All over smear'd, their bristles all were gone,
Produc'd by malice of the other bane,
And ev'ry one, afresh, look'd up a man,
Both younger than they were, of stature more,
And all their forms much goodlier than before.
All knew me, cling'd about me, and a cry
Of pleasing mourning flew about so high
The horrid roof resounded; and the queen
Herself was mov'd to see our kind so keen,
Who bad me now bring ship and men ashore,
Our arms, and goods in caves hid, and restore
Myself to her, with all my other men.
I granted, went, and op'd the weeping vein
In all my men; whose violent joy to see
My safe return was passing kindly free
Of friendly tears, and miserably wept.
You have not seen young heifers (highly kept,
Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and driv'n
Home to their hovels, all so spritely giv'n
That no room can contain them, but about
Bace by the dams, and let their spirits out
In ceaseless bleating) of more jocund plight
Than my kind friends, ev'n crying out with sight
Of my return so doubted; circled me
With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
Dispos'd their rapt minds, as if there they saw
Their natural country, clify Ithaca,
And ev'n the roofs where they were bred and born,
And vow'd as much, with tears: 'O your return

527 Bace—run by. So the game of Prisoners' Base. Cotgrave says under the word "barres," "the play at Bace, or Prison Bars."
As much delights us as in you had come
Our country to us, and our natural home.
But what unhappy fate hath reft our friends?
I gave unlook'd-for answer, that amends
Made for their mourning, bad them first of all
Our ship ashore draw, then in caverns stall
Our foody cattle, hide our mutual prize,
‘And then,’ said I, ‘attend me, that your eyes,
In Circe's sacred house, may see each friend
Eating and drinking banquets out of end.’

They soon obey'd; all but Eurylochus,
Who needs would stay them all, and counsell'd thus:

‘O wretches! whither will ye? Why are you
Fond of your mischiefs, and such gladness show
For Circe's house, that will transform ye all
To swine, or wolves, or lions? Never shall
Our heads get out, if once within we be,
But stay compell'd by strong necessity.
So wrought the Cyclop, when t' his cave our friends
This bold one led on, and brought all their ends
By his one indiscretion.’ I for this
Thought with my sword (that desp'rate head of his
Hewn from his neck) to gash upon the ground
His mangled body, though my blood was bound
In near alliance to him. But the rest
With humble suit contain'd me, and request,
That I would leave him with my ship alone,
And to the sacred palace lead them on.

I led them; nor Eurylochus would stay
From their attendance on me, our late fray
Struck to his heart so. But mean time, my men,
In Circe's house, were all, in sev'ral bain,
Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oil, and deck'd
With in and out weeds, and a feast secret
Serv'd in before them; at which close we found
They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round.
When mutual sight had, and all thought on, then
Feast was forgotten, and the moan again
About the house flew, driv'n with wings of joy.
But then spake Circe: 'Now, no more annoy.
I know myself what woes by sea, and shore,
And men unjust have plagued enough before
Your injur'd virtues. Here then feast as long,
And be as cheerful, till ye grow as strong
As when ye first forsook your country-earth.
Ye now fare all like exiles; not a mirth,
Flash'd in amongst ye, but is quench'd again
With still-renew'd tears, though the beaten vein
Of your distresses should, methink, be now
Benumb with suff'reance.' We did well allow
Her kind persuasions, and the whole year stay'd
In varied feast with her. When, now array'd
The world was with the spring, and orby hours
Had gone the round again through herbs and flow'rs,
The months absolv'd in order, till the days
Had run their full race in Apollo's rays,
My friends remember'd me of home, and said,
If ever fate would sign my pass, delay'd
It should be now no more. I heard them well,
Yet that day spent in feast, till darkness fell,

567 In sev'ral bain—each in a bath. (French.)
572 Φάσσαντο το πάντα. Commemorabatique omnia. Intending all their miseries, escapes, and meetings.—Chapman.
592 Remembered—reminded.
And sleep his virtues through our vapours shed.
When I ascended sacred Circe's bed,
Implor'd my pass, and her performéd vow
Which now my soul urg'd, and my soldiers now
Afflicted me with tears to get them gone.
All these I told her, and she answer'd these:
'Much-skill'd Ulysses Laertiades!
Remain no more against your wills with me,
But take your free way; only this must be
Perform'd before you steer your course for home:
You must the way to Pluto overcome,
And stern Persephoné, to form your pass,
By th' aged Theban soul Tiresias,
The dark-brow'd prophet, whose soul yet can see
Clearly, and firmly; grave Persephoné,
Ev'n dead, gave him a mind, that he alone
Might sing truth's solid wisdom, and not one
Prove more than shade in his comparison.'

This broke my heart; I sunk into my bed,
Mourn'd, and would never more be comforted
With light, nor life. But having now exprest
My pains enough to her in my unrest,
That so I might prepare her ruth, and get
All I held fit for an affair so great,
I said: 'O Circe, who shall steer my course
To Pluto's kingdom? Never ship had force
To make that voyage.' The divine-in-voice
Said: 'Seek no guide, raise you your mast, and hoise
Your ship's white sails, and then sit you at peace,
The fresh North Spirit shall waft ye through the seas.
But, having past the ocean, you shall see
A little shore, that to Persephoné
Puts up a consecrated wood, where grows
Tall firs, and sallows that their fruits soon lose.
Cast anchor in the gulfs, and go alone
To Pluto's dark house, where, to Acheron
Cocytus runs, and Pyriphegethon,
Cocytus born of Styx, and where a rock
Of both the met floods bears the roaring shock.
The dark heroë, great Tiresias,
Now coming near, to gain propitious pass,
Dig of a cubit ev'ry way a pit,
And pour to all that are deceas'd in it
A solemn sacrifice. For which, first take
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make;
Then sweet wine neat; and thirdly water pour;
And lastly add to these the whitest flour.
Then vow to all the weak necks of the dead
Off'ring a number; and, when thou shalt tread
The Ithacensian shore, to sacrifice
A heifer never-tam'd, and most of prize,
A pile of all thy most esteem'd goods
Enflaming to the dear streams of their bloods;
And, in secret rites, to Tiresias vow
A ram coal-black at all parts, that doth flow
With fat and fleece, and all thy flocks doth lead.
When the all-calling nation of the dead
Thou thus hast pray'd to, offer on the place
A ram and ewe all black; being turn'd in face
To dreadful Erebus, thyself aside
The flood's shore walking. And then, gratified

Κλυτά θνεα νεκρών. Which is expounded Inclita examina mortuorum; but κλυτά is the epithet of Pluto, and by analogy belongs to the dead, quod ad se omnes advocat.

CHAPMAN.
With flocks of souls of men and dames deceas’d
Shall all thy pious rites be. Straight address’d
See then the off’ring that thy fellows slew,
Flay’d, and impos’d in fire; and all thy crew
Pray to the state of either Deity,
Grave Pluto, and severe Persephone.
Then draw thy sword, stand firm, nor suffer one
Of all the faint shades of the dead and gone
T’ approach the blood, till thou last heard their king,
The wise Tiresias; who thy offering
Will instantly do honour, thy home-ways,
And all the measure of them by the seas,
Amply unfolding.’ This the Goddess told;
And then the Morning in her throne of gold
Survey’d the vast world; by whose orient light
The Nymph adorn’d me with attires as bright,
Her own hands putting on both shirt and weed,
Robes fine, and curious, and upon my head
An ornament that glitter’d like a flame,
Girt me in gold; and forth betimes I came
Amongst my soldiers, rous’d them all from sleep,
And bad them now no more observance keep
Of ease, and feast, but straight a-shipboard fall,
For now the Goddess had inform’d me all.
Their noble spirits agreed; nor yet so clear
Could I bring all off, but Elpenor there
His heedless life left. He was youngest man
Of all my company, and one that wan
Least fame for arms, as little for his brain;
Who (too much steep’d in wine, and so made fain
To get refreshing by the cool of sleep,
Apart his fellows, plung’d in vapours deep,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 247

And they as high in tumult of their way) 600
Suddenly wak'd and (quite out of the stay
A sober mind had giv'n him) would descend
A huge long ladder, forward, and an end
Fell from the very roof, full pitching on
The dearest joint his head was plac'd upon,
Which, quite dissolv'd, let loose his soul to hell. 695
I to the rest, and Circe's means did tell
Of our return, as crossing clean the hope
I gave them first, and said: 'You think the scope
Of our endeavours now is straight for home;
No, Circe otherwise design'd, whose doom 700
Enjoin'd us first to greet the dreadful house
Of austere Pluto and his glorious spouse,
To take the counsel of Tiresias,
The rev'rend Theban, to direct our pass.'

This brake their hearts, and grief made tear their hair.
But grief was never good at great affair; 706
It would have way yet. We went woful on
To ship and shore, where was arriv'd as soon
Circe unseen, a black ewe and a ram
Binding for sacrifice, and, as she came,
Vanish'd again unwitness'd by our eyes;
Which griev'd not us, nor check'd our sacrifice,
For who would see God, loth to let us see,
This way or that bent; still his ways are free.

700 Doom—decision.

FINIS DECIMI LIBRI HOM. ODYSS.
THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses' way to Hell appears;
Where he the grave Tiresias hears;
Enquires his own and others' fates;
His mother sees, and th' after states
In which were held by sad decease
Heroës, and Heroesses,
A number, that at Troy wag'd war;
As Ajax that was still at war
With Ithacus, for th' arms he lost;
And with the great Achilles' ghost.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ἀδμήδα. Ulysses here
Invokes the dead.
The lives appear
Hereafter led.

