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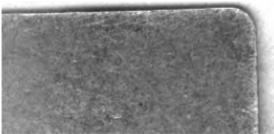
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THE  
ILIAD AND ODYSSEY  
OF  
HOMER,

TRANSLATED  
BY  
WILLIAM SOTHEYBY;



ILLUSTRATED BY THE DESIGNS OF FLAXMAN.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

G. AND W. NICOL, PALL-MALL; J. MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

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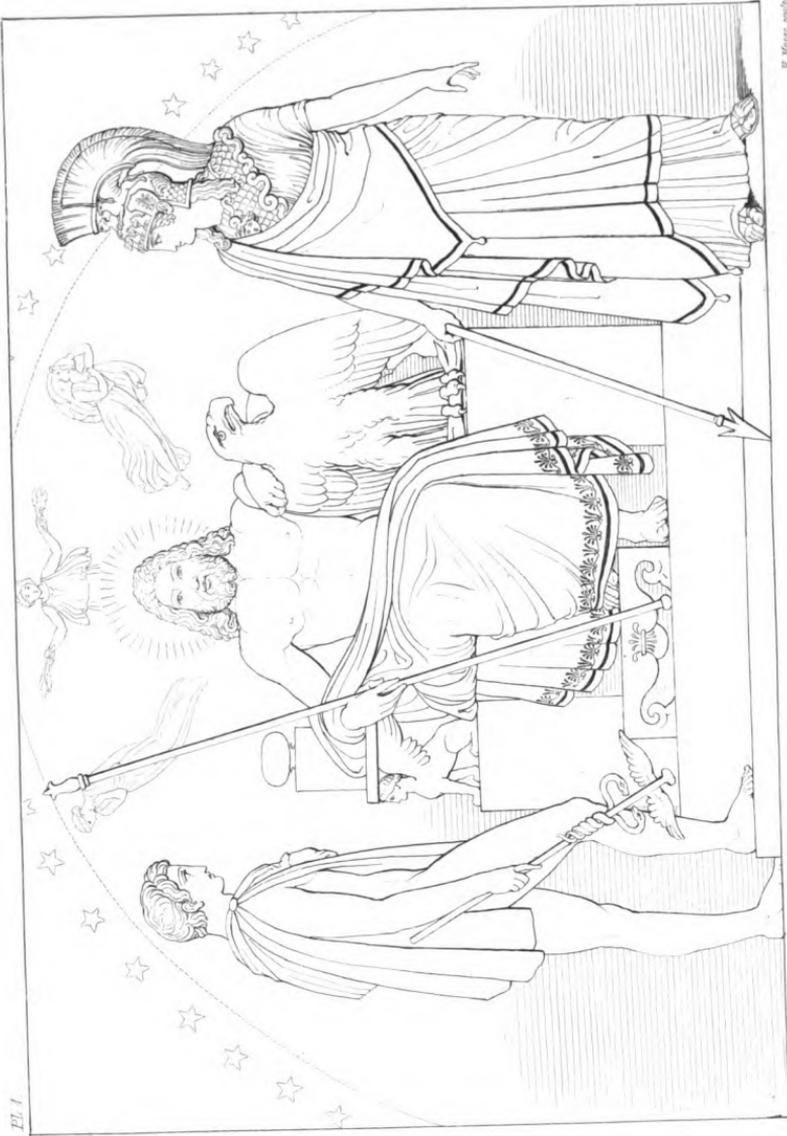


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PL I

Pl. Minerva. 1874

Pl. Mercury. 1874

COUNCIL OF JUPITER, MINERVA, AND MERCURY.

HOY WAD  
 QUBA  
 YSASU

**THE FIRST BOOK**  
**OF**  
**THE ODYSSEY.**

**VOL. I.**

**B**

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### ARGUMENT.

**Minerva, in a council of the Gods, persuades Jupiter to send Ulysses to Ithaca, from the island of Calypso. Minerva, disguised like Mentos, encourages Telemachus to go forth in search of Ulysses.**

ROY VAN  
CLARK  
YRASSU

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK I.

**Muse!** sing the Man by long experience tried,  
Who, fertile in resources, wander'd wide,  
And when Troy's sacred walls in dust were laid,  
Men's varying moods and many a realm survey'd.  
He much endured on ocean's stormy wave,  
Intent his followers, and himself to save,  
In vain:—they perish'd by their guilt undone;  
Fools! who devour'd the bullocks of the Sun—  
The God, in vengeance for his cattle slain,  
In their return destroy'd them on the main.  
Daughter of Jove! deign thou to us disclose,  
Celestial Muse, a portion of their woes.

All who that death had 'scaped, at home once more  
Dwelt free from battle and the ocean roar:  
All, save Ulysses, whom, compell'd to stay  
Regretful of his wife, and homeward way,

In her bright cave, a nymph by love subdued,  
 The fair Calypso for her consort woo'd.  
 But when long years had o'er him slowly roll'd,  
 And beam'd on his return the day foretold,  
 E'en in his Ithaca, his native soil,  
 E'en 'mid his friends his course was cross'd by toil,  
 Tho' every god his woe with pity view'd,  
 Save Neptune, whose stern rage the chief pursued—  
 But now that wrathful God had pass'd alone  
 Where dwelt the Æthiops on earth's furthest zone,  
 These, at the sun-rise, those, at day's decline :  
 And there 'mid hecatombs that heap'd his shrine,  
 Glad Neptune shared the feast :—the rest, above,  
 Met in the palace of Olympian Jove.  
 'Mid these the God revolving in his mind  
 The guilt by base Ægisthus' wile design'd,  
 The wretch who perish'd by Orestes slain :—  
 Indignant thus address'd heaven's listening train :

‘ Gods!—How these mortals dare the immortals  
 blame !

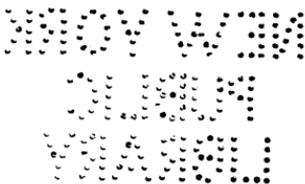
‘ And charge on us each ill they blindly frame ;

‘ By their own fault, not fate, their ruin bred.

‘ Not fate, foul passion bade Ægisthus wed

‘ Atrides' wife, and make his hearth his tomb,

‘ Tho' warn'd by me of death's impending doom.



- ‘ The Argicide declared my strict command :
- ‘ Touch not his wife, nor raise ’gainst him thy hand.
- ‘ O’er thee dire vengeance from Orestes flames,
- ‘ When in man’s strength the son his kingdom claims :
- ‘ Thus Hermes spoke : Ægisthus disobey’d—
- ‘ Lo! on his brow, all, all his crimes repaid.’

The blue-eyed Maid replied,—‘ Paternal Jove!

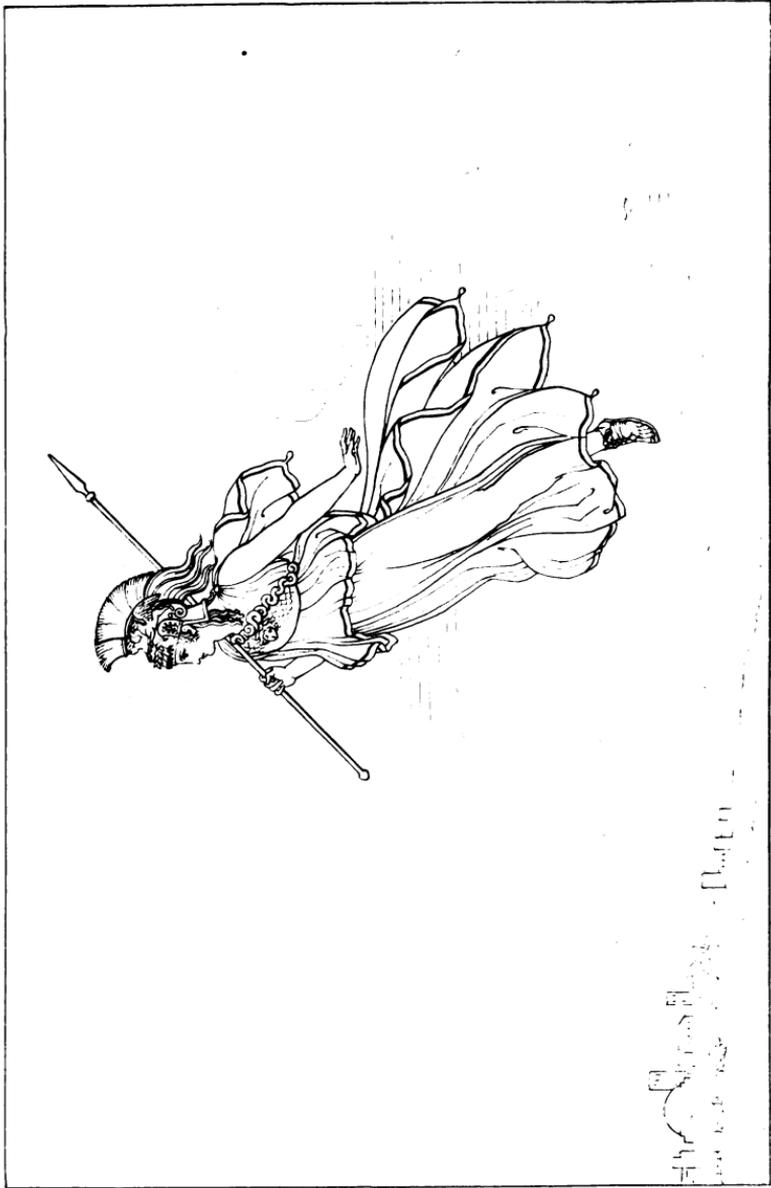
- ‘ Lord of all earth below, all heaven above!
- ‘ Just was his death : such vengeance due to guilt :
- ‘ So be the life-blood of the murderer spilt.
- ‘ But for Ulysses, grief my bosom rends,
- ‘ Who, from his country, and regretful friends,
- ‘ In a lone isle, the navel of the main,
- ‘ Year after year, lamenting, mourns in vain :
- ‘ A wood-girt isle, where dwells within her cave,
- ‘ Wise Atlas’ child, a goddess of the wave :
- ‘ Whose sire knows all the sea-depths, and on high
- ‘ The pillars rears that bound the earth and sky.
- ‘ That nymph with soft seductions, o’er and o’er,
- ‘ Tempts him to think on Ithaca no more :
- ‘ Yet could he but behold the smoke arise
- ‘ From his loved land, death, then, might close his eyes.
- ‘ Thou, too, his hopeless misery hast discern’d,
- ‘ Yet thy harsh nature ne’er to pity turn’d.

‘ Bled not the victims by Ulysses slain  
 ‘ At Troy ’mid Grecia’s fleet, before thy fane ?  
 ‘ Why thus with him enraged ?’ ‘ What,’ Jove rejoin’d,  
 ‘ What word unjust has scaped thy hasty mind ?  
 ‘ How him forget whose wisdom all excels ?  
 ‘ Him on whose numerous feasts heaven gladly dwells.  
 ‘ ’Tis Neptune persecutes, whose ceaseless hate  
 ‘ Pursues the chief for Polyphemus’ fate,  
 ‘ The Cyclops, by Ulysses reft of sight,  
 ‘ Tho’ passing all his giant race in might.  
 ‘ Him, potent Phorcys’ child, ’neath ocean’s roar,  
 ‘ The nymph Thoösa in her cavern bore  
 ‘ Mix’d with the sea-god.—Hence from strand to strand  
 ‘ Stern Neptune drives him from his native land,  
 ‘ But fails to take his life. Now, Heavenly Powers !  
 ‘ To guard him home, that consultation ours,  
 ‘ And calm the God, who, our decision known,  
 ‘ Will ne’er ’gainst all the gods contend alone.’

Him Pallas answer’d : ‘ Thou, almighty Lord !  
 ‘ God of all gods ! most honour’d, fear’d, adored,  
 ‘ If all the gods consent, if all ordain  
 ‘ That wise Ulysses should his hearth regain,  
 ‘ Bid haste the Argicide, without delay,  
 ‘ Wing to Ogygia’s isle his instant way,

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Pl. 2.



E. Meyer sculp

THE DESCENT OF MINERVA TO ITHACA.

1870-1871

‘ To the fair nymph to bear your high command,  
‘ That soon the chief regain his much-loved land—  
‘ I now from heaven to Ithaca depart,  
‘ To rouse his son and fortify his heart,  
‘ The Greeks to summon, to his council call,  
‘ And drive the suitors from his palace hall,  
‘ Who, plundering him, perpetual revels keep,  
‘ And gorge his fatten’d herds, and chosen sheep.  
‘ Him will I send, of Sparta to enquire,  
‘ And sandy Pylos for his long-lost sire ;  
‘ From realm to realm, to gather up his fame,  
‘ And add new glories to his father’s name.’

Then on her feet her golden sandals laced,  
With bright ambrosial wings divinely graced,  
Wings that o’er earth and sea the Goddess bear  
And challenge in their speed the viewless air—  
Then grasp’d her brass-edged lance, of matchless  
strength,  
Vast, massive, ponderous, whose far-shadowing length,  
When the mail’d Goddess in her fury burns,  
Rank after rank heroic chiefs o’erturns.  
Then downward flew from steep Olympus’ height,  
And on Ulysses’ island deign’d alight,  
And at the threshold of his portal staid  
Beneath the vestibule’s protecting shade :

Held in her grasp the spear, and took her stand  
Like *Mentes*, leader of the *Taphian* band :  
There found the suitors festively array'd,  
Who, gay, at dice before the palace play'd,  
Their seats on hides of many a numerous herd,  
Slain at the dictates of their haughty word :  
Heralds, and minist'ring menials stood around,  
Some who with temper'd wine their goblets crown'd,  
With many a porous sponge some cleansed the board,  
And with carved meat their proffer'd chargers stored.  
Her first the young *Telemachus* perceived,  
Who 'mid the wooers sat, and inly grieved,  
Bright picturing in his mind, how, home again,  
His sire would put to flight the wassail train,  
Resume his honours, and ancestral right,  
And, musing thus, the Goddess caught his sight.  
Forward he sprung, in wrath, that nigh their feast  
A stranger stood, an uninvited guest :  
Then clasp'd her hand, received the brazen spear,  
And pour'd his welcome in her gladden'd ear :

‘ Hail ! stranger—welcome—now the banquet share,  
‘ Then, feasted, wherefore here—thy wish declare.’

He spake—and at the word, the blue-eyed Maid  
Where the prince led the way not loth obey'd.

Now, 'neath his dome, within the channel'd height  
Of a vast column, towering on the sight,  
He fix'd the lance, where, ranged in order, stood  
Ulysses' war-spears, like an iron wood :  
Then, on a stately seat the Goddess placed,  
With linen spread, and with a foot-stool graced,  
And near it drew his own resplendent throne,  
At distance from the suitors placed alone,  
Lest the contemptuous rioters molest,  
And vex with noise and insolence the guest,  
Nor yield him peaceful leisure to enquire,  
And hold free commune of his long-lost sire.  
From a gold ewer, a maid, their hands to lave,  
Pour'd in a silver bowl the cleansing wave,  
And a bright table brought, where, largely spread,  
The sage dispenseress heap'd the food and bread,  
The sewer with flesh, all kinds, the plates supplied,  
And golden goblets placed each guest beside,  
Which oft with wine the busy herald crown'd ;  
Then, rushing in, the suitors gather'd round,  
And on their separate seats, and thrones of state,  
Where heralds wash'd their hands, in order sate :  
The attendant maids in baskets piled their bread,  
On the carved dainties as the feasters fed ;  
And youths oft crown'd their goblets o'er and o'er,  
Till thirst and hunger, satiate, sought no more :

Then other joys enflamed their keen desire,  
 The song and dance, that charm the festive choir.  
 The herald gave to the reluctant hand  
 Of Phemius, leader of the minstrel band,  
 A silver lyre. By force the bard obey'd,  
 And, prelude the song, the measure play'd :  
 While, to the Goddess, as he closely press'd,  
 Her—by the rest unheard, the prince address'd :

‘ Let not my speech, dear guest, thy wrath excite,  
 ‘ While songs, and dance, these revellers delight,  
 ‘ Who with impunity his wealth devour,  
 ‘ His whose blanch'd bones lie mouldering 'neath the  
     shower,  
 ‘ Strown on earth's solid bed, or to and fro  
 ‘ Toss as the billows roll, and tempests blow.  
 ‘ Yet should those wasters his return behold,  
 ‘ They'd wish their feet with swiftness girt, not gold.  
 ‘ But fate has seal'd his doom, my hope is o'er :  
 ‘ Let none presume it—he returns no more—  
 ‘ But, say, and truly tell what I enquire :  
 ‘ Who art thou ?—What thy city ?—Whence thy sire ?  
 ‘ What vessel brought thee here ?—What purpose bore ?  
 ‘ The seamen—whence—who steer'd thee to this shore ?  
 ‘ On foot thou camest not—this too be confess'd :  
 ‘ Here, newly come, or a paternal guest ?

‘ For many a man has hail’d our hearth of yore,  
‘ And my sire’s glory spread from shore to shore.’

He spake, and thus the blue-eyed Maid replied :  
‘ All thou shalt know, in thee I dare confide.  
‘ Anchialus my sire, mine *Mentes*’ name ;  
‘ The oar-skill’d *Taphians* me their king proclaim :  
‘ Hither I came with my attendant train,  
‘ On sail to foreign realms athwart the main,  
‘ To *Temesa* for brass ; bright steel my freight ;  
‘ My ship apart from your proud city gate  
‘ At anchor moor’d, securely lies on land  
‘ Neath *Neius*’ woods, on *Rhethrus*’ harbouring  
strand—

‘ But here we come your father’s guests of old,—  
‘ Doubt you ?—*Laertes* can the truth unfold,  
‘ Who now—’tis rumour’d—here no more resides,  
‘ But in his fields afar his misery hides,  
‘ With one, who serves his board, an ancient dame,  
‘ While sore fatigue comes o’er his time-worn frame,  
‘ When, from slow creeping thro’ his vineyard rows,  
‘ The old man seeks his dwelling’s still repose.  
‘ I came when heard thy sire had reach’d his home :  
‘ But wrathful gods condemn him still to roam.  
‘ Yet—not from earth that glorious chief is swept,  
‘ But in some sea-girt isle in prison kept,

‘ Where barbarous men the mourner still detain,  
‘ And guard the unwilling captive mid the main.  
‘ Yet—I foretell thee what from heaven I feel,  
‘ And the sure sequel shall the truth reveal,  
‘ Tho’ no sooth-sayer I, nor skill’d to read  
‘ As the bird wings his flight, the future deed—  
‘ They shall not long from Ithaca withhold,  
‘ Tho’ iron fetters his gall’d limbs enfold ;  
‘ The wish for freedom shall his spirit fire,  
‘ And his keen art shall compass his desire.  
‘ But—this I urge—now, truly this declare,  
‘ Art thou, for such thou seem’st, Ulysses’ Heir ?  
‘ Thy features such, thy eyes so beamy bright,  
‘ Such as the chief oft tower’d before my sight,  
‘ Ere with their bravest heroes, Argos’ boast,  
‘ The warrior moor’d his fleet on Phrygia’s coast ;  
‘ Since then we ne’er have met.’

The Prince replied,

‘ From thee I seek not, what thou ask’st, to hide—  
‘ My mother calls me his—but, who on earth—  
‘ What mortal knows the author of his birth.  
‘ Would I were heir of one whose age in peace,  
‘ Year after year enjoy’d his wealth’s increase !  
‘ But now—behold—since thus thou deign’st enquire,  
‘ The wretched son of a most wretched sire.’

‘ Thee,’ Pallas said, ‘ heaven shall hereafter grace,  
‘ Thee, nameless not, nor of a nameless race,  
‘ Sprung from Penelope.—But, tell me true,  
‘ What means this festival, this numerous crew,  
‘ Convivial, or connubial?—Not such fare  
‘ When each contributes his allotted share ;  
‘ Far other I regard this wassail throng,  
‘ Who proudly thus their riotings prolong,  
‘ Such as disgust the man whose moderate mind  
‘ Abhors intemperance that degrades mankind.’

The Prince replied, ‘ Since thou art thus inclined,  
‘ My word shall satisfy thy anxious mind.  
‘ Once I had hope while here my sire remain’d,  
‘ That wealth and virtue had our house sustain’d :  
‘ But heaven, devising ill, not thus design’d,  
‘ And left his fate obscurest ’mid mankind ;  
‘ Nor would his death so sharply have impress’d  
‘ The sting of sorrow in my filial breast,  
‘ If, with his brave compeers, in Phrygia slain,  
‘ Or ’mid his friends from Troy return’d again.  
‘ Then all the Greeks had raised his funeral mound,  
‘ And by his father’s fame the son renown’d.  
‘ But him the Harpies from the light of day  
‘ Unknown, unseen, unheard, have swept away,

‘ And left me to lament not him alone,  
‘ But, by heaven’s hate, fresh woes till now unknown—  
‘ Lo! all the chiefs who rule with separate powers  
‘ Dulichium, Samos, and Zacynthus’ bowers,  
‘ And spread o’er craggy Ithaca their sway,  
‘ My mother court, and on my substance prey.  
‘ She, tho’ her heart each proffer’d suit disprove,  
‘ Rejects not wholly, nor approves their love,  
‘ While the proud wasters, madd’ning in their joy,  
‘ My wealth consume and soon will me destroy.’

‘ Yes,’ Pallas said, ‘ thou need’st that absent sire  
‘ Whose arm would crush them in his righteous ire.  
‘ Might on his threshold now that chief appear,  
‘ With helmed brow, mail’d breast, and battle-spear,  
‘ Such as I saw him, when a welcome guest,  
‘ He graced the banquet at our gladden’d feast,  
‘ When back from Ilus, hastening home again,  
‘ The chieftain left the Ephyrean plain,  
‘ Where he had sail’d to seek—if haply found—  
‘ Drugs that embue with death the arrowy wound.  
‘ Yet Ilus not to him that gift bestow’d,  
‘ Thro’ dread of vengeance of the offended god,  
‘ But with Ulysses join’d in friendship’s band  
‘ My father gratified that chief’s demand.

‘ Such might Ulysses on these wooers flame,  
‘ Death and dire nuptials would their ardour tame.  
‘ But, if that chief return and crush his foes,  
‘ Or wander unavenged, the gods dispose ;  
‘ Yet,—if my counsel in thy spirit dwell,  
‘ Thou from thy roof these wasters shall expel.  
‘ Prince, thou, to-morrow, if thy will meet mine,  
‘ Summon the chiefs : attest the powers divine :  
‘ And to the suitors issue thy command  
‘ That each should seek forthwith his separate land :  
‘ And if new nuptials move thy mother’s heart,  
‘ So bid her to her sire’s rich dome depart :  
‘ That he may gift her with the abundant dower  
‘ Fit for a much-loved daughter’s nuptial hour.  
‘ But thine, I charge thee, thy peculiar care,  
‘ The choicest bark, and twice ten oars prepare :—  
‘ So seek thy sire, wherever man may guide,  
‘ Or a clear voice from Jove thy course decide.  
‘ First, Pylos seek : of Nestor there enquire :  
‘ Then ask of Sparta of thy long lost sire,  
‘ For, last of those great chiefs renown’d of fame  
‘ Fair Menelaus to his kingdom came.  
‘ If that thy sire yet live thou haply hear  
‘ Tho’ worn with toil, toil on throughout the year :  
‘ But, if his days are closed, that duty o’er  
‘ To thy loved Ithaca return once more—

‘ With funeral pomp high raise his hallow’d mound,  
‘ And match thy mother with some chief renown’d—  
‘ These duties done, to other cares resign’d,  
‘ With thoughts of righteous vengeance brace thy mind;  
‘ How best to slay these wasters, in thy home,  
‘ By fraud ensnare them or by force o’ercome.  
‘ For, such as thou art, now in manhood’s bloom  
‘ No more in boyish sports thy days consume.—  
‘ Hast thou not heard voice after voice proclaim  
‘ The increasing glory of Orestes’ name ?  
‘ How the brave youth avenged the adulterer’s guilt,  
‘ And his sire’s blood by base Ægisthus spilt.  
‘ Thy stature, beauty, such, thus brave, thus bold,  
‘ By after ages be thy glory told—  
‘ But me my crew await—farewell—respect  
‘ Thy own fair fame, nor my advice neglect.’

‘ Thou communest as a father with his son,’  
The Prince replied, ‘ be all thy counsel done.  
‘ But tho’ thou fain would’st go, here kindly stay,  
‘ The bath and banquet well may claim delay.—  
‘ Not from my roof unrecompensed depart,  
‘ Nor seek thy ship with unrejoicing heart,  
‘ Till thou a great and glorious gift receive,  
‘ Which hosts to guests sure pledge of friendship give.’

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‘ Bid me not,’ Pallas answer’d, ‘ here remain,  
‘ Nor thus, desirous to depart, restrain.  
‘ When here I pass again, thy gift shall grace  
‘ Me homeward sailing to my native place,  
‘ And thou from no unthankful hand receive  
‘ Gifts that shall equal what thou joy’st to give.’

Minerva spake, and vanish’d from his sight .  
Swift as a bird on wing of swiftest flight,  
But kindled in his heart heroic fire,  
And keener memory of his long-lost sire,  
While o’er his mind deep awe and wonder came,  
That felt his guest a god in human frame.  
The Prince the wooers sought, who, seated, hung  
In silent rapture as the minstrel sung,  
Sung the chiefs’ sad return, when to and fro  
By Pallas’ will, they sail’d from Troy’s o’erthrow.  
While thus he sung, Icarus’ daughter heard,  
Lone in her upper room, his chaunted word :  
Down stepp’d, and where she moved, attendant came  
Two faithful damsels, on their royal dame.  
Onward she went, and nigh the revel throng,  
Now hush’d to silence by the minstrel’s song,  
Beneath her lofty palace porch reclined,  
Hid her fair brow the fine-wove veil behind,

And, as on either side a maiden stood,  
Wept, and the bard address'd in mournful mood :

‘ Bard, thy sweet touch can temper to the lyre  
‘ All deeds of men or gods that bards inspire.  
‘ Sing thou of these, and so enchant the ear,  
‘ That e’en these feasters may in silence hear.  
‘ But cease that strain which bids my sorrow flow,  
‘ Which searches every spring that feeds my woe,  
‘ And racks keen memory for that god-like chief  
‘ Whose fame thro’ Greece but echoes back my grief.’

‘ My mother! why displeas’d?’ the Prince rejoin’d,  
‘ Leave to the bard free mastery of his mind.  
‘ ’Tis not the minstrel, ’tis the will of Jove  
‘ That breathes the inspiration from above—  
‘ Then blame not Phemius, whose recording lay  
‘ Mourns their sad fate who steer’d from Troy their way.  
‘ More grateful far the song which all admire  
‘ When novelty attunes the awaken’d lyre.  
‘ Brace thou thy mind to hear : for not alone  
‘ Ulysses strays to Ithaca unknown,  
‘ But many a Grecian strows the Trojan plain,  
‘ And many a chief ne’er hails his hearth again.  
‘ But thou return, thy household cares resume,  
‘ Look to thy maids, the spindle, and the loom :

‘ To men, as fit, discourse with men resign,  
‘ And—where I rule—that office chiefly mine.’

Penelope, astonish’d, back return’d,  
Nor his wise counsel negligently spurn’d,  
Went with her maids, her loved Ulysses wept,  
Till the tired mourner, soothed by Pallas, slept ;  
While the swill’d suitors now no more suppress’d  
Their wanton wishes in her arms to rest.

‘ Mid these, the Prince thus spake : ‘ Ye! swoln with  
pride,  
‘ Banquet in peace, bid these loud brawls subside :  
‘ More seemly far in silence to prolong  
‘ This gifted minstrel’s heaven-attemper’d song.  
‘ At morn, we all once more in council meet :  
‘ Thence, at my word, each seek his native seat :  
‘ In other halls than mine your feasts resume,  
‘ And your own wealth alternately consume ;  
‘ But—if you will, unpunish’d, mine devour,  
‘ Gorge on, while I invoke heaven’s vengeful power,  
‘ That the just gods may render deed with deed,  
‘ And none avenge you when you here shall bleed.’

