When here at home he is arriv'd at state
Of man's first youth he shall initiate
His practis'd feet in travel made abroad,
And to Parnassus, where mine own abode
And chief means lie, address his way, where I
Will give him from my open'd treasury
What shall return him well, and fit the fame
Of one that had the honour of his name."

For these fair gifts he went, and found all grace
Of hands and words in him and all his race.
Amphithea, his mother's mother, too,
Applied her to his love, withal, to do
In grandame's welcomes, both his fair eyes kist,
And brows; and then commanded to assist
Were all her sons by their respected sire
In furnishing a feast, whose ears did fire
Their minds with his command; who home straight led
A five-years-old male ox, fell'd, slew, and slay'd,
Gather'd about him, cut him up with art,
Spitted, and roasted, and his ev'ry part
Divided orderly. So all the day
They spent in feast; no one man went his way
Without his fit fill. When the sun was set,
And darkness rose, they slept, till day's fire het
Th' enlighten'd earth; and then on hunting went
Both hounds and all Autolycus' descent.
In whose guide did divine Ulysses go,
Climb'd steep Parnassus, on whose forehead grow
All sylvan offsprings round. And soon they reach'd
The concaves, whence air's sounding vapours fetch'd
Their loud descent. As soon as any sun
Had from the ocean, where his waters run
In silent deepness, rais'd his golden head,
The early huntsmen all the hill had spread,
Their hounds before them on the searching trail,
They near, and ever eager to assail:
Ulysses brandishing a lengthful lance,
Of whose first flight he long'd to prove the chance.

Then found they lodg'd a boar of bulk extreme,
In such a queach as never any beam
The sun shot pierc'd, nor any pass let find
The moist impressions of the fiercest wind,
Nor any storm the sternest winter drives,
Such proof it was; yet all within lay leaves
In mighty thickness; and through, all this flow
The hounds' loud mouths. Thesoundsthetumult threw,
And all together, rous'd the boar, that rush'd
Amongst their thickest, all his bristles push'd
From forth his rough neck, and with flaming eyes
Stood close, and dar'd all. On which horrid prise
Ulysses first charg'd; whom above the knee
The savage struck, and rac'd it crookedly
Along the skin, yet never reach'd the bone.
Ulysses' lance yet through him quite was thrown,
At his right shoulder ent'ring, at his left
The bright head passage to his keenness cleft,
And show'd his point gilt with the gushing gore.
Down in the dust tell the extended boar,

610 *Queach.*—Chapman uses this word for *thicket*, thus,—
"All sylvan copses, and the fortresses
Of thorniest queaches."—*Hymn to Pan*, 12.
Skinner says "dumetum, vepratum, locus arbusculis stipatus." Drayton generally uses the word *queachy* for *squashy, boggy*. I am inclined to think the word, as used by Chapman, is allied to *quick, quickset*. 
And forth his life flew. To Ulysses round
His uncle drew; who, woeful for his wound,
With all art bound it up, and with a charm
Stay’d straight the blood, went home, and, when the harm
Receiv’d full cure, with gifts, and all event
Of joy and love to his lov’d home they sent
Their honour’d nephew; whose return his sire
And rev’rend mother took with joys entire,
Enquir’d all passages, all which he gave
In good relation, nor of all would save
His wound from utterance; by whose scar he came
To be discover’d by this aged dame.

Which when she cleansing felt, and noted well,
Down from her lap into the caldron fell
His weighty foot, that made the brass resound,
Turn’d all aside, and on th’ embrew’d ground
Spilt all the water. Joy and grief together
Her breast invaded; and of weeping weather
Her eyes stood full; her small voice stuck within
Her part expressive; till at length his chin
She took and spake to him: “O son,” said she,
“Thou art Ulysses, nor canst other bo;
Nor could I know thee yet, till all my king
I had gone over with the warm’d spring.”

Then look’d she for the Queen to tell her all;
And yet knew nothing sure, though nought could fall
In compass of all thoughts to make her doubt,
Minerva that distraction struck throughout
Her mind’s rapt forces that she might not tell.

*Embrewed*—imbruéd with moisture. The word is frequent in our older writers for *soiled.*

*Her part expressive*—mouth. One of Chapman’s quaintnesses.
Ulysses, noting yet her aptness well,
With one hand took her chin, and made all show
Of favour to her, with the other drew
Her offer'd parting closer, ask'd her why
She, whose kind breast had nurs'd so tenderly
His infant life, would now his age destroy,
Though twenty years had held him from the joy
Of his lov'd country? But, since only she,
God putting her in mind, now knew 'twas he,
He charg'd her silence, and to let no ear
In all the court more know his being there,
Lest, if God gave into his wreakful hand
Th' insulting Wooers' lives, he did not stand
On any partial respect with her,
Because his nurse, and to the rest prefer
Her safety therefore, but, when they should feel
His punishing finger, give her equal steel.

"What words," said she, "fly your retentive pow'rs?
You know you lock your counsels in your tow'rs
In my firm bosom, and that I am far
From those loose frailties. Like an iron bar,
Or bolt of solid'st stone, I will contain;
And tell you this besides; that if you gain,
By God's good aid, the Wooers' lives in yours,
What dames are here their shameless paramours,
And have done most dishonour to your worth,
My information well shall paint you forth."

"It shall not need," said he, "myself will soon,
While thus I mask here, set on ev'ry one
My sure observance of the worst and best.
Be thou then silent, and leave God the rest."

This said, the old dame for more water went,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

The rest was all upon the pavement spent
By known Ulysses' foot. More brought, and he
Supplied beside with sweetest ointments, she
His seat drew near the fire, to keep him warm,
And with his piec'd rags hiding close his harm.
The Queen came near, and said: "Yet, guest, afford
Your further patience, till but in a word
I'll tell my woes to you; for well I know
That Rest's sweet hour her soft foot orders now,
When all poor men, how much soever griev'd,
Would gladly get their woe-watch'd pow'rs reliev'd.
But God hath giv'n my grief a heart so great
It will not down with rest, and so I set
My judgment up to make it my delight.
All day I mourn, yet nothing let the right
I owe my charge both in my work and maids;
And when the night brings rest to others' aids
I toss my bed; Distress, with twenty points,
Slaught'ring the pow'rs that to my turning joints
Convey the vital heat. And as all night
Pandareus' daughter, poor Edone, sings,
Clad in the verdure of the yearly springs,
When she for Itylus, her loved son,
By Zethus' issue in his madness done
To cruel death, pours out her hourly moan,
And draws the ears to her of ev'ry one;
So flows my moan that cuts in two my mind,
And here and there gives my discourse the wind,
Uncertain whether I shall with my son
Abide still here, the safe possession
And guard of all goods, rev'rence to the bed

70 Edone—Andéa, the nightingale.
Of my lov'd lord, and to my far-off spread
Fame with the people, putting still in use,
Or follow any best Greek I can chuse
To his fit house, with treasure infinite,
Won to his nuptials. While the infant plight
And want of judgment kept my son in guide,
He was not willing with my being a bride,
Nor with my parting from his court; but now,
Arriv'd at man's state, he would have me vow
My love to some one of my Wooers here,
And leave his court; offended that their cheer
Should so consume his free possessions.
To settle then a choice in these my moans,
Hear and expound a dream that did engrave
My sleeping fancy: Twenty geese I have,
All which, methought, mine eye saw tasting wheat
In water steep'd, and joy'd to see them eat;
When straight a crook-beak'd eagle from a hill
Stoop'd, and truss'd all their necks, and all did kill;
When, all left scatter'd on the pavement there,
She took her wing up to the Gods' fair sphere.
I, ev'n amid my dream, did weep and mourn
To see the eagle, with so shrewd a turn,
Stoop my sad turrets; when, methought, there came
About my mournings many a Grecian dame,
To cheer my sorrows; in whose most extreme
The hawk came back, and on the prominent beam
That cross'd my chamber fell, and us'd to me
A human voice, that sounded horribly,
And said: 'Be confident, Icarius' seed,
This is no dream, but what shall chance indeed.
The geese the Wooers are, the eagle, I,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 167

Was heretofore a fowl, but now imply
Thy husband's being, and am come to give
The Wooers' death, that on my treasure live.' 755
With this sleep left me, and my waking way
I took, to try if any violent prey
Were made of those my fowls, which well enough
I, as before, found feeding at their trough
Their yoted wheat." "O woman," he replied, 760
"Thy dream can no interpretation bide
But what the eagle made, who was your lord,
And said himself would sure effect afford
To what he told you; that confusion
To all the Wooers should appear, and none 765
Escape the fate and death he had decreed."

She answer'd him: "O guest, these dreams exceed
The art of man t' interpret; and appear
Without all choice or form; nor ever were
Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are 770
To these light dreams, that like thin vapours fare,
Two two-leav'd gates, the one of ivory,
The other horn. Those dreams, that fantasy
Takes from the polish'd ivory port, delude
The dreamer ever, and no truth include;
Those, that the glitt'ring horn-gate lets abroad,
Do evermore some certain truth abide.
But this my dream I hold of no such sort
To fly from thence; yet, whichsoever port 780
It had access from, it did highly please
My son and me. And this my thoughts profess:
That day that lights me from Ulysses' court

760 Yoted—soaked in water. Grose says it is a West-
country word.
Shall both my infamy and curse consort.
I, therefore, purpose to propose them now,
In strong contention, Ulysses' bow;
Which he that eas'ly draws, and from his draft
Shoots through twelve axes (as he did his shaft,
All set up in a row, and from them all
His stand-far-off kept firm) my fortunes shall
Dispose, and take me to his house from hence,
Where I was wed a maid, in confluence
Of feast and riches; such a court here then
As I shall ever in my dreams retain."

"Do not," said he, "defer the gameful prize,
But set to task their importunities
With something else than nuptials; for your lord
Will to his court and kingdom be restor'd
Before they thread those steels, or draw his bow."

"O guest," replied Penelope, "would you
Thus sit and please me with your speech, mine ears
Would never let mine eyelids close their spheres!
But none can live without the death of sleep.
Th' Immortals in our mortal memories keep
Our ends and deaths by sleep, dividing so,
As by the fate and portion of our woe,
Our times spent here, to let us nightly try
That while we live, as much live as we die.
In which use I will, to my bed ascend,
Which I bedew with tears, and sigh past end
Through all my hours spent, since I lost my joy.
For vile, lewd, never-to-be-nam'd, Troy.
Yet there I'll prove for sleep, which take you here,
Or on the earth, if that your custom were,
Or have a bed, dispos'd for warmer rest."
Thus left she with her ladies her old guest,
Ascended her fair chamber, and her bed,
Whose sight did ever duly make her shed
Tears for her lord; which still her eyes did steep,
Till Pallas shut them with delightsome sleep.

THE END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS.
THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses, in the wooers' beds,
Resolving first to kill the maids.
That sentence giving off, his care
For other objects doth prepare.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

ψ. Jove's thunder chides,
   But cheers the King,
The wooers' prides
   Discomfiting.

ULYSSES in the entry laid his head,
And under him an ox-hide newly-slay'd,
Above him sheep-fells store; and over
   those
Eurynome cast mantles. His repose
Would bring no sleep yet, studying the ill
He wish'd the wooers; who came by him still,
With all their wenches, laughing, wantoning,
In mutual lightness; which his heart did sting,
Contending two ways, if, all patience fled,
He should rush up and strike those strumpets dead,
Homer's Odysseys.

Or let that night be last, and take th' extreme
Of those proud Wooers, that were so supreme
In pleasure of their high-fed fantasies.
His heart did bark within him to surprise
Their sports with spoils; no fell she-mastiff can,
Amongst her whelps, fly eag'rer on a man.
She doth not know, yet scents him something near,
And fain would come to please her tooth, and tear,
Than his disdain, to see his roof so fil'd
With those foul fashions, grew within him wild
To be in blood of them. But, finding best
In his free judgment to let passion rest,
He chid his angry spirit, and beat his breast,
And said: "Forbear, my mind, and think on this:
There hath been time when bitter agonies
Have tried thy patience. Call to mind the day
In which the Cyclop, which pass'd manly sway
Of violent strength, devour'd thy friends; thou then
Stood'st firmly bold, till from that hellish den
Thy wisdom brought thee off, when nought but death
Thy thoughts resolv'd on." This discourse did breathe
The fiery boundings of his heart, that still
Lay in that Æsture, without end his ill
Yet manly suff'ring. But from side to side
It made him toss apace. You have not tried
A fellow roasting of a pig before!
A hasty fire, his belly yielding store
Of fat and blood, turn faster, labour more
To have it roast, and would not have it burn,
Than this and that way his unrest made turn
His thoughts and body, would not quench the fire,
And yet not have it heighten his desire
Past his discretion, and the fit enough
Of haste and speed, that went to all the proof
His well-laid plots, and his exploits requir'd,
Since he, but one, to all their deaths asir'd.

