OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Of his life’s thread, now spinning, and began
When his pain’d mother freed his root of man,
He must endure in all kinds. If some God
Perhaps abides with us in his abode,
And other things will think upon than we,
The Gods’ wills stand, who ever yet were free
Of their appearance to us, when to them
We offer’d hecatombs of fit esteem,
And would at feast sit with us, ev’n where we
Order’d our session. They would likewise be
Encount’rers of us, when in way alone
About his fit affairs went any one.
Nor let them cloak themselves in any care
To do us comfort, we as near them are,
Ass’t the Cyclops, or the impious race
Of earthy giants, that would heav’n outface.”

Ulysses answer’d; “Let some other doubt
Employ your thoughts than what your words give out,
Which intimate a kind of doubt that I
Should shadow in this shape a Deity.

Eustathius will have this comparison of the Phœacians
with the Giants and Cyclops to proceed out of the inveterate
virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cause (as is
before said) of their remove from their country; and with
great endeavour labours the approbation of it; but (under
his peace) from the purpose: for the sense of the Poet is
clear, that the Cyclops and Giants being in part the issue of
the Gods, and yet afterward their defiers, (as Polyp. here-
after dares profess) Antinous (out of bold and manly reason,
even to the face of one that might have been a God, for the
past manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and
the rest in him, that if they graced those Cyclops with their
open appearance, that, though descended from them, durst
yet deny them, they might much more do them the honour
of their open presence that adored them.—Chapman.
I bear no such least semblance, or in wit, 205
Virtue, or person. What may well befit
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know
Bears up and down the burthen of the woe
Appropriate to poor man, give that to me;
Of whose moans I sit in the most degree,
And might say more, sustaining griefs that all
The Gods consent to; no one 'twixt their fall
And my unpitied shoulders letting down
The least diversion. Be the grace then shown,
To let me taste your free-giv'n food in peace.

Through greatest grief the belly must have ease;
Worse than an envious belly nothing is.
It will command his strict necessities,
Of men most griev'd in body or in mind,
That are in health, and will not give their kind
A desp'rate wound. When most with cause I grieve,
It bids me still, Eat, man, and drink, and live;
And this makes all forgot. Whatever ill
I ever bear, it ever bids me till.
But this case is but forc'd, and will not last,
Till what the mind likes be as well embrac'd;
And therefore let me wish you would partake
In your late purpose; when the morn shall make
Her next appearance, deign me but the grace,
Unhappy man, that I may once embrace
My country-earth. Though I be still thrust at
By ancient ills, yet make me but see that.
And then let life go, when withal I see
My high-roof'd large house, lands, and family."

This all approv'd; and each will'd ev'ry one,
Since he hath said so fairly, set him gone.
Feast past and sacrifice, to sleep all vow
Their eyes at either's house. Ulysses now
Was left here with Alcinous, and his Queen,
The all-lov'd Arête. The handmaids then
The vessel of the banquet took away.
When Arête set eye on his array;
Knew both his out and under weed, which she
Made with her maids; and mus'd by what means he
Obtain'd their wearing; which she made request
To know, and wings gave to these speeches: "Guest!
First let me ask, what, and from whence you are?
And then, who grace'd you with the weeds you wear?
Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas,
And thence arriv'd here?" Laertiades
To this thus answer'd: "'Tis a pain, O Queen,
Still to be op'ning wounds wrought deep, and green,
Of which the Gods have open'd store in me;
Yet your will must be serv'd. Far hence, at sea,
There lie an isle, that bears Ogygia's name,
Where Atlas' daughter, the ingenious dame,
Fair-hair'd Calypso lives; a Goddess grave,
And with whom men nor Gods society have;
Yet I, past man unhappy, liv'd alone,
By Heav'n's wrath forc'd, her house-companion.
For Jove had with a fervent lightning cleft
My ship in twain, and far at black sea left
Me and my soldiers; all whose lives I lost.
I in mine arms the keel took, and was tost
Nine days together up from wave to wave.
The tenth grim night, the angry Deities drave
Me and my wrack on th' isle, in which doth dwell
Dreadful Calypso, who exactly well
Receiv'd and nourish'd me, and promise made
To make me deathless, nor should age invade
My pow'rs with his deserts through all my days.
All mov'd not me, and therefore, on her stays,
Sev'n years she made me lie; and there spent I
The long time, steeping in the misery
Of ceaseless tears the garments I did wear,
From her fair hand. The eighth revolv'd year
(Or by her chang'd mind, or by charge of Jove)
She gave provok'd way to my wish'd remove,
And in a many-jointed ship, with wine
Dainty in savour, bread, and weeds divine,
Sign'd, with a harmless and sweet wind, my pass.
Then sev'nteen days at sea I homeward was,
And by the eighteenth the dark hills appear'd
That your earth thrusts up. Much my heart was
cheer'd,
Unhappy man, for that was but a beam,
To show I yet had agonies extreme
To put in suff'rance, which th' Earth-shaker sent,
Crossing my way with tempests violent,
Unmeasur'd seas up-lifting, nor would give
The billows leave to let my vessel live
The least time quiet, that ev'n sigh'd to bear
Their bitter outrage, which, at last, did tear
Her sides in pieces, set on by the winds.
I yet through-swum the waves that your shore binds,
Till wind and water threw me up to it;
When, coming forth, a ruthless billow smit
Against huge rocks, and an accessless shore,
My mangl'd body. Back again I bore,

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

Alcinous answer’d: “Guest! my daughter knew

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

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

_We men are all a most suspicious race._"

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

Show you your country and your house ere night,
Though far beyond Eubœa be that sight.
And this Eubœa, as our subjects say
That have been there and seen, is far away,
Farthest from us of all the parts they know;
And made the trial when they help'd to row
The gold-lock'd Rhadamant, to give him view
Of earth-born Titvus; whom their speeds did show
In that far-off Eubœa, the same day
They set from hence; and home made good their way
With ease again, and him they did convey.
Which I report to you, to let you see
How swift my ships are, and how matchlessly
My young Phœacians with their oars prevail,
To beat the sea through, and assist a sail."

This cheer'd Ulysses, who in private pray'd:
"I would to Jove our Father, what he said,
He could perform at all parts; he should then
Be glorify'd for ever, and I gain
My natural country." This discourse they had;
When fair-arm'd Arete her handmaids bad
A bed make in the portico, and ply
With clothes, the cov'ren tapestry,
The blankets purple; well-napp'd waistcoats too,
To wear for more warmth. What these had to do,
They torches took and did. The bed purvey'd,
They mov'd Ulysses for his rest, and said:
"Come guest, your bed is fit, now frame to rest."
Motion of sleep was gracious to their guest;
Which now he took profoundly, being laid
Within a loop-hole tow'r, where was convey'd
The sounding portico. The King took rest
In a retir'd part of the house; where drest
The Queen her self a bed, and trundlebed,
And by her lord repos'd her rev'rend head.

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

"First that he lie upon the trundle-bed,
While his young maister lieth o'er his head."

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

PINIS LIBRI SEPTIMI HOM. ODYSS.
THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

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

NOW when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
The sacred pow'r Alcinous did dispose
Did likewise rise; and, like him, left his case
The city-razer Laertides.
The Council at the navy was design'd;
To which Alcinous, with the sacred mind,
Came first of all. On polish'd stones they sate,
Near to the navy. To increase the state,
Minerva took the herald's form on her,
That serv'd Alcinous, studious to prefer
Ulysses' suit for home. About the town
She made quick way, and fill'd with the renown
Of that design the ears of ev'ry man,
Proclaiming thus: "Peers Phæacensian!
And Men of Council, all haste to the court,
To hear the stranger that made late resort
To King Alcinous, long time lost at sea,
And is in person like a Deity."

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

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

$^{37}$ To pass it under every peer, &c.—desires to lay it before
every peer, for his assistance; advice, &c.
Whom I prepare, and stir up, making known
My free desire of his deduction.
Nor shall there ever any other man
That tries the goodness Phaeacian
In me, and my court's entertainment, stay,
Mourning for passage, under least delay.
Come then, a ship into the sacred seas,
New-built, now launch we; and from out our prease
Choose two-and-fifty youths, of all, the best
To use an oar. All which see straight im prest,
And in their oar-bound seats. Let others hie
Home to our court, commanding instantly
The solemn preparation of a feast,
In which provision may for any guest
Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things
I give our youth. You, sceptre-bearing kings,
Consort me home, and help with grace to use
This guest of ours; no one man shall refuse.
Some other of you haste, and call to us
The sacred singer, grave Demodocus,
To whom hath God giv'n song that can excite
The heart of whom he listeth with delight;" This said, he led. The sceptre-bearers lent
Their free attendance; and with all speed went
The herald for the sacred man-in-song.
Youths two-and-fifty, chosen from the throng,
Went, as was will'd, to the untam'd sea's shore;
Where come, they launch'd the ship, the mast it bore
Advance'd, sails hoiséd, ev'ry seat his oar
Gave with a leather thong. The deep moist then
They further reach'd; The dry streets flow'd with men.
That troop'd up to the king's capacious court,
Whose porticos were chok'd with the resort,
Whose walls were hung with men, young, old, thrust there
In mighty concourse; for whose promis'd cheer
Alcinous slew twelve sheep, eight white-tooth'd swine,
Two crook-haunch'd beeves; which flay'd and dress'd, divine
The show was of so many a jocund guest,
All set together at so set a feast.
To whose accomplish'd state the herald then
The lovely singer led; who past all mean
The Muse affected, gave him good, and ill,
His eyes put out, but put in soul at will.
His place was giv'n him in a chair all grac'd
With silver studs, and 'gainst a pillar plac'd; Where, as the centre to the state, he rests,
And round about the circle of the guests.
The herald on a pin above his head
His soundful harp hung, to whose height he led
His hand for taking of it down at will,
A board set by with food, and forth did fill
A bowl of wine, to drink at his desire.
The rest then fell to feast, and, when the fire
Of appetite was quench'd, the Muse inflam'd
The sacred singer. Of men highliest fam'd
He sung the glories, and a poem penn'd,
That in applause did ample heav'n ascend.
Whose subject was, the stern Contention
Betwixt Ulysses and great Thetis' son,
As, at a banquet sacred to the Gods,
In dreadful language they express'd their odds.
When Agamemnon sat rejoice'd in soul
To hear the Greek peers jar in terms so foul;
For augur Phæbus in presage had told
The King of men (desirous to unfold
The war's perplex'd end, and being therefore gone
In heav'ly Pythia to the porch of stone,)
That then the end of all griefs should begin
'Twixt Greece and Troy, when Greece (with strife to win
That wish'd conclusion) in her kings should jar,
And plead, if force or wit must end the war.

