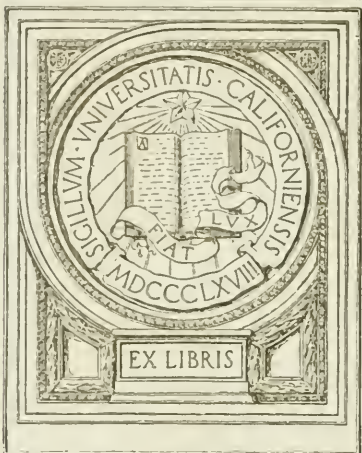




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O F T H E I N N E R T E M P L E, E S Q.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.

C O N T A I N I N G T H E O D Y S S E Y,

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

COUNTESS DOWAGER SPENCER,

THE FOLLOWING

TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY,

A POEM THAT EXHIBITS

IN THE CHARACTER OF ITS HEROINE

AN EXAMPLE

OF ALL DOMESTIC VIRTUE,

IS WITH EQUAL PROPRIETY AND RESPECT

INCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.





THE  
ODYSSEY OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

F I R S T B O O K.

IN a council of the Gods, Minerva calls their attention to Ulyſſes, ſtill a wanderer. They reſolve to grant him a ſafe return to Ithaca. Minerva deſcends to encourage Telemachus, and in the form of Mentès directs him in what manner to proceed. Throughout this book the extravagance and profligacy of the ſuitors are occaſionally ſuggeſted.

# O D Y S S E Y.

## B O O K I.

**M**USE make the man thy theme, for shrewdness famed  
And genius versatile, who far and wide  
A Wand'rer, after Ilium overthrown,  
Discover'd various cities, and the mind  
And manners learn'd of men in lands remote. 5  
He num'rous woes, on Ocean tofs'd, endured,  
Anxious to save himself, and to conduct  
His followers to their home; yet all his care  
Preserved them not; they perish'd self-destroy'd  
By their own fault; infatuate! who devoured 10  
The oxen of the all-o'erseeing Sun,  
And, punish'd for that crime, return'd no more.  
Daughter divine of Jove, these things record,  
As it may please thee, even in our ears.

The rest, all those who had perdition 'scaped 15  
By war or on the Deep, dwelt now at home;  
Him only, of his country and his wife  
Alike desirous, in her hollow grot  
Calypso, Goddess beautiful, detained  
Wooing him to her arms. But when, at length, 20  
(Many a long year elapsed) the year arrived

Of his return (by the decree of heav'n)  
 To Ithaca, not even then had he,  
 Although furrounded by his people, reach'd  
 The period of his sufferings and his toils. 25  
 Yet all the Gods, with pity moved, beheld  
 His woes, save Neptune; He alone with wrath  
 Unceasing and implacable pursued  
 Godlike Ulysses to his native shores.  
 But Neptune, now, the Æthiopians fought, 30  
 (The Æthiopians, utmost of mankind,  
 These Eastward situate, those toward the West)  
 Call'd to an hecatomb of bulls and lambs.  
 There sitting, pleas'd he banquetted; the Gods  
 In Jove's abode, meantime, assembled all, 35  
 'Midst whom the Sire of heav'n and earth began.  
 For he recall'd to mind Ægisthus slain  
 By Agamemnon's celebrated son  
 Orestes, and retracing in his thought  
 That dread event, the Immortals thus address'd. 40  
 Alas! how prone are human-kind to blame  
 The Pow'rs of Heav'n! From us, they say, proceed  
 The ills which they endure, yet more than Fate  
 Herself inflicts, by their own crimes incur.  
 So now Ægisthus, by no force constrained 45  
 Of Destiny, Atrides' wedded wife  
 Took to himself, and him at his return  
 Slew, not unwarn'd of his own dreadful end  
 By us; for we commanded Hermes down

The

The watchful Argicide, who bade him fear 50  
 Alike, to flay the King, or woo the Queen.  
 For that Atrides' son Orestes, soon  
 As grown mature, and eager to assume  
 His sway imperial, should avenge the deed.  
 So Hermes spake, but his advice moved not 55  
 Ægithus, on whose head the whole arrear  
 Of vengeance heap'd, at last, hath therefore fall'n.  
 Whom answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.  
 Oh Jove, Saturnian Sire, o'er all supreme!  
 And well he merited the death he found; 60  
 So perish all who shall, like him, offend.  
 But with a bosom anguish-rent I view  
 Ulysses, hapless Chief! who from his friends  
 Remote, affliction hath long time endured  
 In yonder wood-land isle, the central bos 65  
 Of Ocean. That retreat a Goddess holds,  
 Daughter of sapient Atlas, who the abyss  
 Knows to its bottom, and the pillars high  
 Himself upbears which sep'rate earth from heav'n.  
 His daughter, there, the sorrowing Chief detains, 70  
 And ever with smooth speech insidious seeks  
 To wean his heart from Ithaca; meantime  
 Ulysses, happy might he but behold  
 The smoke ascending from his native land,  
 Death covets. Canst thou not, Olympian Jove! 75  
 At last relent? Hath not Ulysses oft  
 With victims slain amid Achaia's fleet

Thee gratified while yet at Troy he fought?  
 How hath he then so deep incens'd thee, Jove?  
 To whom, the cloud-affembler God replied. 80  
 What word hath pass'd thy lips, Daughter belov'd?  
 Can I forget Ulysses? Him forget  
 So noble, who in wisdom all mankind  
 Excells, and who hath sacrific'd so oft  
 To us whose dwelling is the boundless heav'n? 85  
 Earth-circling Neptune—He it is whose wrath  
 Pursues him ceaseless for the Cyclops' sake  
 Polyphemus, strongest of the giant race,  
 Whom of his eye Ulysses hath deprived.  
 For Him, Thoösa bore, Nymph of the sea 90  
 From Phorcys sprung, by Ocean's mighty pow'r  
 Impregnated in caverns of the Deep.  
 E'er since that day, the Shaker of the shores,  
 Although he slay him not, yet devious drives  
 Ulysses from his native isle afar. 95  
 Yet come—in full assembly his return  
 Contrive we now, both means and prosp'rous end;  
 So Neptune shall his wrath remit, whose pow'r  
 In contest with the force of all the Gods  
 Exerted single, can but strive in vain. 100  
 To whom Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed.  
 Oh Jupiter! above all Kings enthroned!  
 If the Immortals ever-blest ordain  
 That wise Ulysses to his home return,  
 Dispatch we then Hermes the Argicide, 105  
 Our

Our messenger, hence to Ogygia's isle,  
 Who shall inform Calypso, nymph divine,  
 Of this our fixt resolve, that to his home  
 Ulysses, toil-enduring Chief, repair.  
 Myself will hence to Ithaca, meantime, 110  
 His son to animate, and with new force  
 Inspire, that (the Achaians all convened  
 In council,) he may, instant, bid depart  
 The suitors from his home, who, day by day,  
 His num'rous flocks and fatted herds consume. 115  
 And I will send him thence to Sparta forth,  
 And into sandy Pylus, there to hear  
 (If hear he may) some tidings of his Sire,  
 And to procure himself a glorious name.  
 This said, her golden sandals to her feet 120  
 She bound, ambrosial, which o'er all the earth  
 And o'er the moist flood waft her fleet as air,  
 Then, seizing her strong spear pointed with brass,  
 In length and bulk, and weight a matchless beam,  
 With which the Jove-born Goddess levels ranks 125  
 Of Heroes, against whom her anger burns,  
 From the Olympian summit down she flew,  
 And on the threshold of Ulysses' hall  
 In Ithaca, and within his vestibule  
 Apparent stood; there, grasping her bright spear, 130  
 \*Mentes she seem'd, the hospitable Chief

\* We are told that Homer was under obligations to Mentes, who had frequently given him a passage in his ship to different countries which he wished to see, for which reason he has here immortalized him.

Of Taphos' isle—she found the haughty throng  
 The suitors; they before the palace gate  
 With iv'ry cubes sported, on num'rous hides  
 Reclined of oxen which themselves had slain. 135  
 The heralds and the busy menials there  
 Minister'd to them; these their mantling cups  
 With water flaked; with bibulous sponges those  
 Made clean the tables, set the banquet on,  
 And portion'd out to each his plenteous share. 140  
 Long ere the rest Telemachus himself  
 Mark'd her, for sad amid them all he sat,  
 Pourtraying in deep thought contemplative  
 His noble Sire, and questioning if yet  
 Perchance the Hero might return to chase 145  
 From all his palace that imperious herd,  
 To his own honour lord of his own home.  
 Amid them musing thus, sudden he saw  
 The Goddess, and sprang forth, for he abhorr'd  
 To see a guest's admittance long delay'd; 150  
 Approaching eager, her right hand he seized,  
 The brazen spear took from her, and in words  
 With welcome wing'd Minerva thus address'd.  
 Stranger, all hail! to share our cordial love  
 Thou com'st; the banquet finish'd, thou shalt next 155  
 Inform me wherefore thou hast here arrived.  
 So saying, toward the spacious hall he moved,  
 Follow'd by Pallas, and, arriving soon  
 Beneath the lofty roof, placed her bright spear

Within



Within a pillar's cavity, long time 160  
 The armoury where many a spear had stood,  
 Bright weapons of his own illustrious Sire.  
 Then, leading her toward a footstool'd throne  
 Magnificent, which first he overspread  
 With linen, there he seated her, apart 165  
 From that rude throng, and for himself disposed  
 A throne of various colours at her side,  
 Left, stunn'd with clamour of the lawless band,  
 The new-arrived should loth perchance to eat,  
 And that more free he might the stranger's ear 170  
 With questions of his absent Sire address.  
 And now a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r,  
 And with an argent laver, pouring first  
 Pure water on their hands, supplied them, next,  
 With a resplendent table, which the chaste 175  
 Directress of the stores furnish'd with bread  
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale.  
 Then, in his turn, the \* fewer with fav'ry meats,  
 Dish after dish, served them, of various kinds,  
 And golden cups beside the chargers placed, 180  
 Which the attendant herald fill'd with wine.  
 Ere long, in rush'd the suitors, and the thrones  
 And couches occupied, on all whose hands  
 The heralds pour'd pure water; then the maids  
 Attended them with bread in baskets heap'd, 185  
 And eager they assail'd the ready feast.

\* Milton uses the word—

———— Sewers and seneſchals.

At length, when neither thirst nor hunger more  
 They felt unsatisfied, to new delights  
 Their thoughts they turn'd, to song and sprightly dance,  
 Enlivening sequel of the banquet's joys. 190

An herald, then, to Phemius' hand consign'd  
 His beauteous lyre; he through constraint regaled  
 The suitors with his song, and while the chords  
 He struck in prelude to his pleasant strains,  
 Telemachus his head inclining nigh 195  
 To Pallas' ear, lest others should his words  
 Witness, the blue-eyed Goddess thus bespake.

My inmate and my friend! far from my lips  
 Be ev'ry word that might displease thine ear!  
 The song—the harp,—what can they less than charm 200  
 These wantons? who the bread unpurchased eat  
 Of one whose bones on yonder continent  
 Lie mould'ring, drench'd by all the show'rs of heaven,  
 Or roll at random in the billowy deep.

Ah! could they see him once to his own isle 205  
 Restored, both gold and raiment they would wish  
 Far less, and nimbleness of foot instead.

But He, alas! hath by a wretched fate  
 Past question perish'd, and what news soe'er  
 We hear of his return, kindles no hope 210  
 In us, convinced that he returns no more.

But answer undissembing; tell me true; \*  
 Who art thou? whence? where stands thy city? where  
 Thy father's mansion? In what kind of ship  
 Cam'st thou? Why steer'd the mariners their course 215

To

To Ithaca, and of what land are they ?  
 For that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure.  
 This also tell me, hast thou now arrived  
 New to our isle, or wast thou heretofore  
 My father's guest ? Since many to our house 220  
 Reforted in those happier days, for he  
 Drew pow'rful to himself the hearts of all.

Then Pallas thus, Goddess cærulean-eyed.  
 I will with all simplicity of truth  
 Thy questions satisfy. Behold in me 225  
 Mentès, the offspring of a Chief renown'd  
 In war, Anchialus ; and I rule, myself,  
 An island race, the Taphians oar-expert.  
 With ship and mariners I now arrive,  
 Seeking a people of another tongue 230  
 Athwart the gloomy flood, in quest of brass  
 For which I barter steel, ploughing the waves  
 To Temesa. My ship beneath the woods  
 Of Neïus, at yonder field that skirts  
 Your city, in the haven Rhethrus rides. 235  
 We are hereditary guests ; our Sires  
 Were friends long since ; as, when thou seest him next,  
 The Hero old Laertes will avouch,  
 Of whom, I learn, that he frequents no more  
 The city now, but in sequester'd scenes 240  
 Dwells sorrowful, and by an antient dame  
 With food and drink supplied oft as he feels  
 Refreshment needful to him, while he creeps

Between the rows of his luxuriant vines.  
 But I have come drawn hither by report, 245  
 Which spake thy Sire arrived, though still it seems  
 The adverse Gods his homeward course retard.  
 For not yet breathless lies the noble Chief,  
 But in some island of the boundless flood  
 Resides a prisoner, by barbarous force 250  
 Of some rude race detained reluctant there.  
 And I will now foreshow thee what the Gods  
 Teach me, and what, though neither augur skill'd  
 Nor prophet, I yet trust shall come to pass.  
 He shall not, henceforth, live an exile long 255  
 From his own shores, no, not although in bands  
 Of iron held, but will ere long contrive  
 His own return; for in expedients, framed  
 With wondrous ingenuity, he abounds.  
 But tell me true; art thou, in stature such, 260  
 Son of himself Ulysses? for thy face  
 And eyes bright-sparkling, strongly indicate  
 Ulysses in thee. Frequent have we both  
 Convers'd together thus, thy Sire and I,  
 Ere yet he went to Troy, the mark to which 265  
 So many Princes of Achaia steer'd.  
 Him since I saw not, nor Ulysses me.  
 To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
 Stranger! I tell thee true; my mother's voice  
 Affirms me his, but, since no mortal knows 270  
 His derivation, I affirm it not.

Would

Would I had been son of some happier Sire,  
 Ordain'd in calm possession of his own  
 To reach the verge of life. But now, report  
 Proclaims me his, whom I of all mankind 275  
 Unhappiest deem.—Thy question is resolved.

Then answer thus Pallas blue-eyed return'd.  
 From no ignoble race, in future days,  
 The Gods shall prove thee sprung, whom so endow'd  
 With ev'ry grace Penelope hath borne. 280  
 But tell me true. What festival is this?  
 This throng—whence are they? wherefore hast thou need  
 Of such a multitude? Behold I here  
 A banquet, or a nuptial feast? for these  
 Meet not by \*contribution to regale, 285  
 With such brutality and din they hold  
 Their riotous banquet! a wise man and good  
 Arriving, now, among them, at the sight  
 Of such enormities would much be wroth.

To whom replied Telemachus discrete. 290  
 Since, stranger! thou hast ask'd, learn also this.  
 While yet Ulysses with his people dwelt,  
 His presence warranted the hope that here  
 Virtue should dwell and opulence; but heav'n  
 Hath cast for us, at length, a diff'rent lot, 295  
 And he is lost, as never man before.

\* *Ἐρανος*, a convivial meeting, at which every man paid his proportion, at least contributed something; but it seems to have been a meeting at which strict sobriety was observed, else Pallas would not have inferred from the noise and riot of this, that it was not such a one.

For I should less lament even his death,  
 Had he among his friends at Ilium fall'n,  
 Or in the arms of his companions died,  
 Troy's siege accomplish'd. Then his tomb the Greeks 300  
 Of ev'ry tribe had built, and for his son,  
 He had immortal glory atchieved; but now,  
 By harpies torn inglorious, beyond reach  
 Of eye or ear he lies; and hath to me  
 Grief only, and unceasing sighs bequeath'd. 305  
 Nor mourn I for his sake alone; the Gods  
 Have plann'd for me still many a woe beside;  
 For all the rulers of the neighbour isles,  
 Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd  
 Zacynthus, others also, rulers here 310  
 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek  
 In marriage, and my household stores consume.  
 But neither she those nuptial rites abhorr'd,  
 Refuses absolute, nor yet consents  
 To end them; they my patrimony waste 315  
 Meantime, and will not long spare even me.

To whom, with deep commiseration pang'd,  
 Pallas replied. Alas! great need hast thou  
 Of thy long absent father to avenge  
 These num'rous wrongs; for could he now appear 320  
 There, at yon portal, arm'd with helmet, shield,  
 And grasping his two spears, such as when first  
 I saw him drinking joyous at our board,  
 From Ilus son of Mermeris, who dwelt

In distant Ephyre, just then return'd, 325  
 (For thither also had Ulysses gone  
 In his swift bark, seeking some pois'nous drug  
 Wherewith to taint his brazen arrows keen,  
 Which drug through fear of the eternal Gods  
 Illus refused him, and my father free 330  
 Gave to him, for he lov'd him past belief)  
 Could now, Ulysses, clad in arms as then,  
 Mix with these suitors, short his date of life  
 To each, and bitter should his nuptials prove.  
 But these events, whether he shall return 335  
 To take just vengeance under his own roof,  
 Or whether not, lie all in the Gods lap.  
 Meantime I counsel thee, thyself to think  
 By what means likeliest thou shalt expel  
 These from thy doors. Now mark me: close attend. 340  
 Tomorrow, summoning the Grecian Chiefs  
 To council, speak to them, and call the Gods  
 To witness that solemnity. Bid go  
 The suitors hence, each to his own abode.  
 Thy mother—if her purpose be resolv'd 345  
 On marriage, let her to the house return  
 Of her own potent father, who, himself,  
 Shall furnish forth her matrimonial rites,  
 And ample dow'r, such as it well becomes  
 A darling daughter to receive, bestow. 350  
 But hear me now; thyself I thus advise.  
 The prime of all thy ships preparing, mann'd

With

With twenty rowers, voyage hence to seek  
 Intelligence of thy long-absent Siré.  
 Some mortal may inform thee, or a \* word, 355  
 Perchance, by Jove directed (safest source  
 Of notice to mankind) may reach thine ear.  
 First voyaging to Pylus, there enquire  
 Of noble Nestor; thence to Sparta tend,  
 To question Menelaus amber-hair'd, 360  
 Latest arrived of all the host of Greece.  
 There should'st thou learn that still thy father lives,  
 And hope obtain of his return, although  
 Distress'd, thou wilt be patient yet a year.  
 But should'st thou there hear tidings that he breathes 365  
 No longer, to thy native isle return'd,  
 First heap his tomb; then with such pomp perform  
 His funeral rites as his great name demands,  
 And make thy mother's spousals, next, thy care.  
 These duties satisfied, delib'rate last 370  
 Whether thou shalt these troublers of thy house  
 By stratagem, or by assault, destroy.  
 For thou art now no child, nor longer may'st  
 Sport like one. Hast thou not the proud report  
 Heard, how Orestes hath renown acquired 375  
 With all mankind, his father's murder  
 Ægisthus slaying, the deceiver base

\* ὄσσεια—a word spoken, with respect to the speaker, casually; but with reference to the inquirer supposed to be sent for his information by the especial appointment and providential favour of the Gods.



Who slaughter'd Agamemnon? Oh my friend!  
 (For with delight thy vig'rous growth I view,  
 And juſt proportion) be thou alſo bold, 380  
 And merit praiſe from ages yet to come.  
 But I will to my veſſel now repair,  
 And to my mariners, whom, abſent long,  
 I may perchance have troubled. Weigh thou well  
 My counſel; let not my advice be loſt. 385

To whom Telemachus diſcrete replied.  
 Stranger! thy words beſpeak thee much my friend,  
 Who, as a father teaches his own ſon,  
 Haſt taught me, and I never will forget.  
 But, though in haſte thy voyage to purſue, 390  
 Yet ſtay, that in the bath reſreſhing firſt  
 Thy limbs now weary, thou may'ſt ſprightlier ſeek  
 Thy gallant bark, charg'd with ſome noble gift  
 Of finiſh'd workmanſhip, which thou ſhalt keep  
 As my memorial ever; ſuch a boon 395  
 As men confer on gueſts whom much they love.

Then Pallas thus, Goddeſs cærulean-eyed.  
 Retard me not, for go I muſt; the gift  
 Which liberal thou deſireſt to beſtow,  
 Give me at my return, that I may bear 400  
 The treaſure home; and, in exchange, thyſelf  
 Expect ſome gift equivalent from me.

She ſpoke, and as with eagle-wings upborne,  
 Vanish'd incontinent, but him inſpired  
 With daring fortitude, and on his heart 405

Dearer remembrance of his Sire imprefs'd  
 Than ever. Conscious of the wond'rous change,  
 Amazed he stood, and, in his secret thought  
 Revolving all, believed his guest a God.  
 The youthful Hero to the suitors then 410  
 Repair'd; they silent, listen'd to the song  
 Of the illustrious Bard; he the return  
 Deplorable of the Achaian host  
 From Ilium by command of Pallas, sang.  
 Penelope, Icarus' daughter, mark'd 415  
 Meantime the song celestial, where she sat  
 In the superior palace; down she came,  
 By all the num'rous steps of her abode;  
 Not sole, for two fair handmaids follow'd her.  
 She then, divinest of her sex, arrived 420  
 In presence of that lawless throng, beneath  
 The portal of her stately mansion stood,  
 Between her maidens, with her lucid veil  
 Her lovely features mantling. There, profuse  
 She wept, and thus the sacred bard bespake. 425  
 Pheonius! for many a sorrow-soothing strain  
 Thou know'st beside, such as exploits record  
 Of Gods and men, the poet's frequent theme;  
 Give them of those a song, and let themselves  
 Their wine drink noiseless; but this mournful strain 430  
 Break off, unfriendly to my bosom's peace,  
 And which of all hearts nearest touches mine,  
 With such regret my dearest Lord I mourn,

Rememb'ring

Rememb'ring still an husband praised from side  
To side, and in the very heart of Greece. 435

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.

My mother! wherefore should it give thee pain  
If the delightful bard that theme pursue  
To which he feels his mind impell'd? the bard  
Blame not, but rather Jove, who, as he wills, 440  
Materials for poetic art supplies.

No fault is his, if the disastrous fate  
He sing of the Achaians, for the song  
Wins ever from the hearers most applause  
That has been least in use. Of all who fought 445  
At Troy, Ulysses hath not lost, alone,

His day of glad return; but many a Chief  
Hath perish'd also. Seek thou then again  
Thy own apartment, spindle ply and loom,  
And task thy maidens; management belongs 450  
To men of joys convivial, and of men  
Especially to me, chief ruler here.

She heard astonish'd; and the prudent speech  
Reposing of her son deep in her heart,  
Again with her attendant maidens fought 455  
Her upper chamber. There arrived, she wept  
Her lost Ulysses, 'till Minerva bathed  
Her weary lids in dewy sleep profound.

Then echoed through the palace dark-bédimm'd  
With evening shades, the suitors boist'rous roar, 460  
For each the royal bed burn'd to partake,

Whom thus Telemachus discrete address'd.

All ye my mother's suitors, though addict  
To contumacious wrangling fierce, suspend  
Your clamour, for a course to me it seems 465

More decent far, when such a bard as this,  
Godlike for sweetness, sings, to hear his song.

Tomorrow meet we in full council all,  
That I may plainly warn you to depart  
From this our mansion. Seek ye where ye may 470

Your feasts; consume your own, alternate feed  
Each at the other's cost; but if it seem  
Wifest in your account and best, to eat

Voracious thus the patrimonial goods  
Of one man, rend'ring \* no account of all, 475

Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry  
Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope  
That Jove, for retribution of the wrong,

Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there  
To bleed, and of your blood ask \* no account. 480

He ended, and each gnaw'd his lip, aghast  
At his undaunted hardiness of speech.

Then thus Antinoüs spake, Eupithes' son.  
Telemachus! the Gods, methinks, themselves  
Teach thee sublimity, and to pronounce 485

Thy matter fearless. Ah forbid it, Jove!

\* There is in the Original an evident stress laid on the word *Νέπρινοι*, which is used in both places. It was a sort of Lex Talionis which Telemachus hoped might be put in force against them; and that Jove would demand no satisfaction for the lives of those, who made him none for the waste of his property.

That one so eloquent-should with the weight  
Of kingly cares in Ithaca be charged,  
A realm, by claim hereditary, thine.

Then prudent thus Telemachus replied. 490  
Although my speech Antinoüs may, perchance,  
Provoke thee, know that I am not averse  
From kingly cares, if Jove appoint me such.  
Seems it to thee a burthen to be fear'd  
By men above all others? trust me, no. 495  
There is no ill in royalty; the man  
So station'd, waits not long ere he obtain  
Riches and honour. But I grant that Kings  
Of the Achaians may no few be found  
In sea-girt Ithaca both young and old, 500  
Of whom since great Ulysses is no more,  
Reign who so may; but King, myself, I am  
In my own house, and over all my own  
Domestics, by Ulysses gained for me.

To whom Eurymachus replied, the son 505  
Of Polybus. What Grecian Chief shall reign  
In sea-girt Ithaca, must be referr'd  
To the Gods will, Telemachus! meantime  
Thou hast unquestionable right to keep  
Thy own, and to command in thy own house. 510  
May never that man on her shores arrive,  
While an inhabitant shall yet be left  
In Ithaca, who shall by violence wrest  
Thine from thee. But permit me, noble Sir!

To ask thee of thy guest. Whence came the man? 515  
 What country claims him? Where are to be found  
 His kindred and his patrimonial fields?  
 Brings he glad tidings of thy Sire's approach  
 Homeward? or came he to receive a debt  
 Due to himself? How swift he disappear'd! 520  
 Nor opportunity to know him gave  
 To those who wish'd it; for his face and air  
 Him speak not of Plebeian birth obscure.

Whom answer'd thus Telemachus discrete.  
 Eurymachus! my father comes no more. 525  
 I can no longer, now, tidings believe,  
 If such arrive; nor heed I more the song  
 Of sooth-sayers whom my mother may consult.  
 But this my guest hath known in other days  
 My father, and he came from Taphos, son 530  
 Of brave Anchialus, Mentis by name,  
 And Chief of the sea-practis'd Taphian race.

So spake Telemachus, but in his heart  
 Knew well his guest a Goddess from the skies.  
 Then they to dance and heart-enlivening song 535  
 Turn'd joyous, waiting the approach of eve,  
 And dusky evening found them joyous still.  
 Then each, to his own house retiring, sought  
 Needful repose. Meantime Telemachus  
 To his own lofty chamber, built in view 540  
 Of the wide hall, retired; but with a heart  
 In various musings occupied intense.

Sage Euryclea, bearing in each hand  
 A torch, preceded him; her fire was Ops,  
 Pifenor's son, and, in her early prime, 545  
 At his own cost Laertes made her his,  
 Paying with twenty beeves her purchase-price.  
 Nor in less honour than his spotless wife  
 He held her ever, but his consort's wrath  
 Fearing, at no time call'd her to his bed. 550  
 She bore the torches, and with truer heart  
 Loved him than any of the female train,  
 For she had nurs'd him in his infant years.  
 He open'd his broad chamber-valves, and sat  
 On his couch-side; then, putting off his vest 555  
 Of softest texture, placed it in the hands  
 Of the attendant dame discrete, who first  
 Folding it with exactest care, beside  
 His bed suspended it, and, going forth,  
 Drew by its silver ring the portal close, 560  
 And fasten'd it with bolt and brace secure.  
 There lay Telemachus, on finest wool  
 Reposed, contemplating all night his course  
 Prescribed by Pallas to the Pylion shore. 564

A R G U M E N T

S E C O N D B O O K

Telemachus having convened an assembly of the Grecians, publicly calls on the Suitors to relinquish the house of Ulysses. During the continuance of the Council he has much to suffer from the petulance of the Suitors, from whom, having informed them of his design to undertake a voyage in hope to obtain news of Ulysses, he asks a ship, with all things necessary for the purpose. He is refused, but is afterwards furnished with what he wants by Minerva, in the form of Mentor. He embarks in the evening without the privity of his mother, and the Goddess sails with him.

B O O K II.

**A**URORA, rosy daughter of the dawn,  
 Now ting'd the East, when, habited again,  
 Uprose Ulysses' offspring from his bed.  
 Athwart his back his faulchion keen he slung,  
 His sandals bound to his unfulled feet, 5  
 And, godlike, issued from his chamber-door.  
 At once the clear-voiced heralds he enjoind  
 To call the Greeks to council; they aloud  
 Gave forth the summons, and the throng began.  
 When all were gather'd, and th' assembly full, 10  
Himself,



Himself, his hand arm'd with a brazen spear,  
 Went also; nor alone he went; his hounds  
 Fleet-footed follow'd him, a faithful pair.  
 O'er all his form Minerva largely shed  
 Majestic grace divine, and, as he went, 15  
 The whole admiring concourse gazed on him.  
 The seniors gave him place, and down he sat  
 On his paternal Throne. Then grave arose  
 The Hero, old Ægyptius; bow'd with age  
 Was he, and by experience deep-inform'd. 20  
 His son had with Ulysses, godlike Chief,  
 On board his fleet to steed-famed Ilium gone,  
 The warrior Antiphus, whom in his cave  
 The savage Cyclops slew, and on his flesh  
 At ev'ning made obscene his last regale. 25  
 Three sons he had beside, a suitor one,  
 Eurynomus; the other two, employ  
 Found constant managing their Sire's concerns.  
 Yet he forgat not, father as he was  
 Of these, his absent eldest, whom he mourn'd 30  
 Ceaseless, and thus his speech, weeping, began.  
 Hear me, ye men of Ithaca, my friends!  
 Nor council here nor session hath been held  
 Since great Ulysses left his native shore.  
 Who now convenes us? what especial need 35  
 Hath urg'd him, whether of our youth he be,  
 Or of our senators by age matured?  
 Have tidings reach'd him of our host's return,

Which here he would divulge? or brings he aught  
Of public import on a different theme? 40

I deem him, whoso'er he be, a man  
Worthy to prosper, and may Jove vouchsafe  
The full performance of his chief desire!

He ended, and Telemachus rejoiced  
In that good omen. Ardent to begin, 45  
He sat not long, but, moving to the midst,  
Received the sceptre from Pifenor's hand,  
His prudent herald, and addressing, next,  
The hoary Chief Ægyptius, thus began.

Not far remote, as thou shalt soon thyself 50  
Perceive, oh venerable Chief! he stands,  
Who hath convened this council. I, am He.  
I am in chief the sufferer. Tidings none  
Of the returning host I have received,  
Which here I would divulge, nor bring I aught 55  
Of public import on a different theme,

But my own trouble, on my own house fall'n,  
And two-fold fall'n. One is, that I have lost  
A noble father, who, as fathers rule  
Benign their children, govern'd once yourselves; 60  
The other, and the more alarming ill,  
With ruin threatens my whole house, and all  
My patrimony with immediate waste.

Suitors, (their children who in this our isle  
Hold highest rank) importunate besiege 65  
My mother, though desirous not to wed,

And

And rather than resort to her own Sire  
 Icarus, who might give his daughter dow'r,  
 And portion her to whom he most approves,  
 (A course which, only named, moves their disgust) 70  
 They chuse, assembling all within my gates  
 Daily to make my beeves, my sheep, my goats  
 Their banquet, and to drink without restraint  
 My wine; whence ruin threatens us and ours;  
 For I have no Ulysses to relieve 75  
 Me and my family from this abuse.  
 Ourselves are not sufficient; we, alas!  
 Too feeble should be found, and yet to learn  
 How best to use the little force we own;  
 Else, had I pow'r, I would, myself, redress 80  
 The evil; for it now surpasse far  
 All suff'rance, now they ravage uncontroul'd,  
 Nor show of decency vouchsafe me more.  
 Oh be \* ashamed yourselves; blush at the thought  
 Of such reproach as ye shall sure incur 85  
 From all our neighbour states, and fear beside  
 The wrath of the Immortals, lest they call  
 Yourselfs one day to a severe account.  
 I pray you by Olympian Jove, by her  
 Whose voice convenes all councils, and again 90  
 Dissolves them, Themis, that henceforth ye cease,

\* The reader is to be reminded that this is not an assembly of the suitors only, but a general one, which affords Telemachus an opportunity to apply himself to the feelings of the Ithacans at large.

That ye permit me, oh my friends! to wear  
 My days in solitary grief away,  
 Unless Ulyffes, my illustrious Sire,  
 Hath in his anger any Greecian wrong'd, 95  
 Whose wrongs ye purpose to avenge on me,  
 Inciting these to plague me. Better far  
 Were my condition, if yourselves consumed  
 My substance and my revenue; from you  
 I might obtain, perchance, righteous amends 100  
 Hereafter; you I might with vehement suit  
 O'ercome, from house to house pleading aloud  
 For recompense, 'till I at last prevail'd.  
 But now, with darts of anguish ye transfix  
 My inmost soul, and I have no redress. 105

He spake impassion'd, and to earth cast down  
 His sceptre, weeping. Pity at that sight  
 Seiz'd all the people; mute the assembly sat  
 Long time, none dared to greet Telemachus  
 With answer rough, 'till of them all, at last, 110  
 Antinoüs, sole arising, thus replied.

Telemachus, intemp'rate in harangue,  
 High-sounding orator! it is thy drift  
 To make us all odious; but the offence  
 Lies not with us the suitors; she alone 115  
 Thy mother, who in subtlety excels,  
 And deep-wrought subterfuge, deserves the blame.  
 It is already the third year, and soon  
 Shall be the fourth, since with delusive art

Practising on their minds, she hath deceived 120  
 The Grecians; message after message sent  
 Brings hope to each, by turns, and promise fair,  
 But she, meantime, far otherwise intends.  
 Her other arts exhausted all, she framed  
 This stratagem; a web of amplest size 125  
 And subtlest woof beginning, thus she spake.  
 Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief  
 Ulysses is no more, press not as yet  
 My nuptials, wait 'till I shall finish, first,  
 A fun'ral robe (lest all my threads decay) 130  
 Which for the antient Hero I prepare,  
 Laertes, looking for the mournful hour  
 When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest;  
 Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,  
 Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud. 125  
 So spake the Queen, and unsuspecting, we  
 With her request complied. Thenceforth, all day  
 She wove the ample web, and by the aid  
 Of torches ravell'd it again at night.  
 Three years by such contrivance she deceived 140  
 The Grecians; but when (three whole years elaps'd)  
 The fourth arrived, then, conscious of the fraud,  
 A damsel of her train told all the truth,  
 And her we found rav'ling the beauteous work.  
 Thus, through necessity she hath, at length, 145  
 Perform'd the task, and in her own despite.  
 Now therefore, for the information clear

Of thee thyself, and of the other Greeks,  
 We answer. Send thy mother hence, with charge  
 That him she wed on whom her father's choice      150  
 Shall fall, and whom she shall, herself, approve.  
 But if by long procrastination still  
 She persevere, wearing our patience out,  
 Attentive only to display the gifts  
 By Pallas so profusely dealt to her,      155  
 Works of surpassing skill, ingenious thought,  
 And subtle shifts, such as no beauteous Greek  
 (For aught that we have heard) in ancient times  
 E'er practis'd, 'Tyro, or Alcmena fair,  
 Or fair Mycene, of whom none in art      160  
 E'er match'd Penelope, although we yield  
 To this her last invention little praise,  
 Then know, that these her suitors will consume  
 So long thy patrimony and thy goods,  
 As she her present purpose shall indulge,      165  
 With which the Gods inspire her. Great renown  
 She to herself infures, but equal woe  
 And devastation of thy wealth to thee;  
 For neither to our proper works at home  
 Go we, of that be sure, nor yet elsewhere,      170  
 'Till him she wed, to whom she most inclines.

Him prudent, then, answer'd Telemachus.  
 Antinoüs! it is not possible  
 That I should thrust her forth against her will,  
 Who both produced and reared me. Be he dead,

175  
Or

Or still alive, my Sire is far remote,  
 And should I, voluntary, hence dismiss  
 My mother to Icarius, I must much  
 Refund, which hardship were and loss to me.  
 So doing, I should also wrath incur 180  
 From my offended Sire, and from the Gods  
 Still more; for she, departing, would invoke  
 Erynnis to avenge her, and reproach  
 Beside would follow me from all mankind.  
 That word I, therefore, never will pronounce. 185  
 No, if ye judge your treatment at her hands  
 Injurious to you, go ye forth yourselves,  
 Forfake my mansion; seek where else ye may  
 Your feasts; consume your own; alternate feed  
 Each at the other's cost. But if it seem 190  
 Wifest in your account and best to eat  
 Voracious thus the patrimonial goods  
 Of one man, rend'ring no account of all,  
 Bite to the roots; but know that I will cry  
 Ceaseless to the eternal Gods, in hope 195  
 That Jove, in retribution of the wrong,  
 Shall doom you, where ye have intruded, there  
 To bleed, and of your blood ask no account.

So spake Telemachus, and while he spake,  
 The Thund'rer from a lofty mountain-top 200  
 Turn'd off two eagles; on the winds, awhile,  
 With outspread pinions ample side by side  
 They floated; but, ere long, hov'ring aloft,

Right o'er the midst of the assembled Chiefs  
 They wheel'd around, clang'd all their num'rous plumes,  
 And with a downward look eyeing the throng, 206  
 Death boded, ominous; then rending each  
 The other's face and neck, they sprang at once  
 Toward the right, and darted through the town.  
 Amazement universal, at that fight, 210  
 Seized the assembly, and with anxious thought  
 Each scann'd the future; amidst whom arose  
 The Hero Halitherses, antient Seer,  
 Offspring of Mastor; for in judgment he  
 Of portents augural, and in forecast 215  
 Unerring, his coevals all excell'd,  
 And prudent thus the multitude bespake.

Ye men of Ithaca, give ear! hear all!  
 Though chief my speech shall to the suitors look,  
 For, on their heads devolved, comes down the woe. 220  
 Ulysses shall not from his friends, henceforth,  
 Live absent long, but, hasting to his home,  
 Comes even now, and as he comes, designs  
 A bloody death for these, whose bitter woes  
 No few shall share, inhabitants with us 225  
 Of pleasant Ithaca; but let us frame  
 Effectual means maturely to suppress  
 Their violent deeds, or rather let themselves  
 Repentant cease; and soonest shall be best.  
 Not inexpert, but well-inform'd I speak 230  
 The future, and the accomplishment announce

Of



Of all which when Ulysses with the Greeks  
Embark'd for Troy, I to himself foretold.  
I said that, after many woes, and loss  
Of all his people, in the twentieth year, 235  
Unknown to all, he should regain his home,  
And my prediction shall be now fulfill'd.

Him, then, Eurymachus thus answer'd rough  
The son of Polybus. Hence to thy house,  
Thou hoary dotard! there, prophetic, teach 240  
Thy children to escape woes else to come.  
Birds num'rous flutter in the beams of day,  
Not all predictive. Death, far hence remote  
Hath found Ulysses, and I would to heav'n  
That, where he died, thyself had perish'd too. 245  
Thou hadst not then run o'er with prophecy  
As now, nor provocation to the wrath  
Giv'n of Telemachus, in hope to win,  
Perchance, for thine some favour at his hands.  
But I to *thee* foretell, skilled as thou art 250  
In legends old, (nor shall my threat be vain)  
That if by artifice thou move to wrath  
A younger than thyself, no matter whom,  
Woe first the heavier on himself shall fall,  
Nor shalt thou profit him by thy attempt, 255  
And we will charge thee also with a mulct,  
Which thou shalt pay with difficulty, and bear  
The burthen of it with an aching heart.

As for Telemachus, I him advise,  
 Myself, and press the measure on his choice 260  
 Earnestly, that he send his mother hence  
 To her own father's house, who shall, himself,  
 Set forth her nuptial rites, and shall endow  
 His daughter sumptuously, and as he ought.  
 For this expensive wooing, as I judge, 265  
 'Till then shall never cease; since we regard  
 No man—no—not Telemachus, although  
 In words exub'rant; neither fear we aught  
 Thy vain prognostics, venerable sir!  
 But only hate thee for their sake the more. 270  
 Waste will continue and disorder foul  
 Unremedied, so long as she shall hold  
 The suitors in suspense, for, day by day,  
 Our emulation goads us to the strife,  
 Nor shall we, going hence, seek to espouse 275  
 Each his own consort suitable elsewhere.

To whom, discrete, Telemachus replied.  
 Eurymachus, and ye the suitor train  
 Illustrious, I have spoken; ye shall hear  
 No more this supplication urged by me. 280  
 The Gods, and all the Greeks, now know the truth.  
 But give me instantly a gallant bark  
 With twenty rowers, skill'd their course to win  
 To whatsoever haven; for I go  
 To sandy Pylus, and shall hasten thence 285  
 To Lacedemon, tidings to obtain

Of

Of my long-absent Sire, or from the lips  
 Of man, or by a word from Jove vouchsafed  
 Himself, best source of notice to mankind.  
 If, there inform'd that still my father lives 290  
 I hope conceive of his return, although  
 Distress'd, I shall be patient yet a year.  
 But should I learn, haply, that he survives  
 No longer, then, returning, I will raise  
 At home his tomb, will with such pomp perform 295  
 His fun'ral rites, as his great name demands,  
 And give my mother's hand to whom I may.

This said, he sat, and after him arose  
 Mentor, illustrious Ulysses' friend,  
 To whom, embarking thence, he had consign'd 300  
 All his concerns, that the old Chief might rule  
 His family, and keep the whole secure.  
 Arising, thus the senior, sage, began.

Hear me, ye Ithacans! be never King  
 Henceforth, benevolent, gracious, humane 305  
 Or righteous, but let every sceptred hand  
 Rule merciless, and deal in wrong alone,  
 Since none of all his people, whom he sway'd  
 With such paternal gentleness and love,  
 Remembers the divine Ulysses more! 310  
 That the imperious suitors thus should weave  
 The web of mischief and atrocious wrong,  
 I grudge not; since at hazard of their heads  
 They make Ulysses' property a prey,

Perfuated that the Hero comes no more. 315

But much the people move me ; how ye fit  
All mute, and though a multitude, yourselves,  
Opposed to few, rifque not a fingle word  
To check the licenfe of thefe bold intruders !

Then thus Liocritus, Evenor's fon. 320

Injurious Mentor ! headlong orator !

How dar'ft thou move the populace againft  
The fuitors ? Trust me they fould find it hard,  
Numerous as they are, to cope with us,  
A feaft the prize. Or fould the King himfelf 325  
Of Ithaca, returning, undertake

T' expell the jovial fuitors from his houfe,  
Much as Penelope his abfence mourns,  
His prefence fould afford her little joy ;  
For fighting fole with many, he fould meet 330  
A dreadful death. Thou, therefore, fpeak'ft amifs.

As for Telemachus, let Mentor him  
And Halytherfes furnifh forth, the friends  
Long valued of his Sire, with all difpatch ;  
Though him I judge far likelier to remain 335  
Long-time contented an enquirer here,  
Than to perform the voyage now propofed.

Thus faying, Liocritus diffolved in hafte  
The council, and the fcattered concourfe fought  
Their fev'ral homes, while all the fuitors flock'd 340  
Thence to the palace of their abfent King.  
Meantime, Telemachus from all refort

Retiring,

Retiring, in the furf of the gray Deep  
 Firft laved his hands, then, thus to Pallas pray'd.

O Goddeſs! who waſt yesterday a gueſt 345  
 Beneath my roof, and didſt enjoin me then.

A voyage o'er the fable Deep in queſt  
 Of tidings of my long-regretted Sire!  
 Which voyage, all in Ithaca, but moſt  
 The haughty ſuitors, obſtinate impede, 350  
 Now hear my ſuit and gracious interpoſe!

Such pray'r he made; then Pallas, in the form,  
 And with the voice of Mentor, drawing nigh,  
 In accents wing'd, him kindly thus beſpake.

Telemachus! thou ſhalt hereafter prove 355  
 Nor baſe, nor poor in talents. If, in truth,  
 Thou have received from heav'n thy father's force  
 Inſtill'd into thee, and reſembleſt him  
 In promptneſs both of action and of ſpeech,  
 Thy voyage ſhall not ufeleſs be, or vain. 360

But if Penelope produced thee not  
 His ſon, I, then, hope not for good effect  
 Of this deſign which, ardent, thou purſueſt.  
 Few ſons their fathers equal; moſt appear  
 Degenerate; but we find, though rare, ſometimes 365  
 A ſon ſuperior even to his Sire.

And ſince thyſelf ſhalt neither baſe be found.  
 Nor ſpiritleſs, nor altogether void  
 Of talents, ſuch as grace thy royal Sire,  
 I therefore hope ſucceſs of thy attempt. 370

Heed

Heed not the suitors projects; neither wife  
 Are they, nor just, nor aught suspect the doom  
 Which now approaches them, and in one day  
 Shall overwhelm them all. No long suspense  
 Shall hold thy purpos'd enterprize in doubt,                   375  
 Such help from me, of old thy father's friend,  
 Thou shalt receive, who with a bark well-oar'd  
 Will serve thee, and myself attend thee forth.  
 But haste, join thou the suitors, and provide,  
 In separate vessels stow'd, all needful stores,                   380  
 Wine in thy jars, and flour, the strength of man,  
 In skins close-seam'd. I will, meantime, select  
 Such as shall voluntary share thy toils.  
 In sea-girt Ithaca new ships and old  
 Abound, and I will chuse, myself, for thee                   385  
 The prime of all, which without more delay  
 We will launch out into the spacious Deep.  
 Thus Pallas spake, daughter of Jove; nor long,  
 So greeted by the voice divine, remain'd  
 Telemachus, but to his palace went                   390  
 Distress'd in heart. He found the suitors there  
 Goats flaying in the hall, and fatted swine  
 Roasting; when with a laugh Antinoüs flew  
 To meet him, fasten'd on his hand, and said,  
 Telemachus, in eloquence sublime,                   395  
 And of a spirit not to be controul'd!  
 Give harbour in thy breast on no account  
 To after-grudge or enmity, but eat,

Far rather, chearfully as heretofore,  
 And freely drink, committing all thy cares 400  
 To the Achaians, who shall furnish forth  
 A gallant ship-and chosen crew for thee,  
 That thou may'st hence to Pylus with all speed,  
 Tidings to learn of thy illustrious Sire.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied. 405  
 Antinoüs! I have no heart to feast  
 With gueſts ſo inſolent, nor can indulge  
 The pleaſures of a mind at eaſe, with you.  
 Is't not enough, ſuitors, that ye have uſed  
 My noble patrimony as your own 410

While I was yet a child? now, grown mature,  
 And competent to underſtand the ſpeech  
 Of my inſtructors, feeling, too, a mind  
 Within me conſcious of augmented pow'rs,  
 I will attempt your ruin, be aſſured, 415

Whether at Pylus, or continuing here.  
 I go, indeed, (nor ſhall my voyage prove  
 Of which I ſpeak, bootleſs or vain) I go  
 An humble paſſenger, who neither bark  
 Nor rowers have to boaſt my own, denied 420  
 That honour (ſo ye judg'd it beſt) by you.

He ſaid, and from Antinoüs' hand his own  
 Drew ſudden. Then their delicate repaſt  
 The buſy ſuitors on all ſides prepared,  
 Still taunting as they toil'd, and with ſharp ſpeech 425  
 Sarcaſtic wantoning, of whom a youth,

Arrogant

Arrogant as his fellows, thus began.

I see it plain, Telemachus intends  
 Our slaughter; either he will aids procure  
 From sandy Pylus, or will bring them arm'd 430  
 From Sparta; such is his tremendous drift.  
 Even to fruitful Ephyre, perchance,  
 He will proceed, seeking some baneful herb  
 Which cast into our cup, shall drug us all.

To whom some haughty suitor thus replied. 435  
 Who knows but that himself, wand'ring the sea  
 From all his friends and kindred far remote,  
 May perish like Ulysses? Whence to us  
 Should double toil ensue, on whom the charge  
 To parcel out his wealth would then devolve, 440  
 And to endow his mother with the house  
 For his abode whom she should chance to wed.

So sported they; but he, ascending, fought  
 His father's lofty chamber, where his heaps  
 He kept of brass and gold, garments in chests, 445  
 And oils of fragrant scent, a copious store.  
 There many a cask with season'd nectar fill'd  
 The grapes pure juice divine, beside the wall  
 Stood orderly arranged, waiting the hour  
 (Should e'er such hour arrive) when, after woes 450  
 Num'rous, Ulysses should regain his home.  
 Secure that chamber was with folding doors  
 Of massy planks compact, and, night and day,  
 Within it ancient Euryclea dwelt,



Guardian discrete of all the treasures there, 455  
Whom, thither call'd, Telemachus address'd.

Nurse! draw me forth sweet wine into my jars,  
Delicious next to that which thou reserv'st  
For our poor wand'rer; if escaping death  
At last, divine Ulysses e'er return. 460

Fill twelve, and stop them close; pour also meal  
Well-mill'd (full twenty measures) into skins  
Close-seam'd, and mention what thou do'st to none.  
Place them together; for at even-tide  
I will convey them hence, soon as the Queen, 465

Retiring to her couch, shall seek repose.  
For hence to Sparta will I take my course,  
And fandy Pylus, tidings there to hear  
(If hear I may) of my lov'd Sire's return.  
He ceas'd, then wept his gentle nurse that found 470  
Hearing, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

My child! ah, wherefore hath a thought so rash  
Possess'd thee? whither, only and lov'd,  
Seek'st thou to ramble, travelling, alas!  
To distant climes? Ulysses is no more; 475  
Dead lies the Hero in some land unknown,  
And thou no sooner shalt depart, than these  
Will plot to slay thee, and divide thy wealth.  
No, stay with us who love thee. Need is none  
That thou should'st on the barren Deep distress 480  
Encounter, roaming without hope or end.

Whom, prudent, thus answer'd Telemachus.  
Take courage, nurse! for not without consent  
Of the Immortals I have thus resolv'd.

But swear, that 'till eleven days be past, 485  
Or twelve, or, 'till enquiry made, she learn  
Herself my going, thou wilt nought impart  
Of this my purpose to my mother's ear,  
Lest all her beauties fade by grief impair'd.

He ended, and the antient matron swore 490  
Solemnly by the Gods; which done, she fill'd  
With wine the vessels and the skins with meal,  
And he, returning, join'd the throng below.

Then Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed, her thoughts  
Elsewhere directing, all the city ranged 495  
In semblance of Telemachus, each man  
Exhorting, at the dusk of eve, to seek  
The gallant ship, and from Noëmon, son  
Renown'd of Phronius, ask'd, herself, a bark,  
Which soon as ask'd, he promis'd to supply. 500

Now set the sun, and twilight dimm'd the ways,  
When, drawing down his bark into the Deep,  
He gave her all her furniture, oars, arms  
And tackle, such as well-built galleys bear,  
Then moor'd her in the bottom of the bay. 505  
Meantime, his mariners in haste repair'd  
Down to the shore, for Pallas urged them on.  
And now, on other purposes intent,  
The Goddess sought the palace, where with dew

Of flumber drenching ev'ry fuitor's eye, 510

She fool'd the drunkard multitude, and dash'd

The goblets from their idle hands away.

They through the city reeled, happy to leave

The dull caroufal, when the flumb'rous weight

Oppressive on their eye-lids once had fall'n. 515

Next, Pallas azure-eyed in Mentor's form

And with the voice of Mentor, summoning

Telemachus abroad, him thus bespake.

Telemachus! already at their oars

Sit all thy fellow-voyagers, and wait 520

Thy coming; linger not, but haste away.

This said, Minerva led him thence, whom he

With nimble steps follow'd, and, on the shore

Arrived, found all his mariners prepared,

Whom thus the princely voyager address'd. 525

Haste, my companions! bring we down the stores

Already fort'd and fet forth; but nought

My mother knows, or any of her train

Of this design, one matron sole except.

He spake, and led them; they, obedient, brought 530

All down, and, as Ulysses' son enjoin'd,

Within the gallant bark the charge bestow'd.

Then, led by Pallas, went the prince on board,

Where down they fat, the Goddess in the stern,

And at her side Telemachus. The crew 535

Cast loose the hawsers, and, embarking, fill'd

The benches. Blue-eyed Pallas from the West

Call'd forth propitious breezes; fresh they curled  
 The fable Deep, and, founding, swept the waves.  
 He loud-exhorting them, his people bade 540  
 Hand, brisk, the tackle; they, obedient, reared  
 The pine-tree mast, which in its socket deep  
 They lodg'd, then strain'd the cordage, and with thongs  
 Well-twisted, drew the shining sail aloft.  
 A land-breeze fill'd the canvas, and the flood 545  
 Roar'd as she went against the steady bark  
 That ran with even course her liquid way.  
 The rigging, thus, of all the galley set,  
 Their beakers crowning high with wine, they hail'd  
 The ever-living Gods, but above all 550  
 Minerva, daughter azure-eyed of Jove.  
 Thus, all night long the galley, and 'till dawn  
 Had brighten'd into day, cleaved swift the flood.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

Telemachus arriving at Pylus, enquires of Nestor concerning Ulysses. Nestor relates to him all that he knows or has heard of the Grecians since their departure from the siege of Troy, but not being able to give him any satisfactory account of Ulysses, refers him to Menelaus. At evening Minerva quits Telemachus, but discovers herself in going. Nestor sacrifices to the Goddess, and the solemnity ended, Telemachus sets forth for Sparta in one of Nestor's chariots, and accompanied by Nestor's son Pisistratus.

B O O K III.

**T**HE sun, emerging from the lucid waves,  
Ascended now the brazen vault with light  
For the inhabitants of earth and heav'n,  
When in their bark at Pylus they arrived,  
City of Neleus. On the shore they found. 5  
The people sacrificing; bulls they slew  
Black without spot, to Neptune azure-hair'd.  
On ranges nine of seats they sat; each range  
Received five hundred, and to each they made  
Allotment equal of nine fable bulls. 10  
The feast was now begun; these eating sat

The

The entrails, those flood off'ring to the God  
 The thighs, his portion, when the Ithacans  
 Push'd right ashore, and, furling close the sails,  
 And making fast their moorings, disembark'd. 15

Forth came Telemachus by Pallas led,  
 Whom thus the Goddess azure-eyed address'd.  
 Telemachus! there is no longer room  
 For bashful fear, since thou hast cross'd the flood  
 With purpose to enquire what land conceals 20  
 Thy father, and what fate hath follow'd him.

Advance at once to the equestrian Chief  
 Nestor, within whose bosom lies, perhaps,  
 Advice well worthy of thy search; entreat  
 Himself, that he will tell thee only truth, 25  
 Who will not lye, for he is passing wise.

To whom Telemachus discrete replied.  
 Ah Mentor! how can I advance, how greet  
 A Chief like him, unpractis'd as I am  
 In manag'd phrase? Shame bids the youth beware 30  
 How he accosts the man of many years.

But him the Goddess answer'd azure-eyed,  
 Telemachus! Thou wilt, in part, thyself  
 Fit speech devise, and heav'n will give the rest;  
 For thou wast neither born, nor hast been train'd 35  
 To manhood, under unpropitious Pow'rs.

So saying, Minerva led him thence, whom he  
 With nimble steps attending, soon arrived  
 Among the multitude. There Nestor sat,

And

And Nestor's sons, while, busily the feast 40  
 Tending, his num'rous followers roasted, some,  
 The viands, some, transfix'd them with the spits.  
 They seeing guests arrived, together all  
 Advanced, and, grasping courteously their hands,  
 Invited them to sit; but first, the son 45  
 Of Nestor, young Pisistratus, approach'd,  
 Who, fast'ning on the hands of both, beside  
 The banquet placed them, where the beach was spread  
 With fleeces, and where Thrasymedes sat  
 His brother, and the hoary Chief his Sire. 50  
 To each, a portion of the inner parts  
 He gave, then fill'd a golden cup with wine,  
 Which, tasted first, he to the daughter bore  
 Of Jove the Thund'rer, and her thus bespake.

Oh guest! the King of Ocean now adore! 55  
 For ye have chanced on Neptune's festival;  
 And, when thou hast, thyself, libation made  
 Duly, and pray'r, deliver to thy friend  
 The gen'rous juice, that he may also make  
 Libation; for he, doubtless, seeks in prayer 60  
 The Immortals, of whose favour all have need.  
 But, since he younger is, and with myself  
 Coeval, first I give the cup to thee.

He ceas'd, and to her hand consign'd the cup,  
 Which Pallas gladly from a youth received 65  
 So just and wise, who to herself had first  
 The golden cup presented, and in pray'r

Fervent the Sov'reign of the Seas adored.

Hear, earth-encircler Neptune! O vouchsafe  
 To us thy suppliant the desired effect 70  
 Of this our voyage; glory, first, bestow  
 On Nestor and his offspring both, then grant  
 To all the Pylians such a gracious boon  
 As shall requite their noble off'ring well.  
 Grant also to Telemachus and me 75  
 To voyage hence, possess'd of what we fought  
 When hither in our fable bark we came.

So Pallas pray'd, and her own pray'r herself  
 Accomplish'd. To Telemachus she gave  
 The splendid goblet next, and in his turn 80  
 Like pray'r Ulysses' son also prefer'd.  
 And now (the banquet from the spits withdrawn)  
 They, next, distributed sufficient share  
 To each, and all were sumptuously regaled.  
 At length (both hunger satisfied and thirst) 85  
 Thus Nestor, the Gerenian Chief, began.

Now with more seemliness we may enquire,  
 After repast, what guests we have received.  
 Our guests! who are ye? Whence have ye the waves  
 Plough'd hither? Come ye to transact concerns 90  
 Commercial, or at random roam the Deep  
 Like pirates, who with mischief charged and woe  
 To foreign States, oft hazard life themselves?

Him answer'd, bolder now, but still discrete,  
 Telemachus. For Pallas had his heart 95  
 With



With manly courage arm'd, that he might ask  
 From Nestor tidings of his absent Sire,  
 And win, himself, distinction and renown.

Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece!  
 Thou askest whence we are. I tell thee whence. 100  
 From Ithaca, by the umbrageous woods  
 Of Neritus o'erhung, by private need,  
 Not publick, urged, we come. My errand is  
 To seek intelligence of the renown'd  
 Ulysses; of my noble father, prais'd 105  
 For dauntless courage, whom report proclaims  
 Conqueror, with thine aid, of sacred Troy.  
 We have already learn'd where other Chiefs  
 Who fought at Ilium, died; but Jove conceals  
 Even the death of my illustrious Sire 110  
 In dull obscurity; for none hath heard  
 Or confident can answer, where he dy'd;  
 Whether he on the continent hath fall'n  
 By hostile hands, or by the waves o'erwhelm'd  
 Of Amphitrite, welters in the Deep. 115  
 For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg  
 That thou would'st tell me his disastrous end,  
 If either thou beheld'st that dread event  
 Thyself, or from some wanderer of the Greeks  
 Hast heard it; for my father at his birth 120  
 Was, sure, predestin'd to no common woes.  
 Neither through pity, or o'erstrain'd respect  
 Flatter me, but explicit all relate

Which thou hast witness'd. If my noble Sire  
 E'er gratified thee by performance just 125  
 Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell  
 So num'rous slain in fight, oh, recollect  
 Now his fidelity, and tell me true.

Then Nestor thus Gerenian Hero old.  
 Young friend! since thou remind'st me, speaking thus, 130  
 Of all the woes which indefatigable  
 We sons of the Achaians there sustain'd,  
 Both those which wand'ring on the Deep we bore  
 Wherever by Achilles led in quest  
 Of booty, and the many woes beside 135  
 Which under royal Priam's spacious walls  
 We suffer'd, know, that there our bravest fell.  
 There warlike Ajax lies, there Peleus' son;  
 There, too, Patroclus, like the Gods themselves  
 In council, and my son beloved there, 140  
 Brave, virtuous, swift of foot, and bold in fight,  
 Antilochus. Nor are these sorrows all;  
 What tongue of mortal man could all relate?  
 Should'st thou, abiding here, five years employ  
 Or six, enquiring of the woes endured 145  
 By the Achaians, ere thou should'st have learn'd  
 The whole, thou would'st depart, tir'd of the tale.  
 For we, nine years, stratagems of all kinds  
 Devis'd against them, and Saturnian Jove  
 Scarce crown'd the difficult attempt at last. 150  
 There, no competitor in wiles well-plann'd

Ulysses

Ulyffes found, fo far were all furpafs'd  
 In fhrewd invention by thy noble Sire,  
 If thou indeed art his, as fure thou art,  
 Whofe fight breeds wonder in me, and thy fpeech 155  
 His fpeech refembles more than might be deem'd  
 Within the fcope of years fo green as thine.  
 There, never in opinion, or in voice  
 Illuftrious Ulyffes and myfelf  
 Divided were, but, one in heart, contrived 160  
 As beft we might, the benefit of all.  
 But after Priam's lofty city fack'd,  
 And the departure of the Greeks on board  
 Their barks, and when the Gods had fcatter'd them,  
 Then Jove imagin'd for the Argive hoft 165  
 A forrowful return; for neither juft  
 Were all, nor prudent, therefore many found  
 A fate difaft'rous through the vengeful ire  
 Of Jove-born Pallas, who between the fons  
 Of Atreus fharp contention interpoled. 170  
 They both, irregularly, and againft  
 Juft order, fummoning by night the Greeks  
 To council, of whom many came with wine  
 Opprefs'd, promulgated the caufe for which  
 They had convened the people. Then it was 175  
 That Menelaus bade the general hoft  
 Their thoughts bend homeward o'er the facred Deep,  
 Which Agamemnon in no fort approved.  
 His counfel was to ftay them yet at Troy,

That so he might assuage the dreadful wrath      180  
 Of Pallas, first, by sacrifice and pray'r.  
 Vain hope! he little thought how ill should speed  
 That fond attempt, for, once provok'd, the Gods  
 Are not with ease conciliated again.  
 Thus stood the brothers, altercation hot      185  
 Maintaining, 'till at length, uprofe the Greeks  
 With deaf'ning clamours, and with diff'ring minds.  
 We slept the night, but teeming with disgust  
 Mutual, for Jove great woe prepar'd for all.  
 At dawn of day we drew our gallies down      190  
 Into the sea, and, hasty, put on board  
 The spoils and female captives. Half the host,  
 With Agamemnon, son of Atreus, stay'd  
 Supreme commander, and, embarking, half  
 Push'd forth. Swift course we made, for Neptune smooth'd  
 The waves before us of the monstrous Deep.      196  
 At Tenedos arriv'd, we there perform'd  
 Sacrifice to the Gods, ardent to reach  
 Our native land, but unpropitious Jove,  
 Not yet designing our arrival there,      200  
 Involved us in dissention fierce again.  
 For all the crews, followers of the King,  
 Thy noble Sire, to gratify our Chief,  
 The son of Atreus, chose a diff'rent course,  
 And steer'd their oary barks again to Troy.      205  
 But I, assured that evil from the Gods  
 Impended, gath'ring all my gallant fleet,

Fled

Fled thence in haste, and warlike Diomede  
 Exhorting his attendants, also fled.  
 At length, the Hero Menelaus join'd 210  
 Our fleets at Lesbos; there he found us held  
 In deep deliberation on the length  
 Of way before us, whether we should steer  
 Above the craggy Chios to the isle  
 Pfyria, that island holding on our left, 215  
 Or under Chios by the wind-swept heights  
 Of Mimas. Then we ask'd from Jove a sign,  
 And by a sign vouchsafed he bade us cut  
 The wide sea to Eubœa sheer athwart,  
 So soonest to escape the threat'ned harm. 220  
 Shrill sang the rising gale, and with swift prows  
 Cleaving the fishy flood, we reach'd by night  
 Geræstus, where arrived, we burn'd the thighs  
 Of num'rous bulls to Neptune, who had safe  
 Conducted us through all our perilous course. 225  
 The fleet of Diomede in safety moor'd  
 On the fourth day at Argos, but myself  
 Held on my course to Pylus, nor the wind  
 One moment thwarted us, or died away,  
 When Jove had once commanded it to blow. 230  
 Thus, uninform'd, I have arrived, my son!  
 Nor of the Grecians, who are saved have heard,  
 Or who have perish'd; but what news soe'er  
 I have obtain'd since my return, with truth  
 I will relate, nor aught conceal from thee. 235  
 The

The spear-famed Myrmidons, as rumour speaks,  
 By Neoptolemus, illustrious son  
 Of brave Achilles led, have safe arrived;  
 Safe, Philoctetes also, son renown'd  
 Of Pæas; and Idomeneus at Crete 240  
 Hath landed all his followers who survive  
 The bloody war, the waves have swallow'd none.  
 Ye have yourselves doubtless, although remote,  
 Of Agamemnon heard, how he return'd,  
 And how Ægisthus cruelly contrived 245  
 For him a bloody welcome, but himself  
 Hath with his own life paid the murth'rous deed.  
 Good is it, therefore, if a son survive  
 The slain, since Agamemnon's son hath well  
 Avenged his father's death, slaying, himself, 250  
 Ægisthus, foul assassin of his Sire.  
 Young friend! (for pleas'd thy vig'rous youth I view,  
 And just proportion) be thou also bold,  
 That thine like his may be a deathless name.  
 Then, prudent, him answer'd Telemachus. 255  
 Oh Nestor, Neleus' son, glory of Greece!  
 And righteous was that vengeance; *his* renown  
 Achaia's sons shall far and wide diffuse,  
 To future times transmitting it in song.  
 Ah! would that such ability the Gods 260  
 Would grant to me, that I, as well, the deeds  
 Might punish of our suitors, whose excess  
 Enormous, and whose bitter taunts I feel

Continual,

Continual, object of their subtle hate.  
 But not for me such happiness the Gods 265  
 Have twined into my thread; no, not for me  
 Or for my father. Patience is our part.

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.  
 Young friend! (since thou remind'st me of that theme)  
 Fame here reports that num'rous suitors haunt 270  
 Thy palace for thy mother's sake, and there  
 Much evil perpetrate in thy despight.  
 But say, endur'st thou willing their controul  
 Imperious, or because the people, sway'd  
 By some response oracular, incline 275  
 Against thee? But who knows? the time may come  
 When to his home restored, either alone,  
 Or aided by the force of all the Greeks,  
 Ulysses may avenge the wrong; at least,  
 Should Pallas azure-eyed thee love, as erst 280  
 At Troy, the scene of our unnumber'd woes,  
 She lov'd Ulysses (for I have not known  
 The Gods assisting so apparently  
 A mortal man, as him Minerva there)  
 Should Pallas view thee also with like love 285  
 And kind solicitude, some few of those  
 Should dream, perchance, of wedlock never more.

Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.  
 That word's accomplishment I cannot hope;  
 It promises too much; the thought alone 290  
 O'erwhelms me; an event so fortunate

Would,

Would, unexpected on my part, arrive,  
Although the Gods themselves should purpose it.

But Pallas him answer'd cærulean-eyed.  
Telemachus! what word was that which leap'd 295  
The iv'ry \* guard that should have fenced it in?  
A God, so willing, could with utmost ease  
Save any man, howe'er remote. Myself,  
I had much rather, many woes endured,  
Revisit home, at last, happy and safe, 300  
Than, sooner coming, die in my own house,  
As Agamemnon perish'd by the arts  
Of base Ægithus and the subtle Queen.  
Yet not the Gods themselves can save from death  
All-levelling, the man whom most they love, 305  
When Fate ordains him once to his last sleep.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
Howe'er it interest us, let us leave  
This question, Mentor! He, I am assured,  
Returns no more, but hath already found 310  
A sad, sad fate by the decree of heav'n.  
But I would now interrogate again  
Nestor, and on a different theme, for him  
In human rights I judge, and laws expert,  
And in all knowledge beyond other men; 315  
For he hath govern'd, as report proclaims,

\* *Ἐπος οδοῦτων*. Prior alluding to this expression, ludicrously renders it

“ When words like these in vocal breath

“ Burst from his twofold hedge of teeth.”



Three generations; therefore in my eyes  
 He wears the awful imprefs of a God.  
 Oh Nestor, fon of Neleus, tell me true;  
 What was the manner of Atrides' death, 320  
 Wide-ruling Agamemnon? Tell me where  
 Was Menelaus? By what means contrived  
 Ægifthus to inflict the fatal blow,  
 Slaying fo much a nobler than himself?  
 Had not the brother of the Monarch reach'd 325  
 Achaian Argos yet, but, wand'ring still  
 In other climes, by his long abfence gave  
 Ægifthus courage for that bloody deed?

Whom answer'd the Gerenian Chief renown'd.  
 My fon! I will inform thee true; meantime 330  
 Thy own fufpicions border on the fact.  
 Had Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,  
 Ægifthus found living at his return  
 From Ilium, never on *his* bones the Greeks  
 Had heap'd a tomb, but dogs and rav'ning fowls 335  
 Had torn him lying in the open field  
 Far from the town, nor him had woman wept  
 Of all in Greece, for he had foul transgres'd.  
 But we, in many an arduous task engaged,  
 Lay before Ilium; he, the while, secure 340  
 Within the green retreats of Argos, found  
 Occafion apt by flatt'ry to delude  
 The fpoufe of Agamemnon; fhe, at firft,  
 (The royal Clytemneftra) firm refused

The deed dishonourable (for she bore 345  
 A virtuous mind, and at her side a bard  
 Attended ever, whom the King, to Troy  
 Departing, had appointed to the charge.)  
 But when the Gods had purposed to ensnare  
 Ægisthus, then dismissing far remote 350  
 The bard into a desert isle, he there  
 Abandon'd him to rav'ning fowls a prey,  
 And to his own home, willing as himself  
 Led Clytemnestra. Num'rous thighs he burn'd  
 On all their hallow'd altars to the Gods, 355  
 And hung with tap'stry, images, and gold  
 Their shrines, his great exploit past hope atchiev'd.  
 We (Menelaus and myself) had sail'd  
 From Troy together, but when we approach'd  
 Sunium, headland of th' Athenian shore, 360  
 There Phœbus, sudden, with his gentle shafts  
 Slew Menelaus' pilot while he steer'd  
 The volant bark, Phrontis, Onetor's son,  
 A mariner past all expert, whom none  
 In steerage match'd, what time the tempest roar'd. 365  
 Here, therefore, Menelaus was detained,  
 Giving his friend due burial, and his rites  
 Funereal celebrating, though in haste  
 Still to proceed. But when, with all his fleet  
 The wide sea traversing, he reach'd at length 370  
 Malea's lofty foreland in his course,  
 Rough passage, then, and perilous he found.

Shrill blasts the Thund'rer pour'd into his sails,      375  
 And wild' waves sent him mountainous. His ships  
 There scatter'd, some to the Cydonian coast  
 Of Crete he push'd, near where the Jordan flows,  
 Beside the confines of Górtyna stands,  
 Amid the gloomy flood; a smooth rock, steep  
 Toward the sea; against whose leftwárd point  
 Phæstus by name, the South wind rolls the surge  
 Amain, which yet the rock, though small, repells.  
 Hither with part he came, and scarce the crews  
 Themselves escap'd, while the huge billows broke  
 Their ships against the rocks; yet five he sav'd,  
 Which winds and waves drove to the Ægyptian shore.

Thus he, provision gath'ring as he went  
 And gold abundant, roam'd to distant lands,  
 And nations of another tongue. Meantime,  
 Ægísthus these enormities at home  
 Devising, slew Atrides, and supreme  
 Ruled the subjected land; sev'n years he reign'd  
 In opulent Mycenæ, but the eighth  
 From Athens brought renown'd Orestes home  
 For his destruction, who of life bereaved  
 Ægísthus, base assassin of his Sire.  
 Orestes, therefore, the funeral rites  
 Performing to his shameless mother's shade  
 And to her lustful paramour, a feast  
 Gave to the Argives; on which self-same day  
 The warlike Menelaus, with his ships

All treasure-laden to the brink, arrived.

And thou, young friend! from thy forsaken home  
 Rove not long time remote, thy treasures left  
 At mercy of those proud, lest they divide  
 And waste the whole, rend'ring thy voyage vain. 405  
 But hence to Menelaus is the course

To which I counsel thee; for he hath come  
 Of late from distant lands, whence to escape  
 No man could hope, whom tempests first had driv'n  
 Devious into so wide a sea, from which 410  
 Themselves the birds of heaven could not arrive  
 In a whole year, so vast is the expanse.

Go, then, with ship and shipmates, or if more  
 The land delight thee, steeds thou shalt not want  
 Nor chariot, and my sons shall be thy guides. 415  
 To noble Lacedemon, the abode  
 Of Menelaus; ask from him the truth,  
 Who will not lye, for he is passing wise.

While thus he spake, the sun declined, and night  
 Approaching, blue-eyed Pallas interposed. 420

Oh antient King! well hast thou spoken all.  
 But now delay not. Cut \* ye forth the tongues,  
 And mingle wine, that (Neptune first invoked  
 With due libation, and the other Gods)  
 We may repair to rest; for even now. 425

\* It is said to have been customary in the days of Homer, when the Greeks retired from a banquet to their beds, to cut out the tongues of the victims, and offer them to the Gods in particular who presided over conversation.

The fun is funk, and it becomes us not  
 Long to protract a banquet to the Gods  
 Devote, but in fit season to depart.

So spake Jove's daughter; they obedient heard:  
 The heralds, then, pour'd water on their hands, 430  
 And the attendant youths, filling the cups,  
 Served them from left to right. Next all the tongues  
 They cast into the fire, and ev'ry guest  
 Arising, pour'd libation to the Gods.  
 Libation made, and all with wine sufficed, 435  
 Godlike Telemachus and Pallas both  
 Would have return'd, incontinent, on board,  
 But Nestor urged them still to be his guests.

Forbid it, Jove, and all the Pow'rs of heav'n!  
 That ye should leave me to repair on board: 440  
 Your vessel, as I were some needy wretch,  
 Cloakless and destitute of fleecy stores,  
 Wherewith to spread the couch soft for myself,  
 Or for my guests. No. I have garments warm.  
 An ample store, and rugs of richest dye; 445  
 And never shall Ulysses' son below'd,  
 My friend's own son, sleep on a galley's plank  
 While I draw vital air; grant also, heav'n,  
 That, dying, I may leave behind me sons  
 Glad to accommodate whatever guest! 450

Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.  
 Old Chief! thou hast well said, and reason bids  
 Telemachus thy kind commands obey.

Let *him* attend thee hence, that he may sleep  
 Beneath thy roof, but I return on board 455  
 Myself, to instruct my people, and to give  
 All needful orders; for among them none  
 Is old as I, but they are youths alike,  
 Coevals of Telemachus, with whom  
 They have embark'd for friendship's sake alone. 460  
 I therefore will repose myself on-board  
 This night, and to the Caucons bold in arms  
 Will fail to-morrow, to demand arrears  
 Long time unpaid, and of no small amount.  
 But, since he is become thy guest, afford 465  
 My friend a chariot, and a son of thine  
 Who shall direct his way, nor let him want  
 Of all thy steeds the swiftest and the best.

So saying, the blue-eyed Goddeſs as upborne  
 On eagles wings, vanish'd; amazement ſeized 470  
 The whole aſſembly, and the antient King  
 O'erwhelm'd with wonder at that ſight, the hand  
 Graſp'd of Telemachus, whom he thus beſpake.

My friend! I prophecy that thou ſhalt prove  
 Nor baſe nor daſtard, whom, ſo young, the Gods 475  
 Already take in charge; for of the Pow'rs  
 Inhabitants of heav'n, none elſe was this  
 Than Jove's own daughter Pallas, who among  
 The Greccians honour'd moſt thy gen'rous Sire.

But thou, O Queen! compaſſionate us all, 480  
 Myſelf, my ſons, my comfort; give to each

A glorious

A glorious name, and I to thee will give  
 For sacrifice an heifer of the year,  
 Broad-fronted, one that never yet hath borne  
 The yoke, and will incase her horns with gold. 485

So Nestor pray'd, whom Pallas gracious heard.  
 Then the Gerenian warrior old, before  
 His sons and sons in law, to his abode  
 Magnificent proceeded; they (arrived  
 Within the splendid palace of the King) 490  
 On thrones and couches sat in order ranged,  
 Whom Nestor welcom'd, charging high the cup  
 With wine of richest sort, which she who kept  
 That treasure, now, in the eleventh year  
 First broach'd, unsealing the delicious juice. 495  
 With this the hoary Senior fill'd a cup,  
 And to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd  
 Pouring libation, offer'd fervent pray'r.

When all had made libation, and no wish  
 Remain'd of more, then each to rest retired, 500  
 And Nestor the Gerenian warrior old  
 Led thence Telemachus to a carved couch  
 Beneath the founding portico prepared.  
 Beside him he bade sleep the spearman bold,  
 Pisistratus, a gallant youth, the sole 505  
 Unwedded in his house of all his sons.  
 Himself in the interior palace lay,  
 Where couch and cov'ring for her ancient spouse  
 The consort Queen had diligent prepar'd.

But

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 510  
 Had tinged the East, arising from his bed,  
 Gerenian Nestor issued forth, and sat  
 Before his palace-gate on the white stones  
 Resplendent as with oil, on which of old  
 His father Neleus had been wont to sit, 515  
 In council like a God; but he had fought,  
 By destiny dismiss'd long since, the shades.  
 On those stones therefore now, Nestor himself,  
 Achaia's guardian, sat, sceptre in hand,  
 Where soon his num'rous sons, leaving betimes 520  
 The place of their repose, also appeared,  
 Echephron, Stratius, Perseus, Thrasymedes,  
 Aretus and Pifistratus. They placed  
 Godlike Telemachus at Nestor's side,  
 And the Gerenian Hero thus began. 525  
 Sons be ye quick—execute with dispatch  
 My purpose, that I may propitiate first  
 Of all the Gods Minerva, who herself  
 Hath honour'd manifest our hallow'd feast.  
 Haste, one, into the field, to order thence 530  
 An ox, and let the herdsman drive it home.  
 Another, hasting to the sable bark  
 Of brave Telemachus, bring hither all  
 His friends, save two, and let a third command  
 Laerceus, that he come to enwrap with gold 535  
 The victim's horns. Abide ye here, the rest,  
 And bid my female train (for I intend

A banquet)



A banquet) with all diligence provide  
Seats, stores of wood, and water from the rock.

He said, whom instant all obey'd. The ox 540

Came from the field, and from the gallant ship

The ship-mates of the brave Telemachus;

Next, charged with all his implements of art,

His mallet, anvil, pincers, came the smith

To give the horns their gilding; also came 545

Pallas herself to her own sacred rites.

Then Nestor, hoary warrior, furnish'd gold,

Which, hammer'd thin, the artist wrapp'd around

The victim's horns, that seeing him attired

So costly, Pallas might the more be pleas'd. 550

Stratius and brave Echephron introduced

The victim by his horns; Aretus brought

A laver, in one hand, with flow'rs emboss'd,

And in his other hand a basket stor'd

With cakes, while warlike Thrasymedes, arm'd 555

With his long-hafted ax, prepared to smite

The ox, and Perseus to receive the blood.

The hoary Nestor consecrated first

Both cakes and water, and with earnest pray'r

To Pallas, gave the forelock to the flames. 560

When all had worshipp'd, and the broken cakes

Sprinkled, then godlike Thrasymedes drew

Close to the ox, and smote him. Deep the edge

Enter'd, and senseless on the floor he fell.

Then Nestor's daughters, and the consorts all 565

Of Nestor's sons, with his own consort, chaste  
 Eurydice, the daughter eldest-born  
 Of Clymenus, in one shrill orison  
 Vociferous join'd, while they, lifting the ox,  
 Held him supported firmly, and the prince 570  
 Of men, Pisistratus, his gullet pierced.  
 Soon as the fable blood had ceased, and life  
 Had left the victim, spreading him abroad,  
 With nice address they parted at the joint  
 His thighs, and wrapp'd them in the double cawl, 575  
 Which with crude slices thin they overspread.  
 Nestor burn'd incense, and libation pour'd  
 Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,  
 Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth  
 Train'd to the task. The thighs consumed, each took  
 His portion of the maw, then, flashing well 581  
 The remnant, they transpierced it with the spits  
 Neatly, and held it reeking at the fire.  
 Meantime the youngest of the daughters fair  
 Of Nestor, beautiful Polycaeste, laved, 585  
 Anointed, and in vest and tunic clothed  
 Telemachus, who, so refresh'd, stepp'd forth  
 From the bright laver graceful as a God,  
 And took his seat at antient Nestor's side.  
 The viands dress'd, and from the spits withdrawn, 590  
 They sat to share the feast, and princely youths  
 Arising, gave them wine in cups of gold.  
 When neither hunger now nor thirst remain'd

Unfated,

Unfated, thus Gerenian Nestor spake.

My sons, arise! lead forth the sprightly steeds, 595  
And yoke them, that Telemachus may go.

So spake the Chief, to whose command his sons,  
Obedient, yoked in haste the rapid steeds,

And the intendant matron of the stores  
Dispos'd meantime within the chariot, bread 600

And wine, with dainties, such as princes eat.  
Telemachus into the chariot first

Ascended, and beside him, next, his place  
Pisistratus the son of Nestor took,

Then seiz'd the reins, and lash'd the coursers on. 605

They, nothing loth, into the open plain  
Flew, leaving lofty Pylus soon afar.

Thus, journeying, they shook on either side  
The yoke all day, and now the setting sun

To dusky evening had resign'd the roads, 610  
When they to Pheræ came, and the abode

Reach'd of Diocles, whose illustrious Sire  
Orsilochus from Alpheus drew his birth,  
And there, with kindness entertain'd, they slept.

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 615  
Look'd rosy from the East, yoking the steeds,

They in their sumptuous chariot sat again.  
The son of Nestor plied the lash, and forth

Through vestibule and sounding portico  
The royal coursers, not unwilling, flew. 620

A corn-invested land receiv'd them next,  
And there they brought their journey to a close,  
So rapidly they moved; and now the fun  
Went down, and even-tide dimm'd all the ways.

A R G U-

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

F O U R T H B O O K.

Telemachus, with Pisistratus, arrives at the palace of Menelaus, from whom he receives some fresh information concerning the return of the Grecians, and is in particular told on the authority of Proteus, that his father is detained by Calypso. The suitors, plotting against the life of Telemachus, lie in wait to intercept him in his return to Ithaca. Penelope being informed of his departure, and of their designs to slay him, becomes inconsolable, but is relieved by a dream sent to her from Minerva.

B O O K I V.

**I**N hollow Lacedæmon's spacious vale  
Arriving, to the house they drove direct  
Of royal Menelaus; him they found  
In his own palace, all his num'rous friends  
Regaling at a nuptial banquet giv'n 5  
Both for his daughter and the prince his son.  
His daughter to renown'd Achilles' heir  
He sent, to whom he had at Troy engaged  
To give her, and the Gods now made her his.  
With chariots and with steeds he sent her forth 10  
To

To the illustrious city where the prince,  
 Achilles' offspring, ruled the Myrmidons.  
 But to his son he gave a Spartan fair,  
 Alektor's daughter; from an handmaid sprang  
 That son to Menelaus in his age, 15  
 Brave Megapenthes; for the Gods no child  
 To Helen gave, made mother, once, of her  
 Who vied in perfect loveliness of form  
 With golden Venus' self, Hermione.

Thus all the neighbour princes and the friends; 20  
 Of noble Menelaus, feasting fat  
 Within his spacious palace, among whom  
 A sacred bard sang sweetly to his harp,  
 While, in the midst, two dancers smote the ground  
 With measur'd steps responsive to his song. 25

And now the Heroes, Nestor's noble son  
 And young Telemachus arrived within  
 The vestibule, whom, issuing from the hall,  
 The noble Etoneus of the train  
 Of Menelaus, saw; at once he ran 30  
 Across the palace to report the news  
 To his Lord's ear, and, standing at his side,  
 In accents wing'd with haste thus greeted him.

Oh Menelaus! Heav'n-descended Chief!  
 Two guests arrive, both strangers, but the race 35  
 Of Jove supreme resembling each in form.  
 Say, shall we loose, ourselves, their rapid steeds,  
 Or hence dismiss them to some other host?

But

But Menelaus, Hero golden-hair'd,  
 Indignant answer'd him. Boethe's son! 40  
 Thou wast not, Eteoneus, heretofore,  
 A babler, who now pratest as a child.  
 We have ourselves arrived indebted much  
 To hospitality of other men,  
 If Jove shall, even here, some pause at last 45  
 Of woe afford us. Therefore loose, at once,  
 Their steeds, and introduce them to the feast.  
 He said, and, issuing, Eteoneus call'd.  
 The brisk attendants to his aid, with whom  
 He loos'd their foaming courfers from the yoke. 50  
 Them first they bound to mangers, which with oats  
 And mingled barley they supplied, then thrust  
 The chariot sidelong to the splendid \* wall.  
 Themselves he, next, into the royal house  
 Conducted, who survey'd, wond'ring, the abode 55  
 Of the heav'n-favour'd King; for on all sides  
 As with the splendour of the sun or moon  
 The lofty dome of Menelaus blazed.  
 Sate, at length, with wonder at that sight,  
 They enter'd each a bath, and by the hands 60  
 Of maidens laved, and oil'd, and cloath'd again.  
 With shaggy mantles and resplendent vests,  
 Sat both enthroned at Menelaus' side.  
 And now a maiden charged with golden ew'r,

\* Hefychius tells us, that the Grecians ornamented with much attention the front wall of their courts for the admiration of passengers.

And with an argent laver, pouring first 65  
 Pure water on their hands, supplied them next,  
 With a bright table, which the maiden, chief  
 In office, furnish'd plentifully with bread  
 And dainties, remnants of the last regale.  
 Then came the sew'r, who with delicious meats 70  
 Dish after dish, served them, and placed beside  
 The chargers cups magnificent of gold,  
 When Menelaus grasp'd their hands, and said.

Eat and rejoice, and when ye shall have shared  
 Our nuptial banquet, we will, then, inquire 75  
 Who are ye both; for, certain, not from those  
 Whose generation perishes are ye,  
 But rather of some race of sceptred Chiefs  
 Heav'n-born; the base have never sons like you.

So saying, he from the board lifted his own 80  
 Distinguish'd portion, and the fatted chine  
 Gave to his guests; the fav'ry viands they  
 With outstretch'd hands assail'd, and when the force  
 No longer now of appetite they felt,  
 Telemachus, inclining close his head 85  
 To Nestor's son, lest others should his speech  
 Witness, in whisper'd words him thus address'd.

Dearest Pisistratus, observe, my friend!  
 How all the echoing palace with the light  
 Of beaming brass, of gold and amber shines 90  
 Silver and ivory! for radiance such  
 Th' interior mansion of Olympian Jove

I deem.



I deem.    What wealth, how various, how immense  
Is here!    astonish'd I survey the sight!

    But Menelaus, golden-hair'd, his speech                      95  
O'erhearing, thus in accents wing'd replied.

    My children! let no mortal man pretend  
Comparison with Jove; for Jove's abode  
And all his stores are incorruptible.

But whether mortal man with me may vie                      100

In the display of wealth, or whether not,  
This know, that after many toils endured,  
And perilous wand'rings wide, in the eighth year  
I brought my treasures home.    Remote I roved

To Cyprus, to Phœnice, to the shores                      105

Of Ægypt; Æthiopia's land I reach'd,  
Th' Erempi, the Sidonians, and the coasts  
Of Lybia, where the lambs their foreheads shew  
At once with horns defended, soon as year'd.

There, thrice within the year the flocks produce,                      110

Nor master, there, nor shepherd ever feels  
A dearth of cheese, of flesh, or of sweet milk  
Delicious, drawn from udders never dry.

While, thus, commodities on various coasts  
Gath'ring I roam'd, another, by the arts                      115

Of his pernicious spouse aided, of life  
Bereav'd my brother privily, and when least  
He fear'd to lose it.    Therefore little joy  
To me results from all that I possess.

Your fathers (be those fathers who they may)                      120

These things have doubtless told you; for immense  
 Have been my sufferings, and I have destroy'd  
 A palace well inhabited and stor'd  
 With precious furniture in ev'ry kind;  
 Such, that I would to heav'n! I own'd at home      125  
 Though but the third of it, and that the Greeks  
 Who perish'd then, beneath the walls of Troy  
 Far from steed-pastured Argos, still survived.  
 Yet while, sequester'd here, I frequent mourn  
 My slaughter'd friends, by turns I sooth my soul      130  
 With tears shed for them, and by turns again  
 I cease; for grief soon fatiates free indulg'd.  
 But of them all, although I all bewail,  
 None mourn I so as one, whom calling back  
 To memory, I both sleep and food abhor.      135  
 For, of Achaia's sons none ever toiled  
 Strenuous as Ulysses; but his lot  
 Was woe, and unremitting sorrow mine  
 For his long absence, who, if still he live,  
 We know not aught, or be already dead.      140  
 Him doubtless, old Laertes mourns, and him  
 Discrete Penelope, nor less his son  
 Telemachus, born newly when he fail'd.  
 So saying, he kindled in him strong desire  
 To mourn his father; at his father's name      145  
 Fast fell his tears to ground, and with both hands  
 He spread his purple cloak before his eyes;  
 Which Menelaus marking, doubtful sat

If he should leave him leisure for his tears,  
Or question him, and tell him all at large. 150

While thus he doubted, Helen (as it chanced)  
Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, august  
As Dian, goddess of the golden bow.  
Adrasta, for her use, set forth a throne,  
Alcippe with soft arras cover'd it, 155

And Philo brought her silver basket, gift  
Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,  
Whose mansion in Ægyptian Thebes is rich  
In untold treasure, and who gave, himself,  
Ten golden talents, and two silver baths 160

To Menelaus, with two splendid tripods  
Beside the noble gifts which, at the hand  
Of his illustrious spouse, Helen receiv'd;  
A golden spindle, and a basket wheel'd,  
Itself of silver, and its lip of gold. 165

That basket Philo, her own handmaid, placed  
At beauteous Helen's side, charged to the brim  
With slender threads, on which the spindle lay,  
With wool of purple lustre wrapp'd around.  
Approaching, on her foot-stool'd throne she sat, 170  
And, instant, of her royal spouse enquired.