In this contention Pallas stoop'd from heav'n,
Stood over him, and had her presence giv'n
A woman's form, who sternly thus began:
"Why, thou most sour and wretched-fated man
Of all that breathe, yet liest thou thus awake?
The house in which thy cares so toss and take
Thy quiet up is thine; thy wife is there;
And such a son, as if thy wishes were
To be suffic'd with one they could not mend."

"Goddess," said he, "'tis true; but I contend
To right their wrongs, and, though I be but one,
To lay unhelp'd and weakful hand upon
This whole resort of impudent, that here
Their rude assemblies never will forbear.
And yet a greater doubt employs my care,
That if their slaughters in my reaches are,
And I perform them, Jove and you not pleas'd,
How shall I fly their friends? And would stand seis'd
Of counsel to resolve this care in me."

"Wretch," she replied, "a friend of worse degree
Might win thy credence, that a mortal were,
And us'd to second thee, though nothing near
So pow'rful in performance nor in care;
Yet I, a Goddess, that have still had share
In thy achievements, and thy person's guard,
Must still be doubted by thy brain, so hard
To credit anything above thy pow'r;

Seized—put in possession of.
And that must come from heav'n; if ev'ry hour
There be not personal appearance made,
And aid direct giv'n, that may sense invade.
I'll tell thee, therefore, clearly: If there were
Of divers-languag'd men an army here
Of fifty companies, all driving hence
Thy sheep and oxen, and with violence
Offer'd to charge us, and besiege us round,
Thou shouldst their prey reprise, and them confound.
Let sleep then seize thee. To keep watch all night
Consumes the spirits, and makes dull the sight."
Thus pour'd the Goddess sleep into his eyes,
And reascended the Olympian skies.

When care-and-lament-resolving sleep
Had laid his temples in his golden steep,
His wise-in-chaste-wit-worthy wife did rise,
First sitting up in her soft bed, her eyes
Open'd with tears, in care of her estate,
Which now her friends resolv'd to terminate
To more delays, and make her marry one.
Her silent tears then ceas'd, her orison
This Queen of women to Diana made:
"Rev'rend Diana, let thy darts invade
My woeful bosom, and my life deprive,
Now at this instant, or soon after drive
My soul with tempests forth, and give it way
To those far-off dark vaults, where never day
Hath pow'r to shine, and let them cast it down
Where refluent Oceanus doth crown
His curl'd head, where Pluto's orchard is,
And entrance to our after miseries.
As such stern whirlwinds ravish'd to that stream
Pandareus' daughters, when the Gods to them
Had left their parents, and them left alone,
Poor orphan children, in their mansion;
Whose desolate life did Love's sweet Queen incline
To nurse with pressèd milk and sweetest wine;
Whom Juno deck'd beyond all other dames
With wisdom's light, and beauty's moving flames;
Whom Phœbe goodliness of stature render'd;
And to whose fair hands wise Minerva tender'd
The loom and needle in their utmost skill;
And while Love's Empress scal'd th' Olympian hill
To beg of lightning-loving Jove (since he
The means to all things knows, and doth decree
Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortal race)
For those poor virgins, the accomplish'd grace
Of sweetest nuptials, the fierce Harpies prey'd
On ev'ry good and miserable maid,
And to the hateful Furies gave them all
In horrid service; yet, may such fate fall
From steep Olympus on my loathed head,
Or fair-chair'd Phœbe strike me instant dead,
That I may undergo the gloomy shore
To visit great Ulysses' soul, before
I soothe my idle blood and wed a worse.
And yet, beneath how desperate a curse
Do I live now! 'tis an ill that may
Be well endur'd, to mourn the whole long day,
So night's sweet sleeps, that make a man forget
Both bad and good, in some degree would let
My thoughts leave grieving; but, both day and night,
Some cruel God gives my sad memory sight.

119 *Infortunes*—misfortunes, (A. N.)
This night, methought, Ulysses grac'd my bed
In all the goodly state with which he led
The Grecian army; which gave joys extreme
To my distress, esteeming it no dream,
But true indeed; and that conceit I had,
That when I saw it false I might be mad.
Such cruel fates command in my life's guide."

By this the morning's orient dews had dyed
The earth in all her colours; when the King,
In his sweet sleep, suppos'd the sorrowing
That she us'd waking in her plaintive bed
To be her mourning, standing by his head,
As having known him there; who straight arose,
And did again within the hall dispose
The carpets and the cushions, where before
They serv'd the seats. The hide without the door
He carried back, and then, with hold-up hands,
He pray'd to Him that heav'n and earth commands:

"O Father Jove, if through the moist and dry
You, willing, brought me home, when misery
Had punish'd me enough by your free dooms,
Let some of these within those inner rooms,
Startled with horror of some strange ostent,
Come here, and tell me that great Jove hath bent
Threat'nings without at some lewd men within."

To this his pray'r Jove shook his sable chin,
And thunder'd from those pure clouds that, above
The breathing air, in bright Olympus move.
Divine Ulysses joy'd to hear it roar.
Report of which a woman-miller bore
Straight to his ears; for near to him there ground
Mills for his corn, that twice six women found
Continual motion, grinding barley-meal,
And wheat, man's marrow. Sleep the eyes did seal
Of all the other women, having done
Their usual task; which yet this dame alone
Had scarce giv'n end to, being, of all the rest,
Least fit for labour. But when these sounds prest
Her ears, above the rumbling of her mill,
She let that stand, look'd out, and heav'n's steep hill
Saw clear and temp'rate; which made her (unaware
Of giving any comfort to his care
In that strange sign he pray'd for) thus invoke:

"O King of men and Gods, a mighty stroke
Thy thund'ring hand laid on the cope of stars,
No cloud in all the air; and therefore wars
Thou bidst to some men in thy sure ostent!
Perform to me, poor wretch, the main event,
And make this day the last, and most extreme,
In which the Wooers' pride shall solace them
With whorish banquets in Ulysses' roof,
That, with sad toil to grind them meal enough,
Have quite dissolv'd my knees. Vouchsafe, then, now
Thy thunders may their last feast foreshow."  
This was the boon Ulysses begg'd of Jove,
Which, with his thunder, through his bosom drove,
A joy, that this vaunt breath'd: "Why now these men,
Despite their pride, will Jove make pay me pain."

By this had other maids, than those that lay
Mix'd with the Wooers, made a fire like day
Amidst the hearth of the illustrious hall;
And then the Prince, like a Celestial,

Viz. That some from within might issue, and witness
in his hearing some wreakful ostent to his enemies from
heaven —Ch. 13. 4.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Rose from his bed, to his embalm'd feet tied
Fair shoes, his sword about his breast applied,
Took to his hand his sharp-pil'd lance, and met,
Amidst the entry, his old nurse, that set
His haste at sudden stand; to whom he said:

"O, my lov'd nurse, with what grace have you laid
And fed my guest here? Could you so neglect
His age, to lodge him thus? Though all respect
I give my mother's wisdom, I must yet
Affirm it fail'd in this; for she hath set
At much more price a man of much less worth,
Without his person's note, and yet casts forth
With ignominious hands, for his form sake,
A man much better." "Do not faulty make,
Good son, the faultless. He was giv'n his seat
Close to her side, and food till he would eat,
Wine till his wish was serv'd; for she requir'd
His wants, and will'd him all things he desir'd;
Commanded her chief maids to make his bed,
But he, as one whom sorrow only fed
And all infortune, would not take his rest
In bed, and cov'ring's fit for any guest,
But in the entry, on an ox's hide
Never at tanner's, his old limbs implied,
In warm sheep-fells; yet over all we cast
A mantle, fitting for a man more grac'd."

He took her answer, left the house, and went,
Attended with his dogs, to sift th' event
Of private plots, betwixt him and his sire
In common counsel. Then the crew entire

200
205
210
215
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225

Required—sought, enquired.
Infotune.—Suprâ, 119.
Of all the household maids Euryclea bad
Bestir them through the house, and see it clad
In all best form; gave all their parts; and one
She set to furnish ev’ry seat and throne
With needleworks, and purple clothes of state;
Another set to scour and cleanse the plate;
Another all the tables to make proud
With porous sponges; others she bestow’d
In all speed to the spring, to fetch from thence
Fit store of water; all at all expence
Of pains she will’d to be; for this to all
Should be a day of common festival,
And not a Wooer now should seek his home,
Elsewhere than there, but all were bid to come
Exceeding early, and be rais’d to heav’n
With all the entertainments could be giv’n.

They heard with greedy ears, and ev’rything
Put straight in practice. Twenty to the spring
Made speed for water; many in the house
Took pains; and all were both laborious
And skill’d in labour; many fell to fell
And cleave their wood; and all did more than well.

Then troop’d the lusty Wooers in; and then
Came all from spring; at their heels loaded men
With slaughter’d brawns, of all the herd the prize,
That had been long fed-up in sev’ral styes;
Eumæus and his men convey’d them there.

He, seeing now the king, began to cheer,
And thus saluted him: “How now, my guest,
Have yet your virtues found more interest

_Proud_—the sense is obvious, though the use would seem somewhat singular.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 179

In these great Wooers' good respects? Or still
Pursue they you with all their wonted ill?"

"I would to heav'n, Eumæus," he replied,
"The Deities once would take in hand their pride,
That such unseemly fashions put in frame
In others' roofs, as show no spark of shame."

Thus these; and to these came Melanthius,
Great guardian of the most egregious
Rich Wooers' herds, consisting all of goats;
Which he, with two more, drave, and made their cotes
The sounding porticos of that fair court.
Melanthius, seeing the king, this former sort
Of upland language gave: "What? Still stay here,
And duii these Wooers with thy wretched cheer?
Not gone for ever yet? Why now I see
This strife of cuffs betwixt the beggary,
That yesterday essay'd to get thee gone,
And thy more roguery, needs will fall upon
My hands to arbitrate. Thou wilt not hence
Till I set on thee; thy rag'd impudence
Is so fast-footed. Are there not beside
Other great banquetants, but you must ride
At anchor still with us?" He nothing said,
But thought of ill enough, and shook his head.

Then came Philoctius, a chief of men,
That to the Wooers' all-devouring den
A barren steer drave, and fat goats; for they
In custom were with traffickers by sea,
That who they would sent, and had ut'trance there.
And for these likewise the fair porches were
Hurdles and sheep-pens, as in any fair.
Philoctius took note in his repair
Of seen Ulysses, being a man as well
Giv'n to his mind's use as to buy and sell,
Or do the drudg'ry that the blood desir'd,
And, standing near Eumæus, this enquir'd:
"What guest is this that makes our house of late
His entertainer? Whence claims he the state
His birth in this life holds? What nation?
What race? What country stands his speech upor?
O'er hardly portion'd by the terrible Fates.
The structure of his lineaments relates
A king's resemblance in his pomp of reign
Ev'n thus in these rags. But poor erring men,
That have no firm home, but range here and there
As need compels, God keeps in this earth's sphere,
As under water, and this tune he sings,
When he is spinning ev'n the cares of kings."