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

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

\[117\] The continued piety of *Ulysses* through all places, times, and occasions.—*Chapman.*
Discern'd him mov'd so much. But he sat next,
And heard him deeply sigh; which his pretext
Could not keep hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
His utterance of it, and would have it held
From all the rest, brake off the song, and this
Said to those ear-affecting peers of his:

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

Since the Phaeacians were not only dwellers by sea,
but studious also of sea qualities, their names seem to
usurp their faculties therein. All consisting of sea-faring
signification, except Laodamas. As Acroncus, *summa seu*
*extrema navis pars.* Ocyalus, *velox in mari.* Elatreus, or
*Elathp, Elathpos, Remex,* &c.—CHAPMAN.
Nauteus, Eretineus, Thoon, Proreus, 155
Ponteus, and the strong Amphialus
Son to Tectonides Polyneus.
Up rose to these the great Euryalus,
In action like the Homicide of War.
Naubolides, that was for person far
Past all the rest, but one he could not pass,
Nor any thought improve, Laodamas.
Up Anabesiou then arose;
And three sons of the Sceptré-state; and those
Were Halius, the fore-prais’d Laodamas,
And Clytoneus like a God in grace.
These first the foot-game tried, and from the lists
Took start together. Up the dust in mists
They hurl’d about, as in their speed they flew;
But Clytoneus first of all the crew
A stitch’s length in any fallow field
Made good his pace; when, where the judges yield
The prize and praise, his glorious speed arriv’d.
Next, for the boist’rous wrestling game they striv’d;
At which Euryalus the rest outshone.
At leap Amphialus. At the hollow stone
Elatreus excell’d. At buffets, last,
Laodamas, the king’s fair son, surpast.

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

159 Mars. 164 Sceptré-state—king, viz. Alcinous.
But sour affliction, made a mate with time,
Makes time the more seen. Nor imagine I,
A worse thing to enforce debility
Than is the sea, though nature ne'er so strong
Knits one together.” “Nor conceive you wrong,”
Replied Euryalus, “but prove his blood
With what you question.” In the midst then stood
Renown’d Laodamas, and prov’d him thus:

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

Euryalus an open brawl began,

And said: “I take you, sir, for no such man
As fits these honour’d strifes. A number more
Strange men there are that I would choose before.
To one that loves to lie aship-board much,

The word is τοποχή, signifying, deducio, quod transve-
 hendum curamus cum qui nobiscum aliquando est versatus.

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

237 'Ατάσθαλος δαμνωρν magnorum auctor.—Chapman.
But in the first rank of the best I stand;  
At least I did, when youth and strength of hand  
Made me thus confident, but now am worn  
With woes and labours, as a human born  
To bear all anguish. Suffer'd much I have.

The war of men, and the inhuman wave,  
Have I driv'n through at all parts. But with all  
My waste in suff'rance, what yet may fall  
In my performance, at these strifes I'll try.  
Thy speech hath mov'd, and made my wrath run high."

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

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

Core—(Fr. cœur) heart.

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

CHAPMAN.
Though with me ne'er so many fellows bend
Their bows at mark'd men, and affect their end.
Only was Philoctetes with his bow
Still my superior, when we Greeks would show
Our archery against our foes of Troy.
But all, that now by bread frail life enjoy,
I far hold my inferiors. Men of old,
None now alive shall witness me so bold,
To vaunt equality with, such men as these;
(Echalián Eurytus, Hercules,
Who with their bows durst with the Gods contend;
And therefore caught Eurytus soon his end,
Nor died at home, in age, a rev'rend man.
But by the great incensed Delphian
Was shot to death, for daring competence
With him in all an archer's excellence.
A spear I'll hurl as far as any man
Shall shoot a shaft. How at a race I can
Bestir my feet, I only yield to fear,
And doubt to meet with my superior here.
So many seas so too much have misus'd
My limbs for race, and therefore have diffus'd
A dissolution through my lov'd knees."

This said, he still'd all talking properties.
Alcinous only answer'd: "O my guest,
In good part take we what you have been prest
With speech to answer. You would make appear
Your virtues therefore, that will still shine where
Your only look is. Yet must this man give
Your worth ill language; when, he does not live
In sort of mortals (whencesoe'er he springs,

Appollo.

Prest.—See Bk. ix. 124
That judgment hath to speak becoming things
That will deprave your virtues. Note then now
My speech, and what my love presents to you,
That you may tell heroës, when you come
To banquet with your wife and birth at home,
(Mindful of our worth) what deserving Jove
Hath put on our parts likewise, in remove
From sire to son, as an inherent grace
Kind, and perpetual. We must needs give place
To other countrymen, and freely yield
We are not blameless in our fights of field,
Butts, nor wrastlings; but in speed of feet,
And all the equipage that fits a fleet,
We boast us best; for table ever spread
With neighbour feasts, for garments variéd,
For poesy, music, dancing, baths, and beds.
And now, Phæacians, you that bear your heads
And feet with best grace in enamouring dance,
Enflame our guest here, that he may advance
Our worth past all the world's to his home-friends,
As well for the unmatch'd grace that commends
Your skill in footing of a dance, as theirs
That fly a race best. And so, all affairs,
At which we boast us best, he best may try,
As sea-race, land-race, dance, and poesy.
Some one with instant speed to court retire,
And fetch Demodocus's soundful lyre."

This said the God-grac'd king; and quick resort
Pontonous made for that fair harp to court.

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

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

\[338 \text{Mαρμαρύνας τοδών.} \text{ Mαρμαρύνας signifies splendor ví-

brans; a twinkle'd splendor: μαρμάρυνεων, vibrare veluti

radios solares. — Chapman.}\]
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 183

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

419 Both-foot-cook'd.—Perhaps we ought to read both-foot-cook'd.
Stood in the portal and cried out so high,  
That all the Gods heard: “Father of the sky,  
And ev’ry other deathless God,” said he,  
“Come all, and a ridiculous object see,  
And yet not sufferable neither. Come,  
And witness how, when still I step from home,  
Lame that I am, Jove’s daughter doth profess  
To do me all the shameful offices,  
Indignites, despi tes, that can be thought;  
And loves this all-things-making-come-to-nought,  
Since he is fair forsooth, foot-sound, and I  
Took in my brain a little, legg’d awry;  
And no fault mine, but all my parent’s fault,  
Who should not get, if mock me, with my halt.  
But see how fast they sleep, while I, in moan,  
Am only made an idle looker on.  
One bed their turn serves, and it must be mine;  
I think yet, I have made their self-loves shine.  
They shall no more wrong me, and none perceive;  
Nor will they sleep together, I believe,  
With too hot haste again. Thus both shall lie  
In craft, and force, till the extremity  
Of all the dow’r I gave her sire (to gain  
A dogged set-fac’d girl, that will not stain  
Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)  
He pays me back. She’s fair, but was no maid.”  

While this long speech was making, all were come  
To Vulcan’s wholly-brazen founded home,  
Earth-shaking Neptune, useful Mercury,  
And far-shot Phœbus. No She-Deity,  
For shame, would show there. All the give-good Gods  
Stood in the portal, and past periods.
Gave length to laughings, all rejoic'd to see
That which they said, that no impiety
Finds good success at th' end. "And now," said one,
"The slow outgoes the swift. Lame Vulcan, known
To be the slowest of the Gods, outgoes
Mars the most swift. And this is that which grows
To greatest justice: that adul'try's sport,
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort
(And lame craft too) is plagued, which grieves the more,
That sound limbs turning lame the lame restore."

This speech amongst themselves they entertain'd,
When Phæbus thus ask'd Hermes: "Thus enchai'n'd
Wouldst thou be, Hermes, to be thus disclos'd?
Though with thee golden Venus were repos'd?"
He soon gave that an answer: "O," said he,
"Thou king of archers, would twere thus with me!
Though thrice so much shame; nay, though infinite
Were pour'd about me, and that ev'ry light,
In great heav'n shining, witness'd all my harms,
So golden Venus slumber'd in mine arms."

The Gods again laugh'd; even the Watery State
Wrung out a laughter, but propitiate
Was still for Mars, and pray'd the God of Fire
He would dissolve him, off'ring the desire
He made to Jove to pay himself, and said,
All due debts should be by the Gods repaid.
"Pay me, no words," said he, "where deeds lend

Wretched the words are giv'n for wretched men.

Intending the sound of foot, when they outgo the
soundest.—Chapman.

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

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

"Your word, so giv'n, I must accept," said he
Which said, he loos'd them. Mars then rush'd from sky,
And stoop'd cold Thrace. The laughing Deity

For Cyprus was, and took her Paphian state.
Where she a grove, ne'er cut, had consecrate,
All with Arabian odours fum'd, and hath
An altar there, at which the Graces bathe,
And with immortal balms besmooth, her skin,

Fit for the bliss Immortals solace in;
Deck'd her in to-be-studied attire,
And apt to set beholders' hearts on fire.

This sung the sacred muse, whose notes and words
The dancers' feet kept as his hands his chords.

Ulysses much was pleas'd, and all the crew.

This would the king have varied with a new
And pleasing measure, and performed by
Two, with whom none would strive in dancery;
And those his sons were, that must therefore dance

Alone, and only to the harp advance,
Without the words. And this sweet couple was
Young Halius, and divine Laodamas;
Who danc'd a ball-dance. Then the rich-wrought

ball,
That Polybus had made, of purple all,

They took to hand. One threw it to the sky,
And then danc'd back; the other, capering high,

This is τὸ τὲ μικρὰ μεγάλως, etc. Parca magnē dicere;
grave sentence out of lightest vapour.—CHAPMAN.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Would surely catch it ere his foot touch'd ground,
And up again advance'd it, and so found
The other cause of dance; and then did he
Dance lofty tricks, till next it came to be
His turn to catch, and serve the other still.
When they had kept it up to either's will,
They then danc'd ground tricks, oft mix'd hand in
hand,
And did so gracefully their change command,
That all the other youth that stood at pause,
With deaf'ning shouts, gave them the great applause.

