OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

“Atrides, and these good men’s sons, great Jove
Makes good and ill one after other move,
In all things earthly; for he can do all.
The woes past, therefore, he so late let fall,
The comforts he affords us let us take;
Feast, and, with fit discourses, merry make.
Nor will I other use. As then our blood
Griev’d for Ulysses, since he was so good,
Since he was good, let us delight to hear
How good he was, and what his suff’rings were;
Though ev’ry fight, and ev’ry suff’ring deed,
Patient Ulysses underwent, exceed
My woman’s pow’r to number, or to name.
But what he did, and suffer’d, when he came
Amongst the Trojans, where ye Grecians all
Took part with suff’rance, I in part can call
To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds
Himself he mangled, and the Trojan bounds,
Thrust thick with enemies, adventur’d on,
His royal shoulders having cast upon
Base abject weeds, and enter’d like a slave.
Then, beggar-like, he did of all men crave,
And such a wretch was, as the whole Greek fleet
Brought not besides. And thus through ev’ry street
He crept discov’ring, of no one man known.
And yet through all this diff’rence, I alone

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

Her husband said: "Wife! what you please to tell
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well;
And I myself, that now may say have seen
The minds and manners of a world of men,

348 Smoked—discovered. Shakespeare,
"He was smoked by the old Lord Lafew, when his dis-
guise, &c."—All's Well that ends Well, iii. 6.
341 Remorse—pity. See Iliad viii. 208.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

381 Helen counterfeited the wives' voices of those kings of Greece that were in the wooden horse, and calls their husbands.—CHAPMAN.
390 Respectless—without taking notice.
But his speech Ithacus incessantly
With strong hand held in, till, Minerva's call
Charging thee off, Ulysses saiv'd us all."

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

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

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

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

Telemachus accosts him, who began
Speech of his journey's proposition:
"And what, my young Ulyssian heroë,
Provok'd thee on the broad back of the sea,
To visit Lacedæmon the divine?

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

Speak truth, some public [good] or only thine?
"I come," said he, "to hear, if any fame
Breath'd of my father to thy notice came.
My house is sack'd, my fat works of the field
Are all destroy'd; my house doth nothing yield
But enemies, that kill my harmless sheep,
And sinewy oxen, nor will ever keep
Their steels without them. And these men are they
That woo my mother, most inhumanly
Committing injury on injury.
To thy knees therefore I am come, t' attend
Relation of the sad and wretched end
My erring father felt, if witness'd by
Your own eyes, or the certain news that fly
From others' knowledges. For, more than is
The usual heap of human miseries,
His mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then,
Without all ruth of what I can sustain,
The plain and simple truth of all you know.
Let me beseech so much, if ever vow
Was made, and put in good effect to you,
At Troy, where suff'rence bred you so much smart,
Upon my father good Ulysses' part,
And quit it now to me (himself in youth)
Unfolding only the unclosed truth."

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

[Good].—A word is wanting here which I have thus supplied.
351 This is the first simile in the Odyssey, and Chapman has
To give suck, enters the bold lion’s den,
He roots of hills and herby vallies then
For food (there feeding) hunting; but at length
Returning to his cavern, gives his strength
The lives of both the mother and her brood
In deaths indecent; so the Wooers’ blood
Must pay Ulysses’ pow’rs as sharp an end.
O would to Jove, Apollo, and thy friend
The wise Minerva, that thy father were
As once he was, when he his spirits did rear
Against Philomelides, in a fight
Perform’d in well-built Lesbos, where, down-right
He strook the earth with him, and got a shout
Of all the Grecians! O, if now full out
He were as then, and with the Wooers coped,
Short-liv’d they all were, and their nuptials hoped
Would prove as desp’rate. But, for thy demand
Enforc’d with pray’rs, I’ll let thee understand
The truth directly, nor decline a thought,
Much less deceive, or sooth thy search in oubt;
But what the old and still-true-spoken God,
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,
Disclos’d to me, to thee I’ll all impart,
Nor hide one word from thy sollicitous heart.

I was in Ægypt, where a mighty time
The Gods detain’d me, though my natural clime
I never so desir’d, because their homes

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

I did not greet with perfect hecatombs.
For they will put men evermore in mind,
How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is, besides, a certain island, call'd
Pharos, that with the high-wav'd sea is wall'd,
Just against Ægypt, and so much remote,
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale smote,
A hollow ship can sail. And this isle bears
A port most portly, where sea-passengers
Put in still for fresh water, and away
To sea again. Yet here the Gods did stay
My fleet full twenty days; the winds, that are
Masters at sea, no prosp'rous puff would spare
To put us off; and all my victuals here
Had quite corrupted, as my men's minds were,
Had not a certain Goddess giv'n regard,
And pitied me in an estate so hard;
And 'twas Idothea, honour'd Proteus' seed,
That old sea-farer. Her mind I made bleed
With my compassion, when (walk'd all alone,
From all my soldiers, that were ever gone
About the isle on fishing with hooks bent;
Hunger their bellies on her errand sent)
She came close to me, spake, and thus began:

'Of all men thou art the most foolish man!
Or slack in business, or stay'st here of choice,
And dost in all thy suff'rances rejoice,
That thus long liv'st detain'd here, and no end
Canst give thy tarriance? Thou dost much offend
The minds of all thy fellows.' I replied:

'Whoever thou art of the Deified,
I must affirm, that no way with my will
I make abode here; but, it seems, some ill
The Gods, inhabiting broad heav'n, sustain
Against my getting off. Inform me then,
For Godheads all things know, what God is he
That stays my passage from the fishy sea?'

'Stranger,' said she, 'I'll tell thee true: There lives
An old sea-farer in these seas, that gives
A true solution of all secrets here,
Who deathless Proteus is, th' Egyptian peer,
Who can the deeps of all the seas exquire,
Who Neptune's priest is, and, they say, the sire
That did beget me. Him, if any way
Thou couldst inveigle, he would clear display
Thy course from hence, and how far off doth lie
Thy voyage's whole scope through Neptune's sky.

Informing thee, O God-preserv'd, beside,
If thy desires would so be satisfied,
Whatever good or ill hath got event,
In all the time thy long and hard course spent,
Since thy departue from thy house.' This said;
Again I answer'd: 'Make the sleights display'd
Thy father useth, lest his foresight see,
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
He flies the first place of his us'd abode.
'Tis hard for man to countermine with God.'

She straight replied: 'I'll utter truth in all:
When heav'n's supremest height the sun doth skall,
The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deeps, and hides
Amidst a black storm, when the West Wind chides,
In caves still sleeping. Round about him sleep
(With short feet swimming forth the foamy deep)

\textit{Skall}—scale.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

This said, she div'd into the wavy scas,
And I my course did to my ships address,
That on the sands stuck; where arriv'd, we made
Our supper ready. Then th' ambrosian shade
Of night fell on us, and to sleep we fell.
Rosy Aurora rose; we rose as well,
And three of them on whom I most relied,
For firm at ev'ry force, I choos'd, and hied
Straight to the many-river-served seas;
And all assistance ask'd the Deities.