Thus coming to him, with a kind of fear
He took his hand, and, touch'd exceeding near
With mere imagination of his worth,
This salutation he sent loudly forth:

"Health! Father stranger! In another world
Be rich and happy, though thou here art hurl'd
At feet of never such insulting Need.
O Jove, there lives no one God of thy seed
More ill to man than thou. Thou tak'st no ruth—
When thou thyself hast got him in most truth—
To wrap him in the straits of most distress,
And in the curse of others' wickedness.
My brows have swet to see it, and mine eyes
Broke all in tears, when this being still the guise
Of worthiest men, I have but only thought,
That down to these ills was Ulysses wrought,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

And that, thus clad, ev'n he is error-driv'n,
If yet he live and sees the light of heav'n.
But, if now dead, and in the house of hell,
O me! O good Ulysses! That my weal
Did ever wish, and when, but half a man
Amongst the people Cephalonian,
His bounty to his oxen's charge preferr'd
One in that youth; which now is grown a herd
 Unspeakable for number, and feed there
With their broad heads, as thick as of his car
A field of corn is to a man. Yet these
Some men advise me with this noted prease
Of Woes may devour, and wish me drive
Up to their feasts with them, that neither give
His son respect, though in his own free roof,
Nor have the wit to fear th' infallible proof
Of Heav'nly vengeance, but make offer now
The long lack'd King's possessions to bestow
In their self-shares. Methinks the mind in me
Doth turn as fast, as in a flood or sea
A raging whirlpit doth, to gather in
To fishy death those swimmers in their sin;
Or feeds a motion as circular
To drive my herds away. But while the son
Bears up with life, 'twere heinous wrong to run
To other people with them, and to trust
Men of another earth. And yet more just
It were to venture their laws, the main right
Made still their masters, than at home lose quite
Their right and them, and sit and grieve to see

323 Error-driven—driven wandering.
334 Advise—notify, warn. Still used in commercial lan-


-181-
The wrong authoriz'd by their gluttony.
And I had long since fled, and tried th' event
With other proud kings, since more insolent
These are than can be borne, but that ev'n still
I had a hope that this, though born to ill,
Would one day come from some coast, and their last
In his roofs strew with ruins red and vast."

"Herdsman," said he, "because thou art in show
Nor lewd nor indiscreet, and that I know
There rules in thee an understanding soul,
I'll take an oath, that in thee shall control
All doubt of what I swear: Be witness, Jove,
That sway'st the first seat of the thron'd above,
This hospitable table, and this house,
That still hold title for the strenuous
Son of Laertes, that, if so you please,
Your eyes shall witness Laertiades
Arriv'd at home, and all these men that reign
In such excesses here shall here lie slain!"

He answer'd: "Stranger! Would just Jove would sign
What you have sworn! In your eyes' beams should shine
What pow'rs I manage, and how these my hands
Would rise and follow where he first commands."

So said Eumæus, praying all the Sky
That wise Ulysses might arrive and try.
Thus while they vow'd, the Wooers sat as hard
On his son's death, but had their counsels scar'd,
For on their left hand did an eagle soar,
And in her seryes a fearful pigeon bore.
Which seen, Amphinomus presag'd: "O friends,
Our counsels never will receive their ends
In this man's slaughter. Let us therefore ply
Our bloody feast, and make his oxen die."

Thus came they in, cast off on seats their cloaks, And fell to giving sacrificing strokes Of sheep and goats, the chiefly fat and great, Slew fed-up swine, and from the herd a neat. The inwards roasted they dispos'd betwixt Their then observers, wine in flagons mixt.

The bowls Eumæus brought, Philætius bread, Melanthius fill'd the wine. Thus drank and fed The feastful Wooers. Then the prince, in grace Of his close project, did his father place Amidst the pav'd enty, in a seat Seemless and abject, a small board and meat Of 'th' only inwards; in a cup of gold Yet sent him wine, and bade him now drink bold, All his approaches he himself would free 'Gainst all the Wooers, since he would not see His court made popular, but that his sire Built it to his use. Therefore all the fire Blown in the Wooers' spleens he bade suppress, And that in hands nor words they should digress From that set peace his speech did then proclaim. They bit their lips and wonder'd at his aim In that brave language; when Antinous said: "Though this speech, Grecians, be a mere upbraid, Yet this time give it pass. The will of Jove Forbids the violence of our hands to move, But of our tongues we keep the motion free, And, therefore, if his further jollity Tempt our encounter with his braves, let's check His growing insolence, though pride to speak

**Made popular**—given up to the public.
Fly passing high with him." The wise prince made
No more spring of his speech, but let it fade.
And now the heralds bore about the town
The sacred hecatomb; to whose renown
The fair-hair'd Greeks assembled, and beneath 120
Apollo's shady wood the holy death
They put to fire; which, made enough, they drew,
Divided all, that did in th' end accrue
To glorious satisfaction. Those that were
Disposers of the feast did equal cheer 425
Bestow on wretched Laertiades,
With all the Wooers' souls; it so did please
Telemachus to charge them. And for these
Minerva would not see the malice's
The Wooers bore too much contain'd, that so 130
Ulysses' mov'd heart yet might higher flow
In wreekful anguish. There was wooing there,
Amongst the rest, a gallant that did bear
The name of one well-learn'd in jests profane,
His name Ctesippus, born a Samian; 435
Who, proud because his father was so rich,
Had so much confidence as did bewitch
His heart with hope to wed Ulysses' wife;
And this man said: "Hear me, my lords, in strife
For this great widow. This her guest did share
Even feast with us, with very comely care
Of him that order'd it; for 'tis not good
Nor equal to deprive guests of their food,
And specially whatever guest makes way
To that house where Telemachus doth sway; 445
And therefore I will add to his receit
A gift of very hospitable weight,
Which he may give again to any maid
That bathes his grave feet, and her pains see paid,
Or any servant else that the divine
Ulysses' lofty battlements confine."

Thus snatch'd he with a valiant hand, from out
The poor folks' common basket, a neat's foot,
And threw it at Ulysses; who his head
Shrunk quietly aside, and let it shed
His malice on the wall; the suff'ring man
A laughter raising most Sardinian,
With scorn and wrath mix'd, at the Samian.
Whom thus the prince reprov'd: "Your valour wan
Much grace, Ctesippus, and hath cas'd your mind
With mighty profit, yet you see it find
No mark it aim'd at; the poor stranger's part
Himself made good enough, to 'scape your dart.
But should I serve thee worthily, my lance
Should strike thy heart through, and, in place t' advance
Thyself in nuptials with his wealth, thy sire
Should make thy tomb here; that the foolish fire
Of all such valours may not dare to show
These foul indecencies to me. I now
Have years to understand my strength, and know
The good and bad of things, and am no more
At your large suffrance, to behold my store
Consum'd with patience, see my cattle slain,
My wine exhausted, and my bread in vain
Spent on your license; for to one then young
So many enemies were match too strong.

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Sardinian.—A Sardinian, or sardonic, laugh; from σαρδονιος a plant of Sardinia, which was said to distort the face of the eater. The reading, however, is generally σαρδώνιος, from σαρδώ, to grin like a dog, show the teeth.
But let me never more be witness to
Your hostile minds, nor those base deeds ye do;
For, should ye kill me in my offer’d wreak,
I wish it rather, and my death would speak
Much more good of me, than to live and see
Indignity upon indignity,
My guests provok’d with bitter words and blows,
My women-servants dragg’d about my house
To lust and rapture.” This made silence seize
The house throughout; till Damastorides
At length the calm brake, and said: “Friend, forbear
To give a just speech a disdainful ear;
The guest no more touch, nor no servant here.
Myself will to the Prince and Queen commend
A motion grateful, if they please to lend
Grateful receipt. As long as any hope
Left wise Ulysses any passage ope
To his return in our conceits, so long
The Queen’s delays to our demands stood strong
In cause and reason, and our quarrels thus
With guests, the Queen, or her Telemachus,
Set never foot amongst our lib’ral feast;
For should the King return, though thought deceas’d,
It had been gain to us, in finding him,
To lose his wife. But now, since nothing dim
The days break out that show he never more
Shall reach the dear touch of his country-shore,
Sit by your mother, in persuasion
That now it stands her honour much upon
To choose the best of us, and, who gives most,
To go with him home. For so, all things lost
In sticking on our haunt so, you shall clear
Recover in our no more concourse here,
Possess your birth-right wholly, eat and drink,
And never more on our disgraces think.”

“By Jove, 110, Agelaus! For I swear
By all my father's sorrows, who doth err
Far off from Ithaca, or rests in death,
I am so far from spending but my breath
To make my mother any more defer
Her wished nuptials, that I'll counsel her
To make her free choice; and besides will give
Large gifts to move her. But I fear to drive
Or charge her hence; for God will not give way
To any such course, if I should assay.”

At this, Minerva made for foolish joy
The Wooers mad, and rous'd their late annoy
To such a laughter as would never down.
They laugh'd with others' cheeks, ate meat o'erflow'n
With their own bloods, their eyes stood full of tears
For violent joys; their souls yet thought of fears,
Which Theoclymenus express'd, and said:

“O wretches! Why sustain ye, well apaid,
Your imminent ill? A night, with which death sees,
Your heads and faces hides beneath your knees;
Shrieks burn about you; your eyes thrust out tears;
These fix'd walls, and that main beam that bears
The whole house up, in bloody torrents fall;
The entry full of ghosts stands; full the hall
Of passengers to hell; and under all
The dismal shades; the sun sinks from the poles;
And troubled air pours bane about your souls.”

They sweetly laughed at this. Eurymachus
To mocks dispos'd, and said: “This new-come-t’us
Is surely mad, conduct him forth to light
In th' open market-place; he thinks 'tis night
Within the house." "Eurymachus," said he,
"I will not ask for any guide of thee,
I both my feet enjoy, have ears and eyes,
And no mad soul within me; and with these
Will I go forth the doors, because I know
That imminent mischief must abide with you,
Which not a man of all the Wooers here
Shall fly or 'scape. Ye all too highly bear
Your uncurb'd heads. Impieties ye commit,
And ev'ry man affect with forms unfit."
This said, he left the house, and took his way
Home to Piræus: who, as free as day,
Was of his welcome. When the Wooers' eyes
Chang'd looks with one another, and, their guise
Of laughter still held on, still eas'd their breasts
Of will to set the Prince against his guests,
Affirming that of all the men alive
He worst luck had, and prov'd it worst to give
Guests' entertainment; for he had one there
A wand'ring hunter-out of provender,
An errant beggar ev'ry way, yet thought
(He was so hungry) that he needed nought
But wine and victuals, nor knew how to do,
Nor had a spirit to put a knowledge to,
But liv'd an idle burthen to the earth.
Another then stepp'd up, and would lay forth
His lips in prophecy, thus: "But, would he hear
His friends' persuasions, he should find it were
More profit for him to put both aboard
For the Sicilian people, that afford
These feet of men good price; and this would bring
Good means for better guests." These words made wing
To his ears idly, who had still his eye
Upon his father, looking fervently
When he would lay his long-withholding hand
On those proud Wooers. And, within command
Of all this speech that pass’d, Icarius’ heir,
The wise Penelope, her royal chair
Had plac’d of purpose. Their high dinner then
With all-pleas’d palates these ridiculous men
Fell sweetly to, as joying they had slain
Such store of banquet. But there did not reign
A bitterer banquet-planet in all heav’n
Than that which Pallas had to that day driv’n,
And, with her able friend now, meant t’ appose,
Since they till then were in deserts so gross.

These feet of men, &c.—άνθρωποι τοις. —Chapman.
THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.
Penelope proposeth now
To him that draws Ulysses' bow
Her instant nuptials. Ithacus
Eumeus and Philetius
Gives charge for guarding of the gates;
And he his shaft shoots through the plates.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.
Φι. The nuptial vow
   And game rehearsed,
   Drawn is the bow,
   The steels are pierc'd.

