 Yea, and hath added to his eloquence :
 And in his comments his true sence doth show,
 Telling Spondanus what he ought to know.
 Eustathius, and all that on them take
 Great Homer's misticke meaning plain to make,
 Yeeld him more dark with farr-fetcht allegories,
 Sometimes mistaking clean his learned stories :
 As 'bout the flie* Menelaus did inspire,
 Juno's retreat, Achilles' strange desire ;
 But he to his own sence doth him restore,
 And comments on him better than before
 Any could do, for which (with Homer) wee
 Will yeeld all honour to his memory."

Chapman's personal character stood very high. Antony Wood tells us he was " a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet." Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine's *Dramatic Poets* (British Museum), says, " Indeed his head was a poetical Treasury, Magazine, or Chronicle, of whatsoever was memorable amongst the Poets of his time, which made him latterly much resorted to by the young gentlemen of good parts and education. But he was choice of his company, shy of loose, shallow, and sordid associates, and preserved in his own conduct the true dignity of Poetry, which he compared to the Flower of the Sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper." Wood thinks he held some small appointment in the household of King James, or his consort Queen Anne ; but researches in the State Paper Office have failed to throw any light on this point. We have, in our former Introduction, alluded to his quarrel with Ben Jonson ; and also to his

* " Menelaus, Agamemnon's brother, a soft-pated Prince, as Homer (covertly) renders him throughout his *Iliads*, and as Mr. Chapman hath aptly observed in Homer."

poverty. It is to be feared that his latter days were clouded, but too much credence must not be given to his extreme poverty, as a similar story is told of almost all his great contemporaries.

In parting with good old George we feel regret. His Iliads and Odysseys have been our companions for many months ; and we only hope the reader will derive from their perusal but a tenth part of the pleasure we have received in editing them. A fifth and concluding volume is in preparation, which, it is hoped, will contain the Hymns and *Batrachomyomachia* (with the beautiful engraved title) ; the unique "*Muscæus*" of 1616 ; the "*Georgics of Hesiod*," 1618 ; and the "*Fifth Satire of Juvenal*," 1629 ; thus completing all Chapman's Classical Translations, and giving a volume, the united contents of which *could* not be purchased for fifty pounds.





THE following corrections to the "Introduction" to the Iliad may be useful.

P. x. *Fuller*, in his "*Worthies*," styles Philemon Holland "the Translator Generall of his age, so that those books alone of his turning into English will make a country gentleman a competent library for Historians, insomuch that one saith,

Holland with translations doth so fill us
He will not let Suetonius be Tranquillus."

Poor Philemon seems also to have been in much distress in his old age. (See a very interesting extract from various MSS. in Sir E. Brydges' "*Restituta*," vol. iii. p. 41.) The dates of his Translations are as follows: *Pliny*, fol. 1601, fol. 1634; *Plutarch's Morals*, fol. 1603, fol. 1657; *Livy*, fol. 1600, fol. 1659, fol. 1686; *Suetonius*, fol. 1606; *Ammianus Marcellinus*, fol. 1609; *Xenophon's Cyropædia*, fol. 1632; *Camden's Britannia*, fol. 1610, fol. 1637. Sir John Harington's *Ariosto* was published fol. 1591; fol. 1607; fol. 1634. Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* was reprinted by Haslewood, 3 vols. 4to. 1813. Fenton's *Guicciardin* was published fol. 1579, fol. 1599, and fol. 1618. The two first editions, I think, are identical, the title being merely altered. The editions of Fairfax's *Tasso* I have met with are fol. 1600; fol. 1624; 8vo. 1687; 2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, 1726; 8vo. London, 1749; 8vo. 1817, 2 vols. by Knight; and also a most beautiful edition in the

original orthography by Mr. Singer, 2 vols. small 8vo. 1817.

I was misled in the date of Golding's complete *Ovid* by Warton (when shall we have a *correct* edition of the "History of English Poetry?"); it was first published *complete* in 1567. The copy I read had lost half the title.

White Waltham,
July, 1857.



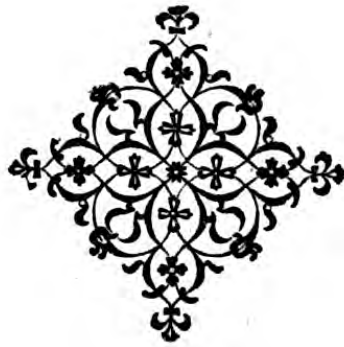
IN printing a work of such great length, it must be obvious that, with all possible care, some faults will escape the eye. The reader is requested, therefore, to correct with the pen the following

FAULTS ESCAPED.

Book I. 290, read *Rhethrus*. II. 344, r. *so set*. III. 10, r. *locks*; 437, r. *for many*. IV. 588, r. *sea-calves'*. V. 120, r. *rites*; 204, r. *cave*; 257, r. *trac'd*; 261, r. *use*; 325, r. *look*, though the folio has *took*; 419, r. *prest*. VII. 340, r. *Laertiades*. VIII. 500, r. *chords*. X. 122, in *whole* receipt, thus the folio, but r. in *whose*; 367, destroy comma after *me*; 556, put the inverted comma after *indiscretion*, and destroy it at line 563; 652, put CHAPMAN to the note. XI. 135, r. *Sun*; 144, r. *infictions*; 258, put inverted comma after *own*. XIII. 306, r. *distresses'*; 320, r. *stol'n*. XVII. 134, r. *had*; 446, r. *light*. XVIII. 473, destroy comma after *thing*. XIX. 741, r. *Gods'*. XX. 373, r. *eyes'*. XXI. 11, r. *heapt*. XXIV. 26, r. *Maia's*; 300, r. *proining*; 488, r. *The Ithacensians*; 570, r. *Elians*.

It may be useful to remind the reader that Chapman frequently alters the quantity of proper names.

The Editor has had some scruples in printing "Odysseys." Chapman has "Odysses;" but as he prints "Iliads," it has been thought "Odysseys" would be more consistent.





HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.







TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONOURED, MY
SINGULAR GOOD LORD, ROBERT,
EARL OF SOMERSET,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.*



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

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

wished natural life the great Macedon would have protected as the spirit of his empire,

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

Cujus de gurgite vivo

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

* Ex Angeli Politiani Ambrâ. 12.

† Hercules.

And must for him compose one flaming crown.

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

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

* Thus far Angel. Politianus, for the most part, translated.

fortitude to all possible height of heroical action ; in the other the mind's inward, constant, and unconquered empire, unbroken, unaltered, with any most insolent and tyrannous infliction. To many most sovereign praises is this poem entitled ; but to that grace, in chief, which sets on the crown both of poets and orators ; τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως, καὶ τὰ κοινὰ καίνως : that is, *Parva magnè dicere; pervulgata novè; jejuna plenè.*—*To speak things little greatly ; things common rarely ; things barren and empty fruitfully and fully.* The return of a man into his country is his whole scope and object ; which in itself, your Lordship may well say, is jejune and fruitless enough, affording nothing feastful, nothing magnificent. And yet even this doth the divine inspiration render vast, illustrious, and of miraculous composure. And for this, my Lord, is this poem preferred to his Iliads ; for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, gives great aid to his industry ; but in this are these helps exceeding sparing, or nothing ; and yet is the structure so elaborate and pompous that the poor plain ground-work, considered together, may seem the naturally rich womb to it, and produce it needfully. Much wondered at, therefore, is the censure of Dionysius Longinus, (a man otherwise affirmed grave and of elegant judgment,) comparing Homer in his Iliads to the Sun rising, in his Odysseys to his descent or setting, or to the ocean robbed of his æsture, many tributary floods and rivers of excellent ornament withheld from their observance. When this his work so far exceeds the ocean, with all his court and concourse, that all his sea is only a serviceable stream to it. Nor can it be compared to any one power to be named in nature, being

an entirely well-sorted and digested confluence of all ; where the most solid and grave is made as nimble and fluent as the most airy and fiery, the nimble and fluent as firm and well-bounded as the most grave and solid. And, taking all together, of so tender impression, and of such command to the voice of the Muse, that they knock heaven with her breath, and discover their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising Poesy fantastic or mere fictive ; but the most material and doctrinal illations of truth, both for all manly information of manners in the young, all prescription of justice, and even Christian piety, in the most grave and high governed. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a body and a soul in them. Wherein, if the body, (being the letter or history,) seems fictive, and beyond possibility to bring into act, the sense then and allegory, which is the soul, is to be sought, which intends a more eminent expresse of Virtue for her loveliness, and of Vice for her ugliness, in their several effects ; going beyond the life than any art within life can possibly delineate. Why then is fiction to this end so hateful to our true ignorants ? Or why should a poor chronicler of a Lord Mayor's naked truth (that peradventure will last his year) include more worth with our modern wizards than Homer for his naked Ulysses clad in eternal fiction ? But this proser Dionysius, and the rest of these grave and reputatively learned—that dare undertake for their gravities the headstrong censure of all things, and challenge the understanding of these toys in their childhoods ; when even these childish vanities retain deep and most necessary learning enough in them to make them children in their ages, and teach them

1 *THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.*

while they live—are not in these absolute divine infusions allowed either voice or relish : for, *Qui poeticas ad fores accedit, &c.* (says the divine philosopher,) he that knocks at the gates of the Muses, *sine Musarum furore*, is neither to be admitted entry, nor a touch at their thresholds ; his opinion of entry ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselves (might I a little insist on these contempts, not tempting too far your Lordship's Ulyssean patience) presume to these doors without the truly genuine and peculiar induction. There being in poesy a twofold rapture,—or alienation of soul, as the above-said teacher terms it,—one *insania*, a disease of the mind, and a mere madness, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanity : *et ex homine, brutum quodammodo redditur* :—(for which poor Poesy, in this diseased and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified ;)—the other is, *divinus furor*, by which the sound and divinely healthful *supra hominis naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit*. One a perfection directly infused from God ; the other an infection obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the divine fury, my Lord, your Homer hath ever been both first and last instance ; being pronounced absolutely, τὸν σοφώτατον, καὶ τὸν θεϊότατον ποιητήν, “ THE MOST WISE AND MOST DIVINE POET.” Against whom whosoever shall open his profane mouth may worthily receive answer with this of his divinedefender—Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epicharmus, &c. being of HOMER'S part—τίς οὖν, &c. ; who against such an army, and the general HOMER, dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous ? And yet against this host, and this invincible commander, shall we have every *besogne** and fool a

* *Besogne*—Italian *besognio*, a beggar.

leader. The common herd, I assure myself, ready to receive it on their horns. Their infected leaders,

Such men as sideling ride the ambling Muse,
Whose saddle is as frequent as the stews.
Whose raptures are in every pageant seen,
In every wassail-rhyme and dancing green ;
When he that writes by any beam of truth
Must dive as deep as he, past shallow youth.
Truth dwells in gulfs, whose deeps hide shades so rich
That Night sits muffled there in clouds of pitch,
More dark than Nature made her, and requires,
To clear her tough mists, heaven's great fire of fires,
To whom the sun itself is but a beam.

For sick souls then—but rapt in foolish dream—
To wrestle with these heaven-strong mysteries,
What madness is it? when their light serves eyes
That are not worldly in their least aspect,
But truly pure, and aim at heaven direct.
Yet these none like but what the brazen head
Blatters abroad, no sooner born but dead.

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

 HOMER, three thousand years dead, now revived,
Even from that dull death that in life he lived ;
When none conceited him, none understood
That so much life in so much death as blood
Conveys about it could mix. But when death
Drunk up the bloody mist that human breath
Pour'd round about him—poverty and spite
Thick'ning the hapless vapour—then truth's light

Glimmer'd about his poem ; the pinch'd soul
 (Amidst the mysteries it did enrol)
 Brake powerfully abroad. And as we see
 The sun all hid in clouds, at length got free,
 Through some forced covert, over all the ways,
 Near and beneath him, shoots his vented rays
 Far off, and sticks them in some little glade,
 All woods, fields, rivers, left besides in shade ;
 So your Apollo, from that world of light
 Closed in his poem's body, shot to sight
 Some few forced beams, which near him were not seen,
 (As in his life or country,) Fate and spleen
 Clouding their radiance ; which when Death had clear'd,
 To far-off regions his free beams appear'd ;
 In which all stood and wonder'd, striving which
 His birth and rapture should in right enrich.

Twelve labours of your Thespian Hercules
 I now present your Lordship ; do but please
 To lend life means till th' other twelve receive
 Equal achievement ; and let Death then reave
 My life now lost in our patrician loves,
 That knock heads with the herd ; in whom there moves
 One blood, one soul, both drown'd in one set height
 Of stupid envy and mere popular spite.
 Whose loves with no good did my least vein fill ;
 And from their hates I fear as little ill.
 Their bounties nourish not when most they feed,
 But, where there is no merit or no need,
 Rain into rivers still, and are such showers
 As bubbles spring and overflow the flowers.
 Their worse parts and worst men their best suborns,
 Like winter cows whose milk runs to their horns.

And as litigious clients' books of law
Cost infinitely ; taste of all the awe
Bench'd in our kingdom's policy, piety, state ;
Earn all their deep explorings ; satiate
All sorts there thrust together by the heart
With thirst of wisdom spent on either part ;
Horrid examples made of Life and Death
From their fine stuff woven ; yet when once the breath
Of sentence leaves them, all their worth is drawn
As dry as dust, and wears like cobweb lawn :
So these men set a price upon their worth,
That no man gives but those that trot it forth
Through Need's foul ways, feed Humours with all cost
Though Judgment sterves in them ; rout, State engrost
(At all tobacco benches, solemn tables,
Where all that cross their envies are their fables)
In their rank faction ; shame and death approved
Fit penance for their opposites ; none loved
But those that rub them ; not a reason heard
That doth not soothe and glorify their preferr'd
Bitter opinions. When, would Truth resume
The cause to his hands, all would fly in fume
Before his sentence ; since the innocent mind
Just God makes good, to whom their worst is wind.
For, that I freely all my thoughts express,
My conscience is my thousand witnesses ;
And to this stay my constant comforts vow,
You for the world I have, or God for you.



CERTAIN ANCIENT GREEK EPIGRAMS
TRANSLATED.

ALL stars are drunk up by the fiery sun,
And in so much a flame lies shrunk the moon.
HOMER'S all-lived name all names leaves in death,
Whose splendour only Muses' bosoms breathe.

ANOTHER.

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

ANOTHER.

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

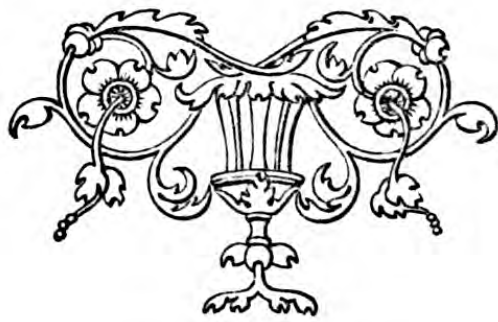
ANOTHER.

Seven kingdoms strove in which should swell the womb
That bore great HOMER, whom Fame freed from tomb ;
Argos, Chios, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophone,
The learn'd Athenian, and Ulyssean throne.

ANOTHER.

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







THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ἄλφα. The Deities sit ;
The Man retired ;
The Ulyssean wit
By Pallas fired.



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

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

The cities of a world of nations, 5
 With all their manners, minds, and fashions,
 He saw and knew; at sea felt many woes,
 Much care sustained, to save from overthrows
 Himself and friends in their retreat for home;
 But so their fates he could not overcome, 10
 Though much he thirsted it. O men unwise,
 They perish'd by their own impieties,
 That in their hunger's rapine would not shun
 The oxen of the lofty-going Sun,
 Who therefore from their eyes the day bereft 15
 Of safe return. These acts, in some part left,
 Tell us, as others, deified Seed of Jove.

Now all the rest that austere death outstrove
 At Troy's long siege at home safe anchor'd are,
 Free from the malice both of sea and war; 20
 Only Ulysses is denied access
 To wife and home. The grace of Goddesses,
 The reverend nymph Calypso, did detain
 Him in her caves, past all the race of men
 Enflam'd to make him her lov'd lord and spouse. 25
 And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,
 Which Ithaca on her rough bosom bears,
 (The point of time wrought out by ambient years)
 Should be his haven, Contention still extends
 Her envy to him, even amongst his friends. 30
 All Gods took pity on him; only he,
 That girds earth in the cincture of the sea,

with the most Sacred Letter) to his natural haven and country; is the whole argument and scope of this inimitable and miraculous poem. And therefore is the epithet *πολύτροπον* given him in the first verse: *πολύτροπος* signifying, *Homo cujus ingenium velut per multas et varias vias vertitur in veram.*—CHAPMAN.

³¹ Neptune.

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

But he himself solemnized a retreat 35
To th' Æthiops, far dissunder'd in their seat,
(In two parts parted, at the sun's descent,
And underneath his golden orient,
The first and last of men) t' enjoy their feast
Of bulls and lambs, in hecatombs address'd ; 40
At which he sat, given over to delight.

The other Gods in heaven's supremest height
Were all in council met ; to whom began
The mighty Father both of God and man
Discourse, inducing matter that inclined 45
To wise Ulysses, calling to his mind
Faultful Ægisthus, who to death was done
By young Orestes, Agamemnon's son.
His memory to the Immortals then
Mov'd Jove thus deeply : " O how falsely men 50
Accuse us Gods as authors of their ill,
When by the bane their own bad lives instil
They suffer all the miseries of their states,
Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.
As now Ægisthus, past his fate, did wed 55
The wife of Agamemnon, and (in dread

⁴⁰ These notes following I am enforced to insert (since the words they contain differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to err out of that ignorance that may perhaps possess my depraver.—CHAPMAN.

⁴⁷ Ἀμύμονος translated in this place *inculpabilis*, and made the epithet of Ægisthus, is from the true sense of the word, as it is here to be understood ; which is quite contrary. As ἀντιθεός is to be expounded in some place *Divinus*, or *Deo similis*, but in another (soon after) *contrarius Deo*. The person to whom the epithet is given giving reason to distinguish it. And so ὀλοόφρων, an epithet given to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifies *mente perniciosus*, in the next, *qui universa mente gerit*.

To suffer death himself) to shun his ill,
 Incurred it by the loose bent of his will,
 In slaughtering Atrides in retreat.

Which we foretold him would so hardly set 60
 To his murderous purpose, sending Mercury
 That slaughter'd Argus, our considerate spy,
 To give him this charge: ' Do not wed his wife,
 Nor murder him; for thou shalt buy his life
 With ransom of thine own, imposed on thee 65
 By his Orestes, when in him shall be
 Atrides' self renew'd, and but the prime
 Of youth's spring put abroad, in thirst to climb
 His haughty father's throne by his high acts.'
 These words of Hermes wrought not into facts 70
 Ægisthus' powers; good counsel he despised,
 And to that good his ill is sacrificed."

Pallas, whose eyes did sparkle like the skies,
 Answer'd: " O Sire! Supreme of Deities,
 Ægisthus past his fate, and had desert 75
 To warrant our infliction; and convert
 May all the pains such impious men inflict
 On innocent sufferers to revenge as strict,
 Their own hearts eating. But, that Ithacus,
 Thus never meriting, should suffer thus, 80
 I deeply suffer. His more pious mind
 Divides him from these fortunes. Though unkind
 Is piety to him, giving him a fate
 More suffering than the most unfortunate,
 So long kept friendless in a sea-girt soil, 85
 Where the sea's navel is a sylvan isle,

⁵⁹ *Retreat*.—It will be observed that Chapman frequently uses this word in the sense of *return*.

In which the Goddess dwells that doth derive
 Her birth from Atlas, who of all alive
 The motion and the fashion doth command
 With his wise mind, whose forces understand 90
 The inmost deeps and gulfs of all the seas,
 Who (for his skill of things superior) stays
 The two steep columns that prop earth and heaven.
 His daughter 'tis, who holds this homeless-driven
 Still mourning with her; evermore profuse 95
 Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse
 And make so languishingly, and possest
 With so remiss a mind her loved guest,
 Manage the action of his way for home.
 Where he, though in affection overcome, 100
 In judgment yet more longs to show his hopes,
 His country's smoke leap from her chimney tops,
 And death asks in her arms. Yet never shall
 Thy lov'd heart be converted on his thrall,

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

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

⁹⁷ This is thus translated, the rather to express and approve the allegory driven through the whole *Odysseys*. Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections; and the torments that breed in every pious mind; to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desires, at the proper and only true natural country of every worthy man, whose haven is heaven and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea in continual æsture and vexation. The words occasioning all this are *μαλακοῖς λόγοις*: *μαλακὸς* signifying, *qui languide, et animo remisso rem aliquam gerit*; which being the effect of Calypso's sweet words in Ulysses, is here applied passively to his own sufferance of their operation.—CHAPMAN.

Austere Olympius. Did not ever he, 105
 In ample Troy, thy altars gratify,
 And Grecians' fleet make in thy offerings swim?
 O Jove, why still then burns thy wrath to him?"

The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly,
 Bold daughter, from thy pale of ivory? 110

As if I ever could cast from my care
 Divine Ulysses, who exceeds so far
 All men in wisdom, and so oft hath given
 To all th' Immortals throned in ample heaven
 So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees, 115

That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
 Stand to Ulysses' longings so extreme,
 For taking from the God-foe Polypheme
 His only eye; a Cyclop, that excelled
 All other Cyclops, with whose burden swell'd 120

The nymph Thoosa, the divine increase
 Of Phorcys' seed, a great God of the seas.
 She mix'd with Neptune in his hollow caves,
 And bore this Cyclop to that God of waves.
 For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill 125
 Erring Ulysses, but reserves him still
 In life for more death. But use we our powers,
 And round about us cast these cares of ours,

¹¹⁰ "Ἐρκος ὀδόντων, viz. *vallum* or *claustrum dentium*, which, for the better sound in our language, is here turned, Pale of Ivory. The teeth being that rampire or pale, given us by nature in that part for restraint and compression of our speech, till the imagination, appetite, and soul (that ought to rule in their examination, before their delivery) have given worthy pass to them. The most grave and divine poet teaching therein, that not so much for the necessary chewing of our sustenance our teeth are given us, as for their stay of our words, lest we utter them rashly.—CHAPMAN.

¹¹⁶ Neptune.

¹²⁶ *Erring*—wandering.

All to discover how we may prefer
 His wished retreat, and Neptune make forbear 130
 His stern eye to him, since no one God can,
 In spite of all, prevail, but 'gainst a man."
 To this, this answer made the grey-eyed Maid :
 " Supreme of rulers, since so well apaid
 The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee, 135
 To limit wise Ulysses' misery,
 And that you speak as you referred to me
 Prescription for the means, in this sort be
 Their sacred order : Let us now address
 With utmost speed our swift Argicides, 140
 To tell the nymph that bears the golden tress
 In th' isle Ogygia, that 'tis our will
 She should not stay our loved Ulysses still,
 But suffer his return ; and then will I
 To Ithaca, to make his son apply 145
 His sire's inquest the more ; infusing force
 Into his soul, to summon the concourse
 Of curl'd-head Greeks to council, and deter
 Each wooer, that hath been the slaughterer
 Of his fat sheep and crooked-headed beeves, 150
 From more wrong to his mother, and their leaves
 Take in such terms, as fit deserts so great.
 To Sparta then, and Pylos, where doth beat
 Bright Amathus, the flood, and epithet
 To all that kingdom, my advice shall send 155
 The spirit-advanced Prince, to the pious end
 Of seeking his lost father, if he may
 Receive report from Fame where rests his stay,

¹³⁴ *Apaid*—satisfied, content.

¹⁴⁰ *Inquest*—search.

¹⁵⁴ *Epithet*—i. e. gives the epithet *ἡμαθόεις*, *sandy*, to Pylos.

And make, besides, his own successive worth
Known to the world, and set in action forth." 160

This said, her wing'd shoes to her feet she tied,
Formed all of gold, and all eternified,
That on the round earth or the sea sustain'd
Her ravish'd substance swift as gusts of wind.
Then took she her strong lance with steel made keen,
Great, massy, active, that whole hosts of men, 166
Though all heroës, conquers, if her ire
Their wrongs inflame, back'd by so great a Sire.
Down from Olympus' tops she headlong dived,
And swift as thought in Ithaca arriv'd, 170
Close at Ulysses' gates ; in whose first court
She made her stand, and, for her breast's support,
Leaned on her iron lance ; her form impress'd
With Mentas' likeness, come, as being a guest.
There found she those proud wooers, that were then 175
Set on those ox-hides that themselves had slain,
Before the gates, and all at dice were playing.
To them the heralds, and the rest obeying,
Fill'd wine and water ; some, still as they play'd,
And some, for solemn supper's state, purvey'd, 180
With porous sponges, cleansing tables, serv'd
With much rich feast ; of which to all they kerv'd.

God-like Telemachus amongst them sat,
Griev'd much in mind ; and in his heart begat
All representment of his absent sire, 185
How, come from far-off parts, his spirits would fire
With those proud wooers' sight, with slaughter parting
Their bold concourse, and to himself converting

¹⁷⁵ *Mentas' likeness*—Mentes, son of Anchialus, king of the Taphians, north of Ithaca.

¹⁸² *Kerved*—carved.

The honours they usurp'd, his own commanding.
 In this discourse, he first saw Pallas standing, 190
 Unbidden entry ; up rose, and address'd
 His pace right to her, angry that a guest
 Should stand so long at gate ; and, coming near,
 Her right hand took, took in his own her spear,
 And thus saluted : “ Grace to your repair, 195
 Fair guest, your welcome shall be likewise fair.
 Enter, and, cheer'd with feast, disclose th' intent
 That caused your coming.” This said, first he went,
 And Pallas follow'd. To a room they came,
 Steep, and of state ; the javelin of the Dame 200
 He set against a pillar vast and high,
 Amidst a large and bright-kept armory,
 Which was, besides, with woods of lances grac'd
 Of his grave father's. In a throne he plac'd
 The man-turn'd Goddess, under which was spread 205
 A carpet, rich and of deviceful thread ;
 A footstool staying her feet ; and by her chair
 Another seat (all garnish'd wondrous fair,
 To rest or sleep on in the day) he set,
 Far from the prease of woers, lest at meat 210
 The noise they still made might offend his guest,
 Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,
 Even to his combat with that pride of theirs,
 That kept no noble form in their affairs.
 And these he set far from them, much the rather 215
 To question freely of his absent father.
 A table fairly-polish'd then was spread,
 On which a reverend officer set bread,
 And other servitors all sorts of meat
 (Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get) 220

Serv'd with observance in. And then the sewer
 Pour'd water from a great and golden ewer,
 That from their hands t' a silver caldron ran.
 Both wash'd, and seated close, the voiceful man
 Fetch'd cups of gold, and set by them, and round 225
 Those cups with wine with all endeavour crown'd.

Then rush'd in the rude wooers, themselves plac'd ;
 The heralds water gave ; the maids in haste
 Serv'd bread from baskets. When, of all prepar'd
 And set before them, the bold wooers shar'd, 230
 Their pages plying their cups past the rest.
 But lusty wooers must do more than feast ;
 For now, their hungers and their thirsts allay'd,
 They call'd for songs and dances ; those, they said,
 Were th' ornaments of feast. The herald straight
 A harp, carv'd full of artificial sleight, 236
 Thrust into Phemius', a learn'd singer's, hand,
 Who, till he much was urged, on terms did stand,
 But, after, play'd and sung with all his art.

Telemachus to Pallas then (apart, 240
 His ear inclining close, that none might hear)
 In this sort said : " My guest, exceeding dear,
 Will you not sit incens'd with what I say ?
 These are the cares these men take ; feast and play.
 Which eas'ly they may use, because they eat, 245
 Free and unpunish'd, of another's meat ;
 And of a man's, whose white bones wasting lie
 In some far region, with th' incessancy
 Of showers pour'd down upon them, lying ashore,
 Or in the seas wash'd naked. Who, if he wore 250
 Those bones with flesh and life and industry,
 And these might here in Ithaca set eye

On him return'd, they all would wish to be
 Either past other in celerity
 Of feet and knees, and not contend t' exceed 255
 In golden garments. But his virtues feed
 The fate of ill death; nor is left to me
 The least hope of his life's recovery,
 No, not if any of the mortal race
 Should tell me his return; the cheerful face 260
 Of his return'd day never will appear.
 But tell me, and let Truth your witness bear,
 Who, and from whence you are? What city's birth?
 What parents? In what vessel set you forth?
 And with what mariners arriv'd you here? 265
 I cannot think you a foot passenger.
 Recount then to me all, to teach me well
 Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell
 In chance now first that you thus see us here,
 Or that in former passages you were 270
 My father's guest? For many men have been
 Guests to my father. Studious of men
 His sociable nature ever was."

On him again the grey-eyed Maid did pass
 This kind reply: "I'll answer passing true 275
 All thou hast ask'd: My birth his honour drew
 From wise Anchialus. The name I bear
 Is Mentas, the commanding islander
 Of all the Taphians studious in the art
 Of navigation; having touch'd this part 280
 With ship and men, of purpose to maintain
 Course through the dark seas t' other-languag'd men;
 And Temesis sustains the city's name
 For which my ship is bound, made known by fame

For rich in brass, which my occasions need, 285
 And therefore bring I shining steel in stead,
 Which their use wants, yet makes my vessel's freight,
 That near a plough'd field rides at anchor's weight,
 Apart this city, in the harbour call'd
 Rethrus, whose waves with Neius' woods are wall'd. 290
 Thy sire and I were ever mutual guests,
 At either's house still interchanging feasts.
 I glory in it. Ask, when thou shalt see
 Laertes, th' old heroë, these of me,
 From the beginning. He, men say, no more 295
 Visits the city, but will needs deplore
 His son's believed loss in a private field;
 One old maid only at his hands to yield
 Food to his life, as oft as labour makes
 His old limbs faint; which, though he creeps, he takes
 Along a fruitful plain, set all with vines, 301
 Which husbandman-like, though a king, he proins.
 But now I come to be thy father's guest;
 I hear he wanders, while these wooers feast.
 And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this hour) 305
 I'll tell thee, out of a prophetic power,
 (Not as profess'd a prophet, nor clear seen
 At all times what shall after chance to men)
 What I conceive, for this time, will be true:
 The Gods' inflictions keep your sire from you. 310
 Divine Ulysses, yet, abides not dead
 Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried
 In any seas, as you did late conceive,
 But, with the broad sea sieged, is kept alive
 Within an isle by rude and upland men, 315
 That in his spite his passage home detain.
 Yet long it shall not be before he tread

His country's dear earth, though solicited,
 And held from his return, with iron chains ;
 For he hath wit to forge a world of trains, 320
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one
 For his return, so much relied upon.
 But tell me, and be true : Art thou indeed
 So much a son, as to be said the seed
 Of Ithacus himself? Exceeding much 325
 Thy forehead and fair eyes at his form touch ;
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I
 Meet at this hour, before he did apply
 His powers for Troy, when other Grecian states
 In hollow ships were his associates. 330
 But, since that time, mine eyes could never see
 Renown'd Ulysses, nor met his with me."

The wise Telemachus again replied :
 " You shall with all I know be satisfied.
 My mother certain says I am his son ; 335
 I know not ; nor was ever simply known
 By any child the sure truth of his sire.
 But would my veins had took in living fire
 From some man happy, rather than one wise,
 Whom age might see seis'd of what youth made prise.
 But he whoever of the mortal race 341
 Is most unblest, he holds my father's place.
 This, since you ask, I answer." She, again :

" The Gods sure did not make the future strain

³²⁴ Τόσος παῖς, *Tantus filius*. Pallas thus enforcing her question, to stir up the son the more to the father's worthiness.

CHAPMAN.

³²⁹ *States*—princes. See Iliad II. 69.

³⁴⁰ *Seised*—in possession of.

³⁴⁴ *Strain*—descent. So Shakespeare,

" Thus far I can praise him ; he is of a noble *strain*, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty.—*Much Ado*, II. 1.

Both of thy race and days obscure to thee, 345
 Since thou wert born so of Penelope.
 The style may by thy after acts be won,
 Of so great sire the high undoubted son.

Say truth in this then : What's this feasting here ?
 What all this rout ? Is all this nuptial cheer ? 350
 Or else some friendly banquet made by thee ?
 For here no shots are, where all sharers be.
 Past measure contumeliously this crew
 Fare through thy house ; which should th'ingenuous view
 Of any good or wise man come and find, 355
 (Impiety seeing play'd in every kind)
 He could not but through every vein be mov'd."

Again Telemachus : " My guest much loved,
 Since you demand and sift these sights so far,
 I grant 'twere fit a house so regular, 360
 Rich, and so faultless once in government,
 Should still at all parts the same form present
 That gave it glory while her lord was here.
 But now the Gods, that us displeasure bear,
 Have otherwise appointed, and disgrace 365
 My father most of all the mortal race.
 For whom I could not mourn so were he dead,
 Amongst his fellow captains slaughtered

³⁵² *Shots*—reckoning, sum charged. Though now only used as a vulgar term, it was not uncommon in our older writers. Shakespeare,

" A man is never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome."

Two Gent. Veron. II. 5.

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

³⁶⁵ *Disgrace*—put out of favour, are unkind to.

By common enemies, or in the hands
 Of his kind friends had ended his commands, 370
 After he had egregiously bestow'd
 His power and order in a war so vow'd,
 And to his tomb all Greeks their grace had done,
 That to all ages he might leave his son
 Immortal honour ; but now Harpies have 375
 Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred grave.
 Obscure, inglorious, death hath made his end,
 And me, for glories, to all griefs contend.
 Nor shall I any more mourn him alone,
 The Gods have given me other cause of moan. 380
 For look how many optimates remain
 In Samos, or the shores Dulichian,
 Shady Zacynthus, or how many bear
 Rule in the rough brows of this island here ;
 So many now my mother and this house 385
 At all parts make defamed and ruinous ;
 And she her hateful nuptials nor denies,
 Nor will dispatch their importunities,
 Though she beholds them spoil still as they feast
 All my free house yields, and the little rest 390
 Of my dead sire in me perhaps intend
 To bring ere long to some untimely end."

This Pallas sigh'd and answer'd : " O," said she,
 " Absent Ulysses is much miss'd by thee,
 That on these shameless suitors he might lay 395
 His wreakful hands. Should he now come, and stay
 In thy court's first gates, arm'd with helm and shield,
 And two such darts as I have seen him wield,
 When first I saw him in our Taphian court,
 Feasting, and doing his desert's disport ; 400

When from Ephyrus he return'd by us
 From Ius, son to Centaur Mermerus,
 To whom he travell'd through the watery dreads,
 For bane to poison his sharp arrows' heads,
 That death, but touch'd, caused; which he would not give,
 Because he fear'd the Gods that ever live 406
 Would plague such death with death; and yet their fear
 Was to my father's bosom not so dear
 As was thy father's love; (for what he sought
 My loving father found him to a thought.) 410
 If such as then Ulysses might but meet
 With these proud wooers, all were at his feet
 But instant dead men, and their nuptials
 Would prove as bitter as their dying galls.
 But these things in the Gods' knees are reposed, 415
 If his return shall see with wreak inclosed,
 These in his house, or he return no more;
 And therefore I advise thee to explore
 All ways thyself, to set these wooers gone;
 To which end give me fit attention: 420
 To-morrow into solemn council call
 The Greek heroës, and declare to all
 (The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is.
 Command to towns of their nativity,
 These frontless wooers. If thy mother's mind 425
 Stands to her second nuptials so inclined,
 Return she to her royal father's towers,
 Where th' one of these may wed her, and her dowers
 Make rich, and such as may consort with grace
 So dear a daughter of so great a race. 430
 And thee I warn as well (if thou as well
 Wilt hear and follow) take thy best built sail,

With twenty oars mann'd, and haste t' inquire
 Where the abode is of thy absent sire,
 If any can inform thee, or thine ear 435
 From Jove the fame of his retreat may hear,
 For chiefly Jove gives all that honours men.
 To Pylos first be thy addression then,
 To god-like Nestor; thence to Sparta haste,
 To gold-lock'd Menelaus, who was last 440
 Of all the brass-arm'd Greeks that sail'd from Troy;
 And try from both these, if thou canst enjoy
 News of thy sire's returned life, anywhere,
 Though sad thou suffer'st in his search a year.
 If of his death thou hear'st, return thou home, 445
 And to his memory erect a tomb,
 Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,
 Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame;
 And then thy mother a fit husband give.
 These past, consider how thou mayst deprive 450
 Of worthless life these wooers in thy house,
 By open force, or projects enginous.
 Things childish fit not thee; th' art so no more.
 Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore
 Divine Orestes, after he had slain 455
 Ægisthus murdering by a treacherous train
 His famous father? Be then, my most loved,
 Valiant and manly, every way approved
 As great as he. I see thy person fit,
 Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit, 460
 All given thee so to use and manage here
 That even past death they may their memories bear.

⁴⁵² *Enginous*—ingenious. See NARES on the words, *engine*, and *inginous*.

In mean time I'll descend to ship and men,
 That much expect me. Be observant then
 Of my advice, and careful to maintain 465
 In equal acts thy royal father's reign."

Telemachus replied: " You ope, fair guest,
 A friend's heart in your speech, as well express'd
 As might a father serve t' inform his son ;
 All which sure place have in my memory won. 470
 Abide yet, though your voyage calls away,
 That, having bath'd, and dignified your stay
 With some more honour, you may yet beside
 Delight your mind by being gratified
 With some rich present taken in your way, 475
 That, as a jewel, your respect may lay
 Up in your treasury, bestow'd by me,
 As free friends use to guests of such degree."

" Detain me not," said she, " so much inclined
 To haste my voyage. What thy loved mind 480
 Commands to give, at my return this way,
 Bestow on me, that I directly may
 Convey it home ; which more of price to me
 The more it asks my recompence to thee."

This said, away grey-eyed Minerva flew, 485
 Like to a mounting lark ; and did endue
 His mind with strength and boldness, and much more
 Made him his father long for than before ;
 And weighing better who his guest might be,
 He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deity 490
 Was there descended ; to whose will he fram'd
 His powers at all parts, and went so inflam'd
 Amongst the wooers, who were silent set,
 To hear a poet sing the sad retreat

The Greeks perform'd from Troy; which was from thence
Proclaim'd by Pallas, pain of her offence. 496

When which divine song was perceived to bear
That mournful subject by the listening ear
Of wise Penelope, Icarius' seed,

Who from an upper room had given it heed, 500
Down she descended by a winding stair,

Not solely, but the state in her repair
Two maids of honour made. And when this queen
Of women stoop'd so low, she might be seen
By all her wooers. In the door, aloof, 505

Entering the hall grac'd with a goodly roof,
She stood, in shade of graceful veils, implied
About her beauties; on her either side,

Her honour'd women. When, to tears mov'd, thus
She chid the sacred singer: " Phemius, 510

You know a number more of these great deeds
Of Gods and men, that are the sacred seeds,
And proper subjects, of a poet's song,

And those due pleasures that to men belong,
Besides these facts that furnish Troy's retreat, 515

Sing one of those to these, that round your seat
They may with silence sit, and taste their wine;

But cease this song, that through these ears of mine
Conveys deserv'd occasion to my heart
Of endless sorrows, of which the desert 520

In me unmeasur'd is past all these men,
So endless is the memory I retain,
And so desertful is that memory,

Of such a man as hath a dignity
So broad it spreads itself through all the pride 525
Of Greece and Argos." To the queen replied

Inspired Telemachus: "Why thus envies
 My mother him that fits societies
 With so much harmony, to let him please
 His own mind in his will to honour these? 530
 For these ingenious and first sort of men,
 That do immediately from Jove retain
 Their singing raptures, are by Jove as well
 Inspir'd with choice of what their songs impell,
 Jove's will is free in it, and therefore theirs. 535
 Nor is this man to blame, that the repairs
 The Greeks make homeward sings; for his fresh muse
 Men still most celebrate that sings most news.

And therefore in his note your ears employ:
 For not Ulysses only lost in Troy 540
 The day of his return, but numbers more
 The deadly ruins of his fortunes bore.
 Go you then in, and take your work in hand,
 Your web, and distaff; and your maids command
 To ply their fit work. Words to men are due, 545
 And those reproving counsels you pursue,
 And most to me of all men, since I bear
 The rule of all things that are managed here."
 She went amaz'd away, and in her heart
 Laid up the wisdom Pallas did impart 550

⁵²⁸ Ἐριήρος ἀοιδός. *Cantor, cujus tam apta est societas hominibus.*—CHAPMAN.

⁵³¹ Ἀνδράσιν ἀλφεσηῶσιν. Ἀλφεσηῶσιν is an epithet proper to poets for their first finding out of arts and documents tending to elocution and government, inspired only by Jove, and are here called the first of men, since first they gave rules to manly life, and have their information immediately from Jove (as Plato in *Ione* witnesseth); the word deduced from ἄλφα, which is taken for him *qui primas teneat aliquâ in re*, and will ἀλφεσηῶσιν then be sufficiently expressed with *ingeniosis*, than which no exposition goes further.—CHAPMAN.

To her lov'd son so lately, turn'd again
 Up to her chamber, and no more would reign
 In manly counsels. To her women she
 Applied her sway ; and to the wooers he
 Began new orders, other spirits bewray'd 555
 Than those in spite of which the wooers sway'd.
 And (whiles his mother's tears still wash'd her eyes,
 Till grey Minerva did those tears surprise
 With timely sleep, and that her wooers did rouse
 Rude tumult up through all the shady house, 560
 Disposed to sleep because their widow was)
 Telemachus this new-given spirit did pass
 On their old insolence : " Ho ! you that are
 My mother's wooers ! Much too high ye bear
 Your petulant spirits ; sit ; and, while ye may 565
 Enjoy me in your banquets, see ye lay
 These loud notes down, nor do this man the wrong,
 Because my mother hath disliked his song,
 To grace her interruption. 'Tis a thing
 Honest, and honour'd too, to hear one sing 570
 Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,
 As this man flows in. By the morn's first light,
 I'll call ye all before me in a Court,
 That I may clearly banish your resort,
 With all your rudeness, from these roofs of mine. 575
 Away ; and elsewhere in your feasts combine.
 Consume your own goods, and make mutual feast
 At either's house. Or if ye still hold best,
 And for your humours' more sufficed fill,
 To feed, to spoil, because unpunish'd still, 580
 On other findings, spoil ; but here I call

⁵⁷² 'Ηὼςθεν, *prima luce*.—CHAPMAN.

Th' Eternal Gods to witness, if it fall
 In my wish'd reach once to be dealing wrecks,
 By Jove's high bounty, these your present checks
 To what I give in charge shall add more reins 585
 To my revenge hereafter ; and the pains
 Ye then must suffer shall pass all your pride
 Ever to see redress'd, or qualified."

At this all bit their lips, and did admire
 His words sent from him with such phrase and fire ; 590
 Which so much mov'd them that Antinous,
 Eupitheus' son, cried out : " Telemachus !
 The Gods, I think, have rapt thee to this height
 Of elocution, and this great conceit
 Of self-ability. We all may pray, 595
 That Jove invest not in this kingdom's sway
 Thy forward forces, which I see put forth
 A hot ambition in thee for thy birth."

" Be not offended," he replied, " if I
 Shall say, I would assume this empery, 600
 If Jove gave leave. You are not he that sings :
The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things.
 Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne ;
 A man may quickly gain possession

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

CHAPMAN.

Of mighty riches, make a wondrous prize 605
 Set of his virtues ; but the dignities
 That deck a king, there are enough beside
 In this circumfluous isle that want no pride
 To think them worthy of, as young as I,
 And old as you are. An ascent so high 610
 My thoughts affect not. Dead is he that held
 Desert of virtue to have so excell'd.
 But of these turrets I will take on me
 To be the absolute king, and reign as free,
 As did my father, over all his hand 615
 Left here in this house slaves to my command."

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
 To this made this reply : " Telemachus !
 The girlond of this kingdom let the knees
 Of Deity run for ; but the faculties 620
 This house is seised of, and the turrets here,
 Thou shalt be lord of, nor shall any bear
 The least part off of all thou dost possess,
 As long as this land is no wilderness,
 Nor ruled by out-laws. But give these their pass, 625
 And tell me, best of princes, who he was
 That guested here so late ? From whence ? And what
 In any region boasted he his state ?
 His race ? His country ? Brought he any news
 Of thy returning father ? Or for dues 630
 Of moneys to him made he fit repair ?
 How suddenly he rush'd into the air,

⁶¹⁹ *Girlond*—garland, crown, sovereignty. Shakespeare,

"*Cate*. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
 And, I believe, will never stand upright,
 Till Richard wear the *garland* of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the *garland* ! dost thou mean the crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord."—*Richard III.* III. 2.

Nor would sustain to stay and make him known !
His port show'd no debauch'd companion."

He answer'd : " The return of my lov'd sire 635
Is past all hope ; and should rude Fame inspire
From any place a flattering messenger
With news of his survival, he should bear
No least belief off from my desperate love.
Which if a sacred prophet should approve, 640
Call'd by my mother for her care's unrest,
It should not move me. For my late fair guest,
He was of old my father's, touching here
From sea-girt Taphos, and for name doth bear
Mentas, the son of wise Anchialus, 645
And governs all the Taphians studious
Of navigation." This he said, but knew
It was a Goddess. These again withdrew
To dances and attraction of the song ;
And while their pleasures did the time prolong, 650
The sable Even descended, and did steep
The lids of all men in desire of sleep.

Telemachus, into a room built high
Of his illustrious court, and to the eye
Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended, 655
And in his mind much weighty thought contended.
Before him Euryclea (that well knew
All the observance of a handmaid's due,
Daughter to Opis Pisenorides)
Bore two bright torches ; who did so much please 660
Laërtes in her prime, that, for the price
Of twenty oxen, he made merchandize
Of her rare beauties ; and love's equal flame
To her he felt, as to his nuptial dame,

Yet never durst he mix with her in bed, 665
So much the anger of his wife he fled.
She, now grown old, to young Telemachus
Two torches bore, and was obsequious
Past all his other maids, and did apply
Her service to him from his infancy. 670
His well-built chamber reach'd, she op'd the door,
He on his bed sat, the soft weeds he wore
Put off, and to the diligent old maid
Gave all ; who fitly all in thick folds laid,
And hung them on a beam-pin near the bed, 675
That round about was rich embroidered.
Then made she haste forth from him, and did bring
The door together with a silver ring,
And by a string a bar to it did pull.
He, laid, and cover'd well with curled wool 680
Woven in silk quilts, all night employ'd his mind
About the task that Pallas had design'd.



THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



NOW when with rosy fingers, th' early born
And thrown through all the air, appear'd
the Morn,
Ulysses' lov'd son from his bed appear'd,
His weeds put on, and did about him gird
His sword that thwart his shoulders hung, and tied 5
To his fair feet fair shoes, and all parts plied
For speedy readiness; who, when he trod
The open earth, to men show'd like a God.

The heralds then he straight charg'd to consort
 The curl'd-head Greeks, with loud calls, to a Court. 10
 They summon'd ; th' other came in utmost haste.
 Who all assembled, and in one heap plac'd,
 He likewise came to council, and did bear
 In his fair hand his iron-headed spear.
 Nor came alone, nor with men troops prepar'd, 15
 But two fleet dogs made both his train and guard.
 Pallas supplied with her high wisdom's grace,
 That all men's wants supplies, State's painted face.
 His ent'ring presence all men did admire ;
 Who took seat in the high throne of his sire, 20
 To which the grave peers gave him reverend way.
 Amongst whom, an Egyptian heroë
 (Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun
 The speech to all ; who had a loved son
 That with divine Ulysses did ascend 25
 His hollow fleet to Troy ; to serve which end,
 He kept fair horse, and was a man at arms,
 And in the cruel Cyclops' stern alarms
 His life lost by him in his hollow cave,
 Whose entrails open'd his abhorred grave, 30
 And made of him, of all Ulysses' train,
 His latest supper, being latest slain ;
 His name was Antiphus. And this old man,
 This crooked grown, this wise Egyptian,
 Had three sons more ; of which one riotous 35
 A wooer was, and call'd Eurynomus ;
 The other two took both his own wish'd course.
 Yet both the best fates weigh'd not down the worse,
 But left the old man mindful still of moan ;
 Who, weeping, thus bespake the session : 40

“ Hear, Ithacensians, all I fitly say :
 Since our divine Ulysses’ parting day
 Never was council call’d, nor session,
 And now by whom is this thus undergone ?
 Whom did necessity so much compell, 45
 Of young or old ? Hath any one heard tell
 Of any coming army, that he thus now
 May openly take boldness to avow,
 First having heard it ? Or will any here
 Some motion for the public good prefer ? 50
 Some worth of note there is in this command ;
 And, methinks, it must be some good man’s hand
 That’s put to it, that either hath direct
 Means to assist, or, for his good affect,
 Hopes to be happy in the proof he makes ; 55
 And that Jove grant, whate’er he undertakes.”