Mean time Idiothea the sea's broad breast
Embrac'd, and brought for me, and all my rest, 575
Four of the sea-calves' skins but newly flay'd,
To work a wile which she had fashioned
Upon her father. Then, within the sand
A covert digging, when these calves should land,
She sat expecting. We came close to her;
She plac'd us orderly, and made us wear
Each one his calf's skin. But we then must pass
A huge exploit. The sea-calves' savour was
So passing sour, they still being bred at seas,
It much afflicted us; for who can please
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?
But she preserves us, and to memory calls
A rare commodity; she fetch'd to us
Ambrosia, that an air most odorous
Bears still about it, which she 'nointed round
Our either nostrils, and in it quite drown'd
The nasty whale-smell. Then the great event
The whole morn's date, with spirits patient,
We lay expecting. When bright noon did flame,
Forth from the sea in shoals the sea-calves came, 585
And orderly, at last lay down and slept
Along the sands. And then th' old Sea-God crept
From forth the deeps, and found his fat calves there,

586 *Nostrils.*—The etymological spelling of the word is nos
and thirl, a perforation; Anglo-Sax.
Survey'd, and number'd, and came never near
The craft we us'd, but told us five for calves.
His temples then dis-eas'd with sleep he salves;
And in rush'd we, with an abhorred cry,
Cast all our hands about him manfully;
And then th' old Forger all his forms began:
First was a lion with a mighty mane,
Then next a dragon, a pied panther then,
A vast boar next, and suddenly did strain
All into water. Last he was a tree,
Curl'd all at top, and shot up to the sky.
We, with resolv'd hearts, held him firmly still,
When th' old one (held too strait for all his skill
To extricate) gave words, and question'd me:
'Which of the Gods, O Atreus' son,' said he,
'Adv'd and taught thy fortitude this sleight,
To take and hold me thus in my despite?'
'What asks thy wish now?' I replied. 'Thou know'st.
Why dost thou ask? What wiles are these thou show'st?
I have within this isle been held for wind
A wondrous time, and can by no means find
An end to my retention. It hath spent
The very heart in me. Give thou then vent
To doubts thus bound in me ye Gods know all,
Which of the Godheads doth so fouly fall
On my addression home, to stay me here,
Avert me from my way, the fishy clear
Barr'd to my passage?' He replied: 'Of force,
If to thy home thou wishest free recourse,
To Jove, and all the other Deities,
Thou must exhibit solemn sacrifice;

Dis-eased—tired. See infra, 1067, and Iliad, x. 45.
And then the black sea for thee shall be clear,
Till thy lov'd country's settled reach. But where
Ask these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate
To thee and thy affairs appropriate,
That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread
Thy country's earth, nor see inhabited
Thy so magnificent house, till thou make good
Thy voyage back to the Ægyptian flood,
Whose waters fell from Jove, and there hast giv'n
To Jove, and all Gods housed in ample heav'n,
Devoted hecatombs, and then free ways
Shall open to thee, clear'd of all delays.'
This told he; and, methought, he brake my heart,
In such a long and hard course to divert
My hope for home, and charge my back retreat
As far as Ægypt. I made answer yet:

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

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

\[\text{Ajax, Oileus.}\]
\[\text{Cassandra.}\]
Far to the fishy world that sighs so sore,
Straight ravish'd him again as far away,
As to th' extreme bounds where the Agrians stay,
Where first Thyestes dwelt, but then his son
Ægisthus Thyestiades liv'd. This done,
When his return untouch'd appear'd again,
Back turn'd the Gods the wind, and set him then
Hard by his house. Then, full of joy, he left
His ship, and close t' his country earth he cleft,
Kiss'd it, and wept for joy, pour'd tear on tear,
To set so wishedly his footing there.
But see, a sentinæl that all the year
Crafty Ægisthus in a watch-tow'r set
To spy his landing, for reward as great
As two gold talents, all his pow'rs did call
To strict remembrance of his charge, and all
Discharg'd at first sight, which at first he cast
On Agamemnon, and with all his haste
Inform'd Ægisthus. He an instant train
Laid for his slaughter: Twenty chosen men
Of his plobeians he in ambush laid;
His other men he charg'd to see purvey'd
A feast; and forth, with horse and chariots grac'd,
He rode t' invite him, but in heart embrac'd
Horrible welcomes, and to death did bring,
With treach'rous slaughter, the unwary king,
Receiv'd him at a feast, and, like an ox
Slain at his manger, gave him bits and knocks.
No one left of Atrides' train, nor one
Sav'd to Ægisthus, but himself alone,
All strew'd together there the bloody court.'
This said, my soul he sunk with his report,
Flat on the sands I fell, tears spent their store,
I light abhor'd, my heart would live no more.

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

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

With these last words I fortified my breast,
In which again a gen'rous spring began
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;
But, as a brother, I must ever mourn.

Yet forth I went, and told him the return
Of these I knew; but he had nam'd a third,
Held on the broad sea, still with life inspir'd,
Whom I besought to know, though likewise dead,
And I must mourn alike. He answer'd:

'He is Laertes' son; whom I beheld
In nymph Calypso's palace, who compell'd
His stay with her, and, since he could not see
His country earth, he mourn'd incessantly.
For he had neither ship instruct with ears,
Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores.
Where leave we him, and to thyself descend,
Whom not in Argos Fate nor Death shall end,
But the immortal ends of all the earth,
So rul'd by them that order death by birth,
The fields Elysian, Fate to thee will give;
Where Rhadamanthus rules, and where men live
A never-troubled life, where snow, nor show'res,
Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitless pow'rs,
But from the ocean Zephyr still resumes
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes.
Which, since thou marriedst Helen, are thy hire,
And Jove himself is by her side thy sire.'
This said; he div'd the deepsome wat'ry heaps;
I and my tried men took us to our ships,
And worlds of thoughts I varied with my steps.
Arriv'd and shipp'd, the silent, solemn night
And sleep bereft us of our visual light.
At morn, raasts, sails, rear'd, we sat, left the shores,
And beat the foamy ocean with our oars.
Again then we the Jove-fall'n flood did fetch,
As far as Aëgypt; where we did beseech
The Gods with hecatombs; whose angers ceast,
I tomb'd my brother that I might be blest.
All rites perform'd, all haste I made for home,
And all the prosp'rous winds about were come,
I had the passport now of ev'ry God,
And here clos'd all these labours' period.
Here stay then till th' eleventh or twelfth day's
light,
And I'll dismiss thee well, gifts exquisite
Preparing for thee, chariot, horses three,
A cup of curious frame to serve for thee
To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice,
Mindful of me while all suns light thy skies.”
He answer'd: “Stay me not too long time here,
Though I could sit attending all the year.
Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,
Take my affections from you, so on fire
With love to hear you are my thoughts; but so
My Pylian friends I shall afflict with woe
Who mourn ev'n this stay. Whate'er be
The gifts your grace is to bestow on me,
Vouchsafe them such as I may bear and save
For your sake ever. Horse, I list not have,
To keep in Ithaca, but leave them here,
To your soil's dainties, where the broad fields bear
Sweet cypers grass, where men-fed lote doth flow,
Where wheat-like spelt, and wheat itself, doth grow,
Where barley, white, and spreading like a tree;
But Ithaca hath neither ground to be,
For any length it comprehends, a race
To try a horse's speed, nor any place
To make him fat in; fitter far to feed
A cliff-bred goat, than raise or please a steed.
Of all isles, Ithaca doth least provide
Or meads to feed a horse, or ways to ride."

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

102 Cypers graus.—The cypers, or galngale. (See Iliad.xxi.
333.) Men-fed—on which men feed. The reader will find
an interesting paper on the Botany of Homer in the Classical
Of silver all, but all the brims wrought up
With finest gold; it was the only thing
That the heroical Sidonian king
Presented to me, when we were to part
At his receipt of me, and 'twas the art
Of that great Artist that of heav'n is free;
And yet ev'n this will I bestow on thee.”

