THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.
"Αλφα. The Deities sit;
The Man retired;
Th' Ulyssean wit
By Pallas fired.

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

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

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THE FIRST BOOK

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

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

with the most Sacred Letter) to his natural haven and country, is the whole argument and scope of this inimitable and miraculous poem. And therefore is the epithet πολύτροπος given him in the first verse: πολύτροπος signifying, Homo cuius ingenium velut per multas et varias vias certitur in verum.

—CHAPMAN.

31 Neptune.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

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

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

47 'Aπυνος translated in this place inculpabilis, and made the epithet of Ægisthus, is from the true sense of the word, as it is here to be understood; which is quite contrary. As avtloteos is to be expounded in some place Divinus, or Deo similis, but in another (soon after) contrarius Deo. The person to whom the epithet is given giving reason to distinguish it. And so δλοφρων, an epithet given to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifieth mente perniciosus, in the next, qui universa mente jicit.—CHAPMAN.
THE FIRST BOOK

To suffer death himself) to shun his ill,
Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will,
In slaughtering Atrides in retreat.
Which we foretold him would so hardly set
To his murd'rous purpose, sending Mercury
That slaughter'd Argus, our consid'rate spy,
To give him this charge: 'Do not wed his wife,
Nor murder him; for thou shalt buy his life
With ransom of thine own, impos'd on thee
By his Orestes, when in him shall be
Atrides'-self renew'd, and but the prime
Of youth's spring put abroad, in thirst to climb
His haughty father's throne by his high acts.'
These words of Hermes wrought not into facts
Ægisthus' powers; good counsel he despis'd,
And to that good his ill is sacrific'd.'

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

Retreat.—It will be observed that Chapman frequently uses this word in the sense of return.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

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

97 This is thus translated, the rather to express and approve the allegory driven through the whole Odysseys. Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections; and the torments that breed in every pious mind; to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desires, at the proper and only true natural country of every worthy man, whose haven is heaven and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea in continual unrest and vexation. The words occasioning all this are μαλακῶς λύοις: μαλακῶς signifying, qui languidè, et animo remissio rem aliquam gerit; which being the effect of Calypso's sweet words in Ulysses, is here applied passively to his own sufferance of their operation.—CHAPMAN.
Austere Olympian. Did not ever he,
In ample Troy, thy altars gratify,
And Grecians’ fleet make in thy off’rings swim?
O Jove, why still then burns thy wrath to him?"

The Cloud-assembler answer’d: “What words fly,
Bold daughter, from thy pale of ivory?
As if I ever could cast from my care
Divine Ulysses, who exceeds so far
All men in wisdom, and so oft hath giv’n
To all th’ Immortals thron’d in ample heav’n
So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees,
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
Stand to Ulysses’ longings so extreme,
For taking from the God-foe Polyphemus
His only eye; a Cyclop, that excell’d
All other Cyclops, with whose burden swell’d
The nymph Thoosa, the divine increase
Of Phorcys’ seed, a great God of the seas.
She mix’d with Neptune in his hollow caves,
And bore this Cyclop to that God of waves.
For whose lost eye, th’ Earth-shaker did not kill
Erring Ulysses, but reserves him still
In life for more death. But use we our pow’rs,
And round about us cast these cares of ours,

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

116 Neptune.

120 Erring—wandering.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

All to discover how we may prefer
His wish'd retreat, and Neptune make forbear
His stern eye to him, since no one God can,
In spite of all, prevail, but 'gainst a man."

To this, this answer made the grey-eyed Maid:
"Supreme of rulers, since so well apaid
The blessed Gods are all then, now, in thee,
To limit wise Ulysses' misery,
And that you speak as you referr'd to me
Prescription for the means, in this sort be
Their sacred order: Let us now address
With utmost speed our swift Argicides,
To tell the nymph that bears the golden tress
In th' isle Ogygia, that 'tis our will
She should not stay our lov'd Ulysses still,
But suffer his return; and then will I
To Ithaca, to make his son apply
His sire's inquest the more; infusing force
Into his soul, to summon the concourse
Of curl'd-head Greeks to council, and deter
Each wooer, that hath been the slaughterer
Of his fat sheep and crooked-headed beeves,
From more wrong to his mother, and their leaves
Take in such terms as fit deserts so great.
To Sparta then, and Pylos, where doth beat
Bright Amathus, the flood, and epithet
To all that kingdom, my advice shall send
The spirit-advanc'd Prince, to the pious end
Of seeking his lost father, if he may
Receive report from Fame where rests his stay;

134 Apaid—satisfied, content.
146 Inquest—search.
144 Epithet—i.e. gives the epithet ἤμαθεσ, sandy, to Pylos.
And make, besides, his own successive worth
Known to the world, and set in action forth."

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

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

174 Mentas’ likeness—Mentes, son of Anchialus, king of the Taphians, north of Ithaca.
182 Kerv’d—carved.
The honours they usurp'd, his own commanding.

In this discourse, he first saw Pallas standing,
Unbidden entry; up rose, and addrest
His pace right to her, angry that a guest
Should stand so long at gate; and, coming near,
Her right hand took, took in his own her spear,
And thus saluted: "Grace to your repair,
Fair guest, your welcome shall be likewise fair.
Enter, and, cheer'd with feast, disclose th' intent
That caus'd your coming." This said, first he went,
And Pallas follow'd. To a room they came,
Steep, and of state; the javelin of the Dame
He set against a pillar vast and high,
Amidst a large and bright-kept armory,
Which was, besides, with woods of lances grace'd
Of his grave father's. In a throne he plac'd
The man-turn'd Goddess, under which was spread
A carpet, rich and of deviceful thread;
A footstool staying her feet; and by her chair
Another seat (all garnish'd wondrous fair,
To rest or sleep on in the day) he set,
Far from the prease of wooers, lest at meat
The noise they still made might offend his guest,
Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,
Ev'n to his combat with that pride of theirs,
That kept no noble form in their affairs.
And these he set far from them, much the rather
To question freely of his absent father.
A table fairly-polish'd then was spread,
On which a rev'rend officer set bread,
And other servitors all sorts of meat
(Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)
Serv'd with observance in. And then the sewer
Pour'd water from a great and golden ewer,
That from their hands t' a silver cauldron ran.
Both wash'd, and seated close, the voiceful man
Fetch'd cups of gold, and set by them, and round
Those cups with wine with all endeavour crown'd.