ALLAS, the Goddess with the sparkling eyes,
   Excites Penelope t' object the prize,
   'The bow and bright steels, to the Wooers' strength;
Aud here began the strife and blood at length.
She first ascended by a lofty stair
Her utmost chamber; of whose door her fair
And half transparent hand receiv'd the key,
Bright, brazen, hitt'd passing curiously,
And at it hung a knob of ivory.
HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

And this did lead her where was strongly kept
The treasure-royal; in whose store lay heart
Gold, brass, and steel, engraven with infinite art;
The crooked bow, and arrowy quiver, part
Of that rich magazine. In the quiver were
Arrows a number, sharp and sighing gear.
The bow was giv'n by kind Eurytides
Iphitus, fashion'd like the Deities,
To young Ulysses, when within the roof
Of wise Orsilochus, their pass had proof
Of mutual meeting in Messena; where
Ulysses claim'd a debt; to whose pay were
The whole Messenian people bound, since they
From Ithaca had forc'd a wealthy prey
Of sheep and shepherds. In their ships they thrust
Three hundred sheep together; for whose just
And instant rendry old Laertes sent
Ulysses his ambassador, that went
A long way in the embassy, yet then
Bore but the foremost prime of youngest men;
His father sending first to that affair
His gravest counsellors, and then his heir.
Iphitus made his way there, having lost
Twelve female horse, and mules commended most
For use of burthen; which were after cause
Of death and fate to him; for, past all laws
Of hospitality, Jove's mighty son,
Skill'd in great acts, was his confusion
Close by his house, though at that time his guest,
Respecting neither the appos'd feast,
And hospitable table, that in love

20 Hercules.
He set before him, nor the voice of Jove,
But, seizing first his mares, he after slew
His host himself. From those mares' search now grew
Ulysses known t' Iphitus; who that bow
At their encounter did in love bestow,
Which great Eurytus' hand had borne before,
(Iphitus' father) who, at death's sad door,
In his steep turrets, left it to his son.
Ulysses gave him a keen falchion,
And mighty lance. And thus began they there
Their fatal loves; for after never were
Their mutual tables to each other known,
Because Jove's son th' unworthy part had shown
Of slaughtering this God-like loving man,
Eurytus' son, who with that bow began
And ended love t' Ulysses; who so dear
A gift esteem'd it, that he would not bear
In his black fleet that guest-rite to the war,
But, in fit memory of one so far
In his affection, brought it home, and kept
His treasure with it; where till now it slept.
And now the Queen of women had intent
To give it use, and therefore made ascent
Up all the stairs' height to the chamber door,
Whose shining leaves two bright pilasters bore
To such a close when both together went
It would resist the air in their consent.
The ring she took then, and did draw aside
A bar that ran within, and then implied
The key into the lock, which gave a sound,
The bolt then shooting, as in pasture ground
A bull doth low, and make the valleys ring;
So loud the lock humm'd when it loo'sd the spring,
And ope the doors flew. In she went, along
The lofty chamber, that was boarded strong
With heart of oak, which many years ago
The architect did smooth and polish so
That now as then he made it fresh lay shine,
And tried the evenness of it with a line.
There stood in this room presses that enclos'd
Robes odoriferous, by which repos'd
The bow was upon pins; nor from it far
Hung the round quiver glitt'ring like a star;
Both which her white extended hand took down.
Then sat she low, and made her lap a crown
Of both these relics, which she wept to see,
And cried quite out with loving memory
Of her dear lord; to whose worth paying then
Kind debts e'en she, left, and, to the men
Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked bow,
And shaft-receiving quiver, that did flow
With arrows beating sighs up where they fell.
Then, with another chest, replete as well
With games won by the King, of steel and brass,
Her maids attended. Past whom making pass
To where her Wooers were, she made her stay
Amids the fair hall door, and kept the ray
Of her bright counten ance hid with veils so thin,
That though they seem'd t' expose, they let love in;
Her maids on both sides stood; and thus she spake:

"Hear me, ye Wooers, that a pleasure take
To do me sorrow, and my house invade
To eat and drink, as if 'twere only made
To serve your rapines; my lord long away,
"OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS." 193
And you allow'd no colour for your stay
But his still absence; striving who shall frame
Me for his wife; and, since 'tis made a game,
I here propose divine Ulysses' bow
For that great master-piece to which ye vow.
He that can draw it with least show to strive,
And through these twelve axe-heads an arrow drive,
Him will I follow, and this house forego
That nourish'd me a maid, now furnish'd so
With all things fit, and which I so esteem
That I shall still live in it in my dream."
This said, she made Eumæus give it them.
He took and laid it by, and wept for woe;
And like him wept Philætius, when the bow
Of which his king was bearer he beheld.
Their tears Antinous' manhood much refell'd,
And said: "Ye rustic fools! that still each day
Your minds give over to this vain dismay,
Why weep ye, wretches, and the widow's eyes
Tempt with renew'd thought, that would otherwise
Depose her sorrows, since her lord is dead,
And tears are idle? Sit, and eat your bread,
Nor whisper more a word; or get ye gone,
And weep without doors. Let this bow alone
To our out-match'd contention. For I fear
The bow will scarce yield draught to any here;
Here no such man lives as Laertes' son
Amongst us all. I knew him; thought puts on
His look's sight now, methinks, though then a child."

Thus show'd his words doubt, yet his hopes instill'd
His strength the stretcher of Ulysses' string,
And his steels' piercer. But his shaft must sing
Through his pierc'd palate first; whom so he wrong'd
In his free roof, and made the rest ill-tongued
Against his virtues. Then the sacred heat
That spirited his son did further set
Their confidence on fire, and said: "O friends,
Jove hath bereft my wits. The Queen intends,
Though I must grant her wise, ere long to leave
Ulysses' court, and to her bed receive
Some other lord; yet, notwithstanding, I
Am forc'd to laugh, and set my pleasures high
Like one mad sick. But, Wooers, since ye have
An object for your trials now so brave,
As all the broad Achaian earth exceeds,
As sacred Pylos, as the Argive breeds,
As black Epirus, as Mycena's birth,
And as the more fam'd Ithacensian earth,
All which, yourselves well know, and oft have said—
For what need hath my mother of my aid
In her advancement?—tender no excuse
For least delay, nor too much time profuse
In stay to draw this bow, but draw it straight,
Shoot, and the steels pierce; make all see how slight
You make these poor bars to so rich a prize.
No eag'rer yet? Come on. My faculties
Shall try the bow's strength, and the piercéd steel.
I will not for my rev'rend mother feel
The sorrows that I know will seize my heart,
To see her follow any, and depart
From her so long-held home; but first extend
The bow and arrow to their tender'd end.
For I am only to succeed my sire

*Profuse*—pour forth, waste. The verb is uncommon.
In guard of his games, and let none aspire
To their besides possession." This said,
His purple robe he cast off; by he laid
His well-edg'd sword; and, first, a sev'ral pit
He digg'd for ev'ry axe, and strengthen'd it
With earth close ev'ry m'm'd about it; on a row
Set them, of one height, by a line he drew
Along the whole twelve; and so orderly
Did ev'ry deed belonging (yet his eye
Never before beholding how 'twas done)
That in amaze rose all his lookers-on.

Then stood he near the door, and prov'd to draw
The stubborn bow. Thrice tried, and thrice gave law
To his uncrown'd attempts; the fourth assay
With all force off'ring, which a sign gave stay
Giv'n by his father; though he show'd a mind
As if he stood right heartily inclin'd
To perfect the exploit, when all was done
In only drift to set the Wooers on.

His weakness yet confess'd, he said: "O shame!
I either shall be ever of no name,
But prove a wretch; or else I am too young,
And must not now presume on pow'rs so strong
As sinews yet more growing may engraff,
To turn a man quite over with a shaft.
Besides, to men whose nerves are best prepar'd,
All great adventures at first proof are hard.

But come, you stronger men, attempt this bow,
And let us end our labour." Thus, below
A well-join'd board he laid it, and close by
The brightly-headed shaft; then thron'd his thigh
Amidst his late-left seat. Antinous then
Badé all arise; but first, who did sustain
The cup’s state ever, and did sacrifice
Before they ate still, and that man bade rise,
Since on the other’s right hand he was plac’d,
Because he held the right hand’s rising, grac’d
With best success still. This discretion won
Supreme applause; and first rose Ænops’ son,
Liodes, that was priest to all the rest,
Sat lowest with the cup still, and their jest
Could never like, but ever was the man
That check’d their follies; and he now began
To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg’d hard,
And held aloft, and, till he quite had marr’d
His delicate tender fingers, could not stir
The churlish string; who therefore did refer
The game to others, saying, that same bow,
In his presage, would prove the overthrow
Of many a chief man there; nor thought the fate
Was any wit austere, since death’s short date
Were much the better taken, than long life
Without the object of their amorous strife,
For whom they had burn’d-out so many days
To find still other, nothing but delays
Obtaining in them; and affirm’d that now
Some hop’d to have her, but when that tough bow
They all had tried, and seen the utmost done,
They must rest pleas’d to cease; and now some one
Of all their other fair-veil’d Grecian dams
With gifts, and dower, and Hymeneal flames,
Let her love light to him that most will give,

211 Taste.—The old French verb taster (derived from the
Teut. tasten) was to handle, feel, touch, to try by the touch.
And whom the nuptial destiny did drive."

Thus laid he on the well-join'd polish'd board
The bow and bright-pill'd shaft, and then restor'd
His seat his right. To him Antinous
Gave bitter language, and reprov'd him thus:

"What words, Liodes, pass thy speech's guard,
That 'tis a work to bear, and set so hard
They set up my disdain! This bow must end
The best of us? Since thy arms cannot lend
The string least motion? Thy mother's throes
Brought never forth thy arms to draught of bows,
Or knitting shafts off. Though thou canst not draw
The sturdy plant, thou art to us no law.
Melanthius! Light a fire, and set thereat
A chair and cushions, and that mass of fat
That lies within bring out, that we may set
Our pages to this bow, to see it het
And supplied with the suet, and then we
May give it draught, and pay this great decree
Utmost performance." He a mighty fire
Gave instant flame, put into act th' entire
Command laid on him, chair and cushions set,
Laid on the bow, which straight the pages het,
Chaf'd, supplied with the suet to their most;
And still was all their unctuous labour lost,
All Wooers' strengths to indigent and poor
To draw that bow; Antinous' arms it tore,
And great Eurynachus', the both clear best.

Restored his seat his right.—A quaint expression for
returned to his seat. His right, i.e. its. The reader will
bear in mind that the neuter possessive pronoun was not
then in use.

Het.—See Bk. iv. 48.
Yet both it tir'd, and made them glad to rest.
Forth then went both the swains, and after them
Divine Ulysses: when, being past th' extreme
Of all the gates, with winning words he tried
Their loves, and this ask'd: "Shall my counsels hide
Their depths from you? My mind would gladly know
If suddenly Ulysses had his vow
Made good for home, and had some God to guide
His steps and strokes to wreak these Wooers' pride,
Would your aids join on his part, or with theirs?
How stand your hearts affected?" They made pray'rs
That some God would please to return their lord,
He then should see how far they would afford
Their lives for his. He, seeing their truth, replied:
"I am your lord, through many a suff'rance tried,
Arriv'd now here, whom twenty years have held
From forth my country. Yet are not conceal'd
From my sure knowledge your desires to see
My safe return. Of all the company
Now serving here besides, not one but you
Mine ear hath witness'd willing to bestow
Their wishes of my life, so long held dead.
I therefore vow, which shall be perfected,
That if God please beneath my hand to leave
These Wooers lifeless, ye shall both receive
Wives from that hand, and means, and near to me
Have houses built to you, and both shall be
As friends and brothers to my only son.
And, that ye well may know me, and be won
To that assurance, the infallible sign
The white-tooth'd boar gave, this mark'd knee of mine,
When in Parnassus he was held in chase
By me, and by my famous grandsire's race,
I'll let you see." Thus sever'd he his weed
From that his wound; and ev'ry word had deed
In their sure knowledges. Which made them cast
Their arms about him, his broad breast embrac'd,
His neck and shoulders kiss'd. And him as well
Did those true pow'rs of human love compell
To kiss their heads and hands, and to their moan
Had sent the free light of the cheerful sun,
Had not Ulysses broke the ruth, and said:

"Cease tears and sorrows, lest we prove display'd
By some that issue from the house, and they
Relate to those within. Take each his way,
Not altogether in, but one by one,
First I, then you; and then see this be done:
The envious Wooers will by no means give
The offer of the bow and arrow leave
To come at me; spite then their pride, do thou,
My good Eumæus, bring both shaft and bow
To my hand's proof; and charge the maids before,
That instantly they shut in ev'ry door,
That they themselves (if any tumult rise
Beneath my roofs by any that envies
My will to undertake the game) may gain
No passage forth, but close at work contain
With all free quiet, or at least constrain'd.
And therefore, my Philætius, see maintain'd,
When close the gates are shut, their closure fast,
To which end be it thy sole work to cast
Their chains before them." This said, in he led,
Took first his seat; and then they seconded

Display'd. See Bk. v. 350.
His entry with their own. Then took in hand
Eurymachus the bow, made close his stand
Aside the fire, at whose heat here and there
He warm’d and supplied it, yet could not stere
To any draught the string, with all his art;
And therefore swell’d in him his glorious heart,
Affirming, “that himself and all his friends
Had cause to grieve, not only that their ends
They miss’d in marriage, since enough besides
Kind Grecian dames there liv’d to be their brides
In Ithaca, and other bord’ring towns,
But that to all times future their renowns
Would stand disparag’d, if Ulysses’ bow
They could not draw, and yet his wife would woo.”