This speech thus ended, guests came, and did bring
Muttons, for presents, to the God-like king,
And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.
Their riband-wreathed wives brought fruit and cakes.
Thus in this house did these their feast apply;
And in Ulysses' house activity
The Wooers practis'd; tossing of the spear,
The stone, and hurling; thus delighted, where
They exercis'd such insolence before,
Ev'n in the court that wealthy pavements wore.
Antinous did still their strifes decide,
And he that was in person deified
Eurymachus; both ring-leaders of all,
For in their virtues they were principal.
These by Noëmon, son to Phronius,
Were sided now, who made the question thus:
“Antinous! Does any friend here know,
When this Telemachus returns, or no,
From sandy Pylos? He made bold to take
My ship with him; of which, I now should make
Fit use myself, and sail in her as far
As spacious Elis, where of mine there are
Twelve delicate mares, and under their sides go
Laborious mules, that yet did never know
The yoke, nor labour; some of which should bear
Vulcan.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The taming now, if I could fetch them there."
This speech the rest admir'd, nor dream'd that he
Neleían Pylos ever thought to see,
But was at field about his flock's survey,
Or thought his herdsmen held him so away.
Eupitheus son, Antinous, then replied:
"When went he, or with what train dignified?
Of his selected Ithacensian youth?
Prest men, or bond men, were they? Tell the truth.
Could he effect this? Let me truly know.
To gain thy vessel did he violence show,
And us'd her 'gainst thy will? or had her free,
When fitting question he had made with thee?"

Noëmon answer'd: "I did freely give
My vessel to him. Who deserves to live
That would do other, when such men as he
Did in distress ask? He should churlish be
That would deny him. Of our youth the best
Amongst the people, to the interest
His charge did challenge in them, giving way,
With all the tribute all their pow'rs could pay.
Their captain, as he took the ship, I knew,
Who Mentor was, or God. A Deity's shew
Mask'd in his likeness. But, to think 'twas he,
I much admire, for I did clearly see,
But yester-morning, God-like Mentor here;
Yet th' other ev'n ing he took shipping there,
And went for Pylos." Thus went he for home,
And left the rest with envy overcome;

864 *Admir'd*—were astonished at. *He*—Telemachus.
861 *Prest men*—hired men; men for hire ready (*prest*) to march. See Todd's Johnson.
Who sat, and pastime left. Eupitheus son,
Sad, and with rage his entrails overrun,
His eyes like flames, thus interpos’d his speech:
"Strange thing! An action of how proud a reach
Is here committed by Telemachus!
A boy, a child, and we, a sort of us,
Vow’d ’gainst his voyage, yet admit it thus!
With ship and choice youth of our people too!
But let him on, and all his mischief do,
Jove shall convert upon himself his pow’rs,
Before their ill presum’d he brings on ours.
Provide me then a ship, and twenty men
To give her manage, that, against again
He turns for home, on th’ Ithacensian seas,
Or clify Samian, I may interprease,
Way-lay, and take him, and make all his craft
Sail with his ruin for his father saft."

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

887 Sort—number. See Iliad iv. 460.
896 Interprease—i. e. interpress, interpose.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 101

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

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

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

Unrul'd—irregular, not to be ruled.
His wit the solid shore, to try the seas,
And put in ships the trust of his distress,
That are at sea to men unbridled horse,
And run, past rule, their far-engag'd course,
Amidst a moisture past all mean unstaid?
No need compell'd this. Did he it, afraid
To live and leave posterity his name?"

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

This said, he took him to Ulysses' house
After the Wooers; the Ulyssean spouse,
Run through with woes, let Torture seize her mind,
Nor in her choice of state chairs stood inclin'd
To take her seat, but th' abject threshold chose
Of her fair chamber for her loath'd repose,
And mourn'd most wretch-like. Round about her fell
Her handmaids, join'd in a continuately yell.
From ev'ry corner of the palace, all
Of all degrees tun'd to her comfort's fall
Their own dejections; to whom her complaint
She thus enforc'd: "The Gods, beyond constraint
Of any measure, urge these tears on me;
Nor was there ever dame of my degree
So past degree griev'd. First, a lord so good,
That had such hardy spirits in his blood,
That all the virtues was adorn'd withall,
That all the Greeks did their superior call,
To part with thus, and lose! And now a son,
So worthily belov'd, a course to run
Beyond my knowledge; whom rude tempests have
Made far from home his most inglorious grave!
Unhappy wenches, that no one of all
(Though in the reach of ev'ry one must fall
His taking ship) sustain'd the careful mind,
To call me from my bed, who this design'd
And most vow'd course in him had either stay'd,
How much soever hasted, or dead laid
He should have left me. Many a man I have,
That would have call'd old Dolius my slave,
(That keeps my orchard, whom my father gave
At my departure) to have run, and told
Laertes this; to try if he could hold
From running through the people, and from tears,
In telling them of these vow'd murderers;
That doth divine Ulysses' hope, and his,
Resolv'd to end in their conspiracies."

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

\textit{Wenches}—young women. Though now degenerated, the
word was formerly used in a good sense. See Iliad xvi. 78.
And pray the seed of goat-nurs'd Jupiter,
Divine Athenia, to preserve your son,
And she will save him from confusion.
Th' old king, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd,
For his grave counsels, you perhaps may find
Unfit affected, for his age's sake.
But heav'n-kings wax not old, and therefore make
Fit pray'rs to them; for my thoughts never will
Believe the heav'nly Pow'rs concoct so ill
The seed of righteous Arcesiades,
To end it utterly, but still will please
In some place evermore some one of them
To save, and deck him with a diadem,
Give him possession of erected tow'rs,
And far-stretch'd fields, crown'd all of fruit and flow'r's."
This eas'd her heart, and dried her humorous eyest
When having wash'd, and weeds of sacrifice
Pure, and unstain'd with her distrustful tears,
Put on, with all her women-ministers
Up to a chamber of most height she rose,
And cakes of salt and barley did impose
Within a wicker basket; all which broke
In decent order, thus she did invoke:
   "Great Virgin of the goat preserved God,
If ever the inhabited abode
Of wise Ulysses held the fatted thighs
Of sheep and oxen, made thy sacrifice
By his devotion, hear me, nor forget
His pious services, but safe see set
His dear son on these shores, and banish hence
These Wooers past all mean in insolence."

1020 Humorous—moist (Lat.) See Iliad xx. 186.
This said, she shriek'd, and Pallas heard her pray't.
The Wooers broke with tumult all the air
About the shady house; and one of them,
Whose pride his youth had made the more extreme,
Said: "Now the many-wooer-honour'd queen
Will surely satiate her delayful spleen,
And one of us in instant nuptials take.
Poor dame, she dreams not, what design we make
Upon the life and slaughter of her son."
So said he; but so said was not so done;
Whose arrogant spirit in a vaunt so vain
Antinous chid, and said: "For shame, contain
These braving speeches. Who can tell who hears?
Are we not now in reach of others' ears?
If our intentions please us, let us call
Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall.
By watchful danger men must silent go.
What we resolve on, let's not say, but do."
This said, he choos'd out twenty men, that bore
Best reckoning with him, and to ship and shore
All hasted, reach'd the ship, launch'd, rais'd the mast,
Put sails in, and with leather loops made fast
The ours; sails hoisted, arms their men did bring,
All giving speed and form to ev'rything.
Then to the high deeps their rigg'd vessel driven,
They supp'd, expecting the approaching even.
Mean space, Penelope her chamber kept
And bed, and neither eat, nor drank, nor slept,
Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameless son,
Still in contention, if he should be done
To death, or 'scape the impious Wooers' design.