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

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

On him return'd, they all would wish to be
Either past other in celerity
Of feet and knees, and not contend t' exceed
In golden garments. But his virtues feed
The fate of ill death; nor is left to me
The least hope of his life's recovery,
No, not if any of the mortal race
Should tell me his return; the cheerful face
Of his return'd day never will appear.
But tell me, and let Truth your witness bear,
Who, and from whence you are? What city's birth?
What parents? In what vessel set you forth?
And with what mariners arriv'd you here?
I cannot think you a foot passenger.
Recount then to me all, to teach me well
Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell
In chance now first that you thus see us here,
Or that in former passages you were.
My father's guest? For many men have been
Guests to my father. Studious of men
His sociable nature ever was."
On him again the grey-eyed Maid did pass
This kind reply: "I'll answer passing true
All thou hast ask'd: My birth his honour drew
From wise Anchialus. The name I bear
Is Mentas, the commanding islander
Of all the Taphians studious in the art
Of navigation; having touch'd this part
With ship and men, of purpose to maintain
Course through the dark seas t' other-languag'd men;
And Temesis sustains the city's name
For which my ship is bound, made known by fame
For rich in brass, which my occasions need,
And therefore bring I shining steel in stead,
Which their use wants, yet makes my vessels freight,
That near a plough’d field rides at anchor’s weight,
Apart this city, in the harbour call’d
Rhethrus, whose waves with Neius’ woods are wall’d.
Thy sire and I were ever mutual guests,
At either’s house still interchanging feasts.
I glory in it. Ask, when thou shalt see
Laertes, th’ old hero, these of me,
From the beginning. He, men say, no more
Visits the city, but will needs deplore
His son’s believ’d loss in a private field;
One old maid only at his hands to yield
Food to his life, as oft as labour makes
His old limbs faint; which, though he creeps, he takes
Along a fruitful plain, set all with vines,
Which husbandman-like, though a king, he proins.
But now I come to be thy father’s guest;
I hear he wanders, while these wooers feast.
And (as th’ Immortals prompt me at this hour)
I’ll tell thee out of a prophetic pow’r,
(Not as profess’d a prophet, nor clear seen
At all times what shall after chance to men)
What I conceive, for this time, will be true:
The God’s inflections keep your sire from you.
Divine Ulysses, yet, abides not dead
Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried
In any seas, as you did late conceive,
But, with the broad sea sieg’d, is kept alive
Within an isle, by rude and upland men,
That in his spite his passage home detain.
Yet long it shall not be before he tread
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

324 Thos παις, Tantus filius. Pallas thus enforcing her
'question, 'to stir up the son the more to the father's
worthiness."—Chapman.
329 States—princes. See Iliad II. 69.
340 Seised—in possession of.
344 Strain—descent. So Shakespeare,
"Thus far I can praise him; he is of a noble strain, of
approved valour, and confirmed honesty."—Much Ado, II. 1.
Both of thy race and days obscure to thee, 
Since thou wert born so of Penelope. 
The style may by thy after acts be won, 
Of so great sire the high undoubted son.

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

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

343 Shots—reckoning, sum charged. Though now only 
used as a vulgar term, it was not uncommon in our older 
writers. Shakespeare,
"A man is never welcome to a place till some certain 
shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome."
-Two Gent. Verqsn. ii. 5.
The derivation is from Anglo-Sax. sceat, tax, treasure, or a 
piece of metal in an uncoined state equal to a penny. See 
Bosworth's Anglo-Sax. Dict. It occurs in almost every 
language. See Ital. scotto and Cotgrave in v. escot.
348 Disgrace—put out of favour, are unkind to.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

This Pallas sigh'd and answer'd: "O," said she,
"Absent Ulysses is much miss'd by thee,
That on these shameless suitors he might lay
His wreekful hands. Should he now come, and stay
In thy court's first gates, arm'd with helm and shield,
And two such darts as I have seen him wield,
When first I saw him in our Taphian court,
Feasting, and doing his desert's disport;"
When from Ephyrus he return'd by us
From Ilus, son to Centaur Mermerus,
To whom he travell'd through the wat'ry dreads,
For bane to poison his sharp arrows' heads,
That death, but touch'd, caus'd; which he would not give,
Because he fear'd the Gods that ever live
Would plague such death with death; and yet their fear
Was to my father's bosom not so dear
As was thy father's love; (for what he sought
My loving father found him to a thought.)
If such as then Ulysses might but meet
With these proud wooers, all were at his feet
But instant dead men, and their nuptialls
Would prove as bitter as their dying galls.
But these things in the God's knees are repos'd,
If his return shall see with wreak inclos'd,
These in his house, or he return no more;
And therefore I advise thee to explore
All ways thyself, to set these wooers gone;
To which end give me fit attention:
To-morrow into solemn council call
The Greek heroës, and declare to all
(The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is.
Command to towns of their nativity
These frontless wooers. If thy mother's mind
Stands to her second nuptials so inclin'd,
Return she to her royal father's tow'rs,
Where th' one of these may wed her, and her dow'rs
Make rich, and such as may consort with grace
So dear a daughter of so great a race
And thee I warn as well (if thou as well
Wilt hear and follow) take thy best-built sail,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

With twenty oars mann'd, and haste t' inquire
Where the abode is of thy absent sire,
If any can inform thee, or thine ear
From Jove the fame of his retreat may hear,
For chiefly Jove gives all that honours men.

To Pylos first be thy addression then,
To god-like Nestor; thence to Sparta haste,
To gold-lock'd Menelaus, who was last
Of all the brass-arm'd Greeks that sail'd from Troy;
And try from both these, if thou canst enjoy
News of thy sire's return'd life anywhere,
Though sad thou suffer'st in his search a year.
If of his death thou hear'st, return thou home,
And to his memory erect a tomb,
Performing parent-rites, of feast and game,
Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame;
And then thy mother a fit husband give.
These past, consider how thou mayst deprive
Of worthless life those wooers in thy house,
By open force, or projects ingenious.
Things childish fit not thee; th' art so no more.
Hast thou not heard, how all men did adore
Divine Orestes, after he had slain
Ægisthus murdr'ing by a treach'rous train
His famous father? Be then, my most lov'd,
Valiant and manly, ev'ry way approv'd
As great as he. I see thy person fit,
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit,
All-giv'n thee so to use and manage here
That ev'n past death they may their memories bear.

In Enginos—ingenious. See Nares on the words, engine, and inginous.
In meantime I'll descend to ship and men,
That much expect me. Be observant then
Of my advice, and careful to maintain
In equal acts thy royal father's reign."

Telemachus replied: "You ope, fair guest,
A friend's heart in your speech, as well express
As might a father serve t' inform his son;
All which sure place have in my memory won."

Abide yet, though your voyage calls away,
That, having bath'd, and dignified your stay
With some more honour, you may yet beside
Delight your mind by being gratified
With some rich present taken in your way,
That, as a jewel, your respect may lay
Up in your treasury, bestow'd by me,
As free friends use to guests of such degree."

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

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

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

When which divine song was perceiv'd to bear
That mournful subject by the list'ning ear
Of wise Penelope, Icarius' seed,
Who from an upper room had giv'n it heed,
Down she descended by a winding stair,
Not solely, but the state in her repair
Two maids of honour made. And when this queen
Of women stoop'd so low, she might be seen
By all her wooers. In the door, aloof,
Ent'ring the hall grac'd with a goodly roof,
She stood, in shade of graceful veils, implied
About her beauties; on her either side,
Her honour'd women. When, to tears mov'd, thus
She chid the sacred singer: "Phemius,
You know a number more of these great deeds
Of Gods and men, that are the sacred seeds,
And proper subjects, of a poet's song,
And those due pleasures that to men belong;
Besides these facts that furnish Troy's retreat,
Sing one of those to these, that round your seat
They may with silence sit, and taste their wine;
But cease this song, that through these ears of mine
Conveys deserv'd occasion to my heart
Of endless sorrows, of which the desert
In me unmeasur'd is past all these men,
So endless is the memory I retain,
And so desertful is that memory,
Of such a man as hath a dignity
So broad it spreads itself through all the pride
Of Greece and Argos." To the queen replied
THE FIRST BOOK