Antinous answer’d: “That there could ensue
No shame at all to them; for well he knew
That this day was kept holy to the Sun
By all the city, and there should be done
No such profane act, therefore bade lay by
The bow for that day, but the mastery
Of axes that were set up still might stand,
Since that no labour was, nor any hand
Would offer to invade Ulysses’ house,
To take, or touch with surreptitious
Or violent hand, what there was left for use.
He, therefore, bade the cup-bearer infuse
Wine to the bowls, that so with sacrifice
They might let rest the shooting exercise,
And in the morning make Melanthius bring
The chief goats of his herd, that to the King
Of bows and archers they might burn the thighs.

Sterc—stir.
For good success, and then attempt the prize."

The rest sat pleas'd with this. The heralds straight
Pour'd water on their hands; each page did wait
With his crown'd cup of wine, serv'd ev'ry man
Till all were satisfied. And then began
Ulysses' plot of his close purpose thus:

"Hear me, ye much renown'd Eurymachus,
And king Antinous, in chief, who well,
And with decorum sacred, doth compell
This day's observance, and to let lay down
The bow all this light, giving Gods their own.
The morning's labour God the more will bless,
And strength bestow where he himself shall please.
Against which time let me presume to pray
Your favours with the rest, that this assay
May my old arms prove, trying if there lie
In my poor pow'rs the same activity
That long since crown'd them; or if needly fare
And desolate wand'ring have the web worn bare
Of my life's thread at all parts, that no more
Can furnish these affairs as heretofore."

This set their spleens past measure, blown with fear
Lest his loath'd temples would the garland wear
Of that bow's draught; Antinous using speech
To this sour purpose: "Thou most arrant wretch
Of all guests breathing, in no least degree
Grac'd with a human soul, it serves not thee
To feast in peace with us, take equal share
Of what we reach to, sit, and all things hear
That we speak freely,—which no begging guest
Did ever yet,—but thou must make request

"All this light"—i. e. all to-day.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 203

To mix with us in merit of the Queen.
But wine inflames thee, that hath ever been
The bane of men whoever yet would take
Th' excess it offers and the mean forsake.
Wine spoil'd the Centaur great Eurytion,
In guest-rites with the mighty-minded son
Of bold Ixion, in his way to war
Against the Lapithes; who, driv'n as far
As madness with the bold effects of wine,
Did outrage to his kind host, and decline
Other heroës from him feasted there
With so much anger that they left their cheer,
And dragg'd him forth the fore-court, slit his nose,
Cropp'd both his ears, and, in the ill-dispose
His mind then suffer'd, drew the fatal day
On his head with his host; for thence the fray
Betwixt the Centaurs and the Lapithes
Had mortal act. But he for his excess
In spoil of wine fared worse himself; as thou
For thy large cups, if thy arms draw the bow,
My mind foretells shalt fear; for not a man
Of all our consort, that in wisdom, can
Boast any fit share, will take pray'rs then,

But to Echatus, the most stern of men,
A black sail freight with thee, whose worst of ill,
Be sure, is past all ransom. Sit, then, still,
Drink temperately, and never more contend
With men your youngers." This the Queen did end
With her defence of him, and told his foe
It was not fair nor equal t' overcrow
The poorest guest her son pleas'd t' entertain

\textit{Consort—company.}
In his free turrets with so proud a strain
Of threats and bravings; asking if he thought,
That if the stranger to his arms had brought
The stubborn bow down, he should marry her,
And bear her home? And said, himself should err
In no such hope; nor of them all the best
That griev'd at any good she did her guest
Should banquet there; since it in no sort show'd
Noblesse in them, nor paid her what she ow'd
Her own free rule there. This Eurymachus
Confirm'd and said: "Nor feeds it hope in us,
Icarius' daughter, to solemnize rites
Of nuptials with thee; nor in noblest sights
It can show comely, but to our respects
The rumour both of sexes and of sects
Amongst the people would breed shame and fear,
Lest any worst Greck said: 'See, men that were
Of mean deserving will presume t' aspire
To his wife's bed, whom all men did admire
For fame and merit, could not draw his bow,
And yet his wife had foolish pride to woo,
When straight an errant beggar comes and draws
The bow with ease, performing all the laws
The game besides contain'd;' and this would thus
Prove both indignity and shame to us."

The Queen replied: "The fame of men, I see,
Bears much price in your great suppos'd degree;
Yet who can prove amongst the people great,
That of one so esteem'd of them the seat
Doth so defame and ruin? And beside,
With what right is this guest thus vilified
In your high censures, when the man in blood
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Is well compos'd and great, his parents good?
And therefore give the bow to him, to try
His birth and breeding by his chivalry.
If his arms draw it, and that Phoebus stands
So great a glory to his strength, my hands
Shall add this guerdon: Ev'ry sort of weed,
A two-edg'd sword, and lance to keep him freed
From dogs and men hereafter, and dismiss
His worth to what place tends that heart of his."

Her son gave answer: "That it was a wrong
To his free sway in all things that belong
To guard of that house, to demand the bow
Of any Wooer, and the use bestow
Upon the stranger: for the bow was his
To give or to withhold; no masteries
Of her proposing giving any pow'r
To impair his right in things for any Wooer,
Or any that rough Ithaca affords,
Any that Elis; of which no man's words
Nor pow'rs should curb him, stood he so inclin'd,
To see the bow in absolute gift resign'd
To that his guest to bear and use at will,
And therefore bade his mother keep her still
Amongst her women at her rock and loom;
Bows were for men; and this bow did become
Past all men's his disposition, since his sire
Left it to him, and all the house entire."

She stood dismay'd at this, and in her mind
His wise words laid up, standing so inclin'd
As he had will'd, with all her women going
Up to her chamber, there her tears bestowing,

--- Eōrphēs, bene compactus et coagmentatus.—CHAPMAN.
As ev'ry night she did, on her lov'd lord,
Till sleep and Pallas her fit rest restor'd.

The bow Eumæus took, and bore away;
Which up in tumult, and almost in fray,
Put all the Wooers, one enquiring thus:

"Whither, rogue, abject, wilt thou bear from us
That bow propos'd? Lay down, or I protest
Thy dogs shall eat thee, that thou nourishest
To guard thy swine; amongst whom, left of all,
Thy life shall leave thee, if the festival,
We now observe to Phæbus, may our zeals
Grace with his aid, and all the Reities else."

This threat made good Eumæus yield the bow
To his late place, not knowing what might grow
From such a multitude. And then fell on
Telemachus with threats, and said: "Set gone
That bow yet further; 'tis no servant's part
To serve too many masters; raise your heart
And bear it off, lest, though your younger, yet
With stones I pelt you to the field with it.
If you and I close, I shall prove too strong.
I wish as much too hard for all this throng
The Gods would make me, I should quickly send
Some after with just sorrow to their end,
They waste my victuals so, and ply my cup,
And do me such shrewd turns still." This put up
The Wooers all in laughter, and put down
Their angers to him, that so late were grown
So grave and bloody; which resolv'd that fear
Of good Eumæus, who did take and bear
The King the bow; call'd nurse, and bade her make
The doors all sure, that if men's tumults take
The ears of some within, they may not fly,
But keep at work still close and silently.

These words put wings to her, and close she put
The chamber door. The court-gates then were shut
By kind Philocteius, who straight did go
From out the hall, and in the portico
Round laid a gable of a ship, compos'd
Of spongy bulrushes; with which he clos'd,
In winding round about them, the court-gates,
Then took his place again, to view the fates
That quickly follow'd. When he came, he saw
Ulysses viewing, ere he tried to draw,
The famous bow, which ev'ry way he mov'd,
Up and down turning it; in which he prov'd
The plight it was in, fearing, chiefly, lest
The horns were eat with worms in so long rest.
But what his thoughts intended turning so,
And keeping such a search about the bow,
The Woers little knowing fell to jest,
And said: "Past doubt he is a man profess
In bowyers' craft, and sees quite through the wood;
Or something, certain, to be understood
There is in this his turning of it still.
A cunning rogue he is at any ill."

Then spake another proud one: "Would to heav'n,
I might, at will, get gold till he hath giv'n
That bow his draught!? With these sharp jests did these
Delightsome Woo'rs their fatal humours please.
But, when the wise Ulysses once had laid
His fingers on it, and to proof survey'd
The still sound plight it held, as one of skill
In song, and of the harp, doth at his will,
In tuning of his instrument, extend
A string out with his pin, touch all, and lend
To ev'ry well-wreath'd string his perfect sound,
Struck all together; with such ease drew round
The King the bow. Then twang'd he up the string,
That as a swallow in the air doth sing
With no continued tune, but, pausing still,
Twinks out her scatter'd voice in accents shrill;
So sharp the string sung when he gave it touch,
Once having bent and drawn it. Which so much
Amaz'd the Wooers, that their colours went
And came most grievously. And then Jove rent
The air with thunder; which at heart did cheer
The now-enough-sustaining traveller,
That Jove again would his attempt enable.
Then took he into hand, from off the table,
The first drawn arrow; and a number more
Spent shortly on the Wooers; but this one
He measur'd by his arm, as if not known
The length were to him, neck'd it then, and drew;
And through the axes, at the first hole, flew
The steel-charg'd arrow; which when he had done
He thus bespake the Prince: "You have not won
Disgrace yet by your guest; for I have strook
The mark I shot at, and no such toil took
In wearying the bow with fat and fire
As did the Wooers. Yet reserv'd entire,
Thank Heav'n, my strength is, and myself am tried,
No man to be so basely vilified
As these men pleas'd to think me. But, free way
Take that, and all their pleasures; and while day
Holds her torch to you, and the hour of feast
Hath now full date, give banquet, and the rest,
Poem and harp, that grace a well fill'd board."
This said, he beckon'd to his son; whose sword
He straight girt to him, took to hand his lance,
And complete-arm'd did to his sire advance.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

VOL. II. ODYSSEY.
THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Wooers in Minerva's sight
Slain by Ulysses; all the light
And lustful housewives by his son
And servants are to slaughter done.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Xvi. The end of pride,
    And lawless lust,
    Is wretched tried
    With slaughters just.

The upper rags that wise Ulysses wore
Cast off, he rusheth to the great hall door
With bow and quiver full of shafts, which
down
He pour'd before his feet, and thus made known o
His true state to the Wooers: "This strife thus
Hath harmless been decided; now for us
There rests another mark, more hard to hit,
And such as never man before hath smit;
Whose full point likewise my hands shall assay,
And try if Phoebus will give me his day."

He said, and off his bitter arrow thrust
Right at Antinous; and struck him just
As he was lifting up the bowl, to show
That 'twixt the cup and lip much ill may grow.
Death touch'd not at his thoughts at feast; for who
Would think that he alone could perish so
Amongst so many, and he best of all?
The arrow in his throat took full his fall,
And thrust his head far through the other side.
Down fell his cup, down he, down all his pride;
Straight from his nostrils gush'd the human gore;
And, as he fell, his feet far overbore
The feastful table; all the roast and bread
About the house strew'd. When his high-born head
The rest beheld so low, up rush'd they all,
And ransack'd ev'ry corner of the hall
For shields and darts; but all fled far their reach.
Then fell they foul on him with terrible speech,
And told him it should prove the dearest shaft
That ever pass'd him; and that now was saft
No shift for him, but sure and sudden death;
For he had slain a man, whose like did breathe
In no part of the kingdom; and that now
He should no more for games strive with his bow,
But vultures eat him there. These threats they spent
Yet ev'ry man believ'd that stern event
Chanc'd 'gainst the author's will. O fools, to think
That all their rest had any cup to drink
But what their great Antinous began!