He spake : the chiefs in silent wonder heard,  
Gnaw’d their mute lips, and fear’d his daring word.

Eupithes' son, Antinoüs rejoin'd,  
' The gods themselves have communed with thy mind,  
' Sublime conceptions to thy spirit given,  
' And speech whose boldness proves the power of  
    heaven—  
' But ne'er may Jove enthrone thee in thy might,  
' And crown thee king in thy ancestral right.'

' Tho' thee my word enrage,' the Prince replied,  
' I gladly bear that charge: be Jove my guide.  
' To reign is no dire ill—the king is fear'd,  
' His palace stored with wealth, his will revered—  
' Kings, old and young, in Ithaca remain:  
' Here—since Ulysses' death—who will may reign!  
' But o'er this roof I hold unquestion'd sway,  
' And they who served my sire, shall me obey.'

' Be this,' the son of Polybus replied,  
' As the high powers of heaven may best decide:  
' The king Jove crowns, let Ithaca obey:  
' Thou, o'er thy wealth and house hold regal sway—  
' Ne'er come a plunderer to amass thy spoil  
' While Ithaca yet views her peopled soil.  
' But say, kind friend! from whence that stranger came,  
' His race—his country—his paternal name—

‘ Brought he some word of thy returning sire,  
‘ Or did his claim for debt thy aid require ?  
‘ At once he vanish’d ere enquiry made :  
‘ Yet his high port no mean descent betray’d.’

‘ My sire,’ the Prince replied, ‘ returns no more.  
‘ I heed no vague reports that reach this shore,  
‘ Nor voice of prophecy that woos the ear,  
‘ When hangs my mother o’er the invited seer.  
‘ That guest, my sire’s of yore, from Taphos came,  
‘ Son of Anchialus, his, Mentis name,  
‘ The oar-skill’d Taphians’ lord.’ Such his reply,  
While his mind knew the veil’d divinity.

Now in sweet interchange of song and dance,  
The suitors revell’d till eve’s swift advance,  
Then, tired with song and dance, at day-light’s close  
Each in his separate mansion sought repose.  
The Prince departing, went, where tower’d, in sight  
Of that vast hall, his roof’s conspicuous height,  
And Euryclea, child of Ops, upbore  
In either hand a torch his step before.  
Her, erst Laertes bought, a blooming slave,  
And for her purchase twenty oxen gave :  
Like his chaste wife revered her, but suppress’d  
Each wish that might his household peace molest.

She lit his way, she watch'd his lightest word,  
And more than all his females loved her lord ;  
Loved like a son, and more and more endear'd,  
Hung o'er the youth by her from childhood rear'd.  
The Prince the door unclosed, and sought his rest,  
And loosed the fine-wove tunic from his breast,  
And gave it to his nurse, whose careful hand  
Hung nigh his couch its nicely-folded band.  
She onward passing where the youth reposed,  
Drawn by a silver ring the portal closed,  
With bolt and brace secured :—the Prince, there laid  
On the smooth couch with finest wool array'd,  
Throughout the night with deep-revolving mind  
Ponder'd the course that Pallas had enjoin'd.

**THE SECOND BOOK**  
**OF**  
**THE ODYSSEY.**

#### ARGUMENT.

**Telemachus at a public assembly vainly commands the Suitors to depart. They refuse his request to obtain a Ship, which he afterwards procures by the aid of Minerva. He sails unknown to Penelope.**

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK II.

ULYSSES' son, when first Aurora spread  
O'er earth her roseate splendour, left his bed :  
Athwart his shoulders his sharp faulchion braced,  
On his fair feet his radiant sandals laced ;  
And like a god from his ancestral hall  
Went forth, and bade the herald's loud-voiced call  
Summon the chiefs to council : they obeyed,  
Nor long the summons of the Prince delayed.  
The Prince, when all were met at his command,  
Went with a brazen spear that arm'd his hand,  
And two fleet faithful dogs : as on he pass'd,  
Round him celestial glory Pallas cast.  
Awed to mute wonder thro' the admiring throng  
The youth divinely graced thus stepp'd along,  
Then 'mid the yielding elders pass'd alone,  
And sat unquestion'd on his father's throne.

Ægyptius, first, bow'd by time's galling yoke,  
 The words of wisdom and experience spoke.  
 His son, most loved, brave Antiphus of yore  
 Had with Ulysses moor'd on Phrygia's shore.  
 Him in his cave the barbarous Cyclops slew,  
 And from his blood his last live banquet drew.  
 Two other sons his household cares pursued,  
 The third, Icarius' beauteous daughter wooed,  
 Eurynomus—yet still the sire deplored  
 The son who followed to the war his lord.

‘ Hear Ithacensians !—Since Ulysses sailed  
 ‘ Nor council here, nor session has prevailed.  
 ‘ What now the cause ?—who called us here ?—declare,  
 ‘ Some youthful chief, or one of silver hair ?  
 ‘ Has rumour reached him of a gathering host :  
 ‘ Shall we, forewarned by him, secure the coast ?  
 ‘ Knows he what most imports the public weal ?  
 ‘ Thoughts that the kind and wary ne'er conceal.  
 ‘ If such his right intent, from gracious heaven  
 ‘ Whate'er his wish, to him that wish be given.’

Cheered by the omen of that time-graced man,  
 Telemachus, arising, thus began,  
 Stood in their midst, and from Pisenor's hand  
 Received the herald's sceptre of command,

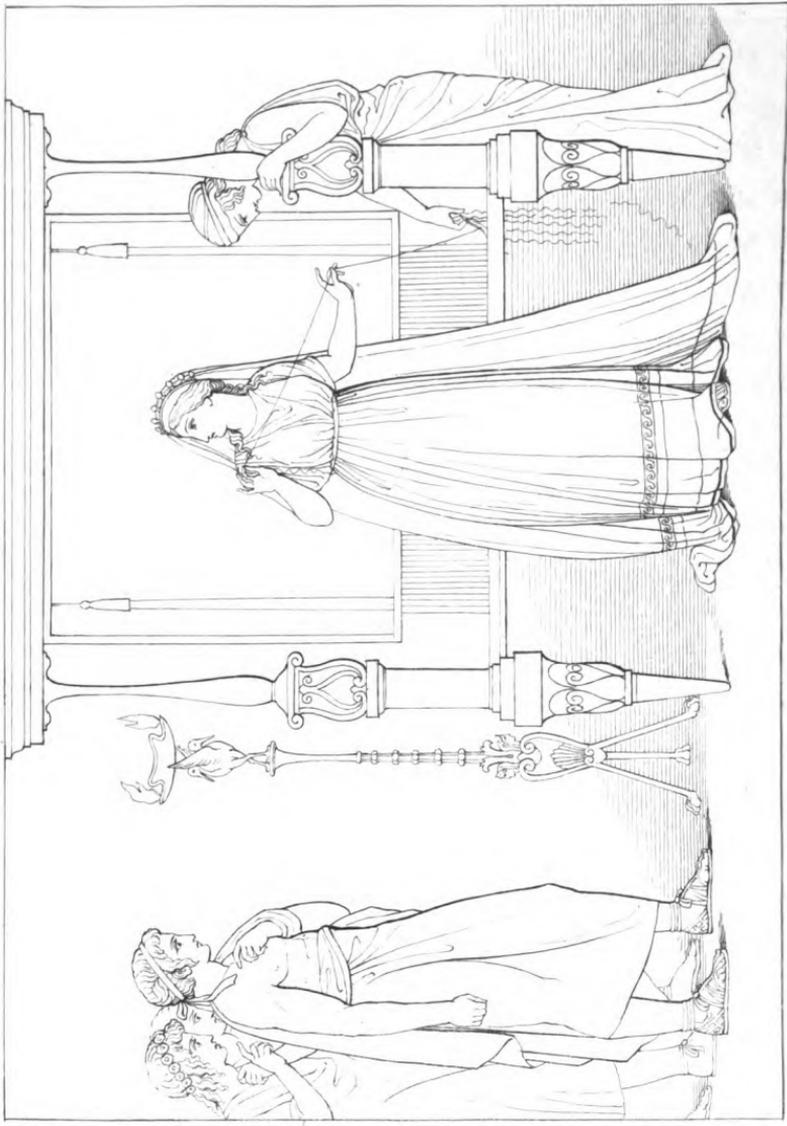
And to Ægyptius spake : ‘ Lo!—now you see  
‘ Him who convened the council—I am he—  
‘ Grief racks my soul—I know no gathering host,  
‘ That you, forewarned by me, should guard the coast :  
‘ Nought that imports the state, and public weal,  
‘ But mine, mine only, woes I deeply feel,  
‘ The loss of my famed sire whom all obeyed,  
‘ Who like a father more than sovereign swayed.  
‘ Deep grief—but deeper far the wasteful woe  
‘ That mines my house, and must ere long o’erthrow,  
‘ These, who besiege my mother’s loathing hand,  
‘ Sons of the chiefs, the rulers of your land,—  
‘ Who, fearful, from Icarus’ roof refrain  
‘ A dowry from his treasure to obtain,  
‘ For him his choice approves : but, day by day  
‘ Here my fat goats, my sheep, my oxen slay,  
‘ Lavishly feasting, and in drunken mirth  
‘ The wine they swill not, pour profuse on earth.  
‘ For who stands forth, who, like Laertes’ son  
‘ The great Ulysses, guards my household?—none—  
‘ I am not such : as yet too feeble found  
‘ To strike the avenger’s meditated wound—  
‘ Were mine the power, this arm should now controul  
‘ Those whose flagitious actions shock my soul.  
‘ Wreck’d is my house—ye ! now assembled here  
‘ Be shamed yourselves, the realms around revere,

‘ And dread the wrath impending from above,  
 ‘ The thunder that awaits the nod of Jove—  
 ‘ I call on Jove, on Themis, who presides  
 ‘ O’er human councils, now dissolves, now guides.  
 ‘ Bear with me, friends, and leave me to my woe,  
 ‘ Let my sad hours in lone affliction flow.  
 ‘ But—if my glorious sire, in wrathful mood  
 ‘ Has, harshly injuring, some brave chief pursued,  
 ‘ If, for this cause, such injury to requite,  
 ‘ Against his son these wasters you excite,  
 ‘ ’Twere kinder far that you who own this isle,  
 ‘ Not these should thus my stock and stores despoil.  
 ‘ What if you all consumed, that waste once more  
 ‘ The hour of retribution might restore,  
 ‘ While, heard by all, my suit day after day  
 ‘ Should vex you till your wealth the spoil repay.  
 ‘ Now hopeless misery mine.’—He spake, and flung  
 His sceptre down, while tears indignant sprung—  
 The people pitying heard—all silent stood,  
 Till thus Antinoüs spake in taunting mood :

‘ Bold babler—rash in mind ’—the chief replied—  
 ‘ Why with fierce words thus brand us ?—why defied ?  
 ‘ Why blame the Achæan chiefs ?—not they the cause :  
 ‘ This woe on thee thy wily mother draws.

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PENELOPE SURPRISED BY THE SUITORS

- ‘ ’Tis three long years since her deceitful art  
‘ Has mock’d the high-raised hope that swell’d our  
    heart.  
‘ To all, to each, her flattering message sends  
‘ Words whose fair promise in delusion ends—  
‘ Mark what her guile—she wove beneath her roof  
‘ A robe of largest size, of subtlest woof :  
‘ And thus proclaimed :—‘ Youths ! ye who hither led  
‘ Court the divine Ulysses’ widowed bed,  
‘ Desist awhile, nor urge your fond request,  
‘ Till my due toil has wrought the funeral vest,  
‘ Shroud of Laertes, when impending death  
‘ Has closed in dreamless sleep the hero’s breath ;  
‘ Lest that great chief unhonoured lie, and blame  
‘ Rest on my brow from each Achæan dame—  
‘ We all complied ; but what each day begun  
‘ Each night her secret torch beheld undone.  
‘ Three years her guile its furtive work pursued ;  
‘ But when revolving time the fourth renewed,  
‘ A maid disclosed her fraudulent design,  
‘ And we beheld her the false web untwine :  
‘ Thus by severe necessity compell’d,  
‘ The work was wrought, so long by fraud withheld.  
‘ The suitors now by me their will expose,  
‘ And thus to thee and all the Greeks disclose :

‘ Go, bid thy mother to her bridal bed  
‘ Lead whom her sire or choice may will to wed :  
‘ No more here vexing us with long delay  
‘ Yield to ingenious toils the live-long day,  
‘ Works of nice art, the inventions of her mind,  
‘ Such as ne’er Pallas yet taught womankind,  
‘ Tyro, Alcmena once beyond compare,  
‘ And fair Mycene with her golden hair :  
‘ In these, her skill and fancy all out-shine,  
‘ Save when her wile devised this last design.  
‘ But we ne’er cease thy substance to devour  
‘ Long as her scorn delays the nuptial hour.  
‘ For her such conduct may great fame acquire,  
‘ But thou shalt pine with want, and vain desire :  
‘ And ne’er the suitors to their realm depart  
‘ Till the queen wed the chief who gains her heart.’

Telemachus replied, ‘ Why thus conspire ?

‘ I may not force, reluctant to retire  
‘ From this loved hearth a mother’s sacred head,  
‘ Who reared her son, and at her bosom fed.  
‘ My sire, if yet he view the light of day,  
‘ Or slumber with the dead, is far away ;  
‘ And should I force a mother from this door,  
‘ How to Icarus her rich dower restore ?

‘ A god’s just wrath, the vengeance of my sire,  
‘ The furies listening to maternal ire,  
‘ Her parting curse, the abhorrence of mankind,  
‘ If I comply, will rack my madden’d mind.  
‘ That word I speak not—If this fire your heart  
‘ Hence from my palace : to your realms depart :  
‘ At other halls than mine your feasts resume,  
‘ And your own wealth alternately consume.  
‘ But if you will, unpunish’d, mine devour,  
‘ Gorge on, while I invoke heaven’s righteous power,  
‘ That the just gods may render deed with deed,  
‘ And none avenge you when you here shall bleed.’

Thus spake Telemachus : and thundering Jove  
Sent earthward down two eagles from above.  
They, side by side, on level pinions flew,  
And floated with the wind that smoothly blew :  
But o’er the forum, when by all reveal’d,  
Fierce clanging their dense plumes in circles wheel’d :  
Eyed all beneath, and glaring death around  
Rent each the other’s neck with many a wound,  
Then upward soar’d, and wheeling to the right,  
Wing’d thro’ the city their portentous flight.  
All gazed, all shudder’d as they pass’d from view,  
And paused on horrors destined to ensue.

Then aged Halitherses, Mastor's son,  
Who in experienced wisdom all outshone,  
And could the flight of birds, and fate unfold,  
Thus, kindly warning, heaven's fix'd purpose told.

‘ Ye, Ithacensians, what I utter, hear!  
‘ Ye, suitors, chiefly to my word give ear—  
‘ Hear! for on you o’ershadowing woe impends,  
‘ And soon Ulysses here will join his friends :  
‘ Not now far distant. But on you await  
‘ Death and the fury of unsparing fate.  
‘ That doom now hangs o’er many a native’s head  
‘ Who here on Ithaca unconscious tread.  
‘ Consult we then these suitors to restrain ;  
‘ Yea, let themselves, thus warn’d, from wrong abstain.  
‘ Not inexpert, the future I unfold :  
‘ All shall be ’stablish’d that I erst foretold,  
‘ When turn’d to Troy their sails the Argives bent,  
‘ And with the chiefs the wise Ulysses went ;  
‘ That, suffering much, by adverse fortune cross’d,  
‘ The chief alone, and all his comrades lost,  
‘ Should in the twentieth year, by all unknown,  
‘ Return to Ithaca—’twas said—’tis done.’

‘ Old man,’ the son of Polybus replied,  
‘ With these portentous threats thy children chide.

‘ Birds countless flutter in the beams of day  
‘ That bear no omens thro’ the aerial way.  
‘ Ulysses lives not—would too such thy death :  
‘ Then thou hadst spared us this prophetic breath,  
‘ Nor greedy for remunerating hire  
‘ Had roused this youth to vent on us his ire.  
‘ Yet mark my warning word : ne’er heard in vain—  
‘ Versed as thou art in fraudulent lore, abstain.  
‘ If thy vile art some younger chief inflame,  
‘ Fall on his brow the vengeance I proclaim :  
‘ Thou shalt not profit him, while grievous lies  
‘ On thee the mulct that shall thy guilt chastise.  
‘ Him too I strongly urge : thy mother move  
‘ Beneath her father’s roof to trust his love :  
‘ There let them frame the nuptials, and prepare  
‘ A dowry such as much-loved daughters share ;  
‘ For ne’er till then, I deem, the suitors rest  
‘ From the harsh wooing of her scornful breast.  
‘ For nought we dread ; not all in fury flung,  
‘ From rash Telemachus’ exuberant tongue :  
‘ Nor thy weak threats, old man ; thy bodings vain,  
‘ That but augment our hatred, and disdain.  
‘ Here shall this house be wasted, day by day,  
‘ Long as her pride the nuptial hour delay :  
‘ While buoy’d by ardent hope we still remain  
‘ In glorious rivalry her love to gain ;

‘ Nor hence departing, seek our native land,  
‘ And woo, as suits our state, some willing hand.’

‘ Suitors, and thou,’ Telemachus pursued,  
‘ Not for this cause my prayers are now renew’d ;  
‘ Heaven, and the gods above, and earth below,  
‘ And every Greek what wrongs I suffer, know.  
‘ But—let me, free at will to cross the main,  
‘ A gallant bark and twenty oars obtain,  
‘ That I of sandy Pylos may enquire,  
‘ And ask of Sparta of my long-lost sire,  
‘ If man can ought impart, or, haply heard,  
‘ The unerring voice of Jove’s omniscient word.  
‘ Might I a hope of his returning hear,  
‘ Tho’ tired with toil, slow round me roll the year—  
‘ But—if his death be told, I here once more  
‘ Will raise his tomb upon my native shore,  
‘ With pomp of funeral rites adorn the dead,  
‘ Then yield his widow to another’s bed.’

He spake, and downward sat : then Mentor rose,  
Whom, guardian of his wealth, Ulysses chose,  
And when he sail’d from Ithaca away  
Bade all his household like himself obey :  
Age on his front its furrow had impress’d,  
And wisdom pour’d its counsels from his breast.

‘ List Ithacensians ! Henceforth, ne’er be found  
‘ A king with justice and with mercy crown’d,  
‘ Mild, nor benignant, but whose ruthless mind  
‘ Broods on bad deeds by evil thoughts design’d :  
‘ Since none remember him, whose sceptred hand  
‘ Ruled with paternal love this willing land.  
‘ I envy not the wooers, swoln with pride,  
‘ Whose violent deeds have heaven and earth defied,  
‘ Who waste at risk of life Ulysses’ store,  
‘ Nor dream the monarch will return once more.  
‘ But on the people I my fury pour,  
‘ Who, unavenging, such dire wrongs endure,  
‘ And silent sit, nor dare by words redress,  
‘ No, nor in numbers strong, the few repress.’

‘ Wrong-headed man,’ Liocritus rejoin’d,  
‘ Why ’gainst the suitors turn the public mind ?  
‘ So quell us ! Hard for these, this numerous horde,  
‘ To cope with us at revel round the board.  
‘ Not if Ulysses self should reappear,  
‘ And strive to force us from our banquet cheer,  
‘ Tho’ joyful, brief the joy that glads his wife  
‘ When our united strength assails his life.  
‘ Now to their home and works let all repair :  
‘ To aid the Prince be Halytherses’ care,

- ‘ And Mentor’s, friends long-valued by his sire ;
- ‘ Let them indulge him in his fond desire :
- ‘ But he will here, I deem, long-questioning, stay,
- ‘ Nor e’er attempt the ocean’s dangerous way.’

Each to his home, their steps the people bent,  
But to Ulysses’ hall the suitors went.

The Prince, apart, along the sea-beach stray’d,  
Laved in its flood his hands, and thus to Pallas pray’d :

- ‘ Thou, whom my dome but yesterday survey’d,
- ‘ Propitious Goddess, deign thy suppliant aid !
- ‘ Who badest me, traversing the deep, enquire
- ‘ From shore to shore of my long-absent sire.
- ‘ Hear! for this people thy behest impedes,
- ‘ And these proud chiefs whose outrage all exceeds.’

Minerva then, in Mentor’s shape confess’d,  
Thus with his well-known voice the Prince address’d :

- ‘ Henceforth thou shalt not weak and worthless live,
- ‘ If in thy heart Ulysses’ soul revive.
- ‘ If such thy words, so wise, thy acts, so bold,
- ‘ Thou shalt no fruitless course o’er ocean hold.

‘ But if Penelope thy birth disclaim,  
‘ Nor thou Ulysses’ son, forego thy aim.  
‘ Few are the sons who with their sires compare,  
‘ Who fail, how numerous!—who transcend, how rare!  
‘ Not weak, not worthless thou—within thy breast  
‘ Ulysses’ wisdom has its strength impress’d.  
‘ Go fearless forth : thy daring thee secures :  
‘ The confidence of hope the effect assures.  
‘ Mind not the suitors’ projects—thou proceed :  
‘ Their mind as senseless, as unjust their deed.  
‘ Fools! who foresee not, that impatient death  
‘ Waits but the hour to close at once their breath.  
‘ Soon shalt thou sail ; I, your paternal friend,  
‘ The bark prepare, and on your course attend.  
‘ Now, join the suitors, and, forewarn’d, prepare  
‘ Stow’d in fit vessels, all our needful fare ;  
‘ Seal up the wine, close pack in skins the flour,  
‘ Staff of man’s life, and marrow of his power.  
‘ Mine to select the rowers’ willing train,  
‘ And search what bark may best the toil sustain,  
‘ Or old or new—and then without delay  
‘ We launch on voyage for our destined way.’

Thus Pallas spake : Telemachus obey’d  
The gracious bidding of the blue-eyed Maid ;

Return'd, and found, with discontented mind,  
The suitors to their revelries resign'd :  
And heard within his court their wassail roar  
Ring o'er the goats new-flay'd, and roasted boar.  
'Mid these, Antinoüs, in false friendship, press'd  
His hand in his, and laughing thus address'd :

‘ Telemachus, stern-minded, bold in tongue,  
‘ Be not thy breast by ought offensive wrung,  
‘ Harsh word, or deed unkind : but, as before,  
‘ The bowl and banquet share, nor grudge thy store.  
‘ To gratify thy wish, our common care,  
‘ The rowers to select, the bark prepare,  
‘ That thou may'st speedily to Pylos steer,  
‘ And of thy glorious sire some rumour hear.’

‘ No’—he replied, ‘ not with your haughty train  
‘ I feast reluctant, or in peace remain.  
‘ Enough that ye afore my wealth despoil'd,  
‘ And wasted all at will, I yet a child :  
‘ Now, older grown, and much by commune taught  
‘ With other minds, my mind is doubly fraught :  
‘ I haste to Pylos, or I here devise  
‘ Deeds that shall curb your pride, and guilt chastise.  
‘ Tho' in another's bark perforce I sail,  
‘ Ne'er shall my voyage, nor my vengeance fail,

‘ Tho’ bark, nor rower here I call my own :  
‘ So you have dared to treat Ulysses’ son.’

He spake : and, at its close, with scornful view,  
Swift from Antinoüs his hand withdrew.  
The suitors spread the feast, and jibe and joke  
Season’d their laugh, as thus some scorner spoke :

‘ No doubt Telemachus our death intends,  
‘ And speeds to Pylos for avenging friends,  
‘ Or sues to Sparta—so intense his rage,  
‘ Or bids rich Ephyre his wrath assuage,  
‘ And from her poisonous herbs the juice procures  
‘ That drugs our bowl, and death to all ensures.’

‘ Who knows,’ another scorner proudly cried,  
‘ What adverse fortune may his vessel guide :  
‘ He, like his sire, may perish far away,  
‘ And to our charge a double duty lay,  
‘ All his told wealth among us to divide,  
‘ And give some chief the palace with the bride.’

Thus they with jibes and jokes at feast remain’d,  
The Prince on them to waste a word disdain’d,  
But sought his treasury, in whose spacious hold  
High-roof’d, his sire had heap’d his brass and gold,

Chests of rich robes, and jars of fragrant oil,  
 And pitchers breathing of the nectar spoil,  
 Wine of long standing, where the unmix'd flood  
 Against the wall in range of amphoras stood,  
 To greet Ulysses, when, his labours o'er,  
 The king should hail his realm and hearth once more.  
 Two folding doors, firm-framed, the treasury closed,  
 Beneath whose roof a guardian dame reposed,  
 Aged Euryclea, who, both night and day  
 Watch'd all disposed in orderly array.

Her thus the Prince address'd :—' Kind nurse !  
 explore

- ' The sweetest wine of thy nectareous store,
- ' Save that reserved to welcome home thy lord,
- ' If, 'scaped from death, he glad his festive board.
- ' Twelve amphoras fill, and all their covers seal :
- ' And pour in close-sewn skins the down-press'd meal ;
- ' Full twenty measures of fine-bolted flour,
- ' And secret guard them for the appointed hour.
- ' I will receive them at the day-light close,
- ' When my sad mother seeks in sleep repose.
- ' To sandy Pylos then my course I steer,
- ' Or, haply, of my sire from Sparta hear.'

Thus as he spake, down gush'd her flowing tears,  
And thus the tender nurse confess'd her fears :

‘ Loved son, why such dire thoughts possess thy  
mind,  
‘ Why rove the world far wandering unconfined,  
‘ Thus lone, thus loved—thy sire in foreign earth  
‘ Lies distant from the land that bless'd his birth :  
‘ And, thou away, these, maddening in their pride,  
‘ Plot but to slay thee, and thy wealth divide.  
‘ Thou here in peace remain, nor rashly stray,  
‘ Nor rush on death 'mid ocean's boundless way.'

‘ Have heart, kind nurse ’—Telemachus replied—  
‘ I go not hence without a god to guide.  
‘ Swear thou, till first the twelfth new morn appear  
‘ Thou wound not with my loss a mother's ear,  
‘ Save at her urgent prayer—some rumour heard—  
‘ Lest fade her charms beneath that killing word.'

Then Euryclea, by the attesting God,  
The oath of secrecy and silence vow'd :  
The amphoras fill'd with wine, and bound the flour  
In close seam'd skins, and watch'd the appointed hour.  
The Prince the suitors join'd—but, prompt to aid,  
Swift through the city pass'd Jove's martial Maid,

And like Telemachus in form and air,  
Bade to the coast at night each man repair :  
And from Noëmon's son, brave Phronius, gain'd  
A steady bark, and all at will obtain'd.

When night had spread her veil the city o'er,  
Minerva drew the vessel to the shore,  
There, all the stores with timely foresight brought,  
Fit for a bark on distant voyage fraught,  
Then moor'd her in the port, where, gathering round,  
The seamen heard her spirit-stirring sound.

Then other objects claim'd Minerva's care,  
She sought the mansion of Ulysses' heir,  
And pour'd the sleep that o'er the feasters stole,  
Confused their brains, and downward dash'd their bowl ;  
On thro' the streets they reel'd, in haste to close  
On their own couch their eyes in dead repose,  
When Pallas, in hoar Mentor's guise confess'd,  
Thus, calling forth, Telemachus address'd :

‘ Speed ! Prince, thy friends, impatient at thy stay,  
‘ Sit at their oars—come forth, no more delay.’

Minerva spoke, and swiftly, where she led,  
The Prince pursued the traces of her tread,—

And when they reach'd the bark and wave-wash'd strand,  
Along the sea-beach paced the impatient band.

‘ Haste ’—the Prince spake—‘ and swiftly from my  
home

‘ Bear down the stores all pack'd beneath my dome,—  
‘ My mother knows it not : to all unknown,  
‘ My female household, all save one alone.’