Inspir'd Telemachus: "Why thus envies
My mother him that fits societies
With so much harmony, to let him please
His own mind in his will to honour these?
For these ingenious and first sort of men,
That do immediately from Jove retain
Their singing raptures, are by Jove as well
Inspir'd with choice of what their songs impell,
Jove's will is free in it, and therefore theirs.
Nor is this man to blame, that the repairs
The Greeks make homeward sings; for his fresh muse
Men still most celebrate that sings most news
And therefore in his note your ears employ:
For not Ulysses only lost in Troy
The day of his return, but numbers more
The deadly ruins of his fortunes bore.
Go you then in, and take your work in hand,
Your web and distaff; and your maids command
To ply their fit work. Words to men are due,
And those reproving counsels you pursue,
And most to me of all men, since I hear
The rule of all things that are manag'd here."
She went amaz'd away, and in her heart
Laid up the wisdom Pallas did impart

328 'Ερήπως διαδόθη. Cantor, cuius tam apta est societas hominibus.—Chapman
331 Ἀνδράων ἀλφητήτων. 'Αλφητήτων is an epithet proper to poets for their first finding out of arts and documents tending to elocution and government, inspired only by Jove, and are here called the first of men, since first they gave rules to manly life, and have their information immediately from Jove (as Plato in Iunone witnesseth); the word deduced from ἄλφα, which is taken for him qui primus tempus aliquid in re, and will ἀλφητήτων then be sufficiently expressed with ingeniosie, than which no exposition goes further.—Chapman.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

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

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

Upon this answer of Telemachus, because it hath so
sudden a change, and is so far let down from his late height
of heat, altering and tempering so commandingly his affec-
tions I thought not amiss to insert here Spondanus' further
annotations, which is this: Prudenter Telemachus jocofuorem
Antinoi ac asperitatem emolliit. Nam ictu dictum illius inter-
pretatur, ut existimetur censere jocorè illa etiam ab Antinoo
adversum se pronunciata. Et primum ironice se Regem esse
exceptat propter commoda quae Reges solent comitari. Ne tamen
invindicat in se ambitionis concitét, testatur se regnum Ithaco
non ambire, mortuo Ulyse, cum id alii possidere queant se
longe præstantiores ac digniores: hoc unum ait se moliri, ut
propriarum ædium et bonorum solus sit dominus, iis exclusis
ac ejectis, qui vi illa occupare ac disperdere conantur.

CHAPMAN.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

Girdon—garland, crown, sovereignty. Shakespeare,

"Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Host. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the
crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord."—Richard III. iii. 2.
Nor would sustain to stay and make him known!
His port show’d no debauch’d companion.”

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

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

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

FINIS LIBRI PRIMI HOM. ODYSS.
THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

" ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Bētra The old Maid's store
The voyage cheer'd.
The ship leaves shore,
Minerva steers.

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

The heralds then he straight charg'd to consort
The curl'd-head Greeks, with loud calls, to a Court. 10
They summon'd; th' other came in utmost haste.
Who all assembled, and in one heap plac'd,
He likewise came to council, and did bear
In his fair hand his iron-headed spear.

Nor came alone, nor with men-troops prepar'd,
But two fleet dogs made both his train and guard.
Pallas supplied with her high wisdom's grace,
That all men's wants supplies, State's painted face.
His ent'ring presence all men did admire;
Who took seat in the high throne of his sire,
To which the grave peers gave him rev'rend way.
Amongst whom, an Egyptian heroé
(Crooké'd with age, and full of skill) begun
The speech to all; who had a lovéd son
That with divine Ulysses did ascend
His hollow fleet to Troy; to serve which end,
He kept fair horse, and was a man-at-arms,
And in the cruel Cyclop's stern alarms
His life lost by him in his hollow cave,
Whose entrails open'd his abhorré'd grave,
And made of him, of all Ulysses' train,
His latest supper, being latest slain;
His name was Antiphus. And this old man,
This crooké'd-grown, this wise Egyptian,
Had three sons more; of which one riotous
A wooer was, and call'd Eurynomus;
The other two took both his own wish'd course.
Yet both the best fates weigh'd not down the worse,
But left the old man mindful still of moan;
Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:
"Hear, Ithacensians, all I fitly say:
Since our Divine Ulysses' parting day
Never was council call'd, nor session,
And now by whom is this thus undergone?
Whom did necessity so much compel,
Of young or old? Hath anyone heard tell
Of any coming army, that he thus now
May openly take boldness to avow,
First having heard it? Or will any here
Some motion for the public good prefer?
Some worth of note there is in this command;
And, methinks, it must be some good man's hand
That's put to it, that either hath direct
Means to assist, or, for his good affect,
Hopes to be happy in the proof he makes;
And that Jove grant, whate'er he undertakes."