Telemachus (rejoicing much to hear
 The good hope and opinion men did bear
 Of his young actions) no longer sat,
 But long’d t’ approve what this man pointed at, 60
 And make his first proof in a cause so good ;
 And in the council’s chief place up he stood ;
 When straight Pisenor (herald to his sire,
 And learn’d in counsels) felt his heart on fire
 To hear him speak, and put into his hand 65
 The sceptre that his father did command ;
 Then, to the old Egyptian turn’d, he spoke :

“ Father, not far he is that undertook
 To call this Council ; whom you soon shall know.
 Myself, whose wrongs my griefs will make me show, 70
 Am he that author’d this assembly here.
 Nor have I heard of any army near,

Of which, being first told, I might iterate,
Nor for the public good can aught relate,
Only mine own affairs all this procure, 75
That in my house a double ill endure ;
One, having lost a father so renown'd,
Whose kind rule once with your command was crown'd ;
The other is, what much more doth augment
His weighty loss, the ruin imminent 80
Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.
And of all this the wooers, that are sons
To our chief peers, are the confusions,
Importuning my mother's marriage
Against her will ; nor dares their blood's bold rage 85
Go to Icarus', her father's, court,
That, his will ask'd in kind and comely sort,
He may endow his daughter with a dower,
And, she consenting, at his pleasure's power
Dispose her to a man, that, thus behav'd, 90
May have fit grace, and see her honour sav'd ;
But these, in none but my house, all their lives
Resolve to spend ; slaught'ring my sheep and beeves,
And with my fattest goats lay feast on feast,
My generous wine consuming as they list. 95
A world of things they spoil, here wanting one,
That, like Ulysses, quickly could set gone
These peace-plagues from his house, that spoil like war ;
Whom my powers are unfit to urge so far,
Myself immortal. But, had I the power, 100
My will should serve me to exempt this hour
From out my life-time. For, past patience,
Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence
Of any honour. Falling is my house,

Which you should shame to see so ruinous. 105
 Reverence the censures that all good men give,
 That dwell about you ; and for fear to live
 Exposed to heaven's wrath (that doth ever pay
 Pains for joys forfeit) even by Jove I pray,
 Or Themis, both which powers have to restrain, 110
 Or gather, councils, that ye will abstain
 From further spoil, and let me only waste
 In that most wretched grief I have embrac'd
 For my lost father. And though I am free
 From meriting your outrage, yet, if he, 115
 Good man, hath ever with a hostile heart
 Done ill to any Greek, on me convert
 Your like hostility, and vengeance take
 Of his ill on my life, and all these make
 Join in that justice ; but, to see abused 120
 Those goods that do none ill but being ill used,
 Exceeds all right. Yet better 'tis for me,
 My whole possessions and my rents to see
 Consum'd by you, than lose my life and all ;
 For on your rapine a revenge may fall, 125
 While I live ; and so long I may complain
 About the city, till my goods again,
 Oft ask'd, may be with all amends repaid.
 But in the mean space your misrule hath laid
 Grievs on my bosom, that can only speak, 130
 And are denied the instant power of wreak."

This said, his sceptre 'gainst the ground he threw,
 And tears still'd from him ; which mov'd all the crew,
 The court struck silent, not a man did dare
 To give a word that might offend his ear. 135
 Antinous only in this sort replied :

“ High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,
 How have you sham'd us in this speech of yours !
 Will you brand us for an offence not ours ?
 Your mother, first in craft, is first in cause. 140
 Three years are past, and near the fourth now draws,
 Since first she mock'd the peers Achaian.
 All she made hope, and promis'd every man,
 Sent for us ever, left love's show in nought,
 But in her heart conceal'd another thought. 145
 Besides, as curious in her craft, her loom
 She with a web charg'd, hard to overcome,
 And thus bespake us : ‘ Youths, that seek my bed,
 Since my divine spouse rests amongst the dead,
 Hold on your suits but till I end, at most, 150
 This funeral weed, lest what is done be lost.
 Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere fate
 Of bitter death shall take into his state
 Laertes the heroë, it shall deck
 His royal corse, since I should suffer check 155
 In ill report of every common dame,
 If one so rich should show in death his shame.’
 This speech she used ; and this did soon persuade
 Our gentle minds. But this a work she made
 So hugely long, undoing still in night, 160
 By torches, all she did by day's broad light,
 That three years her deceit div'd past our view,
 And made us think that all she feign'd was true.
 But when the fourth year came, and those sly hours
 That still surprise at length dames' craftiest powers, 165
 One of her women, that knew all, disclos'd
 The secret to us, that she still unloosed
 Her whole day's fair affair in depth of night.

And then no further she could force her sleight,
 But, of necessity, her work gave end. 170
 And thus, by me, doth every other friend,
 Professing love to her, reply to thee ;
 That even thyself, and all Greeks else, may see,
 That we offend not in our stay, but she.
 To free thy house then, send her to her sire, 175
 Commanding that her choice be left entire
 To his election, and one settled will.
 Nor let her vex with her illusions still
 Her friends that woo her, standing on her wit,
 Because wise Pallas hath given wills to it 180
 So full of art, and made her understand
 All works in fair skill of a lady's hand.
 But (for her working mind) we read of none
 Of all the old world, in which Greece hath shown
 Her rarest pieces, that could equal her : 185
 Tyro, Alcmena, and Mycena, were
 To hold comparison in no degree,
 For solid brain, with wise Penelope.
 And yet, in her delays of us, she shows
 No prophet's skill with all the wit she owes ; 190
 For all this time thy goods and victuals go
 To utter ruin ; and shall ever so,
 While thus the Gods her glorious mind dispose.
 Glory herself may gain, but thou shalt lose
 Thy longings even for necessary food, 195
 For we will never go where lies our good,
 Nor any other where, till this delay
 She puts on all, she quits with th' endless stay
 Of some one of us, that to all the rest
 May give free farewell with his nuptial feast." 200

¹⁹⁰ *Owes*—owns, possesses.

The wise young prince replied : “ Antinous !
 I may by no means turn out of my house
 Her that hath brought me forth and nourish'd me.
 Besides, if quick or dead my father be
 In any region, yet abides in doubt ; 205
 And 'twill go hard, my means being so run out,
 To tender to Icarius again,
 If he again my mother must maintain
 In her retreat, the dower she brought with her.
 And then a double ill it will confer, 210
 Both from my father and from God on me,
 When, thrust out of her house, on her bent knee,
 My mother shall the horrid Furies raise
 With imprecations, and all men dispraise
 My part in her exposure. Never then 215
 Will I perform this counsel. If your spleen
 Swell at my courses, once more I command
 Your absence from my house ; some other's hand
 Charge with your banquets ; on your own goods eat,
 And either other mutually intreat, 220
 At either of your houses, with your feast.
 But if ye still esteem more sweet and best
 Another's spoil, so you still wreakless live,
 Gnaw, vermin-like, things sacred, no laws give
 To your devouring ; it remains that I 225
 Invoke each Ever-living Deity,
 And vow, if Jove shall deign in any date
 Power of like pains for pleasure so past rate,
 From thenceforth look, where ye have revelled so
 Unwreak'd, your ruins all shall undergo.” 230

²²⁴ The word is κείρετε, κείρω signifying, *insatiabili quâdam edacitate voro.*—CHAPMAN.

Thus spake Telemachus ; t' assure whose threat,
 Far-seeing Jove upon their pinions set
 Two eagles from the high brows of a hill,
 That, mounted on the winds, together still
 Their strokes extended ; but arriving now 235
 Amidst the Council, over every brow
 Shook their thick wings and, threat'ning death's cold fears,
 Their necks and cheeks tore with their eager seres ;
 Then, on the court's right-hand away they flew,
 Above both court and city. With whose view, 240
 And study what events they might foretell,
 The Council into admiration fell.
 The old heroë, Halitherses, then,
 The son of Nestor, that of all old men,
 His peers in that court, only could foresee 245
 By flight of fowls man's fixed destiny,
 'Twixt them and their amaze, this interpos'd :
 " Hear, Ithacensians, all your doubts disclos'd.
 The Wooers most are touch'd in this ostent,
 To whom are dangers great and imminent ; 250
 For now not long more shall Ulysses bear
 Lack of his most lov'd, but fills some place near,
 Addressing to these Wooers fate and death.
 And many more this mischief menaceth
 Of us inhabiting this famous isle. 255
 Let us consult yet, in this long forewhile,
 How to ourselves we may prevent this ill.
 Let these men rest secure, and revel still ;
 Though they might find it safer, if with us
 They would in time prevent what threats them thus ;
 Since not without sure trial I foretell 261
 These coming storms, but know their issue well.

For to Ulysses all things have event,
 As I foretold him, when for Ilion went
 The whole Greek fleet together, and with them 265
 Th' abundant-in-all-counsels took the stream.
 I told him, that, when much ill he had passed,
 And all his men were lost, he should at last,
 The twentieth year, turn home, to all unknown ;
 All which effects are to perfection grown." 270

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
 Opposed this man's presage, and answer'd thus :
 " Hence, great in years, go, prophesy at home,
 Thy children teach to shun their ills to come.
 In these superior far to thee am I. 275
 A world of fowls beneath the sun-beams fly
 That are not fit t' inform a prophecy.
 Besides, Ulysses perish'd long ago ;
 And would thy fates to thee had destin'd so,
 Since so thy so much prophecy had spar'd 280
 Thy wronging of our rights, which, for reward
 Expected home with thee, hath summon'd us
 Within the anger of Telemachus.
 But this I will presage, which shall be true :
 If any spark of anger chance t' ensue 285
 Thy much old art in these deep auguries,
 In this young man incensed by thy lies,
 Even to himself his anger shall confer
 The greater anguish, and thine own ends err
 From all their objects ; and, besides, thine age 290
 Shall feel a pain, to make thee curse presage
 With worthy cause, for it shall touch thee near.
 But I will soon give end to all our fear,

Preventing whatsoever chance can fall,
 In my suit to the young prince for us all, 295
 To send his mother to her father's house,
 That he may sort her out a worthy spouse,
 And such a dower bestow, as may befit
 One lov'd, to leave her friends and follow it.
 Before which course be, I believe that none 300
 Of all the Greeks will cease th' ambition
 Of such a match. For, chance what can to us,
 We no man fear, no not Telemachus,
 Though ne'er so greatly spoken. Nor care we
 For any threats of austere prophecy, 305
 Which thou, old dotard, vaunt'st of so in vain.
 And thus shalt thou in much more hate remain;
 For still the Gods shall bear their ill expense,
 Nor ever be dispos'd by competence,
 Till with her nuptials she dismiss our suits, 310
 Our whole lives' days shall sow hopes for such fruits.
 Her virtues we contend to, nor will go
 To any other, be she never so
 Worthy of us, and all the worth we owe."

He answer'd him: "Eurymachus, and all 315
 Ye generous Wooers, now, in general,
 I see your brave resolves, and will no more
 Make speech of these points, and, much less, implore.
 It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
 And all the Gods besides, just witness bear, 320
 What friendly premonitions have been spent
 On your forbearance, and their vain event.
 Yet, with my other friends, let love prevail
 To fit me with a vessel free of sail,

And twenty men, that may divide to me 325
 My ready passage through the yielding sea.
 For Sparta, and Amathoan Pylos' shore,
 I now am bound, in purpose to explore
 My long-lack'd father, and to try if fame
 Or Jove, most author of man's honour'd name, 330
 With his return and life may glad mine ear,
 Though toil'd in that proof I sustain a year.
 If dead I hear him, nor of more state, here
 Retir'd to my lov'd country, I will rear
 A sepulchre to him, and celebrate 335
 Such royal parent-rites, as fits his state ;
 And then my mother to a spouse dispose."

This said, he sat ; and to the rest arose
 Mentor, that was Ulysses' chosen friend,
 To whom, when he set forth, he did commend 340
 His complete family, and whom he will'd
 To see the mind of his old sire fulfill'd,
 All things conserving safe, till his retreat.
 Who, tender of his charge, and seeing to set
 In slight care of their king his subjects there, 345
 Suffering his son so much contempt to bear,
 Thus gravely, and with zeal, to him began :

" No more let any sceptre-bearing man,
 Benevolent, or mild, or human be,
 Nor in his mind form acts of piety, 350
 But ever feed on blood, and facts unjust
 Commit, even to the full swing of his lust,
 Since of divine Ulysses no man now,
 Of all his subjects, any thought doth show.

³²⁷ The original is Πύλον ἡμαθέοντα, *sandy Pylos*. See Book I. 154.

All whom he govern'd, and became to them, 355
 Rather than one that wore a diadem,
 A most indulgent father. But, for all
 That can touch me, within no envy fall
 These insolent Wooers, that in violent kind
 Commit things foul by th' ill wit of the mind, 360
 And with the hazard of their heads devour
 Ulysses' house, since his returning hour
 They hold past hope. But it affects me much,
 Ye dull plebeians, that all this doth touch
 Your free states nothing ; who, struck dumb, afford
 These Wooers not so much wreak as a word, 366
 Though few, and you with only number might
 Extinguish to them the profaned light."

Evenor's son, Leocritus, replied :

" Mentor ! the railer, made a fool with pride, 370
 What language giv'st thou that would quiet us
 With putting us in storm, exciting thus
 The rout against us ? Who, though more than we,
 Should find it is no easy victory
 To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts, 375
 No not if Ithacus himself such guests
 Should come and find so furnishing his Court,
 And hope to force them from so sweet a fort.
 His wife should little joy in his arrive,
 Though much she wants him ; for, where she alive 380
 Would her's enjoy, there death should claim his rights.
He must be conquer'd that with many fights.
 Thou speak'st unfit things. To their labours then
 Disperse these people ; and let these two men,
 Mentor and Halitherses, that so boast 385

From the beginning to have govern'd most
 In friendship of the father, to the son
 Confirm the course he now affects to run.
 But my mind says, that, if he would but use
 A little patience, he should here hear news 390
 Of all things that his wish would understand,
 But no good hope for of the course in hand."

This said, the Council rose ; when every peer
 And all the people in dispersion were
 To houses of their own ; the Wooers yet 395
 Made to Ulysses' house their old retreat.

Telemachus, apart from all the prease,
 Prepar'd to shore, and, in the aged seas
 His fair hands wash'd, did thus to Pallas pray :
 " Hear me, O Goddess, that but yesterday 400
 Didst deign access to me at home, and lay
 Grave charge on me to take ship, and inquire
 Along the dark seas for mine absent sire !
 Which all the Greeks oppose ; amongst whom most
 Those that are proud still at another's cost, 405
 Past measure, and the civil rights of men,
 My mother's Wooers, my repulse maintain."

Thus spake he praying ; when close to him came
 Pallas, resembling Mentor both in frame
 Of voice and person, and advised him thus : 410

" Those Wooers well might know, Telemachus,
 Thou wilt not ever weak and childish be,
 If to thee be instill'd the faculty
 Of mind and body that thy father grac'd ;
 And if, like him, there be in thee enchac'd 415
 Virtue to give words works, and works their end.
 This voyage, that to them thou didst commend,

Shall not so quickly, as they idly ween,
 Be vain, or giv'n up, for their opposite spleen.
 But, if Ulysses nor Penelope 420
 Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee
 Of no more urging thy attempt in hand ;
 For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,
 Are like their parents, many that are worse,
 And most few better. Those then that the nurse 425
 Or mother call true born yet are not so,
 Like worthy sires much less are like to grow.
 But thou show'st now that in thee fades not quite
 Thy father's wisdom ; and that future light
 Shall therefore show thee far from being unwise, 430
 Or touch'd with stain of bastard cowardice.
 Hope therefore says, that thou wilt to the end
 Pursue the brave act thou didst erst intend.
 But for the foolish Wooers, they bewray
 They neither counsel have nor soul, since they 435
 Are neither wise nor just, and so must needs
 Rest ignorant how black above their heads
 Fate hovers holding Death, that one sole day
 Will make enough to make them all away.
 For thee, the way thou wishest shall no more 440
 Fly thee a step ; I, that have been before
 Thy father's friend, thine likewise now will be,
 Provide thy ship myself, and follow thee.
 Go thou then home, and sooth each Wooer's vein,
 But under hand fit all things for the main ; 445
 Wine in as strong and sweet casks as you can,
 And meal, the very marrow of a man,
 Which put in good sure leather sacks, and see
 That with sweet food sweet vessels still agree.

I from the people straight will press for you 450
 Free voluntaries ; and, for ships, enow
 Sea-circled Ithaca contains, both new
 And old-built ; all which I'll exactly view,
 And choose what one soever most doth please ;
 Which rigg'd, we'll straight launch, and assay the seas."

This spake Jove's daughter, Pallas ; whose voice
 heard, 456

No more Telemachus her charge deferr'd,
 But hasted home, and, sad at heart, did see
 Amidst his hall th' insulting Wooers flea
 Goats, and roast swine. 'Mongst whom, Antinous 460
 Careless, discovering in Telemachus
 His grudge to see them, laugh'd, met, took his hand,
 And said : " High-spoken, with the mind so mann'd !
 Come, do as we do, put not up your spirits
 With these low trifles, nor our loving merits 465
 In gall of any hateful purpose steep,
 But eat egregiously, and drink as deep.
 The things thou think'st on, all at full shall be
 By th' Achives thought on, and perform'd to thee ;
 Ship, and choice oars, that in a trice will land 470
 Thy hasty fleet on heavenly Pylos' sand,
 And at the fame of thy illustrious sire."

He answer'd : " Men, whom pride did so inspire,
 Are not fit consorts for an humble guest ;
 Nor are constrain'd men merry at their feast. 475
 Is't not enough, that all this time ye have
 Op'd in your entrails my chief goods a grave,
 And, while I was a child, made me partake ?
 My now more growth more grown my mind doth make,

And, hearing speak more judging men than you, 480
 Perceive how much I was misgovern'd now.
 I now will try if I can bring ye home
 An ill Fate to consort you ; if it come
 From Pylos, or amongst the people here.
 But thither I resolve, and know that there 485
 I shall not touch in vain. Nor will I stay,
 Though in a merchant's ship I steer my way ;
 Which shows in your sights best ; since me ye know
 Incapable of ship, or men to row."

This said, his hand he coyly snatch'd away 490
 From forth Antinous' hand. The rest the day
 Spent through the house with banquets; some with jests,
 And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.
 To whom a jest-proud youth the wit began :

" Telemachus will kill us every man. 495
 From Sparta, to the very Pylian sand,
 He will raise aids to his impetuous hand.
 O he affects it strangely ! Or he means
 To search Ephyra's fat shores, and from thence
 Bring deathful poisons, which amongst our bowls 500
 Will make a general shipwrack of our souls."

Another said : " Alas, who knows but he
 Once gone, and erring like his sire at sea,
 May perish like him, far from aid of friends,
 And so he makes us work ? For all the ends 505
 Left of his goods here we shall share, the house
 Left to his mother and her chosen spouse."

Thus they ; while he a room ascended, high
 And large, built by his father, where did lie
 Gold and brass heap'd up, and in coffers were 510
 Rich robes, great store of odorous oils, and there

Stood tuns of sweet old wines along the wall,
 Neat and divine drink, kept to cheer withall
 Ulysses' old heart, if he turn'd again
 From labours fatal to him to sustain. 515
 The doors of plank were, their close exquisite,
 Kept with a double key, and day and night
 A woman lock'd within ; and that was she
 Who all trust had for her sufficiency,
 Old Euryclea, one of Opis' race, 520
 Son to Pisenor, and in passing grace
 With grey Minerva ; her the prince did call,
 And said : " Nurse ! Draw me the most sweet of all
 The wine thou keep'st ; next that which for my sire
 Thy care reserves, in hope he shall retire. 525
 Twelve vessels fill me forth, and stop them well.
 Then into well-sew'd sacks of fine ground meal
 Pour twenty measures. Nor, to any one
 But thee thyself, let this design be known.
 All this see got together ; I it all 530
 In night will fetch off, when my mother shall
 Ascend her high room, and for sleep prepare.
 Sparta and Pylos I must see, in care
 To find my father." Out Euryclea cried,
 And ask'd with tears : " Why is your mind applied, 535
 Dear son, to this course ? Whither will you go ?
 So far off leave us, and beloved so,
 So only ? And the sole hope of your race ?
 Royal Ulysses, far from the embrace
 Of his kind country, in a land unknown 540
 Is dead ; and, you from your lov'd country gone,
 The Wooers will with some deceit assay

⁵¹⁵ *Fatal*—fated. See Iliad.

To your destruction, making then their prey
 Of all your goods. Where, in your own y'are strong,
 Make sure abode. It fits not you so young 545
 To suffer so much by the aged seas,
 And err in such a wayless wilderness."

"Be cheer'd, lov'd nurse," said he, "for, not without
 The will of God, go my attempts about.
 Swear therefore, not to wound my mother's ears 550
 With word of this, before from heaven appears
 Th' eleventh or twelfth light, or herself shall please
 To ask of me, or hears me put to seas,
 Lest her fair body with her woe be wore."

To this the great oath of the Gods she swore; 555
 Which having sworn, and of it every due
 Perform'd to full, to vessels wine she drew,
 And into well-sew'd sacks pour'd foody meal.
 In mean time he, with cunning to conceal
 All thought of this from others, himself bore 560
 In broad house, with the Wooers, as before.

Then grey-eyed Pallas other thoughts did own,
 And like Telemachus trod through the town,
 Commanding all his men in th' even to be
 Aboard his ship. Again then question'd she 565
 Noemon, famed for aged Phronius' son,
 About his ship; who all things to be done
 Assured her freely should. The sun then set,
 And sable shadows slid through every street,
 When forth they launch'd, and soon aboard did bring
 All arms, and choice of every needful thing 571
 That fits a well-rigg'd ship. The Goddess then
 Stood in the port's extreme part, where her men,
 Nobly appointed, thick about her came,

Whose every breast she did with spirit enflame. 575
Yet still fresh projects laid the grey-eyed Dame.

Straight to the house she hasted, and sweet sleep
Pour'd on each Wooer ; which so laid in steep
Their drowsy temples, that each brow did nod,
As all were drinking, and each hand his load, 580

The cup, let fall. All start up, and to bed,
Nor more would watch, when sleep so surfeited
Their leaden eye-lids. Then did Pallas call
Telemachus, in body, voice, and all,

Resembling Mentor, from his native nest, 585
And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest
To use their oars, and all expected now
He should the spirit of a soldier show.

“ Come then,” said she, “ no more let us defer
Our honour'd action.” Then she took on her 590
A ravish'd spirit, and led as she did leap ;
And he her most haste took out step by step.

Arrived at sea and ship, they found ashore
The soldiers that their fashion'd-long hair wore ;
To whom the prince said: “ Come, my friends, let's bring
Our voyage's provision ; every thing 596

Is heap'd together in our court ; and none,
No not my mother, nor her maids, but one
Knows our intention.” This express'd, he led,
The soldiers close together followed ; 600

And all together brought aboard their store.
Aboard the prince went ; Pallas still before
Sat at the stern, he close to her, the men
Up hasted after. He and Pallas then
Put from the shore. His soldiers then he bad 605
See all their arms fit ; which they heard, and had.

A beechen mast, then, in the hollow base
They put, and hoisted, fix'd it in his place
With cables ; and with well-wreath'd halsers hoise
Their white sails, which grey Pallas now employs 610
With full and fore-gales through the dark deep main.
The purple waves, so swift cut, roar'd again
Against the ship sides, that now ran and plow'd
The rugged seas up. Then the men bestow'd
Their arms about the ship, and sacrifice 615
With crown'd wine-cups to th' endless Deities
They offer'd up. Of all yet throned above,
They most observed the grey-eyed seed of Jove ;
Who, from the evening till the morning rose,
And all day long, their voyage did dispose. 620



THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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

* Pallas.

† Minerva, Nestor, and Telemachus.



HE sun now left the great and goodly lake,
 And to the firm heaven bright ascent did
 make,
 To shine as well upon the mortal birth,
 Inhabiting the plow'd life-giving earth,
 As on the ever treaders upon death. 5
 And now to Pylos, that so garnisheth
 Herself with buildings, old Neleus' town,
 The prince and Goddess come had strange sights shown,
 For, on the marine shore, the people there
 To Neptune, that the azure looks doth wear, 10
 Beeves that were wholly black gave holy flame.
 Nine seats of state they made to his high name;
 And every seat set with five hundred men,
 And each five hundred was to furnish then
 With nine black oxen every sacred seat. 15
 These of the entrails only pleas'd to eat,
 And to the God enflam'd the fleshy thighs.

By this time Pallas with the sparkling eyes,
 And he she led, within the haven bore,
 Struck sail, cast anchor, and trod both the shore, 20
 She first, he after. Then said Pallas: "Now
 No more befits thee the least bashful brow;
 T' embolden which this act is put on thee,
 To seek thy father both at shore and sea,
 And learn in what clime he abides so close, 25
 Or in the power of what Fate doth repose.

Come then, go right to Nestor; let us see,
 If in his bosom any counsel be,
 That may inform us. Pray him not to trace
 The common courtship, and to speak in grace 30

⁵ The Gods.

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

He answer'd : " Mentor ! how, alas ! shall I 35
 Present myself ? How greet his gravity ?
 My youth by no means that ripe form affords,
 That can digest my mind's instinct in words
 Wise, and beseeming th' ears of one so sage.
 Youth of most hope blush to use words with age." 40

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

This said, she swiftly went before, and he 45
 Her steps made guides, and follow'd instantly.
 When soon they reach'd the Pylian throngs and seats,
 Where Nestor with his sons sat ; and the meats,
 That for the feast serv'd, round about them were
 Adherents dressing, all their sacred cheer, 50
 Being roast and boil'd meats. When the Pylians saw
 These strangers come, in thrust did all men draw
 About their entry, took their hands, and pray'd
 They both would sit ; their entry first assay'd
 By Nestor's son, Pisistratus. In grace 55
 Of whose repair, he gave them honour'd place
 Betwixt his sire and brother Thrasymed,
 Who sat at feast on soft fells that were spread
 Along the sea sands, kerv'd, and reach'd to them
 Parts of the inwards, and did make a stream 60
 Of spritely wine into a golden bowl ;

⁵⁸ *Fells*—sheep-skins, skins of beasts.

⁵⁹ *Kerved*—carved.

Which to Minerva with a gentle soul
 He gave, and thus spake: " Ere you eat, fair guest,
 Invoke the Seas' King, of whose sacred feast
 Your travel hither makes ye partners now ; 65
 When, sacrificing as becomes, bestow
 This bowl of sweet wine on your friend, that he
 May likewise use these rites of piety ;
 For I suppose his youth doth prayers use,
 Since all men need the Gods. But you I choose 70
 First in this cup's disposeure, since his years
 Seem short of yours, who more like me appears."
 Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant wine ;
 And since a wise and just man did design
 The golden bowl first to her free receipt, 75
 Even to the Goddess it did add delight,
 Who thus invok'd : " Hear thou, whose vast embrace
 Ensppheres the whole earth, nor disdain thy grace
 To us that ask it in performing this :
 To Nestor first, and these fair sons of his, 80
 Vouchsafe all honour ; and, next them, bestow
 On all these Pylians, that have offer'd now
 This most renowned hecatomb to thee,
 Remuneration fit for them, and free ;
 And lastly deign Telemachus and me, 85
 The work perform'd for whose effect we came,
 Our safe return, both with our ship and fame."
 Thus prayed she ; and herself herself obey'd,
 In th' end performing all for which she pray'd.
 And now, to pray, and do as she had done, 90
 She gave the fair round bowl t' Ulysses' son.
 The meat then dress'd, and drawn, and serv'd t' each guest,
 They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.

When appetite to wine and food allay'd,
Horse-taming Nestor then began, and said : 95

“ Now life's desire is serv'd, as far as fare,
Time fits me to enquire what guests these are.
Fair guests, what are ye? And for what coast tries
Your ship the moist deeps? For fit merchandise,
Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prise, 100
The rough seas tempting, desperately erring,
The ill of others in their good conferring?”

The wise prince now his boldness did begin,
For Pallas' self had harden'd him within,
By this device of travel to explore 105
His absent father; which two girlonds wore;
His good by manage of his spirits; and then
To gain him high grace in th' accounts of men.

“ O Nestor! still in whom Neleus lives!
And all the glory of the Greeks survives, 110
You ask from whence we are, and I relate:
From Ithaca (whose seat is situate
Where Neius, the renowned mountain, rears
His haughty forehead, and the honour bears
To be our sea-mark) we assay'd the waves. 115

The business, I must tell, our own good craves,
And not the public. I am come t' enquire,
If, in the fame that best men doth inspire
Of my most-suffering father, I may hear
Some truth of his estate now, who did bear 120
The name, being join'd in fight with you alone,
To even with earth the height of Ilion.
Of all men else, that any name did bear,
And fought for Troy, the several ends we hear;

¹⁰⁶ *Girlonds*—garlands.

But his death Jove keeps from the world unknown, 125
 The certain fame thereof being told by none ;
 If on the continent by enemies slain,
 Or with the waves eat of the ravenous main.
 For his love 'tis that to your knees I sue,
 That you would please, out of your own clear view, 130
 T' assure his sad end ; or say, if your ear
 Hath heard of the unhappy wanderer,
 To too much sorrow whom his mother bore.
 You then by all your bounties I implore,
 (If ever to you deed or word hath stood, 135
 By my good father promis'd, rendered good
 Amongst the Trojans, where ye both have tried
 The Grecian suff'rance) that in nought applied
 To my respect or pity you will glöse,
 But uncloth'd truth to my desires disclose." 140
 " O my much-lov'd," said he, " since you renew
 Remembrance of the miseries that grew
 Upon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece
 Amongst Troy's people, I must touch a piece
 Of all our woes there, either in the men 145
 Achilles brought by sea and led to gain
 About the country, or in us that fought
 About the city, where to death were brought
 All our chief men, as many as were there.
 There Mars-like Ajax lies ; Achilles there ; 150
 There the in-counsel-like-the-Gods, his friend ;
 There my dear son Antilochus took end,
 Past measure swift of foot, and staid in fight.
 A number more that ill's felt infinite ;

¹²⁶ *Fame*—(Latin) report.

¹³⁹ *Glöse*—gloss over.

¹⁵¹ Patroclus.

Of which to reckon all, what mortal man, 155
If five or six years you should stay here, can
Serve such enquiry? You would back again,
Affected with unsufferable pain,
Before you heard it. Nine years sieged we them,
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem 160
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill past end.
Yet still they toil'd us; nor would yet Jove send
Rest to our labours, nor will scarcely yet.
But no man lived, that would in public set
His wisdom by Ulysses' policy, 165
As thought his equal; so excessively
He stood superior all ways. If you be
His son indeed, mine eyes even ravish me
To admiration. And in all consent
Your speech puts on his speech's ornament. 170
Nor would one say, that one so young could use,
Unless his son, a rhetoric so profuse.
And while we lived together, he and I
Never in speech maintain'd diversity;
Nor set in counsel but, by one soul led, 175
With spirit and prudent counsel furnished
The Greeks at all hours, that, with fairest course,
What best became them, they might put in force.
But when Troy's high towers we had levell'd thus,
We put to sea, and God divided us. 180
And then did Jove our sad retreat devise;
For all the Greeks were neither just nor wise,
And therefore many felt so sharp a fate,
Sent from Minerva's most pernicious hate;
Whose mighty Father can do fearful things. 185
By whose help she betwixt the brother kings

Let fall contention ; who in council met
 In vain, and timeless, when the sun was set,
 And all the Greeks call'd, that came charged with wine.
 Yet then the kings would utter their design, 190
 And why they summon'd. Menelaus, he
 Put all in mind of home, and cried, To sea.
 But Agamemnon stood on contraries,
 Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice
 Whole hecatombs to Pallas, to forego 195
 Her high wrath to them. Fool ! that did not know
 She would not so be won ; for not with ease
 Th' Eternal Gods are turn'd from what they please.
 So they, divided, on foul language stood.
 The Greeks in huge rout rose, their wine-heat blood
 Two ways affecting. And, that night's sleep too, 201
 We turn'd to studying either other's woe ;
 When Jove besides made ready woes enow.
 Morn came, we launch'd, and in our ships did stow
 Our goods, and fair-girt women. Half our men 205
 The people's guide, Atrides, did contain,
 And half, being now aboard, put forth to sea.
 A most free gale gave all ships prosperous way.
 God settled then the huge whale-bearing lake,
 And Tenedos we reach'd ; where, for time's sake, 210
 We did divine rites to the Gods. But Jove,
 Inexorable still, bore yet no love
 To our return, but did again excite
 A second sad contention, that turn'd quite
 A great part of us back to sea again ; 215
 Which were th' abundant-in-all-counsels man,
 Your matchless father, who, to gratify
 The great Atrides, back to him did fly.

But I fled all, with all that follow'd me,
 Because I knew God studied misery, 220
 To hurl amongst us. With me likewise fled
 Martial Tydides. I the men he led
 Gat to go with him. Winds our fleet did bring
 To Lesbos, where the yellow-headed king,
 Though late, yet found us, as we put to choice 225
 A tedious voyage; if we sail should hoise
 Above rough Chius, left on our left hand,
 To th' isle of Psyria, or that rugged land
 Sail under, and for windy Mimas steer.
 We ask'd of God that some ostent might clear 230
 Our cloudy business, who gave us sign,
 And charge, that all should, in a middle line,
 The sea cut for Eubœa, that with speed
 Our long-sustain'd infortune might be freed.
 Then did a whistling wind begin to rise, 235
 And swiftly flew we through the fishy skies,
 Till to Geræstus we in night were brought;
 Where, through the broad sea since we safe had wrought,
 At Neptune's altars many solid thighs
 Of slaughter'd bulls we burn'd for sacrifice. 240
 The fourth day came, when Tydeus' son did greet
 The haven of Argos with his complete fleet.
 But I for Pylos straight steer'd on my course,
 Nor ever left the wind his foreright force,
 Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came, 245
 Dear son, to Pylos, uninform'd by fame,
 Nor know one saved by Fate, or overcome.
 Whom I have heard of since, set here at home,
 As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshown.
 The expert spear-men, every Myrmidon, 250

Led by the brave heir of the mighty-soul'd
 Unpeer'd Achilles, safe of home got hold ;
 Safe Philoctetes, Pœan's famous seed ;
 And safe Idomenæus his men led
 To his home, Crete, who fled the armed field, 255
 Of whom yet none the sea from him withheld.

Atrides, you have both heard, though ye be
 His far-off dwellers, what an end had he,
 Done by Ægisthus to a bitter death ;
 Who miserably paid for forced breath, 260
 Atrides leaving a good son, that dyed,
 In blood of that deceitful parricide,
 His wreakful sword. And thou my friend, as he
 For this hath his fame, the like spirit in thee
 Assume at all parts. Fair and great, I see, 265
 Thou art in all hope, make it good to th' end,
 That after-times as much may thee commend."

He answer'd: " O thou greatest grace of Greece,
 Orestes made that wreak his master-piece,
 And him the Greeks will give a master-praise, 270
 Verse finding him to last all after-days.
 And would to God the Gods would favour me
 With his performance, that my injury,
 Done by my mother's Wooers, being so foul,
 I might revenge upon their every soul ; 275
 Who, pressing me with contumelies, dare
 Such things as past the power of utt'rance are.
 But Heaven's great Powers have graced my destiny
 With no such honour. Both my sire and I
 Are born to suffer everlastingly." 280

²⁶² *Parricide*—this is a somewhat uncommon use of the word.
 Orestes slew *his father's murderer*.

“ Because you name those Wooers, friend,” said he,
 “ Report says, many such, in spite of thee,
 Wooing thy mother, in thy house commit
 The ills thou nam’st. But say: Proceedeth it
 From will in thee to bear so foul a foil ? 285
 Or from thy subjects’ hate, that wish thy spoil,
 And will not aid thee, since their spirits rely,
 Against thy rule, on some grave augury ?
 What know they, but at length thy father may
 Come, and with violence their violence pay ; 290
 Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him ?
 But if Minerva now did so esteem
 Thee, as thy father in times past ; whom, past
 All measure, she with glorious favours grac’t
 Amongst the Trojans, where we suffered so ; 295
 (O ! I did never see, in such clear show,
 The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,
 To all our eyes, appear’d in all her trim)
 If so, I say, she would be pleased to love,
 And that her mind’s care thou so much couldst move,
 As did thy father, every man of these 301
 Would lose in death their seeking marriages.”

“ O father,” answer’d he, “ you make amaze
 Seize me throughout. Beyond the height of phrase
 You raise expression ; but ’twill never be, 303
 That I shall move in any Deity
 So blest an honour. Not by any means,
 If Hope should prompt me, or blind Confidence,
 (The God of Fools) or every Deity
 Should will it ; for ’tis past my destiny.” 310

The burning-eyed Dame answer’d : “ What a speech
 Hath past the teeth-guard Nature gave to teach

Fit question of thy words before they fly !
 God easily can (when to a mortal eye
 He's furthest off) a mortal satisfy ; 315
 And does the more still. For thy cared-for sire,
 I rather wish, that I might home retire,
 After my sufferance of a world of woes,
 Far off, and then my glad eyes might disclose
 The day of my return, then straight retire, 320
 And perish standing by my household fire ;
 As Agamemnon did, that lost his life
 By false Ægisthus, and his falsar wife.

For Death to come at length, 'tis due to all ;
 Nor can the Gods themselves, when Fate shall call 325
 Their most loved man, extend his vital breath
 Beyond the fix'd bounds of abhorred Death."

" Mentor !" said he, " let's dwell no more on this,
 Although in us the sorrow pious is.
 No such return, as we wish, Fates bequeath 330
 My erring father ; whom a present death
 The Deathless have decreed. I'll now use speech
 That tends to other purpose ; and beseech
 Instruction of grave Nestor, since he flows
 Past shore in all experience, and knows 335
 The sleights and wisdoms, to whose heights aspire
 Others, as well as my commended sire,
 Whom Fame reports to have commanded three
 Ages of men, and doth in sight to me
 Show like th' Immortals. ' Nestor ! the renown 340
 Of old Neleius, make the clear truth known,
 How the most great in empire, Atreus son,
 Sustain'd the act of his destruction.

³¹⁴ *Volente Deo, nihil est difficile.*—CHAPMAN.

Where then was Menelaus? How was it
 That false Ægisthus, being so far unfit 345
 A match for him, could his death so enforce?
 Was he not then in Argos? or his course
 With men so left, to let a coward breathe
 Spirit enough to dare his brother's death?"
 "I'll tell thee truth in all, fair son," said he: 350
 "Right well was this event conceiv'd by thee.
 If Menelaus in his brother's house
 Had found the idle liver with his spouse,
 Arriv'd from Troy, he had not liv'd, nor dead
 Had the digg'd heap pour'd on his lustful head, 355
 But fowls and dogs had torn him in the fields,
 Far off of Argos; not a dame it yields
 Had given him any tear, so foul his fact
 Show'd even to women. Us Troy's wars had rack'd
 To every sinew's sufferance, while he 360
 In Argos' uplands liv'd, from those works free,
 And Agamemnon's wife with force of word
 Flatter'd and soften'd, who, at first, abhorr'd
 A fact so infamous. The heav'nly dame
 A good mind had, but was in blood too blame. 365
 There was a poet, to whose care the king
 His queen committed, and in every thing,
 When he from Troy went, charg'd him to apply
 Himself in all guard to her dignity.
 But when strong Fate so wrapt-in her effects, 370
 That she resolv'd to leave her fit respects,

³⁶⁵ *But was in blood too blame.*—The expression *too blame* was not unusual in old writers. NARES has illustrated it from Shakespeare, Heywood, and others. Our modern phrase that a person is *to blame*, i. e. *to be blamed*, is a modification of this old form *too blame*, i. e. *too blameable*. See Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV. III. 1.

Into a desert isle her guardian led,
 There left, the rapine of the vultures fed.
 Then brought he willing home his will's won prize,
 On sacred altars offer'd many thighs, 375
 Hung in the God's fanes many ornaments,
 Garments and gold, that he the vast events
 Of such a labour to his wish had brought,
 As neither fell into his hope nor thought.

At last, from Troy sail'd Sparta's king and I, 380
 Both holding her untouch'd. And, that his eye
 Might see no worse of her, when both were blown
 To sacred Sunium, of Minerva's town
 The goodly promontory, with his shafts severe
 Augur Apollo slew him that did steer 385
 Atrides' ship, as he the stern did guide,
 And She the full speed of her sail applied.

He was a man that nations of men
 Excell'd in safe guide of a vessel, when
 A tempest rush'd in on the ruffled seas ; 390
 His name was Phrontis Onetorides.
 And thus was Menelaus held from home,
 Whose way he thirsted so to overcome,
 To give his friend the earth, being his pursuit,
 And all his exsequies to execute. 395

But sailing still the wine-hued seas, to reach
 Some shore for fit performance, he did fetch
 The steep mount of the Malians, and there,
 With open voice, offended Jupiter
 Proclaim'd the voyage his repugnant mind, 400

³⁹⁶ *Οἶνοπα πόντον* : *οἶνοψ* *cujus facies vinum representat.*

CHAPMAN.

⁴⁰⁰ i. e. Proclaimed the voyage was in opposition to his will,
 was distasteful to him.

And pour'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,
 That nourish'd billows heighten'd like to hills ;
 And with the fleet's division fulfils
 His hate proclaim'd ; upon a part of Crete
 Casting the navy, where the sea-waves meet 405
 Rough Jardanus, and where the Cydons live.

There is a rock, on which the sea doth drive,
 Bare, and all broken, on the confines set
 Of Gortys, that the dark seas likewise fret ;
 And hither sent the South a horrid drift 410
 Of waves against the top, that was the left
 Of that torn cliff as far as Phæstus' strand.
 A little stone the great sea's rage did stand.

The men here driven 'scap'd hard the ships' sore shocks,
 The ships themselves being wrack'd against the rocks,
 Save only five, that blue fore-castles bore, 416
 Which wind and water cast on Egypt's shore.

When he (there victling well, and store of gold
 Aboard his ships brought) his wild way did hold,
 And t' other languag'd men was forced to roam. 420

Mean space Ægisthus made sad work at home,
 And slew his brother, forcing to his sway
 Atrides' subjects, and did seven years lay
 His yoke upon the rich Mycenian state.
 But in the eighth, to his affrighting fate, 425
 Divine Orestes home from Athens came,
 And what his royal father felt, the same
 He made the false Ægisthus groan beneath.

Death evermore is the reward of death.

Thus having slain him, a sepulchral feast 430
 He made the Argives for his lustful guest,
 And for his mother whom he did detest.

The self-same day upon him stole the king
 Good-at-a-martial-shout, and goods did bring,
 As many as his freighted fleet could bear. 435

But thou, my son, too long by no means err,
 Thy goods left free from many a spoilful guest,
 Lest they consume some, and divide the rest,
 And thou, perhaps, besides, thy voyage lose.
 To Menelaus yet thy course dispose 440

I wish and charge thee ; who but late arriv'd
 From such a shore and men, as to have liv'd
 In a return from them he never thought,
 And whom black whirlwinds violently brought
 Within a sea so vast, that in a year 445

Not any fowl could pass it anywhere,
 So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
 With ship and men (or, if thou pleasest now
 To pass by land, there shall be brought for thee
 Both horse and chariot, and thy guides shall be 450
 My sons themselves) to Sparta the divine,
 And to the king whose locks like amber shine.
 Intreat the truth of him, nor loves he lies,
 Wisdom in truth is, and he's passing wise."

This said, the Sun went down, and up rose Night,
 When Pallas spake : " O father, all good right 456
 Bear thy directions. But divide we now
 The sacrifices' tongues, mix wines, and vow
 To Neptune, and the other Ever-Blest,
 That, having sacrific'd, we may to rest. 460
 The fit hour runs now, light dives out of date,
 At sacred feasts we must not sit too late."

She said ; they heard ; the herald water gave ;

⁴³⁴ *Good-at-a-martial-shout*—Menelaus.

The youths crown'd cups with wine, and let all have
 Their equal shares, beginning from the cup 465
 Their parting banquet. All the tongues cut up,
 The fire they gave them, sacrific'd, and rose,
 Wine, and divine rites used, to each dispose ;
 Minerva and Telemachus desir'd
 They might to ship be, with his leave, retir'd. 470
 He, mov'd with that, provok'd thus their abodes :
 " Now Jove forbid, and all the long-liv'd Gods,
 Your leaving me, to sleep aboard a ship ;
 As I had drunk of poor Penia's whip,
 Even to my nakedness, and had nor sheet 475
 Nor covering in my house ; that warm nor sweet
 A guest, nor I myself, had means to sleep ;
 Where I, both weeds and wealthy coverings keep
 For all my guests. Nor shall Fame ever say,
 The dear son of the man Ulysses lay 480
 All night a-ship-board here while my days shine,
 Or in my court whiles any son of mine
 Enjoys survival, who shall guests receive,
 Whomever my house hath a nook to leave."
 " My much-lov'd father," said Minerva, " well 485
 All this becomes thee. But persuade to dwell
 This night with thee thy son Telemachus,
 For more convenient is the course for us,
 That he may follow to thy house and rest,
 And I may board our black-sail, that address'd 490
 At all parts I may make our men, and cheer
 All with my presence, since of all men there

⁴⁷¹ *Abodes*—stay.

⁴⁷⁴ *Penia's*—i. e. poverty's. Greek *Πενία*. A pedantic conceit in Chapman.

I boast myself the senior, th' others are
 Youths, that attend in free and friendly care
 Great-soul'd Telemachus, and are his peers 495
 In fresh similitude of form and years.

For their confirmance, I will therefore now
 Sleep in our black bark. But, when light shall show
 Her silver forehead, I intend my way
 Amongst the Caucons, men that are to pay 500
 A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,
 Take you him home; whom in the morn dismiss,
 With chariot and your sons, and give him horse
 Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course."

This said, away she flew, form'd like the fowl 505
 Men call the ossifrage; when every soul
 Amaze invaded; even th' old man admir'd,
 The youth's hand took, and said: "O most desir'd,
 My hope says thy proof will no coward show,
 Nor one unskill'd in war, when Deities now 510
 So young attend thee, and become thy guides;
 Nor any of the heaven-housed States besides,
 But Tritogenia's self, the Seed of Jove,
 The great in prey, that did in honour move
 So much about thy father, amongst all 515
 The Grecian army. Fairest queen, let fall
 On me like favours! Give me good renown!
 Which, as on me, on my lov'd wife let down,

⁵⁰⁶ *Ossifrage*—bone-breaker. This term is generally applied to the osprey, or sea-eagle, which was in olden times supposed to have a fascinating influence over fish. In Leviticus XI 13, however, among the fowls that may not be eaten, we have "the eagle, the *ossifrage*, and the *osprey*." The *ossifrage* Dr. Kitto thinks the *lämmer geyer* of the Swiss, the largest flying bird of the old Continent. *Osprey* itself is only the French *Orfrai* or *ossifrage*.

And all my children. I will burn to thee
 An ox right bred, broad-headed, and yoke-free, 520
 To no man's hand yet humbled. Him will I,
 His horns in gold hid, give thy Deity."

Thus pray'd he, and she heard ; and home he led
 His sons, and all his heaps of kindered.
 Who ent'ring his court royal, every one 525
 He marshall'd in his several seat and throne ;
 And every one, so kindly come, he gave
 His sweet-wine cup ; which none was let to have
 Before his 'leventh year landed him from Troy ;
 Which now the butleress had leave t' employ, 530
 Who therefore pierc'd it, and did give it vent.
 Of this the old duke did a cup present
 To every guest ; made his Maid many a prayer
 That wears the shield fring'd with his nurse's hair,
 And gave her sacrifice. With this rich wine 535
 And food sufficed, sleep all eyes did decline,
 And all for home went ; but his court alone
 Telemachus, divine Ulysses' son,
 Must make his lodging, or not please his heart.

A bed, all chequer'd with elaborate art, 540
 Within a portico that rung like brass,
 He brought his guest to ; and his bedfere was
 Pisistratus, the martial guide of men,
 That liv'd, of all his sons, unwed till then.
 Himself lay in a by-room, far above, 545
 His bed made by his barren wife, his love.

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

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

That such a gloss as richest ointments wore, 550
 Before his high gates ; where the counsellor
 That match'd the Gods (his father) used to sit,
 Who now, by fate forc'd, stoop'd as low as it.

And here sat Nestor, holding in his hand
 A sceptre ; and about him round did stand, 555

As early up, his sons' troop ; Perseus,
 The god-like Thrasymed, and Aretus,
 Echephron, Stratius, the sixth and last
 Pisistratus, and by him (half embrac'd
 Still as they came) divine Telemachus ; 560

To these spake Nestor, old Gerenius :

“ Haste, loved sons, and do me a desire,
 That, first of all the Gods, I may aspire
 To Pallas' favour, who vouchsafed to me
 At Neptune's feast her sight so openly. 565

Let one to field go, and an ox with speed
 Cause hither brought, which let the herdsman lead ;
 Another to my dear guest's vessel go,
 And all his soldiers bring, save only two ;
 A third the smith that works in gold command 570
 (Laertius) to attend, and lend his hand,

To plate the both horns round about with gold ;
 The rest remain here close. But first, see told
 The maids within, that they prepare a feast,
 Set seats through all the court, see straight address'd
 The purest water, and get fuel fell'd.” 576

This said, not one but in the service held
 Officious hand. The ox came led from field ;
 The soldiers troop'd from ship ; the smith he came,
 And those tools brought that serv'd the actual frame
 His art conceiv'd, brought anvil, hammers brought, 581

Fair tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
 Minerva likewise came, to set the crown
 On that kind sacrifice, and make 't her own.

Then th' old knight Nestor gave the smith the gold,
 With which he straight did both the horns infold, 586
 And trimm'd the offering so, the Goddess joy'd.
 About which thus were Nestor's sons employ'd :
 Divine Echephron, and fair Stratius,
 Held both the horns. The water odorous, 590
 In which they wash'd, what to the rites was vow'd,
 Aretus, in a caldron all bestrow'd
 With herbs and flowers, serv'd in from th' holy room
 Where all were drest, and whence the rites must come.
 And after him a hallow'd virgin came, 595
 That brought the barley-cake, and blew the flame.
 The axe, with which the ox should both be fell'd
 And cut forth, Thrasymed stood by and held.
 Perseus the vessel held that should retain
 The purple liquor of the offering slain. 600

Then wash'd the pious father, then the cake
 (Of barley, salt, and oil, made) took, and brake,
 Ask'd many a boon of Pallas, and the state
 Of all the offering did initiate,
 In three parts cutting off the hair, and cast 605
 Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,
 And all the cake broke, manly Thrasymed
 Stood near, and sure, and such a blow he laid
 Aloft the offering, that to earth he sunk,
 His neck-nerves sunder'd, and his spirits shrunk. 610
 Out shriek'd the daughters, daughter-in-laws, and
 wife

Of three-aged Nestor, who had eldest life

Of Clymen's daughters, chaste Eurydice.
 The ox on broad earth then laid laterally
 They held, while duke Pisistratus the throat 615
 Dissolv'd, and set the sable blood afloat,
 And then the life the bones left. Instantly
 They cut him up ; apart flew either thigh,
 That with the fat they dubb'd, with art alone,
 The throat-brisk, and the sweet-bread pricking on. 620
 Then Nestor broil'd them on the coal-turn'd wood,
 Pour'd black wine on ; and by him young men stood,
 That spits fine-pointed held, on which, when burn'd
 The solid thighs were, they transfix'd, and turn'd
 The inwards, cut in cantles ; which, the meat 625
 Vow'd to the Gods consum'd, they roast and eat.

In mean space, Polycaste (call'd the fair,
 Nestor's young'st daughter) bath'd Ulysses' heir ;
 Whom having cleans'd, and with rich balms bespread,
 She cast a white shirt quickly o'er his head, 630
 And then his weeds put on ; when forth he went,
 And did the person of a God present,
 Came, and by Nestor took his honour'd seat,
 This pastor of the people. Then, the meat
 Of all the spare parts roasted, off they drew, 635
 Sat, and fell to. But soon the temperate few
 Rose, and in golden bowls fill'd others wine.
 Till, when the rest felt thirst of feast decline,
 Nestor his sons bad fetch his high-man'd horse,
 And them in chariot join, to run the course 640

⁶²⁵ *Cantles*—portions. One of our oldest words, and frequently occurring in our best writers. The French have *chanteau* and *chantelle* ; and the Dutch *kanteel* ; the Latin *quantulum*. See Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary ; and Cotgrave in v. *eschanteler*.

The prince resolv'd. Obey'd, as soon as heard,
 Was Nestor by his sons, who straight prepar'd
 Both horse and chariot. She that kept the store,
 Both bread and wine, and all such viands more,
 As should the feast of Jove-fed kings compose, 645
 Purvey'd the voyage. To the rich coach rose
 Ulysses' son, and close to him ascended
 The duke Pisistratus, the reins intended,
 And scourg'd, to force to field, who freely flew ;
 And left the town that far her splendour threw, 650
 Both holding yoke, and shook it all the day.
 But now the sun set, dark'ning every way,
 When they to Pheris came ; and in the house
 Of Diocles (the son t' Orsilochus,
 Whom flood Alpheus got) slept all that night ; 655
 Who gave them each due hospitable rite.
 But when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
 They went to coach, and did their horse inclose,
 Drave forth the fore-court, and the porch that yields
 Each breath a sound, and to the fruitful fields 660
 Rode scourging still their willing flying steeds,
 Who strenuously perform'd their wonted speeds.
 Their journey ending just when sun went down,
 And shadows all ways through the earth were thrown.

⁶⁴⁸ *Intended* used by old writers in sense of *attended to*; hence *superintend*.

⁶⁵⁸ *Inclose*—i. e. put in harness.



THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Δέλτα. Here of the sire
The son doth hear.
The Wooers conspire.
The Mother's fear.



IN Lacedæmon now, the nurse of whales,
These two arriv'd, and found at festivals,
With mighty concourse, the renowned
king,

¹ Λακεδαίμονα κητώεσσαν which is expounded *Spartam amplum*, or *μεγάλην magnam*; where *κητώεσσαν* signifies properly *plurima cete nutrientem*.—CHAPMAN.

His son and daughter jointly marrying.
 Alector's daughter he did give his son, 5
 Strong Megapenthes, who his life begun
 By Menelaus' bondmaid; whom he knew
 In years when Helen could no more renew
 In issue like divine Hermione,
 Who held in all fair form as high degree 10
 As golden Venus. Her he married now
 To great Achilles' son, who was by vow
 Betrothed to her at Troy. And thus the Gods
 To constant loves give nuptial periods.
 Whose state here past, the Myrmidons' rich town 15
 (Of which she shar'd in the imperial crown)
 With horse and chariots he resign'd her to.
 Mean space, the high huge house with feast did flow
 Of friends and neighbours, joying with the king.
 Amongst whom did a heavenly poet sing, 20
 And touch his harp. Amongst whom likewise danc'd
 Two, who in that dumb motion advanc'd,
 Would prompt the singer what to sing and play.
 All this time in the utter court did stay,
 With horse and chariot, Telemachus, 25
 And Nestor's noble son Pisistratus.
 Whom Eteoneus, coming forth, descried,
 And, being a servant to the king, most tried
 In care and his respect, he ran and cried :
 " Guests, Jove-kept Menelaus, two such men 30
 As are for form of high Saturnius' strain.

²³ *Μολπής ἐξάρχοντες Cantum auspicantes*: of which place, the critics affirm, that *saltatores motu suo indicant cantori quo genere cantus saltaturi forent*. The rapture of Eteoneus at sight of Telemachus and Pisistratus.—CHAPMAN.

³¹ *Strain*.—See Book I. 344.

Inform your pleasure, if we shall unclose
 Their horse from coach, or say they must dispose
 Their way to some such house, as may embrace
 Their known arrival with more welcome grace?" 35

He, angry, answer'd: "Thou didst never show
 Thyself a fool, Boethides, till now;
 But now, as if turn'd child, a childish speech
 Vents thy vain spirits. We ourselves now reach
 Our home by much spent hospitality 40
 Of other men; nor know if Jove will try
 With other after-wants our state again;
 And therefore from our feast no more detain
 Those welcome guests, but take their steeds from coach,
 And with attendance guide in their approach." 45

This said, he rush'd abroad, and call'd some more
 Tried in such service, that together bore
 Up to the guests, and took their steeds that swet
 Beneath their yokes from coach; at mangers set,
 Wheat and white barley gave them mix'd; and plac'd
 Their chariot by a wall so clear, it cast 51
 A light quite through it. And then they led
 Their guests to the divine house; which so fed
 Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,
 That admiration seized them. Like the lights 55
 The sun and moon gave, all the palace threw
 A lustre through it. Satiated with whose view,
 Down to the king's most bright-kept baths they went;

⁴⁸ *Swet.*—This orthography of the past tense is not infrequent in our old writers, as may be seen in the *Iliad*. Chapman uses *het* for *heated* in a similar way:—

"Her blushing *het* her chamber; she look'd out,
 And all the air she purpled round about."

MARLOW AND CHAPMAN'S *MUSÆUS*. *Sestiad* III.

Where handmaids did their services present,
 Bath'd, balm'd them, shirts and well-napt weeds put on,
 And by Atrides' side set each his throne. 61
 Then did the handmaid-royal water bring,
 And to a laver, rich and glittering,
 Of massy gold, pour'd ; which she plac'd upon
 A silver caldron, into which might run 65
 The water as they wash'd. Then set she near
 A polish'd table, on which all the cheer
 The present could afford a reverend dame,
 That kept the larder, set. A cook then came,
 And divers dishes, borne thence, serv'd again ; 70
 Furnish'd the board with bowls of gold. And then,
 His right hand given the guests, Atrides said :
 " Eat, and be cheerful. Appetite allay'd,
 I long to ask, of what stock ye descend ;
 For not from parents whose race nameless end 75
 We must derive your offspring. Men obscure
 Could get none such as you. The portraiture
 Of Jove-sustain'd and sceptre-bearing kings
 Your either person in his presence brings."
 An ox's fat chine then they up did lift, 80
 And set before the guests ; which was a gift,
 Sent as an honour to the king's own taste.
 They saw yet 'twas but to be eaten plac'd,
 And fell to it. But food and wine's care past,
 Telemachus thus prompted Nestor's son, 85
 (His ear close laying, to be heard of none)

" Consider, thou whom most my mind esteems,

⁸⁶ Telemachus to Pisistratus, in observation of the house, not so much that he heartily admired it, as to please Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he seemed desirous he should not hear.—CHAPMAN.

The brass-work here, how rich it is in beams,
 And how, besides, it makes the whole house sound ;
 What gold, and amber, silver, ivory, round 90
 Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the hall
 Of Jupiter Olympius hath of all
 This state the like. How many infinites
 Take up to admiration all men's sights !"
 Atrides over-heard, and said : " Lov'd son, 95
 No mortal must affect contention
 With Jove, whose dwellings are of endless date.
 Perhaps of men some one may emulate,
 Or none, my house, or me ; for I am one
 That many a grave extreme have undergone, 100
 Much error felt by sea, and till th' eighth year,
 Had never stay, but wander'd far and near,
 Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Sidonia,
 And fetch'd the far-off Æthiopia,
 Reach'd the Erembi of Arabia, 105
 And Lybia, where with horns ewes yeau their lambs,
 Which every full year ewes are three times dams,
 Where neither king, nor shepherd, want comes near
 Of cheese, or flesh, or sweet milk ; all the year
 They ever milk their ewes. And here while I 110
 Err'd, gathering means to live, one, murderously,
 Unwares, unseen, bereft my brother's life,
 Chiefly betray'd by his abhorred wife.
 So hold I, not enjoying, what you see.
 And of your fathers, if they living be, 115
 You must have heard this, since my sufferings were
 So great and famous ; from this palace here
 (So rarely-well-built, furnished so well,
 And substantced with such a precious deal

Of well-got treasure) banish'd by the doom 120
Of Fate, and erring as I had no home.
And now I have, and use it, not to take
Th' entire delight it offers, but to make
Continual wishes, that a triple part
Of all it holds were wanting, so my heart 125
Were eas'd of sorrows, taken for their deaths
That fell at Troy, by their revived breaths.
And thus sit I here weeping, mourning still
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill,
In paying just tears for their loss, my joy. 130
Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy
The pleasure soon admits satiety.
But all these men's wants wet not so mine eye,
Though much they move me, as one sole man's miss,
For which my sleep and meat even loathsome is 135
In his renew'd thought, since no Greek hath won
Grace for such labours as Laërtes' son
Hath wrought and suffer'd, to himself nought else
But future sorrows forging, to me hells
For his long absence, since I cannot know 140
If life or death detain him; since such woe
For his love, old Laërtes, his wise wife,
And poor young son sustains, whom new with life
He left as sireless." This speech grief to tears
(Pour'd from the son's lids on the earth) his ears, 145
Told of the father, did excite; who kept
His cheeks dry with his red weed as he wept,
His both hands used therein. Atrides then
Began to know him, and did strife retain,
If he should let himself confess his sire, 150
Or with all fitting circumstance enquire.

While this his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,
 Like to the golden distaff-deck'd Divine,
 From her bed's high and odoriferous room,
 Helen. To whom, of an elaborate loom, 155
 Adresta set a chair; Alcippe brought
 A piece of tapestry of fine wool wrought;
 Phylo a silver cabinet conferr'd,
 Given by Alcandra, nuptially endear'd
 To lord Polybius, whose abode in Thebes 160
 Th' Ægyptian city was, where wealth in heaps
 His famous house held, out of which did go,
 In gift t' Atrides, silver bath-tubs two,
 Two tripods, and of fine gold talents ten.
 His wife did likewise send to Helen then 165
 Fair gifts, a distaff that of gold was wrought,
 And that rich cabinet that Phylo brought,
 Round, and with gold ribb'd, now of fine thread full;
 On which extended (crown'd with finest wool,
 Of violet gloss) the golden distaff lay. 170

She took her state-chair, and a foot-stool's stay
 Had for her feet; and of her husband thus
 Ask'd to know all things: "Is it known to us,
 King Menelaus, whom these men commend
 Themselves for, that our court now takes to friend?
 I must affirm, be I deceived or no, 176
 I never yet saw man nor woman so
 Like one another, as this man is like
 Ulysses' son. With admiration strike
 His looks my thoughts, that they should carry now 180
 Power to persuade me thus, who did but know,
 When newly he was born, the form they bore.
 But 'tis his father's grace, whom more and more

His grace resembles, that makes me retain
 Thought that he now is like Telemachus, then 185
 Left by his sire, when Greece did undertake
 Troy's bold war for my impudency's sake."

He answer'd: " Now wife, what you think I know,
 The true cast of his father's eye doth show
 In his eyes order. Both his head and hair, 190
 His hands and feet, his very father's are.

Of whom, so well remember'd, I should now
 Acknowledge for me his continual flow
 Of cares and perils, yet still patient.
 But I should too much move him, that doth vent 195
 Such bitter tears for that which hath been spoke,
 Which, shunning soft show, see how he would cloak,
 And with his purple weed his weepings hide."

Then Nestor's son, Pisistratus, replied :
 " Great pastor of the people, kept of God ! 200
 He is Ulysses' son, but his abode
 Not made before here, and he modest too,
 He holds it an indignity to do
 A deed so vain, to use the boast of words,
 Where your words are on wing ; whose voice affords
 Delight to us as if a God did break 206

The air amongst us, and vouchsafe to speak.
 But me my father, old duke Nestor, sent
 To be his consort hither ; his content
 Not to be heighten'd so as with your sight, 210
 In hope that therewith words and actions might
 Inform his comforts from you, since he is
 Extremely grieved and injured by the miss
 Of his great father ; suffering even at home,
 And few friends found to help him overcome 215

His too weak suff'rance, now his sire is gone ;
 Amongst the people, not afforded one
 To check the miseries that mate him thus.
 And this the state is of Telemachus."

" O Gods," said he, " how certain, now, I see 220
 My house enjoys that friend's son, that for me
 Hath undergone so many willing fights !
 Whom I resolved, past all the Grecian knights,
 To hold in love, if our return by seas
 The far-off Thunderer did ever please 225
 To grant our wishes. And to his respect
 A palace and a city to erect,
 My vow had bound me ; whither bringing then
 His riches, and his son, and all his men,
 From barren Ithaca, (some one sole town 230
 Inhabited about him batter'd down)
 All should in Argos live. And there would I
 Ease him of rule, and take the empery
 Of all on me. And often here would we,
 Delighting, loving either's company, 235
 Meet and converse ; whom nothing should divide,
 Till death's black veil did each all over hide.
 But this perhaps hath been a mean to take
 Even God himself with envy ; who did make
 Ulysses therefore only the unblest, 240
 That should not reach his loved country's rest."

These woes made every one with woe in love ;
 Even Argive Helen wept, the seed of Jove ;

²¹⁸ *Mate*—oppose. Shakespeare (Henry VIII. III. 2.)
 " Dare *mate* a sounder man than Surrey can be."
 Beaum. and Fletcher (Rule a Wife, III. 1.)
 " The piece of ignorant dough ! He stood up to me,
 And *mated* my commands."

Ulysses' son wept; Atreus' son did weep;
 And Nestor's son his eyes in tears did steep, 245
 But his tears fell not from the present cloud
 That from Ulysses was exhaled, but flow'd
 From brave Antilochus' remember'd due,
 Whom the renown'd Son of the Morning slew,
 Which yet he thus excused: " O Atreus' son! 250
 Old Nestor says, there lives not such a one
 Amongst all mortals as Atrides is
 For deathless wisdom. 'Tis a praise of his,
 Still given in your remembrance, when at home
 Our speech concerns you. Since then overcome 255
 You please to be with sorrow, even to tears,
 That are in wisdom so exempt from peers,
 Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,
 If it be lawful, I affect no use
 Of tears thus after meals; at least, at night; 260
 But when the morn brings forth, with tears, her light,
 It shall not then impair me to bestow
 My tears on any worthy's overthrow.
 It is the only rite that wretched men
 Can do dead friends, to cut hair, and complain. 265
 But Death my brother took, whom none could call
 The Grecian coward, you best knew of all.
 I was not there, nor saw, but men report
 Antilochus excell'd the common sort
 For footmanship, or for the chariot race, 270
 Or in the fight for hardy hold of place."
 " O friend," said he, " since thou hast spoken so,
 At all parts as one wise should say and do,
 And like one far beyond thyself in years,
 Thy words shall bounds be to our former tears. 275

O he is questionless a right born son,
 That of his father hath not only won
 The person but the wisdom ; and that sire
 Complete himself that hath a son entire,
 Jove did not only his full fate adorn, 280
 When he was wedded, but when he was born.
 As now Saturnius, through his life's whole date,
 Hath Nestor's bliss raised to as steep a state,
 Both in his age to keep in peace his house,
 And to have children wise and valorous. 285
 But let us not forget our rear feast thus.
 Let some give water here. Telemachus !
 The morning shall yield time to you and me
 To do what fits, and reason mutually."

This said, the careful servant of the king, 290
 Asphaltion, pour'd on th' issue of the spring ;
 And all to ready feast set ready hand.
 But Helen now on new device did stand,
 Infusing straight a medicine to their wine,
 That, drowning cares and angers, did decline 295
 All thought of ill. Who drunk her cup could shed
 All that day not a tear, no not if dead
 That day his father or his mother were,
 Not if his brother, child, or chiefest dear,
 He should see murder'd then before his face. 300
 Such useful medicines, only borne in grace
 Of what was good, would Helen ever have.
 And this juice to her Polydamna gave
 The wife of Thoon, an Ægyptian born,
 Whose rich earth herbs of medicine do adorn 305
 In great abundance. Many healthful are,

²⁸⁶ *Rear feast*—i. e. the latter portion of our feast.

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

When Helen then her medicine had infus'd, 310
 She bad pour wine to it, and this speech us'd :

“ Atrides, and these good men's sons, great Jove
 Makes good and ill one after other move,
 In all things earthly ; for he can do all.

The woes past, therefore, he so late let fall, 315
 The comforts he affords us let us take ;
 Feast, and, with fit discourses, merry make.

Nor will I other use. As then our blood
 Griev'd for Ulysses', since he was so good,
 Since he was good, let us delight to hear 320

How good he was, and what his sufferings were ;
 Though every fight, and every suffering deed,
 Patient Ulysses underwent, exceed

My woman's power to number, or to name.
 But what he did, and suffer'd, when he came 325

Amongst the Trojans, where ye Grecians all
 Took part with suff'rance, I in part can call
 To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds

Himself he mangled, and the Trojan bounds,
 Thrust thick with enemies, adventur'd on, 330

His royal shoulders having cast upon
 Base abject weeds, and enter'd like a slave.

Then, beggar-like, he did of all men crave,
 And such a wretch was, as the whole Greek fleet
 Brought not besides. And thus through every street 335

He crept discovering, of no one man known.
 And yet through all this difference, I alone

Smoked his true person, talk'd with him ; but he
 Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,
 Till I disclaim'd him quite ; and so (as mov'd 340
 With womanly remorse of one that prov'd
 So wretched an estate, whate'er he were)
 Won him to take my house. And yet even there,
 Till freely I, to make him doubtless, swore
 A powerful oath, to let him reach the shore 345
 Of ships and tents before Troy understood,
 I could not force on him his proper good.
 But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then
 Confess'd, and told me all ; and, having slain
 A number of the Trojan guards, retired, 350
 And reach'd the fleet, for sleight and force admired.
 Their husbands' deaths by him the Trojan wives
 Shriek'd for ; but I made triumphs for their lives,
 For then my heart conceiv'd, that once again
 I should reach home ; and yet did still retain 355
 Woe for the slaughters Venus made for me,
 When both my husband, my Hermione,
 And bridal room, she robb'd of so much right,
 And drew me from my country with her sleight,
 Though nothing under heaven I here did need, 360
 That could my fancy or my beauty feed."

Her husband said : " Wife ! what you please to
 tell

Is true at all parts, and becomes you well ;
 And I myself, that now may say have seen
 The minds and manners of a world of men, 365

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

³⁴¹ *Remorse*—pity. See *Iliad* VIII. 208.

And great heroës, measuring many a ground,
 Have never, by these eyes that light me, found
 One with a bosom so to be beloved,
 As that in which th' accomplish'd spirit moved
 Of patient Ulysses. What, brave man, 370
 He both did act, and suffer, when he wan
 The town of Ilion, in the brave-built horse,
 When all we chief states of the Grecian force
 Were hous'd together, bringing Death and Fate
 Amongst the Trojans, you, wife, may relate ; 375
 For you, at last, came to us ; God, that would
 The Trojans' glory give, gave charge you should
 Approach the engine ; and Deiphobus,
 The god-like, follow'd. Thrice ye circled us
 With full survey of it ; and often tried 380
 The hollow crafts that in it were implied.
 When all the voices of their wives in it
 You took on you with voice so like and fit,
 And every man by name so visited,
 That I, Ulysses, and king Diomed, 385
 (Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)
 Tydides, and myself (as half appall'd
 With your remorseful plaints) would passing fain
 Have broke our silence, rather than again
 Endure, respectless, their so moving cries. 390
 But Ithacus our strongest phantasies
 Contain'd within us from the slenderest noise,
 And every man there sat without a voice.
 Anticlus only would have answer'd thee,

³⁸¹ Helen counterfeited the wives' voices of those kings of Greece that were in the wooden horse, and calls their husbands.

CHAPMAN.

³⁹⁰ *Respectless*—without taking notice.

But his speech Ithacus incessantly 395
 With strong hand held in, till, Minerva's call
 Charging thee off, Ulysses sav'd us all."

Telemachus replied: " Much greater is
 My grief, for hearing this high praise of his.
 For all this doth not his sad death divert, 400
 Nor can, though in him swell'd an iron heart.
 Prepare, and lead then, if you please, to rest:
 Sleep, that we hear not, will content us best."

Then Argive Helen made her handmaid go,
 And put fair bedding in the portico, 405
 Lay purple blankets on, rugs warm and soft,
 And cast an arras coverlet aloft.

They torches took, made haste, and made the bed;
 When both the guests were to their lodgings led
 Within a portico without the house. 410

Atrides, and his large-train-wearing spouse,
 The excellent of women, for the way,
 In a retired receipt, together lay.
 The Morn arose; the king rose, and put on
 His royal weeds, his sharp sword hung upon 415
 His ample shoulders, forth his chamber went,
 And did the person of a God present.

Telemachus accosts him, who begun
 Speech of his journey's proposition:
 " And what, my young Ulyssean heroë, 420
 Provoked thee on the broad back of the sea,
 To visit Lacedæmon the divine?

⁴¹⁸ *Accosts*—draws near, approaches to his side. Fr. *accoster*, (on which word see Cotgrave) or Latin *ad* and *costa*. The word was not used in the sense of "to address," "speak to first" so early as Chapman's time.

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

"I come," said he, "to hear, if any fame
Breath'd of my father to thy notice came. 425

My house is sack'd, my fat works of the field
Are all destroy'd; my house doth nothing yield
But enemies, that kill my harmless sheep,
And sinewy oxen, nor will ever keep
Their steels without them. And these men are they
That woo my mother, most inhumanly 431
Committing injury on injury.

To thy knees therefore I am come, t' attend
Relation of the sad and wretched end
My erring father felt, if witness'd by 435

Your own eyes, or the certain news that fly
From others' knowledges. For, more than is
The usual heap of human miseries,
His mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then,
Without all ruth of what I can sustain, 440
The plain and simple truth of all you know.

Let me beseech so much, if ever vow
Was made, and put in good effect to you,
At Troy, where suff'rance bred you so much smart,
Upon my father good Ulysses' part, 445
And quit it now to me (himself in youth)
Unfolding only the unclosed truth."

He, deeply sighing, answer'd him: "O shame,
That such poor vassals should affect the fame
To share the joys of such a worthy's bed! 450
As when a hind, her calves late farrowed,

⁴²³ [Good].—A word is wanting here which I have thus supplied.

⁴⁵¹ This is the first simile in the Odyssey, and Chapman has

To give suck, enters the bold lion's den,
 He roots of hills and herby vallies then
 For food (there feeding) hunting ; but at length
 Returning to his cavern, gives his strength 455
 The lives of both the mother and her brood
 In deaths indecent ; so the Wooers' blood
 Must pay Ulysses' powers as sharp an end.
 O would to Jove, Apollo, and thy friend
 The wise Minerva, that thy father were 460
 As once he was, when he his spirits did rear
 Against Philomelides, in a fight
 Perform'd in well-built Lesbos, where, down-right
 He strook the earth with him, and gat a shout
 Of all the Grecians ! O, if now full out 465
 He were as then, and with the Wooers coped,
 Short-liv'd they all were, and their nuptials hoped
 Would prove as desperate. But, for thy demand
 Enforc'd with prayers, I'll let thee understand
 The truth directly, nor decline a thought, 470
 Much less deceive, or sooth thy search in ought ;
 But what the old and still-true-spoken God,
 That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,
 Disclosed to me, to thee I'll all impart,
 Nor hide one word from thy sollicitous heart. 475

I was in Ægypt, where a mighty time
 The Gods detained me, though my natural clime
 I never so desired, because their homes

made it very confused. The original is simply : " As when a hind, having laid her new-born suckling fawns in the den of a strong lion, searches out the lower parts of a hill (see *κνημὸς*) and grassy vallies for food, but he then has entered his lair, &c." Chapman, however, makes the lion hunting in the vales for food (deer) feeding there. See Bk. xvii. 157.

I did not greet with perfect hecatombs.
 For they will put men evermore in mind, 480
 How much their masterly commandments bind.
 There is, besides, a certain island, called
 Pharos, that with the high-wav'd sea is wall'd,
 Just against Ægypt, and so much remote,
 As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote, 485
 A hollow ship can sail. And this isle bears
 A port most portly, where sea-passengers
 Put in still for fresh water, and away
 To sea again. Yet here the Gods did stay
 My fleet full twenty days; the winds, that are 490
 Masters at sea, no prosp'rous puff would spare
 To put us off; and all my victuals here
 Had quite corrupted, as my men's minds were,
 Had not a certain Goddess given regard,
 And pitied me in an estate so hard; 495
 And 'twas Idothea, honour'd Proteus' seed,
 That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
 With my compassion, when (walk'd all alone,
 From all my soldiers, that were ever gone
 About the isle on fishing with hooks bent; 500
 Hunger their bellies on her errand sent)
 She came close to me, spake, and thus began:
 ' Of all men thou art the most foolish man,
 Or slack in business, or stay'st here of choice,
 And dost in all thy suff'rances rejoice, 505
 That thus long liv'st detain'd here, and no end
 Canst give thy tarriance? Thou dost much offend
 The minds of all thy fellows.' I replied:
 ' Whoever thou art of the Deified,
 I must affirm, that no way with my will 510

I make abode here ; but, it seems, some ill
 The Gods, inhabiting broad heaven, sustain
 Against my getting off. Inform me then,
 For Godheads all things know, what God is he
 That stays my passage from the fishy sea ? 515

‘ Stranger,’ said she, ‘ I’ll tell thee true : There lives
 An old sea-farer in these seas, that gives
 A true solution of all secrets here,

Who deathless Proteus is, th’ Ægyptian peer,
 Who can the deeps of all the seas exquire, 520

Who Neptune’s priest is, and, they say, the sire
 That did beget me. Him, if any way
 Thou couldst inveigle, he would clear display
 Thy course from hence, and how far off doth lie
 Thy voyage’s whole scope through Neptune’s sky. 525

Informing thee, O God-preserved, beside,
 If thy desires would so be satisfied,

Whatever good or ill hath got event,

In all the time thy long and hard course spent,
 Since thy departure from thy house.’ This said ; 530

Again I answer’d : ‘ Make the sleights display’d
 Thy father useth, lest his foresight see,

Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,

He flies the fixt place of his used abode.

’Tis hard for man to countermine with God.’ 535

She straight replied : ‘ I’ll utter truth in all :

When heaven’s supremest height the sun doth skall,

The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deeps, and hides

Amidst a black storm, when the West Wind chides,

In caves still sleeping. Round about him sleep 540

(With short feet swimming forth the foamy deep)

The sea-calves, lovely Halosydnes call'd,
 From whom a noisome odour is exhaled,
 Got from the whirl-pools, on whose earth they lie.
 Here, when the morn illustrates all the sky, 545
 I'll guide, and seat thee in the fittest place
 For the performance thou hast now in chace.
 In mean time, reach thy fleet, and choose out three
 Of best exploit, to go as aids to thee.

But now I'll show thee all the old God's sleights :
 He first will number, and take all the sights 551
 Of those his guard, that on the shore arrives.
 When having view'd, and told them forth by fives,
 He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleep,
 Like to a shepherd midst his flock of sheep. 555
 In his first sleep, call up your hardest cheer,
 Vigour and violence, and hold him there,
 In spite of all his strivings to be gone.
 He then will turn himself to every one
 Of all things that in earth creep and respire, 560
 In water swim, or shine in heavenly fire.
 Yet still hold you him firm, and much the more
 Press him from passing. But when, as before,
 When sleep first bound his powers, his form ye see,
 Then cease your force, and th' old heroë free, 565
 And then demand, which heaven-born it may be
 That so afflicts you, hindering your retreat,
 And free sea-passage to your native seat.'

This said, she div'd into the wavy seas,
 And I my course did to my ships address, 570
 That on the sands stuck ; where arriv'd, we made
 Our supper ready. Then th' ambrosian shade
 Of night fell on us, and to sleep we fell.

Rosy Aurora rose ; we rose as well,
 And three of them on whom I most relied, 575
 For firm at every force, I choosed, and hied
 Straight to the many-river-served seas ;
 And all assistance ask'd the Deities.

Mean time Idothea the sea's broad breast
 Embrac'd, and brought for me, and all my rest, 580
 Four of the sea-calves' skins but newly flay'd,
 To work a wile which she had fashioned
 Upon her father. Then, within the sand
 A covert digging, when these calves should land,
 She sat expecting. We came close to her ; 585
 She plac'd us orderly, and made us wear
 Each one his calf's skin. But we then must pass
 A huge exploit. The sea-calf's savour was
 So passing sour, they still being bred at seas,
 It much afflicted us ; for who can please 590
 To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales ?
 But she preserves us, and to memory calls
 A rare commodity ; she fetch'd to us
 Ambrosia, that an air most odorous
 Bears still about it, which she nointed round 595
 Our either nostrils, and in it quite drown'd
 The nasty whale-smell. Then the great event
 The whole morn's date, with spirits patient,
 We lay expecting. When bright noon did flame,
 Forth from the sea in shoals the sea-calves came, 600
 And orderly, at last lay down and slept
 Along the sands. And then th' old Sea-God crept
 From forth the deeps, and found his fat calves there,

⁵⁹⁶ *Nostrils*.—The etymological spelling of the word is *nos* and *thirl*, a perforation ; Anglo-Sax.

Survey'd, and number'd, and came never near
 The craft we used, but told us five for calves. 605
 His temples then dis-eased with sleep he salves ;
 And in rush'd we, with an abhorred cry,
 Cast all our hands about him manfully ;
 And then th' old Forger all his forms began :
 First was a lion with a mighty mane, 610
 Then next a dragon, a pied panther then,
 A vast boar next, and suddenly did strain
 All into water. Last he was a tree,
 Curl'd all at top, and shot up to the sky.

We, with resolv'd hearts, held him firmly still, 615
 When th' old one (held too straight for all his skill
 To extricate) gave words, and question'd me :

‘ Which of the Gods, O Atreus' son,’ said he,
 ‘ Advised and taught thy fortitude this sleight,
 To take and hold me thus in my despite ?’ 620

‘ What asks thy wish now ?’ I replied. ‘ Thou know'st.
 Why dost thou ask? What wiles are these thou show'st?
 I have within this isle been held for wind
 A wondrous time, and can by no means find
 An end to my retention. It hath spent 625

The very heart in me. Give thou then vent
 To doubts thus bound in me, ye Gods know all,
 Which of the Godheads doth so foully fall
 On my addression home, to stay me here,
 Avert me from my way, the fishy clear 630

Barr'd to my passage?’ He replied : ‘ Of force,
 If to thy home thou wishest free recourse,
 To Jove, and all the other Deities,
 Thou must exhibit solemn sacrifice ;

⁶⁰⁶ *Dis-eased*—tired. See *infra*, 1087, and *Iliad*, x. 45.

And then the black sea for thee shall be clear, 635
 Till thy lov'd country's settled reach. But where
 Ask these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate
 To thee and thy affairs appropriate,
 That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread
 Thy country's earth, nor see inhabited 640
 Thy so magnificent house, till thou make good
 Thy voyage back to the Ægyptian flood,
 Whose waters fell from Jove, and there hast given
 To Jove, and all Gods housed in ample heaven,
 Devoted hecatombs, and then free ways 645
 Shall open to thee, clear'd of all delays.'

This told he ; and, methought, he brake my heart,
 In such a long and hard course to divert
 My hope for home, and charge my back retreat
 As far as Ægypt. I made answer yet : 650

" Father, thy charge I'll perfect ; but before
 Resolve me truly, if their natural shore
 All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enjoy,
 That Nestor and myself left, when from Troy
 We first raised sail ? Or whether any died 655
 At sea a death unwish'd ? Or, satisfied,
 When war was past, by friends embrac'd, in peace
 Resign'd their spirits ?" He made answer : " Cease
 To ask so far. It fits thee not to be
 So cunning in thine own calamity. 660
 Nor seek to learn what learn'd thou shouldst forget.
 Men's knowledges have proper limits set,
 And should not prease into the mind of God.
 But 'twill not long be, as my thoughts abode,
 Before thou buy this curious skill with tears. 665

⁶⁶⁴ *Abode*—prognosticate. A common word.

Many of those, whose states so tempt thine ears,
 Are stoop'd by death, and many left alive,
 One chief of which in strong hold doth survive,
 Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,
 Are done to death. I list not to repeat 670
 Who fell at Troy, thyself was there in fight.
 But in return swift Ajax lost the light,
 In his long-oar'd ship. Neptune, yet, awhile
 Saft him unwrack'd, to the Gyræan isle,
 A mighty rock removing from his way. 675
 And surely he had 'scap'd the fatal day,
 In spite of Pallas, if to that foul deed
 He in her fane did, (when he ravished
 The Trojan prophetess) he had not here
 Adjoin'd an impious boast, that he would bear, 680
 Despite the Gods, his ship safe through the waves
 Then raised against him. These his impious braves
 When Neptune heard, in his strong hand he took
 His massy trident, and so soundly strook
 The rock Gyræan, that in two it cleft; 685
 Of which one fragment on the land he left,
 The other fell into the troubled seas,
 At which first rush'd Ajax Oiliades,
 And split his ship, and then himself afloat
 Swum on the rough waves of the world's vast mote, 690
 Till having drunk a salt cup for his sin,
 There perish'd he. Thy brother yet did win
 The wreath from death, while in the waves they strove,
 Afflicted by the reverend wife of Jove.
 But when the steep mount of the Malian shore 695
 He seem'd to reach, a most tempestuous bore,

672 Ajax Oileus.

679 Cassandra.

Far to the fishy world that sighs so sore,
 Straight ravish'd him again as far away,
 As to th' extreme bounds where the Agrians stay,
 Where first Thyestes dwelt, but then his son 700
 Ægisthus Thyestiades lived. This done,
 When his return untouch'd appear'd again,
 Back turn'd the Gods the wind, and set him then
 Hard by his house. Then, full of joy, he left
 His ship, and close t' his country earth he cleft, 705
 Kiss'd it, and wept for joy, pour'd tear on tear,
 To set so wishedly his footing there.
 But see, a sentinel that all the year
 Crafty Ægisthus in a watchtower set
 To spy his landing, for reward as great 710
 As two gold talents, all his powers did call
 To strict remembrance of his charge, and all
 Discharged at first sight, which at first he cast
 On Agamemnon, and with all his haste
 Inform'd Ægisthus. He an instant train 715
 Laid for his slaughter: Twenty chosen men
 Of his plebeians he in ambush laid;
 His other men he charged to see purvey'd
 A feast; and forth, with horse and chariots graced,
 He rode t' invite him, but in heart embraced 720
 Horrible welcomes, and to death did bring,
 With treacherous slaughter, the unwary king,
 Received him at a feast, and, like an ox
 Slain at his manger, gave him bits and knocks.
 No one left of Atrides' train, nor one 725
 Saved to Ægisthus, but himself alone,
 All strew'd together there the bloody court.'
 This said, my soul he sunk with his report,

Flat on the sands I fell, tears spent their store,
I light abhorr'd, my heart would live no more. 730

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

‘ No more spend tears nor time, O Atreus' son,
With ceaseless weeping never wish was won.
Use uttermost assay to reach thy home, 735
And all unwares upon the murderer come,
For torture, taking him thyself alive ;
Or let Orestes, that should far out-strive
Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light
Of such a dark soul, and do thou the rite 740
Of burial to him with a funeral feast.’

With these last words I fortified my breast,
In which again a generous spring began
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man ;
But, as a brother, I must ever mourn. 745
Yet forth I went, and told him the return
Of these I knew ; but he had named a third,
Held on the broad sea, still with life inspired,
Whom I besought to know, though likewise dead,
And I must mourn alike. He answered : 750

‘ He is Laertes' son ; whom I beheld
In nymph Calypso's palace, who compell'd
His stay with her, and, since he could not see
His country earth, he mourn'd incessantly.
For he had neither ship instruct with oars, 755
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.
Where leave we him, and to thy self descend,
Whom not in Argos Fate nor Death shall end,
But the immortal ends of all the earth,
So ruled by them that order death by birth, 760

The fields Elysian, Fate to thee will give ;
 Where Rhadamanthus rules, and where men live
 A never-troubled life, where snow, nor showers,
 Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitless powers,
 But from the ocean Zephyr still resumes 765
 A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.
 Which, since thou marriedst Helen, are thy hire,
 And Jove himself is by her side thy sire.'

This said ; he dived the deepsome watery heaps ;
 I and my tried men took us to our ships, 770
 And worlds of thoughts I varied with my steps.

Arrived and shipp'd, the silent solemn night
 And sleep bereft us of our visual light.
 At morn, masts, sails, rear'd, we sat, left the shores,
 And beat the foamy ocean with our oars. 775

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

All rites perform'd, all haste I made for home, 780
 And all the prosp'rous winds about were come,
 I had the passport now of every God,
 And here closed all these labours period.

Here stay then till th' eleventh or twelfth day's
 light,
 And I'll dismiss thee well, gifts exquisite 785
 Preparing for thee, chariot, horses three,
 A cup of curious frame to serve for thee
 To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice,
 Mindful of me while all suns light thy skies."

He answer'd : " Stay me not too long time here, 790
 Though I could sit attending all the year.

Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,
 Take my affections from you, so on fire
 With love to hear you are my thoughts ; but so
 My Pylian friends I shall afflict with woe, 795
 Who mourn even this stay. Whatsoever be
 The gifts your grace is to bestow on me,
 Vouchsafe them such as I may bear and save
 For your sake ever. Horse, I list not have,
 To keep in Ithaca, but leave them here, 800
 To your soil's dainties, where the broad fields bear
 Sweet cypers grass, where men-fed lote doth flow,
 Where wheat-like spelt, and wheat itself, doth grow,
 Where barley, white, and spreading like a tree ;
 But Ithaca hath neither ground to be, 805
 For any length it comprehends, a race
 To try a horse's speed, nor any place
 To make him fat in ; fitter far to feed
 A cliff-bred goat, than raise or please a steed.
 Of all isles, Ithaca doth least provide 810
 Or meads to feed a horse, or ways to ride."

He, smiling, said : " Of good blood art thou, son.
 What speech, so young ! What observation
 Hast thou made of the world ! I well am pleased
 To change my gifts to thee, as being confess'd 815
 Unfit indeed, my store is such I may.
 Of all my house-gifts then, that up I lay
 For treasure there, I will bestow on thee
 The fairest, and of greatest price to me.
 I will bestow on thee a rich carv'd cup, 820

⁸⁰² *Cypers grass*.—The *cyperus*, or *galingale*. (See *Iliad*. *xxi*. 333.) *Men-fed*—on which men feed. The reader will find an interesting paper on the Botany of Homer in the *Classical Museum*, vol. v. p. 40.

Of silver all, but all the brims wrought up
 With finest gold ; it was the only thing
 That the heroical Sidonian king
 Presented to me, when we were to part
 At his receipt of me, and 'twas the art 825
 Of that great Artist that of heaven is free ;
 And yet even this will I bestow on thee."

This speech thus ended, guests came, and did bring
 Muttons, for presents, to the God-like king,
 And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes. 830
 Their riband-wreathed wives brought fruit and cakes.

Thus in this house did these their feast apply ;
 And in Ulysses' house activity
 The Wooers practised ; tossing of the spear,
 The stone, and hurling ; thus delighted, where 835
 They exercised such insolence before,
 Even in the court that wealthy pavements wore.
 Antinous did still their strifes decide,
 And he that was in person deified
 Eurymachus ; both ring-leaders of all, 840
 For in their virtues they were principal.

These by Noemon, son to Phronius,
 Were sided now, who made the question thus :
 " Antinous ! Does any friend here know,
 When this Telemachus returns, or no, 845
 From sandy Pylos ? He made bold to take
 My ship with him ; of which, I now should make
 Fit use myself, and sail in her as far
 As spacious Elis, where of mine there are
 Twelve delicate mares, and under their sides go 850
 Laborious mules, that yet did never know
 The yoke, nor labour ; some of which should bear

The taming now, if I could fetch them there.”
 This speech the rest admired, nor dream'd that he
 Neleïan Pylos ever thought to see, 855
 But was at field about his flocks' survey,
 Or thought his herdsmen held him so away.
 Eupitheus son, Antinous, then replied:
 “ When went he, or with what train dignified?
 Of his selected Ithacensian youth? 860
 Prest men, or bond men, were they? Tell the truth.
 Could he effect this? Let me truly know.
 To gain thy vessel did he violence show,
 And used her 'gainst thy will? or had her free,
 When fitting question he had made with thee?” 865
 Noemon answer'd: “ I did freely give
 My vessel to him. Who deserves to live
 That would do other, when such men as he
 Did in distress ask? He should churlish be
 That would deny him. Of our youth the best 870
 Amongst the people, to the interest
 His charge did challenge in them, giving way,
 With all the tribute all their powers could pay.
 Their captain, as he took the ship, I knew,
 Who Mentor was, or God. A Deity's shew 875
 Mask'd in his likeness. But, to think 'twas he,
 I much admire, for I did clearly see,
 But yester-morning, God-like Mentor here;
 Yet th' other evening he took shipping there,
 And went for Pylos.” Thus went he for home, 880
 And left the rest with envy overcome;

⁸⁵⁴ *Admired*—were astonished at. *He*—Telemachus.

⁸⁶¹ *Prest men*—hired men; men for hire ready (*prest*) to march. See Todd's Johnson.

Who sat, and pastime left. Eupitheus son,
 Sad, and with rage his entrails overrun,
 His eyes like flames, thus interposed his speech :
 “ Strange thing ! An action of how proud a reach 885
 Is here committed by Telemachus !
 A boy, a child, and we, a sort of us,
 Vow’d ’gainst his voyage, yet admit it thus !
 With ship and choice youth of our people too !
 But let him on, and all his mischief do, 890
 Jove shall convert upon himself his powers,
 Before their ill presum’d he brings on ours.
 Provide me then a ship, and twenty men
 To give her manage, that, against again
 He turns for home, on th’ Ithacensian seas, 895
 Or cliffy Samian, I may interprease,
 Way-lay, and take him, and make all his craft
 Sail with his ruin for his father safe.”

This all applauded, and gave charge to do,
 Rose, and to greet Ulysses’ house did go. 900
 But long time past not, ere Penelope
 Had notice of their far-fetch’d treachery.
 Medon the herald told her, who had heard
 Without the hall how they within conferr’d,
 And hasted straight to tell it to the queen, 905
 Who, from the entry having Medon seen,
 Prevents him thus : “ Now herald, what affair
 Intend the famous Wooers, in your repair ?
 To tell Ulysses’ maids that they must cease
 From doing our work, and their banquets dress ? 910
 I would to heaven, that, leaving wooing me,

⁸⁸⁷ *Sort*—number. See Iliad iv. 460.

⁸⁹⁶ *Interprease*—i. e. interpress, interpose.

Nor ever troubling other company,
 Here might the last feast be, and most extreme,
 That ever any shall address for them.
 They never meet but to consent in spoil, 915
 And reap the free fruits of another's toil.
 O did they never, when they children were,
 What to their fathers was Ulysses, hear?
 Who never did 'gainst any one proceed
 With unjust usage, or in word or deed? 920
 'Tis yet with other kings another right,
 One to pursue with love, another spite;
 He still yet just, nor would, though might, devour,
 Nor to the worst did ever taste of power.
 But their unrul'd acts show their minds' estate. 925
 Good turns received once, thanks grow out of date."

Medon, the learn'd in wisdom, answer'd her:
 "I wish, O queen, that their ingritudes were
 Their worst ill towards you; but worse by far,
 And much more deadly, their endeavours are, 930
 Which Jove will fail them in. Telemachus
 Their purpose is, as he returns to us,
 To give their sharp steels in a cruel death;
 Who now is gone to learn, if fame can breathe
 News of his sire, and will the Pylian shore, 935
 And sacred Sparta, in his search explore."

This news dissolv'd to her both knees and heart,
 Long silence held her ere one word would part,
 Her eyes stood full of tears, her small soft voice
 All late use lost; that yet at last had choice 940
 Of wonted words, which briefly thus she used:

"Why left my son his mother? Why refused

⁹²⁵ *Unruled*—irregular, not to be ruled.

His wit the solid shore, to try the seas, .
 And put in ships the trust of his distress,
 That are at sea to men unbridled horse, 945
 And run, past rule, their far-engaged course,
 Amidst a moisture past all mean unstaïd?
 No need compell'd this. Did he it, afraid
 To live and leave posterity his name?"

" I know not," he replied, " if th' humour came 950
 From current of his own instinct, or flow'd
 From others' instigations ; but he vow'd
 Attempt to Pylos, or to see descried
 His sire's return, or know what death he died."

This said, he took him to Ulysses' house 955
 After the Wooers ; the Ulyssean spouse,
 Run through with woes, let Torture seize her mind,
 Nor in her choice of state chairs stood inclined
 To take her seat, but th' abject threshold chose
 Of her fair chamber for her loath'd repose, 960
 And mourn'd most wretch-like. Round about her fell
 Her handmaids, join'd in a continueate yell.

From every corner of the palace, all
 Of all degrees tuned to her comfort's fall
 Their own dejections ; to whom her complaint 965
 She thus enforc'd : " The Gods, beyond constraint
 Of any measure, urge these tears on me ;
 Nor was there ever dame of my degree
 So past degree grieved. First, a lord so good,
 That had such hardy spirits in his blood, 970
 That all the virtues was adorn'd withal,
 That all the Greeks did their superior call,
 To part with thus, and lose ! And now a son,
 So worthily belov'd, a course to run

Beyond my knowledge ; whom rude tempests have 975
 Made far from home his most inglorious grave !
 Unhappy wenches, that no one of all
 (Though in the reach of every one must fall
 His taking ship) sustain'd the careful mind,
 To call me from my bed, who this design'd 980
 And most vow'd course in him had either stay'd,
 How much soever hasted, or dead laid
 He should have left me. Many a man I have,
 That would have call'd old Dolius my slave,
 (That keeps my orchard, whom my father gave 985
 At my departure) to have run, and told
 Laertes this ; to try if he could hold
 From running through the people, and from tears,
 In telling them of these vow'd murderers ;
 That both divine Ulysses' hope, and his, 990
 Resolv'd to end in their conspiracies."

His nurse then, Euryclea, made reply :
 " Dear sovereign, let me with your own hands die,
 Or cast me off here, I'll not keep from thee
 One word of what I know. He trusted me 995
 With all his purpose, and I gave him all
 The bread and wine for which he pleased to call,
 But then a mighty oath he made me swear,
 Not to report it to your royal ear
 Before the twelfth day either should appear, 1000
 Or you should ask me when you heard him gone.
 Impair not then your beauties with your moan,
 But wash, and put untear-stain'd garments on,
 Ascend your chamber with your ladies here,

⁹⁷⁷ *Wenches*—young women. Though now degenerated, the word was formerly used in a good sense. See Iliad xvi. 78.

And pray the seed of goat-nurs'd Jupiter, 1005
 Divine Athenia, to preserve your son,
 And she will save him from confusion.
 Th' old king, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd
 For his grave counsels, you perhaps may find
 Unfit affected, for his age's sake. 1010
 But heaven-kings wax not old, and therefore make
 Fit prayers to them ; for my thoughts never will
 Believe the heavenly Powers conceit so ill
 The seed of righteous Arcesiades,
 To end it utterly, but still will please 1015
 In some place evermore some one of them
 To save, and deck him with a diadem,
 Give him possession of erected tow'rs,
 And far-stretch'd fields, crown'd all of fruits and flow'rs."
 This eas'd her heart, and dried her humorous eyes, 1020
 When having wash'd, and weeds of sacrifice
 Pure, and unstain'd with her distrustful tears,
 Put on, with all her women-ministers
 Up to a chamber of most height she rose,
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose 1025
 Within a wicker basket ; all which broke
 In decent order, thus she did invoke :
 " Great Virgin of the goat-preserved God,
 If ever the inhabited abode
 Of wise Ulysses held the fatted thighs 1030
 Of sheep and oxen, made thy sacrifice
 By his devotion, hear me, nor forget
 His pious services, but safe see set
 His dear son on these shores, and banish hence
 These Wooers past all mean in insolence." 1035

¹⁰²⁰ *Humorous*—moist (Lat.) See Iliad xxi. 186.

This said, she shriek'd, and Pallas heard her prayer.
 The Wooers broke with tumult all the air
 About the shady house ; and one of them,
 Whose pride his youth had made the more extreme,
 Said : “ Now the many-wooer-honour'd queen 1040
 Will surely satiate her delayful spleen,
 And one of us in instant nuptials take.
 Poor dame, she dreams not, what design we make
 Upon the life and slaughter of her son.”

So said he ; but so said was not so done ; 1045
 Whose arrogant spirit in a vaunt so vain
 Antinous chid, and said : “ For shame, contain
 These braving speeches. Who can tell who hears ?
 Are we not now in reach of others' ears ?
 If our intentions please us, let us call 1050
 Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall.
 By watchful danger men must silent go.
 What we resolve on, let's not say, but do.”
 This said, he choos'd out twenty men, that bore
 Best reckoning with him, and to ship and shore 1055
 All hasted, reach'd the ship, launch'd, rais'd the mast,
 Put sails in, and with leather loops made fast
 The oars ; sails hoisted, arms their men did bring,
 All giving speed and form to everything.
 Then to the high deeps their rigg'd vessel driven, 1060
 They supp'd, expecting the approaching even.

Mean space, Penelope her chamber kept
 And bed, and neither eat, nor drank, nor slept,
 Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameless son,
 Still in contention, if he should be done 1065
 To death, or 'scape the impious Wooers' design.

¹⁰⁶¹ *Expecting*—(Latin) awaiting.

Look how a lion, whom men-troops combine
 To hunt, and close him in a crafty ring,
 Much varied thought conceives, and fear doth sting
 For urgent danger ; so fared she, till sleep, 1070
 All juncture of her joints and nerves did steep
 In his dissolving humour. When, at rest,
 Pallas her favours varied, and addressed
 An idol, that Iphthima did present
 In structure of her every lineament, 1075
 Great-soul'd Icarius' daughter, whom for spouse
 Eumelus took, that kept in Pheris' house.
 This to divine Ulysses' house she sent,
 To try her best mean how she might content
 Mournful Penelope, and make relent 1080
 The strict addiction in her to deplore.
 This idol, like a worm, that less or more
 Contracts or strains her, did itself convey,
 Beyond the wards or windings of the key,
 Into the chamber, and, above her head 1085
 Her seat assuming, thus she comforted
 Distress'd Penelope : " Doth sleep thus seize
 Thy powers, affected with so much dis-ease ?
 The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see
 Thy tears nor griefs, in any least degree, 1090
 Sustain'd with cause, for they will guard thy son
 Safe to his wish'd and native mansion,
 Since he is no offender of their states,

¹⁰⁷⁴ *Idol*—image, figure, εἶδωλον. See Iliad XXI. 94.

¹⁰⁷⁵ Δέμας, membrorum structura.—CHAPMAN.

¹⁰⁷⁷ *Kept*—dwelt. A common use in Shakespeare and his contemporaries : and still a provincialism.

¹⁰⁸² Παρὰ κληῖδος ἰμάνα. Ἴμας, affectus curculionis significat quod longior et gracilior evaserit.—CHAPMAN.

¹⁰⁸⁸ *Disease*—unrest. See suprâ, 605.

And they to such are firmer than their fates.”
The wise Penelope receiv'd her thus, 1095
Bound with a slumber most delicious,
And in the port of dreams: “ O sister, why
Repair you hither, since so far off lie
Your house and household? You were never here
Before this hour, and would you now give cheer 1100
To my so many woes and miseries,
Affecting fitly all the faculties
My soul and mind hold, having lost before
A husband, that of all the virtues bore
The palm amongst the Greeks, and whose renown 1105
So ample was that Fame the sound hath blown
Through Greece and Argos to her very heart?
And now again, a son, that did convert
My whole powers to his love, by ship is gone;
A tender plant, that yet was never grown 1110
To labour's taste, nor the commerce of men;
For whom more than my husband I complain,
And lest he should at any suff'rance touch
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much
Estrang'd to him that must his consorts be) 1115
Fear and chill tremblings shake each joint of me.
Besides, his danger sets on foes profess'd
To way-lay his return, that have address'd
Plots for his death.” The scarce-discerned Dream,
Said: “ Be of comfort, nor fears so extreme 1120
Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate
Attending thee, as some at any rate
Would wish to purchase, for her power is great;
Minerva pities thy delights' defeat,
Whose grace hath sent me to foretell thee these.” 1125

“ If thou,” said she, “ be of the Goddesses,
 And heardst her tell thee these, thou mayst as well
 From her tell all things else. Deign then to tell,
 If yet the man to all misfortunes born,
 My husband, lives, and sees the sun adorn 1130
 The darksome earth, or hides his wretched head
 In Pluto’s house, and lives amongst the dead ?”

“ I will not,” she replied, “ my breath exhale
 In one continued and perpetual tale,
 Lives he or dies he. ’Tis a filthy use, 1135
 To be in vain and idle speech profuse.”
 This said, she, through the key-hole of the door,
 Vanish’d again into the open *blore*.

Icarius’ daughter started from her sleep,
 And Joy’s fresh humour her lov’d breast did steep, 1140
 When now so clear, in that first watch of night,
 She saw the seen Dream vanish from her sight.

The Wooers’ ship the sea’s moist waves did ply,
 And thought the prince a haughty death should die.
 There lies a certain island in the sea, 1145
 Twixt rocky Samos and rough Ithaca,
 That cliffy is itself, and nothing great,
 Yet holds convenient havens that two ways let
 Ships in and out, call’d Asteris ; and there
 The Wooers hoped to make their massacre. 1150

¹¹³⁸ *Blore*—is generally used for a blast, or gale of wind,
 (see *Iliad* II. 122,) but here would seem simply the *air*.



THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

E. Ulysses builds
A ship; and gains
The glassy fields;
Pays Neptune pains.



URORA rose from high-born Tithon's bed,
 That men and Gods might be illustrated,
 And then the Deities sat. Imperial Jove,
 That makes the horrid murmur beat above,
 Took place past all, whose height for ever springs, 5
 And from whom flows th' eternal power of things.

Then Pallas, mindful of Ulysses, told
 The many cares that in Calypso's hold
 He still sustain'd, when he had felt before
 So much affliction, and such dangers more. 10

"O Father," said she, "and ye Ever-blest,
 Give never king hereafter interest
 In any aid of yours, by serving you,
 By being gentle, human, just, but grow
 Rude, and for ever scornful of your rights, 15

All justice ordering by their appetites,
 Since he, that ruled as it in right behoved,
 That all his subjects as his children loved,
 Finds you so thoughtless of him and his birth.
 Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth, 20

And grudge at what ye let him undergo,
 Who yet the least part of his suff'rance know :
 Thrall'd in an island, shipwrack'd in his tears,
 And, in the fancies that Calypso bears,
 Bound from his birthright, all his shipping gone, 25
 And of his soldiers not retaining one.

And now his most-lov'd son's life doth inflame
 Their slaught'rous envies ; since his father's fame
 He puts in pursuit, and is gone as far
 As sacred Pylos, and the singular 30

Dame-breeding Sparta." This, with this reply,
 The Cloud-assembler answer'd: "What words fly
 Thine own remembrance, daughter? Hast not thou
 The counsel given thyself, that told thee how
 Ulysses shall with his return address 35
 His Wooers wrongs? And, for the safe access
 His son shall make to his innative port,
 Do thou direct it, in as curious sort
 As thy wit serves thee; it obeys thy powers;
 And in their ship return the speedless Wooers." 40
 Then turn'd he to his issue Mercury,
 And said: "Thou hast made good our embassy
 To th' other Statists, to the Nymph then now,
 On whose fair head a tuft of gold doth grow,
 Bear our true-spoken counsel, for retreat 45
 Of patient Ulysses; who shall get
 No aid from us, nor any mortal man,
 But in a patch'd-up skiff (built as he can,
 And suffering woes enough) the twentieth day
 At fruitful Scheria let him breathe his way, 50
 With the Phæacians, that half Deities live,
 Who like a God will honour him, and give
 His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brass, and gold,
 More than for gain of Troy he ever told;
 Where, at the whole division of the prey, 55
 If he a saver were, or got away
 Without a wound, if he should grudge, 'twas well.
 But th' end shall crown all; therefore Fate will deal
 So well with him, to let him land, and see
 His native earth, friends, house, and family." 60

⁴⁸ Ἐπὶ σχεδίου πολυδέσμου, *in rate multis vinculis ligatus.*

Thus charged he ; nor Argicides denied,
 But to his feet his fair wing'd shoes he tied,
 Ambrosian, golden, that in his command
 Put either sea, or the unmeasured land,
 With pace as speedy as a puf of wind. 65
 Then up his rod went, with which he declined
 The eyes of any waker, when he pleased,
 And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseased.

This took ; he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
 Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence 70
 Kiss'd as he flew, and check'd the waves as light
 As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
 Her thick wings sousing in the savory seas.
 Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness ;
 But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went 75
 Up from the blue sea to the continent,
 And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,
 Whom he within found, without seldom seen.
 A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
 The matter precious, and divine the frame, 80
 Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
 That breathed an odour round about the isle.
 Herself was seated in an inner room,
 Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
 About a curious web, whose yarn she threw 85
 In with a golden shittle. A grove grew
 In endless spring about her cavern round,
 With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars, crown'd,
 Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bittours bred,
 And other birds their shady pinions spread ; 90

⁶⁸ *Diseased*.—aroused. See Bk. iv.

⁶⁹ *Bittours*—bitterns.

All fowls maritimal ; none roosted there,
 But those whose labours in the waters were.
 A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,
 Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
 Four fountains, one against another, pour'd 95
 Their silver streams ; and meadows all enflower'd
 With sweet balm-gentle, and blue violets hid,
 That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
 Should any one, though he immortal were,
 Arrive and see the sacred objects there, 100
 He would admire them, and be over-joy'd ;
 And so stood Hermes' ravish'd powers employed.

 But having all admired, he enter'd on
 The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown
 Of great Calypso (for all Deities are 105
 Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so far
 Sever'd in dwellings) but he could not see
 Ulysses there within ; without was he
 Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view
 Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty drew 110
 His heart of comfort. Placed here in her throne,
 That beams cast up to admiration,
 Divine Calypso question'd Hermes thus :

 “ For what cause, dear, and much-esteem'd by us,
 Thou golden-rod-adorned Mercury, 115
 Arriv'st thou here ? Thou hast not used t' apply
 Thy passage this way. Say, whatever be
 Thy heart's desire, my mind commands it thee,
 If in my means it lie, or power of fact.
 But first, what hospitable rights exact, 120
 Come yet more near, and take.” This said, she set
 A table forth, and furnish'd it with meat,

Such as the Gods taste ; and serv'd in with it
 Vermilion nectar. When with banquet fit
 He had confirm'd his spirits, he thus express'd 125
 His cause of coming : " Thou hast made request,
 Goddess of Goddesses, to understand
 My cause of touch here ; which thou shalt command,
 And know with truth : Jove caused my course to thee
 Against my will, for who would willingly 130
 Lackey along so vast a lake of brine,
 Near to no city that the Powers divine
 Receives with solemn rites and hecatombs ?
 But Jove's will ever all law overcomes,
 No other God can cross or make it void ; 135
 And he affirms, that one the most annoy'd
 With woes and toils of all those men that fought
 For Priam's city, and to end hath brought
 Nine years in the contention, is with thee.
 For in the tenth year, when roy victory 140
 Was won to give the Greeks the spoil of Troy,
 Return they did profess, but not enjoy,
 Since Pallas they incens'd, and she the waves
 By all the winds' power, that blew ope their graves.
 And there they rested. Only this poor one 145
 This coast both winds and waves have cast upon ;
 Whom now forthwith he wills thee to dismiss,
 Affirming that th' unaltered Destinies
 Not only have decreed he shall not die

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

¹⁴⁰ *Roy*—royal. I do not remember to have met with the word thus used. *Roy* for king was not uncommon. See NARES.

¹⁴⁸ *Unaltered*—unalterable.

Apart his friends, but of necessity 150
 Enjoy their sights before those fatal hours,
 His country earth reach, and erected towers.”

This struck a love-check'd horror through her powers,
 When, naming him, she this reply did give :
 “ Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live, 155
 In all things you affect ; which still converts
 Your powers to envies. It afflicts your hearts,
 That any Goddess should, as you obtain
 The use of earthly dames, enjoy the men,
 And most in open marriage. So ye far'd, 160
 When the delicious-finger'd Morning shar'd
 Orion's bed ; you easy-living States
 Could never satisfy your emulous hates,
 Till in Ortygia the precise-liv'd Dame,
 Gold-throned Diana, on him rudely came, 165
 And with her swift shafts slew him. And such pains,
 When rich-hair'd Ceres pleas'd to give the reins
 To her affections, and the grace did yield
 Of love and bed amidst a three-cropp'd field,
 To her Iasion, he paid angry Jove, 170
 Who lost no long time notice of their love,
 But with a glowing lightning was his death.
 And now your envies labour underneath
 A mortal's choice of mine ; whose life I took
 To liberal safety, when his ship Jove strook, 175
 With red-hot flashes, piece-meal in the seas,
 And all his friends and soldiers succourless
 Perish'd but he. Him, cast upon this coast
 With blasts and billows, I, in life given lost,
 Preserv'd alone, lov'd, nourish'd, and did vow 180
 To make him deathless, and yet never grow

Crooked, or worn with age, his whole life long.
 But since no reason may be made so strong
 To strive with Jove's will, or to make it vain,
 No not if all the other Gods should strain 185
 Their powers against it, let his will be law,
 So he afford him fit means to withdraw,
 As he commands him, to the raging main.
 But means from me he never shall obtain,
 For my means yield nor men, nor ship, nor oars, 190
 To set him off from my so envied shores.
 But if my counsel and good will can aid
 His safe pass home, my best shall be assay'd."

" Vouchsafe it so," said heaven's ambassador,
 " And deign it quickly. By all means abhor 195
 T' incense Jove's wrath against thee, that with grace
 He may hereafter all thy wish embrace."

Thus took the Argus-killing God his wings.
 And since the reverend Nymph these awful things
 Receiv'd from Jove, she to Ulysses went ; 200
 Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent,
 His eyes kept never dry he did so mourn,
 And waste his dear age for his wish'd return ;
 Which still without the cause he used to do,
 Because he could not please the Goddess so. 205
 At night yet, fore'd, together took their rest,
 The willing Goddess and th' unwilling Guest ;
 But he all day in rocks, and on the shore,
 The vex'd sea view'd, and did his fate deplore.
 Him, now, the Goddess coming near bespake : 210

" Unhappy man, no more discomfort take
 For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age,
 I now will passing freely disengage

Thy irksome stay here. Come then, fell thee wood,
 And build a ship, to save thee from the flood. 215
 I'll furnish thee with fresh wave, bread, and wine
 Ruddy and sweet, that will the piner pine,
 Put garments on thee, give thee winds foreright,
 That every way thy home-bent appetite
 May safe attain to it; if so it please 220
 At all parts all the heaven-housed Deities,
 That more in power are, more in skill, than I,
 And more can judge what fits humanity."

He stood amaz'd at this strange change in her,
 And said: "O Goddess! Thy intents prefer 225
 Some other project than my parting hence,
 Commanding things of too high consequence
 For my performance, that myself should build
 A ship of power, my home-assays to shield
 Against the great sea of such dread to pass; 230
 Which not the best built ship that ever was
 Will pass exulting, when such winds, as Jove
 Can thunder up, their trims and tacklings prove.
 But could I build one, I would ne'er aboard,
 Thy will opposed, nor, won, without thy word, 235
 Given in the great oath of the Gods to me,
 Not to beguile me in the least degree."

The Goddess smiled, held hard his hand, and said:
 "O y' are a shrewd one, and so habited
 In taking heed thou know'st not what it is 240
 To be unwary, nor use words amiss.
 How hast thou charm'd me, were I ne'er so sly!
 Let earth know then, and heaven, so broad, so high,
 And th' under-sunk waves of th' infernal stream,

(Which is an oath, as terribly supreme, 245
 As any God swears) that I had no thought
 But stood with what I spake, nor would have wrought,
 Nor counsell'd, any act against thy good ;
 But ever diligently weigh'd, and stood
 On those points in persuading thee, that I 250
 Would use myself in such extremity.
 For my mind simple is, and innocent,
 Not given by cruel sleights to circumvent,
 Nor bear I in my breast a heart of steel,
 But with the sufferer willing suff'rance feel." 255
 This said, the Grace of Goddesses led home,
 He track'd her steps ; and, to the cavern come,
 In that rich throne, whence Mercury arose,
 He sat. The Nymph herself did then appose,
 For food and beverage, to him all best meat 260
 And drink, that mortals used to taste and eat.
 Then sat she opposite, and for her feast
 Was nectar and ambrosia address'd
 By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,
 Did freely fall to. Having fitly far'd, 265
 The Nymph Calypso this discourse began :
 " Jove-bred Ulysses ! Many-witted man !
 Still is thy home so wish'd ? So soon, away ?
 Be still of cheer, for all the worst I say.
 But, if thy soul knew what a sum of woes, 270
 For thee to cast up, thy stern Fates impose,
 Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attain,
 Undoubtedly thy choice would here remain,
 Keep house with me, and be a liver ever.
 Which, methinks, should thy house and thee dis sever,
 Though for thy wife there thou art set on fire, 276

And all thy days are spent in her desire ;
 And though it be no boast in me to say
 In form and mind I match her every way.
 Nor can it fit a mortal dame's compare, 280
 T' affect those terms with us that deathless are."

The great-in-counsels made her this reply :
 " Renown'd, and to be reverenced, Deity !
 Let it not move thee, that so much I vow
 My comforts to my wife ; though well I know 285
 All cause myself why wise Penelope
 In wit is far inferior to thee,
 In feature, stature, all the parts of show,
 She being a mortal, an immortal thou,
 Old ever growing, and yet never old. 290
 Yet her desire shall all my days see told,
 Adding the sight of my returning day,
 And natural home. If any God shall lay
 His hand upon me as I pass the seas,
 I'll bear the worst of what his hand shall please, 295
 As having given me such a mind as shall
 The more still rise the more his hand lets fall.
 In wars and waves my sufferings were not small.
 I now have suffer'd much, as much before,
 Hereafter let as much result, and more." 300

This said, the sun set, and earth shadows gave ;
 When these two (in an in-room of the cave,
 Left to themselves) left love no rites undone.
 The early Morn up, up he rose, put on
 His in and out weed. She herself enchaces 305
 Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces,
 Ample, and pleated thick like fishy scales ;
 A golden girdle then her waist impales ;

Her head a veil decks ; and abroad they come.
And now began Ulysses to go home. 310

A great axe first she gave, that two ways cut,
In which a fair well-polish'd helm was put,
That from an olive bough receiv'd his frame.
A plainer then. Then led she, till they came
To lofty woods that did the isle confine. 315

The fir tree, poplar, and heaven-scaling pine,
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
He choos'd for lighter sail. This place thus shown,
The Nymph turn'd home. He fell to felling down, 320

And twenty trees he stoop'd in little space,
Plain'd, used his plumb, did all with artful grace.
In mean time did Calypso wimbles bring.
He bor'd, closed, nail'd, and order'd every thing,
And took how much a ship-wright will allow 325

A ship of burden (one that best doth know
What fits his art) so large a keel he cast,
Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side-boards, mast,
With willow watlings arm'd her to resist
The billows outrage, added all she miss'd, 330

Sail-yards, and stern for guide. The Nymph then brought
Linen for sails, which with dispatch he wrought,
Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the frame
In four days' space to full perfection came.

³¹⁴ *Plainer*—i. e. a plane, that which makes *plain*, smooth.
So in 322.

³²³ *Wimbles*—gimlets, boring tools.

³³⁰ *Miss'd*—wanted, required.

³³³ *Gables and halsters*—cables and hawsers.

³³⁴ This four days' work (you will say) is too much for one man : and Pliny affirms, that Hiero (a king of Sicily) in five-and-forty days built two hundred and twenty ships, rigged them, and put to sea with them.—CHAPMAN.

The fifth day, they dismiss'd him from the shore, 335
 Weeds neat, and odorous, gave him, victuals store,
 Wine, and strong waters, and a prosp'rous wind,
 To which, Ulysses, fit-to-be-divin'd,
 His sails expos'd, and hoised. Off he gat ;
 And cheerful was he. At the stern he sat, 340
 And steer'd right artfully. Nor sleep could seize
 His eye-lids. He beheld the Pleiades ;
 The Bear, surnam'd the Wain, that round doth move
 About Orion, and keeps still above
 The billowy ocean ; the slow-setting star 345
 Bootes call'd, by some the waggoner.

Calypso warn'd him he his course should steer
 Still to his left hand. Seventeen days did clear
 The cloudy night's command in his moist way,
 And by the eighteenth light he might display 350
 The shady hills of the Phæacian shore,
 For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
 The country did a pretty figure yield,
 And look'd from off the dark seas like a shield.

Imperious Neptune, making his retreat 355
 From th' Æthiopian earth, and taking seat
 Upon the mountains of the Solymi,
 From thence, far off discovering, did descry
 Ulysses his fields ploughing. All on fire
 The sight straight set his heart, and made desire 360
 Of wreak run over, it did boil so high.
 When, his head nodding, " O impiety,"
 He cried out, " now the Gods' inconstancy
 Is most apparent, altering their designs

³⁵⁰ *Display*—see, view. See Iliad xi. 74.

Since I the Æthiops saw, and here confines 365
 To this Ulysses' fate his misery.
 The great mark, on which all his hopes rely,
 Lies in Phæacia. But I hope he shall
 Feel woe at height, ere that dead calm befall."
 This said ; he, begging, gather'd clouds from land, 370
 Frighted the seas up, snatch'd into his hand
 His horrid trident, and aloft did toss,
 Of all the winds, all storms he could engross,
 All earth took into sea with clouds, grim Night
 Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light, 375
 The East and South winds justled in the air,
 The violent Zephyr, and North making-fair,
 Rolled up the waves before them. And then bent
 Ulysses' knees, then all his spirit was spent.
 In which despair, he thus spake : " Woe is me ! 380
 What was I born to, man of misery !
 Fear tells me now, that, all the Goddess said,
 Truth's self will author, that Fate would he paid
 Grief's whole sum due from me, at sea, before
 I reach'd the dear touch of my country's shore. 385
 With what clouds Jove heaven's heighten'd forehead
 binds!
 How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds !
 How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,
 And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps !
 Thus dreadful is the presence of our death. 390
 Thrice four times blest were they that sunk beneath
 Their fates at Troy, and did to nought contend
 But to renown Atrides with their end !

³⁶⁵ *Confines*—puts an end to.

³⁷¹ *Συναγείρω*—*Mendicando colligo*.—CHAPMAN.

I would to God, my hour of death and fate
 That day had held the power to terminate, 395
 When showers of darts my life bore undepress'd
 About divine Æacides deceased!
 Then had I been allotted to have died,
 By all the Greeks with funerals glorified,
 (Whence death, encouraging good life, had grown) 400
 Where now I die, by no man mourn'd nor known."
 This spoke, a huge wave took him by the head,
 And hurl'd him o'er board; ship and all it laid
 Inverted quite amidst the waves, but he
 Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about the sea, 405
 His stern still holding broken off, his mast
 Burst in the midst, so horrible a blast
 Of mix'd winds struck it. Sails and sail-yards fell
 Amongst the billows; and himself did dwell
 A long time under water, nor could get 410
 In haste his head out, wave with wave so met
 In his depression; and his garments too,
 Given by Calypso, gave him much to do,
 Hind'ring his swimming; yet he left not so
 His drenched vessel, for the overthrow 415
 Of her nor him, but gat at length again,
 Wrestling with Neptune, hold of her; and then
 Sat in her bulk, insulting over death,
 Which, with the salt stream press'd to stop his breath,
 He 'scap'd, and gave the sea again to give 420
 To other men. His ship so striv'd to live,
 Floating at randon, cuff'd from wave to wave.
 As you have seen the North wind when he drave

⁴¹⁹ *Prest*—ready.

⁴²² *Randon*—the old and etymological spelling.

In autumn heaps of thorn-fed Grasshoppers
 Hither and thither, one heap this way bears, 425
 Another that, and makes them often meet
 In his confus'd gales ; so Ulysses' fleet
 The winds hurl'd up and down ; now Boreas
 Toss'd it to Notus, Notus gave it pass
 To Eurus, Eurus Zephyr made it pursue 430
 The horrid tennis. This sport call'd the view
 Of Cadmus' daughter, with the narrow heel,
 Ino Leucothea, that first did feel
 A mortal dame's desires, and had a tongue,
 But now had th' honour to be nam'd among 435
 The marine Godheads. She with pity saw
 Ulysses justled thus from flaw to flaw,
 And, like a cormorant in form and flight,
 Rose from a whirl-pool, on the ship did light,
 And thus bespake him : " Why is Neptune thus 440
 In thy pursuit extremely furious,
 Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,
 Even to thy death ? He must not serve his will,
 Though 'tis his study. Let me then advise
 As my thoughts serve ; thou shalt not be unwise 445
 To leave thy weeds and ship to the commands
 Of these rude winds, and work out with thy hands
 Pass to Phæacia, where thy austere Fate
 Is to pursue thee with no more such hate.
 Take here this tablet, with this riband strung, 450
 And see it still about thy bosom hung ;
 By whose eternal virtue never fear
 To suffer thus again, nor perish here.
 But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,
 Then take it from thy neck, nor wear it more, 455

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

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

Patient Ulysses sigh'd at this, and stuck 460
In the conceit of such fair-spoken luck,
And said: "Alas! I must suspect even this,
Lest any other of the Deities

Add sleight to Neptune's force, to counsel me
To leave my vessel, and so far off see 465
The shore I aim at. Not with thoughts too clear
Will I obey her, but to me appear

These counsels best: As long as I perceive
My ship not quite dissolv'd, I will not leave
The help she may afford me, but abide, 470
And suffer all woes till the worst be tried.

When she is split, I'll swim. No miracle can,
Past near and clear means, move a knowing man."

While this discourse employ'd him, Neptune raised
A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seized 475
Him and his ship, and toss'd them through the lake.
As when the violent winds together take
Heaps of dry chaff, and hurl them every way;
So his long wood-stack Neptune strook astray.

Then did Ulysses mount on rib, perforce, 480
Like to a rider of a running horse,
To stay himself a time, while he might shift
His drenched weeds, that were Calypso's gift.

When putting straight Leucothea's amulet
About his neck, he all his forces set 485
To swim, and cast him prostrate to the seas.
When powerful Neptune saw the ruthless prease

Of perils siege him thus, he mov'd his head,
And this betwixt him and his heart he said :

“ So, now feel ill's enow, and struggle so, 490
Till to your Jove-lov'd islanders you row.
But my mind says, you will not so avoid
This last task too, but be with suff'rance cloy'd.”

This said, his rich-man'd horse he mov'd, and reach'd
His house at Ægas. But Minerva fetch'd 495
The winds from sea, and all their ways but one
Barr'd to their passage ; the bleak North alone
She set to blow, the rest she charg'd to keep
Their rages in, and bind themselves in sleep.
But Boreas still flew high to break the seas, 500
Till Jove-bred Ithacus the more with ease
The navigation-skill'd Phæacian states
Might make his refuge, Death and angry Fates
At length escaping. Two nights, yet, and days
He spent in wrestling with the sable seas ; 505
In which space, often did his heart propose
Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,
And threw the third light from her orient hair,
The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air,
Not one breath stirring. Then he might descry, 510
Rais'd by the high seas, clear, the land was nigh.
And then, look how to good sons that esteem
Their father's life dear, (after pains extreme,
Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long
Down to his bed, and with affections strong 515
Wasted his body, made his life his load,
As being inflicted by some angry God)
When on their prayers they see descend at length
Health from the heavens, clad all in spirit and strength,

The sight is precious ; so, since here should end 520
 Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend
 Health to his country, held to him his sire,
 And on which long for him disease did tire,
 And then, besides, for his own sake to see
 The shores, the woods so near, such joy had he, 525
 As those good sons for their recover'd sire.
 Then labour'd feet and all parts to aspire
 To that wish'd continent ; which when as near
 He came, as Clamour might inform an ear,
 He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred rocks, 530
 Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,
 That belch'd upon the firm land weeds and foam,
 With which were all things hid there, where no room
 Of fit capacity was for any port,
 Nor from the sea for any man's resort, 535
 The shores, the rocks, the cliffs, so prominent were.
 " O," said Ulysses then, " now Jupiter
 Hath given me sight of an unhop'd for shore,
 Though I have wrought these seas so long, so sore.
 Of rest yet no place shows the slend'rest prints, 540
 The rugged shore so bristled is with flints,
 Against which every way the waves so flock,
 And all the shore shows as one eminent rock,
 So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand
 Is there for any tired foot to stand, 545
 Nor fly his death-fast following miseries,
 Lest, if he land, upon him fore-right flies
 A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a cliff,
 Worse than vain rend'ring all his landing strife.
 And should I swim to seek a haven elsewhere, 550
 Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear

I shall be taken with a gale again,
 And cast a huge way off into the main ;
 And there the great Earth-shaker (having seen
 My so near landing, and again his spleen 555
 Forcing me to him) will some whale send out,
 (Of which a horrid number here about,
 His Amphitrite breeds) to swallow me.
 I well have prov'd, with what malignity
 He treads my steps. While this discourse he held, 560
 A curs'd surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd
 His naked body, which it gash'd and tore,
 And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
 Had cast him on it. But She prompted him,
 That never fail'd, and bade him no more swim 565
 Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,
 And hug the rock that him so rudely tore ;
 Which he with both hands sigh'd and clasp'd, till past
 The billow's rage was ; when 'scap'd, back so fast
 The rock repuls'd it, that it reft his hold, 570
 Sucking him from it, and far back he rolled.
 And as the polypus that (forc'd from home
 Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land come
 For shelter 'gainst the storms that beat on her
 At open sea, as she abroad doth err) 575
 A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones,
 Needfully gathers in her hollow bones ;
 So he forc'd hither by the sharper ill,
 Shunning the smoother, where he best hop'd, still
 The worst succeeded ; for the cruel friend, 580
 To which he cling'd for succour, off did rend
 From his broad hands the soaken flesh so sore,
 That off he fell, and could sustain no more.

Quite under water fell he ; and, past fate,
 Hapless Ulysses there had lost the state 585
 He held in life, if, still the grey-eyed Maid
 His wisdom prompting, he had not assay'd
 Another course, and ceas'd t' attempt that shore,
 Swimming, and casting round his eye t' explore
 Some other shelter. Then the mouth he found 590
 Of fair Callicoe's flood, whose shores were crown'd
 With most apt succours ; rocks so smooth they seem'd
 Polish'd of purpose ; land that quite redeem'd
 With breathless coverts th' others' blasted shores.
 The flood he knew, and thus in heart implores : 595
 " King of this river, hear ! Whatever name
 Makes thee invok'd, to thee I humbly frame
 My flight from Neptune's furies. Reverend is
 To all the ever-living Deities
 What erring man soever seeks their aid. 600
 To thy both flood and knees a man dismay'd
 With varied suff'rance sues. Yield then some rest
 To him that is thy suppliant profess'd."
 This, though but spoke in thought, the Godhead heard,
 Her current straight stay'd, and her thick waves clear'd
 Before him, smooth'd her waters, and, just where 606
 He pray'd half-drown'd, entirely saved him there.

Then forth he came, his both knees falt'ring, both
 His strong hands hanging down, and all with froth
 His cheeks and nostrils flowing, voice and breath 610
 Spent to all use, and down he sunk to death.
 The sea had soak'd his heart through ; all his veins

⁵⁹¹ *Callicoe's flood.*—The original is simply *ποταμοῖο κατὰ στόμα καλλιρόοιο*, at the mouth of a fair-flowing river. I presume Chapman meant the epithet for the name of the river, calling it *Callirrhoe*, not *Callicoe*, as it is printed in the folio.

His toils had rack'd t' a labouring woman's pains.
 Dead weary was he. But when breath did find
 A pass reciprocal, and in his mind 615
 His spirit was recollected, up he rose,
 And from his neck did th' amulet unloose,
 That Ino gave him ; which he hurl'd from him
 To sea. It sounding fell, and back did swim
 With th' ebbing waters, till it straight arriv'd 620
 Where Ino's fair hand it again receiv'd.
 Then kiss'd he th' humble earth ; and on he goes,
 Till bulrushes show'd place for his repose,
 Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soul :
 " O me, what strange perplexities control 625
 The whole skill of thy powers in this event !
 What feel I ? If till care-nurse night be spent
 I watch amidst the flood, the sea's chill breath,
 And vegetant dews, I fear will be my death,
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day 630
 A passing sharp air ever breathes at sea.
 If I the pitch of this next mountain scale,
 And shady wood, and in some thicket fall
 Into the hands of Sleep, though there the cold
 May well be check'd, and healthful slumbers hold 635
 Her sweet hand on my powers, all care allay'd,
 Yet there will beasts devour me. Best appaid
 Doth that course make me yet ; for there, some strife,
 Strength, and my spirit, may make me make for life ;
 Which, though impair'd, may yet be fresh applied, 640
 Where peril possible of escape is tried.
 But he that fights with heaven, or with the sea,

⁶¹³ ὦδ'εε of ὠδίνω, à partu doleo.—CHAPMAN. It is hardly necessary to observe that Chapman's fanciful derivation is wrong, ὦδ'εε being the imperfect of οἰδέω, tumeo.

To indiscretion adds impiety."

Thus to the woods he hasted ; which he found
 Not far from sea, but on far-seeing ground, 645
 Where two twin underwoods he enter'd on,
 With olive-trees and oil-trees overgrown ;
 Through which the moist force of the loud-voiced wind
 Did never beat, nor ever Phœbus shin'd,
 Nor shower beat through, they grew so one in one, 650
 And had, by turns, their power t' exclude the sun.
 Here enter'd our Ulysses ; and a bed
 Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance, spread
 With all his speed. Large he made it, for there
 For two or three men ample coverings were, 655
 Such as might shield them from the winter's worst,
 Though steel it breath'd, and blew as it would burst.

Patient Ulysses joy'd, that ever day
 Show'd such a shelter. In the midst he lay,
 Store of leaves heaping high on every side. 660
 And as in some out-field a man doth hide
 A kindled brand, to keep the seed of fire,
 No neighbour dwelling near, and his desire
 Serv'd with self store, he else would ask of none,
 But of his fore-spent sparks rakes th' ashes on ; 665
 So this out-place Ulysses thus receives,
 And thus nak'd virtue's seed lies hid in leaves.
 Yet Pallas made him sleep as soon as men
 Whom delicacies all their flatteries deign,
 And all that all his labours could comprise 670
 Quickly concluded in his closed eyes.

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



THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



HE much-sustaining, patient, heavenly
man,
Whom Toil and Sleep had worn so weak
and wan,

² Ὑπνῷ καὶ καμᾶτῳ ἀρημένος. *Somno et labore afflictus.*
Sleep (καταχρηστικῶς) for the want of sleep.

Thus won his rest. In mean space Pallas went
 To the Phæacian city, and descent
 That first did broad Hyperia's lands divide, 5
 Near the vast Cyclops, men of monstrous pride,
 That prey'd on those Hyperians, since they were
 Of greater power; and therefore longer there
 Divine Nausithous dwelt not, but arose,
 And did for Scheria all his powers dispose, 10
 Far from ingenious art-inventing men;
 But there did he erect a city then,
 First drew a wall round, then he houses builds,
 And then a temple to the Gods, the fields
 Lastly dividing. But he, stoop'd by Fate, 15
 Div'd to th' infernals; and Alcinous sate
 In his command, a man the Gods did teach
 Commanding counsels. His house held the reach
 Of grey Minerva's project, to provide
 That great-soul'd Ithacus might be supplied 20
 With all things fitting his return. She went
 Up to the chamber, where the fair descent
 Of great Alcinous slept; a maid, whose parts
 In wit and beauty wore divine deserts.
 Well deck'd her chamber was; of which the door 25
 Did seem to lighten, such a gloss it bore
 Betwixt the posts, and now flew ope to find
 The Goddess entry. Like a puft of wind
 She reach'd the virgin bed; near which there lay
 Two maids, to whom the Graces did convey 30
 Figure and manners. But above the head
 Of bright Nausicaa did Pallas tread
 The subtle air, and put the person on

²² Nausicaa.

Of Dymas' daughter, from comparison
 Exempt in business naval. Like his seed 35
 Minerva look'd now ; whom one year did breed
 With bright Nausicaa, and who had gain'd
 Grace in her love, yet on her thus complain'd :
 " Nausicaa ! Why bred thy mother one
 So negligent in rites so stood upon 40
 By other virgins ? Thy fair garments lie
 Neglected by thee, yet thy nuptials nigh ;
 When rich in all attire both thou shouldst be,
 And garments give to others honouring thee,
 That lead thee to the temple. Thy good name 45
 Grows amongst men for these things ; they inflame
 Father and reverend mother with delight.
 Come, when the Day takes any wink from Night,
 Let's to the river, and repurify
 Thy wedding garments. My society 50
 Shall freely serve thee for thy speedier aid,
 Because thou shalt no more stand on the maid.
 The best of all Phæacia woo thy grace,
 Where thou wert bred, and owest thyself a race.
 Up, and stir up to thee thy honour'd sire, 55
 To give thee mules and coach, thee and thy tire,
 Veils, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,
 To bear in state. It suits thy high-born blood,
 And far more fits thee, than to foot so far,
 For far from town thou knowst the bath-founts are." 60
 This said, away blue-eyed Minerva went
 Up to Olympus, the firm continent

³⁴ *From comparison exempt, &c.*—unrivalled in naval business.

³⁶ Intending Dymas' daughter.—CHAPMAN.

⁵² *Stand on the maid*—i. e. remain unmarried.

That bears in endless being the Deified kind,
 That's neither soused with showers, nor shook with wind,
 Nor chill'd with snow, but where Serenity flies 65
 Exempt from clouds, and ever-beamy skies
 Circle the glittering hill, and all their days
 Give the delights of blessed Deity praise.
 And hither Pallas flew, and left the maid,
 When she had all that might excite her said. 70
 Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
 Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
 To admiration took ; who no time spent
 To give the rapture of her vision vent
 To her lov'd parents, whom she found within. 75
 Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
 A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd ;
 Her maids about her. But she chanced to find
 Her father going abroad, to council call'd
 By his grave Senate. And to him exhaled 80
 Her smother'd bosom was : " Lov'd sire," said she,
 " Will you not now command a coach for me,
 Stately and complete, fit for me to bear
 To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
 Before repurified ? Yourself it fits 85
 To wear fair weeds, as every man that sits

⁷⁷ *A rock*—a distaff. Here it would seem the wool on the distaff.

⁸¹ This familiar and near wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father, joined with that virgin modesty expressed in her after, is much praised by the gravest of Homer's expositors ; with her father's loving allowance of it, knowing her shamefastness and judgment would not let her exceed at any part. Which note is here inserted, not as if this were more worthy the observation than other every-where strewed flowers of precept, but because this more generally pleasing subject may perhaps find more fitness for the stay of most readers.

In place of council. And five sons you have,
 Two wed, three bachelors, that must be brave
 In every day's shift, that they may go dance ;
 For these three last with these things must advance 90
 Their states in marriage, and who else but I,
 Their sister, should their dancing rites supply ?”

This general cause she show'd, and would not name
 Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.

He understood her yet, and thus replied : 95

“ Daughter ! nor these, nor any grace beside,
 I either will deny thee, or defer,
 Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
 Fitting at all parts. Go, my servants shall
 Serve thy desires, and thy command in all.” 100

The servants then commanded soon obey'd,
 Fetch'd coach, and mules join'd in it. Then the Maid
 Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
 All up in coach ; in which her mother plac'd
 A maund of victuals, varied well in taste, 105
 And other junkets. Wine she likewise fill'd
 Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
 Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
 Both for her daughter's, and her handmaid's, use,
 To soften their bright bodies, when they rose 110
 Cleans'd from their cold baths. Up to coach then goes
 Th' observed Maid, takes both the scourge and reins,
 And to her side her handmaid straight attains.
 Nor these alone, but other virgins, grac'd

¹⁰⁵ *Maund*—basket. (Anglo-Sax.) Still in use in Devonshire.

¹⁰⁶ *Junkets*—sweetmeats. Properly *juncate*, a cheesecake, or cream-cheese, from the Ital. *giuncata*, cheese so called because pressed and brought to market on *rushes* (*giunco*, Latin *juncus*, a rush).

The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy plac'd, 115
 Nausicaa scourg'd to make the coach-mules run,
 That neigh'd, and pac'd their usual speed, and soon
 Both maids and weeds brought to the river side,
 Where baths for all the year their use supplied,
 Whose waters were so pure they would not stain, 120
 But still ran fair forth, and did more remain
 Apt to purge stains, for that purg'd stain within,
 Which by the water's pure store was not seen.

These, here arriv'd, the mules uncoach'd, and drave
 Up to the gulfy river's shore, that gave 125
 Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then
 took

Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook ;
 Then put them into springs, and trod them clean
 With cleanly feet ; adventuring wagers then,
 Who should have soonest and most cleanly done. 130
 When having thoroughly cleans'd, they spread them on
 The flood's shore, all in order. And then, where
 The waves the pebbles wash'd, and ground was clear,
 They bath'd themselves, and all with glittering oil
 Smooth'd their white skins ; refreshing then their toil
 With pleasant dinner, by the river's side ; 136
 Yet still watch'd when the sun their clothes had dried.
 Till which time, having dined, Nausicaa
 With other virgins did at stool-ball play,
 Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by. 140
 Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,

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

¹³⁹ *Stool-ball*—Dr. Johnson tells us is a game where balls are driven from stool to stool. See however Strutt and Brand.

The liking stroke struck, singing first a song,
 As custom order'd, and amidst the throng
 Made such a show, and so past all was seen,
 As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving, Queen, 145
 Along the mountains gliding, either over
 Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover,
 Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chace,
 Or swift-hoved hart, and with her Jove's fair race,
 The field Nymphs, sporting ; amongst whom, to see
 How far Diana had priority, 151
 Though all were fair, for fairness yet of all,
 As both by head and forehead being more tall,
 Latona triumph'd, since the dullest sight
 Might eas'ly judge whom her pains brought to light ;
 Nausicaa so, whom never husband tamed, 156
 Above them all in all the beauties flamed.
 But when they now made homewards, and array'd,
 Ordering their weeds disorder'd as they play'd,
 Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought 160
 What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,
 That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,
 Whom she intended should become his aid,
 Bring him to town, and his return advance.
 Her mean was this, though thought a stool-ball chance :
 The queen now, for the upstroke, struck the ball 166
 Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
 Amidst the whirlpools. At which out shriek'd all,
 And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake ;

¹⁴⁹ *Swift-hoved*—with swift feet, *hooves*, or *hoofs*.

¹⁶⁵ The piety and wisdom of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the Sacred Letter) not the least of things he makes come to pass *sine Numinis providentiâ*. As Spondanus well notes of him.—CHAPMAN.

Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make 170
 That sudden outcry, and in mind thus striv'd :
 " On what a people am I now arriv'd ?
 At civil hospitable men, that fear
 The Gods ? Or dwell injurious mortals here ?
 Unjust, and churlish ? Like the female cry 175
 Of youth it sounds. What are they ? Nymphs bred high
 On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,
 In herby marshes, or in leafy woods ?
 Or are they high-spoke men I now am near ?
 I'll prove, and see." With this, the wary peer 180
 Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough
 Broke with his broad hand, which he did bestow
 In covert of his nakedness, and then
 Put hasty head out. Look how from his den
 A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued 185
 With drops of trees, and weather-beaten hued,
 Bold of his strength, goes on, and in his eye
 A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey
 On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
 His belly charging him, and he must part 190
 Stakes with the herdsman in his beast's attempt,
 Even where from rape their strengths are most exempt ;
 So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,
 Even to the home-fields of the country's breed
 Ulysses was to force forth his access, 195
 Though merely naked ; and his sight did press
 The eyes of soft-hair'd virgins. Horrid was
 His rough appearance to them ; the hard pass
 He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
 The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight, 200

¹⁹⁶ *Merely*—entirely. A common sense.

About the prominent windings of the flood.
 All but Nausicaa fled ; but she fast stood,
 Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
 And in her fair limbs tender fear compress'd.
 And still she stood him, as resolv'd to know 205
 What man he was, or out of what should grow
 His strange repair to them. And here was he
 Put to his wisdom ; if her virgin knee
 He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace ;
 Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace, 210
 In humblest suppliciance, if he might obtain
 Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
 Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
 The last he best thought, to be worth his own,
 In weighing both well ; to keep still aloof, 215
 And give with soft words his desires their proof,
 Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,
 He might incense her maiden modesty.
 This fair and fil'd speech then shew'd this was he :
 “ Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of thee,
 Are you of mortal, or the deified, race? 221
 If of the Gods, that th' ample heavens embrace,
 I can resemble you to none above
 So near as to the chaste-born birth of Jove,
 The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present, 225
 In grace of every God-like lineament,
 Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
 You promise of her very perfectness.
 If sprung of humans, that inhabit earth,
 Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth, 230

²¹⁹ *Fil'd*—filed, smooth, polished. This was a frequent expression as applied to speech.

Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts
 Must, even to rapture, bear delighted hearts,
 To see, so like the first trim of a tree,
 Your form adorn a dance. But most blest he,
 Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t' engage 235
 Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
 And deck his house with your commanding merit.
 I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
 Nor man, nor woman, I did ever see,
 At all parts equal to the parts in thee. 240
 T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
 My eyes, and apprehensive faculties.
 Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
 Arrived, that render'd me most wretched then,
 Now making me thus naked) I beheld 245
 The burthen of a palm, whose issue swell'd
 About Apollo's fane, and that put on
 A grace like thee; for Earth had never none
 Of all her sylvan issue so adorn'd.
 Into amaze my very soul was turn'd, 250
 To give it observation; as now thee
 To view, O virgin, a stupidity
 Past admiration strikes me, join'd with fear
 To do a suppliant's due, and press so near,
 As to embrace thy knees. Nor is it strange, 255
 For one of fresh and firmest spirit would change
 T' embrace so bright an object. But, for me,
 A cruel habit of calamity
 Prepared the strong impression thou hast made;
 For this last day did fly night's twentieth shade 260

²⁵² *Stupidity*—stupor, astonishment.

Since I, at length, escap'd the sable seas ;
 When in the mean time th' unrelenting prease
 Of waves and stern storms toss'd me up and down,
 From th' isle Ogygia. And now God hath thrown
 My wrack on this shore, that perhaps I may 265
 My miseries vary here ; for yet their stay,
 I fear, Heaven hath not order'd, though, before
 These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.
 O queen, deign pity then, since first to you
 My fate importunes my distress to vow. 270
 No other dame, nor man, that this Earth own,
 And neighbour city, I have seen or known.
 The town then show me ; give my nakedness
 Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas
 Linen or woollen you have brought to cleanse. 275
 God give you, in requital, all th' amends
 Your heart can wish, a husband, family,
 And good agreement. Nought beneath the sky
 More sweet, more worthy is, than firm consent
 Of man and wife in household government. 280
 It joys their wishers well, their enemies wounds,
 But to themselves the special good redounds."

She answer'd : " Stranger ! I discern in thee
 Nor sloth, nor folly, reigns ; and yet I see
 Th' art poor and wretched. In which I conclude, 285
 That industry nor wisdom make endued
 Men with those gifts that make them best to th' eye ;
 Jove only orders man's felicity.
 To good and bad his pleasure fashions still
 The whole proportion of their good and ill. 290
 And he perhaps hath form'd this plight in thee,
 Of which thou must be patient, as he free.

But after all thy wand'rings, since thy way,
 Both to our earth, and near our city, lay,
 As being expos'd to our cares to relieve, 295
 Weeds, and what else a human hand should give
 To one so suppliant and tamed with woe,
 Thou shalt not want. Our city I will show,
 And tell our people's name: This neighbour town,
 And all this kingdom, the Phæacians own. 300
 And (since thou seem'dst so fain to know my birth,
 And mad'st a question, if of heaven or earth,)
 This earth hath bred me; and my father's name
 Alcinous is, that in the power and frame
 Of this isle's rule is supereminent." 305

Thus, passing him, she to the virgins went,
 And said: "Give stay both to your feet and fright.
 Why thus disperse ye for a man's mere sight?
 Esteem you him a Cyclop, that long since
 Made use to prey upon our citizens? 310
 This man no moist man is, (nor wat'rish thing,
 That's ever flitting, ever ravishing
 All it can compass; and, like it, doth range
 In rape of women, never stay'd in change)
 This man is truly manly, wise, and stay'd, 315
 In soul more rich the more to sense decay'd,
 Who nor will do, nor suffer to be done,
 Acts lewd and abject; nor can such a one

³¹¹ Διερός βροτός. *Cui vitalis vel sensualis humiditas inest.*
 βροτός α ῥέω, ut dicatur quasi ῥοτός, i. e. ὁ ἐν ῥοῦ ὦν, quod nihil
 sit magis fluxum quam homo.—CHAPMAN.

³¹⁵ Ἄνηρ virili animo præditus, fortis, magnanimus. Nor are
 those affirmed to be men, qui servile quidpiam et abjectum faciunt,
 vel, facere sustinent: according to this of Herodotus in Polym.
 πολλοὶ μὲν ἄνθρωποι εἶεν, ὀλίγοι δὲ ἄνδρες. Many men's
 forms sustain, but few are men.—CHAPMAN.

Greet the Phæacians with a mind envious,
 Dear to the Gods they are, and he is pious. 320
 Besides, divided from the world we are,
 The out-part of it, billows circular
 The sea revolving round about our shore ;
 Nor is there any man that enters more
 Than our own countrymen, with what is brought 325
 From other countries. This man, minding nought
 But his relief, a poor unhappy wretch,
 Wrack'd here, and hath no other land to fetch,
 Him now we must provide for. From Jove come
 All strangers, and the needy of a home, 330
 Who any gift, though ne'er so small it be,
 Esteem as great, and take it gratefully.
 And therefore, virgins, give the stranger food,
 And wine ; and see ye bathe him in the flood,
 Near to some shore to shelter most inclin'd. 335
To cold bath bathers hurtful is the wind,
 Not only rugged making th' outward skin,
 But by his thin powers pierceth parts within.
 This said, their flight in a return they set,
 And did Ulysses with all grace entreat, 340
 Show'd him a shore, wind-proof, and full of shade,
 By him a shirt and utter mantle laid,
 A golden jug of liquid oil did add,
 Bad wash, and all things as Nausicaa bad.
 Divine Ulysses would not use their aid ; 345
 But thus bespake them : " Every lovely maid,

³²⁰ According to another translator :

*" Ab Jove nam supplex pauper procedit et hospes,
 Res brevis, at chara est, magni quoque muneris instar."*

Which I cite to show his good when he keeps him to the original,
 and near in any degree expounds it.—CHAPMAN.

Let me entreat to stand a little by,
 That I, alone, the fresh flood may apply
 To cleanse my bosom of the sea-wrought brine,
 And then use oil, which long time did not shine 350
 On my poor shoulders. I'll not wash in sight
 Of fair-hair'd maidens. I should blush outright,
 To bathe all bare by such a virgin light."

They moved, and mused a man had so much grace,
 And told their mistress what a man he was. 355

He cleans'd his broad soil'd shoulders, back, and head,
 Yet never tam'd, but now had foam and weed
 Knit in the fair curls. Which dissolv'd, and he
 Slick'd all with sweet oil, the sweet charity
 The untouch'd virgin show'd in his attire 360
 He cloth'd him with. Then Pallas put a fire,
 More than before, into his sparkling eyes,
 His late soil set off with his soon fresh guise.
 His locks, cleans'd, curl'd the more, and match'd, in power
 To please an eye, the hyacinthian flower. 365

And as a workman, that can well combine
 Silver and gold, and make both strive to shine,
 As being by Vulcan, and Minerva too,
 Taught how far either may be urg'd to go
 In strife of eminence, when work sets forth 370
 A worthy soul to bodies of such worth,

³⁴⁷ He taught their youths modesty by his aged judgment. As receiving the custom of maids then used to that entertainment of men, notwithstanding the modesty of that age, could not be corrupted inwardly, for those outward kind observations of guests and strangers, and was therefore privileged. It is easy to avoid show; and those, that most curiously avoid the outward construction, are ever most tainted with the inward corruption.—CHAPMAN.

³⁵⁹ *Slicht*—sleeked, made smooth.

No thought reproving th' act, in any place,
 Nor Art no debt to Nature's liveliest grace ;
 So Pallas wrought in him a grace as great
 From head to shoulders, and ashore did seat 375
 His goodly presence. To which such a guise
 He show'd in going, that it ravish'd eyes.

All which continued, as he sat apart,
 Nausicaa's eye struck wonder through her heart,
 Who thus bespake her consorts : " Hear me, you 380
 Fair-wristed virgins ! This rare man, I know,
 Treads not our country earth, against the will
 Of some God, throned on the Olympian hill.
 He show'd to me, till now, not worth the note,
 But now he looks as he had godhead got. 385

I would to heaven my husband were no worse,
 And would be call'd no better, but the course
 Of other husbands pleas'd to dwell out here.
 Observe and serve him with our utmost cheer."

She said ; they heard, and did. He drunk and eat
 Like to a harpy, having touch'd no meat 391
 A long before time. But Nausicaa now
 Thought of the more grace she did lately vow,
 Had horse to chariot join'd, and up she rose,
 Up cheer'd her guest, and said : " Guest, now dispose
 Yourself for town, that I may let you see 396
 My father's court, where all the peers will be
 Of our Phæacian state. At all parts, then,
 Observe to whom and what place y' are t' attain ;
 Though I need usher you with no advice, 400
 Since I suppose you absolutely wise.
 While we the fields pass, and men's labours there,
 So long, in these maids' guides, directly bear

Upon my chariot (I must go before
 For cause that after comes, to which this more 405
 Be my induction) you shall then soon end
 Your way to town, whose towers you see ascend
 To such a steepness. On whose either side
 A fair port stands, to which is nothing wide
 An enterer's passage; on whose both hands ride 410
 Ships in fair harbours; which once past, you win
 The goodly market-place (that circles in
 A fane to Neptune, built of curious stone,
 And passing ample) where munition,
 Gables, and masts, men make, and polish'd oars; 415
 For the Phæacians are not conquerors
 By bows nor quivers; oars, masts, ships they are
 With which they plough the sea, and wage their war.
 And now the cause comes why I lead the way,
 Not taking you to coach: The men, that sway 420
 In work of those tools that so fit our state,
 Are rude mechanicals, that rare and late
 Work in the market-place; and those are they
 Whose bitter tongues I shun, who straight would say,
 (For these vile vulgars are extremely proud, 425
 And foully-languag'd) 'What is he, allowed
 To coach it with Nausicaa, so large set,
 And fairly fashion'd? Where were these two met?
 He shall be sure her husband. She hath been
 Gadding in some place, and, of foreign men 430
 Fitting her fancy, kindly brought him home

⁴⁰⁷ The city's description so far forth as may in part, induce her promised reason, why she took not Ulysses to coach with her.—CHAPMAN.

⁴¹⁵ *Gables*—cables.

⁴²² *Rare*—early. Still in use in the West of England.

In her own ship. He must, of force, be come
 From some far region ; we have no such man.
 It may be, praying hard, when her heart ran
 On some wish'd husband, out of heaven some God 435
 Dropp'd in her lap ; and there lies she at road
 Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she,
 Ranging abroad, a husband, such as he
 Whom now we saw, laid hand on, she was wise,
 For none of all our nobles are of prize 440
 Enough for her ; he must beyond sea come,
 That wins her high mind, and will have her home.
 Of our peers many have importuned her,
 Yet she will none.' Thus these folks will confer
 Behind my back ; or, meeting, to my face 445
 The foul-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.
 And this would be reproaches to my fame,
 For, even myself just anger would inflame,
 If any other virgin I should see,
 Her parents living, keep the company 450
 Of any man to any end of love,
 Till open nuptials should her act approve.
 And therefore hear me, guest, and take such way,
 That you yourself may compass, in your stay,
 Your quick deduction by my father's grace, 455
 And means to reach the root of all your race.

We shall, not far out of our way to town,
 A never-fell'd grove find, that poplars crown,
 To Pallas sacred, where a fountain flows,
 And round about the grove a meadow grows, 460
 In which my father holds a manor house,
 Deck'd all with orchards, green, and odorous,

⁴³⁶ *Lies at road*—i. e. is moored.

As far from town as one may hear a shout.
 There stay, and rest your foot-pains, till full out
 We reach the city ; where, when you may guess 465
 We are arriv'd, and enter our access
 Within my father's court, then put you on
 For our Phæacian state, where, to be shown
 My father's house, desire. Each infant there
 Can bring you to it ; and yourself will clear 470
 Distinguish it from others, for no shows
 The city buildings make compar'd with those
 That king Alcinous' seat doth celebrate.
 In whose roofs, and the court (where men of state,
 And suitors sit and stay) when you shall hide, 475
 Straight pass it, ent'ring further, where abide
 My mother, with her withdrawn housewiferies,
 Who still sits in the fire-shine, and applies
 Her rock, all purple, and of pompous show,
 Her chair plac'd 'gainst a pillar, all a-row 480
 Her maids behind her set ; and to her here
 My father's dining throne looks, seated where
 He pours his choice of wine in, like a God.
 This view once past, for th' end of your abode,
 Address suit to my mother, that her mean 485
 May make the day of your redition seen,
 And you may frolic straight, though far away
 You are in distance from your wished stay.
 For, if she once be won to wish you well,
 Your hope may instantly your passport seal, 490
 And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,
 Fair house, and all to which your heart contends."

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

⁴⁷⁹ *Rock*—distaff.

⁴⁸⁶ *Reditio*—(Lat.) return.

Her mules, that soon the shore left where she wash'd,
 And, knowing well the way, their pace was fleet, 495
 And thick they gather'd up their nimble feet.
 Which yet she temper'd so, and used her scourge
 With so much skill, as not to over-urge
 The foot behind, and make them straggle so
 From close society. Firm together go 500
 Ulysses and her maids. And now the sun
 Sunk to the waters, when they all had won
 The never-fell'd, and sound-exciting, wood,
 Sacred to Pallas; where the god-like good
 Ulysses rested, and to Pallas pray'd: 505
 "Hear me, of goat-kept Jove th' unconquer'd Maid!
 Now throughly hear me, since, in all the time
 Of all my wrack, my prayers could never climb
 Thy far-off ears; when noiseful Neptune toss'd
 Upon his watry bristles my emboss'd 510
 And rock-torn body. Hear yet now, and deign
 I may of the Phæacian state obtain
 Pity, and grace." Thus pray'd he, and she heard,
 By no means yet, exposed to sight, appear'd,
 For fear t' offend her uncle, the supreme 515
 Of all the Sea-Gods, whose wrath still extreme
 Stood to Ulysses, and would never cease,
 Till with his country shore he crown'd his peace.

⁴⁹⁷ Not without some little note of our omnisufficient Homer's general touch of the least fitness lying in his way, may this courtly discretion he describes in Nausicaa be observed, if you please.—CHAPMAN.

⁵⁰⁶ More of our Poet's curious and sweet piety.—CHAPMAN.

⁵¹⁰ *Emboss'd*—covered with foam. Chapman here uses a hunting term. When the deer foamed at the mouth from fatigue, it was said to be *embossed*.



THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



HUS pray'd the wise and God-observing
man.

The Maid, by free force of her palfreys,
wan

Access to town, and the renowned court
Reach'd of her father ; where, within the port,
She stay'd her coach, and round about her came
Her brothers, made as of immortal frame,

Who yet disdain'd not, for her love, mean deeds,
 But took from coach her mules, brought in her weeds.
 And she ascends her chamber ; where purvey'd
 A quick fire was by her old chamber-maid, 10
 Eurymedusa, th' Aperæan born,
 And brought by sea from Apera t' adorn
 The court of great Alcinous, because
 He gave to all the blest Phæacians laws,
 And, like a heaven-born power in speech, acquired 15
 The people's ears. To one then so admired,
 Eurymedusa was esteem'd no worse
 Than worth the gift, yet now, grown old, was nurse
 To ivory-arm'd Nausicaa, gave heat
 To all her fires, and dress'd her privy meat. 20

Then rose Ulysses, and made way to town ;
 Which ere he reach'd, a mighty mist was thrown
 By Pallas round about him, in her care,
 Lest, in the sway of envies popular,
 Some proud Phæacian might foul language pass, 25
 Justle him up, and ask him what he was.

Ent'ring the lovely town yet, through the cloud
 Pallas appear'd, and like a young wench show'd
 Bearing a pitcher, stood before him so
 As if objected purposely to know 30
 What there he needed ; whom he question'd thus :

“ Know you not, daughter, where Alcinous,
 That rules this town, dwells ? I, a poor distress'd
 Mere stranger here, know none I may request
 To make this court known to me.” She replied : 35
 “ Strange father, I will see you satisfied

⁸ *Hæc fuit illius sæculi simplicitas : nam vel fraternus quoque amor tantus fuit, ut libenter hanc redeunti charissimæ sorori operam præstiterint. Spond.—CHAPMAN.*

In that request. My father dwells just by
 The house you seek for ; but go silently,
 Nor ask, nor speak to any other, I
 Shall be enough to show your way. The men 40
 That here inhabit do not entertain
 With ready kindness strangers, of what worth
 Or state soever, nor have taken forth
 Lessons of civil usage or respect
 To men beyond them. They, upon their powers 45
 Of swift ships building, top the wat'ry towers,
 And Jove hath given them ships, for sail so wrought,
 They cut a feather, and command a thought."

This said, she usher'd him, and after he
 Trod in the swift steps of the Deity. 50
 The free-sail'd seamen could not get a sight
 Of our Ulysses yet, though he forthright
 Both by their houses and their persons past,
 Pallas about him such a darkness cast
 By her divine power, and her reverend care, 55
 She would not give the town-born cause to stare.

He wonder'd, as he past, to see the ports ;
 The shipping in them ; and for all resorts
 The goodly market-steads ; and aisles beside
 For the heroës ; walls so large and wide ; 60
 Rampires so high, and of such strength withal,
 It would with wonder any eye appall.

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

⁴⁸ Νέες ὠκεῖαι ὡς εἰ πτερόν ἢ νόημα, *naves veloces veluti penna, atque cogitatio*.—CHAPMAN.

⁵⁹ *Market-steads*.—The composition *stead* meant place, thus *girdle-stead, gorget-stead, navel-stead, home-stead*. All which frequently occur in Chapman. *Aisles*—walks, *alleys*.

Your will, to show our ruler's house ; 'tis here ; 65
 Where you shall find kings celebrating cheer.
 Enter amongst them, nor admit a fear.
*More bold a man is, he prevails the more,
 Though man nor place he ever saw before.*

You first shall find the queen in court, whose name
 Is Arete, of parents born the same 71
 That was the king her spouse ; their pedigree
 I can report. The great Earth-shaker, he
 Of Peribœa (that her sex out-shone,
 And youngest daughter was t' Eurymedon, 75
 Who of th' unmeasur'd-minded giants sway'd
 Th' imperial sceptre, and the pride allay'd
 Of men so impious with cold death, and died
 Himself soon after) got the magnified
 In mind, Nausithous ; whom the kingdom's state 80
 First held in supreme rule. Nausithous gat
 Rhexenor, and Alcinous, now king.
 Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruit spring,
 And whom the silver-bow-grac'd Phœbus slew
 Young in the court) his shed blood did renew 85
 In only Arete, who now is spouse
 To him that rules the kingdom in this house,
 And is her uncle king Alcinous,
 Who honours her past equal. She may boast
 More honour of him than the honour'd most 90
 Of any wife in earth can of her lord,
 How many more soever, realms afford,

⁷² For the more perspicuity of this pedigree, I have here set down the diagram, as Spondanus hath it. Neptune begat Nausithous of Peribœa. By Nausithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous, were begot. By Rhexenor, Arete, the wife of her uncle Alcinous.—CHAPMAN.

⁹⁰ The honour of Arete (or virtue) alleg.—CHAPMAN.

That keep house under husbands. Yet no more
 Her husband honours her, than her blest store
 Of gracious children. All the city cast 95
 Eyes on her as a Goddess, and give taste
 Of their affections to her in their prayers,
 Still as she decks the streets ; for, all affairs
 Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.
 Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deign 100
 Goodness enough. If her heart stand inclin'd
 To your dispatch, hope all you wish to find,
 Your friends, your longing family, and all
 That can within your most affections fall."

This said, away the grey-eyed Goddess flew 105
 Along th' untamed sea, left the lovely hue
 Scheria presented, out flew Marathon,
 And ample-streeted Athens lighted on ;
 Where to the house, that casts so thick a shade,
 Of Erectheus she ingression made. 110

Ulysses to the lofty-built court
 Of king Alcinous made bold resort ;
 Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before
 The brazen pavement of the rich court bore
 His enter'd person. Like heaven's two main lights,
 The rooms illustrated both days and nights. 116
 On every side stood firm a wall of brass,
 Even from the threshold to the inmost pass,
 Which bore a roof up that all sapphire was.
 The brazen thresholds both sides did enfold 120
 Silver pilasters, hung with gates of gold ;
 Whose portal was of silver ; over which
 A golden cornice did the front enrich.

¹⁰⁹ *Casts so thick a shade*—*πυκινὸς spissus*.—CHAPMAN.

On each side, dogs, of gold and silver framed,
 The house's guard stood ; which the Deity lamed 125
 With knowing inwards had inspired, and made
 That death nor age should their estates invade.

Along the wall stood every way a throne,
 From th' entry to the lobby, every one
 Cast over with a rich-wrought cloth of state. 130
 Beneath which the Phæacian princes sate
 At wine and food, and feasted all the year.
 Youths forged of gold, at every table there,
 Stood holding flaming torches, that, in night,
 Gave through the house each honour'd guest his light.

And, to encounter feast with housewifery, 136
 In one room fifty women did apply
 Their several tasks. Some apple-colour'd corn
 Ground in fair querns, and some did spindles turn,
 Some work in looms ; no hand least rest receives, 140
 But all had motion, apt as aspen leaves.
 And from the weeds they wove, so fast they laid,
 And so thick thrust together thread by thread,
 That th' oil, of which the wool had drunk his fill,
 Did with his moisture in light dews distill. 145

As much as the Phæacian men excell'd
 All other countrymen in art to build
 A swift-sail'd ship ; so much the women there,
 For work of webs, past other women were.
 Past mean, by Pallas' means, they understood 150
 The grace of good works ; and had wits as good.

Without the hall, and close upon the gate,
 A goodly orchard-ground was situate,

¹²⁵ Vulcan.

¹³⁹ *Querns*—hand-mills. (Anglo-Sax. *cweorn*.)

Of near ten acres ; about which was led
A lofty quickset. In it flourished 155
High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore,
Sweet figs, pears, olives ; and a number more
Most useful plants did there produce their store,
Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,
Nor hottest summer wither. There was still 160
Fruit in his proper season all the year.
Sweet Zephyr breathed upon them blasts that were
Of varied tempers. These he made to bear
Ripe fruits, these blossoms. Pear grew after pear,
Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape, 165
Fig after fig came ; time made never rape
Of any dainty there. A spritely vine
Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine
Made ripe betimes ; here grew another green.
Here some were gathering, here some pressing seen.
A large-allotted several each fruit had ; 171
And all th' adorn'd grounds their appearance made
In flower and fruit, at which the king did aim
To the precisest order he could claim.

Two fountains graced the garden ; of which, one 175
Pour'd out a winding stream that over-run
The grounds for their use chiefly, th' other went
Close by the lofty palace gate, and lent
The city his sweet benefit. And thus
The Gods the court deck'd of Alcinous. 180

Patient Ulysses stood a while at gaze,
But, having all observed, made instant pace
Into the court ; where all the peers he found,
And captains of Phæacia, with cups crown'd,

Offering to sharp-eyed Hermes, to whom last 185
 They used to sacrifice, when sleep had cast
 His inclination through their thoughts. But these
 Ulysses past, and forth went; nor their eyes
 Took note of him, for Pallas stopp'd the light
 With mists about him, that, unstay'd, he might 190
 First to Alcinous, and Arete,
 Present his person; and, of both them, she,
 By Pallas counsel, was to have the grace
 Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace
 He cast about her knee. And then off flew 195
 The heavenly air that hid him. When his view,
 With silence and with admiration strook
 The court quite through; but thus he silence broke:
 "Divine Rhexenor's offspring, Arete,
 To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee, 200
 A man whom many labours have distress'd
 Is come for comfort, and to every guest.
 To all whom heaven vouchsafe delightsome lives,
 And after to your issue that survives
 A good resignation of the goods ye leave, 205
 With all the honour that yourselves receive
 Amongst your people. Only this of me
 Is the ambition; that I may but see
 (By your vouchsaf'd means, and betimes vouchsaf'd)
 My country earth; since I have long been left 210
 To labours, and to errors, barr'd from end,
 And far from benefit of any friend."

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

²¹¹ *Errors*—(Latin) wanderings.

Aside the fire. At last their silence brake, 215
And Echinëus, th' old heroë, spake ;
A man that all Phæacians pass'd in years,
And in persuasive eloquence all the peers,
Knew much, and used it well ; and thus spake he :

“ Alcinous ! It shews not decently, 220
Nor doth your honour what you see admit,
That this your guest should thus abjectly sit,
His chair the earth, the hearth his cushion,
Ashes as if apposed for food. A throne,
Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand 225
To see his person placed in, and command
That instantly your heralds fill in wine,
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine
We may do sacrifice ; for he is there,
Where these his reverend suppliants appear. 230
Let what you have within be brought abroad,
To sup the stranger. All these would have show'd
This fit respect to him, but that they stay
For your precedence, that should grace the way.”

When this had added to the well-inclined 235
And sacred order of Alcinous' mind,
Then of the great-in-wit the hand he seiz'd,
And from the ashes his fair person raised,
Advanced him to a well-adorned throne,
And from his seat raised his most loved son, 240
Laodamas, that next himself was set,
To give him place. The handmaid then did get
An ewer of gold, with water fill'd, which placed
Upon a caldron, all with silver graced,
She pour'd out on their hands. And then was spread
A table, which the butler set with bread, 246

As others served with other food the board,
 In all the choice the present could afford.
 Ulysses meat and wine took ; and then thus
 The king the herald call'd : " Pontonous ! 250
 Serve wine through all the house, that all may pay
 Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way
 With humble suppliants, and them pursues
 With all benign and hospitable dues."
 Pontonous gave act to all he will'd, 255
 And honey-sweetness-giving-minds wine fill'd,
 Disposing it in cups for all to drink.
 All having drunk what either's heart could think
 Fit for due sacrifice, Alcinous said :
 " Hear me, ye dukes that the Phæacians lead, 260
 And you our counsellors, that I may now
 Discharge the charge my mind suggests to you,
 For this our guest : Feast past, and this night's sleep,
 Next morn, our senate summon'd, we will keep
 Justs, sacred to the Gods, and this our guest 265
 Receive in solemn court with fitting feast ;
 Then think of his return, that, under hand
 Of our deduction, his natural land
 (Without more toil or care, and with delight,
 And that soon given him, how far hence dissite 270
 Soever it can be) he may ascend ;
 And in the mean time without wrong attend,
 Or other want, fit means to that ascent.
 What, after, austere Fates shall make th' event

²⁵⁶ The word that bears this long epithet is translated only *dulce* : which signifies more. *Μελίφρονα οἶνον ἐκίονα* : *Vinum quod melleâ dulcedine animum perfundit, et oblectat.*—CHAPMAN.

²⁶⁵ *Justs*—games, tournaments. (French *jouste*.)

²⁷⁰ *Dissite*—distant, sundered apart.

²⁷³ Ascent to his country's shore.—CHAPMAN.

Of his life's thread, now spinning, and began 275
 When his pain'd mother freed his root of man,
 He must endure in all kinds. If some God
 Perhaps abides with us in his abode,
 And other things will think upon than we,
 The Gods' wills stand, who ever yet were free 280
 Of their appearance to us, when to them
 We offer'd hecatombs of fit esteem,
 And would at feast sit with us, even where we
 Order'd our session. They would likewise be
 Encount'ers of us, when in way alone 285
 About his fit affairs went any one.
 Nor let them cloak themselves in any care
 To do us comfort, we as near them are,
 As are the Cyclops, or the impious race
 Of earthy giants, that would heaven outface." 290
 Ulysses answer'd; " Let some other doubt
 Employ your thoughts than what your words give out,
 Which intimate a kind of doubt that I
 Should shadow in this shape a Deity.

²⁸⁹ Eustathius will have this comparison of the Phæacians with the Giants and Cyclops to proceed out of the inveterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cause (as is before said) of their remove from their country; and with great endeavour labours the approbation of it; but (under his peace) from the purpose: for the sense of the Poet is clear, that the Cyclops and Giants being in part the issue of the Gods, and yet afterward their defiers, (as Polyp. hereafter dares profess) Antinous (out of bold and manly reason, even to the face of one that might have been a God, for the past manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and the rest in him, that if they graced those Cyclops with their open appearance, that, though descended from them, durst yet deny them, they might much more do them the honour of their open presence that adored them.—CHAPMAN.

I bear no such least semblance, or in wit, 295
 Virtue, or person. What may well befit
 One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know
 Bears up and down the burthen of the woe
 Appropriate to poor man, give that to me ;
 Of whose moans I sit in the most degree, 300
 And might say more, sustaining griefs that all
 The Gods consent to ; no one 'twixt their fall
 And my unpitied shoulders letting down
 The least diversion. Be the grace then shown,
 To let me taste your free-given food in peace. 305
Through greatest grief the belly must have ease.
Worse than an envious belly nothing is.
 It will command his strict necessities,
 Of men most grieved in body or in mind,
 That are in health, and will not give their kind 310
 A desperate wound. When most with cause I grieve,
 It bids me still, Eat, man, and drink, and live ;
 And this makes all forgot. Whatever ill
 I ever bear it ever bids me fill.
 But this ease is but forc'd, and will not last, 315
 Till what the mind likes be as well embrac'd ;
 And therefore let me wish you would partake
 In your late purpose ; when the morn shall make
 Her next appearance, deign me but the grace,
 Unhappy man, that I may once embrace 320
 My country earth. Though I be still thrust at
 By ancient ills, yet make me but see that,
 And then let life go, when withal I see
 My high-roof'd large house, lands, and family."

This all approved ; and each will'd every one, 325
 Since he hath said so fairly, set him gone.

Feast past and sacrifice, to sleep all vow
 Their eyes at either's house. Ulysses now
 Was left here with Alcinous, and his queen,
 The all-loved Arete. The handmaids then 330
 The vessel of the banquet took away.
 When Arete set eye on his array ;
 Knew both his out and under weed, which she
 Made with her maids ; and mused by what means he
 Obtain'd their wearing ; which she made request 335
 To know, and wings gave to these speeches : " Guest !
 First let me ask, what, and from whence you are ?
 And then, who grac'd you with the weeds you wear ?
 Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas,
 And thence arrived here ?" Laertides 340
 To this thus answer'd : " 'Tis a pain, O queen,
 Still to be opening wounds wrought deep and green,
 Of which the Gods have opened store in me ;
 Yet your will must be served. Far hence, at sea,
 There lies an isle, that bears Ogygia's name, 345
 Where Atlas' daughter, the ingenious dame,
 Fair-hair'd Calypso lives ; a Goddess grave,
 And with whom men nor Gods society have ;
 Yet I, past man unhappy, lived alone,
 By Heaven's wrath forced, her house companion. 350
 For Jove had with a fervent lightning cleft
 My ship in twain, and far at black sea left
 Me and my soldiers ; all whose lives I lost.
 I in mine arms the keel took, and was tost
 Nine days together up from wave to wave. 355
 The tenth grim night, the angry Deities drave
 Me and my wrack on th' isle, in which doth dwell
 Dreadful Calypso ; who exactly well

Received and nourish'd me, and promise made
 To make me deathless, nor should age invade 360
 My powers with his deserts through all my days.
 All moved not me, and therefore, on her stays,
 Seven years she made me lie ; and there spent I
 The long time, steeping in the misery
 Of ceaseless tears the garments I did wear, 365
 From her fair hand. The eighth revolved year
 (Or by her changed mind, or by charge of Jove)
 She gave provok'd way to my wish'd remove,
 And in a many-jointed ship, with wine
 Dainty in savour, bread, and weeds divine, 370
 Sign'd, with a harmless and sweet wind, my pass.
 Then seventeen days at sea I homeward was,
 And by the eighteenth the dark hills appear'd
 That your earth thrusts up. Much my heart was
 cheer'd,
 Unhappy man, for that was but a beam, 375
 To show I yet had agonies extreme
 To put in suff'rance, which th' Earth-shaker sent,
 Crossing my way with tempests violent,
 Unmeasured seas up-lifting, nor would give
 The billows leave to let my vessel live 380
 The least time quiet, that even sigh'd to bear
 Their bitter outrage, which, at last, did tear
 Her sides in pieces, set on by the winds.
 I yet through-swum the waves that your shore binds,
 Till wind and water threw me up to it ; 385
 When, coming forth, a ruthless billow smit
 Against huge rocks, and an accessless shore,
 My mangl'd body. Back again I bore,

³⁶² *On her stays*—by her staying me.

And swum till I was fall'n upon a flood,
 Whose shores, methought, on good advantage stood
 For my receipt, rock-free, and fenc'd from wind ; 391
 And this I put for, gathering up my mind.
 Then the divine night came, and treading earth,
 Close by the flood that had from Jove her birth,
 Within a thicket I reposed ; when round 395
 I ruffled up fall'n leaves in heap ; and found,
 Let fall from heaven, a sleep interminate.
 And here my heart, long time excruciate,
 Amongst the leaves I rested all that night,
 Even till the morning and meridian light. 400
 The sun declining then, delightful sleep
 No longer laid my temples in his steep,
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see
 Your daughter's maids play. Like a Deity
 She shined above them ; and I pray'd to her, 405
 And she in disposition did prefer
 Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low than might
 Become the goodness of a Goddess' height.
 Nor would you therefore hope, supposed distrest
 As I was then, and old, to find the least 410
 Of any grace from her, being younger far.
With young folks Wisdom makes her commerce rare.
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow
 Both wine, that makes the blood in humans grow,
 And food, and bath'd me in the flood, and gave 415
 The weeds to me which now ye see me have.
 This through my griefs I tell you, and 'tis true."

Alcinous answer'd : " Guest ! my daughter knew

⁴¹⁴ *Αἴθοψ οἶνος, Vinum calefaciendi vim habens.*—CHAPMAN.

Least of what most you give her ; nor became
 The course she took, to let with every dame 420
 Your person lackey ; nor hath with them brought
 Yourself home too ; which first you had besought."

" O blame her not," said he, " heroical lord,
 Nor let me hear against her worth a word.
 She faultless is, and wish'd I would have gone 425
 With all her women home, but I alone
 Would venture my receipt here, having fear
 And reverend awe of accidents that were
 Of likely issue ; both your wrath to move,
 And to enflame the common people's love 430
 Of speaking ill, to which they soon give place.
We men are all a most suspicious race."

" My guest," said he, " I use not to be stirr'd
 To wrath too rashly ; and where are preferr'd 435
 To men's conceits things that may both ways fail,
 The noblest ever should the most prevail.
 Would Jove our Father, Pallas, and the Sun,
 That, were you still as now, and could but run
 One fate with me, you would my daughter wed,
 And be my son-in-law, still vow'd to lead 440
 Your rest of life here ! I a house would give,
 And household goods, so freely you would live,
 Confined with us. But 'gainst your will shall none
 Contain you here, since that were violence done
 To Jove our father. For your passage home, 445
 That you may well know we can overcome
 So great a voyage, thus it shall succeed :
 To-morrow shall our men take all their heed,
 While you securely sleep, to see the seas
 In calmest temper, and, if that will please, 450

Show you your country and your house ere night,
 Though far beyond Eubœa be that sight.
 And this Eubœa, as our subjects say
 That have been there and seen, is far away,
 Farthest from us of all the parts they know ; 455
 And made the trial when they help'd to row
 The gold-lock'd Rhadamanth, to give him view
 Of earth-born Tityus ; whom their speeds did show
 In that far-off Eubœa, the same day
 They set from hence ; and home made good their way
 With ease again, and him they did convey. 461
 Which I report to you, to let you see
 How swift my ships are, and how matchlessly
 My young Phæacians with their oars prevail,
 To beat the sea through, and assist a sail." 465
 This cheer'd Ulysses, who in private pray'd :
 " I would to Jove our Father, what he said,
 He could perform at all parts ; he should then
 Be glorified for ever, and I gain
 My natural country." This discourse they had ; 470
 When fair-arm'd Arete her handmaids bad
 A bed make in the portico, and ply
 With clothes, the covering tapestry,
 The blankets purple ; well-napp'd waistcoats too,
 To wear for more warmth. What these had to do, 475
 They torches took and did. The bed purvey'd,
 They moved Ulysses for his rest, and said :
 " Come guest, your bed is fit, now frame to rest."
 Motion of sleep was gracious to their guest ;
 Which now he took profoundly, being laid 480
 Within a loop-hole tower, where was convey'd

The sounding portico. The king took rest
 In a retired part of the house ; where drest
 The queen her self a bed, and trundlebed,
 And by her lord reposed her reverend head.

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

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

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



THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



OW when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
The sacred power Alcinous did dispose
Did likewise rise ; and, like him, left his
ease

The city-razer Laertiades.

The Council at the navy was design'd ;
To which Alcinous, with the sacred mind,

Came first of all. On polish'd stones they sate,
 Near to the navy. To increase the state,
 Minerva took the herald's form on her,
 That served Alcinous, studious to prefer 10
 Ulysses' suit for home. About the town
 She made quick way, and fill'd with the renown
 Of that design the ears of every man,
 Proclaiming thus: "Peers Phæacensian!
 And men of council, all haste to the court, 15
 To hear the stranger that made late resort
 To king Alcinous, long time lost at sea,
 And is in person like a Deity."

This all their powers set up, and spirit instill'd,
 And straight the court and seats with men were fill'd.
 The whole state wonder'd at Laertes' son, 21
 When they beheld him. Pallas put him on
 A supernatural and heavenly dress,
 Enlarged him with a height, and goodliness
 In breast and shoulders, that he might appear 25
 Gracious, and grave, and reverend, and bear
 A perfect hand on his performance there
 In all the trials they resolv'd t' impose.

All met, and gather'd in attention close,
 Alcinous thus bespake them: "Dukes, and lords, 30
 Hear me digest my hearty thoughts in words.
 This stranger here, whose travels found my court,
 I know not, nor can tell if his resort
 From east or west comes; but his suit is this:
 That to his country earth we would dismiss 35
 His hither-forced person, and doth bear
 The mind to pass it under every peer;

³⁷ *To pass it under every peer, &c.*—desires to lay it before every peer, for his assistance, advice, &c.

Whom I prepare, and stir up, making known
 My free desire of his deduction.
 Nor shall there ever any other man 40
 That tries the goodness Phæacensian
 In me, and my court's entertainment, stay,
 Mourning for passage, under least delay.
 Come then, a ship into the sacred seas,
 New-built, now launch we ; and from out our prease 45
 Choose two and fifty youths, of all, the best
 To use an oar. All which see straight impress'd,
 And in their oar-bound seats. Let others hie
 Home to our court, commanding instantly
 The solemn preparation of a feast, 50
 In which provision may for any guest
 Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things
 I give our youth. You, sceptre-bearing kings,
 Consort me home, and help with grace to use
 This guest of ours ; no one man shall refuse. 55
 Some other of you haste, and call to us
 The sacred singer, grave Demodocus,
 To whom hath God given song that can excite
 The heart of whom he listeth with delight."
 This said, he led. The sceptre-bearers lent 60
 Their free attendance ; and with all speed went
 The herald for the sacred man in song.
 Youths two and fifty, chosen from the throng,
 Went, as was will'd, to the untam'd sea's shore ;
 Where come, they launch'd the ship, the mast it bore
 Advanc'd, sails hoised, every seat his oar 66
 Gave with a leather thong. The deep moist then
 They further reach'd. The dry streets flow'd with men,

³⁹ *Deduction*—conveyance home. See *infra*, 202.

That troop'd up to the king's capacious court,
 Whose porticos were chok'd with the resort, 70
 Whose walls were hung with men, young, old, thrust
 there

In mighty concourse ; for whose promis'd cheer
 Alcinous slew twelve sheep, eight white-tooth'd swine,
 Two crook-haunch'd beeves ; which flay'd and dress'd,
 divine

The show was of so many a jocund guest, 75
 All set together at so set a feast.

To whose accomplish'd state the herald then
 The lovely singer led ; who past all mean
 The Muse affected, gave him good, and ill,
 His eyes put out, but put in soul at will. 80

His place was given him in a chair all grac'd
 With silver studs, and 'gainst a pillar placed ;
 Where, as the centre to the state, he rests,
 And round about the circle of the guests.

The herald on a pin above his head 85
 His soundful harp hung, to whose height he led
 His hand for taking of it down at will,
 A board set by with food, and forth did fill
 A bowl of wine, to drink at his desire.

The rest then fell to feast, and, when the fire 90
 Of appetite was quench'd, the Muse inflam'd
 The sacred singer. Of men highest fam'd
 He sung the glories, and a poem penn'd,
 That in applause did ample heaven ascend.

Whose subject was, the stern Contention 95
 Betwixt Ulysses and great Thetis' son,
 As, at a banquet sacred to the Gods,
 In dreadful language they express'd their odds.

When Agamemnon sat rejoic'd in soul
 To hear the Greek peers jar in terms so foul ; 100
 For augur Phœbus in presage had told
 The king of men (desirous to unfold
 The war's perplex'd end, and being therefore gone
 In heavenly Pythia to the porch of stone,
 That then the end of all griefs should begin 105
 'Twixt Greece, and Troy, when Greece (with strife to win
 That wish'd conclusion) in her kings should jar,
 And plead, if force or wit must end the war.

This brave Contention did the poet sing,
 Expressing so the spleen of either king, 110
 That his large purple weed Ulysses held
 Before his face and eyes, since thence distill'd
 Tears uncontain'd ; which he obscur'd, in fear
 To let th' observing presence note a tear.
 But, when his sacred song the mere divine 115
 Had given an end, a goblet crown'd with wine
 Ulysses, drying his wet eyes, did seize,
 And sacrificed to those Gods that would please
 T' inspire the poet with a song so fit
 To do him honour, and renown his wit. 120
 His tears then stay'd. But when again began,
 By all the kings' desires, the moving man,
 Again Ulysses could not choose but yield
 To that soft passion, which again, withheld,
 He kept so cunningly from sight, that none, 125
 Except Alcinous himself alone,

¹¹⁵ *Mere*—entire. This word occurs so frequently in both the Iliad and Odyssey, that there will be no further necessity to notice it.

¹¹⁷ The continued piety of Ulysses through all places, times, and occasions.—CHAPMAN.

Discern'd him mov'd so much. But he sat next,
 And heard him deeply sigh ; which his pretext
 Could not keep hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
 His utterance of it, and would have it held 130
 From all the rest, brake off the song, and this
 Said to those oar-affecting peers of his :

“ Princes, and peers ! We now are satiate
 With sacred song that fits a feast of state,
 With wine and food. Now then to field, and try 135
 In all kinds our approv'd activity,
 That this our guest may give his friends to know,
 In his return, that we as little owe
 To fights and wrestlings, leaping, speed of race,
 As these our court-rites ; and commend our grace 140
 In all to all superior.” Forth he led,
 The peers and people troop'd up to their head.
 Nor must Démodocus be left within ;
 Whose harp the herald hung upon the pin,
 His hand in his took, and abroad he brought 145
 The heavenly poet, out the same way wrought
 That did the princes, and what they would see
 With admiration, with his company
 They wish'd to honour. To the place of game
 These throng'd ; and after routs of other came, 150
 Of all sort, infinite. Of youths that strove,
 Many and strong rose to their trial's love.
 Up rose Acroneus, and Ocyalus,
 Elatreus, Prynneus, and Anchialus,

¹⁵⁴ Since the Phæacians were not only dwellers by sea, but studious also of sea qualities : their names seem to usurp their faculties therein. All consisting of sea-faring signification, except Laodamas. As Acroneus, *summa seu extrema navis pars*. Ocyalus, *velox in mari*. Elatreus, or Ἐλατήρ, ἔλατῆρος, *Remex*, &c.—CHAPMAN.

Nauteus, Eretmeus, Thoon, Proreus, 155
 Ponteus, and the strong Amphialus
 Son to Tectonides Polyneus.
 Up rose to these the great Euryalus,
 In action like the Homicide of War.
 Naubolides, that was for person far 160
 Past all the rest, but one he could not pass,
 Nor any thought improve, Laodamas.
 Up Anabesineus then arose ;
 And three sons of the Sceptre-state, and those
 Were Halius, the fore-praised Laodamas, 165
 And Clytoneus like a God in grace.
 These first the foot-game tried, and from the lists
 Took start together. Up the dust in mists
 They hurl'd about, as in their speed they flew ;
 But Clytoneus first of all the crew 170
 A stitch's length in any fallow field
 Made good his pace ; when, where the judges yield
 The prise and praise, his glorious speed arriv'd.
 Next, for the boisterous wrestling game they striv'd ;
 At which Euryalus the rest outshone. 175
 At leap Amphialus. At the hollow stone
 Elatreus excell'd. At buffets, last,
 Laodamas, the king's fair son, surpast.

When all had striv'd in these assays their fill,
 Laodamas said : “ Come friends, let's prove what skill
 This stranger hath attain'd to in our sport. 181
 Methinks, he must be of the active sort,
 His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show
 That Nature disposition did bestow
 To fit with fact their form. Nor wants he prime. 185

¹⁵⁹ Mars.

¹⁶⁴ *Sceptre-state*—king, viz. Alcinous.

But sour affliction, made a mate with time,
 Makes time the more seen. Nor imagine I,
 A worse thing to enforce debility
 Than is the sea, though nature ne'er so strong
 Knits one together." "Nor conceive you wrong," 190
 Replied Euryalus, "but prove his blood
 With what you question." In the midst then stood
 Renown'd Laodamas, and prov'd him thus :

"Come, stranger father, and assay with us
 Your powers in these contentions. If your show 195
 Be answer'd with your worth, 'tis fit that you
 Should know these conflicts. Nor doth glory stand
 On any worth more, in a man's command,
 Than to be strenuous both of foot and hand.
 Come then, make proof with us, discharge your mind
 Of discontentments ; for not far behind 201
 Comes your deduction, ship is ready now,
 And men, and all things." "Why," said he, "dost thou
 Mock me, Laodamas, and these strifes bind
 My powers to answer? I am more inclin'd 205
 To cares than conflict. Much sustain'd I have,
 And still am suffering. I come here to crave,
 In your assemblies, means to be dismiss'd,
 And pray both kings and subjects to assist."

Euryalus an open brawl began, 210
 And said : "I take you, sir, for no such man
 As fits these honour'd strifes. A number more
 Strange men there are that I would choose before.
 To one that loves to lie a ship-board much,

²⁰² The word is *πομπή* signifying: *deductio, qua transvehendum curamus eum qui nobiscum aliquandiu est versatus.*

Or is the prince of sailors ; or to such 215
 As traffic far and near, and nothing mind
 But freight, and passage, and a foreright wind ;
 Or to a victualler of a ship ; or men
 That set up all their powers for rampant gain ;
 I can compare, or hold you like to be : 220
 But, for a wrestler, or of quality
 Fit for contentions noble, you abhor
 From worth of any such competitor.”
 Ulysses, frowning, answer'd : “ Stranger, far
 Thy words are from the fashions regular 225
 Of kind, or honour. Thou art in thy guise
 Like to a man that authors injuries.
 I see, the Gods to all men give not all
 Manly addiction, wisdom, words that fall,
 Like dice, upon the square still. Some man takes 230
 Ill form from parents, but God often makes
 That fault of form up with observ'd repair
 Of pleasing speech, that makes him held for fair,
 That makes him speak securely, makes him shine
 In an assembly with a grace divine. 235
 Men take delight to see how evenly lie
 His words astep in honey modesty.
 Another, then, hath fashion like a God,
 But in his language he is foul and broad.
 And such art thou. A person fair is given, 240
 But nothing else is in thee sent from heaven ;
 For in thee lurks a base and earthy soul,
 And t' hast compell'd me, with a speech most foul,
 To be thus bitter. I am not unseen
 In these fair strifes, as thy words overween, 245

²²⁷ Ἀτάσθαλος *damnorum magnorum auctor*.—CHAPMAN.
 VOL. I. ODYSSEY. N

But in the first rank of the best I stand ;
 At least I did, when youth and strength of hand
 Made me thus confident, but now am worn
 With woes and labours, as a human born
 To bear all anguish. Suffer'd much I have. 250
 The war of men, and the inhuman wave,
 Have I driven through at all parts. But with all
 My waste in sufferance, what yet may fall
 In my performance, at these strifes I'll try.
 Thy speech hath mov'd, and made my wrath run
 high."

This said, with robe and all, he grasp'd a stone, 256
 A little graver than was ever thrown
 By these Phæacians in their wrestling rout,
 More firm, more massy ; which, turn'd round about,
 He hurried from him with a hand so strong 260
 It sung, and flew, and over all the throng,
 That at the others' marks stood, quite it went ;
 Yet down fell all beneath it, fearing spent
 The force that drave it flying from his hand,
 As it a dart were, or a walking wand ; 265
 And far past all the marks of all the rest
 His wing stole way ; when Pallas straight impress'd
 A mark at fall of it, resembling then
 One of the navy-given Phæacian men,
 And thus advanc'd Ulysses : " One, though blind, 270
 O stranger, groping, may thy stone's fall find,
 For not amidst the rout of marks it fell,
 But far before all. Of thy worth think well,
 And stand in all strifes. No Phæacian here
 This bound can either better or come near." 275

²⁵⁷ *Graver*—(Latin) heavier.

Ulysses joy'd to hear that one man yet
 Used him benignly, and would truth abet
 In those contentions ; and then thus smooth
 He took his speech down : " Reach me that now, youth,
 You shall, and straight, I think, have one such more, 280
 And one beyond it too. And now, whose core
 Stands sound and great within him, since ye have
 Thus put my spleen up, come again and brave
 The guest ye tempted, with such gross disgrace,
 At wrestling, buffets, whirlbat, speed of race ; 285
 At all, or either, I except at none,
 But urge the whole state of you ; only one,
 I will not challenge in my forced boast,
 And that's Laodamas, for he's mine host.
 And who will fight, or wrangle, with his friend ? 290
 Unwise he is, and base, that will contend
 With him that feeds him, in a foreign place ;
 And takes all edge off from his own sought grace.
 None else except I here, nor none despise,
 But wish to know, and prove his faculties, 295
 That dares appear now. No strife ye can name
 Am I unskill'd in ; reckon any game
 Of all that are, as many as there are
 In use with men. For archery I dare
 Affirm myself not mean. Of all a troop 300
 I'll make the first foe with mine arrow stoop,

²⁸¹ *Core*—(Fr. cœur) heart.

²⁸⁹ He names Laodamas only for all the other brothers ; since in his exception, the other's envies were curbed : for brothers either are or should be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas, he calls his host, being eldest son to Alcinous : the heir being ever the young master ; nor might he conveniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, since he stood not in competition at these contentions.—CHAPMAN.

Though with me ne'er so many fellows bend
 Their bows at mark'd men, and affect their end.
 Only was Philoctetes with his bow
 Still my superior, when we Greeks would show 305
 Our archery against our foes of Troy.
 But all, that now by bread frail life enjoy,
 I far hold my inferiors. Men of old,
 None now alive shall witness me so bold,
 To vaunt equality with, such men as these, 310
 Æchalian Eurytus, Hercules,
 Who with their bows durst with the Gods contend ;
 And therefore caught Eurytus soon his end,
 Nor died at home, in age, a reverend man,
 But by the great incensed Delphian 315
 Was shot to death, for daring competence
 With him in all an archer's excellence.
 A spear I'll hurl as far as any man
 Shall shoot a shaft. How at a race I can
 Bestir my feet, I only yield to fear, 320
 And doubt to meet with my superior here.
 So many seas so too much have misused
 My limbs for race, and therefore have diffused
 A dissolution through my loved knees."
 This said, he still'd all talking properties ; 325
 Alcinous only answer'd : " O my guest,
 In good part take we what you have been prest
 With speech to answer. You would make appear
 Your virtues therefore, that will still shine where
 Your only look is. Yet must this man give 330
 Your worth ill language ; when, he does not live
 In sort of mortals (whencesoe'er he springs,

³¹⁵ Apollo.³²⁷ *Prest.*—See Bk. IX. 124.

That judgment hath to speak becoming things)
 That will deprave your virtues. Note then now
 My speech, and what my love presents to you, 335
 That you may tell heroës, when you come
 To banquet with your wife and birth at home,
 (Mindful of our worth) what deservings Jove
 Hath put on our parts likewise, in remove
 From sire to son, as an inherent grace 340
 Kind, and perpetual. We must needs give place
 To other countrymen, and freely yield
 We are not blameless in our fights of field,
 Buffets, nor wrestlings; but in speed of feet,
 And all the equipage that fits a fleet, 345
 We boast us best; for table ever spread
 With neighbour feasts, for garments varied,
 For poesy, music, dancing, baths, and beds.
 And now, Phæacians, you that bear your heads
 And feet with best grace in enamouring dance, 350
 Enflame our guest here, that he may advance
 Our worth past all the world's to his home friends,
 As well for the unmatched grace that commends
 Your skill in footing of a dance, as theirs
 That fly a race best. And so, all affairs, 355
 At which we boast us best, he best may try,
 As sea-race, land-race, dance, and poesy.
 Some one with instant speed to court retire,
 And fetch Demodocus's soundful lyre."

This said the God-graced king; and quick resort 360
 Pontonous made for that fair harp to court.

Nine of the lot-choos'd public rulers rose,
 That all in those contentions did dispose,
 Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,

And all the people in fair game aside. 365
 Then with the rich harp came Pontonous,
 And in the midst took place Demodocus.
 About him then stood forth the choice young men,
 That on man's first youth made fresh entry then,
 Had art to make their natural motion sweet, 370
 And shook a most divine dance from their feet,
 That twinkled star-like, mov'd as swift, and fine,
 And beat the air so thin, they made it shine.
 Ulysses wonder'd at it, but amaz'd
 He stood in mind to hear the dance so phras'd. 375
 For, as they danc'd, Demodocus did sing,
 The bright-crown'd Venus' love with Battle's King ;
 As first they closely mixed in th' house of fire.
 What worlds of gifts won her to his desire,
 Who then the night-and-day-bed did defile 380
 Of good king Vulcan. But in little while
 The Sun their mixture saw, and came and told.
 The bitter news did by his ears take hold
 Of Vulcan's heart. Then to his forge he went,
 And in his shrewd mind deep stuff did invent. 385
 His mighty anvil in the stock he put,
 And forged a net that none could lose or cut,
 That when it had them it might hold them fast.
 Which having finish'd, he made utmost haste
 Up to the dear room where his wife he woo'd, 390
 And, madly wrath with Mars, he all bestrow'd
 The bed, and bed-posts, all the beam above
 That cross'd the chamber ; and a circle strove

³⁶⁸ *Μαρμαρυγὰς ποδῶν. Μαρμαρυγή signifies splendor vibrans; a twinkled splendor: μαρμαρύσσειν, vibrare veluti radios solares.—CHAPMAN.*

Of his device to wrap in all the room.
 And 'twas as pure, as of a spider's loom 395
 The woof before 'tis woven. No man nor God
 Could set his eye on it, a sleight so odd
 His art show'd in it. All his craft bespent
 About the bed, he feign'd as if he went
 To well-built Lemnos, his most loved town 400
 Of all towns earthly ; nor left this unknown
 To golden-bridle-using Mars, who kept
 No blind watch over him, but, seeing stept
 His rival so aside, he hasted home
 With fair-wreath'd Venus' love stung, who was come
 New from the court of her most mighty Sire. 406
 Mars enter'd, wrung her hand, and the retire
 Her husband made to Lemnos told, and said :
 " Now, love, is Vulcan gone, let us to bed,
 He's for the barbarous Sintians." Well appay'd 410
 Was Venus with it ; and afresh assay'd
 Their old encounter. Down they went ; and straight
 About them cling'd the artificial sleight
 Of most wise Vulcan ; and were so ensnar'd,
 That neither they could stir their course prepar'd 415
 In any limb about them, nor arise.
 And then they knew, they would no more disguise
 Their close conveyance, but lay, forc'd, stone still.
 Back rush'd the both-foot-cook'd, but straight in skill,
 From his near scout-hole turn'd, nor ever went 420
 To any Lemnos, but the sure event
 Left Phœbus to discover, who told all.
 Then home hopp'd Vulcan, full of grief and gall,

⁴¹⁹ *Both-foot-cook'd.*—Perhaps we ought to read *both-foot-crook'd.*

Stood in the portal, and cried out so high,
 That all the Gods heard: "Father of the sky 425
 And every other deathless God," said he,
 "Come all, and a ridiculous object see,
 And yet not sufferable neither. Come,
 And witness how, when still I step from home,
 Lame that I am, Jove's daughter doth profess 430
 To do me all the shameful offices,
 Indignities, despites, that can be thought;
 And loves this all-things-making-come-to-nought,
 Since he is fair forsooth, foot-sound, and I
 Took in my brain a little, legg'd awry; 435
 And no fault mine, but all my parent's fault,
 Who should not get, if mock me, with my halt.
 But see how fast they sleep, while I, in moan,
 Am only made an idle looker on.
 One bed their turn serves, and it must be mine; 440
 I think yet, I have made their self-loves shine.
 They shall no more wrong me, and none perceive;
 Nor will they sleep together, I believe,
 With too hot haste again. Thus both shall lie
 In craft, and force, till the extremity 445
 Of all the dower I gave her sire (to gain
 A dogged set-fac'd girl, that will not stain
 Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)
 He pays me back. She's fair, but was no maid."
 While this long speech was making, all were come
 To Vulcan's wholly-brazen-founded home, 451
 Earth-shaking Neptune, useful Mercury,
 And far-shot Phœbus. No She-Deity,
 For shame, would show there. All the give-good Gods
 Stood in the portal, and past periods 455

Gave length to laughters, all rejoic'd to see
 That which they said, that no impiety
 Finds good success at th' end. "And now," said one,
 "The slow outgoes the swift. Lame Vulcan, known
 To be the slowest of the Gods, outgoes 460
 Mars the most swift. And this is that which grows
 To greatest justice: that adult'ry's sport,
 Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort
 (And lame craft too) is plagued, which grieves the more,
 That sound limbs turning lame the lame restore." 465

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

He soon gave that an answer: "O," said he, 470
 "Thou king of archers, would 'twere thus with me.
 Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite
 Were pour'd about me, and that every light,
 In great heaven shining, witness'd all my harms,
 So golden Venus slumber'd in mine arms." 475

The Gods again laugh'd; even the Wat'ry State
 Wrung out a laughter, but propitiate
 Was still for Mars, and pray'd the God of Fire
 He would dissolve him, offering the desire
 He made to Jove to pay himself, and said, 480
 All due debts should be by the Gods repaid.

"Pay me, no words," said he, "where deeds lend
 pain,
 Wretched the words are given for wretched men.

⁴⁶⁵ Intending the sound of foot, when they outgo the soundest.
 CHAPMAN.

⁴⁷⁶ *Watery State*—Neptune.

How shall I bind you in th' Immortals' sight,
If Mars be once loos'd, nor will pay his right?" 485

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

"Your word, so given, I must accept," said he.
Which said, he loos'd them. Mars then rush'd from sky,
And stoop'd cold Thrace. The laughing Deity 490
For Cyprus was, and took her Paphian state,
Where she a grove, ne'er cut, had consecrate,
All with Arabian odours fum'd, and hath
An altar there, at which the Graces bathe,
And with immortal balms besmooth her skin, 495
Fit for the bliss Immortals solace in;
Deck'd her in to-be-studied attire,
And apt to set beholders' hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred muse, whose notes and words
The dancers' feet kept as his hands his cords. 500
Ulysses much was pleased, and all the crew.

This would the king have varied with a new
And pleasing measure, and performed by
Two, with whom none would strive in dancery;
And those his sons were, that must therefore dance 505
Alone, and only to the harp advance,
Without the words. And this sweet couple was
Young Halius, and divine Laodamas;
Who danc'd a ball dance. Then the rich-wrought
ball,
That Polybus had made, of purple all, 510
They took to hand. One threw it to the sky,
And then danc'd back; the other, capering high,

⁴⁸⁵ This is τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως, &c. *Parva magnè dicere*;
grave sentence out of lightest vapour.—CHAPMAN.

Would surely catch it ere his foot touch'd ground,
 And up again advanc'd it, and so found
 The other cause of dance ; and then did he 515
 Dance lofty tricks, till next it came to be
 His turn to catch, and serve the other still.
 When they had kept it up to either's will,
 They then danced ground tricks, oft mix'd hand in
 hand,

And did so gracefully their change command, 520
 That all the other youth that stood at pause,
 With deaf'ning shouts, gave them the great applause.

Then said Ulysses : " O, past all men here
 Clear, not in power, but in desert as clear,
 You said your dancers did the world surpass, 525
 And they perform it clear, and to amaze."

This won Alcinous' heart, and equal prize
 He gave Ulysses, saying : " Matchless wise,
 Princes and rulers, I perceive our guest,
 And therefore let our hospitable best 530
 In fitting gifts be given him : Twelve chief kings
 There are that order all the glorious things
 Of this our kingdom ; and, the thirteenth, I
 Exist, as crown to all. Let instantly
 Be thirteen garments given him, and of gold 535
 Precious, and fine, a talent. While we hold
 This our assembly, be all fetch'd, and given,
 That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heaven,
 Our guest may enter. And, that nothing be
 Left unperform'd that fits his dignity, 540

Euryalus shall here conciliate
 Himself with words and gifts, since past our rate
 He gave bad language." This did all commend

And give in charge ; and every king did send
 His herald for his gift. Euryalus, 545
 Answering for his part, said : “ Alcinous !
 Our chief of all, since you command, I will
 To this our guest by all means reconcile,
 And give him this entirely-metall’d sword,
 The handle massy silver, and the board 550
 That gives it cover all of ivory,
 New, and in all kinds worth his quality.”

This put he straight into his hand, and said :
 “ Frolic, O guest and father ; if words fled 555
 Have been offensive, let swift whirlwinds take
 And ravish them from thought. May all Gods make
 Thy wife’s sight good to thee, in quick retreat
 To all thy friends, and best-loved breeding seat,
 Their long miss quitting with the greater joy ;
 In whose sweet vanish all thy worst annoy.” 560

“ And frolic thou to all height, friend,” said he,
 “ Which heaven confirm with wish’d felicity ;
 Nor ever give again desire to thee
 Of this sword’s use, which with affects so free,
 In my reclaim, thou hast bestow’d on me.” 565

This said, athwart his shoulders he put on
 The right fair sword ; and then did set the sun.
 When all the gifts were brought, which back again
 (With king Alcinous in all the train)
 Were by the honour’d heralds borne to court ; 570
 Which his fair sons took, and from the resort
 Laid by their reverend mother. Each his throne
 Of all the peers (which yet were overshadowed
 In king Alcinous’ command) ascended ;
 Whom he to pass as much in gifts contended, 575

And to his queen said : “ Wife ! See brought me here
 The fairest cabinet I have, and there
 Impose a well-cleans'd in, and utter, weed.
 A caldron heat with water, that with speed
 Our guest well bath'd, and all his gifts made sure, 580
 It may a joyful appetite procure
 To his succeeding feast, and make him hear
 The poet's hymn with the securer ear.
 To all which I will add my bowl of gold,
 In all frame curious, to make him hold 585
 My memory always dear, and sacrifice
 With it at home to all the Deities.”

Then Arete her maids charg'd to set on
 A well-sized caldron quickly. Which was done,
 Clear water pour'd in, flame made so entire, 590
 It gilt the brass, and made the water fire.
 In mean space, from her chamber brought the queen
 A wealthy cabinet, where, pure and clean,
 She put the garments, and the gold bestow'd
 By that free state, and then the other vow'd 595
 By her Alcinous, and said : “ Now, guest,
 Make close and fast your gifts, lest, when you rest
 A-ship-board sweetly, in your way you meet
 Some loss, that less may make your next sleep sweet.”

This when Ulysses heard, all sure he made, 600
 Enclosed and bound safe ; for the saving trade
 The reverend-for-her-wisdom, Circe, had
 In foreyears taught him. Then the handmaid bad
 His worth to bathing ; which rejoic'd his heart,
 For since he did with his Calypso part, 605
 He had no hot baths ; none had favour'd him,
 Nor been so tender of his kingly limb.

But all the time he spent in her abode,
He lived respected as he were a God.

Cleans'd then and balm'd, fair shirt and robe put on,
Fresh come from bath, and to the feasters gone, 611
Nausicaa, that from the Gods' hands took
The sovereign beauty of her blessed look,
Stood by a well-carv'd column of the room,
And through her eye her heart was overcome 615
With admiration of the port impress'd
In his aspect, and said: "God save you, guest!
Be cheerful, as in all the future state
Your home will show you in your better fate.
But yet, even then, let this remember'd be, 620
Your life's price I lent, and you owe it me."

The varied-in-all-counsels gave reply:
"Nausicaa! Flower of all this empery!
So Juno's husband, that the strife for noise
Makes in the clouds, bless me with strife of joys, 625
In the desired day that my house shall show,
As I, as I to a Goddess there shall vow,
To thy fair hand that did my being give,
Which I'll acknowledge every hour I live."

This said, Alcinous plac'd him by his side. 630
Then took they feast, and did in parts divide
The several dishes, fill'd out wine, and then
The strived-for-for-his-worth of worthy men,
And reverenc'd-of-the-state, Demodocus
Was brought in by the good Pontonous. 635
In midst of all the guests they gave him place,
Against a lofty pillar, when this grace

⁶³³ Ἐπίηρον ἀοιδόν, *Poetam cujus hominibus digna est societas.*
CHAPMAN.

The grac'd-with-wisdom did him : From the chine,
That stood before him, of a white-tooth'd swine,
Being far the daintiest joint, mixed through with fat,
He carv'd to him, and sent it where he sat 641
By his old friend the herald, willing thus :
“ Herald, reach this to grave Demodocus,
Say, I salute him, and his worth embrace.
Poets deserve, past all the human race, 645
Reverend respect and honour, since the queen
Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men,
The Muse, informs them, and loves all their race.”

This reach'd the herald to him, who the grace
Received encouraged ; which, when feast was spent, 650
Ulysses amplified to this ascent :

“ Demodocus ! I must prefer you far,
Past all your sort, if, or the Muse of war,
Jove's daughter, prompts you, that the Greeks respects,
Or if the Sun, that those of Troy affects. 655
For I have heard you, since my coming, sing
The fate of Greece to an admired string.
How much our suff'rance was, how much we wrought,
How much the actions rose to when we fought.
So lively forming, as you had been there, 660
Or to some free relater lent your ear.
Forth then, and sing the wooden horse's frame,
Built by Epeus, by the martial Dame
Taught the whole fabric ; which, by force of sleight,
Ulysses brought into the city's height, 665
When he had stuff'd it with as many men
As levell'd lofty Ilion with the plain.
With all which if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quick and elegant

You sung the rest, I will pronounce you clear 670
 Inspired by God, past all that ever were."

This said, even stirr'd by God up, he began,
 And to his song fell, past the form of man,
 Beginning where the Greeks aship-board went,
 And every chief had set on fire his tent, 675
 When th' other kings, in great Ulysses guide,
 In Troy's vast market place the horse did hide,
 From whence the Trojans up to Ilion drew
 The dreadful engine. Where sat all arew
 Their kings about it; many counsels given 680
 How to dispose it. In three ways were driven
 Their whole distractions. First, if they should feel
 The hollow wood's heart, search'd with piercing steel;
 Or from the battlements drawn higher yet
 Deject it headlong; or that counterfeit 685
 So vast and novel set on sacred fire,
 Vow'd to appease each anger'd Godhead's ire.
 On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
 They then should have resolved; th' unalter'd law
 Of fate presaging, that Troy then should end, 690
 When th' hostile horse she should receive to friend,
 For therein should the Grecian kings lie hid,
 To bring the fate and death they after did.

He sung, besides, the Greeks' eruption
 From those their hollow crafts, and horse forgone; 695
 And how they made depopulation tread
 Beneath her feet so high a city's head.
 In which affair, he sung in other place,
 That of that ambush some man else did race
 The Ilion towers than Laertiades; 700

But here he sung, that he alone did seize,
 With Menelaus, the ascended roof
 Of prince Deiphobus, and Mars-like proof
 Made of his valour, a most dreadful fight
 Daring against him ; and there vanquish'd quite, 705
 In little time, by great Minerva's aid,
 All Ilion's remnant, and Troy level laid.
 This the divine expressor did so give
 Both act and passion, that he made it live,
 And to Ulysses' facts did breathe a fire 710
 So deadly quick'ning, that it did inspire
 Old death with life, and render'd life so sweet,
 And passionate, that all there felt it fleet ;
 Which made him pity his own cruelty,
 And put into that ruth so pure an eye 715
 Of human frailty, that to see a man
 Could so revive from death, yet no way can
 Defend from death, his own quick powers it made
 Feel there death's horrors, and he felt life fade
 In tears his feeling brain swet ; for, in things 720
 That move past utterance, tears ope all their springs.
 Nor are there in the powers that all life bears
 More true interpreters of all than tears.
 And as a lady mourns her sole-loved lord,
 That fall'n before his city by the sword, 725
 Fighting to rescue from a cruel fate
 His town and children, and in dead estate

⁷⁰¹ As by the divine fury directly inspired so, for Ulysses' glory.—CHAPMAN.

⁷¹¹ In that the slaughters he made were expressed so lively.
CHAPMAN.

⁷²⁰ Τήκετο Ὀδυσσεύς. Τήκω, metaph. signifying, *consumo*, *tabesco*.—CHAPMAN.

Yet panting seeing him, wraps him in her arms,
 Weeps, shrieks, and pours her health into his arms,
 Lies on him, striving to become his shield 736
 From foes that still assail him, spears impell'd
 Through back and shoulders, by whose points embrued,
 They raise and lead him into servitude,
 Labour, and languor ; for all which the dame
 Eats down her cheeks with tears, and feeds life's flame
 With miserable suff'rance ; so this king 736
 Of tear-sweet anguish op'd a boundless spring ;
 Nor yet was seen to any one man there
 But king Alcinous, who sat so near
 He could not 'scape him, sighs, so choked, so brake
 From all his tempers ; which the king did take 741
 Both note and grave respect of, and thus spake :
 " Hear me, Phæacian counsellors and peers,
 And cease Demodocus ; perhaps all ears
 Are not delighted with his song, for, ever 745
 Since the divine Muse sung, our guest hath never
 Contain'd from secret mournings. It may fall,
 That something sung he hath been grieved withal,
 As touching his particular. Forbear,
 That feast may jointly comfort all hearts here, 750
 And we may cheer our guest up ; 'tis our best
 In all due honour. For our reverend guest
 Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
 His love hath added to our festival.
 A guest, and suppliant too, we should esteem 755
 Dear as our brother, one that doth but dream
 He hath a soul, or touch but at a mind

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

Deathless and manly, should stand so inclined.
 Nor cloak you longer with your curious wit,
 Loved guest, what ever we shall ask of it. 760
 It now stands on your honest state to tell,
 And therefore give your name, nor more conceal
 What of your parents, and the town that bears
 Name of your native, or of foreigners
 That near us border, you are call'd in fame. 765
 There's no man living walks without a name,
 Noble nor base, but had one from his birth
 Imposed as fit as to be borne. What earth,
 People, and city, own you, give to know.
 Tell but our ships all, that your way must show. 770
 For our ships know th' expressed minds of men,
 And will so most intently retain
 Their scopes appointed, that they never err,
 And yet use never any man to steer,
 Nor any rudders have, as others need. 775
 They know men's thoughts, and whither tends their speed,
 And there will set them ; for you cannot name
 A city to them, nor fat soil, that Fame
 Hath any notice given, but well they know,
 And will fly to them, though they ebb and flow 780
 In blackest clouds and nights ; and never bear
 Of any wrack or rock the slend'rest fear.
 But this I heard my sire Nausithous say
 Long since, that Neptune, seeing us convey

⁷⁷⁷ This *τερατολογία* or *affirmation of miracles*, how impossible soever in these times assured, yet in those ages they were neither absurd nor strange. Those inanimate things having (it seemed) certain Genii, in whose powers, they supposed, their ships faculties. As others have affirmed oaks to have sense of hearing ; and so the ship of Argos was said to have a mast made of Dodonean oak, that was vocal, and could speak.—CHAPMAN.

So safely passengers of all degrees, 785
 Was angry with us ; and upon our seas
 A well-built ship we had, near harbour come
 From safe deduction of some stranger home,
 Made in his flitting billows stick stone still ;
 And dimm'd our city, like a mighty hill 790
 With shade cast round about it. This report,
 The old king made ; in which miraculous sort,
 If God had done such things, or left undone,
 At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,
 And truth relate us, both [from] whence you err'd, 795
 And to what clime of men would be transferr'd,
 With all their fair towns, be they as they are,
 If rude, unjust, and all irregular,
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
 The mighty Deity. Which one of these 800
 You would be set at, say, and you are there.
 And therefore what afflicts you ? Why, to hear
 The fate of Greece and Ilion, mourn you so ?
 The Gods have done it ; as to all they do
 Destine destruction, that from thence may rise 805
 A poem to instruct posterities.
 Fell any kinsman before Ilion ?
 Some worthy sire-in-law, or like-near son,
 Whom next our own blood and self-race we love ?
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move 810
 A knowing soul, and no displeasing thing ?
 Since such a good one is no underling
 To any brother ; for, what fits true friends,
 True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends.

⁷⁹² Intending his father Nausithous.—CHAPMAN.

⁷⁹⁵ [From].—The metre would require this word.



THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

'Ιῶτα. The strangely fed
Lotophagi.
The Cicons fled.
The Cyclop's eye.



ULYSSES thus resolv'd the king's demands:
“ Alcinous, in whom this empire stands,
You should not of so natural right disherit
Your princely feast, as take from it the
spirit.

To hear a poet, that in accent brings 5
The Gods' breasts down, and breathes them as he sings,
Is sweet, and sacred ; nor can I conceive,
In any common-weal, what more doth give

Note of the just and blessed empery,
 Than to see comfort universally 10
 Cheer up the people, when in every roof
 She gives observers a most human proof
 Of men's contents. To see a neighbour's feast
 Adorn it through ; and thereat hear the breast
 Of the divine Muse ; men in order set ; 15
 A wine-page waiting ; tables crown'd with meat,
 Set close to guests that are to use it skill'd ;
 The cup-boards furnish'd, and the cups still fill'd ;
 This shows, to my mind, most humanely fair.
 Nor should you, for me, still the heavenly air, 20
 That stirr'd my soul so ; for I love such tears
 As fall from fit notes, beaten through mine ears
 With repetitions of what heaven hath done,
 And break from hearty apprehension
 Of God and goodness, though they show my ill. 25
 And therefore doth my mind excite me still,
 To tell my bleeding moan ; but much more now,
 To serve your pleasure, that to over-flow
 My tears with such cause may by sighs be driven,
 Though ne'er so much plagued I may seem by heaven.
 And now my name ; which way shall lead to all 31
 My miseries after, that their sounds may fall
 Through your ears also, and show (having fled
 So much affliction) first, who rests his head
 In your embraces, when, so far from home, 35
 I knew not where t' obtain it resting room.
 I am Ulysses Laertiades,
 The fear of all the world for policies,
 For which my facts as high as heaven resound.
 I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd, 40

All over-shadow'd with the shake-leaf hill,
 Tree-famed Neritus ; whose near confines fill
 Islands a number, well inhabited,
 That under my observance taste their bread ;
 Dulichius, Samos, and the full-of-food 45
 Zacynthus, likewise graced with store of wood.
 But Ithaca, though in the seas it lie,
 Yet lies she so aloft she casts her eye
 Quite over all the neighbour continent ;
 Far northward situate, and, being lent 50
 But little favour of the morn and sun,
 With barren rocks and cliffs is over-run ;
 And yet of hardy youths a nurse of name ;
 Nor could I see a soil, where'er I came,
 More sweet and wishful. Yet, from hence was I 55
 Withheld with horror by the Deity,
 Divine Calypso, in her cavy house,
 Enflamed to make me her sole lord and spouse.
 Circe Ææa too, that knowing dame,
 Whose veins the like affections did enflame, 60
 Detain'd me likewise. But to neither's love
 Could I be tempted ; which doth well approve,
 Nothing so sweet is as our country's earth,
 And joy of those from whom we claim our birth.
 Though roofs far richer we far off possess, 65
 Yet, from our native, all our more is less.
 To which as I contended, I will tell
 The much-distress-conferring facts that fell
 By Jove's divine prevention, since I set

⁴¹ *Εἰνοσίφυλλον, quatientem seu agitantem frondes.*—CHAPMAN.

⁴⁵ *Quædam quibus corpus alitur et vita sustentatur ὕλη appellatur.*—CHAPMAN.

⁶³ *Amor patriæ.*—CHAPMAN.

⁶⁹ *Prevention*—anticipation.

From ruin'd Troy my first foot in retreat. 70
 From Ilion ill winds cast me on the coast
 The Cicons hold, where I employ'd mine host
 For Ismarus, a city built just by
 My place of landing ; of which victory
 Made me expugner. I depeopled it, 75
 Slew all the men, and did their wives remit,
 With much spoil taken ; which we did divide,
 That none might need his part. I then applied
 All speed for flight ; but my command therein,
 Fools that they were, could no observance win 80
 Of many soldiers, who, with spoil fed high,
 Would yet fill higher, and excessively
 Fell to their wine, gave slaughter on the shore
 Cloven-footed beeves and sheep in mighty store.
 In mean space, Cicons did to Cicons cry, 85
 When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
 Many and better soldiers made strong head,
 That held the continent, and managed
 Their horse with high skill, on which they would fight,
 When fittest cause served, and again alight, 90
 With soon seen vantage, and on foot contend.
 Their concourse swift was, and had never end ;
 As thick and sudden 'twas, as flowers and leaves
 Dark spring discovers, when she light receives.
 And then began the bitter Fate of Jove 95
 To alter us unhappy, which even strove
 To give us suff'rance. At our fleet we made
 Enforced stand ; and there did they invade
 Our thrust-up forces ; darts encounter'd darts,
 With blows on both sides ; either making parts 100

⁹⁴ After night, in the first of the morning.—CHAPMAN.

Good upon either, while the morning shone,
 And sacred day her bright increase held on,
 Though much out-match'd in number; but as soon
 As Phœbus westward fell, the Cicons won
 Much hand of us; six proved soldiers fell, 105
 Of every ship, the rest they did compell
 To seek of Flight escape from Death and Fate.

Thence sad in heart we sail'd; and yet our state
 Was something cheer'd, that (being o'er-match'd somuch
 In violent number) our retreat was such 110
 As saved so many. Our dear loss the less,
 That they survived, so like for like success.

Yet left we not the coast, before we call'd
 Home to our country earth the souls exhal'd
 Of all the friends the Cicons overcame. 115

Thrice call'd we on them by their several name,
 And then took leave. Then from the angry North
 Cloud-gathering Jove a dreadful storm call'd forth
 Against our navy, cover'd shore and all
 With gloomy vapours. Night did headlong fall 120
 From frowning heaven. And then hurl'd here and there
 Was all our navy; the rude winds did tear

In three, in four parts, all their sails; and down
 Driven under hatches were we, prest to drown.
 Up rush'd we yet again, and with tough hand 125
 (Two days, two nights, entoil'd) we gat near land,
 Labours and sorrows eating up our minds.

The third clear day yet, to more friendly winds
 We masts advanced, we white sails spread, and sate.
 Forewinds and guides again did iterate 130

¹¹⁶ The ancient custom of calling home the dead.—CHAPMAN.

¹²⁴ *Prest*—ready.

Our ease and home-hopes ; which we clear had reach'd,
 Had not, by chance, a sudden north-wind fetch'd,
 With an extreme sea, quite about again
 Our whole endeavours, and our course constrain
 To giddy round, and with our bow'd sails greet 135
 Dreadful Maleia, calling back our fleet
 As far forth as Cythera. Nine days more
 Adverse winds toss'd me ; and the tenth, the shore,
 Where dwelt the blossom-fed Lotophagi,
 I fetch'd, fresh water took in, instantly 140
 Fell to our food aship-board, and then sent
 Two of my choice men to the continent
 (Adding a third, a herald) to discover
 What sort of people were the rulers over
 The land next to us. Where, the first they met, 145
 Were the Lotophagi, that made them eat
 Their country diet, and no ill intent
 Hid in their hearts to them ; and yet th' event
 To ill converted it, for, having eat
 Their dainty viands, they did quite forget 150
 (As all men else that did but taste their feast)
 Both countrymen and country, nor address'd
 Any return t' inform what sort of men
 Made fix'd abode there, but would needs maintain
 Abode themselves there, and eat that food ever. 155
 I made out after, and was feign to sever
 Th' enchanted knot by forcing their retreat,
 That strived, and wept, and would not leave their meat
 For heaven itself. But, dragging them to fleet,
 I wrapt in sure bands both their hands and feet, 160
 And cast them under hatches, and away
 Commanded all the rest without least stay,

Lest they should taste the lotè too, and forget
With such strange raptures their despised retreat.

All then aboard, we beat the sea with oars, 165
And still with sad hearts sail'd by out-way shores,
Till th' out-law'd Cyclops' land we fetch'd ; a race
Of proud-lived loiterers, that never sow,
Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plow,
But trust in God for all things ; and their earth, 170
Unsown, unplow'd, gives every offspring birth
That other lands have ; wheat, and barley, vines
That bear in goodly grapes delicious wines ;
And Jove sends showers for all. No counsels there,
Nor counsellors, nor laws ; but all men bear 175
Their heads aloft on mountains, and those steep,
And on their tops too ; and their houses keep
In vaulty caves, their households govern'd all
By each man's law, imposed in several,
Nor wife, nor child awed, but as he thinks good, 180
None for another caring. But there stood
Another little isle, well stored with wood,
Betwixt this and the entry ; neither nigh
The Cyclops' isle, nor yet far off doth lie.
Men's want it suffer'd, but the men's supplies 185
The goats made with their inarticulate cries.
Goats beyond number this small island breeds,
So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds,
No hunters, that the tops of mountains scale,
And rub through woods with toil, seek them at all. 190
Nor is the soil with flocks fed down, nor plow'd,
Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd.
Nor place the neighbour Cyclops their delights
In brave vermilion-prow-deck'd ships ; nor wrights

Useful, and skilful in such works as need 195
 Perfection to those traffics that exceed
 Their natural confines, to fly out and see
 Cities of men, and take in mutually
 The prease of others ; to themselves they live,
 And to their island that enough would give 200
 A good inhabitant ; and time of year
 Observe to all things art could order there.
 There, close upon the sea, sweet meadows spring,
 That yet of fresh streams want no watering
 To their soft burthens, but of special yield. 205
 Your vines would be there ; and your common field
 But gentle work make for your plow, yet bear
 A lofty harvest when you came to shear ;
 For passing fat the soil is. In it lies
 A harbour so opportune, that no ties, 210
 Halsers, or gables need, nor anchors cast.
 Whom storms put in there are with stay embraced,
 Or to their full wills safe, or winds aspire
 To pilots' uses their more quick desire.
 At entry of the haven, a silver ford 215
 Is from a rock-impressing fountain pour'd,
 All set with sable poplars. And this port
 Were we arrived at, by the sweet resort
 Of some God guiding us, for 'twas a night
 So ghastly dark all port was past our sight, 220
 Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the moon
 Afford a beam to us, the whole isle won
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the blore,
 That then was up, shov'd waves against the shore,

²¹² The description of all these countries have admirable allegories besides their artly and pleasing relation.—CHAPMAN.

That then to an unmeasured height put on ; 225
 We still at sea esteem'd us, till alone
 Our fleet put in itself. And then were strook
 Our gather'd sails ; our rest ashore we took,
 And day expected. When the morn gave fire,
 We rose, and walk'd, and did the isle admire ; 230
 The Nymphs, Jove's daughters, putting up a herd
 Of mountain goats to us, to render cheer'd
 My fellow soldiers. To our fleet we flew,
 Our crooked bows took, long-piled darts, and drew
 Ourselves in three parts out ; when, by the grace 235
 That God vouchsafed, we made a gainful chace.
 Twelve ships we had, and every ship had nine
 Fat goats allotted [it], ten only mine.
 Thus all that day, even till the sun was set,
 We sat and feasted, pleasant wine and meat 240
 Plenteously taking ; for we had not spent
 Our ruddy wine aship-board, supplement
 Of large sort each man to his vessel drew,
 When we the sacred city overthrew
 That held the Cicons. Now then saw we near 245
 The Cyclops' late-praised island, and might hear
 The murmur of their sheep and goats, and see
 Their smokes ascend. The sun then set, and we,
 When night succeeded, took our rest ashore.
 And when the world the morning's favour wore, 250
 I call'd my friends to council, charging them
 To make stay there, while I took ship and stream,
 With some associates, and explored what men
 The neighbour isle held ; if of rude disdain,
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewray'd 255
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much said,

²³⁸ [It].—The metre requires this word.

I boarded, and commanded to ascend
 My friends and soldiers, to put off, and lend
 Way to our ship. They boarded, sat, and beat
 The old sea forth, till we might see the seat 260
 The greatest Cyclop held for his abode,
 Which was a deep cave, near the common road
 Of ships that touch'd there, thick with laurels spread,
 Where many sheep and goats lay shadowed ;
 And, near to this, a hall of torn-up stone, 265
 High built with pines, that heaven and earth attone,
 And lofty-fronted oaks ; in which kept house
 A man in shape immane, and monstrous,
 Fed all his flocks alone, nor would afford
 Commerce with men, but had a wit abhorr'd, 270
 His mind his body answering. Nor was he
 Like any man that food could possibly
 Enhance so hugely, but, beheld alone,
 Show'd like a steep hill's top, all overgrown
 With trees and brambles ; little thought had I 275
 Of such vast objects. When, arrived so nigh,
 Some of my loved friends I made stay aboard,
 To guard my ship, and twelve with me I shored,
 The choice of all. I took besides along
 A goat-skin flagon of wine, black and strong, 280
 That Maro did present, Evantheus' son,
 And priest to Phœbus, who had mansion
 In Thracian Ismarus (the town I took)
 He gave it me, since I (with reverence strook
 Of his grave place, his wife and children's good) 285
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood,

²⁶⁶ *Attone*—make one, *at-one*. The reader need hardly be reminded that this is the etymology of *atone*, and *atonement*.

Sacred to Phœbus, stood his house ; from whence
 He fetch'd me gifts of varied excellence ;
 Seven talents of fine gold ; a bowl all framed
 Of massy silver ; but his gift most famed 290
 Was twelve great vessels, fill'd with such rich wine
 As was incorruptible and divine.

He kept it as his jewel, which none knew
 But he himself, his wife, and he that drew.
 It was so strong, that never any fill'd 295
 A cup, where that was but by drops instill'd,
 And drunk it off, but 'twas before allay'd
 With twenty parts in water ; yet so sway'd
 The spirit of that little, that the whole
 A sacred odour breath'd about the bowl. 300

Had you the odour smelt and scent it cast,
 It would have vex'd you to forbear the taste.
 But then, the taste gain'd too, the spirit it wrought
 To dare things high set up an end my thought.

Of this a huge great flagon full I bore, 305
 And, in a good large knapsack, victuals store ;
 And long'd to see this heap of fortitude,
 That so illiterate was and upland rude
 That laws divine nor human he had learn'd.
 With speed we reach'd the cavern ; nor discern'd 310
 His presence there, his flocks he fed at field.

Ent'ring his den, each thing beheld did yield
 Our admiration ; shelves with cheeses heap'd ;
 Sheds stuff'd with lambs and goats, distinctly kept,
 Distinct the biggest, the more mean distinct, 315
 Distinct the youngest. And in their precinct,
 Proper and placeful, stood the troughs and pails,
 In which he milk'd ; and what was given at meals,

Set up a creaming ; in the evening still
 All scouring bright as dew upon the hill. 320
 Then were my fellows instant to convey
 Kids, cheeses, lambs, aship-board, and away
 Sail the salt billow. I thought best not so,
 But better otherwise ; and first would know,
 What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew 325
 My friends on whom they would have prey'd. His view
 Prov'd after, that his inwards were too rough
 For such bold usage. We were bold enough
 In what I suffer'd ; which was there to stay,
 Make fire and feed there, though bear none away. 330
 There sat we, till we saw him feeding come,
 And on his neck a burthen lugging home,
 Most highly huge, of sere-wood, which the pile
 That fed his fire supplied all supper-while.
 Down by his den he threw it, and up rose 335
 A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close
 Withdrew ourselves, while he into a cave
 Of huge receipt his high-fed cattle drave,
 All that he milk'd ; the males he left without
 His lofty roofs, that all bestrow'd about 340
 With rams and buck-goats were. And then a rock
 He lift aloft, that damm'd up to his flock
 The door they enter'd ; 'twas so hard to wield,
 That two and twenty waggons, all four-wheel'd,
 (Could they be loaded, and have teams that were 345
 Proportion'd to them) could not stir it there.
 Thus making sure, he kneel'd and milk'd his ewes,
 And braying goats, with all a milker's dues ;
 Then let in all their young. Then quick did dress
 His half milk up for cheese, and in a press 350

Of wicker press'd it ; put in bowls the rest,
To drink and eat, and serve his supping feast.

All works dispatch'd thus, he began his fire ;
Which blown, he saw us, and did thus inquire : 354
‘ Ho ! guests ! What are ye ? Whence sail ye these
seas ?

Traffic, or rove ye, and like thieves oppress
Poor strange adventurers, exposing so
Your souls to danger, and your lives to woe ?’

This utter'd he, when fear from our hearts took
The very life, to be so thunder-strook 360
With such a voice, and such a monster see ;
But thus I answer'd : ‘ Erring Grecians, we
From Troy were turning homewards, but by force
Of adverse winds, in far diverted course,
Such unknown ways took, and on rude seas toss'd, 365
As Jove decreed, are cast upon this coast.

Of Agamemnon, famous Atreus' son,
We boast ourselves the soldiers ; who hath won
Renown that reacheth heaven, to overthrow
So great a city, and to ruin so 370
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
Our prostrate bosoms, forced with prayers to try
If any hospitable right, or boon
Of other nature, such as have been won

³⁶⁸ This his relation of Agamemnon, and his glory and theirs for Troy's sack, with the piety of suppliants' receipt, to him that was so barbarous and impious, must be intended spoken by Ulysses, with supposition that his hearers would note, still as he spake, how vain they would show to the Cyclops ; who respected little Agamemnon, or their valiant exploit against Troy, or the Gods themselves. For otherwise, the serious observation of the words (though good and grave, if spoken to another) want their intentional sharpness and life.—CHAPMAN.

By laws of other houses, thou wilt give. 375
 Reverence the Gods, thou great'st of all that live.
 We suppliants are ; and hospitable Jove
 Pours wreak on all whom prayers want power to move,
 And with their plagues together will provide
 That humble guests shall have their wants supplied.'

He cruelly answer'd : ' O thou fool,' said he, 381
 ' To come so far, and to importune me
 With any God's fear, or observed love !
 We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed Jove,
 Nor other Bless'd ones ; we are better far. 385
 To Jove himself dare I bid open war,
 To thee, and all thy fellows, if I please.

But tell me, where's the ship, that by the seas
 Hath brought thee hither ? If far off, or near,
 Inform me quickly.' These his temptings were ; 390
 But I too much knew not to know his mind,
 And craft with craft paid, telling him the wind
 (Thrust up from sea by Him that shakes the shore)
 Had dash'd our ships against his rocks, and tore
 Her ribs in pieces close upon his coast, 395
 And we from high wrack saved, the rest were lost.'

He answer'd nothing, but rush'd in, and took
 Two of my fellows up from earth, and strook
 Their brains against it. Like two whelps they flew
 About his shoulders, and did all embrue 400
 The blushing earth. No mountain lion tore
 Two lambs so sternly, lapp'd up all their gore
 Gush'd from their torn-up bodies, limb by limb
 (Trembling with life yet) ravish'd into him.
 Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eat, 405

And even th' unclesed entrails made his meat.
 We, weeping, cast our hands to heaven, to view
 A sight so horrid. Desperation flew,
 With all our after lives, to instant death,
 In our believed destruction. But when breath 410
 The fury of his appetite had got,
 Because the gulf his belly reach'd his throat,
 Man's flesh, and goat's milk, laying layer on layer,
 Till near choked up was all the pass for air,
 Along his den, amongst his cattle, down 415
 He rush'd, and streak'd him. When my mind was grown
 Desperate to step in, draw my sword, and part
 His bosom where the strings about the heart
 Circle the liver, and add strength of hand. 419
 But that rash thought, more stay'd, did countermand,
 For there we all had perish'd, since it past
 Our powers to lift aside a log so vast,
 As barr'd all outscape ; and so sigh'd away
 The thought all night, expecting active day.
 Which come, he first of all his fire enflames, 425
 Then milks his goats and ewes, then to their dams
 Lets in their young, and, wondrous orderly,
 With manly haste dispatch'd his houswifery.
 Then to his breakfast, to which other two
 Of my poor friends went ; which eat, out then go 430
 His herds and fat flocks, lightly putting by
 The churlish bar, and closed it instantly ;
 For both those works with ease as much he did,
 As you would ope and shut your quiver lid.
 With storms of whistlings then his flock he drave 43
 Up to the mountains ; and occasion gave

⁴¹⁶ *Streak'd*—stretched. See Bk. XII. 148.

For me to use my wits, which to their height
 I strived to screw up, that a vengeance might
 By some means fall from thence, and Pallas now
 Afford a full ear to my neediest vow. 440

This then my thoughts preferr'd: A huge club lay
 Close by his milk-house, which was now in way
 To dry and season, being an olive-tree
 Which late he fell'd, and, being green, must be
 Made lighter for his manage. 'Twas so vast, 445

That we resembled it to some fit mast,
 To serve a ship of burthen that was driven
 With twenty oars, and had a bigness given
 To bear a huge sea. Full so thick, so tall,
 We judg'd this club; which I, in part, hew'd small, 450
 And cut a fathom off. The piece I gave

Amongst my soldiers, to take down, and shave;
 Which done, I sharpen'd it at top, and then,
 Harden'd in fire, I hid it in the den
 Within a nasty dunghill reeking there, 455
 Thick, and so moist it issued everywhere.

Then made I lots cast by my friends to try
 Whose fortune served to dare the bored out eye
 Of that man-eater; and the lot did fall
 On four I wish'd to make my aid of all, 460
 And I the fifth made, chosen like the rest.

Then came the even, and he came from the feast
 Of his fat cattle, drave in all, nor kept
 One male abroad; if, or his memory slept
 By God's direct will, or of purpose was 465
 His driving in of all then, doth surpass
 My comprehension. But he closed again
 The mighty bar, milk'd, and did still maintain

All other observation as before.
 His work all done, two of my soldiers more 470
 At once he snatch'd up, and to supper went.
 Then dared I words to him, and did present
 A bowl of wine, with these words: ' Cyclop ! take
 A bowl of wine, from my hand, that may make
 Way for the man's flesh thou hast eat, and show 475
 What drink our ship held ; which in sacred vow
 I offer to thee to take ruth on me
 In my dismissal home. Thy rages be
 Now no more sufferable. How shall men,
 Mad and inhuman that thou art, again 480
 Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
 If thus thou ragest, and eat'st up their race.'
 He took, and drunk, and vehemently joy'd
 To taste the sweet cup ; and again employ'd
 My flagon's powers, entreating more, and said : 485
 ' Good guest, again afford my taste thy aid,
 And let me know thy name, and quickly now,
 That in thy recompense I may bestow
 A hospitable gift on thy desert,
 And such a one as shall rejoice thy heart. 490
 For to the Cyclops too the gentle earth
 Bears generous wine, and Jove augments her birth,
 In store of such, with showers ; but this rich wine
 Fell from the river, that is mere divine,
 Of nectar and ambrosia.' This again 495
 I gave him, and again ; nor could the fool abstain,
 But drunk as often. When the noble juice
 Had wrought upon his spirit, I then gave use
 To fairer language, saying : ' Cyclop ! now,
 As thou demand'st, I'll tell thee my name, do thou 500

Make good thy hospitable gift to me.
 My name is No-Man ; No-Man each degree
 Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.'
 He answer'd, as his cruel soul became :
 ' No-Man ! I'll eat thee last of all thy friends ; 505
 And this is that in which so much amends
 I vow'd to thy deservings, thus shall be
 My hospitable gift made good to thee.'
 This said, he upwards fell, but then bent round
 His fleshy neck ; and Sleep, with all crowns crown'd, 510
 Subdued the savage. From his throat brake out
 My wine, with man's flesh gobbets, like a spout,
 When, loaded with his cups, he lay and snored ;
 And then took I the club's end up, and gored
 The burning coal-heap, that the point might heat ; 515
 Confirm'd my fellow's minds, lest Fear should let
 Their vow'd assay, and make them fly my aid.
 Straight was the olive-lever, I had laid
 Amidst the huge fire to get hardening, hot, 519
 And glow'd extremely, though 'twas green ; which got
 From forth the cinders, close about me stood
 My hardy friends ; but that which did the good
 Was God's good inspiration, that gave
 A spirit beyond the spirit they used to have ;
 Who took the olive spar, made keen before, 525
 And plunged it in his eye, and up I bore,
 Bent to the top close, and help'd pour it in,

⁵⁰⁵ *No-man*.—It may be necessary to explain to the reader who is unacquainted with the original, that the play is upon the word No-man, Ulysses telling Polyphemus that his name is such. This pun occasions the misconception of his brother Cyclops in lines 560-1. Euripides has adopted the passage in his satyric drama of "*The Cyclops*."

With all my forces. And as you have seen
 A ship-wright bore a naval beam, he oft
 Thrusts at the auger's froofe, works still aloft, 530
 And at the shank help others, with a cord
 Wound round about to make it sooner bored,
 All plying the round still ; so into his eye
 The fiery stake we labour'd to imply.
 Out gush'd the blood that scalded, his eye-ball 535
 Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorch'd all
 His brows and eye-lids, his eye-strings did crack,
 As in the sharp and burning rafter brake.
 And as a smith to harden any tool,
 Broad axe, or mattock, in his trough doth cool 540
 The red-hot substance, that so fervent is
 It makes the cold wave straight to seethe and hiss ;
 So sod and hiss'd his eye about the stake.
 He roar'd withal, and all his cavern brake
 In claps like thunder. We did frighted fly, 545
 Dispers'd in corners. He from forth his eye
 The fixed stake pluck'd ; after which the blood
 Flow'd freshly forth ; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
 About his hovel. Out he then did cry
 For other Cyclops, that in caverns by 550
 Upon a windy promontory dwell'd ;
 Who, hearing how impetuously he yell'd,
 Rush'd every way about him, and inquired,
 What ill afflicted him, that he exspired
 Such horrid clamours, and in sacred Night 555
 To break their sleeps so ? Ask'd him, if his fright

⁵³⁰ *Froofe*.—I cannot understand this word. It is probably a misprint, but for what? *Proof, trial*, seems the nearest.

⁵⁵⁴ *Exspired*—breathed forth.

Came from some mortal that his flocks had driven?
 Or if by craft, or might, his death were given?
 He answer'd from his den: 'By craft, nor might,
 No-Man hath given me death.' They then said right,
 If no man hurt thee, and thyself alone, 561
 That which is done to thee by Jove is done;
 And what great Jove inflicts no man can fly.
 Pray to thy Father yet, a Deity,
 And prove, from him if thou canst help acquire.' 565

Thus spake they, leaving him; when all on fire
 My heart with joy was, that so well my wit
 And name deceived him; whom now pain did split,
 And groaning up and down he groping tried
 To find the stone, which found, he put aside; 570
 But in the door sat, feeling if he could
 (As his sheep issued) on some man lay hold;
 Esteeming me a fool, that could devise
 No stratagem to 'scape his gross surprise.
 But I, contending what I could invent 575
 My friends and me from death so eminent
 To get deliver'd, all my wiles I wove
 (Life being the subject) and did this approve:
 Fat fleecy rams, most fair, and great, lay there,
 That did a burden like a violet bear. 580
 These, while this learn'd-in-villany did sleep,
 I yoked with osiers cut there, sheep to sheep,
 Three in a rank, and still the mid sheep bore
 A man about his belly, the two more
 March'd on his each side for defence. I then, 585
 Choosing myself the fairest of the den,

⁵⁶⁴ Neptune.

⁵⁸⁰ Wool of a violet colour.—CHAPMAN.

His fleecy belly under-crept, embrac'd
 His back, and in his rich wool wrapt me fast
 With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.
 And thus each man hung, till the morning shin'd; 590
 Which come, he knew the hour, and let abroad
 His male-flocks first, the females unmilk'd stood
 Bleating and braying, their full bags so sore
 With being unemptied, but their shepherd more
 With being unsighted; which was cause his mind 595
 Went not a milking. He, to wreak inclin'd,
 The backs felt, as they pass'd, of those male dams,
 Gross fool! believing, we would ride his rams!
 Nor ever knew that any of them bore
 Upon his belly any man before. 600
 The last ram came to pass him, with his wool
 And me together loaded to the full,
 For there did I hang; and that ram he stay'd,
 And me withal had in his hands, my head
 Troubled the while, not causelessly, nor least. 605
 This ram he groped, and talk'd to: 'Lazy beast!
 Why last art thou now? Thou hast never used
 To lag thus hindmost, but still first hast bruised
 The tender blossom of a flower, and held
 State in thy steps, both to the flood and field, 610
 First still at fold at even, now last remain?
 Dost thou not wish I had mine eye again,
 Which that abhorr'd man No-Man did put out,
 Assisted by his execrable rout,
 When he had wrought me down with wine? But he
 Must not escape my wreak so cunningly. 616
 I would to heaven thou knew'st, and could but speak,
 To tell me where he lurks now! I would break

His brain about my cave, strew'd here and there,
 To ease my heart of those foul ills, that were 620
 Th' inflictions of a man I prized at nought.'

Thus let he him abroad ; when I, once brought
 A little from his hold, myself first losed,
 And next my friends. Then drave we, and disposed,
 His straight-legg'd fat fleece-bearers over land, 625
 Even till they all were in my ship's command ;
 And to our loved friends show'd our pray'd-for sight,
 Escaped from death. But, for our loss, outright
 They brake in tears ; which with a look I stay'd,
 And bade them take our boot in. They obey'd, 630
 And up we all went, sat, and used our oars.
 But having left as far the savage shores
 As one might hear a voice, we then might see
 The Cyclop at the haven ; when instantly
 I stay'd our oars, and this insultance used : 635
 ' Cyclop ! thou shouldst not have so much abused
 Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least
 Against a man immortal, and a guest,
 And eat his fellows. Thou mightst know there were
 Some ills behind, rude swain, for thee to bear, 640
 That fear'd not to devour thy guests, and break
 All laws of humans. Jove sends therefore wreak,
 And all the Gods, by me.' This blew the more
 His burning fury ; when the top he tore
 From off a huge rock, and so right a throw 645
 Made at our ship, that just before the prow
 It overflow and fell, miss'd mast and all
 Exceeding little ; but about the fall
 So fierce a wave it raised, that back it bore

⁶³⁰ *Boot*—booty.

Our ship so far, it almost touch'd the shore. 650
 A bead-hook then, a far-extended one,
 I snatch'd up, thrust hard, and so set us gone
 Some little way; and straight commanded all
 To help me with their oars, on pain to fall
 Again on our confusion. But a sign 655
 I with my head made, and their oars were mine
 In all performance. When we off were set,
 (Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,
 It would again provoke him, but my men
 On all sides rush'd about me, to contain, 660
 And said: 'Unhappy! why will you provoke
 A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,
 Given with his rock-dart, made the sea thrust back
 Our ship so far, and near hand forced our wrack?
 Should he again but hear your voice resound, 665
 And any word reach, thereby would be found
 His dart's direction, which would, in his fall,
 Crush piece-meal us, quite split our ship and all;
 So much dart wields the monster.' Thus urged they
 Impossible things, in fear; but I gave way 670
 To that wrath which so long I held depress'd,
 By great necessity conquer'd, in my breast:
 'Cyclop! if any ask thee, who imposed
 Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye enclosed,
 Say that Ulysses, old Laertes' son, 675
 Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won
 Surname of city-racer, bored it out.'

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

⁶⁷³ Ulysses' continued insolence, no more to repeat what he said to the Cyclop, than to let his hearers know epithets, and estimation in the world.—CHAPMAN.

He drave affrighted echos through the air,
 And said : ' O beast ! I was premonish'd fair, 680
 By aged prophecy, in one that was
 A great and good man, this should come to pass ;
 And how 'tis proved now ! Augur Telemus,
 Surnamed Eurymides (that spent with us
 His age in augury, and did exceed 685
 In all presage of truth) said all this deed
 Should this event take, author'd by the hand
 Of one Ulysses, who I thought was mann'd
 With great and goodly personage, and bore
 A virtue answerable ; and this shore 690
 Should shake with weight of such a conqueror ;
 When now a weakling came, a dwarfy thing,
 A thing of nothing ; who yet wit did bring,
 That brought supply to all, and with his wine
 Put out the flame where all my light did shine. 695
 Come, land again, Ulysses ! that my hand
 May guest-rites give thee, and the great command,
 That Neptune hath at sea, I may convert
 To the deduction where abides thy heart,
 With my solicitings, whose son I am, 700
 And whose fame boasts to bear my father's name.
 Nor think my hurt offends me, for my sire
 Can soon repose in it the visual fire,
 At his free pleasure ; which no power beside
 Can boast, of men, or of the Deified.' 705

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

⁷⁰³ *Repose*—(Lat.) replace.

Then flew fierce vows to Neptune, both his hands 710
 To star-born heaven cast: ' O thou that all lands
 Gird'st in thy ambient circle, and in air
 Shak'st the curl'd tresses of thy sapphire hair,
 If I be thine, or thou mayst justly vaunt
 Thou art my father, hear me now, and grant 715
 That this Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
 That dwells in Ithaca, and name hath won
 Of city-ruiner, may never reach
 His natural region. Or if to fetch
 That, and the sight of his fair roofs and friends, 720
 Be fatal to him, let him that amends
 For all his miseries, long time and ill,
 Smart for, and fail of; nor that fate fulfill,
 Till all his soldiers quite are cast away
 In others' ships. And when, at last, the day 725
 Of his sole-landing shall his dwelling show,
 Let Detriment prepare him wrongs enow.'

Thus pray'd he Neptune; who, his sire, appear'd,
 And all his prayer to every syllable heard.
 But then a rock, in size more amplified 730
 Than first, he ravish'd to him, and implied
 A dismal strength in it, when, wheel'd about,
 He sent it after us; nor flew it out
 From any blind aim, for a little pass
 Beyond our fore-deck from the fall there was, 735
 With which the sea our ship gave back upon,
 And shrunk up into billows from the stone,
 Our ship again repelling near as near
 The shore as first. But then our rowers were,

⁷²¹ *Fatal*—ordained by fate.

Being warn'd, more arm'd, and stronglier stemm'd the
flood 740

That bore back on us, till our ship made good
The other island, where our whole fleet lay,
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay,
And every minute look'd when we should land.
Where, now arrived, we drew up to the sand, 745
The Cyclops' sheep dividing, that none there
Of all our privates might be wrung, and bear
Too much on power. The ram yet was alone
By all my friends made all my portion
Above all others ; and I made him then 750
A sacrifice for me and all my men
To cloud-compelling Jove that all commands,
To whom I burn'd the thighs ; but my sad hands
Received no grace from him, who studied how
To offer men and fleet to overthrow. 755

All day, till sun-set, yet, we sat and eat,
And liberal store took in of wine and meat.
The sun then down, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept. Morn came, my men I raised, and made
All go aboard, weigh anchor, and away. 760
They boarded, sat, and beat the aged sea ;
And forth we made sail, sad for loss before,
And yet had comfort since we lost no more.

⁷⁵¹ No occasion let pass to Ulysses' piety in our Poet's
singular wit and wisdom.—CHAPMAN.



THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSSES now relates to us
The grace he had with Æolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow Winds;
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gives Ulysses; all but one,
Which Zephyr was, who fill'd alone
Ulysses' sails. The bag once seen,
While he slept, by Ulysses' men,
They thinking it did gold enclose,
To find it, all the winds did loose,
Who back flew to their Guard again.
Forth sail'd he; and did next attain
To where the Læstrygonians dwell.
Where he eleven ships lost, and fell
On the Ææan coast, whose shore
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,
Dividing with him half his men.
Who go, and turn no more again,
All, save Eurylochus, to swine
By Circe turn'd. Their stays incline
Ulysses to their search; who got
Of Mercury an antidote,
Which moly was, 'gainst Circe's charms,
And so avoids his soldiers' harms.
A year with Circe all remain,
And then their native forms regain.
On utter shores a time they dwell,
While Ithacus descends to hell.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Κάππα. Great Æolus,
 And Circe, friends
 Finds Ithacus;
 And hell descends.



O the Æolian island we attain'd,
 That swum about still on the sea, where
 reign'd
 The God-lov'd Æolus Hippotades.

A wall of steel it had ; and in the seas
 A wave-beat-smooth rock moved about the wall. 5
 Twelve children in his house imperial
 Were born to him ; of which six daughters were,
 And six were sons, that youth's sweet flower did bear.
 His daughters to his sons he gave as wives ;
 Who spent in feastful comforts all their lives, 10
 Close seated by their sire and his grave spouse.
 Past number were the dishes that the house
 Made ever savour ; and still full the hall
 As long as day shined ; in the night-time, all
 Slept with their chaste wives, each his fair carved bed
 Most richly furnish'd ; and this life they led. 16

We reach'd the city and fair roofs of these,
 Where, a whole month's time, all things that might please
 The king vouchsafed us ; of great Troy inquired,
 The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks retired. 20
 To all which I gave answer as behoved.

The fit time come when I dismission moved,
 He nothing would deny me, but address'd
 My pass with such a bounty, as might best
 Teach me contentment ; for he did enfold
 Within an ox-hide, flayed at nine years old, 25

All th' airy blasts that were of stormy kinds,
 Saturnius made him Steward of his Winds,
 And gave him power to raise and to assuage.
 And these he gave me, curb'd thus of their rage, 30
 Which in a glittering silver band I bound,
 And hung up in my ship, enclosed so round
 That no egression any breath could find ;
 Only he left abroad the Western Wind,
 To speed our ships, and us with blasts secure. 35
 But our securities made all unsure ;
 Nor could he consummate our course alone,
 When all the rest had got egression ;
 Which thus succeeded : Nine whole days and nights
 We sail'd in safety ; and the tenth, the lights 40
 Borne on our country earth we might descry,
 So near we drew ; and yet even then fell I,
 Being overwatch'd, into a fatal sleep,
 For I would suffer no man else to keep
 The foot that ruled my vessel's course, to lead 45
 The faster home. My friends then Envy fed
 About the bag I hung up, and supposed
 That gold and silver I had there enclosed,
 As gift from Æolus, and said : ' O heaven !
 What grace and grave price is by all men given 50
 To our commander ! Whatsoever coast
 Or town he comes to, how much he engrost
 Of fair and precious prey, and brought from Troy !
 We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy
 In our return these empty hands for all. 55
 This bag, now, Æolus was so liberal

⁴⁵ Πόδα νηός—he calls the stern the foot of the ship.

To make a guest-gift to him ; let us try
 Of what consists the fair-bound treasury,
 And how much gold and silver it contains.'
Ill counsel present approbation gains. 60
 They oped the bag, and out the vapours brake,
 When instant tempest did our vessel take,
 That bore us back to sea, to mourn anew
 Our absent country. Up amazed I flew,
 And desperate things discoursed ; if I should cast 65
 Myself to ruin in the seas, or taste
 Amongst the living more moan, and sustain ?
 Silent, I did so, and lay hid again
 Beneath the hatches, while an ill wind took
 My ships back to Æolia, my men strook 70
 With woe enough. We pump'd and landed then,
 Took food, for all this ; and of all my men
 I took a herald to me, and away
 Went to the court of Æolus, where they
 Were feasting still ; he, wife, and children, set 75
 Together close. We would not at their meat
 Thrust in ; but humbly on the threshold sat.
 He then, amazed, my presence wonder'd at,
 And call'd to me : ' Ulysses ! How thus back
 Art thou arrived here ? What foul spirit brake 80
 Into thy bosom, to retire thee thus ?
 We thought we had deduction curious
 Given thee before, to reach thy shore and home ;
 Did it not like thee ?' I, even overcome
 With worthy sorrow, answer'd : ' My ill men 85
 Have done me mischief, and to them hath been
 My sleep th' unhappy motive ; but do you,
 Dearest of friends, deign succour to my vow.

Your powers command it.' Thus endeavour'd I
 With soft speech to repair my misery. 90
 The rest with ruth sat dumb. But thus spake he :
 ' Avaunt, and quickly quit my land of thee,
 Thou worst of all that breathe. It fits not me
 To convoy, and take in, whom Heavens expose.
 Away, and with thee go the worst of woes, 95
 That seek'st my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.'
 Thus he dismiss'd me sighing. Forth we sail'd,
 At heart afflicted. And now wholly fail'd
 The minds my men sustain'd, so spent they were
 With toiling at their oars, and worse did bear 100
 Their growing labours ; and they caused their grought
 By self-will'd follies ; nor now ever thought
 To see their country more. Six nights and days
 We sail'd ; the seventh we saw fair Lamos raise
 Her lofty towers, the Læstrigonian state 105
 That bears her ports so far distermine ;
 Where shepherd shepherd calls out, he at home
 Is call'd out by the other that doth come
 From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleep,
 The other issuing ; he whose turn doth keep 110

¹⁰¹ *Grought*—growth. So spelt for rhyme's sake.

¹⁰⁷ This place suffers different construction in all the Commentors ; in which all err from the mind of the Poet, as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approve) especially about *ἔγγυς γὰρ νυκτὸς*, &c. *Prope enim noctis et diei sunt viæ* (or *similiter*, which *ἔγγυς* signifies) which they will have to be understood, that the days in that region are long, and the nights short ; where Homer intends, that the equinoctial is there ; for how else is the course of day and night near or equal ? But therefore the night's-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other ; and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were so long, why should the night's-man be preferred in wages ?

The night observance hath his double hire,
 Since day and night in equal length expire
 About that region, and the night's watch weigh'd
 At twice the day's ward, since the charge that's laid
 Upon the nights-man (besides breach of sleep) 115
 Exceeds the days-man's ; for one oxen keep,
 The other sheep. But when the haven we found,
 (Exceeding famous, and environ'd round
 With one continue rock, which so much bent
 That both ends almost met, so prominent 120
 They were, and made the haven's mouth passing strait)
 Our whole fleet in we got ; in whole receipt
 Our ships lay anchor'd close. Nor needed we
 Fear harm on any stays, Tranquillity
 So purely sat there, that waves great nor small 125
 Did ever rise to any height at all.
 And yet would I no entry make, but stay'd
 Alone without the haven, and thence survey'd,
 From out a lofty watch-tower raised there,
 The country round about ; nor anywhere 130
 The work of man or beast appear'd to me,
 Only a smoke from earth break I might see.
 I then made choice of two, and added more,
 A herald for associate, to explore
 What sort of men lived there. They went, and saw 135
 A beaten way, through which carts used to draw
 Wood from the high hills to the town, and met
 A maid without the port, about to get
 Some near spring-water. She the daughter was
 Of mighty Læstrigonian Antiphas, 140

¹²⁴ For being cast on the stays, as ships are by weather.

And to the clear spring call'd Artacia went,
 To which the whole town for their water sent.
 To her they came, and ask'd who govern'd there,
 And what the people whom he order'd were ?
 She answer'd not, but led them through the port, 145
 As making haste to show her father's court.
 Where enter'd, they beheld, to their affright,
 A woman like a mountain-top in height,
 Who rush'd abroad, and from the counsel place
 Call'd home her horrid husband Antiphas. 150
 Who, deadly minded, straight he snatch'd up one,
 And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone ;
 And to the fleet came. Antiphas a cry
 Drave through the city ; which heard, instantly
 This way and that innumerable sorts, 155
 Not men, but giants, issued through the ports,
 And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they threw
 Amongst our ships ; through which an ill noise flew
 Of shiver'd ships, and life-expiring men,
 That were, like fishes, by the monsters slain, 160
 And borne to sad feast. While they slaughter'd these,
 That were engaged in all th' advantages
 The close-mouth'd and most dead-calm haven could
 give,
 I, that without lay, made some means to live,
 My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oars 165
 Set all my men ; and, from the plagues those shores
 Let fly amongst us, we made haste to fly,
 My men close working as men loth to die.
 My ship flew freely off ; but theirs that lay
 On heaps in harbours could enforce no way 170

¹⁵⁰ Antiphas was king there.—CHAPMAN.

Through these stern fates that had engaged them there.
 Forth our sad remnant sail'd, yet still retain'd
 The joys of men, that our poor few remain'd.

Then to the isle *Ææa* we attain'd,
 Where fair-hair'd, dreadful, eloquent *Circe* reign'd, 175
Ææta's sister both by dame and sire,
 Both daughters to Heaven's man-enlightning *Fire*,
 And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.

The ship-fit port here soon we landed at,
 Some God directing us. Two days, two nights, 180

We lay here pining in the fatal spights
 Of toil and sorrow; but the next third day
 When fair *Aurora* had inform'd, quick way
 I made out of my ship, my sword and lance
 Took for my surer guide, and made advance 185

Up to a prospect; I assay to see
 The works of men, or hear mortality
 Expire a voice. When I had climb'd a height,
 Rough and right hardly accessible, I might
 Behold from *Circe's* house, that in a grove 190

Set thick with trees stood, a bright vapour move.
 I then grew curious in my thought to try
 Some fit inquiry, when so spritely fly
 I saw the yellow smoke; but my discourse
 A first retiring to my ship gave force, 195

To give my men their dinner, and to send
 (Before th' adventure of myself) some friend.
 Being near my ship, of one so desolate
 Some God had pity, and would recreate

¹⁹² *Μερμαίρω*, *curiosè cogito*.—CHAPMAN.

¹⁹⁴ *Αἶθοπα καπνόν*. *Αἶθος* signifying *rutilus*, by reason of
 the fire mixed with it. *Fumus qui fit dum aliquid accenditur*.

My woes a little, putting up to me 200
A great and high-palm'd hart, that (fatally,
Just in my way, itself to taste a flood)
Was then descending ; the sun heat had sure
Importuned him, besides the temperature
His natural heat gave. Howsoever, I 205
Made up to him, and let my javelin fly,
That struck him through the mid-part of his chine,
And made him, braying, in the dust confine
His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew ;
When I stept in, and from the death's wound drew 210
My shrewdly-bitten lance ; there let him lie
Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply
A withe a fathom long, with which his feet
I made together in a sure league meet,
Stoop'd under him, and to my neck I heaved 215
The mighty burden, of which I received
A good part on my lance, for else I could
By no means with one hand alone uphold
(Join'd with one shoulder) such a deathful load.
And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood 220
Needful assistants ; for it was a deer
Goodly-well-grown. When (coming something near
Where rode my ships) I cast it down, and rear'd
My friends with kind words ; whom by name I cheer'd,
In note particular, and said : ' See friends, 225
We will not yet to Pluto's house ; our ends
Shall not be hasten'd, though we be declined
In cause of comfort, till the day designed
By Fate's fix'd finger. Come, as long as food
Or wine lasts in our ship, let's spirit our blood, 230
And quit our care and hunger both in one.'

This said, they frolick'd, came, and look'd upon
 With admiration the huge-bodied beast ;
 And when their first-served eyes had done their feast,
 They wash'd, and made a to-be-strived-for meal 235
 In point of honour. On which all did dwell
 The whole day long. And, to our venison's store,
 We added wine till we could wish no more.

Sun set, and darkness up, we slept, till light
 Put darkness down ; and then did I excite 240
 My friends to counsel, uttering this : ' Now, friends,
 Afford unpassionate ear ; though ill Fate lends
 So good cause to your passion, no man knows
 The reason whence and how the darkness grows ;
 The reason how the morn is thus begun ; 245
 The reason how the man-enlight'ning sun
 Dives under earth ; the reason how again
 He rears his golden head. Those counsels, then,
 That pass our comprehension, we must leave
 To him that knows their causes ; and receive 250
 Direction from him in our acts, as far
 As he shall please to make them regular,
 And stoop them to our reason. In our state
 What then behoves us ? Can we estimate,
 With all our counsels, where we are ? Or know 255
 (Without instruction, past our own skills) how,

²³⁵ Ἐρικυδέα δαΐτα.—CHAPMAN.

²⁴¹ The whole end of this counsel was to persuade his soldiers to explore those parts, which he knew would prove a most displeasing motion to them : for their fellows' terrible entertainment with Antiphas, and Polyph. and therefore he prepares the little he hath to say with this long circumstance ; implying a necessity of that service, and necessary resolution to add the trial of the event to their other adventures.

Put off from hence, to steer our course the more ?
 I think we cannot. We must then explore
 These parts for information ; in which way
 We thus far are : Last morn I might display 260
 (From off a high-rais'd cliff) an island lie
 Girt with th' unmeasured sea, and is so nigh
 That in the midst I saw the smoke arise
 Through tufts of trees. This rests then to advise,
 Who shall explore this ?' This struck dead their hearts,
 Rememb'ring the most execrable parts 266
 That Læstrigonian Antiphas had play'd,
 And that foul Cyclop that their fellows bray'd
 Betwixt his jaws ; which moved them so, they cried.
 But idle tears had never wants supplied. 270
 I in two parts divided all, and gave
 To either part his captain. I must have
 The charge of one ; and one of God-like look,
 Eurylochus, the other. Lots we shook,
 Put in a casque together, which of us 275
 Should lead th' attempt ; and 'twas Eurylochus.
 He freely went, with two and twenty more ;
 All which took leave with tears ; and our eyes wore
 The same wet badge of weak humanity.
 These in a dale did Circe's house descry, 280
 Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way.
 Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions, lay ;
 Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she made,
 That wolf nor lion would one man invade
 With any violence, but all arose, 285
 Their huge long tails wagg'd, and in fawns would close,
 As loving dogs, when masters bring them home
 Relics of feast, in all observance come,

And soothe their entries with their fawns and bounds,
 All guests still bringing some scraps for their hounds ;
 So, on these men, the wolves and lions ramp'd, 291
 Their horrid paws set up. Their spirits were damp'd
 To see such monstrous kindness, stay'd at gate,
 And heard within the Goddess elevate
 A voice divine, as at her web she wrought, 295
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought,
 As all the housewiferies of Deities are.
 To hear a voice so ravishingly rare,
 Polites (one exceeding dear to me,
 A prince of men, and of no mean degree 300
 In knowing virtue, in all acts whose mind
 Discreet cares all ways used to turn, and wind)
 Was yet surprised with it, and said : ' O friends,
 Some one abides within here, that commends
 The place to us, and breathes a voice divine, 305
 As she some web wrought, or her spindle's twine
 She cherish'd with her song ; the pavement rings
 With imitation of the tunes she sings.
 Some woman, or some Goddess, 'tis. Assay
 To see with knocking.' Thus said he, and they 310
 Both knock'd, and call'd ; and straight her shining gates
 She open'd, issuing, bade them in to cates.
 Led, and unwise, they follow'd ; all but one,
 Which was Eurylochus, who stood alone
 Without the gates, suspicious of a sleight. 315
 They enter'd, she made sit ; and her deceit
 She cloak'd with thrones, and goodly chairs of state ;
 Set herby honey, and the delicate
 Wine brought from Smyrna, to them ; meal and cheese ;

³⁰¹ *Κεδνός*, *cujus animus curas prudentes versat.*—CHAPMAN.

But harmful venoms she commix'd with these, 320
 That made their country vanish from their thought.
 Which eat, she touch'd them with a rod that wrought
 Their transformation far past human wents ;
 Swine's snouts, swine's bodies, took they, bristles, grunts,
 But still retain'd the souls they had before, 325
 Which made them mourn their bodies' change the more.
 She shut them straight in sties, and gave them meat,
 Oak-mast, and beech, and cornel fruit, they eat,
 Grovelling like swine on earth, in foulest sort.
 Eurylochus straight hasted the report 330
 Of this his fellows' most remorseful fate,
 Came to the ships, but so excruciate
 Was with his woe, he could not speak a word,
 His eyes stood full of tears, which show'd how stored
 His mind with moan remain'd. We all admired, 335
 Ask'd what had chanced him, earnestly desired
 He would resolve us. At the last, our eyes
 Enflamed in him his fellows' memories,
 And out his grief burst thus : ' You will'd ; we went
 Through those thick woods you saw ; when a descent
 Show'd us a fair house, in a lightsome ground, 341
 Where, at some work, we heard a heavenly sound
 Breathed from a Goddess', or a woman's, breast.
 They knock'd, she oped her bright gates ; each her guest
 Her fair invitement made ; nor would they stay, 345
 Fools that they were, when she once led the way.
 I enter'd not, suspecting some deceit.
 When all together vanish'd, nor the sight
 Of any one (though long I look'd) mine eye
 Could any way discover.' Instantly, 350

³³⁶ Seeing them, he thought of his fellows.—CHAPMAN.

My sword and bow reach'd, I bad show the place,
 When down he fell, did both my knees embrace,
 And pray'd with tears thus: ' O thou kept of God,
 Do not thyself lose, nor to that abode
 Lead others rashly; both thyself, and all 355
 Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall
 In one sure ruin. With these few then fly;
 We yet may shun the others' destiny.'

I answer'd him: ' Eurylochus! Stay thou,
 And keep the ship then, eat and drink; I now 360
 Will undertake th' adventure; there is cause
 In great Necessity's unalter'd laws.'
 This said, I left both ship and seas, and on
 Along the sacred valleys all alone
 Went in discovery, till at last I came 365
 Where of the main-medicine-making Dame
 I saw the great house; where encounter'd me,
 The golden-rod-sustaining Mercury,
 Even entering Circe's doors. He met me in
 A young man's likeness, of the first-flower'd chin, 370
 Whose form hath all the grace of one so young.
 He first call'd to me, then my hand he wrung,
 And said: ' Thou no-place-finding-for-repose,
 Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes
 Thy erring foot? Th' art entering Circe's house, 375
 Where, by her med'cines, black, and sorcerous,
 Thy soldiers all are shut in well-arm'd sties,
 And turn'd to swine. Art thou arrived with prize
 Fit for their ransoms? Thou com'st out no more,
 If once thou ent'rest, like thy men before 380
 Made to remain here. But I'll guard thee free,
 And save thee in her spite. Receive of me

This fair and good receipt ; with which once arm'd,
 Enter her roofs, for th' art to all proof charm'd
 Against the ill day. I will tell thee all 385
 Her baneful counsel : With a festival
 She'll first receive thee, but will spice thy bread
 With flowery poisons ; yet unaltered
 Shall thy firm form be, for this remedy
 Stands most approved 'gainst all her sorcery, 390
 Which thus particularly shun : When she
 Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantly
 Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and fly on her
 As to her slaughter. She, surprised with fear
 And love, at first, will bid thee to her bed. 395
 Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcomed
 Thou may'st with all respect be, and procure
 Thy fellows' freedoms. But before, make sure
 Her favours to thee ; and the great oath take
 With which the blessed Gods assurance make 400
 Of all they promise ; that no prejudice
 (By stripping thee of form, and faculties)
 She may so much as once attempt on thee.'
 This said, he gave his antidote to me,
 Which from the earth he pluck'd, and told me all 405
 The virtue of it, with what Deities call
 The name it bears ; and Moly they impose
 For name to it. The root is hard to loose
 From hold of earth by mortals ; but God's power
 Can all things do. 'Tis black, but bears a flower 410

⁴⁰⁶ The herb Moly, which, with Ulysses' whole narration, hath in chief an allegorical exposition. Notwithstanding I say with our Spondanus, *Credo in hoc vasto mundi ambitu extare res innumeras mirandæ facultatis ; adeo, ut ne quidem ista quæ ad transformanda corpora pertinet, jure è mundo eximi possit, &c.*—CHAPMAN. For an account of the $\mu\omega\lambda\nu$ see Classical Mus. vol. v. p. 58.

As white as milk. And thus flew Mercury
 Up to immense Olympus, gliding by
 The sylvan island. I made back my way
 To Circe's house, my mind of my assay
 Much thought revolving. At her gates I stay'd 415
 And call'd; she heard, and her bright doors display'd,
 Invited, led; I follow'd in, but traced
 With some distraction. In a throne she placed
 My welcome person; of a curious frame
 'Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame; 420
 A foot-stool added. In a golden bowl
 She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul
 Deform'd things thinking; for amidst the wine
 She mix'd her man-transforming medicine;
 Which when she saw I had devour'd, she then 425
 No more observ'd me with her soothing vein,
 But struck me with her rod, and to her sty
 Bad, out, away, and with thy fellows lie.
 I drew my sword, and charged her, as I meant
 To take her life. When out she cried, and bent 430
 Beneath my sword her knees, embracing mine,
 And, full of tears, said: 'Who? Of what high line
 Art thou the issue? Whence? What shores sustain
 Thy native city? I amazed remain
 That, drinking these my venoms, th' art not turn'd. 435
 Never drunk any this cup but he mourn'd
 In other likeness, if it once had pass'd
 The ivory bounders of his tongue and taste.
 All but thyself are brutishly declined.
 Thy breast holds firm yet, and unchanged thy mind.
 Thou canst be therefore none else but the man 441
 Of many virtues, Ithacensian,

Deep-soul'd, Ulysses, who, I oft was told,
 By that sly God that bears the rod of gold,
 Was to arrive here in retreat from Troy. 445
 Sheathe then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy
 So much a man, that when the bed we prove,
 We may believe in one another's love.'

I then: 'O Circe, why entreat'st thou me
 To mix in any human league with thee, 450
 When thou my friends hast beasts turn'd; and thy bed
 Tender'st to me, that I might likewise lead
 A beast's life with thee, soften'd, naked stripp'd,
 That in my blood thy banes may more be steep'd?
 I never will ascend thy bed, before, 455
 I may affirm, that in heaven's sight you swore
 The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt
 To do me ill is from your thoughts exempt.'

I said, she swore, when, all the oath-rites said,
 I then ascended her adorned bed, 460
 But thus prepared: Four handmaids served her there,
 That daughters to her silver fountains were,
 To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods,
 And to her uncut consecrated woods.

One deck'd the throne-tops with rich cloths of state, 465
 And did with silks the foot-pace consecrate.

Another silver tables set before
 The pompous throne, and golden dishes' store
 Served in with several feast. A third fill'd wine.
 The fourth brought water, and made fuel shine 470
 In ruddy fires beneath a womb of brass.

Which heat, I bath'd; and odorous water was
 Disperpled lightly on my head and neck,
 That might my late heart-hurting sorrows check

⁴⁷³ *Disperpled*—sprinkled.

With the refreshing sweetness ; and, for that, 475
 Men sometimes may be something delicate.
 Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a throne
 Of massy silver, and of fashion
 Exceeding curious. A fair foot-stool set,
 Water apposed, and every sort of meat 480
 Set on th' elaborately-polish'd board,
 She wish'd my taste employ'd ; but not a word
 Would my ears taste of taste ; my mind had food
 That must digest ; eye meat would do me good.
 Circe (observing that I put no hand 485
 To any banquet, having countermand
 From weightier cares the light cates could excuse)
 Bowing her near me, these wing'd words did use :
 ' Why sits Ulysses like one dumb, his mind
 Lessening with languors ? Nor to food inclin'd, 490
 Nor wine ? Whence comes it ? Out of any fear
 Of more illusion ? You must needs forbear
 That wrongful doubt, since you have heard me swear.'
 ' O Circe !' I replied, ' what man is he,
 Awed with the rights of true humanity, 495
 That dares taste food or wine, before he sees
 His friends redeem'd from their deformities ?
 If you be gentle, and indeed incline
 To let me taste the comfort of your wine,
 Dissolve the charms that their forced forms enchain, 500
 And show me here my honour'd friends like men.'
 This said, she left her throne, and took her rod,
 Went to her sty, and let my men abroad,
 Like swine of nine years old. They opposite stood,
 Observed their brutish form, and look'd for food ; 505
 When, with another medicine, every one

All over smear'd, their bristles all were gone,
 Produced by malice of the other bane,
 And every one, afresh, look'd up a man,
 Both younger than they were, of stature more, 510
 And all their forms much goodlier than before.
 All knew me, cling'd about me, and a cry
 Of pleasing mourning flew about 'so high
 The horrid roof resounded; and the queen
 Herself was moved to see our kind so keen, 515
 Who bad me now bring ship and men ashore,
 Our arms, and goods in caves hid, and restore
 Myself to her, with all my other men.
 I granted, went, and oped the weeping vein
 In all my men; whose violent joy to see 520
 My safe return was passing kindly free
 Of friendly tears, and miserably wept.
 You have not seen young heifers (highly kept,
 Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and driven
 Home to their hovels, all so spritely given 525
 That no room can contain them, but about
 Bace by the dams, and let their spirits out
 In ceaseless bleating) of more jocund plight
 Than my kind friends, even crying out with sight
 Of my return so doubted; circled me 530
 With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
 Disposed their rapt minds, as if there they saw
 Their natural country, cliffy Ithaca,
 And even the roofs where they were bred and born,
 And vow'd as much, with tears: ' O your return 535

⁵²⁷ *Bace*—run by. So the game of Prisoners' Base. Cotgrave says under the word "*barres*," "the play at *Bace*, or Prison Bars."

As much delights us as in you had come
 Our country to us, and our natural home.
 But what unhappy fate hath reft our friends?
 I gave unlook'd for answer, that amends
 Made for their mourning, bad them first of all 540
 Our ship ashore draw, then in caverns stall
 Our foody cattle, hide our mutual prize,
 ' And then,' said I, ' attend me, that your eyes,
 In Circe's sacred house, may see each friend
 Eating and drinking banquets out of end.' 545

They soon obey'd ; all but Eurylochus,
 Who needs would stay them all, and counsell'd thus :
 ' O wretches ! whither will ye ? Why are you
 Fond of your mischiefs, and such gladness show
 For Circe's house, that will transform ye all 550
 To swine, or wolves, or lions ? Never shall
 Our heads get out, if once within we be,
 But stay compell'd by strong necessity.
 So wrought the Cyclop, when t' his cave our friends
 This bold one led on, and brought all their ends 555
 By his one indiscretion. I for this
 Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his
 Hewn from his neck) to gash upon the ground
 His mangled body, though my blood was bound
 In near alliance to him. But the rest 560
 With humble suit contain'd me, and request,
 That I would leave him with my ship alone,
 And to the sacred palace lead them on.'

I led them ; nor Eurylochus would stay
 From their attendance on me, our late fray 565
 Struck to his heart so. But mean time, my men,

In Circe's house, were all, in several bain,
 Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oil, and deck'd
 With in and out weeds, and a feast secret
 Served in before them; at which close we found 570
 They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.
 When mutual sight had, and all thought on, then
 Feast was forgotten, and the moan again
 About the house flew, driven with wings of joy.
 But then spake Circe: ' Now, no more annoy. 575
 I know myself what woes by sea, and shore,
 And men unjust have plagued enough before
 Your injured virtues. Here then feast as long,
 And be as cheerful, till ye grow as strong
 As when ye first forsook your country earth. 580
 Ye now fare all like exiles; not a mirth,
 Flash'd in amongst ye, but is quench'd again
 With still-renew'd tears, though the beaten vein
 Of your distresses should, methink, be now
 Benumb with suff'rance.' We did well allow 585
 Her kind persuasions, and the whole year stay'd
 In varied feast with her. When, now array'd
 The world was with the spring, and orby hours
 Had gone the round again through herbs and flowers,
 The months absolved in order, till the days 590
 Had run their full race in Apollo's rays,
 My friends remember'd me of home, and said,
 If ever fate would sign my pass, delay'd
 It should be now no more. I heard them well,
 Yet that day spent in feast, till darkness fell, 595

⁵⁶⁷ *In several bain*—each in a bath. (French.)

⁵⁷³ Φράσσαντό τε πάντα. *Commemorabantque omnia.* Intending all their miseries, escapes, and meetings.—CHAPMAN.

⁵⁹² *Remembered*—reminded.

And sleep his virtues through our vapours shed.
 When I ascended sacred Circe's bed,
 Implored my pass, and her performed vow
 Which now my soul urged, and my soldiers now
 Afflicted me with tears to get them gone. 600
 All these I told her, and she answer'd these :
 ' Much skill'd Ulysses Laertiades !
 Remain no more against your wills with me,
 But take your free way ; only this must be
 Perform'd before you steer your course for home : 605
 You must the way to Pluto overcome,
 And stern Persephone, to form your pass,
 By th' aged Theban soul Tiresias,
 The dark-brow'd prophet, whose soul yet can see
 Clearly, and firmly ; grave Persephone, 610
 Even dead, gave him a mind, that he alone
 Might sing truth's solid wisdom, and not one
 Prove more than shade in his comparison.'
 This broke my heart ; I sunk into my bed,
 Mourn'd, and would never more be comforted 615
 With light, nor life. But having now express'd
 My pains enough to her in my unrest,
 That so I might prepare her ruth, and get
 All I held fit for an affair so great,
 I said : ' O Circe, who shall steer my course 620
 To Pluto's kingdom ? Never ship had force
 To make that voyage.' The divine-in-voice
 Said : ' Seek no guide, raise you your mast, and hoise
 Your ship's white sails, and then sit you at peace,
 The fresh North Spirit shall waft ye through the seas.
 But, having past the ocean, you shall see 626
 A little shore, that to Persephone

Puts up a consecrated wood, where grows
 Tall firs, and sallops that their fruits soon loose.
 Cast anchor in the gulfs, and go alone 630
 To Pluto's dark house, where, to Acheron
 Cocytus' runs, and Pyriphlegethon,
 Cocytus born of Styx, and where a rock
 Of both the met floods bears the roaring shock.
 The dark heroë, great Tiresias, 635
 Now coming near, to gain propitious pass,
 Dig of a cubit every way a pit,
 And pour to all that are deceas'd in it
 A solemn sacrifice. For which, first take
 Honey and wine, and their commixtion make ; 640
 Then sweet wine neat ; and thirdly water pour ;
 And lastly add to these the whitest flour.
 Then vow to all the weak necks of the dead
 Offerings a number ; and, when thou shalt tread
 The Ithacensian shore, to sacrifice 645
 A heifer never-tamed, and most of prize,
 A pile of all thy most esteemed goods
 Enflaming to the dear streams of their bloods ;
 And, in secret rites, to Tiresias vow
 A ram coal-black at all parts, that doth flow 650
 With fat and fleece, and all thy flocks doth lead.
 When the all-calling nation of the dead
 Thou thus hast pray'd to, offer on the place
 A ram and ewe all black ; being turn'd in face
 To dreadful Erebus, thyself aside 655
 The flood's shore walking. And then, gratified

⁶⁵² Κλυτὰ ἔθνεα νεκρῶν. Which is expounded *Incluta ex-
 amina mortuorum* ; but κλυτὸς is the epithet of Pluto, and by
 analogy belongs to the dead, *quod ad se omnes advocat.*

With flocks of souls of men and dames deceas'd
 Shall all thy pious rites be. Straight address'd
 See then the offering that thy fellows slew,
 Flay'd, and imposed in fire ; and all thy crew 660
 Pray to the state of either Deity,
 Grave Pluto, and severe Persephone.
 Then draw thy sword, stand firm, nor suffer one
 Of all the faint shades of the dead and gone
 T' approach the blood, till thou hast heard their king,
 The wise Tiresias ; who thy offering 666
 Will instantly do honour, thy home ways,
 And all the measure of them by the seas,
 Amply unfolding.' This the Goddess told ;
 And then the Morning in her throne of gold 670
 Survey'd the vast world ; by whose orient light
 The Nymph adorn'd me with attires as bright,
 Her own hands putting on both shirt and weed,
 Robes fine, and curious, and upon my head
 An ornament that glitter'd like a flame, 675
 Girt me in gold ; and forth betimes I came
 Amongst my soldiers, roused them all from sleep,
 And bad them now no more observance keep
 Of ease, and feast, but straight a-shipboard fall,
 For now the Goddess had inform'd me all. 680
 Their noble spirits agreed ; nor yet so clear
 Could I bring all off, but Elpenor there
 His heedless life left. He was youngest man
 Of all my company, and one that wan
 Least fame for arms, as little for his brain ; 685
 Who (too much steep'd in wine, and so made fain
 To get refreshing by the cool of sleep,
 Apart his fellows, plunged in vapours deep,

And they as high in tumult of their way)
 Suddenly waked and (quite out of the stay 690
 A sober mind had given him) would descend
 A huge long ladder, forward, and an end
 Fell from the very roof, full pitching on
 The dearest joint his head was placed upon,
 Which, quite dissolved, let loose his soul to hell. 695
 I to the rest, and Circe's means did tell
 Of our return, as crossing clean the hope
 I gave them first, and said: ' You think the scope
 Of our endeavours now is straight for home ;
 No ; Circe otherwise design'd, whose doom 700
 Enjoin'd us first to greet the dreadful house
 Of austere Pluto and his glorious spouse,
 To take the counsel of Tiresias,
 The reverend Theban, to direct our pass.'
 This brake their hearts, and grief made tear their hair.
 But grief was never good at great affair ; 706
 It would have way yet. We went woful on
 To ship and shore, where was arrived as soon
 Circe unseen, a black ewe and a ram
 Binding for sacrifice, and, as she came, 710
 Vanish'd again unwitness'd by our eyes ;
 Which grieved not us, nor check'd our sacrifice,
 For who would see God, loath to let us see,
 This way, or that bent ; still his ways are free.

⁷⁰⁰ *Doom*—decision.



THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



ARRIVED now at our ship, we launch'd,
and set
Our mast up, put forth sail, and in did get
Our late-got cattle. Up our sails, we
went,

My wayward fellows mourning now th' event.
A good companion yet, a foreright wind,
Circe (the excellent utterer of her mind)

5

⁴ They mourned the event before they knew it.—CHAPMAN.

Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was
Both speed and guide to our adventurous pass.
All day our sails stood to the winds, and made
Our voyage prosp'rous. Sun then set, and shade 10
All ways obscuring, on the bounds we fell
Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell
Whom a perpetual cloud obscures outright,
To whom the cheerful sun lends never light,
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven, 15
Nor when he stoops earth, and sets up the even,
But night holds fix'd wings, feather'd all with banes,
Above those most unblest Cimmerians.
Here drew we up our ship, our sheep withdrew,
And walk'd the shore till we attain'd the view 20
Of that sad region Circe had foreshow'd ;
And then the sacred offerings to be vow'd
Eurylochus and Persimedes bore.
When I my sword drew, and earth's womb did gore
Till I a pit digg'd of a cubit round, 25
Which with the liquid sacrifice we crown'd,
First honey mix'd with wine, then sweet wine neat,
Then water pour'd in, last the flour of wheat.
Much I importuned then the weak-neck'd dead,
And vow'd, when I the barren soil should tread 30
Of clifty Ithaca, amidst my hall
To kill a heifer, my clear best of all,
And give in off'ring, on a pile composed
Of all the choice goods my whole house enclosed.
And to Tiresias himself, alone, 35
A sheep coal-black, and the selectest one
Of all my flocks. When to the Powers beneath,
The sacred nation that survive with death,

My prayers and vows had done devotions fit,
 I took the off'rings, and upon the pit 40
 Bereft their lives. Out gush'd the sable blood,
 And round about me fled out of the flood
 The souls of the deceas'd. There cluster'd then
 Youths, and their wives, much-suffering aged men,
 Soft tender virgins that but new came there 45
 By timeless death, and green their sorrows were.
 There men at arms, with armours all embrew'd,
 Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd,
 In numbers, up and down the ditch, did stalk,
 And threw unmeasured cries about their walk, 50
 So horrid that a bloodless fear surprised
 My daunted spirits. Straight then I advised
 My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifice,
 Put them in fire, and to the Deities,
 Stern Pluto and Persephone, apply 55
 Exciteful prayers. Then drew I from my thigh
 My well-edged sword, stept in, and firmly stood
 Betwixt the prease of shadows and the blood,
 And would not suffer any one to dip
 Within our offering his unsolid lip, 60
 Before Tiresias that did all controul.
 The first that press'd in was Elpenor's soul,
 His body in the broad-way'd earth as yet
 Unmourn'd, unburied by us, since we swet
 With other urgent labours. Yet his smart 65
 I wept to see, and rued it from my heart,
 Enquiring how he could before me be
 That came by ship? He, mourning, answer'd me :
 ' In Circe's house, the spite some spirit did bear,
 And the unspeakable good liquor there, 70

Hath been my bane ; for, being to descend
 A ladder much in height, I did not tend
 My way well down, but forwards made a proof
 To tread the rounds, and from the very roof
 Fell on my neck, and brake it ; and this made 75
 My soul thus visit this infernal shade.

And here, by them that next thyself are dear,
 Thy wife, and father, that a little one
 Gave food to thee, and by thy only son
 At home behind thee left, Telemachus, 80
 Do not depart by stealth, and leave me thus,
 Unmourn'd, unburied, lest neglected I
 Bring on thyself th' incensed Deity.

I know that, sail'd from hence, thy ship must touch
 On th' isle Ææa ; where vouchsafe thus much, 85
 Good king, that, landed, thou wilt instantly
 Bestow on me thy royal memory
 To this grace, that my body, arms and all,
 May rest consumed in fiery funeral ;
 And on the foamy shore a sepulchre 90
 Erect to me, that after times may hear
 Of one so hapless. Let me these implore,
 And fix upon my sepulchre the oar
 With which alive I shook the aged seas,
 And had of friends the dear societies.' 95

I told the wretched soul I would fulfill
 And execute to th' utmost point his will ;
 And, all the time we sadly talk'd, I still
 My sword above the blood held, when aside
 The idol of my friend still amplified 100
 His plaint, as up and down the shades he err'd.

⁹³ Misenus apud Virgilium, *ingenti mole, &c.*—CHAPMAN.
 (Æn. VI. 232.)

Then my deceased mother's soul appear'd,
 Fair daughter of Autolycus, the great,
 Grave Anticlæa, whom, when forth I set
 For sacred Ilion, I had left alive. 105

Her sight much moved me, and to tears did drive
 My note of her decease ; and yet not she
 (Though in my ruth she held the highest degree)
 Would I admit to touch the sacred blood,
 Till from Tiresias I had understood 110

What Circe told me. At the length did land
 Theban Tiresias' soul, and in his hand
 Sustain'd a golden sceptre, knew me well,
 And said : ' O man unhappy, why to hell
 Admitt'st thou dark arrival, and the light 115
 The sun gives leav'st, to have the horrid sight
 Of this black region, and the shadows here ?
 Now sheathe thy sharp sword, and the pit forbear,
 That I the blood may taste, and then relate
 The truth of those acts that affect thy fate.' 120

I sheath'd my sword, and left the pit, till he,
 The black blood tasting, thus instructed me :
 ' Renown'd Ulysses ! All unask'd I know
 That all the cause of thy arrival now
 Is to enquire thy wish'd retreat for home ; 125
 Which hardly God will let thee overcome,
 Since Neptune still will his opposure try,
 With all his laid-up anger, for the eye
 His loved son lost to thee. And yet through all
 Thy suffering course (which must be capital) 130
 If both thine own affections, and thy friends,
 Thou wilt contain, when thy access ascends
 The three-fork'd island, having 'scaped the seas,

Where ye shall find fed on the flowery leas
 Fat flocks, and oxen, which the sun doth own, 135
 To whom are all things as well heard as shown,
 And never dare one head of those to slay,
 But hold unharmed on your wished way,
 Though through enough affliction, yet secure
 Your Fates shall land ye ; but presage says sure, 140
 If once ye spoil them, spoil to all thy friends,
 Spoil to thy fleet, and if the justice ends
 Short of thyself, it shall be long before,
 And that length forced out with infliction's store,
 When, losing all thy fellows, in a sail 145
 Of foreign built (when most thy Fates prevail
 In thy deliv'rance) thus th' event shall sort :
 Thou shalt find shipwreck raging in thy port,
 Proud men thy goods consuming, and thy wife
 Urging with gifts ; give charge upon thy life. 150
 But all these wrongs revenge shall end to thee,
 And force, or cunning, set with slaughter free
 Thy house of all thy spoilers. Yet again
 Thou shalt a voyage make, and come to men
 That know no sea, nor ships, nor oars that are 155
 Wings to a ship, nor mix with any fare
 Salt's savoury vapour. Where thou first shalt land,
 This clear-given sign shall let thee understand,
 That there those men remain : Assume ashore
 Up to thy royal shoulder a ship oar, 160
 With which, when thou shalt meet one on the way
 That will in county admiration say

¹⁴⁶ *Built*—build.

¹⁵⁶ Men that never eat salt with their food.—CHAPMAN.

¹⁶² *County*.—So the folio, but *country* is evidently the word.

What dost thou with that wan upon thy neck?
 There fix that wan thy oar, and that shore deck
 With sacred rites to Neptune; slaughter there 165
 A ram, a bull, and (who for strength doth bear
 The name of husband to a herd) a boar.

And, coming home, upon thy natural shore,
 Give pious hecatombs to all the Gods,
 Degrees observed. And then the periods 170
 Of all thy labours in the peace shall end
 Of easy death; which shall the less extend
 His passion to thee, that thy foe, the Sea,
 Shall not enforce it, but Death's victory
 Shall chance in only-earnest-pray-vow'd age, 175
 Obtain'd at home, quite emptied of his rage,
 Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest.
 And here hath Truth summ'd up thy vital rest.'

I answer'd him: 'We will suppose all these
 Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please 180
 Tiresias to resolve me, why so near
 The blood and me my mother's soul doth bear,
 And yet nor word, nor look, vouchsafe her son?
 Doth she not know me?' 'No,' said he, 'nor none
 Of all these spirits, but myself alone, 185
 Knows anything till he shall taste the blood.
 But whomsoever you shall do that good,
 He will the truth of all you wish unfold;
 Who you envy it to will all withhold.'

Thus said the kingly soul, and made retreat 190

¹⁶³ *Wan*—a provincialism for *wand*.

¹⁷⁵ Γήρα ὑπο λιπαρῶ. Which all translate *senectute sub molli*.
 The epithet λιπαρῶ not of λιπαρός, viz. *pinguis*, or λιπαρῶς,
pinguiter, but λιπαρῶς signifying *flagitanter orando*. To which
 pious age is ever altogether addicted.—CHAPMAN.

¹⁸⁹ *Envy*—grudge, deny.

Amidst the inner parts of Pluto's seat,
 When he had spoke thus by divine instinct.
 Still I stood firm, till to the blood's precinct
 My mother came, and drunk ; and then she knew
 I was her son, had passion to renew 195
 Her natural plaints, which thus she did pursue :
 ' How is it, O my son, that you alive
 This deadly-darksome region underdive ?
 'Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
 And horrid currents, interpose their prease, 200
 Oceanus in chief ? Which none (unless
 More help'd than you) on foot now can transgress.
 A well-built ship he needs that ventures there.
 Com'st thou from Troy but now, enforced to err
 All this time with thy soldiers ? Nor hast seen, 205
 Ere this long day, thy country, and thy queen ?'
 I answer'd : ' That a necessary end
 To this infernal state made me contend ;
 That from the wise Tiresias Theban soul
 I might an oracle involv'd unroll ; 210
 For I came nothing near Achaia yet,
 Nor on our loved earth happy foot had set,
 But, mishaps suffering, err'd from coast to coast,
 Ever since first the mighty Grecian host
 Divine Atrides led to Ilium, 215
 And I his follower to set war upon
 The rapeful Trojans ; and so pray'd she would
 The fate of that ungentle death unfold,
 That forced her thither ; if some long disease,
 Or that the spleen of her that arrows please, 220
 Diana, envious of most eminent dames,
 Had made her th' object of her deadly aims ?

My father's state and sons I sought, if they
 Kept still my goods? Or they became the prey
 Of any other, holding me no more 225
 In power of safe return? Or if my store
 My wife had kept together with her son?
 If she her first mind held, or had been won
 By some chief Grecian from my love and bed?'
 All this she answer'd: 'That affliction fed 230
 On her blood still at home, and that to grief
 She all the days and darkness of her life
 In tears had consecrate. That none possest
 My famous kingdom's throne, but th' interest
 My son had in it still he held in peace, 235
 A court kept like a prince, and his increase
 Spent in his subjects' good, administ'ring laws
 With justice, and the general applause
 A king should merit, and all call'd him king.
 My father kept the upland, labouring, 240
 And shunn'd the city, used no sumptuous beds,
 Wonder'd-at furnitures, nor wealthy weeds,
 But in the winter strew'd about the fire
 Lay with his slaves in ashes, his attire
 Like to a beggar's; when the summer came, 245
 And autumn all fruits ripen'd with his flame,
 Where grape-charged vines made shadows most abound,
 His couch with fall'n leaves made upon the ground,
 And here lay he, his sorrow's fruitful state
 Increasing as he faded for my fate; 250
 And now the part of age that irksome is
 Lay sadly on him. And that life of his
 She led, and perish'd in; not slaughter'd by
 The Dame that darts lov'd, and her archery;

Nor by disease invaded, vast and foul, 255
 That wastes the body, and sends out the soul
 With shame and horror ; only in her moan,
 For me and my life, she consum'd her own.

She thus, when I had great desire to prove
 My arms the circle where her soul did move. 260

Thrice proved I, thrice she vanish'd like a sleep,
 Or fleeting shadow, which struck much more deep
 The wounds my woes made, and made ask her why
 She would my love to her embraces fly,
 And not vouchsafe that even in hell we might 265

Pay pious Nature her unalter'd right,
 And give Vexation here her cruel fill ?
 Should not the Queen here, to augment the ill
 Of every suff'rance, which her office is,
 Enforce thy idol to afford me this ? 270

' O son,' she answer'd, ' of the race of men
 The most unhappy, our most equal Queen
 Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,
 Nor suffer empty shades again t' invade
 Flesh, bones, and nerves ; nor will defraud the fire 275
 Of his last dues, that, soon as spirits expire
 And leave the white bone, are his native right,
 When, like a dream, the soul assumes her flight.
 The light then of the living with most haste,
 O son, contend to. This thy little taste 280
 Of this state is enough ; and all this life
 Will make a tale fit to be told thy wife.'

This speech we had ; when now repair'd to me
 More female spirits, by Persephone
 Driven on before her. All th' heroës' wives, 285

²⁶⁸ Proserpine.

And daughters, that led there their second lives,
 About the black blood throng'd. Of whom yet more
 My mind impell'd me to inquire, before
 I let them altogether taste the gore,
 For then would all have been dispersed, and gone 290
 Thick as they came. I, therefore, one by one
 Let taste the pit, my sword drawn from my thigh,
 And stand betwixt them made, when, severally,
 All told their stocks. The first, that quench'd her fire,
 Was Tyro, issued of a noble sire. 295
 She said she sprung from pure Salmoneus' bed,
 And Cretheus, son of Æolus, did wed ;
 Yet the divine flood Enipeus loved,
 Who much the most fair stream of all floods moved.
 Near whose streams Tyro walking, Neptune came, 300
 Like Enipeus, and enjoy'd the dame.
 Like to a hill, the blue and snaky flood
 Above th' immortal and the mortal stood,
 And hid them both, as both together lay,
 Just where his current falls into the sea. 305
 Her virgin waist dissolved, she slumber'd then ;
 But when the God had done the work of men,
 Her fair hand gently wringing, thus he said :
 ' Woman ! rejoice in our combined bed,
 For when the year hath run his circle round 310
 (Because the Gods' loves must in fruit abound)
 My love shall make, to cheer thy teeming moans,
 Thy one dear burden bear two famous sons ;
 Love well, and bring them up. Go home, and see
 That, though of more joy yet I shall be free, 315
 Thou dost not tell, to glorify thy birth ;
 Thy love is Neptune, shaker of the earth.'
 This said, he plunged into the sea ; and she,

Begot with child by him, the light let see
Great Pelias, and Neleus, that became 320
In Jove's great ministry of mighty fame.
Pelias in broad Iolcus held his throne,
Wealthy in cattle ; th' other royal son
Ruled sandy Pylos. To these issue more
This queen of women to her husband bore, 325
Æson, and Pheres, and Amythaon
That for his fight on horseback stoop'd to none.
Next her, I saw admir'd Antiope,
Asopus' daughter, who (as much as she
Boasted attraction of great Neptune's love) 330
Boasted to slumber in the arms of Jove,
And two sons likewise at one burden bore
To that her all-controlling paramour,
Amphion, and fair Zethus ; that first laid
Great Thebes' foundations, and strong walls convey'd
About her turrets, that seven ports enclosed. 336
For though the Thebans much in strength reposed,
Yet had not they the strength to hold their own,
Without the added aids of wood and stone.
Alcmena next I saw, that famous wife 340
Was to Amphytrio, and honour'd life
Gave to the lion-hearted Hercules,
That was of Jove's embrace the great increase.
I saw, besides, proud Creon's daughter there,
Bright Megara, that nuptial yoke did wear 345
With Jove's great son, who never field did try
But bore to him the flower of victory.
The mother then of Oedipus I saw,
Fair Epicasta, that, beyond all law,
Her own son married, ignorant of kind, 350
And he, as darkly taken in his mind,

His mother wedded, and his father slew.
 Whose blind act Heaven exposed at length to view,
 And he in all-loved Thebes the supreme state
 With much moan managed, for the heavy fate 355
 The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
 To Pluto's dark house from the loathed light,
 Beneath a steep beam strangled with a cord,
 And left her son, in life, pains as abhorr'd
 As all the Furies pour'd on her in hell. 360
 Then saw I Chloris, that did so excell
 In answering beauties, that each part had all.
 Great Neleus married her, when gifts not small
 Had won her favour, term'd by name of dower.
 She was of all Amphion's seed the flower ; 365
 Amphion, call'd Iasides, that then
 Ruled strongly, Myniæan Orchomen,
 And now his daughter ruled the Pylian throne,
 Because her beauty's empire overshone.
 She brought her wife-awed husband, Neleus, 370
 Nestor much honour'd, Periclymenus,
 And Chromius, sons with sovereign virtues graced ;
 But after brought a daughter that surpass'd,
 Rare-beautied Pero, so for form exact
 That Nature to a miracle was rack'd 375
 In her perfections, blazed with th' eyes of men ;
 That made of all the country's hearts a chain,
 And drew them suitors to her. Which her sire
 Took vantage of, and, since he did aspire
 To nothing more than to the broad-brow'd herd 380
 Of oxen, which the common fame so rear'd,
 Own'd by Iphiclus, not a man should be
 His Pero's husband, that from Phylace

Those never-yet-driven oxen could not drive.
 Yet these a strong hope held him to achieve, 385
 Because a prophet, that had never err'd,
 Had said, that only he should be preferr'd
 To their possession. But the equal fate
 Of God withstood his stealth ; inextricate
 Imprisoning bands, and sturdy churlish swains 390
 That were the herdsmen, who withheld with chains
 The stealth attempter ; which was only he
 That durst abet the act with prophecy,
 None else would undertake it, and he must ;
 The king would needs a prophet should be just. 395
 But when some days and months expired were,
 And all the hours had brought about the year,
 The prophet did so satisfy the king
 (Iphiclus, all his cunning questioning)
 That he enfranchised him ; and, all worst done, 400
 Jove's counsel made th' all-safe conclusion.

Then saw I Leda, link'd in nuptial chain
 With Tyndarus, to whom she did sustain
 Sons much renown'd for wisdom ; Castor one,
 That past for use of horse comparison ; 405
 And Pollux, that excell'd in whirlbat fight ;
 Both these the fruitful earth bore, while the light
 Of life inspired them ; after which, they found
 Such grace with Jove, that both lived under ground,
 By change of days ; life still did one sustain, 410
 While th' other died ; the dead then lived again,
 The living dying ; both of one self date
 Their lives and deaths made by the Gods and Fate.

Iphimedia after Leda came,
 That did derive from Neptune too the name 415

Of father to two admirable sons.
 Life yet made short their admirations,
 Who God-opposed Otus had to name,
 And Ephialtes far in sound of fame.
 The prodigal earth so fed them, that they grew 420
 To most huge stature, and had fairest hue
 Of all men, but Orion, under heaven.
 At nine years old nine cubits they were driven
 Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathoms high.
 They threaten'd to give battle to the sky, 425
 And all th' Immortals. They were setting on
 Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
 Steep Ossa leavy Pelius, that even
 They might a highway make with lofty heaven ;
 And had perhaps perform'd it, had they lived 430
 Till they were striplings ; but Jove's son deprived
 Their limbs of life, before th' age that begins
 The flower of youth, and should adorn their chins.
 Phædra and Procris, with wise Minos' flame,
 Bright Ariadne, to the offering came. 435
 Whom whilome Theseus made his prise from Crete,
 That Athens' sacred soil might kiss her feet,
 But never could obtain her virgin flower,
 Till, in the sea-girt Dia, Dian's power
 Detain'd his homeward haste, where (in her fane, 440
 By Bacchus witness'd) was the fatal wane
 Of her prime glory. Mæra, Clymene,
 I witness'd there ; and loath'd Eriphyle,
 That honour'd gold more than she loved her spouse.
 But, all th' heroesses in Pluto's house 445

⁴⁴⁴ Amphiaraus was her husband, whom she betrayed to his ruin at Thebes, for gold taken of Adrastus her brother.

That then encounter'd me, exceeds my might
 To name or number, and ambrosian night
 Would quite be spent, when now the formal hours
 Present to sleep our all-disposed powers,
 If at my ship, or here. My home-made vow 450
 I leave for fit grace to the Gods and you."

This said ; the silence his discourse had made
 With pleasure held still through the house's shade,
 When white-arm'd Arete this speech began :
 " Phæacians ! How appears to you this man, 455
 So goodly person'd, and so match'd with mind ?
 My guest he is, but all you stand combin'd
 In the renown he doth us. Do not then
 With careless haste dismiss him, nor the main
 Of his dispatch to one so needy maim, 460
 The Gods' free bounty gives us all just claim
 To goods enow." This speech, the oldest man
 Of any other Phæacensian,
 The grave heroë, Echineus, gave
 All approbation, saying : " Friends ! ye have 465
 The motion of the wise queen in such words
 As have not miss'd the mark, with which accords
 My clear opinion. But Alcinous,
 In word and work must be our rule." He thus ;
 And then Alcinous said : " This then must stand, 470
 If while I live I rule in the command
 Of this well-skill'd-in-navigation state :
 Endure then, guest, though most importunate
 Be your affects for home. A little stay
 If your expectance bear, perhaps it may 475
 Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all
 Your due deduction asks ; but principal

I am therein the ruler." He replied :
 " Alcinous, the most duly glorified
 With rule of all of all men, if you lay 480
 Commandment on me of a whole year's stay,
 So all the while your preparations rise,
 As well in gifts as time, ye can devise
 No better wish for me ; for I shall come
 Much fuller handed, and more honour'd, home, 485
 And dearer to my people, in whose loves
 The richer evermore the better proves."

He answer'd : " There is argued in your sight
 A worth that works not men for benefit,
 Like prollers or impostors ; of which crew, 490
 The gentle black earth feeds not up a few,
 Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,
 Of neither praise, nor use. You move our eyes
 With form, our minds with matter, and our ears
 With elegant oration, such as bears 495
 A music in the order'd history
 It lays before us. Not Demodocus
 With sweeter strains hath used to sing to us
 All the Greek sorrows, wept out in your own.
 But say : Of all your worthy friends, were none 500
 Objected to your eyes that consorts were
 To Ilion with you, and served destiny there ?
 This night is passing long, unmeasur'd, none

⁴⁸³ *Venustè et falsè dictum.*—CHAPMAN.

⁴⁹⁰ *Prollers*—prowlers, wanderers in quest of plunder.

⁴⁹² *Blanching.*—The word to *blanch* not infrequently occurs in the sense of to put a fair appearance on a thing, to slur over, deceive. See *Iliad*, Bk. XII. 223. Florio, in his " *Worlde of Wordes*," 1598, says, under the word "*Biancheggiare*," "*metaphorically it is taken to raile at one secretly.*" The sense is obvious here.

Of all my household would to bed yet ; on,
 Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you, 505
 If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
 Till the divine Aurora show'd her head,
 I should in no night relish thought of bed."

"Most eminent king," said he, "times all must keep,
 There's time to speak much, time as much to sleep, 510
 But would you hear still, I will tell you still,
 And utter more, more miserable ill
 Of friends than yet, that scaped the dismal wars,
 And perish'd homewards, and in household jars
 Waged by a wicked woman. The chaste Queen, 515
 No sooner made these lady ghosts unseen,
 Here and there flitting, but mine eye-sight won
 The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
 Sad, and about him all his train of friends,
 That in Ægisthus' house endured their ends 520
 With his stern fortune. Having drunk the blood,
 He knew me instantly, and forth a flood
 Of springing tears gush'd ; out he thrust his hands,
 With will t' embrace me, but their old commands
 Flow'd not about him, nor their weakest part. 525
 I wept to see, and moan'd him from my heart,
 And ask'd : ' O Agamemnon ! King of men !
 What sort of cruel death hath render'd slain
 Thy royal person ? Neptune in thy fleet
 Heaven and his hellish billows making meet, 530
 Rousing the winds ? Or have thy men by land
 Done thee this ill, for using thy command,
 Past their consents, in diminution
 Of those full shares their worths by lot had won

Of sheep or oxen? Or of any town, 535
 In covetous strife, to make their rights thine own
 In men or women prisoners? He replied :
 ‘ By none of these in any right I died,
 But by Ægisthus and my murderous wife
 (Bid to a banquet at his house) my life 540
 Hath thus been reft me, to my slaughter led
 Like to an ox pretended to be fed.
 So miserably fell I, and with me
 My friends lay massacred, as when you see
 At any rich man’s nuptials, shot, or feast, 545
 About his kitchen white-tooth’d swine lie drest.
 The slaughters of a world of men thine eyes,
 Both private, and in prease of enemies,
 Have personally witness’d ; but this one
 Would all thy parts have broken into moan, 550
 To see how strew’d about our cups and cates,
 As tables set with feast, so we with fates,
 All gash’d and slain lay, all the floor embrued
 With blood and brain. But that which most I rued,
 Flew from the heavy voice that Priam’s seed, 555
 Cassandra, breath’d, whom, she that wit doth feed
 With baneful crafts, false Clytemnestra, slew,
 Close sitting by me ; up my hands I threw
 From earth to heaven, and tumbling on my sword
 Gave wretched life up ; when the most abhorr’d, 560
 By all her sex’s shame, forsook the room,
 Nor deign’d, though then so near this heavy home,
 To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.

⁵⁴⁵ *Shot*.—See Bk. I. 352. The Greek *ἔρανος* was a feast at which each guest brought his portion, or contributed his share in money.

Nothing so heap'd is with impieties,
 As such a woman that would kill her spouse 565
 That married her a maid. When to my house
 I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,
 To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th' art
 Of only mischief hearty) not alone
 Cast on herself this foul aspersion, 570
 But loving dames, hereafter, to their lords
 Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.'

'Alas,' said I, 'that Jove should hate the lives
 Of Atreus' seed so highly for their wives!
 For Menelaus' wife a number fell, 575
 For dangerous absence thine sent thee to hell.'

'For this,' he answer'd, 'be not thou more kind
 Than wise to thy wife. Never all thy mind
 Let words express to her. Of all she knows,
 Curbs for the worst still, in thyself repose. 580
 But thou by thy wife's wiles shalt lose no blood,
 Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.
 Icarius' daughter, chaste Penelope,
 We left a young bride, when for battle we
 Forsook the nuptial peace, and at her breast 585
 Her first child sucking, who, by this hour, blest,
 Sits in the number of surviving men.
 And his bliss she hath, that she can contain,
 And her bliss thou hast, that she is so wise.
 For, by her wisdom, thy returned eyes 590
 Shall see thy son, and he shall greet his sire
 With fitting welcomes; when in my retire,
 My wife denies mine eyes my son's dear sight,
 And, as from me, will take from him the light,
 Before she adds one just delight to life, 595

Or her false wit one truth that fits a wife.
 For her sake therefore let my harms advise,
 That though thy wife be ne'er so chaste and wise,
 Yet come not home to her in open view,
 With any ship or any personal show, 600
 But take close shore disguised, nor let her know,
 For 'tis no world to trust a woman now.
 But what says Fame? Doth my son yet survive,
 In Orchomen, or Pylos? Or doth live
 In Sparta with his uncle? Yet I see 605
 Divine Orestes is not here with me.'

I answer'd, asking: 'Why doth Atreus' son
 Enquire of me, who yet arrived where none
 Could give to these news any certain wings?
 And 'tis absurd to tell uncertain things.' 610

Such sad speech past us; and as thus we stood,
 With kind tears rendering unkind fortunes good,
 Achilles' and Patroclus' soul appear'd,
 And his soul, of whom never ill was heard,
 The good Antilochus, and the soul of him 615
 That all the Greeks past both for force and limb
 Excepting the unmatched Æacides,
 Illustrious Ajax. But the first of these
 That saw, acknowledged, and saluted me,
 Was Thetis' conquering son, who (heavily 620
 His state here taking) said: 'Unworthy breath!
 What act yet mightier imagineth
 Thy vent'rous spirit? How dost thou descend
 These under regions, where the dead man's end
 Is to be look'd on, and his foolish shade?' 625

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

⁶⁰⁹ This advice he followed at his coming home.—CHAPMAN.

These under parts, most excellent of Greece,
To visit wise Tiresias, for advice
Of virtue to direct my voyage home
To rugged Ithaca ; since I could come 630
To note in no place, where Achaia stood,
And so lived ever, tortured with the blood
In man's vain veins. Thou therefore, Thetis' son,
Hast equall'd all, that ever yet have won
The bliss the earth yields, or hereafter shall. 635
In life thy eminence was ador'd of all,
Even with the Gods ; and now, even dead, I see
Thy virtues propagate thy empery
To a renew'd life of command beneath ;
So great Achilles triumphs over death.' 640
This comfort of him this encounter found :
' Urge not my death to me, nor rub that wound,
I rather wish to live in earth a swain,
Or serve a swain for hire, that scarce can gain
Bread to sustain him, than, that life once gone, 645
Of all the dead sway the imperial throne.
But say, and of my son some comfort yield,
If he goes on in first fights of the field,
Or lurks for safety in the obscure rear?
Or of my father if thy royal ear 650
Hath been advertised, that the Phthian throne
He still commands, as greatest Myrmidon?
Or that the Phthian and Thessalian rage
(Now feet and hands are in the hold of age)
Despise his empire? Under those bright rays, 655
In which heaven's fervour hurls about the days,
Must I no more shine his revenger now,
Such as of old the Ilion overthrow

Of one man's slaughter yet I must not pass ;
 Eurypylus Telephides he was,
 That fell beneath him, and with him the falls
 Of such huge men went, that they show'd like whales
 Rampired about him. Neoptolemus 695
 Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous
 Favours of mistresses he saw him wear ;
 For past all doubt his beauties had no peer
 Of all that mine eyes noted, next to one,
 And that was Memnon, Tithon's Sun-like son. 700
 Thus far, for fight in public, may a taste
 Give of his eminence. How far surpast
 His spirit in private, where he was not seen,
 Nor glory could be said to praise his spleen,
 This close note I excerpted. When we sat 705
 Hid in Epeus' horse, no optimate
 Of all the Greeks there had the charge to ope
 And shut the stratagem but I. My scope
 To note then each man's spirit in a strait
 Of so much danger, much the better might 710
 Be hit by me, than others, as, provoked,
 I shifted place still, when, in some I smoked
 Both privy tremblings, and close vent of tears,
 In him yet not a soft conceit of theirs
 Could all my search see, either his wet eyes 715
 Ply'd still with wipings, or the goodly guise,
 His person all ways put forth, in least part,
 By any tremblings, show'd his touch'd-at heart.

⁶⁹⁴ This place (and a number more) is most miserably mistaken by all translators and commentators.—CHAPMAN.

⁷⁰⁸ The horse abovesaid.—CHAPMAN.

⁷¹² *Smoked*.—See Bk. IV. 338.

But ever he was urging me to make
 Way to their sally, by his sign to shake 720
 His sword hid in his scabbard, or his lance
 Loaded with iron, at me. No good chance
 His thoughts to Troy intended. In th' event,
 High Troy depopulate, he made ascent
 To his fair ship, with prise and treasure store, 725
 Safe, and no touch away with him he bore
 Of far-off hurl'd lance, or of close-fought sword,
 Whose wounds for favours war doth oft afford,
 Which he (though sought) miss'd in war's closest wage.
In close fights Mars doth never fight, but rage. 730
 This made the soul of swift Achilles tread
 A march of glory through the herby mead,
 For joy to hear me so renown his son ;
 And vanish'd stalking. But with passion
 Stood th' other souls struck, and each told his bane.
 Only the spirit Telamonian 736
 Kept far off, angry for the victory
 I won from him at fleet ; though arbitrary
 Of all a court of war pronounced it mine,
 And Pallas' self. Our prise were th' arms divine 740
 Of great Æacides, proposed t' our fames
 By his bright Mother, at his funeral games.
 I wish to heaven I ought not to have won ;
 Since for those arms so high a head so soon
 The base earth cover'd, Ajax, that of all 745
 The host of Greece had person capital,
 And acts as eminent, excepting his
 Whose arms those were, in whom was nought amiss.
 I tried the great soul with soft words, and said :

⁷³⁶ Ajax the son of Telamon.—CHAPMAN.

' Ajax! Great son of Telamon, array'd 750
 In all our glories! What! not dead resign
 Thy wrath for those curst arms? The Powers divine
 In them forged all our banes, in thine own one,
 In thy grave fall our tower was overthrown.
 We mourn, for ever maim'd, for thee as much 755
 As for Achilles; nor thy wrong doth touch,
 In sentence, any but Saturnius' doom;
 In whose hate was the host of Greece become
 A very horror; who express'd it well
 In signing thy fate with this timeless hell. 760
 Approach then, king of all the Grecian merit,
 Repress thy great mind, and thy flamy spirit,
 And give the words I give thee worthy ear.'

All this no word drew from him, but less near
 The stern soul kept; to other souls he fled, 765
 And glid along the river of the dead.
 Though anger moved him, yet he might have spoke,
 Since I to him. But my desires were strook
 With sight of other souls. And then I saw
 Minos, that minister'd to Death a law, 770
 And Jove's bright son was. He was set, and sway'd
 A golden sceptre; and to him did plead
 A sort of others, set about his throne,
 In Pluto's wide-door'd house; when straight came on
 Mighty Orion, who was hunting there 775
 The herds of those beasts he had slaughter'd here
 In desert hills on earth. A club he bore,
 Entirely steel, whose virtues never wore.

Tityus I saw, to whom the glorious earth
 Open'd her womb, and gave unhappy birth. 780

Upwards, and flat upon the pavement, lay
 His ample limbs, that spread in their display
 Nine acres' compass. On his bosom sat
 Two vultures, digging, through his caul of fat,
 Into his liver with their crooked beaks ; 785
 And each by turns the concrete entrail breaks
 (As smiths their steel beat) set on either side.
 Nor doth he ever labour to divide
 His liver and their beaks, nor with his hand
 Offer them off, but suffers by command 790
 Of th' angry Thund'rer, off'ring to enforce
 His love Latona, in the close recourse
 She used to Pytho through the dancing land,
 Smooth Panopæus. I saw likewise stand,
 Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake, 795
 Tormented Tantalus, yet could not slake
 His burning thirst. Oft as his scornful cup
 Th' old man would taste, so oft 'twas swallow'd up,
 And all the black earth to his feet descried,
 Divine power (plaguing him) the lake still dried. 800
 About his head, on high trees, clust'ring, hung
 Pears, apples, granates, olives ever young,
 Delicious figs, and many fruit trees more
 Of other burden ; whose alluring store
 When th' old soul strived to pluck, the winds from sight,
 In gloomy vapours, made them vanish quite. 806
 There saw I Sisyphus in infinite moan,
 With both hands heaving up a massy stone,
 And on his tip-toes racking all his height,
 To wrest up to a mountain-top his freight ; 810
 When prest to rest it there, his nerves quite spent,

⁸¹¹ *Prest.*—ready.

Down rush'd the deadly quarry, the event
 Of all his torture new to raise again ;
 To which straight set his never-rested pain.
 The sweat came gushing out from every pore, 815
 And on his head a standing-mist he wore,
 Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust
 Were raised about it. Down with these was thrust
 The idol of the force of Hercules,
 But his firm self did no such fate oppress, 820
 He feasting lives amongst th' Immortal States,
 White-ankled Hebe and himself made mates
 In heavenly nuptials. Hebe, Jove's dear race,
 And Juno's whom the golden sandals grace.
 About him flew the clamours of the dead 825
 Like fowls, and still stoop'd cuffing at his head.
 He with his bow, like Night, stalk'd up and down,
 His shaft still nock'd, and hurling round his frown
 At those vex'd hoverers, aiming at them still,
 And still, as shooting out, desire to still. 830
 A horrid bawdrick wore he thwart his breast,
 The thong all gold, in which were forms imprest,
 Where art and miracle drew equal breaths,
 In bears, boars, lions, battles, combats, deaths.
 Who wrought that work did never such before, 835
 Nor so divinely will do ever more.
 Soon as he saw, he knew me, and gave speech :
 ' Son of Laertes, high in wisdom's reach,
 And yet unhappy wretch, for in this heart,
 Of all exploits achieved by thy desert, 840
 Thy worth but works out some sinister fate,
 As I in earth did. I was generate

⁸¹⁹ *The idol of the force of Hercules.*—The shade of Hercules.

By Jove himself, and yet past mean oppress
 By one my far inferior, whose proud hest
 Impos'd abhorred labours on my hand. 845

Of all which one was, to descend this strand,
 And hale the dog from thence. He could not think
 An act that danger could make deeper sink.
 And yet this depth I drew, and fetch'd as high,
 As this was low, the dog. The Deity 850
 Of sleight and wisdom, as of downright power,
 Both stoop'd, and raised, and made me conqueror.'

This said, he made descent again as low
 As Pluto's court ; when I stood firm, for show
 Of more heroës of the times before, 855
 And might perhaps have seen my wish of more,
 (As Theseus and Pirithous, derived
 From roots of Deity) but before th' achieved
 Rare sight of these, the rank-soul'd multitude
 In infinite flocks rose, venting sounds so rude, 860
 That pale Fear took me, lest the Gorgon's head
 Rush'd in amongst them, thrust up, in my dread,
 By grim Persephone. I therefore sent
 My men before to ship, and after went. 864
 Where, boarded, set, and launch'd, th' ocean wave
 Our oars and forewinds speedy passage gave.

⁸⁵⁰ Mercury.



THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Mũ. The rocks that err'd.
The Sirens' call.
The Sun's stolen herd.
The soldiers' fall.



OUR ship now past the straits of th' ocean
flood,
She plow'd the broad sea's billows, and
made good
The isle *Ææa*, where the palace stands
Of th' early riser with the rosy hands,
Active Aurora, where she loves to dance,
And where the Sun doth his prime beams advance.

When here arrived, we drew her up to land,
 And trod ourselves the re-saluted sand,
 Found on the shore fit resting for the night,
 Slept, and expected the celestial light. 10

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

Straight swell'd the high banks with fell'd heaps of
 trees, 15

And, full of tears, we did due exsequies
 To our dead friend. Whose corse consum'd with fire,
 And honour'd arms, whose sepulchre entire,
 And over that a column raised, his oar,
 Curiously carved, to his desire before, 20
 Upon the top of all his tomb we fixed.
 Of all rites fit his funeral pile was mix'd.

Nor was our safe ascent from Hell concealed
 From Circe's knowledge; nor so soon revealed
 But she was with us, with her bread and food, 25
 And ruddy wine, brought by her sacred brood
 Of woods and fountains. In the midst she stood,
 And thus saluted us: ' Unhappy men,
 That have, inform'd with all your senses, been
 In Pluto's dismal mansion! You shall die 30
 Twice now, where others, that Mortality
 In her fair arms holds, shall but once de cease.
 But eat and drink out all conceit of these,
 And this day dedicate to food and wine,
 The following night to sleep. When next shall shine 35
 The cheerful morning, you shall prove the seas.
 Your way, and every act ye must address,

My knowledge of their order shall design,
 Lest with your own bad counsels ye incline
 Events as bad against ye, and sustain, 40
 By sea and shore, the woful ends that reign
 In wilful actions.' Thus did she advise,
 And, for the time, our fortunes were so wise
 To follow wise directions. All that day
 We sat and feasted. When his lower way 45
 The Sun had enter'd, and the Even the high,
 My friends slept on their gables ; she and I
 (Led by her fair hand to a place apart,
 By her well-sorted) did to sleep convert
 Our timid powers ; when all things Fate let fall 50
 In our affair she asked ; I told her all.
 To which she answer'd : ' These things thus took end.
 And now to those that I inform attend,
 Which you rememb'ring, God himself shall be
 The blessed author of your memory. 55

First to the Sirens ye shall come, that taint
 The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint
 With their attractions. Whomsoever shall,
 For want of knowledge moved, but hear the call
 Of any Siren, he will so despise 60
 Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
 That never home turns his affection's stream,
 Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them.
 The Sirens will so soften with their song
 (Shrill, and in sensual appetite so strong) 65
 His loose affections, that he gives them head.
 And then observe : They sit amidst a mead,
 And round about it runs a hedge or wall
 Of dead men's bones, their wither'd skins and all

Hung all along upon it ; and these men 70
 Were such as they had fawn'd into their fen,
 And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
 Sail by them therefore, thy companions
 Beforehand causing to stop every ear
 With sweet soft wax, so close that none may hear 75
 A note of all their charmings. Yet may you,
 If you affect it, open ear allow
 To try their motion ; but presume not so
 To trust your judgment, when your senses go
 So loose about you, but give straight command 80
 To all your men, to bind you foot and hand
 Sure to the mast, that you may safe approve
 How strong in instigation to their love
 Their rapting tunes are. If so much they move,
 That, spite of all your reason, your will stands 85
 To be enfranchised both of feet and hands,
 Charge all your men before to slight your charge,
 And rest so far from fearing to enlarge
 That much more sure they bind you. When your
 friends
 Have outsail'd these, the danger that transcends 90
 Rests not in any counsel to prevent,
 Unless your own mind finds the tract and bent
 Of that way that avoids it. I can say
 That in your course there lies a twofold way,
 The right of which your own, taught, present wit, 95
 And grace divine, must prompt. In general yet
 Let this inform you : Near these Sirens' shore
 Move two steep rocks, at whose feet lie and roar
 The black sea's cruel billows ; the bless'd Gods
 Call them the Rovers. Their abhorr'd abodes 100

No bird can pass ; no not the doves, whose fear
 Sire Jove so loves that they are said to bear
 Ambrosia to him, can their ravine 'scape,
 But one of them falls ever to the rape
 Of those sly rocks ; yet Jove another still 105
 Adds to the rest, that so may ever fill
 The sacred number. Never ship could shun
 The nimble peril wing'd there, but did run
 With all her bulk, and bodies of her men,
 To utter ruin. For the seas retain 110
 Not only their outrageous æsture there,
 But fierce assistants of particular fear,
 And supernatural mischief, they expire,
 And those are whirlwinds of devouring fire
 Whisking about still. Th' Argive ship alone, 115
 Which bore the care of all men, got her gone,

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

¹¹⁶ Νηῦς πᾶσι μέλουσα, &c. *Navis omnibus curæ: the ship that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our critics will needs restrain, omnibus heroibus, Poetis omnibus, vel Histo-*

Come from Areta. Yet perhaps even she
 Had wrack'd at those rocks, if the Deity,
 That lies by Jove's side, had not lent her hand
 To their transmission ; since the man, that mann'd 120
 In chief that voyage, she in chief did love.
 Of these two spiteful rocks, the one doth shove
 Against the height of heaven her pointed brow.
 A black cloud binds it round, and never show
 Lends to the sharp point ; not the clear blue sky 125
 Lets ever view it, not the summer's eye,
 Not fervent autumn's. None that death could end
 Could ever scale it, or, if up, descend,
 Though twenty hands and feet he had for hold,
 A polish'd ice-like glibness doth enfold 130
 The rock so round, whose midst a gloomy cell
 Shrouds so far westward that it sees to hell.
 From this keep you as far, as from his bow
 An able young man can his shaft bestow.
 For here the whuling Scylla shrouds her face, 135

ricis, when the care of all men's preservation is affirmed to be the freight of it ; as if poets and historians comprehended all things, when I scarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewise is garbage good enough for the monster. Nor will I tempt our spiced consciences with expressing the divine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirm any good of poor poesy, since no man gets any goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-eyed starters at profanation are for nothing so afraid of it ; as that lest their galled consciences (scarce believing the most real truth, in approbation of their lives) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in these contemned vanities (as their impieties please to call them) which by much more learned and pious than themselves have ever been called the raptures of divine inspiration, by which, *Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit.*—Plat.—CHAPMAN.

¹³⁵ Δεινὸν λελακῦϊα, &c. *Graviter vociferans* ; as all most untruly translate it. As they do in the next verse these words

That breathes a voice at all parts no more base
 Than are a newly-kitten'd kitling's cries,
 Herself a monster yet of boundless size,
 Whose sight would nothing please a mortal's eyes,
 No nor the eyes of any God, if he 140
 (Whom nought should fright) fell foul on her, and she
 Her full shape show'd. Twelve foul feet bear about
 Her ugly bulk. Six huge long necks look out
 Of her rank shoulders; every neck doth let
 A ghastly head out; every head three set, 145
 Thick thrust together, of abhorred teeth,
 And every tooth stuck with a sable death.

σκύλακος νεογιλῆς catuli leonis, no lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation. *Δεινὸν λελακυῖα* signifying *indignam, dissimilem, or horribilem vocem edens*: but in what kind *horribilem*? Not for the gravity or greatness of her voice, but for the unworthy or disproportionable small whuling of it; she being in the vast frame of her body, as the very words *πέλωρ κακὸν* signify, *monstrum ingens*; whose disproportion and deformity is too poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered for fat and flat proser to comprehend. Nor could they make the Poet's words serve their comprehension; and therefore they add of their own, *λάσκω*, from whence *λελακυῖα* is derived, signifying *crepo, or stridulè clamo*. And *σκύλακος νεογιλῆς*, is to be expounded, *catuli nuper or recens nati*, not *leonis*. But thus they botch and abuse the incomparable expressor, because they knew not how otherwise to be monstrous enough themselves to help out the monster. Imagining so huge a great body must needs have a voice as huge; and then would not our Homer have likened it to a lion's whelp's voice, but to the lion's own; and all had been much too little to make a voice answerable to her hugeness. And therefore found our inimitable master a new way to express her monstrous disproportion; performing it so, as there can be *nihil supra*. And I would fain learn of my learned detractor, that will needs have me only translate out of the Latin, what Latin translation tells me this? Or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred other such? Which may be some poor instance, or proof, of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two simple poems, but not a syllable further will my silly spirit presume.

CHAPMAN.

She lurks in midst of all her den, and streaks
 From out a ghastly whirlpool all her necks ;
 Where, gloting round her rock, to fish she falls ; 150
 And up rush dolphins, dogfish ; somewhiles whales,
 If got within her when her rapine feeds ;
 For ever-groaning Amphitrite breeds
 About her whirlpool an unmeasured store.
 No sea-man ever boasted touch of shore 155
 That there touch'd with his ship, but still she fed
 Of him and his ; a man for every head
 Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descry
 The other humbler rock, that moves so nigh
 Your dart may mete the distance. It receives 160
 A huge wild fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaves,
 Beneath whose shades divine Charybdis sits,
 Supping the black deeps. Thrice a day her pits
 She drinking all dry, and thrice a day again
 All up she belches, baneful to sustain. 165
 When she is drinking, dare not near her draught,
 For not the force of Neptune, if once caught,
 Can force your freedom. Therefore in your strife
 To 'scape Charybdis labour all for life
 To row near Scylla, for she will but have 170
 For her six heads six men ; and better save
 The rest, than all make off'rings to the wave.'

This need she told me of my loss, when I
 Desired to know, if that Necessity,
 When I had 'scaped Charybdis' outrages, 175
 My powers might not revenge, though not redress ?
 She answer'd : ' O unhappy ! art thou yet
 Enflamed with war, and thirst to drink thy sweat ?

¹⁴⁸ *Streaks*—stretches. See Bk. ix. 416.

Not to the Gods give up both arms and will?
 She deathless is, and that immortal ill 180
 Grave, harsh, outrageous, not to be subdued,
 That men must suffer till they be renew'd.
 Nor lives there any virtue that can fly
 The vicious outrage of their cruelty.
 Shouldst thou put arms on, and approach the rock, 185
 I fear six more must expiate the shock.
 Six heads six men ask still. Hoise sail, and fly,
 And, in thy flight, aloud on Cratis cry
 (Great Scylla's mother, who exposed to light
 The bane of men) and she will do such right 190
 To thy observance, that she down will tread
 Her daughter's rage, nor let her show a head.
 From thenceforth then, for ever past her care,
 Thou shalt ascend the isle triangular,
 Where many oxen of the Sun are fed, 195
 And fatted flocks. Of oxen fifty head
 In every herd feed, and their herds are seven;
 And of his fat flocks is their number even.
 Increase they yield not, for they never die.
 There every shepherdess a Deity. 200
 Fair Phaethusa, and Lampetie,
 The lovely Nymphs are that their guardians be,
 Who to the daylight's lofty-going Flame
 Had gracious birthright from the heavenly Dame,
 Still young Neæra; who (brought forth and bred) 205
 Far off dismiss'd them, to see duly fed
 Their father's herds and flocks in Sicily.
 These herds and flocks if to the Deity
 Ye leave, as sacred things, untouch'd, and on

¹⁹⁴ Sicily.

²⁰³ The Sun.

Go with all fit care of your home, alone, 210
 (Though through some suff'rance) you yet safe shall land
 In wished Ithaca. But if impious hand
 You lay on those herds to their hurts, I then
 Presage sure ruin to thy ship and men.
 If thou escap'st thyself, extending home 215
 Thy long'd-for landing, thou shalt loaded come
 With store of losses, most exceeding late,
 And not consorted with a saved mate.'

This said, the golden-throned Aurora rose,
 She her way went, and I did mine dispose 220
 Up to my ship, weigh'd anchor, and away.
 When reverend Circe helped us to convey
 Our vessel safe, by making well inclined
 A seaman's true companion, a forewind,
 With which she fill'd our sails ; when, fitting all 225
 Our arms close by us, I did sadly fall
 To grave relation what concern'd in fate
 My friends to know, and told them that the state
 Of our affairs' success, which Circe had
 Presaged to me alone, must yet be made 230
 To one nor only two known, but to all ;
 That, since their lives and deaths were left to fall
 In their elections, they might life elect,
 And give what would preserve it fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to fly 235
 The heavenly-singing Sirens' harmony,
 And flower-adorned meadow ; and that I
 Had charge to hear their song, but fetter'd fast
 In bands, unfavour'd, to th' erected mast,
 From whence, if I should pray, or use command, 240
 To be enlarged, they should with much more band

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

In mean time flew our ships, and straight we fetch'd
 The Siren's isle; a spleenless wind so stretch'd
 Her wings to waft us, and so urged our keel.
 But having reach'd this isle, we could not feel
 The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead, 250

And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread,
 The Sirens' devil charm'd all. Up then flew
 My friends to work, struck sail, together drew,
 And under hatches stow'd them, sat, and plied
 The polish'd oars, and did in curls divide 255

The white-head waters. My part then came on:
 A mighty waxen cake I set upon,
 Chopp'd it in fragments with my sword, and wrought
 With strong hand every piece, till all were soft.

The great power of the sun, in such a beam 260
 As then flew burning from his diadem,
 To liquefaction help'd us. Orderly
 I stopp'd their ears; and they as fair did ply
 My feet and hands with cords, and to the mast
 With other halsers made me soundly fast. 265

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

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

*' Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
 That dost so high the Grecian glory raise,*

Ulysses! stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none past ever but it bent his ear, 275
But left him ravish'd, and instructed more
By us, than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd 280
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever all the earth can show
T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know.'

This they gave accent in the sweetest strain
 That ever open'd an enamour'd vein. 285
 When my constrain'd heart needs would have mine ear
 Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear.
 To which end I commanded with all sign
 Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine
 Had power to stir) my friends to rise, and give 290
 My limbs free way. They freely strived to drive
 Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,
 Eurylochus, and Perimedes rose
 To wrap me surer, and oppress'd me more
 With many a halser than had use before. 295
 When, rowing on without the reach of sound,
 My friends unstopp'd their ears, and me unbound,
 And that isle quite we quitted. But again
 Fresh fears employ'd us. I beheld a main
 Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend, 300
 A horrid murmur hearing. Every friend
 Astonish'd sat; from every hand his oar
 Fell quite forsaken; with the dismal roar
 Were all things there made echoes; stone still stood
 Our ship itself, because the ghastly flood 305

Took all men's motions from her in their own.
 I through the ship went, labouring up and down
 My friends' recover'd spirits. One by one
 I gave good words, and said : That well were known
 These ills to them before, I told them all, 310
 And that these could not prove more capital
 Than those the Cyclops block'd us up in, yet
 My virtue, wit, and heaven-help'd counsels set
 Their freedoms open. I could not believe
 But they remember'd it, and wish'd them give 315
 My equal care and means now equal trust.
 The strength they had for stirring up they must
 Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid
 His powers in theirs up, and would add his aid
 To 'scape even that death. In particular then, 320
 I told our pilot, that past other men
 He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd
 The continent that all our spirits convey'd,
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boil
 The fiery whirlpools that to all our spoil 325
 Inclosed a rock, without which he must steer,
 Or all our ruins stood concluded there.

All heard me and obey'd, and little knew
 That, shunning that rock, six of them should rue
 The wrack another hid. For I conceal'd 330
 The heavy wounds, that never would be heal'd,
 To be by Scylla open'd ; for their fear
 Would then have robb'd all of all care to steer,
 Or stir an oar, and made them hide beneath,
 When they and all had died an idle death. 335
 But then even I forgot to shun the harm

³²³ *Continent*—ship, that which contained us.

Circe forewarn'd ; who will'd I should not arm,
 Nor show myself to Scylla, lest in vain
 I ventured life. Yet could not I contain,
 But arm'd at all parts, and two lances took, 340
 Up to the foredeck went, and thence did look
 That rocky Scylla would have first appear'd,
 And taken my life with the friends I fear'd.

From thence yet no place could afford her sight,
 Though through the dark rock mine eye threw her light,
 And ransack'd all ways. I then took a strait 346
 That gave myself, and some few more, receipt
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis ; whence we saw
 How horridly Charybdis' throat did draw
 The brackish sea up, which when all abroad 350
 She spit again out, never caldron sod
 With so much fervour, fed with all the store
 That could enrage it ; all the rock did roar
 With troubled waters ; round about the tops
 Of all the steep crags flew the foamy drops. 355
 But when her draught the sea and earth dissunder'd,
 The troubled bottoms turn'd up, and she thunder'd,
 Far under shore the swart sands naked lay.
 Whose whole stern sight the startled blood did fray
 From all our faces. And while we on her 360
 Our eyes bestow'd thus to our ruin's fear,
 Six friends had Scylla snatch'd out of our keel,
 In whom most loss did force and virtue feel.
 When looking to my ship, and lending eye
 To see my friends' estates, their heels turn'd high, 365
 And hands cast up, I might discern, and hear
 Their calls to me for help, when now they were
 To try me in their last extremities.

And as an angler med'cine for surprise
 Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks, 370
 From out the crook'd horn of a fold-bred ox,
 And then with his long angle hoists them high
 Up to the air, then slightly hurls them by,
 When helpless sprawling on the land they lie ;
 So easily Scylla to her rock had rapt 375
 My woeful friends, and so unhelp'd entrapt
 Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape,
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape,
 Shriek'd as she tore, and up their hands to me
 Still threw for sweet life. I did never see, 380
 In all my suff'rance ransacking the seas,
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus having fled these rocks (these cruel dames
 Scylla, Charybdis) where the King of flames
 Hath offerings burn'd to him our ship put in, 385
 The island that from all the earth doth win
 The epithet *Faultless*, where the broad-of-head
 And famous oxen for the Sun are fed,
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
 Set in my ship, mine ear reach'd where we rode 390
 The bellowing of oxen, and the bleat
 Of fleecy sheep, that in my memory's seat
 Put up the forms that late had been impress'd
 By dread Ææan Circe, and the best
 Of souls and prophets, the blind Theban seer, 395
 The wise Tiresias, who was grave decreer
 Of my return's whole means ; of which this one
 In chief he urg'd—that I should always shun
 The island of the man-delighting Sun.
 When, sad at heart for our late loss, I pray'd 400

My friends to hear fit counsel (though dismay'd
 With all ill fortunes) which was given to me
 By Circe's and Tiresias' prophecy,—
 That I should fly the isle where was ador'd
 The Comfort of the world, for ills abhorr'd 405
 Were ambush'd for us there; and therefore will'd
 They should put off and leave the isle. This kill'd
 Their tender spirits; when Eurylochus
 A speech that vex'd me utter'd, answering thus:
 ' Cruel Ulysses! Since thy nerves abound 410
 In strength, the more spent, and no toils confound
 Thy able limbs, as all beat out of steel,
 Thou ablest us too, as unapt to feel
 The teeth of Labour and the spoil of Sleep,
 And therefore still wet waste us in the deep, 415
 Nor let us land to eat, but madly now
 In night put forth, and leave firm land to strow
 The sea with errors. All the rabid flight
 Of winds that ruin ships are bred in night.
 Who is it that can keep off cruel Death, 420
 If suddenly should rush out th' angry breath
 Of Notus, or the eager-spirited West,
 That cuff ships dead, and do the Gods their best?
 Serve black Night still with shore, meat, sleep, and ease.
 And offer to the Morning for the seas.' 425
 This all the rest approved, and then knew I
 That past all doubt the Devil did apply
 His slaught'rous works. Nor would they be withheld;
 I was but one, nor yielded but compell'd.

⁴⁰⁵ *The Comfort of the world*—the Sun. (Τερψιμβρότου ἡελίοιο.)

⁴¹³ *Ablest*—the word here seems used in the same sense as Shakespeare, *King Lear*, IV. 6. See NARES in v.

But all that might contain them I assay'd, 430
 A sacred oath on all their powers I laid,
 That if with herds or any richest flocks
 We chanc'd t' encounter, neither sheep nor ox
 We once should touch, nor (for that constant ill
 That follows folly) scorn advice and kill, 435
 But quiet sit us down and take such food
 As the immortal Circe had bestow'd.

They swore all this in all severest sort ;
 And then we anchor'd in the winding port
 Near a fresh river, where the long'd-for shore 440
 They all flew out to, took in victuals store,
 And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
 Their loss by Scylla, weeping till they slept.

In Night's third part, when stars began to stoop,
 The Cloud-assembler put a tempest up. 445
 A boist'rous spirit he gave it, drave out all
 His flocks of clouds, and let such darkness fall
 That Earth and Seas, for fear, to hide were driven,
 For with his clouds he thrust out Night from heaven.

At Morn we drew our ships into a cave, 450
 In which the Nymphs that Phœbus' cattle drave
 Fair dancing-rooms had, and their seats of state.
 I urged my friends then, that, to shun their fate,
 They would observe their oath, and take the food
 Our ship afforded, nor attempt the blood 455
 Of those fair herds and flocks, because they were
 The dreadful God's that all could see and hear.

They stood observant, and in that good mind
 Had we been gone ; but so adverse the wind
 Stood to our passage, that we could not go. 460
 For one whole month perpetually did blow

Impetuous Notus, not a breath's repair
 But his and Eurus' ruled in all the air.
 As long yet as their ruddy wine and bread
 Stood out amongst them, so long not a head 465
 Of all those oxen fell in any strife
 Amongst those students for the gut and life ;
 But when their victuals fail'd they fell to prey,
 Necessity compell'd them then to stray
 In rape of fish and fowl ; whatever came 470
 In reach of hand or hook, the belly's flame
 Afflicted to it. I then fell to prayer,
 And (making to a close retreat repair,
 Free from both friends and winds) I wash'd my hands.
 And all the Gods besought, that held commands 475
 In liberal heaven, to yield some mean to stay
 Their desperate hunger, and set up the way
 Of our return restrain'd. The Gods, instead
 Of giving what I pray'd for—power of deed—
 A deedless sleep did on my lids distill, 480
 For mean to work upon my friends their fill.
 For whiles I slept there waked no mean to curb
 Their headstrong wants ; which he that did disturb
 My rule in chief at all times, and was chief
 To all the rest in counsel to their grief, 485
 Knew well, and of my present absence took
 His fit advantage, and their iron strook
 At highest heat. For, feeling their desire
 In his own entrails, to allay the fire
 That Famine blew in them, he thus gave way 490
 To that affection : ' Hear what I shall say,
 Though words will staunch no hunger, every death
 To us poor wretches that draw temporal breath

You know is hateful ; but, all know, to die
 The death of Famine is a misery 495
 Past all death loathsome. Let us, therefore, take
 The chief of this fair herd, and offerings make
 To all the Deathless that in broad heaven live,
 And in particular vow, if we arrive
 In natural Ithaca, to straight erect 500
 A temple to the Haughty in aspect,
 Rich and magnificent, and all within
 Deck it with relics many and divine.
 If yet he stands incens'd, since we have slain
 His high-brow'd herd, and, therefore, will sustain 505
 Desire to wrack our ship, he is but one,
 And all the other Gods that we atone
 With our divine rites will their suffrage give
 To our design'd return, and let us live.
 If not, and all take part, I rather crave 510
 To serve with one sole death the yawning wave,
 Than in a desert island lie and sterve,
 And with one pin'd life many deaths observe.'

All cried ' He counsels nobly,' and all speed
 Made to their resolute driving ; for the feed 515
 Of those coal-black, fair, broad-brow'd, sun-loved beeves
 Had place close by our ships. They took the lives
 Of sence, most eminent ; about their fall
 Stood round, and to the States Celestial
 Made solemn vows ; but other rites their ship 520
 Could not afford them, they did, therefore, strip
 The curl'd-head oak of fresh young leaves, to make
 Supply of service for their barley-cake.
 And on the sacredly enflamed, for wine,

⁵¹⁸ *Sence*.—*Qy.* *seven the most eminent?* No number is specified in the Greek.

Pour'd purest water, all the parts divine 525
 Spitting and roasting ; all the rites beside
 Orderly using. Then did light divide
 My low and upper lids ; when, my repair
 Made near my ship, I met the delicate air
 Their roast exhaled ; out instantly I cried, 530
 And said : ' O Jove, and all ye Deified,
 Ye have oppress'd me with a cruel sleep,
 While ye conferr'd on me a loss as deep
 As Death descends to. To themselves alone
 My rude men left ungovern'd, they have done 535
 A deed so impious, I stand well assured,
 That you will not forgive though ye procured.'

Then flew Lampetie with the ample robe
 Up to her father with the golden globe,
 Ambadress t' inform him that my men 540
 Had slain his oxen. Heart-incensed then,
 He cried : ' Revenge me, Father, and the rest
 Both ever-living and for ever blest !
 Ulysses' impious men have drawn the blood
 Of those my oxen that it did me good 545
 To look on, walking all my starry round,
 And when I trod earth all with meadows crown'd.
 Without your full amends I'll leave heaven quite,
 Dis and the dead adorning with my light.'

The Cloud-herd answer'd : ' Son ! Thou shalt be ours,
 And light those mortals in that mine of flowers ! 551
 My red-hot flash shall graze but on their ship,
 And eat it, burning, in the boiling deep.'

This by Calypso I was told, and she
 Informed it from the verger Mercury. 555

Come to our ship, I chid and told by name

Each man how impiously he was to blame.
 But chiding got no peace, the beeves were slain !
 When straight the Gods forewent their following pain
 With dire ostents. The hides the flesh had lost 560
 Crept all before them. As the flesh did roast,
 It bellow'd like the ox itself alive.
 And yet my soldiers did their dead beeves drive
 Through all these prodigies in daily feasts.
 Six days they banqueted and slew fresh beasts ; 565
 And when the seventh day Jove reduced the wind
 That all the month raged, and so in did bind
 Our ship and us, was turn'd and calmed, and we
 Launch'd, put up masts, sails hoised, and to sea.
 The island left so far that land nowhere 570
 But only sea and sky had power t' appear,
 Jove fixed a cloud above our ship, so black
 That all the sea it darken'd. Yet from wrack
 She ran a good free time, till from the West
 Came Zephyr ruffling forth, and put his breast 575
 Out in a singing tempest, so most vast
 It burst the gables that made sure our mast ;
 Our masts came tumbling down, our cattle down
 Rush'd to the pump, and by our pilot's crown
 The main-mast pass'd his fall, pash'd all his skull, 580
 And all this wrack but one flaw made at full ;
 Off from the stern the sternsman diving fell,
 And from his sinews flew his soul to hell.
 Together all this time Jove's thunder chid,
 And through and through the ship his lightning glid,
 Till it embraced her round ; her bulk was fill'd 586
 With nasty sulphur, and her men were kill'd,
 Tumbled to sea, like sea-mews swum about,

And there the date of their return was out.

I toss'd from side to side still, till all broke 590
 Her ribs were with the storm, and she did choke
 With let-in surges ; for the mast torn down
 Tore her up piecemeal, and for me to drown
 Left little undissolved. But to the mast
 There was a leather thong left, which I cast 595
 About it and the keel, and so sat tost
 With baneful weather, till the West had lost
 His stormy tyranny. And then arose
 The South, that bred me more abhorred woes ;
 For back again his blasts expell'd me quite 600
 On ravenous Charybdis. All that night
 I totter'd up and down, till Light and I
 At Scylla's rock encounter'd, and the nigh
 Dreadful Charybdis. As I drave on these,
 I saw Charybdis supping up the seas, 605
 And had gone up together, if the tree
 That bore the wild figs had not rescued me ;
 To which I leap'd, and left my keel, and high
 Chamb'ring upon it did as close imply
 My breast about it as a reremouse could ; 610
 Yet might my feet on no stub fasten hold
 To ease my hands, the roots were crept so low
 Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow
 The far-spread arms that, though good height I gat,
 I could not reach them. To the main bole flat 615
 I, therefore, still must cling ; till up again
 She belch'd my mast, and after that amain
 My keel came tumbling. So at length it chanced
 To me, as to a judge that long advanced

⁶⁰⁹ *Chambering*—the word is doubtless *clambering*.

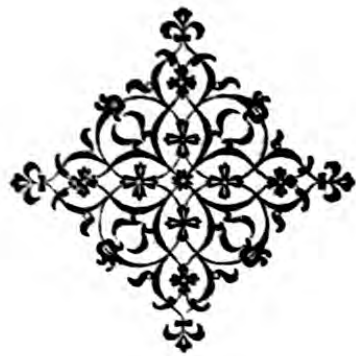
To judge a sort of hot young fellows' jars, 620
 At length time frees him from their civil wars,
 When glad he riseth and to dinner goes ;
 So time, at length, released with joys my woes,
 And from Charybdis' mouth appear'd my keel.
 To which, my hand now loos'd and now my heel, 625
 I altogether with a huge noise dropp'd,
 Just in her midst fell, where the mast was propp'd,
 And there row'd off with owers of my hands.
 God and man's Father would not from her sands
 Let Scylla see me, for I then had died 630
 That bitter death that my poor friends supplied.
 Nine days at sea I hover'd ; the tenth night
 In th' isle Ogygia, where, about the bright
 And right renown'd Calypso, I was cast
 By power of Deity ; where I lived embraced 635
 With love and feasts. But why should I relate
 Those kind occurrents ? I should iterate
 What I in part to your chaste queen and you
 So late imparted. And, for me to grow
 A talker over of my tale again, 640
 Were past my free contentment to sustain."

⁶²⁸ *Owers*—oars. The old orthography would show that the word was generally pronounced as a dissyllable.

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