They swift obey'd, and downward bore the load,  
And all within the ship securely stow'd—  
The Prince there following his celestial guide  
Sat on the stern, the Goddess at his side :  
The seamen loosed the cables from the land,  
And on their benches sat, band answering band,  
While Pallas call'd the west-wind's favouring breeze  
To aid their passage through the sounding seas.  
The brave Prince bade the willing seamen rear  
The mast and sail, and onward boldly steer.  
In the void space they fixed the fir-tree mast,  
Braced it with cords, and bound it firmly fast.  
The straiten'd cordage upward drew the sail  
Whose bellying canvass swell'd before the gale.  
Round the smooth keel the purple ocean rung,  
As dashed the prow the parted waves among :

Then as the vessel pass'd in gallant trim,  
They crown'd with wine the goblet's foaming brim,  
And pouring forth the nectar on the brine,  
With due libations hail'd the powers divine,  
Thee, chiefly, child of Jove.—Thus, thro' the night  
Till beamed the dawn of day they steered their course  
aright.

**THE THIRD BOOK**  
**OF**  
**THE ODYSSEY.**

#### ARGUMENT.

**Telemachus arrives at Pylos, with Minerva disguised like Mentor. Nestor informs him of the return of the Grecians from Troy ; but being ignorant of the fate of Ulysses, sends him, accompanied by his son Pisistratus, to Sparta to enquire of Menelaus.**

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK III.

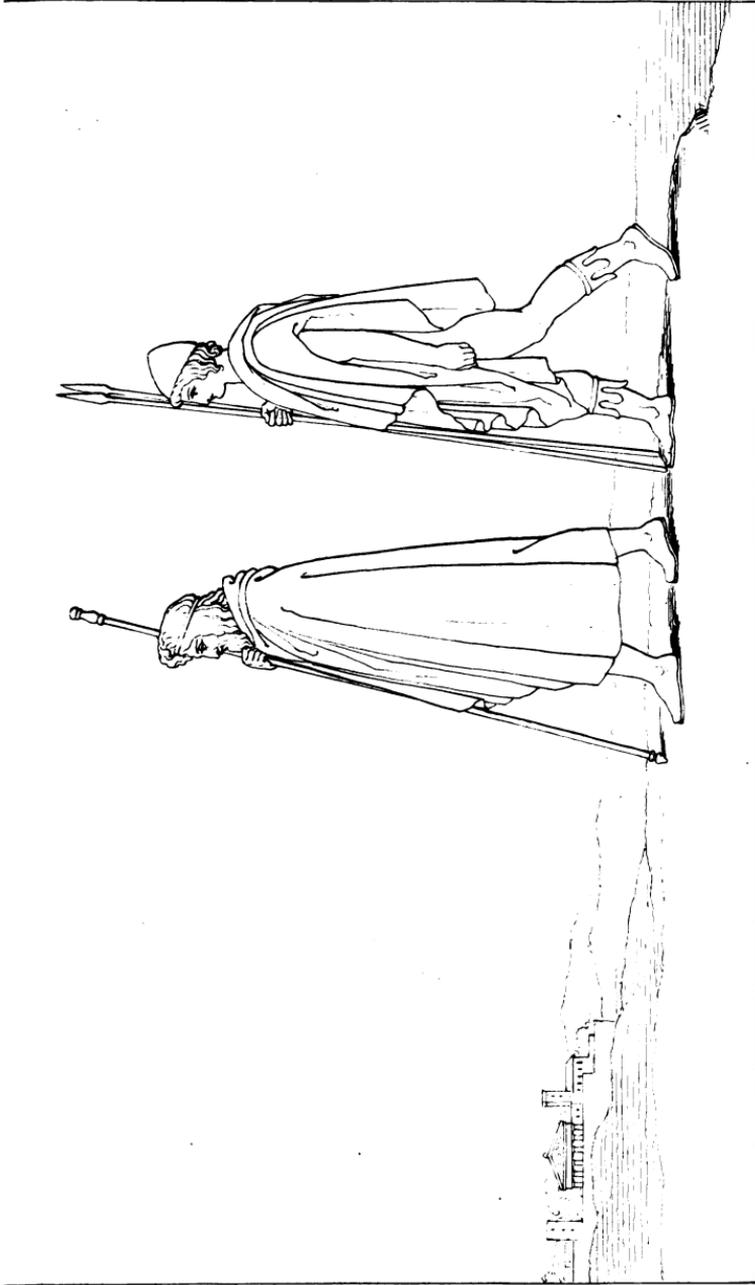
THE sun emerging from the beauteous wave  
To gods and men day's new-born lustre gave,  
That time their course direct to Pylos lay,  
The stately town of Neleus' ancient sway.  
The nation, there, along the sea-beat shore  
Their sable bulls to dark-hair'd Neptune bore :  
Round nine green theatres, a seated train,  
In each five hundred, feasted on the slain :  
To each nine bulls : they on the entrails fed,  
And the burnt thighs on Neptune's altar spread.  
The seamen furl'd their sails, and safely moor'd  
In the still port their station'd ship secured.  
The Prince stepp'd forth, when, while she led him on,  
Minerva thus address'd Ulysses' son :

‘ Telemachus, cast off all sense of fear,  
‘ All bashful shame that suits the boyish year.  
‘ Why hast thou traversed ocean? to enquire  
‘ Where dead or living rests on earth thy sire.  
‘ To Nestor go; beseech him, at thy prayer,  
‘ The secret counsels in his mind declare:  
‘ Beseech him all, whate’er the truth, impart:  
‘ Wisdom and truth are harbour’d in his heart.’

‘ But how accost the chief?’ the Prince replied,  
‘ How in his presence on myself confide?  
‘ How fitly frame my inexperienced phrase?  
‘ Youth shrinks ashamed from one of elder days.’

‘ Telemachus,’ Minerva thus rejoin’d,  
‘ Speak what thou know’st, and heaven shall gift thy  
mind.’

On Pallas stepp’d, and prompt without delay,  
The Prince pursued the Goddess on her way.  
And now they reach’d the Pylians’ station’d ground  
Where Nestor’s offspring sat their sire around:  
With him the associate bands the feast prepared,  
The bullocks roasted, and the banquet shared.  
All, as the strangers came, arose to greet,  
And press’d their hands, and pointed out a seat.



*Pearson, del.*

*H. Meyer, sculp.*

### TELEMACHUS IN SEARCH OF HIS FATHER.

*London. Published April 2, 1853, by G. & W. Nicol, 25, Pall Mall.*

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First, Nestor's son, Pisistratus, embraced,  
And leading onward, at the banquet placed,  
And seated where his sire and brother lay  
On the smooth hides that lined the sandy bay,  
The fuming entrails for their portion gave,  
Crown'd their gold goblet with the bacchic wave,  
And as he kindly pledged the unknown guest,  
With courteous words Jove's martial Maid address'd :

‘ Now to the Ocean-God devoutly pray,  
‘ His feast now greets thee from the watery way :  
‘ And when by thee the due libation paid,  
‘ Give him the cup, by him like offering made,  
‘ He too must hail the gods : all mortal birth  
‘ Needs heavenly aid to soothe the woes of earth.  
‘ His senior thou :—his years coequal mine—  
‘ Hence, first receive the cup of hallow'd wine.’

He spake : and to the Goddess gave the bowl :  
And his wise word rejoiced Minerva's soul,  
That first to her the hallow'd bowl he gave ;  
Then, thus she hail'd the God who rules the wave—

‘ Hear thou, that rock'st the earth ! hear, power  
    divine !  
‘ Grant us to consummate our just design !

- ‘ May Nestor and his sons, first, glory gain,
- ‘ Then all the Pylian race the gifts obtain
- ‘ For this rich hecatomb—Then, deign, once more
- ‘ That we, our aim fulfill’d, regain our native shore.’

Thus Pallas pray’d, and, all devoutly done,  
Gave the gold goblet to Ulysses’ son.  
Such too his prayer—Then from the spits they drew  
The flesh, and, severing, gave each guest his due :  
And now, their hunger still’d, their thirst suppress’d,  
The Pylian king the strangers thus address’d :

- ‘ I now, the banquet ceased, unblamed enquire
- ‘ Whence, and who are you, what your race, your sire ?
- ‘ Say, what the cause, why traversing the main ?
- ‘ Steer you from port to port in quest of gain ?
- ‘ Or to and fro like roving pirates stray,
- ‘ Who, injuring others, cast their lives away ?’

The Prince in manly confidence replied,  
His soul embolden’d by his heavenly guide,  
Some vestige of his sire perchance to find,  
And gain himself distinction ’mid mankind :

- ‘ Nestor! Nelides! thou, the Achæan pride,
- ‘ Demand’st whence came we—truth my lip shall guide.

‘ From Neian Ithaca our sail we bent,  
‘ On private, not on public weal intent—  
‘ I—O if yet a hope remain—enquire  
‘ Of great Ulysses, him my glorious sire,  
‘ Who—long ’tis known—with thee in arms arrayed,  
‘ Prostrate in dust the towers of Ilion laid—  
‘ Of those, who fought at Troy, the well-known fate,  
‘ Of each, where’er he perish’d, all relate :  
‘ But Jove has round my sire such darkness thrown  
‘ Where great Ulysses perish’d, still unknown :  
‘ Whether on earth beneath some barbarous foe,  
‘ Or sunk the unfathomable waves below.  
‘ Hence, lowly bow’d, thy knees I thus embrace,  
‘ Thus urge that thou my father’s death retrace,  
‘ If thou hast seen, or from some wanderer heard  
‘ Of that ill-fated chief some whisper’d word—  
‘ Regard me not—the truth alone revere—  
‘ Say what thou viewd’st, nor heed my gushing tear.  
‘ If e’er my glorious sire, by word or deed,  
‘ When Greece was doom’d on Phrygia’s plain to bleed,  
‘ Achieved his promise, nor left ought undone,  
‘ Speak, and repay the father in the son.’

‘ Friend ’—Nestor answered—‘ thou recall’st the woe  
‘ That laid at Troy such mighty heroes low,  
‘ Whether, when great Achilles sought the prey,  
‘ Our brave ships proudly plough’d the billowy way,

- ‘ Or when famed Priam’s guarded walls around  
‘ Our bravest fell with no ignoble wound.  
‘ There war-famed Ajax lies, there Peleus’ heir,  
‘ Wise as the gods Patroclus perish’d there,  
‘ There too, Antilochus, my son beloved,  
‘ Brave, blameless, fleet in race, in arms approved—  
‘ There ills on ills—what tongue can all disclose,  
‘ How year on year but added woes on woes ?  
‘ Years would pass o’er thee ere thy vain desire  
‘ Could, what the miseries we endured, enquire,  
‘ And thou wouldst woe-worn, wearied, homeward sail,  
‘ And leave half-told the unexhausted tale.  
‘ We every art devised : nine years we strove,  
‘ The tenth scarce gain’d the slow assent of Jove.  
‘ But none there match’d Ulysses’ crafty mind  
‘ That shaped each stratagem, each guile design’d ;  
‘ None like Laertes’ son, thy noble sire,  
‘ If, as I view thee, I his son admire :  
‘ Such thy discourse, like his ; none else, so young,  
‘ Could with such words of wisdom grace his tongue—  
‘ We never differ’d—one our mind, our voice  
‘ That in our counsel Grecia should rejoice.  
‘ But when from Ilion’s wreck we sail’d again  
‘ The God dispersed us ’mid the storm-toss’d main :  
‘ And Jove a perilous return design’d  
‘ To men of senseless and unrighteous mind :

‘ And many there were destined to expire  
‘ From the fell vengeance of Minerva’s ire,  
‘ Who ’mid the Atridæ dire contention cast  
‘ When the Achæans to the council pass’d,  
‘ Went, at their summons, at the day’s decline,  
‘ Went, at unwonted hour, confused with wine.  
‘ Then Menelaus bade the assembled host  
‘ Speed to their fleet, and leave the Phrygian coast :  
‘ But Agamemnon bade them yet remain,  
‘ Nor, till due rites absolved, seek Greece again,  
‘ So might those rites Minerva’s wrath allay !  
‘ Fools ! thus to deem her rage would melt away—  
‘ Not lightly turn’d heaven’s will. As thus they stood  
‘ Each ’gainst the other in contentious mood,  
‘ With clamorous shout, a host on either side  
‘ Rush’d, wildly following each opposed guide.  
‘ We slept the night, deep malice in our mind,  
‘ For dire the weight of woe by Jove design’d.  
‘ At morn we drew our navy to the main  
‘ With beauteous captives charged and plunder’d gain :  
‘ Half of the host on Phrygia’s shore remain’d,  
‘ By Atreus’ son, the king of kings detain’d :  
‘ Half of the host, impatient of delay,  
‘ Sail’d, where the God had smooth’d the ocean way.  
‘ At Tenedos arrived, our fires we raised,  
‘ And for our safe return the victims blazed :

‘ But Jove, who view’d unsoothed our victims burn,  
‘ Yoked to another woe our late return.  
‘ Some with discreet Ulysses backward sail’d  
‘ And on the Phrygian shore Atrides hail’d.  
‘ But I, not reckless of Jove’s dire intent,  
‘ Fled, and o’er ocean with my followers went :  
‘ Fled Tydeus’ warlike son with all his train,  
‘ And last, fair Menelaus cross’d the main :  
‘ At Lesbos found us where we doubtful lay  
‘ How best to navigate our length of way ;  
‘ Whether our course above rough Chios weave,  
‘ And on the left the Psyrian island leave,  
‘ Or under Chios bend the shifting sail,  
‘ Where Mima’s rocks defy the stormy gale—  
‘ Of Jove we sought a sign—the sign he gave :  
‘ Strait to Eubœa bade us cut the wave,  
‘ So swiftly ’scape the danger. Shrilly blew  
‘ The breeze as thro’ the waves our vessels flew.  
‘ At night Geræstus saw our victims slain  
‘ To gratify the God who smooth’d the main ;  
‘ In Argos, at the fourth declining day,  
‘ Tydides’ comrades hail’d their native bay.  
‘ I moor’d at Pylos, for the favouring gale  
‘ Ne’er ceased since first sent forth to speed our sail.

‘ How here I came, loved son, my word has shown :  
‘ The rest, if safe or lost, to me unknown.

‘ But what within my roof has reach’d my ear,  
‘ Whate’er the rumour thou shalt surely hear :  
‘ ’Tis said, the spear-train’d Myrmidonian band,  
‘ Led by Achilles’ son have reach’d their land :  
‘ ’Tis said, that Philoctetes, Pæan’s son,  
‘ Safe in his port all dangers has outrun :  
‘ And famed Idomeneus, Crete’s sceptred lord,  
‘ All who escaped from war has home restored.  
‘ Ye too, far off, have heard Atrides’ death,  
‘ By fell Ægisthus’ wile, how closed his breath :  
‘ But rightly has the base adulterer paid  
‘ Dire vengeance due to Agamemnon’s shade—  
‘ ’Tis glorious when heroic sons remain  
‘ The great avengers of their fathers slain :  
‘ Such as Atrides’ heir, whose righteous ire  
‘ Slew the base murderer of his far-famed sire :  
‘ Such thou : so match by deeds thy stately frame,  
‘ That ages yet to come extol thy name.’

‘ O Nestor!’ wise Telemachus replied,  
‘ Great son of Neleus, thou, the Achæan pride,  
‘ Dire was his vengeance, far and wide renown’d,  
‘ And bards unborn his glory shall resound.  
‘ O! that the gods would gift my arm with might  
‘ To hurl the wooers to eternal night,

‘ Who, gorged with insolence, day after day  
 ‘ Insult my plaint, and waste my wealth away ;  
 ‘ But not such happiness the immortals weave  
 ‘ For me and for my sire—both born to grieve !’

‘ My son,’ Gerenian Nestor thus rejoin’d,  
 ‘ Since thou recall’st that rumour to my mind,  
 ‘ ’Tis said, beneath thy roof, against thy will  
 ‘ The suitors swarm, devising woe and ill.  
 ‘ Dost thou assent, or art thou doom’d by fate  
 ‘ The heaven-mark’d victim of a nation’s hate ?  
 ‘ Who knows—thy sire alone may crush their pride,  
 ‘ Or Grecia’s aid his righteous vengeance guide.  
 ‘ Would Pallas o’er thy brow that arm extend  
 ‘ That wont in Troy thy glorious sire defend  
 ‘ When sore we toil’d—such love, such heavenly aid,  
 ‘ I ne’er beheld so palpably display’d,  
 ‘ As palpably descending from above  
 ‘ Pallas hung o’er him with celestial love—  
 ‘ So might the Goddess shield thy youthful head,  
 ‘ Ne’er would a wooer sue that wife to wed.’

Telemachus rejoin’d, ‘ that wish, that word,  
 ‘ Will ne’er by heaven be favourably heard :  
 ‘ Such, more my wonder than expectance move,  
 ‘ ’Twere bliss beyond all hope, tho’ will’d by Jove.’

‘ What word has ’scaped thee ? ’ Pallas answer gave,  
‘ The gods can men, howe’er far distant, save.  
‘ And rather would I woe and toil sustain,  
‘ And reach, worn out at last my home again,  
‘ Than like that chief my hearth with blood defile,  
‘ By that base wife, and dark adulterer’s guile.  
‘ But not the gods can rescue from the tomb  
‘ The man most loved, when death has seal’d his doom.’

‘ Cease, Mentor,’ sage Telemachus rejoin’d,  
‘ Such vain discourse is misery to my mind ;  
‘ That chief no more returns : now, ere this hour,  
‘ His death is doom’d by heaven’s relentless power.  
‘ Yet would I fain of Nestor ask again  
‘ What, beyond all, his wisdom can explain.  
‘ Thrice has his reign, ’tis said, out-lived our race,  
‘ And now in him, methinks, a god I trace.  
‘ O Nestor, Neleus’ son, the truth relate,  
‘ How met wide-sceptred Atreus’ heir his fate ?  
‘ Where was his brother ? what the wily plan  
‘ When base Ægisthus slew that mightier man ?  
‘ Was Menelaus in his Argive home,  
‘ Or, when the assassin smote him, doom’d to roam ?’

‘ All,’ Nestor said, ‘ my answer shall unfold,  
‘ To thee, my son, the truth distinctly told.

‘ Yet thou, ere I at large the whole relate,  
‘ May’st well conjecture what Ægisthus’ fate,  
‘ If, when from Troy, Atrides conquest-crown’d,  
‘ Had ’neath his roof the adulterer living found,  
‘ None o’er his corse had earth’s kind covering spread,  
‘ But on his carcass dogs and vultures fed,  
‘ Far from the city cast : no female tear  
‘ Wept him whose guilt drew down that doom severe.  
‘ At Troy we sorely labour’d : he, the while,  
‘ In Argos hid, with soul-delusive guile  
‘ Lured Agamemnon’s wife, whose virtuous mind  
‘ Long the seducer’s base attempt declined,  
‘ Warn’d by the bard, to whom Atrides gave  
‘ To guard his consort when he cross’d the wave.  
‘ But when fate snared the traitor, forced away,  
‘ On a lone isle, to ravenous birds a prey,  
‘ He cast and left the bard, then, willing led  
‘ The willing woman to the adulterous bed.  
‘ And many a victim on the altars laid,  
‘ And many a gift, and tissued vest display’d,  
‘ And deck’d with golden ornaments the shrine,  
‘ Thus, beyond hope, achieved his deep design.  
‘ Meantime, in friendly league, the ocean o’er  
‘ I and Atrides pass’d from Phrygia’s shore :  
‘ But when the Athenian headland rose on view,  
‘ As our swift barks nigh sacred Sunium drew,

- ‘ While at the helm skill’d Phrontis steer’d our way,  
‘ Him, the mild shafts of Phœbus swept from day ;  
‘ Phrontis most skill’d aright the helm to guide,  
‘ When most the tempest swell’d the thundering tide.  
‘ There Atreus’ son his homeward course delay’d,  
‘ And to his pilot life’s last honour paid.  
‘ But when his vessels by Malea’s steep  
‘ With daring swiftness shot along the deep,  
‘ Jove with tempestuous blasts his voyage cross’d,  
‘ And on the mountain waves his vessels toss’d,  
‘ Sever’d the ships, to Crete the stragglers drave,  
‘ Where the Cydonians dwell by Jordan’s wave.  
‘ Close at Gortyna’s bound, from ocean’s bed  
‘ A rock uprears on high its polish’d head,  
‘ On the right headland where the south impels  
‘ The surge that raging against Phæstus swells :  
‘ That little isle there checks the ocean’s force,  
‘ And there, scarce ’scaped from death, they stay’d  
    their course,  
‘ While dash’d against the crags, shock after shock  
‘ The shatter’d vessels piecemeal strow’d the rock :  
‘ Five ships alone to Ægypt’s distant shore  
‘ Forth from the wreck the winds and waters bore.
- ‘ There, Menelaus stored his gather’d gain,  
‘ And traversed, thence to stranger realms, the main :

‘ The while Ægisthus dared his bed invade,  
‘ The monarch murder’d, and his sceptre sway’d :  
‘ Seven transient years ruled rich Mycenæ’s state,  
‘ But perish’d in the eighth by righteous fate,  
‘ When arm’d from Athens bold Orestes came,  
‘ And in the adulterers’ blood avenged his shame.  
‘ Then while the youth the burial banquet paid  
‘ To vile Ægisthus, and her hateful shade,  
‘ That day, returning Menelaus brought  
‘ Vast wealth in many a vessel richly fraught.

‘ Nor thou, my friend ! from home long-absent stray  
‘ Thy wealth to such vile plunderers left a prey,  
‘ Lest, that dividing all, they all consume,  
‘ And thou in fruitless search deplore thy doom.  
‘ But Menelaus seek, who now at home  
‘ Rests in the peace of his ancestral dome;  
‘ But late return’d from realms, whence none again  
‘ Might e’en in hope regain his native plain,  
‘ None, whom on voyage, the tempestuous blast  
‘ Had in that solitude of ocean cast,  
‘ Where not a bird on wing throughout the year  
‘ Could o’er that world of waves its passage steer.

‘ Now urge thy course : sail with thy faithful crew :  
‘ Or, if thy will, on land the path pursue :

‘ Go, in my car, where Menelaus sways,  
‘ And Lacedæmon’s realm his word obeys,  
‘ My sons shall guide—be there thy sorrow told,  
‘ And learn what truth and wisdom shall unfold.’

He spake : and as the twilight spread its shade,  
They heard the dictate of Jove’s blue-eyed Maid :

‘ Wise is thy word, aged king! just counsel thine,  
‘ But now, cut forth the tongues and mix the wine,  
‘ To Neptune, and each god libations pour,  
‘ That we may seek our rest, ’tis now the hour.  
‘ The sun in darkness hides his westering ray :  
‘ We may not at the feast prolong our stay.’

All heard her counsel—then, their hands to lave  
The attendant heralds pour’d the cleansing wave.  
The youths with hallow’d wine the goblets crown’d,  
And in due order minister’d around.  
Then in the fire they cast each sacred tongue,  
And rising, earthward the libation flung.  
And now when satiate hunger was allay’d,  
Rose from the feast the Prince, and heavenly Maid,  
To seek their ship, by generous anger moved  
Thus Nestor’s word detain’d them and reprov’d :

‘ Ye gods, and hospitable Jove, forefend !  
‘ Not to your ship, my guests, your footsteps bend :  
‘ Ye shall not leave me in your bark to rest  
‘ As if I were a needy wretch distress’d,  
‘ One whose hard bed no nightly covering holds,  
‘ No rug that warms him, or his guest enfolds.  
‘ Robes and rich coverings mine—in these repose,  
‘ Ne’er, while in Nestor’s vein a life-drop flows,  
‘ Ne’er shall that hero’s, great Ulysses’ son  
‘ To slumber on his deck my palace shun,  
‘ And still, beneath my roof may sons remain,  
‘ The guest to greet, and strangers entertain.’

‘ Time-honour’d king ! thy kindness,’ Pallas said,  
‘ Must, as it ought, Telemachus persuade :  
‘ Let him thy path attend : there softly lye,  
‘ And in thy palace close his peaceful eye.  
‘ I to the fleet, as suits my charge, repair  
‘ To regulate the crew, and soothe their care.  
‘ I who alone their reverence can engage,  
‘ By wisdom tutor’d and experienced age :  
‘ The rest, by friendship to the Prince allied,  
‘ And youthful years like his, their youthful guide.  
‘ Now in my ship to rest, I urge my way  
‘ Again to cross the deep at dawn of day,

- ‘ And from the Caucons of illustrious fame
- ‘ A debt long due, nor of light value claim.
- ‘ Thou, for Ulysses’ son, thy guest, provide
- ‘ Thy swiftest, strongest steeds, thy son their guide.’

She spake, and like an eagle upward flew,  
Fear fell on all, and wonder at the view.  
The king amazed beheld, then warmly press’d  
The youth’s clasp’d hand, and fervently address’d :

- ‘ Not vile, inglorious not, thy future day,
- ‘ So the gods grace thy youth, and guide thy way.
- ‘ Pallas, who round thy sire her glory spread,
- ‘ No other god hangs o’er thy guarded head
- ‘ But Jove’s own daughter—thou too, Goddess, deign
- ‘ Mine, my chaste wife’s, and son’s high fame sustain :
- ‘ My offering, Pallas, shall thy aid repay,
- ‘ The chosen yearling on thy altar lay,
- ‘ The untamed bull round whose broad forehead roll’d
- ‘ His horns shall be o’erlaid with votive gold.’

Him Pallas heard, then to his stately dome  
The monarch led his sons and kindred home.  
There, on their polish’d thrones, in order placed,  
His sons and sons-in-law the banquet graced ;

To each in order minister'd around  
The king with sweetest wine the goblet crown'd,  
Wine that the guardian of his cellar bore,  
And from the eleven-year'd cask unseal'd its store—  
With this he crown'd the bowl, then suppliant pray'd  
O'er his libation to Jove's blue-eyed Maid.

But when the feasted guests no more desired,  
Each to his separate home to sleep retired.  
On a carved couch kind Nestor bade his guest  
'Neath the resounding porch find peaceful rest,  
Nigh brave Pisistratus, who sole remain'd  
Of all his sons by nuptial bonds unchain'd.  
The monarch, where the queen his couch had spread  
In the dome's deep recess reclined his head.