Telemachus (rejoicing much to hear
The good hope and opinion men did bear
Of his young actions) no longer sat,
But long'd t' approve what this man pointed at,
And make his first proof in a cause so good;
And in the council's chief place up he stood;
When straight Pisenor (herald to his sire,
And learn'd in counsels) felt his heart on fire
To hear him speak, and put into his hand
The sceptre that his father did command;
Then, to the old Egyptian turn'd, he spoke:
"Father, not far he is that undertook
To call this Council; whom you soon shall know.
Myself, whose wrongs my griefs will make me show,
Am he that author'd this assembly here.
Nor have I heard of any army near,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Of which, being first told, I might iterate,
Nor for the public good can aught relate,
Only mine own affairs all this procure,
That in my house a double ill endure;
One, having lost a father so renown'd,
Whose kind rule once with your command was crown'd;
The other is, what much more doth augment
His weighty loss, the ruin imminent
Of all my house by it, my goods all spent.
And of all this the wooers, that are sons
To our chief peers, are the confusions,
Importuning my mother's marriage
Against her will; nor dares their blood's bold rage
Go to Icarius', her father's, court,
That, his will ask'd in kind and comely sort,
He may endow his daughter with a dow'r,
And, she consenting, at his pleasure's pow'r
Dispose her to a man, that, thus behav'd,
May have fit grace, and see her honour sav'd.
But these, in none but my house, all their lives
Resolve to spend; slaught'ring my sheep and beves,
And with my fattest goats lay feast on feast,
My gen'rous wine consuming as they list.
A world of things they spoil, here wanting one,
That, like Ulysses, quickly could set gone
These peace-plagues from his house, that spoil like war;
Whom my pow'rs are unfit to urge so far,
Myself immartial. But, had I the pow'r,
My will should serve me to exempt this hour
From out my life-time. For, past patience,
Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence
Of any honour. Falling is my house,
Which you should shame to see so ruinous.
Rev'rence the censures that all good men give,
That dwell about you; and for fear to live
Expos'd to heav'n's wrath (that doth ever pay
Pains for joys forfeit) even by Jove I pray,
Or Themis, both which pow'rs have to restrain,
Or gather, councils, that ye will abstain
From further spoil, and let me only waste
In that most wretched grief I have embrac'd
For my lost father. And though I am free
From meritng your outrage, yet, if he,
Good man, hath ever with a hostile heart
Done ill to any Greek, on me convert
Your like hostility, and vengeance take
Of his ill on my life, and all these make
Join in that justice; but, to see abus'd
Those goods that do none ill but being ill-us'd,
Exceeds all right. Yet better 'tis for me,
My whole possessions and my rents to see
Consum'd by you, than lose my life and all;
For on your rapine a revenge may fall,
While I live; and so long I may complain
About the city, till my goods again,
Oft ask'd, may be with all amends repaid.
But in the mean space your misrule hath laid
Grievs on my bosom, that can only speak,
And are denied the instant pow' r of wreak."
This said, his sceptre 'gainst the ground he threw,
And tears still'd from him; which mov'd all the crew,
The court struck silent, not a man did dare
To give a word that might offend his ear.
Antinous only in this sort replied:
"High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,
How have you sham'd us in this speech of yours!
Will you brand us for an offence not ours?
Your mother, first in craft, is first in cause.
Three years are past, and near the fourth now draws,
Since first she mock'd the peers Achaian.
All she made hope, and promis'd ev'ry man,
Sent for us ever, left love's show in nought,
But in her heart conceal'd another thought.
Besides, as curious in her craft, her loom
She with a web charg'd, hard to overcome,
And thus bespake us: 'Youths, that seek my bed,
Since my divine spouse rests amongst the dead,
Hold on your suits but till I end, at most,
This funeral weed, lest what is done be lost.
Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere fate
Of bitter death shall take into his state
Laertes the heroïc, it shall deck
His royal corse, since I should suffer check.
In ill report of ev'ry common dame,
If one so rich should show in death his shame.'
This speech she us'd; and this did soon persuade
Our gentle minds. But this a work she made
So hugely long, undoing still in night,
By torches, all she did by day's broad light,
That three years her deceit div'd past our view,
And made us think that all she feign'd was true.
But when the fourth year came, and those sly hours
That still surprise at length dames' craftiest powers,
One of her women, that knew all, disclos'd
The secret to us, that she still unloos'd
Her whole day's fair affair in depth of night.
And then no further she could force her sleight,  
But, of necessity, her work gave end.  
And thus, by me, doth ev'ry other friend,  
Professing love to her, reply to thee;  
That ev'n thyself, and all Greeks else, may see,  
That we offend not in our stay, but she.  
To free thy house then, send her to her sire,  
Commanding that her choice be left entire  
To his election, and one settled will.  
Nor let her vex with her illusions still  
Her friends that woo her, standing on her wit,  
Because wise Pallas hath giv'n wills to it  
So full of art, and made her understand  
All works in fair skill of a lady's hand.  
But (for her working mind) we read of none  
Of all the old world, in which Greece hath shown  
Her rarest pieces, that could equal her:  
Tyro, Alcmena, and Mycena were  
To hold comparison in no degree,  
For solid brain, with wise Penelope.  
And yet, in her delays of us, she shows  
No prophet's skill, with all the wit she owes;  
For all this time thy goods and victuals go  
To utter ruin; and shall ever so,  
While thus the Gods her glorious mind dispose  
Glory herself may gain, but thou shalt lose  
Thy longings ev'n for necessary food,  
For we will never go where lies our good,  
Nor any other where, till this delay  
She puts on all she quits with th' endless stay  
Of some one of us, that to all the rest  
May give free farewell with his nuptial feast.”
The wise young prince replied: "Antinous!
I may by no means turn out of my house
Her that hath brought me forth and nourish'd me
Besides, if quick or dead my father be
In any region, yet abides in doubt;
And 'twill go hard, my means being so run out,
To tender to Icarius again,
If he again my mother must maintain
In her retreat, the dow'r she brought with her.
And then a double ill it will confer,
Both from my father and from God on me,
When, thrust out of her house, on her bent knee
My mother shall the horrid Furies raise
With imprecations, and all men dispraise
My part in her exposure. Never then
Will I perform this counsel. If your spleen
Swell at my courses, once more I command
Your absence from my house; some other's hand
Charge with your banquets; on your own goods eat,
And either other mutually intreat,
At either of your houses, with your feast.
But if ye still esteem more sweet and best
Another's spoil, so you still wreakless live,
Gnaw, vermin-like, things sacred, no laws give
To your devouring; it remains that I
Invoke each Ever-living Deity,
And vow, if Jove shall deign in any date
Pow'r of like pains for pleasure so past rate,
From thenceforth look, where ye have revel'd so
Unwreck'd, your ruins all shall undergo."

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

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

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

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

He answer'd him: "Eurymachus, and all
Ye gen'rous Wooers, now, in general,
I see your brave resolves, and will no more
Make speech of these points, and, much less, implore.
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,
And all the Gods besides, just witness bear,
What friendly premonitions have been spent
On your forbearance, and their vain event.
Yet, with my other friends, let love prevail
To fit me with a vessel free of sail,
And twenty men, that may divide to me
My ready passage through the yielding sea.
For Sparta, and Amathian Pylos’ shore,
I now am bound, in purpose to explore
My long-lack’d father, and to try if fame
Or Jove, most author of man’s honour’d name,
With his return and life may glad mine ear,
Though toil’d in that proof I sustain a year.
If dead I hear him, nor of more state, here
Retir’d to my lov’d country, I will rear
A sepulchre to him, and celebrate
Such royal parent-rites as fits his state;
And then my mother to a spouse dispose.”

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

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

327 The original is Πόλον ἵμαθενα, sandy Pylos. See
Book 1, 154.
All whom he govern'd, and became to them, 855
Rather than one that wore a diadem,
A most indulgent father. But, for all
That can touch me, within no envy fall
These insolent Wooers, that in violent kind
Commit things foul by th' ill wit of the mind,
And with the hazard of their heads devour
Ulysses' house, since his returning hour
They hold past hope. But it affects me much,
Ye dull plebeians, that all this doth touch
Your free states nothing; who, struck dumb, afford
These Wooers not so much wreak as a word,
Though few, and you with only number might
Extinguish to them the profanèd night."

Evenor's son, Leocritus, replied:
"Mentor! the railer, made a fool with pride,
What language giv'st thou that would quiet us
With putting us in storm, exciting thus
The rout against us? Who, though more than we,
Should find it is no easy victory
To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts,
No not if Ithacus himself such guests
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,
And hope to force them from so sweet a fort.
His wife should little joy in his arrive,
Though much she wants him; for, where she alive 880
Would her's enjoy, there death should claim his rights.
He must be conquer'd that with many fights.
Thou speak'st unfit things. To their labours then
Disperse these people; and let these two men,
Mentor and Halitherses, that so boast

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

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

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

Thus spake he praying; when close to him came
Pallas, resembling Mentor both in frame
Of voice and person, and advis'd him thus:
"Those Wooers well might know, Telemachus,
Thou wilt not ever weak and childish be,
If to thee be instill'd the faculty
Of mind and body that thy father grac'd;
And if, like him, there be in thee enchant'd
Virtue to give words works, and works their end.
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend,
Shall not so quickly, as they idly ween,
Be vain, or giv'n up, for their opposite spleen.
But, if Ulysses or Penelope
Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee
Of no more urging thy attempt in hand;
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,
Are like their parents, many that are worse,
And most few better. Those then that the nurse
Or mother call true-born yet are not so,
Like worthy sires much less are like to grow.
But thou show'st now that in thee fades not quite
Thy father's wisdom; and that future light
Shall therefore show thee far from being unwise,
Or touch'd with stain of bastard cowardice.
Hope therefore says, that thou wilt to the end
Pursue the brave act thou didst erst intend.
But for the foolish Wooers, they betray
They neither counsel have nor soul, since they
Are neither wise nor just, and so must needs
Rest ignorant how black above their heads
Fate hovers holding Death, that one sole day
Will make enough to make them all away.
For thee, the way thou wishest shall no more
Fly thee a step; I, that have been before
Thy father's friend, thine likewise now will be,
Provide thy ship myself, and follow thee.
Go thou then home, and sooth each Wooer's vein,
But under hand fit all things for the main;
Wine in as strong and sweet casks as you can,
And meal, the very marrow of a man,
Which put in good sure leather sacks, and see
That with sweet food sweet vessels still agree.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 41

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

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

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

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

This said, his hand he coyly snatch'd away
From forth Antinous' hand. The rest the day
Spent through the house with banquets; some with jests,
And some with railings, dignifying their feasts.
To whom a jest-proud youth the wit began:
"Telemachus will kill us ev'ry man.
From Sparta, to the very Lylian sand,
He will raise aids to his impetuous hand.
O he affects it strangely! Or he means
To search Ephyra's fat shores, and from thence
Bring deathful poisons, which amongst our bowls
Will make a general shipwrack of our souls."