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

1074 Idol—image, figure, εἰδωλον. See IIiad xx. 94.
1075 Δέυας, membbrorum structura.—CHAPMAN.
1077 Kept—dwell. A common use in Shakespeare and his
contemporaries: and still a provincialism.
1082 Παρὰ αἰθίδος ἱπάτρα. Ἡμᾶς, affectus curculionis signifi-
cat quod longior et gracilior esserit.—CHAPMAN.
1085 Disease—unrest. See supra, 605.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

And they to such are firmer than their fates."

The wise Penelope receiv'd her thus,
Bound with a slumber most delicious,
And in the port of dreams: "O sister, why
Repair you hither, since so far off lie
Your house and household? You were never here
Before this hour, and would you now give cheer
To my so many woes and miseries,
Affecting fitly all the faculties
My soul and mind hold, having lost before
A husband, that of all the virtues bore
The palm amongst the Greeks, and whose renown
So ample was that Fame the sound hath blown
Through Greece and Argos to her very heart?"
And now again, a son, that did convert
My whole pow'r's to his love, by ship is gone;
A tender plant, that yet was never grown
To labour's taste, nor the commerce of men;
For whom more than my husband I complain,
And lest he should at any suff'rance touch
(Or in the sea, or by the men so much
Estrang'd to him that must his consorts be)
Fear and chill tremblings shake each joint of me.
Besides, his danger sets-on foes profess'd
To way-lay his return, that have address'd
Plots for his death." The scarce-discern'd Dream,
Said: "Be of comfort, nor fears so extreme
Let thus dismay thee; thou hast such a mate
Attending thee, as some at any rate
Would wish to purchase, for her pow'r is great;
Minerva pities thy delight's defeat,
Whose grace hath sent me to foretell thee these."
"If thou," said she, "be of the Goddesses,
And hearest her tell thee these, thou mayst as well
From her tell all things else. Deign then to tell,
If yet the man to all misfortunes born,
My husband, lives, and sees the sun adorn
The darksome earth, or hides his wretched head
In Pluto's house, and lives amongst the dead?"
"I will not," she replied, "my breath exhale
In one continued and perpetual tale,
Lives he or dies he. 'Tis a filthy use,
To be in vain and idle speech profuse."
This said, she, through the key-hole of the door,
Vanish'd again into the open blore.
Icarius' daughter started from her sleep,
And Joy's fresh humour her lov'd breast did steep,
When now so clear, in that first watch of night,
She saw the seen Dream vanish from her sight.

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

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

FINIS LIBRI QUARTI HOM. ODYSS.
THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S

ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

E. Ulysses builds
   A ship; and gains
   The glassy fields;
   Pays Neptune pains.
URORA rose from high-born Tithon's bed,
That men and Gods might be illustrated,
And then the Deities sat. Imperial Jove,
That makes the horrid murmur beat above,

Took place past all, whose height for ever springs,
And from whom flows th' eternal pow'r of things.

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

"O Father," said she, "and ye Ever-blest,

Give never king hereafter interest
In any aid of yours, by serving you,
By being gentle, human, just, but grow
Rude, and for ever scornful of your rights,
All justice ord'ring by their appetites,
Since he, that rul'd as it in right behov'd,
That all his subjects as his children lov'd,
Finds you so thoughtless of him and his birth.
Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth,
And grudge at what ye let him undergo,
Who yet the least part of his suff'rance know:
Thrall'd in an island, shipwreck'd in his tears,
And, in the fancies that Calypso bears,
Bound from his birthright, all his shipping gone,
And of his soldiers not retaining one.
And now his most-lov'd son's life doth inflame
Their slaught'rous envies; since his father's fame
He puts in pursuit, and is gone as far
As sacred Pylos, and the singular
Dame-breeding Sparta.” This, with this reply,
The Cloud-assembler answer’d: “What words fly
Thine own remembrance, daughter? Hast not thou
The coun-el giv’n thyself, that told thee how
Ulysses shall with his return address
His Wooers wrong? And, for the safe access
His son shall make to his innative port,
Do thou direct it, in as curious sort
As thy wit serves thee; it obeys thy pow’rs;
And in their ship return the speedless Wooers.”

Then turn’d he to his issue Mercury,
And said: “Thou hast made good our embassy
To th’ other Statists, to the Nymph then now,
On whose fair head a tuft of gold doth grow,
Bear our true-spoken counsel, for retreat
Of patient Ulysses; who shall get
No aid from us, nor any mortal man,
But in a patch’d-up skiff (built as he can,
And suff’ring woes enough) the twentieth day
At fruitful Scheria let him breathe his way,
With the Phaeacians, that half Deities live,
Who like a God will honour him, and give
His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brass, and gold,
More than for gain of Troy he ever told;
Where, at the whole division of the prey,
If he a sauer were, or got away
Without a wound, if he should grudge, ’twas well.
But th’ end shall crown all; therefore Fate will deal
So well with him, to let him land, and see
His native earth, friends, house, and family.”

48 Ἐπὶ σχεδὸς πολυδέσμων, in rate multis vinculies ligatus.

CHAPMAN.
Thus charg’d he; nor Argicidos denied,
But to his feet his fair wing’d shoes he tied,
Ambrosian, golden, that in his command
Put either sea, or the unmeasur’d land,
With pace as speedy as a puff of wind.
Then up his rod went, with which he declin’d
The eyes of any waker, when he pleas’d,
And any sleeper, when he wish’d, diseas’d.

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

65 Diseased—aroused. See Bk. iv.
88 Bittours—bitterns.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

"For what cause, dear, and much-esteem'd by us,
Thou golden-rod-adorn'd Mercury,
Arriv'st thou here? Thou hast not us'd 't apply
Thy passage this way. Say, whatever be
Thy heart's desire, my mind commands it thee,
If in my means it lie, or pow'r of fact.
But first, what hospitable rites exact,
Come yet more near, and take." This said, she set
A table forth, and furnish'd it with meat,"
Such as the Gods taste; and serv'd in with it
Vermilion nectar. When with banquet fit
He had confirm'd his spirits, he thus exprest
His cause of coming: "Thou hast made request,
Goddess of Goddesses, to understand
My cause of touch here; which thou shalt command,
And know with truth: Jove caus'd my course to thee
Against my will, for who would willingly
Lackey along so vast a lake of bring,
Near to no city that the Powr's divine
Receives with solemn rites and hecatombs?
But Jove's will ever all law overcomes,
No other God can cross or make it void;
And he affirms, that one the most annoy'd
With woes and toils of all those men that fought
For Priam's city, and to end hath brought
Nine years in the contention, is with thee.
For in the tenth year, when roy victory
Was won to give the Greeks the spoil of Troy,
Return they did profess, but not enjoy,
Since Pallas they incens'd, and she the waves
By all the winds' pow'r, that blew ope their graves.
And there they rested. Only this poor one
This coast both winds and waves have cast upon;
Whom now forthcoming he wills thee to dismiss,
Affirming that th' unalter'd Destinies
Not only have decreed he shall not die

131 Lackey—go on foot, be a footman. The word is common, and may be found even in Milton, and Dryden. Taut. lachen, to run.
140 Roy—royal. I do not remember to have met with the word thus used. Roy for king was not uncommon. See Nares.
148 Unalter'd—unalterable.
Apart his friends, but of necessity
Enjoy their sights before those fatal hours,
His country earth reach, and erected tow'rs."

This struck a love-check'd horror through her pow'rs,
When, naming him, she this reply did give:
"Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live,
In all things you affect; which still converts
Your pow'rs to envies. It afflicts your hearts,
That any Goddess should, as you obtain
The use of earthly dames, enjoy the men,
And most in open marriage. So ye far'd,
When the delicious-finger'd Morning shar'd
Orion's bed; you easy-living States
Could never satisfy your emulous hates,
Till in Ortygia the precise-liv'd Dame,
Gould-thron'd Diana, on him rudely came,
And with her swift shafts slew him. And such pains,
When rich-hair'd Cores pleas'd to give the reins
To her affections, and the grace did yield
Of love and bed, amidst a three-cropp'd field,
To her Iasion, he paid angry Jove,
Who lost no long time notice of their love,
But with a glowing lightning was his death.
And now your envies labour underneath
A mortal's choice of mine; whose life I took
To lib'ral safety, when his ship Jove strook,
With red-hot flashes, piece-meal in the seas,
And all his friends and soldiers succourless
Perish'd but he. Him, cast upon this coast
With blasts and billows, I, in life giv'n lost,
Perserv'd alone, lov'd, nourish'd, and did vow
To make him deathless, and yet never grow
Crooked, or worn with age, his whole life long.
But since no reason may be made so strong
To strive with Jove's will, or to make it vain,
No not if all the other Gods should strain
Their pow'rs against it, let his will be law,
So he afford him fit means to withdraw,
As he commands him, to the raging main."
But means from me he never shall obtain,
For my means yield nor men, nor ship, nor oars
To set him off from my so envied shores.
But if my counsel and good will can aid
His safe pass home, my best shall be assy'd."
"Vouchsafe it so," said heav'n's ambassador,
"And deign it quickly. By all means abhor
T' incense Jove's wrath against thee, that with grace
He may hereafter all thy wish embrace."

Thus took the Argus-killing God his wings.
And since the rev'rend Nymph these awful things
Receiv'd from Jove, she to Ulysses went;
Whom she a-shore found, drown'd in discontent,
His eyes kept never dry he did so mourn,
And waste his dear age for his wish'd return;
Which still without the cave he us'd to do,
Because he could not please the Goddess so.
At night yet, forc'd, together took their rest,
The willing Goddess and th' unwilling Guest;
But he all day in rocks, and on the shore,
The vex'd sea view'd, and did his fate deplore.
Him, now, the Goddess coming near bespake:"
"Unhappy man, no more discomfort take
For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age,
I now will passing freely disengage
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 117

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

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

The Goddess smil'd, held hard his hand, and said:
"O y' are a shrewd one, and so habited 235
In taking heed thou know'st not what it is
To be unwary, nor use words amiss.
How hast thou charm'd me, were I ne'er so sly!
Let earth know then, and heav'n, so broad, so high,
And th' under-sunk waves of th' infernal stream,

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

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

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

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

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

The fir-tree, poplar, and heav'n-scaling pine,
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
He choos'd for lighter sail. This place thus shown,
The Nymph turn'd home. He fell to felling down,
And twenty trees he stoop'd in little space,
Plain'd, used his plumb, did all with artful grace.
In mean time did Calypso wimbles bring.
He bor'd, clos'd, nail'd, and order'd ev'ry thing,
And look how much a ship-wright will allow
A ship of burden (one that best doth know
What fits his art) so large a keel he cast,
Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side-boards, mast,
With willow watlings arm'd her to resist
The billows' outrage, added all she miss'd,
Sail-yards, and stern for guide. The Nymph then brought
Linen for sails, which with dispatch he wrought,
Gables, and halsters, tellings. All the frame
In four days' space to full perfection came.

314 Plainer—i. e. a plane, that which makes plain, smooth.
So in 322.
323 Wimbles—gimlets, boring tools.
320 Miss'd—wanted, required.
323 Gables and halsters—cables and hawsers.
334 This four days' work (you will say) is too much for one
man: and Pliny affirms, that Hiero (a king of Sicily) in five-
and-forty days built two hundred and twenty ships, rigged
them, and put to sea with them.—CHAPMAN.
The fifth day, they dismiss’d him from the shore, 
Weeds neat, and odorous, gave him, victuals store, 
Wine, and strong waters, and a prosp’rous wind, 
To which, Ulysses, fit-to-be-divin’d, 
His sails expos’d, and hois’d. Off he gat; 
And cheerful was he. At the stern he sat, 
And steer’d right artfully. Nor sleep could seize 
His eye-lids. He beheld the Pleiades; 
The Bear, surnam’d the Wain, that round doth move 
About Orion, and keeps still above 
The billowy ocean; the slow-setting star 
Bootes call’d, by some the Waggoner. 

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

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

350 Display—see, view. See Iliad xi. 74.
Since I the Æthiops saw, and here confines
To this Ulysses' fate his misery.
The great mark, on which all his hopes rely,
Lies in Phæacia. But I hope he shall
Feel woe at height, ere that dead calm befall."
This said; he, begging, gather'd clouds from land,
Frighted the seas up, snatch'd into his hand
His horrid trident, and aloft did toss,
Of all the winds, all storms he could engross,
All earth took into sea with clouds, grim Night
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light,
The East and South winds justled in the air,
The violent Zephyr, and North making-fair,
Roll'd up the waves before them. And then bent
Ulysses' knees, then all his spirit was spent.
In which despair, he thus spake: "Woe is me!
What was I born to, man of misery!"
Fear tells me now, that, all the Goddess said,
Truth's self will author, that Fate would be paid
Grief's whole sum due from me, at sea, before
I reach'd the dear touch of my country's shore.
With what clouds Jove heav'n's heighten'd forehead
binds!
How tyraunize the wraths of all the winds!
How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,
And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps!
Thus dreadful is the presence of our death.
Thrice four times blest were they that sunk beneath
Their fates at Troy, and did to nought contend
But to renown Atrides with their end!

365 Confines—Puts an end to.
370 Ξυραγέλῳ—Mendicando colligo.—Chapman.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

I would to God, my hour of death and fate
That day had held the pow'r to terminate,
When show'rs of darts my life bore undepress'd
About divine Αεαcides deceas'd!
Then had I been allotted to have died,
By all the Greeks with fun'rals glorified,
(Whence death, encouraging good life, had grown)
Where now I die, by no man mourn'd nor known."

This spoke, a huge wave took him by the head,
And hurl'd him o'er board; ship and all it laid
Inverted quite amidst the waves, but he
Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about the sea,
His stern still holding broken off, his mast
Burst in the midst, so horrible a blast
Of mix'd winds struck it. Sails and sail-yards fell
Amongst the billows; and himself did dwell
A long time under water, nor could get
In haste his head out, wave with wave so met
In his depression; and his garments too,
Giv'n by Calypso, gave him much to do,
Hind'ring his swimming; yet he left not so
His drench'd vessel, for the overthrow
Of her nor him, but gat at length again,
Wrestling with Neptune, hold of her; and then
Sat in her bulk, insulting over death.
Which, with the salt stream prest to stop his breath,
He 'scap'd, and gave the sea again to give
To other men. His ship so striv'd to live,
Floating at rando'n, cuff'd from wave to wave.
As you have seen the North wind when he drive

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

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

Patient Ulysses sigh'd at this, and stuck
In the conceit of such fair-spoken luck,
And said: "Alas! I must suspect ev'n this,
Lest any other of the Deities
Add sleight to Neptune's force, to counsel me
To leave my vessel, and so far off see
The shore I aim at. Not with thoughts too clear
Will I obey her, but to me appear
These counsels best: As long as I perceive
My ship not quite dissolv'd, I will not leave
The help she may afford me, but abide,
And suffer all woes till the worst be tried.
When she is split, I'll swim. No miracle can,
Past near and clear means, move a knowing man."

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

Then did Ulysses mount on rib, perforce,
Like to a rider of a running horse,
To stay himself a time, while he might shift
His drench'd weeds, that were Calypso's gift.
When putting straight Leucothea's amulet
About his neck, he all his forces set
To swim, and cast him prostrate to the seas.
When pow'rful Neptune saw the ruthless prease
Of perils siege him thus, he mov'd his head,  
And this betwixt him and his heart he said:
  "So, now feel ills enow, and struggle so,
Till to your Jove-lov'd islanders you row.
But my mind says, you will not so avoid
This last task too, but be with suff'rance cloy'd."
  This said, his rich-man'd horse he mov'd, and reach'd
His house at Neas. But Minerva fetch'd
The winds from sea, and all their ways but one
Barr'd to their passage; the bleak North alone
She set to blow, the rest she charg'd to keep
Their rages in, and bind themselves in sleep.
But Boreas still flew high to break the seas,
Till Jove-bred Ithacus the more with case
The navigation skill'd Phaeacian states
Might make his refuge, Death and angry Fates
At length escaping. Two nights, yet, and days
He spent in wrestling with the sable seas;
In which space, often did his heart propose
Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,
And threw the third light from her orient hair,
The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air,
Not one breath stirring. Then he might descry,
Rais'd by the high seas, clear, the land was nigh.
And then, look how to good sons that esteem
Their father's life dear, (after pains extreme,
Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long
Down to his bed, and with affections strong
Wasted his body, made his life his load,
As being inflicted by some angry God)
When on their pray'rs they see descend at length
Health from the heav'ns, clad all in spirit and strength,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The sight is precious; so, since here should end
Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend
Health to his country, held to him his sire,
And on which long for him disease did tire,
And then, besides, for his own sake to see
The shores, the woods so near, such joy had he,
As those good sons for their recover'd sire.
Then labour'd feet and all parts to aspire
To that wish'd continent; which when as near
He came, as Clamour might inform an ear,
He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred rocks,
Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,
That belch'd upon the firm land weeds and foam,
With which were all things hid there, where no room
Of fit capacity was for any port,
Nor from the sea for any man's resort,
The shores, the rocks, the cliffs, so prominent were.
"O," said Ulysses then, "now Jupiter
Hath giv'n me sight of an unhop'd for shore,
Though I have wrought these seas so long, so sore.
Of rest yet no place shows the slend'rest prints,
The rugged shore so bristled is with flints,
Against which ev'ry way the waves so flock,
And all the shore shows as one eminent rock,
So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand
Is there for any tir'd foot to stand,
Nor fly his death-fast-following miseries,
Lest, if he land, upon him foreright flies
A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a cliff,
Worse than vain rend'ring all his landing strife.
And should Lawim to seek a hav'n elsewhere.
Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear
I shall be taken with a gale again,
And cast a huge way off into the main;
And there the great Earth-shaker (having seen
My so near landing, and again his spleen
Forcing me to him) will some whale send out,
(Of which a horrid number here about
His Amphitrite breed,) to swallow me.
I well have prov'd, with what malignity
He treads my steps." While this discourse he held,
A curs'd surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd
His naked body, which it gash'd and tore,
And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
Had cast him on it. But She prompted him,
That never fail'd, and bade him no more swim
Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,
And hug the rock that him so rudely tore;
Which he with both hands sigh'd and clasp'd, till past
The billow's rage was; when 'scap'd, back so fast
The rock repuls'd it, that it reft his hold,
Sucking him from it, and far back he roll'd
And as the polypus that (forc'd from home
Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land come
For shelter 'gainst the storms that beat on her
At open sea, as she abroad doth err)
A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones,
Needfully gathers in her hollow bones;
So he forc'd hither by the sharper ill,
Shunning the smoother, where he best hop'd, still
The worst succeeded; for the cruel friend,
To which he cling'd for succour, off did rend
From his broad hands the soaken flesh so sore
That off he fell, and could sustain no more.

564 Pallas.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

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

Where peril possible of escape is tried.
But he that fights with heav'n, or with the sea,

63 Οδει of ἀθλὲω à partis doleo.—Chapman. It is hardly necessary to observe that Chapman's fanciful derivation is wrong, Οδει being the imperfect of ἀθλέω, summo.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

To indiscretion adds impiety."

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

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

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

FINIS LIBRI QUINTI HOM. ODYS.
THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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

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

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

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

This said, away blue-eyed Minerva went
Up to Olympus, the firm continent

26 *From comparison exempt, &c.—unrivalled in naval business.
27 *Intending Dymas' daughter.—CHAPMAN.
28 *Stand on the maid—i. e. remain unmarried.
That bears in endless being the Deified kind,
That's neither sous'd with show'rs, nor shook with wind,
Nor chill'd with snow, but where Serenity flies
Exempt from clouds, and ever-beamy skies
Circle the glitt'ring hill, and all their days
Give the delights of blessed Deity praise.
And hither Pallas flew, and left the maid,
When she had all that might excite her said.
Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
Fair-veil'd Nausicaa, whose dream her praise
To admiration took; who no time spent
To give the rapture of her vision vent
To her lov'd parents, whom she found within.
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
A rock, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd;
Her maids about her. But she chanc'd to find
Her father going abroad, to council call'd
By his grave Senate. And to him exhal'd
Her smother'd bosom was: "Lov'd sire," said she,
"Will you not now command a coach for me,
Stately and complète, fit for me to bear
To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
Before repurified? Yourself it fits
To wear fair weeds, as ev'ry man that sits

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

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

This gen'ral cause she show'd, and would not name
Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame.
He understood her yet, and thus replied:
"Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
I either will deny thee, or defer,
Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
Fitting at all parts. Go, my servants shall
Serve thy desires, and thy command in all."

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

Mound—basket. (Anglo-Sax.) Still in use in Devon
shire.

Junkets—sweetmeats. Properly juncate, a cheesecake,
or cream-cheese, from the Ital. gnunicata, cheese so called be-
cause pressed and brought to market on rushes (giunco, Latin
juncus, a rush).
The nuptial chariot. The whole bevy plac’d,  
Nausicaa scourg’d to make the coach-mules run,  
That neigh’d, and pac’d their usual speed, and soon  
Both maids and weeds brought to the river-side,  
Where baths for all the year their use supplied,  
Whose waters were so pure they would not stain,  
But still ran fair forth, and did more remain  
Apt to purge stains, for that purg’d stain within,  
Which by the water’s pure store was not seen.

These, here arriv’d, the mules uncoach’d, and drove  
Up to the gulf’y river’s shore, that gave  
Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then  
. took  
Their clothes, and steep’d them in the sable brook;  
Then put them into springs, and trod them clean  
With cleanly feet; adventuring wagers then,  
Who should have soonest and most cleanly done.

When having thoroughly cleans’d, they spread them on  
The flood’s shore, all in order. And then, where  
The waves the pebbles wash’d, and ground was clear,  
They bath’d themselves, and all with glitt’ring oil  
Smooth’d their white skins; refreshing then their toil  
With pleasant dinner, by the river-side;  
Yet still watch’d when the sun their clothes had dried.  
Till which time, having din’d, Nausicaa  
With other virgins did at stool-ball play,  
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.  
Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory,

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

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

Swift-hov'd—with swift feet, hooves, or hoofs.

The piety and wisdom of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the Sacred Letter) not the least of things he makes come to pass sine Numinis providentid. As Spondanus well notes of him.—CHAPMAN.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

Merely—entirely. A common sense.
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but Nausicaa fled; but she fast stood,
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear comprost.
And still she stood him, as resolv'd to know
What man he was, or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them. And here was he
Put to his wisdom; if her virgin knee
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace;
Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace,
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtain
Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
The last he best thought, to be worth his own,
In weighing both well; to keep still aloof,
And give with soft words his desires their proof,
Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,
He might incense her maiden modesty.
This fair and fil'd speech then shew'd this was he:

"Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of thee,
Are you of mortal, or the deified, race?
If of the Gods, that th' ample heav'ns embrace,
I can resemble you to none above
So near as to the chaste-born birth of Jove,
The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present,
In grace of ev'ry God-like lineament,
Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
You promise of her very perfectness.
If sprung of humans, that inhabit earth,
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth,

218 Fil'd—filed, smooth, polished. This was a frequent
expression as applied to speech.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

She answer’d: “Stranger! I discern in thee
Nor sloth, nor folly, reigns; and yet I see
Th’ art poor and wretched. In which I conclude,
That industry nor wisdom make endued
Men with those gifts that make them best to th’ eye;
Jove only orders man’s felicity.
To good and bad his pleasure fashions still
The whole proportion of their good and ill.
And he, perhaps, hath form’d this plight in thee,
Of which thou must be patient, as he free.
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS. 143

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

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

311 Διερδε βροδίς. Oui vitalis vel sensuallis humiditas instet.
βροδίς à ἰεώ, ut diratur quasi βροδός, i. e. ὄ ἐν ἱοῖ ἐν, quod
nihil nit magis fluxum quam homo.—CHAPMAN.

315 Ἀνθρώπος ρίζον ἀνίμον προείνεται, φόρτις, magnanimus. Nor
are those affirmed to be men, qui servile quidquidiam et abjectum
facium, vel, facere sustinet: according to this of Herodotus
in Polym. πολλοὶ μὲν ἄνθρωποι εἰμι, διὰ γὰρ δὲ ἄνθρωποι. Many
men’s forms sustain, but few are men.—CHAPMAN.
Greet the Phæacians with a mind envious,
Dear to the Gods they are, and he is pious,
Besides, divided from the world we are,
The out-part of it, billows circular
The sea revolving round about our shore;
Nor is there any man that enters more
Than our own countrymen, with what is brought
From other countries. This man minding nought
But his relief, a poor unhappy wretch,
Wrack’d here, and hath no other land to fetch,
Him now we must provide for. From Jove come
All strangers, and the needy of a home,
Who any gift, though ne’er so small it be,
Esteem as great, and take it gratefully.
And therefore, virgins, give the stranger food,
And wine; and see ye bathe him in the flood,
Near to some shore to shelter most inclin’d.

To cold-bath-bathers hurtful is the wind,
Not only rugged making th’ outward skin,
But by his thin pow’rs pierceth parts within.

This said, their flight in a return they set,
And did Ulysses with all grace entreat,
Show’d him a shore, wind-proof, and full of shade,
By him a shirt and utter mantle laid,
A golden jug of liquid oil did add,
Bad wash, and all things as Nausicaa bad.

Divine Ulysses would not use their aid;
But thus bespoke them: “Ev’ry lovely maid,

According to another translator:

“Ab Jove nam supplex pauper procedit et hospes,
Res brevis, at chara est, magni quoque munere, instar.”
Which I cite to show his good when he keeps him to the original, and near in any degree expounds it.—Chapman.
Let me entreat to stand a little by,
That I, alone, the fresh flood may apply
To cleanse my bosom of the sea-wrought brine,
And then use oil, which long time did not shine
On my poor shoulders. I'll not wash in sight
Of fair-hair'd maidens. I should blush outright,
To bathe all-bare by such a virgin light."

They mov'd, and mus'd a man had so much grace,
And told their mistress what a man he was.

He cleans'd his broad soil'd shoulders, back, and head
Yet never tam'd, but now had foam and weed
Knit in the fair curls. Which dissolv'd, and he
Slick'd all with sweet oil, the sweet charity
The untouch'd virgin show'd in his attire
He cloth'd him with. Then Pallas put a fire,
More than before, into his sparkling eyes,
His late soil set off with his soon fresh guise.
His locks, cleans'd, curl'd the more, and match'd, in pow'r
To please an eye, the hyacinthian flow'r.
And as a workman, that can well combine
Silver and gold, and make both strive to shine,
As being by Vulcan, and Minerva too,
Taught how far either may be urg'd to go
In strife of eminence, when work sets forth
A worthy soul to bodies of such worth,

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

350 Stick'd—sleek'd, made smooth.

VOL. I. ODYSSEY.
No thought reproving th' act, in any place,
Nor Art no debt to Nature's liveliest grace;
So Pallas wrought in him a grace as great
From head to shoulders, and ashor’d did seat
His goodly presence. To which such a guise
He show’d in going, that it ravish’d eyes.
All which continued, as he sat apart,
Nausicaa’s eye struck wonder through her heart,
Who thus bespake her consorts: “Hear me, you
Fair-wristed virgins! This rare man, I know,
Treads not our country-earth, against the will
Of some God thron’d on th’ Olympian hill.
He show’d to me, till now, not worth the note,
But now he looks as he had godhead got.
I would to heav’n my husband were no worse,
And would be call’d no better, but the course
Of other husbands pleas’d to dwell out here.
Observe and serve him with our utmost cheer.”

She said, they heard and did. He drunk and eat
Like to a harpy, having touch’d no meat
A long before time. But Nausicaa now
Thought of the more grace she did lately vow,
Had horse to chariot join’d, and up she rose,
Up cheer’d her guest, and said: “Guest, now dispose
Yourself for town, that I may let you see
My father’s court, where all the peers will be
Of our Phaeacian state. At all parts, then,
Observe to whom and what place y’are t’attain;
Though I need usher you with no advice,
Since I suppose you absolutely wise.
While we the fields pass, and men’s labours there,
So long, in these maids’ guides, directly bear
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS. 147

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

407 The city’s description so far forth as may in part,
induce her promised reason, why she took not Ulysses to
coach with her. —CHAPMAN.
412 Gables—cables.
438 Rare—early. Still in use in the West of England.
In her own ship. He must, of force, be come
From some far region; we have no such man.
It may be, praying hard, when her heart ran
On some wish’d husband, out of heav’n some God
Dropp’d in her lap; and there lies she at road
Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she,
Ranging abroad, a husband, such as he
Whom now we saw, laid hand on, she was wise,
For none of all our nobles are of prize
Enough for her; he must beyond sea come,
That wins her high mind, and will have her home
Of our peers many have importun’d her,
Yet she will none.’ Thus these folks will confer
Behind my back; or, meeting, to my face
The foul-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace;
And this would be reproaches to my fame,
For, ev’n myself just anger would inflame,
If any other virgin I should see,
Her parents living, keep the company
Of any man to any end of love,
Till open nuptials should her act approve.
And therefore hear me, guest, and take such way,
That you yourself may compass, in your stay,
Your quick deduction by my father’s grace,
And means to reach the root of all your race.

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

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

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

470 Rock—distaff.  486 Redition—(Lat.) return.
Her mules, that soon the shore left where she wash'd, 495
And, knowing well the way, their pace was fleet,
And thick they gather'd up their nimble feet.
Which yet she temper'd so, and us'd her scourge
With so much skill, as not to over-urge
The foot behind, and make them straggle so
From close society. Firm together go
Ulysses and her maids. And now the sun
Sunk to the waters, when they all had won
The never-fell'd, and sound-exciting, wood,
Sacred to Pallas; where the god-like good
Ulysses rested, and to Pallas pray'd:

"Hear me, of goat-kept Jove th' unconquer'd Maid!
Now throughly hear me, since, in all the time
Of all my wrack, my pray'rs could never climb
Thy far-off ears; when noiseful Neptune toss'd
Upon his watry bristles my emboss'd
And rock-torn body. Hear yet now, and deign
I may of the Phæacian state obtain
Pity, and grace." Thus pray'd he, and she heard,
By no means yet, expos'd to sight, appear'd,
For fear t' offend her uncle, the supreme
Of all the Sea-Gods, whose wrath still extreme
Stood to Ulysses, and would never cease,
Till with his country shore he crown'd his peace.

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

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

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

FINIS LIBRI SEXTI HOM. ODYSS.
THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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

Thus pray'd the wise and God-observing man.
The Maid, by free force of her palfreys,
wan
Access to town, and the renowned court
Reach'd of her father; where, within the port,
She stay'd her coach, and round about her came
Her brothers, made as of immortal frame,
Who yet disdain’d not, for her love, mean deeds,
But took from coach her mules, brought in her weeds.
And she ascends her chamber; where purvey’d
A quick fire was by her old chamber maid,
Eurymedusa, th’ Aperaean born,
And brought by sea from Apera t’ adorn
The court of great Alcinous, because
He gave to all the blest Phaeacians laws,
And, like a heav’n-born pow’r in speech, acquir’d
The people’s ears. To one then so admir’d,
Eurymedusa was esteem’d no worse
Than worth the gift; yet now, grow old, was nurse
To ivory-arm’d Nausicaa, gave heat
To all her fires, and dress’d her privy meat.

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

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

“Know you not, daughter, where Alcinous,
That rules this town, dwells? I, a poor distrest
Mere stranger here, know none I may request
To make this court known to me.” She replied:

“Strange father, I will see you satisfied

\[ Hoc fuit illius taculi simplicitas: nam vel fraternal
quoque amor tanta fuit, ut liberter habe redeunti charissimae
sorori operam præstuerint. Spond.—CHAPMAN. \]
In that request. My father dwells just by
The house you seek for; but go silently,
Nor ask, nor speak to any other, I
Shall be enough to show your way. The men
That here inhabit do not entertain
With ready kindness strangers, of what worth
Or state soever, nor have taken forth
Lessons of civil usage or respect
To men beyond them. They, upon their pow’rs
Of swift ships building, top the watry tow’rs,
And Jove hath giv’n them ships, for sails so wrought,
They cut a feather, and command a thought.”

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

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

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

40 *Nēs ókeiai οοει πρεπόν ἰε νόημα, naves veloces veluti penna, atque cogitatio.—CHAPMAN.
50 *Market-steads—The composition *stead meant place, thus girdle-stead, gorgel-stead, navel-stead, home-stead. All which frequently occur in Chapman. *Aisles—walks, alleys.
Your will, to show our ruler's house; 'tis here; Where you shall find kings celebrating cheer.
Enter amongst them, nor admit a fear.
More bold a man is, he prevails the more, Though man nor place he ever saw before.

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

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

The honour of Arete (or virtue) alleg.—CHAPMAN.
That keep house under husbands. Yet no more
Her husband honours her, than her blest store
Of gracious children. All the city cast
Eyes on her as a Goddess, and give taste
Of their affections to her in their pray'rs,
Still as she decks the streets; for, all affairs
Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.
Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deign
Goodness enough. If her heart stand inclin'd
To your despatch, hope all you wish to find,
Your friends, your longing family, and all
That can 'within your most affections fall.'

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

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

\textsuperscript{100} 	extit{Cast so thick a shade—πυκνὸς σκιῆς.} --CHAPMAN.
On each side, dogs, of gold and silver fram'd,
The house’s guard stood; which the Deity lam’d
With knowing inwards had inspir’d, and made
That death nor age should their estates invade.

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

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

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

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

Deity lam’d—i.e. Vulcan.
Querns—hand-mills. (Anglo-Sax. aweorn.)
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

Patient Ulysses stood awhile at gaze,
But, having all observ’d, made instant pace
Into the court; where all the peers he found,
And captains of Phæacia, with cups-crown’d
Off'ring to sharp-eyed Hermes, to whom last
They us'd to sacrifice, when sleep had cast
His inclination through their thoughts. But these
Ulysses pass'd, and forth went; nor their eyes
Took note of him, for Pallas stopp'd the light
With mists about him, that, unstay'd, he might
First to Alcinous, and Arete,
Present his person; and, of both them, she,
By Pallas' counsel, was to have the grace
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace
He cast about her knee. And then off flew
The heav'nly air that hid him. When his view,
With silence and with admiration strook
The court quite through; but thus he silence broke:

"Divine Rhegenor's offspring, Arete,
To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee,
A man whom many labours have distrest
Is come for comfort, and to ev'ry guest.
To all whom heav'n vouchsafe delightful lives,
And after to your issue that survives
A good resignment of the goods ye leave,
With all the honour that yourselves receive
Amongst your people. Only this of me
Is the ambition; that I may but see
(By your vouchsaf'd means, and betimes vouchsaf'd)
My country-earth; since I have long been left
To labours, and to errors, barr'd from end,
And far from benefit of any friend."

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

Errors—(Latin) wanderings.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

When this had added to the well-inclin'd
And sacred order of Alcinous' mind,
Then of the great-in-wit the hand he seiz'd,
And from the ashes his fair person rais'd,
Advanc'd him to a well-adorned throne,
And from his seat rais'd his most lov'd son,
Laodamas, that next himself was set,
To give him place. The handmaid then did get
An ewer of gold, with water fill'd, which plac'd
Upon a caldron, all with silver grac'd,
She pour'd out on their hands. And then was spread
A table, which the butler set with bread,
As others serv’d with other food the board,  
In all the choice the present could afford.  
Ulysses meat and wine took; and then thus  
The king the herald call’d: "Pontonous!  
Serve wine through all the house, that all may pay  
Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way  
With humble suppliants, and them pursues  
With all benign and hospitable dues."

Pontonous gave act to all he will’d,  
And honey-sweetness-giving-minds wine fill’d,  
Disposing it in cups for all to drink.  
All having drunk what either's heart could think  
Fit for due sacrifice, Alcinous said:  
"Hear me, ye dukes that the Phæacians lead,  
And you our counsellors, that I may now  
Discharge the charge my mind suggests to you,  
For this our guest: Feast past, and this night's sleep,  
Next morn, our senate summon'd, we will keep  
Justs, sacred to the Gods, and this our guest  
Receive in solemn court with fitting feast;  
Then think of his return, that, under hand  
Of our deduction, his natural land  
(Without more toil or care, and with delight,  
And that soon giv'n him, how far hence dissite  
Soever it can be) he may ascend;  
And in the mean time without wrong attend,  
Or other want, fit means to that ascent."

What, after, austere Fates shall make th' event

The word that bears this long epithet is translated only dulce: which signifies more. Μελέων οὖν ἐκεῖν αὐτὸν ἰδέων ἰδεῖν ἄνωθεν ἀναγεννᾶσθαι, et oblectat. CHAPMAN.

Justs—games, tournaments. (French jou-te.)

Dissite—distant, sundered apart.

Ascend to his country's shore. CHAPMAN.