When roseate-finger'd morn had chased the night,  
Uprose the monarch at the dawn of light,  
Went forth, and sat in majesty alone  
Where stood before his gates each polish'd stone,  
White, glistening as with oil, where wont of old  
His seat of justice reverend Neleus hold :  
But death had Neleus seized. There Nestor sate  
Graced with the sceptre of his high estate.  
Fresh from their beds, his sons, a gallant band,  
At dawn, around their father fix'd their stand,

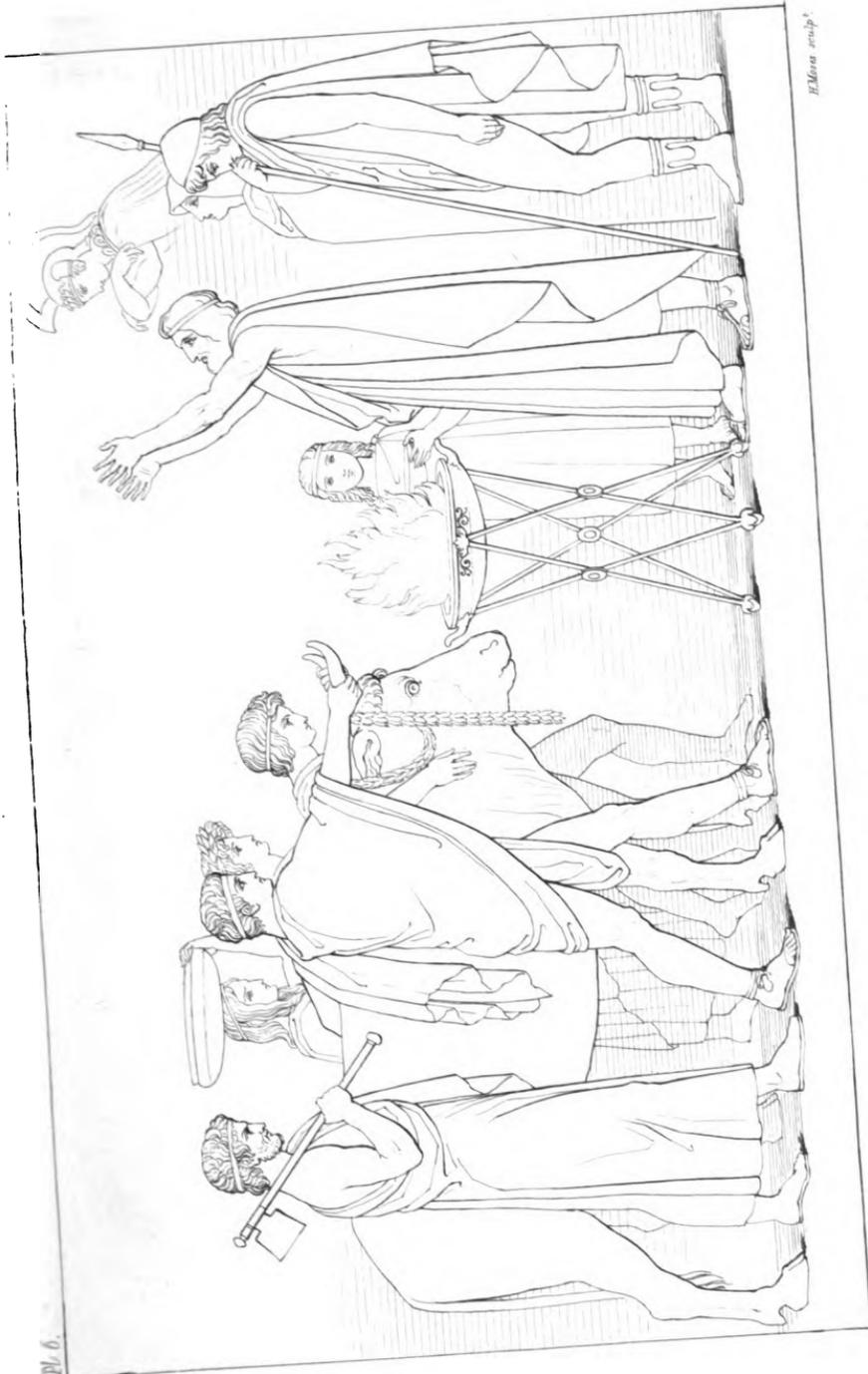
Him, brave Echephron, Stratius, Perseus hail'd,  
Nor Thrasymedes, nor Aretus fail'd,  
Nor young Pisistratus : there, leading on,  
At Nestor's side they throned Ulysses' son.

‘ Speed, sons beloved, ’ thus spake their honour'd sire,  
‘ Speed forth, and consummate what I require,  
‘ That my due rites Minerva first revere,  
‘ Who at the god-feast deign'd herself appear.  
‘ One, to the pastures haste, and bid the hind  
‘ Here drive the victim for the gods design'd :  
‘ One, to our guest's dark ship : thence bring the train,  
‘ Two there to guard the stores alone remain :  
‘ One, to Laerceus, that the ductile gold  
‘ Round the bull's horns by him be fitly roll'd :  
‘ The rest here stay : and to my household bear  
‘ My word the splendid banquet to prepare,  
‘ Seats where my guests at pleasure may repose,  
‘ Wood, and fresh water where the fountain flows.’

They all obey'd—forth from the plain the hind  
Led on the heifer for the gods design'd :  
Forth came the crew : and forth Laerceus came.  
With all the tools his subtle work to frame,

Mallet and anvil, and wrought tongs to hold  
And turn at will the elaborated gold.  
Minerva came the banquet to adorn,  
And Nestor gave the gold to gild the horn,  
That subtly labour'd by Laerceus' art,  
Might to the admiring Goddess joy impart.  
Stratius and brave Echephron onward led  
The sacred victim by his horned head :  
Aretus, issuing from his chamber, brought  
The water in a bowl with flowers inwrought,  
And in his other hand a basket bore  
With cakes of hallow'd barley salted o'er :  
Bold Thrasymedes grasping in his hand  
The sharpen'd axe fix'd nigh the bull his stand :  
Perseus the bason held : the king and priest  
With cakes and water preluded the feast,  
And proffering to Pallas many a prayer,  
Pluck'd from the victim's forehead, burnt the hair.  
Their prayers, their offerings o'er, with certain blow  
Bold Thrasymedes laid the victim low :  
His axe the neck's strong tendons sheer'd in twain,  
And the bull fell at once before the fane.  
Then Nestor's daughters fill'd with shouts the air,  
And Nestor's consort swell'd the voice of prayer,  
The chaste Eurydice, whose natal morn  
Gave to her father's arms his elder born.

Pl. 6.



Flaumen 109\*

H. Mura 1019\*

### NESTOR'S SACRIFICE.

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They raised the bull, while plunged within his throat  
Thy knife, Pisistratus, the victim smote ;  
Forth gush'd the blood : thus dead and freshly flay'd,  
The thighs they sever'd, and in order laid,  
Doubling the caul, and o'er them thickly spread  
Crude morsels quivering as the victim bled.  
While Nestor fed the flame with cloven wood,  
And the burnt offering bathed with vinous flood ;  
Beside the aged king a youthful band  
Stood, each a five-prong'd flesh-hook in his hand :  
And when the thighs were burnt, and keen desire  
Had tried the entrails fuming from the fire,  
The rest, minutely sever'd, bit by bit,  
They, roasting, turn'd by hand the sharpen'd spit.  
But Nestor's youngest daughter deign'd to lave  
Ulysses' offspring in the tepid wave,  
With oil anointed, and the tunic wound  
And the resplendent robe his limbs around—  
Fresh from the bath, the Prince, a god in grace,  
Stepp'd forth, and sat by Nestor's honour'd place.

The flesh now fully cook'd, the feast prepared,  
Each in his station'd rank the banquet shared,  
And many a graceful menial rose around,  
And with rich wine the golden goblets crown'd.

But, when now thirst and hunger were suppress'd,  
Gerenian Nestor thus his sons address'd :

‘ Haste, for Ulysses’ heir, without delay,  
‘ Yoke to the car my steeds, and speed his way.’

They heard, and as their king and father spoke,  
Led forth the steeds, and join’d beneath the yoke.  
In the bright car the female steward stored  
Bread, wine, and dainties of a royal board.  
The Prince ascended, and the reins to guide  
Pisistratus rode graceful at his side,  
And as he lash’d the steeds that swiftly flew,  
The towers of Pylos vanish’d from their view.  
All day the coursers toil’d, till sunk the light,  
And on their journey lay the shade of night :  
Then came to Pheræ, where Diocleus’ dome  
Feasted the guests, and gave their nightly home,  
Son of Orsilochus, whose mortal blood  
Flow’d from a heavenly source, from Alpheus’ flood.  
There, in still sleep, at rest the travellers lay  
But woke expectant at morn’s roseate ray,  
Yoked their fleet coursers, and their chariot drove  
Thro’ the resounding porch, and proud alcove :

The lash'd steeds gaily flew, and reach'd a plain  
Where the rich furrow teem'd with golden grain ;  
Then, the long journey o'er, the steeds reposed,  
As on the setting sun the shade of darkness closed.



**THE FOURTH BOOK**  
**OF**  
**THE ODYSSEY.**

#### ARGUMENT.

**Telemachus receives from Menelaus further information of the return of the Grecians, and of the detention of Ulysses by Calypso. The suitors plot the destruction of Telemachus on his return to Ithaca. Penelope, inconsolable for her son's departure, is soothed by a dream sent from Minerva.**

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK IV.

'MID spacious Lacedæmon's hill-girt state  
The travellers drove to Menelaus' gate ;  
There, with his numerous friends regaling round,  
The king his son's and daughter's nuptials crown'd.  
He,—as his word at Troy had first allied,  
Gave to Achilles' son the affianced bride :  
And heaven approved : and now his cars convey'd  
Where the brave Myrmidons their king obey'd.  
To Megapenthes, gender'd from a slave,  
His latest born, his sire a virgin gave,  
Alector's beauteous child from Sparta led :  
For his no other fruit from Helen's bed,  
Since, graced with Aphrodite's golden charms,  
Hermione first bless'd her father's arms.

Beneath his high-roof'd palace many a guest  
Then gladly solemnized the nuptial feast ;  
'Mid these the honour'd minstrel swept the lyre,  
And timed the measures of the youthful choir,  
While two skill'd dancers, preluding the song,  
Turn'd in the midst, and roll'd themselves along.

While in his palace porch, great Nestor's son,  
And the Prince staid the steeds, their journey done,  
Them, Eteoneus, issuing forth, survey'd,  
And backward speeding, to Atrides said :

' Lo! Jove-born Menelaus, at thy gate  
' Two strangers, likest gods, thy word await :  
' Shall we here loose their steeds, and claim their stay,  
' Or to some roof more willing send away.'

' Thou wert not once,' the indignant king replied,  
' Devoid of sense, untaught thy words to guide.  
' Thou babblest like a child—from dome to dome  
' We, hospitably feasted, reach'd our home :  
' So Jove may henceforth guard us : loose the steed,  
' And to our banquet, haste, the strangers lead.'

He spake : nor Eteoneus disobey'd,  
But, summoning the menials, urged their aid,

Loosed the hot yoke, and where the steeds reposed,  
Within the monarch's spacious stalls enclosed,  
Oats and fine barley, in their manger threw,  
And to the radiant wall the chariot drew :  
Then, usher'd in the guests, who, wondering, gazed,  
As the proud palace of Atrides blazed,  
Which like the lunar orb, or solar light  
With strange magnificence amazed their sight.  
But, when their wonder paused, they went to lave  
Their bodies in the bath's refreshing wave ;  
Then, when the females with anointing oil  
And the warm flood had freed their limbs from toil,  
And the bright vest and mantle round them cast,  
They, nigh the king, partook the rich repast.  
In a bright vase of burnish'd silver wrought  
On a gold stand, a maid pure water brought.  
Spread for the feast, with dainties largely stored,  
A matron placed the tables' polish'd board :  
The sewer with varied flesh their food supplied,  
And served with golden cups of royal pride.  
Then, with kind warmth their hands Atrides press'd,  
And welcoming the strangers, thus address'd :

‘ Feast, and rejoice—when satiate keen desire,  
‘ I, who my guests, and whence you came, enquire.

‘ Not yet, I deem, has pass’d away from earth  
‘ The memory of the men who boast your birth.  
‘ In yours, the form of Jove-born kings I trace  
‘ For ne’er vile fathers bred such god-like race.’

Then deign’d himself their portion’d feast assign,  
The monarch’s share, the bullock’s roasted chine.

They richly feasted, and, the banquet o’er,  
When thirst and satiate hunger sought no more,  
Then, bow’d o’er Nestor’s son, that none might hear,  
The Prince thus whisper’d in his listening ear :

‘ Round this refulgent dome, my friend ! behold  
‘ What blaze of amber, ivory, silver, gold :  
‘ Such Jove’s Olympian hall ’mid realms of light,  
‘ The infinity of splendour awes my sight.’

His whisper’d wonder Menelaus heard,  
And to the admiring guests thus spake the word :

‘ No—let not mortal man contend with Jove,  
‘ ’Tis immortality stamps all above.  
‘ Man may with me hold contest, or decline,  
‘ Whate’er my wealth, toil, suffering made it mine,

‘ Brought from far wandering, by my restless sail,  
‘ Ere the eighth year, I bade my country hail.  
‘ To Cyprus, Ægypt, to Phœnicia’s shore,  
‘ To Æthiopia me, my vessel bore,  
‘ The Erembi, Sidon, Lybia, where the horn  
‘ Crowns the fair forehead of the lamb new-born,  
‘ Where sheep thrice yearly breed, nor lord, nor swain  
‘ For dearth of cheese, or flesh, or milk complain,  
‘ Nor ere throughout the year the udder fails  
‘ To tempt the hand that fills the milking pails.  
‘ While thus I stray’d, and with incessant toil  
‘ Vast wealth amass’d from many a distant soil,  
‘ By a vile wife’s dark guile, the sudden blow  
‘ Smote unawares, and laid a brother low.  
‘ Thus rich, I joyless reign—yet, ye have heard  
‘ Whate’er your race, your sires have spread the word,  
‘ How sore I suffer’d, and to ruin brought  
‘ A hospitable home with luxury fraught;  
‘ With half its wealth, I would contented dwell,  
‘ Where they but living who at Ilion fell.  
‘ How oft beneath my roof I lone deplore  
‘ The loss of those who here return no more:  
‘ Now feed my soul with grief, and now at peace  
‘ Rest, when, worn out with plaint, afflictions cease;  
‘ Yet less I weep them all, tho’ sore I weep,  
‘ Than one whose loss embitters food and sleep,

‘ Mindful of him whose ardour unrepress’d  
‘ Sustain’d the weight of woe that bow’d the rest,  
‘ Thee, loved Ulysses, bound by fate to grief,  
‘ And to my soul by woe without relief—  
‘ Where the long-absent hero ? whither sped ?  
‘ Strays he alive, or slumbers with the dead ?  
‘ His loss bows down to earth his aged sire,  
‘ Penelope consumes with vain desire,  
‘ And whom he left, the babe just sprung to day,  
‘ Telemachus, deploras his long delay.

Thus, as the youth his father’s glory heard,  
And tears gush’d forth responsive to the word,  
He with both hands upheld the purple fold  
That drunk the drops that from his eye-lids roll’d.  
The king perceived it, and his wavering mind  
Now here now there, changed diversely inclined,  
To leave him to deplore his father’s fate,  
Or, foremost questioned, all at large relate.

While thus the Monarch paused, with doubt o’ercast,  
Forth from her fragrant chamber, Helen past,  
Like gold-bow’d Dian : and Adrasta came,  
The bearer of her throne’s majestic frame :  
Her carpet’s fine-wrought fleece Alcippe bore,  
Phylo her basket bright with silver ore,

Gift of the wife of Polybus, who swayed  
Where Thebes, th' Ægyptian Thebes, vast wealth  
displayed :

There too the monarch's hospitable hand  
To Atreus' son, departing from his land,  
Gave ten weigh'd talents, all of purest gold,  
Two tripods and two baths of silver mould.  
His wife, Alcandra, from her treasur'd store  
A golden spindle to fair Helen bore,  
And a bright silver basket, on whose round  
A rim of burnished gold was closely bound ;  
Before her sovereign placed, this Phyllo brought  
And charged with wool elaborately wrought :  
There the bright spindle lay, whence Helen drew  
The fleece that richly glow'd with purple hue—  
Thus on her foot-stooled throne the Queen reclined,  
And to her Lord unbosom'd all her mind :

‘ Know we Jove-honour'd king! what foreign coast  
‘ Has sent these strangers, and what birth they boast ?  
‘ Speak I the truth, or erringly unfold  
‘ What strikes my soul, as awe-struck I behold ?  
‘ Ne'er have I witness'd such in form and face,  
‘ As in that youth, Ulysses' son I trace,  
‘ Him newly born, when Greece to Ilion pass'd  
‘ And deign'd to war for me with shame o'ercast'—

‘ As thou conjecturest, Atreus’ son rejoin’d,  
 ‘ Thoughts such as thine, loved wife, came o’er my mind,  
 ‘ Such were Ulysses’ feet, his hands, his air,  
 ‘ The glances of his eye, his head, his hair :  
 ‘ And when I told the toils that o’er and o’er  
 ‘ For me, in Troy’s dire war, the hero bore,  
 ‘ E’en at the word the bitter tear-drops roll’d,  
 ‘ Though veil’d his brow beneath that purple fold’—

‘ Yes, Jove-born king,’ Pisisstratus replied,  
 ‘ Son of famed Atreus, and thy nation’s guide :  
 ‘ Such as thou deem’st, thy words the truth declare :  
 ‘ Thou, in that guest behold’st Ulysses’ heir.  
 ‘ Yet, modest in his mind, a stranger here,  
 ‘ He feels the sense of youth’s becoming fear,  
 ‘ And shuns with speech importunate and rude  
 ‘ On thee thus great, thus god-like, to intrude :  
 ‘ Me, Nestor sent his guide, and much his heart  
 ‘ Longs that thou deign some word or deed impart.  
 ‘ For many a bitter wrong the unguarded heir  
 ‘ Must, in his home, without a father bear,  
 ‘ Such as this mourner, of his sire bereft,  
 ‘ And none to aid, no kind defender left’—

‘ How!—cried the King, his son beneath my roof!  
 ‘ His!—who oft dared for me each desperate proof!

‘ Him—whom, I vow’d, more loved than all our host,  
‘ If Jove restored me to my native coast,  
‘ These arms should fold, for him a city rear,  
‘ Brought from his isle, his son, wealth, nation, here,  
‘ Where some near-neighbouring town, beneath my  
    sway,  
‘ For them dispeopled, should his rule obey.  
‘ There, with each other mutually combined,  
‘ Link’d by one interest, one consentient mind,  
‘ Nought should dissever hearts, by friendship bound,  
‘ Till death o’ershadow our sepulchral mound.  
‘ But envious heaven forbade, and doom’d to roam  
‘ That chief, a restless wretch, without a home.’

His words in all awoke desire of woe ;  
Tears down fair Helen’s cheek began to flow :  
Ulysses’ heir, and Menelaus wept,  
Nor Nestor’s son unmoved his spirit kept,  
A brother’s image rose before his view,  
His—whom Aurora’s far-famed offspring slew :

Remembering him, ‘ O king!’ the mourner said,  
‘ Whene’er of thee my father mention made,  
‘ Whene’er our roof with thy remembrance rung,  
‘ Thy wisdom was the theme of Nestor’s tongue.

‘ Yet—might I now persuade thee, grief forego,  
 ‘ Nor mingle in the bowl the tear of woe.  
 ‘ The morn will soon arrive, then freely shed  
 ‘ The tear unblamed, that lingers o’er the dead.  
 ‘ A sad sole honour decorates the bier,  
 ‘ There, the shorn hair be spread, there pour’d the tear.  
 ‘ My brother’s loss—to thee I dare appeal—  
 ‘ Thou well canst speak his worth—that loss I feel,  
 ‘ Tho’ ne’er Antilochus rejoiced my sight—  
 ‘ All say, his foot most fleet, his arm unmatched in  
     fight.’

‘ A word more wise than thine,’ the king replied,  
 ‘ Was ne’er by age, experienced age, supplied.  
 ‘ Such speech reveals thy sire : confirms thy birth ;  
 ‘ By such we trace hereditary worth,  
 ‘ His, at whose natal morn, and nuptial day  
 ‘ Jove to felicity prepared the way,  
 ‘ And, in his home, ’mid sons, the wise, the brave,  
 ‘ To lengthen life in bliss, to Nestor, gave.  
 ‘ Yes—cease we now lament, the banquet share,  
 ‘ Now for our hands the cleansing water bear.  
 ‘ I, and Ulysses’ son, at rise of day  
 ‘ Wait the fit time to talk the hours away.’

Asphalion on their hands the water shed,  
 And on the rich repast the revellers fed.

Then Jove-born Helen framed a new design,  
And mix'd with medicating drops their wine,  
Of power, all grief, all anger to controul,  
And steep in sweet forgetfulness the soul.  
Whoe'er once tastes, through all that day his tear  
Shall ne'er be shed on the parental bier :  
Nor if before him, bleeding in his sight  
A brother or a son fall slain in fight.  
Such the charm'd med'cine which the wife of Thone  
To Jove-born Helen brought from Ægypt's throne :  
Ægypt, where burst spontaneous into birth  
All herbs that heal or harm the sons of earth.  
There, far surpassing all of human race  
Their birth from Pæon the physicians trace.  
This, in the bowl with luscious nectar crown'd,  
Fair Helen mix'd, and bade them bear around.

‘ Atrides,’ thus she spake, ‘ king, Jove-beloved,  
‘ And ye, the sons of chiefs, by all approved,  
‘ Since the high God, sole arbiter, at will  
‘ To mortal man dispenses good and ill,  
‘ Now, gaily converse, and enjoy your cheer,  
‘ While the fit tale I tell shall win your ear—  
‘ I cannot all recount, nor singly name  
‘ Each great exploit, that builds Ulysses’ fame,

‘ But one achievement by the hero wrought  
‘ When ye, with woe consumed, at Ilium fought.  
‘ Then, bruised with many a self-inflicted wound,  
‘ He, like a slave, his limbs in tatters bound,  
‘ And a vile mendicant in form and face,  
‘ Dared enter Troy amid her hostile race :  
‘ And tho’ like him, none sail’d in Grecia’s fleet,  
‘ Thus pass’d, disguised, thro’ Ilium’s stately street,  
‘ By all but me unknown, who, wondering, heard  
‘ As I close question’d, his evasive word—  
‘ But when I bathed him with the cleansing wave,  
‘ With oil anointed, and fresh raiment gave,  
‘ And vow’d that Helen ne’er should him betray  
‘ Till in his tent far off, he safely lay,  
‘ Then to my trusted ear, he deign’d expose  
‘ The Grecian counsels, and the whole disclose.  
‘ Thus by his falchion many a Trojan slain,  
‘ The chief, for wisdom famed, return’d again.  
‘ But while the widows wept, my heart all joy  
‘ Glow’d at the hope of home, escaped from Troy :  
‘ For deeply I deplored that ill-starr’d day  
‘ When Venus lured me from my hearth away,  
‘ From my loved child, and him who bless’d my arms,  
‘ Graced with each gift of mind, and manly charms.’

The king well-pleas’d replied, ‘ Yes, wife beloved,  
‘ Well hast thou spoke the word by all approved.

‘ Yes, I have fathom’d oft the depth of mind  
‘ Of many a chief, and far explored mankind,  
‘ But ne’er the equal of Ulysses view’d,  
‘ So wise in thought, in toil so unsubdued.  
‘ ’Twas he achieved the unexampled deed  
‘ When in the covert of that well-wrought steed,  
‘ We, noblest of the Argives, sat enclosed,  
‘ And, pondering Ilium’s direst doom, reposed.  
‘ There thou drew’st near, while some protecting god,  
‘ Who fain had rescued Troy, before thee trod ;  
‘ Deiphobus attended : thrice thy tread,  
‘ While thy hand struck it, paced our hollow bed ;  
‘ Thou call’dst us name by name : each singly heard  
‘ His wife’s known accent mimick’d by thy word.  
‘ We in the midst, we heard thee, one by one,  
‘ I, and Tydides, and Laertes’ son :  
‘ And I and Tydeus’ heir, with hearts on flame,  
‘ Glow’d to rush forth, or answer to our name :  
‘ But wise Ulysses our rash aim restrain’d :  
‘ And all the chiefs in ambush mute remain’d,  
‘ All but Anticlus, on whose lip the sound  
‘ Died, by Ulysses’ pressure closely bound :  
‘ His hand thus saved us, nor Anticlus freed  
‘ Till Pallas led thee from the fatal steed.’

‘ Atrides, rear’d by Jove, the nation’s guide,  
‘ ’Tis grievous,’ wise Telemachus replied,

‘ That ne’er such powers could quell relentless fate,  
‘ Nor his own iron heart its doom abate—  
‘ Now let us rest, and by refreshing sleep  
‘ Our woes awhile in sweet oblivion steep.’

He spake : at Helen’s word, her maids outspread  
Beneath the portico their peaceful bed,  
Deck’d with fine cloths, and rugs of Tyrian hue,  
And o’er the whole the fleecy covering threw.  
The maids the torches raised, the couch array’d,  
And minist’ring heralds forth the guests convey’d.  
Then, where the vestibule their couch enclosed,  
The Prince and Nestor’s son in peace reposed :  
On to his deep recess Atrides went  
And there her step the beauteous Helen bent.  
But when the roseate morn her beams had spread,  
The impatient monarch left in haste his bed,  
His mantle clasp’d, and girt his sword around,  
And on his feet the radiant sandals bound,  
Stepp’d forth, and like a god, before his guest  
Stood, and the youth thus courteously address’d :

‘ Heroic prince ! what urgent motive, say,  
‘ To Lacedæmon forced thy distant way ?  
‘ What cause impell’d thee o’er the dangerous main,  
‘ Thine, or the public welfare ? deign explain.’

‘ Great monarch !’ thus the prudent youth replied,  
‘ Atrides, rear’d by Jove, the nation’s guide,  
‘ To thee I came to learn my father’s fate,  
‘ While plunderers gorge his wealth, and waste his state.  
‘ My house is throng’d with foes, who day by day  
‘ My flocks’ fair prime, and choicest bullocks slay :  
‘ Sworn rioters, a contumelious band,  
‘ Who hotly woo my mother’s widow’d hand,  
‘ Hence I embrace thy knees, and thus enquire  
‘ Of thee the fortune of my hapless sire,  
‘ If thou hast seen, or from some wanderer known  
‘ His fate whom misery gender’d for her own.  
‘ Not in compassion, not my sufferings spare,  
‘ What thou thyself hast seen, at large declare.  
‘ If by bold deed, or subtlety of thought,  
‘ My sire his promise to perfection brought,  
‘ If great Ulysses shared and soothed your woes :  
‘ O king ! remember Troy, and all disclose.’

‘ Vile dogs,’ the king exclaim’d, ‘ whose coward head  
‘ Would fain find slumber on a hero’s bed :  
‘ As when a hind within a lion’s lair  
‘ Has dropp’d her twins, and leaves the sucklings there,  
‘ Then quests the fern-clad heights, or strays for food  
‘ Thro’ grassy glades, that wind amid the wood,

‘ While the gaunt beast on his defenceless prey  
‘ Springs where they sleep, and rends their limbs away ;  
‘ Thus shall thy sire return.—Jove ! bow thine ear,  
‘ Minerva ! thou, and thou, Apollo ! hear.  
‘ So girt with all his strength the chief restore,  
‘ As when with Philomelides of yore  
‘ He strove at Lesbos, and down, forceful, flung,  
‘ As the loud plaudits from the Achæans rung :  
‘ So to yon suitors should the avenging king  
‘ Swift death, and bitter hymeneals bring.  
‘ But what thou ask’st, I freely will impart  
‘ And speak the truth unveil’d by fraudulent art :  
‘ All that the Ancient of the ocean told  
‘ I now will speak, nor ought I know, withhold—  
‘ From my loved home reluctantly detain’d,  
‘ On Ægypt’s foreign soil I long remain’d ;  
‘ Thus will’d the gods, their hecatombs unpaid,  
‘ Who ne’er forget by mortals disobey’d.  
‘ An isle, hight Pharos, ’mid the billowy roar  
‘ Of ocean lies the Ægyptian coast before,  
‘ Its distance, such, as, all day long a gale  
‘ Fair-blowing thitherward, would bear a sail.  
‘ From the safe harbour where the tempests sleep,  
‘ The ships well water’d plunge amid the deep.  
‘ There, twice ten days the gods enforced my stay,  
‘ Nor favouring winds vouchsafed to guide my way :

‘ My crew’s bold hearts, my stores had wholly fail’d,  
‘ Had not a power, surpassing earth’s, prevail’d ;  
‘ Had not a nymph from aged Proteus’ bed,  
‘ Eidothea, saved me, by compassion led.  
‘ The Goddess found me lone—my friends, the while,  
‘ Girt with keen search the circuit of the isle,  
‘ Intent with crooked hooks to catch their spoil,  
‘ While famine on them forced that daily toil.  
‘ The sea-nymph spake :

‘ Why, stranger, this delay,  
‘ Does folly here, or frenzy prompt thy stay ?  
‘ Cease then thy efforts ? or by willing choice  
‘ Dost thou in bitterness of woe rejoice ?  
‘ Hence to escape, all arts, all trials fail,  
‘ While ills on ills thy crew’s faint hearts assail.

‘ Whoe’er thou art, kind Goddess, I replied,  
‘ Ne’er shall my voice from thee a secret hide.  
‘ Not here by choice I rest : heaven’s vengeful power  
‘ Dooms me to sufferance each protracted hour :  
‘ But since the immortal gods can all disclose,  
‘ What deity here chains me, deign expose,  
‘ Lengthens my stay, my efforts renders vain,  
‘ And bars my passage o’er the boundless main ?