ARRIV'D now at our ship, we launch'd,
and set
Our mast up, put forth sail, and in did get
Our late-got cattle. Up our sails, we went,
My wayward fellows mourning now th' event.
A good companion yet, a foreright wind,
Circe (the excellent utt'rer of her mind)

* They mourned the event before they knev'it.—CHAPMAN.
Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was
Both speed and guide to our adventurous pass.
All day our sails stood to the winds, and made
Our voyage prosp'rous. Sun then set, and shade
All ways obscuring, on the bounds we fell
Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell
Whom a perpetual cloud obscures outright,
To whom the cheerful sun lends never light,
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven,
Nor when he stoops earth, and sets up the even,
But night holds fix'd wings, feather'd all with banes,
Above those most unblest Cimmerians.
Here drew we up our ship, our sheep withdrew,
And walk'd the shore till we attain'd the view,
Of that sad region Circe had foreshow'd;
And then the sacred off'ring to be vow'd
Eurylochus and Persimedes bore.
When I my sword drew, and earth's womb did gore
Till I a pit digg'd of a cubit round,
Which with the liquid sacrifice we crown'd,
First honey mix'd with wine, then sweet wine neat,
Then water pour'd in, last the flour of wheat.
Much P importun'd then the weak-neck'd dead,
And vow'd, when I the barren soil should tread
Of cliffy Ithaca, amidst my hall
To kill a heifer, my clear best of all,
And give in off'ring, on a pile compos'd
Qf all the choice goods my whole house enclos'd.
And to Tiresias himself, alone,
A sheep coal-black, and the selectest one
Of all my flocks. When to the Pow'rs beneath,
The sacred nation that survive with death,
My pray'rs and vows had done devotions fit,
I took the off' rings, and upon the pit
Bereft their lives. Out gush'd the sable blood.
And round about me fled out of the flood
The souls of the deceas'd. There cluster'd then
Youths, and their wives, much-suff'ring aged men,
Soft tender virgins that but new came there
By timeless death, and green their sorrows were.
There men-at-arms, with armours all embrew'd,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd,
In numbers, up and down the ditch, did stalk,
And threw unmeasur'd cries about their walk,
So horrid that a bloodless fear surpris'd
My daunted spirits. Straight then I advis'd
My friends to slay the slaughter'd sacrifice,
Put them in fire, and to the Deitias,
Stern Pluto and Persephoné, apply
Exciteful pray'rs. Then drew I from my thigh
My well-edg'd sword, stept in, and firmly stood
Betwixt the prease of shadows and the blood,
And would not suffer any one to dip
Within our off' ring his unsolid lip,
Before Tiresias that did all controul.
The first that press'd in was Elpenor's soul,
His body in the broad-way'd earth as yet
Unmourn'd, unburied by us, since we swet
With other urgent labours. Yet his smart
I wept to see, and rued it from my heart,
Enquiring how he could before me be
That came by ship? He, mourning, answer'd me:
'In Circe's house, the spite some spirit did bear,
And the unspeakable good liquor there,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 251

Hath been my bane; for, being to descend
A ladder much in height, I did not tend
My way well down, but forwards made a proof
To tread the rounds, and from the very roof
Fell on my neck, and brake it; and this made 75
My soul thus visit this infernal shade.
And here, by them that next thyself are dear,
Thy wife, and father, that a little one
Gave food to thee, and by thy only son
At home behind thee left, Telemachus,
Do not depart by stealth, and leave me thus,
Unmourn'd, unburied, lest neglected I 80
Bring on thyself th' incensed Deity.
I know that, sail'd from hence, thy ship must touch
On th' isle Æaea; where vouchsafe thus much,
Good king, that, landed, thou wilt instantly
Bestow on me thy royal memory
To this grace, that my body, arms and all,
May rest consum'd in fiery funeral;
And on the foamy shore a sepulchre 85
Erect to me, that after-times may hear
Of one so hapless. Let me these implore
And fix' upon my sepulchre the ear
With which alive I shook the aged seas,
And had of friends the dear societies.'

I told the wretched soul I would fulfill
And execute to th' utmost point his will;
And, all the time we sadly talk'd, I still
My sword above the blood held, when aside
The idol of my friend still amplified 100
His plaint, as up and down the shades he err'd.

"Misenus apud Virgilium, ingenti mole, &c.—CHAPMAN.
(Æn. vi. 282.)"
Then my deceased mother's soul appear'd,
Fair daughter of Autolycus the great,
Grave Anticlea, whom, when forth I set
For sacred Ilion, I had left alive.
Her sight much mov'd me, and to tears did drive
My note of her decease; and yet not she
(Though in my ruth she held the high'st degree)
Would I admit to touch the sacred blood,
Till from Tiresias I had understood
What Circe told me. At the length did land
Theban Tiresias' soul, and in his hand
Sustain'd a golden sceptre, knew me well,
And said: 'O man unhappy, why to hell
Admitt'st thou dark arrival, and the light
The sun gives leav'st, to have the horrid sight
Of this black region, and the shadows here?
Now sheathe thy sharp sword, and the pit forbear,
That I the blood may taste, and then relate
The truth of those acts that affect thy fate.'
I sheath'd my sword, and left the pit, till he,
The black blood tasting, thus instructed me:
'Renown'd Ulysses! All unask'd I know
That all the cause of thy arrival now
Is to enquire thy wish'd retreat for home;
Which hardly God will let thee overcome,
Since Neptune still will his opposure try,
With all his laid-up anger, for the eye
His lov'd son lost to thee. And yet through all
Thy suff'ring course (which must be capital)
If both thine own affections, and thy friends,
Thou wilt contain, when thy access ascends
'The three-fork'd island, having 'scap'd, the seas,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Where ye shall find fed on the flow'ry leas  
Fat flocks, and oxen, which the Sun doth own,  
To whom are all things as well heard as shown,  
And never dare one head of those to slay,  
But hold unharmed on your wishéd way,  
Though through enough affliction, yet secure  
Your Fates shall land ye; but presage says sure,  
If once ye spoil them, spoil to all thy friends,  
Spoil to thy fleet, and if the justice ends  
Short of thyself, it shall be long before,  
And that length forc'd out with inflictions store,  
When, losing all thy fellows, in a sail  
Of foreign built (when most thy Fates prevail  
In thy deliv'rance) thus th' event shall sort:  
Thou shalt find shipwrack raging in thy port,  
Proud men thy goods consuming, and thy wife  
Urging with gifts, give charge upon thy life.  
But all these wrongs revenge shall end to thee,  
And force, or cunning, set with slaughter free  
The house of all thy spoilers. Yet again  
Thou shalt a voyage make, and come to men  
That know no sea, nor ships, nor oars that are  
Wings to a ship, nor mix with any fare  
Salt's savoury vapour. Where thou first shalt land,  
This clear-giv'n sign shall let thee understand,  
That there those men remain: Assume ashore  
Up to thy royal shoulder a ship oar,  
With which, when thou shalt meet one on the way  
That will in county admiration say

—Built—build.

Men that never eat salt with their food.—Chapman.

County.—So the folio, but country is evidently the word.
What dost thou with that wan upon thy neck? 
There fix that wan thy ear, and that shore deck
With sacred rites to Neptune; slaughter there
A ram, a bull, and (who for strength doth bear
The name of husband to a herd) a boar.
And, coming home, upon thy natural shore,
Give pious hecatombs to all the Gods,
Degrees observ'd. And then the periods
Of all thy labours in the peace shall end
Of easy death; which shall the less extend
His passion to thee, that thy foe, the Sea,
Shall not enforce it, but Death's victory
Shall chance in only-earnest-pray-vow'd age,
Obtain'd at home, quite emptied of his rage,
Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest.
And here hath Truth summ'd up thy vital rest.'

I answer'd him: 'We will suppose all these
Decreed in Deity; let it likewise please
Tiresias to resolve me, why so near
The blood and me my mother's soul doth bear,
And yet nor word, nor look, vouchsafe her son?
Doth she not know me?' 'No,' said he, 'nor none
Of all these spirits, but myself alone,
Knows anything till he shall taste the blood.
But whomsoever you shall do that good,
He will the truth of all you wish unfold;
Who you envy it to will all withhold.'

Thus said the kingly soul, and made retreat

163 Wan—a provincialism for wand.
170 Ἡχόν ὑδ᾽ λυπρώ. Which all translate senectute sub molli. The epithet λυπρῶ not of λυπῶς, viz. punguis, or λυπῶς, punguiter, but λυπρῶς signifying flagitantier orando. To which pious age is ever altogether addicted. —Chapman.
189 Envy—grudge, deny.
Amidst the inner parts of Pluto's seat,
When he had spoke thus by divine instinct.
Still I stood firm, till to the blood's precinct
My mother came, and drunk; and then she knew
I was her son, had passion to renew
Her natural plaints, which thus she did pursue:
'How is it, O my son, that you alive
This deadly-darksome region underdive?
'Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
And horrid currents, interpose their prease,
Oceanus in chief? Which none (unless
More help'd than you) on foot now can transgress.
A well-built ship he needs that ventures there.
Com'st thou from Troy but now, enfor'd to err
All this time with thy soldiers? Nor has seen,
Ere this long day, thy country, and thy queen?'
I answer'd: 'That a necessary end
To this infernal state made me contend;
That from the wise Tiresias' Theban soul
I might an oracle involv'd unroll;
For I came nothing near Achaia yet,
Nor on our lov'd earth happy foot had set,
But, mishaps suff'ring, err'd from coast to coast,
Ever since first the mighty Grecian host
Divine Atrides led to Ilium,
And I his follower, to set war upon
The rapeful Trojans; and so pray'd she would
The fate of that ungentle death unfold,
That force'd her thither; if some long disease,
Or that the spleen of her-that-arrows-please,
Diana, envious of most eminent dames,
Had made her th' object of her deadly aims?
My father's state and sons I sought, if they
Kept still my goods? Or they became the prey
Of any other, holding me no more
In pow'r of safe return? Or if my store
My wife had kept together with her son?
If she her first mind held, or had been won
By some chief Grecian from my love and bed?'