Know we, my Menelaus, dear to Jove!  
These guests of ours, and whence they have arrived?  
Erroneous I may speak, yet speak I must;  
In man or woman never have I seen 175  
Such likeness to another (wonder-fixt

I gaze) as in this stranger to the son  
 Of brave Ulysses, whom that Hero left  
 New-born at home, when (shameless as I was)  
 For my unworthy sake the Grecians sailed 180  
 To Ilium, with fierce rage of battle fired.

Then Menelaus, thus, the golden-hair'd.  
 I also such resemblance find in him  
 As thou; such feet, such hands, the cast \* of eye  
 Similar, and the head and flowing locks. 185

And even now, when I Ulysses named,  
 And his great sufferings mention'd, in my cause,  
 The bitter tear dropp'd from his lids, while broad  
 Before his eyes his purple cloak he spread.

To whom the son of Nestor thus replied. 190  
 Atrides! Menelaus! Chief renown'd!

He is in truth his son, as thou hast said,  
 But he is modest, and would much himself  
 Condemn, if, at his first arrival here,  
 He should loquacious seem and bold to thee, 195  
 To whom we listen, captivated by thy voice,  
 As if some God had spoken. As for me,

Nestor, my father, the Gerenian Chief  
 Bade me conduct him hither, for he wish'd  
 To see thee, promising himself from thee 200  
 The benefit of some kind word or deed.

For, destitute of other aid, he much  
 His father's tedious absence mourns at home.

\* Οφθαλμῶν τε βολαί.

So fares Telemachus; his father strays  
 Remote, and, in his stead, no friend hath he 205  
 Who might avert the mischiefs that he feels.

To whom the Hero amber-hair'd replied.  
 Ye Gods! the offspring of indeed a friend  
 Hath reach'd my house, of one who hath endured  
 Arduous conflicts num'rous for my sake; 210  
 And much I purpos'd, had Olympian Jove  
 Vouchsaf'd us prosp'rous passage o'er the Deep,  
 To have receiv'd him with such friendship here  
 As none beside. In Argos I had then  
 Founded a city for him, and had rais'd 215  
 A palace for himself; I would have brought  
 The Hero hither, and his son, with all  
 His people, and with all his wealth, some town  
 Evacuating for his sake, of those  
 Ruled by myself, and neighb'ring close my own. 220  
 Thus situate, we had often interchanged  
 Sweet converse, nor had other cause at last  
 Our friendship terminated or our joys,  
 Than death's black cloud o'ershadowing him or me.  
 But such delights could only envy move 225  
 Ev'n in the Gods, who have, of all the Greeks,  
 Amerced *him* only of his wish'd return.

So saying, he kindled the desire to weep  
 In ev'ry bosom. Argive Helen wept  
 Abundant, Jove's own daughter; wept as fast 230  
 Telemachus and Menelaus both;

Nor Nestor's son with tearless eyes remain'd,  
 Calling to mind Antilochus\* by the son †  
 Illustrious of the bright Aurora slain,  
 Rememb'ring whom, in accents wing'd he said. 235

Atrides! antient Nestor, when of late  
 Conversing with him, we remember'd thee,  
 Pronounced thee wise beyond all human-kind.  
 Now therefore, let not even my advice  
 Displease thee. It affords me no delight 240

To intermingle tears with my repast,  
 And soon, Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Will tinge the orient. Not that I account  
 Due lamentation of a friend deceased  
 Blameworthy, since, to sheer the locks and weep, 245  
 Is all we can for the unhappy dead.

I also have my grief, call'd to lament  
 One, not the meanest of Achaia's sons,  
 My brother; him I cannot but suppose  
 To thee well-known, although unknown to me 250  
 Who saw ‡ him never; but report proclaims  
 Antilochus superior to the most,  
 In speed superior, and in feats of arms.

To whom, the Hero of the yellow locks.  
 O friend belov'd! since nought which thou hast said 255  
 Or recommended now, would have disgraced

\* Antilochus was his brother.  
 lochus, was Menon.

† The son of Aurora, who slew Anti-  
 ‡ Because Pisistratus was born after Antilochus  
 had sailed to Troy.

A man of years maturer far than thine,  
 (For wife thy father is, and such art thou,  
 And easy is it to discern the son  
 Of such a father, whom Saturnian Jove 260  
 In marriage both and at his birth ordain'd  
 To great felicity; for he hath giv'n  
 To Nestor gradually to sink at home  
 Into old age, and, while he lives, to see  
 His sons past others wife, and skill'd in arms) 265  
 The sorrow into which we fudden fell  
 Shall pause. Come—now remember we the feast;  
 Pour water on our hands, for we shall find,  
 (Telemachus and I) no dearth of themes  
 For mutual converse when the day shall dawn. 270  
 He ended; then, Asphalion, at his word,  
 Servant of glorious Menelaus, poured  
 Pure water on their hands, and they the feast  
 Before them with keen appetite assail'd.  
 But Jove-born Helen otherwise, meantime, 275  
 Employ'd, into the wine of which they drank  
 A drug infused, antidote to the pains  
 Of grief and anger, a most potent charm  
 For ills of ev'ry name. Whoe'er his wine  
 So medicated drinks, he shall not pour 280  
 All day the tears down his wan cheek, although  
 His father and his mother both were dead,  
 Nor even though his brother or his son  
 Had fall'n in battle, and before his eyes.

Such

Such drugs Jove's daughter own'd, with skill prepared,  
 And of prime virtue, by the wife of Thone, 286  
 Ægyptian Polydamna, given her.

For Ægypt teems with drugs, yielding no few  
 Which, mingled with the drink, are good, and many  
 Of baneful juice, and enemies to life. 290

There ev'ry man in skill medicinal  
 Excells, for they are sons of Pæon all.  
 That drug infused, she bade her servant pour  
 The bev'rage forth, and thus her speech resumed.

Atrides! Menelaus! dear to Jove! 295

These also are the sons of Chiefs renown'd,  
 (For Jove, as pleases him, to each assigns  
 Or good or evil, whom all things obey)  
 Now therefore, feasting at your ease reclined,  
 Listen with pleasure, for myself, the while, 300  
 Will matter seasonable interpose.

I cannot all rehearse, nor even name,  
 (Omitting none) the conflicts and exploits  
 Of brave Ulysses; but with what address  
 Successful, one achievement he perform'd 305

At Ilium, where Achaia's sons endured  
 Such hardship, will I speak. Inflicting wounds  
 Dishonourable on himself, he took

A tatter'd garb, and like a serving-man  
 Enter'd the spacious city of your foes. 310

So veil'd, some mendicant he seem'd, although  
 No Grecian less deserved that name than he.



In such disguise he enter'd; all alike  
 Misdeem'd him; me alone he not deceiv'd  
 Who challeng'd him, but, shrewd, he turn'd away. 315  
 At length, however, when I had myself  
 Bathed him, anointed, cloath'd him, and had sworn  
 Not to declare him openly in Troy  
 'Till he should reach again the camp and fleet,  
 He told me the whole purpose of the Greeks. 320  
 Then, (many a Trojan slaughter'd,) he regain'd  
 The camp, and much intelligence he bore  
 To the Achaians. Oh what wailing then  
 Was heard of Trojan women! but my heart  
 Exulted, alter'd now, and wishing home; 325  
 For now my crime committed under force  
 Of Venus' influence I deplored, what time  
 She led me to a country far remote,  
 A wand'rer from the matrimonial bed,  
 From my own child, and from my rightful Lord 330  
 Alike unblemish'd both in form and mind.  
 Her answer'd then the Hero golden-hair'd.  
 Helen! thou hast well spoken. All is true.  
 I have the talents fathom'd and the minds  
 Of num'rous Heroes, and have travell'd far, 335  
 Yet never saw I with these eyes in man  
 Such firmness as the calm Ulysses own'd;  
 None such as in the wooden horse he proved,  
 Where all our bravest sat, designing woe  
 And bloody havoc for the sons of Troy. 340

Thou thither can't, impell'd, as it should seem,  
 By some divinity inclined to give  
 Victory to our foes, and with thee came  
 Godlike Deiphobus. Thrice round about  
 The hollow ambush, striking with thy hand 345  
 Its sides thou went'st, and by his name didst call  
 Each prince of Greece, feigning his consort's voice.  
 Myself with Diomede, and with divine  
 Ulysses, seated in the midst, the call  
 Heard plain and loud; we (Diomede and I) 350  
 With ardour burn'd either to quit the horse  
 So summon'd, or to answer from within.  
 But, all impatient as we were, Ulysses  
 Controul'd the rash design; so there the sons  
 Of the Achaians silent sat and mute, 355  
 And of us all Anticlus would alone  
 Have answer'd; but Ulysses, with both hands  
 Compressing close his lips, saved us, nor ceased  
 Till Pallas thence conducted thee again.

Then thus, discrete, Telemachus replied. 360  
 Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!  
 Hard was his lot, whom these rare qualities  
 Preserved not, neither had his dauntless heart  
 Been iron, had he scaped his cruel doom.  
 But haste, dismiss us hence, that on our beds 365  
 Reposed, we may enjoy sleep, needful now.

He ceas'd; then Argive Helen gave command  
 To her attendant maidens to prepare

Beds in the portico with purple rugs  
 Resplendent, and with arras, overspread, 370  
 And cover'd warm with cloaks of shaggy pile.  
 Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,  
 And spread the couches; next, the herald them  
 Led forth, and in the vestibule the son  
 Of Nestor and the youthful Hero slept, 375  
 Telemachus; but in the interior house  
 Atrides, with the loveliest of her sex  
 Beside him, Helen of the sweeping stole.  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Glow'd in the East, then from his couch arose 380  
 The warlike Menelaus, fresh attired;  
 His Faulchion o'er his shoulders flung, he bound  
 His sandals fair to his unfullied feet,  
 And like a God issuing, at the side  
 Sat of Telemachus, to whom he spake. 385  
 Hero! Telemachus! what urgent cause  
 Hath hither led thee, to the land far-famed  
 Of Lacedæmon o'er the spacious Deep?  
 Public concern or private? Tell me true.  
 To whom Telemachus discrete replied. 390  
 Atrides! Menelaus! prince renown'd!  
 News seeking of my Sire, I have arrived.  
 My household is devour'd, my fruitful fields  
 Are desolated, and my palace fill'd  
 With enemies, who while they mutual wage 395  
 Proud competition for my mother's love,

My flocks continual slaughter, and my beeves.  
 For this cause, at thy knees suppliant, I beg  
 That thou wouldst tell me his disastrous end,  
 If either thou beheld'st with thine own eyes 400  
 His death, or from some wand'rer of the Greeks  
 Hast heard it; for no common woes, alas!  
 Was he ordain'd to share ev'n from the womb.  
 Neither through pity or o'erstrain'd respect  
 Flatter me, but explicit all relate 405  
 Which thou hast witness'd. If my noble Sire  
 E'er gratified thee by performance just  
 Of word or deed at Ilium, where ye fell  
 So numerous slain in fight, oh recollect  
 Now his fidelity, and tell me true! 410

Then Menelaus, sighing deep, replied.  
 Gods! their ambition is to reach the bed  
 Of a brave man, however base themselves.  
 But as it chances, when the hart hath lay'd  
 Her fawns new-yeard and sucklings yet, to rest 415  
 Within some dreadful lion's gloomy den,  
 She roams the hills, and in the grassy vales  
 Feeds heedless, 'till the lion, to his lair  
 Return'd, destroys her and her little-ones,  
 So them thy Sire shall terribly destroy. 420  
 Jove, Pallas and Apollo! oh that such  
 As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he strove  
 With Philomelides, and threw him flat,  
 A fight at which Achaia's sons rejoic'd,

Such,

Such, now, Ulysses might assail them all! 425

Short life and bitter nuptials should be theirs.

But thy enquiries neither indirect

Will I evade, nor give thee false reply,

But all that from the Antient\* of the Deep

I have receiv'd will utter, hiding nought. 430

As yet the Gods on Ægypt's shore detained

Me wishing home, angry at my neglect

To heap their altars with slain hecatombs.

For they exacted from us evermore.

Strict rev'rence of their laws. There is an isle 435

Amid the billowy flood, Pharos by name,

In front of Ægypt, distant from her shore

Far as a vessel by a sprightly gale

Impell'd, may push her voyage in a day.

The haven there is good, and many a ship 440

Finds wat'ring there from riv'lets on the coast.

There me the Gods kept twenty days, no breeze

Propitious granting, that might sweep the waves,

And usher to her home the flying bark.

And now had our provision, all consumed; 445

Left us exhausted, but a certain nymph

Pitying sav'd me. Daughter fair was she

Of mighty Proteus, Antient of the Deep,

Idothea named; her most my sorrows moved;

She found me from my followers all apart 450

Wand'ring (for they around the isle, with hooks

\* Proteus.

The fishes fnaring roamed, by famine urged)  
And standing at my fide, me thus befpeak.

Stranger! thou muft be ideot born, or weak  
At leaft in intellec't, or thy delight 455  
Is in diftreffs and mis'ry, who delay'ft  
To leave this ifland, and no egress hence  
Canft find, although thy famifh'd people faint.

So fpake the Goddeffs, and I thus replied.  
I tell thee, whofoever of the Pow'rs 460  
Divine thou art, that I am prifon'd here  
Not willingly, but muft have, doubtleffs, finn'd  
Againft the deathleffs tenants of the fkies.  
Yet fay (for the Immortals all things know)  
What God detains me, and my courfe forbids 465  
Hence to my country o'er the fifhy Deep?

So I; to whom the Goddeffs all-divine.  
Stranger! I will inform thee true. A feer  
Oracular, the Antient of the Deep,  
Immortal Proteus, the Ægyptian, haunts 470  
Thefe fhores, familiar with all Ocean's gulphs,  
And Neptune's fubject. He is by report  
My father; him if thou art able once  
To feize and bind, he will prefcribe the courfe  
With all its meafured diftances, by which 475  
Thou fhalt regain fecure thy native fhores.

He will, moreover, at thy fuit declare,  
Thou favour'd of the fkies! what good, what ill  
Hath in thine houfe befall'n, while abfent thou

Thy

Thy voyage difficult perform'ft and long. 480

She fpake, and I replied—Thyself reveal

By what effectual bands I may fecure

The antient Deity marine, left, warn'd

Of my approach, he fhun me and efcape.

Hard task for mortal hands to bind a God! 485

Then thus Idothea anfwer'd all-divine.

I will inform thee true. Soon as the fun

Hath climb'd the middle heav'n's, the prophet old,

Emerging while the breezy zephyr blows,

And cover'd with the fcum of ocean, seeks 490

His fpacious cove, in which outfretch'd he lies.

The phocæ\* alfo, rifing from the waves,

Offspring of beauteous Halofydna, fleep

Around him, num'rous, and the fifhy fcent

Exhaling rank of the unfathom'd flood. 495

Thither conducting thee at peep of day

I will difpofe thee in fome fafe recefs,

But from among thy followers thou fhalt chufe

The bravest three in all thy gallant fleet.

And now the artifices underftand. 500

Of the old prophet of the fea. The fun

Of all his phocæ numb'ring duly firft,

He will pafs through them, and when all by fives

He counted hath, will in the midft refofe

Content, as fleeps the fhepherd with his flock. 505

When ye fhall fee him ftretch'd, then call to mind

\* Seals, or fea-calves.

That moment all your prowess, and prevent;  
 Howe'er he strive impatient, his escape.  
 All changes trying, he will take the form  
 Of ev'ry reptile on the earth, will seem 510  
 A river now, and now devouring fire;  
 But hold him ye, and grasp him still the more.  
 And when himself shall question you, restored  
 To his own form in which ye found him first  
 Reposing, then from farther force abstain; 515  
 Then, Hero! loose the Antient of the Deep,  
 And ask him, of the Gods who checks thy course  
 Hence to thy country o'er the fishy flood.

So saying, she plunged into the billowy waste.  
 I then, in various musings lost, my ships 520  
 Along the sea-beach station'd, fought again,  
 And when I reach'd my galley on the shore  
 We supp'd, and sacred night falling from heav'n,  
 Slept all extended on the ocean-side.  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 525  
 Look'd rosy forth, pensivè beside the shore  
 I walk'd of Ocean, frequent to the Gods  
 Praying devout, then chose the fittest three  
 For bold assault, and worthiest of my trust.  
 Meantime the Goddesses from the bosom wide 530  
 Of Ocean rising, brought us thence four skins  
 Of phocæ, and all newly-stript, a snare  
 Contriving subtle to deceive her Sirè.  
 Four cradles in the sand she scoop'd, then sat

Expecting



Expecting us, who in due time approach'd; 535  
 She lodg'd us side by side, and over each  
 A raw skin cast. Horrible to ourselves  
 Proved that disguise, whom the pernicious scent  
 Of the sea-nourish'd phocæ fore annoy'd;  
 For who would lay him down at a whale's side? 540  
 But she a potent remedy devis'd  
 Herself to save us, who the nostrils foth'd  
 Of each with pure ambrosia thither brought  
 Odorous, which the fishy scent subdued.  
 All morning, patient watchers, there we lay; 545  
 And now the num'rous phocæ from the Deep  
 Emerging, slept along the shore, and he  
 At noon came also, and perceiving there  
 His fatted monsters, through the flock his course  
 Took regular, and summ'd them; with the first 550  
 He number'd us, suspicion none of fraud  
 Conceiving, then couch'd also. We, at once,  
 Loud-shouting flew on him, and in our arms  
 Constrain'd him fast; nor the sea-prophet old  
 Call'd not incontinent his shifts to mind. 555  
 First he became a long-maned lion grim,  
 Then dragon, panther then, a savage boar,  
 A limpid stream, and an o'ershadowing tree.  
 We persevering held him, 'till at length  
 The Antient of the Deep, skill'd as he is 560  
 In wiles, yet weary, question'd me, and said.

Oh Atreus' son, by what confed'rate God  
 Instructed liest thou in wait for me,  
 To seize and hold me? what is thy desire?

So He; to whom thus answer I return'd. 565  
 Old Seer! thou know'st; why, fraudulent, should'st thou ask?  
 It is because I have been prison'd long  
 Within this isle, whence I have sought in vain  
 Deliv'rance, 'till my wonted courage fails.  
 Yet say (for the Immortals all things know) 570  
 What God detains me, and my course forbids  
 Hence to my country o'er the fishy Deep?

So I; when thus the old one of the waves.  
 \* But thy plain duty was to have adored  
 Jove, first, in sacrifice, and all the Gods, 575  
 That then embarking, by propitious gales  
 Impell'd, thou might'st have reach'd thy country soon.  
 For thou art doom'd ne'er to behold again  
 Thy friends, thy palace, or thy native shores,  
 'Till thou have seen once more the hallow'd flood 580  
 Of Ægypt, and with hecatombs adored  
 Devout, the deathless tenants of the skies.  
 Then will they speed thee whither thou desir'st.

He ended, and my heart broke at his words,  
 Which bade me pass again the gloomy gulph 585

\* From the abruptness of this beginning, Virgil, probably, who has copied the story, took the hint of his admired exordium

Nam quis te, juvenum confidentissime, nostras  
 Egit adire domos.

To Ægypt; tedious course, and hard to atchieve!  
Yet, though in sorrow whelm'd, I thus replied.

Old prophet! I will all thy will perform.  
But tell me, and the truth simply reveal;  
Have the Achæians with their ships arrived 590  
All safe, whom Nestor left and I, at Troy?  
Or of the Chiefs have any in their barks,  
Or in their followers' arms found a dire death  
Unlook'd for, since that city's siege we clos'd?

I spake, when answer thus the God return'd. 595  
Atides, why these questions? Need is none  
That thou should'st all my secrets learn, which once  
Reveal'd, thou would'st not long dry-eyed remain.  
Of those no few have died, and many live;  
But leaders, two alone, in their return 600  
Have died (thou also hast had war to wage)  
And one, still living, roams the boundless sea.

\*Ajax, surrounded by his galleys, died.  
Him Neptune, first, against the bulky rocks  
The Gyræ drove, but saved him from the Deep; 605  
Nor had he perish'd, hated as he was  
By Pallas, but for his own impious boast  
In frenzy utter'd, that he would escape  
The billows, even in the Gods' despite.  
Neptune that speech vain-glorious hearing, grasp'd 610  
His trident, and the huge Gyræan rock  
Smiting indignant, dash'd it half away;

\* Son of Oileus.

Part flood, and part, on which the boaster sat  
 When, first, the brainfick fury seiz'd him, fell,  
 Bearing him with it down into the gulphs 615  
 Of Ocean, where he drank the brine, and died.  
 But thy own brother in his barks escaped  
 That fate, by Juno faved; yet when, at length,  
 He should have gain'd Malea's craggy shore,  
 Then, by a sudden tempest caught, he flew 620  
 With many a groan far o'er the fishy Deep  
 To the land's utmost point, where once his home  
 Thyestes had, but where Thyestes' son  
 Dwelt then, Ægisthus. Easy lay his course  
 And open thence, and, as it pleased the Gods, 625  
 The shifted wind soon bore them to their home.  
 He, high in exultation, trod the shore  
 That gave him birth, kiss'd it, and, at the sight,  
 The welcome sight of Greece, shed many a tear.  
 Yet not unseen he landed; for a spy, 630  
 One whom the shrewd Ægisthus had seduced  
 By promise of two golden talents, mark'd  
 His coming from a rock where he had watch'd  
 The year complete, left, passing unperceived,  
 The King should reassert his right in arms. 635  
 Swift flew the spy with tidings to his Lord,  
 And He, incontinent, this project framed  
 Infidious. Twenty men, the boldest hearts  
 Of all the people, from the rest he chose,  
 Whom he in ambush placed, and others charged 640  
 Diligent

Diligent to prepare the festal board.  
 With horses, then, and chariots forth he drove  
 Full-fraught with mischief, and conducting home  
 The unsuspecting King, amid the feast  
 Slew him, as at his crib men slay an ox. 645  
 Nor of thy brother's train, nor of his train  
 Who slew thy brother, one survived, but all,  
 Welt'ring in blood together, there expired.

He ended, and his words beat on my heart  
 As they would break it. On the sands I sat 650  
 Weeping, nor life nor light desiring more.  
 But when I had in dust roll'd me, and wept  
 To full satiety, mine ear again  
 The oracle of Ocean thus address'd.

Sit not, O son of Atreus! weeping here 655  
 Longer, for remedy can none be found;  
 But quick arising, trial make, how best  
 Thou shalt, and soonest, reach thy home again.  
 For either him still living thou shalt find,  
 Or ere thou come, Orestes shall have slain 660  
 The traitor, and thine eyes shall see his tomb.

He ceas'd, and I, afflicted as I was,  
 Yet felt my spirit at that word refresh'd,  
 And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.

Of these I am inform'd; but name the third 665  
 Who, dead or living, on the boundless Deep  
 Is still detain'd; I dread, yet wish to hear.

So I; to whom thus Proteus in return.  
 Laertes' son, the Lord of Ithaca—  
 Him in an island weeping I beheld, 670  
 Guest of the nymph Calypso, by constraint  
 Her guest, and from his native land withheld  
 By sad necessity; for ships well-oar'd,  
 Or faithful followers hath he none, whose aid  
 Might speed him safely o'er the spacious flood. 675  
 But, Menelaus dear to Jove! thy fate  
 Ordains not thee the stroke of death to meet  
 In speed-famed Argos, but far hence the Gods  
 Will send thee to Elysium, and the earth's  
 Extremeſt bounds; (there Rhadamanthus dwells, 680  
 The golden-hair'd, and there the human kind  
 Enjoy the easiest life; no snow is there,  
 No biting winter, and no drenching show'r,  
 But zephyr always gently from the sea  
 Breathes on them, to refresh the happy race) 685  
 For that fair Helen is by nuptial bands  
 Thy own, and thou art son-in-law of Jove.

So saying, he plunged into the billowy waste.  
 I then, with my brave comrades to the fleet  
 Return'd, deep-musing as I went, and sad. 690  
 No sooner had I reach'd my ship beside  
 The ocean, and we all had supp'd, than night  
 From heav'n fell on us, and, at ease reposed  
 Along the margin of the sea, we slept.  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 695  
 Look'd

Look'd rofy forth, drawing our galleys down  
 Into the sacred Deep, we rear'd again  
 The mast, unfurled the fail, and to our seats  
 On board returning, thresh'd the foamy flood.  
 Once more, at length, within the hallow'd stream 700  
 Of Ægypt mooring, on the shore I flew  
 Whole hecatombs, and (the displeasure thus  
 Of the Immortal Gods appeas'd) I reared  
 To Agamemnon's never-dying fame  
 A tomb, and finishing it, fail'd again 705  
 With such a gale from heaven vouchsafed, as sent  
 My ships swift-scudding to the shores of Greece.  
 But come—eleven days wait here, or twelve  
 A guest with me, when I will fend thee hence  
 Nobly, and honour'd with illustrious gifts, 710  
 With polish'd chariot, with three princely steeds,  
 And with a gorgeous cup, that to the Gods  
 Libation pouring ever while thou liv'st  
 From that same cup, thou may'st remember me.  
 Him, prudent, then answer'd Telemachus. 715  
 Atrides, seek not to detain me here  
 Long time; for though contented I could sit  
 The year beside thee, nor regret my home  
 Or parents, (so delightful thy discourse  
 Sounds in my ear) yet, even now, I know, 720  
 That my attendants to the Pylian shore  
 Wish my return, whom thou thus long detain'st.

What

What boon foc'er thou giv'st me, be it such  
 As I may treasur'd keep; but horses none  
 Take I to Ithaca; them rather far 725  
 Keep thou, for thy own glory. Thou art Lord  
 Of an extended plain, where copious springs  
 The lotus, herbage of all favours, wheat,  
 Pulse, and white barley of luxuriant growth.  
 But Ithaca no level campaign owns, 730  
 A nursery of goats, and yet a land  
 Fairer than even pastures to the eye.  
 No sea-encircled isle of ours affords  
 Smooth course commodious, and expanse of meads,  
 But my own Ithaca transcends them all! 735  
     He said; the Hero Menelaus smiled,  
 And stroaking tenderly his cheek, replied.  
 Dear youth! thy speech proclaims thy noble blood.  
 I can with ease supply thee from within  
 With what shall suit thee better, and the gift 740  
 Of all that I possess which most excels  
 In beauty, and the noblest shall be thine.  
 I give thee, wrought elaborate, a cup  
 Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold.  
 It is the work of Vulcan, which to me 745  
 The Hero Phædimus imparted, King  
 Of the Sidonians, when on my return  
 His house received me. That shall be thy own.  
     Thus they conferr'd; and now the busy train  
Of



Of \* menials culinary, at the gate 750

Enter'd of Menelaus, Chief renown'd;

They brought him sheep, with heart-ennobling wine,

While all their wives, their brows with frontlets bound,

Came charg'd with bread. Thus busy they prepared

A banquet in the mansion of the King. 755

Meantime, before Ulysses' palace gate

The suitors sported with the quoit and spear

On the smooth area, customary scene

Of all their strife and angry clamour loud.

There sat Antinoüs, and the godlike youth 760

Eurymachus, superior to the rest

And Chiefs among them, to whom Phronius' son

Noëmon drawing nigh, with anxious mien

Question'd Antinoüs, and thus began.

Know we, Antinoüs! or know we not, 765

When to expect Telemachus at home

Again from Pylus? In my ship he went,

Which now I need, that I may cross the sea

To Elis, on whose spacious plain I feed

Twelve mares, each suckling a mule-colt as yet 770

Unbroken, but of which I purpose one

To ferry thence, and break him into use.

He spake, whom they astonish'd heard; for him

They deem'd not to Neliän Pylus gone,

But haply into his own fields, his flocks 775

\* Δξιτυμων—generally signifies the founder of a feast; but we are taught by Eustathius to understand by it, in this place, the persons employed in preparing it.

To visit, or the steward of his swine.

Then thus, Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, spake.

Say true. When sail'd he forth? of all our youth,  
Whom chose he for his followers? his own train  
Of slaves and hirelings? Hath he pow'r to effect 780  
This also? Tell me too, for I would learn—  
Took he perforce thy fable bark away,  
Or gav't it to him at his first demand?

To whom Noïmon, Phronius' son, replied.

I gave it voluntary; what could'st thou, 785  
Should such a prince petition for thy bark  
In such distress? Hard were it to refuse.  
Brave youths (our bravest youths except yourselves)  
Attend him forth; and with them I observed  
Mentor embarking, ruler o'er them all, 790  
Or, if not him, a God; for such he seem'd.  
But this much moves my wonder. Yester-morn  
I saw, at day-break, noble Mentor here,  
Whom shipp'd for Pylus I had seen before.

He ceas'd; and to his father's house return'd; 795  
They, hearing, sat aghast. Their games meantime  
Finish'd, the suitors on their seats repos'd,  
To whom Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, next,  
Much troubled spake; a black storm overcharged  
His bosom, and his vivid eyes flash'd fire. 800

Ye Gods, a proud exploit is here atchieved,  
This voyage of Telemachus, by us  
Pronounced impracticable; yet the boy

In downright opposition to us all,  
 Hath headlong launched a ship, and, with a band 805  
 Selected from our bravest youth, is gone.  
 He soon will prove more mischievous, whose pow'r  
 Jove wither, ere we suffer its effects!  
 But give me a swift bark with twenty rowers,  
 That, watching his return within the freights 810  
 Of rocky Samos and of Ithaca,  
 I may surprize him; so shall he have fail'd  
 To seek his Sire, fatally for himself.

He ceased, and loud applause heard in reply,  
 With warm encouragement. Then, rising all, 815  
 Into Ulysses' house at once they throng'd.  
 Nor was Penelope left uninformed  
 Long time of their clandestine plottings deep,  
 For herald Medon told her all, whose ear  
 Their councils caught while in the outer-court 820  
 He stood, and they that project framed within.  
 Swift to Penelope the tale he bore,  
 Who as he pass'd the gate, him thus address'd.

For what cause, herald! have the suitors sent  
 Thee foremost? Wou'd they that my maidens lay 825  
 Their tasks aside, and dress the board for them?  
 Here end their wooing! may they hence depart  
 Never, and may the banquet now prepared,  
 This banquet prove your \* last! who in such throngs

\* This transition from the third to the second person belongs to the original, and is considered as a fine stroke of art in the poet, who represents Penelope in the warmth of her resentment, forgetting where she is, and addressing the suitors as if present.

Here meeting, waste the patrimony fair 830  
 Of brave Telemachus; ye never, fure,  
 When children, heard how gracious and how good  
 Ulyffes dwelt among your parents, none  
 Of all his people, or in word or deed  
 Injuring, as great princes oft are wont, 835  
 By favour influenc'd now, now by disgust.  
 He no man wrong'd at any time; but plain  
 Your wicked purpose in your deeds appears,  
 Who sense have none of benefits conferr'd.

Then Medon answer thus, prudent, return'd. 840  
 Oh Queen! may the Gods grant this prove the worst.  
 But greater far and heavier ills than this  
 The suitors plan, whose counsels Jove confound!  
 Their base desire and purpose are to slay  
 Telemachus on his return; for he, 845  
 To gather tidings of his Sire is gone  
 To Pylus, or to Sparta's land divine.

He said; and where she stood, her trembling knees  
 Fail'd under her, and all her spirits went.  
 Speechless she long remain'd, tears fill'd her eyes, 850  
 And inarticulate in its passage died  
 Her utterance, 'till at last with pain she spake.

Herald! why went my son? he hath no need  
 On board swift ships to ride, which are to man  
 His steeds that bear him over seas remote. 855  
 Went he, that, with himself, his very name  
 Might perish from among mankind for ever?

Then

Then answer, thus, Medon the wife return'd.  
 I know not whether him some God impell'd  
 Or his own heart to Pylus, there to hear 860  
 News of his Sire's return, or by what fate  
 At least he died, if he return no more.

He said, and traversing Ulysses' courts,  
 Departed; she, with heart-consuming woe  
 O'erwhelm'd, no longer could endure to take 865  
 Repose on any of her num'rous seats,  
 But on the threshold of her chamber-door  
 Lamenting sat, while all her female train  
 Around her moan'd, the antient and the young,  
 Whom, sobbing, thus, Penelope bespake. 870

Hear me, ye maidens! for of women born  
 Coeval with me, none hath e'er received  
 Such plenteous sorrow from the Gods as I,  
 Who first my noble husband lost, endued  
 With courage lion-like, of all the Greeks 875  
 The Chief with ev'ry virtue most adorn'd,  
 A prince all-excellent, whose glorious praise  
 Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffus'd.  
 And now, my darling son,—him storms have snatch'd  
 Far hence inglorious, and I knew it not. 880  
 Ah treach'rous servants! conscious as ye were  
 Of his design, not one of you the thought  
 Conceiv'd to wake me when he went on board.  
 For had but the report once reach'd my ear,  
 He either had not gone (how much soe'er 885  
 He

He wish'd to leave me) or had left me dead.  
 But haste ye,—bid my antient servant come,  
 Dolion (whom when I left my father's house  
 He gave me, and whose office is to attend  
 My num'rous garden-plants) that he may seek 890  
 At once Laertes, and may tell him all,  
 Who may contrive some remedy, perchance,  
 Or fit expedient, and shall come abroad  
 To weep before the men who wish to slay  
 Even the prince, godlike Ulysses' son. 895

Then thus the gentle Euryclea spake,  
 Nurse of Telemachus. Alas! my Queen!  
 Slay me, or spare, deal with me as thou wilt,  
 I will confess the truth. I knew it all.  
 I gave him all that he required from me, 900  
 Both wine and bread, and, at his bidding, swore  
 To tell thee nought in twelve whole days to come,  
 Or 'till, enquiry made, thou should'st thyself  
 Learn his departure, lest thou should'st impair  
 Thy lovely features with excess of grief. 905  
 But lave thyself, and, fresh attired, ascend  
 To thy own chamber, there, with all thy train,  
 To worship Pallas, who shall save, thenceforth,  
 Thy son from death, what ills foe'er he meet.  
 Add not fresh sorrows to the present woes 910  
 Of the old King, for I believe not yet  
 Arcefius' race entirely by the Gods  
 Renounced, but trust that there shall still be found

Among

Among them, who shall dwell in royal state,  
And reap the fruits of fertile fields remote. 915

So saying, she hush'd her sorrow, and her eyes  
No longer stream'd. Then, bathed and fresh attired,  
Penelope ascended with her train  
The upper palace, and a basket stored  
With hallow'd cakes offering, to Pallas pray'd. 920

Hear matchless daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd!  
If ever wife Ulysses offer'd here  
The thighs of fatted kine or sheep to thee,  
Now mindful of his piety, preserve  
His darling son, and frustrate with a frown 925  
The cruelty of these imperious guests!

She said, and wept aloud, whose earnest suit  
Pallas received. And now the spacious hall  
And gloomy passages with tumult rang  
And clamour of that throng, when thus, a youth 930  
Insolent as his fellows, dared to speak.

Much woo'd and long, the Queen at length prepares  
\* To chuse another mate, and nought suspects  
The bloody death to which her son is doom'd.

So he; but they, meantime, themselves remain'd 935  
Untaught, what course the dread concern elsewhere  
Had taken, whom Antinoüs thus address'd.

Sirs! one and all, I counsel you, beware  
Of such bold boasting unadvised; lest one  
O'erhearing you, report your words within. 940

\* Mistaking, perhaps, the sound of her voice, and imagining that she sang.

Vide Barnes in loco.

No—rather thus, in silence, let us move  
To an exploit so pleafant to us all.

He faid, and twenty chofe, the bravest there,  
With whom he fought the galley on the shore,  
Which drawing down into the Deep, they placed 945  
The maft and fails on board, and, fitting, next,  
Each oar in order to its proper groove,  
Unfurl'd and fpread their canvas to the gale.  
Their bold attendants, then, brought them their arms,  
And foon as in deep water they had moor'd 950  
The fhip, themfelves embarking, fupp'd on board,  
And watch'd impatient for the dusk of eve.

But when Penelope, the palace ftairs  
Remounting, had her upper chamber reach'd,  
There, unrefresh'd with either food or wine, 955  
She lay'd her down, her noble fon the theme  
Of all her thoughts, whether he fhould efcape  
His haughty foes, or perifh by their hands.  
Num'rous as are the lion's thoughts, who fees,  
Not without fear, a multitude with toils 960  
Encircling him around, fuch num'rous thoughts  
Her bofom occupied, 'till fleep at length  
Invading her, fhe fank in foft repofe.

Then Pallas, teeming with a new defign,  
Set forth an airy phantom in the form 965  
Of fair Iphthima, daughter of the brave  
Icarius, and Eumelus' wedded wife  
In Pheræ. Shaped like her the dream fhe fent  
Into the manfion of the godlike Chief

Ulyffes,



Ulyffes, with kind purpose to abate 970  
 The sighs and tears of sad Penelope.  
 Ent'ring the chamber-portal, where the bolt  
 Secured it, at her head the image stood,  
 And thus, in terms compassionate, began.  
 Sleep'ft thou, distress'd Penelope? The Gods, 975  
 Happy in everlasting rest themselves,  
 Forbid thy sorrows. Thou shalt yet behold  
 Thy son again, who hath by no offence  
 Incurr'd at any time the wrath of heav'n.  
 To whom, sweet-slumb'ring in the shadowy gate 980  
 By which dreams pass, Penelope replied.  
 What cause, my sister, brings thee, who art seen  
 Unfrequent here, for that thou dwell'ft remote?  
 And thou enjoin'ft me a cessation too  
 From sorrows num'rous, and which, fretting, wear 985  
 My heart continual; first, my spouse I lost  
 With courage lion-like endow'd, a prince  
 All-excellent, whose never-dying praise  
 Through Hellas and all Argos flew diffus'd;  
 And now my only son, new to the toils 990  
 And hazards of the sea, nor less untaught  
 The arts of traffic, in a ship is gone  
 Far hence, for whose dear cause I sorrow more  
 Than for his Sire himself, and even shake  
 With terrour, lest he perish by their hands 995  
 To whom he goes, or in the stormy Deep;

For num'rous are his foes, and all intent  
To slay him, ere he reach his home again.

Then answer thus the shadowy form return'd.  
Take courage; suffer not excessive dread 1000  
To overwhelm thee, such a guide he hath  
And guardian, one whom many with their friend,  
And ever at their side, knowing her pow'r,  
Minerva; she compassionates thy griefs,  
And I am here, her harbinger, who speak 1005  
As thou hast heard by her own kind command.

Then thus Penelope the wife replied.  
Oh! if thou art a Goddess, and hast heard  
A Goddess' voice, rehearse to me the lot  
Of that unhappy one, if yet he live 1010  
Spectator of the chearful beams of day,  
Or if, already dead, he dwell below.

Whom answer'd thus the fleeting shadow vain.  
I will not now inform thee if thy Lord  
Live, or live not. Vain words are best unspoken. 1015

So saying, her egress swift beside the bolt  
She made, and melted into air. Upsprang  
From sleep Icarius' daughter, and her heart  
Felt heal'd within her, by that dream distinct  
Visited in the noiseless night serene. 1020

Meantime the suitors urged their wat'ry way,  
To instant death devoting in their hearts  
Telemachus. There is a rocky isle

In the mid fea, Samos the rude between  
And Ithaca, not large, named Afteris. 1025  
It hath commodious havens, into which  
A passage clear opens on either side,  
And there the ambush'd Greeks his coming watch'd.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

F I F T H B O O K.

Mercury bears to Calypso a command from Jupiter that she dismiss Ulysses. She, after some remonstrances, promises obedience and furnishes him with implements and materials, with which he constructs a raft. He quits Calypso's island; is persecuted by Neptune with dreadful tempests, but by the assistance of a sea nymph, after having lost his raft, is enabled to swim to Phæacia.

B O O K V.

**A**URORA from beside her glorious mate  
Tithonus now arose, light to dispense  
Through earth and heav'n, when the assembled Gods  
In council sat, o'er whom high-thund'ring Jove  
Presided, mightiest of the Pow'rs above. 5  
Amid them, Pallas on the num'rous woes  
Descanted of Ulysses, whom she saw  
With grief, still prison'd in Calypso's isle.  
Jove, Father, hear me, and ye other Pow'rs  
Who live for ever, hear! Be never King 10  
Henceforth to gracious acts inclined, humane,  
Or righteous, but let ev'ry sceptred hand

Rule

Rule mercilefs, and deal in wrong alone,  
 Since none of all his people whom he fway'd  
 With fuch paternal gentlenefs and love 15  
 Remembers, now, divine Ulyffes more.  
 He, in yon diftant ifle a fuff'rer lies  
 Of hopelefs forrow, through constraint the gueft  
 Still of the nymph Calypfo, without means  
 Or pow'r to reach his native fhores again, 20  
 Alike of gallant barks and friends deprived,  
 Who might conduct him o'er the fpacious Deep.  
 Nor this is all, but enemies combine  
 To flay his fon ere yet he can return  
 From Pylus, whither he hath gone to learn 25  
 There, or in Sparta, tidings of his Sire.

To whom the cloud-affembler God replied.  
 What word hath pafs'd thy lips, daughter belov'd?  
 Haft thou not purpos'd that arriving foon  
 At home, Ulyffes fhall deftroy his foes? 30  
 Guide thou, Telemachus, (for well thou canft)  
 That he may reach fecure his native coaft,  
 And that the fuitors baffled may return.

He ceas'd, and thus to Hermes fpake, his fon.  
 Hermes! (for thou art herald of our will 35  
 At all times) to yon bright-hair'd nymph convey  
 Our fixt refolve, that brave Ulyffes thence  
 Depart, unaccompanied by God or man.  
 Borne on a corded raft, and fuff'ring woe  
 Extreme, he on the twentieth day fhall reach, 40

Not

Not sooner, Scherie the deep-foil'd, possess'd  
 By the Phæacians, kinsmen of the Gods.  
 They, as a God shall reverence the Chief,  
 And in a bark of theirs shall send him thence  
 To his own home, much treasure, brass and gold 45  
 And raiment giving him, to an amount  
 Surpassing all that, had he safe return'd,  
 He should by lot have shared of Ilium's spoil.  
 Thus Fate appoints Ulysses to regain  
 His country, his own palace, and his friends. 50

He ended, nor the Argicide refused,  
 Messenger of the skies; his sandals fair,  
 Ambrosial, golden, to his feet he bound,  
 Which o'er the moist wave, rapid as the wind,  
 Bear him, and o'er th' illimitable earth, 55  
 Then took his rod with which, at will, all eyes  
 He closes soft, or opens them wide again.  
 So arm'd, forth flew the valiant Argicide.  
 Alighting on Pieria, down he stoop'd  
 To Ocean, and the billows lightly skim'd 60  
 In form a sea-mew, such as in the bays  
 Tremendous of the barren Deep her food  
 Seeking, dips oft in brine her ample wing.  
 In such disguise o'er many a wave he rode,  
 But reaching, now, that isle remote, forsook 65  
 The azure Deep, and at the spacious grot,  
 Where dwelt the amber-tressed nymph arrived,  
 Found her within. A fire on all the hearth

Blazed

Blazed sprightly, and, afar-diffused, the scent  
 Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress-wood 70  
 Odorous, burning, cheer'd the happy isle.  
 She, busied at the loom, and plying fast  
 Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice  
 Sat chaunting there; a grove on either side,  
 Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch 75  
 Wide-spread of Cypress, skirted dark the cave.  
 There many a bird of broadest pinion built  
 Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, and daw  
 Long-tongued, frequenter of the sandy shores.  
 A garden-vine luxuriant on all sides 80  
 Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung  
 Profuse; four fountains of sereneest lymph  
 Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,  
 Stray'd all around, and ev'ry where appear'd  
 Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er 85  
 With violets; it was a scene to fill  
 A God from heav'n with wonder and delight.  
 Hermes, Heav'n's messenger, admiring stood  
 That sight, and having all survey'd, at length  
 Enter'd the grotto; nor the lovely nymph 90  
 Him knew not soon as seen, for not unknown  
 Each to the other the Immortals are,  
 How far soever separate their abodes.  
 Yet found he not within the mighty Chief  
 Ulysses; he sat weeping on the shore, 95  
 Forlorn, for there his custom was with groans

Of sad regret t' afflict his breaking heart,  
 Looking continual o'er the barren Deep.  
 Then thus Calypso, nymph divine, the God  
 Question'd, from her resplendent throne august. 100

Hermes! possessor of the potent rod!  
 Who, though by me much rev'renc'd and belov'd,  
 So seldom com'st, say, wherefore comest now?  
 Speak thy desire; I grant it, if thou ask  
 Things possible, and possible to me. 105  
 Stay not, but ent'ring farther, at my board  
 Due rites of hospitality receive.

So saying, the Goddess with ambrosial food  
 Her table cover'd, and with rosy juice  
 Nectareous charged the cup. Then ate and drank 110  
 The argicide and herald of the skies,  
 And in his soul with that repast divine  
 Refresh'd, his message to the nymph declared.

Questionest thou, a Goddess, me a God?  
 I tell thee truth, since such is thy demand. 115  
 Not willing, but by Jove constrain'd, I come.  
 For who would, voluntary, such a breadth  
 Enormous measure of the salt expanse,  
 Where city none is seen in which the Gods  
 Are serv'd with chosen hecatombs and pray'r? 120  
 But no divinity may the designs  
 Elude, or contravert, of Jove supreme.  
 He saith, that here thou hold'st the most distress  
 Of all those warriors who nine years assail'd



The city of Priam, and, (that city sack'd) 125  
 Departed in the tenth; but, going thence,  
 Offended Pallas, who with adverse winds  
 Oppos'd their voyage, and with boist'rous waves.

Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him  
 Billows and storms drove hither; Jove commands 130  
 That thou dismiss him hence without delay,  
 For fate ordains him not to perish here  
 From all his friends remote, but he is doom'd  
 To see them yet again, and to arrive  
 At his own palace in his native land. 135

He said; divine Calypso at the sound  
 Shudder'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Ye are unjust, ye Gods, and envious past  
 All others, grudging if a Goddess take  
 A mortal man openly to her arms! 140  
 So, when the rosy-finger'd Morning chose  
 Orion, though ye live yourselves at ease,  
 Yet ye all envied her, until the chaste  
 Diana from her golden throne dispatch'd  
 A silent shaft, which flew him in Ortygia. 145  
 So, when the golden-tress'd Ceres, urg'd  
 By passion, took Iasion to her arms  
 In a thrice-labour'd fallow, not untaught  
 Was Jove that secret long, and, hearing it,  
 Indignant, flew him with his caudent bolt. 150

So also, O ye Gods, ye envy me  
 The mortal man, my consort. Him I saved

Q

Myself,

Myself, while solitary on his keel  
 He rode, for with his sulph'rous arrow Jove  
 Had cleft his bark amid the fable Deep. 155  
 Then perish'd all his gallant friends, but him  
 Billows and storms drove hither, whom I lov'd  
 Sincere, and fondly destin'd to a life  
 Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.  
 But since no Deity may the designs 160  
 Elude or controvert of Jove supreme,  
 Hence with him o'er the barren Deep, if such  
 The Sov'reign's will, and such his stern command.  
 But undismis'd he goes by me, who ships  
 Myself well-ear'd and mariners have none 165  
 To send with him athwart the spacious flood;  
 Yet freely, readily, my best advice  
 I will afford him, that, escaping all  
 Danger, he may regain his native shore.

Then Hermes thus, the messenger of heav'n. 170  
 Act as thou say'it, fearing the frown of Jove,  
 Left, if provoked, he spare not even thee.

So saying, the dauntless Argicide withdrew,  
 And she (Jove's mandate heard) all-graceful went,  
 Seeking the brave Ulysses; on the shore 175  
 She found him seated; tears succeeding tears  
 Delug'd his eyes, while, hopeless of return,  
 Life's precious hours to eating cares he gave  
 Continual, with the nymph now charm'd no more.  
 Yet, cold as she was am'rous, still he pass'd 180

His

His nights beside her in the hollow grot,  
 Constrain'd, and day by day the rocks among  
 Which lined the shore heart-broken sat, and oft  
 While wistfully he eyed the barren Deep,  
 Wept, groan'd, desponded, sigh'd, and wept again. 185  
 Then, drawing near, thus spake the nymph divine.

Unhappy! weep not here, nor life consume  
 In anguish; go; thou hast my glad consent.  
 Arise to labour; hewing down the trunks  
 Of lofty trees, fashion them with the ax 190  
 To a broad raft, which closely floor'd above,  
 Shall hence convey thee o'er the gloomy Deep.  
 Bread, water, and the red grape's cheering juice  
 Myself will put on board, which shall preserve  
 Thy life from famine; I will also give 195  
 New raiment for thy limbs, and will dispatch  
 Winds after thee to waft thee home unharm'd,  
 If such the pleasure of the Gods who dwell  
 In yonder boundless heav'n, superior far  
 To me, in knowledge and in skill to judge. 200

She ceas'd; but horror at that sound the heart  
 Chill'd of Ulysses, and in accents wing'd  
 With wonder, thus the noble Chief replied.

Ah! other thoughts than of my safe return  
 Employ thee, Goddess, now, who bid'st me pass 205  
 The perilous gulph of Ocean on a raft,  
 That wild expanse terrible, which even ships  
 Pass not, though form'd to cleave their way with ease,

And joyful in propitious winds from Jove.  
 No—let me never, in despight of thee, 210  
 Embark on board a raft, nor 'till thou swear,  
 Oh Goddess! the inviolable oath,  
 That future mischief thou intend'st me none.

He said; Calypso, beauteous Goddess, smiled,  
 And, while she spake, stroaking his cheek, replied. 215

Thou dost asperse me rudely, and excuse  
 Of ignorance hast none, far better taught;  
 What words were these? How could'st thou thus reply?  
 Now hear me Earth, and the wide Heav'n above!  
 Hear, too, ye waters of the Stygian stream 220  
 Under the earth (by which the blessed Gods  
 Swear trembling, and revere the awful oath!)  
 That future mischief I intend thee none.

No, my designs concerning thee are such  
 As, in an exigence resembling thine, 225  
 Myself, most sure, should for myself conceive.  
 I have a mind more equal, not of steel  
 My heart is form'd, but much to pity inclined.

So saying, the lovely Goddess with swift pace  
 Led on, whose footsteps he as swift pursued. 230  
 Within the vaulted cavern they arrived,  
 The Goddess and the man; on the same throne  
 Ulysses sat, whence Hermes had aris'n,  
 And viands of all kinds, such as sustain  
 The life of mortal man, Calypso placed 235  
 Before him, both for bev'rage and for food.

She

She opposite to the illustrious Chief  
 Reposed, by her attendant maidens served  
 With nectar and ambrosia. They their hands  
 Stretch'd forth together to the ready feast, 240  
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst remain'd  
 Unfated, thus the beauteous nymph began.

Laertes' noble son, for wisdom famed  
 And artifice! oh canst thou thus resolve  
 To seek, incontinent, thy native shores? 245  
 I pardon thee. Farewell! but could'st thou guess  
 The woes which fate ordains thee to endure  
 Ere yet thou reach thy country, well-content  
 Here to inhabit, thou would'st keep my grot  
 And be immortal, howsoe'er thy wife 250  
 Engage thy ev'ry wish day after day.  
 Yet can I not in stature or in form  
 Myself suspect inferior aught to her,  
 Since competition cannot be between  
 Mere mortal beauties, and a form divine. 255

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied,  
 Awful Divinity! be not incensed.  
 I know that my Penelope in form  
 And stature altogether yields to thee,  
 For she is mortal, and immortal thou, 260  
 From age exempt; yet not the less I wish  
 My home, and languish daily to return.  
 But should some God amid the fable Deep  
 Dash me again into a wreck, my soul

Shall.

Shall bear *that* also; for, by practice taught; 265  
 I have learned patience, having much endured  
 By tempest and in battle both. Come then  
 This evil also! I am well prepared.

He ended, and the sun sinking, resign'd  
 The earth to darkness. Then in a recess 270  
 Interior of the cavern, side by side  
 Reposed, they took their amorous delight.  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Look'd rosy forth, Ulysses then in haste  
 Put on his vest and mantle, and, the nymph 275  
 Her snowy vesture of transparent woof,  
 Graceful, redundant; to her waist she bound  
 Her golden zone, and veil'd her beauteous head,  
 Then, musing, plann'd the noble Chief's return.  
 She gave him, fitted to the grasp, an ax 280  
 Of iron, pond'rous, double edg'd, with haft  
 Of olive-wood, inserted firm, and wrought  
 With curious art. Then, placing in his hand  
 A polish'd adze, she led, herself, the way  
 To her isles' utmost verge, where tallest trees 285  
 But dry long since and sapless stood, which best  
 Might serve his purposes, as buoyant most,  
 The alder, poplar, and cloud-piercing fir.  
 To that tall grove she led and left him there,  
 Seeking her grot again. Then slept not He, 290  
 But, swinging with both hands the ax, his task  
 Soon finish'd; trees full twenty to the ground

He

He cast, which, dext'rous, with his adze he smooth'd,  
 The knotted surface chipping by a line.  
 Meantime the lovely Goddess to his aid 295  
 Sharp augres brought, with which he bored the beams,  
 Then, side by side placing them, fitted each  
 To other, and with long cramps join'd them all.  
 Broad as an artist, skill'd in naval works,  
 The bottom of a ship of burthen spreads, 300  
 Such breadth Ulysses to his raft assign'd.  
 He deck'd her over with long planks, upborne  
 On massy beams; He made the mast, to which  
 He added suitable the yard;—he framed  
 Rudder and helm to regulate her course, 305  
 With wicker-work he border'd all her length  
 For safety, and much ballast stow'd within.  
 Meantime, Calypso brought him for a sail  
 Fittest materials, which he also shap'd,  
 And to his sail due furniture annex'd 310  
 Of cordage strong, foot-ropes and ropes aloft,  
 Then heav'd her down with levers to the Deep.  
 He finish'd all his work on the fourth day,  
 And on the fifth, Calypso, nymph divine,  
 Dismiss'd him from her isle, but lav'd him first, 315  
 And cloath'd him in sweet-scented garments new.  
 Two skins the Goddess also placed on board,  
 One charg'd with crimson wine, and ampler one  
 With water, nor a bag with food replete  
 Forgot, nutritious, grateful to the taste, 320  
 Nor

Nor yet, her latest gift, a gentle gale,  
 And manageable, which Ulysses spread,  
 Exulting, all his canvas to receive.  
 Beside the helm he sat, steering expert,  
 Nor sleep fell ever on his eyes that watch'd  
 Intent the Pleiads, tardy in decline  
 Bootes, and the Bear, call'd else the Wain,  
 Which, in his polar prison circling, looks  
 Direct toward Orion, and alone  
 Of these sinks never to the briny Deep. 330  
 That star the lovely Goddess bade him hold  
 Continual on his left through all his course.  
 Ten days and sev'n, he, navigating, cleav'd  
 The brine, and on the eighteenth day, at length,  
 The shadowy mountains of Phæacia's land 335  
 Descried, where nearest to his course it lay  
 Like a broad buckler on the waves afloat.

But Neptune, now returning from the land  
 Of Æthiopia, mark'd him on his raft  
 Skimming the billows, from the mountain-tops 340  
 Of distant Solyma\*. With tenfold wrath  
 Inflamed that sight he view'd, his brows he shook,  
 And thus within himself, indignant, spake.

So then—new counsels in the skies, it seems,  
 Propitious to Ulysses, have prevail'd 345  
 Since Æthiopia hath been my abode.

\* The Solymi were the antient inhabitants of Pisidia in Asia-Minor.



He sees Phæacia nigh, where he must leap  
The bound'ry of his woes; but ere that hour  
Arrive, I will ensure him many a groan.

So saying, he grasp'd his trident, gather'd dense 350  
The clouds and troubled ocean; ev'ry storm  
From ev'ry point he summon'd, earth and sea  
Darkening, and the night fell black from heav'n.  
The East, the South, the heavy-blowing West,  
And the cold North-wind clear, assail'd at once 355  
His raft, and heaved on high the billowy flood.  
All hope, all courage, in that moment, lost,  
The Hero thus within himself complain'd.

Wretch that I am, what destiny at last  
Attends me! much I fear the Goddess' words 360  
All true, which threaten'd me with num'rous ills  
On the wide sea, ere I should reach my home.  
Behold them all fulfill'd! with what a storm  
Jove hangs the heav'ns, and agitates the Deep!  
The winds combined beat on me. Now I sink! 365  
Thrice blest, and more than thrice, Achaia's sons  
At Ilium slain for the Atridæ' sake!

Ah, would to heav'n that, dying, I had felt  
That day the stroke of fate, when me the dead  
Achilles guarding, with a thousand spears 370  
Troy's furious host assail'd! Funereal rites  
I then had shared, and praise from ev'ry Greek,  
Whom now the most inglorious death awaits.

While thus he spake, a billow on his head  
 Bursting impetuous, whirl'd the raft around, 375  
 And, dashing from his grasp the helm, himself  
 Plunged far remote. Then came a sudden gust  
 Of mingling winds, that in the middle snapp'd  
 His mast, and, hurried o'er the waves afar,  
 Both sail and sail-yard fell into the flood. 380  
 Long time submerged he lay, nor could with ease  
 The violence of that dread shock surmount,  
 Or rise to air again, so burthensome  
 His drench'd apparel proved; but, at the last,  
 He rose, and, rising, sputter'd from his lips 385  
 The brine that trickled copious from his brows.  
 Nor, harrass'd as he was, resign'd he yet  
 His raft, but buffeting the waves aside  
 With desp'rate efforts, seized it, and again  
 Fast seated on the middle deck, escaped. 390  
 Then roll'd the raft at random in the flood,  
 Wallowing unwieldy, tofs'd from wave to wave.  
 As when in autumn, Boreas o'er the plain  
 Conglomerated thorns before him drives,  
 They, tangled, to each other close adhere, 395  
 So her the winds drove wild about the Deep.  
 By turns the South consign'd her to be sport  
 For the rude North-wind, and, by turns, the East  
 Yielded her to the worrying West a prey.  
 But Cadmus' beauteous daughter (Ino once, 400  
 Now named Leucothea) saw him; mortal erst

Was

Was she, and trod the earth \*, but nymph become  
 Of Ocean since, in honours shares divine.  
 She mark'd his anguish, and, while tofs'd he roam'd,  
 Piti'd Ulysses; from the flood, in form 405  
 A cormorant, she flew, and on the raft  
 Close-corded perching, thus the Chief address'd.

Alas! unhappy! how hast thou incens'd  
 So terribly the Shaker of the shores,  
 That he pursues thee with such num'rous ills? 410  
 Sink thee he cannot, wish it as he may.  
 Thus do (for I account thee not unwise)  
 Thy garments putting off, let drive thy raft  
 As the winds will, then, swimming, strive to reach  
 Phæacia, where thy doom is to escape. 415  
 Take this. This ribbon bind beneath thy breast,  
 Celestial texture. Thenceforth ev'ry fear  
 Of death dismiss, and, laying once thy hands  
 On the firm continent, unbind the zone,  
 Which thou shalt cast far distant from the shore 420  
 Into the Deep, turning thy face away.

So saying, the Goddess gave into his hand  
 The wond'rous zone, and, cormorant in form,  
 Plunging herself into the waves again  
 Headlong, was hidden by the closing flood. 425  
 But still Ulysses sat perplex'd, and thus  
 The toil-enduring Hero reason'd sad.

\* The Translator finding himself free to chuse between *ἀδρίσσα* and *ἰδρίσσα*, has preferred the latter.

Alas ! I tremble lest some God design  
 T' ensnare me yet, bidding me quit the raft.  
 But let me well beware how I obey 430  
 Too soon that precept, for I saw the land  
 Of my foretold deliv'rance far remote.  
 Thus, therefore, will I do, for such appears  
 My wiser course. So long as yet the planks  
 Mutual adhere, continuing on board 435  
 My raft, I will endure whatever woes,  
 But when the waves shall shatter it, I will swim,  
 My sole resource then left. While thus he mused,  
 Neptune a billow of enormous bulk  
 Hollow'd into an overwhelming arch 440  
 On high up-heaving, smote him. As the wind  
 Tempestuous, falling on some stubble-heap,  
 The arid straws dissipates ev'ry way,  
 So flew the timbers. He, a single beam  
 Beftriding, oar'd it onward with his feet, 445  
 As he had urged an horse. His raiment, then,  
 Gift of Calypso, putting off, he bound  
 His girdle on, and prone into the sea  
 With wide-spread palms prepar'd for swimming, fell.  
 Shore-shaker Neptune noted him ; he shook 450  
 His awful brows, and in his heart he said,  
 Thus, suff'ring many mis'ries roam the flood,  
 'Till thou shalt mingle with a race of men  
 Heav'n's special favourites ; yet even there  
 Fear not that thou shalt feel thy sorrows light. 455  
 He

He said, and scourging his bright steeds, arrived  
At Ægæ, where his glorious palace stands.

But other thoughts Minerva's mind employ'd  
Jove's daughter; ev'ry wind binding beside,  
She lull'd them, and enjoin'd them all to sleep, 460  
But roused swift Boreas, and the billows broke  
Before Ulysses, that, deliver'd safe  
From a dire death, the noble Chief might mix  
With maritime Phæacia's sons renown'd.

Two nights he wander'd, and two days, the flood 465  
Tempestuous, death expecting ev'ry hour;  
But when Aurora, radiant-hair'd, had brought  
The third day to a close, then ceas'd the wind,  
And breathless came a calm; he, nigh at hand  
The shore beheld, darting acute his sight 470  
Toward it, from a billow's tow'ring top.

Precious as to his children seems the life  
Of some fond father through disease long-time  
And pain stretch'd languid on his couch, the prey  
Of some vindictive Pow'r, but now, at last, 475  
By gracious heav'n to ease and health restored,  
So grateful to Ulysses' sight appear'd  
Forests and hills. Impatient with his feet  
To press the shore, he swam; but when within  
Such distance as a shout may fly, he came, 480  
The thunder of the sea against the rocks.  
Then smote his ear; for hoarse the billows roar'd.  
On the firm land, belch'd horrible abroad,

And

And the salt spray dimm'd all things to his view.  
 For neither port for ships nor sheltering cove 485  
 Was there, but the rude coast a headland bluff  
 Presented, rocks and craggy masses huge.  
 Then, hope and strength exhausted both, deep-groan'd  
 The Chief, and in his noble heart complain'd.

Alas! though Jove hath given me to behold, 490  
 Unhoped, the land again, and I have pass'd,  
 Furrowing my way, these numerous waves, there seems  
 No egress from the hoary flood for me.  
 Sharp stones hem in the waters; wild the surge  
 Raves ev'rywhere; and smooth the rocks arise; 495  
 Deep also is the shore, on which my feet  
 No standing gain, or chance of safe escape.  
 What if some billow catch me from the Deep  
 Emerging, and against the pointed rocks  
 Dash me conflicting with its force in vain? 500  
 But should I, swimming, trace the coast in search  
 Of sloping beach, haven or shelter'd creek,  
 I fear lest, groaning, I be snatch'd again  
 By stormy gusts into the fishy Deep,  
 Or lest some monster of the flood receive 505  
 Command to seize me, of the many such  
 By the illustrious Amphitrite bred;  
 For that the mighty Shaker of the shores  
 Hates me-implacable, too well I know.

While such discourse within himself he held, 510  
 A huge wave heav'd him on the rugged coast,

Where

Where flay'd his flesh had been, and all his bones  
Broken together, but for the infused  
Good counsel of Minerva azure-eyed.

With both hands suddenly he seized the rock, 515  
And, groaning, clench'd it 'till the billow pass'd.

So baffled he that wave; but yet again  
The reflux flood rush'd on him, and with force  
Resistless dash'd him far into the sea.

As pebbles to the hollow polypus 520

Extracted from his stony bed, adhere,  
So he, the rough rocks clasping, stripp'd his hands  
Raw, and the billows now whelm'd him again.

Then had the hapless Hero premature  
Perish'd, but for sagacity inspired 525

By Pallas azure-eyed. Forth from the waves  
Emerging, where the surf burst on the rocks,  
He coasted (looking landward as he swam)  
The shore, with hope of port or level beach.

But when, still swimming, to the mouth he came 530  
Of a smooth-sliding river, there he deem'd

Safest th' ascent, for it was undeform'd  
By rocks, and shelter'd close from ev'ry wind.  
He felt the current, and thus, ardent, pray'd.

Oh hear, whate'er thy name, Sov'reign, who rul'st 535  
This river! at whose mouth, from all the threats  
Of Neptune 'scap'd, with rapture I arrive.

Even the Immortal Gods the wand'rer's pray'r  
Respect, and such am I, who reach, at length,

Thy

Thy stream, and clasp thy knees, after long toil. 540  
 I am thy suppliant. Oh King! pity me.

He said; the river God at once repress'd  
 His current, and it ceas'd; smooth he prepared  
 The way before Ulysses, and the land  
 Vouchsafed him easy at his channel's mouth. 545

There, once again he bent for ease his limbs  
 Both arms and knees, in conflict with the floods  
 Exhausted; swollen his body was all o'er,  
 And from his mouth and nostrils stream'd the brine.  
 Breathless and speechless, and of life well nigh 550

Bereft he lay, through dreadful toil immense.  
 But when, revived, his dissipated pow'rs  
 He recollected, loosing from beneath  
 His breast the zone divine, he cast it far  
 Into the brackish stream, and a huge wave 555

Returning bore it downward to the sea,  
 Where Ino caught it. Then, the river's brink  
 Abandoning, among the rushes prone  
 He lay, kiss'd oft the foil, and sighing, said,

Ah me! what sufferings must I now sustain, 560  
 What doom, at last, awaits me? If I watch  
 This woeful night, here, at the river's side,  
 What hope but that the frost and copious dews,  
 Weak as I am, my remnant small of life  
 Shall quite extinguish, and the chilly air 565  
 Breath'd from the river at the dawn of day?  
 But if, ascending, this declivity



I gain the woods, and in some thicket sleep,  
 (If sleep indeed can find me overtoil'd  
 And cold-benumb'd) then I have cause to fear  
 Lest I be torn by wild beasts, and devour'd;

Long time he mused, but, at the last, his course  
 Bent to the woods, which not remote he saw  
 From the sea-brink, conspicuous on a hill.  
 Arrived, between two neighbour shrubs he crept, 575  
 Both olives, this the fruitful, that the wild;  
 A covert, which nor rough winds blowing moist  
 Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun  
 Smite through it, or unceasing show'rs pervade,  
 So thick a roof the ample branches form'd 580  
 Close interwoven; under these the Chief  
 Retiring, with industrious hands a bed  
 Collected broad of leaves, which there he found  
 Abundant strew'd, such as had sufficed  
 Two travellers or three for cov'ring warm, 585  
 Though winter's roughest blasts had rag'd the while.  
 That bed with joy the suff'ring Chief renown'd  
 Contemplated, and occupying soon  
 The middle space, hillock'd it high with leaves.  
 As when some swain hath hidden deep his torch 590  
 Beneath the embers, at the verge extreme  
 Of all his farm, where, having neighbours none,  
 He saves a feed or two of future flame  
 Alive, doom'd else to fetch it from afar,

So with dry leaves Ulyffes overspread 595  
His body, on whose eyes Minerva pour'd  
The balm of sleep copious, that he might taste  
Repose again, after long toil severe.

A R G U M E N T  
OF THE  
S I X T H B O O K

Minerva designing an interview between the daughter of Alcinoüs and Ulyſſes, admoniſhes her in a dream to carry down her cloaths to the river, that ſhe may waſh them, and make them ready for her approaching nuptials. That taſk performed, the Princeſs and her train amuſe themſelves with play; by accident they awake Ulyſſes; he comes forth from the wood, and applies himſelf with much addreſs to Naulicaa, who compaſſionating his diſtreſſed condition, and being much affected by the dignity of his appearance, intereſts herſelf in his favor, and conducts him to the city.

B O O K VI.

**T**HERE then the noble ſuff'rer lay, by ſleep  
Oppreſs'd and labour; meantime, Pallas fought  
The populous city of Phæacia's ſons.  
They, in old time, in Hypereia dwelt  
The ſpacious, neighbours of a giant race 5  
The haughty Cyclops, who, endued with pow'r  
Superior, troubled them with frequent wrongs.  
Godlike Naulithoüs then aroſe, who thence  
To Scheria led them, from all nations verſed  
In arts of cultivated life, remote; 10

With bulwarks strong their city he enclosed,  
 Built houses for them, temples to the Gods,  
 And gave to each a portion of the soil.  
 But he, already by decree of fate  
 Had journey'd to the shades, and in his stead,      15  
 Alcinoüs, by the Gods instructed, reign'd.  
 To his abode Minerva azure-eyed  
 Repair'd, neglecting nought which might advance  
 Magnanimous Ulysses' safe return.  
 She sought the sumptuous chamber where, in form      20  
 And feature perfect as the Gods, the young  
 Nausicaa, daughter of the King, reposed:  
 Fast by the pillars of the portal lay  
 Two damsels, one on either side, adorn'd  
 By all the Graces, and the doors were shut.      25  
 Soft as a breathing air, she stole toward  
 The royal virgin's couch, and at her head  
 Standing, address'd her. Daughter she appear'd  
 Of Dymas, famed for maritime exploits,  
 Her friend and her coeval; so disguised      30  
 Cærulean-eyed Minerva thus began.

Nausicaa! wherefore hath thy mother borne  
 A child so negligent? Thy garments share,  
 Thy most magnificent, no thought of thine.  
 Yet thou must marry soon, and must provide      35  
 Robes for thyself, and for thy nuptial train.  
 Thy fame, on these concerns, and honour stand;  
 These managed well, thy parents shall rejoice.

The

The dawn appearing, let us to the place  
 Of washing, where thy work-mate I will be 40  
 For speedier riddance of thy task, since soon  
 The days of thy virginity shall end;  
 For thou art woo'd already by the prime  
 Of all Phæacia, country of thy birth.  
 Come then—solicit at the dawn of day 45  
 Thy royal father, that he send thee forth  
 With mules and carriage for conveyance hence  
 Of thy best robes, thy mantles and thy zones.  
 Thus, more commodiously thou shalt perform  
 The journey, for the cisterns lie remote. 50

So saying, Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed,  
 Rose to Olympus, the reputed seat  
 Eternal of the Gods, which never storms  
 Disturb, rains drench, or snow invades, but calm  
 The expanse and cloudless shines with purest day. 55  
 There the inhabitants divine rejoice  
 For ever, and (her admonition giv'n)  
 Cærulean-eyed Minerva thither flew.

Now came Aurora bright-enthroned, whose rays  
 Awaken'd fair Nausicaa; she her dream 60  
 Remember'd wond'ring, and her parents sought  
 Anxious to tell them. Them she found within.  
 Beside the hearth her royal mother sat,  
 Spinning soft fleeces with sea-purple dyed  
 Among her menial maidens, but she met 65  
 Her father, whom the Nobles of the land

Had

Had fummon'd, iffuing abroad to join  
 The illuftrious Chiefs in council. At his fide  
 She flood, and thus her filial fuit preferr'd.

\* Sir! wilt thou lend me of the royal wains 70  
 A fumpter-carriage? for I wifh to bear  
 My costly cloaths but fullied and unfit  
 For ufe, at prefent, to the river-fide.  
 It is but feemly that thou fhould'ft repair  
 Thyfelf to confultation with the Chiefs 75  
 Of all Phæacia, clad in pure attire;  
 And my own brothers five, who dwell at home,  
 Two wedded, and the reft of age to wed,  
 Are all defirous, when they dance, to wear  
 Raiment new bleach'd; all which is my concern. 80

So fpake Nausicaa; for fhe dared not name  
 Her own glad nuptials to her father's ear,  
 Who, confcious yet of all her drift, replied.

I grudge thee neither mules, my child, nor aught  
 That thou canft afk befide. Go, and my train 85  
 Shall furnifh thee a fumpter-carriage forth  
 High-built, ftrong-wheel'd, and of capacious fize.

So faying, he iffued his command, whom quick  
 His grooms obey'd. They in the court prepared  
 The fumpter-carriage, and adjoin'd the mules. 90  
 And now the virgin from her chamber, charged

\* In the Original, fhe calls him, pappa! a more natural ftile of address, and more endearing. But antient as this appellative is, it is alfo fo familiar in modern ufe, that the Tranflator feared to hazard it.

With raiment, came, which on the car she placed,  
 And in the carriage-chest, meantime, the Queen,  
 Her mother, viands of all kinds disposed,  
 And fill'd a skin with wine. Nausicaa rose 95  
 Into her seat; but, ere she went, received  
 A golden cruse of oil from the Queen's hand  
 For unction of herself and of her maids.  
 Then, seizing scourge and reins, she lash'd the mules.  
 They trampled loud the soil, straining to draw 100  
 Herself with all her vesture; nor alone  
 She went, but follow'd by her virgin train.  
 At the delightful rivulet arrived  
 Where those perennial cisterns were prepared  
 With purest chrystal of the fountain fed 105  
 Profuse, sufficient for the deepest stains,  
 Loosing the mules, they drove them forth to browse  
 On the sweet herb beside the dimpled flood.  
 The carriage, next, light'ning, they bore in hand  
 The garments down to the un sullied wave, 110  
 And thrust them heap'd into the pools, their task  
 Dispatching brisk, and with an emulous haste.  
 When they had all purified, and no spot  
 Could now be seen or blemish more, they spread  
 The raiment orderly along the beach 115  
 Where dashing tides had cleansed the pebbles most,  
 And laving, next, and smoothing o'er with oil  
 Their limbs, all seated on the river's bank,  
 They took repast, leaving the garments, stretch'd

In noon-day fervour of the sun, to dry, 120  
 Their hunger satisfied, at once arose  
 The mistress and her train, and putting off  
 Their head-attire, play'd wanton with the ball,  
 The princess fing'ring to her maids the while.  
 Such as shaft-arm'd Diana roams the hills, 125  
 Taygetus sky-capt, or Erymanth,  
 The wild boar chafing, or fleet-footed hind,  
 All joy; the rural nymphs, daughters of Jove,  
 Sport with her, and Latona's heart exults;  
 She high her graceful head above the rest 130  
 And features lifts divine, though all be fair,  
 With ease distinguishable from them all;  
 So, all her train, she, virgin pure, surpass'd.

But when the hour of her departure thence  
 Approach'd (the mules now yoked again, and all 135  
 Her elegant apparel folded neat)  
 Minerva azure-eyed mus'd how to wake  
 Ulysses, that he might behold the fair  
 Virgin, his destin'd guide into the town.  
 The Princess, then, casting the ball toward 140  
 A maiden of her train, erroneous threw  
 And plunged it deep into the dimpling stream.  
 All shriek'd; Ulysses at the sound awoke,  
 And, sitting, meditated thus the cause.

Ah me! what mortal race inhabit here? 145  
 Rude are they, contumacious and unjust?  
 Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods?



So shrill the cry and feminine of nymphs  
 Fills all the air around, such as frequent  
 The hills, clear fountains, and herbaceous meads. 150  
 Is this a neighbourhood of men endued  
 With voice articulate? But what avails  
 To ask? I will myself go forth and see.

So saying, divine Ulysses from beneath  
 His thicket crept, and from the leafy wood 155  
 A spreading branch pluck'd forcibly, design'd  
 A decent skreen effectual, held before.  
 So forth he went, as goes the lion forth,  
 The mountain-lion, conscious of his strength,  
 Whom winds have vex'd and rains; fire fills his eyes,  
 And whether herds or flocks, or woodland deer 162  
 He find, he rends them, and, adust for blood,  
 Abstains not even from the guarded fold,  
 Such sure to seem in virgin eyes, the Chief,  
 All naked as he was, left his retreat, 165  
 Reluctant, by necessity constrain'd.  
 Him foul with sea-foam horror-struck they view'd,  
 And o'er the jutting shores fled all dispersed.  
 Nausicaa alone fled not; for her  
 Pallas courageous made, and from her limbs, 170  
 By pow'r divine, all tremour took away.  
 Firm she expected him; he doubtful stood,  
 Or to implore the lovely maid, her knees  
 Embracing, or, aloof standing, to ask  
 In gentle terms discrete the gift of cloaths, 175

And guidance to the city where she dwelt.  
 Him so deliberating, most, at length,  
 This counsel pleas'd; in suppliant terms aloof  
 To sue to her, lest if he clasp'd her knees,  
 The virgin should that bolder course resent. 180  
 Then gentle, thus, and well-advised he spake.

Oh Queen! thy earnest suppliant I approach.  
 Art thou some Goddess, or of mortal race?  
 For if some Goddess, and from heaven arrived,  
 Diana, then, daughter of mighty Jove 185  
 I deem thee most, for such as hers appear  
 Thy form, thy stature, and thy air divine.  
 But, if, of mortal race, thou dwell below,  
 Thrice happy then, thy parents I account,  
 And happy thrice thy brethren. Ah! the joy 190  
 Which always, for thy sake, their bosoms fills,  
 When thee they view, all lovely as thou art,  
 Ent'ring majestic on the graceful dance.  
 But him beyond all others blest I deem,  
 The youth, who, wealthier than his rich compeers, 195  
 Shall win and lead thee to his honour'd home.

For never with these eyes a mortal form  
 Beheld I comparable aught to thine,  
 In man or woman. Wonder-rapt I gaze.  
 Such erst, in Delos, I beheld a palm 200  
 Beside the altar of Apollo, tall,  
 And growing still; (for thither too I sail'd,  
 And num'rous were my followers in a voyage

Ordain'd

Ordain'd my ruin) and as then I view'd  
 That palm long time amazed, for never grew 205  
 So strait a shaft, so lovely from the ground,  
 So, Princess! thee with wonder I behold,  
 Charm'd into fixt astonishment, by awe  
 Alone forbidden to embrace thy knees,  
 For I am one on whom much woe hath fall'n. 210  
 Yesterday I escaped (the twentieth day  
 Of my distress by sea) the dreary Deep;  
 For, all those days, the waves and rapid storms  
 Bore me along, impetuous, from the isle  
 Ogygia; 'till at length the will of heav'n 215  
 Cast me, that I might also here sustain  
 Affliction, on your shore; for rest, I think,  
 Is not for me. No. The immortal Gods  
 Have much to accomplish ere that day arrive.  
 But, oh Queen, pity me! who after long 220  
 Calamities endured, of all who live  
 Thee first approach, nor mortal know beside  
 Of the inhabitants of all the land.  
 Shew me your city; give me, although coarse,  
 Some cov'ring (if coarse cov'ring *thou* canst give) 225  
 And may the Gods thy largest wishes grant,  
 House, husband, concord! for of all the gifts  
 Of heav'n, more precious none I deem, than peace  
 'Twixt wedded pair, and union undissolved;  
 Envy torments their enemies, but joy 230  
 Fills ev'ry virtuous breast, and most their own.

To whom Nauficæa the fair replied.  
 Since, stranger! neither base by birth thou seem'st,  
 Nor unintelligent, (but Jove, the King  
 Olympian, gives to good and bad alike 235  
 Prosperity according to his will,  
 And grief to thee, which thou must patient bear)  
 Now, therefore, at our land and city arrived,  
 Nor garment thou shalt want, nor aught beside  
 Due to a suppliant guest like thee forlorn. 240  
 I will both show thee where our city stands,  
 And who dwell here. Phæacia's sons possess  
 This land; but I am daughter of their King.  
 The brave Alcinoüs, on whose sway depends  
 For strength and wealth the whole Phæacian race. 245

She said, and to her beauteous maidens gave  
 Infant commandment—My attendants, stay!  
 Why flee ye thus, and whither, from the fight  
 Of a mere mortal? Seems he in your eyes  
 Some enemy of ours? The heart beats not, 250  
 Nor shall it beat hereafter, which shall come  
 An enemy to the Phæacian shores,  
 So dear to the immortal Gods are we.  
 Remote, amid the billowy Deep, we hold  
 Our dwelling, utmost of all human-kind, 255  
 And free from mixture with a foreign race.  
 This man, a miserable wand'rer comes,  
 Whom we are bound to cherish, for the poor  
 And stranger are from Jove, and trivial gifts

To

To such are welcome. Bring ye therefore food 260  
 And wine, my maidens, for the guest's regale,  
 And lave him where the stream is shelter'd most.

She spake; they stood, and by each other's words  
 Encouraged, placed Ulysses where the bank  
 O'erhung the stream, as fair Nauficæa bade, 265  
 Daughter of King Alcinoüs the renown'd.

Apparel also at his side they spread,  
 Mantle and vest, and, next, the limpid oil  
 Presenting to him in the golden cruse,  
 Exhorted him to bathe in the clear stream. 270

Ulysses then the maidens thus bespake.  
 Ye maidens, stand apart, that I may cleanse,  
 Myself, my shoulders from the briny surf,  
 And give them oil which they have wanted long.  
 But in your presence I bathe not, ashamed. 275  
 To show myself uncloath'd to female eyes.

He said; they went, and to Nauficæa told  
 His answer; then the Hero in the stream  
 His shoulders laved, and loins incrusted rough  
 With the salt spray, and with his hands the scum. 280  
 Of the wild ocean from his locks express'd.

Thus wash'd all over, and refresh'd with oil,  
 He put the garments on, Nauficæa's gift.  
 Then Pallas, progeny of Jove, his form  
 Dilated more, and from his head diffused 285  
 His curling locks like hyacinthine flowers.

As when some artist, by Minerva made

And

And Vulcan wife to execute all tasks  
 Ingenious, binding with a golden verge  
 Bright silver, finishes a graceful work, 290  
 Such grace the Goddesses o'er his ample chest  
 Copious diffused, and o'er his manly brows.  
 Retiring, on the beach he sat, with grace  
 And dignity illumed, where, viewing him,  
 The virgin Princess, with amazement mark'd 295  
 His beauty, and her damsels thus bespake.

My white-arm'd maidens, listen to my voice!  
 Not hated, sure, by all above, this man  
 Among Phæacia's godlike sons arrives.  
 At first I deem'd him of plebeian sort 300  
 Dishonourable, but he now assumes  
 A near resemblance to the Gods above.  
 Ah! would to heav'n it were my lot to call  
 Husband, some native of our land like him  
 Accomplish'd, and content to inhabit here! 305  
 Give him, my maidens, food, and give him wine.

She ended; they, obedient to her will,  
 Both wine and food, dispatchful, placed, and, glad,  
 Before Ulysses; he rapacious ate,  
 Toil-suffring Chief, and drank, for he had lived 310  
 From taste of aliment long time estranged.

On other thoughts meantime intent, her charge  
 Of folded vestments neat the Princess placed  
 Within the royal wain, then yoked the mules,  
 And to her seat herself ascending, call'd 315  
 Ulysses

Ulyffes to depart, and thus ſhe ſpake.

Up, ſtranger ! ſeek the city. I will lead  
Thy ſteps toward my royal Father's houſe,  
Where all Phæacia's Nobles thou ſhalt ſee.

But thou (for I account thee not unwife) 320

This courſe purſue. While through the fields we paſs,

And labours of the rural hind, ſo long

With my attendants follow faſt the mules

And ſumpter-carriage. I will be thy guide.

But, once the ſummit gain'd, on which is built 325

Our city with proud bulwarks fenced around,

And laved on both ſides by its pleaſant port

Of narrow entrance, where our gallant barks

Line all the road, each ſtation'd in her place,

And where, adjoining cloſe the ſplendid fane 330

Of Neptune, ſtands the forum with huge ſtones

From quarries thither drawn, conſtructed ſtrong,

In which the rigging of their barks they keep

Sail-cloth and cordage, and make ſmooth their oars ;

(For bow and quiver the Phæacian race 335

Heed not, but maſts and oars, and ſhips well-poised,

With which exulting they divide the flood)

Then, cautious, I would ſhun their bitter taunts

Diſguiſtful, leſt they mock me as I paſs ;

For of the meaner people ſome are coarſe 340

In the extreme, and it may chance that one,

The beſt there, ſeeing us ſhall exclaim—

What handſome ſtranger of athletic form

Attends

Attends the Princess? Where had she the chance  
 To find him? We shall see them wedded soon. 345  
 Either she hath received some vagrant guest  
 From distant lands, (for no land neighbours ours)  
 Or by her pray'rs incessant won, some God  
 Hath left the heav'ns to be for ever hers.  
 'Tis well if she have found, by her own search, 350  
 An husband for herself, since she accounts  
 The Nobles of Phæacia, who her hand  
 Solicit num'rous, worthy to be scorn'd—  
 Thus will they speak, injurious. I should blame  
 A virgin guilty of such conduct much, 355  
 Myself, who reckless of her parents will,  
 Should so familiar with a man consort,  
 Ere celebration of her spousal rites.  
 But mark me, stranger! following my advice,  
 Thou shalt the sooner at my father's hands 360  
 Obtain safe conduct and conveyance home.  
 Sacred to Pallas a delightful grove  
 Of poplars skirts the road, which we shall reach  
 Ere long; within that grove a fountain flows,  
 And meads encircle it; my father's farm 365  
 Is there, and his luxuriant garden-plot;  
 A shout might reach it from the city-walls.  
 There wait, 'till in the town arrived, we gain  
 My father's palace, and when reason bids  
 Suppose us there, then ent'ring thou the town, 370  
 Ask where Alcinoüs dwells, my valiant Sire.

Well



Well known is his abode, so that with ease  
 A child might lead thee to it, for in nought  
 The other houses of our land the house  
 Resemble, in which dwells the Hero, King 375  
 Alcinoüs. Once within the court received  
 Pause not, but, with swift pace advancing, seek  
 My mother; she beside a column sits  
 In the hearth's blaze, twirling her fleecy threads  
 Tinged with sea-purple, bright, magnificent! 380  
 With all her maidens orderly behind.  
 There also stands my father's throne, on which  
 Seated, he drinks and banquets like a God.  
 Pass that; then suppliant clasp my mother's knees,  
 So shalt thou quickly win a glad return 385  
 To thy own home, however far remote.  
 Her favour, once, and her kind aid secured,  
 Thenceforth thou may'st expect thy friends to see,  
 Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again.

So saying, she with her splendid scourge the mules 390  
 Lash'd onward. They (the stream soon left behind)  
 With even footsteps graceful smote the ground;  
 But so she ruled them, managing with art  
 The scourge, as not to leave afar, although  
 Following on foot, Ulysses and her train. 395  
 The sun had now declined, when in that grove  
 Renown'd, to Pallas sacred, they arrived,  
 In which Ulysses sat, and fervent thus  
 Sued to the daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd.

Daughter invincible of Jove supreme! 400  
Oh, hear me! Hear me now, because when erst  
The mighty Shaker of the shores incens'd  
Toss'd me from wave to wave, thou heard'st me not.  
Grant me, among Phæacia's sons, to find  
Benevolence and pity of my woes! 405

He spake, whose pray'r well-pleas'd the Goddess heard,  
But, rev'rencing the \* brother of her sire,  
Appear'd not to Ulysses yet, whom he  
Pursued with fury to his native shores.

\* Neptune.

A R G U M E N T  
 OF THE  
 S E V E N T H B O O K.

Nausicaa returns from the river, whom Ulysses follows. He halts, by her direction, at a small distance from the palace, which at a convenient time he enters. He is well received by Alcinoüs and his Queen; and having related to them the manner of his being cast on the shore of Scheria, and received from Alcinoüs the promise of safe conduct home, retires to rest.

B O O K VII.

**S**UCH pray'r Ulysses, toil-worn Chief renown'd,  
 To Pallas made; meantime the virgin, drawn  
 By her stout mules, Phæacia's city reach'd,  
 And, at her father's house arrived, the car  
 Stay'd in the vestibule; her brothers five, 5  
 All godlike youths, assembling quick around,  
 Released the mules, and bore the raiment in.  
 Meantime, to her own chamber she return'd,  
 Where, soon as she arrived, an antient dame  
 Eurymedusa, by peculiar charge 10  
 Attendant on that service, kindled fire.  
 Sea-rovers her had from Epirus brought

Long since, and to Alcinoüs she had fall'n  
 By public gift, for that he ruled, supreme,  
 Phæacia, and as oft as he harangued 15  
 The multitude, was rev'renced as a God.  
 She waited on the fair Nausicaa, she  
 Her fuel kindled, and her food prepared.  
 And now Ulysses from his feat arose  
 To seek the city, around whom, his guard 20  
 Benevolent, Minerva, cast a cloud,  
 Left, haply, some Phæacian should presume  
 T' insult the Chief, and question whence he came.  
 But ere he enter'd yet the pleasant town,  
 Minerva azure-eyed met him, in form 25  
 A blooming maid, bearing her pitcher forth.  
 She stood before him, and the noble Chief  
 Ulysses, of the Goddess thus enquired.  
     Daughter! wilt thou direct me to the house  
 Of brave Alcinoüs, whom this land obeys? 30  
 For I have here arrived, after long toil,  
 And from a country far remote, a guest  
 To all who in Phæacia dwell, unknown.  
     To whom the Goddess of the azure-eyes.  
 The mansion of thy search, stranger revered! 35  
 Myself will shew thee; for not distant dwells  
 Alcinoüs from my father's own abode:  
 But hush! be silent—I will lead the way;  
 Mark no man; question no man; for the sight  
 Of strangers is unusual here, and cold 40  
The

The welcome by this people shown to such.  
 They, trusting in swift ships, by the free grant  
 Of Neptune traverse his wide waters, borne  
 As if on wings, or with the speed of thought.