He, frowning, said: "Dogs, see in me the man
Ye all held dead at Troy. My house it is
That thus ye spoil, and thus your luxuries
File with my women's rapes; in which ye woo
The wife of one that lives, and no thought show
Of man's fit fear, or God's, your present fame,
Or any fair sense of your future name;
And, therefore, present and eternal death
Shall end your base life." This made fresh fears breathe
Their former boldness. Ev'ry man had eye
On all the means, and studied ways to fly
So deep deaths imminent. But seeing none,
Eurymachus began with supplicant moan
To move his pity, saying: "If you be
This isle's Ulysses, we must all agree,
In grant of your reproof's integrity,
The Greeks have done you many a wrong at home,
At field as many. But of all the sum
Lies here contract in death; for only he
Impos'd the whole ill-offices that we
Are now made guilty of, and not so much
Sought his endeavours, or in thought did touch
At any nuptials, but a greater thing
Employ'd his forces; for to be our king
Was his chief object; his sole plot it was
To kill your son, which Jove's hand would not pass,
But set it to his own most merited end.
In which end your just anger, nor extend
Your stern wreak further; spend your royal pow'rs
In mild ruth, of your people; we are yours;
And whatsoever waste of wine or food
Our liberties have made, we'll make all good
In restitutions. Call a court, and pass
A fine of twenty oxen, gold, and brass,
On ev'ry head, and raise your most rates still,
Till you are pleas'd with your confessed fill,
Which if we fail to tender, all your wrath.
OF HOMER’S ODYSSEYS. 213

It shall be justice in our bloods to bathe.”

“Eurymachus,” said he, “if you would give
All that your fathers’ hoard, to make ye live,
And all that ever you yourselves possess,
Or shall by any industry increase,
I would not cease from slaughter, till your bloods
Had bought out your intemperance in my goods.
It rests now for you that you either fight
That will escape death, or make your way by flight.

In whose best choice, my thoughts conceive, not one
Shall shun the death your first hath undergone.”

This quite dissolv’d their knees. Eurymachus,
Enforcing all their fears, yet counsell’d thus:

"O friends! This man, now he hath got the bow
And quiver by him, ever will bestow
His most inaccessible hands at us,
And never leave, if we avoid him thus,
Till he hath strewn the pavement with us all;
And, therefore, join we swords, and on him fall
With tables forc’d up, and borne in oppos’d
Against his sharp shafts; when, being round-enclos’d
By all our onsets, we shall either take
His horrid person, or for safety make
His rage retire from out the hall and gates;
And then, if he escape, we’ll make our states
Known to the city by our general cry.
And thus this man shall let his last shaft fly
That ever his hand vaunted.” Thus he drew
His sharp-edg’d sword; and with a table flew
In on Ulysses, with a terrible throat
His fierce charge urging. But Ulysses smote
The board, and cleft it through from end to end
Borne at his breast, and made his shaft extend
His sharp head to his liver, his broad breast
Pierc'd at his nipple; when his hand releas'd
Forthwith his sword, that fell and kiss'd the ground,
With cups and victuals lying scatter'd round
About the pavement; amongst which his brow
Knock'd the imbrued earth, while in pains did flow
His vital spirits, till his heels shook out
His feastful life, and hurl'd a throne about
That way-laid death's convulsions in his feet;
When from his tender eyes the light did fleet.

Then charg'd Amphinomus with his drawn blade
The glorious king, in purpose to have made
His feet forsake the house; but his assay
The prince prevented, and his lance gave way
Quite through his shoulder, at his back; his breast
The fierce pile letting forth. His ruin prest
Groans from the pavement, which his forehead strook.

Telemachus his long lance then forsook—
Left in Amphinomus—and to his sire
Made fiery pass, not staying to acquire
His lance again, in doubt that, while he drew
The fixed pile, some other might renew
Fierce charge upon him, and his unharm'd head
Cleave with his back-drawn sword; for which he fled
Close to his father, bade him arm, and he
Would bring him shield and jav'lin instantly,
His own head arming, more arms laying by
To serve the swine-herd and the oxen-herd.

*Valour well arm'd is ever most preferr'd.*

"Run then," said he, "and come before the last
Of these auxiliary shafts are past,
For fear, lest, left alone, they force my stand
From forth the ports.” He flew, and brought to hand
Eight darts, four shields, four helms. His own parts then
First put in arms, he furnish’d both his men,
That to their king stood close; but he, as long
As he had shafts to friend, enough was strong
For all the Wooers, and some one man still
He made make even with earth, till all a hill
Had rais’d in th’ even-floor’d hall. His last shaft spent,
He set his bow against a beam, and went
To arm at all parts, while the other three
Kept off the Wooers, who, unarmed, could be
No great assailants. In the well-built wall
A window was thrust out, at end of all
The house’s entry; on whose utter side
There lay a way to town, and in it wide
And two-leaf’d folds were forg’d, that gave fit mean
For flyers-out; and, therefore, at it then
Ulysses plac’d Eumæus in close guard;
One only pass ope to it, which (prepar’d
In this sort by Ulysses ‘gainst all pass)
By Agelaus’ tardy memory was
In question call’d, who bade some one ascend
As such a window, and bring straight to friend
The city with his clamour, that this man
Might quickly shoot his last. “This no one can
Make safe access to,” said Melanthius,
“For ’tis too near the hall’s fair doors, whence thus
The man afflicts ye; for from thence there lies
But one strait passage to it, that denies
Access to all, if any one man stand,
Being one of courage, and will countermand
Our offer to it. But I know a way
To bring you arms, from where the King doth lay
His whole munition; and believe there is
No other place to all the armories
Both of himself and son." This said, a pair
Of lofty stairs he climb'd, and to th' affair
Twelve shields, twelve lances brought, as many casques
With horsehair plumes; and set to bitter tasks
Both son and sire. Then shrunk Ulysses' knees,
And his lov'd heart, when thus in arms he sees
So many Wooers, and their shaken darts;
For then the work show'd as it ask'd more parts
To safe performance, and he told his son
That or Melanthius or his maids had done
A deed that foul war to their hands conferr'd.
"O father," he replied, "'tis I have err'd
In this caus'd labour; I, and none but I,
That left the door ope of your armoury.
But some, it seems, hath set a sharper eye
On that important place. Eumæus! Haste
And shut the door, observing who hath past
To this false action; any maid, or one
That I suspect more, which is Dolius' son."

While these spake thus, Melanthius went again
For more fair arms; whom the renowned swain
Eumæus saw, and told Ulysses straight
It was the hateful man that his conceit
Before suspected, who had done that ill;
And, being again there, ask'd if he should kill,
If his pow'r serv'd, or he should bring the swain
To him, t' inflict on him a sev'ral pain
For ev'ry forfeit he had made his house
He answer'd: "I and my Telemachus
Will here contain these proud ones in despite,
How much soever these stol'n arms excite
Their guilty courages, while you two take
Possession of the chamber. The doors make
Sure at your back, and then, surprising him,
His feet and hands bind, wrapping ev'ry limb
In pliant chains; and with a halter cast
Above the wind-beam—at himself made fast—
Aloft the column draw him; where alive
He long may hang, and pains enough deprive
His vex'd life before his death succeed."
This charge, soon heard, as soon they put to deed,
Stole on his stealth, and at the further end
Of all the chamber saw him busily bend
His hands to more arms, when they, still at door,
Watch'd his return. At last he came, and bore
In one hand a fair helm, in th' other held
A broad and ancient rusty-rested shield,
That old Laertes in his youth had worn,
Of which the cheek-bands had with age been torn.
They rush'd upon him, caught him by the hair,
And dragg'd him in again; whom, crying out,
They cast upon the pavement, wrapp'd about
With sure and pinching cords both foot and hand,
And then, in full act of their King's command,
A phant chain bestow'd on him, and hal'd
His body up the column, till he scal'd
The highest wind-beam; where made firmly fast,
Eumæus on his just infliction past
This pleasurable cavil: "Now you may
All night keep watch here, and the earliest day
Discern, being hung so high, to rouse from rest
Your dainty cattle to the Wooers' feast.
There, as befits a man of means so fair,
Soft may you sleep, nought under you but air;
And so long hang you." Thus they left him there,
Made fast the door, and with Ulysses were
All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all stood close,
Their minds fire breath'd in flames against their foes,
Four in th' entry fighting all alone;
When from the hall charg'd many a mighty one.

But to them then Jove's seed, Minerva, came,
Resembling Mentor both in voice and frame
Of manly person. Passing well apaid
Ulysses was, and said: "Now, Mentor, aid
'Gainst these odd mischiefs; call to memory now
My often good to thee, and that we two
Of one year's life are." Thus he said, but though:
It was Minerva, that had ever brought
To her side safety. On the other part,
The Wooers threaten'd; but the chief in heart
Was Agelaus, who to Mentor spake:
"Mentor! Let no words of Ulysses make
Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side
'Gainst all us Wooers; for we firm abide
In this persuasion, that when sire and son
Our swords have slain, thy life is sure to run
One fortune with them. What strange acts hast thou
Conceit to form here? Thy head must bestow
The wreak of theirs on us. And when thy pow'rs
Are taken down by these fierce steels of ours,
All thy possessions, in-doors and without,
Must raise on heap with his; and all thy rout
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Of sons and daughters in thou turrets bleed
Wreak off' rings to us; and our town stand freed
Of all charge with thy wife." Minerva's heart
Was fir'd with these braves, the approv'd desert
Of her Ulysses chiding, saying: "No more
Thy force nor fortitude as heretofore
Will gain thee glory; when nine years at Troy
White-wristed Helen's rescue did employ
Thy arms and wisdom, still and ever us'd
The bloods of thousands through the field diffus'd
By thy vast valour; Priam's broad-way'd town
By thy grave parts was sack'd and overthrown;
And now, amongst thy people and thy goods,
Against the Wooers' base and petulant bloods
Stint'st thou thy valour? Rather mourning here
Than manly fighting? Come, friend, stand we near,
And note my labour, that thou may'st discern
Amongst thy foes how Mentor's nerves will earn
All thy old bounties." This she spake, but stay'd
Her hand from giving each-way-often-sway'd
Uncertain conquest to his certain use,
But still would try what self-pow'rs would produce
Both in the father and the glorious son.

Then on the wind-beam that along did ron
The smoky roof, transform'd, Minerva sat,
Like to a swallow; sometimes cuffling at
The swords and lances, rushing from her seat,
And, up and down the troubl'd house did beat
Her wing at ev'ry motion. And as she
Had rous'd Ulysses; so, the enemy
Damasior's son excited, Polybus,
Amphinomus, and Demoptolemus,
Eurynomus, and Polycorides; 305
For these were men that of the wooing prease
Were most egregious, and the clearly best
In strength of hand of all the desperate rest
That yet surviv’d, and now fought for their souls;
Which straight swift arrows sent among the fowls.
But first, Damastor’s son had more spare breath
To spend on their excitements ere his death,
And said: That now Ulysses would forbear
His dismal hand, since Mentor’s spirit was there,
And blew vain vaunts about Ulysses’ ears;
In whose trust he would cease his massacres,
Rest him, and put his friend’s huge boasts in proof;
And so was he beneath the entry’s roof
Left with Telemachus and th’ other two.
315
“‘At whom,” said he, “discharge no darts, but throw
All at Ulysses, rousing his faint rest;
Whom if we slaughter, by our interest
In Jove’s assistance, all the rest may yield
Our pow’rs no care, when he strews once the field.’” 320

As he then will’d, they all at random threw
Where they suppos’d he rested; and then flew
Minerva after ev’ry dart, and made
Some strike the threshold, some the walls invade,
Some beat the doors, and all acts render’d vain 325
Their grave steel offer’d. Which escap’d, again
Came on Ulysses, saying: “O that we
The Wooers’ troop with our joint archery
Might so assail, that where their spirits dream
On our deaths first, we first may slaughter them!” 330

306 Fouls.—The folio has Fouls, doubtless for fowls, alluding
to Minerva’s likeness of a swallow. It is needless to say
that it is not in the original.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Thus the much-suff'rer said; and all let-fly,
When ev'ry man struck dead his enemy.
Ulysses slaughter'd Demoptolemus.
Euryades by young Telemachus
His death encounter'd. Good Eumæus slew
Elatus. And Philoctius overthrew
'Pisander. All which tore the Pav'd floor
Up with their teeth. The rest retir'd before
Their second charge to inner rooms; and then
Ulysses follow'd; from the slaughter'd men
Their darts first drawing. While which work was done,
The Wooers threw with huge contention
To kill them all; when with her swallow-wing
Minerva cuff'd, and made their jav'lins ring
Against the doors and thresholds, as before.