All this she answer'd: 'That affliction fed
On her blood still at home, and that to grief
She all the days and darkness of her life
In tears had consecrate. That none possesst
My famous kingdom's throne, but th' interest
My son had in it still he held in peace,
A court kept like a prince, and his increase
Spent in his subjects' good, administ'ring laws
With justice, and the general applause
A king should merit, and all call'd him king.
My father kept the upland, labouring,
And shunn'd the city, us'd no sumptuous beds,
Wonder'd at furnitures, nor wealthy reeds,
But in the winter strew'd about the fire
Lay with his slaves in ashes, his attire
Like to a beggar's; when the summer came,
And autumn all fruits ripen'd with his flame,
Where grape-charg'd vines made shadows most abound,
His couch with fall'n leaves made upon the ground,
And here lay he, his sorrow's fruitful state
Increasing as he faded for my fate;
And now the part of age that irksome is
Lay sadly on him. And that life of his
She led, and perish'd in; not slaughter'd by
The Dame that darts lov'd, and her archery:
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Nor by disease invaded, vast and foul,
That wastes the body, and sends out the soul
With shame and horror; only in her moan,
For me and my life, she consum'd her own.'

She thus, when I had great desire to prove
My arms the circle where her soul did move.
Thrice prov'd I, thrice she vanish'd like a sleep,
Or fleeting shadow, which struck much more deep
The wounds my woes made, and made ask her why
She would my love to her embraces fly,
And not vouchsafe that ev'n in hell we might
Pay pious Nature her unalter'd right,
And give Vexation here her cruel fill?
Should not the Queen here, to augment the ill
Of ev'ry suff'rance, which her office is,
Enforce thy idol to afford me this?

'O son,' she answer'd, 'of the race of men
The most unhappy, our most equal Queen
Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,
Nor suffer empty shades again t' invade
Flesh, bones, and nerves; nor will defraud the fire
Of his last dues, that, soon as spirits expire
And leave the white bone, are his native right,
When, like a dream, the soul assumes her flight.
The light then of the living with most haste,
O son, contend to. This thy little taste
Of this state is enough; and all this life
Will make a tale fit to be told thy wife.'

This speech we had; when now repair'd to me
More female spirits, by Persephône
Driv'n on before her. All th' heroës' wives,

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And daughters, that led there their second lives,
About the black blood throng'd. Of whom yet more
My mind impell'd me to inquire, before
I let them altogether taste the gore,
For then would all have been dispers'd, and gone
Thick as they came. I, therefore, one by one
Let taste the pit, my sword drawn from my thigh,
And stand betwixt them made, when, sev'rally,
All told their stocks. The first, that quench'd her fire,
Was Tyro, issued of a noble sire.
She said she sprung from pure Salomeus' bed,
And Cretheus, son of Aëolus, did wed;
Yet the divine flood Enipœus lov'd,
Who much the most fair stream of all floods mov'd.
Near whose streams Tyro walking, Neptune came,
Like Enipœus, and enjoy'd the dame.
Like to a hill, the blue and snaky flood
Above th' immortal and the mortal stood,
And hid them both, as both together lay,
Just where his current falls into the sea.
Her virgin waist dissolv'd, she slumber'd then;
But when the God had done the work of men,
Her fair hand gently wringing, thus he said:
'Woman! rejoice in our combin'd bed,
For when the year hath run his circle round
(Because the Gods' loves must in fruit abound)
My love shall make, to cheer thy teeming moans,
Thy one dear burden bear two famous sons;
Love well, and bring them up. Go home, and see
That, though of more joy yet I shall be free,
Thou dost not tell, to glorify thy birth;
Thy love is Neptune, shaker of the earth.'
This said, he plung'd into the sea; and she,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Begot with child by him, the light let see
Great Pelias, and Neleus, that became
In Jove's great ministry of mighty fame.
Pelias in broad Ioleus held his throne,
Wealthy in cattle; th' other royal son
Rul'd sandy Pylos. To these issue more
This queen of women to her husband bore,
Æson, and Pheres, and Amythaon
That for his fight on horseback stoop'd to none.

Next her, I saw admir'd Antiope,
Asopus' daughter, who (as much as she
Boasted attraction of great Neptune's love)
Boasted to slumber in the arms of Jove,
And two sons likewise at one burden bore
To that her all-controlling paramour,
Amphion, and fair Zethus; that first laid
Great Thebes' foundations, and strong walls convey'd
About her turrets, that seven ports enclos'd,
For though the Thebans much in strength repos'd,
Yet had not they the strength to hold their own,
Without the added aids of wood and stone.

Alcmena next I saw, that famous wife
Was to Amphitryo, and honour'd life
Gave to the lion-hearted Hercules,
That was of Jove's embrace the great increase.

I saw, besides, proud Creon's daughter there,
Bright Megara, that nuptial yoke did wear
With Jove's great son, who never field did try
But bore to him the flow'r of victory.

The mother then of Ædipus I saw,
Fair Epicasta, that, beyond all law,
Her own son married, ignorant of kind,
And he, as darkly taken in his mind,
His mother wedded, and his father slew.
Whose blind act Heav'n expos'd at length to view,
And he in all-lov'd Thebes the supreme state
With much moan manag'd, for the heavy fate
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight
To Pluto's dark house from the loath'd light,
Beneath a steep beam strangled with a cord,
And left her son, in life, pains as abhorr'd
As all the Furies pour'd on her in hell.
Then saw I Chloris, that did so excell
In answering beauties, that each part had all.
Great Neleus married her, when gifts not small
Had won her favour, term'd by name of dow'r.
She was of all Amphion's seed the flow'r;
Amphion, call'd Iasides, that then
Rul'd strongly Mynisean Orchomen,
And now his daughter rul'd the Pylian throne,
Because her beauty's empire overshone.
She brought her wife-aw'd husband, Neleus,
Nestor much honour'd, Periclemenus,
And Chromius, sons with sov'reign virtues grac'd;
But after brought a daughter that surpass'd,
Rare-beautied Pero, so for form exact
That Nature to a miracle was rack'd
In her perfections, blaz'd with th' eyes of men;
That made of all the country's hearts a chain,
And drew them suitors to her. Which her sire
Took vantage of, and, since he did aspire
To nothing more than to the broad-brow'd herd
Of oxen, which the common fame so rear'd,
Own'd by Iphiclus, not a man should be
His Pero's husband; that from Phylace
Those never-yet-driv'n oxen could not drive. 
Yet these a strong hope held him to achieve, 
Because a prophet, that had never err'd, 
Had said, that only he should be preferr'd 
To their possession. But the equal fate 
Of God withstood his stealth; inextricable 
Imprisoning bands, and sturdy churlish swains 
That were the herdsmen, who withheld with chains 
The stealth-attempter; which was only he 
That durst abet the act with prophecy, 
None else would undertake it, and he must; 
The king would needs a prophet should be just. 
But when some days and months expir'd were, 
And all the hours had brought about the year, 
The prophet did so satisfy the king 
(Iphiclus, all his cunning questioning) 
That he enfranchis'd him; and, all worst done, 
Jove's counsel made th' all-safe conclusion. 
Then saw I Leda, link'd in nuptial chain 
With Tyndarus, to whom she did sustain 
Sons much renown'd for wisdom; Castor one, 
That pass'd for use of horse comparison; 
And Pollux, that excell'd in whirlbat fight; 
Both these the fruitful earth bore, while the light 
Of life inspir'd them; after which, they found 
Such grace with Jove, that both liv'd under ground, 
By change of days; life still did one sustain, 
While th' other died; the dead then liv'd again, 
The living dying; both of one self date 
Their lives and deaths made by the Gods and Fate. 
Iphimedia after Leda came, 
That did derive from Neptune too the name
Of father to two admirable sons.
Life yet made short their admirations,
Who God opposed Otus had to name,
And Ephialtes far in sound of fame.
The prodigal earth so fed them, that they grew
to most huge stature, and had fairest hue
Of all men, but Orion, under heav'n.
At nine years old nine cubits they were driv'n
Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathoms high.
They threaten'd to give battle to the sky,
And all th' Immortals. They were setting on
Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
Steep Ossa leavy Pelius, that ev'n
They might a highway make with lofty heav'n;
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liv'd
Till they were striplings; but Jove's son depriv'd
Their limbs of life, before th' age that begins
The flow'r of youth, and should adorn their chins.

Phædra and Procris, with wise Minos' flame,
Bright Ariadne, to the off'ring came.
Whom whilome Theseus made his prise from Crete,
That Athens' sacred soil might kiss her feet,
But never could obtain her virgin flow'r,
Till, in the sea-girt Dia, Dian's pow'r
Detain'd his homeward haste, where (in her fame,
By Bacchus witness'd) was the fatal wane
Of her prime glory. Mæra, Clymene,
I witness'd there; and loath'd Eriphyle,
That honour'd gold more than she lov'd her spouse.

But, all th' heroesses in Pluto's house

"Amphiaraus was her husband, whom she betrayed to
his ruin at Thebes, for gold taken of Adrætus her brother.

CHAPMAN."
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS.