‘ The Goddess answer’d,—I will all unfold :  
 ‘ Stranger ! by me the truth be fully told.  
 ‘ An ancient seer of ocean haunts this place,  
 ‘ Proteus, immortal, of Ægyptian race,  
 ‘ My sire, ’tis said, to whom great Neptune gave  
 ‘ To search the depth, and windings of his wave :  
 ‘ If thou ensnare him, from his prescience learn  
 ‘ The time, and measured length of thy return :  
 ‘ He too, if such thy wish, will truly tell  
 ‘ What good, what ill beneath thy roof befell,  
 ‘ When from thy native land in long delay,  
 ‘ Thou wander’dst on thy dread and distant way.

‘ Deign thou thyself, I answer’d, deign declare  
 ‘ How best that ancient sea-god to ensnare,  
 ‘ Lest his fore-knowledge my rash aim elude :  
 ‘ Not lightly yields a god by man subdued.

‘ The Goddess answer’d,—I will all unfold :  
 ‘ Stranger ! by me the truth be fully told.  
 ‘ When the bright sun has gain’d heaven’s highest steep  
 ‘ The Ancient of the ocean leaves the deep,  
 ‘ Veil’d in the roughening sea-surge quits the wave,  
 ‘ And ’mid soft west-winds sleeps beneath the cave—  
 ‘ Round him, emerging from the foamy flood,  
 ‘ The beauteous Halosydna’s numerous brood

‘ The slumbering Phocæ from their nostrils spread  
‘ The ungrateful scent of ocean’s bitter bed.  
‘ There will I place thee when day dawns anew,  
‘ And with thee, three, selected from thy crew.  
‘ Hear all his wiles—he first his herd will count,  
‘ And, passing through them, tell their just amount ;  
‘ Tell five by five, then, all in order told,  
‘ Sleep ’mid them, like a shepherd ’mid his fold.  
‘ When first you see him stretch’d in slumber laid,  
‘ Then be your courage and bold strength display’d,  
‘ Seize him : the more he strives, the more restrain,  
‘ Tho’ every form he shift to loose thy chain :  
‘ Now in swift change assume each reptile birth,  
‘ All that or creeps or glides along the earth,  
‘ Now in similitude of water flow,  
‘ Now in the form of fire before thee glow :  
‘ Thou firmer grasp, till, as at first beheld,  
‘ He ask what cause thy hardihood impell’d.  
‘ Then loose his limbs, and thou thyself enquire  
‘ What god pursues thee with relentless ire,  
‘ And how, along the interminable main,  
‘ In safe return to reach thy hearth again.

‘ She spake, and plunged from sight : with troubled  
    breast,

‘ Where my fleet moor’d, my steps I onward press’d,

‘ And when I reached my ship, prepared my food,  
‘ Then lay in slumber by the murmuring flood—  
‘ When dawn’d morn’s roseate beam, along the strand  
‘ I paced, and heaven-ward raised my suppliant hand :  
‘ And from my crew three bold associates chose,  
‘ On whom my heart dared fearlessly repose.  
‘ Meanwhile the sea-nymph, gliding thro’ the waves,  
‘ Brought upward from the seals’ unfathom’d caves  
‘ Four skins fresh flayed, and scooping in the sand  
‘ Our beds to cheat her sire, there fix’d her stand :  
‘ Near her we press’d, and each in order lay  
‘ Couched underneath the sea-calf’s strange array.  
‘ Dreadful our ambush, painfully endured  
‘ In the rank seal’s ill-savour’d skin secured.  
‘ Who with a whale would couch ? yet, thus enclosed  
‘ The sea-nymph saved us to that death exposed.  
‘ Her touch our nostrils with ambrosia dew’d,  
‘ Whose breathing sweets the ill-savour’d scent subdued.  
‘ There as the lazy hours roll’d slow away  
‘ With patient mind we watch’d the advance of day—  
‘ On came the sea-calves thronging from the deep,  
‘ And on the shore lay down outstretched for sleep :  
‘ Forth rose the Ancient ’neath the noon-tide sun,  
‘ Eyed his fat flock, and numbered one by one—  
‘ First, unsuspecting fraud, our number told,  
‘ Then laid his limbs to sleep amid his fold ;—

‘ We, loudly shouting, on the Prophet sprung,  
‘ While mindful of his art he writhed and wrung :  
‘ Now, like a lion, reared his horrent mane,  
‘ Now wound a dragon his voluminous train,  
‘ Now a sleek panther, now a tusked boar,  
‘ Flowed like a flood, or seemed a tree to soar :  
‘ Yet not the less we with unyielding mind  
‘ Thro’ every change his shifting form confined,  
‘ Till with his fruitless toil at length o’ertired,  
‘ The Ancient of the ocean thus enquired :

‘ What god to seize me taught this ambush’d snare ?  
‘ Say, son of Atreus ! what thy want, declare.

‘ Thou know’st—I answered—why this treacherous  
    wile ?  
‘ Thou know’st how vain my toil to quit this isle :  
‘ How my heart wastes—thou, seer, canst soothe my  
    woes :  
‘ Deign—for the gods know all—the truth disclose—  
‘ What god here bars our passage, deign display,  
‘ And mark o’er ocean my returning way.

‘ Thou shouldst, the chief replied, to highest Jove,  
‘ And all the powers who rule the realms above,

‘ At hallow’d feasts thy bulls have duly slain  
 ‘ To favour thy return, and smooth the main :  
 ‘ But ne’er shalt thou salute thy native earth,  
 ‘ Thy friends, or stately dome that bless’d thy birth,  
 ‘ Till thy adventurous ship shall cleave again  
 ‘ The Jove-nursed flood that feeds the Ægyptian plain :  
 ‘ There slay thy hecatombs, there heaven adore :  
 ‘ So may the gods thee safe to Greece restore.

‘ He said : it broke my heart, that I again  
 ‘ Must thro’ the gloom of the uncertain main,  
 ‘ My dangerous course to distant Ægypt take.  
 ‘ Yet,—Ancient of the deep—I firmly spake,  
 ‘ Yes, I will all achieve that thou hast told :  
 ‘ But thou, deign seer, once more the truth unfold :  
 ‘ Have all the chiefs unhurt repass’d the main,  
 ‘ Whom I and Nestor left on Ilion’s plain ?  
 ‘ Or in his fleet, or on his native shore  
 ‘ What chief has died who Troy’s long labour bore ?

‘ Why thus enquire ? thou wouldst, the seer rejoin’d,  
 ‘ Thou ne’er hadst known, nor fathom’d thus my mind.  
 ‘ When what thou long’st to learn shall strike thy ear,  
 ‘ Down thy dark cheek shall gush the unsolaced tear.  
 ‘ Full many chiefs have died, yet many left :  
 ‘ Alone two leaders of their lives bereft

‘ Perish’d on way—thou too hast battle waged,  
‘ And one, ’mid boundless seas from home estranged,  
‘ Yet lives. Amid his navy Ajax died :  
‘ By Neptune, first, on Gyra’s rocky side  
‘ Safe cast : and there the chief from death had fled,  
‘ Tho’ Pallas lower’d in vengeance o’er his head,  
‘ Had not the boaster, maddening in his pride  
‘ Vow’d to escape the storm, and heaven defied.  
‘ The indignant Monarch of the ocean heard,  
‘ And grasp’d the trident at the boaster’s word,  
‘ Struck with strong arm the rock, and clove in twain,  
‘ And half the mountain dash’d amid the main :  
‘ There, bruised, the boaster clung, till wave on wave  
‘ Deep-drenching, o’er him closed the watery grave.  
‘ Thy brother fled from death’s impending doom,  
‘ By Juno rescued from the ocean tomb.  
‘ But where Malea’s sea-beat mountain soar’d,  
‘ Along the deep the storm-toss’d billows roar’d,  
‘ And drove him on the confine of the land  
‘ Afore-time ruled by crown’d Thyestes’ hand,  
‘ Then by Ægisthus—thence, the shifted gale,  
‘ The gods consenting, homeward bore his sail.  
‘ There, as the exultant monarch kiss’d the earth,  
‘ And hail’d with tears the soil that gave him birth,  
‘ One, who throughout the year had watch’d the hour,  
‘ By vile Ægisthus station’d on his tower,

‘ And bribed by two gold talents, fix’d his stand,  
 ‘ Lest the arm’d king regain, unseen, the land,  
 ‘ Due notice gave—the adulterer thus aware,  
 ‘ By timely fraud prepared his secret snare :  
 ‘ Twice ten bold followers chose, in ambush placed,  
 ‘ And for his guest the insidious banquet graced :  
 ‘ Then dared, with cars, and steeds, and pomp of state,  
 ‘ Devising death, on Agamemnon wait ;  
 ‘ Led on the unconscious king, and ’mid the feast  
 ‘ Struck, as a butcher strikes the stalled beast.  
 ‘ Thus with their king, all his attendant train,  
 ‘ And all alike who served Ægisthus, slain.

‘ My heart sunk down : prone on the sand I wept,  
 ‘ No wish for life, no hope of solace left,  
 ‘ Till when I ceased, in pause of satiate grief,  
 ‘ The Ancient of the deep, thus breathed relief :

‘ Weep thou no more, to fruitless woe resign’d,  
 ‘ Tears, ceaseless tears no soothing med’cine find.  
 ‘ Rouse, son of Atreus ! every effort strain,  
 ‘ And bravely strive to reach thy realm again.  
 ‘ There seize the murderer, if Orestes’ blow  
 ‘ Has not, preventing thine, first laid him low ;  
 ‘ Then thou shalt view his tomb—Tho’grieved, my breast  
 ‘ Soothed by the Prophet’s counsel, seem’d to rest :

‘ Their fate is known—once more, I cried, resume  
‘ Thy prescient speech, and tell another doom :  
‘ Name the third chief, whom now alive or dead  
‘ The deep detains, tho’ what his fate I dread.’

‘ The third, Laertes’ son, the Seer replied,  
‘ Who wont of yore, in Ithaca reside ;  
‘ Him, in Calypso’s isle, compell’d to stay,  
‘ I saw, sore-weeping, when I pass’d away,  
‘ Him, without hope his kingdom to regain,  
‘ Without a man or ship, to cross the main.  
‘ But—Jove-loved Menelaus! not thy doom  
‘ To die at Argos, and there leave thy tomb.  
‘ Thee, where the earth’s extremest bounds extend,  
‘ The powers immortal, to Elysium send,  
‘ Where gold-hair’d Rhadamanthus ever dwells,  
‘ And blissful life, all bliss of man excels.  
‘ There hail nor snow, earth’s beauteous face deform,  
‘ Nor winter’s bitter blast, nor pelting storm,  
‘ But in sweet murmurs heard, the western wind  
‘ Breathes o’er the ocean, to refresh mankind ;  
‘ There shalt thou, blissful as the gods above,  
‘ Live, Helen’s husband, and the son of Jove.

‘ He spake, and plunged beneath the billowy main ;  
‘ I, with my comrades sought the fleet again.

‘ Sore-throbb’d my heart, the while I reach’d the strand  
‘ Where slept my bark, securely moor’d on land,  
‘ There, we the banquet spread, and peaceful laid  
‘ Our brows to rest, beneath the nightly shade.  
‘ Swift at day’s roseate dawn, my wakeful crew  
‘ Down to the ocean first the vessels drew,  
‘ The mast and sails upraised, then left the shore,  
‘ As foam’d the deep beneath their sweeping oar.  
‘ On to Ægyptus, I my navy steer’d,  
‘ And there with hecatombs the gods revered,  
‘ So soothed their rage, and there to guard his fame,  
‘ Raised the proud tomb, to Agamemnon’s name—  
‘ Thus, all accomplish’d, heaven with prosperous gales  
‘ Back to my country, sped my swelling sails.  
‘ But thou, beneath my roof, thrice welcome, stay,  
‘ Till o’er thee glide the twelfth returning day.  
‘ Then graced with splendid gifts, thee, forth I send,  
‘ A car, and three brave steeds, thy course attend :  
‘ And I with these the golden goblet join,  
‘ That, henceforth, when thou pour’st to heaven the  
    wine,  
‘ A thought on me may dwell.’

The Prince replied,

‘ Bid me no longer here with thee abide :  
‘ Yet, the whole year, full gladly could I rest,  
‘ Thoughts of my home, my parents still repress’d,

‘ Charm’d by thy words. But my sad friends the while  
‘ Urge me to Pylos, and my native isle.  
‘ Whate’er thou givest in hospitable proof  
‘ Of thy kind heart, be treasured ’neath my roof :  
‘ But not thy coursers to my realm I lead,  
‘ For thy own glory, king! reserve the steed :  
‘ Thine, spelt, thine, lotus, and thy spread of plain  
‘ Teems with rich wheat, and barley’s floury grain.  
‘ But not in Ithaca broad glades, or meads :  
‘ Yet dear the cliff whereon the wild-goat feeds :  
‘ No sea-girt islands, pasturing fields expand :  
‘ Yet most beloved by me, my rocky land.’

He spake : his hand the admiring monarch press’d,  
And smiling, thus with kindest speech address’d :

‘ Thee, born of noble blood thy words declare,  
‘ And I for thee, will fitter gifts prepare :  
‘ Of all my treasured stores—whatever mine  
‘ The prime—the most renown’d—most costly—thine.  
‘ A bowl, all silver, exquisitely chased,  
‘ Its rim, all gold, by art celestial graced,  
‘ The work of Vulcan : this, when hast’ning home  
‘ I left the monarch’s hospitable dome,  
‘ The king of Sidon deign’d to me consign—  
‘ This bowl, the prime of all my treasures, thine.’

Thus they : and while the menials served the feast,  
Brought in the luscious wine, and chosen beast,  
Their wives bright-filleted, with plenteous bread  
The tables furnish'd, as the revellers fed.

Meantime, where late in insolence of power  
The suitors brawl'd, they whiled away the hour :  
The discus whirl'd, and cast the spear in sport  
On the paved area of Ulysses' court.  
There, first in rank, but more for worth revered,  
Antinoüs and Eurymachus appear'd :  
Nigh them, Noëmon, son of Phronius, press'd,  
And questioning, thus Antinoüs address'd :

‘ Know'st thou, Antinoüs, when from Pylos' sand  
‘ The Prince returning, greets his native land ?  
‘ 'Twas in my ship, he lately cross'd the main :  
‘ That ship I need to reach fair Elis' plain,  
‘ From twelve brood mares, their suckling mules un-  
    broke,  
‘ One to select, and tame to bear the yoke.’

All wonder'd : none to Pylos deem'd him sped,  
But to his farm, or flocks, or swine-herd's shed.

‘ When went the prince ? ’ thus spake Eupithes’ heir,  
‘ With him what chosen youths ? the truth declare :  
‘ Hired slaves or servants : if such power his own—  
‘ Be this too by thy word distinctly shown :  
‘ Seized he by force, or could his prayer persuade  
‘ Thy will to lend a ship, and freely aid ? ’

‘ I freely lent my ship,’ Noëmon spake,  
‘ Who in his need could such a prince forsake ?  
‘ Who, when he sued in bitterness of grief,  
‘ Could his entreaty hear, nor yield relief ?  
‘ Selected youths, with us who most avail,  
‘ With ardent zeal accompanied his sail.  
‘ I saw before his way where Mentor trod,  
‘ If not in his similitude a god,  
‘ For, awe-struck, yester-morning, on this ground  
‘ I Mentor saw that time for Pylos bound.’

He spake, and hastening home, his father sought,  
And left the chiefs with wonder deeply fraught.

They ceased from sport, and on their seats reposed  
When thus Eupithes’ son his mind disclosed,  
While his dark heart o’erflow’d with boundless ire,  
And from his eye-balls stream’d the living fire.

‘ Heavens! by that boy the mighty deed is wrought,  
‘ That we but now impracticable thought—  
‘ He, who in our despite so rashly goes,  
‘ Drew down the ship, and our best seamen chose—  
‘ Fresh ills succeed : but, ere we suffer, Jove!  
‘ Hurl thou on him destruction from above!  
‘ Give me a swift-keel’d ship, and twenty oars,  
‘ And I, in ambush, ’mid the neighbouring shores,  
‘ Rough Samos, and our isle, his course pursue :  
‘ The boy the searching of his sire shall rue.’

He spake, and all approved—all gave consent ;  
Then to Ulysses’ hall the wooers went :  
There by Penelope not long unheard  
The deep-plann’d malice of their fraudulent word,  
Warn’d by the herald Medon, who the while  
Caught in the fore-court their concerted guile.  
He, hastening to the queen, their counsel bore,  
And met her at the threshold of her door.

‘ Why by these doughty chiefs here sent,’ she said,  
‘ Must their proud dictates be by all obey’d,  
‘ My females lay their daily tasks aside  
‘ Their banquets to prepare, and serve their pride ?  
‘ O that they ne’er had woo’d! or ye at least  
‘ Now your last meal had gorged, your funeral feast ;

‘ Ye, who here swill’d and surfeited, destroy  
‘ The substance of my brave, my beauteous boy !  
‘ Have not your fathers, from your nursery days,  
‘ Re-echo’d in your ears Ulysses’ praise ?  
‘ Told how he dwelt with them—how ne’er design’d  
‘ A deed unblest’d, or breathed a word unkind,  
‘ As mighty kings are wont, whose wayward will  
‘ Showers, as their humour wavers, good or ill ;  
‘ He none e’er wrong’d—your guilt by all confess’d,  
‘ While sense of favour dies within your breast.’

‘ Queen ! would were this,’ he cried, ‘ the direst woe !  
‘ But from their guile more dreadful injuries flow.  
‘ Blast, Jove, their aim to intercept and slay  
‘ The prince returning on his homeward way,  
‘ Who now to trace his long-lost sire, explores  
‘ Famed Sparta’s realm, and Pylos’ sandy shores.’

Faint, at the word, her limbs, her spirit fail’d,  
Chain’d was her lip, by speechless woe assail’d,  
Her eyes with tears o’erflow’d, her voice unheard  
Till burst ’mid broken groans the empassion’d word :

‘ Herald, why went my son ? Why life resign  
‘ To ships that ride the billows of the brine,

‘ Steeds of the sea, careering on the deep—  
 ‘ Why?—that his name should in oblivion sleep.’

‘ I know not if some god the adventurer led,  
 ‘ Or him, his zeal,’ he spake, ‘ to Pylos sped,  
 ‘ To catch some rumour of his sire’s return,  
 ‘ Or what his fate and fortune clearly learn.’

He spake, and onward pass’d. With tortured mind,  
 Not on her seat Penelope reclined,  
 But on the threshold sank, while round her press’d  
 Her weeping train, whom thus the queen address’d :

‘ Hear, friends, of all like me in age and birth,  
 ‘ Heaven doom’d me far the wretchedest on earth,  
 ‘ I who had lost my lion-hearted lord,  
 ‘ Graced with all virtues, by all Greece adored,  
 ‘ Now lose my son unfamed, to storms a prey,  
 ‘ Gone, while I knew not, far from me away.  
 ‘ Unkind! ye knew, but none by pity led  
 ‘ Roused the unconscious mother from her bed :  
 ‘ Ye knew when forth he sail’d : had I but known  
 ‘ Ne’er had the sea-storm on his temples blown :  
 ‘ Here he had staid, tho’ fain to quit the shore,  
 ‘ Or ne’er beheld his living mother more.

‘ Now let some kind attendant quickly call  
‘ The aged Dolius to Ulysses’ hall,  
‘ He whom my father at the parting hour  
‘ Gave to my service, and now tends my bower :  
‘ He shall inform Laertes, that his mind  
‘ May to relieve us some expedient find,  
‘ And to the race of Ithaca declare  
‘ The dire intent to slay Ulysses’ heir.’

Her, Euryclea, the loved nurse, address’d—

‘ Plunge, if thou wilt, thy dagger in my breast,  
‘ Or leave me here—I knew the whole design,  
‘ I gave whate’er he ask’d, both bread and wine,  
‘ But vow’d, until the twelfth new dawn arose,  
‘ That I to thee would ne’er the truth disclose,  
‘ Till thou hadst heard, or urged me by thy prayer  
‘ Lest bitterness of grief thy charms impair.  
‘ Now, freshly bathed, in beauteous robes array’d,  
‘ Seek thy high room with many a suppliant maid,  
‘ There, Pallas, daughter of great Jove, implore  
‘ To guard thy son, and to thy arms restore.  
‘ Grieve not Laertes’ age with grief oppress’d ;  
‘ Not thus the gods Arcesius’ race detest ;  
‘ One shall be left to wield the sceptre’s weight,  
‘ Heir of his lofty dome, and large estate.’

This soothed her soul—then bathed and rich arrayed  
 Went the fair queen and each attendant maid,  
 The hallow'd offerings in her basket brought,  
 And, praying, thus the aid of Pallas sought :

‘ Unconquered child of Ægis-bearing Jove,  
 ‘ If e'er Ulysses drew thee from above,  
 ‘ Burnt his choice lambs and bulls before thy shrine,  
 ‘ Save my loved son, and crush their fell design.’

She, loud-lamenting, prayed,—Minerva heard  
 The mournful mother's supplicating word.

Meantime, confusedly thronging to the hall,  
 The suitors heard, 'mid their tumultuous brawl,  
 A proud youth's scornful voice : ‘ The much-wooded  
 queen

‘ For us prepares the nuptial feast, I ween,  
 ‘ Nor knows that ruin hovers o'er her son.’  
 Fools! they ne'er knew the deed that now was done.

‘ Rash men ’—Antinoüs cried—‘ such vaunts forbear,  
 ‘ Lest to the queen some spy the plot declare ;

‘ But rise, and silently achieve the deed,  
‘ The pondered plan by all alike decreed :’  
Then twenty followers took, a chosen band,  
Pass’d to his ship, and gained the sea-beat strand,  
Drew down the bark, and fix’d to brave the gale  
The steadfast mast, and furl’d the ready sail,  
Hung in its leathern thong each pliant oar,  
And spread the canvas ere they left the shore.  
The menials brought their arms, then, while they gave  
The vessel to the motion of the wave  
They entered in, and took their due repast,  
And staid till eve her shade o’er ocean cast.

But in her upper room the mourner lay,  
By food nor wine refresh’d throughout the day :  
Perplex’d, if yet her son might fly from death,  
Or the vile murderers close by force his breath.

All that a lion dreads, whom unaware  
The hunters circle with insidious snare,  
Such dread came o’er her, till in soft repose,  
Sleep loosed her languid limbs, and soothed her woes.

Then Pallas, in a dream divinely wrought,  
Ipthima, daughter of Icarius, brought,

And sent in vision to the sleeper's bed,  
Her whom to Pheræ king Eumelus led :  
Sent her to soothe the mourner while she slept,  
And calm her anguish ere she woke and wept :  
At the door-bolt the phantom entering came,  
Stood o'er her brow, and named her sister's name :

‘ Sleep'st thou, Penelope, worn out with grief ?  
‘ The gods, whose life is bliss, send down relief,  
‘ They will not that thou mourn—thy son once more,  
‘ By heaven beloved shall hail his native shore.’

In the dark porch of slumber sweetly laid,  
The queen thus answered the delusive shade :

‘ Why, sister ! here ? unvisiting before,  
‘ Why hast thou pass'd so wide a distance o'er ?  
‘ Why bid my heart by misery inly rent  
‘ Cease from unsolaced woe, and deep lament ?  
‘ I, who have lost my lion-hearted lord,  
‘ Graced with all virtues, by all Greece adored,—  
‘ And now my son, unversed in arts of gain,  
‘ And new to labour, dares the dangerous main.

187



*W. M. G. 1875*

*Pharmacia*

### PENELOPE'S DREAM

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‘ More than his father him I now deplore  
‘ Lone ’mid wild waves, or on some foreign shore,  
‘ Him, whom his numerous foes conspire to slay,  
‘ And intercept on his returning way.’

‘ Take courage ’—thus rejoined the form of air—  
‘ Why yield thy soul to comfortless despair ?—  
‘ His guardian, such as all in troublous hour  
‘ Would pray to aid them by celestial power,  
‘ Minerva, who in pity to thy grief  
‘ Sent me, consoling thee, to give relief.’

‘ Art thou a goddess, or, if ere thy ear ’—  
She said—‘ a voice divine has chanced to hear,  
‘ Say, if that hapless one, yet view the light,  
‘ Or now a dweller in the realm of night ?’

‘ I will not now ’—the phantom cried—‘ explain  
‘ If yet he live or die, such words are vain.’

Then where the lock the chamber door confined  
Pass’d off from sight, and vanished on the wind.

The queen arose, by that kind vision cheer’d,  
That in still night so palpably appear’d.

On pass'd the suitors, and with fell intent  
To slay the Prince, along the ocean went.  
'Mid Ithaca, and Samos' craggy steep  
The rocky Asteris rises o'er the deep,  
Its ports on either side safe entrance gave,  
The suitors, there, close-ambushed, watched the wave.

**THE FIFTH BOOK**

**OF**

**THE ODYSSEY.**

#### ARGUMENT.

**Jupiter sends Hermes to Calypso, commanding her to release Ulysses. She obeys. Ulysses, on his return, is wreck'd by Neptune. He is saved by a sea-nymph, and lands in Phæacia.**

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK V.

AURORA rising from Tithonus' bed,  
Now the new light o'er gods and mortals spread,  
When amid heaven's high powers, all gods above  
Sat, throned in majesty, the thunderer Jove :  
Then, mindful of Ulysses, Pallas rose,  
While in Calypso's bower he wept his woes.

‘ Jove, and eternal powers ! with gentle mind  
‘ Ne'er may a sceptred monarch bless mankind,  
‘ With equal hand the scales of justice weigh,  
‘ But with stern will and lawless passion sway,  
‘ For none Ulysses names, none seeks to trace  
‘ The king who like a father ruled his race.  
‘ He, yoked to grief, now in Calypso's power  
‘ Pines in the prison of her sea-girt bower,

‘ Unable thence to reach his realm once more,  
 ‘ No friend to aid him to his native shore,  
 ‘ No ship his distant island to regain,  
 ‘ No sail to waft him o’er the boundless main :  
 ‘ While many a chief intent his son to slay,  
 ‘ In ambush watches his returning way,  
 ‘ Him, who in search to trace his sire, explores  
 ‘ Wide Lacedæmon’s realm, or Pylos’ shores.’

‘ My child, what word has ’scaped thee’—Jove  
 replied—

‘ Hast thou not purposed, thou thyself the guide,  
 ‘ To lead the avenger home ?—thou too shalt lead—  
 ‘ Thou, who canst compass thy intention’d deed,  
 ‘ His son uninjured to his native plain,  
 ‘ While back the baffled suitors sail again.’

He spake, and Hermes call’d : ‘ My much loved son  
 ‘ Speed, for by thee Jove’s dictates rightly done ;  
 ‘ Hence, to the bright-hair’d nymph my order bear,  
 ‘ Back to his isle to send Laertes’ heir,  
 ‘ No man to aid him, not a god to guide,  
 ‘ But on a firm-built float to stem the tide,  
 ‘ Till to fair Scheria’s isle, the twentieth day  
 ‘ Him to Phæacia’s blissful race convey.

‘ They, as a god shall hail him, and restore  
‘ Fraught with rich robes, bright brass, and golden ore,  
‘ Surpassing all that had his toils repaid,  
‘ Had his return Troy’s plunder home conveyed.  
‘ Thus, ’tis decreed, the chief shall greet once more  
‘ His friends, his high-roof’d dome, and native shore.’

Nor Hermes disobey’d, but swiftly bound  
The ambrosial sandals his fair feet around,  
The golden sandals that his flight upbear  
O’er earth and ocean, fleet as fleetest air :  
Then, took his wand, of power at will to close,  
Or raise the lid of mortals from repose.  
Thus graced, the god to high Pieria pass’d,  
Thence downward ’mid the main his body cast,  
Swift as the sea-mew, whose voracious sweep  
Catches on flight the fish that cleaves the deep,  
And dips his wing in brine : thus Hermes sped,  
Light-ruffling as he skimm’d the ocean bed.  
But now when reached the island’s distant strand  
The god ascending fix’d his foot on land,  
Pass’d on, and found within her spacious cave  
The fair-hair’d nymph, the goddess of the wave :  
The fire wide blazed, and o’er the isle outspread  
Cedar, and incense fragrant odours shed.