'Some yet did graze upon their marks. One tore
The prince's wrist, which was Amphimedon,
Th' extreme part of the skin but touch'd upon.
Ctesippus over good Eumæus' shield
His shoulders' top did taint; which yet did yield
The lance free pass, and gave his hurt the ground.

Again then charg'd the Wooers, and girt round
Ulysses with their lances; who turn'd head,
And with his jav'lin struck Eurydamas dead.
Telemachus disliv'd Amphimedon;
Eumæus, Polybus; Philoctius won'
Ctesippus' bosom with his dart, 'and said,
In quittance of the jester's part he play'd,
The neat's foot hurling at Ulysses: "Now,
Great son of Polythersons, you that vow
Your wit to bitter taunts, and love to wound
The heart of any with a jest, so crown'd

Disliv'd—i. e. deprived of life.
Your wit be with a laughter, never yielding
To fools in folly, but your glory building
On putting down in fooling, spitting forth
Puff'd words at all sorts, cease to scoff at worth,
And leave revenge of vile words to the Gods,
Since their wits bear the sharper edge by odds;
And, in the mean time, take the dart I drave,
For that right hospitable foot you gave
Divine Ulysses, begging but his own."

Thus spake the black-ox-herdsman; and straight down
Ulysses struck another with his dart—
Damastor's son. Telemachus did part,
Just in the midst, the belly of the fair
Evenor's son; his fierce pile taking air
Out at his back. Flat fell he on his face,
His whole brows knocking, and did mark the place.

And now man-slaught'ring Pallas took in hand
Her snake-fring'd shield, and on that beam took stand
In her true form, where swallow-like she sat.
And then, in this way of the house and that,
The Wooers, wounded at the heart with fear,
Fled the encounter; as in pastures where
Fat herds of oxen feed, about the field
(As if wild madness their instincts impell'd)
The high fed bullocks fly, whom in the spring,
When days are long, gad-bees or breces sting.
Ulysses and his son the flyers chas'd,
As when, with crooked beaks and seres, a cast
Of hill-bred eagles, cast-off at some game,
That yet their strengths keep, but, put up, in flame
The eagle stoops; from which, along the field
The poor fowls make wing, this and that way yield
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

Their hard-flown pinions, then the clouds assay
For 'scape or shelter, their forlorn dismay
All spirit exhaling, all wings' strength to carry
Their bodies forth, and, truss'd up, to the quarry
Their falconers ride-in, and rejoice to see
Their hawks perform a flight so fervently;
So, in their flight, Ulysses with his heir
Did stoop and cuff the Wooers, that the air
Broke in vast sighs, whose heads they shot and cleft,
The pavement boiling with the souls they reft.

Liones, running to Ulysses, took
His knees, and thus did on his name invoke:
"Ulysses! Let me pray thee to my place
Afford the rev'rence, and to me the grace,
That never did or said, to any dame
Thy court contain'd, or deed, or word to blame;
But others so affected I have made
Lay down their insolence; and, if the trade
They kept with wickedness have made them still
Despise my specch, and use their wanted ill,
They have their penance by the stroke of death,
Which their desert divinely warranteth.
But I am priest amongst them, and shall I
That nought have done worth death amongst them die?
From thee this proverb then will men derive:
*Good turns do never their mere deeds survive.*

He, bending his displeased forehead, said:
"If you be priest among them, as you plead,
Yet you would marry, and with my wife too,
And have descent by her. For all that woo
Wish to obtain, which they should never do,
Dames' husbands living. You must therefore pray
Of force, and oft in Court here, that the day
Of my return for him might never shine;
The death to me wish'd, therefore, shall be thine."

This said, he took a sword up that was cast
From Agelaus, having struck his last,
And on the priest's mid neck he laid a stroke
That struck his head off, tumbling as he spoke.

Then did the poet Phemius (whose surname
Was call'd Terpiades; who thither came
For'd by the Wooers) fly death; but being near
The court's great gate, he stood, and parted there
In two his counsels; either to remove
And take the altar of Herceian Jove
(Made sacred to him, with a world of art
Engrav'n about it, where were wont t' impart
Laertes and Ulysses many a thigh
Of broad-brow'd oxen to the Deiry)
Or venture to Ulysses, clasp his knee,
And pray his ruth. The last was the decree
His choice resolv'd on. 'Twixt the royal throne
And that fair table that the bowl stood on
With which they sacrific'd, his harp he laid
Along the earth, the King's knees hugg'd, and said:

"Ulysses! Let my pray'r's obtain of thee
My sacred skill's respect, and ruth to me!
It will hereafter grieve thee to have slain
A poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.
I of myself am taught, for God alone
All sorts of song hath in my bosom sown,
And I, as to a God, will sing to thee,
Then do not thou deal like the priest with me.
Thine own lov'd son Telemachus will say,
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

That not to beg here, nor with willing way
Was my access to thy high court address,
To give the Wooers my song after feast,
But, being many, and so much more strong,
They forced me hither, and compell'd my song."

This did the prince's sacred virtue hear,

And to the King, his father, said: "Forbear
To mix the guiltless with the guilty's blood.
And with him likewise let our mercies save
Medon the herald, that did still behave
Himself with care of my good from a child;
If by Eumæus yet he be not kill'd,
Or by Philætius, nor your fury met,
While all this blood about the house it swet"

This Medon heard, as lying hid beneath
A throne set near, half-dead with fear of death;
A new-fray'd ox-hide, as but there thrown by,
His serious shroud made, he lying there to fly.
But hearing this he quickly left the throne,
His ox-hide cast as quickly, and as soon
The prince's knees seiz'd, saying: "O my love,
I am not slain, but here alive and move.
Abstain yourself, and do not see your sire
Quench with my cold blood the unmeasur'd fire
That flames in his strength, making spoil of me,
His wrath's right, for the Wooers' injury."

Ulysses smil'd, and said: "Be confident
This man hath sav'd and made thee different,
To let thee know, and say, and others see,
Good life is much more safe than villany.
Go then, sit free without from death within.
This much-renown'd singer from the sin
Of these men likewise quit. Both rest you there,
While I my house purge as it fits me here."

This said, they went and took their seat without
At Jove's high altar, looking round about,
Expecting still their slaughter. When the King
Search'd round the hall, to try life's hidden wing
Made from more death. But all laid prostrate there;
In blood and gore he saw. Whole shoals they were,
And lay as thick as in a hollow creek
Without the white sea, when the fishers break
Their many-mesh'd draught-net up, there lie
Fish frisking on the sands, and gain the dry
Would for the wet change, but th' all-seeing beam
The sun exhales hath suck'd their lives from them;
So one by other sprawl'd the Wooers there.
Ulysses and his son then bid appear
The nurse Euryclea, to let her hear
His mind in something fit for her affair.

He op'd the door, and call'd, and said: "Repair,
Grave matron long since born, that art our spy
To all this house's servile housewif'ry;
My father calls thee, to impart some thought
That asks thy action." His word found in nought
Her slack observance, who straight op'd the door
And enter'd to him; when himself before
Had left the hall. But there the King she view'd
Amongst the slain, with blood and gore imbru'd.
And as a lion skulking all in night,
Far off in pastures, and come home, all night
In jaws and breast-locks with an ox's blood
New feasted on him, his looks full of mood;
So look'd Ulysses, all his hands and feet.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS. 227

Freckled with purple. When which sight did greet
The poor old woman (such works being for eyes
Of no soft temper) out she brake in cries,
Whose vent, though throughly open'd, he yet clos'd,
Call'd her more near, and thus her plaints compos'd:
"Forbear, nor shriek thus, but vent joys as loud.

It is no piety to bemoan the proud,
Though ends befall them moving ne'er so much,
These are the portions of the Gods to such.
Men's own impieties in their instant art
Sustain their plagues, which are with stay but rackt.

But these men Gods nor men had in esteem,
Nor good nor bad had any sense in them.
Their lives directly ill were, therefore, cause
That Death in these stern forms so deeply draws.
Rescount, then, to me those licentious dames
That lost my honour and their sex's shames."

"I'll tell you truly," she replied: "There are
Twice five-and-twenty women here that share
All work amongst them; whom I taught to spin,
And bear the just hands that they suffer'd in.
Of all which only there were twelve that gave
Themselves to impudence and light behave,
Nor me respecting, nor herself—the Queen.
And for your son he hath but lately been
Of years to rule; nor would his mother bear
His empire where her women's labours were.
But let me go and give her notice now
Of your arrival. Sure some God doth show
His hand upon her in this rest she takes,
That all these uproars bears and never wakes."

"Nor wake her yet," said he, "but cause to come
Those twelve light women to this utter room."
She made all utmost haste to come and go,
And bring the women he had summon'd so.
Then both his swains and son he bade go call
The women to their aid, and clear the hall
Of those dead bodies, cleanse each board and throne
With wetted sponges. Which with fitness done,
He bade take all the strumpets 'twixt the wall
Of his first court and that room next the hall,
In which the vessel of the house were scour'd,
And in their bosoms sheath their ev'ry sword,
Till all their souls were fled, and they had then
Felt 'twas but pain to sport with lawless men.
This said, the women came all drown'd in moan,
And weeping bitterly. But first was done
The bearing thence the dead; all which beneath
The portico they stow'd, where death on death
They heap'd together. Then took all the pains
Ulysses will'd. His son yet and the swains
With paring-shovels wrought. The women bore
Their parings forth, and all the clotter'd gore.
The house then cleans'd, they brought the women out,
And put them in a room so wall'd about
That no means serv'd their sad estates to fly.
Then said Telemachus: "These shall not die
A death that lets out any wanton blood,
And vents the poison that gave lust her food,
The body cleansing, but a death that chokes
The breath, and altogether that provokes
And seems as bellows to abhorred lust,
That both on my head pour'd depraves unjust,
And on my mother's scandalling the Court,"
With men debauch’d, in so abhorr’d a sort.”
This said, a halser of a ship they cast
About a cross-beam of the roof, which fast
They made about their necks, in twelve parts cut,
And hal’d them up so high they could not put
Their feet to any stay. As which was done,
Look how a mavis, or a pigeon,
In any grove caught with a springe or net,
With struggling pinions ’gainst the ground doth beat
Her tender body, and that then strait bed
Is sour to that swing in which she was bred;
So striv’d these taken birds, till ev’ry one
Her pliant halter had enforc’d upon
Her stubborn neck, and then aloft was haul’d
To wretched death. A little space they sprawl’d,
Their feet fast moving, but were quickly still.
• Then fetch’d they down Melanthius, to fulfill
The equal execution; which was done
In portal of the hall, and thus begun:
They first slit both his nostrils, cropp’d each ear,
His members tugg’d off, which the dogs did tear
And chop up bleeding sweet; and, while red-hot
The vice-abhorring blood was, off they smote
His hands and feet; and there that work had end. Then wash’d they hands and feet that blood had stain’d,
And took the house again. And then the King
Euryclea calling, bade her quickly bring
All-ill-expelling brimstone, and some fire,
That with perfumes cast he might make entire
The house’s first integrity in all.
And then his timely will was, she should call
Her Queen and ladies; still yet charging her
That all the handmaids she should first confer.
   She said he spake as fitted; but, before,
She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,
   And she would others bring him, that not so
His fair broad shoulders might rest clad, and show
   His person to his servants was too blame.

"First bring me fire," said he. She went, and came
With fire and sulphur straight; with which the hall.
   And of the huge house all rooms capital
He throughly sweeten'd. Then went nurse to call
The handmaid servants down; and up she went
   To tell the news, and will'd them to present
Their service to their sov'reign. Down they came
Sustaining torches all, and pour'd a flame
   Of love about their lord, with welcomes home,
With huggings of his hands, with laborsome
   Both heads and foreheads kisses, and embraces,
And plied him so with all their loving graces
That tears and sighs took up his whole desire;
   For now he knew their hearts to him entire.