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

Thus they; while he a room ascended, high
And large, built by his father, where did lie
Gold and brass heap'd up, and in coffers were
Rich robes, great store of odorous oils, and there
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 43

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

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

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

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

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

Whose ev'ry breast she did with spirit enflame. Yet still fresh projects laid the grey-eyed Dame.

Straight to the house she hasted, and sweet sleep
Pour'd on each Wooer; which so laid in steep
Their drowsy temples, that each brow did nod,
As all were drinking, and each hand his load,
The cup, let fall. All start up, and to bed,
Nor more would watch, when sleep so surfeited
Their leaden eye-lids. Then did Pallas call
Telemachus, in body, voice, and all,
Resembling Mentor, from his native nest,
And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest
To use their oars, and all expected now
He should the spirit of a soldier show.
"Come then," said she, "no more let us defer
Our honour'd action." Then she took on her
A ravish'd spirit, and led as she did leap;
And he her most haste took out step by step.

Arrived at sea and ship, they found ashore
The soldiers that their fashion'd-long hair wore;
To whom the prince said: "Come, my friends, let's bring
Our voyage's provision; ev'ry thing
Is heap'd together in our court; and none,
No not my mother, nor her maids, but one
Knows our intention." This express'd, he led,
The soldiers close together followed;
And all together brought aboard their store.
Aboard the prince went; Pallas still before
Sat at the stern, he close to her, the men
Up hasted after. He and Pallas then
Put from the shore. His soldiers then he bad
See all their arms fit; which they heard, and had.
THE SECOND BOOK

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

FINIS LIPRI SECUNDI HOM. ODYSS.
THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Πάμμα. Ulysses' son

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

* Pallas.  † Minerva, Nestor, and Telemachus.
The sun now left the great and goodly lake,
And to the firm heav'n bright ascent did make,
To shine as well upon the mortal birth,
Inhabiting the plow'd life-giving earth,
As on the ever-treaders upon death.

And now to Pylos, that so garnisheth
Herself with buildings, old Neleus' town,
The prince and Goddess come had strange sights shown,
For, on the marine shore, the people there
To Neptune, that the azure locks doth wear,
Beeves that were wholly black gave holy flame.
Nine seats of state they made to his high name;
And ev'ry seat set with five hundred men,
And each five hundred was to furnish then
With nine black oxen ev'ry sacred seat.

These of the entrails only pleas'd to eat,
And to the God enflam'd the fleshy thighs.

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

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

The Gods.
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS. 49

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

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

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

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

50 Fells—sheep-skins, skins of beasts. 50 Kerv’d—carved
VOL. I. ODYSSEY.
Which to Minerva with a gentle soul
He gave, and thus spake: "Ere you eat, fair guest,
Invoke the Seas' King, of whose sacred feast
Your travel hither makes ye partners now;
When, sacrificing as becomes, bestow
This bowl of sweet wine on your friend, that he
May likewise use these rites of piety;
For I suppose his youth doth prayers use,
Since all men need the Gods. But you I choose
First in this cup's disposition, since his years
Seem short of yours, who more like me appears."
Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant wine;
And since a wise and just man did design
The golden bowl first to her free receive,
Ev'n to the Goddess it did add delight,
Who thus invok'd: "Hear thou, whose vast embrace
Enspheres the whole earth, nor disdain thy grace
To us that ask it in performing this:
To Nestor first, and these fair sons of his,
Vouchsafe all honour; and, next them, bestow
On all these Pylians, that have offer'd now
This most renowned hecatomb to thee,
Remuneration fit for them, and free;
And lastly deign Telemachus and me,
The work perform'd for whose effect we came,
Our safe return, both with our ship and fame."
Thus pray'd she; and herself herself obey'd,
In th' end performing all for which she pray'd.
And now, to pray, and do as she had done,
She gave the fair round bowl t' Ulysses' son.
The meat then dress'd, and drawn, and serv'd t' each
guest,
They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.
When appetite to wine and food allay'd,
Horse-taming Nestor then began, and said:
"Now life's desire is serv'd, as far as fare,
Time fits me to enquire what guests these are.
Fair guests, what are ye? And for what coast tries
Your ship the moist deeps? For fit merchandise?
Or rashly coast ye, like our men of prisc,
The rough seas tempting, desperately erring,
The ill of others in their good conferring?"

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

"O Nestor! still in whom Nelēus lives!
And all the glory of the Greeks survives,
You ask from whence we are, and I relate:
From Ithaca (whose seat is situate
Where Neius, the renowned mountain, rears
His haughty forehead, and the honour bears
To be our sea-mark) we assay'd the waves.
The business, I must tell, our own good craves,
And not the public. I am come t' enquire,
If, in the fame that best men doth inspire
Of my most-suffering father, I may hear
Some truth of his estate now, who did bear
The name, being joined in fight with you alone,
To even with earth the height of Ilion.
Of all men else, that any name did bear,
And fought for Troy, the sev'ral ends we hear;

*106 Girlonds—garlands.
But his death Jove keeps from the world unknown, 125
The certain fame thereof being told by none;
If on the continent by enemies slain,
Or with the waves cast of the ravenous main.
For his love 'tis that to your knees I sue,
That you would please, out of your own clear view, 130
' T' assure his sad end; or say, if your ear
Hath heard of the unhappy wanderer,
To too much sorrow whom his mother bore.
You then by all your bounties I implore,
(If ever to you deed or word hath stood, 135
By my good father promis'd, render'd good
Amongst the Trojans, where ye both have tried
The Grecian sufferance) that in nought applied
To my respect or pity you will close,
But unclothe'd truth to my desires disclose."

"() my much-lov'd," said he, "since you renew
Remembrance of the miseries that grew
Upon our still-in-strength-opposing Greece
Amongst Troy's people, I must touch a piece
Of all our woes there, either in the men
Achilles brought by sea and led to gain
About the country, or in us that fought
About the city, where to death were brought
All our chief men, as many as were there.
There Mars-like Ajax lies; Achilles there; 145
There the in-counsel-like-the-Gods, his friend;
There my dear son Antilochus took end,
Past measure swift of foot, and staid in fight.
A number more that ills felt infinite;

125 *Fame*—(Latin) report. 130 *Close*—gloss over.
131 *Patroclus*.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

Of which to reckon all, what mortal man,
If five or six years you should stay here, can
Serve such enquiry? You would back again,
Affected with unsufferable pain,
Before you heard it. Nine years sieg'd we them,
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem
That could be thought. 'Il knit to ill past end.
Yet still they toil'd us; nor would yet Jove send
Rest to our labours, nor will scarcely yet.
But no man liv'd, that would in public set
His wisdom by Ulysses' policy,
As thought his equal; so excessively
He stood superior all ways. If you be
His son indeed, mine eyes ev'n ravish me
To admiration. And in all consent
Your speech puts on his speech's ornament.
Nor would one say, that one so young could use,
Unless his son, a rhetoric so profuse.
And while we liv'd together, he and I
Never in speech maintain'd diversity;
Nor sat in council but, by one soul led,
With spirit and prudent counsel furnish'd
The Greeks at all hours, that, with fairest course,
What best became them, they might put in force.
But when Troy's high tow'rs we had levell'd thus,
We put to sea, and God divided us.
And then did Jove our sad retreat devise;
For all the Greeks were neither just nor wise,
And therefore many felt so sharp a fate,
Sent from Minerva's most pernicious hate;
Whose mighty Father can do fearful things.
By whose help she betwixt the brother kings
Let fall contention; who in council met
In vain, and timeless, when the sun was set,
And all the Greeks call’d, that came charg’d with wine.
Yet then the kings would utter their design,
And why they summon’d. Menelaus, he
Put all in mind of home, and cried, To sea.
But Agamemnon stood on contraries,
Whose will was, they should stay and sacrifice
Whole hecatombs to Pallas, to forego
Her high wrath to them. Fool! that did not know
She would not so be won; for not with ease
Th’ Eternal Gods are turn’d from what they please.
So they, divided, on foul language stood.
The Greeks in huge rout rose, their wine-heat blood
Two ways affecting. And, that night’s sleep too,
We turn’d to studying either other’s woe;
When Jove besides made ready woes enow.
Morn came, we launch’d, and in our ships did stow
Our goods, and fair-girt women. Half our men
The people’s guide, Atrides, did contain,
And half, being now aboard, put forth to sea.
A most free gale gave all ships prosp’rous way.
God settled then the huge whale-bearing lake,
And Tenedos we reach’d; where, for time’s sake,
We did divine rites to the Gods. But Jove,
Inexorable still, bore yet no love
To our return, but did again excite
A second sad contention, that turn’d quite
A great part of us back to sea again;
Which were th’ abundant-in-all-counsels man,
Your matchless father, who, to gratify
The great Atrides, back to him did fly.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

But I fled all, with all that follow'd me,
Because I knew God studied misery,
To hurl amongst us. With me likewise fled
Martial Tydides. I the men he led
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleet did bring
To Lesbos, where the yellow-headed king,
Though late, yet found us, as we put to choice
A tedious voyage; if we sail should hoise
Above rough Chius, left on our left hand,
To th' isle of Pyria, or that rugged land
Sail under, and for windy Mimas steer.
We ask'd of God that some ostent might clear
Our cloudy business, who gave us sign,
And charge, that all should, in a middle line,
The sea cut for Euboea, that with speed
Our long-sustain'd infortune might be freed.
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,
And swiftly flew we through the fishy skies,
Till to Geraestus we in night were brought;
Where, through the broad sea since we safe had wrought,
At Neptune's altars many solid thighs
Of slaughter'd bulls we burn'd for sacrifice.

The fourth day came, when Tydeus' son did greet
The haven of Argos with his complete fleet.
But I for Pylos straight steer'd on my course;
Nor ever left the wind his foreright force,
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came,
Dear son, to Pylos, uninform'd by fame,
Nor know one sav'd by Fate, or overcome.
Whom I have heard of since, set here at home,
As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshown.
The expert spear-men, ev'ry Myrmidon,
Led by the brave heir of the mighty-soul'd
Unpeer'd Achilles, safe of home got hold;
Safe Philoctetes, Pean's famous seed;
And safe Idomeneus his men led
To his home, Crete, who fled the armed field,
Of whom yet none the sea from him withheld.

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

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

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

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

The burning-eyed Dame answer'd: "What a speech
Hath past the teeth-guard Nature gave to teach
Fit question of thy words before they fly!
God easily can (when to mortal eye
He's furthest off) a mortal satisfy;
And does the more still. For thy ear'd-for sire,
I rather wish, that I might home retire,
After my suff'rance of a world of wocs,
Far off, and then my glad eyes might disclose
The day of my return, then straight retire,
And perish standing by my household fire;
As Agamemnon did, that lost his life
By false Ægisthus, and his falser wife.

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

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

314 *Volente Deo, nihil est difficile.—Chapman.*
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Where then was Menelaus? How was it
That false Ægisthus, being so far unfit
A match for him, could his death so enforce?
Was he not then in Argos? or his course
With men so left, to let a coward breathe
Spirit enough to dare his brother's death?"

"I'll tell thee truth in all, fair son," said he:
"Right well was this event conceiv'd by thee.
If Menelaus in his brother's house
Had found the idle liver with his spouse,
Arriv'd from Troy, he had not liv'd, nor dead
Had the digg'd heap pour'd on his lustful head.
But fowls and dogs had torn him in the fields,
Far off of Argos; not a dame it yields
Had giv'n him any tear, so foul his fact
Shog'd ev'n to women. Us Troy's wars had rack'd
To ev'ry sinew's sufferance, while he
In Argos' uplands liv'd, from those works free,
And Agamemnon's wife with force of word
Flatter'd and soften'd, who, at first, abhor'd
A fact so infamous. The heav'nly dame
A good mind had, but was in blood too blame.
There was a poet, to whose care the king
His queen committed, and in ev'ry thing,
When he from Troy went, charg'd him to apply
Himself in all guard to her dignity.
But when strong Fate so wrapt-in her effects,
That she resolv'd to leave her fit respects,

365 But was in blood too blame—The expression too blame
was not unusual in old writers. Nares has illustrated it
from Shakespeare, Heywood, and others. Our modern
phrase that a person is to blame, i.e. to be blamed, is a modi-
fication of this old form too blame, i.e. too blameable. See
Shakespeare, I Henry IV. iii. 1.
Into a desert isle her guardian led,
There left, the rapine of the vultures fed.
Then brought he willing home his will’s won prize,
On sacred altars offer’d many thighs,
Hung in the God’s fanes many ornaments,
Garments and gold, that he the vast events
Of such a labour to his wish had brought,
As neither fell into his hope nor thought.

At last, from Troy sail’d Sparta’s king and I,
Both holding her untouch’d. And, that his eye
Might see no worse of her, when both were blown
To sacred Sunium, of Minerva’s town
The goodly promontory, with his shafts severe
Augur Apollo slew him that did steer
Atrides’ ship, as he the stern did guide,
And she the full speed of her sail applied.
He was a man that nations of men
Excell’d in safe guide of a vessel, when
A tempest rush’d in on the ruffled seas;
His name was Phroutis Onetorides.
And thus was Menelaus held from home,
Whose way he thirsted so to overcome,
To give his friend the earth, being his pursuit,
And all his exequies to execute.

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

386 Οὕτων πέρρων: οὗτος θύεις σακίας τινον ἰμπρεσσατ. 

390 i.e. Proclaimed the voyage was in opposition to his will, was distasteful to him.
And pour'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,
That nourish'd billows heighten'd like to hills;
And with the fleet's division fulfills
His hate proclaim'd; upon a part of Crete
Casting the navy, where the sea-waves meet
Rough Jardanus, and where the Cylons live.

There is a rock, on which the sea doth drive,
Bare, and all broken, on the confines set
Of Gortys, that the dark seas likewise fret;
And hither sent the South a horrid drift
Of waves against the top, that was the left
Of that torn cliff as far as Phæstus' strand.
A little stone the great seas' rage did stand.
The men here driv'n 'scap'd hard the ship's sore shocks,
The ships themselves being wrack'd against the rocks,
Save only five, that blue fore-castles bore,
Which wind and water cast on Egypt's shore.
When he (there victling well, and store of gold
Aboard his ships brought) his wild way did hold,
And t' other languag'd men was forc'd to roam.
Mean space, Ægisthus made sad work at home,
And slew his brother, forcing to his sway
Atrides' subjects, and did sev'n years lay
His yoke upon the rich Mycenian state.
But in the eighth, to his affrighting fate,
Divine Orestes home from Athens came,
And what his royal father felt, the same
He made the false Ægisthus groan beneath.
Death evermore is the reward of death.

Thus having slain him, a sepulchral feast
He made the Argives for his lustful guest,
And for his mother whom he did detest.
The self-same day upon him stole the king
Good-at-a-martial-shout, and goods did bring,
As many as his freighted fleet could bear.
But thou, my son, too long by no means err,
Thy goods left free for many a spoilful guest,
Lest they consume some, and divide the rest,
And thou, perhaps, besides, thy voyage lose.
To Menelaus yet thy course dispose
I wish and charge thee; who but late arriv'd
From such a shore and men, as to have liv'd
In a return from them he never thought,
And whom black whirlwinds violently brought
Within a sea so vast, that in a year
Not any fowl could pass it anywhere,
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou
With ship and men (or, if thou pleasest now
To pass by land, there shall be brought for thee
Both horse and chariot, and thy guides shall be
My sons themselves) to Sparta the divine,
And to the king whose locks like amber shine.
Intreat the truth of him, nor loves he lies,
Wisdom in truth is, and he's passing wise.”

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

She said; they heard; the heralds water gave;

*Good-at-a-martial-shout—Menelaus.*
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Tho youths crown'd cups with wine, and let all have
Their equal shares, beginning from the cup
Their parting banquet. All the tongues cut up,
The fire they gave them, sacrific'd, and rose,
Wine, and divine rights us'd, to each dispose;
Minerva and Telemachus desir'd
They might to ship be, with his leave, retir'd.

He, mov'd with that, provok'd thus their abodes:
"Now Jove forbid, and all the long-liv'd Gods,
Your leaving me, to sleep aboard a ship;
As I had drunk of poor Penia's whip,
Even to my nakedness, and had nor sheet
Nor cov'ring in my house; that warm nor sweet
A guest, nor I myself, had means to sleep;
Where I, both weeds and wealthy cov'rrings keep
For all my guests. Nor shall Fame ever say,
The dear son of the man Ulysses lay
All night a-ship-board here while my days shine,
Or in my court whiles any son of mine
Enjoys survival, who shall guests receive,
Whomever my house hath a nook to leave."

"My much-lov'd father," said Minerva, "well
All this becomes thee. But persuade to dwell
This night with thee thy son Telemachus,
For more convenient is the course for us,
That he may follow to thy house and rest,
And I may board our black-sail, that addrest
At all parts I may make our men, and cheer
All with my presence, since of all men there

471 Abodes—stay.
474 Penia's—i. e. poverty's. Greek Penia. A pedantic conceit in Chaucer.
I boast myself the senior, th' others are
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care
Great-soul'd Telemachus, and are his peers
In fresh similitude of form and years.
For their confirmance, I will therefore now
Sleep in our black bark. But, when light shall show
Her silver forehead, I intend my way
Amongst the Caunos, men that are to pay
A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,
Take you him home; whom in the morn dismiss,
With chariot and your sons, and give him horse
A blest in strength, and of the speediest course."

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

Ossifrage—bone-breaker. This term is generally
applied to the osprey, or sea-eagle, which was in olden times
supposed to have a fascinating influence over fish. In Levi-
ticas xii. 13, however, among the fowls that may not be
eaten, we have "the eagle, the ossifrage, and the osprey."
The ossifrage Dr. Kitto thinks the lummer geyer of the Swiss,
the largest flying bird of the old Continent. Osprey itself
is only the French Orfrais or ossifrage.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

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

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

That such a gloss as richest ointments wore,
Before his high gates; where the counsellor
That match'd the Gods (his father) us'd to sit,
Who now, by fate forc'd, stoop'd as low as it.
And here sat Nestor, holding in his hand
A sceptre; and about him round did stand,
As early up, his sons' troop; Perseüs,
The god-like Thrasymed, and Aretus,
Echephon, Stratius, and sixth and last
Pisistratus, and by him (half embrac'd
Still as they came) divine Telemachus;
To these spake Nestor, old Gerennius:
"Haste, lov'd sons, and do me a desire,
That, first of all the Gods, I may aspire
To Pallas' favour, who vouchsaf'd to me
At Neptune's feast her sight so openly.
Let one to field go, and an ox with speed
Cause hither brought, which let the herdsman lead;
Another to my dear guest's vessel go,
And all his soldiers bring, save only two;
A third the smith that works in gold command
(Laertius) to attend, and lend his hand,
To plate the both horns round about with gold;
The rest remain here close. But first, see told
The maids within, that they prepare a feast,
Set seats through all the court, see straight addrest
The purest water, and get fuel fell'd."

This said, not one but in the service held
Officious hand. The ox came led from field;
The soldiers troop'd from ship; the smith he came,
And those tools brought that serv'd the actual frame
His art conceiv'd, brought anvil, hammers brought,
Fair tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
Minerva likewise came, to set the crown
On that kind sacrifice, and make 't her own.

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

Then wash'd the pious father, then the cake
(Of barley, salt, and oil, made) took, and brake,
Ask'd many a boon of Pallas, and the state
Of all the off'ring did initiate,
In three parts cutting off the hair, and cast
Amidst the flame. All th' invocation past,
And all the cake broke, manly Thrasymed
Stood near, and sure, and such a blow he laid
Aloft the off'ring, that to earth he sunk,
His neck-nerves sunder'd, and his spirits shrunk.
Out shriek'd the daughters, daughter-in-laws, and
wife
Of three-ag'd Nestor, who had eldest life
Of Clymen’s daughters, chaste Eurydice.  
The ox on broad earth then laid laterally  
They held, while duke Pisistratus the throat  
‘Dissolv’d, and set the sable blood afloat,  
And then the life the bones left. Instantly  
They cut him up; apart flew either thigh,  
That with the fat they dubb’d, with art alone,  
The throat-brisk, and the sweet-bread pricking on.  
Then Nestor broil’d them on the coal turn’d wood,  
Pour’d black wine on; and by him young men stood.  
That spits fine-pointed held, on which, when burn’d  
The solid thighs were, they transfix’d, and turn’d  
The inwards, cut in cantles; which, the meat  
Vow’d to the Gods consum’d, they roast and eat.

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

*cio* Cantles—portions. One of our oldest words, and frequently occurring in our best writers. The French have chanterau and chantille; and the Dutch kanteel; the Latin quantulum. See Jamieson’s Scottish Dictionary; and Cotgrave in v. enchanteler.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

648 Intended, used by old writers in sense of attended to; hence superintend.
659 Inclose—i. e. put in harness.

FINIS LIBRI TERTII HOM. ODYSS.
THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Δελτα. Here of the sire
The son doth hear.
The Woaers conspire.
The Mother's fear,

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

1 Λακεδαιμων κηρωσσαν which is expounded Spartam amplam, or magnam; where κηρωσσαν signifies properly plurima cete nutrientem.—CHAPMAN.
Homer's Odysseys.

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

23 Μολυς ε ἐδροντες Cantum auspicantes: of which place, the critics affirm, that saltatores motu suo indicant cantori quod genre cantus saltaturi forent. The rapture of Eteoneus at sight of Telemachus and Pisistratus.—Chapman
31 Strain—See Book I. 344.
Inform your pleasure, if we shall unclose
Their horse from coach, or say they must dispose
Their way to some such house, as may embrace
Their known arrival with more welcome grace?"

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

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

44 Suet.—This orthography of the past tense is not infrequent in our old writers, as may be seen in the Iliad. Chapman uses het for heated in a similar way:—
"Her blushing het her chamber; she look'd out,
And all the air she purpled round about."
MARLOW AND CHAPMAN'S MUSARS. Sestyad III.
Where handmaids did their services present,
Bath'd, balm'd them, shirts and well-napt weeds put on,
And by Atrides' side set each his throne.

Then did the handmaid-royal water bring,
And to a laver, rich and glittering,
Of massy gold, pour'd; which she plac'd upon
A silver caldron, into which might run
The water as they wash'd. Then set she near
A polish'd table, on which all the cheer
The present could afford a rev'rend dame,
That kept the larder, set. A cook then came,
And divers dishes, borne thence, serv'd again,
Furnish'd the board with bowls of gold. And then,
His right hand giv'n the guests, Atrides said:
"Eat, and be cheerful. Appetite allay'd,
I long to ask, of what stock ye descend;
For not from parents whose race nameless end
We must derive your offspring. Men obscure
Could get none such as you. The portraiture
Of Jove-sustain'd and sceptre-bearing kings
Your either person in his presence brings."

An ox's fat chine then they up did lift,
And set before the guests; which was a gift,
Sent as an honour to the king's own taste.
They saw yet 'twas but to be eaten plac'd,
And fell to it. But food and wine's care past,
Telemachus thus prompted Nestor's son,
(His ear close laying, to be heard of none):
"Consider, thou whom most my mind esteems,

Telemachus to Pisistratus, in observation of the house,
not so much that he heartily admired it, as to please
Menelaus, who he knew heard, though he seemed desirous
he should not hear. — CHAPMAN.
The brass-work here, how rich it is in beams,  
And how, besides, it makes the whole house sound;  
What gold, and amber, silver, ivory, round  
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the hall  
Of Jupiter Olympus hath of all  
This state the like. How many infinites  
Take up to admiration all men's sights!"

Atrides over-heard, and said: "Lov'd son,  
No mortal must affect contention  
With Jove, whose dwellings are of endless date.  
Perhaps of men some one may emulate,  
Or none, my house, or me; for I am one  
That many a grave extreme have undergone,  
Much error felt by sea, and till th' eighth year,  
Had never stay, but wander'd far and near,  
Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Sidonia,  
And fetch'd the far-off Ethiopia,  
Reach'd the Erembi of Arabia,  
And Lybia, where with horns ewes yean their lambs,  
Which ev'ry full year ewes are three times dams,  
Where neither king, nor shepherd, want comes near  
Of cheese, or flesh, or sweet milk; all the year  
They ever milk their ewes. And here while I  
Err'd, gather'ring means to live, one, murd'rously,  
Unwaries, unseen, bereft my brother's life,  
Chiefly betray'd by his abhorreté wife.  
So hold I, not enjoying, what you see.  
And of your fathers, if they living be,  
You must have heard this, since my suff'ring's were;  
So great and famous; from this palace here  
(So rarely-well-built, furnishéd so well,  
And substancéd with such a precious deal
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

Of well-got treasure) banish’d by the doom
Of Fate, and erring as I had no home.
And now I have, and use it, not to take
Th’ entire delight it offers, but to make
Continual wishes, that a triple part
Of all it holds were wanting, so my heart
Were eas’d of sorrows, taken for their deaths
That fell at Troy, by their revived breaths.
And thus sit I here weeping, mourning still
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill,
In paying just tears for their loss, my joy.
Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy,
The pleasure soon admits satiety.
But all these men’s wants wet not so mine eye,
Though much they move me, as one sole man’s miss,
For which my sleep and meat ev’n loathsome is
In his renew’d thought, since no Greek hath won
Grace for such labours as Laërtes’ son
Hath wrought and suffer’d, to himself nought else
But future sorrows forging, to me hells
For his long absence, since I cannot know
If life or death detain him; since such woe
For his love, old Laërtes, his wise wife,
And poor young son sustains, whom new with life
He left as sireless.” This speech grief to tears
(Pour’d from the son’s lids on the earth) his ears,
Told of the father, did excite; who kept
His cheeks dry with his red weed as he wept,
His both hands us’d therein. Atrides then
Began to know him, and did strife retain,
If he should let himself confess his sire,
Or with all fitting circumstance enquire.
While this his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,
Like to the golden distaff-deck'd Divine,
From her bed's high and odoriferous room,
Helen. To whom of an elaborate loom,
Aresta set a chair; Alcippe brought
A piece of tapestry of fine wool wrought;
Phylo a silver cabinet conferr'd,
Giv'n by Alcandra, nuptially endear'd
To lord Polybius, whose abode in Thebes
Th' Ægyptian city was, where wealth in heaps
His famous house held, out of which did go,
In gift t' Atrides, silver bath-tubs two,
Two tripods, and of fine gold talents ten.

His wife did likewise send to Helen then
Fair gifts, a distaff that of gold was wrought,
And that rich cabinet that Phylo brought,
Round, and with gold ribb'd, now of fine thread full;
On which extended (crown'd with finest wool,
Of violet gloss) the golden distaff lay.

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

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

He answer'd: "Now wise, what you think I know,
The true cast of his father's eye doth show
In his eyes' order. Both his head and hair,
His hands and feet, his very father's air.
Of whom, so well remember'd, I should now
Acknowledge for me his continual flow
Of cares and perils, yet still patient.
But I should too much move him, that doth vent
Such bitter tears for that which hath been spoke,
Which, shunning soft show, see how he would cloak,
And with his purple weed his weepings hide."

Then Nestor's son, Písistratus, replied:
"Great pastor of the people, kept of God!
He is Ulysses' son, but his abode
Not made before here, and he modest too,
He holds it an indignity to do
A deed so vain, to use the boast of words,
Where your words are on wing; whose voice affords
Delight to us as if a God did break
The air amongst us, and vouchsafe to speak.
But me my father, old duke Nestor, sent
To be his consort hither; his content
Not to be heighten'd so as with your sight,
In hope that therewith words and actions might
Inform his comforts from you, since he is
Extremely griev'd and injur'd by the miss
Of his great father; suffer'ing ev'n at home,
And few friends found to help him overcome
THE FOURTH BOOK

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

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

These woes made ev'ry one with woe in love;
Ev'n Argive Helen wept, the seed of Jove;

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

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

244 Menelaus. 245 Memnon.
O he is questionless a right-born son,
That of his father hath not only won
The person but the wisdom; and that sire
Complete himself that hath a son entire,
Jove did not only his full fate adorn,
When he was wedded, but when he was born.
As now Saturnius, through his life's whole date,
Hath Nestor's bliss rais'd to as steep a state,
Both in his age to keep in peace his house,
And to have children wise and valorous.
But let us not forget our rear feast thus.
Let some give water here. 'Telemachus!
The morning shall yield time to you and me
To do what fits, and reason mutually.'

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

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