Bent o'er her web the goddess sweetly sung,  
While thro' the threads the golden shuttle rung.  
Groves round her grot, the poplar, alder wreathed,  
And as the cypress waved fresh odours breathed :  
Birds of broad pennons there their plumage dress'd,  
The owl, the hawk, couched peaceful in their nest,  
And thin-tongued daws, that from their airy flight  
On the low margin of the sea alight.

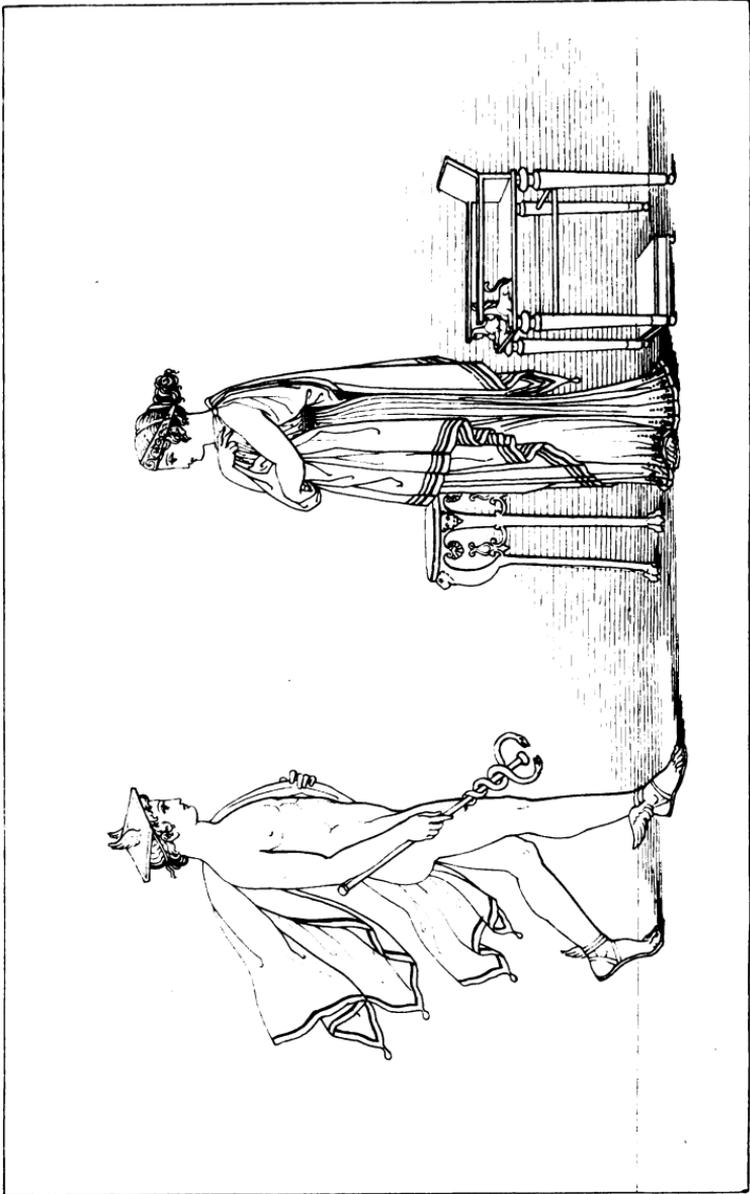
Round the dim cave the vine's lithe tendrils flowed,  
And the ripe grape in purple clusters glowed.  
Four fountains, nigh each other, to and fro  
Wreathed their pure streams, and gushed with gurgling  
flow :

'Mid the soft meads the undying parsley bloom'd,  
And the grass gleamed with violets illumed.  
'Twas there, where gods might feast their ravish'd  
sight

Stood Hermes, wrapt in wonder and delight.  
But when the god there long had tranced his view,  
Him, as he sought her grot, the sea-nymph knew ;  
For not unknown, tho' distant their abode,  
A god at once acknowledges a god.  
He found not there Ulysses : far apart  
Lone on the beach he fed with grief his heart,  
Sore groan'd, and gazing on the boundless deep  
Where oft the wretch had wept, return'd to weep.

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Pl. 6.



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MERCURY'S MESSAGE TO CALYPSO.

The god there found the heavenly nymph alone  
In splendour seated on her stately throne :

‘ Hermes ’—she spake—‘ lord of the golden rod,  
‘ Why ne’er till now here seen, thou much-loved god !  
‘ Say what thy purpose, speak whate’er thy will,  
‘ And I, if such my power, will all fulfil :  
‘ Now enter, follow where thy steps I lead,  
‘ And at my feast, a guest high-honour’d, feed.’  
Then spread the ambrosia food, and crown’d on high  
The nectar glowing bright with purple dye.  
The God gay-feasted : then, desire at rest,  
Thus, with responsive speech, the Nymph address’d :

‘ Thou, Goddess ! bidd’st me, me a god, proclaim  
‘ Why here, an unexpected guest, I came :  
‘ Hear thou the truth. Jove bade me ill-inclined  
‘ Pass o’er the world of waters unconfined :  
‘ For who would gladly pass that wide waste o’er,  
‘ Where men, nor towns are seen that gods adore ?  
‘ But such the Thunderer’s power—what Jove ordains  
‘ No god eludes, no deity restrains.  
‘ Jove says, with thee, in this secluded place  
‘ Dwells one, most wretched of the Grecian race,

‘ Who warr’d round Troy nine years, the tenth, down-  
cast  
‘ Her plunder’d palaces, and homeward pass’d :  
‘ But injured Pallas, rent with adverse gales  
‘ And storm-toss’d billows their returning sails.  
‘ Thus, his famed comrades, found their watery grave,  
‘ While here the chief came floating on the wave—  
‘ Him, from this isle, Jove bids thee swiftly send,  
‘ Nor wills to perish here, without a friend—  
‘ ’Tis doom’d by fate, that chief shall hail once more  
‘ His friends, his high-roof’d dome, and native shore.’

‘ Harsh gods!’ Calypso shuddering then exclaim’d,  
‘ Envy alone such ruthless dictate framed.  
‘ Ye brook not, that a nymph of heavenly race  
‘ Should in connubial love, a man embrace.  
‘ Ye, when Aurora shared Orion’s bed,  
‘ Tho’ bless’d yourselves, your souls with envy fed,  
‘ Till in Ortygia, chaste Diana’s dart  
‘ In death’s soft slumber, chill’d the lover’s heart—  
‘ And when the fair-hair’d Ceres’ yielding mind  
‘ In the thrice-labour’d glebe, her charms resign’d  
‘ To beautiful Iasion, conscious Jove  
‘ Smote with avenging flames, her earthly love.  
‘ Thus, gods, you envy me, whose arms enfold  
‘ Him, whom I saved, when raging-billows roll’d,

‘ As on the keel he clung, when ’midst the deep  
‘ Jove split his vessel, with the light’ning’s sweep.  
‘ His brave friends sunk : but him, the stormy blast  
‘ And billows, on this island, shipwreck’d cast.  
‘ I loved him, I supported, I, his wife  
‘ Assured him days like mine, immortal life.  
‘ But—who can countervail what Jove ordains ?  
‘ No other god eludes him, none restrains.  
‘ Go—let him dare the deep—’tis Jove’s command,  
‘ But ne’er my voice shall bid him leave the land.  
‘ No ships, no rowers, no associates, mine,  
‘ To steer him safely o’er the boundless brine :  
‘ Yet—will I warn him, nor the counsel hide  
‘ That shall the chief uninjured, homeward guide.’

‘ Now, send him,’ Hermes said, ‘ nor further move  
‘ By vain delay, the wrath of vengeful Jove.’

He spake, and vanish’d : and at Jove’s behest  
The Goddess to Ulysses onward press’d.  
She found him lonely, on the beach reclined,  
A wretch to woe, and ceaseless tears resign’d.  
Regret, that long’d for home, his spirit wore,  
While all that graced the Goddess, lured no more :  
All night, unwilling in her willing arms  
Clasp’d in her cave, the mourner scorn’d her charms,

All day, on that unpeopled beach, alone,  
 Tear following tear, and groan re-echoing groan,  
 On the void sea, his unreposing eye  
 Wept, and while thus he wept, the Nymph drew nigh—

‘ Ah! weep no more, nor waste with woe away :  
 ‘ I gladly send thee forth, nor urge thy stay.  
 ‘ Go—hew large planks : shape with the axe thy float,  
 ‘ Build the high deck to guard the wave-toss’d boat—  
 ‘ Bread, water, wine, my bounty shall provide,  
 ‘ By these thy palate pleased, thy wants supplied :  
 ‘ Nor raiment shalt thou want, nor winds once more  
 ‘ To waft thee safely to thy native shore,  
 ‘ Since, thus the gods, who hold in heaven their reign,  
 ‘ Whose power, whose wisdom mine transcend, ordain.’

The Sea-Nymph spake : Ulysses shuddering heard,  
 And cautious, thus responded to her word :

‘ Far, other far, O Goddess ! thy design,  
 ‘ Why in so frail a vessel cleave the brine ?  
 ‘ And dare the deep, which ships of loftiest sail  
 ‘ Scarce stem, tho’ gladden’d by Jove’s favouring gale.  
 ‘ No—ne’er without thy free, thy full consent,  
 ‘ My keel shall cleave the unfathom’d element,

‘ Till, Goddess! thou, that oath tremendous, swear,  
‘ That thou for me, no direr ill prepare.’

Calypso smiled, his hand benignly press’d,  
Then—‘ Wretch! yet not unknowing,’ thus address’d,  
‘ What hast thou said? on earth, on heaven I call,  
‘ And thou beneath the earth, the dread of all,  
‘ Hear Styx! be witness, thou by gods revered,  
‘ I, other ill intend not, vainly fear’d.  
‘ What I persuade, and for thy safety frame  
‘ I would myself adopt, my fate the same;  
‘ My thoughts are just: not mine a heart of steel,  
‘ But prone to pity, can for others feel.’

The Goddess spoke, and where she swiftly led  
Ulysses following, traced her graceful tread.  
The Goddess and the man the grotto gain’d,  
Where his the throne, that Hermes had sustain’d.  
Her hand before him set, for drink, for food  
All that most cheers the race of mortal brood,  
While for the Nymph, whose throne Ulysses faced,  
Her maidens nectar and ambrosia placed.  
At that rich feast, each sated wish subdued,  
Theauteous Goddess, thus her speech renew’d:

‘ Does then, Ulysses! thy regretful heart  
 ‘ Thus yearn, impatient homeward to depart?  
 ‘ If thus—farewell!—yet, didst thou fully know  
 ‘ Ere hail’d that home, thy destiny of woe,  
 ‘ Here, thou wouldst still contentedly remain,  
 ‘ And with Calypso, life immortal gain,  
 ‘ Tho’ thy soul languish to behold once more  
 ‘ Her, whom thy day, but rises to deplore.  
 ‘ Yet not to her, I yield in form and face—  
 ‘ No mortal rivals heaven’s immortal race.’

‘ Great Goddess,’ thus the prudent chief rejoin’d,  
 ‘ Let not such thought disturb thy peace of mind.  
 ‘ I too, am fully conscious, nymph divine!  
 ‘ How far her form and stature yield to thine.  
 ‘ Penelope, a mortal, sprung from earth:  
 ‘ Thou bloom’st, unchanged by age, immortal birth—  
 ‘ Yet—not the less, day after day, I yearn  
 ‘ To hail at home the hour of my return:  
 ‘ And if some god should wreck me on the main,  
 ‘ I shall unyieldingly the blow sustain:  
 ‘ In waves, in wars, not light the toils I bore;  
 ‘ This but an added ill to all before.’

Such the chief’s manly speech: and at its close  
 Low sunk the sun, and dark the night arose.

They pass'd, and in the cave's profound recess  
Lay in each others arms in sweet caress.  
When dawn'd the roseate morn, the chief around  
His active limbs his cloak and tunic bound,  
While in light floating of her snowy vest,  
With golden zone that gleam'd beneath her breast,  
And the bright veil that waved around her head,  
The Goddess of the wave Ulysses led :  
Gave him a ponderous axe of twice-edged blade,  
Its haft firm-fitted of the olive made ;  
And a smooth adze. Calypso led the way  
To the far margin of the sea-beat bay,  
Where tower'd aloft vast alders branching fair,  
Poplars and pines that soar'd in upper air,  
Long dry and fit for floats. The wood thus shown,  
Back to her cave the Goddess pass'd alone.  
He fell'd the trees, nor long the work delay'd,  
But levell'd twenty with the two-edged blade,  
And duly measuring with even line  
Fashion'd the float, and shaped his just design :  
His skill, with augers by Calypso brought,  
First bored, then plank to plank together wrought  
With nails and cramps—and as the shipwright forms  
A trading bark's broad hull to stand the storms,  
Thus broad his raft : and high his skilful art  
Built up the deck with planks from part to part

With massive beams upborne : then fix'd the mast,  
And sail-yard to its strength made firm and fast :  
Then framed the helm, and to repel the tide,  
The wattled willows wreathed from side to side ;  
Next, fully ballasted : then form'd the sail  
Of robes the Goddess brought to stand the gale :  
The tackle, cords, and cables fitly bound,  
And launch'd with levers to the deep profound.  
Four days the work achieved ; the fifth her hand  
Laved him, and robed, and waved him from the land.  
Yet, charged with wine, one skin the Goddess gave,  
And one more large that held the fountain wave,  
A leathern sack in whose capacious round,  
Rich stores of grateful food were safely bound.  
Sent by the nymph, soft airs and favouring gales  
Blew, as the chief exultant spread his sails.  
On, as he rightly steer'd amid the deep  
His wearied eye ne'er closed in needful sleep,  
But watch'd Boötes slowly seek the main,  
The Pleiads, and the Bear, heaven's starry wain,  
That still Orion eyes, and rolling round  
Alone ne'er wheels beneath the deep profound—  
The Goddess charged him as he clove the brine,  
Still on his left to keep that favouring sign.  
For seventeen days with unrelaxing force  
Right on Ulysses held his stedfast course ;

The next, her shady mounts Phæacia spread,  
That like a buckler lay on ocean's bed.

From Æthiopia as the God return'd,  
The Sovereign of the sea the chief discern'd  
From Solyma's far height, and thus beheld  
Smooth gliding on, his heart with fury swell'd.

' The gods,' he cried, ' since that far feast I join'd  
' Have for Ulysses changed their fickle mind ;  
' Near him Phæacia, on whose fated shore  
' He 'scapes the gathering ills, and rests once more :  
' Yet other miseries, woes on woes impend  
' Enough to crush him, and his spirit bend.'

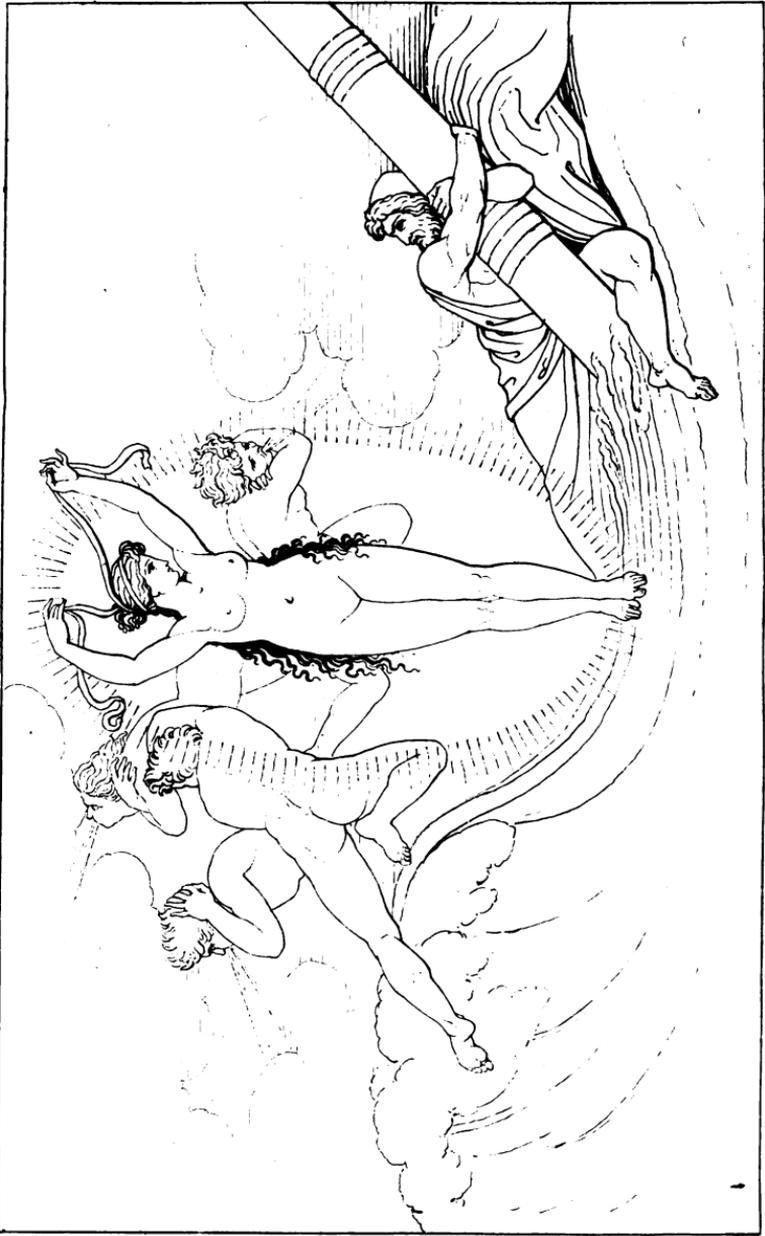
He spake : and call'd the clouds, and toss'd the deep,  
His trident grasp'd, and bade in tempests sweep  
Wars of all winds, and hid the earth and main  
As night rush'd downward from the ethereal plain.  
North, south, east, west, at once were heard to rave,  
And ocean roar'd beneath the mountain wave.  
Unwonted terrour thrill'd Ulysses' breast,  
While inly thus his heart its fear confess'd :

' Wretch that I am, what further ills await ?  
' Too true the Goddess warn'd of future fate,

‘ Warn’d that ere yet I hail’d my home again  
‘ I, on the deep, should toils more dire sustain.  
‘ ’Tis now fulfill’d—night veils all heaven above,  
‘ And all the deep one tempest swoln by Jove—  
‘ Fierce storms contend with storms, wind wars with  
    wind,  
‘ In sure destruction all ’gainst me combined.  
‘ Thrice bless’d the warriors who on Phrygia’s coast  
‘ Fell, and with glory crown’d the Grecian host—  
‘ Would I had fall’n when round Achilles dead  
‘ Troy lanced her iron tempest on my head!  
‘ Then Grecia’s funeral rites had spread my fame,  
‘ And the proud pillar told to time my name :  
‘ Now destined here by fate’s relentless doom  
‘ Mine, death inglorious, and a nameless tomb.’

Then on his brow a mountain wave profound  
Burst, and swift-whirl’d his vessel round and round :  
Far from the wreck he fell, and widely cast  
The rudder on the wave that o’er him pass’d,  
While the winds’ raving conflict snapp’d in twain  
The mast, and strow’d with sails and yards the main.  
Clogg’d by Calypso’s robes, with failing breath  
Long time beneath the deep he strove with death,  
And, scarce emerged, cast up the briny load  
That trickling down his temples, thickly flow’d.

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Tired, yet unmindful not, in desperate mood,  
Ulysses springing upward from the flood,  
Seized on the wreck, and there from death to save  
Clung, as it roll'd with every whirling wave.  
As, at late autumn, Boreas widely sweeps  
Along the plain the thorns in tangling heaps,  
Thus here and there along the boundless deep  
The vessel toss'd 'mid the tempestuous sweep.  
The south wind now the wreck to Boreas cast,  
And now the west o'erpower'd the eastern blast.  
Him toss'd at random, as the tempest swell'd,  
The fair Leucothea, Cadmus' child, beheld,  
Who mortal once, now with immortal sway  
A worshipp'd goddess, bade the deep obey :  
She, pitying, saw, and in a cormorant's form  
Sprung on the raft, and spake amid the storm :

' Ah! hapless! wherefore, Neptune swoln with ire  
' Thus dooms thee, whelm'd beneath such woes, expire?  
' The God shall ne'er destroy thee, tho' inclined,  
' So thou exert, what yet is thine, thy mind.  
' Cast off thy clothes: to winds the vessel leave,  
' On to Phæacia's isle the billows cleave,  
' There safely breathe—and now beneath thy breast  
' This girdle bind, nor let vain fear molest.

‘ But when thy hand has touch’d Phæacia’s shore  
‘ This girdle, once thy guard, protects no more ;  
‘ Cast it at distance, far amid the main,  
‘ Nor dare to turn and gaze on it again.’

She gave the zone, then, bird-like, plunged below,  
Where o’er her roll’d the billows to and fro :  
While wavering doubts perplex’d Ulysses’ breast  
And inly thus the chief his heart address’d :

‘ Ah woe ! I dread lest some stern god deceive,  
‘ Who bids me to the storm the vessel leave.  
‘ I will not now obey—I there behold  
‘ Yon isle far off, my refuge place foretold :  
‘ ’Tis best, while plank joins plank, I here remain,  
‘ And the dire war of winds and waves sustain :  
‘ But when the storms have rent the raft, this hand  
‘ Shall cleave the deep, and strive to gain the land.’

While thus he mused, the God a billow swell’d,  
Huge, high, o’erarch’d, and ’gainst the chief impell’d.  
As the dry stubble’s heap, at random cast,  
Flies scatter’d here and there before the blast ;  
Thus flew the beams : on one, sole hope to save,  
Ulysses horsed went riding on the wave ;

Cast off Calypso's radiant robes, and bound  
Leucothea's guardian zone his breast around :  
Then, headlong plunging in the deep, outspread  
His arms that ceaseless clove the billowy bed.

Neptune beheld, and shook his brows, and spake—  
' Wretch ! struggle while the billows o'er thee break,  
' Toil, till scarce saved, amid Jove's favour'd land,  
' Thou dread the force of this avenging hand.'  
Then lash'd his full-maned steeds that swiftly home  
Bore him where Ægæ rear'd his stately dome.

But Jove-born Pallas diversely design'd :  
The Goddess bound up each tempestuous wind,  
Lull'd them to rest, and bade them stilly sleep,  
All but swift Boreas who impell'd the deep,  
And broke the waves before him, till once more  
Escaped from death, he gain'd Phæacia's shore.

Two days, two nights, in combat with the wave,  
He in each opening billow saw his grave :  
But at the close of the succeeding day  
When on the sea a soothing silence lay,  
By the smooth swell of ocean's heave upraised,  
On the near land the keen-eyed sufferer gazed.

As grateful to his sons when health renew'd  
Restores their sire by long disease subdued,  
Who by some fiend possess'd, slow pined away,  
Till heaven relenting call'd him back to day :  
Thus glad, Ulysses view'd the earth, the wood,  
Labour'd to land, and struggled with the flood :  
And when as near it as a shout might reach,  
Heard the loud breakers lash the rocky beach,  
When the swoln surge fierce roar'd against the shore  
With the wing'd sea-foam bathed, and whiten'd o'er :  
For there no port, no hospitable bay,  
But headlands, rocks, and cliffs ridged all the way.  
Then first the hero's strength and courage fail'd,  
As inly thus the chief his fate bewail'd :

' Tho', by Jove's will, the unhop'd for land I view,  
' And thus have toil'd the world of waters through,  
' Furrowing my way, yet no escape appears :  
' Before me, lo ! yon mount a barrier rears.  
' Rough roars the surge, smooth rocks untrodden rise,  
' Dark ocean's depth beneath unfathom'd lies :  
' I cannot plant on solid ground my feet,  
' I cannot from advancing death retreat.  
' Dash'd 'gainst the cliff, beneath the weight of wave  
' I perish—vain each effort—none to save—

‘ What if I forward swim, in hope to find  
‘ A creek, or port secure from wave and wind,  
‘ I fear the storm’s fell violence again  
‘ Will drive me groaning ’mid the boundless main,  
‘ Or by a god call’d forth to upper day  
‘ On me the enormous ocean-monster prey ;  
‘ Such Amphitrite breeds, whose ruthless rage  
‘ Will Neptune’s vengeance by my blood assuage.’

While thus he inly spake, with thundering roar  
A vast wave hurl’d him ’gainst the rocky shore :  
Then, had his skin been flay’d, and smash’d each bone,  
But Pallas nerved him with new strength unknown.  
Grasp’d with each hand, he clave unto the rock  
Till o’er him roll’d the flood’s tempestuous shock :  
That peril pass’d, the billow’s refluent sweep  
Struck, and far hurl’d him groaning ’mid the deep.  
As many a pebble on the sandy bay  
Sticks to the polypus dragg’d up to day,  
Thus, from his hands, the skin, rent piecemeal, hung  
While the arch’d billow o’er him darkness flung.  
Then had Ulysses prematurely died,  
Had Pallas fail’d him, nor fresh force supplied.  
Once more emerging from the weight of wave  
That bursting on the rocks was heard to rave,

He onward swam, and eyed intent the shore,  
 Some sheltering creek or harbour to explore :  
 And now where fresh and fair a river stream'd  
 On the salt billow, hope reviving beam'd :  
 No rock there rose, no wind the water stirr'd,  
 He saw its flow, and thus his prayer preferr'd :

‘ Hear, king! whoe'er! vouchsafe my deep desire ;  
 ‘ To thee I fly from Neptune's vengeful ire :  
 ‘ The gods themselves the voice of woe revere,  
 ‘ And bend to sufferers, such as me, their ear :  
 ‘ Now while I hail thy flood, thy knees embrace,  
 ‘ King! with kind favour deign thy suppliant grace !’

The Stream-god staid his flood, and smooth'd the wave,  
 And where he join'd the deep, vouchsafed to save.  
 Ulysses bow'd his knees, while prone at rest  
 Dropp'd his strong arms by lassitude oppress'd.  
 Swoln was each limb, and ocean's nauseous load  
 Forth from his mouth and nostrils largely flow'd—  
 Thus breathless, voiceless, stretch'd on earth he lay  
 As one whose life was passing fast away,  
 But when reviving sense his soul possess'd,  
 He loosed the guardian girdle from his breast,  
 And far away amid the ocean cast,  
 Where Ino, as the billow backward pass'd,

Swept it from sight : the while he gain'd the strand,  
On a rush bed reclined, and kiss'd the land :  
Then, groaning, spake, ' What more must I sustain ?  
' If thro' the inclement night I here remain,  
' Ah ! from the hoar frost, and dawn's copious dew  
' What can, but death, to one thus worn, ensue ?  
' The breath of morn chill floats adown the flood :  
' And if yon steep I climb, and gain the wood,  
' And 'mid the thickets sleep—if, haply, sleep  
' May, o'er me rack'd with cold and labour, creep,  
' On me the wild beast preys.'—Thus lost in thought  
To him the wood some chance of safety brought.  
There, on he pass'd, and nigh the river found  
A forest waving on a lofty ground.  
Beneath two shrubs he crept, where closely join'd  
A wild and fruitful olive intertwined,  
Where never humid wind could force its way,  
Nor penetrating sun-beams pour the day,  
Nor rain had power to pass, so thickly grown  
The mingled branches wreathed one mass alone.  
There crept the chief, and with his hands outspread,  
Leaves heap'd on leaves, and form'd a breadth of bed,  
Such as to three stray hinds might shelter yield,  
When' wintry tempests burst upon the field—  
There his warm couch, the patient sufferer made,  
And o'er his limbs the foliage thickly laid ;

As when a swain, his torch in embers hides  
In some far solitude where none abides,  
So keeps alive a spark to feed the fire,  
Where none could aid, if once its light expire :  
Thus cover'd o'er with leaves, the chief reposed,  
When Pallas in sweet sleep, his wearied eyelids closed.