   *Too blame*—See Bk. iii. 365.
THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

THE ARGUMENT.
Ulysses to his wife is known.
A brief sum of his travels shown.
Himself, his son, and servants go
t' approve the Wooers' overthrow.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.
Ψ. For all annoys
Sustain'd before,
The true wife's joys
Now made the more.

The servants thus inform'd, the matron goes
Up where the Queen was cast in such repose,
Affected with a fervent joy to tell
What all this time she did with pain conceal.
Her knees revok'd their first strength, and her feet
Were borne above the ground with wings to greet
The long-griev'd Queen with news her King was come;
And, near her, said: "Wake, leave this withdrawn room,
That now your eyes may see at length, though late,
The man return'd, which, all the heavy date
Your woes have rack'd out, you have long'd to see.

Revok'd—called back.
Ulysses is come home, and hath set free
His court of all your Wooers, slaught'ring all
For wasting so his goods with festival,
His house so vexing, and for violence done
So all ways varied to his only son."
She answer'd her: "The Gods have made thee mad,
Of whose pow'r now thy pow'rs such proof have had.
The Gods can blind with follies wisest eyes,
And make men foolish so to make them wise.
For they have hurt ev'n thy grave brain, that bore
An understanding spirit heretofore.
Why hast thou wak'd me to more tears, when Moan
Hath turn'd my mind with tears into her own?
Thy madness much more blameful, that with lies
Thy haste is laden, and both robs mine eyes
Of most delightful sleep, and sleep of them,
That now had bound me in his sweet extreme,
T' embrace my lids and close my visual spheres.
I have not slept so much this twenty years,
Since first my dearest sleeping-mate was gone
For that too-ill-to-speak-of Ilion.
Hence, take your mad steps back. If any maid
Of all my train besides a part had play'd
So bold to wake, and tell mine ears such lies,
I had return'd her to her housewif'ries
With good proof of my wrath to such rude dames.
But go, your years have sav'd their younger blames."
She answer'd her: "I nothing wrong your ear,
But tell the truth. Your long-miss'd lord is here,
And, with the Wooers' slaughter, his own hand,
In chief exploit, hath to his own command
Reduc'd his house; and that poor guest was he,
That all those Wooers wrought such injury.
Telemachus had knowledge long ago
That 'twas his father, but his wisdom so
Observe'd his counsels, to give surer end
To that great work to which they did contend."

This call'd her spirits to their conceiving places;
She sprung for joy from blames into embraces
Of her grave nurse, wip'd ev'ry tear away
From her fair cheeks, and then began to say
What nurse said over thus: "O nurse, can this
Be true thou say'st? How could that hand of his
Alone destroy so many? They would still
Troop all together. How could he then kill
Such numbers so united?" "How," said she,
"I have not seen nor heard; but certainly
The deed is done. We sat within in fear,
The doors shut on us, and from thence might hear
The sighs and groans of ev'ry man he slew,
But heard nor saw more, till at length there flew
Your son's voice to mine ear, that call'd to me,
And bade me then come forth, and then I see
Ulysses standing in the midst of all
Your slaughter'd Wooers, heap'd up, like a wall,
One on another round about his side.
It would have done you good to have descried
Your conqu'ring lord all-smeard with blood and gore
So like a lion. Straight, then, off they bore
The slaughter'd carcasses, that now before
The fore-court gates lie, one on another pil'd.
And now your victor all the hall, defil'd
With stench of hot death, is perfuming round,
And with a mighty fire the hearth hath crown'd."
Thus, all the death remov'd, and ev'ry room
Made sweet and sightly, that yourself should come
His pleasure sent me. Come, then, take you now
Your mutual fills of comfort. Grief on you
Hath long and many suff'ring's laid; which length,
Which many suff'ring's, now your virtuous strength
Of uncorrupted chasteness hath conferr'd
A happy end to. He that long hath err'd
Is safe arriv'd at home; his wife, his son,
Found safe and good; all ill that hath been done
On all the doers' heads, though long prolong'd,
His right hath wreak'd, and in the place they wrong'd.
She answer'd: "Do not you now laugh and boast
As you had done some great act, seeing most
Into his being; for you know he won—
Ev'n through his poor and vile condition—
A kind of prompted thought that there was plac'd
Some virtue in him fit to be embrac'd
By all the house, but most of all by me,
And by my son that was the progeny
Of both our loves. And yet it is not he,
For all the likely proofs ye plead to me,—
Some God hath slain the Wooers in disdain
Of the abhorred pride he saw so reign
In those base works they did. No man alive,
Or good or bad, whoever did arrive
At their abodes once, ever could obtain
Regard of them; and therefore their so vain
And vile deserts have found as vile an end.
But, for Ulysses, never will extend
His wish'd return to Greece, nor he yet lives."
"How strange a Queen are you," said she, "that gives
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

No truth your credit, that your husband, set
Close in his house at fire, can purchase yet
No faith of you, but that he still is far
From any home of his! Your wit's at war
With all credulity ever! And yet now
I'll name a sign shall force belief from you:
I bath’d him lately, and beheld the scar
That still remains a mark too ocular
To leave your heart yet blinded; and I then
Had run and told you, but his hand was fain
To close my lips from th’ acclamation
My heart was breathing, and his wisdom won
My still retention, till he gave me leave
And charge to tell you this. Now then receive
My life for gage of his return; which take
In any cruel fashion, if I make
All this not clear to you.” “Lov'd nurse,” said she,
“Though many things thou know'st, yet these things be:
Veil'd in the counsels th’ uncreated Gods
Have long time mask’d in; whose dark periods
’Tis hard for thee to see into. But come,
Let's see my son, the slain, and him by whom
They had their slaughter.” This said, down they went;
When, on the Queen's part, divers thoughts were spent.
If, all this giv'n no faith, she still should stand
Aloof, and question more; or his hugg'd hand
And lov'd head she should at first assay
With free-giv’n kisses. When her doubtful way
Had pass’d the stony pavement, she took seat
Against her husband, in the opposite heat
The fire then cast upon the other wall.

Him—The folio has he.
Himself set by the column of the hall,
His looks cast downwards, and expected still
When her incredulous and curious will
To shun ridiculous error, and the shame
To kiss a husband that was not the same,
Would down, and win enough faith from his sight.
She silent sat, and her perplex'd plight
Amaze encounter'd. Sometimes she stood clear.
He was her husband; sometimes the ill wear
His person had put on transform'd him so
That yet his stamp would hardly current go.

Her son, her strangeness seeing, blam'd her thus:
"Mother, ungentle mother! tyrannous!
In this too-curious modesty you show.
Why sit you from my father, nor bestow
A word on me t' enquire and clear such doubt
As may perplex you? Found man ever out
One other such a wife that could forbear
Her lov'd lord's welcome home, when twenty year
In infinite suff'rance he had spent apart.
No flint so hard is as a woman's heart."

"Son," said she, "amaze contains my mind,
Nor can I speak and use the common kind
Of those enquiries, nor sustain to see
With opposite looks his count'nance. If this be
My true Ulysses now return'd, there are
Tokens betwixt us of more fitness far
To give me argument he is my lord;
And my assurance of him may afford
My proofs of joy for him from all these eyes
With more decorum than object their guise
To public notice." The much-suff'rer brake.
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS.

In laughter out, and to his son said: "Take Your mother from the prease, that she may make Her own proofs of me, which perhaps may give More cause to the acknowledgments that drive Their show thus off. But now, because I go So poorly clad, she takes disdain to know Sp loath'd a creature for her loved lord. Let us consult, then, how we may accord The town to our late action. Some one slain Hath made the all-left slaughterer of him fain To fly his friends and country; but our swords Have slain a city's most supportful lords, The chief peers of the kingdom, therefore see You use wise means t' uphold your victory."

"See you to that, good father," said the son, "Whose counsels have the sov'reign glory won From all men living. None will strive with you, But with unquestion'd girlands grace your brow, To whom our whole acaeries we vow In free attendance. Nor shall our hands leave Your onsets needy of supplies to give All the effects that in our pow'rs can fall."

"Then this," said he, "to me seems capital Of all choice courses: Bathe we first, and then Attire we freshely; all our maids and men Enjoining likewise to their best attire: The sacred singer then let touch his lyre, And go before us all in graceful dance, That all without, to whose ears shall advance Our cheerful accents, or of travellers by, Of firm inhabitants, solemnity Of frolic nuptials may imagine here."
And this perform we, lest the massacre
Of all our Wooers be divulg'd about
The ample city, ere ourselves get out
And greet my father in his grove of trees,
Where, after, we will prove what policies
Olympius shall suggest to overcome
Our latest toils, and crown our welcome home."

This all obey'd; bath'd, put on fresh attire
Both men and women did. Then took his lyre
The holy singer, and set thirst on fire
With songs and faultless dances; all the court
Rung with the footings that the numerous sport
From jocund men drew and fair-girdled dames;
Which heard abroad, thus flew the common fames:

"This sure the day is when the much-woo'd Queen
Is richly wed. O wretch! That hath not been
So constant as to keep her ample house
Till th' utmost hour had brought her foremost spouse."

Thus some conceiv'd, but little knew the thing.
And now Eurynomé had bath'd the King,
Smooth'd him with oils, and he himself attir'd
In vestures royal. Her part then inspir'd
The Goddess Pallas, deck'd his head and face
With infinite beauties, gave a goodly grace
Of stature to him, a much plumper plight
Through all his body breath'd, curls soft and bright
Adorn'd his head withal, and made it show
As if the flow'ry hyacinth did grow
In all his pride there, in the gen'ral trim
Of ev'ry lock and ev'ry curious limb.
Look how a skilful artizan, well-seen
In all arts mettalline, as having been
Taught by Minerva and the God of fire,  
Doth gold with silver mix so that entire  
They keep their self-distinction, and yet so  
That to the silver from the gold doth flow  
A much more artificial lustre than his own,  
And thereby to the gold itself is grown  
A greater glory than if wrought alone,  
Both being stuck off by either's mixtion;  
So did Minerva her's and his combine,  
He more in her, she more in him, did shine.  
Like an Immortal from the bath he rose,  
And to his wife did all his grace dispose,  
Encount'ring this her strangeness: "Cruel dame  
Of all that breathe, the Gods past steel and flame  
Have made thee ruthless. Life retains not one  
Of all dames else that bears so overgrown  
A mind with abstinence, as twenty years  
To miss her husband drown'd in woes and tears,  
And at his coming keep aloof, and fare  
As of his so long absence and his care  
No sense had seiz'd her. Go, nurse, make a bed,  
That I alone may sleep; her heart is dead  
To all reflection!" To him thus replied  
The wise Penelope: "Man half-deified,  
Tis not my fashion to be taken straight  
With bravest men, nor poorest use to sleight.  
Your mean appearance made not me retire,  
Nor this your rich show makes me now admire,  
Nor moves at all; for what is all to me  
If not my husband? All his certainty  
I knew at parting; but, so long apart,  
The outward likeness holds no full desert.
For me to trust to. Go, nurse, see addrest
A soft bed for him, and the single rest
Himself affects so. Let it be the bed
That stands within our bridal chamber-sted,
Which he himself made. Bring it forth from thence,
And see it furnish'd with magnificence"

This said she to assay him, and did stir
Ev'n his establish'd patience; and to her
Whom thus he answer'd: "Woman! your words prove
My patience strangely. Who is it can move
My bed out of his place? It shall oppress
Earth's greatest understander; and, unless
Ev'n God himself come, that can easily grace
Men in their most skills, it shall hold his place;
For man he lives not that (as not most skill'd,
So not most young) shall easily make it yield,
If, building on the strength in which he flows,
He adds both levers too and iron crows:
For in the fixture of the bed is shown
A master-piece, a wonder; and 'twas done
By me, and none but me, and thus was wrought:
There was an olive-tree that had his grouch
Amidst a hedge, and was of shadow proud,
Fresh, and the prime age of his verdure show'd,
His leaves and arms so thick that to the eye
It show'd a colbmn for solidity.
To this had I a comprehension
To build my bridal bow'r; which all of stone,
Thick as the tree of leaves, I rais'd, and cast
A roof about it nothing meanly grac'd,

270 Grouth—growth. So spelt for the rhyme's sake.
275 Proud—luxuriant.