So spake the Goddess, and with nimble pace 45  
 Led on, whose footsteps he, as quick, pursued.

But still the seaman-throng through whom he pass'd  
 Perceiv'd him not; Minerva, Goddess dread,  
 That fight forbidding them, whose eyes she dimm'd  
 With darkness shed miraculous around 50

Her fav'rite Chief. Ulysses, wond'ring, mark'd  
 Their port, their ships, their forum, the resort  
 Of Heroes, and their battlements sublime  
 Fenced with sharp stakes around, a glorious show!  
 But when the King's august abode he reach'd, 55  
 Minerva azure-eyed, then, thus began.

My father! thou behold'st the house to which  
 Thou bad'st me lead thee. Thou shalt find our Chiefs  
 And high-born Princes banquetting within.  
 But enter fearing nought, for boldest men 60  
 Speed ever best, come whencefoe'er they may.

First thou shalt find the Queen, known by her name  
 Areta; lineal in descent from those

Who gave Alcinoüs birth, her royal spouse.  
 Neptune begat Naufithoüs, at the first, 65

On Peribæa, loveliest of her sex,  
 Latest-born daughter of Eurymedon,  
 Heroic King of the proud giant race,

But

Who, losing all his impious people, shared  
 The same dread fate himself. Her Neptune lov'd, 70  
 To whom she bore a son, the mighty prince  
 Naufithoüs, in his day King of the land.  
 Naufithoüs himself two sons begat,  
 Rhexenor and Alcinoüs. Phoebus flew  
 Rhexenor at his home, a bridegroom yet, 75  
 Who, father of no son, one daughter left,  
 Areta, wedded to Alcinoüs now,  
 And whom the Sov'reign in such honour holds,  
 As woman none enjoys of all on earth  
 Existing, subjects of an husband's pow'r. 80  
 Like veneration she from all receives  
 Unfeign'd, from her own children, from himself  
 Alcinoüs, and from all Phæacia's race,  
 Who, gazing on her as she were divine,  
 Shout when she moves in progress through the town. 85  
 For she no wisdom wants, but sits, herself,  
 Arbitress of such contests as arise  
 Between her fav'rites, and decides aright.  
 Her count'nance once and her kind aid secured,  
 Thou may'st thenceforth expect thy friends to see, 90  
 Thy dwelling, and thy native soil again.  
 So Pallas spake, Goddess æruëan-eyed,  
 And, o'er the untillable and barren Deep  
 Departing, Scheria left, land of delight,  
 Whence reaching Marathon, and Athens next, 95  
 She pass'd into Eretheus' fair abode.

Ulysses,

Ulyſſes, then, toward the palace moved  
Of King Alcinoüs, but immerſed in thought  
Stood, firſt, and pauſed, ere with his foot he prefs'd  
The brazen threshold; for a light he ſaw 100  
As of the ſun or moon illuming clear  
The palace of Phæacia's mighty King.  
Walls plated bright with braſs, on either ſide  
Stretch'd from the portal to th' interior houſe,  
With azure cornice crown'd; the doors were gold 105  
Which ſhut the palace faſt; ſilver the poſts  
Rear'd on a brazen threshold, and above,  
The lintels, ſilver, architrued with gold.  
Maſtiffs, in gold and ſilver, lined the approach  
On either ſide, by art ceſtial framed 110  
Of Vulcan, guardians of Alcinoüs gate  
For ever, unobnoxious to decay.  
Sheer from the threshold to the inner houſe  
Fixt thrones the walls, through all their length, adorn'd,  
With mantles overſpread of ſubtleſt warp 115  
Transparent, work of many a female hand.  
On theſe the princes of Phæacia ſat,  
Holding perpetual feaſts, while golden youths  
On all the ſumptuous altars ſtood, their hands  
With burning torches charg'd, which, night by night,  
Shed radiance over all the feſtive throng. 121  
Full fifty female menials ſerv'd the King  
In houſehold offices; the rapid mills  
Theſe turning, pulverize the mellow'd grain,

Thoſe,

Those, seated orderly, the purple fleece 125  
 Wind off, or ply the loom, restless as leaves  
 Of lofty poplars fluttering in the breeze ;  
 \* Bright as with oil the new-wrought texture shone.  
 Far as Phæacian mariners all else  
 Surpass, the swift ship urging through the floods, 130  
 So far in tissue-work the women pass  
 All others, by Minerva's self endow'd  
 With richest fancy and superior skill.  
 Without the court, and to the gates adjoin'd  
 A spacious garden lay, fenced all around 135  
 Secure, four acres measuring complete.  
 There grew luxuriant many a lofty tree,  
 Pomegranate, pear, the apple blushing bright,  
 The honied fig, and unctuous olive smooth.  
 Those fruits, nor winter's cold nor summer's heat 140  
 Fear ever, fail not, wither not, but hang  
 Perennial, while unceasing zephyr breathes  
 Gently on all, enlarging these, and those  
 Maturing genial ; in an endless course  
 Pears after pears to full dimensions swell, 145  
 Figs follow figs, grapes clust'ring grow again  
 Where clusters grew, and (ev'ry apple stript)  
 The boughs soon tempt the gath'rer as before.

\* *Καιροσίω δ' ὀθονεὼν ἀπολείβεται ὕγρον ἴλαιον.*

Pope has given no translation of this line in the text of his work, but has translated it in a note. It is variously interpreted by commentators ; the sense which is here given of it is that recommended by Eustathius.

There



There too, well-rooted, and of fruit profuse,  
 His vineyard grows; part, wide-extended, basks 150  
 In the sun's beams; the arid level glows;  
 In part they gather, and in part they tread  
 The wine-press, while, before the eye, the grapes  
 Here put their blossom forth, there, gather fast  
 Their blackness. On the garden's verge extreme 155  
 Flow'rs of all hues smile all the year, arranged  
 With neatest art judicious, and amid  
 The lovely scene two fountains welling forth,  
 One visits, into ev'ry part diffused,  
 The garden-ground, the other soft beneath 160  
 The threshold steals into the palace-court,  
 Whence ev'ry citizen his vase supplies.

Such were the ample blessings on the house  
 Of King Alcinoüs by the Gods bestow'd.

Ulysses wond'ring stood, and when, at length, 165  
 Silent he had the whole fair scene admired,  
 With rapid step enter'd the royal gate.  
 The Chiefs he found and Senators within  
 Libation pouring to the vigilant spy  
 Mercurius, whom with wine they worshipp'd last 170  
 Of all the Gods, and at the hour of rest.  
 Ulysses, toil-worn Hero, through the house  
 Pass'd undelaying, by Minerva thick  
 With darkness circumfus'd, 'till he arrived  
 Where King Alcinoüs and Areta sat. 175  
 Around Areta's knees his arms he cast,

And, in that moment, broken clear away  
 The cloud all went, shed on him from above.  
 Dumb sat the guests, seeing the unknown Chief,  
 And wond'ring gazed. He thus his suit preferr'd. 180

Arcta, daughter of the Godlike Prince  
 Rhexenor! suppliant at thy knees I fall,  
 Thy royal spouse imploring, and thyself,  
 (After ten thousand toils) and these your guests,  
 To whom heav'n grant felicity, and to leave 185  
 Their treasures to their babes, with all the rights  
 And honours, by the people's suffrage, theirs!  
 But oh vouchsafe me, who have wanted long  
 And ardent wish'd my home, without delay  
 Safe conduct to my native shores again! 190

Such suit he made, and in the ashes sat  
 At the hearth-side; they mute long time remain'd,  
 'Till, at the la, the ancient Hero spake  
 Echeneus, eldest of Phæacia's sons,  
 With eloquence beyond the rest endow'd, 195  
 Rich in traditionary lore, and wife  
 In all, who thus, benevolent, began.

Not honourable to thyself, O King!  
 Is such a fight, a stranger on the ground  
 At the hearth-side seated, and in the dust. 200  
 Meantime, thy guests, expecting thy command,  
 Move not; thou therefore raising by his hand  
 The stranger, lead him to a throne, and bid  
 The heralds mingle wine, that we may pour

To thunder-bearing Jove, the suppliant's friend. 205

'Then let the cat'refs for thy gueft produce  
Supply, a fupper from the laft regale.

Soon as thofe words Alcinoüs heard, the King,  
Upraising by his hand the prudent Chief  
Ulyffes from the hearth, he made him fit 210

On a bright throne, difplacing for his fake  
Laodamas his fon, the virtuous youth  
Who fat befide him, and whom moft he lov'd.

And now, a maiden charg'd with golden ew'r  
And with an argent laver, pouring, firft, 215

Pure water on his hands, fupply'd him, next,  
With a reflendent table, which the chafte  
Direétrefs of the ftores furnifh'd with bread  
And dainties, remnants of the laft regale.

Then ate the Hero toil-inured, and drank, 220  
And to his herald thus Alcinoüs fpake.

Pontonoüs! mingling wine, bear it around  
To ev'ry gueft in turn, that we may pour  
To thunder-bearer Jove, the ftranger's friend,  
And guardian of the fuppliant's facred rights. 225

He faid; Pontonoüs, as he bade, the wine  
Mingled delicious, and the cups difpenfed  
With diftribution regular to all.

When each had made libation, and had drunk  
Sufficient, then, Alcinoüs thus began. 230

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, I fpeak  
The dictates of my mind, therefore attend!

Ye all have feasted—To your homes and sleep.  
 We will assemble at the dawn of day  
 More senior Chiefs, that we may entertain                   235  
 The stranger here, and to the Gods perform  
 Due sacrifice; the convoy that he asks  
 Shall next engage our thoughts, that free from pain  
 And from vexation, by our friendly aid  
 He may revisit, joyful and with speed,                   240  
 His native shore, however far remote.  
 No inconvenience let him feel or harm,  
 Ere his arrival; but, arrived, thenceforth  
 He must endure whatever lot the Fates  
 Spun for him in the moment of his birth.                   245  
 But should he prove some Deity from heav'n  
 Descended, then the Immortals have in view  
 Designs not yet apparent; for the Gods  
 Have ever from of old reveal'd themselves  
 At our solemnities, have on our seats                   250  
 Sat with us evident, and shared the feast;  
 And even if a single traveller  
 Of the Phæacians meet them, all reserve  
 They lay aside; for with the Gods we boast  
 As near affinity as do themselves                   255  
 \* The Cyclops, or the Giant race profane.

\* The Scholiast explains the passage thus—We resemble the Gods in righteousness as much as the Cyclops and Giants resembled each other in impiety. But in this sense of it there is something intricate and contrary to Homer's manner. We have seen that they derived themselves from Neptune, which sufficiently justifies the above interpretation.

To whom Ulyſſes, ever-wiſe, replied.  
Alcinoüs ! think not ſo. Reſemblance none  
In figure or in lineaments I bear  
To the immortal tenants of the ſkies, 260  
But to the ſons of earth ; if ye have known  
A man afflicted with a weight of woe  
Peculiar, let me be with him compared ;  
Woes even paſſing his could I relate,  
And all inflicted on me by the Gods. 265  
But let me eat, comfortleſs as I am,  
Uninterrupted ; for no call is loud  
As that of hunger in the ears of man ;  
Importunate, unreaſ'nable, it conſtrains  
His notice, more than all his woes beſide. 270  
So, I much ſorrow feel, yet not the leſs  
Hear I the blatant appetite demand  
Due ſuſtenance, and with a voice that drowns  
E'en all my ſuff'rings, 'till itſelf be fill'd.  
But expedite ye at the dawn of day 275  
My ſafe return into my native land,  
After much miſ'ry ; and let life itſelf  
Forſake me, may I but once more behold  
All that is mine, in my own lofty abode.  
He ſpoke, whom all applauded, and adviſed, 280  
Unanimous, the gueſt's conveyance home,  
Who had ſo fitly ſpoken. When, at length,  
All had libation made, and were ſufficed,  
Departing to his houſe, each ſought repoſe.

But

But still Ulysses in the hall remain'd, 285  
 Where, godlike King, Alcinoüs at his side  
 Sat, and Areta; the attendants clear'd.

Meantime the board, and thus the Queen 'white-arm'd,  
 (Marking the vest and mantle which he wore,  
 And which her maidens and herself had made) 290  
 In accents wing'd with eager haste began.

Stranger! the first enquiry shall be mine;  
 Who art, and whence? From whom receiv'dst thou these?  
 Saidst not—I came a wand'rer o'er the Deep?

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 295

Oh Queen! the task were difficult to unfold  
 In all its length the story of my woes,  
 For I have num'rous from the Gods receiv'd;  
 But I will answer thee as best I may.

There is a certain isle, Ogygia, placed 300

Far distant in the Deep; there dwells, by man

Alike unvisited, and by the Gods,

Calypso, beauteous nymph, but deeply skill'd

In artifice, and terrible in pow'r,

Daughter of Atlas. Me alone my fate 305

Her miserable inmate made, when Jove

Had riv'n asunder with his candent bolt

My bark in the mid-sea. There perish'd all

The valiant partners of my toils, and I

My vessel's keel embracing day and night 310

With folded arms, nine days was borne along.

But on the tenth dark night, as pleas'd the Gods,

They

They drove me to Ogygia, where resides  
 Calypso, beauteous nymph, dreadful in pow'r;  
 She rescu'd, cherish'd, fed me, and her wish      315  
 Was to confer on me immortal life,  
 Exempt for ever from the fap of age.  
 But me her offer'd boon sway'd not.    Sev'n years  
 I there abode continual, with my tears  
 Bedewing ceaseless my ambrosial robes,      320  
 Calypso's gift divine; but when, at length,  
 (Sev'n years elaps'd) the circling eighth arriv'd,  
 She then, herself, my quick departure thence  
 Advis'd, by Jove's own mandate overaw'd,  
 Which even her had influenced to a change.      325  
 On a well-corded raft she sent me forth  
 With num'rous presents; bread she put and wine  
 On board, and cloath'd me in immortal robes;  
 She sent before me also a fair wind  
 Fresh-blowing, but not dang'rous.    Sev'nteen days      330  
 I fail'd the flood continual, and descried,  
 On the eighteenth, your shadowy mountains tall,  
 When my exulting heart sprang at the sight,  
 All wretched as I was, and still ordain'd  
 To strive with difficulties many and hard      335  
 From adverse Neptune; he the stormy winds  
 Exciting opposite, my wat'ry way  
 Impeded, and the waves heav'd to a bulk  
 Immeasurable, such as robb'd me soon  
 Deep-groaning, of the raft, my only hope;      340  
 For

For her the tempest scatter'd, and myself  
 This ocean measured swimming, 'till the winds  
 And mighty waters cast me on your shore.  
 Me there emerging, the huge waves had dash'd  
 Full on the land, where, incommodious most, 345  
 The shore presented only roughest rocks,  
 But, leaving it, I swam the Deep again,  
 'Till now, at last, a river's gentle stream  
 Receiv'd me, by no rocks deform'd, and where  
 No violent winds the shelter'd bank annoy'd. 350  
 I flung myself on shore, exhausted, weak,  
 Needing repose; ambrosial night came on,  
 When from the Jove-descended stream withdrawn,  
 I in a thicket lay'd me down on leaves  
 Which I had heap'd together, and the Gods 355  
 O'erwhelm'd my eye-lids with a flood of sleep.  
 There under wither'd leaves, forlorn, I slept  
 All the long night, the morning and the noon,  
 But balmy sleep, at the decline of day,  
 Broke from me; then, your daughter's train I heard 360  
 Sporting, with whom she also sported, fair  
 And graceful as the Gods. To her I kneel'd.  
 She, following the dictates of a mind  
 Ingenuous, pass'd in her behaviour all  
 Which even ye could from an age like hers  
 Have hoped; for youth is ever indiscrete. 366  
 She gave me plenteous food, with richest wine  
 Refresh'd my spirit, taught me where to bathe,  
 And



And cloath'd me as thou feest; thus, though a prey  
To many forrows, I have told thee truth. 370

To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd.  
My daughter's conduct, I perceive, hath been  
In this erroneous, that she led thee not  
Hither, at once, with her attendant train,  
For thy first suit was to herself alone. 375

Thus then Ulysses, wary Chief, replied.  
Blame not, O Hero, for so slight a cause  
Thy faultless child; she bade me follow them,  
But I refused, by fear and awe restrain'd,  
Lest thou should'st feel displeasure at that sight 380  
Thyself; for we are all, in ev'ry clime,  
Suspicious, and to worst constructions prone.

So spake Ulysses, to whom thus the King.  
I bear not, stranger! in my breast an heart  
Causeless irascible; for at all times 385  
A temperate equanimity is best.

And oh, I would to heav'n, that, being such  
As now thou art; and of one mind with me,  
Thou would'st accept my daughter, would'st become  
My son-in-law, and dwell contented here! 390  
House would I give thee, and possessions too,  
Were such thy choice; else, if thou chuse it not,  
No man in all Phæacia shall by force  
Detain thee. Jupiter himself forbid!  
For proof, I will appoint thee convoy hence 395  
To-morrow; and while thou by sleep subdued

Shalt on thy bed repose, they with their oars  
 Shall brush the placid flood, 'till thou arrive  
 At home, or at what place foe'er thou would'st,  
 Though far more distant than Eubœa lies, 400  
 Remotest isle from us, by the report  
 Of ours, who saw it when they thither bore  
 Golden-hair'd Rhadamanthus o'er the Deep,  
 To visit earth-born Tityus. To that isle  
 They went; they reach'd it, and they brought him thence  
 Back to Phæacia, in one day, with ease. 406  
 Thou also shalt be taught what ships I boast  
 Unmatch'd in swiftness, and how far my crews  
 Excell, upturning with their oars the brine.

He ceas'd; Ulysses toil-inur'd his words 410  
 Exulting heard, and, praying, thus replied.

Eternal Father! may the King perform  
 His whole kind promise! grant him in all lands  
 A never-dying name, and grant to me  
 To visit safe my native shores again! 415

Thus they conferr'd; and now Areta bade  
 Her fair attendants dress a fleecy couch  
 Under the portico, with purple rugs  
 Resplendent, and with arras spread beneath,  
 And over all with cloaks of shaggy pile. 420  
 Forth went the maidens, bearing each a torch,  
 And, as she bade, prepared in haste a couch  
 Of depth commodious, then, returning, gave  
 Ulysses welcome summons to repose.

Stranger!

Stranger! thy couch is spread. Hence to thy rest.  
So they—Thrice grateful to his soul the thought 426  
Seem'd of repose. There slept Ulysses, then,  
On his carv'd couch, beneath the portico,  
But in the inner-house Alcinous found  
His place of rest, and hers with royal state 430  
Prepared, the Queen his consort, at his side.

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

E I G H T H B O O K.

The Phæacians consult on the subject of Ulysses. Preparation is made for his departure. Antinoüs entertains them at his table. Games follow the entertainment. Demodocus the bard, sings, first the loves of Mars and Venus, then the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy. Ulysses, much affected by his song, is questioned by Alcinoüs, whence, and who he is, and what is the cause of his sorrow.

B O O K V I I I.

**B**UT when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Blush'd in the East, then from his bed arose  
 The sacred might of the Phæacian King.  
 Then uprose also, city-waster Chief,  
 Ulysses, whom the King Alcinoüs 5  
 Led forth to council at the ships convened.  
 There, side by side, on polish'd stones they sat  
 Frequent; meantime, Minerva in the form  
 Of King Alcinoüs' herald ranged the town,  
 With purpose to accelerate the return 10  
 Of brave Ulysses to his native home,  
And

And thus to ev'ry Chief the Goddeſs ſpoke.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, away!

Haſte all to council on the ſtranger held,

Who hath of late beneath Alcinoüs' roof 15

Our King arrived, a wand'rer o'er the Deep,

But, in his form, majeſtic as a God.

So ſaying, ſhe rouſed the people, and at once

The ſeats of all the ſenate-court were fill'd

With faſt-aſſembling throngs, no few of whom 20

Had mark'd Ulyſſes with admiring eyes.

Then, Pallas o'er his head and ſhoulders broad

Diffuſing grace celeftial, his whole form

Dilated, and to ſtatelier height advanced,

That worthier of all rev'rence he might ſeem 25

To the Phæacians, and might many a feat

Atchieve, with which they ſhould aſſay his force.

When, therefore, the aſſembly now was full,

Alcinoüs, them addreſſing, thus began.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators! I ſpeak 30

The dictates of my mind, therefore attend.

This gueſt, unknown to me, hath, wand'ring, found

My palace, either from the Eaſt arrived,

Or from ſome nation on our weſtern ſide.

Safe conduct home he aſks, and our conſent 35

Here wiſhes ratified, whoſe quick return

Be it our part, as uſual, to promote;

For at no time the ſtranger, from what coaſt

Soe'er, who hath reſorted to our doors,

Hath

Hath long complain'd of his detention here. 40  
 Haste—draw ye down into the sacred Deep  
 A vessel of prime speed, and, from among  
 The people, fifty and two youths select,  
 Approved the best; then, lashing fast the oars,  
 Leave her, that at my palace ye may make 45  
 Short feast, for which myself will all provide.  
 Thus I enjoin the crew; but as for those  
 Of sceptred rank, I bid them all alike  
 To my own board, that here we may regale  
 The stranger nobly, and let none refuse. 50  
 Call, too, Demodocus, the bard divine,  
 To share my banquet, whom the Gods have blest  
 With pow'rs of song delectable, unmatch'd  
 By any, when his genius once is fired.  
 He ceas'd, and led the way, whom follow'd all 55  
 The sceptred senators, while to the house  
 An herald hasted of the bard divine.  
 Then, fifty mariners and two, from all  
 The rest selected, to the coast repair'd,  
 And, from her station on the sea-bank, launched 60  
 The galley down into the sacred Deep.  
 They placed the canvas and the mast on board,  
 Arranged the oars, unfurl'd the shining sail,  
 And, leaving her in depth of water moor'd,  
 All fought the palace of Alcinoüs. 65  
 There, soon, the portico, the court, the hall  
 Were fill'd with multitudes of young and old,

For whose regale the mighty monarch flew  
 Two beeves, twelve sheep, and twice four fatted brawns.  
 They slay'd them first, then busily their task       70  
 Administ'ring, prepared the joyous feast.  
 And now the herald came, leading with care  
 The tuneful bard; dear to the muse was he,  
 Who yet appointed him both good and ill;  
 Took from him sight, but gave him strains divine.       75  
 For him, Pontonoüs in the midst disposed  
 An argent-studded throne, thrusting it close  
 To a tall column, where he hung his lyre  
 Above his head, and taught him where it hung.  
 He set before him, next, a polish'd board       80  
 And basket, and a goblet fill'd with wine  
 For his own use, and at his own command.  
 Then, all assail'd at once the ready feast,  
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,  
 Then came the muse, and roused the bard to sing       85  
 Exploits of men renown'd; it was a song,  
 In that day, to the highest heav'n extoll'd.  
 He sang of a dispute kindled between  
 The son of Peleus, and Laertes'\* son,  
 Both seated at a feast held to the Gods.       90  
 That contest Agamemnon, King of men,

\* Agamemnon having inquired at Delphos, at what time the Trojan war should end, was answered, that the conclusion of it should happen at a time when a dispute should arise between two of his principal commanders. That dispute occurred at the time here alluded to, Achilles recommending force as most likely to reduce the city, and Ulysses stratagem.

Between the noblest of Achaia's host  
 Hearing, rejoiced; for when in Pytho erst  
 He pass'd the marble threshold to consult  
 The oracle of Apollo, such dispute 95  
 The voice divine had to his ear announced;  
 For then it was that, first, the storm of war  
 Came rolling on, ordain'd long time to afflict  
 Troy and the Grecians, by the will of Jove.

So sang the bard illustrious; then his robe 100  
 Of purple dye with both hands o'er his head  
 Ulysses drew, behind its ample folds

Veiling his face, through fear to be observed  
 By the Phæacians weeping at the song;  
 And ever as the bard harmonious ceased, 105

He wiped his tears, and, drawing from his brows  
 The mantle, pour'd libation to the Gods.

But when the Chiefs (for they delighted heard  
 Those sounds) solicited again the bard,  
 And he renew'd the strain, then cov'ring close 110  
 His count'nance, as before, Ulysses wept.

Thus, unperceiv'd by all, the Hero mourn'd,  
 Save by Alcinoüs; he alone his tears,  
 (Beside him seated) mark'd, and his deep sighs  
 O'erhearing, the Phæacians thus bespake. 115

Phæacia's Chiefs and Senators, attend!  
 We have regaled sufficient, and the harp  
 Heard to satiety, companion sweet  
 And seasonable of the festive hour.

Now



Now go we forth for honourable proof 120  
 Of our address in games of ev'ry kind,  
 That this our guest may to his friends report,  
 At home arriv'd, that none like us have learn'd  
 To leap, to box, to wrestle, and to run.

So saying, he led them forth, whose steps the guests  
 All follow'd, and the herald hanging high 126  
 The sprightly lyre, took by his hand the bard  
 Demodocus, whom he the self-same way  
 Conducted forth, by which the Chiefs had gone  
 Themselves, for that great spectacle prepared. 130  
 They fought the forum; countless swarm'd the throng  
 Behind them as they went, and many a youth  
 Strong and courageous to the strife arose.  
 Upstood Acroneus and Ocyalus,  
 Elatreus, Nauteus, Prymneus, after whom 135  
 Anchialus with Anabeesineus  
 Arose, Eretmeus, Penteus, Proreus bold,  
 Amphialus and Thöon. Then arose,  
 In aspect dread as homicidal Mars,  
 Euryalus, and for his graceful form 140  
 (After Laodamas) distinguish'd most  
 Of all Phæacia's sons, Naubolides.  
 Three also from Alcinoüs sprung, arose,  
 Laodamas, his eldest; Halius, next,  
 His second-born; and godlike Clytoneus. 145  
 Of these, some started for the runner's prize.

\* They gave the race its limits. All at once  
 Along the dusty champaign swift they flew.  
 But Clytneus, illustrious youth, outstripp'd  
 All competition ; far as mules surpass 150  
 Slow oxen furrowing the fallow ground,  
 So far before all others he arrived  
 Victorious, where the throng'd spectators stood.  
 Some tried the wrestler's toil severe, in which  
 Euryalus superior proved to all. 155  
 In the long leap Amphialus prevail'd ;  
 Elatreus most successful hurl'd the quoit,  
 And at the † cestus, last, the noble son  
 Of Scheria's King, Laodamas excell'd.  
 When thus with contemplation of the games 160  
 All had been gratified, Alcinoüs' son  
 Laodamas, arising, them address'd.

Friends ! ask we now the stranger, if he boast  
 Proficiency in aught. His figure seems  
 Not ill ; in thighs, and legs, and arms he shews 165  
 Much strength, and in his brawny neck ; nor youth  
 Hath left him yet, though batter'd he appears  
 With num'rous troubles, and misfortune-flaw'd.  
 Nor know I hardships in the world so sure  
 To break the strongest down, as those by sea. 170

\* Τίσι δ' ἀπο νύκτος τίτατο ὄρομος—This expression is by the commentators generally understood to be significant of the effort which they made at starting, but it is not improbable that it relates merely to the measurement of the course, otherwise, καρπαλιμῶς ἐπιτεῖλετο—will be tautologous. † In boxing.

Then answer thus Euryalus return'd.  
 Thou hast well said, Laodamas; thyself  
 Approaching, speak to him, and call him forth.

Which when Alcinous' noble offspring heard,  
 Advancing from his seat, amid them all 175  
 He stood, and to Ulysses thus began.

Stand forth, oh guest, thou also; prove thy skill  
 (If any such thou boast) in games like ours,  
 Which, likeliest, thou hast learn'd; for greater praise  
 Hath no man, while he lives, than that he know 180  
 His feet to exercise and hands aright.

Come, then; make trial; scatter wide thy cares;  
 We will not hold thee long; the ship is launch'd  
 Already, and the crew stand all prepared.

To whom replied the wily Chief renown'd. 185  
 Wherefore, as in derision, have ye call'd  
 Me forth, Laodamas, to these exploits?  
 No games have I, but many a grief, at heart,  
 And with far other struggles worn, here sit  
 Desirous only of conveyance home, 190  
 For which both King and people I implore.

Then him Euryalus aloud reproach'd.  
 I well believ'd it, friend! in thee the guise  
 I see not of a man expert in feats  
 Athletic, of which various are perform'd 195  
 In ev'ry land; thou rather seem'st with ships  
 Familiar; one, accusom'd to controul  
 Some crew of trading mariners; well-learn'd

In stowage, pilotage, and wealth acquired  
By rapine, but of no gymnastic pow'rs. 200

To whom Ulysses, frowning dark, replied.  
Thou hast ill spoken, sir, and like a man  
Regardless whom he wrongs. Therefore the Gods  
Give not endowments graceful in each kind,  
Of body, mind, and utterance, all to one. 205

This man in figure less excels, yet Jove  
Crowns him with eloquence; his hearers charm'd  
Behold him, while with modest confidence  
He bears the prize of fluent speech from all,  
And in the streets is gazed on as a God! 210

Another, in his form the Pow'rs above  
Resembles, but no grace around his words  
Twines itself elegant. So, thou in form  
Hast excellence to boast; a God, employ'd  
To make a master-piece in human shape, 215  
Could but produce proportions just as thine;  
Yet hast thou an untutor'd intellect.

Thou much hast moved me; thy unhandsome phrase  
Hath roused my wrath; I am not, as thou say'st,  
A novice in these sports, but took the lead 220  
In all, while youth and strength were on my side.

But I am now in bands of sorrow held,  
And of misfortune, having much endured  
In war, and buffeting the boisterous waves.  
Yet, though with misery worn, I will essay 225

My strength among you; for thy words had teeth

Whose

Whose bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof.

He said; and mantled as he was, a quoit  
Upstarting, seized; in bulk and weight all those  
Transcending far, by the Phæacians used. 230

Swiftly he swung, and from his vig'rous hand  
Sent it. Loud sang the stone, and as it flew  
The maritime Phæacians low inclined  
Their heads beneath it; over all the marks,  
And far beyond them, sped the flying rock. 235

Minerva in a human form, the cast  
Prodigious measur'd, and aloud exclaim'd.  
Stranger! the blind himself might with his hands  
Feel out the 'vantage here. Thy quoit disdains  
Fellowship with a crowd, borne far beyond. 240

Fear not a losing game; Phæacian none  
Will reach thy measure, much less overcast.  
She ceased; Ulysses, hardy Chief, rejoiced  
That in the circus he had found a judge  
So favorable, and with brisker tone, 245  
As less in wrath, the multitude address'd.

Young men reach this, and I will quickly heave  
Another such, or yet a heavier quoit.  
Then, come the man whose courage prompts him forth  
To box, to wrestle with me, or to run; 250  
For ye have chafed me much, and I decline  
No strife with any here, but challenge all  
Phæacia, save Laodamas alone.

He is mine host. Who combats with his friend?

To call to proof of hardiment the man 255  
 Who entertains him in a foreign land,  
 Would but evince the challenger a fool,  
 Who, so, should cripple his own interest there.  
 As for the rest, I none refuse, scorn none,  
 But wish for trial of you, and to match 260  
 In opposition fair my force with yours.  
 There is no game athletic in the use  
 Of all mankind, too difficult for me;  
 I handle well the polish'd bow, and first  
 Amid a thousand foes strike whom I mark, 265  
 Although a throng of warriors at my side  
 Imbattled, speed their shafts at the same time.  
 Of all Achaia's sons who erst at Troy  
 Drew bow, the sole who bore the prize from me  
 Was Philoctetes; I resign it else 270  
 To none now nourish'd with the fruits of earth.  
 Yet mean I no comparison of myself  
 With men of antient times, with Hercules,  
 Or with Oechalian Eurytus, who, both,  
 The Gods themselves in archery defied. 275  
 Soon, therefore, died huge Eurytus, ere yet  
 Old age he reach'd; him, angry to be call'd  
 To proof of archership, Apollo flew.  
 But if ye name the spear, mine flies a length  
 By no man's arrow reach'd; I fear no foil 280  
 From the Phæacians, save in speed alone;  
 For I have suffer'd hardships, dash'd and drench'd

By

By many a wave, nor had I food on board  
At all times, therefore am I much unstrung.

He spake, and silent the Phæacians sat, 285  
Of whom alone Alcinoüs thus replied.

Since, stranger, not ungraceful is thy speech,  
Who hast but vindicated in our ears  
Thy question'd prowess, angry that this youth  
Reproach'd thee in the presence of us all, 290

That no man qualified to give his voice  
In public, might affront thy courage more;  
Now mark me, therefore, that in time to come,  
While feasting with thy children and thy spouse,  
Thou may'st inform the Heroes of thy land 295  
Even of our proficiency in arts

By Jove enjoin'd us in our father's days.  
We boast not much the boxer's skill, nor yet  
The wrestler's; but light-footed in the race  
Are we, and navigators well-inform'd. 300

Our pleasures are the feast, the harp, the dance,  
Garments for change; the tepid bath; the bed.  
Come, ye Phæacians, beyond others skill'd  
To tread the circus with harmonious steps,  
Come, play before us; that our guest, arrived 305

In his own country, may inform his friends  
How far in seamanship we all excell,  
In running, in the dance, and in the song.  
Haste! bring ye to Demodocus his lyre  
Clear-toned, left somewhere in our hall at home. 310

So

So spake the godlike King, at whose command  
 The herald to the palace quick return'd  
 To seek the charming lyre. Meantime arose  
 Nine arbiters, appointed to intend  
 The whole arrangement of the public games, 315  
 To smooth the circus-floor, and give the ring  
 Its compass, widening the attentive throng.  
 Ere long the herald came, bearing the harp,  
 With which Demodocus supplied, advanced  
 Into the middle area, around whom 320  
 Stood blooming youths, all skilful in the dance.  
 With footsteps justly timed all smote at once  
 The sacred floor; Ulysses wonder-fixt,  
 The ceaseless play of twinkling\* feet admired.  
 Then, tuning his sweet chords, Demodocus 325  
 A jocund strain began, his theme, the loves  
 Of Mars and Cytherea chaplet-crown'd;  
 How first, clandestine, they embraced beneath  
 The roof of Vulcan; her, by many a gift  
 Seduced, Mars won, and with adult'rous lust 330  
 The bed dishonour'd of the King of fire.  
 The fun, a witness of their amorous sport,  
 Bore swift the tale to Vulcan; he, appriz'd  
 Of that foul deed, at once his smithy fought,

\* The Translator is indebted to Mr. Grey for an epithet more expressive of the original (*Μαμμάρυγας*) than any other, perhaps, in all our language. See the Ode on the Progress of Poetry.

“ To brisk notes in cadence beating,

“ Glance their *many-twinkling* feet.”



In fecret darknefs of his inmoft foul 335  
 Contriving vengeance; to the flock he heav'd  
 His anvil huge, on which he forged a fnare  
 Of bands indiffoluble, by no art  
 To be untied, durance for ever firm.  
 The net prepared, he bore it, fiery-wroth, 340  
 To his own chamber and his nuptial couch,  
 Where, fretching them from poft to poft, he wrapp'd  
 With thofe fine meshes all his bed around,  
 And hung them num'rous from the roof, diffufed  
 Like fpiders' filaments, which not the Gods 345  
 Themfelves could fee, fo fubtle were the toils.  
 When thus he had encircled all his bed  
 On ev'ry fide, he feign'd a journey thence  
 To Lemnos, of all cities that adorn  
 The earth, the city that he favours moft. 350  
 Nor kept the God of the reflendent reins  
 Mars, drowfy watch, but feeing that the famed  
 Artificer of heav'n had left his home,  
 Flew to the houfe of Vulcan, hot to enjoy  
 The Goddefs with the wreath-encircled brows. 355  
 She, newly from her potent Sire return'd  
 The fon of Saturn, fat: Mars, ent'ring, feiz'd  
 Her hand, hung on it, and thus urged his fuit.  
 To bed, my fair, and let us love! for lo!  
 Thine husband is from home, to Lemnos gone, 360  
 And to the Sintians, men of barb'rous fpeech.

He spake, nor she was loth, but bedward too  
 Like him inclined; so then, to bed they went,  
 And as they lay'd them down, down stream'd the net  
 Around them, labour exquisite of hands 365  
 By ingenuity divine inform'd.  
 Small room they found, so prison'd; not a limb  
 Could either lift, or move, but felt at once  
 Entanglement from which was no escape.  
 And now the glorious artist, ere he yet 370  
 Had reach'd the Lemnian isle, limping, return'd  
 From his feign'd journey, for his spy the fun  
 Had told him all. With aching heart he sought  
 His home, and, standing in the vestibule,  
 Frantic with indignation roar'd to heav'n, 375  
 And roar'd again, summoning all the Gods.—  
 Oh Jove! and all ye Pow'rs for ever blest!  
 Here; hither look, that ye may view a fight  
 Ludicrous, yet too monstrous to be borne,  
 How Venus always with dishonour loads 380  
 Her cripple spouse, doating on fiery Mars!  
 And wherefore? for that he is fair in form  
 And found of foot, I ricket-boned and weak.  
 Whose fault is this? Their fault, and theirs alone  
 Who gave me being; ill-employ'd were they 385  
 Begetting me, one, better far unborn.  
 See where they couch together on my bed  
 Lascivious! ah, sight hateful to my eyes!  
 Yet cooler wishes will they feel, I ween,

To prefs my bed' hereafter; here to sleep 390

Will little please them, fondly as they love.

But these my toils and tangles will suffice

To hold them here, 'till Jove shall yield me back

Complete, the sum of all my nuptial gifts

Paid to him for the shameless strumpet's sake 395

His daughter, as incontinent as fair.

He said, and in the brazen-floor'd abode

Of Jove the Gods assembled. Neptune came

Earth-circling Pow'r; came Hermes friend of man,

And, regent of the far-commanding bow, 400

Apollo also came; but chaste reserve

Bathful kept all the Goddeffes at home.

The Gods, by whose beneficence all live,

Stood in the portal; infinite arose

The laugh of heav'n, all looking down intent 405

On that shrewd project of the smith divine,

And, turning to each other, thus they said.

Bad works speed ill. The slow o'ertakes the swift.

So Vulcan, tardy as he is, by craft

Hath outstript Mars, although the fleetest far 410

Of all who dwell in heav'n, and the light-heel'd

Must pay the adult'rer's forfeit to the lame.

So spake the Pow'rs immortal; then the King

Of radiant shafts thus question'd Mercury.

Jove's son, heaven's herald, Hermes, bounteous God!

Would'st *thou* such stricture close of bands endure 416

For golden Venus lying at thy side?

Whom answer'd thus the messenger of heav'n.  
 Archer divine! yea, and with all my heart;  
 And be the bands which wind us round about 420  
 Thrice these, innumerable, and let all  
 The Gods and Goddeffes in heav'n look on,  
 So I may clasp Vulcan's fair spouse the while.

He spake; then laugh'd the Immortal pow'rs again.  
 But not so Neptune; he with earnest suit 425  
 The glorious artist urg'd to the release  
 Of Mars, and thus in accents wing'd he said.  
 Loose him; accept my promise; he shall pay  
 Full recompense in presence of us all.

Then thus the limping smith far-famed replied. 430  
 Earth-circler Neptune, spare me that request.

\*Lame suitor, lame security. What bands  
 Could I devise for thee among the Gods,  
 Should Mars, emancipated once, escape,  
 Leaving both debt and durance far behind? 435

Him answer'd then the Shaker of the shores:  
 I tell thee, Vulcan, that if Mars by flight  
 Shun payment, I will pay, myself, the fine.

To whom the glorious artist of the skies.  
 Thou must not, canst not, shalt not be refused. 440

\* The original line has received such a variety of interpretations, that a Translator seems free to chuse. It has, however, a proverbial turn, which I have endeavoured to preserve, and have adopted that sense of the words which appears best to accord with what immediately follows. Vulcan pleads his own inability to enforce the demand, as a circumstance that made Neptune's promise unacceptable.

So saying, the might of Vulcan loos'd the snare,  
 And they, detain'd by those coercive bands  
 No longer, from the couch upstarting, flew,  
 Mars into Thrace, and to her Paphian home  
 The Queen of smiles, where deep in myrtle groves 445  
 Her incense-breathing altar stands embow'r'd.  
 Her there, the Graces laved, and oils diffused  
 O'er all her form, ambrosial, such as add  
 Fresh beauty to the Gods for ever young,  
 And cloath'd her in the loveliest robes of heav'n. 450

Such was the theme of the illustrious bard.  
 Ulysses with delight that song, and all  
 The maritime Phæacian concourse heard.  
 Alcinoüs, then, (for in the dance they pass'd  
 All others) call'd his sons to dance alone, 455  
 Halios and Laodamas; they gave  
 The purple ball into their hands, the work  
 Exact of Polybus; one, re-supine,  
 Upcast it high toward the dusky clouds,  
 The other, springing into air, with ease 460  
 Received it, ere he sank to earth again.  
 When thus they oft had sported with the ball  
 Thrown upward, next, with nimble interchange  
 They pass'd it to each other many a time,  
 Footing the plain, while ev'ry youth of all 465  
 The circus clapp'd his hands, and from beneath  
 The din of stamping feet fill'd all the air.

Then;

Then, turning to Alcinoüs, thus the wife  
 Ulyſſes ſpoke. Alcinoüs! mighty King!  
 Illuſtrious above all Phæacia's ſons! 470

Incomparable are ye in the dance,  
 Ev'n as thou ſaid'ſt. Amazement-fixt I ſtand!

So he, whom hearing, the imperial might  
 Exulted of Alcinoüs, and aloud  
 To his oar-ſkill'd Phæacians thus he ſpoke. 475

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators, attend!  
 Wiſdom beyond the common ſtint I mark  
 In this our gueſt; good cauſe in my account,  
 For which we ſhould preſent him with a pledge  
 Of hoſpitality and love. The Chiefs 480

Are twelve, who, higheſt in command, controul  
 The people, and the thirteenth Chief am I.  
 Bring each a golden talent, with a veſt  
 Well-bleach'd, and tunic; gratified with theſe,  
 The ſtranger to our banquet ſhall repair 485

Exulting; bring them all without delay;  
 And let Euryalus by word and gift  
 Appeaſe him, for his ſpeech was unadviſed.

He ceas'd, whom all applauded, and at once  
 Each ſent his herald forth to bring the gifts, 490  
 When thus Euryalus his Sire addreſs'd.

Alcinoüs! o'er Phæacia's ſons ſupreme!  
 I will appeaſe our gueſt, as thou command'ſt.  
 This ſword ſhall be his own, the blade all ſteel,  
 The hilt of ſilver, and the unſullied ſheath 495  
 Of

Of iv'ry recent from the carver's hand.

A gift like this he shall not need despise.

So saying, his silver-studded sword he gave  
Into his grasp, and, courteous, thus began.

Hail, honour'd stranger! and if word of mine 500

Have harm'd thee, rashly spoken, let the winds

Bear all remembrance of it swift away!

May the Gods give thee to behold again

Thy wife, and to attain thy native shore,

Whence absent long, thou hast so much endured! 505

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.

Hail also thou, and may the Gods, my friend,

Grant thee felicity, and may never want

Of this thy sword touch thee in time to come,

By whose kind phrase appeas'd my wrath subsides! 510

He ended, and athwart his shoulders threw

The weapon bright-emboss'd. Now sank the sun,

And those rich gifts arrived, which to the house

Of King Alcinoüs the heralds bore.

Alcinoüs' sons receiv'd them, and beside 515

Their royal mother placed the precious charge.

The King then led the way, at whose abode

Arrived, again they press'd their lofty thrones,

And to Areta thus the monarch spake.

Haste, bring a coffer; bring thy best, and store 520

A mantle and a sumptuous vest within;

Warm for him, next, a brazen bath, by which

Refresh'd, and viewing in fair order placed

The noble gifts by the Phæacian Lords  
 Conferr'd on him, he may the more enjoy 525  
 Our banquet, and the bard's harmonious song.  
 I give him also this my golden cup  
 Splendid, elaborate; that, while he lives,  
 What time he pours libation forth to Jove  
 And all the Gods, he may remember me. 530

He ended, at whose words Areta bade  
 Her maidens with dispatch place o'er the fire  
 A tripod ample-womb'd; obedient they  
 Advanced a laver to the glowing hearth,  
 Water infused, and kindled wood beneath. 535  
 The flames encircling bright the bellied vase,  
 Warm'd soon the flood within. Meantime, the Queen  
 Producing from her chamber-stores a chest  
 All-elegant, within it placed the gold  
 And raiment, gifts of the Phæacian Chiefs, 540  
 With her own gifts, the mantle and the vest,  
 And in wing'd accents to Ulysses said.

Now take, thyself, the coffer's lid in charge;  
 Girdle it quickly with a cord, lest lofs  
 Befall thee on thy way, while thou perchance 545  
 Shalt sleep secure on board the sable bark.

Which when Ulysses heard, Hero renown'd,  
 Adjusting close the lid, he cast a cord  
 Around it, which with many a mazy knot  
 He tied, by Circe taught him long before. 550  
 And now, the mistress of the household charge

Summon'd



Summon'd him to his bath; glad he beheld  
 The steaming vase, uncustom'd to its use  
 E'er since his voyage from the isle of fair  
 Calypso, although, while a guest with her, 555  
 Ever familiar with it, as a God.

Laved by attendant damsels, and with oil  
 Refresh'd, he put his sumptuous tunic on  
 And mantle, and proceeding from the bath  
 To the symposium, join'd the num'rous guests; 560  
 But, as he pass'd, the Princess all divine  
 Beside the pillars of the portal, lost  
 In admiration of his graceful form,  
 Stood, and in accents wing'd him thus address'd.

Hail, stranger! at thy native home arrived 565  
 Remember me, thy first deliv'rer here.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.  
 Nauficaa! daughter of the noble King  
 Alcinoüs! So may Jove, high-thund'ring mate  
 Of Juno, grant me to behold again 570  
 My native land, and my delightful home,  
 As, even there, I will present my vows  
 To thee, adoring thee as I adore  
 The Gods themselves, virgin, by whom I live!

He said, and on his throne beside the King 575  
 Alcinoüs sat. And now they portion'd out  
 The feast to all, and charg'd the cups with wine,  
 And introducing by his hand the bard  
 Phæacia's glory, at the column's side

The herald placed Demodocus again. 580

Then, carving forth a portion from the loins  
 Of a huge brawn, of which uneaten still  
 Large part and delicate remain'd, thus spake  
 Ulysses—Herald! bear it to the bard  
 For his regale, whom I will soon embrace 585  
 In spite of sorrow; for respect is due  
 And veneration to the sacred bard  
 From all mankind, for that the muse inspires  
 Herself his song, and loves the tuneful tribe.

He ended, and the herald bore his charge 590  
 To the old Hero, who with joy received  
 That meed of honour at the bearer's hand.  
 Then, all, at once, assail'd the ready feast,  
 And hunger now, and thirst both satisfied,  
 Thus to Demodocus Ulysses spake. 595

Demodocus! I give thee praise above  
 All mortals, for that either thee the muse  
 Jove's daughter teaches, or the King, himself,  
 Apollo; since thou so record'st the fate,  
 With such clear method, of Achaia's host, 600  
 Their deeds heroic, and their num'rous toils,  
 As thou hadst present been thyself, or learnt  
 From others present there, the glorious tale.  
 Come, then, proceed; that rare invention sing,  
 The horse of wood, which by Minerva's aid 605  
 Epæus framed, and which Ulysses erst  
 Convey'd into the citadel of Troy

With

With warriors fill'd, who lay'd all Ilium waste.  
 These things rehearse regular, and myself  
 Will, instant, publish in the ears of all 610  
 Thy fame, reporting thee a bard to whom  
 Apollo free imparts celestial song.

He ended; then Apollo with full force  
 Rush'd on Demodocus, and he began  
 What time the Greeks, first firing their own camp, 615  
 Steer'd all their galleys from the shore of Troy.  
 Already, in the horse conceal'd, his band  
 Around Ulysses sat; for Ilium's sons  
 Themselves had drawn it to the citadel,  
 And there the mischief stood. Then, strife arose 620  
 Among the Trojans compassing the horse,  
 And threefold was the doubt; whether to cleave  
 The hollow trunk asunder, or updrawn  
 Aloft, to cast it headlong from the rocks,  
 Or to permit the enormous image, kept 625  
 Entire, to stand an offering to the Gods,  
 Which was their destined course; for Fate had fix'd  
 Their ruin sure, when once they had received  
 Within their walls that engine huge, in which  
 Sat all the bravest Grecians with the fate 630  
 Of Ilium charged, and slaughter of her sons.  
 He sang, how, from the horse effused, the Greeks  
 Left their capacious ambush, and the town  
 Made desolate. To others, in his song,

He gave the praise of wasting all beside, 635  
 But told how, fierce as Mars, Ulysses join'd  
 With godlike Menelaus, to the house  
 Flew of Deiphobus; him there engaged  
 In direst fight he sang, and through the aid  
 Of glorious Pallas, conqueror over all. 640

So sang the bard illustrious, at whose song  
 Ulysses melted, and tear after tear  
 Fell on his cheeks. As when a woman weeps,  
 Her husband, who hath fallen in defence  
 Of his own city and his babes before 645  
 The gates; she, sinking, folds him in her arms,  
 And, gazing on him as he pants and dies,  
 Shricks at the sight; meantime, the enemy  
 Smiting her shoulders with the spear, to toil  
 Command her and to bondage far away, 650  
 And her cheek fades with horror at the sound;  
 Ulysses, so, from his moist lids let fall  
 The frequent tear. Unnoticed by the rest  
 Those drops, but not by King Alcinoüs, fell,  
 Who, seated at his side, his heavy sighs 655  
 Remark'd, and the Phæacians thus bespake.

Phæacian Chiefs and Senators attend!  
 Now let Demodocus enjoin his harp  
 Silence, for not alike grateful to all  
 His music sounds; during our feast, and since 660  
 The bard divine began, continual flow

The

The stranger's sorrows, by remembrance caused  
Of some great woe which wraps his soul around.  
Then, let the bard suspend his song, that all  
(As most befits th' occasion) may rejoice, 665  
Both guest and hosts together; since we make  
This voyage, and these gifts confer, in proof  
Of hospitality and unfeign'd love,  
Judging, with all wise men, the stranger-guest  
And suppliant worthy of a brother's place. 670  
And thou conceal not, artfully reserv'd,  
What I shall ask, far better plain declared  
Than smother'd close; who art thou? speak thy name,  
The name by which thy father, mother, friends  
And fellow-citizens, with all who dwell 675  
Around thy native city, in times past  
Have known thee; for of all things human none  
Lives altogether nameless, whether good  
Or whether bad, but ev'ry man receives  
Ev'n in the moment of his birth, a name. 680  
Thy country, people, city, tell; the mark  
At which my ships, intelligent, shall aim,  
That they may bear thee thither; for our ships  
No pilot need or helm, as ships are wont,  
But know, themselves, our purpose; know beside 685  
All cities, and all fruitful regions well  
Of all the earth, and with dark clouds involv'd  
Plough rapid the rough Deep, fearless of harm,

(Whate'er

(Whate'er betide) and of difast'rous wreck.  
 Yet thus, long since, my father I have heard 690  
 Naufithous speaking; Neptune, he would say,  
 Is angry with us, for that safe we bear  
 Strangers of ev'ry nation to their home;  
 And he foretold a time when he would smite  
 In vengeance some Phæacian gallant bark 695  
 Returning after convoy of her charge,  
 And fix her in the fable flood, transform'd  
 Into a mountain, right before the town.

So spake my hoary Sire, which let the God  
 At his own pleasure do, or leave undone. 700  
 But tell me truth, and plainly. Where have been  
 Thy wand'rings? in what regions of the earth  
 Hast thou arrived? what nations hast thou seen,  
 What cities? say, how many hast thou found  
 Harsh, savage and unjust? how many, kind 705  
 To strangers, and dispos'd to fear the Gods?  
 Say also, from what secret grief of heart  
 Thy sorrows flow, oft as thou hear'st the fate  
 Of the Achaians, or of Ilium sung?  
 That fate the Gods prepared; they spin the thread 710  
 Of man's destruction, that in after days  
 The bard may make the sad event his theme.  
 Perish'd thy father or thy brother there?  
 Or hast thou at the siege of Ilium lost  
 Father-in-law, or son-in-law? for such 715  
 Are

Are next and dearest to us after those  
Who share our own descent; or was the dead  
Thy bosom-friend, whose heart was as thy own?  
For worthy as a brother of our love  
The constant friend and the discrete I deem.

720

A R G U-

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## N I N T H B O O K.

Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf to the Phæacians, and begins the hiſtory of his adventures. He deſtroys Iſmarus, city of the Ciconians; arrives among the Lotophagi; and afterwards at the land of the Cyclops. He is imprifoned by Polypheme in his cave, who devours fix of his companions; intoxicates the monſter with wine, blinds him while he ſleeps, and eſcapes from him.

### B O O K IX.

**T**HEN answer, thus, Ulyſſes wiſe return'd.  
Alcinoüs! King! illuſtrious above all  
Phæacia's ſons! pleaſant it is to hear  
A bard like this, ſweet as the Gods in ſong.  
The world, in my account, no ſight affords 5  
More gratifying, than a people bleſt  
With cheerfulneſs and peace, a palace throng'd  
With gueſts in order ranged, liſt'ning to ſounds  
Melodious, and the ſteaming tables ſpread  
With plenteous viands, while the cups, with wine 10  
From brimming beakers fill'd, paſs brisk around.  
No levelier ſight know I. But thou, it ſeems,

Thy



Thy thoughts hast turn'd to ask me whence my groans  
 And tears, that I may sorrow still the more.  
 What first, what next, what last shall I rehearse,      15  
 On whom the Gods have show'r'd such various woes?  
 Learn first my name, that even in this land  
 Remote I may be known, and that escaped  
 From all adversity, I may requite  
 Hereafter, this your hospitable care      20  
 At my own home, however distant hence.  
 I am Ulysses, fear'd in all the earth  
 For subtlest wisdom, and renown'd to heaven,  
 The offspring of Laertes; my abode  
 Is sun-burnt Ithaca; there waving stands      25  
 The mountain Neritus his num'rous boughs,  
 And it is neighbour'd close by clust'ring isles  
 All populous; thence Samos is beheld,  
 Dulichium, and Zacynthus forest-clad.  
 Flat on the Deep she lies, farthest removed      30  
 Toward the West, while, situate apart,  
 Her sister islands face the rising day;  
 Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons  
 Magnanimous; nor shall these eyes behold,  
 Elsewhere, an object dear and sweet as she.      35  
 Calypso, beauteous Goddess, in her grot  
 Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused;  
 Ææan Circe also, skill'd profound  
 In potent arts, within her palace long  
 Detain'd me, wishing me her own espoused;      40

But never could they warp my constant mind.  
 So much our parents and our native soil  
 Attract us most, even although our lot  
 Be fair and plenteous in a foreign land.  
 But come—my painful voyage, such as Jove  
 Gave me from Ilium, I will now relate. 45

From Troy the winds bore me to Ismarus,  
 City of the Ciconians; them I slew,  
 And laid their city waste; whence bringing forth  
 Much spoil with all their wives, I portion'd it 50  
 With equal hand, and each received a share.

Next, I exhorted to immediate flight  
 My people; but in vain; they madly scorn'd  
 My sober counsel, and much wine they drank,  
 And sheep and beeves flew num'rous on the shore. 55

Meantime, Ciconians to Ciconians call'd,  
 Their neighbours summoning, a mightier host  
 And braver, natives of the continent,  
 Expert, on horses mounted, to maintain  
 Fierce fight, or if occasion bade, on foot. 60

Num'rous they came as leaves, or vernal flow'rs  
 At day-spring. Then, by the decree of Jove,  
 Misfortune found us. At the ships we stood  
 Piercing each other with the brazen spear,  
 And 'till the morning brighten'd into noon, 65  
 Few as we were, we yet withstood them all;  
 But, when the sun verged westward, then the Greeks  
 Fell back, and the Ciconian host prevail'd.

Six warlike Grecians from each galley's crew,  
Perish'd in that dread field; the rest escaped.

Thus, after loss of many, we pursued  
Our course, yet, difficult as was our flight,  
Went not 'till first we had invoked by name  
Our friends, whom the Ciconians had destroy'd.

But cloud-assembler Jove assail'd us soon  
With a tempestuous North-wind; earth alike  
And sea with storms he overhung, and night  
Fell fast from heav'n. Their heads deep-plunging oft

Our galleys flew, and rent, and rent again  
Our tatter'd sail-cloth crackled in the wind.

We, fearing instant death, within the barks  
Our canvas lodg'd, and, toiling strenuous, reach'd  
At length the continent. Two nights we lay

Continual there, and two long days, consumed  
With toil and grief; but when the beauteous morn  
Bright-hair'd, had brought the third day to a close,

(Our masts erected, and white sails unfurl'd)  
Again we sat on board; meantime, the winds  
Well managed by the steersman, urg'd us on,

And now, all danger pass'd, I had attain'd  
My native shore, but, doubling in my course  
Malea, waves and currents and North-winds

Constrain'd me devious to Cythera's isle.  
Nine days by cruel storms thence was I borne

Athwart the fishy Deep, but on the tenth  
Reach'd the Lotophagi, a race sustain'd

On sweetest fruit alone. There quitting ship,  
 We landed and drew water, and the crews  
 Beside the vessels took their evening cheer.  
 When, hasty, we had thus our strength renew'd, 100  
 I order'd forth my people to inquire  
 (Two I selected from the rest, with whom  
 I join'd an herald, third) what race of men  
 Might there inhabit. They, departing; mix'd  
 With the Lotophagi; nor hostile aught 105  
 Or savage the Lotophagi devised  
 Against our friends, but offer'd to their taste  
 The lotus; of which fruit what man foe'er  
 Once tasted, no desire felt he to come  
 With tidings back, or seek his country more, 110  
 But rather wish'd to feed on lotus still  
 With the Lotophagi, and to renounce  
 All thoughts of home. Them, therefore, I constrain'd  
 Weeping on board, and dragging each beneath  
 The benches, bound him there. Then, all in haste, 115  
 I urged my people to ascend again  
 Their hollow barks, lest others also, fed  
 With fruit of lotus, should forget their home.  
 They quick embark'd, and on the benches ranged  
 In order, thrush'd with oars the foamy flood. 120  
 Thence, o'er the Deep proceeding sad, we reach'd  
 The land at length, where, \* giant-sized and free  
 From all constraint of law, the Cyclops dwell.

\* So the Scholium interprets in this place, the word *ὑπερφιάλος*.

They,

They, trusting to the Gods, plant not, or plough,  
 But earth unfow'd, untill'd, brings forth for them 125  
 All fruits, wheat, barley, and the vinous grape  
 Large-cluster'd, nourish'd by the show'rs of Jove.  
 No councils they convene, no laws contrive,  
 But in deep caverns dwell, found on the heads  
 Of lofty mountains, judging each supreme 130  
 His wife and children, heedless of the rest.  
 In front of the Cyclopean haven lies  
 A level island, not adjoining close  
 Their land, nor yet remote, woody and rude.  
 There, wild-goats breed numberless, by no foot 135  
 Of man molested; never huntsman there,  
 Inured to winter's cold and hunger, roams  
 The dreary woods, or mountain-tops sublime;  
 No fleecy flocks dwell there, nor plough is known,  
 But the unseeded and unfurrow'd soil, 140  
 Year after year a wilderness by man  
 Untrodden, food for blatant goats supplies.  
 For no ships crimson-prow'd the Cyclops own,  
 Nor naval artizan is there, whose toil  
 Might furnish them with oary barks, by which 145  
 Subsists all distant commerce, and which bear  
 Man o'er the Deep to cities far remote  
 Who might improve the peopled isle, that seems  
 Not sterile in itself, but apt to yield,  
 In their due season, fruits of ev'ry kind. 150  
 For stretch'd beside the hoary ocean lie

Green meadows moist, where vines would never fail;  
 Light is the land, and they might yearly reap  
 The tallest crops, so unctuous is the glebe.  
 Safe is its haven also, where no need 155  
 Of cable is or anchor, or to lash  
 The hawser fast ashore, but pushing in  
 His bark, the mariner might there abide  
 'Till rising gales should tempt him forth again.  
 At bottom of the bay runs a clear stream 160  
 Issuing from a cove hemm'd all around  
 With poplars; down into that bay we steer'd  
 Amid the darkness of the night, some God  
 Conducting us; for all unseen it lay,  
 Such gloom involved the fleet, nor shone the moon 165  
 From heav'n to light us, veil'd by pitchy clouds.  
 Hence, none the isle descried, nor any saw  
 The lofty ferge roll'd on the strand, or ere  
 Our vessels struck the ground; but when they struck,  
 Then, low'ring all our sails, we disembark'd, 170  
 And on the sea-beech slept till dawn appear'd.  
 Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Look'd rosy forth, we with admiring eyes  
 The isle survey'd, roaming it wide around.  
 Meantime, the nymphs, Jove's daughters, roused the goats  
 Bred on the mountains, to supply with food 176  
 The partners of my toils; then, bringing forth  
 Bows and long-pointed javelins from the ships,  
 Divided all into three sep'rate bands

We

We struck them, and the Gods gave us much prey. 180

Twelve ships attended me, and ev'ry ship

Nine goats received by lot; myself alone

Selected ten. All day, 'till set of sun,

We eating fat goat's flesh, and drinking wine

Delicious, without stint; for dearth was none 185

Of ruddy wine on board, but much remain'd,

With which my people had their jars supplied

What time we sack'd Ciconian Ismarus.

Thence looking forth toward the neighbour-land

Where dwell the Cyclops, rising smoke we saw, 190

And voices heard, their own, and of their flocks.

Now sank the sun, and (night o'ershadowing all)

We slept along the shore; but when again

The rosy-finger'd daughter of the dawn

Look'd forth, my crews convened, I thus began. 195

Companions of my course! here rest ye all,

Save my own crew, with whom I will explore

This people, whether wild they be, unjust,

And to contention giv'n, or well-dispos'd

To strangers, and a race who fear the Gods. 200

So speaking, I embark'd, and bade embark

My followers, throwing, quick, the hawsers loose.

They, ent'ring at my word, the benches fill'd

Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood.

Attaining soon that neighbor-land, we found 205

At its extremity, fast by the sea,

A cavern, lofty, and dark-brow'd above

With

With laurels; in that cavern slumb'ring lay  
 Much cattle, sheep and goats, and a broad court  
 Enclosed it, fenced with stones from quarries hewn, 210  
 With spiry firs, and oaks of ample bough.  
 Here dwelt a giant vast, who far remote  
 His flocks fed solitary, converse none  
 Desiring, sullen, savage, and unjust.  
 Monster, in truth, he was, hideous in form, 215  
 Resembling less a man by Ceres gift  
 Sustain'd, than some aspiring mountain-crag  
 Tufted with wood, and standing all alone.  
 Enjoining, then, my people to abide  
 Fast by the ship which they should closely guard, 220  
 I went; but not without a goat-skin fill'd  
 With fable wine which I had erst received  
 From Maron, offspring of Evanthès, priest  
 Of Phœbus, guardian god of Itharus,  
 Because, through rev'rence of him, we had saved 225  
 Himself, his wife and children; for he dwelt  
 Amid the grove umbrageous of his God.  
 He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him  
 Sev'n talents I received of beaten gold,  
 A beaker, argent all, and after these 230  
 No fewer than twelve jars with wine replete,  
 Rich, unadulterate, drink for Gods; nor knew  
 One servant, male or female, of that wine  
 In all his house; none knew it, save himself,  
 His wife, and the intendant of his stores. 235  
 Oft



Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he flaked  
 A fingle cup with twenty from the fream,  
 And, even then, the beaker breath'd abroad  
 A fcent celestial, which whoever fmelt,  
 Thenceforth no pleafure found it to abftain. 240  
 Charged with an ample goat-fkin of this wine  
 I went, and with a wallet well fupplied,  
 But felt a fudden prefage in my foul  
 That, haply, with terrific force endued,  
 Some favage would appear, ftrange to the laws 245  
 And privileges of the human race.  
 Few fteps convey'd us to his den, but him  
 We found not; he his flocks pafur'd abroad.  
 His cavern ent'ring, we with wonder gazed  
 Around on all; his ftrainers hung with cheefe 350  
 Diffended wide; with lambs and kids his penns  
 Clofe-throng'd we faw, and folded feparate  
 The various charge; the eldeft all apart,  
 Apart the middle-aged, and the new-yeand  
 Also apart. His pails and bowls with whey 355  
 Swam all, neat veffels into which he milk'd.  
 Me then my friends firft importuned to take  
 A portion of his cheefes, then to drive  
 Forth from the fheep-cotes to the rapid bark  
 His kids and lambs, and plow the brine again. 360  
 But me they moved not, happier had they moved!  
 I wifh'd to fee him, and to gain, perchance,  
 Some pledge of hofpitality at his hands,

Whose form was such, as should not much bespeak  
 When he appear'd, our confidence or love. 365  
 Then, kindling fire, we offer'd to the Gods,  
 And of his cheeses eating, patient sat  
 'Till home he trudg'd from pasture. Charged he came  
 With dry wood bundled, an enormous load,  
 Fuel by which to sup. Loud crash'd the thorns 370  
 Which down he cast before the cavern's mouth,  
 To whose interior nooks we trembling flew.  
 At once he drove into his spacious cave  
 His batten'd flock, all those which gave him milk,  
 But all the males, both rams and goats, he left 375  
 Abroad, excluded from the cavern-yard.  
 Upheaving, next, a rocky barrier huge  
 To his cave's mouth, he thrust it home. That weight  
 Not all the oxen from its place had moved  
 Of twenty and two wains; with such a rock 380  
 Immenſe his den he cloſed. Then down he fat,  
 And as he milk'd his ewes and bleating goats  
 All in their turns, her yeanning gave to each;  
 Coagulating, then, with brisk diſpatch,  
 The half of his new milk, he thruſt the curd 385  
 Into his wicker ſieves, but ſtored the reſt  
 In pans and bowls—his cuſtomary drink.  
 His labours thus perform'd, he kindled, laſt,  
 His fuel, and diſcerning *us*, enquired,  
 Who are ye, ſtrangers? from what diſtant ſhore 390  
 Roam ye the waters? traffick ye? or bound

To

To no one port, wander, as pirates use,  
 At large the Deep, exposing life themselves,  
 And enemies of all mankind beside?

He ceased; we, dash'd with terrour, heard the growl  
 Of his big voice, and view'd his form uncouth, 396  
 To whom, though sore-appall'd, I thus replied.

Of Greece are we, and, bound from Ilium home,  
 Have wander'd wide the expanse of ocean, sport  
 For ev'ry wind, and driven from our course, 400  
 Have here arrived; so stood the will of Jove.  
 We boast ourselves of Agamemnon's train,  
 The son of Atreus, at this hour the Chief  
 Beyond all others under heav'n renown'd,  
 So great a city he hath sack'd, and slain 405  
 Such num'rous foes; but since we reach, at last,  
 Thy knees, we beg such hospitable fare,  
 Or other gift, as guests are wont to obtain.  
 Illustrious lord! respect the Gods, and us  
 Thy suitors; suppliant's are the care of Jove 410  
 The hospitable; he their wrongs redents,  
 And where the stranger sojourns, there is he.

I ceas'd, when answer thus he, fierce, return'd.  
 Friend! either thou art fool, or hast arrived  
 Indeed from far, who bidd'st me fear the Gods 415  
 Left they be wroth. The Cyclops little heeds  
 Jove ægis-arm'd, or all the Pow'rs of heav'n.  
 Our race is mightier far; nor shall myself,  
 Through fear of Jove's hostility, abstain

From thee or thine, unless my choice be such. 420

But tell me now. Where touch'd thy gallant bark

Our country, on thy first arrival here?

Remote, or nigh? for I would learn the truth.

So spake he, tempting me; but, artful, thus

I answer'd, penetrating his intent. 425

My vessel, Neptune, Shaker of the shores,

At yonder utmost promontory dash'd

In pieces, hurling her against the rocks

With winds that blew right thither from the sea,

And I, with these alone, escaped alive. 430

So I, to whom, relentless, answer none

He deign'd, but, with his arms extended, sprang

Toward my people, of whom seizing two

At once, like whelps against his cavern-floor

He dash'd them, and their brains spread on the ground.

These, piece-meal he'vn, for supper he prepared, 436

And, like a mountain-lion, neither flesh

Nor entrails left, nor yet their marrowy bones.

We, viewing that tremendous fight, upraised

Our hands to Jove, all hope and courage lost. 440

When thus the Cyclops had with human flesh

Fill'd his capacious belly, and had quaff'd

Much undiluted milk, among his flocks

Outstretch'd immense, he press'd his cavern-floor.

Me, then, my courage prompted to approach 445

The monster with my sword drawn from the sheath,

And to transfix him where the vitals wrap

The

The liver; but maturer thoughts forbad.  
 For so, we also had incurr'd a death  
 Tremendous, wanting pow'r to thrust aside 450  
 The rocky mass that clos'd his cavern-mouth  
 By force of hand alone. Thus many a sigh  
 Heaving, we watch'd the dawn. But when, at length,  
 Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
 Look'd forth, then, kindling fire, his flocks he milk'd  
 In order, and her yearling kid or lamb 456  
 Thrust under each. When thus he had perform'd  
 His wonted task, two seizing, as before,  
 He flew them for his next obscene regale.  
 His dinner ended, from the cave he drove 460  
 His fatted flocks abroad, moving with ease  
 That pond'rous barrier, and replacing it  
 As he had only clos'd a quiver's lid.  
 Then, hissing them along, he drove his flocks  
 Toward the mountain, and me left, the while, 465  
 Deep ruminating how I best might take  
 Vengeance, and by the aid of Pallas win  
 Deathless renown. This counsel pleas'd me most.  
 Beside the sheep-cote lay a massy club  
 Hewn by the Cyclops from an olive stock, 470  
 Green, but which dried, should serve him for a staff.  
 To us consid'ring it, that staff appear'd  
 Tall as the mast of a huge trading-bark,  
 Impell'd by twenty rowers o'er the Deep.  
 Such seem'd its length to us, and such its bulk. 475

Part amputating, (an whole fathom's length) ;  
 I gave my men that portion, with command  
 To shave it smooth. They smooth'd it, and myself,  
 Shaping its blunt extremity to a point,  
 Season'd it in the fire ; then cov'ring close  
 The weapon, hid it under litter'd straw,  
 For much lay scatter'd on the cavern-floor.  
 And now I bade my people cast the lot  
 Who of us all should take the pointed brand,  
 And grind it in his eye when next he slept.  
 The lots were cast, and four were chosen, those  
 Whom most I wish'd, and I was chosen fifth.  
 At even-tide he came, his fleecy flocks  
 Pasturing homeward, and compell'd them all  
 Into his cavern, leaving none abroad,  
 Either through some surmise, or so inclined  
 By influence, haply, of the Gods themselves.  
 The huge rock pull'd into its place again  
 At the cave's mouth, he, sitting, milk'd his sheep  
 And goats in order, and her kid or lamb  
 Thrust under each ; thus, all his work dispatch'd,  
 Two more he seiz'd, and to his supper fell.  
 I then, approaching to him, thus address'd  
 The Cyclops, holding in my hand a cup  
 Of ivy-wood, well-charged with ruddy wine.  
 Lo, Cyclops ! this is wine. Take this and drink  
 After thy meal of man's flesh. Taste and learn  
 What precious liquor our lost vessel bore.

I brought

I brought it hither, purposing to make  
 Libation to thee, if to pity inclined 505  
 Thou would'st dismiss us home. But, ah, thy rage  
 Is insupportable! thou cruel one!

Who, thinkest thou, of all mankind, henceforth  
 Will visit *thee* guilty of such excess?

I ceas'd. He took and drank, and \* hugely pleas'd  
 With that delicious bev'rage, thus enquired. 511

Give me again, and spare not. Tell me, too,  
 Thy name, incontinent, that I may make  
 Requital, gratifying also thee  
 With somewhat to thy taste. We Cyclops own 515

A bounteous soil, which yields us also wine  
 From clusters large, nourish'd by show'rs from Jove;  
 But this—oh this is from above—a stream  
 Of nectar and ambrosia, all divine!

He ended, and received a second draught, 520  
 Like measure. Thrice I bore it to his hand,  
 And, foolish, thrice he drank. But when the fumes  
 Began to play around the Cyclop's brain,  
 With show of amity I thus replied.

Cyclops! thou hast my noble name enquired, 525  
 Which I will tell thee. Give me, in return,  
 The promised boon, some hospitable pledge.  
 My name is † Outis; Outis I am call'd

At

\* *Αἰσας*.

† Clarke, who has preserved this name in his marginal version, contends strenuously, and with great reason, that Outis ought not to be translated; and in a passage which  
 he

At home, abroad, wherever I am known.

So I; to whom he, savage, thus replied. 530

Outis, when I have eaten all his friends;

Shall be my last regale. Be that thy boon.

He spake, and, downward sway'd, fell refulgine,

With his huge neck aslant. All-conqu'ring sleep

Soon seiz'd him. From his gullet gush'd the wine 535

With human morsels mingled, many a blast

Sonorous issuing from his glutted maw.

Then, thrusting far the spike of olive-wood

Into the embers glowing on the hearth,

I heated it, and cheer'd my friends, the while, 540

Left any should, through fear, shrink from his part.

But when that stake of olive-wood, though green,

Should soon have flamed, for it was glowing hot,

I bore it to his side. Then all my aids

Around me gather'd, and the Gods infused 545

Heroic fortitude into our hearts.

They, seizing the hot stake rasp'd to a point,

Bored his eye with it, and myself, advanced

To a superior stand, twirl'd it about.

As when a shipwright with his wimble bores 550

he quotes from the *Acta eruditorum*, we see much fault found with Giphanius and other interpreters of Homer for having translated it. It is certain that in Homer the word is declined not as  $\sigma\tau\iota\varsigma$ - $\tau\iota\upsilon\omicron\varsigma$ , which signifies no man, but as  $\sigma\tau\iota\varsigma$ - $\tau\iota\delta\omicron\varsigma$ , making  $\sigma\tau\iota\upsilon$  in the accusative, consequently as a proper name. It is sufficient that the ambiguity was such as to deceive the friends of the Cyclops. Outis is said by some (perhaps absurdly) to have been a name given to Ulysses on account of his having larger ears than common.

Tough



Tough oaken timber, placed on either side  
 Below, his fellow-artists strain the thong  
 Alternate, and the restless iron spins  
 So, grasping hard the stake pointed with fire,  
 We twirl'd it in his eye; the bubbling blood 555  
 Boil'd round about the brand; his pupil sent  
 A scalding vapour forth that singed his brow,  
 And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.  
 As when the smith an hatchet or large axe  
 Temp'ring with skill, plunges the hissing blade 560  
 Deep in cold water, (whence the strength of steel)  
 So hiss'd his eye around the olive-wood.  
 The howling monster with his outcry fill'd  
 The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,  
 Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the spike 565  
 From his burnt socket, mad with anguish, cast  
 The implement all bloody far away.  
 Then, bellowing, he sounded forth the name  
 Of ev'ry Cyclops dwelling in the caves  
 Around him, on the wind-swept mountain-tops; 570  
 They, at his cry flocking from ev'ry part,  
 Circled his den, and of his ail enquired.

What grievous hurt hath caused thee, Polypheme!  
 Thus yelling to alarm the peaceful ear  
 Of night, and break our slumbers? Fear'st thou lest  
 Some mortal man drive off thy flocks? or fear'st 576  
 Thyself to die by cunning or by force?

Them answer'd, then, Polypheme from his cave.

Oh, friends! I die, and Outis gives the blow:

To whom with accents wing'd his friends without. 580

If no \*man harm thee, but thou art alone,

And sickness feel'st, it is the stroke of Jove,

And thou must bear it; yet invoke for aid

Thy father Neptune, Sov'reign of the floods.

So saying, they went, and in my heart I laugh'd 585

That by the fiction only of a name,

Slight stratagem! I had deceived them all.

Then groan'd the Cyclops wrung with pain and grief,

And, fumbling with stretch'd hands, removed the rock

From his cave's mouth, which done, he sat him down

Spreading his arms athwart the pass, to stop 590

Our egress with his flocks abroad; so dull,

It seems, he held me, and so ill-advised.

I, pondering what means might fittest prove

To save from instant death, (if save I might) 595

My people and myself, to ev'ry shift

Inclined, and various counsels framed, as one

Who strove for life, conscious of woe at hand.

To me, thus meditating, this appear'd

The likeliest course. The rams well-thriven were, 600

Thick-fleeced, full-sized, with wool of fable hue.

These, silently, with osier twigs on which

The Cyclops, hideous monster, slept, I bound,

\* Outis, as a *name*, could only denote him who bore it; but as a *noun*, it signifies *no man*, which accounts sufficiently for the ludicrous mistake of his brethren.

Three in one leash; the intermediate rams  
 Bore each a man, whom the exterior two 605  
 Preserved, concealing him on either side.  
 Thus each was borne by three, and I, at last,  
 The curl'd back seizing of a ram, (for one  
 I had reserv'd far stateliest of them all)  
 Slipp'd underneath his belly, and both hands 610  
 Enfolding fast in his exub'rant fleece,  
 Clung ceaseless to him as I lay supine.  
 We, thus disposed, waited with many a sigh  
 The sacred dawn; but when, at length, aris'n,  
 Aurora, day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd 615  
 Again appear'd, the males of all his flocks  
 Rush'd forth to pasture, and, meantime, unmilk'd,  
 The wethers bleated, by the load distress'd  
 Of udders overcharged. Their master, rack'd  
 With pain intolerable, handled yet 620  
 The backs of all, inquisitive, as they stood,  
 But, gross of intellect, suspicion none  
 Conceiv'd of men beneath their bodies bound.  
 And now (none left beside) the ram approach'd  
 With his own wool burthen'd, and with myself, 625  
 Whom many a fear molested. Polypheme  
 The giant stroak'd him as he sat, and said,  
 My darling ram! why, latest of the flock  
 Com'st thou, whom never, heretofore, my sheep  
 Could leave behind, but stalking at their head, 630  
 Thou first was wont to crop the tender grass,

First to arrive at the clear stream, and first  
 With ready will to seek my sheep-cote here  
 At evening; but, thy practice chang'd, thou com'st,  
 Now last of all. Feel'st thou regret, my ram! 635  
 Of thy poor master's eye, by a vile wretch  
 Bored out, who overcame me first with wine,  
 And by a crew of vagabonds accurs'd,  
 Followers of Outis, whose escape from death  
 Shall not be made to day? Ah! that thy heart 640  
 Were as my own, and that distinct as I  
 Thou could'st articulate, so should'st thou tell,  
 Where hidden, he eludes my furious wrath.  
 Then, dash'd against the floor his spatter'd brain  
 Should fly, and I should lighter feel my harm 645  
 From Outis, wretch base-named and nothing-worth.

So saying, he left him to pursue the flock.  
 When, thus drawn forth, we had, at length, escaped  
 Few paces from the cavern and the court,  
 First, quitting my own ram, I loos'd my friends, 650  
 Then, turning seaward many a thriven ewe  
 Sharp-hoof'd, we drove them swiftly to the ship.  
 Thrice welcome to our faithful friends we came  
 From death escaped, but much they mourn'd the dead.  
 I suffer'd not their tears, but silent shook 655  
 My brows, by signs commanding them to lift  
 The sheep on board, and instant plow the main.  
 They, quick embarking, on the benches sat  
 Well ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood;

But

But distant now such length as a loud voice      660  
May reach, I hail'd with taunts the Cyclop's ear.

Cyclops! when thou devour'dst in thy cave  
With brutal force my followers, thou devour'dst  
The followers of no timid Chief, or base.

Vengeance was sure to recompense that deed      665  
Atrocious. Monster! who wast not afraid  
To eat the guest shelter'd beneath thy roof!  
Therefore the Gods have well requited thee.

I ended; he, exasp'rate, raged the more,  
And rending from its hold a mountain-top,      670  
Hurl'd it toward us; at our vessel's stern  
Down came the mass, nigh sweeping in its fall  
The rudder's head. The ocean at the plunge  
Of that huge rock, high on its reflux flood  
Heav'd, irresistible, the ship to land.      675

I seizing, quick, our longest pole on board,  
Back thrust her from the coast, and by a nod  
In silence given, bade my companions ply  
Strenuous their oars, that so we might escape.

\* Procumbent, each obey'd, and when, the flood      680  
Cleaving, † we twice that distance had obtain'd,  
Again I hail'd the Cyclops; but my friends  
Earnest dissuaded me on ev'ry side.

\* προπεσοντες.

Olli certamine summo.

Procumbunt.

VIRGIL.

† The seeming incongruity of this line with line 660, is reconciled by supposing that Ulysses exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this second occasion.

See Clarke.

Ah,

Ah, rash Ulyffes! why with taunts provoke  
 The savage more, who hath this moment hurl'd 685  
 A weapon, fuch as heav'd the fhip again  
 To land, where death feem'd certain to us all?  
 For had he heard a cry, or but the voice  
 Of one man fpeaking, he had all our heads  
 With fome fsharp rock, and all our timbers crush'd 690  
 Together, fuch vaft force is in his arm.

So they, but my courageous heart remain'd  
 Unmoved, and thus again, incens'd, I fpake.

Cyclops! fould any mortal man inquire  
 To whom thy fhameful lofs of fight thou ow'ft, 695  
 Say, to Ulyffes, city-wafter Chief,  
 Laertes' fon, native of Ithaca.

I ceas'd, and with a groan thus he replied.  
 Ah me! an antient oracle I feel  
 Accomplish'd. Here abode a prophet erft, 700  
 A man of nobleft form, and in his art  
 Unrivall'd, Telemus Eurymedes.  
 He, prophefying to the Cyclops-race,  
 Grew old among us, and prefaged my lofs  
 Of fight, in future, by Ulyffes' hand. 705  
 I therefore watch'd for the arrival here,  
 Always, of fome great Chief, for ftature, bulk  
 And beauty prais'd, and cloath'd with wond'rous might.  
 But now—a dwarf, a thing impalpable,  
 A fhadow, overcame me firft by wine, 710  
 Then

Then quench'd my fight. Come hither, O my guest!  
 Return, Ulysses! hospitable cheer  
 Awaits thee, and my pray'rs I will prefer  
 To glorious Neptune for thy prosp'rous course;  
 For I am Neptune's offspring, and the God 715  
 Is proud to be my Sire; he, if he please,  
 And he alone can heal me; none beside  
 Of Pow'rs Immortal, or of men below.

He spake, to whom I answer thus return'd.  
 I would that of thy life and soul amerced, 720  
 I could as sure dismiss thee down to Hell,  
 As none shall heal thine eye—not even He.

So I; then pray'd the Cyclops to his Sire  
 With hands uprais'd toward the starry heav'n.

Hear, Earth encircler Neptune, azure-hair'd! 725  
 If I indeed am thine, and if thou boast  
 Thyself my father, grant that never more  
 Ulysses, leveller of hostile tow'rs,  
 Laertes' son, of Ithaca the fair,  
 Behold his native home! but if his fate 730  
 Decree him yet to see his friends, his house,  
 His native country, let him deep distress'd  
 Return and late, all his companions lost,  
 Indebted for a ship to foreign aid,  
 And let affliction meet him at his door. 735.

He spake, and Ocean's sov'reign heard his pray'r.  
 Then lifting from the shore a stone of size

Far more enormous, o'er his head he whirl'd  
 The rock, and his immeasurable force  
 Exerting all, dismiss'd it. Close behind 740  
 The ship, nor distant from the rudder's head,  
 Down came the mass. The ocean at the plunge  
 Of such a weight, high on its reflux flood  
 Tumultuous, heaved the bark well-nigh to land.

But when we reached the isle where we had left 745  
 Our num'rous barks, and where my people sat  
 Watching with ceaseless sorrow our return,  
 We thrust our vessel to the sandy shore,  
 Then disembark'd, and of the Cyclop's sheep  
 Gave equal share to all. To me alone 750  
 My fellow-voyagers the ram consign'd  
 In distribution, my peculiar meed.

Him, therefore, to cloud-girt Saturnian Jove  
 I offer'd on the shore, burning his thighs  
 In sacrifice; but Jove my hallow'd rites 755  
 Reck'd not, destruction purposing to all  
 My barks, and all my followers o'er the Deep.  
 Thus, feasting largely, on the shore we sat  
 'Till even-tide, and quaffing gen'rous wine;  
 But when day fail'd, and night o'ershadow'd all, 760  
 Then, on the shore we slept; and when again  
 Aurora, rosy daughter of the Dawn,  
 Look'd forth, my people, anxious, I enjoin'd  
 To climb their barks, and cast the hawfers' loofe.

They,



They, all obedient, took their seats on board  
Well-ranged, and thresh'd with oars the foamy flood. 765  
Thus, 'scaping narrowly, we roam'd the Deep  
With aching hearts and with diminish'd crews.

A R G U M E N T  
O F T H E  
T E N T H B O O K.

Ulysses, in pursuit of his narrative, relates his arrival at the island of Æolus, his departure thence, and the unhappy occasion of his return thither. The monarch of the winds dismisses him at last with much asperity. He next tells of his arrival among the Læstrygonians, by whom his whole fleet, together with their crews, are destroyed, his own ship and crew excepted. Thence he is driven to the island of Circe. By her the half of his people are transformed into swine. Assisted by Mercury, he resists her enchantments himself, and prevails with the Goddesses to recover them to their former shape. In consequence of Circe's instructions, after having spent a complete year in her palace, he prepares for a voyage to the infernal regions.

B O O K X.

**W**E came to the Æolian isle; there dwells  
Æolus, son of Hippotas, belov'd  
By the Immortals, in an isle afloat.  
A brazen wall impregnable on all sides  
Girds it, and smooth its rocky coast ascends. 5  
His children, in his own fair palace born,  
Are twelve; six daughters, and six blooming sons.

He

He gave his daughters to his sons to wife;  
 They with their father hold perpetual feast  
 And with their royal mother, still supplied 10  
 With dainties numberless; the sounding dome  
 Is fill'd with fav'ry odours all the day,  
 And with their consorts chaste at night they sleep  
 On stateliest couches with rich arras spread.  
 Their city and their splendid courts we reach'd. 15  
 A month complete he, friendly, at his board  
 Regaled me, and enquiry made minute  
 Of Ilium's fall, of the Achaian fleet,  
 And of our voyage thence. I told him all.  
 But now, desirous to embark again, 20  
 I ask'd dismissal home, which he approved,  
 And well provided for my prosperous course.  
 He gave me, furnish'd by a bullock slay'd  
 In his ninth year, a bag; ev'ry rude blast  
 Which from its bottom turns the Deep, that bag 25  
 Imprison'd held; for him Saturnian Jove  
 Hath officed arbiter of all the winds,  
 To rouse their force, or calm them, at his will.  
 He gave me them on board my bark, so bound  
 With silver twine that not a breath escaped, 30  
 Then order'd gentle Zephyrus to fill  
 Our sails propitious. Order vain, alas!  
 So fatal proved the folly of my friends.  
 Nine days continual, night and day we sail'd,  
 And on the tenth my native land appear'd. 35

Not far remote my Ithacans I saw  
 Fires kindling on the coast; but me with toil  
 Worn, and with watching, gentle sleep subdued;  
 For constant I had ruled the helm, nor giv'n  
 That charge to any, fearful of delay. 40

Then, in close conference combined, my crew  
 Each other thus bespake—He carries home  
 Silver and gold from Æolus received,  
 Offspring of Hippotas, illustrious Chief—  
 And thus a mariner the rest harangued. 45

Ye Gods! what city or what land foc'er  
 Ulysses visits, how is he belov'd  
 By all, and honour'd! many precious spoils  
 He homeward bears from Troy; but we return,  
 (We who the self-same voyage have perform'd) 50  
 With empty hands. Now also he hath gain'd  
 This pledge of friendship from the King of winds.  
 But come—be quick—search we the bag, and learn  
 What stores of gold and silver it contains.