That then encounter’d me, exceeds my might
To name or number, and ambrosian night
Would quite be spent, when now the formal hours
Present to sleep our all-disposéd pow’rs,
If at my ship, or here. My home-made vow
I leave for fit grace to the Gods and you.”

This said; the silence his discourse had made
With pleasure held still through the house’s shade,
When white-arm’d Arcté this speech began:
“Phæacians! How appears to you this man,
So goodly-person’d, and so match’d with mind?
My guest he is, but all you stand combin’d
In the renown he doth us. Do not then
With careless haste dismiss him, nor the main
Of his dispatch to one so needy maim,
The Gods’ free bounty gives us all just claim
To goods enow.” This speech, the oldest man
Of any other Phæacensian,
The grave heroë, Echineus, gave
All approbation, saying: “Friends! ye have
The motion of the wise queen in such words
As have not miss’d the mark, with which accords
My clear opinion. But Alcinous,
In word and work, must be our rule.” He thus;
And then Alcinous said: “This then must stand,
If while I live I rule in the command
Of this well-skill’d-in-navigation state:
Endure, then, guest, though most importunate
Be your affects for home. A little stay
If your expectance bear, perhaps it may
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all
Your due deduction asks; but principal
I am therein the ruler." He replied:

"Alcinous, the most duly glorified
With rule of all of all men, if you lay
Commandment on me of a whole year's stay,
So all the while your preparations rise,
As well in gifts as time, ye can devise
No better wish for me; for I shall come
Much fuller-handed, and more honour'd, home,
And dearer to my people, in whose loves
The richer evermore the better proves."

He answer'd: "There is argued in your sight
A worth that works not men for benefit,
Like prollers or impostors; of which crew,
The gentle black earth feeds not up a few,
Here and there wand'ring, blanching tales and lies,
Of neither praise, nor use. You move our eyes
With form, our minds with matter, and our ears
With elegant oration, such as bears
A music in the order'd history
It lays before us. Not Demodocus
With sweeter strains hath us'd to sing to us
All the Greek sorrows, wept out in your own.
But say: Of all your worthy friends, were none
Objected to your eyes that consorts were
To Ilion with you, and serv'd destiny there?
This night is passing long, unmeasur'd, none

483 Venustè et salè dictum.—CHAPMAN.
490 Prollers—prowlers, wanderers in quest of plunder.
482 Blanching.—The word to blanch not infrequently occurs in the sense of to put a fair appearance on a thing, to slur over, deceive. See Iliad, Bk. xii. 223. Florio, in his "Worlde of Wordes," 1598, says, under the word "Bian-cheggiares," "metaphorically it is taken to ruile at one secretly." The sense is obvious here.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Of all my household would to bed yet; on,
Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you,
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
Till the divine Aurora show'd her head,
I should in no night relish thought of bed."

"Most eminent king," said he, "times all must keep,
There's time to speak much, time as much to sleep.
But would you hear still, I will tell you still,
And utter more, more miserable ill
Of friends than yet, that scap'd the dismal wars,
And perish'd homewards, and in household jars
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chaste Queen
No sooner made these lady ghosts unseen,
Here and there flitting, but mine eye-sight won
The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Sad, and about him all his train of friends,
That in Ægisthus' house endur'd their ends
With his stern fortune. Having drunk the blood,
He knew me instantly, and forth a flood
Of springing tears gush'd; out he thrust his hands,
With will t' embrace me, but their old commands
Flow'd not about him, nor their weakest part.
I wept to see, and moan'd him from my heart,
And ask'd: 'O Agamemnon! King of men!
What sort of cruel death hath render'd slain
Thy royal person? Neptune in thy fleet
Heav'n and his hellish billows making meet,
Rousing the winds? Or have thy men by land
Done thee this ill, for using thy command,
Past their consents, in diminution
Of those full shares their worths by lot had won

Proserpina.
Of sheep or oxen? Or of any town,
In covetous strife, to make their rights thine own
In men or women prisoners?’ He replied:
‘By none of these in any right I died,
But by Ægisthus and my murd’rous wife
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life
Hath thus been reft me, to my slaughter led
Like to an ox pretended to be fed.
So miserably fell I, and with me
My friends lay massacred, as when you see
At any rich man’s nuptials, shot, or feast,
About his kitchen white-tooth’d swine lie drest.
The slaughters of a world of men thine eyes,
Both private, and in prease of enemies,
Have personally witness’d; but this one
Would all thy parts have broken into moan,
To see how strew’d about our cups and cates,
As tables set with feast, so we with fates,
All gash’d and slain lay, all the floor embroued
With blood and brain. But that which most I rued,
Flew from the heavy voice that Priam’s seed,
Cassandra, breath’d, whom, she that wit doth feed
With baneful crafts, false Clytemnestra, slew,
Close sitting by me; up my hands I threw
From earth to heav’n, and tumbling on my sword
Gave wretched life up; when the most abhor’d,
By all her sex’s shame, forsook the room,
Nor deign’d, though then so near this heavy home,
To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.

535 Shot.—See Bk. l. 352. The Greek ἕπαρ was a feast at which each guest brought his portion, or contributed his share in money.
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS. 267

Nothing so heap’d is with impieties,
As such a woman that would kill her spouse
That married her a maid. When to my house
I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,
To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th’ art
Of only mischief hearty) not alone
Cast on herself this foul aspersión,
But loving dames, hereafter, to their lords
Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.’
‘Alas,’ said I, ‘that Jove should hate the lives
Of Atreus’ seed so highly for their wives!
For Menelaus’ wife a number fell,
For dang’rous absence thine sent thee to hell.’
‘For this,’ he answer’d, ‘be not thou more kind
Than wise to thy wife. Never all thy mind
Let words express to her. Of all she knows,
Curbs for the worst still, in thyself repose.
But thou by thy wife’s wiles shalt lose no blood,
Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good.
Icarius’ daughter, chaste Penelope,
We left a young bride, when for battle we
Forsook the nuptial peace, and at her breast
Her first child sucking, who, by this hour, blest,
Sits in the number of surviving men.
And his bliss she hath, that she can contain,
And her bliss thou hast, that she is so wise.
For, by her wisdom, thy returned eyes
Shall see thy son, and he shall greet his sire
With fitting welcomes; when in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes my son’s dear sight,
And, as from me, will take from him the light,
Before she adds one just delight to life,
Or her false wit one truth that fits a wife.
For her sake therefore let my harms advise,
That though thy wife be ne'er so chaste and wise,
Yet come not home to her in open view,
With any ship or any personal show,
But take close shore disguis'd, nor let her know,
For 'tis no world to trust a woman now.
But what says Fame? Doth my son yet survive,
In Orchomen, or Pylos? Or doth live
In Sparta with his uncle? Yet I see
Divine Orestes is not here with me.'

I answer'd, asking: 'Why doth Atreus' son
Enquire of me, who yet arriv'd where none
Could give to these news any certain wings?
And 'tis absurd to tell uncertain things.'

Such sad speech past us; and as thus we stood,
With kind tears rend'ring unkind fortunes good,
Achilles' and Patroclus' soul appear'd,
And his soul, of whom never ill was heard,
The good Antilochus, and the soul of him
That all the Greeks past both for force and limb,
Excepting the unmatch'd Æacides,
Illustrious Ajax. But the first of these
That saw, acknowledg'd, and saluted me,
Was Thetis' conqu'ring son, who (heavily
His state here taking) said: 'Unworthy breath!
What act yet mightier imagineth
Thy vent'rous spirit? How dost thou descend
These under-regions, where the dead man's end
Is to be look'd on, and his foolish shade?'

I answer'd him: 'I was induc'd t' invade.'

This advice he followed at his coming home.—Chapman.
These under-parts, most excellent of Greece,
To visit wise Tiresias, for advice
Of virtue to direct my voyage home
To rugged Ithaca; since I could come
To note in no place, where Achaia stood,
And so liv'd ever, tortur'd with the blood
In man's vain veins. Thou therefore, Thetis' son,
Hast equall'd all, that ever yet have won
The bliss the earth yields, or hereafter shall.
In life thy eminence was ador'd of all,
Ev'n with the Gods; and now, ev'n dead, I see
Thy virtues propagate thy empery
To a renew'd life of command beneath;
So great Achilles triumphs over death.'
This comfort of him this encounter found;
' Urge not my death to me, nor rub that wound,
I rather wish to live in earth a swain,
Or serve a swain for hire, that scarce can gain
Bread to sustain him, than, that life once gone,
Of all the dead sway the imperial throne.
But say, and of my son some comfort yield,
If he goes on in first fights of the field,
Or lurks for safety in the obscure rear?
Or of my father if thy royal ear
Hath been advertis'd, that the Phthian throne
He still commands, as greatest Myrmidon?
Or that the Phthian and Thessalian rage
(Now feet and hands are in the hold of age)
Despise his empire? Under those bright rays,
In which heav'n's fervour hurls about the days,
Must I no more shine his revenger now,
Such as of old the Ilion overthrow
Witness'd my anger, th' universal host
Sending before me to this shady coast,
In fight for Grecia. Could I now resort,
(But for some small time) to my father's court,
In spirit and pow'r as then, those men should find
My hands inaccessible, and of fire my mind,
That durst with all the numbers they are strong
Unseat his honour, and suborn his wrong.'