**THE SIXTH BOOK**  
**OF**  
**THE ODYSSEY.**

#### ARGUMENT.

**Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinoüs, counselled by Minerva in a dream, obtains from her father a sumpter car to convey her raiments to be washed at the public cistern. The shouts of her maidens at play, arouse Ulysses. The princess, commiserating his misery, clothes, and conducts him to the city.**

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK VI.

WHILE there Ulysses slept with toil o'erwrought,  
Minerva throug'd Phæacia's city sought.  
First Hypereia had that race contain'd,  
Nigh the fell nation where the Cyclops reign'd,  
Who, trusting in their strength, with scornful pride  
Their neighbours injured, and their force defied.  
Thence, famed Nausithoüs, far from mortal tread  
To Scheria's isle the gather'd people led :  
The town with mansions graced, and wall'd around,  
The lands allotted, and with temples crown'd :  
But when his spirit pass'd to Hades' shade,  
Alcinoüs, like a god in wisdom, sway'd :  
There, on her chief's return alone intent,  
Minerva to the monarch's palace went,

And sought that chamber where a virgin fair,  
 Alcinoüs' child, divine in face and air,  
 Guarded by two bright damsels, stilly slept,  
 Who by the Graces deck'd, their station kept  
 Each side the maid, and at her door reposed,  
 When on her rest the radiant portals closed.  
 Swift as the wind the goddess gain'd her bed,  
 And hung in shadowy vision o'er her head,  
 Like ship-skill'd Dymas' child, whose equal year  
 Bound her to young Nausicaa doubly dear,  
 And thus address'd : ' Why has thy mother borne  
 ' Thee slothful thus ?—thy radiant robes why scorn ?  
 ' Thy bridal speeds, when thou in rich array  
 ' Must deck thyself and those that join thy way :  
 ' Such splendour swells with praise the public voice,  
 ' And the proud parents of the bride rejoice.  
 ' Let us at day-break to the river bend,  
 ' And there to aid thy labour, I attend.  
 ' Thou livest not long unpoused—to gain thy hand  
 ' They come, the rulers of Phæacia's land,  
 ' Where thou wert born : go, and at dawn require  
 ' The mules and car of thy consenting sire :  
 ' These to the cleansing river shall convey  
 ' Thy zones, thy robes, and all the rich array :  
 ' 'Tis better thus, than step by step proceed  
 ' Where the far cisterns from the city lead.'

She spake, and sought the Olympian realm again,  
Where the gods hold, 'tis said, their blissful reign :  
There, never shower descends, nor tempests blow,  
Nor falls from riven clouds the fleecy snow ;  
But the pure air o'er heaven's bright azure spreads,  
And the unsetting sun its splendour sheds.  
There, Pallas, where the gods in bliss remain,  
From the sleep-counsell'd maid return'd again.

At the first dawn of bright Aurora's beam,  
Nausicaa rose, still wondering at the dream,  
And sought her parents, eager to unfold  
What Pallas had in vision plainly told.  
She found her mother 'mid her menial train,  
Whirling a fleece of sea-empurpled grain,  
But met Alcinoüs at the palace gate,  
Call'd to the council where the chieftains sate.

' And wilt thou not '—she said—' beloved sire,  
' Bid forth a sumpter car at my desire ?  
' The sullied raiments to the stream to bear,  
' And to their gloss restore them fresh and fair.  
' In solemn council when the chieftains wait  
' Thou must be throned, as fits, in robes of state :  
' Five sons beneath this roof thy strength sustain,  
' Three with their consorts, two unspoused remain,

‘ Dance their delight in festive raiments dress’d ;  
‘ On me alone the toil and duty rest.’

She spake, but would not, bashfully, confide  
The bride’s warm wish :—he, well aware, replied,

‘ These, and whate’er thy wish, loved child, obtain :  
‘ The servants shall prepare, and yoke the wain.’

They heard his voice, and as the monarch spoke,  
Drew forth the mules, and harness’d to the yoke.  
The virgin from her room the vestures bore,  
And in the coffer heap’d the costly store.  
Her mother placed rich food the chest within,  
And charged with wine the goat’s capacious skin,  
Then fill’d a golden vase with liquid oil  
Their limbs to freshen when fatigued with toil.  
Nausicaa mounted, seized the lash, and rein,  
And scourged the mules whose foot-tramp shook the  
plain :  
Onward they stretch’d, and down the distant road  
Bore the bright maid, her train, and costly load.  
But when Nausicaa had the river gain’d  
Where the fixed cisterns constantly remain’d,  
Fill’d by the dash of streams whose forceful play  
Could cleanse the robes, and wash each stain away,

They loosed the mules, and by the river led  
To browse the grass fresh springing round its bed.  
Then from the wain they bore, and cast the load  
In the deep basins by the flood o'erflow'd,  
And stampt upon the robes with rival toil  
Till all beneath their tread was free from soil :  
Then spread them on the sea-beach, where the wave  
Wont in full flow the polish'd pebbles lave.  
Now bathed, and smooth'd with oil, at leisure laid  
On the green bank their gay repast they made,  
And as their garments bleach'd beneath the sun,  
The mistress and her maids, the banquet done,  
Toss'd the light ball, and cast their veils away,  
While 'mid the choir Nausicaa led the lay.

As Dian glories in her arrowy flight  
On Erymanthus or Taygetus' height,  
Chasing the boar and stag, and round her move  
The sylvan nymphs, the progeny of Jove,  
Latona's heart exults, while towers on high  
Her front majestic on the mother's eye,  
Most fair where all are fair, thus o'er the rest  
In face and form unmatched Nausicaa shone confess'd.

But when the maid, returning home again,  
The robes had folded, and had yoked the wain,

Minerva musing, plann'd a new device,  
How from his sleep Ulysses might arise,  
And gazing on her, by soft speech persuade  
To guide his course, and in Phæacia aid—  
Aim'd at her maid the princess toss'd a ball ;  
It fail'd, and chanced within the stream to fall :  
All shouted loud : that shout Ulysses woke,  
And to himself, thus roused, the hero spoke :

‘ Where am I cast, on what uncertain earth ?  
‘ ’Mid barbarous natives of untutor'd birth ?  
‘ Or hospitably bent, to strangers kind,  
‘ Has pure religion humanized their mind ?  
‘ Sure—’twas the shout of nymphs who haunt the hills,  
‘ The marshy meadows, or the fountain rills.  
‘ Or is it man’s articulate voice I hear ?  
‘ I now will issue forth all doubts to clear.’

He spake : and issuing from the thicket, tore  
A leafy branch, and spread his waist before.

Like a fierce lion, who in dauntless might  
Rushes thro’ tempests from the mountain’s height,  
With eye of flame, the grazing bulls invades ;  
Or antler’d stags that browse in forest glades,



E. More sculp.

Harman, inv. &

NAUSICAA THROWING THE BALL.

London, *Punch*, April 5, 1853, by G. & W. Daniell, St. Paul, Wall.

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Nor dreads, by famine urged, to leap the fold,  
Or where close stalls the shelter'd cattle hold :  
Thus, sorely urged, unclothed, before the fair  
Ulysses issued from his leafy lair.

Foul with sea-foam, horrific seem'd his view  
As to the o'erhanging heights the virgins flew,  
All save Alcinoüs' child, to whom alone  
Minerva gave strange courage not her own—  
She stood expectant. He too, doubtful staid,  
To clasp the knees of that majestic maid,  
Or sue her thus far off with suasive prayer  
To show some city, and some raiment spare.  
But fitter it beseem'd, afar to stand,  
And sue the maid with supplicating hand,  
Lest, clasp'd her knees, resentment fire her breast :  
Then, thus his soft and artful word address'd :

‘ Queen ! thee I sue, thee, human or divine :  
‘ If thou, a goddess deign from heaven incline,  
‘ To Dian, child of Jove, I breathe my prayer,  
‘ Thou, likest her, in stature, form and air :  
‘ But, if a mortal thou, and born of earth,  
‘ Thrice are they blest, the authors of thy birth,  
‘ Thrice blest thy brothers ; theirs intense delight  
‘ When in the dance thou float'st before their sight :

‘ But most, most blest, the youth whose nuptial arms  
‘ Graced by surpassing gifts shall clasp thy charms.  
‘ Ne’er such, or man or woman I beheld,  
‘ And scarce dare gaze on thee by awe repell’d.  
‘ Yet such in Delos fix’d my wondering view,  
‘ So the young palm by Phœbus’ altar grew.  
‘ For there I sail’d with many a comrade brave,  
‘ And dared the ocean, my predestined grave :  
‘ As on that palm I long in wonder hung,  
‘ That palm which ne’er from earthly nurture sprung,  
‘ Thus I admire thee, wonder, and adore,  
‘ Yet fear to clasp the knees I bend before,  
‘ Such misery chains me—yesterday—at last—  
‘ I ’scaped the ocean storm, and whirlwind blast.  
‘ Till then, in ceaseless toil, the twentieth day  
‘ Had seen me toss’d on my tempestuous way  
‘ Far from the Ogygian isle. Now, fate severe  
‘ And vengeance of a god have cast me here,  
‘ Still more to suffer : no, not yet released  
‘ From heaven’s dire wrath my woes have wholly ceased.  
‘ Yet—pity me, O queen ! who, bow’d by grief  
‘ First calls on thee, and supplicates relief :  
‘ None other else I know of human birth  
‘ Who here hold residence, or own this earth.  
‘ Point out some town, and cast, to wrap me round  
‘ Some covering that thy radiant vesture bound :

‘ And may the gods, whate’er thy wish, impart,  
‘ A husband, and a home, heart clasp’d to heart.  
‘ What purer bliss, than ’neath one roof combined  
‘ A husband, and a wife, mind link’d with mind ?  
‘ Grief to each foe, but to each friend delight,  
‘ While highest, holiest joys their souls unite.’

‘ Stranger! methinks,’ the fair Nausicaa said,  
‘ No base, no senseless suppliant sues my aid :  
‘ But—since at will o’er vile or virtuous, Jove  
‘ Dispenses happiness from heaven above,  
‘ Bear what the God inflicts : and, since here thrown  
‘ Thou seek’st a city in a land unknown  
‘ Thou shalt not vesture want, nor ought whate’er  
‘ Becomes a stranger’s suit, a suppliant’s prayer.  
‘ I will point out the town, and name the place.  
‘ The town, the island, boasts Phæacia’s race :  
‘ I am Alcinoüs’ daughter, him whose sway  
‘ And sceptred hand Phæacia’s lords obey.’

Then to her maidens spake—‘ Stay, maidens, stay !  
‘ Wherefore this man beholding, flee away ?  
‘ Deem you this man a foe ? none breathes on earth,  
‘ None shall henceforth be found of mortal birth,  
‘ Who on Phæacia steps with hostile tread,  
‘ So heaven has o’er our isle protection spread—

‘ We dwell apart, sea-solitudes surround :  
‘ Far from mankind, no stranger foot here found—  
‘ But now this hapless wanderer breathes his prayer,  
‘ ’Tis ours to soothe the woe that claims our care.  
‘ The poor, the stranger, Jove himself reveres,  
‘ And tho’ the gift be slight, the kindness cheers.  
‘ Go, maidens, give the stranger drink and food,  
‘ And lave him where the bank embays the flood.’

They, each exhorting each, her voice obey’d,  
And led him where the bank still shelter made;  
Near him a tunic vest and mantle brought,  
And a gold cruise with oil transparent fraught;  
And bade him freely in the flowing wave  
Of the pure river flood his body lave.

‘ Ye maidens! stand apart,’ Ulysses cried,  
‘ While from my limbs I cleanse the briny tide,  
‘ And bathe with oil by me long time unused :  
‘ Stand back nor be your kindness now abused :  
‘ Due shame forbids me ’mid your virgin train  
‘ To linger here, and thus unclothed remain.’

They to the princess pass’d, while unrestrain’d  
He cleansed the ooze that long his limbs had stain’d,

Wash'd from his neck and back the brine away,  
And from his hair wrung out the foamy spray.  
But now, when fully laved and oil'd all o'er,  
He, the bright robes, Nausicaa's present, wore ;  
Then Jove-born Pallas, by her heavenly aid,  
More large, more full, his limbs majestic made,  
And from his front in many a mazy fold  
Of hyacinthian hue his ringlets roll'd ;  
As one, by Vulcan and Minerva, taught,  
Who with the gold has silver metal wrought,  
Fine perfecting his work, thus, wondrous grace,  
Gift of a god, adorn'd his form and face,  
As on the ocean beach he sat alone,  
Glistening with grace and beauty not his own.  
The princess view'd and wonder'd :

‘ Virgins, hear !

‘ Ye white-arm'd maidens ! to my word give ear :  
‘ No—hated not of all the Olympian race  
‘ We, on Phæacia's isle this stranger trace,  
‘ Him whom I deem'd a wretch to misery born,  
‘ Him like a god the gods themselves adorn—  
‘ Would such a lord for me kind heaven approve,  
‘ A dweller in Phæacia held by love !  
‘ Now give him food and wine.’ The maids obey'd :  
And food and wine before Ulysses laid :

Nor with slight zest the chief their feast devour'd,  
As one by thirst and famine nigh o'erpower'd.

Now other cares possess'd the white-arm'd maid :  
She in the wain each folded garment laid,  
And bow'd the strong-hoof'd mules beneath the yoke,  
And, mounting, thus, to cheer Ulysses, spoke :

‘ Now, stranger, rise, and to our city speed ;  
‘ Rise ! to my father's home thy path I lead :  
‘ Our chiefs there meet : but let my counsel sway,  
‘ On one, not void of reason, cast away—  
‘ While 'mid the works of men, and cultured fields,  
‘ The public road the common passage yields,  
‘ On foot, behind, with my attendant train  
‘ Pass, swiftly following, where I guide the wain :  
‘ But when we gain the town high-wall'd around,  
‘ And guarded by a port at either bound,  
‘ Of narrow entrance, lined from side to side  
‘ By ships that in their separate place abide,  
‘ There round the Sea-god's fane, a forum, wrought  
‘ Of polish'd stones from distant quarries brought :  
‘ The city there secures its naval store,  
‘ Cables, and sails, and smooths the pliant oar.  
‘ We bend no bow, we wing no arrowy flight,  
‘ The mast, the oar, Phæacia's cares excite,

‘ But in well balanced ships we joy, and sweep  
‘ Proud of our skill, exultant o’er the deep.  
‘ But rough our race : fain would I ’scape their jibe,  
‘ The mock of scorners, and the scoffing tribe,  
‘ Lest one more coarse exclaim,—What stranger here ?  
‘ This brave, this beauteous gallant, why appear ?  
‘ Where found ? why cleaving to Nausicaa’s side ?  
‘ No doubt—the chosen of the royal bride !  
‘ Or has she from his ship a wanderer led  
‘ Of foreign race far from Phæacia bred :  
‘ Or has some god, to her for ever given,  
‘ Drawn by her prayer alighted down from heaven ?  
‘ Far better thus that in a foreign land  
‘ The princess find one worthy of her hand,  
‘ Since all our numerous nobles fail to move,  
‘ And the woo’d princess scorns their vow of love.—  
‘ Thus will they taunt me, nor unjustly shame ;  
‘ Nor would I less that frontless female blame,  
‘ Who ere her parents free consent obtain’d,  
‘ Should mix with men, unspoused, and unrestrain’d.  
‘ But thou attend, so compass thy desire,  
‘ And gain to guide thee home my willing sire.  
‘ Ere long we reach Minerva’s sacred wood,  
‘ Where ’mid the poplars glides a fountain flood ;  
‘ My sire’s possession there, his garden plot,  
‘ The town’s loud shouts just reach that neighbouring  
spot.

- ' There rest till we proceeding on our road,
- ' Shall reach the city and my sire's abode.
- ' And when you deem us there, go forth, enquire
- ' What palace in Phæacia holds my sire.
- ' 'Tis known to all : an infant there may guide :
- ' None, save the king, in domes like his reside.
- ' But when the court and portal shade thy way
- ' Speed thro' the palace hall, nor brook delay,
- ' Till thou arrive, where in the inner room
- ' The hearth's bright fires my mother's throne illumine :
- ' Against a column there the queen reclines,
- ' And charged with purple threads her spindle twines ;
- ' A wonder to behold ; and ranged in state
- ' The attendant train behind their sovereign wait.
- ' There too Alcinoüs' throne beside the queen,
- ' Where like a god he banquets, daily seen :
- ' Pass him, but, clasp'd my mother's knee, implore
- ' That thou mayst safely reach thy native shore.
- ' Graced by her favour, thou shalt view again
- ' Thy friends, thy high-raised dome, and proud domain.'

She spake, and lash'd her steeds that onward sped,  
And left with measured steps the river bed ;  
And skilfully she ruled their temper'd pace  
That all on foot her course might closely trace :



Flanagan del.

ULYSSES FOLLOWING THE CAR OF NAUSICAA.

H. Moore sculp.

London: Published April 5, 1853, by G. & W. Colver, 51, Edin. Wall.

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And now arriving, at the day's decline,  
Where that famed grove enclosed Minerva's shrine,  
There, as Nausicaa bade, Ulysses staid,  
And to the Jove-born child devoutly pray'd :

‘ Hear me, thou born of Ægis-bearing Jove,  
‘ Tho’ then my supplication fail’d to move  
‘ When the earth-shaker toss’d me to and fro :  
‘ Now let Phæacia hear, and soothe my woe.’

Minerva listen’d as the sufferer pray’d,  
Yet not before him stood the blue-eyed Maid,  
By her sire’s brother awed, who more and more  
Harass’d the chief, ere gain’d his native shore.



**THE SEVENTH BOOK**  
**OF**  
**THE ODYSSEY.**

#### ARGUMENT.

**Nausicaa returns, followed by Ulysses. The description of the palace and garden of Alcinous. Ulysses hospitably entertained by the king, relates his shipwreck, his arrival at Scheria, and his meeting with Nausicaa.**

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK VII.

THE mules, while thus the chief to Pallas pray'd,  
On to the city bore the royal Maid,  
Who, when they reach'd Alcinoüs' dome, restrain'd  
Their stubborn strength, and in the porch detain'd.  
Her god-like brothers, gathering swift around,  
Bore in the burden, and the yoke unbound.  
She sought her chamber, where the Epirot dame,  
The aged Eurymedusa lit the flame—  
Her from Epirus, once athwart the wave  
The pirates brought, and to Alcinoüs gave,  
Selected prize, fit gift for him alone,  
The god-like king who graced Phæacia's throne.  
She, from her earliest year, the Princess bred,  
Tended her hearth, her banquet, and her bed.  
Ulysses sought the town, while Pallas cast  
Deep darkness round where'er her votary pass'd,

Lest some proud native on his way appear,  
And rudely question, and untimely jeer.  
Now, as within the gate Ulysses came,  
The Goddess met him, veil'd in mortal frame.  
Like a young virgin, who a pitcher bore,  
And, as he question'd, stood the chief before :

‘ Wilt thou not, gentle girl, direct my way  
‘ Where here Alcinoüs holds his regal sway ?  
‘ A toil-worn stranger from a distant earth  
‘ I stray, unknown of all Phæacian birth.’

‘ Yes, stranger,’ Pallas said, ‘ yes, reverend sire !  
‘ I will point out the dome which you require ;  
‘ Hard by my father dwells. As I precede  
‘ In silence follow wheresoe'er I lead,  
‘ Nor by a look or word a native greet :  
‘ No strangers here, a kindly welcome meet :  
‘ None practise hospitality : alone  
‘ In swift-wing'd ships they cleave far seas unknown,  
‘ By Neptune's gift, and with his spirit fraught  
‘ Fly like a wing, or with the speed of thought.’

She spake, and hurried on : he swift pursued :  
But in the town, no eye Ulysses view'd.

Pallas forbade, who kindly round his way  
Condensed thick mists, that dark as midnight lay—  
Ulysses, passing thro' the peopled street,  
Admired the beauteous ports, the well-ranged fleet,  
Forums, and firm-fenced walls on high upraised,  
And struck with awe, on all intensely gazed.  
But when the chief Alcinoüs' palace view'd,  
The gracious Goddess thus her speech renew'd :

‘ Lo! there the royal roof, within whose walls  
‘ The banquet now each high-born chieftain calls.  
‘ Pass fearless in : tho' strange that man appear,  
‘ He prospers best in all who knows no fear.  
‘ There, foremost, thou shalt find upon her throne  
‘ Phæacia's queen, by name Arete known,  
‘ Born of the same ancestral line, as those  
‘ From whom her royal lord, Alcinoüs rose.  
‘ The Sea-God, first, fired by surpassing charms  
‘ Clasp'd Peribæa in his longing arms,  
‘ The last born of Eurymedon, whose sway  
‘ Bade the proud giant brood his word obey.  
‘ He fell, and with him fell that impious race :  
‘ But from his daughter, and the God's embrace,  
‘ Nausithoüs rose, sole lord our chiefs among,  
‘ From whom Rhexenor and Alcinoüs sprung.

‘ Phœbus Rhexenor pierced, whose bridal bed  
‘ Not long enjoy’d, alone Arete bred,  
‘ Spoused of Alcinoüs, and by him adored,  
‘ More than ere yet an earth-born by her lord.  
‘ Thus reigns Arete, to her lord endear’d,  
‘ Loved by her race, and by the realm revered,  
‘ Whose natives, as she moves their sight before  
‘ Hail her a goddess, and their queen adore.  
‘ Nor less with female grace, strong sense combined,  
‘ Of power to calm at will the public mind—  
‘ If gain’d her favour, thine the hope once more  
‘ To view thy friends, thy dome, and native shore.’

She spake, and soaring, left on airy sweep  
Fair Scheria’s isle, and vanish’d o’er the deep,  
O’er Marathon to proud-built Athens flew,  
And in Erectheus’ dome from sight withdrew.

On stepp’d the chief, but with deep thought o’ercast,  
Paused, ere his foot the brazen threshold pass’d.  
Resplendent as the moon, or solar light,  
Alcinoüs’ palace awed the o’erdazzled sight.  
On to its last recess, a brazen wall  
That from the threshold stretch’d, illumined all,  
Round it of azure steel a cornice roll’d,  
And every gate, that closed the palace, gold.

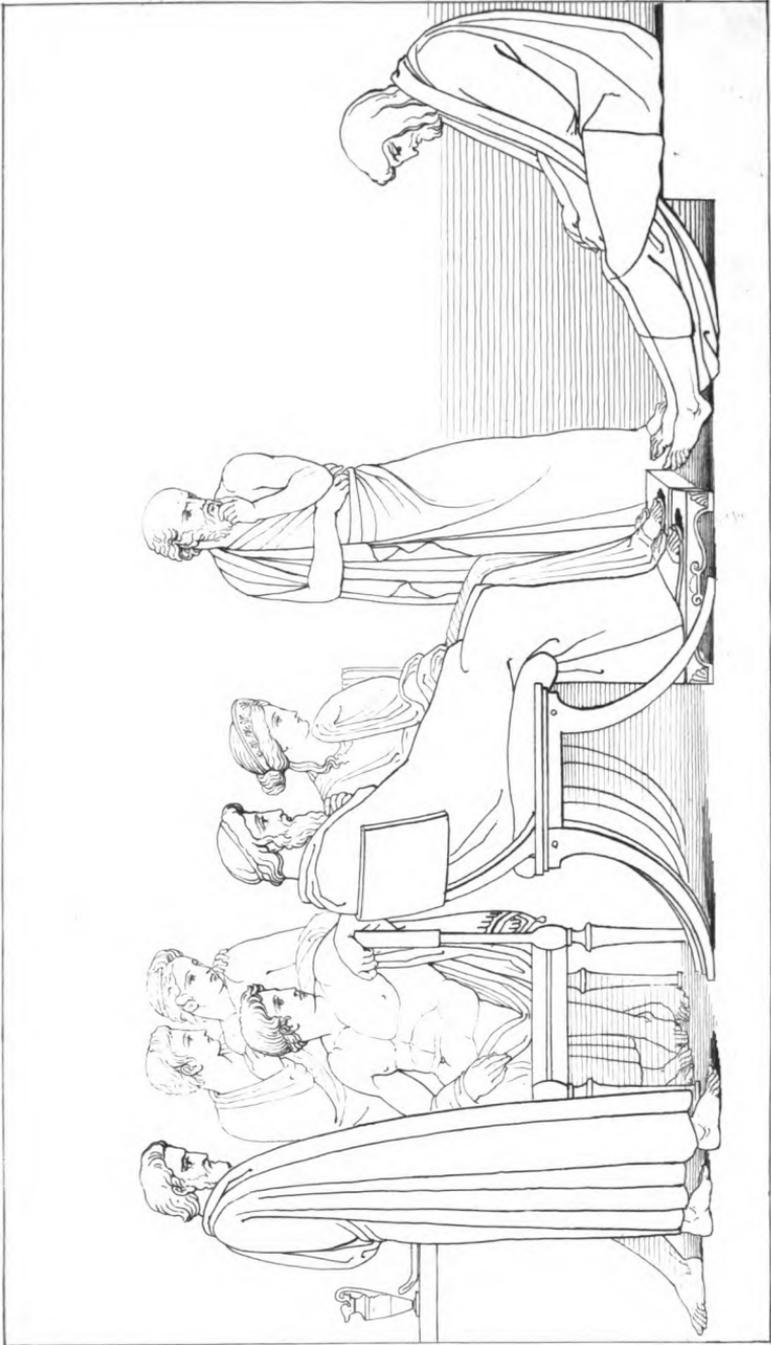
The brazen threshold golden pillars bore,  
A golden ringlet glitter'd on the door,  
The lintel silver, and to guard his gate  
Dogs in a row, each side, were seen to wait,  
In gold and silver wrought, by Vulcan made,  
Immortal as the god, and undecay'd.  
From the far threshold, to its last retreat,  
Ranged round the wall, rose many a lofty seat,  
With fine-spun carpets strow'd, by virgins wrought,  
Where, as each new-born day new pleasures brought,  
Phæacia's chiefs from thought and care released,  
Sat throned, and lengthened the perpetual feast.  
Stood on bright altars golden youths, whose hands  
Lit thro' the night, the guests, with flaming brands :  
And fifty maids administering around,  
Some, the ripe grain, beneath the mill-stone ground,  
Some, whirl'd the distaff, and the fleeces wove  
Swift as the leaves, that shake the poplar grove :  
And ever as they plied their radiant toil,  
The glossy web shone like transparent oil.  
Nor less expert their course the seamen kept,  
Than thro' the loom the female shuttle swept,  
The gift of Pallas, who had there combined  
The skilful hand, with the inventive mind—  
Without the court, yet nigh the city's bound  
A garden bloom'd, four-acred, wall'd around ;

Tall trees there grew, the red pomegranate there,  
Each glossy apple, and each juicy pear,  
Sweet figs, and living olives : none decay'd  
Or in the summer blaze, or winter shade ;  
While western winds unfolding every flower,  
Here gemm'd with buds the branch, there fill'd with  
fruits the bower.

Pears ripen pears, the apples apples breed,  
Figs follow figs, to grapes the grapes succeed :  
The fruitful vineyard there, where, spread to day  
The raisin dries beneath the solar ray :  
Here jocund labour gathers in the fruit,  
There the stamp'd clusters gush beneath the foot,  
And while the grape here blossoms on the spray  
The swelling orbs there blacken day by day.  
There at its confine many a cultured bed  
And flowers, all kind, undying fragrance shed.  
Two fountains there, this in perpetual play  
Thro' all the garden winds its order'd way ;  
That, glides beneath the threshold of the king,  
And fills each urn from its o'erflowing spring ;  
Such were the gifts that they whose realm is heaven  
Had to that favour'd man profusely given.