So he, whose mischievous advice prevailed. 55  
 They loos'd the bag; forth issued all the winds,  
 And, caught by tempests o'er the billowy waste,  
 Weeping they flew, far, far from Ithaca.  
 I then, awaking, in my noble mind  
 Stood doubtful, whether from my vessel's side 60  
 Immersed to perish in the flood, or calm  
 To endure my sorrows, and consent to live.  
 I calm endured them; but around my head

Winding

Winding my mantle; lay'd me down below;  
 While adverse blasts bore all my fleet again  
 To the Æolian isle; then groan'd my people.

We disembark'd and drew fresh water there,  
 And my companions, at their galley's sides  
 All seated, took repast; short meal we made,  
 When, with an herald and a chosen friend,  
 I fought once more the hall of Æolus.

Him banquetting with all his sons we found,  
 And with his spouse; we, ent'ring, on the floor  
 Of his wide portal sat, whom they amazed  
 Beheld, and of our coming thus enquired.

Return'd? Ulysses! by what adverse Pow'r  
 Repuls'd hast thou arrived? we sent thee hence  
 Well-fitted forth to reach thy native isle,  
 Thy palace, or what place foe'er thou would'st.

So they—to whom, heart-broken, I replied.  
 My worthless crew have wrong'd me, nor alone  
 My worthless crew, but sleep ill-timed, as much.  
 Yet heal, O friends, my hurt; the pow'r is yours!

So I their favour woo'd. Mute sat the sons,  
 But thus their father answer'd. Hence—be gone—  
 Leave this our isle, thou most obnoxious wretch  
 Of all mankind. I should, myself, transgress,  
 Receiving here, and giving conduct hence  
 To one detested by the Gods as thou.  
 Away—for hated by the Gods thou com'st.

90

So

So saying, he sent me from his palace forth,  
 Groaning profound; thence, therefore, o'er the Deep  
 We still proceeded sorrowful, our force  
 Exhausting ceaseless at the toilsome oar,  
 And, through our own imprudence, hopeless now      95  
 Of other furth'rance to our native isle.  
 Six days we navigated, day and night,  
 The briny flood, and on the seventh reach'd  
 The city erst by Lamus built sublime,  
 Proud Læstrigonia, with the distant gates.      100  
 \* The herdsman, there, driving his cattle home,  
 Summons the shepherd with his flocks abroad.  
 The sleepless there might double wages earn,  
 Attending, now, the herds, now, tending sheep,  
 For the night-pastures, and the pastures grazed      105  
 By day, close border, both, the city-walls.  
 To that illustrious port we came, by rocks  
 Uninterrupted flank'd on either side  
 Of tow'ring height, while prominent the shores  
 And bold, converging at the haven's mouth      110  
 Leave narrow pass. We push'd our galleys in,  
 Then moor'd them side by side; for never surge  
 There lifts its head, or great or small, but clear  
 We found, and motionless, the shelter'd flood.

\* It is supposed by Eustathius that the pastures being infested by gad-flies and other noxious insects in the day-time, they drove their sheep a-field in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them, and their cattle in the evening, when the insects had withdrawn. It is one of the few passages in Homer that must lie at the mercy of conjecture.

Myself alone, staying my bark without, 115  
 Secured her well with hawfers to a rock  
 At the land's point, then climb'd the rugged steep,  
 And spying stood the country. Labours none  
 Of men or oxen in the land appear'd,  
 Nor aught beside saw we, but from the earth 120  
 Smoke rising; therefore of my friends I sent  
 Before me two, adding an herald third,  
 To learn what race of men that country fed.  
 Departing, they an even track pursued  
 Made by the waggons bringing timber down 125  
 From the high mountains to the town below.  
 Before the town a virgin bearing forth  
 Her ew'r they met, daughter of him who ruled  
 The Læstrygonian race, Antiphatas.  
 Descending from the gate, she fought the fount 130  
 Artacia; for their custom was to draw  
 From that pure fountain for the city's use.  
 Approaching they accosted her, and ask'd  
 What King reign'd there, and over whom he reign'd.  
 She gave them soon to know where stood sublime 135  
 The palace of her Sire; no sooner they  
 The palace enter'd, than within they found,  
 In size resembling an huge mountain-top,  
 A woman, whom they shudder'd to behold.  
 She forth from council summon'd quick her spouse 140  
 Antiphatas, who teeming came with thoughts  
 Of carnage, and, arriving, seized at once

A Grecian,

A Grecian, whom, next moment, he devoured.  
 With headlong terrour the surviving two  
 Fled to the ships. Then sent Antiphatas 145  
 His voice through all the town, and on all sides,  
 Hearing that cry, the Læstrygonians flock'd  
 Numberless, and in size resembling more  
 The giants than mankind. They from the rocks  
 Cast down into our fleet enormous stones; 150  
 A strong man's burthen each; dire din arose  
 Of shattered galleys and of dying men,  
 Whom spear'd like fishes to their home they bore,  
 A loathsome prey. While them within the port  
 They slaughter'd, I, (the faulchion at my side 155  
 Drawn forth) cut loose the hawser of my ship,  
 And all my crew enjoin'd with bosoms laid  
 Prone on their oars, to fly the threaten'd woe.  
 They, dreading instant death, tugg'd resupine  
 Together, and the galley from beneath 160  
 Those \* beetling rocks into the open sea  
 Shot gladly; but the rest all perish'd there.

Proceeding thence, we sigh'd, and roam'd the waves,  
 Glad that we lived, but forrowing for the slain.  
 We came to the Ææan isle; there dwelt 165  
 The awful Circe, Goddess amber-hair'd,  
 Deep-skill'd in magic song, sister by birth  
 Of the all-wise Æetes; them the Sun,

\* The word has the authority of Shakespear, and signifies overhanging.



Bright luminary of the world, begat  
On Perse, daughter of Oceanus. 170  
Our vessel there, noiseless, we push'd to land  
Within a spacious haven, thither led  
By some celestial Pow'r. We disembark'd,  
And on the coast two days and nights entire  
Extended lay, worn with long toil, and each 175  
The victim of his heart-devouring woes.  
Then, with my spear and with my faulchion arm'd,  
I left the ship to climb with hasty steps  
An airy height, thence, hoping to espie  
Some works of man, or hear, perchance, a voice. 180  
Exalted on a rough rock's craggy point  
I stood, and on the distant plain, beheld  
Smoke which from Circe's palace through the gloom  
Of trees and thickets rose. That smoke discern'd,  
I ponder'd next if thither I should haste, 185  
Seeking intelligence. Long time I mused,  
But chose at last, as my discreter course,  
To seek the sea-beach and my bark again,  
And, when my crew had eaten, to dispatch  
Before me, others, who should first enquire. 190  
But, ere I yet had reach'd my gallant bark,  
Some God with pity viewing me alone  
In that untrodden solitude, sent forth  
An antler'd stag full-sized into my path.  
His woodland pastures left, he sought the stream, 195  
For he was thirsty, and already parch'd

By the fun's heat. Him issuing from his haunt,  
 Sheer through the back beneath his middle spine  
 I wounded, and the lance sprang forth beyond.  
 Moaning he fell, and in the dust expired. 200

Then, treading on his breathless trunk, I pluck'd  
 My weapon forth, which leaving there reclined,  
 I tore away the osiers with my hands  
 And fallows green, and to a fathom's length  
 Twisting the gather'd twigs into a band, 205

Bound fast the feet of my enormous prey,  
 And, flinging him athwart my neck, repair'd  
 Toward my sable bark, propp'd on my lance,  
 Which now to carry shoulder'd as before  
 Surpass'd my pow'r, so bulky was the load. 210

Arriving at the ship, there I let fall  
 My burthen, and with pleasant speech and kind,  
 Man after man addressing, cheer'd my crew.

My friends! we suffer much, but shall not seek  
 The shades, ere yet our destined hour arrive. 215  
 Behold a feast! and we have wine on board—  
 Pine not with needless famine; rise and eat.

I spake; they readily obey'd, and each  
 Issuing at my word abroad, beside  
 The galley stood, admiring, as he lay, 220  
 The stag, for of no common bulk was he.  
 At length, their eyes gratified to the full  
 With that glad spectacle, they lav'd their hands,  
 And preparation made of noble cheer.

That

That day complete, 'till set of sun, we spent 225  
 Feasting deliciously without restraint,  
 And quaffing gen'rous wine; but when the sun  
 Went down, and darkness overshadow'd all,  
 Extended, then, on Ocean's bank we lay;  
 And when Aurora, daughter of the dawn, 230  
 Look'd rosy forth, convening all my crew  
 To council, I arose, and thus began.

My fellow-voyagers, however worn  
 With num'rous hardships, hear! for neither West  
 Know we, nor East, where rises, or where sets 235  
 The all-enlight'ning sun. But let us think,  
 If thought perchance may profit us, of which  
 Small hope I see; for when I lately climb'd  
 Yon craggy rock, plainly I could discern  
 The land encompass'd by the boundless Deep. 240  
 The isle is flat, and in the midst I saw  
 Dun smoke ascending from an oaken bow'r.

So I, whom hearing, they all courage lost,  
 And at remembrance of Antiphatas  
 The Læstrygonian, and the Cyclop's deeds, 245  
 Ferocious feeder on the flesh of man,  
 Mourn'd loud and wept, but tears could nought avail.  
 Then, numb'ring man by man, I parted them  
 In equal portions, and assign'd a Chief  
 To either band, myself to these, to those 250  
 Godlike Eurylochus. This done, we cast  
 The lots into the helmet, and at once

Forth sprang the lot of bold Eurylochus.  
 He went, and with him of my people march'd  
 Twenty and two, all weeping; nor ourselves                    255  
 Wept less, at separation from our friends.  
 Low in a vale, but on an open spot,  
 They found the splendid house of Circe, built  
 With hewn and polish'd stones; compass'd she dwelt  
 By lions on all sides and mountain-wolves                    260  
 Tamed by herself with drugs of noxious pow'rs.  
 Nor were they, mischievous, but as my friends  
 Approach'd, arising on their hinder feet,  
 Paw'd them in blandishment, and wagg'd the tail.  
 As, when from feast he rises, dogs around                    265  
 Their master fawn, accusom'd to receive  
 The sop conciliatory from his hand,  
 Around my people, so, those talon'd wolves  
 And lions fawn'd. They, terrified, that troop  
 Of savage monsters horrible beheld.                    270  
 And now, before the Goddess' gates arrived,  
 They heard the voice of Circe singing sweet  
 Within, while, busied at the loom, she wove  
 An ample web immortal, such a work  
 Transparent, graceful, and of bright design                    275  
 As hands of Goddesses alone produce.  
 Thus then Polites, Prince of men, the friend  
 Highest in my esteem, the rest bespake.

Ye hear the voice, comrades, of one who weaves:  
 An ample web within, and at her task                    280

So sweetly chaunts that all the marble floor  
 Re-echoes; human be she or divine  
 I doubt, but let us call, that we may learn.

He ceas'd; they call'd; soon issuing at the fount,  
 The Goddess open'd wide her splendid gates, 285  
 And bade them in; they, heedless, all complied,  
 All save Eurylochus, who fear'd a snare.  
 She, introducing them, conducted each  
 To a bright throne, then gave them Pramnian wine,  
 With grated cheese, pure meal, and honey new, 290  
 But medicated with her pois'nous drugs  
 Their food, that in oblivion they might lose  
 The wish of home. She gave them, and they drank,—  
 When, smiting each with her enchanting wand,  
 She shut them in her ties. In head, in voice, 295  
 In body, and in bristles they became  
 All swine, yet intellect'd as before,  
 And at her hand were dieted alone  
 With acorns, chestnuts, and the cornel-fruit,  
 Food grateful ever to the groveling swine. 300

Back flew Eurylochus toward the ship,  
 To tell the woeful tale; struggling to speak,  
 Yet speechless, there he stood, his heart transfixt  
 With anguish, and his eyes deluged with tears.  
 Me boding terrors occupied. At length, 305  
 When, gazing on him, all had oft enquired,  
 He thus rehears'd to us the dreadful change.

Renown'd

Renown'd Ulyffes! as thou bad'st, we went  
 Through yonder oaks; there, bosom'd in a vale,  
 But built conspicuous on a swelling knoll 310  
 With polish'd rock, we found a stately dome.  
 Within, some Goddess or some woman wove  
 An ample web, carolling sweet the while.  
 They call'd aloud; she, issuing at the voice,  
 Unfolded, soon, her splendid portals wide, 315  
 And bade them in. Heedless they enter'd, all,  
 But I remain'd, suspicious of a snare.  
 Ere long the whole band vanish'd, none I saw  
 Thenceforth, though, seated there, long time I watch'd.

He ended; I my studded Faulchion huge 320  
 Athwart my shoulder cast, and seized my bow,  
 Then bade him lead me thither by the way  
 Himself had gone; but with both hands my knees  
 He clasp'd, and in wing'd accents sad exclaim'd.

My King! ah lead me not unwilling back, 325  
 But leave me here; for confident I judge  
 That neither thou wilt bring another thence,  
 Nor come thyself again. Haste—fly we swift  
 With these, for we, at least, may yet escape.

So he, to whom this answer I return'd. 330  
 Eurylochus! abiding here, eat thou  
 And drink thy fill beside the sable bark;  
 I go; necessity forbids my stay.

So saying, I left the galley and the shore.  
 But ere that awful vale entering, I reach'd 335  
 The

The palace of the forcerests, a God  
Met me, the bearer of the golden wand,  
Hermes. He seem'd a stripling in his prime,  
His cheeks cloath'd only with their earliest down,  
For youth is then most graceful; fast he lock'd 340  
His hand in mine, and thus, familiar, spake.

Unhappy! whither, wand'ring o'er the hills,  
Stranger to all this region, and alone,  
Go'st thou? Thy people—they within the walls  
Are shut of Circe, where as swine close-pent 345  
She keeps them. Comest thou to set them free?

I tell thee, never wilt thou thence return  
Thyself, but wilt be prison'd with the rest.  
Yet hearken—I will disappoint her wiles,  
And will preserve thee. Take this precious drug; 350  
Possessing this, enter the Goddess' house  
Boldly, for it shall save thy life from harm.

Lo! I reveal to thee the cruel arts  
Of Circe; learn them. She will mix for thee  
A potion, and will also drug thy food 355

With noxious herbs; but she shall not prevail  
By all her pow'r to change thee; for the force  
Superior of this noble plant, my gift,  
Shall baffle her. Hear still what I advise.

When she shall smite thee with her slender rod, 360  
With faulchion drawn and with death-threat'ning looks  
Rush on her; she will bid thee to her bed  
Affrighted; then beware. Decline not thou

Her love, that she may both release thy friends,  
And may with kindness entertain thyself. 365

But force her swear the dreaded oath of heav'n  
That she will other mischief none devise  
Against thee, lest she strip thee of thy might,  
And, quenching all thy virtue, make thee vile.

So spake the Argicide, and from the earth 370  
That plant extracting, placed it in my hand,  
Then taught me all its pow'rs. Black was the root,  
Milk-white the blossom; Moly is its name

In heav'n; not easily by mortal man  
Dug forth, but all is easy to the Gods. 375

Then, Hermes through the island-woods repair'd  
To heav'n, and I to Circe's dread abode,  
In gloomy musings busied as I went.

Within the vestibule arrived, where dwelt  
The beauteous Goddess, staying there my steps, 380  
I call'd aloud; she heard me, and at once

Issuing, threw her splendid portals wide,  
And bade me in. I follow'd, heart-distress'd.

Leading me by the hand to a bright throne  
With argent studs embellish'd, and beneath 385  
Foot-stool'd magnificent, she made me sit.

Then mingling for me in a golden cup  
My bev'rage, she infused a drug, intent  
On mischief; but when I had drunk the draught  
Unchanged, she smote me with her wand, and said. 390

Hence



Hence—seek the sty. There wallow with thy friends:—  
 She spake; I drawing from beside my thigh—  
 My faulchion keen, with death-denouncing looks  
 Rush'd on her; she, with a shrill scream of fear  
 Ran under my rais'd arm, seiz'd fast my knees,  
 And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began:  
 'Who? whence? thy city and thy birth declare:  
 Amazed I see thee with that potion drench'd,  
 Yet unenchanted; never man before  
 Once pass'd it through his lips, and liv'd the same;  
 But in thy breast a mind inhabits, proof  
 Against all charms. Come then—I know thee well.  
 Thou art Ulysses artifice-renown'd,  
 Of whose arrival here in his return  
 From Ilium, Hermes of the golden wand  
 Was ever wont to tell me. Sheath again  
 Thy sword, and let us, on my bed reclined,  
 Mutual embrace, that we may trust thenceforth  
 Each other, without jealousy or fear.

The Goddess spake, to whom I thus replied.  
 O Circe! canst thou bid me meek become  
 And gentle, who beneath thy roof detain'd  
 My fellow-voyagers transform'd to swine?  
 And, fearing my escape, invit'st thou me  
 Into thy bed, with fraudulent pretext  
 Of love, that there, enfeebling by thy arts  
 My noble spirit, thou may'st make me vile?  
 No—trust me—never will I share thy bed

'Till first, oh Goddess, thou consent to swear  
 The dread all-binding oath, that other harm      420  
 Against myself thou wilt imagine none.

I spake. She swearing as I bade, renounced  
 All evil purpose, and (her solemn oath  
 Concluded) I ascended, next, her bed  
 Magnificent. Meantime, four graceful nymphs      425  
 Attended on the service of the house,

Her menials, from the fountains sprung and groves,  
 And from the sacred streams that seek the sea.  
 Of these, one cast fine linen on the thrones,  
 Which, next, with purple arras rich she spread;      430

Another placed before the gorgeous seats  
 Bright tables, and set on baskets of gold.  
 The third, an argent beaker fill'd with wine  
 Delicious, which in golden cups she served;  
 The fourth brought water, which she warm'd within      435

An ample vase, and when the fimm'ring flood  
 Sang in the tripod, led me to a bath,  
 And laved me with the pleasant stream profuse  
 Pour'd o'er my neck and body, 'till my limbs  
 Refresh'd, all sense of lassitude resign'd.      440

When she had bathed me, and with limpid oil  
 Anointed me, and clothed me in a vest  
 And mantle, next, she led me to a throne  
 Of royal state, with silver studs emboss'd,  
 And footstool'd soft beneath; then came a nymph.      445  
 With golden ewer charged and silver bowl,

Who.

Who pour'd pure water on my hands, and placed  
 The polish'd board before me, which with food  
 Various, selected from her present stores,  
 The cat'refs spread, then, courteous, bade me eat. 450  
 But me it pleas'd not; with far other thoughts  
 My spirit teem'd, on vengeance more intent.  
 Soon, then, as Circe mark'd me on my feat  
 Fast-rooted, fullen, nor with outstretch'd hands  
 Deigning to touch the banquet, she approach'd, 455  
 And in wing'd accents suasive thus began.

Why fits Ulysses like the Dumb, dark thoughts  
 His only food? loaths he the touch of meat,  
 And taste of wine? Thou fear'st, as I perceive,  
 Some other snare, but idle is that fear, 460  
 For I have sworn the inviolable oath.

She ceas'd, to whom this answer I return'd.  
 How can I eat? what virtuous man and just  
 O Circe! could endure the taste of wine  
 Or food, 'till he should see his prison'd friends 465  
 Once more at liberty? If then thy wish  
 That I should eat and drink be true, produce  
 My captive people; let us meet again.

So I; then Circe, bearing in her hand  
 Her potent rod, went forth, and op'ning wide 470  
 The door, drove out my people from the sty,  
 In bulk resembling brawns of the ninth year.  
 They stood before me; she through all the herd  
 Proceeding, with an unctuous antidote

Anointed each, and at the wholesome touch 475  
 All shed the swinish bristles by the drug  
 Dread Circe's former magic gift, produced.  
 Restored at once to manhood, they appear'd  
 More vig'rous far, and fightlier than before.  
 They knew me, and with grasp affectionate 480  
 Hung on my hand. Tears follow'd, but of joy,  
 And with loud cries the vaulted palace rang.  
 Even the awful Goddess felt, herself,  
 Compassion, and, approaching me, began.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd! 485  
 Hence to the shore, and to thy gallant bark;  
 First, hale her safe aground, then, hiding all  
 Your arms and treasures in the caverns, come  
 Thyself again, and hither lead thy friends.

So spake the Goddess; and my gen'rous mind 490  
 Persuaded; thence repairing to the beach,  
 I sought my ship; arrived, I found my crew  
 Lamenting miserably, and their cheeks  
 With tears bedewing ceaseless at her side.  
 As when the calves within some village rear'd 495  
 Behold, at eve, the herd returning home  
 From fruitful meads where they have grazed their fill,  
 No longer in the stalls contain'd, they rush  
 With many a frisk abroad, and, blaring oft,  
 With one consent all dance their dams around, 500  
 So they, at sight of me, dissolved in tears  
 Of rapt'rous joy, and each his spirit felt

With

With like affections, warm'd as he had reach'd  
 Just then his country, and his city seen,  
 Fair Ithaca, where he was born and rear'd. 505  
 Then in wing'd accents tender thus they spake.

Noble Ulysses! thy appearance fills  
 Our soul with transports, such as we should feel  
 Arrived in safety on our native shore.  
 Speak—say how perish'd our unhappy friends? 510

So they; to whom this answer mild I gave.  
 Hale we our vessel first ashore, and hide  
 In caverns all our treasures and our arms,  
 Then, hastening hence, follow me, and ere long  
 Ye shall behold your friends, beneath the roof 515  
 Of Circe banquetting and drinking wine  
 Abundant, for no dearth attends them there.

So I; whom all with readiness obey'd,  
 All save Eurylochus; he fought alone  
 To stay the rest, and, eager, interposed. 520

Ah whither tend we, miserable men?  
 Why covet ye this evil, to go down  
 To Circe's palace? she will change us all  
 To lions, wolves or swine, that we may guard  
 Her palace, by necessity constrain'd. 525  
 So some were prisoners of the Cyclops erst,  
 When, led by rash Ulysses, our lost friends  
 Intruded needlessly into his cave,  
 And perish'd by the folly of their Chief.

He spake, whom hearing, occupied I stood                   530  
 In self-debate, whether, my faulchion keen  
 Forth-drawing from beside my sturdy thigh,  
 To tumble his lopp'd head into the dust,  
 Although he were my kinsman in the bonds  
 Of close affinity; but all my friends                   535  
 As with one voice, thus gently interposed.

Noble Ulysses! we will leave him here  
 Our vessel's guard, if such be thy command,  
 But us lead thou to Circe's dread abode.

So saying, they left the galley, and set forth           540  
 Climbing the coast; nor would Eurylochus  
 Beside the hollow bark remain, but join'd  
 His comrades, by my dreadful menace awed.  
 Meantime the Goddess, busily employ'd,  
 Bathed and refresh'd my friends with limpid oil,           545  
 And clothed them. We, arriving, found them all  
 Banqueting in the palace; there they met;  
 These ask'd, and those rehearsed the wond'rous tale,  
 And, the recital made, all wept aloud  
 'Till the wide dome re-founded. Then approach'd           550  
 The graceful Goddess, and address'd me thus.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 Provoke ye not each other, now, to tears.  
 I am not ignorant, myself, how dread  
 I have been your woes, both on the fishy Deep,           555  
 And on the land by force of hostile pow'rs.  
 But come—Eat now, and drink ye wine, that so

Your

Your freshen'd spirit may revive, and ye  
 Courageous grow again, as when ye left  
 The rugged shores of Ithaca, your home. 560

For now, through recollection, day by day,  
 Of all your pains and toils, ye are become  
 Spiritless, strengthless, and the taste forget  
 Of pleasure, such have been your num'rous woes.

She spake, whose invitation kind prevail'd, 565  
 And won us to her will. There, then, we dwelt  
 The year complete, fed with delicious fare  
 Day after day, and quaffing gen'rous wine.

But when (the year fulfill'd) the circling hours  
 Their course resumed, and the successive months 570  
 With all their tedious days were spent, my friends,  
 Summoning me abroad, thus greeted me.

Sir! recollect thy country, if indeed  
 The fates ordain thee to revisit safe  
 That country, and thy own glorious abode. 575

So they; whose admonition I receiv'd  
 Well-pleas'd. Then, all the day, regaled we sat  
 At Circe's board with sav'ry viands rare,  
 And quaffing richest wine; but when, the sun  
 Declining, darkness overshadow'd all, 580

Then, each within the dusky palace took  
 Custom'd repose, and to the Goddess' bed.  
 Magnificent ascending, there I urged  
 My earnest suit, which gracious she receiv'd,  
 And in wing'd accents earnest thus I spake. 585

O Circe!

O Circe! let us prove thy promise true; Dismiss us hence. My own desires, at length, Tend homeward vehement, and the desires No less of all my friends, who with complaints Unheard by thee, wear my sad heart away. 590

So I; to whom the Goddess in return, Laertes' noble son, Ulysses fanced For deepest wisdom! dwell not longer here; Thou and thy followers, in my abode Reluctant; but your next must be a course Far different; hence departing, ye must seek The dreary house of Ades and of dread Persephone, there to consult the Seer Theban Tiresias, prophet blind, but blest With faculties which death itself hath spared. 600 To him alone, of all the dead, Hell's Queen Gives still to prophecy, while others flit Mere forms, the shadows of what once they were.

She spake, and by her words dash'd from my soul All courage; weeping on the bed I sat, Reckless of life and of the light of day. But when, with tears and rolling to and fro Satiated, I felt relief, thus I replied. 605

O Circe! with what guide shall I perform This voyage, unperform'd by living man? 610

I spake, to whom the Goddess quick replied. Brave Laertiades! let not the fear To want a guide distress thee. Once on board,

Your



Your mast erected, and your canvas white  
 Unfurld, fit thou; the breathing North shall waft 615  
 Thy vessel on. But when ye shall have cross'd  
 The broad expanse of Ocean, and shall reach  
 The oozy shore, where grow the poplar groves  
 And fruitless willows wan of Proserpine,  
 Push thither through the gulphy Deep thy bark, 620  
 And, landing, haste to Pluto's murky abode.  
 There, into Acheron runs not alone  
 Dread Pyriphlegethon, but Cocytus loud,  
 From Styx derived; there also stands a rock,  
 At whose broad base the roaring rivers meet. 625  
 There, thrusting, as I bid, thy bark ashore,  
 O Hero! scoop the soil, op'ning a trench  
 Ell-broad on ev'ry side; then pour around  
 Libation consecrate to all the dead,  
 First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine, 630  
 Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all.  
 Next, supplicate the unsubstantial forms  
 Fervently of the dead, vowing to slay,  
 (Return'd to Ithaca) in thy own house,  
 An heifer barren yet, fairest and best 635  
 Of all thy herds, and to enrich the pile  
 With delicacies such as please the shades;  
 But, in peculiar, to Tiresias vow  
 A fable ram, noblest of all thy flocks.  
 When thus thou hast propitiated with pray'r 640  
 2 I All

All the illustrious nations of the dead,  
 Next, thou shalt sacrifice to them a ram  
 And fable ewe, turning the face of each  
 Right toward Erebus, and look thyself,  
 Meantime, askance toward the river's course. 645

Souls num'rous, soon, of the departed dead  
 Will thither flock; then, strenuous urge thy friends,  
 Flaying the victims which thy ruthless steel  
 Hath slain, to burn them, and to sooth by pray'r  
 Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine. 650

While thus is done, thou seated at the fofs,  
 Faulchion in hand, chase thence the airy forms  
 Afar, nor suffer them to approach the blood,  
 'Till with Tiresias thou have first conferr'd.  
 Then, glorious Chief! the Prophet shall himself 655  
 Appear, who will instruct thee, and thy course  
 Delineate, measuring from place to place  
 Thy whole return athwart the fishy flood.

While thus she spake, the golden dawn arose,  
 When, putting on me my attire, the nymph 660  
 Next, cloath'd herself, and girding to her waist  
 With an embroider'd zone her snowy robe  
 Graceful, redundant, veil'd her beauteous head.  
 Then, ranging the wide palace, I aroused  
 My followers, standing at the side of each— 665

Up! sleep no longer! let us quick depart,  
 For thus the Goddess hath, herself, advis'd.

So

So I, whose early summons my brave friends  
 With readiness obey'd. Yet even thence  
 I brought not all my crew. There was a youth, 670  
 Youngest of all my train, Elpenor; one  
 Not much in estimation for desert

In arms, nor prompt in understanding more,  
 Who overcharged with wine, and covetous  
 Of cooler air, high on the palace-roof 675  
 Of Circe slept, apart from all the rest.

Awaken'd by the clamour of his friends  
 Newly arisen, he also sprang to rise,  
 And, in his haste, forgetful where to find  
 The deep-descending stairs, plunged through the roof.  
 With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ 681  
 Outstretch'd he lay; his spirit fought the shades.

Then, thus to my assembling friends I spake.  
 Ye think, I doubt not, of an homeward course,  
 But Circe points me to the drear abode 685  
 Of Proserpine and Pluto, to consult  
 The spirit of Tiresias, Theban seer.

I ended, and the hearts of all alike  
 Felt consternation; on the earth they sat  
 Disconsolate, and plucking each his hair, 690  
 Yet profit none of all their sorrow found.

But while we fought my galley on the beach  
 With tepid tears bedewing, as we went,  
 Our cheeks, meantime the Goddess to the shore

Descending, bound within the bark a ram  
And fable ewe, passing us unperceived.  
For who hath eyes that can discern a God  
Going or coming, if he shun the view?

695

A R G U-

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## E L E V E N T H B O O K .

Ulyſſes relates to Alcinoüs his voyage to the infernal regions, his conference there with the prophet Tiresias concerning his return to Ithaca, and gives him an account of the heroes, heroines, and others whom he ſaw there.

### B O O K X I.

**A**RRIVING on the ſhore, and launching, firſt,  
Our bark into the ſacred Deep, we ſet  
Our maſt and fails, and ſtoꝝ'd ſecure on board  
The ram and ewe, then, weeping, and with hearts  
Sad and diſconſolate, embark'd ourſelves. 5  
And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,  
Sent after us a canvas-ſtretching breeze,  
Pleasant companion of our courſe, and we  
(The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling fat,  
While managed gales ſped ſwiſt the bark along. 10  
All day, with fails diſtended, o'er the Deep  
She flew, and when the ſun, at length, declined,  
And twilight dim had ſhadow'd all the ways,  
Approach'd the bourn of Ocean's vaſt profound.

The

The city, there, of the Cimmerians stands 15  
 With clouds and darkness veil'd, on whom the sun  
 Deigns not to look with his beam-darting eye,  
 Or when he climbs the starry arch, or when  
 Earthward he slopes again his \* west'ring wheels,  
 But sad night canopies the woeful race. 20  
 We haled the bark aground, and, landing there  
 The rain and fable-ewe, journey'd beside  
 The Deep, till we arriv'd where Circe bade.  
 Here, Perimedes' son Eurylochus  
 Held fast the destined sacrifice, while I 25  
 Scoop'd with my sword the soil, op'ning a trench  
 Ell-broad on ev'ry side, then pour'd around  
 Libation consecrate to all the dead,  
 First, milk with honey mixt, then luscious wine,  
 Then water, sprinkling, last, meal over all. 30  
 This done, adoring the unreal forms  
 And shadows of the dead, I vow'd to slay,  
 (Return'd to Ithaca) in my own abode,  
 An heifer barren yet, fairest and best  
 Of all my herds, and to enrich the pile 35  
 With delicacies, such as please the shades.  
 But, in peculiar, to the Theban steer  
 I vow'd a fable ram, largest and best  
 Of all my flocks. When thus I had implored  
 With vows and pray'r, the nations of the dead, 40  
 Piercing the victims next, I turn'd them both

\* Milton.

To bleed into the trench; then swarming came  
 From Erebus the shades of the deceased,  
 Brides, youths unwedded, seniors long with woe  
 Oppress'd, and tender girls yet new to grief. 45  
 Came also many a warrior by the spear  
 In battle pierced, with armour gore-distain'd,  
 And all the multitude around the fofs  
 Stalk'd shrieking dreadful; me pale horror seized.  
 I next, importunate, my people urged, 50  
 Flaying the victims which myself had slain,  
 To burn them, and to supplicate in pray'r  
 Illustrious Pluto and dread Proserpine.  
 Then down I sat, and with drawn faulchion chased  
 The ghosts, nor suffer'd them to approach the blood, 55  
 'Till with Tiresias I should first confer.

The spirit, first, of my companion came,  
 Elpenor; for no burial honours yet  
 Had he received, but we had left his corse  
 In Circe's palace, tomblefs, undeplord, 60  
 Ourselves by preffure urged of other cares.  
 Touch'd with compassion seeing him, I wept,  
 And in wing'd accents brief him thus bespake.

Elpenor! how cam'st thou into the realms  
 Of darkness? Hast thou, though on foot, so far 65  
 Outstripp'd my speed, who in my bark arrived?

So I, to whom with tears he thus replied.  
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 Fool'd by some dæmon and the intemp'rate bowl,

I perish'd.

I perish'd in the house of Circe; there 70  
 The deep-descending steps heedless I mis'd,  
 And fell precipitated from the roof.  
 With neck-bone broken from the vertebræ  
 Outstretch'd I lay; my spirit fought the shades.  
 But now, by those whom thou hast left at home, 75  
 By thy Penelope, and by thy fire,  
 The gentle nourisher of thy infant growth,  
 And by thy only son Telemachus  
 I make my suit to thee. For, sure, I know  
 That from the house of Pluto safe return'd, 80  
 Thou shalt ere long thy gallant vessel moor  
 At the Ææan isle. Ah! there arrived  
 Remember me. Leave me not undeplord  
 Nor uninhumed, left, for my sake, the Gods  
 In vengeance visit thee; but with my arms 85  
 (What arms so'er I left) burn me, and raise  
 A kind memorial of me on the coast,  
 Heap'd high with earth; that an unhappy man  
 May yet enjoy an unforgotten name.  
 Thus do at my request, and on my hill 90  
 Funereal, plant the oar with which I row'd,  
 While yet I lived a mariner of thine.

He spake, to whom thus answer I return'd.  
 Poor youth! I will perform thy whole desire.

Thus we, there sitting, doleful converse held, 95  
 With outstretch'd faulchion, I, guarding the blood,  
 And my companion's shadowy semblance sad

Meantime



Meantime discoursing me on various themes.

The soul of my departed mother, next,

Of Anticleia came, daughter of brave 100

Autolycus; whom, when I fought the shores

Of Ilium, I had living left at home.

Seeing her, with compassion touch'd, I wept,

Yet even her, (although it pain'd my soul)

Forbad, relentless, to approach the blood, 105

'Till with Tiresias I should first confer.

Then came the spirit of the Theban seer

Himself, his golden sceptre in his hand,

Who knew me, and, enquiring, thus began.

Why, hapless Chief! leaving the cheerful day, 110

Arriv'st thou to behold the dead, and this

Unpleasant land? but, from the trench awhile

Receding, turn thy falchion keen away,

That I may drink the blood, and tell thee truth.

He spake; I thence receding, deep infix'd 115

My sword bright-studded in the sheath again.

The noble prophet then, approaching, drank

The blood, and, satisfied, address'd me thus.

Thou seek'st a pleasant voyage home again,

Renown'd Ulysses! but a God will make 120

That voyage difficult; for, as I judge,

Thou wilt not pass by Neptune unperceiv'd,

Whose anger follows thee, for that thou hast

Deprived his son the Cyclops of his eye.

At length, however, after num'rous woes 125

Endur'd, thou may'st attain thy native isle,  
 If thy own appetite thou wilt controul  
 And theirs who follow thee, what time thy bark  
 Well-built, shall at \* Thrinacia's shore arrive,  
 Escaped from perils of the gloomy Deep. 130  
 There shall ye find grazing the flocks and herds  
 Of the all-seeing and all-hearing Sun,  
 Which, if attentive to thy safe return,  
 Thou leave unharm'd, though after num'rous woes,  
 Ye may at length arrive in Ithaca. 135  
 But if thou violate them, I denounce  
 Destruction on thy ship and all thy band,  
 And though thyself escape, late shalt thou reach  
 Thy home and † hard-bested, in a strange bark,  
 All thy companions lost; trouble beside 140  
 Awaits thee there, for thou shalt find within  
 Proud suitors of thy noble wife, who waste  
 Thy substance, and with promis'd spousal gifts  
 Ceaseless solicit her to wed; yet well  
 Shalt thou avenge all their injurious deeds. 145  
 That once perform'd, and ev'ry suitor slain  
 Either by stratagem, or face to face,  
 In thy own palace, bearing, as thou go'st,  
 A shapely oar, journey, 'till thou hast found  
 A people who the sea know not, nor eat 150

\* The shore of Sicily, commonly called Trinacria, but *Euphonicè* by Homer, Thrinacia.

† The expression is used by Milton, and signifies—Beset with many difficulties.

Food falted ; they trim galley crimfon-prow'd  
 Have ne'er beheld, nor yet fsmooth-fhaven oar,  
 With which the vefſel wing'd ſcuds o'er the waves.  
 Well thou ſhalt know them ; this ſhall be the ſign—  
 When thou ſhalt meet a trav'ler, who ſhall name 155  
 The oar on thy broad ſhoulder borne, a \* van,  
 There, deep infixing it within the foil,  
 Worſhip the King of Ocean with a bull,  
 A ram, and a lafcivious boar, then ſeek  
 Thy home again, and ſacrifice at home 160  
 An hecatomb to the Immortal Gods,  
 Adoring each duly, and in his courſe.  
 So ſhalt thou die in peace a gentle death,  
 Remote from Ocean ; it ſhall find thee late,  
 In ſoft ſerenity of age, the Chief 165  
 Of a bleſt people.—I have told thee truth.

He ſpake, to whom I answer thus return'd.  
 Tireſias ! thou, I doubt not, haſt reveal'd  
 The ordinance of heav'n. But tell me, Seer !  
 And truly. I behold my mother's ſhade ; 170  
 Silent ſhe fits beſide the blood, nor word  
 Nor even look vouchſafes to her own ſon.  
 How ſhall ſhe learn, prophet ! that I am her's ?

So I, to whom Tireſias quick replied.  
 The courſe is eaſy. Learn it, taught by me. 175  
 What ſhade ſoe'er, by leave from thee obtain'd,

\* Miſtaking the oar for a corn-van. A ſure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns.

Shall taste the blood, that shade will tell thee truth;  
The rest, prohibited, will all retire.

When thus the spirit of the royal Seer  
Had his prophetic mind reveal'd, again 180  
He enter'd Pluto's gates; but I unmoved  
Still waited 'till my mother's shade approach'd;  
She drank the blood, then knew me, and in words  
Wing'd with affection, plaintive, thus began.

My son! how hast thou enter'd, still alive, 185  
This darksome region? Difficult it is  
For living man to view the realms of death.  
Broad rivers roll, and awful floods between,  
But chief, the Ocean, which to pass on foot,  
Or without ship, impossible is found. 190  
Hast thou, long-wand'ring in thy voyage home  
From Ilium, with thy ship and crew arrived,  
Ithaca and thy consort yet unseen?

She spake, to whom this answer I return'd:  
My mother! me necessity constrain'd 195  
To Pluto's dwelling, anxious to consult  
Theban Tiresias; for I have not yet  
Approach'd Achaia, nor have touch'd the shore  
Of Ithaca, but suffering ceaseless woe  
Have roam'd, since first in Agamemnon's train 200  
I went to combat with the sons of Troy.  
But speak, my mother, and the truth alone;  
What stroke of fate slew *thee*? Fell'st thou a prey  
To some slow malady? or by the shafts

Of gentle Dian suddenly subdued? 205  
 Speak to me also of my antient Sire,  
 And of Telemachus, whom I left at home;  
 Possess I still unalienate and safe  
 My property, or hath some happier Chief  
 Admittance free into my fortunes gain'd, 210  
 No hope subsisting more of my return?  
 The mind and purpose of my wedded wife  
 Declare thou also. Dwells she with our son  
 Faithful to my domestic interests,  
 Or is she wedded to some Chief of Greece? 215  
     I ceas'd, when thus the venerable shade.  
 Not so; she faithful still and patient dwells  
 Thy roof beneath; but all her days and nights  
 Devoting sad to anguish and to tears.  
 Thy fortunes still are thine; Telemachus 220  
 Cultivates, undisturb'd, thy land, and sits  
 At many a noble banquet, such as well  
 Befseems the splendour of his princely state,  
 For all invite him; at his farm retired  
 Thy father dwells, nor to the city comes 225  
 For aught; nor bed, nor furniture of bed,  
 Furr'd cloaks or splendid arras he enjoys,  
 But, with his servile hinds all winter sleeps  
 In ashes and in dust at the hearth-side,  
 Coarsely attired; again, when summer comes, 230  
 Or genial autumn, on the fallen leaves  
 In any nook, not curious where, he finds

An humble couch among his fruitful vines.  
 There, stretch'd forlorn, nourishing grief, he weeps  
 Thy lot, enfeebled now by num'rous years. 235  
 So perish'd I; such fate I also found;  
 Me, neither the right-aiming arch'refs struck,  
 Diana, with her gentle shafts, nor me  
 Distemper flew, my limbs by slow degrees  
 But sure, bereaving of their little life, 240  
 But long regret, tender sollicitude,  
 And recollection of thy kindness past,  
 These, my Ulysses! fatal proved to me.

She said; I, ardent wish'd to clasp the shade  
 Of my departed mother; thrice I sprang 245  
 Toward her, by desire impetuous urged,  
 And thrice she flitted from between my arms,  
 Light as a passing shadow or a dream.  
 Then, pierced by keener grief, in accents wing'd  
 With filial earnestness I thus replied. 250

My mother, why elud'st thou my attempt  
 To clasp thee, that ev'n here, in Pluto's realm,  
 We might to full satiety indulge  
 Our grief, enfolded in each other's arms?  
 Hath Proserpine, alas! only dispatch'd 255  
 A shadow to me, to augment my woe?

Then, instant, thus the venerable form.  
 Ah, son! thou most afflicted of mankind!  
 On thee, Jove's daughter, Proserpine, obtrudes  
 No airy semblance vain; but such the state 260  
 And

And nature is of mortals once deceas'd.  
 For they nor muscle have, nor flesh, nor bone;  
 All those (the spirit from the body once  
 Divorced) the violence of fire consumes,  
 And, like a dream, the soul flies swift away. 265  
 But haste thou back to light, and, taught thyself  
 These sacred truths, hereafter teach thy spouse.

Thus mutual we conferr'd. Then, thither came,  
 Encourag'd forth by royal Proserpine,  
 Shades female num'rous, all who consorts, erst, 270  
 Or daughters were of mighty Chiefs renown'd.  
 About the fable blood frequent they swarm'd.  
 But I, confid'ring fat, how I might each  
 Interrogate, and thus resolv'd. My sword  
 Forth drawing from beside my sturdy thigh, 275  
 Firm I prohibited the ghosts to drink  
 The blood together; they successive came;  
 Each told her own distress; I question'd all.

There, first, the high-born Tyro I beheld;  
 She claim'd Salmoncus as her sire, and wife 280  
 Was once of Cretheus, son of Æolus.  
 Enamour'd of Enipeus, stream divine,  
 Loveliest of all that water earth, beside  
 His limpid current she was wont to stray,  
 When Ocean's God, (Enipeus' form assumed) 285  
 Within the eddy-whirling river's mouth  
 Embraced her; there, while the o'er-arching flood,  
 Uplifted mountainous, conceal'd the God

And

And his fair human bride, her virgin zone  
 He loos'd, and o'er her eyes sweet sleep diffus'd. 290  
 His am'rous purpose satisfied, he grasp'd  
 Her hand, affectionate, and thus he said.

Rejoice in this my love, and when the year  
 Shall tend to consummation of its course,  
 Thou shalt produce illustrious twins, for love 295  
 Immortal never is unfruitful love.

Rear them with all a mother's care; meantime,  
 Hence to thy home. Be silent. Name it not.  
 For I am Neptune, Shaker of the shores.

So saying, he plunged into the billowy Deep. 300  
 She, pregnant grown, Pelias and Neleus bore,  
 Both, valiant ministers of mighty Jove.

In wide-spread Iolchus Pelias dwelt,  
 Of num'rous flocks possess'd; but his abode  
 Amid the sands of Pylus Neleus chose. 305

To Cretheus wedded next, the lovely nymph  
 Yet other sons, Æson and Pheres bore,  
 And Amythaon of equestrian fame.

I, next, the daughter of Asopus saw,  
 Antiope; she gloried to have known 310

Th' embrace of Jove himself, to whom she brought  
 A double progeny, Amphion named  
 And Zethus; they the seven-gated Thebes  
 Founded and girded with strong tow'rs, because,  
 Though puissant Heroes both, in spacious Thebes 315  
 Unfenced by tow'rs, they could not dwell secure.

Alcmena,



Alcmena, next, wife of Amphitryon  
 I saw; she in the arms of sov'reign Jove  
 The lion-hearted Hercules conceiv'd,  
 And, after, bore to Creon brave in fight 320  
 His daughter Megara, by the noble son  
 Unconquer'd of Amphitryon espoused.

The beautiful \* Epicaste saw I then,  
 Mother of Oedipus, who guilt incurr'd  
 Prodigious, wedded, unintentional, 325  
 To her own son; his father first he slew,  
 Then wedded her, which soon the Gods divulged.  
 He, under vengeance of offended heav'n,  
 In pleasant Thebes dwelt miserable, King  
 Of the Cadmean race; she to the gates 330  
 Of Aides brazen-barr'd despairing went,  
 Self-strangled by a cord fasten'd aloft  
 To her own palace-roof, and woes bequeath'd  
 (Such as the Fury sisters execute  
 Innumerable) to her guilty son. 335

There also saw I Chloris, loveliest fair,  
 Whom Neleus woo'd and won with spousal gifts  
 Inestimable, by her beauty charm'd.  
 She youngest daughter was of Iafus' son,  
 Amphion, in old time a sov'reign prince 340  
 In Minuëian Orchomenus,  
 And King of Pylus. Three illustrious sons  
 She bore to Neleus, Nestor, Chromius,

\* By the Tragedians called—Jocasta.

And Periclymenus the wide-renown'd,  
 And, last, produced a wonder of the earth, 345  
 Pero, by ev'ry neighbour prince around  
 In marriage fought; but Neleus her on none  
 Deign'd to bestow, save only on the Chief  
 Who should from Phylace drive off the beeves  
 (Broad-fronted, and with jealous care secured) 350  
 Of valiant Iphicles. One undertook  
 That task alone, a prophet high in fame,  
 Melampus; but the Fates fast bound him there  
 In rig'rous bonds by rustic hands imposed.  
 At length (the year, with all its months and days 355  
 Concluded, and the new-born year begun)  
 Illustrious Iphicles releas'd the feer,  
 \* Grateful for all the oracles resolved,  
 'Till then obscure. So stood the will of Jove.  
 Next, Leda, wife of Tyndarus I saw, 360  
 Who bore to Tyndarus a noble pair,  
 Castor the bold, and Pollux cestus-famed.  
 They pris'ners in the fertile womb of earth,  
 Though living, dwell, and even there from Jove  
 High privilege gain; alternate they revive 365  
 And die, and dignity partake divine.  
 The consort of Aloëus, next, I view'd,  
 Iphimedeia; she th' embrace profess'd

\* Iphicles had been informed by the Oracles, that he should have no children 'till instructed by a prophet how to obtain them; a service which Melampus had the good fortune to render him.

Of Neptune to have shared, to whom she bore  
 Two sons; short-lived they were, but godlike both, 370  
 Otus and Ephialtes far-renown'd.

Orion sole except, all-bounteous Earth  
 Ne'er nourish'd forms for beauty or for size  
 To be admired as theirs; in his ninth year  
 Each measur'd, broad, nine cubits, and the height 375  
 Was found nine ells of each. Against the Gods  
 Themselves they threaten'd war, and to excite  
 The din of battle in the realms above.

To the Olympian summit they essay'd  
 To heave up Offa, and to Offa's crown 380  
 Branch-waving Pelion; so to climb the heav'ns.  
 Nor had they failed, maturer grown in might,  
 To accomplish that emprise, but them the \* son  
 Of radiant-hair'd Latona and of Jove  
 Slew both, ere yet the down of blooming youth 385  
 Thick-sprung, their cheeks or chins had tufted o'er.

Phædra I also there, and Procris saw,  
 And Ariadne for her beauty praised,  
 Whose fire was all-wise Minos. Theseus her  
 From Crete toward the fruitful region bore 390  
 Of sacred Athens, but enjoy'd not there,  
 For, first, she perish'd by Diana's shafts  
 In Dia, Bacchus † witnessing her crime.

\* Apollo. † Bacchus accused her to Diana of having lain with Theseus  
 in his temple, and the Goddess punished her with death.

Mæra and Clymene I saw beside,  
 And odious Eriphyle, who received 395  
 The price in gold of her own husband's life.

But all the wives of Heroes whom I saw,  
 And all their daughters can I not relate;  
 Night, first, would fail; and even now the hour  
 Calls me to rest either on board my bark, 400  
 Or here; meantime, I in yourselves confide,  
 And in the Gods to shape my conduct home.

He ceased; the whole assembly silent sat,  
 Charm'd into ecstasy by his discourse  
 Throughout the twilight hall, 'till, at the last, 405  
 Areta iv'ry-arm'd them thus bespake.

Phæacians! how appears he in your eyes  
 This stranger, graceful as he is in port,  
 In stature noble, and in mind discrete?  
 My guest he is, but ye all share with me 410  
 That honour; him dismiss not, therefore, hence  
 With haste, nor from such indigence withhold  
 Supplies gratuitous; for ye are rich,  
 And by kind heav'n with rare possessions blest.

The Hero, next, Echeneus spake, a Chief 415  
 Now antient, eldest of Phæacia's sons.

Your prudent Queen, my friends, speaks not beside  
 Her proper scope, but as beseems her well.  
 Her voice obey; yet the effect of all  
 Must on Alcinoüs himself depend. 420

To

To whom Alcinoüs, thus, the King, replied.  
 I ratify the word. So shall be done,  
 As surely as myself shall live supreme  
 O'er all Phæacia's maritime domain.  
 Then let the guest, though anxious to depart, 425  
 Wait 'till the morrow, that I may complete  
 The whole donation. His safe conduct home  
 Shall be the gen'ral care, but mine in chief,  
 To whom dominion o'er the rest belongs.

Him answer'd, then, Ulysses ever-wise. 430  
 Alcinoüs! Prince! exalted high o'er all  
 Phæacia's sons! should ye solicit, kind,  
 My stay throughout the year, preparing still  
 My conduct home, and with illustrious gifts  
 Enriching me the while, ev'n that request 435  
 Should please me well; the wealthier I return'd,  
 The happier my condition; welcome more  
 And more respectable I should appear  
 In ev'ry eye, to Ithaca restored.

To whom Alcinoüs answer thus return'd. 440  
 Ulysses! viewing thee, no fears we feel  
 Left thou, at length, some false pretender prove,  
 Or subtle hypocrite, of whom no few  
 Diffeminated o'er its face the earth  
 Sustains, adepts in fiction, and who frame 445  
 Fables, where fables could be least surmised.  
 Thy phrase well turn'd, and thy ingenuous mind  
 Proclaim *thee* diff'rent far, who hast in strains

Musical as a poet's voice, the woes  
 Rehears'd of all thy Grecians, and thy own. 450  
 But say, and tell me true. Beheld'st thou there  
 None of thy followers to the walls of Troy  
 Slain in that warfare? Lo! the night is long—  
 A night of utmost length; nor yet the hour  
 Invites to sleep. Tell me thy wond'rous deeds, 455  
 For I could watch 'till sacred dawn, could'st thou  
 So long endure to tell me of thy toils.

Then thus Ulysses, ever-wife, replied.

Alcinoüs! high exalted over all  
 Phæacia's sons! the time suffices yet 460  
 For converse both and sleep, and if thou wish  
 To hear still more, I shall not spare to unfold  
 More pitiable woes than these, sustain'd  
 By my companions, in the end destroy'd;  
 Who, saved from perils of disastrous war 465  
 At Ilium, perish'd yet in their return,  
 Victims of a pernicious \* woman's crime.

Now, when chaste Proserpine had wide dispers'd  
 Those female shades, the spirit sore distress'd  
 Of Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appear'd; 470  
 Encircled by a throng, he came; by all  
 Who with himself beneath Ægisthus' roof  
 Their fate fulfill'd, perishing by the sword.  
 He drank the blood, and knew me; shrill he wail'd  
 And querulous; tears trickling bathed his cheeks, 475

\* Probably meaning Helen.

And

And with spread palms, through ardour of desire,  
 He fought to enfold me fast, but vigour none,  
 Or force, as erst, his agile limbs inform'd.  
 I, pity-moved, wept at the sight, and him,  
 In accents wing'd by friendship, thus address'd. 480

Ah glorious son of Atreus, King of men!  
 What hand inflicted the all-numbing stroke  
 Of death on thee? Say, didst thou perish sunk  
 By howling tempests irresistible  
 Which Neptune raised, or on dry land by force 485  
 Of hostile multitudes, while cutting off  
 Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away,  
 Or fighting for Achaia's daughters, shut  
 Within some city's bulwarks close besieged?

I ceased, when Agamemnon thus replied. 490  
 Ulysses, noble Chief, Laertes' son  
 For wisdom famed! I neither perish'd sunk  
 By howling tempests irresistible  
 Which Neptune raised, nor on dry land received  
 From hostile multitudes the fatal blow, 495  
 But me Ægisthus slew; my woeful death  
 Confed'rate with my own pernicious wife  
 He plotted, with a show of love sincere  
 Bidding me to his board, where as the ox  
 Is slaughter'd at his crib, he slaughter'd *me*. 500  
 Such was my dreadful death; carnage ensued  
 Continual of my friends slain all around,  
 Num'rous as boars bright-tusk'd at nuptial feast,

Or

Or feast convivial of some wealthy Chief.  
 Thou hast already witness'd many a field 505  
 With warriors overspread, slain one by one,  
 But that dire scene had most thy pity moved,  
 For we, with brimming beakers at our side,  
 And underneath full tables, bleeding lay.  
 Blood floated all the pavement. Then the cries 510  
 Of Priam's daughter founded in my ears  
 Most pitiable of all, Cassandra's cries,  
 Whom Clytemnestra close beside me flew.  
 Expiring as I lay, I yet essay'd  
 To grasp my falchion, but the tray'refs quick 515  
 Withdrew herself, nor would vouchsafe to close  
 My languid eyes, or prop my drooping chin  
 Ev'n in the moment when I fought the shades.  
 So that the thing breathes not, ruthless and fell  
 As woman once resolv'd on such a deed 520  
 Detestable, as my base wife contrived,  
 The murder of the husband of her youth.  
 I thought to have return'd welcome to all,  
 To my own children and domestic train;  
 But she, past measure profligate, hath poured 525  
 Shame on herself, on women yet unborn,  
 And even on the virtuous of her sex.  
 He ceas'd, to whom, thus, answer I return'd.  
 Gods! how severely hath the Thund'rer plagued  
 The house of Atreus, even from the first, 530  
 By female counfels! we for Helen's fake

Have



Have num'rous died, and Clytemnestra framed  
While thou wast far remote, this snare for thee!

So I, to whom Atrides thus replied.

Thou, therefore, be not pliant overmuch 535

To woman; trust her not with all thy mind,

But half disclose to her, and half conceal.

Yet, from thy consort's hand no bloody death,

My friend, hast thou to fear; for passing wife

Icarius' daughter is, far other thoughts, 540

Intelligent, and other plans, to frame.

Her, going to the wars we left a bride

New-wedded, and thy boy hung at her breast,

Who, man himself, consorts ere now with men

A prosp'rous youth; his father, safe restored 545

To his own Ithaca, shall see him soon,

And *he* shall clasp his father in his arms

As nature bids; but me, my cruel one

Indulged not with the dear delight to gaze

On my Orestes, for she slew me first. 550

\* But listen; treasure what I now impart.

Steer secret to thy native isle; avoid

Notice; for woman merits trust no more.

Now tell me truth. Hear ye in whose abode

My son resides? dwells he in Pylus, say, 555

\* This is, surely, one of the most natural strokes to be found in any poet. Convinced, for a moment, by the virtues of Penelope, he mentions her with respect; but, recollecting himself suddenly, involves even her in his general ill opinion of the sex, begotten in him by the crimes of Clytemnestra.

Or in Orchomenos, or else beneath  
 My brother's roof in Sparta's wide domain?  
 For my Orestes is not yet a shade.

So he, to whom I answer thus return'd.  
 Atrides, ask not me. Whether he live, 560  
 Or have already died, I nothing know;  
 Mere words are vanity, and better spared.

Thus we discoursing mutual stood, and tears  
 Shedding disconsolate. The shade, meantime,  
 Came of Achilles, Peleus' mighty son; 565  
 Patroclus also, and Antilochus  
 Appear'd, with Ajax, for proportion just  
 And stature tall, (Pelides sole except)  
 Distinguish'd above all Achaia's sons.  
 The soul of swift Æacides at once 570  
 Knew me, and in wing'd accents thus began.

Brave Laertiades, for wiles renown'd!  
 What mightier enterprize than all the past  
 Hath made thee here a guest? rash as thou art!  
 How hast thou dared to penetrate the gloom 575  
 Of Ades, dwelling of the shadowy dead;  
 Semblances only of what once they were?

He spake, to whom I, answ'ring, thus replied.  
 O Peleus' son! Achilles! bravest far  
 Of all Achaia's race? I here arrived 580  
 Seeking Tiresias, from his lips to learn,  
 Perchance, how I might safe regain the coast  
 Of craggy Ithaca; for tempest-toss'd

Perpetual,

Perpetual, I have neither yet approach'd  
Achaia's shore, or landed on my own. 585

But as for thee, Achilles! never man  
Hath known felicity like thine, or shall,  
Whom living we all honour'd as a God,  
And who maintain'tt here, resident, supreme  
Controul among the dead; indulge not then, 590  
Achilles, causeless grief that thou hast died.

I ceas'd, and answer thus instant received.  
Renown'd Ulysses! think not death a theme  
Of consolation; I had rather live  
The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread 595  
Of some man scantily himself sustain'd,

Than sov'reign empire hold o'er all the shades.  
But come—speak to me of my noble boy;  
Proceeds he, as he promis'd, brave in arms,  
Or shuns he war? Say also, hast thou heard 600  
Of royal Peleus? shares he still respect

Among his num'rous Myrmidons, or scorn  
In Hellas and in Phthia, for that age  
Predominates in his enfeebled limbs?

For help is none in me; the glorious sun 605  
No longer sees me such, as when in aid  
Of the Achaians I o'erspread the field  
Of spacious Troy with all their bravest slain.

\* Oh might I, vigorous as then, repair

For

\* Another most beautiful stroke of nature. Ere yet Ulysses has had opportunity to answer, the very thought that Peleus may possibly be insulted, fires him, and he

For one short moment to my father's house,                   610  
 They all should tremble; I would shew an arm,  
 Such as should daunt the fiercest who presumes  
 To injure *him*, or to despise his age.

Achilles spake, to whom I thus replied.  
 Of noble Peleus have I nothing heard;                   615  
 But I will tell thee, as thou bidd'st, the truth  
 Unfeign'd of Neoptolemus thy son;  
 For him, myself, on board my hollow bark  
 From Scyros to Achaia's host convey'd.

Oft as in council under Ilium's walls                   620  
 We met, he ever foremost was in speech,  
 Nor spake erroneous; Nestor and myself  
 Except, no Grecian could with him compare.  
 Oft, too, as we with battle hemm'd around  
 Troy's bulwarks, from among the mingled crowd       625  
 Thy son sprang foremost into martial act,  
 Inferior in heroic worth to none.

Beneath him num'rous fell the sons of Troy  
 In dreadful fight, nor have I pow'r to name  
 Distinctly all, who by his glorious arm                   630  
 Exerted in the cause of Greece, expired.  
 Yet will I name Eurypylus, the son  
 Of Telephus, an Hero whom his sword  
 Of life bereaved, and all around him strew'd  
 The plain with his Cetean warriors, won               635

takes the whole for granted. Thus is the impetuous character of Achilles sustained to the last moment!

To Ilium's side by bribes\* to women giv'n,  
 Save noble Memnon only, I beheld  
 No Chief at Ilium beautiful as he.  
 Again, when we within the horse of wood  
 Framed by Epeüs fat, an ambush chos'n 640  
 Of all the bravest Greeks, and I in trust  
 Was placed to open or to keep fast-closed  
 The hollow fraud; then, ev'ry Chieftain there  
 And Senator of Greece wiped from his cheeks  
 The tears, and tremors felt in ev'ry limb; 645  
 But never saw I changed to terror's hue  
*His* ruddy cheek, no tears wiped *he* away,  
 But oft he press'd me to go forth, his suit  
 With pray'rs enforcing, griping hard his hilt  
 And his brass-burthen'd spear, and dire revenge 650  
 Denouncing, ardent, on the race of Troy.  
 At length, when we had sack'd the lofty town  
 Of Priam, laden with abundant spoils  
 He safe embark'd, neither by spear or shaft  
 Aught hurt, or in close fight by faulchion's edge, 655  
 As oft in war befalls, where wounds are dealt  
 Promiscuous, at the will of fiery Mars.  
 So I; then striding large, the spirit thence  
 Withdrew of swift Æacides, along

\* *Γυραίῳν εἰνεκὰ δῶρων*—Priam is said to have influenced by gifts the wife and mother of Eurypylos, to persuade him to the assistance of Troy, he being himself unwilling to engage. The passage through defect of history has long been dark, and commentators have adapted different senses to it, all conjectural. The Ceteans are said to have been a people of Mysia, of which Eurypylos was King.

The \* hoary mead pacing, with joy elate 660  
That I had blazon'd bright his son's renown.

The other souls of men by death dismiss'd  
Stood mournful by, sad uttering each his woes;

The soul alone I saw standing remote  
Of Telamonian Ajax, still incensed 665

That in our public contest for the arms  
Worn by Achilles, and by Thetis thrown

Into dispute, my claim had strongest proved,  
Troy and Minerva judges of the cause.

Disastrous victory! which I could wish 670  
Not to have won, since for that armour's sake

The earth hath cover'd Ajax, in his form  
And martial deeds superior far to all

The Grecians, Peleus' matchless son except.  
I, seeking to appease him, thus began. 675

O Ajax, son of glorious Telamon!  
Canst thou remember, even after death,

Thy wrath against me, kindled for the sake  
Of those pernicious arms? arms which the Gods

Ordain'd of such dire consequence to Greece, 680  
Which caused thy death, our bulwark! Thee we mourn

With grief perpetual, nor the death lament  
Of Peleus' son, Achilles, more than thine.

Yet none is blameable; Jove evermore

\* Κατ' ασφοδελον λειμωνα—Asphodel was planted on the graves, and around the tombs of the deceased, and hence the supposition, that the Stygian plain was clothed with asphodel. F.

With bitt'rest hate pursued Achaia's host, 685  
 And he ordain'd thy death. Hero! approach,  
 That thou may'st hear the words with which I seek  
 To footh thee; let thy long displeasure cease!  
 Quell all repentment in thy gen'rous breast!

I spake; nought answer'd he, but fullen join'd 690  
 His fellow ghosts; yet, angry as he was,  
 I had prevail'd even on him to speak,  
 Or had, at least, accosted him again,  
 But that my bosom teem'd with strong desire  
 Urgent, to see yet others of the dead. 695

There saw I Minos, offspring famed of Jove;  
 His golden sceptre in his hand, he sat  
 Judge of the dead; they, pleading each in turn  
 His cause, some stood, some sat, filling the house  
 Whose spacious folding-gates are never closed. 700

Orion next, huge ghost, engaged my view,  
 Drove urging o'er the grassy mead, of beasts  
 Which he had slain, himself, on the wild hills,  
 With strong club arm'd of ever-during brass.

There also Tityus on the ground I saw 705  
 Extended, offspring of the glorious earth;  
 Nine acres he o'erspread, and, at his side  
 Station'd, two vultures on his liver prey'd,  
 Scooping his entrails; nor sufficed his hands  
 To fray them thence; for he had fought to force 710  
 Latona, illustrious concubine of Jove,  
 What time the Goddess journey'd o'er the rocks.

Of Pytho into pleasant Panopeus.

Next, suff'ring grievous torments, I beheld  
 Tantalus ; in a pool he stood, his chin 715  
 Wash'd by the wave ; thirst-parch'd he seem'd, but found  
 Nought to assuage his thirst ; for when he bow'd  
 His hoary head, ardent to quaff, the flood  
 Vanish'd abforb'd, and, at his feet, adust  
 The soil appear'd, dried, instant, by the Gods. 720  
 Tall trees, fruit-laden, with inflected heads  
 Stoop'd to him, pears, pomegranates, apples bright,  
 The luscious fig, and unctuous olive smooth ;  
 Which when with sudden grasp he would have seized,  
 Winds whirl'd them high into the dusky clouds. 725  
 There, too, the hard-task'd Sisyphus I saw,  
 \* Thrusting before him, strenuous, a vast rock.  
 With hands and feet strugling, he shoved the stone  
 Up to a hill-top ; but the steep well-nigh  
 Vanquish'd, by † some great force repulsed, the mass  
 Rush'd again, obstinate, down to the plain. 731  
 Again, stretch'd prone, severe he toil'd, the sweat  
 Bathed all his weary limbs, and his head reek'd.  
 The might of Hercules I, next, survey'd ;  
 His semblance ; for himself their banquet shares 735

\* Βασαζοντα must have this sense interpreted by what follows. To attempt to make the English numbers expressive as the Greek, is a labour like that of Sisyphus. The Translator has done what he could.

† It is now, perhaps, impossible to ascertain with precision what Homer meant by the word κραταιῆς, which he uses only here, and in the next book, where it is the name of Scylla's dam.—Αγριδης—is also of very doubtful explanation.

With



With the Immortal Gods, and in his arms  
 Enfolds neat-footed Hebe, daughter fair  
 Of Jove, and of his golden-fandal'd spouse.  
 Around him, clamorous as birds, the dead  
 Swarm'd turbulent; he, gloomy-brow'd as night, 740  
 With uncafed bow and arrow on the string  
 Peer'd terrible from side to side, as one  
 Ever in act to shoot; a dreadful belt  
 He bore athwart his bosom, thong'd with gold.  
 There, broider'd shone many a stupendous form, 745  
 Bears, wild-boars, lions with fire-flashing eyes,  
 Fierce combats, battles, bloodshed, homicide.  
 The artist, author of that belt, none such  
 Before, produced, or after. Me his eye  
 No sooner mark'd, than knowing me, in words 750  
 By sorrow quick suggested, he began.  
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 Ah, hapless Hero! thou art, doubtless, charged,  
 Thou also, with some arduous labour, such  
 As in the realms of day I once endured. 755  
 Son was I of Saturnian Jove, yet woes  
 Immense sustain'd, subjected to a King  
 Inferior far to me, whose harsh commands  
 Enjoin'd me many a terrible exploit.  
 He even bade me on a time lead hence 760  
 The dog, that task believing above all  
 Impracticable; yet from Ades him  
 I dragg'd reluctant into light, by aid

Of Hermes, and of Pallas azure-eyed.

So saying, he penetrated deep again 765  
 The abode of Pluto; but I still unmoved  
 There stood expecting, curious, other shades  
 To see of Heroes in old time deceased.  
 And now, more ancient worthies still, and whom  
 I wish'd, I had beheld, Pirithoüs 770  
 And Theseus, glorious progeny of Gods,  
 But nations, first, numberless of the dead  
 Came shrieking hideous; me pale horror seized,  
 Left awful Proserpine should thither send  
 The Gorgon-head from Ades, sight abhorr'd! 775  
 I, therefore, hasting to the vessel, bade  
 My crew embark, and cast the hawfers loose.  
 They, quick embarking, on the benches sat.  
 Down the \*Oceanus the current bore  
 My galley, winning, at the first, her way 780  
 With oars, then, wafted by propitious gales.

\* The two first lines of the following book seem to ascertain the true meaning of the conclusion of this, and to prove sufficiently that by *Ἰνδαῖος* here, Homer could not possibly intend any other than a river. In those lines he tells us in the plainest terms, that *the ship left the stream of the river Oceanus, and arrived in the open sea.* Diodorus Siculus informs us, that *Ἰνδαῖος* had been a name anciently given to the Nile. See Clarke.

# A R G U M E N T

OF THE

## T W E L F T H B O O K.

Ulysses, pursuing his narrative, relates his return from the shades to Circe's island, the precautions given him by that Goddess, his escape from the Sirens, and from Scylla and Charybdis; his arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having slain and eaten the oxen of the Sun, are afterward shipwreck'd and lost; and concludes the whole with an account of his arrival, alone, on the mast of his vessel, at the island of Calypso.

### B O O K XII.

**A**ND now, borne seaward from the river-stream  
Of the Oceanus, we plow'd again  
The spacious Deep, and reach'd th' Ææan isle,  
Where, daughter of the dawn, Aurora takes  
Her choral sports, and whence the sun ascends. 5  
We, there arriving, thrust our bark aground  
On the smooth beach, then landed, and on shore  
Repos'd, expectant of the sacred dawn.  
But soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
Look'd forth again, sending my friends before, 10  
I bade them bring Elpenor's body down

From the abode of Circe to the beach.  
 Then, on the utmost headland of the coast  
 We timber fell'd, and, forrowing o'er the dead,  
 His fun'ral rites water'd with tears profuse. 15  
 The dead consumed, and with the dead his arms,  
 We heap'd his tomb, and the sepulchral post  
 Erecting, fix'd his shapely oar aloft.

Thus, punctual, we perform'd ; nor our return  
 From Ades knew not Circe, but attired 20  
 In haste, ere long arrived, with whom appear'd  
 Her female train with plenteous viands charged,  
 And bright wine rosy-red. Amidst us all  
 Standing, the beauteous Goddess thus began.

Ah miserable ! who have fought the shades 25  
 Alive ! while others of the human race  
 Die only once, appointed twice to die !  
 Come—take ye food ; drink wine ; and on the shore  
 All day regale, for ye shall hence again  
 At day-spring o'er the Deep ; but I will mark 30  
 Myself your future course, nor uninform'd  
 Leave you in aught, left, through some dire mistake,  
 By sea or land new mis'ries ye incur.

The Goddess spake, whose invitation kind  
 We glad accepted ; thus we feasting sat 35  
 'Till set of sun, and quaffing richest wine ;  
 But when the sun went down and darkness fell,  
 My crew beside the hawfers slept, while me  
 The Goddess by the hand leading apart,

First bade me sit, then, seated opposite,  
 Enquired, minute, of all that I had seen,  
 And I, from first to last, recounted all.  
 Then, thus the awful Goddess in return.  
 Thus far thy toils are finish'd. Now attend!  
 Mark well my words, of which the Gods will sure  
 Themselves remind thee in the needful hour. 45  
 First shalt thou reach the Sirens; they the hearts  
 Enchant of all who on their coast arrive.  
 The wretch, who unforewarn'd approaching, hears  
 The Sirens' voice, his wife and little-ones 50  
 Ne'er fly to gratulate his glad return,  
~~But the Sirens sitting in the meads~~  
 Charm with mellifluous song, while all around  
 The bones accumulated lie of men  
 Now putrid, and the skins mould'ring away. 55  
 But, pass them thou, and, lest thy people hear  
 Those warblings, ere thou yet approach, fill all  
 Their ears with wax moulded between thy palms;  
 But as for thee—thou hear them if thou wilt.  
 Yet let thy people bind thee to the mast 60  
 Erect, encompassing thy feet and arms  
 With cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,  
 So shalt thou, raptur'd, hear the Sirens' song.  
 But if thou supplicate to be released,  
 Or give such order, then, with added cords 65  
 Let thy companions bind thee still the more.  
 When thus thy people shall have safely pass'd

The Sirens by, think not from me to learn  
 What course thou next shall steer; two will occur;  
 Delib'rate chuse; I shall describe them both. 70  
 Here vaulted rocks impend, dash'd by the waves  
 Immense of Amphitrite azure-eyed;  
 The blessed Gods those rocks, Erratic, call.  
 Birds cannot pass them safe; no, not the doves  
 Which his ambrosia bear to Father Jove, 75  
 But even of those doves the slipp'ry rock  
 Proves fatal still to one, for which the God  
 Supplies another, lest the number fail.  
 No ship, what ship soever there arrives,  
 Escapes them, but both mariners and planks 80  
 By fiery tempests, sudden disappear.  
 Those rocks the billow-cleaving bark alone  
 The Argo, further'd by the vows of all,  
 Pass'd safely, sailing from Ææta's isle; 85  
 Nor she had pass'd, but surely dash'd had been  
 On those huge rocks, but that, propitious still  
 To Jason, Juno sped her safe along.  
 These rocks are two; one lifts his summit sharp  
 High as the spacious heav'ns, wrapt in dun clouds 90  
 Perpetual, which nor autumn sees dispers'd  
 Nor summer, for the sun shines never there;  
 No mortal man might climb it or descend,  
 Though twice ten hands and twice ten feet he own'd,  
 For it is levigated as by art. 95  
 Down

Down scoop'd to Erebus, a cavern drear  
 Yawns in the centre of its western side :  
 Pass it, renown'd Ulysses ! but aloof  
 So far, that a keen arrow smartly sent  
 Forth from thy bark should fail to reach the cave. 100  
 There Scylla dwells, and thence her howl is heard  
 Tremendous ; shrill her voice is as the note  
 Of hound new-whelp'd, but hideous her aspect,  
 Such as no mortal man, nor ev'n a God  
 Encount'ring her, should with delight survey. 105  
 Her feet are twelve, all fore-feet ; six her necks  
 Of hideous length, each clubb'd into a head  
 Terrific, and each head with fangs is arm'd  
 In triple row, thick-planted, stored with death.  
 Plunged to her middle in the hollow den 110  
 She lurks, protruding from the black abyss  
 Her heads, with which the rav'ning monster dives  
 In quest of dolphins, dog-fish, or of prey  
 More bulky, such as in the roaring gulphs  
 Of Amphitrite without end abounds. 115  
 It is no seaman's boast that e'er he slipp'd  
 Her cavern by, unharm'd. In ev'ry mouth  
 She bears upcaught a mariner away.  
 The other rock, Ulysses, thou shalt find  
 Humbler, a bow-shot only from the first ; 120  
 On this a wild fig grows broad-leav'd, and here  
 Charybdis dire ingulphs the fable flood.  
 Each day she thrice disgorges, and each day

Thrice

Thrice swallows it. Ah! well-forewarn'd, beware  
 What time she swallows, that thou come not nigh, 125  
 For not himself, Neptune, could snatch thee thence.  
 Close passing Scylla's rock, shoot swift thy bark  
 Beyond it, since the loss of six alone  
 Is better far than shipwreck made of all.

So Circe spake, to whom I thus replied. 130  
 Tell me, O Goddess, next, and tell me true!  
 If, chance, from fell Charybdis I escape,  
 May I not also save from Scylla's force  
 My people, should the monster threaten them?

I said, and quick the Goddess in return. 135  
 Unhappy! can exploits and toils of war  
 Still please thee? yield'st not to the Gods themselves?  
 She is no mortal, but a deathless pest,  
 Impracticable, savage, battle-proof.

Defence is vain; flight is thy sole resource. 140  
 For should'st thou linger putting on thy arms  
 Beside the rock, beware, lest darting forth  
 Her num'rous heads, she seize with ev'ry mouth  
 A Grecian, and with others, even thee.

Pass therefore swift, and passing, loud invoke 145  
 Cratais, mother of this plague of man,  
 Who will forbid her to assail thee more.

Thou, next, shall reach Thrinacia; there, the bees  
 And fatted flocks graze num'rous of the Sun;  
 Sev'n herds; as many flocks of snowy fleece; 150  
 Fifty in each; they breed not, neither die,

Nor



Nor are they kept by less than Goddeffes,  
 Lampetia fair, and Phæthusa, both  
 By nymph Næera to Hyperion borne.  
 Them, soon as she had train'd them to an age 155  
 Proportion'd to that charge, their mother sent  
 Into Thrinacia, there to dwell and keep  
 Inviolate their father's flocks and herds.  
 If, anxious for a safe return, thou spare  
 Those herds and flocks, though after much endured, 160  
 Ye may at last your Ithaca regain;  
 But should'st thou violate them, I foretell  
 Destruction of thy ship and of thy crew,  
 And though thyself escape, thou shalt return  
 Late, in ill plight, and all thy friends destroy'd. 165  
 She ended, and the golden morning dawn'd.  
 Then, all-divine, her graceful steps she turn'd  
 Back through the isle, and, at the beach arrived,  
 I summon'd all my followers to ascend  
 The bark again, and cast the hawfers loose. 170  
 They, at my voice, embarking, fill'd in ranks  
 The seats, and rowing, thresh'd the hoary flood.  
 And now, melodious Circe, nymph divine,  
 Sent after us a canvas-stretching breeze,  
 Pleasant companion of our course, and we 175  
 (The decks and benches clear'd) untoiling sat,  
 While managed gales sped swift the bark along.  
 Then, with dejected heart, thus I began.

Oh friends! (for it is needful that not one  
 Or two alone the admonition hear 180  
 Of Circe, beauteous prophets divine)  
 To all I speak, that whether we escape  
 Or perish, all may be, at least, forewarn'd.  
 She bids us, first, avoid the dang'rous song  
 Of the sweet Sirens and their flow'ry meads. 185  
 Me only she permits those strains to hear;  
 But ye shall bind me with coercion strong  
 Of cordage well-secured to the mast-foot,  
 And by no straggles to be loos'd of mine.  
 But should I supplicate to be releas'd 190  
 Or give such order, then, with added cords  
 Be it your part to bind me still the more.

Thus with distinct precaution I prepared  
 My people; rapid in her course, meantime,  
 My gallant bark approach'd the Siren's isle, 195  
 For brisk and favourable blew the wind.  
 Then fell the wind suddenly, and serene  
 A breathless calm ensued, while all around  
 The billows slumber'd, lull'd by pow'r divine.  
 Up-sprang my people, and the folded sails 200  
 Bestowing in the hold, sat to their oars,  
 Which with their polish'd blades whiten'd the Deep.  
 I, then, with edge of steel sev'ring minute  
 A waxen cake, chafed it and moulded it  
 Between my palms; ere long the ductile mass 205  
 Grew warm, obedient to that ceaseless force,

And

And to Hyperion's all-pervading beams.  
 With that soft liniment I fill'd the ears  
 Of my companions, man by man, and they  
 My feet and arms with strong coercion bound 210  
 Of cordage to the mast-foot well secured.

Then down they sat, and, rowing, thresh'd the brine.  
 But when with rapid course we had arrived  
 Within such distance as a voice may reach,  
 Not unperceived by them the gliding bark 215  
 Approach'd, and, thus, harmonious they began.

Ulysses, Chief by ev'ry tongue extoll'd,  
 Achaia's boast, oh hither steer thy bark!  
 Here stay thy course, and listen to our lay!  
 These shores none passes in his fable ship 220  
 'Till, first, the warblings of our voice he hear,  
 Then, happier hence and wiser he departs.  
 All that the Greeks endured, and all the ills  
 Inflicted by the Gods on Troy, we know,  
 Know all that passes on the boundless earth. 225

So they with voices sweet their music poured  
 Melodious on my ear, winning with ease  
 My heart's desire to listen, and by signs  
 I bade my people, instant, set me free.  
 But they incumbent row'd, and from their seats 230  
 Eurylochus and Perimedes sprang  
 With added cords to bind me still the more.  
 This danger past, and when the Siren's voice,  
 Now left remote, had lost its pow'r to charm,

'Then, my companions freeing from the wax 235  
 Their ears, deliver'd me from my restraint.  
 The island left afar, soon I discern'd  
 Huge waves, and smoke, and horrid thund'rings heard.  
 All fat aghast; forth flew at once the oars  
 From ev'ry hand, and with a clash the waves 240  
 Smote all together; check'd, the galley stood,  
 By billow-sweeping oars no longer urged,  
 And I, throughout the bark, man after man  
 Encouraged all, addressing thus my crew.  
 We meet not, now, my friends, our first distress. 245  
 This evil is not greater than we found:  
 When the huge Cyclops in his hollow den  
 Imprison'd us, yet even thence we 'scaped,  
 My intrepidity and fertile thought  
 Opening the way; and we shall recollect 250  
 These dangers also, in due time, with joy.  
 Come, then—pursue my counsel. Ye your feats  
 Still occupying, smite the furrow'd flood  
 With well-timed strokes, that by the will of Jove  
 We may escape, perchance, this death, secure. 255  
 To thee the pilot thus I speak, (my words  
 Mark thou, for at thy touch the rudder moves)  
 This smoke, and these tumultuous waves avoid;  
 Steer wide of both; yet with an eye intent  
 On yonder rock, lest unaware thou hold 260  
 Too near a course, and plunge us into harm.

So I; with whose advice all, quick, complied.  
 But Scylla I as yet named not, (that woe  
 Without a cure) left, terrified, my crew  
 Should all renounce their oars, and crowd below. 265  
 Just then, forgetful of the strict command  
 Of Circe not to arm, I cloath'd me all  
 In radiant armour, grasp'd two quiv'ring spears,  
 And to the deck ascended at the prow,  
 Expecting earliest notice there, what time 270  
 The rock-bred Scylla should annoy my friends.  
 But I discern'd her not, nor could, although  
 To weariness of sight the dusky rock  
 I vigilant explored. Thus, many a groan  
 Heaving, we navigated sad the freight, 275  
 For here stood Scylla, while Charybdis there  
 With hoarse throat deep absorb'd the briny flood.  
 Oft as she vomited the deluge forth,  
 Like water cauldron'd o'er a furious fire  
 The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the spray 280  
 On both those rocky summits fell in show'rs.  
 But when she suck'd the salt wave down again,  
 Then, all the pool appear'd wheeling about  
 Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the sea  
 Drawn off into that gulph disclosed to view. 285  
 The oozy bottom. Us pale horror seized.  
 Thus, dreading death, with fast-set eyes we watch'd  
 Charybdis; meantime, Scylla from the bark  
 Caught six away, the bravest of my friends..

With

With eyes; that moment, on my ship and crew      290  
 Retorted, I beheld the legs and arms  
 Of those whom she uplifted in the air;  
 On me they call'd, my name, the last, last time  
 Pronouncing then, in agony of heart.  
 As when from some bold point among the rocks      295  
 The angler, with his taper rod in hand,  
 Casts forth his bait to snare the smaller fry,  
 He swings away remote\* his guarded line,  
 Then jerks his gasping prey forth from the Deep,  
 So Scylla them raised gasping to the rock,      300  
 And at her cavern's mouth devour'd them loud-  
 Shrieking, and stretching forth to me their arms  
 In sign of hopeless misery. Ne'er beheld  
 These eyes in all the seas that I have roam'd,  
 A sight so piteous, nor in all my toils.      305  
 From Scylla and Charybdis dire escaped,  
 We reach'd the noble island of the Sun  
 Ere long, where bright Hyperion's beauteous herds  
 Broad-fronted grazed, and his well-batten'd flocks.  
 I, in the bark and on the sea, the voice      310  
 Of oxen bellowing in hovels heard,  
 And of loud bleating sheep; then dropp'd the word  
 Into my memory of the sightless Seer,  
 Theban Tiresias, and the caution strict  
 Of Circe, my Ææan monitress,      315

\* They passed the line through a pipe of horn, to secure it against the fishes' bite.

Who

Who with such force had caution'd me to avoid  
 The island of the Sun, joy of mankind.  
 Thus then to my companions, sad, I spake.

Hear ye, my friends! although long time distress'd,  
 The words prophetic of the Theban seer  
 And of Ææan Circe, whose advice  
 Was oft repeated to me to avoid  
 This island of the Sun, joy of mankind.  
 There, said the Goddess, dread your heaviest woes,  
 Pass the isle, therefore, scudding swift away.

I ceased; they me with consternation heard,  
 And harshly thus Eurylochus replied.

Ulysses, ruthless Chief! no toils impair  
 Thy strength, of senseless iron thou art form'd,  
 Who thy companions weary and o'erwatch'd  
 Forbidd'st to disembark on this fair isle,  
 Where now, at last, we might with ease regale.  
 Thou, rash, command'st us, leaving it afar,  
 To roam all night the Ocean's dreary waste;  
 But winds to ships injurious spring by night,  
 And how shall we escape a dreadful death  
 If, chance, a sudden gust from South arise  
 Or stormy West, that dash in pieces oft  
 The vessel, even in the Gods despight?  
 Prepare we rather now, as night enjoins,  
 Our evening fare beside the sable bark,  
 In which at peep of day we may again  
 Launch forth secure into the boundless flood.

He ceas'd, whom all applauded: Then I knew  
That sorrow by the will of adverse heav'n  
Approach'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied. 345

I suffer force, Eurylochus! and yield  
O'er-ruled by numbers. Come, then, swear ye all  
A solemn oath, that should we find an herd  
Or num'rous flock, none here shall either sheep  
Or bullock slay, by appetite profane 350  
Seduced, but shall the viands eat content  
Which from immortal Circe we received.

I spake; they readily a solemn oath  
Sware all, and when their oath was fully sworn, 355  
Within a creek where a fresh fountain rose  
They moor'd the bark, and, issuing, began  
Brisk preparation of their evening cheer.  
But when nor hunger now nor thirst remain'd  
Unsated, recollecting, then, their friends 360  
By Scylla seized and at her cave devour'd,  
They mourn'd, nor ceased to mourn them, 'till they slept.  
The night's third portion come, when now the stars  
Had travers'd the mid sky, cloud-gath'rer Jove  
Call'd forth a vehement wind with tempest charged, 365  
Menacing earth and sea with pitchy clouds  
Tremendous, and the night fell dark from heav'n.  
But when Aurora, daughter of the day,  
Look'd rosy forth, we haled, drawn inland more,  
Our bark into a grot, where nymphs were wont 370  
Graceful to tread the dance, or to repose.

Convening



Convening there my friends, I thus began.

My friends! food fails us not, but bread is yet  
 And wine on board. Abstain we from the herds,  
 Left harm ensue; for ye behold the flocks 375  
 And herds of a most potent God, the Sun!  
 Whose eye and watchful ear none may elude.

So saying, I sway'd the gen'rous minds of all.  
 A month complete the South wind ceaseless blew,  
 Nor other wind blew next, save East and South 380  
 Yet they, while neither food nor rosy wine  
 Fail'd them, the herds harm'd not, through fear to die.

But, our provisions failing, they employ'd  
 Whole days in search of food, snaring with hooks  
 Birds, fishes, of what kind foe'er they might, 385  
 By famine urged. I solitary roam'd  
 Meantime the isle, seeking by pray'r to move  
 Some God to shew us a deliv'rance thence.

When, roving thus the isle, I had at length  
 Left all my crew remote, laving my hands 390  
 Where shelter warm I found from the rude blast,  
 I supplicated ev'ry Pow'r above;

But they my pray'rs answer'd with slumbers soft  
 Shed o'er my eyes, and with pernicious art  
 Eurylochus, the while, my friends harangued. 395

My friends! afflicted as ye are, yet hear  
 A fellow-suff'rer. Death, however caused,  
 Abhorrence moves in miserable man,  
 But death by famine is a fate of all

Most to be fear'd. Come—let us hither drive 400  
 And sacrifice to the Immortal Pow'rs  
 The best of all the oxen of the Sun,  
 Resolving thus—that soon as we shall reach  
 Our native Ithaca, we will erect  
 To bright Hyperion an illustrious fane, 405  
 Which with magnificent and num'rous gifts  
 We will enrich. But should he chuse to sink  
 Our vessel, for his stately beeves incens'd,  
 And should, with him, all heav'n conspire our death,  
 I rather had with open mouth, at once, 410  
 Meeting the billows, perish, than by slow  
 And pining waste here in this desert isle.

So spake Eurylochus, whom all approved.  
 Then, driving all the fattest of the herd  
 Few paces only, (for the sacred beeves 415  
 Grazed rarely distant from the bark) they stood  
 Compassing them around, and, grasping each  
 Green foliage newly pluck'd from saplings tall,  
 (For barley none in all our bark remain'd)  
 Worshipp'd the Gods in pray'r. Pray'r made, they flew  
 And slay'd them, and the thighs with double fat 421  
 Investing, spread them o'er with slices crude.  
 No wine had they with which to consecrate  
 The blazing rites, but with libation poor  
 Of water hallow'd the interior parts. 425  
 Now, when the thighs were burnt, and each had shared  
 His portion of the maw, and when the rest

All

All flash'd and scored hung roasting at the fire,  
 Sleep, in that moment, suddenly my eyes  
 Forfaking, to the shore I bent my way. 430  
 But ere the station of our bark I reach'd,  
 The fav'ry steam greeted me. At the scent  
 I wept aloud, and to the Gods exclaim'd.

Oh Jupiter, and all ye Pow'rs above!  
 With cruel sleep and fatal ye have lull'd 435  
 My cares to rest, such horrible offence  
 Meantime my rash companions have devised.

Then, flew long-stoled Lampetia to the Sun  
 At once with tidings of his slaughter'd bees,  
 And he, incensed, the Immortals thus address'd. 440

Jove, and ye everlasting Pow'rs divine!  
 Avenge me instant on the crew profane  
 Of Laertiades; Ulyffès' friends  
 Have dared to slay my bees, which I with joy  
 Beheld, both when I climb'd the starry heav'ns, 445  
 And when to earth I floped my "westring wheels,"  
 But if they yield me not amercement due  
 And honourable for my loss, to Hell  
 I will descend, and give the ghosts my beams.

Then, thus the cloud-assembler God replied. 450  
 Sun! shine thou still on the Immortal pow'rs,  
 And on the teeming earth, frail man's abode.  
 My candent bolts can in a moment reach  
 And split their flying bark in the mid-sea.

These things Calypso told me, taught, herself, 455  
 By herald Hermes, as she oft affirm'd.  
 But when, descending to the shore, I reach'd  
 At length my bark, with aspect stern and tone  
 I reprimanded them, yet no redress  
 Could frame, or remedy—the bees were dead. 460  
 Soon follow'd signs portentous sent from heav'n.  
 The skins all crept, and on the spits the flesh  
 Both roast and raw bellow'd, as with the voice  
 Of living bees. Thus my devoted friends  
 Driving the fattest oxen of the Sun, 465  
 Feasted six days entire; but when the seventh  
 By mandate of Saturnian Jove appeared,  
 The storm then ceased to rage, and we, again  
 Embarking, launch'd our galley, reared the mast,  
 And gave our unfurl'd canvas to the wind. 470  
 The island left afar, and other land  
 Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,  
 Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove  
 Hung a cærulean cloud, dark'ning the Deep.  
 Not long my vessel ran, for, blowing wild, 475  
 Now came shrill Zephyrus; a stormy gust  
 Snapp'd sheer the shrouds on both sides; backward fell  
 The mast, and with loose tackle strew'd the hold;  
 Striking the pilot in the stern, it crush'd  
 His scull together; he a diver's plunge 480  
 Made downward, and his noble spirit fled.  
 Meantime, Jove thund'ring, hurl'd into the ship

His bolts; she, smitten by the fires of Jove,  
 Quaked all her length; with sulphur fill'd she reek'd,  
 And o'er her sides headlong my people plunged. 485  
 Like sea-mews, interdicted by that stroke  
 Of wrath divine to hope their country more.  
 But I, the vessel still paced to and fro,  
 'Till, sever'd by the boist'rous waves, her sides  
 Forsook the keel now left to float alone. 490  
 Snapp'd where it join'd the keel the mast had fall'n,  
 But fell encircled with a leathern brace,  
 Which it retain'd; binding with this the mast  
 And keel together, on them both I sat,  
 Borne helpless onward by the dreadful gale. 495  
 And now the West subsided, and the South  
 Arose instead, with mis'ry charged for me,  
 That I might measure back my course again  
 To dire Charybdis. All night long I drove,  
 And when the sun arose, at Scylla's rock 500  
 Once more, and at Charybdis' gulph arrived.  
 It was the time when she absorb'd profound  
 The briny flood, but by a wave upborne  
 I seized the branches fast of the wild-fig\*.  
 To which, bat-like, I clung; yet where to fix 505  
 My foot secure found not, or where to ascend,  
 For distant lay the roots, and distant shot  
 The largest arms erect into the air,

\* See line 120.

O'ershadowing all Charybdis; therefore hard  
 I clench'd the boughs, 'till she disgorg'd again 510  
 Both keel and mast. Not undesired by me  
 They came, though late; for at what hour the judge,  
 After decision made of num'rous strifes\*  
 Between young candidates for honour, leaves  
 The forum for refreshment' sake at home, 515  
 Then was it that the mast and keel emerged.  
 Deliver'd to a voluntary fall,  
 Fast by those beams I dash'd into the flood,  
 And seated on them both, with oary palms  
 Impell'd them; nor the Sire of Gods and men 520  
 Permitted Scylla to discern me more,  
 Else had I perish'd by her fangs at last.  
 Nine days I floated thence, and, on the tenth  
 Dark night, the Gods convey'd me to the isle  
 Ogygia, habitation of divine 525  
 Calypso, by whose hospitable aid  
 And assiduity, my strength revived.  
 But wherefore this? ye have already learn'd  
 That hist'ry, thou and thy illustrious spouse;  
 I told it yesterday, and hate a tale 530  
 Once amply told, then, needless, traced again.

\* He had therefore held by the fig-tree from sun-rise 'till afternoon.

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## T H I R T E E N T H B O O K.

Ulyſſes, having finiſhed his narrative, and received additional preſents from the Phæacians, embarks; he is conveyed in his ſleep to Ithaca, and in his ſleep is landed on that iſland. The ſhip that carried him is in her return transformed by Neptune to a rock.

Minerva meets him on the ſhore, enables him to recollect his country, which, 'till enlightened by her, he believed to be a country ſtrange to him, and they concert together the means of deſtroying the ſuitors. The Goddeſs then repairs to Sparta to call thence Telemachus, and Ulyſſes, by her aid diſguiſed like a beggar, proceeds toward the cottage of Eumæus.

## B O O K XIII.

**H**E ceas'd; the whole aſſembly ſilent fat,  
Charm'd into ecſtacy with his diſcourſe  
Throughout the twilight hall. Then, thus the King.

Ulyſſes, ſince beneath my brazen dome  
Sublime thou haſt arrived, like woes, I truſt, 5  
Thou ſhalt not in thy voyage hence ſuſtain  
By tempeſts toſt, though much to woe inured.  
To you, who daily in my palace quaff  
Your princely meed of gen'rous wine and hear

The

The sacred bard, my pleasure thus I speak. 10  
 The robes, wrought gold, and all the other gifts  
 To this our guest, by the Phæacian Chiefs  
 Brought hither in the sumptuous coffer lie.  
 But come—present ye to the stranger, each,  
 An ample tripod also, with a vase 15  
 Of smaller size, for which we will be paid  
 By public impost; for the charge of all  
 Excessive were by one alone defray'd.

So spake Alcinoüs, and his counsel pleas'd;  
 Then, all retiring, sought repose at home. 20  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
 Look'd rosy forth, each hasted to the bark  
 With his illustrious present, which the might  
 Of King Alcinoüs, who himself her sides  
 Ascended, safe beneath the seats bestowed, 25  
 Lest it should harm or hinder, while he toil'd  
 In rowing, some Phæacian of the crew.  
 The palace of Alcinoüs seeking next,  
 Together, they prepared a new regale.

For them, in sacrifice, the \* sacred might 30  
 Of King Alcinoüs slew an ox to Jove  
 Saturnian, cloud-girt governor of all.  
 The thighs with fire prepared, all glad partook  
 The noble feast; meantime, the bard divine  
 Sang, sweet Demodocus, the people's joy. 35

\* Ἱερὸν μένος Ἀλκίνοιο.



But oft Ulysses to the radiant sun  
 Turn'd wistful eyes, anxious for his decline,  
 Nor longer, now, patient of dull delay.  
 As when some hungry swain whose fable beeves  
 Have through the fallow dragg'd his pond'rous plow 40  
 All day, the setting sun views with delight  
 For supper' sake, which with tir'd feet he seeks,  
 So welcome to Ulysses' eyes appear'd  
 The sun-set of that eye; directing, then,  
 His speech to maritime Phæacia's sons, 45  
 But to Alcinoüs chiefly, thus he said.

Alcinoüs, o'er Phæacia's realm supreme!  
 Libation made, dismiss ye me in peace,  
 And farewell all! for what I wish'd, I have,  
 Conductors hence, and honourable gifts 50  
 With which heav'n prosper me! and may the Gods  
 Vouchsafe to me, at my return, to find  
 All safe, my spotless consort and my friends!  
 May ye, whom here I leave, gladden your wives  
 And see your children blest, and may the pow'rs 55  
 Immortal with all good enrich you all,  
 And from calamity preserve the land!

He ended, they unanimous, his speech  
 Applauded loud, and bade dismiss the guest  
 Who had so wisely spoken and so well. 60  
 Then thus Alcinoüs to his herald spake.

Pontonoüs! charging high the beaker, bear  
 To ev'ry guest beneath our roof the wine,

That, pray'r preferr'd to the eternal Sire,  
We may dismiss our inmate to his home. 65

Then, bore Pontonöüs to ev'ry guest  
The brimming cup; they, where they sat, perform'd  
Libation due; but the illustrious Chief  
Ulyßes, from his seat arising, placed  
A maffy goblet in Areta's hand, 70  
To whom in accents wing'd, grateful, he said.

Farewell, O Queen, a long farewell, 'till age  
Arrive, and death, the appointed lot of all!  
I go; but be this people, and the King  
Alcinoüs, and thy progeny, thy joy 75  
Yet many a year beneath this glorious roof!

So saying, the Hero through the palace-gate  
Issued, whom, by Alcinoüs' command,  
The royal herald to his vessel led.

Three maidens also of Areta's train 80  
His steps attended; one, the robe well-bleach'd  
And tunic bore; the corded coffer, one;  
And food the third, with wine of crimson hue.

Arriving where the galley rode, each gave  
Her charge to some brave mariner on board, 85  
And all was safely stow'd. Meantime were spread

Linen and arras on the deck astern,  
For his secure repose. And now the Chief  
Himself embarking, silent lay'd him down.

Then, ev'ry rower to his bench repair'd; 90  
They drew the loos'n'd cable from its hold

In

In the drill'd rock, and, resupine, at once  
 With lusty strokes upturn'd the flashing waves.  
 His eye-lids, soon, sleep, falling as a dew,  
 Clos'd fast, death's simular, in fight the same. . . . . 95  
 She, as four harness'd stallions o'er the plain  
 Shooting together at the scourge's stroke,  
 Toss high their manes, and rapid scour along,  
 So mounted she the waves, while dark the flood  
 Roll'd after her of the resounding Deep. . . . . 100  
 Steady she ran and safe, passing in speed  
 The falcon, swiftest of the fowls of heav'n;  
 With such rapidity she cut the waves,  
 An Hero bearing like the Gods above  
 In wisdom, one familiar long with woe . . . . . 105  
 In fight sustain'd, and on the perilous flood,  
 Though sleeping now serenely, and resign'd  
 To sweet oblivion of all sorrow past.  
 The brightest star of heav'n, precursor chief  
 Of day-spring, now arose, when at the isle . . . . . 110  
 (Her voyage soon perform'd) the bark arriv'd.

There is a port sacred in Ithaca  
 To Phorcys, hoary antient of the Deep,  
 Form'd by converging shores, prominent both  
 And both abrupt, which from the spacious bay . . . . . 115  
 Exclude all boist'rous winds; within it, ships  
 (The port once gain'd) uncabled ride secure.  
 An olive, at the haven's head, expands  
 Her branches wide, near to a pleasant cave

Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named 120  
 The Naiads. In that cave beakers of stone  
 And jars are seen; bees lodge their honey there;  
 And there, on slender spindles of the rock  
 The nymphs of rivers weave their wond'rous robes.  
 Perennial springs water it, and it flows 125  
 A twofold entrance; ingress one affords  
 To mortal man, which Northward looks direct,  
 But holier is the Southern far; by that  
 No mortal enters, but the Gods alone.  
 Familiar with that port before, they push'd 130  
 The vessel in; she, rapid, plow'd the sands  
 With half her keel, such rowers urged her on.  
 Descending from the well-bench'd bark ashore,  
 They lifted forth Ulysses first, with all  
 His splendid couch complete, then, lay'd him down 135  
 Still wrapt in balmy slumber on the sands.  
 His treasures, next, by the Phæacian Chiefs  
 At his departure given him as the meed  
 Due to his wisdom, at the olive's foot  
 They heap'd, without the road, left, while he slept, 140  
 Some passing traveller should rifle them.  
 Then homeward thence they sped. Nor Ocean's God  
 His threats forgot denounced against divine  
 Ulysses, but with Jove thus first advis'd.  
 Eternal Sire! I shall no longer share 145  
 Respect and reverence among the Gods,  
 Since, now, Phæacia's mortal race have ceas'd

To

To honour me, though from myself derived.

It was my purpose, that by many an ill  
Harras'd, Ulysses should have reach'd his home, 150

Although to intercept him, whose return  
Thyself had promis'd, ne'er was my intent.

But him fast-sleeping swiftly o'er the waves  
They have conducted, and have set him down  
In Ithaca, with countless gifts enrich'd, 155

With brass, and tissued raiment, and with gold;  
Much treasure! more than he had home convey'd.

Even had he arrived with all his share  
Allotted to him of the spoils of Troy.

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied. 160

What hast thou spoken, Shaker of the shores,  
Wide-ruling Neptune? Fear not; thee the Gods  
Will ne'er despise; dangerous were the deed.

To cast dishonour on a God by birth  
More antient, and more potent far than they. 165

But if, profanely rash, a mortal man  
Should dare to slight thee, to avenge the wrong  
Some future day is ever in thy pow'r.

Accomplish all thy pleasure, thou art free.

Him answer'd, then, the Shaker of the shores. 170

Jove cloud-enthroned! that pleasure I would soon  
Perform, as thou hast said, but that I watch.

Thy mind continual, fearful to offend.

My purpose is, now to destroy amid

The dreary Deep yon fair Phæacian bark, 175  
Return'd:

Return'd from safe conveyance of her freight ;  
 So shall they waft such wand'ers home no more,  
 And she shall hide their city, to a rock  
 Transform'd of mountainous o'ershadowing size.

Him, then, Jove answer'd, gath'rer of the clouds. 180  
 Perform it, O my brother, and the deed  
 Thus done, shall best be done—What time the people  
 Shall from the city her approach descry,  
 Fix her to stone transform'd, but still in shape  
 A gallant bark, near to the coast, that all 185  
 May wonder, seeing her transform'd to stone  
 Of size to hide their city from the view.

These words once heard, the Shaker of the shores  
 Instant to Scheria, maritime abode  
 Of the Phæacians, went. Arrived, he watch'd. 190  
 And now the flying bark full near approach'd,  
 When Neptune, meeting her, with out-spread palm  
 Depress'd her at a stroke, and she became  
 Deep-rooted stone. Then Neptune went his way.  
 Phæacia's ship-ennobled sons meantime 195  
 Conferring stood, and thus, in accents wing'd,  
 Th' amazed spectator to his fellow spake.

Ah ! who hath sudden check'd the vessel's course  
 Homeward ? This moment she was all in view.

Thus they, unconscious of the cause, to whom 200  
 Alcinoüs, instructing them, replied.

Ye Gods ! a prophecy now strikes my mind  
 With force, my father's. He was wont to say—

Neptune

Neptune repents it, that we safe conduct  
Natives of ev'ry region to their home. 205

He also spake, prophetic, of a day  
When a Phæacian gallant bark, return'd  
After conveyance of a stranger hence,  
Should perish in the dreary Deep, and changed  
To a huge mountain, cover all the town. 210

So spake my father, all whose words we see  
This day fulfill'd. Thus, therefore, act we all  
Unanimous; henceforth no longer bear  
The stranger home, when such shall here arrive;  
And we will sacrifice, without delay, 215  
Twelve chosen bulls to Neptune, if, perchance,  
He will commiserate us, and forbear  
To hide our town behind a mountain's height.

He spake, they, terrified, the bulls prepared.  
Thus all Phæacia's Senators and Chiefs 220  
His altar compassing, in pray'r adored  
The Ocean's God. Meantime, Ulysses woke,  
Unconscious where; stretch'd on his native soil  
He lay, and knew it not, long-time exiled.  
For Pallas, progeny of Jove, a cloud 225  
Drew dense around him, that, ere yet agnized  
By others, he might wisdom learn from her,  
Neither to citizens, nor yet to friends  
Reveal'd, nor even to his own espoused,  
'Till, first, he should avenge complete his wrongs 230  
Domestic from those suitors proud sustained.

All

All objects, therefore, in the Hero's eyes  
 Seem'd alien, foot-paths long, commodious ports,  
 Heav'n-climbing rocks, and trees of amplest growth.  
 Arising, fixt he stood, his native soil 235  
 Contemplating, 'till with expanded palms  
 Both thighs he smote, and, plaintive, thus began.

Ah me! what mortal race inhabits here?  
 Rude are they, contumacious and unjust,  
 Or hospitable, and who fear the Gods? 240  
 Where now shall I secrete these num'rous stores?  
 Where wander I, myself? I would that still  
 Phæacians own'd them, and I had arrived  
 In the dominions of some other King  
 Magnanimous, who would have entertain'd 245  
 And sent me to my native home secure!  
 Now, neither know I where to place my wealth,  
 Nor can I leave it here, lest it become  
 Another's prey. Alas! Phæacia's Chiefs  
 Not altogether wise I deem or just, 250  
 Who have misplaced me in another land,  
 Promis'd to bear me to the pleasant shores  
 Of Ithaca, but have not so perform'd.  
 Jove, guardian of the suppliant's rights, who all  
 Transgressors marks, and punishes all wrong, 255  
 Avenge me on the treach'rous race!—but hold—  
 I will revise my stores, so shall I know  
 If they have left me here of aught despoiled.

So



So saying, he number'd carefully the gold,  
 The vases, tripods bright, and tiffued robes, 260  
 But nothing mis'd of all. Then he bewail'd  
 His native isle, with pensive steps and slow  
 Pacing the border of the billowy flood,  
 Forlorn; but while he wept, Pallas approach'd,  
 In form a shepherd stripling, girlish fair 265  
 In feature, such as are the sons of Kings;  
 A sumptuous mantle o'er his shoulders hung  
 Twice-folded, sandals his nice feet upbore,  
 And a smooth javelin glitter'd in his hand.  
 Ulysses, joyful at the sight, his steps 270  
 Turn'd brisk toward her, whom he thus address'd.

Sweet youth! since thee, of all mankind, I first  
 Encounter in this land unknown, all hail!  
 Come not with purposes of harm to me!  
 These save, and save me also. I prefer 275  
 To thee, as to some God, my pray'r, and clasp  
 Thy knees a suppliant. Say, and tell me true,  
 What land? what people? who inhabit here?  
 Is this some isle delightful, or a shore  
 Of fruitful main-land sloping to the sea? 280

Then Pallas, thus, Goddess cærulean-eyed.  
 Stranger! thou sure art simple, or hast dwelt  
 Far distant hence, if of this land thou ask.  
 It is not, trust me, of so little note,  
 But known to many, both to those who dwell 285  
 Toward the sun-rise, and to others placed

Behind it, distant in the dusky West.  
 Rugged it is, not yielding level course  
 To the swift steed, and yet no barren spot,  
 However small, but rich in wheat and wine ; 290  
 Nor wants it rain or fertilizing dew,  
 But pasture green to goats and bees affords,  
 Trees of all kinds, and fountains never dry.  
 Ithaca therefore, stranger, is a name  
 Known ev'n at Troy, a city, by report, 295  
 At no small distance from Achaia's shore.

The Goddess ceased ; then, toil-enduring Chief  
 Ulysses, happy in his native land,  
 (So taught by Pallas, progeny of Jove)  
 In accents wing'd her answer, utter'd prompt 300  
 Not truth, but figments to truth opposite,  
 For guile, in him, stood never at a pause.

O'er yonder flood, even in \* spacious Crete  
 I heard of Ithaca, where now, it seems,  
 I have, myself, with these my stores arrived ; 305  
 Not richer stores than, flying thence, I left  
 To my own children ; for from Crete I fled  
 For slaughter of Orsilochus the swift,  
 Son of Idomeneus, whom none in speed  
 Could equal throughout all that spacious isle. 310  
 His purpose was to plunder me of all

\* Homer dates all the fictions of Ulysses from Crete, as if he meant to pass a similar censure on the Cretans to that quoted by St. Paul—*Κρητες αιει ψευσαι.*

My Trojan spoils, which to obtain, much woe  
I had in battle and by storms endured,  
For that I would not gratify his Sire,  
Fighting beside him in the fields of Troy, 315  
But led a different band. Him from the field  
Returning homeward, with my brazen spear  
I smote, in ambush waiting his return  
At the road-side, with a confederate friend.  
Unwonted darkness over all the heav'ns 320  
That night prevailed, nor any eye of man  
Observed us, but, unseen, I slew the youth.  
No sooner, then, with my sharp spear of life  
I had bereft him, than I sought a ship  
Mann'd by renown'd Phæacians, whom with gifts 325  
Part of my spoils, and by requests, I won.  
I bade them land me on the Pylian shore,  
Or in fair Elis by th' Epeans ruled,  
But they, reluctant, were by violent winds  
Driv'n devious thence, for fraud they purpos'd none. 330  
Thus through constraint we here arriv'd by night,  
And with much difficulty push'd the ship  
Into safe harbour, nor was mention made  
Of food by any, though all needed food,  
But, disembark'd in haste, on shore we lay. 335  
I, weary, slept profound, and they my goods  
Forth heaving from the bark, beside me placed  
The treasures on the sea-beach where I slept,  
Then, reëmbarking, to the populous coast

Steer'd of Sidonia, and me left forlorn. 340

He ceas'd; then smil'd Minerva azure-eyed  
 And stroak'd his cheek, in form a woman now,  
 Beauteous, majestic, in all elegant arts  
 Accomplish'd, and with accents wing'd replied.

Who passes thee in artifice well-framed 345  
 And in imposture various, need shall find  
 Of all his policy, although a God.

Canst thou not cease, inventive as thou art  
 And subtle, from the wiles which thou hast lov'd  
 Since thou wast infant, and from tricks of speech 350  
 Delusive, even in thy native land?

But come, dismiss we these ingenious shifts  
 From our discourse, in which we both excell;  
 For thou of all men in expedients most  
 Abound'st and eloquence, and I, throughout 355  
 All heav'n have praise for wisdom and for art.

And know'st thou not thine Athenæan aid,  
 Pallas, Jove's daughter, who in all thy toils  
 Assist thee and defend? I gave thee pow'r  
 T'engage the hearts of all Phæacia's sons, 360  
 And here arrive ev'n now, counsels to frame  
 Discrete with thee, and to conceal the stores.  
 Giv'n to thee by the rich Phæacian Chiefs.

On my suggestion, at thy going thence.  
 I will inform thee also what distress 365  
 And hardship under thy own palace-roof

Thou must endure; which, since constraint enjoins,

Bear

Bear patiently, and neither man apprise  
Nor woman that thou hast arrived forlorn  
And vagabond, but silent undergo 370  
What wrongs foever from the hands of men.

To whom Ulyffes, ever wife, replied.

O Goddeſs! thou art able to elude,  
Wherever met, the keenest eye of man,  
For thou all ſhapes aſſum'ſt; yet this I know 375

Certainly, that I ever found thee kind,  
Long as Achaia's Heroes fought at Troy;  
But when (the lofty tow'rs of Priam laid  
In duſt) we re-embark'd, and by the will  
Of heav'n Achaia's fleet was ſcatter'd wide, 380

Thenceforth, O daughter wife of Jove, I thee  
Saw not, nor thy appearance in my ſhip  
Once mark'd, to rid me of my num'rous woes,  
But always bearing in my breaſt a heart  
With anguiſh riv'n, I roam'd, 'till by the Gods 385

Relieved at length, and 'till with gracious words  
Thyſelf didſt in Phæacia's opulent land  
Confirm my courage, and becam'ſt my guide.  
But I adjure thee in thy father's name—  
O tell me truly, (for I cannot hope 390

That I have reach'd fair Ithaca; I tread  
Some other ſoil, and thou affirm'ſt it mine  
To mock me merely, and deceive) oh ſay—  
Am I in Ithaca? in truth, at home?

Thus

Thus then Minerva the cærulean-eyed. 395  
 Such caution ever in thy breast prevails  
 Distrustful; but I know thee eloquent,  
 With wisdom and with ready thought endued,  
 And cannot leave thee, therefore, thus distress'd.  
 For what man, save Ulysses, new-return'd 400  
 After long wand'rings, would not pant to see  
 At once his home, his children, and his wife?  
 But thou prefer'st neither to know nor ask  
 Concerning them, 'till some experience first  
 Thou make of her whose wasted youth is spent 405  
 In barren solitude, and who in tears  
 Ceaseless her nights and woeful days consumes.  
 I ne'er was ignorant, but well foreknew  
 That not 'till after loss of all thy friends  
 Thou should'st return; but loth I was to oppose 410  
 Neptune, my father's brother, sore incens'd  
 For his son's sake deprived of fight by thee.  
 But, I will give thee proof—come now—survey  
 These marks of Ithaca, and be convinced.  
 This is the port of Phorcys, sea-born sage; 415  
 That, the huge olive at the haven's head;  
 Fast by it, thou behold'st the pleasant cove  
 Umbrageous, to the nymphs devoted named  
 The Naiads; this the broad-arch'd cavern is  
 Where thou wast wont to offer to the nymphs 420  
 Many a whole hecatomb; and yonder stands  
 The mountain Neritus with forests cloath'd.

So saying, the Goddesses scatter'd from before  
 His eyes all darkness, and he knew the land.  
 Then felt Ulysses, Hero toil-inured, 425  
 Transport unutterable, seeing plain  
 Once more his native isle. He kiss'd the glebe,  
 And with uplifted hands the nymphs ador'd.

Nymphs, naiads, Jove's own daughters! I despair'd  
 To see you more, whom yet with happy vows 430  
 I now can hail again. Gifts, as of old,  
 We will hereafter at your shrines present,  
 If Jove-born Pallas, huntress of the spoils,  
 Grant life to me, and manhood to my son.

Then Pallas, blue-eyed progeny of Jove. 435  
 Take courage; trouble not thy mind with thoughts  
 Now needless. Haste—delay not—far within  
 This hallow'd cave's recess place we at once  
 Thy precious stores, that they may thine remain,  
 Then muse together on thy wisest course. 440

So saying, the Goddesses enter'd deep the cave  
 Caliginous, and its secret nooks explored  
 From side to side; meantime, Ulysses brought  
 All his stores into it, the gold, the brass,  
 And robes magnificent, his gifts received 445  
 From the Phæacians; safe he lodg'd them all,  
 And Pallas, daughter of Jove ægis-arm'd,  
 Clos'd fast, herself, the cavern with a stone.

Then, on the consecrated olive's root  
 Both seated, they in consultation plann'd 450  
 The

The deaths of those injurious suitors proud,  
And Pallas, blue-eyed Goddess, thus began.

Laertes' noble son, Ulysses! think  
By what means likeliest thou shalt assail  
Those shameless suitors, who have now controuled 455  
Three years thy family, thy matchless wife  
With language amorous and with spousal gifts  
Urging importunate; but she, with tears  
Watching thy wish'd return, hope gives to all  
By messages of promise sent to each, 460  
Framing far other purposes the while.

Then answer thus Ulysses wife return'd.  
Ah, Agamemnon's miserable fate  
Had surely met me in my own abode,  
But for thy gracious warning, pow'r divine! 465  
Come then—Devise the means; teach me, thyself,  
The way to vengeance, and my soul inspire  
With daring fortitude, as when we loos'd  
Her radiant frontlet from the brows of Troy.  
Would'st thou with equal zeal, O Pallas! aid 470  
Thy servant here, I would encounter thrice  
An hundred enemies, let me but perceive  
Thy dread divinity my prompt ally.

Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.  
And such I will be; not unmark'd by me, 475  
(Let once our time of enterprize arrive)  
Shalt thou assail them. Many, as I judge,  
Of those proud suitors who devour thy wealth

Shall



Shall leave their brains, then, on thy palace-floor.  
 But come. Behold! I will disguise thee so 480  
 That none shall know thee; I will parch the skin  
 On thy fair body; I will cause thee shed  
 Thy wavy locks; I will enfold thee round  
 In such a kirtle as the eyes of all  
 Shall loath to look on; and I will deform 485  
 With blurring rheums thy eyes, so vivid erst;  
 So shall the suitors deem thee, and thy wife,  
 And thy own son whom thou didst leave at home,  
 Some fordid wretch obscure. But seek thou first  
 Thy swine-herd's mansion; he, alike, intends 490  
 Thy good, and loves, affectionate, thy son  
 And thy Penelope; thou shalt find the swain  
 Tending his herd; they feed beneath the rock  
 Corax, at side of Arethusa's fount,  
 On acorns dieted, nutritious food 495  
 To them, and drinking of the limpid stream.  
 There waiting, question him of thy concerns,  
 While I from Sparta praised for women fair  
 Call home thy son Telemachus, a guest  
 With Menelaus now, whom to consult 500  
 In spacious Lacedæmon he is gone,  
 Anxious to learn if yet his father lives.  
 To whom Ulysses, ever-wife, replied.  
 And why, alas! all-knowing as thou art,  
 Him left'st thou ignorant? was it that he, 505  
 He also, wand'ring wide the barren Deep,

Might suffer woe, while these devour his wealth?

Him answer'd then Pallas ærulean-eyed.

Grieve thou not much for him. I sent him forth  
Myself, that there arrived, he might acquire 510

Honour and fame. No suff'rings finds he there,  
But in Atrides' palace safe resides,

Enjoying all abundance. Him, in truth,  
The suitors watch close ambush'd on the Deep,  
Intent to slay him ere he reach his home, 515

But shall not as I judge, 'till of themselves  
The earth hide some who make thee, now, a prey.

So saying, the Goddess touch'd him with a wand.

At once o'er all his agile limbs she parch'd  
The polish'd skin; she wither'd to the root 520

His wavy locks, and cloath'd him with the hide  
Deform'd of wrinkled age; she charged with rheums  
His eyes before so vivid, and a cloak

And kirtle gave him, tatter'd, both, and foul,  
And smutch'd with smock; then, casting over all 525

An huge old deer-skin bald, with a long staff  
She furnish'd him, and with a wallet patch'd  
On all sides, dangling by a twisted thong.

Thus all their plan adjusted, diff'rent ways  
They took, and she, seeking Ulysses' son, 530  
To Lacedæmon's spacious realm repair'd.

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## F O U R T E E N T H B O O K.

Ulysses arriving at the house of Eumæus, is hospitably entertained, and spends the night there.

### B O O K X I V.

**L**EAVING the haven-side, he turn'd his steps  
 Into a rugged path, which over hills  
 Mantled with trees led him to the abode  
 By Pallas mention'd of his \* noble friend  
 The swine-herd, who of all Ulysses' train 5  
 Watch'd with most diligence his rural stores.  
 Him sitting in the vestibule he found  
 Of his own airy lodge commodious, built  
 Amidst a level lawn. That structure neat  
 Eumæus, in the absence of his Lord, 10  
 Had raised, himself, with stones from quarries hewn,  
 Unaided by Laertes or the Queen.  
 With tangled thorns he fenced it safe around,

\* Δῖος ὑφορβος.—The swineherds was therefore in those days, and in that country, an occupation honourable as well as useful. Barnes deems the epithet Δῖος significant of his noble birth. Vide Clarke in loco.

And with contiguous stakes riv'n from the trunks  
 Of solid oak black-grain'd hemm'd it without. 15  
 Twelve pennis he made within, all side by side,  
 Lairs for his swine, and fast-immured in each  
 Lay fifty pregnant females on the floor.  
 The males all slept without, less numerous far,  
 Thinn'd by the princely wooers at their feasts 20  
 Continual, for to them he ever sent  
 The fattest of his faginated charge.  
 Three hundred, still, and sixty brawns remained.  
 Four mastiffs in adjoining kennels lay,  
 Resembling wild-beasts, nourish'd at the board 25  
 Of the illustrious steward of the styes.  
 Himself sat fitting sandals to his feet,  
 Carved from a stain'd ox-hide. Four hinds he kept,  
 Now busied here and there; three in the pennis  
 Were occupied; meantime, the fourth had fought 30  
 The city, whither, for the suitors use,  
 With no good will, but by constraint, he drove  
 A boar, that, sacrificing to the Gods,  
 Th' imperious guests might on his flesh regale.  
 Soon as those clamorous watch-dogs the approach 35  
 Saw of Ulysses, baying loud, they ran  
 Toward him; he, as ever, well-adviced,  
 Squatted, and let his staff fall from his hand.  
 Yet foul indignity he had endured  
 Ev'n there, at his own farm, but that the swain, 40  
 Following his dogs in haste, sprang through the porch  
 To

To his assistance, letting fall the hide.

With chiding voice and vollied stones he soon

Drove them apart, and thus his Lord bespake.

Old man! one moment more, and these my dogs 45

Had, past doubt, worried thee, who should'st have proved,

So slain, a source of obloquy to me.

But other pangs the Gods, and other woes

To me have giv'n, who here lamenting fit

My godlike master, and his fatted swine 50

Nourish for others' use, while he, perchance,

A wand'rer in some foreign city, seeks

Fit sustenance, and none obtains, if still

Indeed he live, and view the light of day.

But, old friend! follow me into the house, 55

That thou, at least, with plenteous food refresh'd,

And cheer'd with wine sufficient, may'st disclose

Both who thou art, and all that thou hast borne.

So saying, the gen'rous swine-herd introduced

Ulysses, and thick bundles spread of twigs 60

Beneath him, cover'd with the shaggy skin

Of a wild goat, of which he made his couch

Easy and large; the Hero, so received,

Rejoiced, and thus his gratitude express'd.

Jove grant thee and the Gods above, my host, 65

For such beneficence thy chief desire!

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.

My guest! I should offend, treating with scorn

The stranger, though a poorer should arrive

Than

Than ev'n thyself; for all the poor that are, 70  
 And all the strangers are the care of Jove.  
 Little, and with good will, is all that lies  
 Within my scope; no man can much expect  
 From servants living in continual fear  
 Under young masters; for the Gods, no doubt, 75  
 Have intercepted my own Lord's return,  
 From whom great kindness I had, else, received,  
 With such a recompense as servants gain  
 From gen'rous masters, house and competence,  
 And lovely wife from many a wooer won, 80  
 Whose industry should have requited well  
 His goodness, with such blessing from the Gods  
 As now attends me in my present charge.  
 Much had I, therefore, prosper'd, had my Lord  
 Grown old at home; but he hath died—I would 85  
 That the whole house of Helen, one and all,  
 Might perish too, for she hath many slain  
 Who, like my master, went glory to win  
 For Agamemnon in the fields of Troy.  
 So saying, he girdled, quick, his tunic close, 90  
 And, issuing, fought the styes; thence bringing two  
 Of the imprison'd herd, he slaughter'd both,  
 Singed them, and slash'd and spitted them, and placed  
 The whole well-roasted banquet, spits and all,  
 Reeking before Ulysses; last, with flour 95  
 He sprinkled them, and filling with rich wine  
 His ivy-goblet, to his master sat

Opposite,

Opposite, whom inviting thus he said.

Now, eat, my guest! such as a servant may  
 I set before thee, neither large of growth 100  
 Nor fat; the fatted—those the suitors eat,  
 Fearless of heav'n, and pitiless of man.  
 Yet deeds unjust as theirs the blessed Gods  
 Love not; they honour equity and right.  
 Even an hostile band when they invade 105  
 A foreign shore, which by consent of Jove  
 They plunder, and with laden ships depart,  
 Even they with terrours quake of wrath divine.  
 But these are wiser; these must sure have learn'd  
 From some true oracle my master's death, 110  
 Who neither deign with decency to woo,  
 Nor yet to seek their homes, but boldly waste  
 His substance, shameless, now; and sparing nought.  
 Jove ne'er hath giv'n us yet the night or day  
 When with a single victim, or with two 115  
 They would content them, and his empty jars  
 Witness how fast the squand'ers use his wine.  
 Time was, when he was rich indeed; such wealth  
 No Hero own'd on yonder continent,  
 Nor yet in Ithaca; no twenty Chiefs 120  
 Could match with all their treasures his alone;  
 I tell thee their amount. Twelve herds of his  
 The \* mainland graze; as many flocks of sheep;

\* It may be proper to suggest that Ulysses was lord of part of the continent opposite to Ithaca—viz.—of the peninsula Nericus or Leuca, which afterward became an island, and is now called Santa Maura. F.

As many droves of swine; and hirelings there  
 And servants of his own feed for his use, 125  
 As many num'rous flocks of goats; his goats,  
 (Not fewer than eleven num'rous flocks)  
 Here also graze the margin of his fields  
 Under the eye of servants well-approved,  
 And ev'ry servant, ev'ry day, brings home 130  
 The goat, of all his flock largest and best.  
 But as for me, I have these swine in charge,  
 Of which, selected with exactest care  
 From all the herd, I send the prime to them.

He ceas'd, meantime Ulysses ate and drank 135  
 Voracious, meditating, mute, the death  
 Of those proud suitors. His repast, at length,  
 Concluded, and his appetite sufficed,  
 Eumæus gave him, charged with wine, the cup  
 From which he drank himself; he, glad, received 140  
 The boon, and in wing'd accents thus began.

My friend, and who was he, wealthy and brave  
 As thou describ'it the Chief, who purchased thee?  
 Thou say'st he perish'd for the glory-sake  
 Of Agamemnon. Name him; I, perchance, 145  
 May have beheld the Hero. None can say  
 But Jove and the inhabitants of heav'n  
 That I ne'er saw him, and may not impart  
 News of him; I have roam'd through many a clime.

To whom the noble swineherd thus replied. 150  
 Alas, old man! no traveller's tale of him

Will



Will gain his comfort's credence, or his son's;  
 For wand'ers, wanting entertainment, forge  
 Falsehoods for bread, and wilfully deceive.  
 No wand'rer lands in Ithaca, but he seeks 155  
 With feign'd intelligence my mistress' ear;  
 She welcomes all, and while she questions each  
 Minutely, from her lids lets fall the tear  
 Affectionate, as well befits a wife  
 Whose mate hath perish'd in a distant land. 160  
 Thou could'st thyself, no doubt, my hoary friend!  
 (Would any furnish thee with decent vest  
 And mantle) fabricate a tale with ease;  
 Yet sure it is that dogs and fowls, long since,  
 His skin have stript, or fishes of the Deep 165  
 Have eaten him, and on some distant shore  
 Whelm'd in deep sands his mould'ring bones are laid.  
 So hath he perish'd; whence, to all his friends,  
 But chiefly to myself, sorrow of heart;  
 For such another Lord, gentle as he, 170  
 Wherever fought, I have no hope to find,  
 Though I should wander even to the house  
 Of my own father. Neither yearns my heart  
 So feelingly (though that desiring too)  
 To see once more my parents and my home, 175  
 As to behold Ulysses yet again.  
 Ah stranger; absent as he is, his name  
 Fills me with reverence, for he lov'd me much,  
 Cared for me much, and, though we meet no more,

Holds still an elder brother's part in me. 180

Him answer'd, then, the Hero toil-inured.  
My friend! since his return, in thy account,  
Is an event impossible, and thy mind  
Always incredulous that hope rejects,  
I shall not slightly speak, but with an oath— 185  
Ulysses comes again; and I demand

No more, than that the boon such news deserves,  
Be giv'n me soon as he shall reach his home.  
Then give me vest and mantle fit for wear,  
Which, ere that hour, much as I need them both, 190  
I neither ask, nor will accept from thee.

For him whom poverty can force aside  
From truth—I hate him as the gates of hell.  
Be Jove, of all in heav'n, my witness first,  
Then, this thy hospitable board, and, last, 195  
The household Gods of the illustrious Chief  
Himself, Ulysses, to whose gates I go,  
That all my words shall surely be fulfill'd.

In this same year Ulysses shall arrive,  
Ere, this month closed, another month succeed, 200  
He shall return, and punish all who dare  
Insult his consort and his noble son.

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.  
Old friend! that boon thou ne'er wilt earn from me;  
Ulysses comes no more. But thou thy wine 205  
Drink quietly, and let us find, at length,  
Some other theme; recall not this again

To my remembrance, for my soul is grieved  
 Oft as reminded of my honour'd Lord.  
 Let the oath rest, and let Ulysses come      210  
 Ev'n as myself, and as Penelope,  
 And as his antient father, and his son  
 Godlike Telemachus, all wish he may.  
 Ay—there I feel again—nor cease to mourn  
 His son Telemachus; who, when the Gods      215  
 Had giv'n him growth like a young plant, and I  
 Well hoped that nought inferior he should prove  
 In person or in mind to his own sire,  
 Hath lost, through influence human or divine,  
 I know not how, his sober intellect,      220  
 And after tidings of his sire is gone  
 To far-famed Pylus; his return, meantime,  
 In ambush hidden the proud suitors wait,  
 That the whole house may perish of renown'd  
 Arcefius, named in Ithaca no more.      225  
 But whether he have fall'n or scaped, let him  
 Rest also, whom Saturnian Jove protect!  
 But come, my antient guest! now let me learn  
 Thy own afflictions; answer me in truth.  
 Who, and whence art thou? in what city born?      230  
 Where dwell thy parents? in what kind of ship  
 Cam'st thou? the mariners, why brought they thee  
 To Ithaca? and of what land are they?  
 For, that on foot thou found'st us not, is sure.

Him answer'd, then, Ulysses ever-wife. 235  
 I will with truth resolve thee; and if here  
 Within thy cottage sitting, we had wine  
 And food for many a day, and business none  
 But to regale at ease while others toiled,  
 I could exhaust the year complete, my woes 240  
 Rehearsing, nor, at last, rehearse entire  
 My sorrows by the will of heav'n sustained.  
 I boast me sprung from ancestry renown'd  
 In spacious Crete; son of a wealthy sire,  
 Who other sons train'd num'rous in his house, 245  
 Born of his wedded wife; but he begat  
 Me on his purchas'd concubine, whom yet  
 Dear as his other sons in wedlock born  
 Castor Hylacides esteem'd and lov'd,  
 For him I boast my father. Him in Crete, 250  
 While yet he liv'd, all reverenc'd as a God,  
 So rich, so prosp'rous, and so blest was he  
 With sons of highest praise. But death, the doom  
 Of all, him bore to Pluto's drear abode,  
 And his illustrious sons among themselves 255  
 Portion'd his goods by lot; to me, indeed,  
 They gave a dwelling, and but little more,  
 Yet, for my virtuous qualities, I won  
 A wealthy bride, for I was neither vain  
 Nor base, forlorn as thou perceiv'st me now. 260  
 But thou canst guess, I judge, viewing the straw  
 What once was in the ear. Ah! I have borne

Much

Much tribulation; heap'd and heavy woes.  
 Courage and phalanx-breaking might had I  
 From Mars and Pallas; at what time I drew, 265  
 (Planning some dread exploit) an ambush forth  
 Of our most valiant Chiefs, no boding fears  
 Of death feiz'd *me*, but foremost far of all  
 I sprang to fight, and pierced the flying foe.  
 Such was I once in arms. But household toils 270  
 Sustain'd for children's sake, and carking cares  
 T' enrich a family, were not for me.  
 My pleasures were the gallant bark, the din  
 Of battle, the smooth spear and glittering shaft,  
 Objects of dread to others, but which me 275  
 The Gods dispos'd to love and to enjoy.  
 Thus different minds are differently amus'd;  
 For ere Achaia's fleet had fail'd to Troy,  
 Nine times was I commander of an host  
 Embark'd against a foreign foe, and found: 280  
 In all those enterprizes great success.  
 From the whole booty, first, what pleas'd me most  
 Choosing, and sharing also much by lot  
 I rapidly grew rich, and had thenceforth  
 Among the Cretans reverence and respect. 285  
 But when loud-thund'ring Jove that voyage dire  
 Ordain'd, which loos'd the knees of many a Greek,  
 Then, to Idomeneus and me they gave  
 The charge of all their fleet, which how to avoid  
 We found not, so importunate the cry 290

Of the whole host impell'd us to the task.  
 There fought we nine long years, and in the tenth  
 (Priam's proud city pillag'd) steer'd again  
 Our galleys homeward, which the Gods disorder'd.  
 Then was it that deep-planning Jove devis'd  
 For me much evil. One short month, no more,  
 I gave to joys domestic, in my wife  
 Happy, and in my babes, and in my wealth,  
 When the desire seiz'd me with sev'ral ships  
 Well-rigg'd, and furnish'd all with gallant crews,  
 To sail for Ægypt; nine I fitted forth,  
 To which stout mariners assembled fast.  
 Six days the chosen partners of my voyage  
 Feasted, to whom I num'rous victims gave  
 For sacrifice, and for their own regale.  
 Embarking on the sev'nth from spacious Crete,  
 Before a clear breeze prosp'rous from the North  
 We glided easily along, as down  
 A river's stream; nor one of all my ships  
 Damage incurr'd, but healthy and at ease  
 We sat, while gales well-managed urged us on.  
 The fifth day thence, smooth-flowing Nile we reach'd,  
 And safe I moor'd in the Ægyptian stream.  
 Then, charging all my mariners to keep  
 Strict watch for preservation of the ships,  
 I order'd spies into the hill-tops; but they  
 Under the impulse of a spirit rash  
 And hot for quarrel, the well cultur'd fields

Pillaged

Pillaged of the Ægyptians, captive led  
 Their wives and little ones, and slew the men. 320  
 Soon was the city alarm'd, and at the cry  
 Down came the citizens, by dawn of day,  
 With horse and foot and with the gleam of arms  
 Filling the plain. Then Jove with panic dread  
 Struck all my people; none found courage more 325  
 To stand, for mischiefs swarm'd on ev'ry side.  
 There, num'rous by the glitt'ring spear we fell  
 Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence  
 Alive to servitude. But Jove himself  
 My bosom with this thought inspired, (I would 330  
 That, dying, I had first fulfill'd my fate  
 In Ægypt, for new woes were yet to come!)  
 Loosing my brazen casque, and slipping off  
 My buckler, there I left them on the field,  
 Then cast my spear away, and seeking, next, 335  
 The chariot of the sov'reign, clasp'd his knees,  
 And kiss'd them. He, by my submission moved,  
 Deliver'd me, and to his chariot-feat  
 Raising, convey'd me weeping to his home.  
 With many an ashen spear his warriors fought 340  
 To slay me, (for they now grew fiery-wroth)  
 But he, through fear of hospitable Jove,  
 Chief punisher of wrong, saved me alive.  
 Sev'n years I there abode, and much amass'd  
 Among the Ægyptians, gifted by them all; 345  
 But, in the eighth revolving year, arrived

A shrew'd Phœnician, in all fraud adept,  
 Hungry, and who had num'rous harm'd before,  
 By whom I also was cajoled, and lured  
 To attend him to Phœnicia, where his house 350  
 And his possessions lay; there I abode  
 A year complete his inmate; but (the days  
 And months accomplish'd of the rolling year,  
 And the new seasons entering on their course)  
 To Lybia then, on board his bark, by wiles 355  
 He won me with him, partner of the freight  
 Profess'd, but destin'd secretly to sale,  
 That he might profit largely by my price.  
 Not unsuspecting, yet constrain'd to go,  
 With this man I embark'd. A cloudless gale 360  
 Propitious blowing from the North, our ship  
 Ran right before it thro' the middle sea,  
 In the offing over Crete; but adverse Jove  
 Destruction plann'd for them and death the while.  
 For, Crete now left afar, and other land 365  
 Appearing none, but sky alone and sea,  
 Right o'er the hollow bark Saturnian Jove  
 A cloud cœrulean hung, dark'ning the Deep.  
 Then, thund'ring oft, he hurl'd into the bark  
 His bolts; she smitten by the fires of Jove, 370  
 Quaked all her length; with sulphur fill'd she reek'd,  
 And, o'er her sides precipitated, plunged  
 Like gulls the crew, forbidden by that stroke  
 Of wrath divine to hope their country more.

But



But Jove himself, when I had cast away                    375  
 All hope of life, conducted to my arms  
 The strong tall mast, that I might yet escape.  
 Around that beam I clung, driving before  
 The stormy blast. Nine days complete I drove,  
 And, on the tenth dark night, the rolling flood            380  
 Immense convey'd me to Thesprotia's shore.  
 There me the Hero Phidon, gen'rous King  
 Of the Thesprotians, freely entertained;  
 For his own son discov'ring me with toil  
 Exhausted and with cold, raised me, and thence            385  
 Led me humanely to his father's house,  
 Who cherish'd me, and gave me fresh attire.  
 There heard I of Ulysses, whom himself  
 Had entertain'd, he said, on his return  
 To his own land; he shew'd me also gold,                390  
 Brass, and bright steel elab'rate, whatsoe'er  
 Ulysses had amass'd, a store to feed  
 A less illustrious family than his  
 To the tenth generation, so immense  
 His treasures in the royal palace lay.                    395  
 Himself, he said, was to Dodona gone,  
 There, from the tow'ring oaks of Jove to ask  
 Counsel divine, if openly to land  
 (After long absence) in his opulent realm  
 Of Ithaca, be best, or in disguise.                    400  
 To me the monarch swore, in his own hall  
 Pouring libation, that the ship was launch'd,

And the crew ready for his conduct home,  
 But me he first dismiss'd, for, as it chanced,  
 A ship lay there of the Thesprotians, bound  
 To green Dulichium's isle. He bade the crew  
 Bear me to King Acastus with all speed;  
 But them far other thoughts pleas'd more, and thoughts  
 Of harm to me, that I might yet be plunged  
 In deeper gulphs of woe than I had known.  
 For, when the billow-cleaving bark had left  
 The land remote, framing, combined, a plot  
 Against my liberty, they stripp'd my vest  
 And mantle, and this tatter'd raiment foul  
 Gave me instead, which thy own eyes behold.  
 At even-tide reaching the cultur'd coast  
 Of Ithaca, they left me bound on board  
 With tackle of the bark, and quitting ship  
 Themselves, made hasty supper on the shore.  
 But me, meantime, the Gods easily loos'd  
 By their own pow'r, when, with this wrapper vile  
 Around my brows, sliding into the sea  
 At the ship's stern, I lay'd me on the flood.  
 With both hands oaring thence my course, I swam  
 'Till past all ken of theirs; then landing where  
 Thick covert of luxuriant trees I mark'd,  
 Close couchant down I lay; they, muttering loud,  
 Paced to and fro, but deeming farther search  
 Unprofitable, soon embark'd again.  
 Thus, baffling all their search with ease, the Gods  
 Conceal'd,

Conceal'd and led me thence to the abode  
Of a wife man, dooming me still to live.

To whom Eumæus thou didst thus reply.

Alas, my most compassionate guest!

Thou hast much moved me by this tale minute 435

Of thy sad wand'rings and thy num'rous woes.

But, speaking of Ulysses, thou hast pass'd

All credence; I at least can give thee none.

Why, noble as thou art, should'st thou invent

Palpable falsehoods? as for the return 440

Of my regretted Lord, myself I know

That had he not been hated by the Gods

Unanimous, he had in battle died

At Troy, or (that long doubtful war, at last,

Concluded,) in his people's arms at home. 445

Then universal Greece had raised his tomb,

And he had even for his son achiev'd

Immortal glory; but alas! by beaks

Of harpies torn, unseemly fight, he lies.

Here is my home the while; I never seek 450

The city, unless summon'd by discrete

Penelope to listen to the news

Brought by some stranger, whencesoever arrived.

Then, all, alike inquisitive, attend,

Both who regret the absence of our King, 455

And who rejoice gratuitous to gorge

His property; but as for me, no joy

Find I in list'ning after such reports,

Since an Ætolian cozen'd me, who found  
 (After long wand'ring over various lands 460  
 A fugitive for blood) my lone retreat.  
 Him warm I welcom'd, and with open arms  
 Receiv'd, who bold affirm'd that he had seen  
 My master with Idomeneus in Crete  
 His ships refitting shatter'd by a storm, 465  
 And that in summer with his godlike band  
 He would return, bringing great riches home,  
 Or else in autumn. And thou antient guest  
 Forlorn! since thee the Gods have hither led,  
 Seek not to gratify me with untruths 470  
 And to deceive me, since for no such cause  
 I shall respect or love thee, but alone  
 By pity influenced, and the fear of Jove.  
 To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.  
 Thou hast, in truth, a most incredulous mind, 475  
 Whom even with an oath I have not moved,  
 Or aught persuaded. Come then—let us make  
 In terms express a cov'nant, and the Gods  
 Who hold Olympus, witness to us both!  
 If thy own Lord at this thy house arrive, 480  
 Thou shalt dismiss me decently attired  
 In vest and mantle, that I may repair  
 Hence to Dulichium, whither I would go.  
 But, if thy Lord come not, then, gath'ring all  
 Thy servants, headlong hurl me from a rock, 485  
 That other mendicants may fear to lie.

To

To whom the generous swine-herd in return,  
 Yes, stranger! doubtless I should high renown  
 Obtain for virtue among men, both now  
 And in all future times, if, having first 490  
 Invited thee, and at my board regaled,  
 I, next, should slay thee; then my pray'rs would mount,  
 Past question, swiftly to Saturnian Jove.  
 But the hour calls to supper, and, ere long,  
 The partners of my toils will come prepared 495  
 To spread the board with no unfav'ry cheer.

Thus they conferr'd. And now the swains arrived,  
 Driving their charge, which fast they soon enclosed  
 Within their customary pens, and loud  
 The hubbub was of swine prison'd within. 500  
 Then call'd the master to his rustic train.  
 Bring ye the best, that we may set him forth  
 Before my friend from foreign climes arrived,  
 With whom ourselves will also feast, who find  
 The bright-tusk'd multitude a painful charge, 505  
 While others, at no cost of theirs, consume  
 Day after day, the profit of our toils.

So saying, his wood for fuel he prepared,  
 And, dragging thither a well fatted brawn  
 Of the fifth year his servants held him fast 510  
 At the hearth-side. Nor failed the master swain  
 T' adore the Gods, (for wise and good was he)  
 But consecration of the victim, first,  
 Himself performing, cast into the fire

The forehead bristles of the tusky boar, 515  
 Then pray'd to all above, that, safe, at length,  
 Ulysses might regain his native home.

Then lifting an huge shive that lay beside  
 The fire, he smote the boar, and dead he fell.  
 Next, piercing him, and scorching close his hair, 520

They carv'd him quickly, and Eumæus spread  
 Thin slices crude taken from ev'ry limb  
 O'er all his fat, then other slices cast,  
 Sprinkling them first with meal, into the fire.

The rest they slash'd and scored, and roasted well, 525  
 And plac'd it, heap'd together, on the board.

Then rose the good Eumæus to his task  
 Of distribution, for he understood  
 The hospitable entertainer's part.

Sev'n-fold partition of the banquet made, 530

He gave, with previous pray'r, to \*Maia's son  
 And to the nymphs one portion of the whole,  
 Then serv'd his present guests, honouring first  
 Ulysses with the boar's perpetual chine ;  
 By that distinction just his master's heart 535  
 He gratified, and thus the Hero spake.

Eumæus! be thou as belov'd of Jove  
 As thou art dear to me, whom, though attired  
 So coarsely, thou hast serv'd with such respect!

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply. 540  
 Eat, noble stranger! and refreshment take

\* Mercury.

Such as thou may'st; \* God gives, and God denies  
At his own will, for He is Lord of all.

He said, and to the everlasting Gods  
The firflings sacrificed of all, then made 545  
Libation, and the cup placed in the hands  
Of city-spoiler Laertiades

Sitting beside his own allotted share.  
Meantime, Mefaulius bread difpenfed to all,  
Whom, in the abfence of his Lord, himfelf 550  
Eumæus had from Taphian traders bought  
With his own proper goods, at no expence  
Either to old Laertes or the Queen.

And now, all ftretch'd their hands toward the feaft  
Reeking before them, and when hunger none 555  
Felt more or thirft, Mefaulius clear'd the board.

Then, fed to full fatiety, in hafte  
Each fought his couch. Black came a moonlefs night,  
And Jove all night defcended faft in fhow'rs,  
With howlings of the ever wat'ry Weft. 560

Ulyffes, at that found, for trial's fake  
Of his good hoft, if putting off his cloak  
He would accommodate him, or require  
That fervice for him at fome other hand,

\* Θεός—without a relative, and confequently fignifying God in the abftraft, is not unfrequently found in Homer, though fearing to give offence to ferious minds unacquainted with the original, I have not always given it that force in the tranflation. But here, the fentiment is fuch as fixes the fenfe intended by the author with a precifion that leaves me no option. It is obfervable too, that—δυναται γαρ παντα—is an afcription of power fuch as the poet never makes to his Jupiter.

Addressing thus the family, began.

565

Hear now, Eumæus, and ye other swains  
His fellow-lab'rrers! I shall somewhat boast,  
By wine befool'd, which forces ev'n the wife  
To carol loud, to titter and to dance,  
And words to utter, oft, better suppress'd.

570

But since I have begun, I shall proceed,  
Prating my fill. Ah might those days return  
With all the youth and strength that I enjoy'd,  
When in close ambush, once, at Troy we lay!

Ulysses, Menelaus, and myself

575

Their chosen coadjutor, led the band.

Approaching to the city's lofty wall

Through the thick bushes and the reeds that gird

The bulwarks, down we lay flat in the marsh,

Under our arms. Then, Boreas blowing loud,

580

A rueful night came on, frosty and charged

With snow that blanch'd us thick as morning rime,

And ev'ry shield with ice was chryshall'd o'er.

The rest with cloaks and vests well cover'd, slept

Beneath their bucklers; I alone my cloak,

585

Improvident, had left behind, no thought

Conceiving of a season so severe;

Shield and belt, therefore, and nought else had I.

The night, at length, nigh spent, and all the stars

Declining in their course, with elbow thrust

590

Against Ulysses' side I roused the Chief,

And thus address'd him ever prompt to hear.

Laertes'



Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd !  
 I freeze to death. Help me, or I am lost.  
 No cloak have I; some evil dæmon, fure, 595  
 Beguil'd me of all prudence, that I came  
 Thus sparely clad; I shall, I must expire.

So I; he, ready as he was in arms  
 And counsel both, the remedy at once  
 Devis'd, and thus, low-whisp'ring, answer'd me. 600

Hush! lest perchance some other hear—He said,  
 And leaning on his elbow, spake aloud.

My friends! all hear—a monitory dream  
 Hath reach'd me, for we lie far from the ships.  
 Hastе, therefore, one of you, with my request 605  
 To Agamemnon, Atreus' son, our Chief,  
 That he would reinforce us from the camp.

He spake, and at the word, Andræmon's son  
 Thoas arose, who, casting off his cloak,  
 Ran thence toward the ships, and folded warm 610  
 Within it, there lay I 'till dawn appear'd.

Oh for the vigour of such youth again!  
 Then, some good peasant here, either for love  
 Or for respect, would cloak a man like me,  
 Whom, now, thus fordid in attire ye scorn. 615

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.  
 My antient guest! I cannot but approve  
 Thy narrative, nor hast thou utter'd aught  
 Unseemly, or that needs excuse. No want

Of raiment, therefore, or of aught beside 620  
 Needful to solace penury like thine,  
 Shall harm thee here; yet, at the peep of dawn  
 Gird thy own tatters to thy loins again;  
 For *we* have no great store of cloaks to boast,  
 Or change of vests, but, singly, one for each. 625  
 But when Ulysses' son shall once arrive,  
 He will himself with vest and mantle both  
 Cloath thee, and send thee whither most thou would'st.

So saying, he rose, and nearer made his couch  
 To the hearth-side, spreading it thick with skins 630  
 Of sheep and goats; then lay the Hero down,  
 O'er whom a shaggy mantle large he threw,  
 Which oft-times served him with a change, when rough  
 The winter's blast and terrible arose.  
 So was Ulysses bedded, and the youths 635  
 Slept all beside him; but the master-swain  
 Chose not his place of rest so far remote  
 From his rude charge, but to the outer court  
 With his nocturnal furniture, repair'd,  
 Gladd'ning Ulysses' heart that one so true 640  
 In his own absence kept his rural stores.  
 Athwart his sturdy shoulders, first, he slung  
 His faulchion keen, then wrapp'd him in a cloak  
 Thick-woven, winter-proof; he lifted, next,  
 The skin of a well-thriven goat, in bulk 645  
 Surpassing others, and his javelin took

Sharp-

Sharp-pointed, with which dogs he drove and men.  
Thus arm'd, he fought his wonted couch beneath  
A hollow rock where the herd slept, secure  
From the sharp current of the Northern blast.

650

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## F I F T E E N T H B O O K.

Telemachus, admonished by Minerva, takes leave of Menelaus, but ere he fails, is accosted by Theoclymenus, a prophet of Argos, whom at his earnest request he takes on board. In the meantime Eumæus relates to Ulysses the means by which he came to Ithaca. Telemachus arriving there, gives orders for the return of his bark to the city, and repairs himself to Eumæus.

### B O O K X V.

**M**EANTIME to Lacedæmon's spacious vale  
Minerva went, that she might summon thence  
Ulysses' glorious son to his own home.  
Arrived, she found Telemachus reposed  
And Nestor's son beneath the vestibule 5  
Of Menelaus, mighty Chief; she saw  
Pisistratus in bands of gentle sleep  
Fast-bound, but not Telemachus; his mind  
No rest enjoy'd, by filial cares disturb'd  
Amid the silent night, when, drawing near 10  
To his couch' side, the Goddess thus began.  
Thou

Thou canst no longer prudently remain  
 A wand'rer here, Telemachus! thy home  
 Abandon'd, and those haughty suitors left  
 Within thy walls; fear left, partition made  
 Of thy possessions, they devour the whole,  
 And in the end thy voyage bootless prove.  
 Delay not; from brave Menelaus ask  
 Dismission hence, that thou may'st find at home  
 Thy spotless mother, whom her brethren urge      20  
 And her own father even now to wed  
 Eurymachus, in gifts and in amount  
 Of proffer'd dow'r superior to them all.  
 Some treasure, else, shall haply from thy house  
 Be taken, such as thou wilt grudge to spare.      25  
 For well thou know'st how woman is dispos'd;  
 Her whole anxiety is to encrease  
 His substance whom she weds; no care hath she  
 Of her first children, or remembers more  
 The buried husband of her virgin choice.      30  
 Returning then, to her of all thy train  
 Whom thou shalt most approve, the charge commit  
 Of thy concerns domestic, 'till the Gods  
 Themselves shall guide thee to a noble wife.  
 Hear also this, and mark it. In the frith      35  
 Samos the rude, and Ithaca between,  
 The chief of all her suitors thy return  
 In vigilant ambush wait, with strong desire  
 To slay thee, ere thou reach thy native shore,

But

But shall not, as I judge, 'till the earth hide 40  
Many a lewd reveller at thy expence.

Yet, steer thy galley from those isles afar,  
And voyage make by night; some guardian God  
Shall save thee, and shall fend thee prosp'rous gales.  
Then, soon as thou attain'st the nearest shore 45  
Of Ithaca, dispatching to the town

Thy bark with all thy people, seek at once  
The swine-herd; for Eumæus is thy friend.  
There sleep, and fend him forth into the town  
With tidings to Penelope, that safe 50  
Thou art restored from Pylus home again.

She said, and fought th' Olympian heights sublime.  
Then, with his heel shaking him, he awoke  
The son of Nestor, whom he thus address'd.

Rise, Nestor's son, Pisistratus! lead forth 55  
The steeds, and yoke them. We must now départ.

To whom the son of Nestor thus replied.  
Telemachus! what haste soe'er we feel,  
We can by no means prudently attempt  
To drive by night, and soon it will be dawn. 60

Stay, therefore, 'till the Hero, Atreus' son,  
Spear-practis'd Menelaus shall his gifts  
Place in the chariot, and with kind farewell  
Dismiss thee; for the guest in mem'ry holds  
Through life, the host who treats him as a friend. 65

Scarce had he spoken, when the golden dawn  
Appearing, Menelaus, from the side

Of beauteous Helen ris'n, their bed approach'd,  
 Whose coming when Telemachus perceived,  
 Cloathing himself hastily in his vest 70  
 Magnificent, and o'er his shoulders broad  
 Casting his graceful mantle, at the door  
 He met the Hero, whom he thus address'd.

Atrides, Menelaus, Chief renown'd!

Disinifs me hence to Ithaca again, 75  
 My native isle, for I desire to go.

Him answer'd Menelaus famed in arms.

Telemachus! I will not long delay  
 Thy wish'd return. I disapprove alike  
 The host whose assiduity extreme 80

Distresses, and whose negligence offends;  
 The middle course is best; alike we err,  
 Him thrusting forth whose wish is to remain,  
 And hind'ring the impatient to depart.

This only is true kindness—To regale 85  
 The present guest, and speed him when he would.

Yet stay, 'till thou shalt see my splendid gifts  
 Placed in thy chariot, and 'till I command  
 My women from our present stores to spread  
 The table with a plentiful repast. 90

For both the honour of the guest demands,  
 And his convenience also, that he eat  
 Sufficient, ent'ring on a length of road.

But if through Hellas thou wilt take thy way  
 And traverse Argos, I will, then, myself 95

Attend

Attend thee; thou shalt journey with my steeds  
 Beneath thy yoke, and I will be thy guide  
 To many a city, whence we shall not go  
 Ungratified, but shall in each receive  
 Some gift at least, tripod, or charger bright, 100  
 Or golden chalice, or a pair of mules.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.

Atrides, Menelaus, Chief renown'd!

I would at once depart, (for guardian none  
 Of my possessions have I left behind) 105  
 Left, while I seek my father, I be lost  
 Myself, or lose what I should grudge to spare.

Which when the valiant Menelaus heard,

He bade his spouse and maidens spread the board  
 At once with remnants of the last regale. 110

Then Eteoneus came, Boetheus' son

Newly aris'n, for nigh at hand he dwelt,

Whom Menelaus bade kindle the fire

By which to dress their food, and he obey'd.

He, next, himself his fragrant chamber fought, 115

Not sole, but by his spouse and by his son

Attended, Megapenthes. There arrived

Where all his treasures lay, Atrides, first,

Took forth, himself, a goblet, then consign'd

To his son's hand an argent beaker bright. 120

Meantime, beside her coffers Helen stood

Where lay her variegated robes, fair works

Of her own hand. Producing one, in size

And



And in magnificence the chief, a star  
 For splendour, and the lowest placed of all, 125  
 Loveliest of her sex, she bore it thence.  
 Then, all proceeding through the house, they fought  
 Telemachus again, whom reaching, thus  
 The Hero of the golden locks began.

May Jove the Thunderer, dread Juno's mate, 130  
 Grant thee, Telemachus! such voyage home  
 As thy own heart desires! accept from all  
 My stores selected as the richest far  
 And noblest gift for finish'd beauty—This.  
 I give thee wrought elaborate a cup, 135  
 Itself all silver, bound with lip of gold.  
 It is the work of Vulcan, which to me  
 The Hero Phædimus imparted, King  
 Of the Sidonians, when, on my return,  
 Beneath his roof I lodg'd. I make it thine. 140

So saying, the Hero, Atreus' son, the cup  
 Placed in his hands, and Megapenthes set  
 Before him, next, the argent beaker bright;  
 But lovely Helen drawing nigh, the robe  
 Presented to him, whom she thus address'd. 145

I also give thee, oh my son, a gift,  
 Which seeing, thou shalt think on her whose hands  
 Wrought it; a present on thy nuptial day  
 For thy fair spouse; meantime, repose it safe  
 In thy own mother's keeping. Now, farewell! 150  
 Prosp'rous and happy be thy voyage home!

She ceas'd, and gave it to him, who the gift  
 Accepted glad, and in the chariot-chest  
 Pifistratus the Hero all disposed,  
 Admiring them the while. They, following, next, 155  
 The Hero Menelaus to his hall  
 Each on his couch or on his throne reposed.  
 A maiden, then, with golden ewer charged  
 And silver bowl, pour'd water on their hands,  
 And spread the polish'd table, which with food 160  
 Various, selected from her present stores,  
 The mistress of the household charge supplied.  
 Botheus' son stood carver, and to each  
 His portion gave, while Megapenthes, son  
 Of glorious Menelaus, serv'd the cup. 165  
 Then, all with outstretch'd hands the feast assail'd,  
 And when nor hunger more nor thirst of wine  
 They felt, Telemachus and Nestor's son  
 Yoked the swift steeds, and, taking each his seat  
 In the resplendent chariot, drove at once 170  
 Right through the sounding portico abroad.  
 But Menelaus, Hero amber-hair'd,  
 A golden cup bearing with richest wine  
 Replete in his right hand, follow'd them forth,  
 That not without libation first perform'd 175  
 They might depart; he stood before the steeds,  
 And drinking first, thus, courteous, them bespake.

Health to you both, young friends! and from my lips  
 Like greeting bear to Nestor, royal Chief,

For

For he was ever as a father kind 180

To me, while the Achaians warr'd at Troy.

To whom Telemachus discrete replied.

And doubtless, so we will; at our return

We will report to him, illustrious Prince!

Thy ev'ry word. And oh, I would to heav'n 185

That reaching Ithaca, I might at home

Ulysses hail as sure, as I shall hence

Depart, with all benevolence by thee

Treated, and rich in many a noble gift.

While thus he spake, on his right hand appear'd 190

An eagle; in his talons pounced he bore

A white-plumed goose domestic, newly ta'en

From the house-court. Ran females all and males

Clamorous after him; but he the steeds

Approaching on the right, sprang into air. 195

That sight rejoicing and with hearts reviv'd

They view'd, and thus Pisistratus his speech

Amid them all to Menelaus turn'd.

Now, Menelaus, think, illustrious Chief!

If us, this omen, or thyself regard. 200

While warlike Menelaus musing stood

What answer fit to frame, Helen meantime,

His spouse long-stoled preventing him, began.

Hear me; for I will answer as the Gods

Teach me, and as I think shall come to pass. 205

As he, descending from his place of birth

The mountains, caught our pamper'd goose away,

So shall Ulysses, after many woes  
 And wand'rings to his home restored, avenge  
 His wrongs, or even now is at his home 210  
 For all those suitors sowing seeds of woe.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.

Oh grant it Jove, Juno's high-thund'ring mate!  
 So will I, there arrived, with vow and pray'r  
 Thee worship, as thou wert, thyself, divine. 215

He said, and lash'd the coursers; fiery they  
 And fleet, sprang through the city to the plain.  
 All day the yoke on either side they shook,  
 Journeying swift; and now the setting sun  
 To gloomy evening had resign'd the roads, 220  
 When they to Pheræ came, and in the house  
 Of good Diocles slept, their lib'ral host,  
 Whose fire Orfilochus from Alpheus sprang.  
 But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,  
 Look'd rosy from the East, yoking their steeds, 225  
 They in the sumptuous chariot sat again.

Forth through the vestibule they drove, and through  
 The founding portico, when Nestor's son  
 Plied brisk the scourge, and willing flew the steeds.  
 Thus whirl'd along, soon they approach'd the gates 230  
 Of Pylus, when Telemachus, his speech  
 Turning to his companion, thus began.

How, son of Nestor! shall I win from thee  
 Not promise only, but performance kind  
 Of my request? we are not bound alone 235

To

To friendship by the friendship of our fires,  
But by equality of years, and this  
Our journey shall unite us still the more.  
Bear me not, I intreat thee, noble friend!  
Beyond the ship, but drop me at her side, 240  
Left antient Nestor, though against my will,  
Detain me in his palace through desire  
To feast me, for I dread the least delay.

He spake; then mus'd Pisistratus how best  
He might effect the wishes of his friend, 245  
And thus at length resolv'd; turning his steeds  
With sudden deviation to the shore  
He fought the bark, and placing in the stern  
Both gold and raiment, the illustrious gifts  
Of Menelaus, thus, in accents wing'd 250  
With ardour, urg'd Telemachus away.

Dispatch, embark, summon thy crew on board,  
Ere my arrival notice give of thine  
To the old King; for vehement I know  
His temper, neither will he let thee hence, 255  
But, hast'ning hither, will himself enforce.  
Thy longer stay, that thou may'st not depart  
Ungifted; nought will fire his anger more.

So saying, he to the Pylia city urg'd  
His steeds bright-maned, and at the palace-gate 260  
Arrived of Nestor speedily; meantime  
Telemachus exhorted thus his crew.

My

My gallant friends ! set all your tackle, climb  
The fable bark, for I would now return.

He spake ; they heard him gladly, and at once 265  
All fill'd the benches. While his voyage he  
Thus expedited, and beside the stern  
To Pallas sacrifice perform'd and pray'd,  
A stranger, born remote, who had escap'd  
From Argos' fugitive for blood, a fear, 270  
And of Melampus' progeny, approach'd.  
Melampus, in old time, in Pylus dwelt,  
Mother of flocks, alike for wealth renown'd  
And the magnificence of his abode.  
He, flying from the far-famed Pylian King, 275  
The mighty Neleus, migrated at length  
Into another land, whose wealth, the while,  
Neleus by force possess'd a year complete.  
Meantime, Melampus in the house endured  
\* Of Phylacus imprisonment and woe, 280  
And burn'd with wrath for Neleus' daughter fake  
By fell Erynnis kindled in his heart.  
But, 'scaping death, he drove the lowing bees  
From Phylace to Pylus, well avenged  
His num'rous injuries at Neleus' hands 285

\* Iphycus the son of Phylacus had seized and detained cattle belonging to Neleus ; Neleus ordered his nephew Melampus to recover them, and as security for his obedience seized on a considerable part of his possessions. Melampus attempted the service, failed, and was cast into prison ; but at length escaping, accomplished his errand, vanquished Neleus in battle, and carried off his daughter Pero, whom Neleus had promised to the brother of Melampus, but had afterward refused her.

Sustain'd,

Sustain'd, and gave into his brother's arms  
 King Neleus' daughter fair, the promis'd bride.  
 To Argos steed-renown'd he journey'd next,  
 There destin'd to inhabit and to rule  
 Multitudes of Achaians. In that land 290  
 He married, built a palace, and became  
 Father of two brave sons, Antiphates  
 And Mantius; to Antiphates was born  
 The brave Oicleus; from Oicleus sprang  
 Amphiaraus, demagogue renown'd, 295  
 Whom with all tendernefs, and as a friend  
 Alike the Thund'rer and Apollo prized;  
 Yet reach'd he not the bounds of hoary age,  
 But by his mercenary\* consort's arts  
 Persuaded, met his destiny at Thebes. 300  
 He 'gat Alcmæon and Amphiloclus.  
 Mantius was also father of two sons,  
 Clytus and Polyphides. Clytus pass'd  
 From earth to heav'n, and dwells among the Gods,  
 Stol'n by Aurora for his beauty's sake. 305  
 But (brave Amphiaräus once deceas'd)  
 Phœbus exalted Polyphides far  
 Above all others in the prophet's part.  
 He, anger'd by his father, roam'd away  
 To Hyperesia, where he dwelt renown'd 310  
 Throughout all lands, the oracle of all.

\* His wife Eryphyle, bribed by Polynices, persuaded him, though aware that death awaited him at that city, to go to Thebes, where he fell accordingly.

His son, named Theoclymenus, was he  
 Who now approach'd; he found Telemachus  
 Libation off'ring in his bark, and pray'r,  
 And in wing'd accents ardent him address'd. 315

Ah, friend! since sacrificing in this place  
 I find thee, by these sacred rites and those  
 Whom thou ador'st, and by thy own dear life,  
 And by the lives of these thy mariners  
 I beg true answer; hide not what I ask. 320  
 Who art thou? whence? where born? and sprung from  
 whom?

To whom Telemachus, discreté, replied.  
 I will inform thee, stranger! and will solve  
 Thy questions with much truth. I am by birth  
 Ithacan, and Ulysses was my sire. 325  
 But he hath perish'd by a woeful death,  
 And I, believing it, with these have plow'd  
 The Ocean hither, int'rested to learn  
 A father's fate long absent from his home.

Then answer'd godlike Theoclymenus. 330  
 I also am a wand'rer, having slain  
 A man of my own tribe; brethren and friends  
 Num'rous had he in Argos steed-renown'd,  
 And pow'ful are the Achaians dwelling there.  
 From them, through terrour of impending death, 335  
 I fly, a banish'd man henceforth for ever.  
 Ah save a suppliant fugitive! lest death  
 O'ertake me, for I doubt not their pursuit.

Whom



Whom thus Telemachus answer'd discrete.  
 I shall not, be assured, since thou desir'st 340  
 To join me, chace thee from my bark away.  
 Follow me, therefore, and with us partake,  
 In Ithaca, what best the land affords.

So saying, he at the stranger's hand received  
 His spear, which on the deck he lay'd, then climb'd 345  
 Himself the bark, and, seated in the stern,  
 At his own side placed Theoclymenus.

They cast the hawsers loose; then with loud voice  
 Telemachus exhorted all to hand  
 The tackle, whom his sailors prompt obey'd. 350

The tall mast heaving, in its socket deep  
 They lodg'd it, and its cordage braced secure,  
 Then, straining at the halyards, hoisted the sail.  
 Fair wind, and blowing fresh through æther pure  
 Minerva sent them, that the bark might run 355  
 Her nimblest course through all the briny way.

Now sank the sun, and dusky ev'ning dimm'd  
 The waves, when, driven by propitious Jove,  
 His bark stood right for Pheræ; thence she stretch'd  
 To sacred Elis where the Epeans rule, 360

And through the sharp Echinades he next  
 Steer'd her, uncertain whether fate ordain'd  
 His life or death, surprizal or escape.

Meantime Ulysses and the swineherd ate  
 Their cottage-meats, and the assistant swains 365  
 Theirs also; and when hunger now and thirst

Had ceased in all, Ulysses thus began,  
 Proving the swineherd, whether friendly still,  
 And anxious for his good, he would intreat  
 His stay, or thence hasten him to the town. 370

Eumæus, and all ye his servants, hear!  
 It is my purpose, lest I wear thee out,  
 Thee and thy friends, to seek at early dawn  
 The city, there to beg—But give me first  
 Needful instructions, and a trusty guide 375

Who may conduct me thither; there my task  
 Must be to roam the streets; some hand humane  
 Perchance shall give me a small pittance there,  
 A little bread, and a few drops to drink.  
 Ulysses' palace I shall also seek, 380

And to discrete Penelope report  
 My tidings; neither shall I fail to mix  
 With those imperious suitors, who, themselves  
 Full-fed, may spare perhaps some boon to me.  
 Me shall they find, in whatsoever they wish 385

Their ready servitor, for (understand  
 And mark me well) the herald of the skies,  
 Hermes, from whom all actions of mankind  
 Their grace receive and polish, is my friend,  
 So that in menial offices I fear 390

No rival, whether I be call'd to heap  
 The hearth with fuel, or dry wood to cleave,  
 To roast, to carve, or to distribute wine,  
 As oft the poor are wont who serve the great.

To

To whom, Eumæus! at those words displeas'd, 395  
 Thou didst reply. Gods! how could such a thought  
 Possess thee, stranger? surely thy resolve  
 Is altogether fixt to perish there,  
 If thou indeed hast purpos'd with that throng  
 To mix, whose riot and outrageous acts 400  
 Of violence echo through the vault of heav'n.  
 None, such as thou, serve *them*; their servitors  
 Are youths well-cloak'd, well-vested; sleek their heads,  
 And smug their countenances; such alone  
 Are their attendants, and the polish'd boards 405  
 Groan overcharg'd with bread, with flesh, with wine.  
 Rest here content; for neither me nor these  
 Thou weariest aught, and when Ulysses' son  
 Shall come, he will with vest and mantle fair  
 Cloath thee, and send thee whither most thou would'st.

To whom, Ulysses, Hero toil-inured. 411  
 I wish thee, O Eumæus! dear to Jove  
 As thou art dear to me, for this reprieve  
 Vouchsafed me kind, from wand'ring and from woe!  
 No worse condition is of mortal man 415  
 Than his who wanders; for the poor man, driv'n  
 By woe and by misfortune homeless forth,  
 A thousand mis'ries, day by day, endures.  
 Since thou detain'st me, then, and bidd'st me wait  
 His coming, tell me if the father still 420  
 Of famed Ulysses live, whom, going hence,  
 He left so nearly on the verge of life?

And lives his mother? or have both deceased  
 Alrcady, and descended to the shades?

To whom the master swineherd thus replied. 425  
 I will inform thee, and with strictest truth,  
 Of all that thou hast ask'd. Laertes lives,  
 But supplication offering to the Gods  
 Ceaseless, to free him from a weary life,  
 So deeply his long-absent son he mourns, 430  
 And the dear comfort of his early youth,  
 Whose death is his chief sorrow, and hath brought  
 Old age on him, or ere its date arrived.  
 She died of sorrow for her glorious son,  
 And died deplorably\*; may never friend 435  
 Of mine, or benefactor die as she!  
 While yet she liv'd, dejected as she was,  
 I found it yet some solace to converse  
 With her, who rear'd me in my childish days,  
 Together with her lovely youngest-born 440  
 The Princess Ctimena; for side by side  
 We grew, and I, scarce honour'd less than she.  
 But soon as our delightful prime we both  
 Attain'd, to Samos her they sent, a bride,  
 And were requited with rich dow'r; but me 445  
 Cloath'd handsomely with tunic and with vest,  
 And with fair sandals furnish'd, to the field  
 She order'd forth, yet loved me still the more.

\* She is said to have hanged herself.

I miss her kindness now ; but gracious heav'n  
 Prospers the work on which I here attend ; 450  
 Hence have I food, and hence I drink, and hence  
 Refresh, sometimes, a worthy guest like thee.

But kindness none experience I, or can,  
 From fair Penelope (my mistress now)  
 In word or action, so is the house curs'd 455  
 With that lewd throng. Glad would the servants be  
 Might they approach their mistress, and receive  
 Advice from her ; glad too to eat and drink,  
 And somewhat bear each to his rural home,  
 For perquisites are ev'ry servant's joy. 460

Then answer thus, Ulysses wife return'd.

Alas ! good swain, Eumæus, how remote  
 From friends and country wast thou forced to roam  
 Ev'n in thy infancy ! But tell me true.  
 The city where thy parents dwelt, did foes 465  
 Pillage it ? or did else some hostile band  
 Surprizing thee alone, on herd or flock  
 Attendant, bear thee with them o'er the Deep,  
 And sell thee at this Hero's house, who pay'd  
 Doubtless for *thee* no fordid price or small ? 470

To whom the master swineherd in reply.  
 Stranger ! since thou art curious to be told  
 My story, silent listen, and thy wine  
 At leisure quaff. The nights are longest now,  
 And such as time for sleep afford, and time 475  
 For pleasant conference ; neither were it good

That

That thou should'st to thy couch before thy hour,  
 Since even sleep is hurtful, in excess.  
 Whoever here is weary, and desires  
 Early repose, let him depart to rest, 480  
 And, at the peep of day, when he hath fed  
 Sufficiently, drive forth my master's herd;  
 But we with wine and a well-furnish'd board  
 Supplied, will solace mutually derive  
 From recollection of our sufferings past; 485  
 For who hath much endured, and wander'd far,  
 Finds the recital ev'n of sorrow sweet.  
 Now hear thy question satisfied; attend!  
 There is an island (thou hast heard, perchance,  
 Of such an isle) named \*Syria; it is placed 490  
 Above Ortygia, and a † dial owns  
 True to the tropic changes of the year.  
 No great extent she boasts, yet is she rich  
 In cattle and in flocks, in wheat and wine.  
 No famine knows that people, or disease 495  
 Noisome, of all that elsewhere seize the race  
 Of miserable man; but when old age  
 Steals on the citizens, Apollo, arm'd

\* Not improbably the isthmus of Syracuse, an island, perhaps, or peninsula at that period, or at least imagined to be such by Homer. The birth of Diana gave fame to Ortygia. F.

\* "Ὀθί τροπᾶν ἡλιόσιο.—The Translator has rendered the passage according to that interpretation of it to which several of the best expositors incline. Nothing can be so absurd as to suppose, that Homer, so correct in his geography, could mean to place a Mediterranean island under the Tropic.

With silver bow and bright Diana come,  
 Whose gentle shafts dismiss them soon to rest. 500  
 Two cities share between them all the isle,  
 And both were subject to my father's sway  
 Ctesius Ormenides, a godlike Chief.  
 It chanced that from Phœnicia, famed for skill  
 In arts marine, a vessel thither came 505  
 By sharpers mann'd, and laden deep with toys.  
 Now, in my father's family abode  
 A fair Phœnician, tall, full-sized, and skill'd  
 In works of elegance, whom they beguiled.  
 While she wash'd linen on the beach, beside 510  
 The ship, a certain mariner of those  
 Seduced her; for all women, ev'n the wife  
 And sober, feeble prove by love assail'd.  
 Who was she, he enquired, and whence? nor she  
 Scrupled to tell at once her father's home. 515  
 I am of \* Sidon, famous for her works  
 In brass and steel; daughter of Arybas,  
 Who rolls in affluence; Taphian pirates thence  
 Stole me returning from the field, from whom  
 This Chief procured me at no little cost. 520  
 Then answer thus her paramour return'd.  
 Wilt thou not hence to Sidon in our ship,  
 That thou may'st once more visit the abode  
 Of thy own wealthy parents, and themselves?

\* A principal city of Phœnicia.

For still they live, and still are wealthy deem'd. 525

To whom the woman. Even that might be,  
Would ye, ye seamen, by a solemn oath  
Assure me of a safe conveyance home.

Then swear the mariners as she required,  
And, when their oath was ended, thus again 530  
The woman of Phœnicia them bespake.

Now, silence! no man, henceforth, of you all  
Accost me, though he meet me on the road,  
Or at yon fountain; lest some tattler run  
With tidings home to my old master's ear, 535  
Who, with suspicion touch'd, may *me* confine  
In cruel bonds, and death contrivè for *you*.

But be ye close; purchase your stores in haste;  
And when your vessel shall be freighted full,  
Quick send me notice; for I mean to bring 540  
What gold soever opportune I find,

And will my passage cheerfully defray  
With still another moveable. I nurse  
The good man's son, an urchin shrewd, of age  
To scamper at my side; him will I bring, 545  
Whom at some foreign market ye shall prove  
Saleable at what price so'er ye will.

So saying, she to my father's house return'd.  
They, there abiding the whole year, their ship  
With purchased goods freighted of ev'ry kind, 550  
And when, her lading now complete, she lay  
For sea prepared, their messenger arrived

To



To summon down the woman to the shore.  
 A mariner of theirs, subtle and shrewd,  
 Then, entering at my father's gate, produced 555  
 A splendid collar, gold with amber strung.  
 My mother (then at home) with all her maids  
 Handling and gazing on it with delight,  
 Proposed to purchase it, and he the nod  
 Significant, gave unobserv'd, the while, 560  
 To the Phœnician woman, and return'd.  
 She, thus inform'd, leading me by the hand  
 Went forth, and finding in the vestibule  
 The cups and tables which my father's guests  
 Had used, (but they were to the forum gone 565  
 For converse with their friends assembled there)  
 Convey'd three cups into her bosom-folds,  
 And bore them off, whom I a thoughtless child  
 Accompanied, at the decline of day,  
 When dusky evening had embrown'd the shore. 570  
 We, stepping nimbly on, soon reach'd the port  
 Renown'd, where that Phœnician vessel lay.  
 They shipp'd us both, and all embarking cleav'd  
 Their liquid road, by favourable gales,  
 Jove's gift, impell'd. Six days we day and night 575  
 Continual failed, but when Saturnian Jove  
 Now bade the sev'nth bright morn illumine the skies,  
 Then, shaft-arm'd Dian struck the woman dead.  
 At once she pitch'd headlong into the bilge  
 Like a sea-coot, whence heaving her again, 580

The seamen gave her to be fishes' food,  
 And I survived to mourn her. But the winds  
 And rolling billows them bore to the coast  
 Of Ithaca, where with his proper goods  
 Laertes bought me. By such means it chanced 585  
 That ere I saw the isle in which I dwell.

To whom Ulysses, glorious Chief, replied.  
 Eumæus! thou hast moved me much, thy woes  
 Enumerating thus at large. But Jove  
 Hath neighbour'd all thy evil with this good, 590  
 That after num'rous sorrows thou hast reach'd  
 The house of a kind master, at whose hands  
 Thy sustenance is sure, and here thou lead'st  
 A tranquil life; but I have late arrived,  
 City after city of the world explored. 595

Thus mutual they conferr'd, nor leisure found  
 Save for short sleep, by morning soon surprized.  
 Meantime the comrades of Telemachus  
 Approaching land, cast loose the sail, and lower'd  
 Alert the mast, then oar'd the vessel in. 600  
 The anchors heav'd\* aground, and hawfers tied  
 Secure, themselves, forth-issuing on the shore,  
 Breakfast prepared, and charged their cups with wine.  
 When neither hunger now, nor thirst remained  
 Unsatisfied, Telemachus began. 605

Push ye the fable bark without delay  
 Home to the city. I will to the field

\* The anchors were lodged on the shore, not plunged as ours.

Among my shepherds, and, (my rural works  
Survey'd,) at eve will to the town return.

To-morrow will I fet before you wine 610

And plenteous viands, wages of your toil.

To whom the godlike Theoclymenus.

Whither must I, my son? who, of the Chiefs  
Of rugged Ithaca, shall harbour me?

Shall I to thine and to thy mother's house? 615

Then thus Telemachus, discrete, replied.

I would invite thee to proceed at once

To our abode, since nought should fail thee there

Of kind reception, but it were a course

Now not adviseable; for I must myself, 620

Be absent, neither would my mother's eyes

Behold thee, so unfrequent she appears

Before the suitors, shunning whom, she sits

Weaving continual at the palace-top.

But I will name to thee another Chief 625

Whom thou may'st seek, Eurymachus, the son

Renown'd of prudent Polybus, whom all

The people here reverence as a God.

Far noblest of them all is he, and seeks

More ardent than his rivals far, to wed 630

My mother, and to fill my father's throne.

But, He who dwells above, Jove only knows

If some disastrous day be not ordain'd

For them, or ere those nuptials shall arrive.