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

This won Alcinous' heart, and equal prize
He gave Ulysses, saying: "Matchless wise,
Princes and rulers, I perceive our guest,
And therefore let our hospitable best
In fitting gifts be giv'n him: Twelve chief kings
There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdom; and, the thirteenth, I
Exist, as crown to all. Let instantly
Be thirteen garments giv'n him, and of gold
Precious, and fine, a talent. While we hold
This our assembly, be all fetch'd, and giv'n,
That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heav'n,
Our guest may enter. And, that nothing be
Left unperform'd that fits his dignity,
Euryalus shall here conciliate
Himself with words and gifts, since past our rate
He gave bad language." This did all commend
And give in charge; and ev'ry king did send
His herald for his gift. Euryalus,
Answ'ring for his part, said: “Alcinous!
Our chief of all, since you command, I will
To this our guest by all means reconcile,
And give him this entirely-metall'd sword,
The handle massy silver, and the board,
That gives it cover, all of ivory,
New, and in all kinds worth his quality.”

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

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

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

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

Then Arete her maids charg'd to set on
A well-siz'd caldron quickly. Which was done,
Clear water pour'd in, flame made so entire,
It gilt the brass, and made the water fire.

In mean space, from her chamber brought the queen
A wealthy cabinet, where, pure and clean,
She put the garments, and the gold bestow'd
By that free state, and then the other vow'd
By her Alcinous, and said: "Now, guest,
Make close and fast your gifts, lest, when you rest
Aship-board sweetly, in your way you meet
Some loss, that less may make your next sleep sweet."

This when Ulysses heard, all sure he made
Enclos'd and bound safe; for the saving trade
The rev'rend-for-her-wisdom, Circe, had
In foreyears taught him. Then the handmaid bad
His worth to bathing; which rejoic'd his heart,
For, since he did with his Calypso part,
He had no hot baths; none had favour'd him,
Nor been so tender of his kingly limb.
But all the time he spent in her abode,
He liv'd respected as he were a God.
Cleans'd then and balm'd, fair shirt and robe put on,
Fresh come from bath, and to the feasters gone,
Nausicæ, that from the God's hands took
The sov'reign beauty of her bless'd look,
Stood by a well-carv'd column of the room,
And through her eye her heart was overcome
With admiration of the port imprest
In his aspect, and said: "God save you, guest!
Be cheerful, as in all the future state
Your home will show you in your better fate.
But yet, ev'n then, let this remember'd be,
Your life's price I lent, and you owe it me."

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

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

"Eplηροτάκτω, Poetam cujus hominibus digna est societas.

CHAPMAN.
The grac'd-with-wisdom did him: From the chine,
That stood before him, of a white-tooth'd swine,
Being far the daintiest joint, mix'd through with fat,
He carv'd to him, and sent it where he sat
By his old friend the herald, willing thus:
"Herald, reach this to grave Demodocus,
Say, I salute him, and his worth embrace.
Poets deserve, past all the human race,
Rev'rend respect and honour, since the queen
Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men,
The Muse, informs them, and loves all their race."
This reach'd the herald to him, who the grace
Receiv'd encourag'd; which, when feast was spent,
Ulysses amplified to this ascent:
"Demodocus! I must prefer you far,
Past all your sort, if, or the Muse of war,
Jove's daughter, prompts you, that the Greeks respects,
Or if the Sun, that those of Troy affects.
For I have heard you, since my coming, sing
The fate of Greece to an admired string.
How much our suff'rance was, how much we wrought,
How much the actions rose-to when we fought.
So lively forming, as you had been there,
Or to some free relater lent your ear.
Forth then, and sing the wooden horse's frame,
Built by Epeus, by the martial Dame
Taught the whole fabric; which, by force of sleight,
Ulysses brought into the city's height,
When he had stuff'd it with as many men
As levell'd lofty Ilium with the plain.
With all which if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quick and elegant
You sung the rest, I will pronounce you clear
Inspir'd by God, past all that ever were."
This said, ev'n stirr'd by God up, he began,
And to his song fell, past the forms of man,
Beginning where the Greeks aship-board went,
And ev'ry chief had set on fire his tent,
When th' other kings, in great Ulysses' guide,
In Troy's vast market place the horse did hide,
From whence the Trojans up to Ilion drew
The dreadful engine. Where sat all arew
Their kings about it; many counsels giv'n
How to dispose it. In three ways were driv'n
Their whole distractions. First, if they should feel
The hollow wood's heart, search'd with piercing steel;
Or from the battlements drawn higher yet
Deject it headlong; or that counterfeit
So vast and novel set on sacred fire,
Vow'd to appease each anger'd Godhead's ire.
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
They then should have resolv'd; th' unalter'd law
Of fate presaging, that Troy then should end,
When th' hostile horse she should receive to friend,
For therein should the Grecian kings lie hid,
To bring the fate and death they after did.

He sung, besides, the Greeks' eruption
From those their hollow crafts, and horse foregone;
And how they made depopulation tread
Beneath her feet so high a city's head.
In which affair, he sung in other place,
That of that ambush some man else did race
The Ilion tow'rs than Laertiades;
But here he sung, that he alone did seize,
With Menelaus, the ascended roof
Of prince Deiphobus, and Mars-like proof
Made of his valour, a most dreadful fight
Daring against him; and there vanquish’d quite,
In little time, by great Minerva’s aid,
All Ilion’s remnant, and Troy level laid.
This the divine expressor did so give
Both act and passion, that he made it live,
And to Ulysses’ facts did breathe a fire
So deadly quick’ning, that it did inspire
Old death with life, and render’d life so sweet,
And passionate, that all there felt it fleet;
Which made him pity his own cruelty,
And put into that ruth so pure an eye
Of human frailty, that to see a man
Could so revive from death, yet no way can
Defend from death, his own quick pow’rs it made
Feel there death’s horrors, and he felt life fade,
In tears his feeling brain swet; for, in things
That move past ut’tance, tears ope all their springs.
Nor are there in the pow’rs that all life bears
More true interpreters of all than tears.

And as a lady mourns her sole-lov’d lord,
That fell’n before his city by the sword,
Fighting to rescue from a cruel fate
His town and children, and in dead estate

701-As by the divine fury directly inspired so, for Ulyssos
717 glory.—Chapman.
711 In that the slaughters he made were expressed so
720 lively.—Chapman.
720 Τήκερο Ὀδυσσεύς. Τήκω, metaph. signifying, consume,
tabasco.—Chapman.

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

730 Pours her health into his arms.—So the folio. It is one of Chapman's interpolations, and to me unintelligible. Should we read, "pours her health into his harms?"
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 195

Deathless and manly, should stand so inclin'd. Nor cloak you longer with your curious wit, Lov'd guest, what ever we shall ask of it.

It now stands on your honest state to tell, And therefore give your name, nor more conceal What of your parents, and the town that bears Name of your native, or of foreigners That near us border, you are call'd in fame.

There's no man living walks without a name, Noble nor base, but had one from his birth Impos'd as fit as to be borne. What earth, People, and city, own you, give to know.

Tell but our ships all, that your way must show. For our ships know th' express'd minds of men, And will so most insistently retain Their scopes appointed, that they never err, And yet use never any man to steer, Nor any rudders have, as others need.

They know men's thoughts, and whither tends theirs speed, And there will set them; for you cannot name A city to them, nor fat soil, that Fame Hath any notice giv'n, but well they know, And will fly to them, though they ebb and flow In blackest clouds and nights; and never bear Of any wrack or rock the slend'rest fear.

But this I heard my sire Nausithous say Long since, that Neptune, seeing us convey

777 This θεραπευτική or affirmation of miracles, how impossible, sever in these times assured, yet in those ages they were neither absurd nor strange. Those maninate things having (it seemed) certain Genii, in whose powers, they supposed, their ships' faculties. As others have affirmed oaks to have sense of hearing; and so the ship of Argos, was said to have a mast made of Dodonean oak, that was vocal, and could speak.—Chapman.
So safely passengers of all degrees,
Was angry with us; and upon our seas
A well-built ship we had, near harbour come
From safe deduction of some stranger home,
Made in his flitting billows stick stone still;
And dimm'd our city, like a mighty hill
With shade cast round about it. This report,
The old king made; in which miraculous sort,
If God had done such things, or left undone,
At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,
And truth relate us, both [from] whence you err'd,
And to what clime of men would be transferr'd,
With all their fair towns, be they as they are,
If rude, unjust, and all irregular,
Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
The mighty Deity. Which one of these
You would be set at, say, and you are there.
And therefore what afflicts you? Why, to hear
The fate of Greece and Ilion, mourn you so?
The Gods have done it; as to all they do
Destine destruction, that from thence may rise
A poem to instruct posterities.
Fell any kinsman before Ilion?
Some worthy sire-in-law, or like-near son,
Whom next our own blood and self-race we love?
Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move
A knowing soul, and no unpleasing thing?
Since such a good one is no underling
To any brother; for, what fits true friends,
True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends.

793 Intending his father Nausithous.—Chapman.
796 [From].—The metre would require this word.

FINIS LIBRI OCTAVI HOM. ODYS.
THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

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

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.
Iâ‘ra. The strangely fed
Lotophagi.
The Cicons fled.
The Cyclop’s eye.