This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low,
And this I answer'd thus: 'I do not know
Of blameless Peleus any least report,
But of your son, in all the utmost sort,
I can inform your care with truth, and thus:

From Scyros princely Neoptolemus
By fleet I convey'd to the Greeks, where he
Was chief, at both parts, when our gravity
Retir'd to council, and our youth to fight.
In council still so fiery was Conceit
In his quick apprehension of a cause,
That first he ever spake, nor pass'd the laws
Of any grave stay, in his greatest haste.
None would contend with him, that counsell'd last,
Unless illustrious Nestor, he and I
Would sometimes put a friendly contrary
On his opinion. In our fights, the prease
Of great or common, he would never cease,
But far before fight ever. No man there,
For force, he forced. He was slaughterer
Of many a brave man in most dreadful fight.
But one and other whom he reft of light,
In Grecian succour, I can neither name,
Nor give in number. The particular fame
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS. 271

Of one man’s slaughter yet I must not pass;
Eurypylus Telephides he was,
That fell beneath him, and with him the falls
Of such huge men went, that they show’d like whales
Rampir’d about him. Neoptolemus
Set him so sharply, for the sumptuous
Favours of mistresses he saw him wear;
For past all doubt his beauties had no peer
Of all that mine eyes noted, next to one,
And that was Memnon, Tithon’s Sun-like son.
Thus far, for fight in public, may a taste
Give of his eminence. How far surpast
His spirit in private, where he was not seen,
Nor glory could be said to praise his spleen,
This close note I excerpted. When we sat
Hid in Epeus horse, no optimate
Of all the Greeks there had the charge to ope
And shut the stratagem but I. My scope
To note then each man’s spirit in a strait
Of so much danger, much the better might
Be hit by me, than others, as, provok’d,
I shifted place still, when, in some I smok’d
Both privy tremblings, and close vent of tears,
In him yet not a soft conceit of theirs
Could all my search see, either his wet eyes
Ply’d still with wipings, or the goodly guise,
His person all ways put forth, in least part,
By any tremblings, show’d his touch’d-at heart.

694 This place (and a number more) is most miserably mis-
taken by all translators and commentors.—CHAPMAN.
706 The horse abovesaid.—CHAPMAN
712 Smoked.—See Bk. iv. 338.
But ever he was urging me to make  
Way to their sally, by his sign to shake  
His sword hid in his scabbard, or his lance  
Loaded with iron, at me. No good chance  
His thoughts to Troy intended. In th' event,  
High Troy depopulate, he made ascent  
To his fair ship, with prise and treasure store,  
Safe, and no touch away with him he bore  
Of far-off-hurl'd lance, or of close-fought sword,  
Whose wounds for favours war doth oft afford,  
Which he (though sought) miss'd in war's closest wage,  
*In close fights Mars doth never fight, but rage.*

This made the soul of swift Achilles tread  
A march of glory through the herby mead,  
For joy to hear me so renown his son;  
And vanish'd stalking. But with passion  
Stood th' other souls struck, and each told his bane.  
Only the spirit Telamonian  
Kept far off, angry for the victory  
I won from him at fleet; though arbitry  
Of all a court of war pronounc'd it mine,  
And Pallas' self. Our prise were th' arms divine  
Of great Æacides, propos'd t' our names  
By his bright Mother, at his funeral games.  
I wish to heav'n I ought not to have won;  
Since for those arms so high a head so soon  
The base earth cover'd, Ajax, that of all  
The host of Greece had person capital,  
And acts as eminent, excepting his  
Whose arms those were, in whom was nought amiss.  
I tried the great soul with soft words, and said:

736 *Ajax the son of Telamon.*—*Chapman.*
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

'Ajax! Great son of Telamon, array'd
In all our glories! What! not dead resign
Thy wrath for those curst arms? The Pow'rs divine
In them forg'd all our banes, in thine own one,
In thy grave fall our tower was overthrown.
We mourn, for ever maim'd, for thee as much
As for Achilles; nor thy wrong doth touch,
In sentence, any but Saturnius' doom;
In whose hate was the host of Greece become
A very horror; who express'd it well
In signing thy fate with this timeless hell.
Approach then, king of all the Grecian merit,
Repress thy great mind and thy flamy spirit,
And give the words I give thee worthy ear.'

All this no word drew from him, but less near
The stern soul kept; to other souls he fled,
And glid along the river of the dead.
Though anger mov'd him, yet he might have spoke,
Since I to him. But my desires were strook
With sight of other souls. And then I saw
Minos, that minister'd to Death a law,
And Jove's bright son was. He was set, and sway'd
A golden sceptre; and to him did plead
A sort of others, set about his throne,
In Pluto's wide-door'd house; when straight came on
Mighty Orion, who was hunting there
The herds of those beasts he had slaughter'd here
In desert hills on earth. A club he bore,
Entirely steel, whose virtues never wore.

Tityus I saw, to whom the glorious earth
Open'd her womb, and gave unhappy birth.
Upwards, and flat upon the pavement, lay
His ample limbe, that spread in their display
Nine acres' compass. On his bosom sat
Two vultures, digging, through his caul of fat,
Into his liver with their crooked beaks;
And each by turns the concrete entrail breaks
(As smiths their steel beat) set on either side.
Nor doth he ever labour to divide
His liver and their beaks, nor with his hand
Offer them off, but suffers by command
Of th' angry Thund'r'er, off'ring to enforce
His love Latona, in the close recourse
She us'd to Pytho through the dancing land,
Smooth Panopeus. I saw likewise stand,
Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,
Tormented Tantalus, yet could not slake
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornful cup
Th' old man would taste, so oft 'twas swallow'd up,
And all the black earth to his feet descried,
Divine pow'r (plaguing him) the lake still dried.
About his head, on high trees, clust'ring, hung
Pears, apples, granates, olives ever-young,
Delicious figs, and many fruit-trees more
Of other burden; whose alluring store
When th' old soul striv'd to pluck, the winds from sight,
In gloomy vapours, made them vanish quite.
There saw I Sisyphus in infinite moan,
With both hands heaving up a massy stone,
And on his tip-toes racking all his height,
To wrest up to a mountain-top his freight;
When prest to rest it there, his nerves quite spent,
\textit{in Prest—ready.}
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Down rush'd the deadly quarry, the event
Of all his torture new to raise again;
To which straight set his never-rested pain.
The sweat came gushing out from ev'ry pore,
And on his head a standing mist he wore,
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust
Were rais'd about it. Down with these was thrust
The idol of the force of Hercules,
But his firm self did no such fate oppress,
He feasting lives amongst th' Immortal States,
White ankled Hebe and himself made mates
In heav'nly nuptials. Hebe, Jove's dear race,
And Juno's whom the golden sandals grace.
About him flew the clamours of the dead
Like fowls, and still stoop'd cuffing at his head.
He with his bow, like Night, stalk'd up and down,
His shaft still nock'd, and hurling round his frown
At those vex'd hov'rers, aiming at them still,
And still, as shooting out, desire to still.
A horrid bawdrick wore he thwart his breast,
The thong all-gold, in which were forms imprest,
Where art and miracle drew equal breaths,
In bears, boars, lions, battles, combats, deaths.
Who wrought that work did never such before,
Nor so divinely will do ever more.
Soon as he saw, he knew me, and gave speech:
'Son of Laertes, high in wisdom's reach,
And yet unhappy wretch, for in this heart,
Of all exploits achiev'd by thy desert,
Thy worth but works out some sinister fate,
As I in earth did. I was generate

819 The idol of the force of Hercules.—The shade of Hercules.
By Jove himself, and yet past mean opprest
By one my far inferior, whose proud hest
Impos'd abhorred labours on my hand.
Of all which one was, to descend this strand,
And hale the dog from thence. He could not think
An act that danger could make deeper sink.
And yet this depth I drew, and fetch'd as high,
As this was low, the dog. The Deity
Of sleight and wisdom, as of downright pow'r,
Both stoop'd, and rais'd, and made me conqueror.'

This said, he made descent again as low
As Pluto's court; when I stood firm, for show
Of more heroës of the times before,
And might perhaps have seen my wish of more,
(As Theseus and Pirithous, deriv'd
From roots of Deity) but before th' achiev'd
Rare sight of these, the rank-soul'd multitude
In infinite flocks rose, venting sounds so rude,
That pale Fear took me, lest the Gorgon's head
Rush'd in amongst them, thrust up, in my dread,
By grim Persephone. I therefore sent
My men before to ship, and after went.
Where, boarded, set, and launch'd, the ocean wave
Our oars and forewinds speedy passage gave.

Mercury.
THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

He shows from Heliopolis his safe retreat
To th' isle Æaea, Circe's seat;
And how he 'scap'd the Sirens' calls,
With th' erring rocks, and waters' falls,
That Scylla and Charybdis break;
The Sun's stol'n herds; and his sad wreck
Both of Ulysses' ship and men,
His own head 'scaping scarce the pain.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT,

Mö. The rocks that err'd.
The Sirens' call.
The Sun's stol'n herd.
The soldiers' fall.

OUR ship now past the straits of th' ocean
flood,
She plow'd the broad sea's billows, and
made good
The isle Æaea, where the palace stands
Of th' early riser with the rosy hands,
Active Aurora, where she loves to dance,
And where the Sun doth his prime beams advance.
When here arriv'd, we drew her up to land,
And trod ourselvos the re-saluted sand,
Found on the shore fit resting for the night,
Slept, and expected the celestial light.

Soon as the white-and-red-mix'd-finger'd Dame
Had gilt the mountains with her saffron flame,
I sent my men to Circe's house before,
To fetch deceas'd Elpenor to the shore.

Straight swell'd the high banks with fell'd heaps of trees,
And, full of tears, we did due exsequies
To our dead friend. Whose corse consum'd with fire,
And honour'd arms, whose sepulchre entire,
And over that a column rais'd, his ear,
Curiously carv'd, to his desire before,
Upon the top of all his tomb we fix'd.
Of all rites fit his funeral pile was mix'd.