While thus he spake, at his right hand appear'd, 635  
 Messenger of Apollo, on full wing,  
 A falcon; in his pounces clench'd he bore  
 A dove, which rending, down he pour'd her plumes  
 Between the galley and Telemachus.  
 Then, calling him apart, the prophet lock'd 640  
 His hand in his, and thus explain'd the sign.

Not undirected by the Gods his flight  
 On our right hand, Telemachus! this hawk  
 Hath wing'd propitious; soon as I perceived  
 I knew him ominous—In all the isle 645  
 No family of a more royal note  
 Than yours is found; and yours shall still prevail.

Whom thus Telemachus answer'd discrete.  
 Grant heav'n, my guest! that this good word of thine  
 Fail not, and soon thou shalt such bounty share 650  
 And friendship at my hands, that, at first sight,  
 Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest.

Then, to Piræus thus, his friend approved.  
 Piræus, son of Clytius! (for of all  
 My followers to the shore of Pylus, none 655  
 More prompt than thou hath my desires perform'd)  
 Now also to thy own abode conduct  
 This stranger, whom with hospitable care  
 Cherish and honour 'till myself arrive.

To whom Piræus answer'd, spear-renown'd. 660  
 Telemachus! however long thy stay,  
 Punctual I will attend him, and no want

Of hospitality shall he find with me.

So saying, he climb'd the ship, then bade the crew  
Embarking also, cast the hawfers loose, 665  
And each, obedient, to his bench repair'd.  
Meantime Telemachus his sandals bound,  
And lifted from the deck his glitt'ring spear.  
Then, as Telemachus had bidden them,  
Son of divine Ulysses, casting loose 670  
The hawfers, forth they push'd into the Deep  
And fought the city, while with nimble pace  
Proceeding thence, Telemachus attain'd  
The cottage soon where good Eumæus slept,  
The swine-herd, faithful to his num'rous charge. 675

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## S I X T E E N T H B O O K.

Telemachus dispatches Eumæus to the city to inform Penelope of his safe return from Pylus; during his absence, Ulysses makes himself known to his son. The suitors, having watched for Telemachus in vain, arrive again at Ithaca.

### B O O K X V I.

**I**T was the hour of dawn, when in the cot  
Kindling fresh fire, Ulysses and his friend  
Noble Eumæus drefs'd their morning fare,  
And sent the herdsmen with the swine abroad.  
Seeing Telemachus, the watchful dogs 5  
Bark'd not, but fawn'd around him. At that sight,  
And at the found of feet which now approach'd,  
Ulysses in wing'd accents thus remark'd.  
Eumæus! certain, either friend of thine  
Is nigh at hand, or one whom well thou know'st; 10  
Thy dogs bark not, but fawn on his approach  
Obsequious, and the found of feet I hear.  
Scarce had he ceased, when his own son himself  
Stood in the vestibule. Upsprang at once

Eumæus

Eumæus wonder-struck, and from his hand . . . 15  
 Let fall the cups with which he was employ'd  
 Mingling rich wine; to his young Lord he ran,  
 His forehead kifs'd, kifs'd his bright-beaming eyes  
 And both his hands, weeping profuse the while.  
 As when a father folds in his embrace 20  
 Arrived from foreign lands in the tenth year  
 His darling son, the offspring of his age,  
 His only one, for whom he long hath mourn'd,  
 So kifs'd the noble peasant o'er and o'er  
 Godlike Telemachus, as from death escaped, 25  
 And in wing'd accents plaintive thus began.

Light of my eyes, thou com'st; it is thyself,  
 Sweetest Telemachus! I had no hope  
 To see thee more, once told that o'er the Deep  
 Thou hadst departed for the Pylian coast. 30  
 Enter, my precious son; that I may sooth  
 My soul with sight of thee from far arrived,  
 For seldom thou thy feeders and thy farm  
 Visitest, in the city custom'd much  
 To make abode, that thou may'st witness there 35  
 The manners of those hungry suitors proud.  
 To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
 It will be so. There is great need, my friend!  
 But here, for thy sake, have I now arrived,  
 That I may look on thee, and from thy lips 40  
 Learn if my mother still reside at home,  
 Or have become spouse of some other Chief.

Leaving

Leaving untenanted Ulyſſes' bed  
 To be by noiſome ſpiders webb'd around.  
 To whom the maſter-ſwincherd in return. 45  
 Not ſo, ſhe, patient ſtill as ever, dwells  
 Beneath thy roof, but all her cheerleſs days  
 Deſpairing waſtes, and all her nights in tears.  
 So ſaying, Eumæus at his hand received  
 His brazen lance, and o'er the ſtep of ſtone 50  
 Enter'd Telemachus, to whom his fire  
 Relinquish'd, ſoon as he appear'd, his feat,  
 But him Telemachus forbidding, ſaid—  
 Gueſt, keep thy feat; our cottage will afford  
 Some other, which Eumæus will provide. 55  
 He ceaſed, and he, returning at the word,  
 Repoſed again; then good Eumæus ſpread  
 Green twigs beneath, which, cover'd with a fleece,  
 Supplied Ulyſſes' offspring with a feat.  
 He, next, diſpoſed his diſhes on the board 60  
 With reliſts charg'd of yeſterday; with bread,  
 Alert, he heap'd the baſkets; with rich wine  
 His ivy-cup replenish'd; and a feat  
 Took oppoſite to his illuſtrious Lord  
 Ulyſſes. They toward the plenteous feaſt 65  
 Stretch'd forth their hands, (and hunger now and thirſt  
 Both ſatiſfied) Telemachus, his ſpeech  
 Addreſſing to their generous hoſt, began.  
 Whence is this gueſt, my father? How convey'd  
 Came he to Ithaca? What country boaſt 70  
 The



The mariners with whom he here arrived?  
For, that on foot he found us not, is sure.

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.

I will with truth answer thee, O my son!

He boasts him sprung from ancestry renown'd 75

In spacious Crete, and hath the cities seen

Of various lands, by fate ordain'd to roam.

Ev'n now, from a Thesprotian ship escaped,

He reach'd my cottage—but he is thy own;

I yield him to thee; treat him as thou wilt; 80

He is thy suppliant, and depends on thee.

Then thus, Telemachus, discrete, replied.

Thy words, Eumæus, pain my very soul.

For what security can I afford

To any in my house? myself am young, 85

Nor yet of strength sufficient to repel

An offer'd insult, and my mother's mind

In doubtful balance hangs, if, still with me

An inmate, she shall manage my concerns,

Attentive only to her absent Lord 90

And her own good report, or shall espouse

The noblest of her wooers, and the best

Entitled by the splendour of his gifts.

But I will give him, since I find him lodg'd

A guest beneath thy roof, tunic and cloak, 95

Sword double-edg'd, and sandals for his feet,

With convoy to the country of his choice.

Still, if it please thee, keep him here thy guest,

And I will send him raiment, with supplies  
Of all sorts, lest he burthen thee and thine. 100

But where the suitors come, there shall not he  
With my consent, nor stand expos'd to pride  
And petulance like theirs, lest by some sneer  
They wound him, and through him, wound also me;  
For little is it that the boldest can 105  
Against so many; numbers will prevail.

Him answer'd then Ulysses toil-inured.

Oh amiable and good! since even I  
Am free to answer thee, I will avow  
My heart within me torn by what I hear 110  
Of those injurious suitors, who the house  
Infest of one noble as thou appear'st.

But say—submittest thou to their controul  
Willingly, or because the people, sway'd  
By some response oracular, incline 115  
Against thee? Thou hast brothers, it may chance,  
Slow to assist thee—for a brother's aid  
Is of importance in whatever cause.

For oh that I had youth as I have wil',  
Or that renown'd Ulysses were my fire, 120  
Or that himself might wander home again,  
Whereof hope yet remains! then might I lose  
My head, that moment, by an alien's hand,  
If I would fail, ent'ring Ulysses' gate,  
To be the bane and mischief of them all. 125

But if alone to multitudes oppos'd

I should

I should perchance be foiled; nobler it were  
 With my own people, under my own roof  
 To perish, than to witness evermore  
 Their unexampled deeds, guests shoved aside, 130  
 Maidens dragg'd forcibly from room to room,  
 Casks emptied of their rich contents, and them  
 Indulging glutt'nous appetite day by day  
 Enormous, without measure, without end.

To whom, Telemachus, discrete, replied. 135  
 Stranger! thy questions shall from me receive  
 True answer. Enmity or hatred none  
 Subsists the people and myself between,  
 Nor have I brothers to accuse, whose aid  
 Is of importance in whatever cause, 140  
 For Jove hath from of old with single heirs  
 Our house supplied; Arcefius none begat  
 Except Laertes, and Laertes none  
 Except Ulysses, and Ulysses me  
 Left here his only one, and unenjoy'd. 145  
 Thence comes it that our palace swarms with foes;  
 For all the rulers of the neighbour isles,  
 Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd  
 Zacynthus, others also rulers here  
 In craggy Ithaca, my mother seek 150  
 In marriage, and my household stores consume.  
 But neither she those nuptial rites abhorr'd  
 Refuses absolute, nor yet consents  
 To end them; they my patrimony waste

Meantime, and will destroy me also soon, 155  
As I expect, but heav'n disposes all.

Eumæus! haste, my father! bear with speed  
News to Penelope that I am safe,  
And have arrived from Pylus; I will wait  
'Till thou return; and well beware that none 160  
Hear thee beside, for I have many foes.

To whom Eumæus thou didst thus reply.  
It is enough. I understand. Thou speak'st  
To one intelligent. But say beside,  
Shall I not also, as I go, inform 165  
Distress'd Laertes? who while yet he mourn'd  
Ulysses only, could o'ersee the works,  
And dietted among his menials oft  
As hunger prompted him; but now, they say,  
Since thy departure to the Pylian shore, 170  
He neither eats as he was wont, nor drinks,  
Nor oversees his hinds, but fighting fits  
And weeping, wasted even to the bone.

Him then Telemachus answer'd discrete.  
Hard though it be, yet to his tears and sighs 175  
Him leave we now. We cannot what we would.  
For, were the ordering of all events  
Referr'd to our own choice, our first desire  
Should be to see my father's glad return.  
But once thy tidings told, wander not thou 180  
In quest of Him, but hither speed again.  
Rather request my mother that she send

Her household's governess without delay  
 Privately to him; she shall best inform  
 The ancient King that I have safe arrived. 185

He said, and urged him forth, who binding on  
 His sandals, to the city bent his way.  
 Nor went Eumæus from his home unmark'd  
 By Pallas, who, in semblance of a fair  
 Damsel, accomplish'd in domestic arts, 190

Approaching to the cottage' entrance, stood  
 Opposite, by Ulysses plain discern'd,  
 But to his son invisible; for the Gods  
 Appear not manifest alike to all.

The mastiffs saw her also, and with tone 195  
 Querulous hid themselves, yet bark'd they not.  
 She beckon'd him abroad. Ulysses saw  
 The sign, and, issuing through the outer court,  
 Approach'd her, whom the Goddess thus bespake.

Laertes' progeny, for wiles renown'd! 200  
 Disclose thyself to thy own son, that, death  
 Concerting and destruction to your foes,  
 Ye may the royal city seek, nor long  
 Shall ye my presence there desire in vain,  
 For I am ardent to begin the fight. 205

Minerva spake, and with her rod of gold  
 Touch'd him; his mantle, first, and vest she made  
 Pure as new-blanch'd; dilating, next, his form,  
 She gave dimensions ampler to his limbs;  
 Swarthy again his manly hue became, 210

Round

Round his full face, and black his bushy chin.  
 The change perform'd, Minerva disappear'd,  
 And the illustrious Hero turn'd again  
 Into the cottage; wonder at that sight  
 Seiz'd on Telemachus; askance he look'd,                   215  
 Awe-struck, not unsuspecting of a God,  
 And in wing'd accents eager thus began.

Thou art no longer, whom I lately saw,  
 Nor are thy cloaths, nor is thy port the same.  
 Thou art a God, I know, and dwell'st in heav'n.                   220  
 Oh, smile on us, that we may yield thee rites  
 Acceptable, and present thee golden gifts  
 Elaborate; ah spare us, Pow'r divine!

To whom Ulysses, Hero toil-inured.  
 I am no God. Why deem'st thou me divine?                   225  
 I am thy father, for whose sake thou lead'st  
 A life of woe, by violence oppress'd.

So saying, he kiss'd his son, while from his cheeks  
 Tears trickled, tears till then, perforce restrained.  
 Telemachus, (for he believed him not                   230  
 His father yet) thus, wond'ring, spake again.

My father, said'st thou? no. Thou art not He,  
 But some Divinity beguiles my soul  
 With mock'ries, to afflict me still the more;  
 For never mortal man could so have wrought                   235  
 By his own pow'r; some interposing God  
 Alone could render thee both young and old,  
 For old thou wast of late, and foully clad,

But

But wear'ft the femblance, now, of thofe in heav'n!

To whom Ulyffes, ever wife, replied. 240

Telemachus! it is not well, my fon!

That thou fhould'ft greet thy father with a face  
Of wild aftonifhment, and ftand aghaft.

Ulyffes, fave myfelf, none comes, be fure.

Such as thou feeft, after ten thoufand woes 245

Which I have borne, I vifit once again

My native country in the twentieth year.

This wonder Athenæan Pallas wrought,

She cloath'd me even with what form ſhe would,

For fo ſhe can. Now poor I ſeem and old, 250

Now young again, and clad in freſh attire.

The Gods who dwell in yonder heav'n, with eaſe

Dignify or debaſe a mortal man.

So ſaying, he fat. Then threw Telemachus

His arms around his father's neck, and wept. 255

Deſire intenſe of lamentation feized

On both; foft murmurs utt'ring, each indulged

His grief, more frequent wailing than the bird,

(Eagle, or hook-nail'd vulture) from whoſe neſt

Some ſwain hath ſtol'n her yet unfeather'd young. 260

So from their eyelids they big drops diſtill'd

Of tend'reſt grief, nor had the ſetting fun

Ceſſation of their weeping ſeen, had not

Telemachus his father thus addreſs'd.

What ſhip convey'd thee to thy native ſhore, 265

My father! and what country boaſt the crew?

For,

For, that on foot thou not arriv'dst, is sure.

Then thus divine Ulysses toil-inured.

My son! I will explicit all relate.

Conducted by Phæacia's maritime sons 270

I came, a race accustom'd to convey

Strangers who visit them across the Deep.

Me, o'er the billows in a rapid bark

Borne sleeping, on the shores of Ithaca

They lay'd; rich gifts they gave me also, brass, 275

Gold in full bags, and beautiful attire,

Which, warn'd from heav'n, I have in caves conceal'd.

By Pallas prompted, hither I repair'd

That we might plan the slaughter of our foes,

Whose numbers tell me now, that I may know 280

How pow'rful, certainly, and who they are,

And consultation with my dauntless heart

May hold, if we be able to contend

Ourselves with all, or must have aid beside.

Then, answer thus his son, discrete, return'd. 285

My father! thy renown hath ever rung

In thy son's ears, and by report thy force

In arms, and wisdom I have oft been told.

But terribly thou speak'st; amazement-fixt

I hear; can two a multitude oppose, 290

And valiant warriors all? for neither ten

Are they, nor twenty, but more num'rous far.

Learn, now, their numbers. Fifty youths and two

Came from Dulichium; they are chosen men,

And



And six attendants follow in their train; 295  
 From Samos twenty youths and four arrive,  
 Zacynthus also of Achaia's sons  
 Sends' twenty more, and our own island adds,  
 Herself, her twelve chief rulers; Medon, too,  
 Is there the herald, and the bard divine, 300  
 With other two, intendants of the board.  
 Should we within the palace, we alone,  
 Affail them all, I fear, lest thy revenge  
 Unpleasant to thyself and deadly prove,  
 Frustrating thy return. But recollect— 305  
 Think, if thou canst, on whose confederate arm  
 Strenuous on our behalf we may rely.

To him replied his patient father bold,  
 I will inform thee. Mark. Weigh well my words.  
 Will Pallas and the everlasting Sirè  
 Alone suffice? or need we other aids? 310  
 Then answer thus Telemachus return'd.  
 Good friends indeed are they whom thou hast named,  
 Though throned above the clouds; for their controul  
 Is universal both in earth and heav'n. 315

To whom Ulysses, toil-worn Chief renown'd.  
 Not long will they from battle stand aloof,  
 When once, within my palace, in the strength  
 Of Mars, to sharp decision we shall urge  
 The suitors. But thyself at early dawn 320  
 Our mansion seek, that thou may'st mingle there  
 With that imperious throng; me in due time

Eumæus to the city shall conduct,  
 In form a miserable beggar old.  
 But should they with dishonourable scorn 325  
 Insult me, thou unmov'd my wrongs endure,  
 And should they even drag me by the feet  
 Abroad, or smite me with the spear, thy wrath  
 Refraining, gently counsel them to cease  
 From such extravagance; but well I know 330  
 That cease they will not, for their hour is come.  
 And mark me well; treasure what now I say  
 Deep in thy soul. When Pallas shall, herself,  
 Suggest the measure, then, shaking my brows,  
 I will admonish thee; thou, at the sign, 335  
 Remove what arms soever in the hall  
 Remain, and in the upper palace safe  
 Dispose them; should the suitors, missing them,  
 Perchance interrogate thee, then reply  
 Gently—I have removed them from the smoke; 340  
 For they appear no more the arms which erst  
 Ulysses, going hence to Ilium, left,  
 But smirch'd and sullied by the breath of fire.  
 This weightier reason (thou shalt also say)  
 Jove taught me; lest, intoxicate with wine, 345  
 Ye should assault each other in your brawls,  
 Shaming both feast and courtship; for the view  
 Itself of arms incites to their abuse.  
 Yet leave two faulchions for ourselves alone,  
 Two spears, two bucklers, which with sudden force 350  
Impetuous

Impetuous we will feize, and Jove all-wise  
 Their valour shall, and Pallas, steal away.  
 This word store also in remembrance deep—  
 If mine in truth thou art, and of my blood,  
 Then, of Ulyffes to his home returned 355  
 Let none hear news from thee, no, not my fire  
 Laertes, nor Eumæus, nor of all  
 The menials any, or ev'n Penelope,  
 That thou and I, alone, may search the drift  
 Of our domestic women, and may prove 360  
 Our serving-men, who honours and reveres  
 And who contemns us both, but chiefly thee  
 So gracious, and so worthy to be loved.

Him then thus answer'd his illustrious son.

Trust me, my father! thou shalt soon be taught 365  
 That I am not of drowfy mind obtuse.  
 But this I think not likely to avail  
 Or thee or me; ponder it yet again;  
 For tedious were the task, farm after farm  
 To visit of those servants, proving each, 370  
 And the proud suitors merciless devour  
 Meantime thy substance, nor abstain from aught.  
 Learn, if thou wilt, (and I that course myself  
 Advise) who flights thee of the female train,  
 And who is guiltless; but I would not try 375  
 From house to house the men, far better proved  
 Hereafter, if in truth by signs from heav'n  
 Inform'd, thou hast been taught the will of Jove.

Thus they conferr'd. The gallant bark, meantime,  
 Reach'd Ithaca, which from the Pylia shore 380  
 Had brought Telemachus with all his band.  
 Within the many-fathom'd port arriv'd  
 His lusty followers haled her far aground,  
 Then carried thence their arms, but to the house  
 Of Clytius the illustrious gifts convey'd. 385  
 Next, to the royal mansion they dispatch'd  
 An herald, charg'd with tidings to the Queen,  
 That her Telemachus had reach'd the cot  
 Of good Eumæus; and the bark had sent  
 Home to the city; left the matchless dame 390  
 Should still deplore the absence of her son.  
 They, then, the herald and the swine-herd, each  
 Bearing like message to his mistress, met,  
 And at the palace of the godlike Chief  
 Arriving, compass'd by the female throng 395  
 Inquisitive, the herald thus began.

Thy son, O Queen! is safe; - ev'n now return'd.  
 Then, drawing nigh to her, Eumæus told  
 His message also from her son received,  
 And, his commission punctually discharged, 400  
 Leaving the palace, sought his home again.

Grief seized and anguish, at those tidings, all  
 The suitors; issuing forth, on the outside  
 Of the high wall they sat, before the gate,  
 When Polybus' son, Eurymachus, began. 405  
 My

My friends! his arduous task, this voyage, deem'd  
 By us impossible, in our despight  
 Telemachus hath atchieved. Haste! launch we forth  
 A fable bark, our best, which let us man  
 With mariners expert, who, rowing forth 410  
 Swiftly, shall summon our companions home.

Scarce had he said, when turning where he sat,  
 Amphinomus beheld a bark arrived  
 Just then in port; he saw them furling sail,  
 And seated with their oars in hand; he laugh'd 415  
 Through pleasure at that sight, and thus he spake.

Our message may be spared. Lo! they arrive.  
 Either some God inform'd them, or they saw,  
 Themselves, the vessel of Telemachus  
 Too swiftly passing to be reach'd by theirs. 420

He spake; they, rising, hasted to the shore.  
 Alert they drew the fable bark aground,  
 And by his servant each his arms dispatch'd  
 To his own home. Then, all, to council close  
 Assembling, neither elder of the land 425  
 Nor youth allow'd to join them, and the rest  
 Eupithes' son, Antinoüs, thus bespake.

Ah! how the Gods have rescued him! all day  
 Perch'd on the airy mountain-top, our spies  
 Successive watch'd; and, when the sun declined, 430  
 We never slept on shore, but all night long  
 Till sacred dawn arose, plow'd the abyss,  
 Hoping Telemachus, that we might seize

And

And slay him, whom some Deity hath led,  
 In our despight, safe to his home again. 435  
 But frame we yet again means to destroy  
 Telemachus; ah—let not Him escape!  
 For end of this our task, while he survives,  
 None shall be found, such prudence he displays  
 And wisdom, neither are the people now 440  
 Unanimous our friends as heretofore.  
 Come, then—prevent him, ere he call the Greeks  
 To council; for he will not long delay,  
 But will be angry, doubtless, and will tell  
 Amid them all, how we in vain devised 445  
 His death, a deed which they will scarce applaud,  
 But will, perhaps, punish and drive us forth  
 From our own country to a distant land.—  
 Prevent him, therefore, quickly; in the field  
 Slay him, or on the road; so shall his wealth 450  
 And his possessions on ourselves devolve,  
 Which we will share equally, but his house  
 Shall be the Queen's, and his whom she shall wed.  
 Yet, if not so inclined, ye rather chuse  
 That he should live and occupy entire 455  
 His patrimony, then, no longer, here  
 Assembled, let us revel at his cost,  
 But let us all with spousal gifts produced  
 From our respective treasures, woo the Queen,  
 Leaving her in full freedom to espouse 460  
 Who proffers most, and whom the fates ordain.

He

He ceased; the assembly silent sat and mute.  
 Then rose Amphinomus amid them all,  
 Offspring renown'd of Nifus, son, himself,  
 Of King Aretias. He had thither led 465  
 The suitor train who from the pleasant isle  
 Corn-clad of green Dulichium had arrived,  
 And by his speech pleased far beyond them all  
 Penelope, for he was just and wise,  
 And thus, well-counselling the rest, began. 470

Not I, my friends! far be the thought from me  
 To slay Telemachus! it were a deed  
 Momentous, terrible, to slay a prince.  
 First, therefore, let us counsel ask of heav'n,  
 And if Jove's oracle that course approve, 475  
 I will encourage you, and will myself  
 Be active in his death; but if the Gods  
 Forbid it, then, by my advice, forbear.

So spake Amphinomus, whom all approved.  
 Arising then, into Ulysses' house 480  
 They went, where each his splendid feat resumed.  
 A novel purpose occupied, meantime,  
 Penelope; she purposed to appear  
 Before her suitors, whose design to slay  
 Telemachus she had from Medon learn'd, 485  
 The herald, for his ear had caught the sound.  
 Toward the hall with her attendant train  
 She moved, and when, most graceful of her sex,  
 Where sat the suitors she arrived, between

The columns standing of the stately dome, 490  
 And cov'ring with her white veil's lucid folds  
 Her features, to Antinoüs thus she spake.

Antinoüs, proud, contentious, evermore  
 To mischief prone! the people deem thee wise  
 Past thy compeers, and in all grace of speech 495  
 Pre-eminent, but such wast never thou.

Inhuman! why is it thy dark design  
 To slay Telemachus? and why with scorn  
 Rejectest thou the \* suppliant's pray'r, which Jove  
 Himself hath witness'd? Plots please not the Gods. 500

Know'st not that thy own father's refuge found  
 Here, when he fled before the people's wrath  
 Whom he had irritated by a wrong  
 Which, with a band of Taphian robbers joined,  
 He offer'd to the Thesprot, our allies? 505

They would have torn his heart, and would have laid  
 All his delights and his possessions waste,  
 But my Ulysses flaked the furious heat  
 Of their revenge, whom thou requitest now  
 Wasting his goods, solliciting his wife, 510  
 Slaying his son, and filling me with woe.  
 But cease, I charge thee, and bid cease the rest.

To whom the son of Polybus replied,  
 Eurymachus.—Icarius' daughter wife!  
 Take courage, fair Penelope, and chace 515

\* Alluding probably to entreaties made to him at some former time by herself and Telemachus, that he would not harm them. Clarke.



These fears unreasonable from thy mind !  
 The man lives not, nor shall, who while I live,  
 And faculty of sight retain, shall harm  
 Telemachus, thy son. For thus I say,  
 And thus will I perform ; his blood shall stream 520  
 A fable current from my lance's point  
 That moment ; for the city-waster Chief  
 Ulysses, oft, me placing on his knees,  
 Hath fill'd my infant grasp with fav'ry food,  
 And giv'n me ruddy wine. I, therefore, hold 525  
 Telemachus of all men most my friend,  
 Nor hath he death to fear from hand of ours.  
 Yet, if the Gods shall doom him, die he must.

So he encouraged her, who yet, himself,  
 Plotted his death. She, re-ascending, fought 530  
 Her stately chamber, and, arriving there,  
 Deplored with tears her long-regretted Lord  
 'Till Athenæan Pallas azure-eyed  
 Dews of soft slumber o'er her lids diffused.

And now, at even-tide, Eumæus reach'd 535  
 Ulysses and his son. A yearling swine  
 Just slain they skilfully for food prepared,  
 When Pallas, drawing nigh, smote with her wand  
 Ulysses, at the stroke rend'ring him old,  
 And his apparel fordid as before, 540  
 Left, knowing him, the swain at once should seek  
 Penelope, and let the secret forth.

Then foremost him Telemachus address'd.  
 Noble Eumæus! thou art come; what news  
 Bring'st from the city? Have the warrior band 545  
 Of sutors, hopeless of their ambush, reach'd  
 The port again, or wait they still for me?

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.  
 No time for such enquiry, nor to range,  
 Curious, the streets had I, but anxious wish'd 550  
 To make my message known, and to return.  
 But, as it chanced, a nimble herald sent  
 From thy companions, met me on the way,  
 Who reach'd thy mother first. Yet this I know,  
 For this I saw. Passing above the town 555  
 Where they have piled a way-side hill of stones  
 To Mercury, I beheld a gallant bark  
 Ent'ring the port; a bark she was of ours,  
 The crew were num'rous, and I mark'd her deep-  
 Laden with shields and spears of double edge. 560  
 Theirs I conjectured her, and could no more.

He spake, and, by Eumæus unperceived,  
 Telemachus his father eyed and smiled.  
 Their task accomplish'd, and the table spread,  
 They ate, nor any his due portion mis'd, 565  
 And hunger, now, and thirst both fated, all  
 To rest repair'd, and took the gift of sleep.

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## S E V E N T E E N T H B O O K.

Telemachus returns to the city, and relates to his mother the principal passages of his voyage; Ulysses, conducted by Eumæus, arrives there also, and enters among the suitors, having been known only by his old dog Argus, who dies at his feet. The curiosity of Penelope being excited by the account which Eumæus gives her of Ulysses, she orders him immediately into her presence, but Ulysses postpones the interview 'till evening, when the suitors having left the palace, there shall be no danger of interruption. Eumæus returns to his cottage.

### B O O K X V I I.

**N**OW look'd Aurora from the East abroad,  
 When the illustrious offspring of divine  
 Ulysses bound his sandals to his feet;  
 He seized his sturdy spear match'd to his gripe,  
 And to the city meditating quick 5  
 Departure now, the swine-herd thus bespake.

Father! I seek the city, to convince  
 My mother of my safe return, whose tears,  
 I judge, and lamentation shall not cease

'Till her own eyes behold me. But I lay 10  
 On thee this charge. Into the city lead,  
 Thyself, this hapless guest, that he may beg  
 Provision there, a morsel and a drop  
 From such as may, perchance, vouchsafe the boon.  
 I cannot, vext and harass'd as I am 15  
 Feed all, and should the stranger take offence,  
 The worse for him. Plain truth is my delight.  
 To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.  
 Nor is it my desire to be detained.  
 Better the mendicant in cities seeks 20  
 His dole, vouchsafe it whosoever may,  
 Than in the villages. I am not young,  
 Nor longer of an age that well accords  
 With rural tasks, nor could I all perform.  
 That it might please a master to command. 25  
 Go then, and when I shall have warm'd my limbs  
 Before the hearth, and when the risen sun  
 Shall somewhat chase the cold, thy servant's task  
 Shall be to guide me thither, as thou bidd'st.  
 For this is a vile garb; the frosty air 30  
 Of morning would benumb me thus attired,  
 And, as ye say, the city is remote.

He ended, and Telemachus in haste  
 Set forth, his thoughts all teeming as he went,  
 With dire revenge. Soon in the palace-courts 35  
 Arriving, he reclined his spear against  
 A column, and proceeded to the hall.

Him

Him Euryclea, first, his nurse perceived,  
 While on the variegated seats she spread  
 Their fleecy covering; swift with tearful eyes 40  
 She flew to him, and the whole female train  
 Of brave Ulysses swarm'd around his son,  
 Clasping him, and his forehead and his neck  
 Kissing affectionate; then came, herself,  
 As golden Venus or Diana fair, 45  
 Forth from her chamber to her son's embrace,  
 The chaste Penelope; with tears she threw  
 Her arms around him, his bright-beaming eyes  
 And forehead kiss'd, and with a murmur'd plaint  
 Maternal, in wing'd accents thus began.. 50

Thou hast return'd, light of my eyes! my son!  
 My lov'd Telemachus! I had no hope  
 To see thee more when once thou hadst embark'd  
 For Pylus, privily, and with no consent  
 From me obtain'd, news seeking of thy fire. 55  
 But haste; unfold. Declare what thou hast seen.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied:  
 Ah mother! let my sorrows rest, nor me  
 From death so lately 'scaped afflict anew,  
 But, bathed and habited in fresh attire, 60  
 With all the maidens of thy train ascend  
 To thy superior chamber, there to vow  
 A perfect hecatomb to all the Gods,  
 When Jove shall have avenged our num'rous wrongs.  
 I seek the forum, there to introduce 65

A guest,

A guest, my follower from the Pylian shore,  
 Whom sending forward with my noble band,  
 I bade Piræus to his own abode  
 Lead him, and with all kindness entertain  
 The stranger, 'till I should myself arrive. 70

He spake, nor flew his words uselefs away.  
 She, bathed and habited in fresh attire,  
 Vow'd a full hecatomb to all the Gods,  
 Would Jove but recompense her num'rous wrongs.  
 Then, spear in hand, went forth her son, two dogs 75  
 Fleet-footed following him. O'er all his form  
 Pallas diffus'd a dignity divine,  
 And ev'ry eye gazed on him as he pass'd.

The suitors throng'd him round, joy on their lips  
 And welcome, but deep mischief in their hearts. 80  
 He, shunning all that crowd, chose to himself  
 A seat, where Mentor sat, and Antiphus,  
 And Halytherfes, long his father's friends  
 Sincere, who of his voyage much enquired.

Then drew Piræus nigh, leading his guest 85  
 Toward the forum; nor Telemachus  
 Stood long aloof, but greeted his approach,  
 And was accosted by Piræus thus:

Sir! send thy menial women to bring home  
 The precious charge committed to my care, 90  
 Thy gifts at Menelaus' hands received.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
 Piræus! wait; for I not yet foreseen

The upshot. Should these haughty ones effect  
My death, clandestine, under my own roof, 95  
And parcel my inheritance by lot,

I rather wish those treasures thine, than theirs.  
But should I with success plan for them all  
A bloody death, then, wing'd with joy, thyself  
Bring home those presents to thy joyful friend. 100

So saying, he led the anxious stranger thence  
Into the royal mansion, where arrived,  
Each cast his mantle on a couch or throne,  
And plung'd his feet into a polish'd bath.  
There wash'd and lubricated with smooth oils, 105

From the attendant maidens each received  
Tunic and shaggy mantle. Thus attired,  
Forth from the baths they stepp'd, and sat again.

A maiden, next, with golden ewer charged,  
And silver bowl, pour'd water on their hands, 110  
And spread the polish'd table, which with food  
Of all kinds, remnants of the last regale,  
The mistress of the household charge supplied.

Meantime, beside a column of the dome  
His mother, on a couch reclining, twirl'd 115  
Her slender threads. They to the furnish'd board  
Stretch'd forth their hands, and, hunger now and thirst  
Both satisfied, Penelope began.

Telemachus! I will ascend again,  
And will repose me on my woeful bed; 120  
For such it hath been, and with tears of mine

Ceaseless bedew'd, e'er since Ulysses went  
 With Atreus' sons to Troy. For not a word  
 Thou would'st vouchsafe me 'till our haughty guests  
 Had occupied the house again, of all 125  
 That thou hast heard (if aught indeed thou hast)  
 Of thy long-absent father's wish'd return.

Her answer'd then Telemachus discrete.  
 Mother! at thy request I will with truth  
 Relate the whole. At Pylus' shore arrived 130  
 We Nestor found, chief of the Pylian race.  
 Receiving me in his august abode,  
 He entertain'd me with such welcome kind  
 As a glad father shews to his own son  
 Long-lost and newly found; 'so Nestor me, 135  
 And his illustrious offspring, entertain'd,  
 But yet assur'd me that he nought had heard  
 From mortal lips of my magnanimous fire,  
 Whether alive or dead; with his own steeds  
 He sent me, and with splendid chariot thence 140  
 To spear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' son.  
 There saw I Helen, by the God's decree  
 Auth'ress of trouble both to Greece and Troy.  
 The Hero Menelaus then enquired  
 What cause had urg'd me to the pleasant vale 145  
 Of Lacedæmon; plainly I rehear'd  
 The occasion, and the Hero thus replied.

Ye Gods! they are ambitious of the bed  
 Of a brave man, however base themselves.

But,



But, as it chances when the hart hath laid 150  
 Her fawns new-yeand and sucklings yet, to rest  
 In some resistless lion's den, she roams,  
 Meantime, the hills, and in the grassy vales  
 Feeds heedless, but the lion to his lair  
 Returning soon, both her and hers destroys, 155  
 So shall thy father, brave Ulysses, them.  
 Jove! Pallas! and Apollo! oh that such  
 As erst in well-built Lesbos, where he strove  
 With Philomelides, whom wrestling, flat  
 He threw, when all Achaia's sons rejoiced, 160  
 Ulysses, now, might mingle with his foes!  
 Short life and bitter nuptials should be theirs.  
 But thy inquiries neither indirect  
 Will I evade, nor give thee false reply,  
 But all that from the \* Antient of the Deep 165  
 I have received will utter, hiding nought.  
 The God declared that he had seen thy fire  
 In a lone island, forrowing, and detain'd  
 An inmate in the grotto of the nymph  
 Calypso, wanting also means by which 170  
 To reach the country of his birth again,  
 For neither gallant barks nor friends had he  
 To speed his passage o'er the boundless waves.  
 So Menelaüs spake, the spear-renown'd.  
 My errand thus accomplish'd, I return'd— 175

\* Proteus.

And by the Gods with gales propitious blest,  
Was wafted swiftly to my native shore.

He spake, and tumult in his mother's heart  
So speaking, raised. Consolatory, next,  
The godlike Theoclymenus began.

180

Comfort revered of Laertiades!  
Little the Spartan knew, but list to me,  
For I will plainly prophesy and sure.

Be Jove of all in heav'n my witness first,  
Then, this thy hospitable board, and last,

185

The household Gods of the illustrious Chief  
Ulysses, at whose \* hearth I have arrived,  
That, even now, within his native isle  
Ulysses somewhere sits, or creeps obscure,

Witness of these enormities, and seeds  
Sowing of dire destruction for his foes;

190

So sure an augury, while on the deck  
Reclining of the gallant bark, I saw,

And with loud voice proclaim'd it to thy son.

Him answer'd then Penelope discrete.

195

Grant heav'n, my guest, that this good word of thine  
Fail not! then shalt thou soon such bounty share  
And friendship at my hands, that at first sight  
Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest.

Thus they conferr'd. Meantime the suitors hurl'd  
The quoit and lance on the smooth area spread

200

\* The hearth was the altar on which the lares or household-gods were worship'd.

Before Ulysses' gate, the custom'd scene  
 Of their contentions, sports, and clamours rude.  
 But when the hour of supper now approach'd,  
 And from the pastures on all sides the sheep      205  
 Came with their wonted drivers, Medon then  
 (For he of all the heralds pleas'd them most,  
 And waited at the board) them thus address'd.

Enough of play, young princes! entering now  
 The house, prepare we fedulous our feast,      210  
 Since in well-timed refreshment harm is none.

He spake, whose admonition pleas'd. At once  
 All, rising, sought the palace; there arrived,  
 Each cast his mantle off, which on his throne  
 Or couch he spread, then, brisk, to slaughter fell      215  
 Of many a victim; sheep and goats and brawns  
 They slew, all fatted, and a pastur'd ox,  
 Hast'ning the banquet; nor with less dispatch  
 Ulysses and Eumæus now prepared  
 To seek the town, when thus the swain began.      220

My guest! since thy fixt purpose is to seek  
 This day the city as my master bade;  
 Though I, in truth, much rather wish thee here  
 A keeper of our herds, yet, through respect  
 And reverence of his orders, whose reproof      225  
 I dread, for master seldom gently chide;  
 I would be gone. Arise, let us depart,  
 For day already is far-spent, and soon  
 The air of even-tide will chill thee more.

To whom Ulyffes, ever-wife, replied. 230  
 It is enough. I understand. Thou fpeak'ft  
 To one intelligent. Let us depart,  
 And lead, thyfelf, the way; but give me, firft,  
 (If thou have one already, hewn) a ftaff  
 To lean on, for ye have defcribed the road 235  
 Rugged, and oftimes dang'rous to the foot.  
 So faying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back  
 He caft, fufpended by a leathern twift,  
 Eumæus gratified him with a ftaff,  
 And forth they went, leaving the cottage kept 240  
 By dogs and fwains. He city-ward his King  
 Led on, in form a fqualid beggar old,  
 Halting, and in unfeemly garb attired.  
 But when, flow-travelling the craggy way,  
 They now approach'd the town, and had attain'd 245  
 The marble fountain deep, which with its ftreams  
 Pellucid all the citizens fupplied,  
 (Ithacus had that fountain framed of old  
 With Neritus and Polyctor, over which  
 A grove of water-nourifh'd alders hung 250  
 Circular on all fides, while cold the rill  
 Ran from the rock, on whose tall fummit flood  
 The altar of the nymphs, by all who pafs'd  
 With facrifice frequented, ftill, and pray'r)  
 Melantheus, fon of Dolius, at that fount 255  
 Met them; the chofen goats of ev'ry flock,  
 With two affiftants, from the field he drove,

The

The suitors' supper. He, seeing them both,  
 In furlly accent boorish, such as fired  
 Ulysses with resentment, thus began. 260

Ay—this is well—The villain leads the vile—  
 Thus evermore the Gods join like to like.  
 Thou clumsy swine-herd, whither would'st conduct  
 This morsel-hunting mendicant obscene,  
 Defiler base of banquets? many a post 265

Shall he rub smooth that props him while he begs  
 Lean alms, sole object of his low pursuit,  
 Who ne'er to sword or tripod yet aspired.  
 Would'st thou afford him to me for a guard  
 Or sweeper of my stalls, or to supply 270

My kids with leaves, he should on bulkier thewes  
 Supported stand, though nourish'd but with whey.  
 But no such useful arts hath he acquired,  
 Nor likes he work, but rather much to extort  
 From others food for his unfated maw. 275

But mark my prophecy, for it is true,  
 At famed Ulysses' house should he arrive,  
 His sides shall shatter many a footstool hurl'd  
 Against them by the offended princes there.

He spake, and drawing nigh, with his rais'd foot, 280  
 Insolent as he was and brutish, smote

Ulysses' haunch, yet shook not from his path.  
 The firm-set Chief, who, doubtful, mused awhile  
 Whether to rush on him, and with his staff  
 To slay him, or uplifting him on high, 285

Downward

Downward to dash him headlong; but his wrath  
 Restraining, calm he suffer'd the affront.

Him then Eumæus with indignant look  
 Rebuking, rais'd his hands, and fervent pray'd.

Nymphs of the fountains, progeny of Jove! 290

If e'er Ulysses on your altar burn'd

The thighs of fatted lambs or kidlings, grant

This my request. O let the Hero soon,

Conducted by some Deity, return!

So shall he quell that arrogance which safe 295

Thou now indulgest, roaming day by day

The city, while bad shepherds mar the flocks.

To whom the goat-herd answer thus return'd

Melantheus. Marvellous! how rare a speech

The subtle cur hath framed! whom I will send 300

Far hence at a convenient time on board

My bark, and sell him at no little gain.

I would, that he who bears the silver bow

As sure might pierce Telemachus this day

In his own house, or that the suitors might, 305

As that same wand'rer shall return no more!

He said, and them left pacing slow along,

But soon, himself, at his Lord's house arrived;

There entering bold, he with the suitors sat

Opposite to Eurymachus, for him 310

He valued most. The sewers his portion placed

Of meat before him, and the maiden, chief

Directress of the household, gave him bread.

And

And now, Ulyſſes, with the ſwain his friend  
 Approach'd, when, hearing the harmonious lyre, 315  
 Both ſtood, for Phemius had begun his ſong.  
 He graſp'd the ſwine-herd's hand, and thus he ſaid.

This houſe, Eumæus! of Ulyſſes ſeems  
 Paſſing magnificent, and to be known  
 With eaſe for his among a thouſand more. 320  
 One pile ſupports another, and a wall  
 Creſted with battlements ſurrounds the court;  
 Firm, too, the folding doors all force of man  
 Deſy; but num'rous gueſts, as I perceive,  
 Now feaſt within; witneſs the ſav'ry ſteam 325  
 Faſt-fuming upward, and the ſounding harp,  
 Divine aſſociate of the feſtive board.

To whom, Eumæus, thou didſt thus reply.  
 Thou haſt well gueſs'd; no wonder; thou art quick  
 On ev'ry theme; but let us well forecaſt 330  
 This buſineſs. Wilt thou, ent'ring firſt, thyſelf,  
 The ſplendid manſion, with the ſuitors mix,  
 Me leaving here? or ſhall I lead the way  
 While thou remain'ſt behind? yet linger not,  
 Leſt, ſeeing thee without, ſome ſervant ſtrike 335  
 Or drive thee hence. Conſider which were beſt.

Him anſwer'd, then, the patient Hero bold.  
 It is enough. I underſtand. Thou ſpeak'ſt  
 To one intelligent. Lead thou the way  
 Me leaving here, for neither ſtripes nor blows 340  
 To me are ſtrange. Much exerciſed with pain

In fight and on the Deep, I have long since  
 Learn'd patience. Follow, next, what follow may!  
 But, to suppress the appetite, I deem  
 Impossible; the stomach is a source 345  
 Of ills to man, an avaricious gulph  
 Destructive, which to satiate, ships are rigg'd,  
 Seas travers'd, and fierce battles waged remote.

Thus they discoursing stood; Argus the while,  
 Ulysses' dog, uplifted where he lay 350  
 His head and ears erect. Ulysses him  
 Had bred long since, himself, but rarely used,  
 Departing, first, to Ilium. Him the youths  
 In other days led frequent to the chace  
 Of wild goat, hart and hare; but now he lodg'd 355  
 A poor old cast-off, of his Lord forlorn,  
 Where mules and oxen had before the gate  
 Much ordure left, with which Ulysses' hinds  
 Should, in due time, manure his spacious fields.  
 There lay, with dog-devouring vermin foul 360  
 All over, Argus; soon as he perceived  
 Long-lost Ulysses nigh, down fell his ears  
 Clapp'd close, and with his tail glad sign he gave  
 Of gratulation, impotent to rise  
 And to approach his master as of old. 365  
 Ulysses, noting him, wiped off a tear  
 Unmark'd, and of Eumæus quick enquired.

I can but wonder seeing such a dog  
 Thus lodg'd, Eumæus! beautiful in form

He



He is, past doubt, but whether he hath been 370  
 As fleet as fair I know not; rather such  
 Perchance as masters sometimes keep to grace  
 Their tables, nourish'd more for show than use.

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.

He is the dog of one dead far remote. 375

But had he now such feat-performing strength  
 As when Ulysses left him, going hence  
 To Ilium, in one moment thou shouldst mark,  
 Astonish'd, his agility and force.

He never in the sylvan deep recess 380

The wild beast saw that 'scaped him, and he track'd

Their steps infallible; but he hath now

No comfort, for (the master dead afar)

The heedless servants care not for his dog.

Domestics, missing once their Lord's controul, 385

Grow wilful, and refuse their proper tasks;

For whom Jove dooms to servitude, he takes

At once the half of that man's worth away.

He said, and, entering at the portal, join'd

The suitors. Then his destiny released 390

Old Argos, soon as he had lived to see

Ulysses in the twentieth year restored.

Godlike Telemachus, long ere the rest,

Marking the swine-herd's entrance, with a nod

Summon'd him to approach. Eumæus cast 395

His eye around, and seeing vacant there

The seat which the dispenser of the feast

Was wont to occupy while he supplied  
 The num'rous guests, planted it right before  
 Telemachus, and at his table sat, 400  
 On which the herald placed for him his share  
 Of meat, and from the baskets gave him bread:  
 Soon after *him*, Ulysses enter'd flow  
 The palace, like a squalid beggar old,  
 Staff-propp'd, and in loose tatters foul attired. 405  
 Within the portal on the ashen fill  
 He sat, and, seeming languid, lean'd against  
 A cypress pillar by the builder's art  
 Polish'd long since, and planted at the door.  
 Then took Telemachus a loaf entire 410  
 Forth from the elegant basket, and of flesh  
 A portion large as his two hands contained,  
 And, beck'ning close the swine-herd, charged him thus.

These to the stranger; whom advise to ask  
 Some dole from ev'ry suitor; bashful fear 415  
 Ill suits the mendicant by want oppress'd.

He spake; Eumæus went, and where he sat  
 Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began.

Telemachus, oh stranger, sends thee these,  
 And counsels thee to importune for more 420  
 The suitors, one by one; for bashful fear  
 Ill suits the mendicant by want oppress'd.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.  
 Jove, King of all, grant ev'ry good on earth  
 To kind Telemachus, and the complete 425

Accomplishment

Accomplishment of all that he desires!

He said, and with both hands outspread, the mess  
Receiving as he sat, on his worn bag  
Dispos'd it at his feet. Long as the bard  
Chaunted, he ate, and when he ceas'd to eat, 430

Then also ceas'd the bard divine to sing.  
And now ensued loud clamour in the hall  
And tumult; when Minerva, drawing nigh  
To Laertiades, impell'd the Chief

Crufts to collect, or any pittance small 435

At ev'ry suitor's hand, for trial's sake  
Of just and unjust; yet deliv'rance none  
From evil she design'd for any there.

From \* left to right his progress he began

Petitioning, with outstretch'd hands, the throng, 440

As one familiar with the beggar's art.

They, pitying, gave to him, but view'd him still

With wonder, and enquiries mutual made

Who, and whence was he? Then the goat-herd rose

Melanthius, and th' assembly thus address'd. 445

Hear me, ye suitors of th' illustrious Queen!

This guest, of whom ye ask, I have beheld

Elsewhere; the swine-herd brought him; but himself

I know not, neither who nor whence he is.

So he; then thus Antinoüs stern rebuked 450

The swine-herd. Ah, notorious as thou art,

\* That he might begin auspiciously. Wine was served in the same direction. F.

Why hast thou shewn this vagabond the way  
 Into the city? are we not enough  
 Infested with these troublers of our feasts?  
 Deem'st it a trifle that such numbers eat 455  
 At thy Lord's cost, and hast thou, therefore, led  
 This fellow hither, found we know not where?

To whom Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.  
 Antinoüs! though of high degree, thou speak'st  
 Not wisely. What man to another's house 460  
 Repairs to invite him to a feast, unless  
 He be of those who by profession serve  
 The public, prophet, healer of disease,  
 Ingenious artist, or some bard divine  
 Whose music may exhilarate the guests? 465  
 These, and such only, are in ev'ry land  
 Call'd to the banquet; none invites the poor,  
 Who much consume, and no requital yield.  
 But thou of all the suitors roughly treat'st  
 Ulysses' servants most, and chiefly me; 470  
 Yet thee I heed not, while the virtuous Queen  
 Dwells in this palace, and her godlike son.

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
 Peace! answer not verbose a man like him.  
 Antinoüs hath a tongue accustom'd much 475  
 To tauntings, and promotes them in the rest.

Then, turning to Antinoüs, quick he said—  
 Antinoüs! as a father for his son  
 Takes thought, so thou for me, who bidd'st me chase

The stranger harshly hence; but \*God forbid! 480  
 Impart to him. I grudge not, but myself  
 Exhort thee to it; neither, in this cause,  
 Fear thou the Queen, or in the least regard  
 Whatever menial throughout all the house  
 Of famed Ulysses. Ah! within thy breast 485  
 Dwells no such thought; thou lov'st not to impart  
 To others, but to gratify thyself.

To whom Antinoüs answer thus return'd.  
 High-soaring and intemp'rate in thy speech  
 How hast thou said, Telemachus? Would all 490  
 As much bestow on him, he should not seek  
 Admittance here again three months to come.

So saying, he seized the stool which, banquetting,  
 He press'd with his nice feet, and from beneath  
 The table forth advanced it into view. 495  
 The rest all gave to him, with bread and flesh  
 Filling his wallet, and Ulysses, now,  
 Returning to his threshold, there to taste  
 The bounty of the Greeks, paus'd in his way  
 Beside Antinoüs, whom he thus address'd. 500

Kind sir, vouchsafe to me! for thou appear'st  
 Not least, but greatest of the Achaians here,  
 And hast a kingly look. It might become  
 Thee therefore above others to bestow,  
 So should I praise thee wheresoe'er I roam. 505  
 I also lived the happy owner once  
 Of such a stately mansion, and have giv'n

\* Here again *Θεός* occurs in the abstract.

To num'rous wand'ers (whencefoe'er they came)  
 All that they needed; I was also served  
 By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes 510  
 The envied owner opulent and blest.  
 But Jove (for so it pleas'd him) hath reduced  
 My all to nothing, prompting me, in league  
 With rovers of the Deep, to sail afar  
 To Ægypt, for my fure destruction there. 515  
 Within th' Ægyptian stream my barks well-oar'd  
 I station'd, and, enjoining strict my friends  
 To watch them close-attendant at their side,  
 Commanded spies into the hill-tops; but they,  
 Under the impulse of a spirit rash 520  
 And hot for quarrel, the well-cultur'd fields  
 Pillaged of the Ægyptians, captive led  
 Their wives and little-ones, and slew the men.  
 Ere long, the loud alarm their city reach'd.  
 Down came the citizens, by dawn of day, 525  
 With horse and foot and with the gleam of arms  
 Filling the plain. Then Jove with panic dread  
 Struck all my people; none found courage more  
 To stand, for mischiefs swarm'd on ev'ry side.  
 There, num'rous by the glitt'ring spear we fell 530  
 Slaughter'd, while others they conducted thence  
 Alive to servitude; but me they gave  
 To Dmetor, King in Cyprus, Jafus' son;  
 He entertain'd me liberally, and thence  
 This land I reach'd, but poor and woe-begone. 535

Then

Then answer thus Antinoüs harsh return'd.  
 What dæmon introduced this nuisance here,  
 This troubler of our feast? stand yonder, keep  
 Due distance from my table, or expect  
 To see an Ægypt and a Cyprus worse 540  
 Than those, bold mendicant and void of shame!  
 Thou hauntest each, and, inconfid'rate, each  
 Gives to thee, because gifts at others cost  
 Are cheap, and, plentifully serv'd themselves,  
 They squander, heedless, viands not their own.. 545

To whom Ulysses while he slow retired.  
 Gods! how illib'ral with that specious form!  
 Thou wouldst not grant the poor a grain of salt  
 From thy own board, who at another's fed  
 So nobly, canst not spare a crust to me. 550

He spake; then raged Antinoüs still the more,  
 And in wing'd accents, louring, thus replied.

Take such dismissal now as thou deserv'st,  
 Opprobrious! hast thou dared to scoff at me?

So saying, he seized his stool, and on the joint 555  
 Of his right shoulder smote him; firm as rock  
 He stood, by no such force to be displaced,  
 But silent shook his brows, and dreadful deeds  
 Of vengeance ruminating, fought again  
 His feat the threshold, where his bag full-charged 560  
 He grounded, and the suitors thus address'd.

Hear now, ye suitors of the matchless Queen,  
 My bosom's dictates. Trivial is the harm,

Scarce felt, if, fighting for his own, his sheep  
 Perchance, or beeves, a man receive a blow. 565  
 But me Antinoüs struck for that I ask'd  
 Food from him merely to appease the pangs  
 Of hunger, source of num'rous ills to man.  
 If then the poor man have a God t' avenge  
 His wrongs, I pray to him that death may feize 570  
 Antinoüs, ere his nuptial hour arrive!

To whom Antinoüs answer thus return'd,  
 Son of Eupithes. Either seated there  
 Or going hence, eat, stranger, and be still;  
 Left for thy insolence, by hand or foot 575  
 We drag thee forth, and thou be flay'd alive.

He ceased, whom all indignant heard, and thus  
 Ev'n his own proud companions censured him.

Antinoüs! thou didst not well to smite  
 The wretched vagabond. O thou art doom'd 580  
 For ever, if \* there be a God in heav'n;  
 For, in similitude of strangers oft,  
 The Gods, who can with ease all shapes assume,  
 Repair to populous cities, where they mark  
 The outrageous and the righteous deeds of men. 585

\* Εἰ δὲ πᾶσις ἐπουρανίος θεὸς ἐστίν.

Eustathius, and Clarke after him, understand an aposiopesis here, as if the speaker meant to say—what if there should be? or—suppose there should be? But the sentence seems to fall in better with what follows interpreted as above, and it is a sense of the passage not unwarranted by the opinion of other commentators.

See Schaufelbergerus.



So they, for whose reproof he little cared,  
 But in his heart Telemachus that blow  
 Repented, anguish-torn, yet not a tear  
 He shed, but silent shook his brows, and mused  
 Terrible things. Penelope, meantime, 590  
 Told of the wand'rer so abused beneath  
 Her roof, among her maidens thus exclaim'd.

So may Apollo, glorious archer, smite  
 Thee also! Then Eurynome replied,

Oh might our pray'rs prevail, none of them all 595  
 Should see bright-charioted Aurora more.

Her answer'd then Penelope discrete.  
 Nurse! they are odious all, for that alike  
 All teem with mischief; but Antinoüs' looks  
 Remind me ever of the gloom of death. 600

A stranger hath arrived who, begging, roams  
 The house, (for so his penury enjoins)  
 The rest have giv'n him, and have fill'd his bag  
 With viands, but Antinoüs hath bruised  
 His shoulder with a foot-stool hurl'd at him. 605

While thus the Queen conversing with her train  
 In her own chamber sat, Ulysses made  
 Plenteous repast. Then, calling to her side  
 Eumæus, thus she signified her will.

Eumæus, noble friend! bid now approach 610  
 Yon stranger. I would speak with him, and ask  
 If he have seen Ulysses, or have heard  
 Tidings, perchance, of the afflicted Chief;

For much a wand'rer by his garb he seems.  
 To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply. 615  
 Were those Achaians silent, thou should'st hear,  
 O Queen! a tale that would console thy heart.  
 Three nights I housed him, and within my cot  
 Three days detain'd him, (for his ship he left  
 A fugitive, and came direct to me) 620  
 But half untold his hist'ry still remains.  
 As when his eye one fixes on a bard  
 From heav'n instructed in such themes as charm  
 The ear of mortals, ever as he sings  
 The people press, insatiable, to hear, 625  
 So, in my cottage, seated at my side,  
 That stranger with his tale enchanted me.  
 Laertes, he affirms, hath been his guest  
 Erewhile in Crete, where Minos' race resides,  
 And thence he hath arrived, after great loss, 630  
 A suppliant to the very earth abas'd;  
 He adds, that in Thesprotia's neighbour realm  
 He of Ulysses heard, both that he lives,  
 And that he comes laden with riches home.  
 To whom Penelope, discrete, replied. 635  
 Haste; call him. I would hear, myself, his tale.  
 Meantime, let these, or in the palace gate  
 Sport jocular, or here; their hearts are light,  
 For their possessions are secure; *their* wine  
 None drinks, or eats *their* viands, save their own, 640  
 While my abode, day after day, themselves

Haunting,

Haunting, my beeves and sheep and fatted goats  
 Slay for the banquet, and my cafsks exhaust  
 Extravagant, whence endless waste enfues;  
 For no fuch friend as was Ulyffes once 645  
 Have I to expel the mifchief. But might he  
 Revifit once his native fhores again,  
 Then, aided by his fon, he fhould avenge,  
 Incontinent, the wrongs which now I mourn.

Then sneezed Telemachus with fudden force, 650  
 That all the palace rang; his mother laugh'd,  
 And in wing'd accents thus the fwain befpoke.

Hafte—bid him hither—heard'ft thou not the sneeze  
 Propitious of my fon? oh might it prove  
 A prefage of inevitable death 655  
 To all thefe revellers! may none efcape!  
 Now mark me well. Should the event his tale  
 Confirm, at my own hands he fhall receive  
 Mantle and tunic both for his reward.

She fpake; he went, and where Ulyffes fat 660  
 Arriving, in wing'd accents thus began.

Penelope, my venerable friend!  
 Calls thee, the mother of Telemachus.  
 Opprefs'd by num'rous troubles, fhe defires  
 To ask thee tidings of her abfent Lord. 665  
 And fhould the event verify thy réport,  
 Thy meed fhall be (a boon which much thou need'ft).  
 Tunic and mantle; but fhe gives no more;

Thy \* sustenance thou must, as now, obtain,  
 Begging it at their hands who chuse to give. 670

Then thus Ulysses, Hero toil-inured.

Eumæus! readily I can relate  
 Truth, and truth only, to the prudent Queen  
 Icarius' daughter; for of him I know  
 Much, and have suffer'd forrows like his own. 675

But dread I feel of this imperious throng  
 Perverse, whose riot and outrageous acts  
 Of violence echo through the vault of heav'n.

And, even now, when for no fault of mine  
 You suitor struck me as I pass'd, - and fill'd  
 My flesh with pain, neither Telemachus  
 Nor any interpos'd to stay his arm. 680

Now, therefore, let Pénélope, although  
 Impatient, till the sun descënd postpone  
 Her questions; - then she may enquire secure  
 When comes her husband, and may nearer place  
 My seat to the hearth-side, for thinly clad

Thou know'st I am, whose aid I first implored:  
 He ceas'd; at whose reply Eumæus sought  
 Again the Queen, but ere he yet had pass'd  
 The threshold, thus she greeted his return.

Com'st thou alone, Eumæus? why delays  
 The invited wand'rer? dreads he other harm?

\* This seems added by Eumæus to cut off from Ulysses the hope that might otherwise tempt him to use fiction.

Or fees he aught that with a bashful awe  
Fills him? the bashful poor are poor indeed. 695

To whom, Eumæus, thou didst thus reply.  
He hath well spoken; none who would decline  
The rudeness of this contumelious throng  
Could answer otherwise; thee he entreats  
To wait 'till sun-set, and that course, O Queen, 700  
Thou shalt thyself far more commodious find,  
To hold thy conference with the guest, alone.

Then answer thus Penelope return'd.  
The stranger, I perceive, is not unwise,  
Whoe'er he be, for on the earth are none 705  
Proud, insolent, and profligate as these.

So spake the Queen. Then (all his message told)  
The good Eumæus to the suitors went  
Again, and with his head inclined toward  
Telemachus, lest others should his words 710  
Witness, in accents wing'd him thus address'd.

Friend and kind master! I return to keep  
My herds, and to attend my rural charge,  
Whence we are both sustain'd. Keep thou, meantime,  
All here with vigilance, but chiefly watch 715  
For thy own good, and save *thyself* from harm;  
For num'rous here brood mischief, whom the Gods  
Exterminate, ere yet their plots prevail!

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
So be it, father! and (thy evening-meals 720  
Eaten) depart; to-morrow come again,

Bringing

Bringing fair victims hither; I will keep,  
I and the Gods, meantime, all here secure.

He ended; then resumed once more the swain  
His polish'd feat, and, both with wine and food      725  
Now satiate, to his charge return'd, the court  
Leaving and all the palace throng'd with guests;  
They (for it now was evening) all alike  
Turn'd jovial to the song and to the dance.

A R G U M E N T  
 OF THE  
 E I G H T E E N T H B O O K.

The beggar Irus arrives at the palace; a combat takes place between him and Ulysses, in which Irus is by one blow vanquished. Penelope appears to the suitors, and having reminded them of the presents which she had a right to expect from them, receives a gift from each. Eurymachus, provoked by a speech of Ulysses, flings a footstool at him, which knocks down the cup-bearer; a general tumult is the consequence, which continues 'till by the advice of Telemachus, seconded by Amphinomus, the suitors retire to their respective homes.

B O O K XVIII.

**N**OW came a public mendicant, a man  
 Accustom'd, seeking alms, to roam the streets  
 Of Ithaca; one never fated yet  
 With food or drink; yet muscle had he none,  
 Or strength of limb, though giant-built in show.                      5  
 Arnæus was the name which at his birth  
 His mother gave him, but the youthful band  
 Of suitors, whom as messenger he served,  
 All named him Irus. He, arriving, fought  
 To drive Ulysses forth from his own home,                      10  
 And

And in rough accents rude him thus rebuked.

Forth from the porch, old man! left by the foot  
 I drag thee quickly forth. Seest not how all  
 Wink on me, and by signs give me command  
 To drag thee hence? nor is it aught but shame 15  
 That checks me. Yet arise, left soon with fists  
 Thou force me to adjust our difference.

To whom Ulysses, low'ring dark, replied.  
 Peace, fellow! neither word nor deed of mine  
 Wrongs thee, nor feel I envy at the boon, 20  
 However plentiful, which thou receiv'st.

The fill may hold us both; thou dost not well  
 To envy others; thou appear'st like me  
 A vagrant; plenty is the gift of heav'n.  
 But urge me not to trial of our fists, 25  
 Lest thou provoke me, and I stain with blood  
 Thy bosom and thy lips, old as I am.

So, my attendance should to-morrow prove  
 More tranquil here; for thou should'st leave, I judge,  
 Ulysses' mansion, never to return. 30

Then answer'd Irus, kindling with disdain.  
 Gods! with what volubility of speech  
 The table-hunter prates, like an old hag  
 Collied with chimney-smutch! but ah beware!  
 For I intend thee mischief, and to dash 35  
 With both hands ev'ry grinder from thy gums,  
 As men untooth a pig pilf'ring the corn.  
 Come—gird thee, that all here may view the strife—

But



But how wilt thou oppose one young as I?

Thus on the threshold of the lofty gate 40  
They, wrangling, chafed each other, whose dispute  
The high-born youth Antinoüs mark'd; he laugh'd  
Delighted, and the suitors thus address'd.

Oh friends! no pastime ever yet occur'd  
Pleasant as this which, now, the Gods themselves 45  
Afford us. Irus and the stranger brawl  
As they would box. Haste—let us urge them on.

He said; at once loud-laughing all arose; .  
The ill-clad disputants they round about  
Encompass'd, and Antinoüs thus began. 50

Attend ye noble suitors to my voice.  
Two paunches lie of goats here on the fire,  
Which fill'd with fat and blood we set apart  
For supper; he who conquers, and in force  
Superior proves, shall freely take the paunch 55  
Which he prefers, and shall with us thenceforth  
Feast always; neither will we here admit  
Poor man beside to beg at our repasts.

He spake, whom all approved; next, artful Chief  
Ulysses thus, dissembling, them address'd. 60

Princes! unequal is the strife between  
A young man and an old with mis'ry worn;  
But hunger, always counsellor of ill,  
Me moves to fight, that many a bruise received,  
I may be foil'd at last. Now swear ye all 65  
A solemn oath, that none, for Irus' sake

Shall, interposing, smite me with his fist  
 Clandestine, forcing me to yield the prize.

He ceas'd, and, as he bade, all present swore  
 A solemn oath; then thus, amid them all 70  
 Standing, Telemachus majestic spake.

Guest! if thy courage and thy manly mind  
 Prompt thee to banish this man hence, no force  
 Fear thou beside, for who smites thee, shall find  
 Yet other foes to cope with; I am here 75  
 In the host's office, and the royal Chiefs  
 Eurymachus and Antinoüs, alike  
 Discrete, accord unanimous with me.

He ceas'd, whom all approved. Then, with his rags  
 Ulysses braced for decency his loins 80  
 Around, but gave to view his brawny thighs  
 Proportion'd fair, and stripp'd his shoulders broad,  
 His chest and arms robust; while, at his side,  
 Dilating more the Hero's limbs and more  
 Minerva stood; the assembly with fixt eyes 85  
 Astonish'd gazed on him, and, looking full  
 On his next friend, a suitor thus remark'd.

Irus shall be in Irus found no more.  
 He hath pull'd evil on himself. What thewes  
 And what a haunch the senior's tatters hid! 90

So he—meantime in Irus' heart arose  
 Horrible tumult; yet, his loins by force  
 Girding, the servants dragg'd him to the fight  
 Pale, and his flesh all quiv'ring as he came;

Whose

Whose terrors thus Antinoüs sharp rebuked. 95

Now, wherefore liv'st, and why wast ever born  
Thou mountain-mass of earth! if such dismay  
Shake thee at thought of combat with a man  
Antient as he, and worn with many woes?  
But mark, I threaten not in vain; should he 100

O'ercome thee, and in force superior prove,  
To Echetus thou go'st; my fable bark  
Shall waft thee to Epirus, where he reigns  
Enemy of mankind; of nose and ears  
He shall despoil thee with his ruthless steel, 105

\* And tearing by the roots the parts away  
That mark thy sex, shall cast them to the dogs.

He said; His limbs new terrors at that sound  
Shook under him; into the middle space  
They led him, and each raised his hands on high. 110

Then doubtful stood Ulysses toil-inured,  
Whether to strike him lifeless to the earth  
At once, or fell him with a managed blow.  
To smite with managed force at length he chose  
As wisest, lest, betray'd by his own strength, 115

He should be known. With elevated fists  
Both stood; him Irus on the shoulder struck,  
But he his adversary on the neck  
Pass'd close beneath his ear; he split the bones,

\* Tradition says that Echetus, for a love-affair, condemned his daughter to lose her eyes, and to grind iron barley-grains, while her lover was doomed to suffer what Antinoüs threatens to Irus.

And blood in fable streams ran from his mouth. 120  
 With many an hideous yell he dropp'd, his teeth  
 Chatter'd, and with his heels he drumm'd the ground.  
 The wooers, at that fight, lifting their hands  
 In glad surprize, laugh'd all their breath away.  
 Then, through the vestibule, and right acrofs 125  
 The court, Ulyffes dragg'd him by the foot  
 Into the portico, where propping him  
 Against the wall, and giving him his staff,  
 In accents wing'd he bade him thus farewell.  
 There seated now, dogs drive and fwine away, 130  
 Nor claim (thyself fo safe) supreme controul  
 O'er other guests and mendicants, lest harm  
 Reach thee, hereafter, heavier still than this.  
 So faying, his tatter'd wallet o'er his back  
 He threw fufpended by its leathern twift, 135  
 And tow'rd the threshold turning, fat again.  
 They laughing ceafelefs still, the palace-door  
 Re-enter'd, and him, courteous, thus befpahe.  
 Jove, and all Jove's affeffors in the fkies  
 Vouchsafe thee, stranger, whatfoe'er it be, 140  
 Thy heart's defire ! who haft our ears reliev'd  
 From that infatiate beggar's irkfome tone.  
 Soon to Epirus he fhall go, difpatch'd  
 To Echetus the King, peft of mankind.  
 So they ; to whofe propitious words the Chief 145  
 Liften'd delighted. Then Antinoüs placed  
 The paunch before him, and Amphinomus

Two loaves, selected from the rest; he fill'd  
A goblet also, drank to him, and said,  
My father, hail! O stranger, be thy lot 150  
Hereafter blest, though adverse now and hard!  
To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.  
To me, Amphinomus, endued thou seem'st  
With much discretion, who art also son  
Of such a sire, whose fair report I know, 155  
Dulichian Nymphus opulent and good.  
Fame speaks thee his, and thou appear'st a man  
Judicious; hear me, therefore; mark me well.  
Earth nourishes, of all that breathe or creep,  
No creature weak as man; for while the Gods 160  
Grant him prosperity and health, no fear  
Hath he, or thought, that he shall ever mourn;  
But when the Gods with evils unforeseen  
Smite him, he bears them with a grudging mind;  
For such as the complexion of his lot. 165  
By the appointment of the Sire of all,  
Such is the colour of the mind of man.  
I, too, have been familiar in my day  
With wealth and ease, but I was then self-will'd,  
And many wrong'd, embolden'd by the thought 170  
Of my own father's and my brethren's pow'r.  
Let no man, therefore, be unjust, but each  
Use modestly what gift soe'er of heav'n.  
So do not these. These ever bent I see  
On deeds injurious, the possessions large 175  
Consuming,

Confuming, and dishonouring the wife  
 Of one, who will not, as I judge, remain  
 Long absent from his home, but is, perchance,  
 Ev'n at the door. Thee, therefore, may the Gods  
 Steal hence in time! ah, meet not his return 180  
 To his own country! for they will not part,  
 (He and the suitors) without blood, I think,  
 If once he enter at these gates again!

He ended, and, libation pouring, quaff'd  
 The generous juice, then in the prince's hand 185  
 Replaced the cup; he, pensive, and his head  
 Inclining low, pass'd from him; for his heart  
 Foreboded ill; yet 'scaped not even he,  
 But in the snare of Pallas caught, his life  
 To the heroic arm and spear resign'd 190  
 Of brave Telemachus. Reaching, at length,  
 The feat whence he had ris'n, he sat again.

Minerva then, Goddesses cærulean-eyed,  
 Prompted Icarius' daughter to appear  
 Before the suitors; so to expose the more 195  
 Their drift iniquitous, and that herself  
 More bright than ever in her husband's eyes  
 Might shine, and in her son's. Much mirth she \* feign'd,  
 And, bursting into laughter, thus began.

I wish, Eurynome! (who never felt 200  
 That wish 'till now) though I detest them all,

\* This seems the sort of laughter intended by the word *Ἀχρησίων*.

To appear before the suitors, in whose ears  
 I will admonish, for his good, my son,  
 Not to associate with that lawless crew  
 Too much, who speak him fair, but foul intend. 205

Then answer thus Eurynome return'd.  
 My daughter! wisely hast thou said and well.  
 Go! bathe thee and anoint thy face, then give  
 To thy dear son such counsel as thou wilt  
 Without reserve; but shew not there thy cheeks 210  
 Sullied with tears, for profit none accrues  
 From grief like thine, that never knows a change.  
 And he is now bearded, and hath attained  
 That age which thou wast wont with warmest pray'r  
 To implore the Gods that he might live to see. 215

Her answer'd, then, Penelope discrete.  
 Persuade not me, though studious of my good,  
 To bathe, Eurynome! or to anoint  
 My face with oil; for all my charms the Gods  
 Inhabitants of Olympus then destroy'd 220  
 When he, embarking, left me. Go, command  
 Hippodamia and Autonoe  
 That they attend me to the hall, and wait  
 Beside me there; for decency forbids  
 That I should enter to the men, alone. 225

She ceas'd, and through the house the antient dame  
 Hastened to summon whom she had enjoind.

But Pallas, Goddess of the azure eyes,  
 Diffused, meantime, the kindly dew of sleep

Around

Around Icarus' daughter; on her couch                   230  
Reclining, soon as she reclin'd, she dozed,  
And yielded to soft slumber all her frame.  
Then, that the suitors might admire her more,  
The glorious Goddess cloath'd her, as she lay,  
With beauty of the skies; her lovely face                   235  
She with ambrosia purified, with such  
As Cytherea chaplet-crown'd employs  
Herself, when in the eye-ensnaring dance  
She joins the Graces; to a statelier height  
Beneath her touch, and ampler size she grew,                   240  
And fairer than the elephantine bone  
Fresh from the carver's hand. These gifts conferr'd  
Divine, the awful Deity retired.  
And now, loud-prattling as they came, arrived  
Her handmaids; sleep forsook her at the sound,                   245  
She wiped away a tear, and thus she said.  
    Me gentle sleep, sad mourner as I am,  
Hath here involved. O would that by a death  
As gentle chaste Diana would herself  
This moment set me free, that I might waste                   250  
My life no longer in heart-felt regret  
Of a lamented husband's various worth  
And virtue, for in Greece no Peer had he!  
    She said, and through her chambers' stately door  
Issuing, descended; neither went she sole,                   255  
But with those two fair menials of her train.  
Arriving, most majestic of her sex,



In presence of the num'rous guests, beneath  
 The portal of the stately dome she stood  
 Between her maidens, with her lucid veil 260  
 Mantling her lovely cheeks. Then, ev'ry knee  
 Trembled, and ev'ry heart with am'rous heat  
 Dissolv'd, her charms all coveting alike,  
 While to Telemachus her son she spake.

Telemachus! thou art no longer wise 265  
 As once thou wast, and even when a child.  
 For thriven as thou art, and at full size  
 Arrived of man, so fair-proportion'd, too,  
 That ev'n a stranger, looking on thy growth  
 And beauty, would pronounce thee nobly born, 270  
 Yet is thy intellect still immature.

For what is this? why suffer'st thou a guest  
 To be abused in thy own palace? how?  
 Know'st not that if the stranger seated here  
 Endure vexation, the disgrace is thine? 275

Her answer'd, then, Telemachus discrete.  
 I blame thee not, my mother, that thou feel'st  
 Thine anger moved; yet want I not a mind  
 Able to mark and to discern between  
 Evil and good, child as I lately was, 280  
 Although I find not promptitude of thought  
 Sufficient always, overaw'd and check'd  
 By such a multitude, all bent alike  
 On mischief, of whom none takes part with me.  
 But Irus and the stranger have not fought, 285

Urged by the suitors, and the stranger prov'd  
 Victorious; yes—heav'n knows how much I wish  
 That, (in the palace some, some in the court)  
 The suitors all had vanquish'd, with their heads  
 Depending low, and with enfeebled limbs, 290  
 Even as that same Irus, while I speak,  
 With chin on bosom propp'd at the hall-gate  
 Sits drunkard-like, incapable to stand  
 Erect, or to regain his proper home.

So they; and now addressing to the Queen 295  
 His speech, Eurymachus thus interposed.

O daughter of Icarius! could all eyes  
 Throughout \* Iasian Argos view thy charms,  
 Discrete Penelope! more suitors still  
 Affembling in thy courts would banquet here 300  
 From morn to eve; for thou surpassest far  
 In beauty, stature, worth, all womankind.

To whom replied Penelope discrete.  
 The Gods, Eurymachus! reduced to nought  
 My virtue, beauty, stature, when the Greeks, 305  
 Whom my Ulysses follow'd, fail'd to Troy.  
 Could he, returning, my domestic charge  
 Himself intend, far better would my fame  
 Be so secured, and wider far diffused.  
 But I am wretched now, such storms the Gods 310

\* From Iafus, once King of Peloponnesus.

Of woe have sent me. When he left his home,  
Clasping my wrist with his right hand, he said.

My love! for I imagine not that all  
The warrior Greeks shall safe from Troy return,  
Since fame reports the Trojans brave in fight, 315

Skill'd in the spear, mighty to draw the bow,  
And nimble vaulters to the backs of steeds  
High-mettled, which to speediest issue bring  
The dreadful struggle of all-wasting war—  
I know not, therefore, whether heav'n intend 320  
My safe return, or I must perish there.

But manage thou at home. Cherish, as now,  
While I am absent, or more dearly still  
My parents, and what time our son thou seest  
Mature, then wed; wed even whom thou wilt, 325  
And hence to a new home.—Such were his words,

All which shall full accomplishment ere long  
Receive. The day is near, when hapless I,  
Lost to all comfort by the will of Jove,  
Must meet the nuptials that my soul abhors. 330

But this thought now afflicts me, and my mind  
Continual haunts. Such was not heretofore  
The suitors custom'd practice; all who chose  
To engage in competition for a wife  
Well-qualified and well-endow'd, produced 335  
From their own herds and fatted flocks a feast  
For the bride's friends, and splendid presents made,  
But never ate as ye, at others' cost.

She ceas'd; then brave Ulysses toil-inured  
 Rejoiced that, soothing them, she sought to draw 340  
 From each some gift, although on other views,  
 And more important far, himself intent.

Then thus Antinoüs, Eupithes' son.  
 Icarus' daughter wife! only accept  
 Such gifts as we shall bring, for gifts demand 345  
 That grace, nor can be decently refused;  
 But to our rural labours, or elsewhere  
 Depart not we, 'till first thy choice be made  
 Of the Achaian, chief in thy esteem.

Antinoüs spake, whose answer all approved. 350  
 Then each dispatch'd his herald who should bring  
 His master's gift. Antinoüs' herald, first,  
 A mantle of surpassing beauty brought,  
 Wide, various, with no fewer clasps adorn'd  
 Than twelve, all golden, and to ev'ry clasp 355  
 Was fitted opposite its eye exact.

Next, to Eurymachus his herald bore  
 A necklace of wrought gold, with amber rich  
 Bestudded, ev'ry bead bright as a sun.  
 Two servants for Eurydamas produced 360  
 Ear-pendants fashion'd with laborious art,  
 Broad, triple-gemm'd, of brilliant light profuse.  
 The herald of Polyctor's son, the prince  
 Pisander, brought a collar to his Lord,  
 A sumptuous ornament. Each Grecian gave, 365  
 And each a gift dissimilar from all.

Then,

Then, loveliest of her sex, turning away,  
 She sought her chamber, whom her maidens fair  
 Attended, charged with those illustrious gifts.  
 Then turn'd they all to dance and pleasant song 370  
 Joyous, expecting the approach of ev'n.

Ere long the dusky evening came, and them  
 Found sporting still. Then, placing in the hall  
 Three hearths, that should illumine wide the house,  
 They compass'd them around with fuel-wood 375  
 Long-season'd and new-split, mingling the sticks  
 With torches. The attendant women watch'd  
 And fed those fires by turns, to whom, himself,  
 Their unknown Sov'reign thus his speech address'd.

Ye maidens of the long-regretted Chief 380  
 Ulysses! to the inner-courts retire,  
 And to your virtuous Queen, that following there  
 Your sev'ral tasks, spinning and combing wool,  
 Ye may amuse her; I, meantime, for these  
 Will furnish light, and should they chuse to stay 385  
 'Till golden morn appear, they shall not tire  
 My patience aught, for I can much endure.

He said; they, titt'ring, on each other gazed.  
 But one, Melanthe with the blooming cheeks,  
 Rebuked him rudely. Dolius was her fire, 390  
 But by Penelope she had been reared  
 With care maternal, and in infant years  
 Supplied with many a toy; yet even she  
 Felt not her mistress' sorrows in her heart,

But,

But, of Eurymachus enamour'd, oft 395  
 His lewd embraces met; she, with sharp speech  
 Reproachful, to Ulysses thus replied.

Why—what a brainsick vagabond art thou!  
 Who neither wilt to the smith's forge retire  
 For sleep, nor to the public portico, 400  
 But here remaining, with audacious prate  
 Disturb'st this num'rous company, restrain'd  
 By no respect or fear; either thou art  
 With wine intoxicated, or, perchance,  
 Art always fool, and therefore babblest now. 405

Say, art thou drunk with joy that thou hast foiled  
 The beggar Irus? Tremble, lest a man  
 Stronger than Irus suddenly arise,  
 Who on thy temples pelting thee with blows  
 Far heavier than his, shall drive thee hence 410  
 With many a bruise, and foul with thy own blood.

To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied.  
 Snarler! Telemachus shall be inform'd  
 This moment of thy eloquent harangue,  
 That he may hew thee for it, limb from limb. 415

So saying, he scared the women; back they flew  
 Into the house, but each with falt'ring knees  
 Through dread, for they believ'd his threats sincere.  
 He, then, illumin'd by the triple blaze,  
 Watch'd close the lights, busy from hearth to hearth,  
 But in his soul, meantime, far other thoughts 421  
 Revolved, tremendous, not conceived in vain.

Nor

Nor Pallas (that they might exasp'rate more  
 Laertes' son) permitted to abstain  
 From heart-corroding bitterness of speech 425  
 Those suitors proud, of whom Eurymachus,  
 Offspring of Polybus, while thus he jeer'd  
 Ulysses, set the others in a roar.

Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious Queen!  
 I shall promulge my thought. This man, methinks, 430  
 Not uncondemned by the Gods, hath reach'd  
 Ulysses' mansion, for to me the light  
 Of yonder torches altogether seems  
 His own, an emanation from his head,  
 Which not the smallest growth of hair obscures. 435

He ended; and the city-waster Chief  
 Himself accosted next. Art thou disposed  
 To serve me, friend! would I afford thee hire,  
 A labourer at my farm? thou shalt not want  
 Sufficient wages; thou may'st there collect 440  
 Stones for my fences, and may'st plant my oaks,  
 For which I would supply thee all the year  
 With food, and cloaths, and sandals for thy feet.  
 But thou hast learn'd less creditable arts,  
 Nor hast a will to work, preferring much. 445  
 By beggary from others to extort  
 Wherewith to feed thy never-fated maw.

Then answer, thus, Ulysses' wife return'd.  
 Forbear, Eurymachus; for were we match'd

In work against each other, thou and I, 450  
 Mowing in spring-time, when the days are long,  
 I with my well-bent sickle in my hand,  
 Thou arm'd with one as keen, for trial sake  
 Of our ability to toil unfeared  
 'Till night, grafs still fufficing for the proof.— 455  
 Or if, again, it were our task to drive  
 Yoked oxen of the noblest breed, sleek-hair'd,  
 Big-limb'd, both batten'd to the full with grafs,  
 Their age and aptitude for work the same  
 Not soon to be fatigued, and were the field 460  
 In size four acres, with a glebe through which  
 The share might smoothly slide, then should'st thou see  
 How strait my furrow should be cut and true.—  
 Or should Saturnian Jove this day excite  
 Here, battle, or elfewhere, and were I arm'd 465  
 With two bright spears and with a shield, and bore  
 A brazen casque well-fitted to my brows,  
 Me, then, thou should'st perceive mingling in fight  
 Amid the foremost Chiefs, nor with the crime  
 Of idle beggary should'st upbraid me more. 470  
 But thou art much a railer, one whose heart  
 Pity moves not, and seem'st a mighty man  
 And valiant to thyself, only because  
 Thou herd'st with few, and those of little worth.  
 But should Ulyffes come, at his own ifle 475  
 Again arrived, wide as these portals are,

To



To thee, at once, too narrow they should seem  
To shoot thee forth with speed enough abroad.

He ceased—then tenfold indignation fired  
Eurymachus; he furrow'd deep his brow 480  
With frowns, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Wretch, I shall roughly handle thee anon,  
Who thus with fluent prate presumptuous dar'st  
Disturb this num'rous company, restrain'd  
By no respect or fear. Either thou art 485  
With wine intoxicated, or, perchance,  
Art always fool, and therefore babblest now;  
Or thou art frantic haply with delight  
That thou hast foil'd yon vagabond obscure.

So saying, he seiz'd a stool; but to the knees 490  
Ulysses flew of the Dulichian Prince  
Amphinomus, and sat, fearing incensed  
Eurymachus; he on his better hand  
Smote full the cup-bearer; on the hall-floor  
Loud rang the fallen beaker, and himself 495  
Lay on his back clamouring in the dust.  
Strait through the dusky hall tumult ensued  
Among the suitors, of whom thus, a youth,  
With eyes directed to the next, exclaim'd.

Would that this rambling stranger had elsewhere 500  
Perish'd, or ever he had here arrived,  
Then no such uproar had he caused as this!  
This doth the beggar; he it is for whom

We wrangle thus, and may despair of peace  
Or pleasure more; now look for strife alone. 505

Then in the midst Telemachus upstood  
Majestic, and the suitors thus bespake.  
Sirs! ye are mad, and can no longer eat  
Or drink in peace; some dæmon troubles you.  
But since ye all have feasted, to your homes 510  
Go now, and, at your pleasure, to your beds;  
Soonest were best, but I thrust no man hence.

He ceased; they gnawing stood their lips, aghast  
With wonder that Telemachus in his speech  
Such boldness used. Then rose Amphinomus, 515  
Brave son of Nisus offspring of the King  
Aretus, and the assembly thus address'd.

My friends! let none with contradiction thwart  
And rude reply words rational and just;  
Assault no more the stranger, nor of all 520  
The servants of renown'd Ulysses here  
Harm any. Come. Let the cup-bearer fill  
To all, that due libation made, to rest  
We may repair at home, leaving the Prince  
To accommodate beneath his father's roof 525  
The stranger, for he is the Prince's guest.

He ended, whose advice none disapproved.  
The Hero Mulus then, Dulichian-born,  
And herald of Amphinomus, the cup  
Filling, dispensed it, as he stood, to all; 530  
They,

They, pouring forth to the Immortals, quaff'd  
The luscious bev'rage, and when each had made  
Libation, and such measure as he would  
Of wine had drunk, then all to rest retired.

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## N I N E T E E N T H B O O K.

Ulysses and Telemachus remove the arms from the hall to an upper-chamber. The Hero then confers with Penelope, to whom he gives a fictitious narrative of his adventures. Euryclea, while bathing Ulysses, discovers him by a scar on his knee, but he prevents her communication of that discovery to Penelope.

### B O O K X I X.

**T**HEY went, but left the noble Chief behind  
In his own house, contriving, by the aid  
Of Pallas, the destruction of them all,  
And thus, in accents wing'd, again he said.

My son! we must remove and safe dispose 5  
All these my well-forged implements of war;  
And should the suitors, missing them, enquire  
Where are they? thou shalt answer smoothly thus—  
I have convey'd them from the reach of smoke,  
For they appear no more the same which erst 10  
Ulysses, going hence to Ilium, left,  
So smirch'd and fullied by the breath of fire.

This

This weightier reason (thou shalt also say)  
 Some God suggested to me,—left, inflamed  
 With wine, ye wound each other in your brawls, 15  
 Shaming both feast and courtship; for the view  
 Itself of arms incites to their abuse.

He ceased, and, in obedience to his will,  
 Calling the antient Euryclea forth,  
 His nurse, Telemachus enjoin'd her thus. 20

Go—shut the women in; make fast the doors  
 Of their apartment, while I safe dispose  
 Elsewhere, my father's implements of war,  
 Which, during his long absence, here have stood  
 'Till smoke hath fullied them. For I have been 25  
 An infant hitherto, but, wiser grown,  
 Would now remove them from the breath of fire.

Then thus the gentle matron in return.  
 Yes truly—and I wish that now, at length,  
 Thou would'st assert the privilege of thy years, 30  
 My son, thyself assuming charge of all,  
 Both house and stores; but who shall bear the light?  
 Since they, it seems, who would, are all forbidden.

To whom Telemachus discrete replied.  
 This guest; for no man, from my table fed, 35  
 Come whence he may, shall be an idler here.

He ended, nor his words flew wing'd away,  
 But Euryclea bolted ev'ry door.  
 Then, starting to the task, Ulysses caught,  
 And his illustrious son, the weapons thence, 40

Helmet,

Helmet, and boffy shield, and pointed spear,  
 While Pallas from a golden lamp illumed  
 The dusky way before them. At that fight  
 Alarm'd, the Prince his father thus address'd.

Whence—whence is this, my father? I behold 45  
 A prodigy! the walls of the whole house,  
 The arches, fir-tree beams, and pillars tall  
 Shine in my view, as with the blaze of fire!  
 Some Pow'r celestial, doubtless, is within.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 50  
 Soft! ask no questions. Give no vent to thought.  
 Such is the custom of the Pow'rs divine.  
 Hence, thou, to bed. I stay, that I may yet  
 Both in thy mother and her maidens move  
 More curiosity; yes—she with tears 55  
 Shall question me of all that I have seen.

He ended, and the Prince, at his command,  
 Guided by flaming torches, fought the couch  
 Where he was wont to sleep, and there he slept  
 On that night also, waiting the approach 60  
 Of sacred dawn. Thus was Ulysses left  
 Alone, and planning fat in solitude,  
 By Pallas' aid, the slaughter of his foes.

At length, Diana-like, or like herself,  
 All golden Venus, (her apartment left) 65  
 Enter'd Penelope. Beside the hearth  
 Her women planted her accustom'd feat  
 With silver wreathed and ivory. That throne

Icmalius made, artift renown'd, and join'd  
 A footftool to its fplendid frame beneath, 70  
 Which ever with an ample fleece they fpread.  
 There fat difcrete Penelope; then came  
 Her beautiful attendants from within,  
 Who clear'd the litter'd bread, the board, and cups  
 From which the infolent companions drank. 75  
 They alfo raked the embers from the hearths  
 Now dim, and with frefh billets piled them high,  
 Both for illumination and for warmth.  
 Then yet again Melanthe with rude fpeech  
 Opprobrious, thus, affail'd Ulyffes' ear. 80  
 Guest—wilt thou trouble us throughout the night  
 Ranging the houfe? and linger'ft thou a fpy  
 Watching the women? Hence—get thee abroad,  
 Glad of fuch fare as thou haft found, or foon  
 With torches beaten we will thruft thee forth. 85  
 To whom Ulyffes, frowning ftern, replied.  
 Petulant woman! wherefore thus incens'd  
 Inveigh'ft thou againft me? is it becaufe  
 I am not fleek? becaufe my garb is mean?  
 Becaufe I beg? thanks to neceffity— 90  
 I would not elfe. But fuch as I appear,  
 Such all who beg and all who wander are.  
 I alfo lived the happy owner once  
 Of fuch a ftately manfion, and have giv'n  
 To num'rous wand'rers, whencefoe'er they came, 95  
 All that they needed; I was alfo ferved

By

By many, and enjoy'd all that denotes  
 The envied owner opulent and blest.  
 But Jove (for so it pleas'd him) hath reduced  
 My all to nothing. Therefore well beware 100  
 Thou also, mistress, lest a day arrive  
 When all these charms by which thou shin'st among  
 Thy sister-menials, fade; fear, too, lest her  
 Thou should'st perchance irritate, whom thou serv'st,  
 And lest Ulysses come, of whose return 105  
 Hope yet survives; but even though the Chief  
 Have perish'd, as ye think, and comes no more,  
 Consider yet his son, how bright the gifts  
 Shine of Apollo in the illustrious Prince  
 Telemachus; no woman, unobserved 110  
 By him, can now commit a trespass here;  
 His days of heedless infancy are past.  
 He ended, whom Penelope discrete  
 O'erhearing, her attendant sharp rebuked.  
 Shameless, audacious woman! known to me 115  
 Is thy great wickedness, which with thy life  
 Thou shalt atone; for thou wast well aware,  
 (Hearing it from myself) that I design'd  
 To ask this stranger of my absent Lord,  
 For whose dear sake I never cease to mourn. 120  
 Then to her household's governess she said.  
 Bring now a seat, and spread it with a fleece,  
 Eurynome! that, undisturb'd, the guest  
 May hear and answer all that I shall ask.

She



She ended. Then the matron brought in haste 125  
 A polish'd feat, and spread it with a fleece,  
 On which the toil-accustom'd Hero sat,  
 And thus the chaste Penelope began.

Stranger! my first enquiry shall be this—  
 Who art thou? whence? where born, and sprung from  
 whom? 130

Then answer thus Ulysses, wife, return'd.  
 O Queen! uncensurable by the lips  
 Of mortal man! thy glory climbs the skies  
 Unrival'd, like the praise of some great King  
 Who o'er a num'rous people and renown'd 135  
 Presiding like a Deity, maintains  
 Justice and truth. The earth, under his sway,  
 Her produce yields abundantly; the trees  
 Fruit-laden bend; the lusty flocks bring forth;  
 The Ocean teems with finny swarms beneath 140  
 His just controul, and all the land is blest.  
 Me therefore, question of what else thou wilt  
 In thy own palace, but forbear to ask  
 From whom I sprang, and of my native land,  
 Left thou, reminding me of those sad themes, 145  
 Augment my woes; for I have much endured;  
 Nor were it seemly, in another's house,  
 To pass the hours in sorrow and in tears,  
 Wearisome when indulg'd with no regard  
 To time or place; thy train (perchance thyself) 150  
 Would blame me, and I should reproach incur

As one tear-deluged through excess of wine.

Him answer'd then Penelope discrete.

The immortal Gods, O stranger, then destroy'd

My form, my grace, my beauty, when the Greeks 155

Whom my Ulysses follow'd, fail'd to Troy.

Could he, returning, my domestic charge

Himself intend, far better would my fame

Be so secured, and wider far diffus'd.

But I am wretched now, such storms of woe 160

The Gods have sent me; for as many Chiefs

As hold dominion in the neighbour isles

Samos, Dulichium, and the forest-crown'd

Zacynthus; others, also, rulers here

In pleasant Ithaca, me, loth to wed, 165

Woo ceaseless, and my household stores consume.

I therefore, neither guest nor suppliant heed,

Nor public herald more, but with regret

Of my Ulysses wear my soul away.

They, meantime, press my nuptials, which by art 170

I still procrastinate. Some God the thought

Suggested to me, to commence a robe

Of amplest measure and of subtlest woof,

Laborious task; which done, I thus address'd them.

Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief 175

Ulysses is no more, enforce not now

My nuptials; wait 'till I shall finish first

A fun'ral robe (left all my threads be marr'd)

Which for the ancient Hero I prepare

Laertes,

Laertes, looking for the mournful hour 180  
 When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest.  
 Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,  
 Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.  
 Such was my speech; they, unsuspecting all,  
 With my request complied. Thenceforth, all day 185  
 I wove the ample web, and, by the aid  
 Of torches, ravell'd it again at night.  
 Three years by artifice I thus their suit  
 Eluded safe; but when the fourth arrived,  
 And the same season after many moons 190  
 And fleeting days return'd, passing my train  
 Who had neglected to release the dogs,  
 They came, surprized, and reprimanded me.  
 Thus, through necessity, not choice, at last  
 I have perform'd it, in my own despatch. 195  
 But no escape from marriage now remains,  
 Nor other subterfuge for me; meantime  
 My parents urge my nuptials, and my son  
 (Of age to note it) with disgust observes  
 His wealth consumed; for he is now become 200  
 Adult, and abler than myself to rule  
 The house, a Prince distinguish'd by the Gods.  
 Yet, stranger, after all, speak thy descent;  
 Say whence thou art; for not of fabulous birth  
 Art thou, nor from the oak, nor from the rock. 205  
 Her answer'd then Ulysses, ever-wise.  
 O spouse revered of Laertiades!

Resolv'ft thou ftill to learn from whom I fprang ?

Learn then ; but know that thou fhalt much augment

My prefent grief, natural to a man 210

Who hath, like me, long exiled from his home

Through various cities of the fons of men

Wander'd remote, and num'rous woes endured.

Yet, though it pain me, I will tell thee all.

There is a land amid the fable flood 215

Call'd Crete ; fair, fruitful, circled by the fea.

Num'rous are her inhabitants, a race

Not to be fumm'd, and ninety towns ſhe boafts.

Diverſe their language is ; Achaians ſome,

And ſome indigenouſ are ; Cydonians there, 220

Crest-ſhaking Dorians, and Pelafgians dwell.

One city in extent the reſt exceeds,

Cnofſus ; the city in which Minos reign'd,

Who, ever at a nine-years-cloſe, conferr'd

With Jove himſelf ; from him my father ſprang, 225

The brave Deucalion ; for Deucalion's fons

Were two, myſelf and King Idomeneus.

To Ilium he, on board his gallant barks

Follow'd the Atridæ. I, the youngeſt-born,

By my illuſtrious name, Æthon, am known, 230

But he ranks foremoſt both in worth and years.

There I beheld Ulyſſes, and within

My walls receiv'd him ; for a violent wind

Had driv'n him from Malea (while he fought

The ſhores of Troy) to Crete. The ſtorm his barks 235

Bore

Bore into the Amnifus, for the cave  
 Of Ilythia known, a dang'rous port,  
 And which with difficulty he attain'd.  
 He, landing, instant to the city went,  
 Seeking Idomeneus; his friend of old, 240  
 As he affirm'd, and one whom much he lov'd.  
 But *he* was far remote, ten days advanced,  
 Perhaps eleven, on his courfe to Troy.  
 Him, therefore, I conducted to my home,  
 Where hospitably, and with kindest care 245  
 I entertain'd him, (for I wanted nought)  
 And for himself procured and for his band,  
 By publick contribution, corn, and wine,  
 And beeves for food, that all might be sufficed.  
 Twelve days his noble Grecians there abode, 250  
 Port-lock'd by Boreas blowing with a force  
 Refiftlefs even on the land, some God  
 So roused his fury; but the thirteenth day  
 The wind all fell, and they embark'd again.  
 With many a fiction specious, as he fat, 255  
 He thus her ear amufed; ſhe at the found  
 Melting, with fluent tears her cheeks bedew'd;  
 And as the ſnow by Zephyrus diffused,  
 Melts on the mountain tops, when Eurus breathes,  
 And fills the channels of the running ſtreams, 260  
 So melted ſhe, and down her lovely cheeks  
 Pour'd faſt the tears, him mourning as remote  
 Who fat beſide her. Soft compaſſion touch'd

Ulysses of his comfort's silent woe;  
 His eyes, as they had been of steel or horn, 265  
 Moved not, yet artful, he suppress'd his tears,  
 And she, at length, with overflowing grief  
 Sateate, replied, and thus enquired again.

Now, stranger, I shall prove thee, as I judge,  
 If thou, indeed, hast entertain'd in Crete 270  
 My spouse and his brave followers, as thou say'st.  
 Describe his raiment and himself; his own  
 Appearance, and the appearance of his friends.

Then her Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise.  
 Hard is the task, O Queen! (so long a time 275  
 Hath since elaps'd) to tell thee. Twenty years  
 Have pass'd since he forsook my native isle,  
 Yet, from my best remembrance, I will give  
 A likeness of him, such as now I may.  
 A double cloak, thick-piled, Mæonian-dyed, 280  
 The noble Chief had on; two fast'nings held  
 The golden clasp, and it display'd in front  
 A well-wrought pattern with much art design'd.  
 An hound between his fore-feet holding fast  
 A dappled fawn, gaped eager on his prey. 285  
 All wonder'd, seeing, how in lifeless gold  
 Express'd, the dog with open mouth her throat  
 Attempted still, and how the fawn with hoofs  
 Thrust trembling forward, struggled to escape.  
 That glorious mantle much I noticed, soft 290  
 To touch, as the dried garlick's glossy film;

Such

Such was the smoothness of it, and it shone  
 Sun-bright ; full many a maiden, trust me, view'd  
 The splendid texture with admiring eyes.  
 But mark me now ; deep treasure in thy mind 295  
 This word. I know not if Ulysses wore  
 That cloak at home, or whether of his train  
 Some warrior gave it to him on his way,  
 Or else some host of his ; for many loved  
 Ulysses, and with him might few compare. 300  
 I gave to him, myself, a brazen sword,  
 A purple cloak magnificent, and vest  
 Of royal length, and, when he fought his bark,  
 With princely pomp dismiss'd him from the shore.  
 An herald also waited on the Chief, 305  
 Somewhat his senior ; him I next describe.  
 His back was bunch'd, his visage swarthy, curl'd  
 His poll, and he was named Eurybates ;  
 A man whom most of all his followers far  
 Ulysses honour'd, for their minds were one. 310

He ceased ; she, recognizing all the proofs  
 Distinctly by Ulysses named, was moved  
 Still more to weep, 'till with o'erflowing grief  
 Satiated, at length she answer'd him again.

Henceforth, O stranger, thou who hadst before 315  
 My pity, shalt my reverence share and love.  
 I folded for him with these hands the cloak  
 Which thou describ'st, produced it when he went,  
 And gave it to him ; I that splendid clasp

Attach'd

Attach'd to it myself, more to adorn 320

My honour'd Lord, whom to his native land

Return'd secure I shall receive no more.

In such an evil hour Ulyffes went

To that bad city never to be named.

To whom Ulyffes, ever-wise, replied. 325

Confort revered of Laertiades!

No longer let anxiety impair

Thy beauteous form, nor any grief consume

Thy spirits more for thy Ulyffes' sake.

And yet I blame thee not; a wife deprived 330

Of her first mate to whom she had produced

Fair fruit of mutual love, would mourn his loss,

Although he were inferior far to thine,

Whom fame affirms the semblance of the Gods.

But cease to mourn. Hear me. I will relate 335

A faithful tale, nor will from thee withhold

Such tidings of Ulyffes living still,

And of his safe return, as I have heard

Lately, in yon neighb'ring opulent land

Of the Thesprotians. He returns enrich'd 340

With many precious stores from those obtain'd

Whom he hath visited; but he hath lost,

Departing from Thrinacia's isle, his bark

And all his lov'd companions in the Deep,

For Jove was adverse to him, and the Sun, 345

Whose beeves his followers slew. They perish'd all

Amid the billowy flood; but Him, the keel

Beftriding



Bestriding of his bark, the waves at length  
 Cast forth on the Phæacian's land, a race  
 Allied to heav'n, who rev'renced like a God 350  
 Thy husband, honour'd him with num'rous gifts,  
 And willing were to have convey'd him home.  
 Ulysses, therefore, had attain'd long since  
 His native shore, but that he deem'd it best  
 To travel far, that he might still amass 355  
 More wealth; so much Ulysses all mankind  
 Excells in policy, and hath no peer.  
 This information from Thesprotia's King  
 I gain'd, from Phidon; to myself he swore  
 Libation off'ring under his own roof, 360  
 That both the bark was launch'd, and the stout crew  
 Prepared, that should conduct him to his home.  
 But me he first dismiss'd; for, as it chanced,  
 A ship lay there of the Thesprotians, bound  
 To corn-enrich'd Dulichium. All the wealth 365  
 He shew'd me by the Chief amass'd, a store  
 To feed the house of yet another Prince  
 To the tenth generation; so immense  
 His treasures were within that palace lodg'd.  
 Himself he said was to Dodona gone, 370  
 Counsel to ask from the oracular oaks  
 Sublime of Jove, how safest he might seek,  
 After long exile thence, his native land,  
 If openly were best, or in disguise.  
 Thus, therefore, he is safe, and at his home 375

Well-nigh arrived, nor shall his country long  
 Want him. I swear it with a solemn oath.  
 First Jove be witness, King and Lord of all!  
 Next these domestic Gods of the renown'd  
 Ulysses, in whose royal house I sit, 380  
 That thou shalt see my saying all fulfill'd.  
 Ulysses shall this self-same year return,  
 This self-same month, ere yet the next begin.

Him answer'd then Penelope discrete.

Grant heav'n, my guest, that this good word of thine 385  
 Fail not! then, soon shalt thou such bounty share  
 And friendship at my hands, that, at first sight,  
 Whoe'er shall meet thee shall pronounce thee blest.  
 But ah! my soul forebodes how it will prove;  
 Neither Ulysses will return, nor thou 390  
 Receive safe conduct hence; for we have here  
 None, such as once Ulysses was, to rule  
 His household with authority, and to send  
 With honourable convoy to his home  
 The worthy guest, or to regale him here. 395  
 Give him the bath, my maidens; spread his couch  
 With linen soft, with fleecy \* gaberdines  
 And rugs of splendid hue, that he may lie  
 Waiting, well-warm'd, the golden morn's return.  
 Attend him also at the peep of day 400  
 With bath and unction, that, his feat resumed

\* A gaberdine is a shaggy cloak of coarse but warm materials. Such always make part of Homer's bed-furniture.

Here in the palace, he may be prepared  
 For breakfast with Telemachus; and woe  
 To him who shall presume to incommode  
 Or cause him pain; that man shall be cashier'd 405  
 Hence instant, burn his anger as it may.  
 For how, my honour'd inmate! shalt thou learn  
 That I in wisdom œconomic aught  
 Pass other women, if unbathed, unoiled,  
 Ill-clad, thou sojourn here? man's life is short. 410  
 Who'so is cruel, and to cruel arts  
 Addict, on him all men, while yet he lives,  
 Call plagues and curses down, and after death  
 Scorn and proverbial mock'ries hunt his name.  
 But men, humane themselves, and giv'n by choice 415  
 To offices humane, from land to land  
 Are rumour'd honourably by their guests,  
 And ev'ry tongue is busy in their praise.  
 Her answer'd, then, Ulysses ever-wife.  
 Confort revered of Laertiades! 420  
 Warm gaberdines and rugs of splendid hue  
 To me have odious been, since first the fight  
 Of Crete's snow-mantled mountain-tops I lost,  
 Sweeping the billows with extended oars.  
 No; I will pass, as I am wont to pass 425  
 The sleepless night; for on a sordid couch  
 Outstretch'd, full many a night have I reposed  
 'Till golden-charioted Aurora dawn'd.  
 Nor me the foot-bath pleases more; my foot

Shall none of all thy ministring maidens touch, 430  
 Unless there be some antient matron grave  
 Among them, who hath pangs of heart endured  
 Num'rous, and keen as I have felt myself;  
 Her I refuse not. She may touch my feet.

Him answer'd then prudent Penelope. 435  
 Dear guest! for of all travellers here arrived  
 From distant regions, I have none received  
 Discrete as thou, or whom I more have lov'd,  
 So just thy matter is, and with such grace  
 Express'd. I have an antient maiden grave, 440  
 The nurse who at my hapless husband's birth  
 Receiv'd him in her arms, and with kind care  
 Maternal rear'd him; she shall wash thy feet,  
 Although decrepid. Euryclea, rise!

Wash one coeval with thy Lord; for such 445  
 The feet and hands, it may be, are become  
 Of my Ulysses now; since man beset  
 With sorrow once, soon wrinkled grows and old.

She said, then Euryclea with both hands  
 Covering her face, in tepid tears profuse 450  
 Dissolved, and thus in mournful strains began.

Alas! my son, trouble for thy dear sake  
 Distracts me. Jove surely of all mankind  
 Thee hated most, though ever in thy heart  
 Devoutly giv'n; for never mortal man 455  
 So many thighs of fatted victims burn'd,  
 And chosen hecatombs produced as thou

To Jove the Thund'rer, him entreating still  
 That he would grant thee a serene old age,  
 And to instruct, thyself, thy glorious son. 460  
 Yet thus the God requites thee, cutting off  
 All hope of thy return—oh antient sir!  
 Him too, perchance, where'er he sits a guest  
 Beneath some foreign roof, the women taunt,  
 As all these shameless ones have taunted thee, 465  
 Fearing whose mock'ry thou forbidd'st their hands  
 This office, which Icarius' daughter wife  
 To me enjoins, and which I, glad, perform.  
 Yes, I will wash thy feet; both for her sake  
 And for thy own,—for fight of thee hath raised 470  
 A tempest in my mind. Hear now the cause!  
 Full many a guest forlorn we entertain,  
 But never any have I seen, whose size,  
 The fashion of whose foot, and pitch of voice,  
 Such likenesses of Ulysses show'd, as thine. 475  
 To whom Ulysses, ever shrewd, replied.  
 Such close similitude, O antient dame!  
 As thou observ'st between thy Lord and me,  
 All, who have seen us both, have ever found.  
 He said; then taking the resplendent vase 480  
 Allotted always to that use, she first  
 Infused cold water largely, then, the warm.  
 Ulysses (for beside the hearth he sat)  
 Turn'd quick his face into the shade, alarm'd  
 Left, handling him, she should at once remark 485  
 His

His fear, and all his stratagem unveil.  
 She then, approaching, minister'd the bath  
 To her own King, and at first touch discern'd  
 That token, by a bright-tusk'd boar of old  
 Impres'd, what time he to Parnassus went 490  
 To visit there Autolycus and his sons,  
 His mother's noble sire, who all mankind  
 In \* furtive arts and fraudulent oaths excell'd.  
 For such endowments he by gift receiv'd  
 From Hermes' self, to whom the thighs of kids 495  
 He offer'd and of lambs, and, in return,  
 The watchful Hermes never left his side.  
 Autolycus, arriving in the isle  
 Of pleasant Ithaca, the new-born son  
 Of his own daughter found, whom on his knees 500  
 At close of supper Euryclea placed,  
 And thus the royal visitant address'd.  
 Thyself, Autolycus! devise a name  
 For thy own daughter's son, by num'rous pray'rs  
 Of thine and fervent, from the Gods obtained. 505  
 Then answer thus Autolycus return'd.  
 My daughter and my daughter's spouse! the name  
 Which I shall give your boy, that let him bear.  
 Since after provocation and offence

\* Homer's morals seem to allow to a good man dissimulation, and even an ambiguous oath, should they be necessary to save him from a villain. Thus in Book XX. Telemachus swears by Zeus, that he does not hinder his mother from marrying whom she pleases of the wooers, though at the same time he is plotting their destruction with his father. F.

To numbers giv'n of either sex, I come, 510  
 Call him \*Ulyffes; and when, grown mature,  
 He shall Parnassus visit, the abode  
 Magnificent in which his mother dwelt,  
 And where my treasures lie, from my own stores  
 I will enrich and send him joyful home. 515

Ulyffes, therefore, that he might obtain  
 Those princely gifts, went thither. Him arrived,  
 With right-hand gratulation and with words  
 Of welcome kind, Autolycus received,  
 Nor less his offspring; but the mother most 520  
 Of his own mother clung around his neck,  
 Amphithea; she with many a fervent kiss  
 His forehead press'd, and his bright-beaming eyes.  
 Then bade Autolycus his noble sons  
 Set forth a banquet. They, at his command, 525  
 Led in a fatted ox of the fifth year,  
 Which flaying first, they spread him carved abroad,  
 Then scored his flesh, transfix'd it with the spits,  
 And roasting all with culinary skill  
 Exact, gave each his portion. Thus they sat 530  
 Feasting all day, and 'till the sun declined;  
 But when the sun declined, and darkness fell,  
 Each sought his couch, and took the gift of sleep.  
 Then, soon as day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd  
 Aurora look'd abroad, forth went the hounds, 535

\* In the Greek 'ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ' from the verb 'ὀδυσαω—*Irafcor, I am angry.*

And, with the hounds Ulyſſes, and the youths,  
 Sons of Autolykus, to chaſe the boar.  
 Arrived at the Parnaſſian mount, they climb'd  
 His buſhy ſides, and to his airy heights  
 Ere long attain'd. It was the pleaſant hour 540  
 When from the gently-ſwelling flood profound  
 The fun, emerging, firſt ſmote on the fields.  
 The hunters reach'd the valley; foremoſt ran,  
 Queſting, the hounds; behind them, ſwift, the ſons  
 Came of Autolykus, with whom advanced 545  
 The illuſtrious Prince Ulyſſes, preſſing cloſe  
 The hounds, and brandiſhing his maſſy ſpear.  
 There, hid in thickeſt ſhades, lay an huge boar.  
 That covert neither rough winds blowing moiſt  
 Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day fun 550  
 Smite through it, or faſt falling ſhow'rs pervade,  
 So thick it was, and underneath, the ground  
 With litter of dry foliage ſtrew'd profuſe.  
 Hunters and dogs approaching him, his ear  
 The ſound of feet perceived; upridging high 555  
 His briſtly back and glaring fire, he ſprang  
 Forth from the ſhrubs, and in defiance ſtood  
 Near and right oppoſite. Ulyſſes, firſt,  
 Ruſh'd on him, elevating his long ſpear  
 Ardent to wound him; but, preventing quick 560  
 His foe, the boar gaſh'd him above the knee.  
 Much fleſh, affailing him oblique, he tore  
 With his rude tuſk, but to the Hero's bone

Pierced



Pierced not; Ulysses *his* right shoulder reach'd;  
 And with a deadly thrust impell'd the point 565  
 Of his bright spear through him and far beyond.  
 Loud yell'd the boar, sank in the dust, and died.  
 Around Ulysses, then, the busy sons  
 Throng'd of Autolycus; expert they braced  
 The wound of the illustrious hunter bold, 570  
 With incantation stanch'd the fable blood,  
 And fought in haste their father's house again,  
 Whence, heal'd and gratified with splendid gifts  
 They sent him soon rejoicing to his home,  
 • Themselves rejoicing also. Glad their son 575  
 His parents saw again, and of the fear  
 Enquired, where giv'n, and how? He told them all,  
 How to Parnassus with his friends he went,  
 Sons of Autolycus to hunt, and how  
 A boar had gash'd him with his iv'ry tusk. 580  
 That scar, while chafing him with open palms,  
 The matron knew; she left his foot to fall;  
 Down dropp'd his leg into the vase; the brass  
 Rang, and, o'ertilted by the sudden shock,  
 Poured forth the water, flooding wide the floor. 585  
 Her spirit joy at once and sorrow seized;  
 Tears fill'd her eyes; her intercepted voice  
 Died in her throat; but to Ulysses' beard  
 Her hand advancing, thus, at length she spake.  
 Thou art himself, Ulysses. Oh my son! 590  
 Dear to me, and my master as thou art,

I knew thee not, 'till I had touch'd the scar.

She said, and to Penelope her eyes

Directed, all impatient to declare

Her own Ulysses even then at home.

595

But she, nor eye nor ear for aught that pass'd

Had then, her fixt attention so entire

Minerva had engaged. Then, darting forth

His arms, the Hero with his right-hand close

Compress'd her throat, and nearer to himself

600

Drawing her with his left, thus caution'd her.

Why would'st thou ruin me? Thou gav'st me milk

Thyself from thy own breast. See me return'd

After long sufferings, in the twentieth year,

To my own land. But since (some God the thought

Suggesting to thee) thou hast learn'd the truth,

Silence! lest others learn it from thy lips.

For this I say, nor shall the threat be vain;

If God vouchsafe to me to overcome

The haughty suitors, when I shall inflict

610

Death on the other women of my house,

Although my nurse, thyself shalt also die.

Him answer'd Euryclea then, discrete.

My son! oh how could so severe a word

Escape thy lips? my fortitude of mind

615

Thou know'st, and even now shalt prove me firm

As iron, secret as the stubborn rock.

But hear and mark me well. Should'st thou prevail,

Assisted by a Pow'r divine, to slay

The

The haughty suitors, I will then, myself, 620  
 Give thee to know of all the female train  
 Who have dishonour'd thee, and who respect.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied.

My nurse, it were superfluous; spare thy tongue  
 That needless task. I can distinguish well 625  
 Myself, between them, and shall know them all;  
 But hold thy peace. Hush! leave it with the Gods.

So he; then went the antient matron forth,  
 That she might serve him with a second bath,  
 For the whole first was spilt. Thus, laved at length, 630  
 And smooth'd with oil, Ulysses nearer pull'd  
 His seat toward the glowing hearth to enjoy  
 More warmth, and drew his tatters o'er the scar.  
 Then, prudent, thus Penelope began.

One question, stranger, I shall yet propound, 635  
 Though brief, for soon the hour of soft repose  
 Grateful to all, and even to the sad  
 Whom gentle sleep forsakes not, will arrive.  
 But heav'n to me immeasurable woe  
 Affigns,—whose sole delight is to consume 640  
 My days in sighs, while here retired I sit,  
 Watching my maidens labours and my own;  
 But (night return'd, and all to bed retired)  
 I press mine also, yet with deep regret  
 And anguish lacerated, even there. 645  
 As when at spring's first entrance, her sweet song  
 The azure-crested nightingale renews,

Daughter of Pandarus ; within the grove's  
 Thick foliage perch'd, she pours her echoing voice  
 Now deep, now clear, still varying the strain 650  
 With which she mourns her Itylus, her son  
 By royal Zethus, whom she, \*erring, slew,  
 So also I, by foul-distressing doubts  
 Toss'd ever, muse if I shall here remain  
 A faithful guardian of my son's affairs, 655  
 My husband's bed respecting, and not less  
 My own fair fame, or whether I shall him  
 Of all my suitors follow to his home  
 Who noblest seems, and offers richest dow'r.  
 My son while he was infant yet, and own'd 660  
 An infant's mind, could never give consent  
 That I should wed and leave him ; but, at length,  
 Since he hath reached the stature of a man,  
 He wishes my departure hence, the waste  
 Viewing indignant by the suitors made. 665  
 But I have dream'd. Hear, and expound my dream.  
 My geese are twenty, which within my walls  
 I feed with fodden wheat ; they serve to amuse  
 Sometimes my sorrow. From the mountains came  
 An eagle, huge, hook-beak'd, brake all their necks, 670  
 And slew them ; scatter'd on the palace-floor  
 They lay, and he soar'd swift into the skies.

\* She intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it by envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only two, but through mistake she slew her own son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale.

Dream only as it was, I wept aloud,  
 'Till all my maidens, gather'd by my voice,  
 Arriving, found me weeping still, and still 675  
 Complaining, that the eagle had at once  
 Slain all my geese. But, to the palace-roof  
 Stooping again, he sat, and, with a voice  
 Of human sound, forbid my tears, and said—

Courage! O daughter of the far-renown'd 680  
 Icarus! no vain dream thou hast beheld,  
 But, in thy sleep, a truth. The slaughter'd geese  
 Denote thy suitors. I who have appear'd  
 An eagle in thy sight, am yet indeed  
 Thy husband, who have now, at last, return'd, 685  
 Death, horrid death designing for them all.

He said; then waking at the voice, I cast  
 An anxious look around, and saw my geese  
 Beside their tray, all feeding as before.

Her then Ulysses answer'd, ever-wise. 690  
 O Queen! it is not possible to miss  
 Thy dream's plain import, since Ulysses' self  
 Hath told thee the event; thy suitors all  
 Must perish; not one suitor shall escape.

To whom Penelope discrete replied. 695  
 Dreams are inexplicable, O my guest!  
 And oft-times mere delusions that receive  
 No just accomplishment. There are two \* gates

\* The difference of the two substances may perhaps serve to account for the preference given in this case to the gate of horn; horn being transparent, and as such emblematical of truth, while ivory, from its whiteness, promises light, but is, in fact, opaque. F.

Through

Through which the fleeting phantoms pass; of horn  
 Is one, and one of ivory. Such dreams 700  
 As through the thin-leaf'd iv'ry portal come  
 Sooth, but perform not, utt'ring empty sounds;  
 But such as through the polish'd horn escape,  
 If, haply seen by any mortal eye,  
 Prove faithful witness, and are fulfill'd. 705  
 But through those gates my wond'rous dream, I think,  
 Came not; thrice welcome were it else to me  
 And to my son. Now mark my words; attend.  
 This is the hated morn that from the house  
 Removes me of Ulysses. I shall fix, 710  
 This day, the rings for trial to them all  
 Of archership; Ulysses' custom was  
 To plant twelve \* spikes, all regular arranged  
 Like galley-props, and crested with a ring,  
 Then standing far remote, true in his aim 715  
 He with his whizzing shaft would thrid them all.  
 This is the contest in which now I mean  
 To prove the suitors; him, who with most ease  
 Shall bend the bow, and shoot through all the rings,  
 I follow, this dear mansion of my youth 720  
 Leaving, so fair, so fill'd with ev'ry good,  
 Though still to love it even in my dreams.

\* The translation here is somewhat pleonastic for the sake of perspicuity; the original is clear in itself, but not to us who have no such practice. Twelve stakes were fixt in the earth, each having a ring at the top; the order in which they stood was so exact, that an arrow sent with an even hand through the first ring, would pass them all.

Her answer'd then Ulyffes, ever-wife.  
 Confort revered of Laertiades !  
 Postpone not this contention, but appoint 725  
 Forthwith the trial ; for Ulyffes here  
 Will sure arrive, ere they (his polish'd bow  
 Long tamp'ring) shall prevail to stretch the nerve,  
 And speed the arrow through the iron rings.  
 To whom Penelope replied discrete. 730  
 Would'st thou with thy sweet converse, O my guest !  
 Here sooth me still, sleep ne'er should influence  
 These eyes the while ; but always to resist  
 Sleep's pow'r is not for man, to whom the Gods  
 Each circumstance of his condition here 735  
 Fix universally. Myself will seek  
 My own apartment at the palace-top,  
 And there will lay me down on my sad couch,  
 For such it hath been, and with tears of mine  
 Ceaseless bedew'd, e'er since Ulyffes went 740  
 To that bad city, never to be named.  
 There will I sleep ; but sleep thou here below,  
 Either, thyself, preparing on the ground  
 Thy couch, or on a couch by these prepared.  
 So saying, she to her splendid chamber thence 745  
 Retired, not sole, but by her female train  
 Attended ; there arrived, she wept her spouse,  
 Her lov'd Ulyffes, 'till Minerva dropp'd  
 The balm of slumber on her weary lids.

A R G U M E N T  
O F T H E  
T W E N T I E T H B O O K.

Ulysses, doubting whether he shall destroy or not the women servants who commit lewdness with the suitors, resolves at length to spare them for the present. He asks an omen from Jupiter, and that he would grant him also to hear some propitious words from the lips of one in the family. His petitions are both answered. Preparation is made for the feast. Whilst the suitors sit at table, Pallas smites them with a horrid frenzy. Theoclymenus, observing the strange effects of it, prophesies their destruction, and they deride his prophecy.

B O O K XX.

**B**UT in the vestibule the Hero lay  
On a bull's hide undress'd, o'er which he spread  
The fleece of many a sheep slain by the Greeks,  
And, cover'd by the household's governess  
With a wide cloak, compos'd himself to rest. 5  
Yet slept he not, but meditating lay  
Woe to his enemies. Meantime, the train  
Of women wonted to the suitors' arms,  
Issuing all mirth and laughter, in his soul  
A tempest rais'd of doubts, whether at once 10  
To



To flay, or to permit them yet to give  
 Their lusty paramours one last embrace.  
 As growls the mastiff standing on the start  
 For battle, if a stranger's foot approach  
 Her cubs new-whelp'd—so growl'd Ulysses' heart,      15  
 While wonder fill'd him at their impious deeds.  
 But, smiting on his breast, thus he reproved  
 The mutinous inhabitant within.

Heart! bear it. Worse than this thou didst endure  
 When, uncontrollable by force of man,      20  
 The Cyclops thy illustrious friends devour'd.  
 Thy patience then fail'd not, 'till prudence found  
 Deliv'rance for thee on the brink of fate.

So disciplin'd the Hero his own heart,  
 Which, tractable, endured the rigorous curb,      25  
 And patient; yet he turn'd from side to side.  
 As when some hungry swain turns oft a maw  
 Unctuous and fav'ry on the burning coals,  
 Quick expediting his desired repast,  
 So he from side to side roll'd, pond'ring deep      30  
 How likeliest with success he might assail  
 Those shameless suitors; one to many oppos'd.  
 Then, sudden from the skies descending, came  
 Minerva in a female form; her stand  
 Above his head she took, and thus she spake.      35

Why sleep'st thou not, unhappiest of mankind?  
 Thou art at home; here dwells thy wife, and here  
 Thy son; a son, whom all might wish their own.

Then her Ulyffes anfwer'd, ever-wife.  
 O Goddefs ! true is all that thou haft faid, 40  
 But, not without anxiety, I mufe  
 How, fingle as I am, I fhall affail  
 Thofe fhamelefs fuitors who frequent my courts  
 Daily, and always their whole multitude.  
 This weightier theme I meditate befide ; 45  
 Should I, with Jove's concurrence and with thine  
 Prevail to flay them, how fhall I efcape,  
 \* Myfelf, at laft ? oh Goddefs, weigh it well.

Him anfwer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.  
 Oh faithlefs man ! a man will in his friend 50  
 Confide, though mortal, and in valour lefs  
 And wifdom than himfelf ; but I who keep  
 Thee in all difficulties, am divine.  
 I tell thee plainly. Were we hemm'd around  
 By fifty troops of fhouting warriors bent 55  
 To flay thee, thou fhould'ft yet fe curely drive  
 The flocks away and cattle of them all.  
 But yield to fleep's foft influence ; for to lie  
 All night thus watchful, is, itfelf, diftrefs.  
 Fear not. Deliv'rance waits, not far remote. 60

So faying, ſhe o'er Ulyffes' eyes diffufed  
 Soft flumbers, and when fleep that fooths the mind  
 And nerves the limbs afrefh had feized him once,  
 To the Olympian fummit fwift return'd.

\* That is, how fhall I efcape the vengeance of their kindred ?

But

But his chaste spouse awoke ; she weeping fat 65  
 On her soft couch, and, noblest of her sex,  
 Satiated at length with tears, her pray'r address'd  
 First to Diana of the Pow'rs above.

Diana, awful progeny of Jove!

I would that with a shaft this moment sped 70  
 Into my bosom, thou would'st here conclude

My mournful life ! or, oh that, as it flies,  
 Snatching me through the pathless air, a storm  
 Would whelm me deep in Ocean's restless tide !  
 So, when the Gods their parents had destroy'd, 75

Storms suddenly the beauteous \* daughters snatch'd  
 Of Pandarus away ; them left forlorn

Venus with curds, with honey and with wine  
 Fed duly ; Juno gave them to surpass  
 All women in the charms of face and mind, 80

With graceful stature eminent the chaste  
 Diana blest'd them, and in works of art  
 Illustrious, Pallas taught them to excell.

But when the foam-sprung Goddesses to the skies  
 A suitress went on their behalf, to obtain 85

Blest nuptials for them from the Thund'rer Jove,  
 (For Jove the happiness, himself, appoints,  
 And the unhappiness of all below)

Meantime, the Harpies ravishing away  
 Those virgins, gave them to the Furies Three, 90

\* Aëdon, Cleothena, Merope.

That they might serve them. O that me the Gods  
 Inhabiting Olympus so would hide  
 From human eyes for ever, or bright-hair'd  
 Diana pierce me with a shaft, that while  
 Ulysses yet engages all my thoughts, 95  
 My days concluded, I might 'scape the pain  
 Of gratifying some inferior Chief!  
 This is supportable, when (all the day  
 To sorrow giv'n) the mourner sleeps at night;  
 For sleep, when it hath once the eyelids veil'd, 100  
 All reminiscence blots of all alike,  
 Both good and ill; but me the Gods afflict  
 Not seldom ev'n in dreams, and at my side,  
 This night again, one lay resembling him;  
 Such as my own Ulysses when he join'd 105  
 Achaia's warriors; my exulting heart  
 No airy dream believed it, but a truth.

While thus she spake, in orient gold enthroned  
 Came forth the morn; Ulysses, as she wept,  
 Heard plain her lamentation; him that found 110  
 Alarm'd; he thought her present, and himself  
 Known to her. Gath'ring hastily the cloak  
 His cov'ring, and the fleeces, them he placed  
 Together on a throne within the hall,  
 But bore the bull's-hide forth into the air. 115  
 Then, lifting high his hands to Jove, he pray'd.

Eternal Sire! if over moist and dry  
 Ye have with good will sped me to my home

After

After much suff'ring, grant me from the lips  
 Of some domestic now awake, to hear 120  
 Words of propitious omen, and thyself  
 Vouchsafe me still some other sign abroad.

Such pray'r he made, and Jove omniscient heard.  
 Sudden he thunder'd from the radiant heights  
 Olympian; glad, Ulysses heard the sound. 125

A woman, next, a labourer at the mill  
 Hard by, where all the palace-mills were wrought,  
 Gave him the omen of propitious sound.  
 Twelve maidens, day by day, toil'd at the mills,  
 Meal grinding, some, of barley, some, of wheat, 130

\* Marrow of man. The rest (their portion ground)  
 All slept; she only from her task as yet  
 Ceas'd not, for she was feeblest of them all;  
 She rested on her mill, and thus pronounced  
 The happy omen by her Lord desired. 135

Jove, Father, Governor of heav'n and earth!  
 Loud thou hast thunder'd from the starry skies  
 By no cloud veil'd; a sign propitious, giv'n  
 To whom I know not; but oh grant the pray'r  
 Of a poor bond-woman! appoint their feast 140  
 This day, the last that in Ulysses' house  
 The suitors shall enjoy, for whom I drudge,  
 With aching heart and trembling knees their meal  
 Grinding continual. Feast they here no more!

\* *μυελον ανδρων.*

She ended, and the lightning Chief received 145  
 With equal joy both signs; for well he hoped  
 That he should punish soon those guilty men.  
 And now the other maidens in the hall  
 Assembling, kindled on the hearth again  
 Th' unwearied blaze; then, godlike from his couch 150  
 Arose Telemachus, and, fresh-attired,  
 Athwart his shoulders his bright falchion flung,  
 Bound his fair sandals to his feet, and took  
 His sturdy spear pointed with glittering brass;  
 Advancing to the portal, there he stood, 155  
 And Euryclea thus, his nurse, bespake.

Nurse! have ye with respectful notice serv'd  
 Our guest? or hath he found a fordid couch  
 E'en where he might? for, prudent though she be,  
 My mother, inattentive oft, the worse 160  
 Treats kindly, and the better sends away.

Whom Euryclea answer'd, thus, discrete.  
 Blame not, my son! who merits not thy blame.  
 The guest sat drinking till he would no more,  
 And ate, 'till, question'd, he replied—Enough. 165  
 But when the hour of sleep call'd him to rest,  
 She gave commandment to her female train  
 To spread his couch. Yet he, like one forlorn,  
 And, through despair, indiff'rent to himself,  
 Both bed and rugs refused, and in the porch 170  
 On skins of sheep and on an undress'd hide  
 Reposed, where we threw covering over him.

She

She ceas'd, and, grasping his bright-headed spear,  
 Forth went the Prince attended, as he went,  
 By his fleet hounds ; to the assembled Greeks 175  
 In council with majestic gait he moved,  
 And Euryclea, daughter wife of Ops,  
 Pisenor's son, call'd to the serving-maids.

Haste ye ! be diligent ! sweep the palace-floor  
 And sprinkle it ; then give the sumptuous seats 180  
 Their purple coverings. Let others cleanse  
 With sponges all the tables, wash and rinse  
 The beakers well, and goblets rich-embos'd ;  
 Run others to the fountain, and bring thence  
 Water with speed. The suitors will not long 185  
 Be absent, but will early come to-day,  
 For this day is a public \* festival.

So she ; whom all, obedient, heard ; forth went  
 Together, twenty to the chrystal fount,  
 While in their sev'ral provinces the rest 190  
 Bestirr'd them brisk at home. Then enter'd all  
 The suitors, and began cleaving the wood.  
 Meantime, the women from the fountain came,  
 Whom soon the swine-herd follow'd, driving three  
 His fattest brawns ; them in the spacious court 195  
 He feeding left, and to Ulysses' side  
 Approaching, courteously bespake the Chief.

Guest ! look the Grecians on thee with respect  
 At length, or still disdainful as before ?

\* The new moon.

Then, answer thus Ulysses wife return'd. 200  
 Yes—and I would that vengeance from the Gods  
 Might pay their insolence, who in a house  
 Not theirs, dominion exercise, and plan  
 Unseemly projects, shameless as they are!

Thus they conferr'd; and now Melanthius came 205  
 The goat-herd, driving, with the aid of two  
 His fellow-swains, the fattest of his goats  
 To feast the suitors. In the founding porch  
 The goats he tied, then, drawing near, in terms  
 Reproachful thus assail'd Ulysses' ear. 210

How, stranger? persevere'st thou, begging, still  
 To vex the suitors? wilt thou not depart?  
 Scarce shall we settle this dispute, I judge,  
 'Till we have tasted each the other's fist;  
 Thou art unreasonable thus to beg 215  
 Here always—have the Greeks no feasts beside?

He spake, to whom Ulysses answer none  
 Return'd, but shook his brows, and, silent, fram'd  
 Terrible purposes. Then, third, approach'd  
 Chief o'er the herds, Philætius; fatted goats 220  
 He for the suitors brought, with which he drove  
 An heifer; (ferry-men had pass'd them o'er,  
 Carriers of all who on their coast arrive)  
 He tied them in the founding porch, then stood  
 Beside the swine-herd, to whom thus he said. 225

Who is this guest, Eumæus, here arrived  
 So lately? from what nation hath he come?

What



What parentage and country boasts the man?  
 I pity him, whose figure seems to speak  
 Royalty in him. Heav'n will surely plunge 230  
 The race of common wand'ers deep in woe,  
 If thus it destine even Kings to mourn.

He ceas'd; and, with his right hand, drawing nigh,  
 Welcom'd Ulysses, whom he thus bespake.

Hail venerable guest! and be thy lot 235  
 Prosp'rous at least hereafter, who art held  
 At present, in the bonds of num'rous ills.  
 Thou, Jupiter, of all the Gods, art most  
 Severe, and spar'ft not to inflict distress  
 Even on creatures from thyself derived\*. 240

I had no sooner mark'd thee, than my eyes  
 Swam, and the sweat gush'd from me at the thought  
 Of dear Ulysses; for if yet he live  
 And see the sun, such tatters, I suppose,  
 He wears, a wand'rer among human-kind. 245

But if already with the dead he dwell  
 In Pluto's drear abode, oh then, alas  
 For kind Ulysses! who consign'd to me,  
 While yet a boy, his Cephaleian herds,  
 And they have now encreas'd to such a store 250  
 Innumerable of broad-fronted beeves,  
 As only care like mine could have produced.  
 These, by command of others, I transport

\* He is often called—*πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.*

For their regale, who neither heed his son,  
 Nor tremble at the anger of the Gods, 255  
 But long have wish'd ardently to divide  
 And share the substance of our absent Lord.  
 Me, therefore, this thought occupies, and haunts  
 My mind not seldom; while the heir survives  
 It were no small offence to drive his herds 260  
 So far, and migrate to a foreign land;  
 Yet here to dwell, suffering oppressive wrongs  
 While I attend another's bees, appears  
 Still less supportable; and I had fled,  
 And I had serv'd some other mighty Chief 265  
 Long since, (for patience fails me to endure  
 My present lot) but that I cherish still  
 Some hope of my ill-fated Lord's return,  
 To rid his palace of these lawless guests.  
 To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied. 270  
 Herdsman! since neither void of sense thou seem'st,  
 Nor yet dishonest, but myself am sure  
 That thou art owner of a mind discrete,  
 Hear therefore, for I swear! bold I attest  
 Jove and this hospitable board, and these 275  
 The \*Lares of the noble Chief, whose hearth  
 Protects me now, that, ere thy going hence,  
 Ulysses surely shall have reach'd his home,  
 And thou shalt see him, if thou wilt, thyself,

\* Household Gods who presided over the hearth.

Slaying the suitors who now lord it here. 280

Him answer'd then the keeper of his beeves.

Oh stranger! would but the Saturnian King  
Perform that word, thou should'st be taught (thyself  
Eye-witness of it) what an arm is mine.

Eumæus also ev'ry power of heav'n 285  
Entreated, that Ulysses might possess  
His home again. Thus mutual they conferr'd.

Meantime, in conference close the suitors plann'd  
Death for Telemachus; but while they sat  
Consulting, on their left the bird of Jove 290  
An eagle soar'd, grasping a tim'rous dove.  
Then, thus, Amphinomus the rest bespake.

Oh friends! our consultation how to slay  
Telemachus, will never smoothly run  
To its effect; but let us to the feast. 295

So spake Amphinomus, whose counsel pleas'd.  
Then, all into the royal house repaired,  
And on the thrones and couches throwing off  
Their mantles, slew the fatted goats, the brawns,  
The sheep full-sized, and heifer of the herd. 300  
The roasted entrails first they shared, then fill'd  
The beakers, and the swine-herd placed the cups;  
Philœtius, chief intendant of the beeves,  
Served all with baskets elegant of bread,  
While all their cups Melanthius charged with wine, 305  
And they assail'd at once the ready feast.

Meantime Telemachus, with forecast shrewd,

Fast by the marble threshold, but within  
 The spacious hall his father placed, to whom  
 A fordid feat he gave and scanty board. 310  
 A portion of the entrails, next, he set  
 Before him, fill'd a golden goblet high,  
 And thus, in presence of them all, began.

There seated now, drink as the suitors drink.  
 I will, myself, their biting taunts forbid, 315  
 And violence. This edifice is mine,  
 Not public property; my father first  
 Possess'd it, and my right from him descends.  
 Suitors! controul your tongues, nor with your hands  
 Offend, lest contest fierce and war ensue. 320

He ceas'd; they gnawing, fat, their lips, aghast  
 With wonder that Telemachus in his speech  
 Such boldness us'd. Then spake Eupithes' son,  
 Antinoüs, and the assembly thus address'd.

Let pass, ye Greeks! the language of the Prince, 325  
 Harsh as it is, and big with threats to us.  
 Had Jove permitted, his orations here,  
 Although thus eloquent, ere now had ceased.

So spake Antinoüs, whom Ulysses' son  
 Heard unconcern'd. And now the heralds came 330  
 In solemn pomp, conducting through the streets  
 A sacred hecatomb, when in the grove  
 Umbrageous of Apollo, King shaft-arm'd,  
 The assembled Grecians met. The sav'ry roast  
 Finish'd, and from the spits withdrawn, each shared 335  
 His

His portion of the noble feast, and such  
 As they enjoy'd themselves the attendants placed  
 Before Ulysses, for the Hero's son  
 Himself, Telemachus, had so enjoined.  
 But Pallas (that they might exasp'rate more 340  
 Ulysses) suffer'd not the suitor Chiefs  
 To banquet, guiltless of heart-piercing scoffs  
 Malign. There was a certain suitor named  
 Ctesippus, born in Samos; base of mind  
 Was he and profligate, but, in the wealth 345  
 Confiding of his father, woo'd the wife  
 Of long-exiled Ulysses. From his seat  
 The haughty suitors thus that man address'd.

Ye noble suitors, I would speak; attend!  
 The guest is served; he hath already shared 350  
 Equal with us; nor less the laws demand  
 Of hospitality; for neither just  
 It were nor decent, that a guest, received  
 Here by Telemachus, should be denied  
 His portion of the feast. Come then—myself 355  
 Will give to him, that he may also give  
 To her who laved him in the bath, or else  
 To whatsoever menial here he will.

So saying, he from a basket near at hand  
 Heav'd an ox-foot, and with a vig'rous arm 360  
 Hurl'd it. Ulysses gently bow'd his head,  
 Shunning the blow, but gratified his just

Repentment

Repentment with a broad \* fardonic smile  
 Of dread significance. He smote the wall.  
 Then thus Telemachus rebuked the deed. 365

Ctesippus, thou art fortunate; the bone  
 Struck not the stranger, for he shunn'd the blow;  
 Else, I had surely thrust my glitt'ring lance  
 Right through thee; then, no hymenæal rites  
 Of thine should have employ'd thy father here, 370  
 But thy funeral. No man therefore treat  
 Me with indignity within these walls,

For though of late a child, I can discern  
 Now, and distinguish between good and ill.  
 Suffice it that we patiently endure 375

To be spectators daily of our sheep  
 Slaughter'd, our bread consumed, our stores of wine  
 Wasted; for what can one to all opposed?  
 Come then—persist no longer in offence  
 And hostile hate of me; or if ye wish 380

To slay me, pause not. It were better far  
 To die, and I had rather much be slain,  
 Than thus to witness your atrocious deeds  
 Day after day; to see our guests abused,  
 With blows insulted, and the women dragg'd 385  
 With a licentious violence obscene  
 From side to side of all this fair abode.

He said, and all sat silent, 'till at length  
 Thus Agelaüs spake, Diastor's son.

\* A smile of displeasure.

My friends! let none with contradiction thwart 390  
 And rude reply, words rational and just;  
 Assault no more the stranger, nor of all  
 The servants of renown'd Ulysses here  
 Harm any. My advice, both to the Queen  
 And to Telemachus, shall gentle be, 395  
 May it but please them. While the hope survived  
 Within your bosoms of the safe return  
 Of wise Ulysses to his native isle,  
 So long good reason was that she should use  
 Delay, and hold our wooing in suspense; 400  
 For had Ulysses come, that course had proved  
 Wifest and best; but that he comes no more  
 Appears, now, manifest. Thou, therefore, Prince!  
 Seeking thy mother, counsel her to wed  
 The noblest, and who offers richest dow'r, 405  
 That thou, for thy peculiar, may'st enjoy  
 Thy own inheritance in peace and ease,  
 And she, departing, find another home.  
 To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
 I swear by Jove, and by my father's woes, 410  
 Who either hath deceased far from his home,  
 Or lives a wand'rer, that I interpose  
 No hindrance to her nuptials. Let her wed  
 Who offers most, and even whom she will.  
 But to dismiss her rudely were a deed 415  
 Unfilial—That I dare not—God forbid!

So

So spake Telemachus. Then Pallas struck  
 The suitors with delirium; wide they stretch'd  
 Their jaws with unspontaneous laughter loud;  
 Their meat dripp'd blood; tears fill'd their eyes, and dire  
 Prefages of approaching woe, their hearts. 421  
 Then thus the prophet \* Theoclymenus.

Ah miserable men! what curse is this  
 That takes you now? night wraps itself around  
 Your faces, bodies, limbs; the palace shakes 425  
 With peals of groans—and oh, what floods ye weep!  
 I see the walls and arches dappled thick  
 With gore; the vestibule is throng'd, the court  
 On all sides throng'd with apparitions grim  
 Of slaughter'd men sinking into the gloom 430  
 Of Erebus; the sun is blotted out  
 From heav'n, and midnight whelms you premature.

He said, they, hearing, laugh'd; and thus the son  
 Of Polybus, Eurymachus replied.

This wand'rer from a distant shore hath left 435  
 His wits behind. Ho! there! conduct him hence  
 Into the forum; since he dreams it night  
 Already, teach him there that it is day.

Then answer'd godlike Theoclymenus.  
 I have no need, Eurymachus, of guides 440  
 To lead me hence, for I have eyes and ears,  
 The use of both my feet, and of a mind

\* Who had fought refuge in the ship of Telemachus when he left Sparta, and came with him to Ithaca.



In no respect irrational or wild.

These shall conduct me forth, for well I know

That evil threatens you, such, too, as none 445

Shall 'scape of all the suitors, whose delight

Is to insult the unoffending guest

Received beneath this hospitable roof.

He said, and, issuing from the palace, fought

Piræus' house, who gladly welcom'd him. 450

Then all the suitors on each other cast

A look significant, and, to provoke

Telemachus the more, fier'd at his guests.

Of whom a youth thus, insolent, began.

No living wight, Telemachus, had e'er 455

Guests such as thine. Witness, we know not who,

This hungry vagabond, whose means of life

Are none, and who hath neither skill nor force

To earn them, a mere burthen on the ground.

Witness the other also, who upstarts 460

A prophet suddenly. Take my advice;

I counsel wisely; send them both on board

Some gallant bark to Sicily for sale;

Thus shall they somewhat profit thee at last.

So spake the suitors, whom Telemachus 465

Heard unconcern'd, and, silent, look'd and look'd

Toward his father, watching still the time

When he should punish that licentious throng.

Meantime, Icarus' daughter, who had placed

Her splendid seat opposite, heard distinct 470

Their taunting speeches. They, with noisy mirth,  
Feasted deliciously, for they had slain  
Many a fat victim; but a sadder feast  
Than, soon, the Goddess and the warrior Chief  
Should furnish for them, none shall ever share, 475  
Of which their crimes had furnish'd first the cause.

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## T W E N T Y - F I R S T . B O O K .

Penelope proposes to the suitors a contest with the bow, herself the prize. They prove unable to bend the bow; when Ulysses having with some difficulty possessed himself of it, manages it with the utmost ease, and dispatches his arrow through twelve rings erected for the trial.

### B O O K XXI.

**M**INERVA now, Goddess cærulean-eyed,  
Prompted Icarus' daughter, the discrete  
Penelope, with bow and rings to prove  
Her suitors in Ulysses' courts, a game  
Terrible in conclusion to them all. 5  
First, taking in her hand the brazen key  
Well-forged, and fitted with an iv'ry grasp,  
Attended by the women of her train  
She sought her inmost chamber, the recess  
In which she kept the treasures of her Lord, 10  
His brass, his gold, and steel elaborate.  
Here lay his stubborn bow, and quiver fill'd  
With num'rous shafts, a fatal store. That bow

He had received and quiver from the hand  
 Of godlike Iphitus Eurytides, 15  
 Whom, in \*Messenia, in the house he met  
 Of brave Orfilochus. Ulysses came  
 Demanding payment of arrearage due  
 From all that land; for a Messenian fleet  
 Had borne from Ithaca three hundred sheep, 20  
 With all their shepherds; for which cause, ere yet  
 Adult, he voyaged to that distant shore,  
 Deputed by his sire, and by the Chiefs  
 Of Ithaca, to make the just demand.  
 But Iphitus had thither come to seek 25  
 Twelve mares and twelve mule colts which he had lost,  
 A search that cost him soon a bloody death.  
 For, coming to the house of Hercules  
 The valiant task-performing son of Jove,  
 He perish'd there, slain by his cruel host 30  
 Who, heedless of heav'n's wrath, and of the rights  
 Of his own board, first fed, then slaughter'd him;  
 For in *his* house the mares and colts were hidden.  
 He, therefore, occupied in that concern,  
 Meeting Ulysses there, gave him the bow 35  
 Which, erst, huge Eurytus had borne, and which  
 Himself had from his dying fire received.  
 Ulysses, in return, on him bestowed  
 A spear and sword, pledges of future love

\* A province of Laconia.

And hospitality; but never more 40

They met each other at the friendly board,  
For, ere that hour arrived, the son of Jove  
Slew his own guest, the godlike Iphitus.

Thus came the bow into Ulysses' hands,  
Which, never in his gallant barks he bore 45

To battle with him, (though he used it oft  
In times of peace) but left it safely stored  
At home, a dear memorial of his friend.

Soon as, divinest of her sex, arrived  
At that same chamber, with her foot she pres'd 50

The oaken threshold bright, on which the hand  
Of no mean architect had stretch'd the line,

Who had erected also on each side  
The posts on which the splendid portals hung,  
She loos'd the ring and brace, then introduced 55

The key, and \*aiming at them from without,  
Struck back the bolts. The portals, at that stroke,  
Sent forth a tone deep as the pastured bull's,  
And flew wide open. She, ascending, next,

The elevated floor on which the chests 60

That held her own fragrant apparel stood,  
With lifted hand aloft took down the bow

In its embroider'd bow-case safe enclosed.

Then, sitting there, she lay'd it on her knees,

\* The reader will of course observe, that the whole of this process implies a sort of mechanism very different from that with which we are acquainted.—The translation, I believe, is exact.

Weeping aloud, and drew it from the case. 65

Thus weeping over it long time she sat,

'Till satiate, at the last, with grief and tears,

Descending by the palace steps she fought

Again the haughty suitors, with the bow

Elastic, and the quiver in her hand 70

Replete with pointed shafts, a deadly store.

Her maidens, as she went, bore after her

A coffer fill'd with prizes by her Lord,

Much brass and steel; and when at length she came,

Loveliest of women, where the suitors sat, 75

Between the pillars of the stately dome

Pausing, before her beauteous face she held

Her lucid veil, and by two matrons chaste

Supported, the assembly thus address'd.

Ye noble suitors hear, who rudely haunt 80

This palace of a Chief long absent hence,

Whose substance ye have now long time consumed,

Nor palliative have yet contrived, or could,

Save your ambition to make me a bride—

Attend this game to which I call you forth. 85

Now suitors! prove yourselves with this huge bow

Of wide-renown'd Ulysses; he who draws

Easiest the bow, and who his arrow sends

Through twice six rings, he takes me to his home,

And I must leave this mansion of my youth 90

Pleasant, magnificent, which, doubtless, oft

I shall remember even in my dreams.

So saying, she bade Eumæus lay the bow  
 Before them, and the twice six rings of steel.  
 He wept, received them, and obey'd; nor wept 95  
 The herdsman less, seeing the bow which erst  
 His Lord had occupied; when at their tears  
 Indignant, thus, Antinoüs began.

Ye rural drones, whose purblind eyes see not  
 Beyond the present hour, egregious fools! 100  
 Why weeping trouble ye the Queen, too much  
 Before afflicted for her husband lost?  
 Either partake the banquet silently,  
 Or else go weep abroad, leaving the bow,  
 That stubborn test, to us; for none, I judge, 105  
 None here shall bend this polish'd bow with ease,  
 Since in this whole assembly I discern  
 None like Ulysses, whom myself have seen  
 And recollect, though I was then a boy.

He said, but in his heart, meantime, the hope 110  
 Cherish'd, that he should bend, himself, the bow,  
 And pass the rings; yet was he destin'd first  
 Of all that company to taste the steel  
 Of brave Ulysses' shaft, whom in that house  
 He had so oft dishonour'd, and had urged 115  
 So oft all others to the like offence.  
 Amidst them, then, the sacred might arose  
 Of young Telemachus, who thus began.

Saturnian Jove questionless hath deprived  
 Me of all reason. My own mother, fam'd 120  
 For

For wisdom as she is, makes known to all  
 Her purpose to abandon this abode  
 And follow a new mate, while, heedless, I  
 Trifle and laugh as I were still a child.  
 But come, ye suitors! since the prize is such, 125  
 A woman, like to whom none can be found  
 This day in all Achaia; on the shores  
 Of sacred Pylus; in the cities proud  
 Of Argos or Mycenæ; or even here  
 In Ithaca; or yet within the walls 130  
 Of black Epirus; and since this yourselves  
 Know also, wherefore should I speak her praise?  
 Come then, delay not, waste not time in vain  
 Excuses, turn not from the proof, but bend  
 The bow, that thus the issue may be known. 135  
 I also will, myself, that task essay;  
 And should I bend the bow, and pass the rings,  
 Then shall not my illustrious mother leave  
 Her son forlorn, forsaking this abode  
 To follow a new spouse, while I remain 140  
 Disconsolate, although of age to bear,  
 Successful as my fire, the prize away.

So saying, he, started from his seat, cast off  
 His purple cloak, and lay'd his sword aside,  
 Then fix'd, himself, the rings, furrowing the earth 145  
 By line, and op'ning one long trench for all,  
 And stamping close the glebe. Amazement seiz'd  
 All present, seeing with how prompt a skill



He executed, though untaught, his task.

Then, hasting to the portal, there he stood. 150

Thrice, struggling, he essay'd to bend the bow,

And thrice desisted, hoping still to draw

The \* bow-string home, and shoot through all the rings.

And now the fourth time striving with full force

He had prevail'd to string it, but his fire 155

Forbad his eager efforts by a sign.

Then thus the royal youth to all around—

Gods! either I shall prove of little force

Hereafter, and for manly feats unapt,

Or I am yet too young, and have not strength 160

To quell the aggressor's contumely. But come—

(For ye have strength surpassing mine) try ye

The bow, and bring this contest to an end.

He ceas'd, and set the bow down on the floor,

Reclining it against the shaven pannels smooth 165

That lined the wall; the arrow next he placed,

Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn,

And to the feat, whence he had ris'n, return'd.

Then thus Eupithes' son, Antinoüs spake.

My friends! come forth successive from the † right,

Where he who ministers the cup begins. 171

\* This first attempt of Telemachus and the suitors was not an attempt to shoot, but to lodge the bow-string on the opposite horn, the bow having been released at one end, and slackened while it was laid by.

† Antinoüs prescribes to them this manner of rising to the trial for the good omen's sake, the left-hand being held unpropitious.

So spake Antinoüs, and his counfel pleased.  
 Then, first, Leiodes, CEnop's fon, arose.  
 He was their soothfayer, and ever fat  
 Beside the beaker, inmost of them all. 175  
 To him alone, of all, licentious deeds  
 Were odious, and, with indignation fired,  
 He witness'd the excesses of the rest.  
 He then took foremost up the shaft and bow,  
 And, station'd at the portal, strove to bend 180  
 But bent it not, fatiguing, first, his hands  
 Delicate and uncustom'd to the toil.  
 He ceased, and the assembly thus bespake.

My friends, I speed not; let another try;  
 For many Princes shall this bow of life 185  
 Bereave, since death more eligible seems,  
 Far more, than loss of her, for whom we meet  
 Continual here, expecting still the prize.  
 Some suitor, haply, at this moment, hopes  
 That he shall wed whom long he hath desired, 190  
 Ulysses' wife, Penelope; let him  
 Essay the bow, and, trial made, address  
 His spousal offers to some other fair  
 Among the long-stoled Princesses of Greece,  
 This Princess leaving his, whose proffer'd gifts 195  
 Shall please her most, and whom the Fates ordain.

He said, and set the bow down on the floor,  
 Reclining it against the shaven pannels smooth  
 That lined the wall; the arrow, next, he placed,

Leaning

Leaning against the bow's bright-polish'd horn, 200  
 And to the feat whence he had ris'n return'd.  
 Then him Antinoüs, angry, thus reproved.

What word, Leiodes, grating to our ears  
 Hath scap'd thy lips? I hear it with disdain.  
 Shall this bow fatal prove to many a Prince, 205  
 Because thou hast, thyself, too feeble proved  
 To bend it? no. Thou wast not born to bend  
 The unpliant bow, or to direct the shaft,  
 But here are nobler who shall soon prevail.

He said, and to Melanthius gave command, 210  
 The goat-herd. Hence, Melanthius, kindle fire;  
 Beside it place, with fleeces spread, a form  
 Of length commodious; from within procure  
 A large round cake of suet next, with which  
 When we have chafed and suppled the tough bow 215  
 Before the fire, we will again essay  
 To bend it, and decide the doubtful strife.

He ended, and Melanthius, kindling fire  
 Beside it placed, with fleeces spread, a form  
 Of length commodious; next, he brought a cake 220  
 Ample and round of suet from within,  
 With which they chafed the bow, then tried again  
 To bend, but bent it not; superior strength  
 To theirs that task required. Yet two, the rest  
 In force surpassing, made no trial yet, 225  
 Antinoüs, and Eurymachus the brave.

Then went the herdsman and the swine-herd forth  
 Together ; after whom, the glorious Chief  
 Himself the house left also, and when all  
 Without the court had met, with gentle speech                    230  
 Ulysses, then, the faithful pair address'd.

Herdsman ! and thou, Eumæus ! shall I keep  
 A certain secret close, or shall I speak  
 Outright ? my spirit prompts me, and I will.  
 What welcome should Ulysses at your hands                    235  
 Receive, arriving suddenly at home,  
 Some God his guide ? would ye the suitors aid,  
 Or would ye aid Ulysses ? answer true.

Then thus the chief intendant of his herds.  
 Would Jove but grant me my desire, to see                    240  
 Once more the Hero, and would some kind Pow'r  
 Restore him, I would shew thee soon an arm  
 Strenuous to serve him, and a dauntless heart.

Eumæus, also, fervently implored  
 The Gods in pray'r, that they would render back                    245  
 Ulysses to his home. He, then, convinced  
 Of their unfeigning honesty, began.

Behold him ! I am he myself, arrived  
 After long sufferings in the twentieth year !  
 I know how welcome to yourselves alone                    250  
 Of all my train I come ; for I have heard  
 None others praying for my safe return.  
 I therefore tell you truth ; should heav'n subdue  
 The suitors under me, ye shall receive

Each

Each at my hands a bride, with lands and house 255  
 Near to my own, and ye shall be thenceforth  
 Dear friends and brothers of the Prince my son.  
 Lo! also this indisputable proof  
 That ye may know and trust me. View it here.  
 It is the scar which in Parnassus erst 260  
 (Where with the sons I hunted of renown'd  
 Autolycus) I from a boar received.

So saying, he stripp'd his tatters, and unveil'd  
 The whole broad scar; then, soon as they had seen  
 And surely recognized the mark, each cast 265  
 His arms around Ulysses, wept, embraced  
 And press'd him to his bosom, kissing oft  
 His brows and shoulders, who as oft their hands  
 And foreheads kiss'd, nor had the setting sun  
 Beheld them satisfied, but that himself 270  
 Ulysses thus admonish'd them, and said.

Cease now from tears, lest any, coming forth,  
 Mark and report them to our foes within.  
 Now, to the hall again, but one by one,  
 Not all at once, I foremost, then yourselves, 275  
 And this shall be the sign. Full well I know  
 That, all unanimous, they will oppose  
 Deliv'ry of the bow and shafts to me;  
 But thou, (proceeding with it to my seat)  
 Eumæus, noble friend! shalt give the bow 280  
 Into my grasp; then bid the women close  
 The massy doors, and should they hear a groan

Or other noise made by the Princes shut  
 Within the hall, let none set step abroad,  
 But all work silent. Be the palace-door 285  
 Thy charge, my good Philœtius! key it fast  
 Without a moment's pause, and fix the \* brace.

He ended, and, returning to the hall,  
 Resum'd his seat; nor stay'd his servants long  
 Without, but follow'd their illustrious Lord. 290  
 Eurymachus was busily employ'd  
 Turning the bow, and chafing it before  
 The sprightly blaze, but, after all, could find  
 No pow'r to bend it. Disappointment wrung  
 A groan from his proud heart, and thus he said. 295

Alas! not only for myself I grieve,  
 But grieve for all. Nor, though I mourn the loss  
 Of such a bride, mourn I that loss alone,  
 (For lovely Grecians may be found no few  
 In Ithaca, and in the neighbour isles) 300  
 But should we so inferior prove at last  
 To brave Ulysses, that no force of ours  
 Can bend his bow, we are for ever shamed.

To whom Antinoüs, thus, Eupithes' son.  
 Not so; (as even thou art well-assured 305  
 Thyself, Eurymachus!) but Phœbus claims  
 This day his own. Who then, on such a day,  
 Would strive to bend it? Let it rather rest.

\* The *δεσμός* seems to have been a strap designed to close the only aperture by which the bolt could be displaced, and the door opened.

And should we leave the rings where now they stand,  
 I trust that none ent'ring Ulysses' house 310  
 Will dare displace them. Cup-bearer, attend!  
 Serve all with wine, that, first, libation made,  
 We may religiously lay down the bow.  
 Command ye too Melanthius, that he drive  
 Hither the fairest goats of all his flocks 315  
 At dawn of day, that burning, first, the thighs  
 To the ethereal archer, we may make  
 New trial, and decide, at length, the strife.  
 So spake Antinoüs, and his counsel pleased.  
 The heralds, then, pour'd water on their hands, 320  
 While youths crown'd high the goblets which they bore  
 From right to left, distributing to all.  
 When each had made libation, and had drunk  
 'Till well sufficed, then, artful to effect  
 His shrewd designs, Ulysses thus began. 325  
 Hear, O ye suitors of th' illustrious Queen,  
 My bosom's dictates. But I shall entreat  
 Chiefly Eurymachus and the godlike youth  
 Antinoüs, whose advice is wisely giv'n.  
 Tamper no longer with the bow, but leave 330  
 The matter with the Gods, who shall decide  
 The strife to-morrow, fav'ring whom they will.  
 Meantime, grant *me* the polish'd bow, that I  
 May trial make among you of my force,  
 If I retain it still in like degree 335  
 As erst, or whether wand'ring and defect  
 Of

Of nourishment have worn it all away.

He said, whom they with indignation heard  
Extreme, alarm'd lest he should bend the bow,  
And sternly thus Antinoüs replied. 340

Desperate vagabond! ah wretch deprived  
Of reason utterly! art not content?  
Esteem'st it not distinction proud enough  
To feast with us the nobles of the land?  
None robs thee of thy share, thou witness'st 345  
Our whole discourse, which, save thyself alone,  
No needy vagrant is allow'd to hear.

Thou art befool'd by wine, as many have been,  
Wide-throated drinkers, unrestrain'd by rule.  
Wine in the mansion of the mighty Chief 350  
Pirithoüs, made the valiant Centaur mad  
Eurytion, at the \* Lapithæan feast.

He drank to drunkenness, and being drunk,  
Committed great enormities beneath  
Pirithous' roof, and such as fill'd with rage 355

The Hero-guests, who therefore by his feet  
Dragg'd him right through the vestibule, amerced  
Of nose and ears, and he departed thence  
Provoked to frenzy by that foul disgrace,  
Whence war between the human kind arose 360

\* When Pirithoüs, one of the Lapithæ, married Hippodamia, daughter of Adraetus, he invited the Centaurs to the wedding. The Centaurs, intoxicated with wine, attempted to ravish the wives of the Lapithæ, who, in resentment of that insult, slew them.

And



And the bold Centaurs—but he first incurred  
By his ebriety that mulct severe.

Great evil, also, if thou bend the bow,  
To thee I prophecy; for thou shalt find  
Advocate or protector none in all

365

This people, but we will dispatch thee hence  
Incontinent on board a fable bark

To Echetus, the scourge of human kind,  
From whom is no escape. Drink then in peace,  
And contest shun with younger men than thou.

370

Him answer'd, then, Penelope discrete.  
Antinoüs! neither seemly were the deed  
Nor just, to maim or harm whatever guest  
Whom here arriv'd Telemachus receives.

Canst thou expect, that should he even prove  
Stronger than ye, and bend the massy bow,  
He will conduct me hence to his own home,  
And make me his own bride? No such design  
His heart conceives, or hope; nor let a dread

375

So vain the mind of any overcloud  
Who banquets here, since it dishonours me.

380

So she; to whom Eurymachus reply'd,  
Offspring of Polybus. O matchless Queen!  
Icarius' prudent daughter! none suspects

That thou wilt wed with him; a mate so mean  
Should ill become thee; but we fear the tongues  
Of either sex, lest some Achaian say

385

Hereafter, (one inferior far to us)

Ah! how unworthy are they to compare  
 With him whose wife they seek! to bend his bow 390  
 Pass'd all their pow'r, yet this poor vagabond,  
 Arriving from what country none can tell,  
 Bent it with ease, and shot through all the rings.  
 So will they speak, and so shall we be shamed.

Then answer, thus, Penelope return'd. 395  
 No fair report, Eurymachus, attends  
 Their names or can, who, riotous as ye,  
 The house dishonour, and consume the wealth  
 Of such a Chief. Why shame ye thus *yourselves*?  
 The guest is of athletic frame, well form'd, 400  
 And large of limb; he boasts him also sprung  
 From noble ancestry. Come then—consent—  
 Give him the bow, that we may see the proof;  
 For thus I say, and thus will I perform;  
 Sure as he bends it, and Apollo gives 405  
 To him that glory, tunic fair and cloak  
 Shall be his meed from me, a javelin keen  
 To guard him against men and dogs, a sword  
 Of double edge, and sandals for his feet,  
 And I will send him whither most he would. 410

Her answer'd then prudent Telemachus.  
 Mother—the bow is mine; and, save myself,  
 No Greek hath right to give it, or refuse.  
 None who in rock-bound Ithaca possess  
 Dominion, none in the steed-pastured isles 415  
 Of Elis, if I chose to make the bow

His

His own for ever, should that choice controul.  
 But thou into the house repairing, ply  
 Spindle and loom, thy province, and enjoin  
 Diligence to thy maidens; for the bow 420  
 Is man's concern alone, and shall be mine  
 Especially, since I am master here.

She heard astonish'd, and the prudent speech  
 Reposing of her son deep in her heart,  
 Withdrew; then mounting with her female train 425  
 To her superior chamber, there she wept  
 Her lost Ulysses, 'till Minerva bathed  
 With balmy dews of sleep her weary lids.  
 And now the noble swine-herd bore the bow  
 Toward Ulysses, but with one voice all 430  
 The suitors, clamorous, reprov'd the deed,  
 Of whom a youth, thus, insolent exclaim'd.

Thou clumsy swine-herd, whither bear'st the bow,  
 Delirious wretch? the hounds that thou hast train'd  
 Shall eat thee at thy solitary home 435  
 Ere long, let but Apollo prove, at last,  
 Propitious to us, and the Pow'rs of heav'n.

So they, whom hearing he replaced the bow  
 Where erst it stood, terrified at the sound  
 Of such loud menaces; on the other side 440  
 Telemachus as loud assail'd his ear.

Friend! forward with the bow; or soon repent  
 That thou obey'dst the many. I will else  
 With huge stones drive thee, younger as I am;

Back to the field. My strength surpaffes thine. 445  
 I would to heav'n that I in force excell'd  
 As far, and prowefs, every fuitor here!  
 So would I foon give rude difmiffion hence  
 To fome, who live but to imagine harm.

He ceas'd, whose words the fuitors laughing heard,  
 And, for their fake, in part their wrath resign'd 451  
 Againft Telemachus; then through the hall  
 Eumæus bore, and to Ulyffes' hand  
 Confin'd the bow; next, fummoning abroad  
 The ancient nurse, he gave her thus in charge. 455

It is the pleasure of Telemachus,  
 Sage Euryclea! that thou key secure  
 The doors; and fhould ye hear, perchance, a groan  
 Or other noife made by the Princes fhut  
 Within the hall, let none look, curious, forth, 460  
 But each in quietnefs purfue her work.

So he; nor flew his words ufelefs away,  
 But fhe, incontinent, fhut faft the doors.  
 Then, noifelefs, fprang Philætius forth, who clos'd  
 The portals alfo of the palace-court. 465  
 A fhip-rope of Ægyptian reed, it chanced,  
 Lay in the vestibule; with that he braced  
 The doors fe curely, and re-entring fill'd  
 Again his feat, but, watchful, eyed his Lord.  
 He, now, affaying with his hand the bow, 470  
 Made curious trial of it ev'ry way,  
 And turn'd it on all fides, left haply worms

Had in its master's absence drill'd the horn.  
Then thus a suitor to his next remark'd.

He hath an eye, methinks, exactly skill'd 475  
In bows, and steals them; or perhaps, at home,  
Hath such himself, or feels a strong desire  
To make them; so inquisitive the rogue  
Adept in mischief, shifts it to and fro!

To whom another, insolent, replied. 480  
I wish him like prosperity in all  
His efforts, as attends his effort made  
On this same bow, which he shall never bend.

So they; but when the wary Hero wife  
Had made his hand familiar with the bow 485  
Poising it and examining—at once—  
As when in harp and song adept, a bard  
Unlab'ring strains the chord to a new lyre,  
The twisted entrails of a sheep below  
With fingers nice inserting, and above, 490  
With such facility Ulysses bent

His own huge bow, and with his right hand play'd  
The nerve, which in its quick vibration sang  
Clear as the swallow's voice. Keen anguish seized  
The suitors, wan grew ev'ry cheek, and Jove 495  
Gave him his rolling thunder for a sign.

That omen, granted to him by the son  
Of wily Saturn, with delight he heard.  
He took a shaft that at the table side  
Lay ready drawn; but in his quiver's womb 500  
The

The rest yet slept, by those Achaians proud  
 To be, ere long, experienced. True he lodg'd  
 The arrow on the centre of the bow,  
 And, occupying still his seat, drew home  
 Nerve and notch'd arrow-head; with stedfast fight 505  
 He aimed and sent it; right through all the rings  
 From first to last the steel-charged weapon flew  
 Issuing beyond, and to his son he spake.

Thou need'st not blush, young Prince, to have received  
 A guest like me; neither my arrow swerved, 510  
 Nor labour'd I long time to draw the bow;  
 My strength is unimpair'd, not such as these  
 In scorn affirm it. But the waning day  
 Calls us to supper, \* after which succeeds  
 Jocund variety, the song, the harp, 515  
 With all that heightens and adorns the feast.

He said, and with his brows gave him the sign.  
 At once the son of the illustrious Chief  
 Slung his keen faulchion, grasp'd his spear, and stood  
 Arm'd bright for battle at his father's side. 520

\* This is an instance of the *Σαρδανιον μαλα τοιον* mentioned in Book XX.; such as, perhaps, could not be easily paralleled. I question if there be a passage, either in antient or modern tragedy, so truly terrible as this seeming levity of Ulysses, in the moment when he was going to begin the slaughter.

# A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

## T W E N T Y - S E C O N D B O O K .

Ulyſſes, with ſome little aſſiſtance from Telemachus, Eumæus and Philœtius, ſlays all the ſuitors, and twelve of the female ſervants who had allowed themſelves in illicit intercourſe with them, are hanged. Melanthius alſo is puniſhed with miſerable mutilation.

## B O O K XXII.

**T**HEN, girding up his rags, Ulyſſes ſprang  
With bow and full-charged quiver to the door;  
Looſe on the broad ſtone at his feet he pour'd  
His arrows, and the ſuitors, thus, beſpake.

This prize, though difficult, hath been atchieved. 5  
Now for another mark which never man  
Struck yet, but I will ſtrike it if I may,  
And if Apollo make that glory mine.

He ſaid, and at Antinoüs aimed direct  
A bitter ſhaft; he, purpoſing to drink, 10  
Both hands advanced toward the golden cup  
Twin-ear'd, nor aught ſuſpected death ſo nigh.  
For who, at the full banquet, could ſuſpect

That

That any single guest, however brave,  
 Should plan his death, and execute the blow ?                   15  
 Yet him Ulysses with an arrow pierced  
 Full in the throat, and through his neck behind  
 Started the glitt'ring point. Aflant he droop'd ;  
 Down fell the goblet, through his nostrils flew  
 The spouted blood, and spurning with his foot                   20  
 The board, he spread his viands in the dust.  
 Confusion, when they saw Antinoüs fall'n,  
 Seized all the suitors ; from the thrones they sprang,  
 Flew ev'ry way, and on all sides explored  
 The palace-walls, but neither sturdy lance                   25  
 As erit, nor buckler could they there discern.  
 Then, furious, to Ulysses thus they spake.  
     Thy arrow, stranger, was ill-aimed ; a man  
 Is no just mark. Thou never shalt dispute  
 Prize more. Inevitable death is thine.                   30  
 For thou hast slain a Prince noblest of all  
 In Ithaca, and shalt be vultures' food.  
     Various their judgments were, but none believed  
 That he had slain him wittingly, nor saw  
 Th' infatuate men fate hov'ring o'er them all.                   35  
 Then thus Ulysses, luring dark, replied.  
     O dogs ! not fearing aught my safe return  
 From Ilium, ye have shorn my substance close,  
 Lain with my women forcibly, and fought,  
 While yet I lived, to make my comfort yours,                   40  
 Heedless of the inhabitants of heav'n

Alike,



Alike, and of the just revenge of man.

But death is on the wing; death for you all.

He said; their cheeks all faded at the sound,  
 And each with sharpen'd eyes search'd ev'ry nook 45  
 For an escape from his impending doom,  
 'Till thus, alone, Eurymachus replied.

If thou indeed art he, the mighty Chief  
 Of Ithaca return'd, thou hast rehears'd  
 With truth the crimes committed by the Greeks 50  
 Frequent, both in thy house and in thy field.

But he, already, who was cause of all,  
 Lies slain, Antinoüs; he thy palace fill'd  
 With outrage, not solicitous so much  
 To win the fair Penelope, but thoughts 55

Far different framing, which Saturnian Jove  
 Hath baffled all; to rule, himself, supreme  
 In noble Ithaca, when he had kill'd  
 By an insidious stratagem thy son.

But he is slain. Now therefore, spare thy own, 60  
 Thy people; public reparation due

Shall sure be thine, and to appease thy wrath  
 For all the waste that, eating, drinking here  
 We have committed, we will yield thee, each,  
 Full twenty beeves, gold paying thee beside 65

And brass, 'till joy shall fill thee at the fight,  
 However just thine anger was before.

To whom Ulysses, frowning stern, replied.  
 Eurymachus, would ye contribute each

His whole inheritance, and other fums 70  
 Still add beside, ye should not, even so,  
 These hands of mine bribe to abstain from blood,  
 'Till ev'ry sutor suffer for his wrong.

Ye have your choice. Fight with me, or escape  
 (Whoever may) the terrours of his fate, 75  
 But ye all perish, if my thought be true.

He ended, they with trembling knees and hearts  
 All heard, whom thus Eurymachus address'd.

To your defence, my friends ! for respite none  
 Will he to his victorious hands afford, 80  
 But, arm'd with bow and quiver, will dispatch  
 Shafts from the door 'till he have slain us all.  
 Therefore to arms—draw each his sword—oppose  
 The tables to his shafts, and all at once  
 Rush on him ; that, dislodging him at least 85  
 From portal and from threshold, we may give  
 The city on all sides a loud alarm,  
 So shall this archer soon have shot his last.

Thus saying, he drew his brazen faulchion keen  
 Of double edge, and with a dreadful cry 90  
 Sprang on him ; but Ulysses with a shaft  
 In that same moment through his bosom driv'n  
 Transfix'd his liver, and down dropp'd his sword.  
 He, staggering around his table, fell  
 Convolv'd in agonies, and overturn'd 95  
 Both food and wine ; his forehead smote the floor ;  
 Woe fill'd his heart, and spurning with his heels

His vacant feat, he shook it 'till he died.  
 Then, with his faulchion drawn, Amphinomus  
 Advanced to drive Ulysses from the door, 100  
 And fierce was his assault; but, from behind,  
 Telemachus between his shoulders fix'd  
 A brazen lance, and urged it through his breast.  
 Full on his front, with hideous sound, he fell.  
 Leaving the weapon planted in his spine 105  
 Back flew Telemachus, left, 'had he stood  
 Drawing it forth, some enemy, perchance,  
 Should either pierce him with a sudden thrust  
 Oblique, or hew him with a downright edge.  
 Swift, therefore, to his father's side he ran, 110  
 Whom reaching, in wing'd accents thus he said.

My father! I will now bring thee a shield,  
 An helmet, and two spears; I will enclose  
 Myself in armour also, and will give  
 Both to the herdsmen and Eumæus arms 115  
 Expedient now, and needful for us all.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.  
 Run; fetch them, while I yet have arrows left,  
 Left, single, I be jostled from the door.

He said, and, at his word, forth went the Prince, 120  
 Seeking the chamber where he had secured  
 The armour. Thence he took four shields, eight spears,  
 With four hair-crested helmets, charged with which  
 He hasted to his father's side again,  
 And, arming first himself, furnish'd with arms 125

His two attendants. Then, all clad alike  
 In splendid brass, beside the dauntless Chief  
 Ulysses, his auxiliars firm they stood.  
 He, while a single arrow unemploy'd  
 Lay at his foot, right-aiming, ever pierced 130  
 Some sutor through, and heaps on heaps they fell.  
 But when his arrows fail'd the royal Chief,  
 His bow reclining at the portal's side  
 Against the palace-wall, he flung, himself,  
 A four-fold buckler on his arm, he fix'd 135  
 A casque whose crest waved awful o'er his brows  
 On his illustrious head, and fill'd his gripe  
 With two stout spears, well-headed, both, with brass.  
 There was a certain postern\* in the wall  
 At the gate-side, the customary pass 140  
 Into a narrow street, but barr'd secure.  
 Ulysses bade his faithful swine-herd watch  
 That egress, station'd near it, for it own'd  
 One sole approach; then Agelaüs loud  
 Exhorting all the suitors, thus exclaim'd. 145  
 Oh friends! will none, ascending to the door  
 Of yonder postern, summon to our aid  
 The populace, and spread a wide alarm?

\* If the ancients found it difficult to ascertain clearly the situation of this *επισθύρη*, well may we. The Translator has given it the position which to him appeared most probable.—There seem to have been two of these posterns, one leading to a part from which the town might be alarmed, the other to the chamber to which Telemachus went for armour. There was one, perhaps, on each side of the portal, and they appear to have been at some height above the floor.

So shall this archer soon have shot his last.

To whom the keeper of the goats replied 150

Melanthius. Agelaüs! Prince renown'd!

That may not be. The postern and the gate\*

Neighbour too near each other, and to force

The narrow egress were a vain attempt;

One valiant man might thence repulse us all. 155

But come—myself will furnish you with arms

Fetch'd from above; for there, as I suppose,

(And not elsewhere) Ulysses and his son

Have hidden them, and there they shall be found.

So spake Melanthius, and, ascending, fought 160

Ulysses' chambers through the winding stairs

And galleries of the house. Twelve bucklers thence

He took, as many spears, and helmets bright

As many, shagg'd with hair, then swift return'd

And gave them to his friends. Trembled the heart 165

Of brave Ulysses, and his knees, at sight

Of his opposers putting armour on,

And shaking each his spear; arduous indeed

Now seem'd his task, and in wing'd accents brief

Thus to his son Telemachus he spake. 170

Either some woman of our train contrives

Hard battle for us, furnishing with arms

The suitors, or Melanthius arms them all.

Him answer'd then Telemachus discrete.

Father, this fault was mine, and be it charged 175

\* At which Ulysses stood.

On none beside; I left the chamber-door  
 Unbarr'd, which, more attentive than myself,  
 Their spy perceived. But haste, Eumæus, shut  
 The chamber-door, observing well, the while,  
 If any women of our train have done 180  
 This deed, or whether, as I more suspect,  
 Melanthius, Dolius' son, have giv'n them arms.

Thus mutual they conferr'd; meantime, again  
 Melanthius to the chamber flew in quest  
 Of other arms. Eumæus, as he went, 185  
 Mark'd him, and to Ulysses thus he spake.

Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 Behold, the traitor, whom ourselves supposed,  
 Seeks yet again the chamber! Tell me plain,  
 Shall I, should I superior prove in force, 190  
 Slay him, or shall I drag him thence to thee,  
 That he may suffer at thy hands the doom  
 Due to his treasons perpetrated oft  
 Against thee, here, even in thy own house?