ULYSSES thus resolv’d the king’s demands:
“Alcinous, in whom this empire stands,
You should not of so natural right disherit
Your princely feast, as take from it the
spirit.
To hear a poet, that in accent brings
The Gods’ breasts down, and breathes them as he sings,
Is sweet, and sacred; nor can I conceive,
In any common-weal, what more doth give
Note of the just and blessed empery,
Than to see comfort universally
Cheer up the people, when in ev'ry roof
She gives observers a most human proof
Of men's contents. To see a neighbour's feast
Adorn it through; and thereat hear the breast
Of the divine Muse; men in order set;
A wine-page waiting; tables crown'd with meat,
Set close to guests that are to use it skill'd;
The cup-boards furnish'd, and the cups still fill'd;
This shows, to my mind, most humanely fair.
Nor should you, for me, still the heav'nly air,
That stirr'd my soul so; for I love such tears
As fall from fit notes, beaten through mine ears
With repetitions of what heav'n hath done,
And break from hearty apprehension
Of God and goodness, though they show my ill.
And therefore doth my mind excite me still,
To tell my bleeding moan; but much more now,
To serve your pleasure, that to over-flow
My tears with such cause may by sighs be driv'n,
Though ne'er so much plagued I may seem by heav'n.
And now my name; which way shall lead to all
My mis'ries after, that their sounds may fall
Through your ears also, and show (having fled
So much affliction) first, who rests his head
In your embraces, when, so far from home,
I knew not where t' obtain it resting room.

I am Ulysses Laertiades,
The fear of all the world for policies,
For which my facts as high as heav'n resound.
I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

41 Euvocipvov, quaiientem seu agitantem frondes.—CHAPMAN
42 Quaedam quibus corpus ait ur et vita sustinatur ut appellatur.—CHAPMAN.
43 Amor patria.—CHAPMAN.
44 Prevention—anticipation.
From ruin'd Troy my first foot in retreat.
From Ilion ill winds cast me on the coast
The Cicons hold, where I employ'd mine host
For Ismarus, a city built just by
My place of landing; of which victory
Made me expugner. I depopled it,
Slew all the men, and did their wives remit,
With much spoil taken; which we did divide,
That none might need his part. I then applied
All speed for flight; but my command therein,
Fools that they were, could no observance win
Of many soldiers, who, with spoil fed high,
Would yet fill higher, and excessively
Fell to their wine, gave slaughter on the shore
Cloven-footed beeves and sheep in mighty store.
In mean space, Cicons did to Cicons cry,
When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
Many and better soldiers made strong head,
That held the continent, and manag'd
Their horse with high skill, on which they would fight,
When fittest cause serv'd, and again alight,
With soon seen vantage, and on foot contend.
Their concourse swift was, and had never end;
As thick and sudden 'twas, as flow'r's and leaves
Dark spring discovers, when she light receives.
And then began the bitter Fate of Jove
To alter us unhappy, which ev'n strove
To give us suff'rance. At our fleet we made
Enforc'd stand; and there did they invade
Our thrust-up forces; darts encounter'd darts,
With blows on both sides; either-making parts

After night, in the first of the morning.—Chapman.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 201

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

Thence sad in heart we sail'd; and yet our state
Was something cheer'd, that (being o'er-match'd so much
In violent number) our retreat was such
As sav'd so many. Our dear loss the less,
That they surviv'd, so like for like success.
Yet left we not the coast, before we call'd
Home to our country-earth the souls exhal'd
Of all the friends the Cicons overcame.
Thrice call'd we on them by their sev'ral name,
And then took leave. Then from the angry North
Cloud-gath'ring Jove a dreadful storm call'd forth
Against our navy, cover'd shore and all
With gloomy vapours. Night did headlong fall
From frowning heav'n. And then hurl'd here and there
Was all our navy; the rude winds did tear
In three, in four parts, all their sails; and down
Driv'n under hatches were we, prest to drown.
Up rush'd we yet again, and with tough hand
(Two days, two nights, entoil'd) we gat near land,
Labours and sorrows eating up our minds.
The third clear day yet, to more friendly winds
We masts advanc'd, we white sails spread, and sate.
Forewinds and guides again did iterate

The ancient custom of calling home the dead.—

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

Lest they should taste the lote too, and forget
With such strange raptures their despis'd retreat.

All then aboard, we beat the sea with oars,
And still with sad hearts sail'd by out-way shores,
Till th' out-law'd Cyclop's land we fetch'd; a race
Of proud-liv'd loiterers, that never sow,
Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plow,
But trust in God for all things; and their earth,
Unsown, unplow'd, gives ev'ry offspring birth
That other lands have; wheat, and barley, vines
That bear in goodly grapes delicious wines;
And Jove sends show'rs for all. No councils there,
Nor councillors, nor laws; but all men bear
Their heads aloft on mountains, and those steep,
And on their tops-too; and their houses keep
In vaulty caves, their households govern'd all
By each man's law, impos'd in several,
Nor wife, nor child awed, but as he thinks good,
None for another caring. But there stood
Another little isle, well stor'd with wood,
Betwixt this and the entry; neither nigh
The Cyclop's isle, nor yet far off doth lie.
Men's want it suffer'd, but the men's supplies
The goats made with their inarticulate cries.
Goats beyond number this small island breeds,
So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds,
No hunters, that the tops of mountains scale,
And rub through woods with toil, seek them at all.
Nor is the soil with flocks fed down, nor plow'd,
Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd.
Nor place the neighbour Cyclops their delights
In brave vermilion-prow-deck'd ships; nor wrights
Useful, and skilful in such works as need
Perfection to those traffics that exceed
Their natural confines, to fly out and see
Cities of men, and take in mutually
The prease of others; to themselves they live,
And to their island that enough would give
A good inhabitant; and time of year
Observe to all things art could order there.
There, close upon the sea, sweet meadows spring,
That yet of fresh streams want no watering
To their soft burthens, but of special yield.
Your vines would be there; and your common field
But gentle work made for your plow, yet bear
A lofty harvest when you came to shear;
For passing fat the soil is. In it lies
A harbour so oppōrtune, that no ties,
Halsers, or gables need, nor anchors cast.
Whom storms put in there are with stay embrac'd,
Or to their full wills safe, or winds aspire
To pilots' uses their more quick desire.
At entry of the haven, a silver ford
Is from a rock impressing fountain pour'd,
All set with sable poplars. And this port
Were we arriv'd at, by the sweet resort
Of some God guiding us, for 'twas a night
So ghastly dark all port was past our sight,
Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the moon
Afford a beam to us, the whole isle won
By not an eye of ours. None thought the blore,
That then was up, shov'd waves against the shore,

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

CHAPMAN.
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

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

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

Attone—make one, at-one. The reader need hardly be reminded that this is the etymology of atone, and atonement.
Sacred to Phoebus, stood his house; from whence
He fetch'd me gifts of varied excellence;
Sev'n talents of fine gold; a bowl all fram'd
Of massy silver; but his gift most fam'd
Was twelve great vessels, fill'd with such rich wine
As was incorruptible and divine.
He kept it as his jewel, which none knew
But he himself, his wife, and he that drew.
It was so strong that never any fill'd
A cup, where that was but by drops instill'd,
And drunk it off, but 'twas before allay'd
With twenty parts in water; yet so sway'd
The spirit of that little, that the whole
A sacred odour breath'd about the bowl.
Had you the odour smelt and scent it cast,
It would have vex'd you to forbear the taste.
But then, the taste gain'd too, the spirit it wrought
To dare things high set-up-an-end my thought.

Of this a huge great flagon full I bore,
And, in a good large knapsack, victuals store;
And long'd to see this heap of fortitude,
That so illit'rate was and upland rude
That laws divine nor human he had learn'd.
With speed we reach'd the cavern; nor discern'd
His presence there, his flocks he fed at field.
Ent'ring his den, each thing beheld did yield
Our admiration; shelves with cheeses heap'd;
Sheds stuff'd with lambs and goats, distinctly kept,
Distinct the biggest, the more mean distinct,
Distinct the youngest. And in their precinct,
Proper and placeful, stood thee troughs and pails,
In which he milk'd; and what was giv'n at meals,
Set up a creaming; in the ev'ning still
All scouring bright as dew upon the hill.

Then were my fellows instant to convey
Kids, cheeses, lambs, aship-board, and away
Sail the salt billow. I thought the best not so,
But better otherwise; and first would know,
What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew My friends on whom they would have prey'd. His view
Prov'd after, that his inwards were too rough
For such bold usage. We were bold enough
In what I suffer'd; which was there to stay,
Make fire and feed there, though bear none away.

There sat we, till we saw him feeding come,
And on his neck a burthen lugging home,
Most highly huge, of sere-wood, which the pile
That fed his fire supplied all sup'ra while.
Down by his den he threw it, and used
A tumult with the fall. Afraid, we close
Withdrawed ourselves, while he into a cave
Of huge receipt his high-fed cattle drive,
All that he milk'd; the males he left without
His lofty roofs, that all bestrow'd about
With rams and buck-goats were. And then a rock
He lift aloft, that damm'd up to his flock
The door they enter'd; 'twas so hard to wield,
That two-and-twenty waggons, all four-wheel'd,
(Could they be loaded, and have teams that were
Proportion'd to them) could not stir it there.
Thus making sure, he kneel'd and milk'd his ëwes,
And braying goats, with all a milker's dues;
Then let in all their young. Then quick did dress
His half milk up for cheese, and in a press
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

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

All works dispatch'd thus, he began his fire;
Which blown, he saw us, and did thus inquire: 354
‘Ho! guests! What are ye? Whence sail ye these
seas?
Traffic, or rove ye, and like thieves oppress
Poor strange adventurers, exposing so
Your souls to danger, and your lives to woe?'

This utter'd he, when fear from our hearts took
The very life, to be so thunder-strook 360
With such a voice, and such a monster see;
But thus answer'd: 'Erring Grecians, we
From Troy were turning homewards, but by force
Of adv' winds, in far diverted course,
Such unknown ways took, and on rude seas toss'd, 365
As Jove decreas'd are cast upon this coast.
Of Agamemnon, famous Atreus' son,
We boast ourselves the soldiers; who hath won
Renown that reacheth heav'n, to overthrow
So great a city, and to ruin so
So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
Our prostrate bosoms, forc'd with pray'rs to try
If any hospitable right, or boon
Of other nature, such as have been won

This his relation of Agamemnon, and his glory and
theirs for Troy's sack, with the pitty of suppliants' receipt,
to him that was so barbarous and impious, must be intended
spoken by Ulysses, with supposition that his hearers would
note, still as he spake, how vain they would show to the
Cyclopes; who respected little Agamemnon, or their valiant
exploit against Troy, or the Gods themselves. For other-
wise, the serious observation of the words (though good and
grace, if spoken to another) want their intentional sharp-
ness and life.—CHAPMAN.
By laws of other houses, thou wilt give.
Rev'rence the Gods, thou great'st of all that live.
We suppliants are; and hospitable Jove
Pours wreak on all whom pray'rs want pow'r to move
And with their plagues together will provide
That humble guests shall have their wants supplied.'