Nor was our safe ascent from Hell conceal'd
From Circe's knowledge; nor so soon reveal'd
But she was with us, with her bread and food,
And ruddy wine, brought by her sacred brood
Of woods and fountains. In the midst she stood,
And thus saluted us: 'Unhappy men,
That have, inform'd with all your senses, been
In Pluto's dismal mansion! You shall die
Twice now, where others, that Mortality
In her fair arms holds, shall but once decease.
But eat and drink out all conceit of these,
And this day dedicate to food and wine,
The following night to sleep. When next shall shine
The cheerful morning, you shall prove the seas.
Your way, and ev'ry act ye must address.
My knowledge of their order shall design,
Lest with your own bad counsels ye incline
Events as bad against ye, and sustain,
By sea and shore, the woful ends that reign
In wilful actions.' Thus did she advise
And, for the time, our fortunes were so wise
To follow wise directions. All that day
We sat and feasted. When his lower way
The Sun had enter'd, and the Even the high,
My friends slept on their gables; she and I
(Let by her fair hand to a place apart,
By her well-sorted) did to sleep convert
Our timid pow'rs; when all things Fate let fall
In our affair she ask'd; I told her all.
To which she answer'd: 'These things thus took end.
And now to those that I inform attend,
Which you rememb'ring, God himself shall be
The blessed author of your memory.

First to the Sirens ye shall come, that taint
The minds of all men whom they can acquaint
With their attractions. Whosoever shall,
For want of knowledge mov'd, but hear the call
Of any Siren, he will so despise
Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
That never home turns his affection's stream,
Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them.
The Sirens will so soften with their song
(Shrill, and in sensual appetite so strong)
His loose affections, that he gives them head.
And then observe: They sit amidst a mead,
And round about it runs a hedge or wall
Of dead men's bones, their with'er'd skins and all
Hung all along upon it; and these men
Were such as they had fawn'd into their fen,
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones.
Sail by them therefore, thy companions
Beforehand causing to stop ev'ry ear
With sweet soft wax, so close that none may hear
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you,
If you affect it, open ear allow
To try their motion; but presume not so
To trust your judgment, when your senses go
So loose about you, but give strait command
To all your men, to bind you foot and hand
Sure to the mast, that you may safe approve
How strong in instigation to their love
Their rapting tunes are. If so much they move,
That, spite of all your reason, your will stands
To be enfranchis'd both of feet and hands,
Charge all your men before to slight your charge,
And rest so far from fearing to enlarge
That much more sure they bind you. When your
friends
Have outsail'd these, the danger that transcends
Rests not in any counsel to prevent,
Unless your own mind finds the tract and bent
Of that way that avoids it. I can say
That in your course there lies a twofold way,
The right of which your own, taught, present wit,
And grace divine, must prompt. In gen'r'al yet,
Let this inform you: Near these Sirens' shore
Move two steep rocks, at whose feet lie and roar
The black sea's cruel billows; the bless'd Gods
Call them the Rovers. Their abhor'd abodes
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

No bird can pass; no not the doves, whose fear
Sire Jove so loves that they are said to bear
Ambrosia to him, can their ravine 'scape,
But one of them falls ever to the rape
Of those sly rocks; yet Jove another still
Adds to the rest, that so may ever fill
The sacred number. Never ship could shun
The nimble peril wing'd there, but did run
With all her bulk, and bodies of her men,
To utter ruin. For the seas retain
Not only their outrageous assault there,
But fierce assistants of particular fear,
And supernatural mischief, they expire,
And those are whirlwinds of devouring fire
Whisking about still. Th' Argive ship alone,
Which bore the care of all men, got her gone,

101 Πελειάς τρήσων. Columbae timidæ. What these doves were, and the whole mind of this place, the great Macedon asking Chiron Amphipolitus, he answered: They were the Pleiades or seven Stars. One of which (besides his proper imperfection of being ἀμφότερος, i.e. adeo exitis, vel subobscuros, ut vix apareat) is utterly obscured or let by these rocks. Why then, or how, Jove still supplied the lost one, that the number might be full, Athenæus falls to it, and helps the other out, interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetual septenary number, though there appeared but six. But how lame and loathsome these prosers show in their affected expositions of the poetical mind, this and an hundred others, spent in mere presumptuous guess at this inaccessible Poet, I hope will make plain enough to the most ensvious of any thing done, besides our own set censure, and most arrogant overweenings. In the 23 of the Iliads (being 7) at the games celebrated at Patroclus' funerals, they tied to the top of a mast πελειας τρῆσων, timidam columbam, to shoot at for a game, so that (by these great men's abovesaid expositions) they shot at the Pleiades.—CHAPMAN.

118 Νησί πάντων μέλανα, &c. Navis omnibus cura: the ship that held the care of all men, or of all things: which our critics will needs restrain, omnibus heroibus, Poetis omnibus, vel Histo-
Come from Areta. Yet perhaps ev’n she
Had wrack’d at those rocks, if the Deity,
That lies by Jove’s side, had not lent her hand
To their transmission; since the man, that mann’d
In chief that voyage, she in chief did love.
Of these two spiteful rocks, the one doth shooe
Against the height of heav’n her pointed brow.
A black cloud binds it round, and never show
Lends to the sharp point; not the clear blue sky
Lets ever view it, not the summer’s eye,
Nor fervent autumn’s. None that death could end
Could ever scale it, or, if up, descend,
Though twenty hands and feet he had for hold,
A polish’d ice-like glibness doth enfold
The rock so round, whose midst a gloomy cell
Shrouds so far westward that it sees to hell.
From this keep you as far, as from his bow
An able young man can his shaft bestow.
For here the whuling Scylta shrouds her face,

ricis, when the care of all men’s preservation is assumed to be the freight of it; as if poets and historians comprehended all things, when I scarce know any that makes them any part of their care. But this likewise is garbage good enough for the monster. Nor will I tempt our spurred consciences with expressing the divine mind it includes. Being afraid to affirm any good of poor poesy, since no man gets any goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-eyed starters at profanation are for nothing so afraid of it; as that lest their called consciences (scarcely believing the most real truth, in approbation of their lives) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in these contemned vanities (as their impieties please to call them) which by much more learned and pious than themselves have ever been called the raptures of divine inspiration, by which, Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit.—Plat.—CHAPMAN.

135 Δαιών λέγεται, &c. Graviler vociferans; as all most untruly translate it. As they do in the next verse these
That breathes a voice at all parts no more base
Than are a newly-kitten'd kitling's cries,
Herself a monster yet of boundless size,
Whose sight would nothing please a mortal's eyes,
No nor the eyes of any God, if he
(Whom nought should fright) fell foul on her, and she.
Her full shape shaw'd. Twelve foul feet bear about
Her ugly bulk. Six huge long necks look out
Of her rank shoulders; ev'ry neck doth let
A ghastly head out; ev'ry head three set,
Thick thrust together, of abhorred teeth,
And ev'ry tooth stuck with a sable death.

words σκίλακος νεογιλής catuli leonis, no lion being here
dreamed of, nor any vociferation. Δευνὸν λελακύνα signifying
indignam, dissimilem, or horribilem vor-m edens: but in what
kind horribilem? Not for the gravity or greatness of her
voice, but for the unworthy or disproportionable small
whuling of it; she being in the vast frame of her body, as
the very words πεστρόρ κακόν signify, monstrum ingenii; whose
disproportion and deformity is too poetically (and therein
elegantly) ordered for fat and flat prosers to comprehend.
Nor could they make the Poet's words serve their compre-
hension; and therefore they add of their own, λάκκα, from
whence λελακύνα is derived, signifying crepo, or stridulè clamó.
And σκίλακος νεογιλής is to be expounded, catuli nuper or
recens nati, not leonis. But thus they botch and abuse the
incomparable expressor, because they knew not how other-
wise to be monstrous enough themselves to help out the
monster. Imagining so huge a body must needs have
a voice as huge; and then would not our Homer have
likened it to a lion's whelp's voice, but to the lion's own; and
all had been much too little to make a voice answerable to
her hugeness. And therefore found our inimitable master
a new way to express her monstrous disproportion; per-
forming it so, as there can be nihil surrd. And I would fain
learn of my learned detractor, that will needs have me only
translate out of the Latin, what Latin translation tells me
this? Or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred
other such? Which may be some poor instance, or proof,
of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two
simple Poems, but not a syllable further will my silly spirit
presume.—G2APMAN.
She lurks in midst of all her den, and streaks
From out a ghastly whirlpool all her necks;
Where, gloting round her rock, to fish she falls;
And up rush dolphins, dogfish; sometimes whales,
If got within her when her rapine feeds;
For ever-groaning Amphitrite breeds
About her whirlpool an unmeasur'd store.
No sea-man ever boasted touch of shore
That there touch'd with his ship, but still she fed
Of him and his; a man for ev'ry head
Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descry
The other humbler rock, that moves so nigh
Your dart may mete the distance. It receives
A huge wild fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaves,
Beneath whose shades divine Charybdis sits,
Supping the black deeps. Thrice a day her pits
She drinking all dry, and thrice a day again
All up she belches, baneful to sustain.
When she is drinking, dare not near her draught,
For not the force of Neptune, if once caught,
Can force your freedom. Therefore, in your strife
To 'scape Charybdis, labour all for life
To row near Scylla, for she will but have
For her six heads six men; and better save
The rest, than all make off 'rings to the wave.'

This need she told me of my loss, when I
Desir'd to know, if that Necessity,
When I had 'scap'd Charybdis' outrages,
My pow'rs might not revenge, though not redress?
She answer'd: 'O unhappy! art thou yet
Enflamm'd with war, and thirst to drink thy sweat?'