Then answer thus Ulysses shrewd return'd. 195  
 I, with Telemachus, will here immew  
 The lordly suitors close, rage as they may.  
 Ye two, the while, bind fast Melanthius' hands  
 And feet behind his back, then cast him bound  
 Into the chamber, and (the door secured) 200  
 Pass underneath his arms a double chain,  
 And by a pillar's top weigh him aloft  
 'Till he approach the rafters, there to endure,

Living long time, the mis'ries he hath earned.

He spake; they prompt obey'd; together both 205

They fought the chamber, whom the wretch within

Heard not, exploring ev'ry nook for arms.

They watching stood the door, from which, at length,

Forth came Melanthius, bearing in one hand

A casque, and in the other a broad shield 210

Time-worn and chapp'd with drought, which in his youth

Warlike Laertes had been wont to bear.

Long time neglected it had lain, 'till age

Had loos'd the futures of its bands. At once

Both, springing on him, seized and drew him in 215

Forcibly by his locks, then cast him down

Prone on the pavement, trembling at his fate.

With painful stricture of the cord his hands

They bound and feet together at his back,

As their illustrious master had enjoined, 220

Then weigh'd him with a double chain aloft

By a tall pillar to the palace-roof,

And thus, deriding him, Eumæus spake.

Now, good Melanthius, on that fleecy bed

Reclined, as well befits thee, thou wilt watch 225

All night, nor when the golden dawn forsakes

The ocean stream, will she escape thine eye,

But thou wilt duly to the palace drive

The fattest goats, a banquet for thy friends.

So saying, he left him in his dreadful sling. 230

Then, arming both, and barring fast the door,

They

They fought brave Laertiades again.  
 And now, courageous at the portal stood  
 Those four, by numbers in the interior house  
 Opposed of adversaries fierce in arms, 235  
 When Pallas, in the form and with the voice  
 Approach'd of Mentor, whom Laertes' son  
 Beheld, and joyful at the sight, exclaim'd.

Help, Mentor! help—now recollect a friend  
 And benefactor, born when thou wast born. 240

So he, not unsuspecting that he saw  
 Pallas, the heroine of heav'n. Meantime  
 The suitors fill'd with menaces the dome,  
 And Agelaüs, first, Damastor's son,  
 In accents harsh rebuked the Goddess thus. 245

Beware, oh Mentor! that he lure thee not  
 To oppose the suitors and to aid himself,  
 For thus will we. Ulysses and his son  
 Both slain, in vengeance of thy purpos'd deeds  
 Against us, we will slay *thee* next, and thou 250  
 With thy own head shalt satisfy the wrong.  
 Your force thus quell'd in battle, all thy wealth  
 Whether in house or field, mingled with his,  
 We will confiscate, neither will we leave  
 Or son of thine, or daughter in thy house 255  
 Alive, nor shall thy virtuous consort more  
 Within the walls of Ithaca be seen.

He ended, and his words with wrath inflamed  
 Minerva's heart the more; incensed, she turn'd

Toward



Toward Ulysses, whom she thus reproved. 260

Thou neither own'st the courage nor the force,  
 Ulysses, now, which nine whole years thou show'd'st  
 At Ilium, waging battle obstinate  
 For high-born Helen, and in horrid fight  
 Destroying multitudes, 'till thy advice 265

At last lay'd Priam's bulwark'd city low.  
 Why, in possession of thy proper home  
 And substance, mourn'st thou want of pow'r t' oppose  
 The suitors? Stand beside me, mark my deeds,  
 And thou shalt own Mentor Alcimides 270

A valiant friend, and mindful of thy love.  
 She spake; nor made she victory as yet  
 Entire his own, proving the valour, first,  
 Both of the sire and of his glorious son,  
 But, springing in a swallow's form aloft, 275  
 Perch'd on a rafter of the splendid roof.

Then, Agelaüs animated loud  
 The suitors, whom Eurynomus also rous'd,  
 Amphimedon, and Demoptolemus,  
 And Polyctorides, Pisander named, 280

And Polybus the brave; for noblest far  
 Of all the suitor-chiefs who now survived  
 And fought for life were these. The bow had quell'd  
 And shafts, in quick succession sent, the rest.  
 Then Agelaüs, thus, harangued them all. 285

We soon shall tame, O friends, this warrior's might,  
 Whom Mentor, after all his airy vaunts

Hath left, and at the portal now remain  
 Themselves alone. Dismiss not therefore, all,  
 Your spears together, but with six alone 290  
 Assail them first; Jove willing, we shall pierce  
 Ulysses, and subduing him, shall slay  
 With ease the rest; their force is safely scorn'd.

He ceas'd; and, as he bade, six hurl'd the spear  
 Together; but Minerva gave them all 295  
 A devious flight; \* one struck a column, one  
 The planks of the broad portal, and a third  
 Flung right his ashen beam pondrous with brass  
 Against the wall. Then (ev'ry sutor's spear  
 Eluded) thus Ulysses gave the word— 300

Now friends! I counsel you that ye dismiss  
 Your spears at *them*, who, not content with past  
 Enormities, thirst also for our blood.

He said, and with unerring aim all threw  
 Their glittering spears. Ulysses on the ground 305  
 Stretch'd Demoptolemus; Euryades  
 Fell by Telemachus; the swine-herd flew  
 Elätus, and the keeper of the beeves  
 Pisander; in one moment all alike  
 Lay grinding with their teeth the dusty floor. 310  
 Back flew the suitors to the farthest wall,  
 On whom those valiant four advancing, each  
 Recover'd, quick, his weapon from the dead.

\* The deviation of three only is described, which must be understood, therefore,  
 as instances of the ill success of all.

Then

Then hurl'd the desprate fuitors yet again  
 Their glitt'ring spears, but Pallas gave to each 315  
 A frustrate course; one struck a column, one  
 The planks of the broad portal, and a third  
 Flung full his ashen beam against the wall.  
 Yet pierced Amphimedon the Prince's wrist,  
 But slightly, a skin-wound, and o'er his shield 320  
 Ctesippus reach'd the shoulder of the good  
 Eumæus, but his glancing weapon swift  
 O'erflew the mark, and fell. And now the four,  
 Ulysses, dauntless Hero, and his friends  
 All hurl'd their spears together in return, 325  
 Himself Ulysses, city-waster Chief,  
 Wounded Eurydamas; Ulysses' son  
 Amphimedon; the swine-herd Polybus;  
 And in his breast the keeper of the beeves  
 Ctesippus, glorying over whom, he cried. 330  
 Oh son of Polytherfes! whose delight  
 Hath been to taunt and jeer, never again  
 Boast foolishly, but to the Gods commit  
 Thy tongue, since they are mightier far than thou.  
 Take this—a compensation for thy pledge 335  
 Of hospitality, the huge ox-hoof,  
 Which while he roam'd the palace, begging alms,  
 Ulysses at thy bounteous hand received.  
 So gloried he; then, grasping still his spear,  
 Ulysses pierced Damastor's son, and, next, 340  
 Telemachus, enforcing his long beam.

Sheer through his bowels and his back, transfierced  
 Leiocritus; he prostrate smote the floor.  
 Then, Pallas from the lofty roof held forth  
 Her host-confounding Ægis o'er their heads, 345  
 With'ring their souls with fear. They through the hall  
 Fled, scatter'd as an herd, which rapid-wing'd  
 The gad-fly dissipates, infester fell  
 Of beeves, when vernal suns shine hot and long.  
 \* But, as when bow-beak'd vultures crooked-claw'd 350  
 Stoop from the mountains on the smaller fowl;  
 Terrified at the toils that spread the plain  
 The flock takes wing, they, darting from above,  
 Strike, seize, and flay, resistance or escape  
 Is none, the fowler's heart leaps with delight, 355  
 So they, pursuing through the spacious hall  
 The suitors, smote them on all sides, their heads  
 Sounded beneath the sword, with hideous groans  
 The palace rang, and the floor foam'd with blood.  
 Then flew Leiodes to Ulyffes' knees, 360  
 Which clasping, in wing'd accents thus he cried.  
 I clasp thy knees, Ulyffes! oh respect  
 My suit, and spare me! Never have I word  
 Injurious spoken, or injurious deed

\* In this simile we seem to have a curious account of the antient manner of fowling. The nets (for *νετρα* is used in that sense by Aristophanes) were spread on a plain; on an adjoining rising ground were stationed they who had charge of the vultures, (such Homer calls them) which were trained to the sport. The alarm being given to the birds below, the vultures were loosed, when if any of them escaped their talons, the nets were ready to enclose them. See Eustathius. Dacier. Clarke.

Attempted 'gainst the women of thy house, 365  
 But others, so transgressing, oft forbad.  
 Yet they abstain'd not, and a dreadful fate  
 Due to their wickedness have, therefore, found.  
 But I, their soothsayer alone, must fall,  
 Though unoffending; such is the return 370  
 By mortals made for benefits received!

To whom Ulysses, louting-dark, replied.  
 Is that thy boast? Hast thou indeed for these  
 The seer's high office fill'd? Then, doubtless, oft  
 Thy pray'r hath been that distant far might prove 375  
 The day delectable of my return,  
 And that my comfort might thy own become  
 To bear thee children; wherefore thee I doom  
 To a dire death which thou shalt not avoid.

So saying, he caught the falchion from the floor 380  
 Which Agelaüs had let fall, and smote  
 Leiodes, while he kneel'd, athwart his neck  
 So suddenly, that ere his tongue had ceased  
 To plead for life, his head was in the dust.  
 But Phemius, son of Terpius, bard divine, 385  
 Who, through compulsion, with his song regaled  
 The suitors, a like dreadful death escaped.  
 Fast by the postern, harp in hand, he stood,  
 Doubtful if, issuing, he should take his seat  
 Beside the altar of Hercæan \* Jove, 390

\* So called because he was worshipped within the ἔρκος or wall that surrounded the court.

Where oft Ulyffes offer'd, and his fire,  
 Fat thighs of beeves, or whether he should hafte,  
 An earnest fuppliant, to embrace his knees.  
 That courfe, at length, moft pleas'd him ; then, between  
 The beaker and an argent-ftudded throne 395  
 He grounded his fweet lyre, and feizing faft  
 The Hero's knees, him, fuppliant, thus addrefs'd.

I clasp thy knees, Ulyffes ! oh refpect  
 My fuit, and spare me. Thou fhalt not efcape  
 Regret thyfelf hereafter, if thou flay 400  
 Me, charmer of the woes of Gods and men.  
 Self-taught am I, and treasure in my mind  
 Themes of all argument from heav'n inspired,  
 And I can fing to thee as to a God.

Ah, then, behold me not. Put ev'n the wifh 405  
 Far from thee ! for thy own beloved fon  
 Can witness, that not drawn by choice, or driv'n  
 By ftrefs of want, reforting to thine houfe  
 I have regaled thefe revellers fo oft,  
 But under force of mightier far than I. 410

So he ; whose words foon as the facred might  
 Heard of Telemachus, approaching quick  
 His father, thus, humane, he interpos'd.

Hold—Harm not with the vengeful faulchion's edge  
 This blamelefs man ; and we will alfo spare 415  
 Medon the herald, who hath ever been  
 A watchful guardian of my boyifh years,  
 Unless Philcetus have already flain him,

Or

Or else Eumæus, or thyself, perchance,  
Unconscious, in the tumult of our foes. 420

He spake, whom Medon hearing (for he lay  
Beneath a throne, and in a new-stript hide  
Enfolded, trembling with the dread of death)  
Sprang from his hiding-place, and casting off  
The skin, flew to Telemachus, embraced 425  
His knees, and in wing'd accents thus exclaim'd.

Prince! I am here—oh, pity me! repress  
Thine own, and pacify thy father's wrath,  
That he destroy not me, through fierce revenge  
Of their iniquities who have consumed 430  
His wealth, and, in their folly, scorn'd his son.

To whom Ulysses, ever-wise, replied,  
Smiling complacent. Fear not; my own son  
Hath pleaded for thee. Therefore (taught thyself  
That truth) teach others the superior worth 435  
Of benefits with injuries compared.

But go ye forth, thou and the sacred bard,  
That ye may sit distant in yonder court  
From all this carnage, while I give command,  
Myself, concerning it, to those within. 440

He ceas'd; they going forth, took each his seat  
Beside Jove's altar, but with careful looks  
Suspicious, dreading without cease the sword.  
Meantime Ulysses search'd his hall, in quest  
Of living foes, if any still survived 445  
Unpunish'd; but he found them all alike

Welt'ring

Welt'ring in dust and blood; num'rous they lay  
 Like fishes when they strew the sinuous shore  
 Of Ocean, from the grey gulph drawn aground  
 In nets of many a mesh; they on the sands 450  
 Lie spread, athirst for the salt wave, 'till hot  
 The gazing sun dries all their life away;  
 So lay the suitors heap'd, and thus at length  
 The prudent Chief gave order to his son.

Telemachus! bid Euryclea come 455  
 Quickly, the nurse, to whom I would impart  
 The purpose which now occupies me most.

He said; obedient to his sire, the Prince  
 Smote on the door, and summon'd loud the nurse.

Arise, thou ancient governess of all 460  
 Our female menials, and come forth; attend  
 My father; he hath somewhat for thine ear.

So he; nor flew his words usefess away,  
 For, throwing wide the portal, forth she came,  
 And, by Telemachus conducted, found 465  
 Ere long Ulysses amid all the slain,  
 With blood defiled and dust; dread he appear'd  
 As from the pastur'd ox newly-devoured  
 The lion stalking back; his ample chest  
 With gory drops and his broad cheeks are hung, 470  
 Tremendous spectacle! such seem'd the Chief,  
 Blood-stain'd all over. She, the carnage spread  
 On all sides seeing, and the pools of blood,  
 Felt impulse forcible to publish loud

That



That wond'rous triumph; but her Lord repress'd 475  
 The shout of rapture ere it burst abroad,  
 And in wing'd accents thus his will enforced.

Silent exult, O antient matron dear!  
 Shout not, be still. Unholy is the voice  
 Of loud thanksgiving over slaughter'd men. 480

Their own atrocious deeds and the Gods' will  
 Have slain all these; for whether noble guest  
 Arrived or base, they scoff'd at all alike,  
 And for their wickedness have, therefore, died.  
 But say; of my domestic women, who 485  
 Have scorn'd me, and whom find'st thou innocent?

To whom good Euryclea thus replied.  
 My son! I will declare the truth; thou keep'st  
 Female domestics fifty in thy house,  
 Whom we have made intelligent to comb 490  
 The fleece, and to perform whatever task.

Of these, twice six have overpass'd the bounds  
 Of modesty, respecting neither me,  
 Nor yet the Queen; and thy own son, adult  
 So lately, no permission had from her 495  
 To regulate the women of her train.  
 But I am gone, I fly with what hath pass'd  
 To the Queen's ear, who nought suspects, so sound  
 She sleeps, by some divinity compos'd.

Then answer, thus, Ulysses wife returned. 500  
 Hush, and disturb her not. Go. Summon first  
 Those wantons, who have long deserved to die.

He ceas'd; then issued forth the antient dame  
 To summon those bad women, and, meantime,  
 Calling his son, Philœtius, and Eumæus, 505  
 Ulysses in wing'd accents thus began.

Bestir ye, and remove the dead; command  
 Those women also to your help; then cleanse  
 With bibulous sponges and with water all  
 The seats and tables; when ye shall have thus 510  
 Set all in order, lead those women forth,  
 And in the centre of the spacious court,  
 Between the scull'ry and the outer-wall  
 Smite them with your broad faulchions 'till they lose  
 In death the mem'ry of their secret loves 515  
 Indulged with wretches lawless as themselves.

He ended, and the damsels came at once  
 All forth, lamenting, and with tepid tears  
 Show'ring the ground; with mutual labour, first,  
 Bearing the bodies forth into the court, 520  
 They lodged them in the portico; meantime  
 Ulysses, stern, enjoin'd them haste, and, urged  
 By sad necessity, they bore all out.

With sponges and with water, next, they cleansed  
 The thrones and tables, while Telemachus 525  
 Beesom'd the floor, Eumæus in that work  
 Aiding him and the keeper of the beeves,  
 And those twelve damsels bearing forth the soil.  
 Thus, order giv'n to all within, they, next,  
 Led forth the women, whom they shut between 530

The

The scull'ry and the outer-wall in close  
 Durance, from which no pris'ner could escape,  
 And thus Telemachus discrete began.

An honourable death is not for these  
 By my advice, who have so often heap'd 535  
 Reproach on mine and on my mother's head,  
 And held lewd commerce with the sutor-train

He said, and noosing a strong galley-rope  
 To an huge column, led the cord around  
 The spacious dome, suspended so aloft 540

That none with quiv'ring feet might reach the floor.  
 As when a flight of doves ent'ring the copse,  
 Or broad-wing'd thrushes, strike against the net  
 Within, ill rest, entangled, there they find,  
 So they, suspended by the neck, expired 545

All in one line together. Death abhorr'd!  
 With restless feet awhile they beat the air,  
 Then ceas'd. And now through vestibule and hall  
 They led Melanthius forth. With ruthless steel  
 They pared away his ears and nose, pluck'd forth 550  
 His parts of shame, destin'd to feed the dogs,  
 And, still indignant, lopp'd his hands and feet.

Then, laving each his feet and hands, they fought  
 Again Ulysses; all their work was done,  
 And thus the Chief to Euryclea spake. 555

Bring blast-averting sulphur, nurse, bring fire!  
 That I may fumigate my walls; then bid  
 Penelope with her attendants down,

And fummon all the women of her train.

But Euryclea, thus, his nurse replied. 560

My son! thou hast well said; yet will I first  
Serve thee with vest and mantle. Stand not here  
In thy own palace cloath'd with tatters foul,  
And beggarly—she will abhor the sight.

Then answer thus Ulysses wife return'd. 565  
Not so. Bring fire for fumigation first.

He said; nor Euryclea his lov'd nurse  
Longer delay'd, but sulphur brought and fire,  
When he with purifying steams, himself,  
Visited ev'ry part, the banquet-room, 570

The vestibule, the court. Ranging meantime  
His house magnificent, the matron call'd  
The women to attend their Lord in haste,  
And they attended, bearing each a torch.  
Then gather'd they around him all, sincere 575

Welcoming his return; with close embrace  
Enfolding him, each kiss'd his brows, and each  
His shoulders, and his hands lock'd fast in hers.  
He, irresistible the impulse felt  
To sigh and weep, well recognizing all. 580

A R G U M E N T

O F T H E

T W E N T Y - T H I R D B O O K.

Ulyſſes, with ſome difficulty, convinces Penelope of his identity, who, at length, overcome by force of evidence, receives him to her arms with tranſport. He entertains her with a recital of his adventures, and in his narration the principal events of the poem are recapitulated. In the morning, Ulyſſes, Telemachus, the herdsman and the ſwine-herd, depart into the country.

B O O K XXIII.

**A**ND now, with exultation loud the nurſe  
Again aſcended, eager to apprize  
The Queen of her Ulyſſes' ſafe return ;  
Joy braced her knees, with nimbleneſs of youth  
She ſtepp'd, and at her ear, her thus beſpake. 5  
Arife, Penelope ! dear daughter, ſee  
With thy own eyes thy daily wiſh fulfill'd.  
Ulyſſes is arrived ; hath reach'd at laſt  
His native home, and all thoſe ſuitors proud  
Hath ſlaughter'd, who his family diſtreſs'd, 10  
His ſubſtance waſted, and controul'd his ſon.  
To

To whom Penelope discrete replied.

Dear nurse ! the Gods have surely ta'en away  
 Thy judgment ; they transform the wife to fools,  
 And fools conduct to wisdom, and have marr'd 15  
 Thy intellect, who wast discrete before.  
 Why wilt thou mock me, wretched as I am,  
 With tales extravagant ? and why disturb  
 Those slumbers sweet that seal'd so fast mine eyes ?  
 For such sweet slumbers have I never known 20  
 Since my Ulysses on his voyage fail'd  
 To that bad city never to be named.

Down instant to thy place again—begone—  
 For had another of my maidens dared  
 Disturb my sleep with tidings wild as these, 25  
 I had dismiss'd her down into the house  
 More roughly ; but thine age excuses *thee*.

To whom the venerable matron thus.

I mock thee not, my child ; no—he is come—  
 Himself, Ulysses, even as I say, 30  
 That stranger, object of the scorn of all.  
 Telemachus well knew his sire arrived,  
 But prudently conceal'd the tidings, so  
 To insure the more the suitor's punishment.

So Euryclea ; she transported heard, 35  
 And springing from the bed, wrapp'd in her arms  
 The antient woman, shedding tears of joy,  
 And in wing'd accents ardent thus replied.

Ah

Ah then, dear nurse inform me! tell me true!  
 Hath he indeed arriv'd as thou declar'ft: 40  
 How dared he to affail alone that band  
 Of shameless ones, for ever swarming here?  
 Then Euryclea, thus, matron belov'd.  
 I nothing saw or knew; but only heard  
 Groans of the wounded; in th' interior house 45  
 We trembling sat, and ev'ry door was fast.  
 Thus all remain'd, 'till by his father sent,  
 Thy own son call'd me forth. Going, I found  
 Ulysses compass'd by the slaughter'd dead.  
 They cover'd wide the pavement, heaps on heaps. 50  
 It would have cheer'd thy heart to have beheld  
 Thy husband lion-like with crimson stains  
 Of slaughter and of dust all dappled o'er.  
 Heap'd in the portal, at this moment, lie  
 Their bodies, and he fumigates, meantime, 55  
 The house with sulphur and with flames of fire,  
 And hath, himself, sent me to bid thee down.  
 Follow me, then, that ye may give your hearts  
 To gladness, both, for ye have much endured;  
 But the event, so long your soul's desire, 60  
 Is come; himself hath to his household Gods  
 Alive return'd, thee and his son he finds  
 Unharm'd and at your home, nor hath he left  
 Unpunish'd one of all his enemies.  
 Her answer'd, then, Penelope discrete. 65  
 Ah dearest nurse! indulge not to excess

This dang'rous triumph. Thou art well apprized  
 How welcome his appearance here would prove  
 To all, but chief, to me, and to his son,  
 Fruit of our love. But these things are not so;      70  
 Some God, resentful of their evil deeds,  
 And of their biting contumely severe,  
 Hath slain those proud; for whether noble guest  
 Arrived or base, alike they scoff'd at all,  
 And for their wickedness have therefore died.      75  
 But my Ulysses distant far, I know,  
 From Greece hath perish'd, and returns no more.

To whom thus Euryclea, nurse below'd.  
 What word, my daughter, hath escaped thy lips,  
 Who thus affirm'st thy husband, now within      80  
 And at his own hearth-side, for ever lost?  
 Canst thou be thus incredulous? Hear again—  
 I give thee yet proof past dispute, his scar  
 Imprinted by a wild-boar's iv'ry tusk.  
 Laving him I remark'd it, and desired,      85  
 Myself, to tell thee, but he, ever wise,  
 Compressing with both hands my lips, forbade.  
 Come, follow me. My life shall be the pledge.  
 If I deceive thee, kill me as thou wilt.

To whom Penelope, discrete, replied.      90  
 Ah, dearest nurse, sagacious as thou art,  
 Thou little know'st to scan the counsels wife  
 Of the eternal Gods. But let us seek  
 My son, however, that I may behold



The fuitors dead, and him by whom they died. 95

So faying, ſhe left her chamber, mufing much

In her defcent, whether to interrogate

Her Lord apart, or whether to imprint,

At once, his hands with kifles and his brows.

O'erpaſſing light the portal-ſtep of ſtone 100

She enter'd. He fat oppoſite, illumed

By the hearth's ſprightly blaze, and cloſe before

A pillar of the dome, waiting with eyes

Downcaſt, 'till viewing him, his noble ſpouſe

Should ſpeak to him; but ſhe fat ſilent long, 105

Her faculties in mute amazement held.

By turns ſhe rivetted her eyes on his,

And, ſecing him ſo foul attired, by turns

She recognized him not; then ſpake her ſon

Telemachus, and her ſilence thus reprovd. 110

My mother! ah my hapleſs and my moſt

Obdurate mother! wherefore thus aloof

Shunn'ſt thou my father, neither at his ſide

Sitting affectionate, nor utt'ring word?

Another wife lives not who could endure 115

Such diſtance from her husband new-return'd

To his own country in the twentieth year,

After much hardſhip; but thy heart is ſtill

As ever, leſs impreſſible than ſtone.

To whom Penelope, diſcrete, replied. 120

I am all wonder, O my ſon; my ſoul

Is ſtunn'd within me; pow'r to ſpeak to him

Or to interrogate him have I none,  
 Or ev'n to look on him; but if indeed  
 He be Ulyffes, and have reach'd his home,                   125  
 I shall believe it soon, by proof convinced  
 Of signs, known only to himself and me.

She said; then smiled the Hero toil-inured,  
 And in wing'd accents thus spake to his son.

Leave thou, Telemachus, thy mother here                   130  
 To sift and prove me; she will know me soon  
 More certainly; she sees me ill-attired  
 And squalid now; therefore she shews me scorn,  
 And no belief hath yet that I am he.  
 But we have need, thou and myself, of deep                   135  
 Deliberation. If a man have slain  
 One only citizen, who leaves behind  
 Few interested to avenge his death,  
 Yet, flying, he forsakes both friends and home;  
 But we have slain the noblest Princes far                   140  
 Of Ithaca, on whom our city most  
 Depended; therefore, I advise thee, think!

Him, prudent, then answer'd Telemachus.

Be that thy care, my father! for report  
 Proclaims *thee* shrewdest of mankind, with whom                   145  
 In ingenuity may none compare.  
 Lead thou; to follow thee shall be our part  
 With prompt alacrity; nor shall, I judge,  
 Courage be wanting to our utmost force.

Thus

Thus then replied Ulysses, ever-wife. 150  
 To me the safest counsel and the best  
 Seems this. First wash yourselves, and put ye on  
 Your tunics; bid ye, next, the maidens take  
 Their best attire, and let the bard divine  
 Harping melodious play a sportive dance, 155  
 That, whether passenger or neighbour hear,  
 All may imagine nuptials held within.  
 So shall not loud report that we have slain  
 All those, alarm the city, 'till we gain  
 Our woods and fields, where, once arriv'd, such plans  
 We will devise, as Jove shall deign to inspire. 161  
 He spake, and all, obedient, in the bath  
 First laved themselves, then put their tunics on;  
 The damsels also dress'd, and the sweet bard,  
 Harping melodious, kindled strong desire 165  
 In all, of jocund song and graceful dance.  
 The palace under all its vaulted roof  
 Remurmur'd to the feet of sportive youths  
 And cinctured maidens, while no few abroad,  
 Hearing such revelry within, remark'd.— 170  
 The Queen with many wooers, weds at last.  
 Ah fickle and unworthy fair! too frail  
 Always to keep inviolate the house  
 Of her first Lord, and wait for his return.  
 So spake the people; but they little knew 175  
 What had befall'n. Eurynome, meantime,  
 With bath and unction serv'd th' illustrious Chief

Ulyffes, and he faw himfelf attired  
 Royally once again in his own houfe.  
 Then, Pallas over all his features fhed 180  
 Superior beauty, dignified his form  
 With added amplitude, and pour'd his curls  
 Like hyacinthine flow'rs down from his brows.  
 As when fome artift by Minerva made  
 And Vulcan, wife to execute all tasks 185  
 Ingenious, borders filver with a wreath  
 Of gold, accomplifhing a graceful work,  
 Such grace the Goddefs o'er his ample cheft  
 Copious diffufed, and o'er his manly brows.  
 He, godlike, stepping from the bath, refum'd 190  
 His former feat magnificent, and fat  
 Oppofite to the Queen, to whom he faid.  
 Penelope! the Gods to thee have giv'n  
 Of all thy fex, the moft obdurate heart.  
 Another wife lives not who could endure 195  
 Such diftance from her husband new-return'd  
 To his own country in the twentieth year,  
 After fuch hardfhip. But prepare me, nurfe,  
 A bed, for folitary I muft fleep,  
 Since fhe is iron, and feels not for me. 200  
 Him, answer'd then prudent Penelope.  
 I neither magnify thee, fir! nor yet  
 Depreciate thee, nor is my wonder fuch  
 As hurries me at once into thy arms,  
 Though my remembrance perfectly retains, 205  
 Such

Such as he was, Ulysses, when he fail'd  
 On board his bark from Ithaca—Go, nurse,  
 Prepare his bed, but not within the walls  
 Of his own chamber built with his own hands.  
 Spread it without, and spread it well with warm 210  
 Mantles, with fleeces, and with richest rugs.

So spake she, \* proving him, and, not untouch'd  
 With anger at that word, thus he replied.

Penelope, that order grates my ear.  
 Who hath displaced my bed? The task were hard 215  
 E'en to an artist; other than a God  
 None might with ease remove it; as for man,  
 It might defy the stoutest in his prime  
 Of youth, to heave it to a different spot.  
 For in that bed elaborate, a sign, 220  
 A special sign consists; I was myself  
 The artificer; I fashion'd it alone.  
 Within the court a leafy olive grew  
 Lofty, luxuriant, pillar-like in girth.  
 Around this tree I built, with massy stones 225  
 Cemented close, my chamber, roof'd it o'er,  
 And hung the glutinated portals on.  
 I lopp'd the ample foliage and the boughs,

\* The proof consisted in this—that the bed being attached to the stump of an olive tree still rooted, was immovable, and Ulysses having made it himself, no person present, he must needs be apprized of the impossibility of her orders, if he were indeed Ulysses; accordingly, this demonstration of his identity satisfies all her scruples.

And sev'ring near the root its solid bole,  
 Smooth'd all the rugged stump with skilful hand, 230  
 And wrought it to a pedestal well squared  
 And modell'd by the line. I wimble, next,  
 The frame throughout, and from the olive-stump  
 Beginning, fashion'd the whole bed above  
 'Till all was finish'd, plated o'er with gold, 235  
 With silver, and with ivory, and beneath  
 Close interlaced with purple cordage strong.  
 Such sign I give thee. But if still it stand  
 Unmoved, or if some other, sev'ring sheer  
 The olive from its bottom, have displaced 240  
 My bed—that matter is best known to thee.

He ceas'd; she, conscious of the sign so plain  
 Giv'n by Ulysses, heard with flutt'ring heart  
 And fault'ring knees that proof. Weeping she ran  
 Direct toward him, threw her arms around 245  
 The Hero, kiss'd his forehead, and replied.

Ah my Ulysses! pardon me—frown not—  
 Thou, who at other times hast ever shown  
 Superior wisdom! all our griefs have flow'd  
 From the Gods will; they envied us the bliss 250  
 Of undivided union sweet enjoy'd  
 'Through life, from early youth to latest age.  
 No. Be not angry now; pardon the fault  
 That I embraced thee not as soon as seen,  
 For horror hath not ceased to overwhelm 255  
 My soul, lest some false alien should, perchance,

Beguile

Beguile me, for our house draws num'rous such.  
Jove's daughter, Argive Helen, ne'er had given  
Free entertainment to a stranger's love,  
Had she foreknown that the heroic sons 260  
Of Greece would bring her to her home again.  
But heav'n incited her to that offence,  
Who never, else, had even in her thought  
Harbour'd the foul enormity, from which  
Originated even our distress. 265  
But now, since evident thou hast described  
Our bed, which never mortal yet beheld,  
Ourselves except and Actoris my own  
Attendant, giv'n me when I left my home  
By good Icarus, and who kept the door, 270  
Though hard to be convinced, at last I yield.  
So saying, she awaken'd in his soul  
Pity and grief; and folding in his arms  
His blameless consort beautiful, he wept.  
Welcome as land appears to those who swim, 275  
Whose gallant bark Neptune with rolling waves  
And stormy winds hath sunk in the wide sea,  
A mariner or two, perchance, escape  
The foamy flood, and, swimming, reach the land,  
Weary indeed, and with incrust'd brine 280  
All rough, but oh, how glad to climb the coast!  
So welcome in her eyes Ulysses seem'd,  
Around whose neck winding her snowy arms,  
She clung as she would loose him never more.

Thus

Thus had they wept 'till rosy-finger'd morn 285  
 Had found them weeping, but Minerva check'd  
 Night's almost finish'd course, and held, meantime,  
 The golden dawn close pris'ner in the Deep,  
 Forbidding her to lead her coursers forth,  
 Lampus and Phaëthon that furnish light 290  
 To all the earth, and join them to the yoke.  
 Then thus, Ulysses to Penelope.

My love; we have not yet attain'd the close  
 Of all our sufferings, but unmeasured toil  
 Arduous remains, which I must still atchieve. 295  
 For so the spirit of the Theban seer  
 Inform'd me, on that day, when to enquire  
 Of mine and of my peoples' safe return  
 I journey'd down to Pluto's drear abode.  
 But let us hence to bed, there to enjoy 300  
 Tranquil repose. My love, make no delay.

Him answer'd then prudent Penelope.  
 Thou shalt to bed at whatsoever time  
 Thy soul desires, since the immortal Gods  
 Give thee to me and to thy home again. 305  
 But, thou hast spoken from the seer of Thebes  
 Of arduous toils yet unperform'd; declare  
 What toils? Thou wilt disclose them, as I judge,  
 Hereafter, and why not disclose them now?

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied. 310  
 Ah conversant with woe! why would'st thou learn  
 That tale? but I will tell it thee at large.

Thou



Thou wilt not hear with joy, nor shall myself  
 With joy rehearse it; for he bade me seek  
 City after city, bearing, as I go, 315  
 A shapely oar, 'till I shall find, at length,  
 A people who the sea know not, nor eat  
 Food falted; they trim galley crimson-prówd  
 Have ne'er beheld, nor yet smooth-shaven oar  
 With which the vessel wing'd scuds o'er the waves. 320  
 He gave me also this authentic sign,  
 Which I will tell thee. In what place so'er  
 I chance to meet a trav'ler who shall name  
 The oar on my broad shoulder borne, a \* van;  
 He bade me, planting it on that same spot, 325  
 Worship the King of Ocean with a bull,  
 A ram, and a lascivious boar, then seek  
 My home again, and sacrifice at home  
 An hecatomb to the immortal Gods  
 Inhabitants of the expanse above. 330  
 So shall I die, at length, the gentlest death  
 Remote from Ocean; it shall find me late,  
 In soft serenity of age, the Chief  
 Of a blest people.—Thus he prophesied.  
 Him answer'd then Penelope discrete. 335  
 If heav'n appoint thee in old age a lot  
 More tranquil, hope thence springs of thy escape  
 Some future day from all thy threaten'd woes.

\* See the note on the same passage, Book XI.

Such was their mutual conf'rence sweet; meantime  
 Eurynome and Euryclea drefs'd 340  
 Their bed by light of the clear torch, and when  
 Dispatchful they had spread it broad and deep,  
 The antient nurse to her own bed retired.  
 Then came Eurynome, to whom in trust  
 The chambers appertain'd, and with a torch 345  
 Conducted them to rest; she introduced  
 The happy pair, and went; transported they  
 To rites connubial intermitted long,  
 And now recover'd, gave themselves again\*.  
 Meantime, the Prince, the herdsman, and the good 350  
 Eumæus, giving rest each to his feet,  
 Ceas'd from the dance; they made the women cease  
 Also, and to their sev'ral chambers all  
 Within the twilight edifice repair'd.  
 At length, with conjugal endearment both 355  
 Sate, Ulysses tasted and his spouse  
 The sweets of mutual converse. She rehearfed,  
 Noblest of women, all her num'rous woes  
 Beneath that roof sustain'd, while she beheld  
 The profligacy of the sutor-throng, 360  
 Who in their wooing had consumed his herds

\* Aristophanes the grammarian and Aristarchus chose that the *Odyssey* should end here; but the story is not properly concluded 'till the tumult occasioned by the slaughter of so many Princes being compos'd, Ulysses finds himself once more in peaceable possession of his country.

And

And fatted flocks, and drawn his vessels dry ;  
 While brave Ulysses, in his turn, to her  
 Related his successes and escapes,  
 And his afflictions also ; he told her all ; 365  
 She listen'd charm'd, nor slumber on his eyes  
 Fell once, or ere he had rehearsed the whole.  
 Beginning, he discoursed, how at the first  
 He conquer'd in Ciconia, and thence reach'd  
 The fruitful shores of the Lotophagi ; 370  
 The Cyclops' deeds he told her next, and how  
 He well avenged on him his slaughter'd friends  
 Whom, pitiless, the monster had devour'd.  
 How to the isle of Æolus he came,  
 Who welcom'd him and safe dismiss'd him thence, 375  
 Although not destin'd to regain so soon  
 His native land ; for o'er the fishy deep  
 Loud tempests snatch'd him fighting back again.  
 How, also at Telepylus he arrived,  
 Town of the Læstrygonians, who destroyed 380  
 His ships with all their mariners, his own  
 Except, who in his sable bark escaped.  
 Of guileful Circe too he spake, deep-skill'd  
 In various artifice, and how he reach'd  
 With sails and oars the squalid realms of death, 385  
 Desirous to consult the prophet there  
 Theban Tiresias, and how there he view'd  
 All his companions, and the mother bland

Who bare him, nourisher of his infant years.  
 How, next he heard the Sirens in one strain 390  
 All chiming sweet, and how he reach'd the rocks  
 Erratic, Scylla and Charybdis dire,  
 Which none secure from injury may pass.  
 Then, how the partners of his voyage flew  
 The Sun's own beeves, and how the Thund'rer Jove 395  
 Hurl'd down his smoky bolts into his bark,  
 Depriving him at once of all his crew,  
 Whose dreadful fate he yet, himself, escaped.  
 How to Ogygia's isle he came, where dwelt  
 The nymph Calypso, who, enamour'd, wish'd 400  
 To espouse him, and within her spacious grot  
 Detain'd, and fed, and promis'd him a life  
 Exempt for ever from the sap of age,  
 But him moved not. How, also, he arrived  
 After much toil, on the Phæacian coast, 405  
 Where ev'ry heart revered him as a God,  
 And whence, enriching him with brags and gold,  
 And costly raiment first, they sent him home.  
 At this last word, oblivious slumber sweet  
 Fell on him, dissipating all his cares. 410  
 Meantime, Minerva, Goddess azure-eyed,  
 On other thoughts intent, soon as she deem'd  
 Ulysses with connubial joys sufficed,  
 And with sweet sleep, at once from Ocean rous'd  
 The golden-axled chariot of the morn 415  
 To

To illumine earth. Then from his fleecy couch  
The Hero sprang, and thus his spouse enjoined.

Oh comfort dear! already we have striv'n  
Against our lot, 'till wearied with the toil,  
My painful absence, thou, with ceaseless tears 420

Deploring, and myself in deep distress  
Withheld reluctant from my native shores  
By Jove and by the other pow'rs of heav'n.  
But since we have in this delightful bed  
Met once again, watch thou and keep secure 425

All my domestic treasures, and ere long  
I will replace my num'rous sheep destroy'd  
By those imperious suitors, and the Greeks  
Shall add yet others 'till my folds be fill'd.

But to the woodlands go I now—to see 430  
My noble father, who for my sake mourns  
Continual; as for thee, my love, although  
I know thee wife, I give thee thus in charge.

The sun no sooner shall ascend, than fame  
Shall wide divulge the deed that I have done, 435  
Slaying the suitors under my own roof.

Thou, therefore, with thy maidens fit retired  
In thy own chamber at the palace-top,  
Nor question ask, nor, curious, look abroad.

He said, and cov'ring with his radiant arms 440  
His shoulders, called Telemachus; he roused  
Eumæus and the herdsman too, and bade

All

All take their martial weapons in their hands,  
 Not disobedient they, as he enjoin'd,  
 Put armour on, and issued from the gates 445  
 Ulysses at their head. The earth was now  
 Enlighten'd, but Minerva them in haste  
 Led forth into the fields, unseen by all.

ARGU-

# A R G U M E N T

OF THE

## T W E N T Y - F O U R T H B O O K.

Mercury conducts the souls of the suitors down to Ades. Ulysses discovers himself to Laertes, and quells, by the aid of Minerva, an insurrection of the people resenting the death of the suitors.

### B O O K XXIV.

**A**ND now Cyllenian Hermes summon'd forth  
 The spirits of the suitors; waving wide  
 The golden wand of pow'r to seal all eyes  
 In slumber, and to ope them wide again,  
 He drove them \*gibb'ring down into the shades. 5  
 As when the bats within some hallow'd cave  
 Flit squeaking all around, for if but one  
 Fall from the rock, the rest all follow him,  
 In such connexion mutual they adhere,  
 So, after bounteous Mercury, the ghosts 10  
 Troop'd downward \*gibb'ring all the dreary way.

\* Τείζεσαι—τερπιγύϊσαι—

the ghosts

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

SHAKSP.

The

The Ocean's flood and the Leucadian rock,  
 The Sun's gate also and the land of Dreams  
 They pass'd, whence, next, into the meads they came  
 Of Asphodel, by shadowy forms possess'd, 15  
 Simulars of the dead. They found the souls  
 Of brave Pelides there, and of his friend  
 Patroclus, of Antilochus renown'd,  
 And of the mightier Ajax, for his form  
 And bulk (Achilles sole except) of all 20  
 The sons of the Achaians most admired.  
 These waited on Achilles. Then, appear'd  
 The mournful ghost of Agamemnon, son  
 Of Atreus, compass'd by the ghosts of all  
 Who shared his fate beneath Ægisthus' roof, 25  
 And him the ghost of Peleus' son bespake.

Atrides! of all Heroes we esteem'd  
 Thee dearest to the Gods, for that thy sway  
 Extended over such a glorious host  
 At Ilium, scene of sorrow to the Greeks. 30  
 But Fate, whose ruthless force none may escape  
 Of all who breathe, pursued thee from the first.  
 Thou should'st have perish'd full of honour, full  
 Of royalty, at Troy; so, all the Greeks  
 Had rais'd thy tomb, and thou hadst then bequeath'd 35  
 Great glory to thy son; but Fate ordain'd  
 A death, oh how deplorable! for thee.

To whom Atrides' spirit thus replied.  
 Blest son of Peleus, semblance of the Gods,

At



At Ilium, far from Argos, fall'n! for whom      40

Contending, many a Trojan, many a Chief

Of Greece died also, while in eddies whelm'd

Of dust thy \* vastness spread the plain, nor thee

The chariot aught or steed could int'rest more!

All day we waged the battle, nor at last      45

Desisted, but for tempests sent from Jove.

At length, we bore into the Grecian fleet

Thy body from the field; there, first, we cleansed

With tepid baths and oil'd thy shapely corse,

Then placed thee on thy bier, while many a Greek      50

Around thee wept, and shore his locks for thee.

Thy mother, also, hearing of thy death,

With her immortal nymphs from the abyss

Arose and came; terrible was the sound

On the salt flood; a panic seized the Greeks,      55

And ev'ry warrior had return'd on board

That moment, had not Nestor, antient Chief,

Illumed by long experience, interposed;

His counsels, ever wisest, wisest proved

Then also, and he thus address'd the host.      60

Sons of Achaia, fly not; stay, ye Greeks!

Thetis arrives with her immortal nymphs

From the abyss, to visit her dead son.

So he; and, by his admonition stay'd,

The Greeks fled not. Then, all around thee stood      65

\* ——— Behemoth, biggest born of earth,  
Upheav'd his vastness.      MILTON.

The daughters of the Antient of the Deep,  
 Mourning difconsolate; with heav'nly robes  
 They clothed thy corse, and all the Muses nine  
 Deplored thee in full choir with sweetest tones  
 Responfive, nor one Greecian hadst thou seen 70  
 Dry-eyed, such grief the Muses moved in all.  
 Full sev'nteen days we, day and night, deplored  
 Thy death, both Gods in heav'n and men below,  
 But, on the eighteenth day, we gave thy corse  
 Its burning, and fat sheep around thee slew 75  
 Num'rous, with many a pastur'd ox moon-horn'd.  
 We burn'd thee clothed in vesture of the Gods,  
 With honey and with oil feeding the flames  
 Abundant, while Achaia's Heroes arm'd,  
 Both horse and foot, encompassing thy pile, 80  
 Clash'd on their shields, and deaf'ning was the din.  
 But when the fires of Vulcan had at length  
 Consumed thee, at the dawn we stored thy bones  
 In unguent and in undiluted wine;  
 For Thetis gave to us a golden vase 85  
 Twin-ear'd, which she profess'd to have received  
 From Bacchus, work divine of Vulcan's hand.  
 Within that vase, Achilles, treasured lie  
 Thine and the bones of thy departed friend  
 Patroclus, but a sep'rate urn we gave 90  
 To those of brave Antilochus, who most  
 Of all thy friends at Ilium shared thy love  
 And thy respect, thy friend Patroclus slain.

Around

Around both urns we piled a noble tomb,  
 (We warriors of the sacred Argive host) 95  
 On a tall promontory shooting far  
 Into the spacious Hellespont, that all  
 Who live, and who shall yet be born, may view  
 Thy record, even from the distant waves.  
 Then, by permission from the Gods obtain'd, 100  
 To the Achaian Chiefs in circus met  
 Thetis appointed games. I have beheld  
 The burial rites of many an Hero bold,  
 When, on the death of some great Chief, the youths  
 Girding their loins anticipate the prize, 105  
 But fight of those with wonder fill'd me most,  
 So glorious past all others were the games  
 By silver-footed Thetis giv'n for thee,  
 For thou wast ever favour'd of the Gods.  
 Thus, hast thou not, Achilles! although dead, 110  
 Foregone thy glory, but thy fair report  
 Is universal among all mankind;  
 But, as for me, what recompense had I,  
 My warfare closed? for whom, at my return,  
 Jove framed such dire destruction by the hands 115  
 Of fell Ægisthus and my murth'ers wife.

Thus, mutual, they conferr'd; meantime approach'd,  
 Swift messenger of heav'n, the Argicide,  
 Conducting thither all the shades of those  
 Slain by Ulysses. At that sight amazed 120  
 Both moved toward them. Agamemnon's shade

Knew well Amphimedon, for he had been  
 Erewhile his father's guest in Ithaca,  
 And thus the spirit of Atreus' son began.

Amphimedon! by what disastrous chance, 125  
 Coœvals as ye seem, and of an air  
 Distinguish'd all, descend ye to the Deeps?  
 For not the chosen youths of a whole town  
 Should form a nobler band. Perish'd ye sunk  
 Amid vast billows and rude tempests raised 130  
 By Neptune's pow'r? or on dry land through force  
 Of hostile multitudes, while cutting off  
 Beeves from the herd, or driving flocks away?  
 Or fighting for your city and your wives?  
 Resolve me; I was once a guest of yours. 135  
 Remember'ft not what time at your abode  
 With godlike Menelaus I arrived,  
 That we might win Ulysses with his fleet  
 To follow us to Troy? scarce we prevail'd  
 At last to gain the city-waster Chief, 140  
 And, after all, consumed a whole month more  
 The wide sea traversing from side to side.

To whom the spirit of Amphimedon.  
 Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men!  
 All this I bear in mind, and will rehearse 145  
 The manner of our most disastrous end.  
 Believing brave Ulysses lost, we woo'd  
 Meantime his wife; she our detested suit  
 Would neither ratify nor yet refuse,

But,

But, planning for us a tremendous death, 150

This novel stratagem, at last, devised.

Beginning, in her own recess, a web

Of splend'ring thread, and of a length and breadth

Unusual, thus the suitors she address'd.

Princes, my suitors! since the noble Chief 155

Ulysses is no more, enforce not yet

My nuptials; wait 'till I shall finish first

A fun'ral robe (lest all my threads decay)

Which for the antient Hero I prepare,

Laertes, looking for the mournful hour 160

When fate shall snatch him to eternal rest;

Else, I the censure dread of all my sex,

Should he, so wealthy, want at last a shroud.

So spake the Queen; we, unsuspecting all,

With her request complied. Thenceforth, all day 165

She wove the ample web, and by the aid

Of torches ravell'd it again at night.

Three years she thus by artifice our suit

Eluded safe, but when the fourth arrived,

And the same season, after many moons 170

And fleeting days, return'd, a damsel then

Of her attendants, conscious of the fraud,

Reveal'd it, and we found her pulling loose

The splendid web. Thus, through constraint, at length,

She finish'd it, and in her own despight. 175

But when the Queen produced, at length, her work

Finish'd, new-blanch'd, bright as the sun or moon,

Then

Then came Ulyſſes, by ſome adverſe God  
 Conducted, to a cottage on the verge  
 Of his own fields, in which his ſwine-herd dwells; 180  
 There alſo the illuſtrious Hero's ſon  
 Arrived ſoon after, in his ſable bark  
 From ſandy Pylus borne; they, plotting both  
 A dreadful death for all the ſuitors, fought  
 Our glorious city, but Ulyſſes laſt, 185  
 And firſt Telemachus. The father came  
 Conducted by his ſwine-herd, and attired  
 In tatters foul; a mendicant he ſeem'd,  
 Time-worn, and halted on a ſtaff. So clad,  
 And entering on the ſudden, he eſcap'd 190  
 All knowledge even of our eldeſt there,  
 And we reviled and ſmote him; he, although  
 Beneath his own roof ſmitten and reproach'd,  
 With patience ſuffer'd it awhile, but rouz'd  
 By inſpiration of Jove ægis-arm'd 195  
 At length, in concert with his ſon convey'd  
 To his own chamber his reſplendent arms,  
 There lodg'd them ſafe, and barr'd the maſſy doors.  
 Then, in his ſubtlety he bade the Queen  
 A conteſt inſtitute with bow and rings 200  
 Between the hapleſs ſuitors, whence enſued  
 Slaughtering to all. No ſutor there had pow'r  
 To overcome the ſtubborn bow that mock'd  
 All our attempts; and when the weapon huge  
 At length was offer'd to Ulyſſes' hands, 205  
 With

With clamour'd menaces we bade the fwain  
 Withhold it from him, plead he as he might ;  
 Telemachus alone, with loud command,  
 Bade give it him, and the illustrious Chief  
 Receiving in his hand the bow, with ease 210  
 Bent it, and sped a shaft through all the rings.  
 Then, springing to the portal steps, he pour'd  
 The arrows forth, peer'd terrible around,  
 Pierced King Antinoüs, and, aiming sure  
 His deadly darts, pierced others after him, 215  
 'Till in one common carnage heap'd we lay.  
 Some God, as plain appear'd, vouchsafed them aid,  
 Such ardour urged them, and with such dispatch  
 They flew us on all sides ; hideous were heard  
 The groans of dying men fell'd to the earth 220  
 With head-strokes rude, and the floor swam with blood.  
 Such, royal Agamemnon ! was the fate  
 By which we perish'd, all whose bodies lie  
 Unburied still, and in Ulysses' house,  
 For tidings none have yet our friends alarm'd 225  
 And kindred, who might cleanse from sable gore  
 Our clotted wounds, and mourn us on the bier,  
 Which are the rightful privilege of the dead.  
 Him answer'd, then, the shade of Atreus' son.  
 Oh happy offspring of Laertes ! shrewd 230  
 Ulysses ! matchless valour thou hast shewn  
 Recov'ring thus thy wife ; nor less appears  
 The virtue of Icarus' daughter wife,

The

The chaste Penelope, so faithful found  
 To her Ulysses, husband of her youth. 235  
 His glory, by superior merit earn'd,  
 Shall never die, and the immortal Gods  
 Shall make Penelope a theme of song  
 Delightful in the ears of all mankind.  
 Not such was Clytemnestra, daughter vile 240  
 Of Tyndarus; she shed her husband's blood,  
 And shall be chronicled in song a wife  
 Of hateful memory, by whose offence  
 Even the virtuous of her sex are shamed.

Thus they, beneath the vaulted roof obscure 245  
 Of Pluto's house, conferring mutual good.

Meantime, descending from the city-gates,  
 Ulysses, by his son and by his swains  
 Follow'd, arrived at the delightful farm  
 Which old Laertes had with strenuous toil 250  
 Himself long since acquired. There stood his house  
 Encompass'd by a bow'r in which the hinds  
 Who served and pleased him, ate, and sat, and slept.  
 An antient woman, a Sicilian, dwelt  
 There also, who in that sequester'd spot 255  
 Attended diligent her aged Lord.

Then thus Ulysses to his followers spake.  
 Haste now, and, entering, slay ye of the swine  
 The best for our regale; myself, the while,  
 Will prove my father, if his eye hath still 260  
 Discernment of me, or if absence long

Have



Have worn the knowledge of me from his mind.

He said, and gave into his servant's care  
 His arms; they swift proceeded to the house,  
 And to the fruitful grove himself as swift 265  
 To prove his father. Down he went at once  
 Into the spacious garden-plot, but found  
 Nor Dolius there, nor any of his sons  
 Or servants; they were occupied elsewhere,  
 And, with the antient hind himself, employ'd 270  
 Collecting thorns with which to fence the grove.  
 In that umbrageous spot he found alone  
 Laertes, with his hoe clearing a plant;  
 Sordid his tunic was, with many a patch  
 Mended unseemly; leathern were his greaves, 275  
 Thong-tied and also patch'd, a frail defence  
 Against sharp thorns, while gloves secured his hands  
 From briar-points, and on his head he bore  
 A goat-skin casque, nourishing hopeless woe.  
 No sooner then the Hero toil-inured 280  
 Saw him age-worn and wretched, than he paused  
 Beneath a lofty pear-tree's shade to weep.  
 There standing much he mused, whether, at once,  
 Kissing and clasping in his arms his sire,  
 To tell him all, by what means he had reach'd 285  
 His native country, or to prove him first.  
 At length, he chose as his best course, with words  
 Of seeming strangeness to accost his ear,  
 And, with that purpose, moved direct toward him.

He, stooping low, loosen'd the earth around 290  
 A garden-plant, when his illustrious son  
 Now, standing close beside him, thus began.  
 Old fir! thou art no novice in these toils  
 Of culture, but thy garden thrives; I mark  
 In all thy ground no plant, fig, olive, vine, 295  
 Pear-tree or flow'r-bed suffering through neglect.  
 But let it not offend thee if I say  
 That thou neglect'st thyself, at the same time  
 Oppress'd with age, sun-parch'd, and ill-attired.  
 Not for thy inactivity, methinks, 300  
 Thy master flights thee thus, nor speaks thy form  
 Or thy surpassing stature servile aught  
 In thee, but thou resemblest more a King.  
 Yes—thou resemblest one who, bathed and fed,  
 Should softly sleep; such is the claim of age. 305  
 But tell me true—for whom labourest thou,  
 And whose this garden? answer me beside,  
 For I would learn; have I indeed arrived  
 In Ithaca, as one whom here I met  
 Ev'n now assured me, but who seem'd a man 310  
 Not overwise, refusing both to hear  
 My questions, and to answer when I ask'd  
 Concerning one in other days my guest  
 And friend, if he have still his being here,  
 Or have deceas'd and journey'd to the shades. 315  
 For I will tell thee; therefore mark. Long since  
 A stranger reach'd my house in my own land,

Whom

Whom I with hospitality receiv'd,  
 Nor ever sojourn'd foreigner with me  
 Whom I lov'd more. He was by birth, he said, 320  
 Ithacan, and Laertes claim'd his fire,  
 Son of Arcefius. Introducing him  
 Beneath my roof, I entertain'd him well,  
 And proved by gifts his welcome at my board.  
 I gave him seven talents of wrought gold, 325  
 A goblet, argent all, with flow'rs emboss'd,  
 Twelve single cloaks, twelve carpets, mantles twelve  
 Of brightest lustre, with as many vests,  
 And added four fair damsels, whom he chose  
 Himself, well born and well accomplish'd all. 330

Then thus his antient sire weeping replied.  
 Stranger! thou hast in truth attain'd the isle  
 Of thy enquiry, but it is possess'd  
 By a rude race, and lawless. Vain, alas!  
 Were all thy num'rous gifts; yet hadst thou found 335  
 Him living here in Ithaca, with gifts  
 Reciprocated he had sent thee hence,  
 Requiring honourably in his turn  
 Thy hospitality. But give me quick  
 Answer, and true. How many have been the years 340  
 Since thy reception of that hapless guest  
 My son? for mine, my own dear son was he.  
 But him, far distant both from friends and home,  
 Either the fishes of the unknown Deep  
 Have eaten, or wild beasts and fowls of prey, 345

Nor

Nor I, or she who bare him, was ordain'd  
 To bathe his shrouded body with our tears,  
 Nor his chaste wife, well-dow'r'd Penelope  
 To close her husband's eyes, and to deplore  
 His doom, which is the privilege of the dead. 350  
 But tell me also thou, for I would learn,  
 Who art thou? whence? where born? and sprung from  
 whom?

The bark in which thou and thy godlike friends  
 Arrived, where is she anchor'd on our coast?  
 Or cam'st thou only passenger on board 355  
 Another's bark, who landed thee and went?

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.  
 I will with all simplicity relate  
 What thou hast ask'd. Of Alybas am I,  
 Where in much state I dwell, son of the rich 360  
 Apheidas royal Polypemon's son,  
 And I am named Eperitus; by storms  
 Driven from Sicily I have arrived,  
 And yonder, on the margin of the field  
 That skirts your city, I have moor'd my bark. 365  
 Five years have pass'd since thy Ulysses left,  
 Unhappy Chief! my country; yet the birds  
 At his departure hover'd on the right,  
 And in that sign rejoicing, I dismiss'd  
 Him thence rejoicing also, for we hoped 370  
 To mix in social intercourse again,  
 And to exchange once more pledges of love.

He

He spake; then sorrow as a fable cloud  
 Involved Laertes; gath'ring with both hands  
 The dust, he pour'd it on his rev'rend head 375  
 With many a piteous groan. Ulysses' heart  
 Commotion felt, and his stretch'd nostrils throbb'd  
 With agony close-pent, while fixt he eyed  
 His father; with a sudden force he sprang  
 Toward him, clasp'd, and kiss'd him, and exclaim'd. 380

My father! I am he. Thou feest thy son  
 Absent these twenty years at last return'd.  
 But bid thy sorrow cease; suspend henceforth  
 All lamentation; for I tell thee true,  
 (And the occasion bids me briefly tell thee) 385  
 I have slain all the suitors at my home,  
 And all their taunts and injuries avenged.

Then answer thus Laertes quick return'd.  
 If thou hast come again, and art indeed  
 My son Ulysses, give me then the proof 390  
 Indubitable, that I may believe.

To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.  
 View, first, the scar which with his iv'ry tusk  
 A wild boar gave me, when, at thy command  
 And at my mother's, to Autolycus 395  
 Her father, on Parnassus, I repair'd  
 Seeking the gifts which, while a guest of yours,  
 He promis'd should be mine. Accept beside  
 This proof. I will enum'rate all the trees  
 Which, walking with thee in this cultured spot 400

(Boy then) I begg'd, and thou confirm'dst my own.  
 We paced between them, and thou mad'st me learn  
 The name of each. Thou gav'st me thirteen \* pears,  
 Ten \* apples, thirty \* figs, and fifty ranks  
 Didst promise me of vines, their alleys all 405  
 Corn-cropp'd between. There, oft as sent from Jove  
 The influences of the year descend,  
 Grapes of all hues and flavours clust'ring hang.

He said; Laertes, conscious of the proofs  
 Indubitable by Ulysses giv'n, 410  
 With fault'ring knees and fault'ring heart both arms  
 Around him threw. The Hero toil-inured  
 Drew to his bosom close his fainting fire,  
 Who, breath recov'ring, and his scatter'd pow'rs  
 Of intellect, at length thus spake aloud. 415

Ye Gods! oh then your residence is still  
 On the Olympian heights, if punishment  
 At last hath seized on those flagitious men.  
 But terrour shakes me, lest, incens'd, ere long  
 All Ithaca flock hither, and dispatch 420  
 Swift messengers with these dread tidings charged  
 To ev'ry Cephallenian state around.

Him answer'd then Ulysses ever-wife.  
 Courage! fear nought, but let us to the house  
 Beside the garden, whither I have sent 425  
 Telemachus, the herdsman, and the good

\* The fruit is here used for the tree that bore it, as it is in the Greek; the Latins used the same mode of expression, neither is it uncommon in our own language.

Eumæus to prepare us quick repast.

So they conferr'd, and to Laertes' house  
 Pass'd on together; there arrived, they found  
 Those three preparing now their plenteous feast, 430  
 And mingling fable wine; then, by the hands  
 Of his Sicilian matron, the old King  
 Was bathed, anointed, and attired afresh,  
 And Pallas, drawing nigh, dilated more  
 His limbs, and gave his whole majestic form 435  
 Encrease of amplitude. He left the bath.  
 His son, amazed as he had seen a God  
 Alighted newly from the skies, exclaim'd.

My father! doubtless some immortal Pow'r  
 Hath clothed thy form with dignity divine. 440

Then thus replied his venerable sire.  
 Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! oh that I possess'd  
 Such vigour now, as when in arms I took  
 Nericus, continental city fair,  
 With my brave Cephallenians! oh that such 445  
 And arm'd as then, I yesterday had stood  
 Beside thee in thy palace, combating  
 Those suitors proud, then had I strew'd the floor  
 With num'rous slain, to thy exceeding joy.

Such was their conference; and now, the task 450  
 Of preparation ended, and the feast  
 Set forth, on couches and on thrones they sat,  
 And, ranged in order due, took each his share.  
 Then, antient Dolius, and with him, his sons

Arrived

Arrived toil-worn, by the Sicilian dame 455  
 Summon'd, their cat'refs, and their father's kind  
 Attendant ever in his eve of life.

They, seeing and recalling soon to mind  
 Ulyffes, in the middle mansion stood  
 Wond'ring, when thus Ulyffes with a voice 460  
 Of some reproof, but gentle, them bespake.

Old servant, sit and eat, banishing fear  
 And mute amazement; for, although provoked  
 By appetite, we have long time abstain'd,  
 Expecting ev'ry moment thy return. 465

He said; then Dolius with expanded arms  
 Sprang right toward Ulyffes, seized his hand,  
 Kiss'd it, and in wing'd accents thus replied.

Oh master ever dear! since thee the Gods  
 Themselves, in answer to our warm desires, 470  
 Have, unexpectedly, at length restored,  
 Hail, and be happy, and heav'n make thee such!  
 But say, and truly; knows the prudent Queen  
 Already thy return, or shall we send  
 Ourselfes an herald with the joyful news? 475

To whom Ulyffes, ever wise, replied.  
 My antient friend, thou may'st release thy mind  
 From that solicitude; she knows it well.

So he; then Dolius to his glossy seat  
 Return'd, and all his sons gath'ring around 480  
 Ulyffes, welcom'd him and grasp'd his hand,  
 Then sat beside their father; thus beneath

Laertes



Laertes' roof they, joyful, took repast.

But Fame with rapid haste the city roam'd  
In ev'ry part, promulging in all ears 485

The suitors horrid fate. No sooner heard  
The multitude that talc, than one and all  
Groaning they met and murmuring before  
Ulysses' gates. Bringing the bodies forth,  
They buried each his friend, but gave the dead 490  
Of other cities to be ferried home

By fishermen on board their rapid barks.  
All hasted then to council; sorrow wrung  
Their hearts, and, the assembly now convened,  
Arising first Eupithes spake, for grief 495

Sat heavy on his soul, grief for the loss  
Of his Antinoüs by Ulysses slain  
Foremost of all, whom mourning, thus he said.

My friends! no trivial fruits the Grecians reap  
Of this man's doings. *Those* he took with him 500

On board his barks, a num'rous train and bold,  
Then lost his barks, lost all his num'rous train,  
And *these*, our noblest, flew at his return.  
Come therefore—ere he yet escape by flight

To Pylus or to noble Elis, realm 505  
Of the Epeans, follow him; else shame  
Attends us and indelible reproach.

If we avenge not on these men the blood  
Of our own sons and brothers, farewell then  
All that makes life desirable; my wish 510

Henceforth shall be to mingle with the shades.  
Oh then pursue and seize them ere they fly.

Thus he with tears, and pity moved in all.  
Then, Medon and the sacred bard whom sleep  
Had lately left, arriving from the house 515  
Of Laertiades, approach'd; amid  
The throng they stood; all wonder'd seeing them,  
And Medon, prudent senior, thus began.

Hear me, my countrymen! Ulysses plann'd  
With no disapprobation of the Gods 520  
The deed that ye deplore. I saw, myself,  
A Pow'r immortal at the Hero's side,  
In semblance just of Mentor; now the God,  
In front apparent, led him on, and now,  
From side to side of all the palace, urged 525  
To flight the suitors; heaps on heaps they fell.

He said; then terror was seized ev'ry cheek,  
And Halitherses, Hero old, the son  
Of Mastor, who alone among them all  
Knew past and future, prudent, thus began. 530

Now, O ye men of Ithaca! my words  
Attentive hear! by your own fault, my friends,  
This deed hath been perform'd; for when myself  
And noble Mentor counsell'd you to check  
The sin and folly of your sons, ye would not. 535  
Great was their wickedness, and flagrant wrong  
They wrought, the wealth devouring and the wife  
Dishonouring of an illustrious Chief

Whom

Whom they deem'd destined never to return.  
 But hear my counsel. Go not, lest ye draw 540  
 Disaster down and woe on your own heads.

He ended; then with boisterous roar (although  
 Part kept their seats) upsprang the multitude,  
 For Halitherses pleased them not, they chose  
 Eupithes counsel rather; all at once 545  
 To arms they flew, and clad in dazzling brass,  
 Before the city form'd their dense array.  
 Leader infatuate, at their head appear'd  
 Eupithes, hoping to avenge his son  
 Antinous, but was himself ordain'd 550  
 To meet his doom, and to return no more.  
 Then thus Minerva to Saturnian Jove.

Oh father! son of Saturn! Jove supreme!  
 Declare the purpose hidden in thy breast.  
 Wilt thou that this hostility proceed, 555  
 Or wilt thou grant them amity again?

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.  
 Why asks my daughter? didst thou not design  
 Thyself, that brave Ulysses coming home  
 Should slay those profligates? act as thou wilt, 560  
 But thus I counsel. Since the noble Chief  
 Hath slain the suitors, now let peace ensue  
 Oath-bound, and reign Ulysses evermore!  
 The slaughter of their brethren and their sons  
 To strike from their remembrance, shall be ours. 565  
 Let mutual amity, as at the first,

Unite them, and let wealth and peace abound.

So saying, he animated to her task  
Minerva prompt before, and from the heights  
Olympian down to Ithaca she flew. 570

Meantime Ulysses (for their hunger now  
And thirst were fated) thus address'd his hind.

Look ye abroad, lest haply they approach.  
He said, and at his word, forth went a son  
Of Dolius; at the gate he stood, and thence 575  
Beholding all that multitude at hand,  
In accents wing'd thus to Ulysses spake.

They come—they are already arrived—arm all!  
Then, all arising, put their armour on,  
Ulysses with his three, and the six sons 580  
Of Dolius; Dolius also with the rest  
Arm'd and Laertes, although silver-hair'd,  
Warriors perforce. When all were clad alike  
In radiant armour, throwing wide the gates  
They sallied, and Ulysses led the way. 585

Then Jove's own daughter Pallas, in the form  
And with the voice of Mentor, came in view,  
Whom seeing Laertiades rejoiced,  
And thus Telemachus, his son, bespake.

Now, oh my son! thou shalt observe, untold 590  
By me, where fight the bravest. Oh shame not  
Thine ancestry, who have in all the earth  
Proof giv'n of valour in all ages past.

To

To whom Telemachus, discrete, replied.  
 My father! if thou wish that spectacle, 595  
 Thou shalt behold thy son, as thou hast said,  
 In nought dishonouring his noble race.

Then was Laertes joyful, and exclaim'd,  
 What fun hath ris'n to day \*? oh blessed Gods!  
 My son and grandson emulous dispute 600  
 The prize of glory, and my soul exults.

He ended, and Minerva, drawing nigh  
 To the old King, thus counsell'd him. Oh friend  
 Whom most I love, son of Arcefius! pray'r  
 Preferring to the virgin azure-eyed, 605  
 And to her father Jove, delay not, shake  
 Thy lance in air, and give it instant flight.

So saying, the Goddess nerved his arm anew.  
 He fought in pray'r the daughter dread of Jove,  
 And, brandishing it, hurl'd his lance; it struck 610  
 Eupithes, pierced his helmet brazen-cheek'd  
 That stay'd it not, but forth it sprang beyond,  
 And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.

Then flew Ulysses and his noble son  
 With faulchion and with spear of double edge 615  
 To the assault, and of them all had left  
 None living, none had to his home return'd,  
 But that Jove's virgin daughter with a voice  
 Of loud authority thus quell'd them all.

\* Τίς νύ μοι ἡμέραν ἦδε;—So Cicero, who seems to translate it—Proh dii immortales! Quis hic illuxit dies!

See Clarke in loco.

Peace, O ye men of Ithaca! while yet 620  
 The field remains undeluged with your blood.  
 So she, and fear at once paled ev'ry cheek.  
 All trembled at the voice divine; their arms  
 Escaping from the grasp fell to the earth,  
 And, covetous of longer life, each fled 625  
 Back to the city. Then Ulysses sent  
 His voice abroad, and with an eagle's force  
 Sprang on the people; but Saturnian Jove  
 Cast down, incontinent, his smouldring bolt  
 At Pallas' feet, and thus the Goddess spake. 630  
 Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!  
 Forbear; abstain from slaughter; lest thyself  
 Incur the anger of high-thund'ring Jove.  
 So Pallas, whom Ulysses, glad, obey'd.  
 Then faithful covenants of peace between 635  
 Both sides ensued, ratified in the fight  
 Of Pallas progeny of Jove, who seem'd,  
 In voice and form, the Mentor known to all.

END OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE

THE  
B A T T L E  
OF THE  
F R O G S A N D M I C E.

TRANSLATED INTO  
ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY THE SAME HAND.





T H E  
 B A T T L E  
 O F T H E  
 F R O G S A N D M I C E.

**D**ESCEND all Helicon into my breast!  
 Oh ev'ry virgin of the tuneful choir  
 Breathe on my song which I have newly traced  
 In tables open'd on my knees, a song  
 Of bloodiest note—terrible deeds of Mars 5  
 Well worthy of the ears of all mankind,  
 Whom I desire to teach, how, erst, the Mice  
 Assail'd the Frogs, mimicking in exploit  
 The prowess of the giant race earth-born.  
 The rumour once was frequent in the mouths 10  
 Of mortal men, and thus the strife began.

A thirsty Mouse (thirsty with fear and flight  
 From a cat's claws) sought out the nearest lake,  
 Where, dipping in the flood his downy chin,  
 He drank delighted. Him the frog far-famed 15  
 \* *Limnocharis espicl*, and thus he spake.

\* The beauty of the lake.

Who art thou, stranger? Whence hast thou arrived  
 On this our border, and who gave thee birth?  
 Beware thou trespass not against the truth;  
 Lye not! for should I find thy merit such 20  
 As claims my love, I will conduct thee hence  
 To my abode, where gifts thou shalt receive  
 Lib'ral and large, with hospitable fare.  
 I am the King \* Phisignathus, revered  
 By the inhabitants of all this pool, 25  
 Chief of the frogs for ever. Me, long since,  
 † Peleus begat, embracing on the banks  
 Of the Eridanus my mother fair,  
 ‡ Hydromedusa. Nor thee less than King  
 Or leader bold in fight thy form proclaims, 30  
 Stout as it is, and beautiful.—Dispatch—  
 Speak, therefore, and declare thy pedigree.

He ceas'd, to whom || Psycharpax thus replied.  
 Illustrious sir! wherefore hast thou enquired  
 My derivation, known to all, alike 35  
 To Gods and men, and to the fowls of heav'n?  
 I am Psycharpax, and the dauntless Chief  
 § Troxartes is my sire, whose beauteous spouse  
 Daughter of \*\*\* Pternotroctes brought me forth,  
 †† Lichomye by name. A cave of earth 40  
 My cradle was, and, in my youngling state,

\* The pouter.  
 waters.  
 bacon-eater.

|| The crumb-catcher.

† Of or belonging to mud.

†† The lick of mill-stones.

§ The bread-eater.

‡ Governess of the

\*\* The

My mother nourish'd me with almonds, figs,  
 And delicacies of a thousand names.  
 But diverse as our natures are, in nought  
 Similar, how, alas! can we be friends? 45  
 The floods are thine abode, while I partake  
 With man his sustenance. The basket, stored  
 With wheaten loaves thrice kneaded, 'scapes not me,  
 Nor wafer broad, enrich'd with balmy sweets,  
 Nor ham in slices spread, nor liver wrapt 50  
 In tunic silver-white, nor curds express'd  
 From sweetest milk, nor, sweeter still, the full  
 Honeycomb, coveted by Kings themselves,  
 Nor aught by skilful cook invented yet  
 Of sauce or seas'ning for delight of man. 55  
 I am brave also, and shrink not at sound  
 Of glorious war, but rushing to the van,  
 Mix with the foremost combatants. No fear  
 Of man himself shakes me, vast as he is,  
 But to his bed I steal, and make me sport 60  
 Nibbling his fingers' end, or with sharp tooth  
 Fretting his heel so neatly that he sleeps  
 Profound the while, unconscious of the bite.  
 Two things, of all that are, appall me most,  
 The owl and cat. These cause me many a pang. 65  
 As does the hollow gin insidious, fair  
 In promises, but in performance foul,  
 Engine of death! yet most of all I dread  
 Cats, nimble mousers, who can dart a paw

After me, enter at what chink I may. 70

But to return—your diet, parsley, kail,  
Beet, radish, gourd, (for, as I understand,  
Ye eat no other) are not to my taste.

Him then with smiles answer'd Phisignathus.  
Stranger! thou vauntest much thy dainty fare, 75

But, both on shore and in the lake, we boast  
Our dainties also, and such fights as much  
Would move thy wonder; for by gift from Jove  
We leap as well as swim, can range the land  
For food, or, diving, seek it in the Deep. 80

Would'st thou the proof? 'tis easy—mount my back—  
There cling as for thy life, and thou shalt share  
With rapture the delights of my abode.

He said, and gave his back. Upsprang the mouse  
Lightly, and with his arms enfolded fast 85

The Frog's soft neck. Pleas'd was he, at the first,  
With view of many a creek and bay, nor less  
With his smooth swimming on whose back he rode.  
But when, at length, the clear wave dash'd his sides,  
Then, fill'd with penitential sorrows vain 90

He wept, pluck'd off his hair, and gath'ring close  
His hinder feet, survey'd with trembling heart  
The novel sight, and wish'd for land again.

Groans follow'd next, extorted groans, through stress  
Of shiv'ring fear, and, with extended tail 95

Drawn like a long oar after him, he pray'd  
For land again; but, while he pray'd, again

The

The clear wave dash'd him. Much he shriek'd, and much  
He clamour'd, and, at length, thus, forrowing, said.

Oh desp'rate navigation strange ! not thus 100  
Europa floated to the shores of Crete  
On the broad back of her enamour'd bull.

And now, dread spectacle to both, behold  
An Hydra ! on the lake with crest erect  
He rode, and right toward them. At that sight 105

Down went Phisignathus, heedless, alas !  
Through fear, how great a Prince he should destroy.  
Himself, at bottom of the pool escaped  
The dreadful death ; but, at his first descent  
Dislodg'd, Pfycharpax fell into the flood. 110

There, stretch'd supine, he clench'd his hands, he shriek'd,  
Plunged oft, and, lashing out his heels afar,  
Oft rose again, but no deliv'rance found.  
At length, oppress'd by his drench'd coat, and soon  
To sink for ever, thus he prophecied. 115

Thou hast releas'd thy shoulders at my cost,  
Phisignathus ! unfeeling as the rock,  
But not unnoticed by the Gods above.  
Ah worst of traytors ! on dry land, I ween,  
Thou hadst not foil'd me, whether in the race 120  
Or wrestling-match, or at whatever game.  
Thou hast by fraud prevail'd, casting me off  
Into the waters ; but an eye divine  
Sees all. Nor hope thou to escape the host  
Of Mice, who shall, ere long, avenge the deed. 125

So

So saying, he sank and died, whom, while he sat  
 Reposing on the lake's soft verge, the Mouse  
 \* Lichopinax observed; aloud he wail'd,  
 And flew with those sad tidings to his friends.  
 Grief, at the sound, immeasurable seized 130  
 On all, and, by command, at dawn of day  
 The heralds call'd a council at the house  
 Of brave Troxartes, father of the Prince  
 Now lost, a carcase now, nor high to land  
 Welt'ring, but distant in the middle pool. 135  
 The multitude in haste convened, uprose  
 Troxartes for his son incensed, and said,  
 Ah friends! although my damage from the Frogs  
 Sustain'd be greatest, yet is yours not small.  
 Three children I have lost, wretch that I am, 140  
 All sons. A merciless and hungry cat  
 Finding mine eldest son abroad, surprized  
 And slew him. Lured into a wooden snare,  
 (New machination of unfeeling man  
 For slaughter of our race, and named a trap) 145  
 My second died. And now, as ye have heard,  
 My third, his mothers' and my darling, him  
 Physignathus hath drown'd in yon abyss.  
 Haste therefore, and in gallant armour bright  
 Attired, march forth, ye Mice, now seek the foe. 150  
 So saying, he roused them to the fight, and Mars  
 Attendant arm'd them. Splitting, first, the pods

\* The dish-licker.

Of beans which they had fever'd from the stalk  
 With hasty tooth by night, they made them greaves.  
 Their corflets were of platted straw, well lined 155  
 With spoils of an excoriated cat.

The lamp contributed its central tin,  
 A shield for each. The glitt'ring needle long  
 Arm'd ev'ry gripe with a terrific spear,  
 And auburn shells of nuts their brows inclosed. 160

Thus arm'd the Mice advanced, of whose approach  
 The Frogs apprized, emerging from the lake,  
 All throng'd to council, and confid'ring fat  
 The sudden tumult and its cause. Then came,  
 Sceptre in hand, an herald. Son was he 165  
 Of the renown'd \* Tyroglyphus, and call'd  
 † Embafichytrus. Charged he came to announce  
 The horrors of approaching war, and said—

Ye Frogs! the host of Mice fend you by me  
 Menaces and defiance. Arm, they say, 170  
 For furious fight; for they have seen the Prince  
 Pfycharpax welt'ring on the waves, and drown'd  
 By King Physignathus. Ye then, the Chiefs  
 And leaders of the host of Frogs, put on  
 Your armour, and draw forth your bands to battle! 175

He said, and went. Then were the noble Frogs  
 Troubled at that bold message, and while all  
 Murmur'd against Physignathus, the King  
 Himself arising, thus denied the charge.

\* A cheese-rasper.

† The explorer of pots and pipkins.

My friends! I neither drown'd the Mouſe, nor ſaw  
 His drowning. Doubtleſs, while he ſtrovè in ſport 181  
 To imitate the ſwimming of the Frogs,  
 He ſank and died. Thus, blame is none in me,  
 And theſe injurious ſland'rers do me wrong.  
 Conſult we, therefore, how we may deſtroy 185  
 The ſubtle Mice, which thus we will perform.  
 Arm'd and adorn'd for battle, we will wait  
 Their coming where our coaſt is moſt abrupt.  
 Then, ſoon as they ſhall ruſh to the aſſault,  
 Seizing them by the helmet, as they come, 190  
 We will precipitate them, arms and all,  
 Into the lake; unſkilful as they are  
 To ſwim, their ſuffocation there is ſure,  
 And we will build a trophy to record  
 The great Mouſe-maſſacre for evermore. 195

So ſaying, he gave commandment, and all arm'd.  
 With leaves of mallows each his legs incaſed,  
 Guarded his boſom with a corſlet cut  
 From the green beet, with foliage tough of kail  
 Fashion'd his ample buckler, with a ruſh 200  
 Keen-tipt, of length tremendous, fill'd his gripe,  
 And on his brows ſet faſt a cockle-ſhell.  
 Then, on the ſummit of the loftieſt bank  
 Drawn into phalanx firm they ſtood, all ſhook  
 Their quiv'ring ſpears, and wrath ſwell'd ev'ry breaſt.  
 Jove ſaw them, and aſſembling all the Gods 206  
 To council in the ſkies, behold, he ſaid,

Yon



Yon num'rous hofts, magnanimous, robuft,  
 And rough with fpears, how like the giant race  
 They move, or like the Centaurs! fmiling, next, 210  
 He ask'd, of all the Gods, who favour'd moft  
 The Mice, and who the Frogs? but, at the laft,  
 Turning toward Minerva, thus he fpake.

The Mice, my daughter, need thee; go'ft thou not  
 To aid thy friends the Mice, inmates of thine, 215  
 Who to thy temple drawn by fav'ry fteams  
 Sacrificial, and day by day refresh'd  
 With dainties there, dance on thy facred floor?

So fpake the God, and Pallas thus replied.  
 My father! fuffer as they may, the Mice 220  
 Shall have no aid from me, whom much they wrong,  
 Marring my wreaths, and plund'ring of their oil  
 My lamps.—But this, of all their impious deeds,  
 Offends me moft, that they have eaten holes  
 In my beft mantle, which with curious art 225  
 Divine I wove, light, eafy, delicate;  
 And now, the artificer whom I employ'd  
 To mend it, clamouring demands a price  
 Exorbitant, which moves me much to wrath,  
 For I obtain'd on truft thofe costly threads, 230  
 And have not wherewithal to pay th' arrear.  
 Nor love I more the Frogs, or purpofe more  
 To fuccour even them, fince they not lefs,  
 Dolts as they are, and deftitute of thought,  
 Have incommoded me. For when, of late, 235

Returning from a fight weary and faint  
 I needed rest, and would have slept, no sleep  
 Found I, those ceaseless croakers of the lake  
 Noisy, perverse, forbidding me a wink.  
 Sleepless, and with an aching head I lay 240  
 Therefore, until the crowing of the cock.  
 By my advice, then, O ye Gods, move not  
 Nor interfere, favouring either side,  
 Lest ye be wounded; for both hosts alike  
 Are valiant, nor would scruple to assail 245  
 Even ourselves. Suffice it, therefore, hence  
 To view the battle, safe, and at our ease.

She ceas'd, and all complied. Meantime, the hosts  
 Drew nearer, and in front of each was seen  
 An herald, gonfalon in hand; huge gnats 250  
 Through clarions of unwieldy length sang forth  
 The dreadful note of onset fierce, and Jove  
 Doubled the signal, thund'ring from above.

First, with his spear \* Hypsiboas assail'd  
 † Lichenor. Deep into his body rush'd 255  
 The point, and pierced his liver. Prone he fell,  
 And all his glossy down with dust defiled.  
 Then, ‡ Troglodytes hurl'd his maffy spear  
 At || Pelion, which he planted in his chest.  
 Down dropp'd the Frog, night whelm'd him, and he died.

\* The loud-croaker.  
 into holes and crannies.

† One addicted to licking.  
 ‡ Offspring of the mud.

‡ A creeper

\* Seutlæus, through his heart piercing him, flew 261  
 Embafichytrus. † Polyphonus fell,  
 Pierced through his belly by the ſpear of bold  
 ‡ Artophagus, and prone in duſt expired.  
 Incenſed at fight of Polyphonus ſlain, 265  
 Limnocharis at Troglodytes caſt  
 A mill-ſtone weight of rock; full on the neck  
 He batter'd him, and darkneſs veil'd his eyes.  
 At him Lichenor hurl'd a glitt'ring lance,  
 Nor err'd, but pierced his liver. Trembling fled 270  
 || Crambophagus at that dread fight, and plunged  
 Over the precipice into the lake,  
 Yet even there found refuge none, for brave  
 Lichenor following, ſmote him even there.  
 So fell Crambophagus, and from that fall 275  
 Never aroſe, but redd'ning with his blood  
 The wave, and wallowing in the ſtrings and ſlime  
 Of his own vitals, near the bank expired.  
 § Limniſius on the graſſy ſhore ſtruck down  
 \*\* Tyroglyphus; but at the view alone 280  
 Of terrible †† Pternoglyphus appall'd,  
 Fled †† Calaminthius, caſt away his ſhield  
 Aſar, and headlong plunged into the lake.  
 §§ Hydrocharis with a vaſt ſtone aſſail'd  
 The King †† Pternophagus; the rugged maſs 285

\* A feeder on beet. † The noiſy. ‡ The bread-eater. ¶ The  
 cabbage-eater. § Of the lake. \*\* The cheeſe-ſcraper. †† The  
 ham-ſcraper. †† So called from the herb calamint. §§ One whoſe  
 delight is in the water. †† The bacon-eater.

Descending on his poll, crush'd it; the brain  
 Ooz'd through his nostrils drop by drop, and all  
 The bank around was spatter'd with his blood.  
 Lichopinax with his long spear transpierced  
 \* Borborocoites; darknefs veil'd his eyes. 290  
 † Prassophagus with vengeful notice mark'd  
 ‡ Cniffodioctes; seizing with one hand  
 His foot, and with the other hand his neck,  
 He plunged, and held him plunged, 'till, drown'd, he died.  
 Pfycharpax standing boldly in defence 295  
 Of his slain fellow-warriors, urged his spear  
 Right through || Pelufius; at his feet he fell,  
 And, dying, mingled with the Frogs below.  
 Repentful of his death, the mighty Frog  
 § Pelobates an handful cast of mud 300  
 Full at Pfycharpax; all his ample front  
 He smear'd, and left him scarce a glimpse of day.  
 Pfycharpax, at the foul dishonour, still  
 Exasp'rate more, upheaving from the ground  
 A rock that had incumber'd long the bank, 305  
 Hurl'd it against Pelobates; below  
 The knees he smote him, shiver'd his right leg  
 In pieces, and outstretch'd him in the dust.  
 But him \*\* Craugafides, who stood to guard  
 The fallen Chief, assail'd; with his long lance 310

\* The sleeper in the mud.  
 steam-hunter.  
 hoarse-croaker.

|| The muddy.

† The garlic-cater.

§ The mud-walker.

‡ The fav'ry-  
 \*\* The

He prick'd Pfycharpax at the waist; the whole  
Keen-pointed rush transpierced his belly, and all  
His bowels following the retracted point,  
O'erspread the ensanguin'd herbage at his side.

Soon as \* Sitophagus, a crippled mouse, 315

That sight beheld, limping, as best he could,

He left the field, and, to avoid a fate

Not less tremendous, dropp'd into a ditch.

Troxartes grazed the instep of the bold

Physignathus, who at the sudden pang 320

Startled, at once leap'd down into the lake.

† Prææus, at the sight of such a Chief

Floating in mortal agonies enraged,

Sprang through his foremost warriors, and dismiss'd

His pointed rush, but reach'd not through his shield 325

'Troxartes, baffled by the stubborn disk.

There was a Mouse, young, beautiful, and brave

Past all on earth, son of the valiant Chief

‡ Artepibulus. Like another Mars

He fought, and || Meridarpax was his name, 330

A Mouse, among all Mice without a peer.

Glorying in his might on the lake's verge

He stood, with other Mouse none at his side,

And swore t' extirpate the whole croaking race.

Nor doubted any but he should perform 335

His dreadful oath, such was his force in arms,

\* The cake-eater.  
who lies in wait for bread.

† One who deals much in garlic.  
|| The scrap-catcher.

‡ One.

Had not Saturnian Jove with sudden note  
 Perceived his purpose; with compassion touch'd  
 Of the devoted Frogs the Sov'reign shook  
 His brows, and thus the Deities address'd. 340

I see a prodigy, ye Pow'rs divine!  
 And, with no small amazement smitten, hear  
 Prince Meridarpax menacing the Frogs  
 With gen'ral extirpation. Haste—be quick—  
 Dispatch we Pallas terrible in fight, 345  
 Nor her alone, but also Mars, to quell  
 With force combined the sanguinary Chief.

So spake the Thund'rer, and thus Mars replied.  
 Neither the force of Pallas, nor the force  
 Of Mars, O Jove! will save the destin'd Frogs 350  
 From swift destruction. Let us all descend  
 To aid them, or, lest all suffice not, grasp  
 And send abroad thy biggest bolt, thy bolt  
 Tempestuous, terrour of the Titan race,  
 By which those daring enemies thou flew'st, 355  
 And didst coerce with adamantine chains  
 Enceladus, and all that monstrous brood.

He said, and Jove dismiss'd the smould'ring bolt.  
 At his first thunder, to its base he shook  
 The vast Olympian. Then—whirling about 360  
 His forky fires, he launch'd them to the ground,  
 And, as they left the Sov'reign's hand, the heart  
 Of ev'ry Mouse quaked, and of ev'ry Frog.  
 Yet ceas'd not, even at that shock, the Mice

From

From battle, but with double ardour flew 365  
 To the destruction of the Frogs, whom Jove  
 From the Olympian heights snow-crown'd again  
 Viewing, compassionated their distress,  
 And sent them aids. Sudden they came. Broad-back'd  
 They were, and smooth like anvils, sickle-claw'd, 370  
 Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers arm'd,  
 Shell-clad, crook-knee'd, protruding far before  
 Long hands and horns, with eye-balls in the breast,  
 Legs in quaternion ranged on either side,  
 And Crabs their name. They, seizing by his leg, 375  
 His arm, his tail a Mouse, cropp'd it, and snapp'd  
 His polish'd spear. Appall'd at such a foe  
 The miserable Mice stood not, but fled  
 Heartless, discomfited.—And now, the sun  
 Descending, clos'd this warfare of a day. 380

THE END

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THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY  
NATHANIEL PHIPPS  
OF BOSTON  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
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