He cruelly answer'd: 'O thou fool,' said he,
'To come so far, and to importune me
With any God's fear, or observ'd love!
We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed Jove,
Nor other Bless'd ones; we are better far.

To Jove himself dare I bid open war,
To thee, and all thy fellows, if I please.
But tell me, where's the ship, that by the seas
Hath brought thee thither? If far off, or near,
Inform me quickly.' These his temptings were;
But I too much knew not to know his mind,
And craft with craft paid, telling him the wind
(Thrust up from sea by Him that shakes the shore)
Had dash'd our ships against his rocks, and tore
Her ribs in pieces close upon his coast,
And we from high wrack sav'd, the rest were lost.'

He answer'd nothing, but rush'd in, and took
Two of my fellows up from earth, and strook:
Their brains against it. Like two whelps they flew
About his shoulders, and did all embrue
The blushing earth. No mountain lion tore
Two lambs so sternly, lapp'd up all their gore
Gush'd from their torn-up bodies, limb by limb
(Trembling with life yet) ravish'd into him.
Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eat,
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

And ev’n th’ uncleanse’d entrails made his meat.
We, weeping, cast our hands to heav’n, to view
A sight so horrid. Desperation flew,
With all our after lives, to instant death,
In our believ’d destruction. But when breath
The fury of his appetite had got,
Because the gulf his belly reach’d his throat,
Man’s flesh, and goat’s milk, laying lay’r on lay’r,
Till near chok’d up was all the pass for air,
Along his den, amongst his cattle, down
He rush’d, and streak’d him. When my mind was grown
Desperate to step in, draw my sword, and part
His bosom where the strings about the heart
Circle the liver, and add strength of hand.
But that rash thought, more stay’d, did countermand,
For there we all had perish’d, since it past
Our pow’rs to lift aside a log so vast,
As barr’d all outscape; and so sigh’d away
The thought all night, expecting active day.
Which come, he first of all his fire enflames,
Then milks his goats and ewes, then to their dams
Lett in their young, and, wondrous orderly,
With manly haste dispatch’d his housewif’ry.
Then to his breakfast, to which other two
Of my poor friends went; which eat, out then go
His herds and fat flocks, lightly putting by
The churlish bar, and clos’d it instantly;
For both those works with ease as much he did,
As you would ope and shut your quiver lid.
With storms of whistlings then his flock he drove
Up to the mountains; and occasion gave

416 Streak’d—stretched.—See Bk. xii. 148.
For me to use my wits, which to their height
I striv'd to screw up, that a vengeance might
By some means fall from thence, and Pallas now
Afford a full ear to my neediest vow. 440
This then my thoughts preferr'd: A huge club lay
Close by his milk-house, which was now in way
To dry and season, being an olive-tree
Which late he fell'd, and, being green, must be
Made lighter for his manage. 'Twas so vast,
That we resembled it to some fit mast,
To serve a ship of burthen that was driv'n
With twenty ears, and had a bigness giv'n
To bear a huge sea. Full so thick, so tall,
We judg'd this club; which I, in part, hew'd small, 450
And cut a fathom off. The piece I gave
Amongst my soldiers, to take down, and shave;
Which done, I sharpen'd it at top, and then,
Harden'd in fire, I hid it in the den
Within a nasty dunghill reeking there,
Thick, and so moist it issued ev'rywhere.
Then made I lots cast by my friends to try
Whose fortune serv'd to dare the bol'd out eye
Of that man-eater; and the lot did fall
On four I wish'd to make my aid of all,
And I the fifth made, chosen like the rest.

Then came the even, and he came from the feast
Of his fat cattle, drave in all, nor kept
One male abroad; if, or his memory slept
By Gods' direct will, or of purpose was 460
His driving in of all then, doth surpass
My comprehension. But he clos'd again
The mighty bar, milk'd, and did still maintain
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 213

All other observation as before.
His work all done, two of my soldiers more
At once he snatch'd up, and to supper went.
Then dar'd I words to him, and did present
A bowl of wine, with these words: 'Cyclop! take
A bowl of wine, from my hand, that may make
Way for the man's flesh thou hast eat, and show
What drink our ship held; which in sacred vow
I offer to thee to take ruth on me
In my dismissal home. Thy rages be
Now no more sufferable. How shall men,
Mad and inhuman that thou art, again
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
If thus thou ragest, and eat'st up their race.'

He took, and drunk, and vehemently joy'd
To taste the sweet cup; and again employ'd
My flagon's pow'rs, entreated more, and said:
'Good guest, again afford my taste thy aid,
And let me know thy name, and quickly now,
That in thy recompense I may bestow
A hospitable gift on thy desert,
And such a one as shall rejoice thy heart.
For to the Cyclops too the gentle earth
Bears gen'rous wine, and Jove augments her birth,
In store of such, with show'rs; but this rich wine
Fell from the river, that is mere divine,
Of nectar and ambrosia.' This again
I gave hint, and again; nor could the fool abstain,
But drunk as often. When the noble juice
Had wrought upon his spirit, I then gave use
To fairer language, saying: 'Cyclop! now,
As thou demand'st, I'll tell my name, do thou
Make good thy hospitable gift to me. My name is No-Man; No-Man each degree Of friends, as well as parents, call my name."
He answer'd, as his cruel soul became:

'No-Man! I'll eat thee last of all thy friends;
And this is that in which so much amends
I vow'd to thy deservings, thus shall be
My hospitable gift made good to thee.'
This said, he upwards fell, but then bent round
His fleshy neck; and Sleep, with all crowns crown'd,
Subdued the savage. From his throat brake out
My wine, with man's-flesh gobbets, like a spout,
When, loaded with his cup's, he lay and snor'd;
And then took I the club's end up, and gor'd
The burning coal-heap, that the point might heat;
Confirm'd my fellow's minds, lest Fear should let
Their vow'd essay, and make them fly my aid.
Straight was the olive-lever, I had laid
Amidst the huge fire to get hard'ning, hot,
And glow'd extremely, though 'twas green; which got
From forth the cinders, close about me stood
My hardy friends; but that which did the good
Was God's good inspiration, that gave
A spirit beyond the spirit they us'd to have;
Who took the olive spar, made keen before,
And plung'd it in his eye, and up I bore,
Bent to the top close, and help'd pour it in,

No-man.—It may be necessary to explain to the reader who is unacquainted with the original, that the play is upon the word No-man, Ulysses telling Polyphemus that his name is such. This pun occasions the misconception of his brother Cyclops in lines 560-1. Euripides has adopted the passage in his satyric drama of "The Cyclops."
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

With all my forces. And as you have seen
A ship-wright bore a naval beam, he oft
Thrusts at the auger's froofe, works still aloft,
And at the shank help others, with a cord
Wound round about to make it sooner bor'd,
All plying the round still; so into his eye
The fiery stake we labour'd to imply.
Out gush'd the blood that scalded, his eye-ball
Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorch'd all
His brows and eye-lids, his eye-strings did crack,
As in the sharp and burning rafter brake.
And as a smith, to harden any tool,
Broad axe, or mattock, in his trough doth cool
The red-hot substance, that so fervent is
It makes the cold wave straight to seethe and hiss;
So sod and hiss'd his eye about the stake.
He roar'd withal, and all his cavern brake
In claps like thunder. We did frighted fly,
Dispers'd in corners. He from forth his eye
The fix'd stake pluck'd; after which the blood
Flow'd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
About his hovel. Out he then did cry
For other Cyclops, that in caverns by
Upon a windy promontory dwell'd;
Who, hearing how impetuously he yell'd,
Rush'd ev'ry way about him, and inquir'd,
What ill afflicted him, that he exspir'd
Such horrid clamours, and in sacred Night.
To break their sleeps so? Ask'd him, if his fright

530 Proof.—I cannot understand this word. It is probably a misprint, but for what? Proof, trial, seems the nearest.
534 Exspir'd—breathed forth.
Came from some mortal that his flocks had driv'n?
Or if by craft, or might, his death were giv'n?
He answer'd from his den: 'By craft, nor might,
No-Man hath giv'n me death.' They then said right,
If no man hurt thee, and thyself alone,
That which is done to thee by Jove is done;
And what great Jove inflicts no man can fly.
Pray to thy Father yet, a Deity,
And prove, from him if thou canst help acquire.'
Thus spake they, leaving him; when all-on-fire
My heart with joy was, that so well my wit
And name deceiv'd him; whom now pain did split,
And groaning up and down he groping tried
To find the stone, which found, he put aside;
But in the door sat, feeling if he could
(As his sheep issued) on some man lay hold;
Esteeming me a fool, that could devise
No stratagem to 'scape his gross surprise.
But I, contending what I could invent
My friends and me from death so eminent
To get deliver'd, all my wiles I wove
(Life being the subject) and did this approve:
Fat fleecy rams, most fair, and great, lay there
That did a burden like a violet bear.
These, while this learn'd-in-villainy did sleep,
I yok'd with osiers cut there, sheep to sheep,
Three in a rank, and still the mid sheep bore
A man about his belly, the two more
March'd on his each side for defence. I then
Choosing myself the fairest of the den,

564 Neptune.
580 Wool of a violet colour.—CHAPMAN.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

His fleecy belly under-cropt, embrac'd
His back, and in his rich wool wrapt me fast
With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.
And thus each man hung, till the morning shin'd;
Which come, he knew the hour, and let abroad
His male-flocks first, the females unmilk'd stood
Bleating and braying, their full bags so sore
With being unemptied, but their shepherd more
With being unsighted; which was cause his mind
Went not a milking. He, to wreak inclin'd,
The bucks felt, as they pass'd, of those male dams,
Great fool! believing, we would ride his rams!
Nor ever knew that any of them bore
Upon his belly any man before.
The last ram came to pass him, with his wool
And me together loaded to the full,
For there did I hang; and that ram he stay'd,
And me withal had in his hands, my head
Troubled the while, not causelessly, nor least.

This ram he grop'd, and talk'd to: 'Lazy beast!
Why last art thou now? Thou hast never us'd
To lag thus hindmost, but still first hast bruis'd
The tender blossom of a flow'r, and held
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field,
First still at fold at even, now last remain?
Dost thou not wish I had mine eye again,
Which that abhorr'd man No-Man did put out,
Assisted by his execrable rout,
When he had wrought me down with wine? But he
Must not escape my wreak so cunningly.
I would to heav'n thou knew'st, and could but speak,
To tell me where he lurks now! I would break
His brain about my cave, strew'd here and there,
To ease my heart of those foul ills, that were
Th' inflictions of a man I priz'd at nought.'

Thus let he him abroad; when I, once brought
A little from his hold, myself first los'd,
And next my friends. Then drave we, and dispos'd,
His straight-legg'd fat fleeco-bearers over land,
Ev'n till they all were in my ship's command;
And to our lov'd friends show'd our pray'd-for sight,
Escap'd from death. But, for our loss, outright
They brake in tears; which with a look I stay'd,
And bade them take our boot in. They obey'd,
And up we all went, sat, and us'd our ears.
But having left as far the savage shores
As one might hear a voice, we then might see
The Cyclop at the haven, when instantly
I stay'd our ears, and this insultance us'd:
'Cyclop! thou shouldst not have so much abus'd
Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least
Against a man immartial, and a guest,
And eat his fellows. Thou mightst know there were
Some ills behind, rude swain, for thee to bear,
That fear'd not to devour thy guests, and break
All laws of humans. Jove sends therefore wreak,
And all the Gods, by me.' This blew the more
His burning fury; when the top he tore
From off a huge rock, and so right a throw
Made at our ship, that just before the prow
It overflew and fell, miss'd mast and all
Exceeding little; but about the fall
So fierce a wave it rais'd, that back it bore

*Boot—booty.*
Our ship so far, it almost touch'd the shore.
A beak-hook then, a far-extended one,
I snatch'd up, thrust hard, and so set us gone
Some little way; and straight commanded all
To help me with their oars, on pain to fall
Again on our confusion. But a sign
I with my head made, and their oars were mine
In all performance. When we off were set,
(Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,
It would again provoke him, but my men
On all sides rush'd about me, to contain,
And said: 'Unhappy! why will you provoke
A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,
Giv'n with his rock-dart, made the sea thrust back
Our ship so far, and near hand forc'd our wrack?
Should he again but hear your voice resound,
And any word reach, thereby would be found
His dart's direction, which would, in his fall,
Crush piece-meal us, quite split our ship and all;
So much dart wields the monster.' Thus urg'd they
Impossible things, in fear; but I gave way
To that wrath which so long I held deprest,
By great necessity conquer'd, in my breast:
'Cyclop! if any ask thee, who impos'd
Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye enclos'd,
Say that Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won
Surname of City-razer, bor'd it out.'
At this, he bray'd so loud, that round about

Ulysses' continued insolence, no more to repeat what
he said to the Cyclop, than to let his hearers know epithets,
and estimation in the world.—Chapman.
He drove affrighted echoes through the air,
And said: ‘O beast! I was premonish’d fair,
By aged prophecy, in one that was
A great and good man, this should come to pass;
And how ’tis prov’d now! Augur Telemus,
Surnam’d Eurymides (that spent with us
His age in augury, and did exceed
In all presage of truth) said all this deed
Should this event take, author’d by the hand
Of one Ulysses, who I thought was mann’d
With great and goodly personage, and bore
A virtue answerable; and this shore
Should shake with weight of such a conqueror;
When now a weakling came, a dwarfy thing,
A thing of nothing; who yet wit did bring,
That brought supply to all, and with his wine
Put out the flame where all my light did shine.
Come, land again, Ulysses! that my hand
May guest-rites give thee, and the great command,
That Neptune hath at sea, I may convert
To the deduction where abides thy heart,
With my solicitings, whose son I am,
And whose fame boasts to bear my father’s name.
Nor think my hurt offends me, for my sire
Can soon repose in it the visual fire,
At his free pleasure; which no pow’r beside
Can boast, of men, or of the Deified.’

I answer’d: ‘Would to God I could compell
Both life and soul from thee, and send to hell
Those spoils of nature! Hardly Neptune then
Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again.’

Repose—(Lat.) replace.
Then flew fierce vows to Neptune, both his hands
To star-born heav’n cast: ‘O thou that all lands
Gird’st in thy ambient circle, and in air
Shak’st the curl’d tresses of thy sapphire hair,
If I be thine, or thou mayst justly vaunt
Thou art my father, hear me now, and grant
That this Ulysses, old Laertes’ son,
That dwells in Ithaca, and name hath won
Of City-ruiner, may never reach
His natural region. Or if to fetch
That, and the sight of his fair roofs and friends,
Be fatal to him, let him that amends
For all his miseries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and fail of; nor that fate fulfill,
Till all his soldiers quite are cast away
In others’ ships. And when, at last, the day
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling show,
Let Detriment prepare him wrongs enow.’

Thus pray’d he Neptune; who, his sire, appear’d,
And all his pray’r to ev’ry syllable heard.
But then a rock, in size more amplified
Than first, he ravish’d to him, and implied
A dismal strength in it, when, wheel’d about,
He sent it after us; nor flew it out
From any blind aim, for a little pass
Beyond our fore-deck from the fall there was,
With which the sea our ship gave back upon,
And shrunk up into billows from the stone,
Our ship again repelling near as near
The shore as first. But then our rowers were,

_Fatal_—ordained by fate.
Being warn'd, more arm'd, and stronglier stemm'd the flood
That bore back on us, till our ship made good
The other island, where our whole fleet lay,
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay,
And ev'ry minute look'd when we should land.
Where, now arriv'd, we drew up to the sand,
The Cyclops' sheep dividing, that none there
Of all our privates might be wrung, and bear
Too much on pow'r. The ram yet was alone
By all my friends made all my portion
Above all others; and I made him then
A sacrifice for me and all my men
To cloud-compelling Jove that all commands,
To whom I burn'd the thighs; but my sad hands
Receiv'd no grace from him, who studied how
To offer men and fleet to overthrow.

All day, till sun-set, yet, we sat and eat,
And lib'ral store took in of wine and meat.
The sun then down, and place resign'd to shade,
We slept. Morn came, my men I rais'd, and made
All go aboard, weigh anchor, and away.
They boarded, sat, and beat the aged sea;
And forth we made sail, sad for loss before,
And yet had comfort since we lost no more."

715 No occasion let pass to Ulysses' piety in our Poet's singular wit and wisdom.—CHAPMAN.

FINIS LIBRI NONI HOM. ODYS.
THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ULYSES now relates to us
The grace he had with Æolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow Winds;
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gives Ulysses; all but one,
Which Zephyr was, who fill'd alone
Ulysses' sails. The bag once seen,
While he slept, by Ulysses' men,
They thinking it did gold enclose,
To find it, all the winds did loose,
Who back flew to their Guard again.
Forth sail'd he; and did next attain
To where the Læstrygonians dwell.
Where he eleven ships lost, and fell
On the Æcean coast, whose shore
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,
Dividing with him half his men.
Who go, and turn no more again,
All, save Eurylochus, to swine
By Circe turn'd. Their stays incline
Ulysses to their search; who got
Of Mercury an antidote,
Which moly was, 'gainst Circe's charms,
And so avoids his soldiers' harms.
A year with Circe all remain,
And then their native forms regain.
On utter shores a time they dwell,
While Ithacus descends to hell.
ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Kárra. Great Æolus,
And Circe, friends
Finds Ithacus;
And hell descends.

O the Æolian island we attain'd,
That swim about still on the sea, where reign'd
The God-lov'd Æolus Hippotades.
A wall of steel it had; and in the seas
A wave-beat-smooth rock mov'd about the wall.
Twelve children in his house imperial
Were born to him; of which six daughters were,
And six were sons, that youth's sweet flow'r did bear.
His daughters to his sons he gave as wives;
Who spent in feastful comforts all their lives,
Close seated by their sire and his grave spouse.
Past number were the dishes that the house
Made ever savour; and still full the hall
As long as day shin'd; in the night-time, all
Slept with their chaste wives, each his fair carv'd bed
Most richly furnish'd; and this life they led.

We reach'd the city and fair roofs of these,
Where, a whole mouth's time, all things that might please
The king vouchsaf'd us; of great Troy inquir'd,
The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks retir'd.
To all which I gave answer as behov'd.

The fit time come when I dismissal mov'd,
He nothing would deny me, but addrest
My pass with such a bounty, as might best
Teach me contentment; for he did enfold
Within an ox-hide, flay'd at nine years old,
All th' airy blasts that were of stormy kinds.
Saturnius made him Steward of his Winds,
And gave him pow'r to raise and to assuage.
And these he gave me, curb'd thus of their rage,
Which in a glitt'ring silver band I bound,
And hung-up in my ship, enclos'd so round
That no egression any breath could find;
Only he left abroad the Western Wind,
To speed our ships, and us with blasts secure.
But our securities made all unsure;
Nor could he consummate our course alone,
When all the rest had got egression;
Which thus succeeded: Nine whole days and nights
We sail'd in safety; and the tenth, the lights
Borne on our country-earth we might descry,
So near we drew; and yet ev'n then fell I,
Being overwatch'd, into a fatal sleep,
For I would suffer no man else to keep
The foot that rul'd my vessel's course, to lead
The faster home. My friends then Envy fed
About the bag I hung-up, and suppos'd
That gold and silver I had there enclos'd,
As gift from Æolus, and said: 'O heav'n!
What grace and grave price is by all men giv'n
To our commander! Whate'er coast
Or town he comes to, how much he engrost
Of fair and precious prey, and brought from Troy!
We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy,
In our return these empty hands for all.
This bag, now, Æolus was so liberal

45 Ἴσσα ῥήνας—He calls the stern the foot of the ship.

CHAPMAN.
To make a guest-gift to him; let us try
Of what consists the fair-bound treasury,
And how much gold and silver it contains.'

Ill counsel present approbation gains.

They op'd the bag, and out the vapours brake,
When instant tempest did our vessel take,
That bore us back to sea, to mourn anew
Our absent country. Up amaz'd I flow,
And des'rate things discours'd; if I should cast
Myself to ruin in the seas, or taste
Amongst the living more moan, and sustain?
Silent, I did so, and lay hid again
Beneath the hatches, while an ill wind took
My ships back to Æolia, my men strook
With woe enough. We pump'd and landed then,
Took food, for all this; and of all my men
I took a herald to me, and away
Went to the court of Æolus, where they
Were feasting still; he, wife, and children, set
Together close. We would not at their meat
Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.
He then, amaz'd, my presence wonder'd at,
And call'd to me: 'Ulysses! How thus back
Art thou arriv'd here? What foul spirit brake
Into thy bosom, to retire thee thus?
We thought we had deductions curious
Giv'n thee before, to reach thy shore and home;
Did it not like thee? I, ev'n overcome
With worthy sorrow, answer'd: 'My ill men
Have done me mischief, and to them hath been
My sleep th' unhappy motive; but do you,
Dearest of friends, deign succour to my vow.'
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Your pow'rs command it.' Thus endeavour'd I
With soft speech to repair my misery.
The rest with ruth sat dumb. But thus spake he:
'Avaunt, and quickly quit my land of thee,
Thou worst of all that breathe. It fits not me
To convoy, and take-in, whom Heav'ns expose.
Away, and with thee go the worst of woes,
That seek'st my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.'

Thus he dismiss'd me sighing. Forth we sail'd,
At heart afflicted. And now wholly fail'd
The minds my men sustain'd, so spent they were
With toiling at their oars, and worse did bear
Their growing labours; and they caus'd their grought
By self-will'd follies; nor now ever thought
To see their country more. Six nights and days
We sail'd; the seventh we saw fair Lamos raise
Her lofty tow'res, the Læstrygonian state
That bears her ports so far determinate;
Where shepherd shepherd calls out, he at home
Is call'd out by the other that doth come
From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleep,
The other issuing; he whose turn doth keep

107 This place suffers different construction in all the Commentors; in which all err from the mind of the Poet, as in a hundred other places (which yet I want time to approve) especially about ἔγγυς γὰρ νυκτὸς, &c. Prope enim noctis et diei sunt vitae (or similiter, which ἔγγυς signifies) which they will have to be understood, that the days in that region are long, and the nights short; where Homer intends, that the equinoctial is there; for how else is the course of day and night near or equal? But therefore the night's-man hath his double hire, being as long, about his charge as the other; and the night being more dangerous, &c. And if the day were so long, why should the night's-man be preferred in wages?—CHAPMAN.
The night observance hath his double hire,
Since day and night in equal length expire
About that region, and the night’s watch weigh’d
At twice the day’s ward, since the charge that’s laid
Upon the night’s-man (besides breach of sleep)
Exceeds the days-man’s; for one oxen keep,
The other sheep. But when the haven we found,
(Exceeding famous, and environ’d round
With one continuance rock, which so much bent
That both ends almost met, so prominent
They were, and made the haven’s mouth passing strait)
Our whole fleet in we got; in whose receipt
Our ships lay anchor’d close. Nor needed we
Fear harm on any stays, Tranquillity
So purely sat there, that waves great nor small
Did ever rise to any height at all.
And yet would I no entry make, but stay’d
Alone without the haven, and thence survey’d,
From out a lofty watch-tow’r rais’d there,
The country round about; nor anywhere
The work of man or beast appear’d to me,
Only a smoke from earth break I might see.
I then made choice of two, and added more,
A herald for associate, to explore
What sort of men liv’d there. They went, and saw
A beaten way, through which carts us’d to draw
Wood from the high hills to the town, and met
A maid without the port, about to get
Some near spring-water. She the daughter was
Of mighty Læstrygonian Antiphas,

124 For being cast on the stays, as ships are by weather.

CHAPMAN.
And to the clear spring call'd Artacia went,  
To which the whole town for their water sent.  
To her they came, and ask'd who govern'd there,  
And what the people whom he order'd were?  
She answer'd not, but led them through the port,  
As making haste to show her father's court.  
Where enter'd, they beheld, to their affright,  
A woman like a mountain-top in height,  
Who rush'd abroad, and from the council-place  
Call'd home her horrid husband Antiphas.  
Who, deadly-minded, straight he snatch'd up one,  
And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;  
And to the fleet came. Antiphas a cry  
Drave through the city; which heard, instantly  
This way and that innumerable sorts,  
Not men, but giants, issued through the ports,  
And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they threw  
Amongst our ships; through which an ill noise flew  
Of shiver'd ships, and life-expiring men,  
That were, like fishes, by the monsters slain,  
And borne to sad feast. While they slaughter'd these,  
That were engag'd in all th' advantages  
The close-mouth'd and most dead-calm haven could  
give,  
I, that without lay, made some means to live,  
My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oars  
Set all my men; and, from the plagues those shores  
Let fly amongst us, we made haste to fly,  
My men close working as men loth to die.  
My ship flew freely off; but theirs that lay  
On heaps in harbours could enforce no way
Through these stern fates that had engag'd them there,
Forth our sad remnant sail'd, yet still retain'd
The joys of men, that our poor few remain'd.

Then to the isle Æaea we attain'd,
Where fair-hair'd, dreadful, eloquent Circe reign'd,
Æaea's sister both by dame and sire,
Both daughters to Heav'n's man-enlight'ning Fire,
And Perse, whom Oceanus begat.
The ship-fit port here soon we landed at,
Some God directing us. Two days, two nights,
We lay here pining in the fatal spights
Of toil and sorrow; but the next third day
When fair Aurora had inform'd, quick way
I made out of my ship, my sword and lance
Took for my surer guide, and made advance
Up to a prospect; I assay to see
The works of men, or hear mortality
Exspire a voice. When I had climb'd a height,
Rough and right hardly accessible, I might
Behold from Circe's house, that in a grove
Set thick with trees stood, a bright vapour move.
I then grew curious in my thought to try
Some fit inquiry, when so spritely fly
I saw the yellow smoke; but my discourse
A first retiring to my ship gave force,
To give my men their dinner, and to send
(Before th' adventure of myself) some friend.
Being near my ship, of one so desolate
Some God had pity, and would recreate

175 Æaea.
176 Æaea's.
180 Æaea was.
185 Æaea had.
190 Æaea's.
195 Æaea saw.
196 Æaea's.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

My woes a little, putting up to me
A great and high-palm'd hart, that (fatally,
Just in my way, itself to taste a flood)
Was then descending; the sun heat had sure
Importun'd him, besides the temperature
His natural heat gave. Howsoever, I
Made up to him, and let my jav'lin fly,
That struck him through the mid-part of his chine,
And made him, braying, to the dust confine
His flying forces. Forth his spirit flew;
When I stept in, and from the death's wound drew
My shrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie
Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply.
A withe a fathom long, with which his feet
I made together in a sure league meet,
Stoop'd under him, and to my neck I heav'd
The mighty burden, of which I receiv'd
A good part on my lance, for else I could
By no means with one hand alone uphold
(Join'd with one shoulder) such a deathful load.
And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stoo'd
Needful assistants; for it was a deer
Goodly-well-grown. When (coming something near
Where rode my ships) I cast it down, and rear'd
My friends with kind words; whom by name I cheer'd
In note particular, and said: ‘See friends,
We will not yet to Pluto's house; our ends
Shall not be hasten'd, though we be declin'd
In cause of comfort, till the day design'd
By Fate's fix'd finger. Come, as long as food
Or wine lasts in our ship, let's spirit our blood,
And quit our care and hunger both in one.'
This said, they frolick’d, came, and look’d upon
With admiration the huge-bodied beast;
And when their first-serv’d eyes had done their feast,
They wash’d, and made a to-be-striv’d-for meal
In point of honour. On which all did dwell
The whole day long. And, to our venison’s store,
We added wine till we could wish no more.
Sun set, and darkness up, we slept, till light
Put darkness down; and then did I excite
My friends to counsel, utt’ring this: ‘Now, friends,
Afford unpassionate ear; though ill Fate lends
So good cause to your passion, no man knows
The reason whence and how the darkness grows;
The reason how the morn is thus begun;
The reason how the man-enlight’ning sun
Dives under earth; the reason how again
He rears his golden head. Those counsels, then,
That pass our comprehension, we must leave
To him that knows their causes; and receive
Direction from him in our acts, as far
As he shall please to make them regular,
And stoop them to our reason. In our state
What then behoves us? Can we estimate,
With all our counsels, where we are? Or know
(Without instruction, past our own skills) how,

235 Ἐπικόους δαίρει.—CHAPMAN.
241 The whole end of this counsel was to persuade his soldiers to explore those parts, which he knew would prove a most unpleasing motion to them: for their fellows’ terrible entertainment with Antiphas, and Polyph. and therefore he prepares the little he hath to say with this long circumstance; implying a necessity of that service, and necessary resolution to add the trial of the event to their other adventures.—CHAPMAN.
Put off from hence, to steer our course the more?
I think we cannot. We must then explore
These parts for information; in which way
We thus far are: Last morn I might display
(From off a high-rais'd cliff) an islaund lie
Girt with th' unmeasur'd sea, and is so nigh
That in the midst I saw the smoke arise
Through tufts of trees. This rests then to advise,
Who shall explore this? This struck dead their hearts,
Rememb'ring the most execrable parts
That Leestrygonian Antiphas had play'd,
And that foul Cyclop that their fellows Bray'd
Betwixt his jaws; which mov'd them so, they cried.
But idle tears had never wants supplied.
I in two parts divided all, and gave
To either part his captain. I must have
The charge of one; and one of God-like look,
Eurylochus, the other. Lotts we shook,
Put in a casque together, which of us
Should lead th' attempt; and 'twas Eurylochus.
He freely went, with two-and-twenty more;
All which took leave with tears; and our eyes wore
The same wet badge of weak humanity.
These in a dale did Circe's house descry,
Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way.
Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions, lay;
Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she made,
That wolf nor lion would one man invade
With any violence, but all arose,
Their huge long tails wagg'd, and in fawns would close,
As loving dogs, when masters bring them home
Relics of feast, in all observance come,
And soothe their entries with their fawns and hounds,
All guests still bringing some scraps for their hounds;
So, on these men, the wolves and lions ramp'd,
Their horrid paws set up. Their spirits were damp'd
To see such monstrous kindness, stay'd at gate,
And heard within the Goddess elevate
A voice divine, as at her web she wrought,
Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought,
As all the housewif'ries of Deities are.
To hear a voice so ravishingly rare,
Polites (one exceeding dear to me,
A prince of men, and of no mean degree
In knowing virtue, in all acts whose mind
Discreet cares all ways us'd to turn, and wind)
Was yet surpris'd with it, and said: 'O friends,
Some one abides within here, that commends
The place to us, and breathes a voice divine,
As she some web wrought, or her spindle's twine
She cherish'd with her song; the pavement rings
With imitation of the tunes she sings.
Some woman, or some Goddess, 'tis. Assay
To see with knocking.' Thus said he, and they
Both knock'd, and call'd; and straight her shining gates
She open'd, issuing, bade them in to gates.
Led, and unwise, they follow'd; all but one,
Which was Eurylochus, who stood alone
Without the gates, suspicious of a sleight.
They enter'd, she made sit; and her deceit
She cloak'd with thrones, and goodly chairs of state;
Set herby honey, and the delicate
Wine brought from Smyrna, to them; meal and cheese;

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OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 235

But harmful venoms she commix'd with these,
That made their country vanish from their thought.
Which eat, she touch'd them with a rod that wrought
Their transformation far past human won'ts;
Swine's snouts, swine's bodies, took they, bristles, grunts,
But still retain'd the souls they had before,
Which made them mourn their bodies' change the more.
She shut them straight in styes, and gave them meat,
Oak-mast, and beech, and cornel-fruit, they eat,
Grow'ling like swine on earth, in foulest sort.
Eurylochus straight hasted the report
Of this his fellows' most remorseful fate,
Came to the ships, but so excruciate
Was with his woe, he could not speak a word,
His eyes stand full of tears, which show'd how stor'd
His mind with moan remain'd. We all admir'd,
Ask'd what had chanc'd him, earnestly desir'd
He would resolve us. At the last, our eyes
Enflam'd in him his fellows' memories,
And out his grief burst thus: 'You will'd; we went
Through those thick woods you saw; when a descent
Show'd us a fair house, in a lightsome ground,
Where, at some work, we heard a heav'ly sound
Breath'd from a Goddess', or a woman's, breast.
They knock'd, she op'd her bright gates; each her guest
Her fair invitement made; nor would they stay,
Fools that they were, when she once led the way.
I enter'd not, suspecting some deceit.
When all together vanish'd, nor the sight
Of any one (though long I look'd) mine eye
Could any way discover.' Instantly,

Seeing them, she thought of his fellows.—CHAPMAN.
My sword and bow reach'd, I bad show the place,
When down he fell, did both my knees embrace,
And pray'd with tears thus: 'O thou kept of God,
Do not thyself lose, nor to that abode
Lead others rashly; both thyself, and all
Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall
In one sure ruin. With these few then fly;
We yet may shun the others' destiny.'

I answer'd him: 'Eurylochus! Stay thou,
And keep the ship then, eat and drink; I now
Will undertake th' adventure; there is cause
In great Necessity's unalter'd laws.'
This said, I left both ship and seas, and on
Along the sacred valleys all alone
Went in discov'ry, till at last I came
Where of the main-med'cine-making Dame
I saw the great house; where encounter'd me
The golden-rod-sustaining Mercury,
Ev'n ent'ring Circe's doors He met me in
A young man's likeness, of the first-flow'r'd chin,
Whose form hath all the grace of one so young.
He first call'd to me, then my hand he wrung,
And said: 'Thou no-place-finding-for-repose, •
Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes
Thy erring foot? Th' art ent'ring Circe's house,
Where, by her medicines, black, and sorcerous,
Thy soldiers all are shut in well-arm'd styes,
And turn'd to swine. Art thou arriv'd with prize
Fit for their ransoms? Thou com'st out no more,
If once thou ent'rest, like thy men before
Made to remain here. But I'll guard thee free,
And save thee in her spite. Receive, of me

355
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This fair and good receipt; with which once arm'd,
Enter her roofs, for th' art to all proof charm'd
Against the ill day. I will tell thee all
Her baneful counsel: With a festival
She'll first receive thee, but will spice thy bread
With flow'ry poisons; yet unalter'd
Shall thy firm form be, for this remedy
Stands most approv'd 'gainst all her sorcery,
Which thus particularly shun: when she
Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantly
Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and fly on her
As to her slaughter. She, surpris'd with fear
And love, at first, will bid thee to her bed.
Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcomed
Thou may'st with all respect be, and procure
Thy fellows' freedoms. But before, make sure
Her favours to thee; and the great oath take
With which the blessed Gods assurance make
Of all they promise; that no prejudice
(By stripping thee of form, and faculties)
She may so much as once attempt on thee.'
This said, he gave his antidote to me,
Which from the earth he pluck'd, and told me all
The virtue of it, with what Deities call
The name it bears; and Moly they impose
For name to it. The root is hard to loose
From hold of earth by mortals; but God's pow'r
Can all things do. 'Tis black, but bears a flow'r

The Herb Moly, which, with Ulysses' whole narration,
hath in chief an allegorical exposition. Notwithstanding I
say with our Spondanus, Credo in hoc vasto mundi ambitu
exscreare rer innumerar mirandæ facultatis; adeo, ut ne quidem
ista quæ ad transformanda corpora pertinent, jure è mundo
eximi possit. do.—CHAPMAN. For an account of the μῶλις
see Classical Mus. vol. v. p. 58.
As white as milk. And thus flew Mercury
Up to immense Olympus, gliding by
The sylvan island. I made back my way
To Circe's house, my mind of my essay
Much thought revolving. At her gates I stay'd
And call'd; she heard, and her bright doors display'd,
Invited, led; I follow'd in, but trac'd
With some distraction. In a throne she plac'd
My welcome person; of a curious frame
'Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame;
A foot-stool added. In a golden bowl
She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul
Deform'd things thinking; for amidst the wine
She mix'd her man-transforming medicine;
Which when she saw I had devour'd, she then
No more observ'd me with her soothing vein,
But struck me with her rod, and to her stye
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellows lie.
I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I meant
To take her life. When out she cried, and bent
Beneath my sword her knees, embracing mine,
And, full of tears, said: 'Who? Of what high line
Art thou the issue? Whence? What shores sustain
Thy native city? I amaz'd remain
That, drinking these my venoms, th' art not turn'd.
Never drunk any this cup but he mourn'd
In other likeness, if it once had pass'd
The ivory bounders of his tongue and taste.
All but thyself are brutishly declin'd.
Thy breast holds firm yet, and unchang'd thy mind.
Thou canst be therefore none else but the man
Of many virtues, Ithacensian,
Deep-soul’d Ulysses, who, I oft was told,
By that sly God that bears the rod of gold,
Was to arrive here in retreat from Troy.
Sheathe then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy
So much a man, that when the bed we prove,
We may believe in one another’s love.’

I then: ‘O Circe, why entreat’st thou me
To mix in any human league with thee,
When thou my friends hast beasts turn’d; and thy bed
Tender’st to me, that I might likewise lead
A beast’s life with thee, soften’d, naked stripp’d
That in my blood thy banes may more be steep’d?
I never will ascend thy bed, before,
I may affirm, that in heav’n’s sight you swore
The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt
To do me ill is from your thoughts exempt.’

I said, she swore, when, all the oath-rites said,
I then ascended her adorned bed,
But thus prepar’d: Four handmaids serv’d her there,
That daughters to her silver fountains were,
To her bright-sea-observing sacred floods,
And to her uncut consecrated woods.
One deck’d the throne-tops with rich cloths of state,
And did* with silks the foot-pace consecrate.
Another silver tables set before
The pompous throne, and golden dishes’ store
Serv’d in with serv’ral feast. A third fill’d wine. The fourth brought water, and made fuel shine
In ruddy fires beneath a womb of brass.
Which heat, I bath’d; and od’rous water was
Disperpled lightly on my head and neck,
That might my late heart-hurting sorrows check

*Disperpled—sprinkled.
With the refreshing sweetness; and, for that, 475
Men sometimes may be something delicate.
Bath’d, and adorn’d, she led me to a throne 480
Of massy silver, and of fashion
Exceeding curious. A fair foot-stool set,
Water appos’d, and ev’ry sort of meat
Set on th’ elaborately-polish’d board,
She wish’d my taste employ’d; but not a word
Would my ears taste of taste; my mind had food
That must digest; eye-meat would do me good.
Circe (observing that I put no hand 485
To any banquet, having countermand
From weightier cares the light cates could excuse)
Bowing her near me, these wing’d words did use:
‘Why sits Ulysses like one dumb, his mind
Less’ning with languors? Nor to food inclin’d,
Nor wine? Whence comes it? Out of any fear
Of more illusion? You must needs forbear
That wrongful doubt, since you have heard me swear.’
‘O Circe!’ I replied, ‘what man is he, 490
Aw’d with the rights of true humanity,
That dares taste food or wine, before he sees
His friends redeem’d from their deformities?
If you be gentle, and indeed incline
To let me taste the comfort of your wine,
Dissolve the charms that their fore’d forms enchant, 500
And show me here my honour’d friends like men.’
This said, she left her throne, and took her rod,
Went to her stye, and let my men abroad, 505
Like swine of nine years old. They opposite stood,
Observe’d their brutish form, and look’d for food;
When, with another med’cine, ev’ry one