150 *Streaks*—stretches. See Bk. ix. 416.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Not to the Gods give up both arms and will?
She deathless is, and that immortal ill
Grave, harsh, outrageous, not to be subdued,
That men must suffer till they be renew'd.
Nor lives there any virtue that can fly
The vicious outrage of their cruelty.
Shouldst thou put arms on, and approach the rock,
I fear six more must expiate the shock.
Six heads six men ask still. Hoise sail, and fly,
And, in thy flight, aloud on Cratis cry
(Great Scylla's mother, who expos'd to light,
The bane of men) and she will do such right
To thy observance, that she down will tread
Her daughter's rage, nor let her show a head.

From thenceforth then, for ever past her care,
Thou shalt ascend the isle triangular,
Where many oxen of the Sun are fed,
And fatted flocks. Of oxen fifty head
In ev'ry herd feed, and their herds are seven;
And of his fat flocks is their number even.
Increase they yield not, for they never die.
There ev'ry shepherdess a Deity.
Fair Phaëthusa, and Lampetie,
The lovely Nymphs are that their guardians be,
Who to the daylight's lofty-going Flame
Had gracious birthright from the heav'nly Dame,
Still young Neaera; who (brought forth and bred)
Far off dismiss'd them, to see duly fed
Their father's herds and flocks in Sicily.
These herds and flocks if to the Deity
Ye leave, as sacred things, untouch'd, and on

Sicily.
The Sun.
Go with all fit care of your home, alone,
{Though through some suff’rance} you yet safe shall land
In wish’d Ithaca. But if impious hand
You lay on those herds to their hurts, I then
Presage sure ruin to thy ship and men.
If thou escap’st thyself, extending home
Thy long’d-for landing, thou shalt loaded come
With store of losses, most exceeding late,
And not consorted with a save’d mate.’

This said, the golden-thron’d Aurora rose,
She her way went, and I did mine dispose
Up to my ship, weigh’d anchor, and away.
When rev’rend Circe help’d us to convey
Our vessel safe, by making well inclin’d
A seaman’s true companion, a forewind,
With which she fill’d our sails; when, fitting all
Our arms close by us, I did sadly fall
To grave relation what concern’d in fate
My friends to know, and told them that the state
Of our affairs’ success, which Circe had
Presag’d to me alone, must yet be made
To one nor only two known, but to all;
That, since their lives and deaths were left to fall
In their elections, they might life elect,
And give what would preserve it fit effect.

I first inform’d them, that we were to fly
The heav’nly-singing Sirens’ harmony,
And flow’r-adornèd meadow; and that I
Had charge to hear their song, but fetter’d fast
In bands, unfavour’d, to th’ erected mast,
From whence, if I should pray, or use command,
To be enlarg’d, they should with much more band
Contain my stragglings. This I simply told
To each particular, nor would withheld
What most enjoined mine own affection’s stay,
That theirs the rather might be taught t’ obey.

In mean time flew our ships, and straight we fetched
The Siren’s isle; a spleenless wind so stretch’d
Her wings to waft us, and so urg’d our keel.
But having reach’d this isle, we could not feel
The least gasp of it, it was stricken dead,
And all the sea in prostrate slumber spread,
The Sirens’ devil charm’d all. Uf then flew
My friends to work, struck sail, together drew,
And under hatches stow’d them, sat, and plied
The polish’d oars, and did in curls divide
The white-head waters. My part then came on:
A mighty waxen cake I set upon,
Chopp’d it in fragments with my sword, and wrought
With strong hand ev’ry piece, till all were soft
The great pow’r of the sun, in such a beam
As then flew burning from his diadem,
To liquefaction help’d us. Orderly
I stopp’d their ears; and they as fair did ply
My feet and hands with cords, and to the mast
With other halsers made me soundly fast.

Then took they seat, and forth our passage strook,
The foamy sea beneath their labour shook.

Row’d on, in reach of an excited voice,
The Sirens soon took note, without our noise,
Tun’d those sweet accents that made charms so strong,
And these learn’d numbers made the Sirens’ song:

‘Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise,
Ulysses! stay thy ship, and that song hear
That none pass'd ever but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd, and instructed more
By us, than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever all the earth can show
'To inform a knowledge of desert, we know.'

This they gave accent in the sweetest strain
That ever open'd an enamour'd vein.
When my constrain'd heart needs would have mine ear
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear.
To which end I commanded with all sign
Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine
Had pow'r to stir) my friends to rise, and give
My limbs free way. They freely striv'd to drive
Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,
Eurylochus and Perimedes rose
To wrap me surer, and oppress'd me more
With many a halser than had use before.
When, rowing on without the reach of sound,
My friends unstopp'd their ears, and me unbound,
And that isle quite we quitted. But again
Fresh fears employ'd us. I beheld a main
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend,
A horrid murmur hearing. Ev'ry friend
Astonish'd sat; from ev'ry hand his oar
Fell quite forsaken; with the dismal roar
Were all things there made echoes; stone-still stood
Our ship itself, because the ghastly flood
TOOK all men's motions from her in their own.
I through the ship went, labouring up and down
My friends' recover'd spirits. One by one
I gave good words, and said: That well were known
These ills to them before, I told them all,
And that these could not prove more capital
Than those the Cyclops block'd us up in, yet
My virtue, wit, and heav'n-help'd counsels set
Their freedoms open. I could not believe
But they remember'd it, and wish'd them give
My equal care and means now equal trust.
This strength they had for stirring up they must
Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid
His pow'r's in theirs up, and would add his aid
To 'scape ev'n that death. In particular then,
I told our pilot, that past other men
He must most bear firm spirits, since he sway'd
The continent that all our spirits convey'd,
In his whole guide of her. He saw there boil
The fiery whirlpools that to all our spoil
Inclos'd a rock, without which he must steer,
Or all our ruins stood concluded there.
All heard me and obey'd, and little knew
That, shunning that rock, six of them should rue
The wrack another hid. For I conceal'd
The heavy wounds, that never would be heal'd,
To be by Scylla open'd; for their fear
Would then have robb'd all of all care to steer,
Or stir an oar, and made them hide beneath,
When they and all had died an idle death.
But then ev'n I forgot to shun the harm

323 Continent—ship, that which contained us.
Circe forewarn’d; who will’d I should not arm,
Nor show myself to Scylla, lest in vain
I ventur’d life. Yet could not I contain,
But arm’d at all parts, and two lances took,
Up to the foredeck went, and thence did look
That rocky Scylla would have first appear’d
And taken my life with the friends I fear’d.

From thence yet no place could afford her sight,
Though through the dark rock mine eye threw her light,
And ransack’d all ways. I then took a strait
That gave myself, and some few more, receit
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; whence we saw
How horridly Charybdis’ throat did draw
The brackish sea up, which when all abroad
She spit again out, never caldron sod
With so much fervour, fed with all the store
That could enrage it; all the rock did roar
With troubled waters; round about the tops
Of all the steep crags flew the foamy drops.

But when her draught the sea and earth dissunder’d,
The troubled bottoms turn’d up, and she thunder’d,
Far under shore the swart sands naked lay.
Whose whole stern sight the startled blood did fray
From all our faces. And while we on her
Our eyes bestow’d thus to our ruin’s fear,
Six friends had Scylla snatch’d out of our keel,
In whom most loss did force and virtue feel.
When looking to my ship, and lending eye
To see my friends’ estates, their heels turn’d high,
And hands cast up, I might discern, and hear
Their calls to me for help, when now they were
To try me in their last extremities.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

And as an angler med'cine for surprise
Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks,
From out the crook'd horn of a fold-bred ox,
And then with his long angle hoists them high
Up to the air, then slightly hurls them by,
When helpless sprawling on the land they lie;
So eas'ly Scylla to her rock had rapt
My woeful friends, and so unhelp'd entrapt
Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape,
Who in their tortures, des'rate of escape,
Shriek'd as she tore, and up their hands to me
Still threw for sweet life. I did never see,
In all my suff'rance ransacking the seas,
A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus having fled these rocks (these cruel dames
Scylla, Charybdis) where the King of flames
Hath off'rings burn'd to him, our ship put in
The island that from all the earth doth win
The epithet Fauntless, where the broad-of-head
And famous oxen for the Sun are fed,
With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
Set in my ship, mine ear reach'd where we rode
The bellowing of oxen, and the bleat
Of fleecy sheep, that in my memory's seat
Put up the forms that late had been imprest
By dread Æean Circe, and the best
Of souls and prophets, the blind Theban seer,
The wise Tiresias, who was grave decreer
Of my return's whole means; of which this one
In chief he urg'd—that I should always shun
The island of the man-delighting Sun.
When, sad at heart for our late loss, I pray'd
My friends to hear fit counsel (though dismay'd
With all ill fortunes) which was giv'n to me
By Circe's and Tiresias' prophecy,—
That I should fly the isle where was ador'd
The Comfort of the world, for ills abhor'r'd
Were ambush'd for us there; and therefore will'd
They should put off and leave the isle. This kill'd
Their tender spirits; when Eurylochus
A speech that vex'd me utter'd, answ'ring thus:
'Cruel Ulysses! Since thy nerves abound
In strength, the more spent, and no toils confound
Thy able limbs, as all beat out of steel,
Thou ablest us too, as unapt to feel
The teeth of Labour, and the spoil of Sleep,
And therefore still wet waste us in the deep,
Nor let us land to eat but madly now
In night put forth, and leave firm land to strow
The sea with errors. All the rabid flight
Of winds that ruin ships are bred in night.
Who is it that can keep off cruel Death,
If suddenly should rush out th' angry breath
Of Notus, or the eager-spirited West,
That cuff ships dead, and do the Gods their best?
Serve black Night still with shore, meat, sleep, and ease,
And offer to the Morning for the seas.'

This all the rest approv'd, and then knew I
That past all doubt the Devil did apply
His slaught'rous works. Nor would they be withheld;
I was but one, nor yielded but compell'd.

The Comfort of the world—the Sun. (Δεμιουργὸς)

Abest—the word here seems used in the same sense as
Shakespeare, King Lear, iv. 6. See Nares in v.
But all that might contain them I assay'd,
A sacred oath on all their pow'rs I laid,
That if with herds or any richest flocks
Well chanc'd t' encounter, neither sheep nor ox
We once should touch, nor (for that constant ill
That follows folly) scorn advice and kill,
But quiet sit us down and take such food
As the immortal Circe had bestow'd.

They swore all this in all severest sort;
And then we anchor'd in the winding port
Near a fresh river, where the long'd-for shore
They all flew out to, took in victualls store,
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their loss by Scylla, weeping till they slept.

In night's third part, when stars began to stoop,
The Cloud-assembler put a tempest up.
A boist'rous spirit he gave it, drave out all
His flocks of clouds, and let such darkness fall
That Earth and Seas, for fear, to hide were driv'n,
For with his clouds he thrust out Night from heav'n.

At morn we drew our ships into a cave,
In which the Nymphs that Phoebus' cattle drave
Fair dancing-rooms had, and their seats of state.
I urg'd my friends then, that, to shun their fate,
They would observe their oath, and take the food
Our ship afforded, nor attempt the blood
Of those fair herds and flocks, because they were
The dreadful God's that all could see and hear.

They stood observant, and in that good mind
Had we been gone; but so adverse the wind
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.
For one whole month perpetually did blow
Impetuous Notus, not a breath's repair
But his and Eurus' rul'd in all the air.
As long yet as their ruddy wine and bread
Stood out amongst them, so long not a head
Of all those oxen fell in any strife
Amongst those students for the gut and life;
But when their victuals fail'd they fell to prey,
Necessity compell'd them then to stray
In rape of fish and fowl; whatever came
In reach of hand or hook, the belly's flame
Afflicted to it. I then fell to pray'r,
And (making to a close retreat repair,
Free from both friends and winds) I wash'd my hands,
And all the Gods besought, that held commands
In liberal heav'n, to yield some mean to stay
Their desp'rate hunger, and set up the way
Of our return restrain'd. The Gods, instead
Of giving what I pray'd for—pow'r of deed—
A deedless sleep did on my lids distill,
For mean to work upon my friends their fill.
For whiles I slept, there wak'd no mean to curb
Their headstrong wants; which he that did disturb
My rule in chief at all times, and was chief
To all the rest in counsel to their grief,
Knew well, and of my present absence took
His fit advantage, and their iron strook
At highest heat. For, feeling their desire
In his own entrails, to allay the fire
That Famine blew in them, he thus gave way
To that affection: 'Hear what I shall say,
Though words will staunch no hunger, ev'ry death
To us poor wretches that draw temporal breath
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

You know is hateful; but, all know, to die
The death of Famine is a misery
Past all death loathsome. Let us, therefore, take
The chief of this fair herd, and off ’rings make
To all the Deathless that in broad heav’n live,
And in particular vow, if we arrive
In natural Ithaca, to straight erect
A temple to the Haughty-in-aspect,
Rich and magnificent, and all within
Deck it with relics many and divine.
If yet he stands incens’d, since we have slain
His high-brow’d herd, and, therefore, will sustain
Desire to wrack our ship, he is but one,
And all the other Gods that we alone
With our divine rites will their suffrage give
To our design’d return, and let us live.
If not, and all take part, I rather crave
To serve with one soul death the yawning wave,
Than in a desert island lie and servce,
And with one pin’d life many deaths observe.’

All cried ‘He counsels nobly,’ and all speed
Made to their resolute driving; for the feed
Of those coal-black, fair, broad-brow’d, sun-lov’d beeves
Had place close by our ships. They took the lives
Of sense, most eminent; about their fall
Stood round, and to the States Celestial
Made solemn vows; but other rites their ship
Could not afford them, they did, therefore, strip
The curl’d-head oak of fresh young leaves, to make
Supply of service for their barley-cake.
And on the sacredly-enflam’d, for wine,

518 Sense.—Qy. seven the most eminent? No number is
specified in the Greek.
Pour'd purest water, all the parts divine  
Spitting and roasting; all the rites beside  
Orderly using. Then did light divide  
My low and upper lids; when, my repair  
Made near my ship, I met the delicate air  
Their roast exhal'd; out instantly I cried,  
And said: 'O Jove, and all ye Deified,  
Ye have oppress'd me with a cruel sleep,  
While ye conferr'd on me a loss as deep  
As Death descends to. To themselves alone  
My rude men left ungovern'd, they have done  
A deed so impious, I stand well assur'd,  
That you will not forgive though ye procur'd.'

Then flew Lampetie with the ample robe  
Up to her father with the golden globe,  
Ambassadress t' inform him that my men  
Had slain his oxen. Heart-incensed then,  
He cried: 'Revenge me, Father, and the rest  
Both ever-living and for ever blest!  
Ulysses' impious men have drawn the blood  
Of those my oxen that it did me good  
To look on, walking all my starry round,  
And when I trod earth all with meadows crown'd,  
Without your full amends I'll leave heav'n quite,  
Dis and the dead adorning with my light.'

The Cloud-herd answer'd: 'Son! Thou shalt be ours,  
And light those mortals in that mine of flow'rs!  
My red-hot flash shall graze but on their ship,  
And eat it, burning, in the boiling deep.'

This by Calypso I was told, and she  
Inform'd it from the verger Mercury.

Come to our ship, I chid and told by name
Each man how impiously he was to blame.
But chiding got no peace, and beeves were slain!
When straight the Gods forewent their following pain
With dire ostents. The hides the flesh had lost
Crept all before them. As the flesh did roast,
It bellow'd like the ox itself alive.
And yet my soldiers did their dead beeves drive
Through all these prodigies in daily feasts.
Six days they banqueted and slew fresh beasts;
And when the sev'nth day Jove reduc'd the wind
That all the month rag'd, and so in did bind
Our ship and us, was turn'd and calm'd, and we
Launch'd, put up masts, sails hoiséd, and to sea.
The island left so far that land nowhere
But only sea and sky had pow'r t' appear,
Jove fix'd a cloud above our ship, so black
That all the sea it darken'd. Yet from wrack
She ran a good free time, till from the West
Came Zephyr ruffling forth, and put his breast
Out in a singing tempest, so most vast
It burst the gables that made sure our mast.
Our masts came tumbling down, our cattle down
Rush'd to the pump, and by our pilot's crown
The main-mast pass'd his fall, pash'd all his skull,
And all this wrack but one flaw made at full.
Off from the stern the sternsman diving fell,
And from his sinews flew his soul to hell.
Together all this time Jove's thunder chid,
And through and through the ship his lightning glid,
Till it embrac'd her round; her bulk was fill'd
With nasty sulphur, and her men were kill'd,
Tumbled to sea, like sea-mews swum about,
And there the date of their return was out.
I toss'd from side to side still, till all-broke
Her ribs were with the storm, and she did choke
With let-in surges; for the mast torn down
Tore her up piecemeal, and for me to drown
Left little undissolv'd. But to the mast
There was a leather thong left, which I cast
About it and the keel, and so sat tost
With baneful weather, till the West had lost
His stormy tyranny. And then arose
The South, that bred me more abhor'd woes;
For back again his blasts expell'd me quite
On ravenous Charybdis. All that night
I totter'd up and down, till Light and I
At Scylla's rock encounter'd, and the nigh
Dreadful Charybdis. As I drave on these,
I saw Charybdis supping up the seas,
And had gone up together, if the tree
That bore the wild figs had not rescued me;
To which I leap'd, and left my keel, and high
Chamb'ring upon it did as close imply
My breast about it as a reremouse could;
Yet might my feet on no stub fasten hold
To ease my hands, the roots were crept so low
Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow
The far-spread arms that, though good height I gat,
I could not reach them. To the main bole flat
I, therefore, still must cling; till up again
She belch'd my mast, and after that amain
My keel came tumbling. So at length it chanc'd
To me, as to a judge that long advanc'd

Chambering—The word is doubtless clambering.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

To judge a sort of hot young fellows' jars,
A length time frees him from their civil wars,
When glad he riseth and to dinner goes;
So time, at length, releas'd with joys my woes,
And from Charybdis' mouth appear'd my keel.
To which, my hand now loos'd and now my heel,
I altogether with a huge noise dropp'd,
Just in her midst fell, where the mast was propp'd,
And there row'd off with owers of my hands.
God and man's Father would not from her sands
Let Scylla see me, for I then had died
That bitter death that my poor friends supplied.

Nine days at sea I hover'd; the tenth night
In th' isle Ogygia, where, about the bright
And right renown'd Calypso, I was cast
By pow'r of Deity; where I lived embrac'd
With love and feasts. But why should I relate
Those kind occurrences? I should iterate
What I in part to your chaste queen and you
So late imparted. And, for me to grow
A talker-over of my tale again,
Were past my free contentment to sustain."

"Owers—oars. The old orthography would show that
the word was often pronounced as a disyllable.

FINIS DUODECIMI LIBRI HOM. ODYSS.

Opus novem diemum.

Σὺν Ἡμῖν.

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