Long stood the chief, with awe each wonder view'd,  
Then to the palace swift his way pursued,

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And found the chiefs, who, mindful of their bed,  
To Hermes now their last libation shed.  
Onward he pass'd unseen, in mists obscured  
That still around his path Minerva pour'd,  
Till reach'd the royal thrones, where bending low  
He clasp'd Arete's knees, and breathed his woe :  
The Goddess then at once the night dispell'd,  
And all in silent awe the chief beheld :

‘ O deign,’ the suppliant said, ‘ Arete, hear,  
‘ Born of divine Rhexenor, bow thine ear !  
‘ Queen ! at thy knees I bend, with woe oppress'd,  
‘ And sue thy lord, and each high-honour'd guest :  
‘ So may the gods in bliss their lives extend,  
‘ And all their honours to their heirs descend :  
‘ Bût deign convey to his paternal soil  
‘ A wanderer worn with unrelaxing toil.’

Then, in the ashes, on the hearth reclined,  
While the chiefs gazed to silent awe resign'd—  
At last Echeneus, on whose reverend head  
Time had the snow of many a winter shed,  
A man for eloquence and wisdom famed,  
Thus, kindly counselling the king, exclaim'd :

‘ Ill suits, Alcinoüs, that a stranger guest  
‘ Should seated at thy hearth, in ashes rest—  
‘ We wait thy word—king! raise him, tho’ unknown,  
‘ And seat him on the silver-studded throne :  
‘ Bid crown the goblet, and ’mid rites divine  
‘ Pour to the thundering God the votive wine :  
‘ Be Jove, who hears the suppliant’s prayer, adored,  
‘ And feed the stranger from thy present board.’

The monarch clasp’d Ulysses’ hand, and raised  
The suppliant from the hearth that brightly blazed,  
Displacing for the stranger from his throne  
The young Laodamas his favourite son.  
From a gold chalice on a silver stand  
A maid shower’d water on Ulysses’ hand,  
And a smooth table fix’d the guest before,  
Where the house-guardian heap’d his ready store ;  
And when the chief sat satiate at the board,  
Thus to the herald spake Phæacia’s lord :

‘ Pontonoüs! mix the wine, and pass around  
‘ From guest to guest the cup with nectar crown’d,  
‘ Then pour it forth, and to the Thunderer pray,  
‘ The God who guards the wanderer on his way.’

Pontonoüs mix'd the bowl, and rightly pass'd  
In due succession round from first to last ;  
And when the feast was o'er, and cheer'd each guest,  
Phæacia's monarch thus the chiefs address'd :

' Chiefs of Phæacia! hear what I impart,  
' The words that flow spontaneous from my heart.  
' Now, feasted, in your mansion each repose,  
' And when the gates of morn again unclose,  
' Here call the elders, here the stranger greet,  
' And sacrificial rites to heaven repeat :  
' Then weigh how best from misery freed, again  
' The stranger may review his native plain,  
' Swift by our guidance reach his far off shore,  
' And gladly clasp his friends long-lost, once more ;  
' Nor in that interval a trouble know,  
' Or ought that reunites his soul to woe.  
' Then, let him bear the lot of all on earth,  
' What the fates mingled with his thread of birth—  
' But if on earth a heavenly power descend,  
' The gods will perfect what the gods intend.  
' Still have the heavenly powers appear'd unveil'd  
' Whene'er our hecatombs the gods regaled :  
' With us they banquet, and if one alone,  
' One traveller meet a god, not long unknown :

‘ For we to them as close alliance trace,  
‘ As the fell Cyclops, and earth’s giant race.’

Ulysses answer’d, ‘ Cast such doubt aside,  
‘ No god am I, nor in their heaven reside.  
‘ My form, my faculties, all mortal, all,  
‘ And prone to miseries that on mortals fall.  
‘ The wretchedest I equal, yea, surmount,  
‘ Should I each ill, that heaven ordain’d, recount—  
‘ But leave me here to feed, untroubled leave,  
‘ Tho’ bow’d by weight of woe I deeply grieve.  
‘ E’en ’mid the dire extremity of grief  
‘ The importunate cry of hunger claims relief :  
‘ Tho’ dire my misery, hunger more prevails,  
‘ And all I suffer’d from remembrance fails.  
‘ But ye, in readiness, at dawn of day,  
‘ The hapless stranger to his realm convey.  
‘ Might I my house, my household view once more,  
‘ Then life may leave me on my native shore !’

He said : the chiefs applauded, all agreed  
To succour him who thus could ably plead.  
Then, due libations made to every god,  
The princes pass’d, each to his own abode.

The guest remain'd, and nigh Ulysses seen  
Phæacia's monarch, and his honour'd queen.  
The board was clear'd, and now ere they withdrew,  
Flash'd the known raiment on Arete's view,  
The robes her handmaids and herself had wrought,  
And thus the queen reveal'd her anxious thought :

‘ Stranger, I foremost ask thee, whence thy race,  
‘ Sprung from what parents, where thy native place ?  
‘ Disclose too, who to thee this vesture gave,  
‘ To thee—thou saidst—a wanderer o'er the wave ?’

‘ Hard to recount, O queen !’ Ulysses said,  
‘ Each woe on me by Jove's stern vengeance laid :  
‘ Yet—hear thy wish. Unseen by human eyes,  
‘ Mid distant seas the isle Ogygia lies ;  
‘ There, all alone, a nymph from Atlas sprung,  
‘ Bright-hair'd Calypso dwells her bowers among,  
‘ A powerful goddess—no intruder there,  
‘ Or gods, or mortals to her haunt repair :  
‘ But by some demon forced, her roof I sought,  
‘ When Jove's dire storm, with flame-wing'd thunder  
    fraught,  
‘ Split in mid sea my ship :—I, left alone,  
‘ My crew all perish'd, all my followers gone—

‘ Nine days, nine nights, on ocean’s billowy waste  
‘ My unrelaxing grasp the keel embraced ;  
‘ At the tenth night by heaven’s consenting power,  
‘ I in Ogygia gain’d the Sea-nymph’s bower,  
‘ Where the dread goddess, fair Calypso, dwelt,  
‘ Who kindly greeting me, compassion felt,  
‘ Cheer’d, loved, sustain’d me, and assurance gave  
‘ That in her arms I ne’er should know the grave—  
‘ It moved me not—Seven years I there remain’d,  
‘ And the bright robes, her gift, with tears distain’d.  
‘ At the eighth year she bade me thence depart,  
‘ Moved by Jove’s will, or fickleness of heart.  
‘ Gave me a strong built raft, with presents fraught,  
‘ Food, and sweet wine, and robes herself had wrought :  
‘ Sent forth for seventeen days a favouring gale  
‘ That smooth’d my way, and swell’d the unshifting sail.  
‘ The eighteenth day your shadowy mounts uprose,  
‘ And my heart leapt half-lighten’d of its woes.  
‘ Ah, hapless wretch ! ills rush’d on ills again  
‘ Heap’d on me by the Monarch of the main.  
‘ He urged the tempests that my course repell’d,  
‘ His rage the billows into mountains swell’d.  
‘ Nor, ever as I toil’d, the whirlwind ceased,  
‘ Or to its destined course the raft released.  
‘ The tempest wreck’d it—with unyielding strength  
‘ I swam, and gain’d your unknown sea at length—

‘ There, ’gainst huge rocks, the billow and the blast  
‘ Me, on a dreary coast, ’mid mountains, cast—  
‘ Backward I swam, nor gave the struggle o’er  
‘ Till, where a river flow’d, and smooth the shore,  
‘ Free from all rocks, I gain’d a shelter’d bay,  
‘ Where waves without a wind in slumber lay :  
‘ There long I lay exhaust, then onward crept,  
‘ And as the night drew nigh, in thickets slept,  
‘ Far from the flood, and strewed dense leaves around,  
‘ While o’er me heaven diffused still sleep profound.—  
‘ Throughout the night, and when the morning came,  
‘ And the mid-day, that sleep refresh’d my frame,  
‘ But pass’d at sun-set : then I ’woke, and view’d  
‘ Where on the shore the maids their sports pursued  
‘ Around thy daughter, whose majestic height  
‘ Tower’d like a goddess on my ravish’d sight :  
‘ As such I sued her : like her form, her mind,  
‘ Matured by sense to youth so rarely join’d,  
‘ For youth is weak. Moved by my earnest prayer,  
‘ Sweet wine she gave me, and sufficient fare,  
‘ Bathed, and array’d me—such, thus bow’d by woes,  
‘ Such the unvarnish’d truth my words disclose.’

‘ Stranger,’ the king replied, ‘ in this alone  
‘ My child has fail’d, one duty left undone :

‘ She should have brought thee with her virgin train,  
‘ For first to her thou pray’dst, nor pray’dst in vain.’

‘ Monarch,’ the much experienced chief replied,  
‘ Oh not for this thy blameless daughter chide.  
‘ She bade me follow, where the damsels went :  
‘ I will’d it not, nor answer’d her intent.  
‘ I fear’d my sight so seen would thee molest—  
‘ Suspicion ever haunts the human breast.’

‘ Deem not,’ Alcinous said, ‘ so rash my heart :  
‘ But wisdom bids us choose the temperate part :  
‘ And, witness ye ! Minerva, Phœbus, Jove,  
‘ Such as thou art, if thou my wish approve,  
‘ I would thou wed my child, and here remain,  
‘ And from my gift a royal palace gain :  
‘ So thou consent : else, none shall force thy stay :  
‘ By heaven, no proud Phæacian bar thy way.  
‘ At morn—for thee—the convoy I prepare,  
‘ Till then, in sleep dissolved, forget all care—  
‘ Our oars shall sweep the sea till thou again  
‘ Thy realm, thy home, where’er its site, obtain :  
‘ Tho’ further than Eubœa’s distant strand,  
‘ By the Phæacians deem’d the furthest land,  
‘ Seen by our mariners, who, thither bore  
‘ Fair Rhadamanthus to that distant shore

‘ To visit earth-born Tityus, and the day  
‘ That saw him there, here hail’d his refluent way :  
‘ Thus thou shalt see, how, glorying in their speed,  
‘ Our ships and seamen, all mankind exceed.’

He spake : the chief rejoiced, and loudly pray’d,  
‘ Jove! perfect all the king has nobly said.  
‘ O! may his glory reach the ends of earth,  
‘ And I regain the realm that bless’d my birth.’

While thus they converse shared, the damsels spread  
Beneath the sounding portico his bed,  
So the queen bade, and, to adorn it, strow’d  
Rugs, that with purple splendour brightly glow’d,  
Cloaks, and rich arras, and o’ermantling all  
The well-wove texture of the fleecy pall :  
Then, back-returning, each with graceful hand  
Beckon’d the way, and waved a blazing brand,  
And, when the couch was strown, around him press’d,  
And thus Ulysses courteously address’d :

‘ Arise! thy couch awaits thee—there repose.’  
The wish of slumber at their word arose—

Beneath the portico's dark shelter spread,  
The chief reposing, press'd his stately bed.  
But in his deep recess, Alcinoüs slept,  
And near him, his fair queen, her station kept.

**THE EIGHTH BOOK**

**OF**

**THE ODYSSEY.**

#### ARGUMENT.

The Phæacians, at a public council, agree to convey Ulysses to his country. At the banquet of Alcinoüs, Ulysses deeply affected by the song of the bard, conceals his tears beneath his mantle. The athletic games, and gay sports of the Phæacians. Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus, and the adventures of the Grecian chiefs in the wooden horse. Alcinoüs moved by the secret grief of Ulysses, questions him of his birth and country.

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK VIII.

WHEN dawn'd the roseate morn, from deep repose  
Alcinoüs and Laertes' son arose—  
The sov'reign of Phæacia led the way  
To join the council, where the navy lay.  
The wandering stranger, and his royal guide  
There, on the polish'd stones, sat side by side,  
While Pallas, on the chief's return intent,  
Like the king's herald, thro' Phæacia went,  
And thus the chiefs address'd :

‘ Ye chiefs attend,  
‘ Now, where the council meets, your footstep bend,  
‘ The stranger hear, who like a god in form,  
‘ Fled to Alcinoüs, from the ocean storm.’

She spake, and every heart, that heard her, glow'd,  
And soon the council with the press o'erflow'd.

All gazed with awe on him, whose form and face  
 The Goddess had adorn'd with god-like grace :  
 While larger, loftier, more than man, appear'd  
 Laertes' son, by all admired, revered,  
 And form'd to gain the prize, if, fired by fame,  
 The chiefs should dare him to each manly game.  
 And now, when all were gather'd, thus their king  
 With lofty voice address'd the crowded ring :

‘ Ye rulers of Phæacia ! bow the ear,  
 ‘ And what my spirit prompts, attentive hear—  
 ‘ This man, who sought my roof, this stranger guest,  
 ‘ A wanderer, whence I know not, east or west,  
 ‘ His prayer ne'er fails safe conduct to implore :  
 ‘ Let us prepare a convoy as of yore :  
 ‘ Ne'er at my hearth a guest has vainly pray'd,  
 ‘ Ne'er inly pined, by long neglect delay'd.  
 ‘ Now launch a new-built galley, and provide  
 ‘ From all our prime, a crew, her course to guide,  
 ‘ Youths, two and fifty, then securely chain,  
 ‘ Each on its place, the oars that sweep the main,  
 ‘ Then, issuing, hasten to your swift regale,  
 ‘ Where at my board, the banquet ne'er shall fail—  
 ‘ This—to the youths. But ye, whose sceptred sway  
 ‘ Chiefs of the realm, Phæacia's sons obey,

‘ Come, in my palace greet the stranger guest,  
‘ Nor slight uncourteously your king’s request :  
‘ And call Demodocus, the heaven inspired,  
‘ Bard of the sweetest song by fancy fired.’

He spake : the princes follow’d where he led,  
While to the bard’s abode a herald sped :  
The youths, meantime, obey’d the king’s command  
And two and fifty sought the sea-beat strand :  
And when they reach’d the main, without delay  
Launch’d the new vessel on her ocean way :  
Then fix’d the mast and sails, and, wreathing, bound  
The leathern thong the pliant oars around,  
All ranged in order ; then, to woo the gale  
Spread out the expansion of the snowy sail,  
And moor’d her in the main : then onward press’d  
Where the king’s palace call’d the invited guest.  
Throng’d was the portico, and court, and hall,  
Where old and young came answering to his call.  
The king, where all the equal portion shared,  
Twelve sheep, eight swine, and two large steers prepared :  
They flay’d, they dress’d them, and the banquet spread,  
When the bard enter’d, by the herald led ;  
Him the muse loved, had good and evil given,  
Compensating for sight by strains of heaven.

Pontonoüs placed him on a silver throne  
Against a column, midst the guests, alone,  
Hung o'er his head his silver harp, and taught  
His hand to reach it when the spirit wrought :  
Nigh him a basket set, and stately board,  
And, fill'd for him, a cup with nectar stored.  
At will all feasted, and, when now suppress'd,  
Hunger and thirst no more provoked the guest,  
The muse inspired the bard to swell the chord  
With high exploits of each heroic lord  
Immortalized in song, whose lofty strain  
Fill'd with the voice of fame heaven's vast domain :  
It told, 'mid god-feasts, how Ulysses' ire  
Drew from the son of Peleus words of fire,  
When Agamemnon, the beloved of Jove,  
Joy'd as the Achæan chieftains fiercely strove,  
Forewarn'd by Phœbus, as the enquirer trod  
On the stone threshold of the Pythian god,  
When first the fates roll'd on the baleful day  
When Jove to Ilion led the Greek array.

Thus sung the bard ; when darkly o'er his head  
The chief with either hand his mantle spread,  
And hid his face beneath its purple fold,  
That no Phæacian should his tear behold.

When the bard paused, his cheek Ulysses dried,  
 And from his brow the mantle cast aside,  
 And pour'd his due libations : yet, again,  
 When at their prayer the bard resumed his strain,  
 Drew down the o'ermantling robe—while gush'd his tear  
 Shed o'er the tale that charm'd Phæacia's ear—  
 They knew it not : but, nigh him throned, alone  
 Alcinoüs saw him weep, and heard his groan,  
 Then spake :

‘ Since satiate hunger now has ceased,  
 ‘ No longer, princes ! linger o'er the feast :  
 ‘ Mute be the bard, the harp's melodious sound,  
 ‘ Tho' ever at the banquet grateful found.  
 ‘ Come forth, where other sports fresh joy excite,  
 ‘ And each athletic game confirms our might :  
 ‘ So may the stranger to his nation tell  
 ‘ How we, o'er all on earth that widely dwell,  
 ‘ In boxing, wrestling, leaping, all excel.’

He led them forth. The herald now uphung  
 The harp, whose echo yet delightful rung,  
 And led the bard, where, on fresh pleasure bent,  
 The lords and leaders of Phæacia went.  
 The games a nation to the forum drew  
 Where each match'd rival met the public view :

Acroneus, Nauteus, and Elatreus rose,  
And Prymneus, and Ocyalus dared oppose,  
Ponteus, Anchyalus, Eretmeus came,  
Anabeesineus, Proreus fired by fame,  
Thoön, Amphialus, Polyneüs' heir,  
Euryalus like Mars to do and dare,  
And, save Laodamas, in form and face  
Naubolides unmatch'd by all their race,  
And the king's sons, Clytoneus, Halius there,  
And, last, Laodamas beyond compare.  
These first in swiftness vied—before them lay  
Stretch'd from the starting bar the measured way.  
At once all flew : dense dust their course o'er cast,  
But with fleet foot Clytoneus all surpass'd :  
Far as the furrowing mules the steers exceed,  
Thus far, out-racing all, Clytoneus' speed.  
And now the wrestlers dared the dangerous fall,  
But 'twas Euryalus who conquer'd all.  
Amphialus leapt unmatch'd the furthest length ;  
The furthest discus proved Elatreus' strength,  
And famed Laodamas, Alcinoüs' son,  
The cestus victory from each rival won.  
Now with their games content, each prize obtain'd,  
His purpose, thus, Laodamas explain'd :

‘ Friends ! let us ask the stranger, bid him tell,  
‘ In what athletic game his powers excel.

‘ Firm stands his frame, force in each limb resides,  
‘ Sustains his carriage, and his motion guides,  
‘ His arm invigorates, gifts his neck with power,  
‘ Nor age has wither’d yet youth’s vigorous flower,  
‘ Tho’ bow’d by sea-toils, where the ruthless storm  
‘ Soon breaks the strength of man, and wastes his form.’

‘ Wise are thy words,’ Euryalus replied,  
‘ Provoke him to the contest—then decide.’

Well pleased, Laodamas his word obey’d,  
Stood in the midst, and thus the chief essay’d :

‘ If ever taught, such games thy heart delight :  
‘ Thou seem’st well-built for trial—prove thy might.  
‘ No praise can living mortal more adorn  
‘ Than feet for speed, and arms for combat born :  
‘ Cast off thy grief : for thy returning way  
‘ The ship is launch’d—the crew thy call obey.’

‘ Laodamas!’ Laertes’ son replied,  
‘ Say, wherefore thus provoke me ? thus deride ?  
‘ Deep woes, not festive games, my thoughts employ :  
‘ Too sorely have I borne, to taste of joy :  
‘ And, yearning now, to view my realm once more,  
‘ Your monarch and his nation I implore.’

Euryalus replied, ' In thee I trace  
' A man unskill'd in games that heroes grace,  
' But likest him who traversing the main,  
' Guides here and there a crew intent on gain,  
' Inspects his food, his stores with plunder fraught,  
' A pirate in athletic games untaught.'

Ulysses sternly eyed him, and replied—  
' Thy words rash man, nor right nor reason guide.  
' Not unto one the gods have all consign'd,  
' Each grace of person, and each gift of mind :  
' This man, for form, for features less renown'd,  
' But by persuasive words and wisdom crown'd :  
' All look on him, while with pure grace refined,  
' His eloquence controuls the public mind,  
' And where he passes thro' the gathering throng,  
' He steps a god the gazing crowd among.  
' In face and form, another far prevails,  
' But that fair form the weight of wisdom fails :  
' Thy person such, not heaven a lovelier moulds,  
' But that fair form a senseless spirit holds.  
' Youth ! thy contemptuous speech has fired my heart :  
' I am not skillless of the athletic art—  
' While yet these arms had strength, and youth remain'd,  
' First of the foremost oft the prize I gain'd ;

‘ But doom’d by fate, long labours to sustain  
‘ In hard-fought battles, and the storm-toss’d main,  
‘ Yet thus bow’d down, no more I stand aloof,  
‘ But by thy taunts sore wounded, dare the proof.’

Then, robed, a ponderous disc’s vast weight upbore,  
Such as Phæacian arm ne’er heaved before,  
And as he cast it, whirling round and round,  
Shrill rung the air beneath its cutting sound.  
Downward in fear the naval nation bent,  
As o’er their head that rock the ether rent.  
Mask’d as a man, Minerva view’d the cast,  
And mark’d the pitch that far the rest o’erpass’d,  
Then loud exclaim’d—‘ A man bereft of eyes  
‘ Might tell by touch whose discus gains the prize ;  
‘ Far beyond all—the unequall’d glory thine :  
‘ Ne’er shall Phæacian disc o’erpass this sign.’

Ulysses joy’d one favouring friend to find,  
And thus the chiefs address’d with lighter mind :

‘ Reach this, brave youths! or soon to tame your pride  
‘ A heavier discus shall your power deride—  
‘ Sore have you roused me : stand no more apart,  
‘ Come forth, and dare the proof, whoe’er has heart;  
‘ With foot, or fist, or to the wrestler’s fall,  
‘ All, save Laodamas, I challenge all.

‘ He is my host : who with his host would fight,  
 ‘ Him void of sense I hold, and scorn his might.  
 ‘ The guest who in a foreign realm contends  
 ‘ With him who feeds him, but himself offends.  
 ‘ The others I reject not, nor despise,  
 ‘ But fain would look on him who claims the prize.  
 ‘ I am not worthless, when the brave contend,  
 ‘ This arm is nerved with strength the bow to bend :  
 ‘ I first can pierce the foemen gathering round,  
 ‘ Tho’ many a comrade aim with me the wound.  
 ‘ Alone—when wing’d ’gainst Troy our arrows flew,  
 ‘ A surer death-dart Philoctetes drew :  
 ‘ Else, of all men who taste the fruits of earth,  
 ‘ I boast myself most skill’d of human birth.  
 ‘ I would not contest hold with chiefs of yore,  
 ‘ The Herculean strength, or whom Æchalia bore  
 ‘ Great Eurytus, who maddening in his pride  
 ‘ The gods themselves in archery defied—  
 ‘ Hence, death soon seized him, by Apollo’s stroke,  
 ‘ The god whom earth’s rash bowman dared provoke.  
 ‘ I wing my javelin with the arrow’s flight,  
 ‘ But dread to meet the racer’s rival might :  
 ‘ With sea-storms worn, oft daily nurture fail’d,  
 ‘ And faint the limbs, whose fleetness once prevail’d.’

He spake : the others long their words suppress’d :  
 At length, Alcinoüs thus the chief address’d :

‘ Not vain thy speech, and well thy word explains  
‘ The innate virtue that thy soul sustains :  
‘ Well might his taunt, thy indignation move,  
‘ Who dared amid the circle thus reprove.  
‘ But ne’er another shall thy action blame  
‘ Who rightly speaks, or feels a sense of shame—  
‘ Now, mark my words, that on thy native shore,  
‘ Beneath thy palace roof, at feast once more,  
‘ Thou, midst thy wife and children, mayst regale  
‘ Some hero with Phæacia’s wondrous tale :  
‘ Dwell on our virtues, say, that Jove has shed  
‘ Our fathers’ blessing, on their childrens’ head,  
‘ Tho’ not for boxing, famed, for wrestling, crown’d,  
‘ But for the race, and ships we live renown’d :  
‘ Feasts, change of robes, dance, music, wing our day,  
‘ And baths, and beds that steal the night away.  
‘ Now, ye expert to weave the measured dance,  
‘ Ye, of Phæacia’s youths most skill’d, advance,  
‘ That to his list’ning friends the stranger tell,  
‘ How we in ships, speed, dance and song, excel—  
‘ Now haste, and to the minstrel swiftly bring  
‘ Hung in our hall, his lyre of heavenly string.’

The herald went, and at the king’s desire  
Brought from the hall, the bard’s celestial lyre.

Nine public guardians of the games arose,  
Skill'd to arrange the sports, and all dispose :  
They smooth'd the area, and the ring enlarged,  
The while the herald, by Alcinoüs charged,  
Gave to the bard his harp, and fix'd his throne  
Not slightly honour'd, midst the chiefs, alone.  
Meanwhile the dancers in youth's flowery prime,  
Beat the responsive ground in measured time,  
While wondering at their skill, Ulysses view'd,  
And thro' the maze, their twinkling feet pursued—

Sweet prelude the chord his hand had strung,  
The bard, the loves of Mars and Venus sung :  
How first by stealth they met in Vulcan's dome,  
Where, by his gifts seduced, she shamed her home—  
The Sun, who view'd them in their stolen embrace,  
To Vulcan told the indelible disgrace.  
Stung to his inmost soul, the god of fire  
Hung o'er his hearth, deep-pondering in his ire,  
On his huge anvil forged the unyielding chain  
Whose links once rivetted, none loose again.  
The God, a guileful web divinely wrought,  
And, fired 'gainst Mars, his couch of slumber sought,  
Twined round its props the fetters, and aloof  
Down from its summit drew the iron woof,

Thin as the spider's thread, and subtly fine  
That not a god could trace the aerial line.  
Skill'd Vulcan now, the artifice compleat,  
His much-loved city sought, his Lemnian seat.  
Then, graced by golden reins, the amorous God,  
Who, not in vain, had watch'd where Vulcan trod,  
By passion wing'd, and maddening with desire,  
Flew to the mansion of the God of fire :  
There, Venus sat, just left the court of Jove :  
Mars enter'd, clasp'd her hand, and breathed his love :

‘ Come, fairest, to these arms ; we meet alone,  
‘ Thy lord, ’mid Sintians, seeks his Lemnian throne.’

He spake : the Goddess by like ardour led  
Shared with her lover the adulterous bed.  
Then the fine chain by Vulcan's guile design'd,  
Around them as they lay, its links entwined :  
They could not move : in vain they strove to rise :  
On them the net indissolubly lies.  
Then, e'er on Lemnos his slow footstep trod,  
Back to his seat return'd the guileful God.  
The sun on watch had told him all his shame,  
When to his home the injured husband came,  
Stood in the vestibule, and mad with ire,  
Roused with his thundering voice the heavenly choir :

‘ View ye eternal gods! see, father Jovè,  
‘ What shall alike your laugh and horreur move ;  
‘ How Jove’s fair child her limping consort scorns,  
‘ And loves this God whom graceful youth adorns,  
‘ Pernicious Mars, the beauteous and the fleet,  
‘ But loathes her lord with his unequal feet :  
‘ Not mine the blame, but theirs who gave to light  
‘ Me better far unborn in endless night.  
‘ Lo! how they slumber, coil’d in amorous fold,  
‘ Laid on that couch that racks me to behold.  
‘ Yet, will they not, long-time, or gladly, steep  
‘ Their lids, tho’ closed by love, in blissful sleep.  
‘ Ne’er shall the chain I wrought relax its power  
‘ Till Jove himself give back the bridal dower,  
‘ All that I gave to gain his daughter’s charms,  
‘ As false as fair, a traitress to these arms.’

The gods now gather’d on the brazen floor ;  
Neptune, whose billows rock earth’s solid shore,  
Hermes the bounteous, the far-arrowing God ;  
But not a goddess quitted her abode.  
On his sly snare the gods at entrance gazed,  
And inextinguishable laughter raised—

‘ Vain are vile deeds : the slow the swift outruns,  
‘ See Mars most fleet of heaven’s æthereal sons

‘ By Vulcan caught—the lame o’ercomes by art,  
‘ And ne’er the adulterer shall unmulct’d depart.’

Thus they : the while the God from Jove who sprung,  
The archer God thus loosed his jeering tongue :

‘ Giver of good, say, Hermes sprung of Jove!  
‘ Say, wouldst thou not a willing slave of love,  
‘ Thus closely manacled, delight to rest  
‘ Thy brow on Cytherea’s snowy breast?’

‘ Yes,’ Hermes answer’d, ