



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

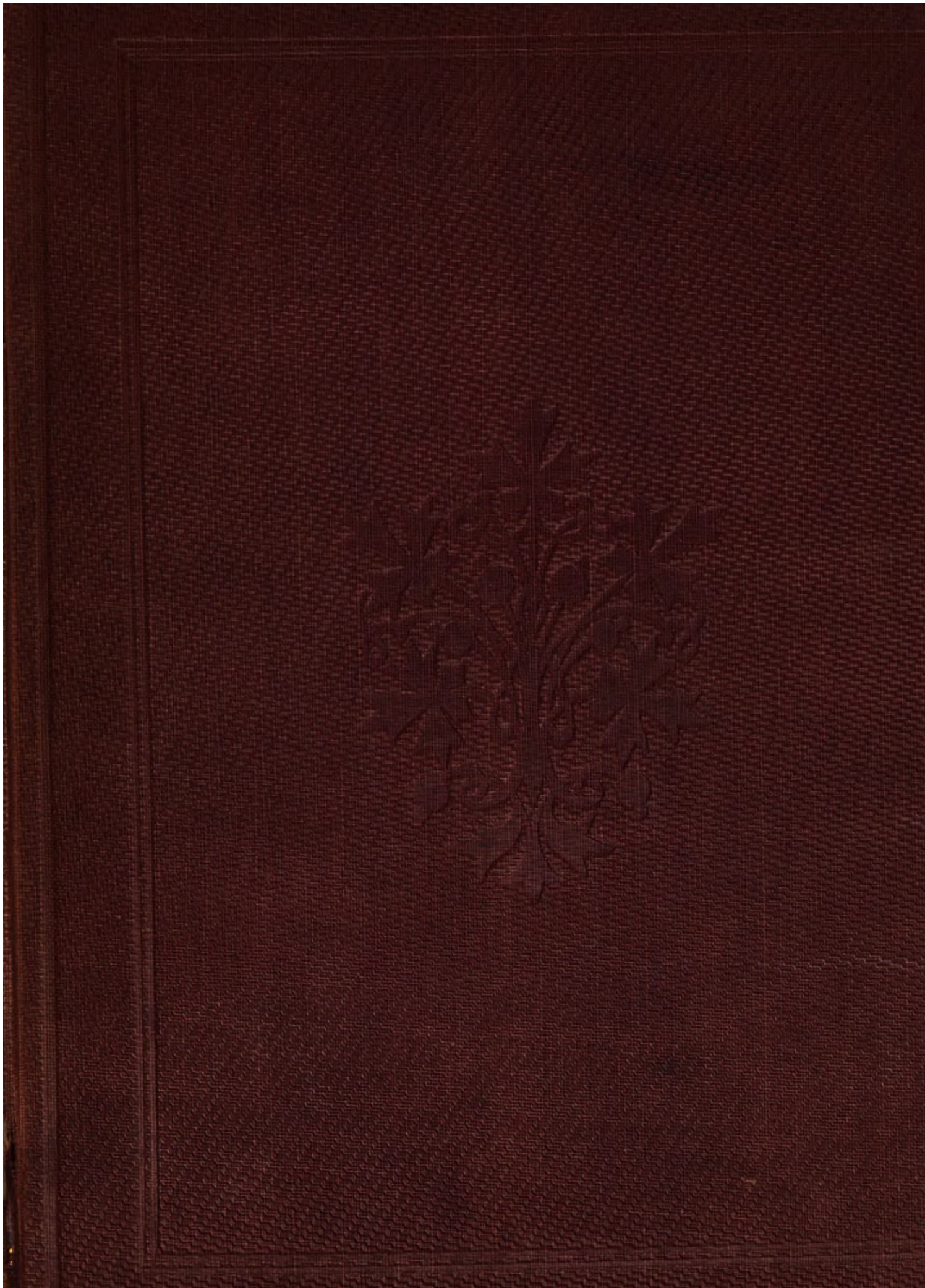
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

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



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





## LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS.



**D**URING the last few years there has been an increasing demand for the productions of our early literature, and the taste has been growing without a corresponding attempt to gratify it; for the reprints of early popular writers still continue to be expensive, and they are published with much diversity of plan, and in every variety of size. It is with the view of meeting this demand, under more desirable circumstances, that the present series of publications has been undertaken.

Among the mass of our early literature there are many books which particularly illustrate the character and sentiments or the history of the age in which they were written; while others are in themselves monuments of literary history, possessing beauties which entitle them to revival. If they have fallen into oblivion, it is only from the antiquity of the language, the various allusions which are not now understood by general readers, or other causes for which it was imagined there would not be a sale sufficient to make their republication profitable, while, in their original forms, they are too rare or too expensive to be generally accessible.

In the series now offered to the public, a careful selection will be made of such works, whether from manuscripts or rare printed editions, as seem, from their interest as illustrations of manners, literature, or history, or as having had a once merited reputation, more especially to deserve republication at the present day; and these will be carefully edited, with introductions and notes; and when necessary, with glossaries and indexes.

Although each work will form a distinct publication, the series will be issued uniformly, in foolscap octavo, and the price will be so moderate (from 3s. to 6s. a volume) as to bring them within the reach of all who take any interest in the study of our older literature.



*LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS.*

---

The following works are already published; several others are in contemplation, and the Publisher will gladly receive any further suggestions.

*The Dramatic and Poetical Works of JOHN MARSTON.* Now first collected, and edited by J. O. Halliwell. 3 vols. 15s.

“A poet of distinguished celebrity in his own day, no less admired for the versatility of his genius in tragedy and comedy, than dreaded for the poignancy of his satire; in the former department the colleague of Jonson, in the latter the antagonist of Hall.”—*Rev. P. Hall.*

*The Vision and Creed of Piers Ploughman.* Edited by Thomas Wright; a new edition, revised, with additions to the Notes and Glossary. 2 vols. 10s.

“The Vision of ‘Piers Ploughman’ is one of the most precious and interesting monuments of the English Language and Literature, and also of the social and political condition of the country during the fourteenth century. . . . Its author is not certainly known, but its time of composition can, by internal evidence, be fixed at about the year 1362. On this and on all matters bearing upon the origin and object of the Poem, Mr. Wright’s historical introduction gives ample information. . . . In the thirteen years that have passed since the first edition of the present text was published by the late Mr. Pickering, our old literature and history have been more studied, and we trust that a large circle of readers will be prepared to welcome this cheaper and carefully revised reprint.”—*Literary Gazette.*

INCREASE MATHER’S *Remarkable Providences of the Earlier Days of American Colonization.* With Introductory Preface by George Oflor. *Portrait.* 5s.

A very singular collection of remarkable sea deliverances, accidents, remarkable phenomena, witchcraft, apparitions, &c. &c., connected with Inhabitants of New England, &c. &c. A very amusing volume, conveying a faithful portrait of the state of society, when the doctrine of a peculiar providence and personal intercourse between this world and that which is unseen was fully believed.

[Continued at the end.]





600085533U



**Library of Old Authors.**







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 II.



LONDON:  
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,  
SOHO SQUARE.  
1857.

293. g. 29.







## THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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



2            *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

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

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

    You then, whoever that are ever graced  
With all choice of authoriz'd power to taste  
Such wine with me as warms the sacred rage,                                15  
And is an honorary given to age,

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

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

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

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

    Thus spake Alcinous, and pleased the rest ;  
When each man closed with home and sleep his feast.

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

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

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

<sup>35</sup> *Εὐήγορα χαλκόν, bene honestos faciens as.*—CHAPMAN.

<sup>51</sup> i. e. The Sun.

4            *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

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

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

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

    This said, Pontonous commix'd a bowl

<sup>63</sup> *Oar-affecting state*—the oar-loving Phæacians.

<sup>64</sup> *Dignified*—rendered worthy.

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



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

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

8            *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

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

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

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

<sup>100</sup> The Phæacians were descended originally from Neptune.  
 CHAPMAN.

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

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

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

<sup>227</sup> *Jets*—struts. Shakespeare.

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

*Twelfth Night*, II. 5.

<sup>232</sup> Ἀμφικαλύπτω, *superinjicio aliquid tanquam tegmen seu operimentum*.—CHAPMAN.





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

<sup>293</sup> *Rued*—lamented.

<sup>301</sup> *Errors*—wanderings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>353</sup> *Ἀνπρὸς, velut tristis, jejunaque naturâ.*—CHAPMAN.

14      *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

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

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

<sup>421</sup> Ἐπίκλοπος, *furandi avidus*.—CHAPMAN.

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

<sup>424</sup> Σχέτλιε ποικιλομήτα, *varia et multiplicia habens consilia*.  
 CHAPMAN.



16      *THE THIRTEENTH BOOK*

In over-reaches! Not secure thy state      425  
 Without these wiles, though on thy native shore  
 Thou sett'st safe footing, but upon thy store  
 Of false words still spend, that even from thy birth  
 Have been thy best friends? Come, our either worth  
 Is known to either. Thou of men art far,      430  
 For words and counsels, the most singular,  
 But I above the Gods in both may boast  
 My still-tried faculties. Yet thou hast lost  
 The knowledge even of me, the seed of Jove,  
 Pallas Athenia, that have still out-strove      435  
 In all thy labours their extremes, and stood  
 Thy sure guard ever, making all thy good  
 Known to the good Phæacians, and received.  
 And now again I greet thee, to see weaved  
 Fresh counsels for thee, and will take on me      440  
 The close reserving of these goods for thee,  
 Which the renown'd Phæacian states bestow'd  
 At thy deduction homewards, only moved  
 With my both spirit and counsel. All which grace  
 I now will amplify, and tell what case      445  
 Thy household stands in, uttering all those pains  
 That of mere need yet still must wrack thy veins.  
 Do thou then freely bear, nor one word give  
 To man nor dame to show thou yet dost live,  
 But silent suffer over all again      450  
 Thy sorrows past, and bear the wrongs of men."  
 "Goddess," said he, "unjust men, and unwise,  
 That author injuries and vanities,  
 By vanities and wrongs should rather be  
 Bound to this ill-abearing destiny,      455  
 Than just and wise men. What delight hath heaven,

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

<sup>458</sup> *Damage*—damage.

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

This is the olive with the ample bough 520  
 And here, close by, the pleasant-shaded cave  
 That to the Fount-Nymphs th' Ithacensians gave,  
 As sacred to their pleasures. Here doth run  
 The large and covered den, where thou hast done  
 Hundreds of offerings to the Naiades. 525  
 Here mount Neritus shakes his curled tress  
 Of shady woods." This said, she clear'd the cloud  
 That first deceived his eyes ; and all things show'd  
 His country to him. Glad he stood with sight  
 Of his loved soil, and kiss'd it with delight. 530  
 And instantly to all the Nymphs he paid  
 (With hands held up to heaven) these vows, and said :  
 " Ye Nymphs the Naiades, great Seed of Jove,  
 I had conceit that never more should move  
 Your sight in these spheres of my erring eyes, 535  
 And therefore, in the fuller sacrifice  
 Of my heart's gratitude, rejoice, till more  
 I pay your names in offerings as before,  
 Which here I vow, if Jove's benign descent,  
 The mighty Pillager, with life convent 540  
 My person home, and to my saved decease  
 Of my loved son's sight add the sweet increase."  
 " Be confident," said Pallas, " nor oppress  
 Thy spirits with care of these performances,  
 But these thy fortunes let us straight repose 545  
 In this divine cave's bosom, that may close  
 Reserve their value ; and we then may see  
 How best to order other acts to thee."  
 Thus enter'd she the light-excluding cave,  
 And through it sought some inmost nook to save, 550

<sup>545</sup> *Repose*—lay up. (Lat.)

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

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

"I will be strongly with thee," answer'd she,  
 "Nor must thou fail, but do thy part with me."



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

" Why wouldst not thou, in whose grave breast is bred  
 The art to order all acts, tell in this  
 His error to him ? Let those years of his 610  
 Amids the rude seas wander, and sustain  
 The woes there raging, while unworthy men  
 Devour his fortunes ?" " Let not care extend  
 Thy heart for him," said she, " myself did send

His person in thy search, to set his worth,      615  
 By good fame blown, to such a distance forth.  
 Nor suffers he in any least degree  
 The grief you fear, but all variety  
 That Plenty can yield in her quiet'st fare,  
 In Menelaus' court, doth sit and share.      620  
 In whose return from home, the Wooers yet  
 Lay bloody ambush, and a ship have set  
 To sea, to intercept his life, before  
 He touch again his birth's attempted shore.  
 All which, my thoughts say, they shall never do,      625  
 But rather, that the earth shall overgo  
 Some one at least of these love-making men,  
 By which thy goods so much impair sustain."  
 Thus using certain secret words to him,  
 She touched him with her rod ; and every limb      630  
 Was hid all over with a wither'd skin ;  
 His bright eyes blear'd ; his brow curls white and thin ;  
 And all things did an aged man present.  
 Then, for his own weeds, shirt and coat, all rent,  
 Tann'd, and all sootied with noisome smoke,      635  
 She put him on ; and, over all, a cloke  
 Made of a stag's huge hide, of which was worn  
 The hair quite off ; a scrip, all patch'd and torn,  
 Hung by a cord, oft broke and knit again ;  
 And with a staff did his old limbs sustain.      640  
 Thus having both consulted of th' event,  
 They parted both ; and forth to Sparta went  
 The gray-eyed Goddess, to see all things done  
 That appertain'd to wise Ulysses' son.



## THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

Where Pallas said divine Eumæus lived ;  
Who of the fortunes, that were first achieved  
By God-like Ithacus in household rights,  
Had more true care than all his prosylites.  
He found him sitting in his cottage door,  
Where he had raised to every airy blore

5

<sup>6</sup> Πρόσυλος, *materiæ adhærens* : *item, qui rebus mundanis deditus est.*—CHAPMAN. I print *prosylite* in the text, and Chapman's note, but I am not aware of any authority for the Greek or English word.

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

<sup>31</sup> *Strain*.—See Bk. I. 344, and *infra*, 286.

<sup>32</sup> *Mere*.—See Bk. VIII. 115.

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

<sup>41</sup> Ὑλακόμωρος, *ad latrandum futo quodam natus*.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>42</sup> *Majesty*—Ulysses.



26      *THE FOURTEENTH BOOK*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So many men died, whose fate did confer  
 My liege to Troy, in Agamemnon's grace,  
 To spoil her people, and her turrets race!"

This said, his coat to him he straight did gird, 105  
 And to his styes went, that contain'd his herd ;

From whence he took out two, slew both, and cut  
 Both fairly up ; a fire enflamed, and put  
 To spit the joints ; which roasted well, he set  
 With spit and all to him, that he might eat 110

From thence his food in all the singeing heat,  
 Yet dredg'd it first with flour ; then fill'd his cup  
 With good sweet wine ; sat then, and cheer'd him up :

" Eat now, my guest, such lean swine as are meat  
 For us poor swains ; the fat the Wooers eat, 115

In whose minds no shame, no remorse, doth move,  
 Though well they know the bless'd Gods do not love  
 Ungodly actions, but respect the right,  
 And in the works of pious men delight.

But these are worse than impious, for those 120  
 That vow t' injustice, and profess them foes

To other nations, enter on their land,  
 And Jupiter (to show his punishing hand  
 Upon th' invaded, for their penance then)  
 Gives favour to their foes, though wicked men, 125

To make their prey on them ; who, having freight  
 Their ships with spoil enough, weigh anchor straight,  
 And each man to his house ; (and yet even these,  
 Doth powerful fear of God's just vengeance seize  
 Even for that prize in which they so rejoice) 130

But these men, knowing (having heard the voice  
 Of God by some means) that sad death hath reft  
 The ruler here, will never suffer left

28      *THE FOURTEENTH BOOK*

Their unjust wooing of his wife, nor take  
 Her often answer, and their own roofs make      135  
 Their fit retreats, but (since uncheck'd they may)  
 They therefore will make still his goods their prey,  
 Without all spare or end. There is no day,  
 Nor night, sent out from God, that ever they  
 Profane with one beast's blood, or only two,      140  
 But more make spoil of; and the wrongs they do  
 In meat's excess to wine as well extend,  
 Which as excessively their riots spend,  
 Yet still leave store, for sure his means were great,  
 And no heroë, that hath choicest seat      145  
 Upon the fruitful neighbour continent,  
 Or in this isle itself, so opulent  
 Was as Ulysses, no, nor twenty such,  
 Put altogether, did possess so much.

Whose herds and flocks I'll tell to every head:      150  
 Upon the continent he daily fed  
 Twelve herds of oxen, no less flocks of sheep,  
 As many herds of swine, stalls large and steep,  
 And equal sorts of goats, which tenants there,  
 And his own shepherds, kept. Then fed he here      155  
 Eleven fair stalls of goats, whose food hath yield  
 In the extreme part of a neighbour field.  
 Each stall his herdsman hath, an honest swain,  
 Yet every one must every day sustain  
 The load of one beast (the most fat, and best      160  
 Of all the stall-fed) to the Wooers' feast.  
 And I, for my part, of the swine I keep  
 (With four more herdsmen) every day help steep  
 The Wooers' appetites in blood of one,  
 The most select our choice can fall upon."      165

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

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

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

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

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

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

30      *THE FOURTEENTH BOOK*

Perhaps some one may yield thee ; but for him,  
Vultures and dogs have torn from every limb  
His porous skin, and forth his soul is fled,      200  
His corse at sea to fishes forfeited,  
Or on the shore lies hid in heaps of sand,  
And there hath he his ebb, his native strand  
With friends' tears flowing. But to me past all  
Were tears created, for I never shall      205  
Find so humane a royal master more,  
Whatever sea I seek, whatever shore.  
Nay, to my father, or my mother's love  
Should I return, by whom I breathe and move,  
Could I so much joy offer ; nor these eyes      210  
(Though my desires sustain extremities  
For their sad absence) would so fain be blest  
With sight of their lives, in my native nest,  
As with Ulysses dead ; in whose last rest,  
O friend, my soul shall love him. He's not here,      215  
Nor do I name him like a flatterer,  
But as one thankful for his love and care  
To me a poor man ; in the rich so rare.  
And be he past all shores where sun can shine,  
I will invoke him as a soul divine."      220

    " O friend," said he, " to say, and to believe,  
He cannot live, doth too much license give  
To incredulity ; for, not to speak  
At needy randon, but my breath to break  
In sacred oath, Ulysses shall return.      225  
And when his sight recomforts those that mourn  
In his own roofs, then give me cloak, and coat,  
And garments worthy of a man of note.  
Before which, though need urged me never so,



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

<sup>247</sup> *Remember'd*—reminded.

His long-lost father. In return from whence,  
 The Wooers' pride way-lays his innocence,  
 That of divine Arcesius all the race  
 May fade to Ithaca, and not the grace  
 Of any name left to it. But leave we      265  
 His state, however, if surprised he be,  
 Or if he scape. And may Saturnius' hand  
 Protect him safely to his native land.

Do thou then, father, show your griefs, and cause  
 Of your arrival here ; nor break the laws      270  
 That truth prescribes you, but relate your name,  
 And of what race you are, your father's fame,  
 And native city's ; ship and men unfold,  
 That to this isle convey'd you, since I hold  
 Your here arrival was not all by shore,      275  
 Nor that your feet your aged person bore."

He answer'd him : " I'll tell all strictly true,  
 If time, and food, and wine enough, accrue  
 Within your roof to us, that freely we  
 May sit and banquet. Let your business be      280  
 Discharged by others ; for, when all is done,  
 I cannot easily, while the year doth run  
 His circle round, run over all the woes,  
 Beneath which, by the course the Gods dispose,  
 My sad age labours. First, I'll tell you then,      285  
 From ample Crete I fetch my native strain ;  
 My father wealthy, whose house many a life  
 Brought forth and bred besides by his true wife,  
 But me a bond-maid bore, his concubine.  
 Yet tender'd was I as his lawful line      290  
 By him of whose race I my life profess,  
 Castor his name, surnamed Hylacides.

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

<sup>309</sup> *Prest*—ready.

34      *THE FOURTEENTH BOOK*

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

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



36      *THE FOURTEENTH BOOK*

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

<sup>397</sup> Ἄνηρ ἀπατήλια εἰδὼς, τρώκτης.—CHAPMAN.

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

<sup>426</sup> 'Ελελίχθη *qui terram rapido motu concutit.*—CHAPMAN.

<sup>442</sup> 'Απριάτην *sine emptionis seu redemptionis pretio.*—CHAPMAN.

Might cherish heat in me. And here the king  
 Said, he received Ulysses as his guest,      450  
 Observed him friend-like, and his course address'd  
 Home to his country, showing there to me  
 Ulysses' goods, a very treasury  
 Of brass, and gold, and steel of curious frame.  
 And to the tenth succession of his name      455  
 He laid up wealth enough, to serve beside  
 In that king's house, so hugely amplified  
 His treasure was. But from his court the king  
 Affirm'd him shipp'd for the Dodonean spring,  
 To hear, from out the high-hair'd oak of Jove,      460  
 Counsel from him for means to his remove  
 To his loved country, whence so many a year  
 He had been absent ; if he should appear  
 Disguised, or manifest ; and further swore  
 In his mid court, at sacrifice, before      465  
 These very eyes, that he had ready there  
 Both ship and soldiers, to attend and bear  
 Him to his country. But, before, it chanc'd  
 That a Thesprotian ship was to be lanch'd  
 For the much-corn-renown'd Dulichian land,      470  
 In which the king gave to his men command  
 To take, and bring me under tender hand  
 To king Acastus. But, in ill design  
 Of my poor life, did their desires combine,  
 So far forth, as might ever keep me under      475  
 In fortune's hands, and tear my state in sunder.  
 And when the water-treader far away  
 Had left the land, then plotted they the day  
 Of my long servitude, and took from me  
 Both coat and cloak, and all things that might be      480

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

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

<sup>483</sup> At sunset.—CHAPMAN.

He is so envied of each Deity,  
 So clear, so cruelly. For not in Troy  
 They gave him end, nor let his corpse enjoy  
 The hands of friends (which well they might have done,  
 He managed arms to such perfection,                516  
 And should have had his sepulchre, and all,  
 And all the Greeks to grace his funeral,  
 And this had given a glory to his son  
 Through all times future) but his head is run        520  
 Unseen, unhonour'd, into Harpies' maws.  
 For my part, I'll not meddle with the cause,  
 I live a separate life amongst my swine,  
 Come at no town for any need of mine,  
 Unless the circularly-witted queen                525  
 (When any far-come guest is to be seen  
 That brings her news) commands me bring a brawn,  
 About which (all things being in question drawn,  
 That touch the king) they sit, and some are sad  
 For his long absence, some again are glad        530  
 To waste his goods unwreak'd, all talking still.  
 But, as for me, I nourish'd little will  
 T' inquire or question of him, since the man  
 That feign'd himself the fled Ætolian,  
 For slaughtering one, through many regions stray'd,  
 In my stall, as his diversory, stay'd.                536  
 Where well entreating him, he told me then,  
 Amongst the Cretans, with king Idomen,  
 He saw Ulysses at his ship's repair,  
 That had been brush'd with the enraged air;        540  
 And that in summer, or in autumn, sure,  
 With all his brave friends and rich furniture,

<sup>525</sup> *Περίφρων*.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>536</sup> *Diversory*—way-side inn (Lat.)



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

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

Who on the altar did the parts impose  
 That served for sacrifice ; beginning close  
 About the belly, thorough which he went,  
 And (all the chief fat gathering) gave it vent 610  
 (Part dredg'd with flour) into the sacred flame ;  
 Then cut they up the joints, and roasted them,  
 Drew all from spit, and served in dishes all.

Then rose Eumæus (who was general  
 In skill to guide each act his fit event) 615  
 And, all in seven parts cut, the first part went  
 To service of the Nymphs and Mercury,  
 To whose names he did rites of piety  
 In vows particular ; and all the rest

He shared to every one, but his loved guest 620  
 He graced with all the chine, and of that king,  
 To have his heart cheer'd, set up every string.  
 Which he observing said : “ I would to Jove,  
 Eumæus, thou liv'dst in his worthy love  
 As great as mine, that giv'st to such a guest 625  
 As my poor self of all thy goods the best.”

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

<sup>742</sup> *Gaberdine*—a coarse cloak. The word is used in Shakespeare, and Nares has illustrated it. Halliwell says it is still used in Kent.

<sup>762</sup> *Eager*.—Shakespeare,

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



## THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

MINERVA to his native seat  
Exhorts Ulysses' son's retreat,  
In bed, and waking. He receives  
Gifts of Atrides, and so leaves  
The Spartan court. And, going aboard,  
Doth favourable way afford  
To Theoclymenus, that was  
The Argive augur, and sought pass,  
Fled for a slaughter he had done.  
Eumæus tells Laertes' son,  
How he became his father's man,  
Being sold by the Phœnician  
For some agreed-on faculties,  
From forth the Syrian Isle, made prise.  
Telemachus, arrived at home,  
Doth to Eumæus' cottage come.

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

<sup>1</sup> 'Ευρύχορον Λακεδαίμονα in qua ampli ut pulchri chori duci possunt, vel ducuntur: which the vulgar translation turn therefore, *latam, seu amplam*.—CHAPMAN.

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

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



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

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

" Atrides, guarded with heaven's deified host,  
 Grant now remission to my native right, 85  
 My mind now urging mine own house's sight."  
 " Nor will I stay," said he, " thy person long,  
 Since thy desires to go are grown so strong.

I should myself be angry to sustain  
 The like detention urged by other men. 90  
 Who loves a guest past mean, past mean will hate,  
*The mean in all acts bears the best estate.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When this the shrill-voiced Menelaus heard,  
 He charged his queen and maids to see prepared 125  
 Breakfast, of what the whole house held for best.

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

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

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

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

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

Present thy wife. In mean space, may it lie  
 By thy loved mother ; but to me apply 165  
 Thy pleasure in it, and thus take thy way  
 To thy fair house, and country's wished stay."  
 Thus gave she to his hands the veil, and he  
 The acceptance author'd joyfully.

Which in the chariot's chest Pisistratus 170  
 Plac'd with the rest, and held miraculous.

The yellow-headed king then led them all  
 To seats and thrones, placed in his spacious hall.  
 The hand-maid water brought, and gave it stream  
 From out a fair and golden ewer to them, 175

From whose hands to a silver caldron fled  
 The troubled wave. A bright board then she spread,  
 On which another reverend dame set bread.  
 To which more servants store of victuals served.  
 Eteonæus was the man that kerved, 180

And Megapenthe fill'd them all their wine.  
 All fed and drank, till all felt care decline  
 For those refreshings. Both the guests did go  
 To horse, and coach, and forth the portico  
 A little issued, when the yellow king 185

Brought wine himself, that, with an offering  
 To all the Gods, they might their journey take.  
 He stood before the Gods, and thus he spake :

“ Farewell young Princes ! To grave Nestor's ear  
 This salutation from my gratitude bear : 190  
 That I profess, in all our Ilium wars,  
 He stood a careful father to my cares.”

To whom the wise Ulyssides replied :  
 “ With all our utmost shall be signified,  
 Jove-kept Atrides, your right royal will ; 195

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>306</sup> *Reduced*—led back. (Lat.)

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

<sup>320</sup> His wife betrayed him for money.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>326</sup> *Interested*—placed him among the Gods.

<sup>327</sup> *Abodes*.—See Bk. IV. 664.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Industrious Ulysses gave reply: 440  
 "I still much wish, that Heaven's chief Deity  
 Loved thee, as I do, that hast eased my mind

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

<sup>443</sup> *Confined*.—See Bk. v. 365.

As long as she had being, I would be  
 A still inquirer (since 'twas dear to me, 475  
 Though death to her, to hear his name) when she  
 Heard of Ulysses, for I might be bold,  
 She brought me up, and in her love did hold  
 My life, compared with long-veil'd Ctimene,  
 Her youngest issue (in some small degree 480  
 Her daughter yet preferr'd) a brave young dame.  
 And when of youth the dearly-loved flame  
 Was lighted in us, marriage did prefer  
 The maid to Samos ; whence was sent for her  
 Infinite riches, when the queen bestow'd 485  
 A fair new suit, new shoes, and all, and vow'd  
 Me to the field, but passing loath to part,  
 As loving me more than she loved her heart.  
 And these I want now ; but their business grows  
 Upon me daily, which the Gods impose, 490  
 To whom I hold all, give account to them,  
 For I see none left to the diadem  
 That may dispose all better. So, I drink  
 And eat of what is here ; and whom I think  
 Worthy or reverend, I have given to, still, 495  
 These kinds of guest-rites ; for the household ill  
 (Which, where the queen is, riots) takes her still  
 From thought of these things. Nor is it delight  
 To hear, from her plight, of or work or word ;  
 The Wooers spoil all. But yet my men will board 500  
 Her sorrows often, with discourse of all,  
 Eating and drinking of the festival  
 That there is kept, and after bring to field  
 Such things as servants make their pleasures yield.

<sup>500</sup> *Board*—address, accost.

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

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

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

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

<sup>509</sup> Supposing him to dwell in a city.—CHAPMAN.



Where, once a day, the sun moves backward still.  
 'Tis not so great as good, for it doth fill 535  
 The fields with oxen, fills them still with sheep,  
 Fills roofs with wine, and makes all corn there cheap.  
 No dearth comes ever there, nor no disease  
 That doth with hate us wretched mortals seize,  
 But when men's varied nations, dwelling there 540  
 In any city, enter th' aged year,  
 The silver-bow-bearer, the Sun, and She  
 That bears as much renown for archery,  
 Stoop with their painless shafts, and strike them dead,  
 As one would sleep, and never keep the bed. 545  
 In this isle stand two cities, betwixt whom  
 All things that of the soil's fertility come  
 In two parts are divided. And both these  
 My father ruled, Ctesius Ormenides,  
 A man like the Immortals. With these states 550  
 The cross-biting Phœnicians traffick'd rates  
 Of infinite merchandise in ships brought there,  
 In which they then were held exempt from peer.  
 There dwelt within my father's house a dame,  
 Born a Phœnician, skilful in the frame 555  
 Of noble housewiferies, right tall, and fair.  
 Her the Phœnician great-wench-net-layer  
 With sweet words circumvented, as she was  
 Washing her linen. To his amorous pass  
 He brought her first, shored from his ship to her, 560  
 To whom he did his whole life's love prefer,  
 Which of these breast-exposing dames the hearts

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>609</sup> *Brought*.—The folio has *bought*, but evidently a misprint.

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

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

This mutual speech they used, nor had they slept  
 Much time before the much-near morning leapt  
 To her fair throne. And now struck sail the men  
 That serv'd Telemachus, arriv'd just then 660  
 Near his loved shore ; where now they stoop'd the mast,  
 Made to the port with oars, and anchor cast,  
 Made fast the ship, and then ashore they went,  
 Dress'd supper, fill'd wine ; when (their appetites spent)  
 Telemachus commanded they should yield 665  
 The ship to th' owner, while himself at field  
 Would see his shepherds ; when light drew to end  
 He would his gifts see, and to town descend,  
 And in the morning at a feast bestow  
 Rewards for all their pains. " And whither, now," 670  
 Said Theoclymenus, " my loved son,  
 Shall I address myself? Whose mansion,  
 Of all men, in this rough-hewn isle, shall I  
 Direct my way to? Or go readily  
 To thy house and thy mother?" He replied : 675  
 " Another time I'll see you satisfied  
 With my house entertainment, but as now  
 You should encounter none that could bestow  
 Your fit entreaty, and (which less grace were)  
 You could not see my mother, I not there ; 680  
 For she's no frequent object, but apart  
 Keeps from her Wooers, woo'd with her desert,  
 Up in her chamber, at her housewifery.  
 But I'll name one to whom you shall apply  
 Direct repair, and that's Eurymachus, 685  
 Renown'd descent to wise Polybius,  
 A man whom th' Ithacensians look on now  
 As on a God, since he of all that woo



Is far superior man, and likest far  
 To wed my mother, and as circular 690  
 Be in that honour as Ulysses was.

But heaven-housed Jove knows the yet hidden pass  
 Of her disposeure, and on them he may  
 A blacker sight bring than her nuptial day."

As this he utter'd, on his right hand flew 695  
 A saker, sacred to the God of view,

That in his talons truss'd and plumed a dove ;  
 The feathers round about the ship did rove,  
 And on Telemachus fell ; whom th' augur then  
 Took fast by the hand, withdrew him from his men, 700

And said : " Telemachus ! This hawk is sent  
 From God ; I knew it for a sure ostent  
 When first I saw it. Be you well assured,  
 There will no Wooer be by heaven endured  
 To rule in Ithaca above your race, 705  
 But your powers ever fill the regal place."

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

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

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

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

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

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



## THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

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

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

Each word of this speech was not spent, before  
 His son stood in the entry of the door.  
 Out rush'd amazed Eumæus, and let go 15  
 The cup to earth, that he had labour'd so,  
 Cleansed for the neat wine, did the prince surprise,  
 Kiss'd his fair forehead, both his lovely eyes,  
 Both his white hands, and tender tears distill'd.  
 There breath'd no kind-soul'd father that was fill'd 20  
 Less with his son's embraces, that had lived  
 Ten years in far-off earth, now new retrieved,  
 His only child too, gotten in his age,  
 And for whose absence he had felt the rage  
 Of griefs upon him, than for this divined 25  
 So-much-for-form was this divine-for-mind ;  
 Who kiss'd him through, who grew about him kissing,  
 As fresh from death 'scaped. Whom so long time  
 missing,

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

About your house on that most damned crew."

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

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

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

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

<sup>38</sup> Ἀϊδηλον ὄμιλον, ἀϊδηλος of ἀϊδης, *orcus*, and signifies properly *tenebri-cosus*, or *infernalis*, so that *perniciosus* (which is the Latin translation) is not so fit as *damned* for that crew of dissolute Wooers. The phrase being now used to all so licentious.—CHAPMAN.



Not there before them, all fell to, and eat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>206</sup> Intending to Laertes, all that Eumæus would have told.  
 CHAPMAN.

<sup>217</sup> *When*.—The folio has *where*.



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

225

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

Feign'd that joy's cause, to make him grieve the more ;  
 Affirming, that no man, whoever wore  
 The garment of mortality, could take, 255  
 By any utmost power his soul could make,  
 Such change into it, since, at so much will,  
 Not Jove himself could both remove and fill  
 Old age with youth, and youth with age so spoil,  
 In such an instant. " You wore all the soil 260  
 Of age but now, and were old ; and but now  
 You bear that young grace that the Gods indow  
 Their heaven-born forms withal." His father said :  
 " Telemachus ! Admire, nor stand dismay'd,  
 But know thy solid father ; since within 265  
 He answers all parts that adorn his skin.  
 There shall no more Ulyssesses come here.  
 I am the man, that now this twentieth year  
 (Still under suff'rance of a world of ill)  
 My country earth recover. 'Tis the will 270  
 The prey-professor Pallas puts in act,  
 Who put me thus together, thus distract  
 In aged pieces as even now you saw,  
 This youth now rend'ring. 'Tis within the law  
 Of her free power. Sometimes to show me poor, 275  
 Sometimes again thus amply to restore  
 My youth and ornaments, she still would please.  
*The Gods can raise, and throw men down, with ease."*  
 This said, he sat ; when his Telemachus pour'd  
 Himself about him ; tears on tears he shower'd, 280  
 And to desire of moan increas'd the cloud.  
 Both wept and howl'd, and laid out shrieks more loud  
 Than or the bird-bone-breaking eagle rears,  
 Or brood-kind vulture with the crooked seres,

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

<sup>296</sup> *Reducers.*—See Bk. xv. 306.

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

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

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

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



For speediest use. If those brave men inquire  
 Thy end in all, still rake up all thy fire  
 In fair cool words, and say: 'I bring them down  
 To scour the smoke off, being so overgrown  
 That one would think, all fumes, that ever were 385  
 Breath'd since Ulysses' loss, reflected here.  
 These are not like the arms he left behind,  
 In way for Troy. Besides, Jove prompts my mind  
 In their remove apart thus with this thought,  
 That, if in height of wine there should be wrought  
 Some harsh contention 'twixt you, this apt mean 391  
 To mutual bloodshed may be taken clean  
 From out your reach, and all the spoil prevented  
 Of present feast, perhaps even then presented  
 My mother's nuptials to your long kind vows. 395  
*Steel itself, ready, draws a man to blows.'*  
 Thus make their thoughts secure; to us alone  
 Two swords, two darts, two shields left; which see done  
 Within our readiest reach, that at our will  
 We may resume, and charge, and all their skill 400  
 Pallas and Jove, that all just counsels breathe,  
 May darken with secureness to their death.  
 And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine,  
 And as thy veins mine own true blood combine:  
 Let, after this, none know Ulysses near, 405  
 Not any one of all the household there,  
 Not here the herdsman, not Laertes be  
 Made privy, nor herself Penelope,  
 But only let thyself and me work out  
 The women's thoughts of all things borne about 410  
 The Wooers' hearts; and then thy men approve,  
 To know who honours, who with reverence love,

Our well-weigh'd memories, and who is won  
To fail thy fit right, though my only son.”

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

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

<sup>473</sup> *Display'd*.—See Bk. v. 350.

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

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

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

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



The prince's death ; for 'tis a damned thing  
To put to death the issue of a king. 540

First, therefore, let's examine, what applause  
The Gods will give it : If the equal laws  
Of Jove approve it, I myself will be  
The man shall kill him, and this company  
Exhort to that mind : If the Gods remain 545  
Adverse, and hate it, I advise, refrain."

This said Amphinomus, and pleased them all ;  
When all arose, and in Ulysses' hall  
Took seat again. Then to the queen was come  
The Wooers' plot, to kill her son at home, 550  
Since their abroad design had miss'd success,  
The herald Medon (who the whole address.  
Knew of their counsels) making the report.  
The Goddess of her sex, with her fair sort  
Of lovely women, at the large hall's door 555  
(Her bright cheeks clouded with a veil she wore)  
Stood, and directed to Antinous

Her sharp reproof, which she digested thus :  
" Antinous ! Composed of injury !  
Plotter of mischief ! Though reports that fly 560  
Amongst our Ithacensian people say  
That thou, of all that glory in their sway,  
Art best in words and counsels, th' art not so.  
Fond, busy fellow, why plott'st thou the woe  
And slaughter of my son, and dost not fear 565  
The presidents of suppliants, when the ear  
Of Jove stoops to them ? 'Tis unjust to do  
Slaughter for slaughter, or pay woe for woe,  
Mischief for kindness. Death for life sought, then,  
Is an injustice to be loath'd of men. 570

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

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

Much the most loved of all that live to me.  
*Who kills a guiltless man from man may fly,*  
*From God his searches all escapes deny."* 605

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

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

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

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

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

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



## THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

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



Through all extremes. Do then this charge of mine,  
 And guide to town this hapless guest of thine,      10  
 To beg elsewhere his further festival.  
 Give they that please, I cannot give to all,  
 Mine own wants take up for myself my pain.  
 If it incense him, he the worst shall gain.  
 The lovely truth I love, and must be plain."      15

    "Alas, friend," said his father, "nor do I  
 Desire at all your further charity.  
 'Tis better beg in cities than in fields,  
 And take the worst a beggar's fortune yields.  
 Nor am I apt to stay in swine-styes more,      20  
 However; ever the great chief before  
 The poor ranks must to every step obey.  
 But go; your man in my command shall sway,  
 Anon yet too, by favour, when your fires  
 Have comforted the cold heat age expires,      25  
 And when the sun's flame hath besides corrected  
 The early air abroad, not being protected  
 By these my bare weeds from the morning's frost,  
 Which (if so much ground is to be engrost  
 By my poor feet as you report) may give      30  
 Too violent charge to th' heat by which I live."

    This said, his son went on with spritely pace,  
 And to the Woovers studied little grace.  
 Arrived at home, he gave his javelin stay  
 Against a lofty pillar, and bold way      35  
 Made further in. When having so far gone  
 That he transcended the fair porch of stone,  
 The first by far that gave his entry eye  
 Was nurse Euryclea; who th' embroidery  
 Of stools there set was giving cushions fair;      40

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

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

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

Her son left house, in his fair hand his lance,  
 His dogs attending, and, on every glance  
 His looks cast from them, Pallas put a grace      85  
 That made him seem of the celestial race.

Whom, come to concourse, every man admired.  
 About him throng'd the Wooers, and desired  
 All good to him in tongues, but in their hearts  
 Most deep ills threaten'd to his most deserts.      90

Of whose huge rout once free, he cast glad eye  
 On some that, long before his infancy,  
 Were with his father great and gracious,  
 Grave Halitherses, Mentor, Antiphus ;  
 To whom he went, took seat by them, and they      95  
 Inquir'd of all things since his parting day.

To them Piræus came, and brought his guest  
 Along the city thither, whom not least  
 The prince respected, nor was long before  
 He rose and met him. The first word yet bore      100  
 Piræus from them both ; whose haste besought  
 The prince to send his women to see brought  
 The gifts from his house that Atrides gave,  
 Which his own roofs, he thought, would better save.

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

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

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

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

<sup>159</sup> *Luster*—(Lat. *lustrum*) den.



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

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

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

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

<sup>176</sup> Proteus.

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

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

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

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

<sup>203</sup> *Sorted*—fated, decreed.

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

*The checks of princes touch their subjects sore.*

But make we haste, the day is nearly ended,  
 And cold airs still are in the even extended." 240

"I know 't," said he, "consider all; your charge  
 Is given to one that understands at large.

Haste then. Hereafter, you shall lead the way,  
 Afford your staff too, if it fit your stay,  
 That I may use it; since you say our pass 245  
 Is less friend to a weak foot than it was."

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

<sup>249</sup> *Bracks*—broken parts. (Anglo-Sax.)

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

The hollow harp's delicious-stricken string,  
 To which did Phemius, near the Wooers, sing.  
 Then by the hand Ulysses took his swain,  
 And said: "Eumæus, one may here see plain,  
 In many a grace, that Laertiades 355  
 Built here these turrets, and, 'mongst others these,  
 His whole court arm'd with such a goodly wall,  
 The cornice, and the cope, majestic,  
 His double gates, and turrets, built too strong  
 For force or virtue ever to expugn. 360  
 I know the feasters in it now abound,  
 Their cates cast such a savour; and the sound  
 The harp gives argues an accomplish'd feast.  
*The Gods made music banquet's dearest guest."*  
 "These things," said he, "your skill may tell with ease,  
 Since you are graced with greater knowledges. 366  
 But now consult we how these works shall sort,  
 If you will first approach this praised court,  
 And see these Wooers, I remaining here;  
 Or I shall enter, and yourself forbear? 370  
 But be not you too tedious in your stay,  
 Lest thrust ye be and buffeted away.  
*Brain hath no fence for blows; look to't I pray."*  
 "You speak to one that comprehends," said he,  
 "Go you before, and here adventure me. 375  
 I have of old been used to cuffs and blows;  
 My mind is harden'd, having borne the throes  
 Of many a sour event in waves and wars,  
 Where knocks and buffets are no foreigners.  
 And this same harmful belly by no mean 380  
 The greatest abstinent can ever wean.

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

<sup>403</sup> The dog died as soon as he had seen Ulysses.—CHAPMAN.

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

"This dog," said he, "was servant to one dead  
 A huge time since. But if he bore his head,  
 For form and quality, of such a height,  
 As when Ulysses, bound for th' Ilium fight, 420  
 Or quickly after, left him, your rapt eyes  
 Would then admire to see him use his thighs  
 In strength and swiftness. He would nothing fly,  
 Nor anything let 'scape. If once his eye  
 Seized any wild beast, he knew straight his scent; 425  
 Go where he would, away with him he went.

Nor was there ever any savage stood  
 Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood  
 Long time before him, but he pull'd him down;  
 As well by that true hunting to be shown 430  
 In such vast coverts, as for speed of pace  
 In any open lawn. For in deep chace  
 He was a passing wise and well-nosed hound.

And yet is all this good in him uncrown'd  
 With any grace here now, nor he more fed 435  
 Than any errant cur. His king is dead,  
 Far from his country; and his servants are  
 So negligent they lend his hound no care.

*Where masters rule not, but let men alone,  
 You never there see honest service done. 440  
 That man's half virtue Jove takes quite away,  
 That once is sun-burnt with the servile day."*

This said, he enter'd the well-built towers,  
 Up bearing right upon the glorious Wooers,

<sup>444</sup> *Glorious*—vaunting, boasting.

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

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

After Eumæus, enter'd straight the king, 455  
 Like to a poor and heavy aged thing,  
 Bore hard upon his staff, and was so clad  
 As would have made his mere beholder sad.  
 Upon the ashen floor his limbs he spread,  
 And 'gainst a cypress threshold stay'd his head, 460  
 The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct  
 Tried by the plumb and by the architect.

The prince then bade the herdsman give him bread,  
 The finest there, and see that prostrated  
 At-all-parts plight of his given all the cheer 465  
 His hands could turn to : " Take," said he, " and bear  
 These cates to him, and bid him beg of all  
 These Wooers here, and to their festival  
 Bear up with all the impudence he can ;  
*Bashful behaviour fits no needy man.*" 470

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

<sup>455</sup> Ulysses' ruthless fashion of entry to his own hall.



“ O Jove,” said he, “ do my poor prayers the grace  
To make him blessed'st of the mortal race, 476  
And every thought now in his generous heart  
To deeds that further my desires convert.”

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

“ O thou renowned herdsman, why to us

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>550</sup> *His*—intending Ulysses.—CHAPMAN.

<sup>556</sup> *Fulsome*—nasty.

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

“ And what God sent,” said he, “ this suffering bane

To vex our banquet? Stand off, nor profane  
 My board so boldly, lest I show thee here 600  
 Cyprus and Egypt made more sour than there.  
 You are a saucy set-faced vagabond.

About with all you go, and they, beyond  
 Discretion, give thee, since they find not here  
 The least proportion set down to their cheer. 605  
 But every fountain hath his under-floods.

*It is no bounty to give others' goods."*

“ O Gods,” replied Ulysses, “ I see now,  
 You bear no soul in this your goodly show.  
 Beggars at your board, I perceive, should get 610  
 Scarce salt from your hands, if themselves brought meat;  
 Since, sitting where another's board is spread,  
 That flows with feast, not to the broken bread  
 Will your allowance reach.” “ Nay then,” said he,  
 And look'd austerely, “ if so saucy be 615  
 Your suffer'd language, I suppose, that clear  
 You shall not 'scape without some broken cheer.”

Thus rapt he up a stool, with which he smit  
 The king's right shoulder, 'twixt his neck and it.  
 He stood him like a rock. Antinous' dart 620  
 Not stirr'd Ulysses ; who in his great heart  
 Deep ills projected, which, for time yet, close  
 He bound in silence, shook his head, and went  
 Out to the entry, where he then gave vent  
 To his full scrip, sat on the earth, and eat, 625  
 And talk'd still to the Wooers : “ Hear me yet,  
 Ye Wooers of the Queen. It never grieves  
 A man to take blows, where for sheep, or beeves,  
 Or other main possessions, a man fights ;  
 But for his harmful belly this man smites, 630



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

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

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

When one, even of the proudest, thus began :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>732</sup> Neezing a good omen.—CHAPMAN.

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

He heard, and hasted; and met instantly 766  
 The Queen upon the pavement in his way,  
 Who ask'd: What! Bring'st thou not? What cause of stay  
 Find his austere supposes? Takes he fear  
 Of th' unjust Wooers? Or thus hard doth bear 770  
 On any other doubt the house objects?  
 He does me wrong, and gives too nice respects  
 To his fear'd safety." "He does right," said he,  
 "And what he fears should move the policy  
 Of any wise one; taking care to shun 775  
 The violent Wooers. He bids bide, till sun  
 Hath hid his broad light. And, believe it, Queen,  
 'Twill make your best course, since you two, unseen,  
 May pass th' encounter; you to speak more free,  
 And he your ear gain less distractedly." 780

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

Thus, all agreed, amongst the Wooers goes 785

<sup>765</sup> *Bracks*—tatters, breaches.

<sup>769</sup> *Supposes*—suppositions, thoughts.



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

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

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

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



## THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

<sup>5</sup> *Fibres*—sinews.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Both vow'd it. When Ulysses, laying by  
 His upper weed, his inner beggary  
 Near show'd his shame, which he with rags prevented  
 Pluck'd from about his thighs, and so presented 95  
 Their goodly sight, which were so white and great,  
 And his large shoulders were to view so set  
 By his bare rags, his arms, his breast, and all,  
 So broad, and brawny—their grace natural  
 Being kept by Pallas, ever standing near— 100  
 That all the Wooers his admirers were  
 Beyond all measure, mutual whispers driven  
 Through all their cluster, saying : " Sure as heaven  
 Poor Irus pull'd upon him bitter blows.  
 Through his thin garment what a thigh he shows !" 105

They said ; but Irus felt. His coward mind

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



THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK

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

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

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

<sup>168</sup> *Were*—the folio, *was*.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

But now Minerva other projects laid,  
 And through Icarus' daughter's veins convey'd  
 Sweet sleep's desire ; in whose soft fumes involved 275  
 She was as soon as laid, and quite dissolved  
 Were all her lineaments. The Goddess then  
 Bestow'd immortal gifts on her, that men  
 Might wonder at her beauties ; and the beams  
 That glisten in the Deified Supremes 280  
 She clear'd her mourning count'nance up withal.  
 Even such a radiance as doth round empall  
 Crown'd Cytherea, when her order'd places  
 Conduct the bevy of the dancing Graces,  
 She added to her own ; more plump, more high, 285  
 And fairer than the polish'd ivory,  
 Rend'ring her parts and presence. This grace done,  
 Away the Deity flew ; and up did run  
 Her lovely-wristed ladies, with a noise  
 That blew the soft chains from her sleeping joys ; 290  
 When she her fair eyes wiped, and, gasping, said :

“ O me unblest ! How deep a sweet sleep spread  
 His shades about me ! Would Diana pleased  
 To shoot me with a death no more diseased,

<sup>269</sup> Eurynome.

<sup>274</sup> Penelope.

<sup>280</sup> *Glister*—an old form of *glitter*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>345</sup> *Sattled*—a North-country provincialism for *settled*.

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

“ Alas,” said she, “ my virtue, body, form,  
 The Gods have blasted with that only storm  
 That ravish'd Greece to Ilion, since my lord,      365  
 For that war shipp'd, bore all my goods aboard.

If he, return'd, should come and govern here  
 My life's whole state, the grace of all things there  
 His guide would heighten, as the spirit it bore ;  
 Which dead in me lives, given him long before.      370

A sad course I live now ; Heaven's stern decree  
 With many an ill hath numb'd and deaded me.  
 He took life with him, when he took my hand  
 In parting from me to the Trojan strand,

These words my witness : ‘ Woman ! I conceive      375  
 That not all th' Achives bound for Troy shall leave  
 Their native earth their safe returned bones,  
 Fame saying, that Troy trains up approved sons

In deeds of arms, brave putters off of shafts,  
 For winging lances masters of their crafts,      380  
 Unmatched riders, swift of foot, and straight  
 Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight.

Hope then can scarce fill all with life's supply,  
 And of all any failing, why not I ?

Nor do I know, if God hath marshall'd me      385  
 Amongst the safe-returned ; or his decree  
 Hath left me to the thraldom order'd there.  
 However, all cares be thy burthens here,  
 My sire and mother tend as much as now,

I further off, more near in cares be you. 390

Your son to man's state grown, wed whom you will ;

And, you gone, his care let his household fill.'

Thus made my lord his will, which Heaven sees proved

Almost at all parts ; for the Sun removed

Down to his set, ere long, will lead the night 395

Of those abhorred nuptials, that should fright

Each worthy woman, which her second are

With any man that breathes, her first lord's care

Dead, because he to flesh and blood is dead ;

Which, I fear, I shall yield to, and so wed 400

A second husband ; and my reason is,

Since Jove hath taken from me all his bliss.

*Whom God gives over they themselves forsake,*

*Their griefs their joys, their God their devil, make.*

And 'tis a great grief, nor was seen till now 405

In any fashion of such men as woo

A good and wealthy woman, and contend

Who shall obtain her, that those men should spend

Her beeves and best sheep, as their chiefest ends,

But rather that herself and all her friends 410

They should with banquets and rich gifts entreat.

*Their life is death that live with other's meat."*

Divine Ulysses much rejoic'd to hear

His Queen thus fish for gifts, and keep in cheer

Their hearts with hope that she would wed again, 415

Her mind yet still her first intent retain.

Antinous saw the Wooers won to give,

And said : " Wise Queen, by all your means receive

Whatever bounty any Wooer shall use.

*Gifts freely given 'tis folly to refuse.* 420

For know, that we resolve not to be gone



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Their matter ever minister'd by turn  
 Of several handmaids. Whom Ulysses seeing 455  
 Too conversant with Wooers, ill agreeing  
 With guise of maids, advised in this fair sort :  
 “ Maids of your long-lack'd King, keep you the port  
 Your Queen's chaste presence bears. Go up to her,  
 Employ your looms, or rocks, and keep ye there ; 460  
 I'll serve to feed these lamps, should these lords' dances  
 Last till Aurora cheer'd us with her glances.

They cannot weary me, for I am one  
 Born to endure when all men else have done.”

They wantonly brake out in laughters all, 465  
 Look'd on each other ; and to terms did fall  
 Cheek-proud Melantho, who was Dolius' seed,  
 Kept by the Queen, that gave her dainty bread  
 Fit for her daughter ; and yet won not so  
 Her heart to her to share in any wo 470  
 She suffer'd for her lord, but she was great  
 With great Eurymachus, and her love's heat  
 In his bed quench'd. And this choleric thing,  
 Bestow'd this railing language on the King :

“ Base stranger, you are taken in your brain, 475  
 You talk so wildly. Never you again  
 Can get where you were born, and seek your bed  
 In some smith's hovel, or the marketsted,  
 But here you must take confidence to prate  
 Before all these ; for fear can get no state 480  
 In your wine-hardy stomach. Or 'tis like  
 To prove your native garb, your tongue will strike  
 On this side of your mouth still, being at best.  
 Is the man idle-brained for want of rest ?  
 Or proud because he beat the roguish beggar ? 485

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

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

This fray'd the wenches, and all straight got gone  
 In fear about their business, every one  
 Confessing he said well. But he stood now      495  
 Close by the cressets, and did looks bestow  
 On all men there ; his brain employ'd about  
 Some sharper business than to dance it out,  
 Which had not long to go. Nor therefore would  
 Minerva let the Wooers' spleens grow cold      500  
 With too good usage of him, that his heart  
 Might fret enough, and make his choler smart.  
 Eurymachus provok'd him first, and made  
 His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had  
 Fetched far from what was spoken long before,      505  
 That his poor form perhaps some Deity bore.

" It well may chance," said he, " some God doth bear  
 This man's resemblance, for, thus standing near  
 The glistening torches, his slick'd head doth throw  
 Beams round about it as those cressets do,      510  
 For not a hair he hath to give it shade.  
 Say, will thy heart serve t' undertake a trade  
 For fitting wages ? Should I take thee hence  
 To walk my grounds, and look to every fence,      514  
 Or plant high trees, thy hire should raise thy forces  
 Food store, and clothes. But these same idle courses

<sup>505</sup> *Fetched.*—The folio *fetch*.

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

" I wish, at any work we two were tried,  
 In height of spring-time, when heaven's lights are long,  
 I a good crook'd scythe that were sharp and strong,  
 You such another, where the grass grew deep, 525  
 Up by day-break, and both our labours keep  
 Up till slow darkness eased the labouring light,  
 Fasting all day, and not a crumb till night ;  
 We then should prove our either workmanship.

Or if, again, beeves, that the goad or whip 530  
 Were apt t' obey before a tearing plow,  
 Big lusty beasts, alike in bulk and brow,  
 Alike in labour, and alike in strength,  
 Our task four acres, to be till'd in length  
 Of one sole day ; again then you should try 535  
 If the dull glebe before the plow should fly,  
 Or I a long stitch could bear clean and even.

Or lastly, if the Guide of earth and heaven  
 Should stir stern war up, either here or there,  
 And that at this day I had double spear, 540  
 And shield, and steel casque fitting for my brows ;  
 At this work likewise, 'midst the foremost blows,  
 Your eyes should note me, and get little cause  
 To twit me with my belly's sole applause.

But you affect t' affect with injury, 545  
 Your mind ungentle, seem in valour high,  
 Because 'gainst few, and those not of the best,  
 Your conversation hath been still profess'd.

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

He frown'd, rag'd, call'd him wretch, and vow'd  
 To be his death, since he durst prove so proud  
 Amongst so many, to tell him so home 555  
 What he affected ; ask'd, if overcome  
 With wine he were, or, as his minion said,  
 Talk'd still so idly, and were palsied  
 In his mind's instruments, or was proud because  
 He gat from Irus off with such applause ? 560  
 With all which, snatching up a stool, he threw ;  
 When old Ulysses to the knees withdrew  
 Of the Dulichian lord, Amphinomus,  
 As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus  
 His aged object, and his page's hand 565  
 (A boy that waited on his cup's command,  
 Now holding of an ewer to him) he smit.  
 Down fell the sounding ewer, and after it  
 The guiltless page lay sprawling in the dust,  
 And crying out. When all the Wooers thrust 570  
 A tumult up amongst them, wishing all  
 The rogue had perish'd in some hospital,  
 Before his life there stirr'd such uproars up ;  
 And with rude speeches spice their pleasures' cup.  
 And all this for a beggar to fulfil 575  
 A filthy proverb : *Good still yields to ill.*

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



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

All bit their lips to be so taken down, 585  
And taught the course that should have been their own,  
Admired the prince, and said he bravely spoke.  
But Nisus' son then struck the equal stroke,  
And said : " O friends, let no man here disdain  
To put up equal speeches, nor maintain 590  
With serious words an humour, nor with stroke  
A stranger in another's house provoke,  
Nor touch the meanest servant, but confine  
All these dissentions in a bowl of wine ;  
Which fill us, cup-bearer, that having done 595  
Our nightly sacrifice, we may atone  
Our powers with sleep, resigning first the guest  
Up to the prince, that holds all interest  
In his disposal here ; the house being his  
In just descent, and all the faculties." 600

This all approved ; when noble Mulius,  
Herald in chief to lord Amphinomus,  
The wine distributed with reverend grace  
To every Wooer ; when the Gods given place  
With service fit, they served themselves, and took 605  
Their parting cups, till, when they all had shook  
The angry humour off, they bent to rest,  
And every Wooer to several roofs address'd.



## THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

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

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

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

“ I wish, O son, your powers would once provide

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

He said, and his words stood. The doors she shut  
 Of that so well-fill'd house. And th' other put 50  
 Their thoughts in act; best shields, helms, sharpen'd lances,  
 Brought down; and Pallas before both advances  
 A golden cresset, that did cast a light  
 As if the Day sat in the throne of Night.

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

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

He went to sleep where lights did endlessly  
 Burn in his night-rooms ; where he feasted rest,  
 Till day's fair weed did all the world invest. 70  
 Thus was divine Ulysses left alone  
 With Pallas, plotting foul confusion  
 To all the Wooers. Forth then came the Queen ;  
 Phœbe, with golden Cytherea seen,  
 Her port presented. Whom they set a chair 75  
 Aside the fire, the fashion circular,  
 The substance silver and rich elephant ;  
 Whose fabric did the cunning finger vaunt  
 Of great Icmalius, who besides had done  
 A footstool for her that did suit her throne, 80  
 On which they cast an ample skin, to be  
 The cushion for her other royalty.  
 And there she sat ; about whom came her maids,  
 Who brought upon a table store of breads,  
 And bowls that with the Wooers' wine were crown'd.  
 The embers then they cast upon the ground 86  
 From out the lamps, and other fuel added,  
 That still with cheerful flame the sad house gladdened.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

" O woman," he replied, " with whom no man,  
 That moves in earth's unbounded circle, can  
 Maintain contention for true honour given, 145

Whose fame hath reach'd the fairly-flowing heaven,  
 Who, like a never-ill-deserving king,  
 That is well spoke of, first, for worshipping,  
 And striving to resemble God in empire ;  
 Whose equal hand impartially doth temper 150  
 Greatness and Goodness ; to whom therefore bears

The black earth store of all grain, trees confers  
 Cracking with burthen, long-liv'd herds creates,  
 All which the sea with her sorts emulates ;

And all this feeds beneath his powerful hand 155  
 Men, valiant, many, making strong his land  
 With happy lives led ; nothing else the cause

Of all these blessings, but well-order'd laws ;  
 Like such a king are you, in love, in fame,  
 And all the bliss that deifies a dame. 160

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

When all these signs she knew for chiefly true,  
 Desire of moan upon her beauties grew,  
 And yet, even that desire sufficed, she said :

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

Before for closure and for ornament. 355

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

“ No more yet mourn,” said he, “ nor thus see pined  
 Your lovely person. *Weeping wastes the mind.*

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

Much more respectful then must show your woes  
 That weep thus for Ulysses, who, Fame says,  
 Was equal with the Gods in all his ways.  
 But where no cause is there must be no moan,  
 And therefore hear me, my relation 370

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

But begg'd amongst the people, since alone  
 He quite was left, for all his men were lost  
 In getting off from the Trinacrian coast ;  
 Jove and the Sun was wroth with them for rape  
 Made of his oxen, and no man let 'scape 380

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

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

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

<sup>402</sup> *Display*.—See Bk. v. 350.



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

"O may this prove," said she, "gifts, friendship, then  
 Should make your name the most renown'd of men. 420

But 'tis of me received, and must so sort,

That nor my lord shall ever see his court,

Nor you gain your deduction thence, for now

The alter'd house doth no such man allow

As was Ulysses, if he ever were, 425

To entertain a reverend passenger,

And give him fair dismissal. But, maids, see

Ye bathe his feet, and then with tapestry,

Best sheets and blankets, make his bed, and lay

Soft waistcoats by him, that, lodged warm, he may 430

Even till the golden-seated morning's ray

Enjoy good rest; and then, with her first light,

Bathe, and give alms, that cherish'd appetite

He may apply within our hall, and sit

Safe by Telemachus. Or, if th' unfit 435

And harmful mind of any be so base

To grieve his age again, let none give grace

Of doing any deed he shall command,

How wroth soever, to his barbarous hand.

For how shall you, guest, know me for a dame 440

That pass so far, nay, turn and wind the fame

Of other dames for wisdom, and the frame

Of household usage, if your poor thin weeds

I let draw on you want, and worser deeds,

That may, perhaps, cause here your latest day? 445

*The life of man is short and flies away.*

And if the ruler's self of households be

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For these fair gifts he went, and found all grace  
 Of hands and words in him and all his race. 580

Amphithea, his mother's mother, too,  
 Applied her to his love, withal, to do  
 In grandame's welcomes, both his fair eyes kist,  
 And brows; and then commanded to assist  
 Were all her sons by their respected sire 585

In furnishing a feast, whose ears did fire  
 Their minds with his command; who home straight led  
 A five-years-old male ox, fell'd, slew, and flayed,  
 Gather'd about him, cut him up with art,  
 Spitted, and roasted, and his every part 590

Divided orderly. So all the day  
 They spent in feast; no one man went his way  
 Without his fit fill. When the sun was set,  
 And darkness rose, they slept, till day's fire het  
 Th' enlighten'd earth; and then on hunting went 595  
 Both hounds and all Autolycus' descent.

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

<sup>594</sup> *Het.*—See Bk. iv. 48.

Had from the ocean, where his waters run  
 In silent deepness, rais'd his golden head,  
 The early huntsmen all the hill had spread,  
 Their hounds before them on the searching trail,      605  
 They near, and ever eager to assail ;  
 Ulysses brandishing a lengthful lance,  
 Of whose first flight he long'd to prove the chance.

Then found they lodged a boar of bulk extreme,  
 In such a queach as never any beam      610  
 The sun shot pierced, nor any pass let find  
 The moist impressions of the fiercest wind,  
 Nor any storm the sternest winter drives,  
 Such proof it was ; yet all within lay leaves  
 In mighty thickness ; and through all this flew      615  
 The hounds' loud mouths. The sounds the tumult threw,  
 And all together, roused the boar, that rush'd  
 Amongst their thickest, all his bristles push'd  
 From forth his rough neck, and with flaming eyes  
 Stood close, and dared all. On which horrid prise      620  
 Ulysses first charged ; whom above the knee  
 The savage struck, and raced it crookedly  
 Along the skin, yet never reach'd the bone.  
 Ulysses' lance yet through him quite was thrown,  
 At his right shoulder entering, at his left      625  
 The bright head passage to his keenness cleft,  
 And show'd his point gilt with the gushing gore.  
 Down in the dust fell the extended boar,

<sup>610</sup> *Queach*.—Chapman uses this word for *thicket*, thus,—  
 “ All sylvan copses, and the fortresses  
 Of thorniest *queaches*.”—*Hymn to Pan*, 12.  
 Skinner says “ *dumetum, vepretum, locus arbusculis stipatus.*”  
 Drayton generally uses the word *queachy* for *squashy, boggy*.  
 I am inclined to think the word, as used by Chapman, is  
 allied to *quick, quickset*.



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

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

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

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

<sup>648</sup> *Her part expressive*—mouth. One of Chapman's quaintnesses.

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

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

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

This said, the old dame for more water went,

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

<sup>710</sup> *Edone*—*ἀηδών*, the nightingale.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



## THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



ULYSSES in the entry laid his head,  
And under him an ox-hide newly flay'd,  
Above him sheep fells store ; and over  
those

Eurynome cast mantles. His repose  
Would bring no sleep yet, studying the ill 5  
He wish'd the Wooers ; who came by him still  
With all their wenches, laughing, wantoning,  
In mutual lightness ; which his heart did sting,  
Contending two ways, if, all patience fled,  
He should rush up and strike those strumpets dead, 10

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>64</sup> *Seised*—put in possession of.



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

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

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

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

<sup>119</sup> *Infortunes*—misfortunes, (A. N.)

This night, methought, Ulysses graced my bed  
In all the goodly state with which he led  
The Grecian army ; which gave joys extreme  
To my distress, esteeming it no dream, 140  
But true indeed ; and that conceit I had,  
That when I saw it false I might be mad.  
Such cruel fates command in my life's guide."

By this the morning's orient dew had dyed  
The earth in all her colours ; when the King, 145  
In his sweet sleep, supposed the sorrowing  
That she used waking in her plaintive bed  
To be her mourning, standing by his head,  
As having known him there ; who straight arose,  
And did again within the hall dispose 150  
The carpets and the cushions, where before  
They served the seats. The hide without the door  
He carried back, and then, with held-up hands,  
He pray'd to Him that heaven and earth commands :

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

To this his prayer Jove shook his sable chin,  
And thunder'd from those pure clouds that, above  
The breathing air, in bright Olympus move.  
Divine Ulysses joy'd to hear it roar. 165  
Report of which a woman miller bore  
Straight to his ears ; for near to him there ground  
Mills for his corn, that twice six women found

Continual motion, grinding barley meal,  
 And wheat, man's marrow. Sleep the eyes did seal 170  
 Of all the other women, having done  
 Their usual task ; which yet this dame alone  
 Had scarce given end to, being, of all the rest,  
 Least fit for labour. But when these sounds press'd  
 Her ears, above the rumbling of her mill, 175  
 She let that stand, look'd out, and heaven's steep hill  
 Saw clear and temperate ; which made her (unware  
 Of giving any comfort to his care  
 In that strange sign he pray'd for) thus invoke :

“ O King of men and Gods, a mighty stroke 180  
 Thy thundering hand laid on the cope of stars,  
 No cloud in all the air ; and therefore wars  
 Thou bidst to some men in thy sure ostent !  
 Perform to me, poor wretch, the main event,  
 And make this day the last, and most extreme, 185  
 In which the Wooers' pride shall solace them  
 With whorish banquets in Ulysses' roof,  
 That, with sad toil to grind them meal enough,  
 Have quite dissolved my knees. Vouchsafe, then, now  
 Thy thunders may their latest feast foreshow.” 190

This was the boon Ulysses begg'd of Jove,  
 Which, with his thunder, through his bosom drove  
 A joy, that this vaunt breath'd : “ Why now these men,  
 Despite their pride, will Jove make pay me pain.”

By this had other maids, than those that lay 195  
 Mix'd with the Wooers, made a fire like day  
 Amidst the hearth of the illustrious hall ;  
 And then the Prince, like a Celestial,

<sup>191</sup> Viz. That some from within might issue, and witness in his hearing some wreakful ostent to his enemies from heaven.

Rose from his bed, to his embalm'd feet tied  
 Fair shoes, his sword about his breast applied, 200  
 Took to his hand his sharp-piled lance, and met,  
 Amidst the entry, his old nurse, that set  
 His haste at sudden stand ; to whom he said :

“ O, my loved nurse, with what grace have you laid  
 And fed my guest here ? Could you so neglect 205  
 His age, to lodge him thus ? Though all respect  
 I give my mother's wisdom, I must yet  
 Affirm it fail'd in this ; for she hath set  
 At much more price a man of much less worth,  
 Without his person's note, and yet casts forth 210  
 With ignominious hands, for his form sake,  
 A man much better.” “ Do not faulty make,  
 Good son, the faultless. He was given his seat  
 Close to her side, and food till he would eat,  
 Wine till his wish was served ; for she required 215  
 His wants, and will'd him all things he desired ;  
 Commanded her chief maids to make his bed,  
 But he, as one whom sorrow only fed  
 And all infortune, would not take his rest  
 In bed, and coverings fit for any guest, 220  
 But in the entry, on an ox's hide  
 Never at tanner's, his old limbs implied,  
 In warm sheep-fells ; yet over all we cast  
 A mantle, fitting for a man more graced.”

He took her answer, left the house, and went, 225  
 Attended with his dogs, to sift th' event  
 Of private plots, betwixt him and his sire  
 In common counsel. Then the crew entire

<sup>215</sup> *Required*—sought, enquired.

<sup>219</sup> *Infortune*.—Suprà, 119.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Philœtius took note in his repair 290

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

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

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

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

<sup>323</sup> *Error-driven*—driven wandering.

<sup>334</sup> *Advise*—notify, warn. Still used in commercial language.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

The inwards roasted they disposed betwixt 390  
Their then observers, wine in flagons mixt.

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>402</sup> *Made popular*—given up to the public.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

<sup>573</sup> *These feet of men, &c.*—*ἀνδραποδισταί.*—CHAPMAN.



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

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

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

And this did lead her where was strongly kept 10  
 The treasure royal ; in whose store lay heap't  
 Gold, brass, and steel, engraven with infinite art ;  
 The crooked bow, and arrowy quiver, part  
 Of that rich magazine. In the quiver were  
 Arrows a number, sharp and sighing gear. 15  
 The bow was given by kind Eurytides—  
 Iphitus, fashion'd like the Deities—  
 To young Ulysses, when within the roof  
 Of wise Orsilochus their pass had proof  
 Of mutual meeting in Messena ; where 20  
 Ulysses claim'd a debt, to whose pay were  
 The whole Messenian people bound, since they  
 From Ithaca had forced a wealthy prey  
 Of sheep and shepherds. In their ships they thrust  
 Three hundred sheep together ; for whose just 25  
 And instant rendry old Laertes sent  
 Ulysses his ambassador, that went  
 A long way in the embassy, yet then  
 Bore but the foremost prime of youngest men ;  
 His father sending first to that affair 30  
 His gravest counsellors, and then his heir.  
 Iphitus made his way there, having lost  
 Twelve female horse, and mules, commended most  
 For use of burthen ; which were after cause  
 Of death and fate to him ; for, past all laws 35  
 Of hospitality, Jove's mighty son,  
 Skill'd in great acts, was his confusion  
 Close by his house, though at that time his guest,  
 Respecting neither the apposed feast,  
 And hospitable table, that in love 40

He set before him, nor the voice of Jove,  
 But, seizing first his mares, he after slew  
 His host himself. From those mares' search now grew  
 Ulysses known t' Iphitus ; who that bow  
 At their encounter did in love bestow, 45  
 Which great Eurytus' hand had borne before,  
 (Iphitus' father) who, at death's sad door,  
 In his steep turrets, left it to his son.  
 Ulysses gave him a keen falchion,  
 And mighty lance. And thus began they there 50  
 Their fatal loves ; for after never were  
 Their mutual tables to each other known,  
 Because Jove's son th' unworthy part had shown  
 Of slaughtering this God-like loving man,  
 Eurytus' son, who with that bow began 55  
 And ended love t' Ulysses ; who so dear  
 A gift esteem'd it, that he would not bear  
 In his black fleet that guest-rite to the war,  
 But, in fit memory of one so far  
 In his affection, brought it home, and kept 60  
 His treasure with it ; where till now it slept.

And now the Queen of women had intent  
 To give it use, and therefore made ascent  
 Up all the stairs' height to the chamber door,  
 Whose shining leaves two bright pilasters bore 65  
 To such a close when both together went  
 It would resist the air in their consent.  
 The ring she took then, and did draw aside  
 A bar that ran within, and then implied  
 The key into the lock, which gave a sound, 70  
 The bolt then shooting, as in pasture ground  
 A bull doth low, and make the valleys ring ;



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

There stood in this room presses that enclosed 80  
 Robes odoriferous, by which reposed  
 The bow was upon pins; nor from it far  
 Hung the round quiver glittering like a star;  
 Both which her white extended hand took down.  
 Then sat she low, and made her lap a crown 85  
 Of both those relics, which she wept to see,  
 And cried quite out with loving memory  
 Of her dear lord; to whose worth paying then  
 Kind debts enow, she left, and, to the men  
 Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked bow, 90  
 And shaft-receiving quiver, that did flow  
 With arrows beating sighs up where they fell.  
 Then, with another chest, replete as well  
 With games won by the King, of steel and brass,  
 Her maids attended. Past whom making pass 95  
 To where her Wooers were, she made her stay  
 Amids the fair hall door, and kept the ray  
 Of her bright count'nance hid with veils so thin,  
 That though they seem'd t' expose, they let love in;  
 Her maids on both sides stood; and thus she spake: 100

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

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

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

<sup>156</sup> *Profuse*—pour forth, waste. The verb is uncommon.

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

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

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



And whom the nuptial destiny did drive." 230

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

“ What words, Liodes, pass thy speech's guard, 235  
That 'tis a work to bear, and set so hard  
They set up my disdain! This bow must end  
The best of us? Since thy arms cannot lend  
The string least motion? Thy mother's throes  
Brought never forth thy arms to draught of bows, 240  
Or knitting shafts off. Though thou canst not draw  
The sturdy plant, thou art to us no law.  
Melanthius! Light a fire, and set thereat  
A chair and cushions, and that mass of fat  
That lies within bring out, that we may set 245  
Our pages to this bow, to see it het  
And suppl'd with the suet, and then we  
May give it draught, and pay this great decree  
Utmost performance.” He a mighty fire  
Gave instant flame, put into act th' entire 250  
Command laid on him, chair and cushions set,  
Laid on the bow, which straight the pages het,  
Chafed, suppl'd with the suet to their most;  
And still was all their unctuous labour lost,  
All Wooers' strengths too indigent and poor 255  
To draw that bow; Antinous' arms it tore,  
And great Eurymachus', the both clear best,

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

<sup>252</sup> *Het.*—See Bk. IV. 48.

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

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

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

<sup>300</sup> *Display'd*.—See Bk. v, 350.

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

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

For good success, and then attempt the prize.”

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

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

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

<sup>362</sup> *All this light*—i. e. all to-day.



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

<sup>404</sup> *Consort*—company.

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>446</sup> *Εὐπηγῆς, bene compactus et coagmentatus.*—CHAPMAN.

As every night she did, on her loved lord,  
Till sleep and Pallas her fit rest restored.

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

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

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

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

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

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

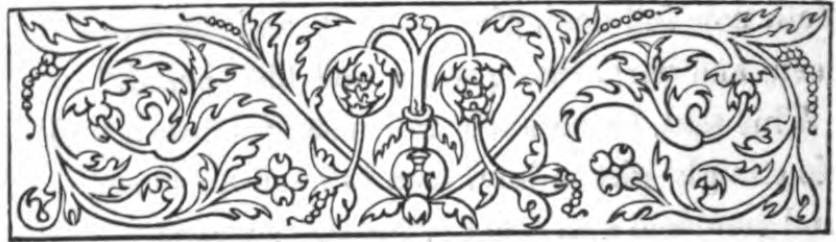


In tuning of his instrument, extend  
 A string out with his pin, touch all, and lend  
 To every well-wreath'd string his perfect sound,  
 Struck all together ; with such ease drew round  
 The King the bow. Then twang'd he up the string, 545  
 That as a swallow in the air doth sing  
 With no continued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

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

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

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



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

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

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

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

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

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

212 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK*

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



It shall be justice in our bloods to bathe."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

216 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK*

Our offer to it. But I know a way  
 To bring you arms, from where the King doth lay  
 His whole munition ; and believe there is 175  
 No other place to all the armories  
 Both of himself and son." This said, a pair  
 Of lofty stairs he climb'd, and to th' affair  
 Twelve shields, twelve lances brought, as many casques  
 With horsehair plumes ; and set to bitter tasks 180  
 Both son and sire. Then shrunk Ulysses' knees,  
 And his loved heart, when thus in arms he sees  
 So many Wooers, and their shaken darts ;  
 For then the work show'd as it ask'd more parts  
 To safe performance, and he told his son 185  
 That or Melanthius or his maids had done  
 A deed that foul war to their hands conferr'd.

" O father," he replied, "'tis I have err'd  
 In this caused labour ; I, and none but I,  
 That left the door ope of your armoury. 190  
 But some, it seems, hath set a sharper eye  
 On that important place. Eumæus ! Haste  
 And shut the door, observing who hath pass'd  
 To this false action ; any maid, or one  
 That I suspect more, which is Dolius' son." 195

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

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



218 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>355</sup> *Dislived*—i. e. deprived of life.

222 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK*

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

224 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK*

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

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

Then did the poet Phemius (whose surname  
Was call'd Terpiades ; who thither came 435

Forced by the Wooers) fly death ; but being near  
The court's great gate, he stood, and parted there  
In two his counsels ; either to remove  
And take the altar of Herceian Jove

(Made sacred to him, with a world of art 440

Engraven about it, where were wont t' impart  
Laertes and Ulysses many a thigh  
Of broad-brow'd oxen to the Deity)

Or venture to Ulysses, clasp his knee,  
And pray his ruth. The last was the decree 445

His choice resolved on. 'Twixt the royal throne  
And that fair table that the bowl stood on

With which they sacrificed, his harp he laid  
Along the earth, the King's knees hugg'd, and said :

" Ulysses ! Let my prayers obtain of thee 450

My sacred skill's respect, and ruth to me !

It will hereafter grieve thee to have slain

A poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.

I of myself am taught, for God alone

All sorts of song hath in my bosom sown, 455

And I, as to a God, will sing to thee ;

Then do not thou deal like the priest with me.

Thine own loved son Telemachus will say,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Those twelve light women to this utter room." 555

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

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

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

With men debauch'd in so abhorr'd a sort."  
 This said, a halser of a ship they cast  
 About a cross-beam of the roof, which fast  
 They made about their necks, in twelve parts cut, 590  
 And hal'd them up so high they could not put  
 Their feet to any stay. As which was done,  
 Look how a mavis, or a pigeon,  
 In any grove caught with a springe or net,  
 With struggling pinions 'gainst the ground doth beat  
 Her tender body, and that then strait bed 596  
 Is sour to that swing in which she was bred ;  
 So strived these taken birds, till every one  
 Her pliant halter had enforced upon  
 Her stubborn neck, and then aloft was haul'd 600  
 To wretched death. A little space they sprawl'd,  
 Their feet fast moving, but were quickly still.  
 Then fetch'd they down Melanthius, to fulfill  
 The equal execution ; which was done  
 In portal of the hall, and thus begun : 605  
 They first slit both his nostrils, cropp'd each ear,  
 His members tugg'd off, which the dogs did tear  
 And chop up bleeding sweet ; and, while red-hot  
 The vice-abhorring blood was, off they smote  
 His hands and feet ; and there that work had end. 610  
 Then wash'd they hands and feet that blood had stain'd,  
 And took the house again. And then the King  
 Euryclea calling, bade her quickly bring  
 All-ill-expelling brimstone, and some fire,  
 That with perfumes cast he might make entire 615  
 The house's first integrity in all.  
 And then his timely will was, she should call  
 Her Queen and ladies ; still yet charging her

230 *THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.*

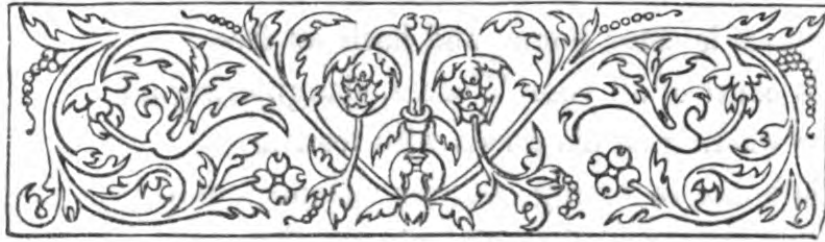
That all the handmaids she should first confer.

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

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

<sup>624</sup> *Too blame*—See Bk. III. 365.

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



## THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

### THE ARGUMENT.

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

### ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

<sup>5</sup> *Revoked*—called back.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

<sup>129</sup> *Him*—The folio has *he*.

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

Her son, her strangeness seeing, blamed her thus :  
 " Mother, ungentle mother ! Tyrannous ! 151  
 In this too curious modesty you show.  
 Why sit you from my father, nor bestow  
 A word on me t' enquire and clear such doubt  
 As may perplex you ? Found man ever out 155  
 One other such a wife that could forbear  
 Her loved lord's welcome home, when twenty year  
 In infinite suff'rance he had spent apart.  
*No flint so hard is as a woman's heart."*

" Son," said she, " amaze contains my mind, 160  
 Nor can I speak and use the common kind  
 Of those enquiries, nor sustain to see  
 With opposite looks his countenance. If this be  
 My true Ulysses now return'd, there are  
 Tokens betwixt us of more fitness far 165  
 To give me argument he is my lord ;  
 And my assurance of him may afford  
 My proofs of joy for him from all these eyes  
 With more decorum than object their guise  
 To public notice." The much-sufferer brake 170

In laughter out, and to his son said: "Take  
 Your mother from the prease, that she may make  
 Her own proofs of me, which perhaps may give  
 More cause to the acknowledgments that drive  
 Their show thus off. But now, because I go 175  
 So poorly clad, she takes disdain to know  
 So loath'd a creature for her loved lord.  
 Let us consult, then, how we may accord  
 The town to our late action. Some one slain  
 Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him fain 180  
 To fly his friends and country; but our swords  
 Have slain a city's most supportful lords,  
 The chief peers of the kingdom, therefore see  
 You use wise means t' uphold your victory."

"See you to that, good father," said the son, 185  
 "Whose counsels have the sovereign glory won  
 From all men living. None will strive with you,  
 But with unquestion'd garlands grace your brow,  
 To whom our whole alacrities we vow  
 In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leave 190  
 Your onsets needy of supplies to give  
 All the effects that in our powers can fall."  
 "Then this," said he, "to me seems capital  
 Of all choice courses: Bathe we first, and then  
 Attire we freshly; all our maids and men 195  
 Enjoining likewise to their best attire.  
 The sacred singer then let touch his lyre,  
 And go before us all in graceful dance,  
 That all without, to whose ears shall advance  
 Our cheerful accents, or of travellers by, 200  
 Or firm inhabitants, solemnity  
 Of frolic nuptials may imagine here.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>288</sup> *Grought*—growth. So spelt for the rhyme's sake.

<sup>289</sup> *Proud*—luxuriant.

Put glued doors to it, that op'd art enough.  
 Then from the olive every broad-leaved bough  
 I lopp'd away ; then fell'd the tree ; and then  
 Went over it both with my axe and plane, 300  
 Both govern'd by my line. And then I hew'd  
 My curious bedstead out ; in which I shew'd  
 Work of no common hand. All this begun,  
 I could not leave till to perfection  
 My pains had brought it ; took my wimble, bored 305  
 The holes, as fitted, and did last afford  
 The varied ornament, which show'd no want  
 Of silver, gold, and polish'd elephant.  
 An ox-hide dyed in purple then I threw  
 Above the cords. And thus to curious view 310  
 I hope I have objected honest sign  
 To prove I author nought that is not mine.  
 But if my bed stand unremoved or no,  
 O woman, passeth human wit to know."  
 This sunk her knees and heart, to hear so true 315  
 The signs she urged ; and first did tears ensue  
 Her rapt assurance ; then she ran and spread  
 Her arms about his neck, kiss'd oft his head,  
 And thus the curious stay she made excused :

“ Ulysses ! Be not angry that I used 320  
 Such strange delays to this, since heretofore  
 Your suffering wisdom hath the garland wore  
 From all that breathe ; and 'tis the Gods that, thus  
 With mutual miss so long afflicting us,  
 Have caused my coyness ; to our youths envied 325  
 That wish'd society that should have tied  
 Our youths and years together ; and since now  
 Judgment and Duty should our age allow

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

<sup>341</sup> *Shent*.—(Anglo-Sax.) To *shend* is to *reprove*, *scold*. Here, however, it would seem to be *disgraceful*, as in Spenser :—  
 “ How may it be,” said then the knight half wroth,  
 “ That knight should knighthood ever so have *shent* ? ”



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

244 THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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



THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK OF  
HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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



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

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

250 THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Greeks stood frighted to see sea and air  
And earth combine so in thy loss's sense, 70  
Had taken ship and fled for ever thence,

If old much-knowing-Nestor had not stay'd  
Their rushing off ; his counsels having sway'd  
In all times former with such cause their courses ;

252 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK*

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



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

<sup>114</sup> Patroclus.

254 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK*

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

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

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

Retain not you the time? A whole month's date 170  
 We spent at sea, in hope to instigate  
 In our arrival old Laertes' son,  
 Whom, hardly yet, to our design we won."

The soul made answer: "Worthiest king of men,  
 I well remember every passage then 175

You now reduce to thought, and will relate  
 The truth in whole form of our timeless fate:

"We woo'd the wife of that long-absent king,  
 Who (though her second marriage were a thing  
 Of most hate to her) she would yet deny 180

At no part our affections, nor comply  
 With any in performance, but decreed,  
 In her delays, the cruel Fates we feed.

Her craft was this: She undertook to weave  
 A funeral garment destin'd to receive 185

The corse of old Laertes; being a task  
 Of infinite labour, and which time would ask.

In midst of whose attempt she caus'd our stay  
 With this attraction: 'Youths, that come in way  
 Of honour'd nuptials to me, though my lord 190

Abide amongst the dead, yet cease to board  
 My choice for present nuptials, and sustain,

Lest what is past me of this web be vain,  
 Till all receive perfection. 'Tis a weed  
 Disposed to wrap in at his funeral need 195

The old Laertes; who, possessing much,  
 Would, in his want of rites as fitting, touch  
 My honour highly with each vulgar dame.'

Thus spake she, and persuaded; and her frame  
 All day she labour'd, her day's work not small, 200  
 But every night-time she unwrought it all.

<sup>191</sup> *Board.*—See Bk. xv. 500.

256 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK*

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

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

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



258 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK*

That knit her spouse and her with murderous swords.  
 For which posterities shall put hateful words  
 To notes of her that all her sex defamed,  
 And for her ill shall even the good be blamed.”

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

Ulysses and his son, now past the town,  
 Soon reach'd the field elaborately grown  
 By old Laertes' labour, when, with cares  
 For his lost son, he left all court affairs, 275  
 And took to this rude upland ; which with toil  
 He made a sweet and habitable soil ;

Where stood a house to him ; about which ran,  
 In turnings thick and labyrinthian,  
 Poor hovels, where his necessary men 280  
 That did those works (of pleasure to him then)  
 Might sit, and eat, and sleep. In his own house  
 An old Sicilian dame lived, studious  
 To serve his sour age with her cheerful pains.

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

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

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

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

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

260 THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

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

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

262 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK*

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



And fetch'd a sigh as in it life were broke.  
 Which grieved his son, and gave so smart a stroke  
 Upon his nostrils with the inward stripe,  
 That up the vein rose there ; and weeping ripe  
 He was to see his sire feel such woe 430  
 For his dissembled joy ; which now let go,  
 He sprung from earth, embraced and kiss'd his sire,  
 And said : " O father ! He of whom y' enquire  
 Am I myself, that, from you twenty years,  
 Is now returned. But do not break in tears, 435  
 For now we must not forms of kind maintain,  
 But haste and guard the substance. I have slain  
 All my wife's Wooers, so revenging now  
 Their wrong so long time suffer'd. Take not you  
 The comfort of my coming then to heart 440  
 At this glad instant, but, in proved desert  
 Of your grave judgment, give moan glad suspense,  
 And on the sudden put this consequence  
 In act as absolute, as all time went  
 To ripening of your resolute assent." 445

All this haste made not his staid faith so free  
 To trust his words ; who said : " If you are he,  
 Approve it by some sign." " This scar then see,"  
 Replied Ulysses, " given me by the boar  
 Slain in Parnassus, I being sent before, 450  
 By your's and by my honour'd mother's will,  
 To see your sire Autolycus fulfil  
 The gifts he vow'd at giving of my name.  
 I'll tell you, too, the trees, in goodly frame  
 Of this fair orchard, that I ask'd of you 455  
 Being yet a child, and follow'd for your show  
 And name of every tree. You gave me then

264 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK*

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

The Cephallenian cities." " Do not spend 490  
 Your thoughts on these cares," said his suffering son,  
 " But be of comfort, and see that course run  
 That best may shun the worst. Our house is near,  
 Telemachus and both his herdsmen there  
 To dress our supper with their utmost haste ; 495  
 And thither haste we." This said, forth they pass'd,  
 Came home, and found Telemachus at feast  
 With both his swains ; while who had done, all dress'd  
 With baths and balms and royally array'd  
 The old king was by his Sicilian maid. 500  
 By whose side Pallas stood, his crook'd-age straight'ning,  
 His flesh more plumping, and his looks enlight'ning.  
 Who issuing then to view, his son admired  
 The Gods' aspects into his form inspired,  
 And said : " O father, certainly some God 505  
 By your addression in this state hath stood,  
 More great, more reverend, rend'ring you by far,  
 At all your parts than of yourself you are !"  
 " I would to Jove," said he, " the Sun, and She  
 That bears Jove's shield, the state had stood with me  
 That help'd me take in the well-builed towers 511  
 Of strong Nericus (the Cephalian powers  
 To that fair city leading) two days past,  
 While with the Wooers thy conflict did last,  
 And I had then been in the Wooers' wreak ! 515  
 I should have help'd thee so to render weak  
 Their stubborn knees, that in thy joy's desert  
 Thy breast had been too little for thy heart."  
 This said, and supper order'd by their men,  
 They sat to it ; old Dolius entering then, 520  
 And with him, tried with labour, his sons came,

266 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK*

Call'd by their mother, the Sicilian dame  
 That brought them up and dress'd their father's fare,  
 As whose age grew, with it increas'd her care  
 To see him served as fitted. When thus set 525  
 These men beheld Ulysses there at meat,  
 They knew him, and astonish'd in the place  
 Stood at his presence; who, with words of grace,  
 Call'd to old Dolius, saying: "Come, and eat,  
 And banish all astonishment. Your meat 530  
 Hath long been ready, and ourselves made stay,  
 Expecting ever when your wished way  
 Would reach amongst us." This brought fiercely on  
 Old Dolius from his stand; who ran upon,  
 With both his arms abroad, the King, and kiss'd 535  
 Of both his rapt up hands the either wrist,  
 Thus welcoming his presence: "O my love,  
 Your presence here, for which all wishes strove,  
 No one expected. Even the Gods have gone  
 In guide before you to your mansion. 540  
 Welcome, and all joys to your heart contend.  
 Knows yet Penelope? Or shall we send  
 Some one to tell her this?" "She knows," said he,  
 "What need these troubles, father, touch at thee?"  
 Then came the sons of Dolius, and again 545  
 Went over with their father's entertain,  
 Welcomed, shook hands, and then to feast sat down.  
 About which while they sat, about the town  
 Fame flew, and shriek'd about the cruel death  
 And fate the Woovers had sustain'd beneath 550  
 Ulysses' roofs. All heard; together all  
 From hence and thence met in Ulysses' hall,  
 Short-breath'd and noiseful, bore out all the dead

To instant burial, while their deaths were spread  
 To other neighbour cities where they lived, 555  
 From whence in swiftest fisher-boats arrived  
 Men to transfer them home. In mean space here  
 The heavy nobles all in counsel were ;  
 Where, met in much heap, up to all arose  
 Extremely grieved Eupitheus so to lose 560  
 His son Antinous, who, first of all,  
 By great Ulysses' hand had slaught'rous fall.  
 Whose father, weeping for him, said : " O friends,  
 This man hath author'd works of dismal ends,  
 Long since conveying in his guide to Troy 565  
 Good men, and many that did ships employ,  
 All which are lost, and all their soldiers dead ;  
 And now the best men Cephallenia bred  
 His hand hath slaughter'd. Go we then (before  
 His 'scape to Pylos, or the Elean shore 570  
 Where rule the Epeans) 'gainst his horrid hand ;  
 For we shall grieve, and infamy will brand  
 Our fames for ever, if we see our sons  
 And brothers end in these confusions,  
 Revenge left uninflicted. Nor will I 575  
 Enjoy one day's life more, but grieve and die  
 With instant onset. Nor should you survive  
 To keep a base and beastly name alive.  
 Haste, then, lest flight prevent us." This with tears  
 His griefs advised, and made all sufferers 580  
 In his affliction. But by this was come  
 Up to the council from Ulysses' home—  
 When sleep had left them, which the slaughters there  
 And their self-dangers from their eyes in fear

<sup>558</sup> *Heavy*—i. e. sorrowing.



Had two nights intercepted—those two men 585  
 That just Ulysses saved out of the slain,  
 Which Medon and the sacred singer were.  
 These stood amidst the council ; and the fear  
 The slaughter had impress'd in either's look  
 Stuck still so ghastly, that amaze it strook 590  
 Through every there beholder. To whose ears  
 One thus enforced, in his fright, cause of theirs :  
 “ Attend me, Ithacensians ! This stern fact  
 Done by Ulysses was not put in act  
 Without the Gods' assistance. These self eyes 595  
 Saw one of the immortal Deities  
 Close by Ulysses, Mentor's form put on  
 At every part. And this sure Deity shone  
 Now near Ulysses, setting on his bold  
 And slaught'rous spirit, now the points controll'd 600  
 Of all the Wooers' weapons, round about  
 The arm'd house whisking, in continual rout  
 Their party putting, till in heaps they fell.”  
 This news new fears did through their spirits impell,  
 When Halitherses (honour'd Mastor's son, 605  
 Who of them all saw only what was done  
 Present and future) the much-knowing man  
 And aged heroë this plain course ran  
 Amongst their counsels : “ Give me likewise ear,  
 And let me tell ye, friends, that these ill bear 610  
 On your malignant spleens their sad effects,  
 Who not what I persuaded gave respects,  
 Nor what the people's pastor, Mentor, said,—  
 That you should see your issues' follies stay'd  
 In those foul courses, by their petulant life 615  
 The goods devouring, scandalling the wife

Of no mean person, who, they still would say,  
Could never more see his returning day.  
Which yet appearing now, now give it trust,  
And yield to my free counsels: Do not thrust 620  
Your own safe persons on the acts your sons  
So dearly bought, lest their confusions  
On your loved heads your like addictions draw.”  
This stood so far from force of any law  
To curb their loose attempts, that much the more 625  
They rush'd to wreak, and made rude tumult roar.  
The greater part of all the court arose;  
Good counsel could not ill designs dispose.  
Eupitheus was persuader of the course,  
Which, complete arm'd, they put in present force; 630  
The rest sat still in council. These men met  
Before the broad town, in a place they set  
All girt in arms; Eupitheus choosing chief  
To all their follies, who put grief to grief,  
And in his slaughter'd son's revenge did burn. 635  
But Fate gave never feet to his return,  
Ordaining there his death. Then Pallas spake  
To Jove, her father, with intent to make  
His will high arbiter of th' act design'd,  
And ask'd of him what his unsearched mind 640  
Held undiscover'd? If with arms, and ill,  
And grave encounter he would first fulfil  
His sacred purpose, or both parts combine  
In peaceful friendship? He ask'd: “ Why incline  
These doubts thy counsels? Hast not thou decreed 645  
That Ithacus should come and give his deed  
The glory of revenge on these and theirs?  
Perform thy will; the frame of these affairs

270 THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK

Have this fit issue : When Ulysses' hand  
 Hath reach'd full wreak, his then renown'd command  
 Shall reign for ever, faithful truces strook 651  
 'Twixt him and all ; for every man shall brook  
 His sons' and brothers' slaughters ; by our mean  
 To send Oblivion in, expunging clean  
 The character of enmity in them all, 655  
 As in best leagues before. *Peace, festival,*  
*And riches in abundance, be the state*  
*That crowns the close of wise Ulysses' Fate."*  
 This spurr'd the free, who from heaven's continent  
 To th' Ithacensian isle made straight descent. 660  
 Where, dinner past, Ulysses said : " Some one  
 Look out to see their nearness." Dolius' son  
 Made present speed abroad, and saw them nigh,  
 Ran back, and told, bade arm ; and instantly  
 Were all in arms. Ulysses' part was four, 665  
 And six more sons of Dolius ; all his power  
 Two only more, which were his aged sire  
 And like-year'd Dolius, whose lives' slaked fire  
 All white had left their heads, yet, driven by need,  
 Made soldiers both of necessary deed. 670  
 And now, all girt in arms, the ports set wide,  
 They sallied forth, Ulysses being their guide ;  
 And to them in the instant Pallas came,  
 In form and voice like Mentor, who a flame  
 Inspired of comfort in Ulysses' heart 675  
 With her seen presence. To his son, apart,  
 He thus then spake : " Now, son, your eyes shall see,  
 Exposed in slaughterous fight, the enemy,  
 Against whom who shall best serve will be seen.  
 Disgrace not then your race, that yet hath been 680

For force and fortitude the foremost tried  
 Of all earth's offsprings." His true son replied :  
 " Yourself shall see, loved father, if you please,  
 That my deservings shall in nought digress  
 From best fame of our race's foremost merit." 685

The old king sprung for joy to hear his spirit,  
 And said : " O loved Immortals, what a day  
 Do your clear bounties to my life display !  
 I joy, past measure, to behold my son  
 And nephew close in such contention 690

Of virtues martial." Pallas, standing near,  
 Said : " O my friend ! Of all supremely dear,  
 Seed of Arcesius, pray to Jove and Her  
 That rules in arms, his daughter, and a dart,  
 Spritefully brandish'd, hurl at th' adverse part." 695

This said, he pray'd ; and she a mighty force  
 Inspired within him, who gave instant course  
 To his brave-brandish'd lance, which struck the brass  
 That cheek'd Eupitheus' casque, and thrust his pass  
 Quite through his head ; who fell, and sounded falling,  
 His arms the sound again from earth recalling. 701

Ulysses and his son rush'd on before,  
 And with their both-way-headed darts did gore  
 Their enemies' breasts so thick, that all had gone  
 The way of slaughter, had not Pallas thrown 705

Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay  
 And spare expense of blood. Her voice did fray  
 The blood so from their faces that it left  
 A greenish paleness ; all their hands it reft  
 Of all their weapons, falling thence to earth ; 710  
 And to the common mother of their birth,

<sup>690</sup> *Nephew*—grandson ; like the Latin *nepos*.

272 *THE TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.*

The city, all fled, in desire to save  
The lives yet left them. Then Ulysses gave  
A horrid shout, and like Jove's eagle flew  
In fiery pursuit, till Saturnius threw 715  
His smoking lightning 'twixt them, that had fall  
Before Minerva, who then out did call  
Thus to Ulysses: "Born of Jove! Abstain  
From further bloodshed. Jove's hand in the slain  
Hath equall'd in their pains their prides to thee. 720  
Abstain, then, lest you move the Deity."

Again then, 'twixt both parts the Seed of Jove,  
Athenian Pallas, of all future love  
A league composed, and for her form took choice  
Of Mentor's likeness both in limb and voice. 725

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH AND LAST BOOK  
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.





*O wrought divine Ulysses through his woes,  
So crown'd the light with him his  
mother's throes,  
As through his great Renowner I have  
wrought,*

*And my safe sail to sacred anchor brought.  
Nor did the Argive ship more burthen feel, 5  
That bore the care of all men in her keel,  
Than my adventurous bark ; the Colchian fleece  
Not half so precious as this Soul of Greece,  
In whose songs I have made our shores rejoice,  
And Greek itself vail to our English voice. 10  
Yet this inestimable Pearl will all  
Our dunghill chanticleers but obvious call ;  
Each modern scraper this Gem scratching by,  
His oat preferring far. Let such let lie.  
So scorn the stars the clouds, as true-soul'd men 15  
Despise deceivers. For, as clouds would fain  
Obscure the stars, yet (regions left below  
With all their envies) bar them but of show,  
For they shine ever, and will shine, when they  
Dissolve in sinks, make mire, and temper clay ; 20  
So puff'd impostors (our muse-vapours) strive,  
With their self-blown additions, to deprive*

<sup>10</sup> *Vail*—lower, submit, used as a token of inferiority. See HALLIWELL.

*Men solid of their full, though infinite short  
 They come in their compare, and false report  
 Of levelling or touching at their light, 25  
 That still retain their radiance, and clear right,  
 And shall shine ever, when, alas! one blast  
 Of least disgrace tears down th' impostor's mast,  
 His tops and tacklings, his whole freight, and he  
 Confiscate to the fishy monarchy, 30  
 His trash, by foolish Fame brought now, from hence  
 Given to serve mackarel forth, and frankincense.  
 Such then, and any too soft-eyed to see,  
 Through works so solid, any worth, so free  
 Of all the learn'd professions, as is fit 35  
 To praise at such price, let him think his wit  
 Too weak to rate it, rather than oppose  
 With his poor pow'rs Ages and Hosts of Foes.*



**TO THE RUINS OF TROY AND  
 GREECE.**

*Troy rac't, Greece wrack't, who mourns? Ye both may  
 boast,  
 Else th' Iliads and Odysseys had been lost!*



## AD DEUM.



*HE Only True God (betwixt Whom and me  
 I only bound my comfort, and agree  
 With all my actions) only truly knows,  
 And can judge truly, me, with all that goes  
 To all my faculties. In Whose free Grace 5  
 And Inspiration I only place  
 All means to know (with my means, study, prayer,  
 In and from His Word taken) stair by stair,  
 In all continual contentation, rising  
 To knowledge of His Truth, and practising 10  
 His Will in it, with my sole Saviour's Aid,  
 Guide, and Enlight'ning; nothing done, nor said,  
 Nor thought, that good is, but acknowledged by  
 His Inclination, Skill, and Faculty.  
 By which, to find the way out to His Love 15  
 Past all the worlds, the sphere is where doth move  
 My studies, pray'rs, and pow'rs; no pleasure taken  
 But sign'd by His, for which, my blood forsaken,  
 My soul I cleave to, and what (in His Blood 19  
 That hath redeem'd, cleansed, taught her) fits her good.*

DEO OPT. MAX. GLORIA.

FINIS.





# Valuable and Interesting Books,

PUBLISHED OR SOLD BY

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

36 Soho Square, London.

## History, Biography, and Criticism.

**B**IOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA LITERARIA, or Biography of Literary Characters of Great Britain and Ireland. **ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.** By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &c., Membre de l'Institut de France. Thick 8vo, cloth, 6s. (original price 12s.)

————— **THE ANGLO-NORMAN PERIOD.** Thick 8vo, cloth, 6s. (original price 12s.) Published under the superintendence of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature.

There is no work in the English Language which gives the reader such a comprehensive and connected History of the Literature of these periods.

**LITERATURE OF THE TROUBADOURS.** Histoire de la Poésie Provençale, par M. Fauriel, publié par J. Mohl, Membre de l'Institut de France. 3 vols. 8vo, new, sewed, 14s. (original price £1. 4s.)

A valuable work, and forms a fit companion to the Literary Histories of Hallam, Ticknor, and Ginguene. J. R. Smith is the only Agent in London for the sale of it, at the above moderate price.

**CURSORY NOTES** on Various Passages in the Text of Beaumont and Fletcher, as edited by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, and on his "Few Notes on Shakespeare." By the Rev. John Mitford. 8vo, sewed, 2s. 6d.

**HISTORICAL SKETCHES** of the Angling Literature of all Nations. By Robert Blakey. To which is added a Bibliographical Catalogue of English Books on Angling and Ichthyology. 12mo, cloth, 5s.

**ESSAYS ON THE LITERATURE, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages.** By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. post 8vo, elegantly printed, cloth, 16s.

**CONTENTS:** Essay 1. Anglo-Saxon Poetry—2. Anglo-Norman Poetry—3. Chansons de Geste, or historical romances of the Middle Ages—4. Proverbs and popular sayings—5. Anglo-Latin poets of the twelfth century—6. Abelard and the scholastic philosophy—7. Dr. Grimm's German mythology—8. National fairy mythology of England—9. Popular superstitions of modern Greece, and their connexion with the English—10. Friar Rush and the frolicsome Elves—11. Dunlop's History of Fiction—12. History and transmission of popular stories—13. Poetry of history—14. Adventures of Hereward the Saxon—15. Story of Eustace the Monk—16. History of Fulke Fitzwarine—17. Popular Cycle of Robin Hood Ballads—18. Conquest of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans.—19. Old English Political Songs.—20. Dunbar, the Scottish Poet.

**WORTHIES OF WESTMORELAND,** or Biographies of notable Persons born in that County since the Reformation. By George Atkinson, Esq., Serjeant-at-Law. 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 6s. (original price 16s.)



**CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE, Historical, Antiquarian, and Metrical.** By Mark Antony Lower, M.A., F.S.A., Author of "Essays on English Surnames," "Curiosities of Heraldry," &c. Post 8vo, woodcuts, cloth, 7s. 6d.

**CONTENTS:** 1. Local Nomenclature.—2. The Battle of Hastings, an Historical Essay.—3. The Lord Dacre, his mournful end; a Ballad.—4. Historical and Archæological Memoir on the Iron Works of the South of England, *with numerous illustrations*.—5. Winchelsea's Deliverance, or the Stout Abbot of Battayle; in Three Fyttes.—6. The

South Downs, a Sketch; Historical, Anecdotal, and Descriptive.—7. On Yew Trees in Churchyards.—8. A Lyttel Geste of a Greate Eele; a pleasant Ballade.—9. A Discourse of Genealogy.—10. An Antiquarian Pilgrimage in Normandy, *with woodcuts*.—11. Miscellanea, &c. &c. &c.

**RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW (NEW SERIES);** consisting of Criticisms upon, Analysis of, and Extracts from curious, useful, valuable, and scarce Old Books. 8vo, Vols. I & II (*all printed*), cloth, 10s. 6d. *each*.

These two volumes form a good companion to the old Series of the "*Retrospective*," in 16 vols.; the articles are of the same length and style.

**JUNIUS.**—The Authorship of the Letters of Junius elucidated, including a Biographical Memoir of Lieut.-Col. Barré, M.P. By John Britton, F.S.A., &c. Royal 8vo, *with portraits of Lord Shelburne, John Dunning, and Barré, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture*, cloth, 6s. *Large Paper*, in 4to, cloth, 9s.

An exceedingly interesting book, giving many particulars of the American War, and the state of parties during that period.

**BARKER.**—Literary Anecdotes and Contemporary Reminiscences of Professor Porson, and others, from the Manuscript Papers of the late E.H. Barker, Esq., of Thetford, Norfolk, with an Original Memoir of the Author. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 12s.

**MILTON'S EARLY READING,** and the *prima stamina* of his "Paradise Lost," together with Extracts from a Poet of the XVIIth Century (*Joshua Sylvester*). By Charles Dunster, M.A. 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d. (original price 5s.)

**HUNTER'S (Rev. J.) Historical and Critical Tracts.** Post 8vo, 2s. 6d. *each*.

1. Agincourt; a contribution towards an authentic List of the Commanders of the English Host in King Henry the Fifth's Expedition.

2. First Colonists of New England. (*Out of print.*)

3. Milton; a sheaf of Gleanings after his Biographers and Annotators.

4. The Ballad Hero, "Robin Hood," his period, real character, &c., investigated, and, perhaps, ascertained.

**BRITANNIC RESEARCHES;** or, New Facts and Rectifications of Ancient British History. By the Rev. Beale Poste, M.A. 8vo (pp. 448), with engravings, cloth, 15s.

"The author of this volume may justly claim credit for considerable learning, great industry, and, above all, strong faith in the interest and importance of his subject. . . . On various points he has given us additional information, and afforded us new views, for which we are bound to thank

him. The body of the book is followed by a very complete index, so as to render reference to any part of it easy: this was the more necessary, on account of the multifariousness of the topics treated, the variety of persons mentioned, and the many works quoted."—*Athenæum*, Oct. 8, 1853.

**LAPPENBERG'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,** under the Anglo-Saxon Kings. Translated by Benj. Thorpe, with Additions and Corrections, by the Author and Translator. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 12s. (original price £1. 1s.)

**LETTERS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.**—Now first collected from the Originals in Royal Archives, and from other Authentic Sources, private as well as public. Edited, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by J. O. Halliwell. Two handsome volumes, post 8vo, with *portraits* of Henry VIII and Charles I. Cloth, 8s. (original price £1. 1s.)

These volumes form a good companion to Ellis's Original Letters.

**GAIMAR'S (GEOFFREY) Anglo-Norman Metrical Chronicle of the ANGLO-SAXON KINGS.** Printed for the first time entire. With Appendix, containing the Lay of Havelok the Dane, the Legend of Ernulph, and Life of Herward the Saxon. Edited by T. Wright, F.S.A. 8vo (pp. 354), cloth, 12s.

## Bibliography.

**HANDBOOK TO THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM;** containing a brief History of its Formation, and of the various Collections of which it is composed; Descriptions of the Catalogues in present use; Classed Lists of the Manuscripts, &c.; and a variety of information indispensable for Literary Men; with some Account of the principal Public Libraries in London. By Richard Sims, of the Department of Manuscripts, Compiler of the "Index to the Heralds' Visitations." Small 8vo (pp. 438), *with map and plan*. Cloth, 5s.

It will be found a very useful work to every literary person or public institution in all parts of the world.

"A little handbook of the Library has been published, which I think will be most useful to the Public."—*Lord Seymour's Reply in the House of Commons, July, 1854.*

"I am much pleased with your book, and find in it abundance of information which I wanted."—*Letter from Albert Way, Esq., F.S.A., Editor of the "Promptorium Parvulorum," &c.*

"I take this opportunity of telling you how much I like your nice little 'Hand-

book to the Library of the British Museum,' which I sincerely hope may have the success which it deserves."—*Letter from Thos. Wright, Esq., F.S.A., Author of the 'Biographia Britannica Literaria,' &c.*

"Mr. Sims's 'Handbook to the Library of the British Museum' is a very comprehensive and instructive volume.

I venture to predict for it a wide circulation."—*Mr. Bolton Corney, in "Notes and Queries," No. 213.*

**A MANUAL FOR THE GENEALOGIST, TOPOGRAPHER, ANTIQUARY, AND LEGAL PROFESSOR;** consisting of a Guide to the various Public Records, Registers, Wills, Printed Books, &c. &c. By Richard Sims, of the British Museum, Compiler of the "Handbook to the Library of the British Museum," "Index to the Pedigrees in the Heralds' Visitations," &c.

**A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE OF ENGLISH WRITERS ON ANGLING AND ICHTHYOLOGY.** By John Russell Smith. Post 8vo, sewed, 1s. 6d.

**BIBLIOTHECA MADRIGALIANA**—A Bibliographical Account of the Musical and Poetical Works published in England during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, under the Titles of Madrigals, Ballets, Ayres, Canzonets, &c. &c. By Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D., F.S.A. 8vo, cloth, 5s.

It records a class of books left undescribed by Ames, Herbert, and Dibdin, and furnishes a most valuable Catalogue of Lyrical Poetry of the age to which it refers.

**THE MANUSCRIPT RARITIES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.** By J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S. 8vo, boards, 3s. (original price 10s. 6d.)

A companion to Hartshorne's "Book Rarities" of the same University.

**SOME ACCOUNT OF THE POPULAR TRACTS,** formerly in the Library of Captain Cox, of Coventry, A. D. 1575. By J. O. Halliwell. 8vo (*only 50 printed*), sewed, 1s.

**CATALOGUE OF THE CONTENTS OF THE CODEX HOLBROOKIANUS.** (A Scientific MS.) By Dr. John Holbrook, Master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, 1418-1431. By J. O. Halliwell. 8vo, 1s.

**ACCOUNT OF THE VERNON MANUSCRIPT.** A Volume of Early English Poetry, preserved in the Bodleian Library. By J. O. Halliwell. 8vo (*only 50 printed*), 1s.

**BIBLIOTHECA CANTIANA.**—A Bibliographical Account of what has been published on the History, Topography, Antiquities, Customs, and Family Genealogy of the County of Kent, with Biographical Notes. By John Russell Smith. In a handsome 8vo volume (pp. 370), *with two plates of facsimiles of Autographs of 33 eminent Kentish Writers.* 5s. (original price 14s.)—*Large Paper*, 10s. 6d.

**BIBLIOMANIA in the Middle Ages;** or, Sketches of Book-worms, Collectors, Bible Students, Scribes, and Illuminators, from the Anglo-Saxon and Norman Periods; with Anecdotes, illustrating the History of the Monastic Libraries of Great Britain. By F. S. Merryweather. Square 12mo, cloth, 3s.

## Miscellanies.

**SPRING-TIDE; OR, THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIENDS.** By John Yonge Akerman. 12mo, *plates*. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

A Tribute to the Memory of William Caxton.

**THE GAME OF THE CHESSE.**—In small folio, *in sheets*, £1. 16s.; or, *bound in calf, antique style*, £2. 2s.; or, *in morocco, with silver clasps & bosses*, £3. 3s.

Frequently as we read of the Works of Caxton and the early English Printers, and of their Black Letter Books, very few persons have ever had the opportunity of seeing any of these productions, and forming a proper estimate of the ingenuity and skill of those who first practised the "Noble Art of Printing."

This reproduction of the first work printed by Caxton at Westminster, containing 23 woodcuts, is intended in some measure to supply this deficiency, and bring the

present age into somewhat greater intimacy with the *Father of English Printers*.

The TYPE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY IMITATED, and the cuts traced, from the copy in the *British Museum*. The Paper and Watermarks have also been made expressly, as near as possible, like the original; and the Book is accompanied by a few remarks of a practical nature, which have been suggested during the progress of the fount, and the necessary study and comparison of Caxton's Works with those of his contemporaries in Germany, by Mr. V. FIGGINS.

**ANTIQUITIES OF SHROPSHIRE.** By the Rev. R. W. Eyton, Rector of Ryton. Royal 8vo, *with plates*. Vols. I. & II, £1 each.

**THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY ELUCIDATED.** By the Rev. Dr. John Collingwood Bruce, Author of the "Roman Wall." 4to, *a handsome volume, illustrated with 17 COLOURED plates, representing the entire Tapestry*. Extra boards, £1. 1s.

**TONSTALL (Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham)** Sermon preached on Palm Sunday, 1539, before Henry VIII; *reprinted verbatim from the rare Edition by Barthelet, in 1539*. 12mo, 1s. 6d.

An exceedingly interesting Sermon, at the commencement of the Reformation; Strype, in his "Memorials," has made large extracts from it.

**ARCHERY.**—The Science of Archery, showing its Affinity to Heraldry, and capabilities of Attainment. By A. P. Harrison. 8vo, sewed, 1s.

**HISTORY OF OREGON AND CALIFORNIA** and the other Territories on the North-West Coast of America, accompanied by a Geographical View and Map, and a number of Proofs and Illustrations of the History. By Robert Greenhow, *Librarian of the Department of State of the United States*. Thick 8vo. *Large Map*. Cloth, 6s. (pub. at 16s.)

**LITERARY COOKERY;** with Reference to Matter attributed to Coleridge and Shakespeare. In a Letter addressed to the "Athenæum," with a Postscript containing some Remarks upon the refusal of that Journal to print it. 8vo, sewed, 1s.

**FOUR POEMS FROM "ZION'S FLOWERS;"** or, Christian Poems for Spiritual Edification. By Mr. Zacharie Boyd, Minister in Glasgow. Printed from his MS. in the Library of the University of Glasgow; with Notes of his Life and Writings, by Gab. Neil. Small 4to, *portrait and facsimile*. Cloth, 10s. 6d.

The above forms a portion of the well-known "Zachary Boyd's Bible." A great many of his words and phrases are curious and amusing, and the Book would repay a

diligent perusal. Boyd was a contemporary of Shakespeare, and a great many phrases in his "Bible" are the same as to be found in the great southern Dramatist.

**VOYAGES, Relations, et Memoires originaux pour servir à l'Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique, publiés pour la première fois en Français.** Par H. Ternaux-Compans. 20 vols. 8vo, both Series, and complete. Sewed, £3. 10s.

A valuable collection of early Voyages and Relations on South America; also translations of unpublished Spanish MSS. principally relating to Old and New Mexico.





LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS.

JOHN SELDEN'S *Table Talk*. A new and improved Edition, by S. W. Singer. *Portrait*. 5s.

"Nothing can be more interesting than this little book, containing a lively picture of the opinions and conversations of one of the most eminent scholars and most distinguished patriots England has produced, living at a period the most eventful of our history. There are few volumes of its size so pregnant with sense, combined with the most profound learning; it is impossible to open it without finding some important fact or discussion, something practically useful and applicable to the business of life. It may be said of it, as of that exquisite little manual, Bacon's *Essays*, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. Such were my feelings and expressions upwards of thirty years since in giving to the world an edition of Selden's '*Table Talk*,' which has long been numbered in the list of scarce books, and that opinion time has fully confirmed. It was with infinite satisfaction therefore I found that one whose opinion may be safely taken as the highest authority, had as fully appreciated its worth. Coleridge thus emphatically expresses himself: 'There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages in any un-inspired writer.' . . . Its merits had not escaped the notice of Dr. Johnson, though in politics opposed to much it inculcates, for in reply to an observation of Boswell in praise of the French *Ana*, he said, 'A few of them are good, but we have one book of that kind better than any of them—Selden's *Table Talk*.'" *Mr. Singer's Preface.*

FRANCIS QUARLES' *Enchiridion*. Containing *Institutions—Divine, Contemplative, Practical, Moral, Ethical, Economical, and Political*. *Portrait*. 3s.

"Had this little book been written at Athens or Rome, its author would have been classed with the wise men of his country." —*Headley.*

*The Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse* of SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. Now first collected. Edited, with Life and Notes, by E. F. Rimbault. *Portrait after Pass*. 5s.

GEORGE WITHER'S *Hymns and Songs of the Church*. Edited, with Introduction, by Edward Farr. Also, the Musical Notes, composed by Orlando Gibbons. *With Portrait after Hole*. 5s.

GEORGE WITHER'S *Hallelujah; or, Britain's Second Remembrancer, in Praiseful and Penitential Hymns, Spiritual Songs, and Moral Odes*. With Introduction by Edward Farr. *Portrait*. 6s.

Hitherto this interesting volume has only been known to the public by extracts in various publications. So few copies of the original are known to exist, that the copy from which this reprint has been taken cost 21 guineas.



LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS.

*The Poetical Works of WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden.*  
Edited by W. D. Turnbull. *Portrait.* 5s.

*The Poetical Works of the REV. ROBERT SOUTHWELL.* Now first completely edited by W. B. Turnbull. 4s.

"In sweetness, in classical purity of language, in melodious rhythm, these poems will not suffer by comparison with the contemporaneous works even of Edmund Spenser or Sir Philip Sidney."—*Northern Times.*

*The Iliads of HOMER, Prince of Poets, never before in any Language truly translated, with a Comment on some of his chief Places. Done according to the Greek by GEORGE CHAPMAN.* With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Richard Hooper. 2 vols. with *Portrait of Chapman, and Frontispiece.* 12s.

*The Odysseys of HOMER, truly translated by GEORGE CHAPMAN.* With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Richard Hooper. 2 vols. with *Frontispiece.* 12s.

"The translation of Homer, published by George Chapman, is one of the greatest treasures the English language can boast."—*Godwin.*

"With Chapman, Pope had frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he read his version."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"He covers his defects with a daring, fiery spirit that animates his translation; which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself to have writ before he arrived at years of discretion."—*Pope.*

"Chapman's translation, with all its defects, is often exceedingly Homeric, which Pope himself seldom attained."—*Hallam.*

"Chapman writes and feels as a Poet—as Homer might have written had he lived in England in the reign of Elizabeth."—*Coleridge.*

"I have just finished Chapman's Homer. Did you ever read it?—it has the most continuous power of interesting you all along."—*Lamb.*

HOMER'S *Batrachomyomachia, Hymns and Epigrams.* HESIOD'S *Works and Days.* MUSEUS' *Hero and Leander.* JUVENAL'S *Fifth Satire.* Translated by George Chapman. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Richard Hooper. *Frontispiece after W. Pass.* 6s.

*The Miscellanies of JOHN AUBREY, F.R.S. (on Omens, Dreams, Day Fatality, Apparitions, Portents, Knockings, &c. &c.)* The fourth Edition, with some Additions, and an Index. *Portrait and Cuts.* 4s.

*The Dramatic Works of JOHN WEBSTER.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by William Hazlitt. 4 vols. £1.

*The Dramatic Works of JOHN LILLY (the Euphuist).* Now first collected, with Life and Notes by F. W. Fairholt. 2 vols. 10s.

WILLIAM CRAWSHAW'S *Poetical Works.* Now first completely edited by W. B. Turnbull. 5s.

*Several other Works of our good old Authors are in progress.*

E SMITH, 36, Soho Square.



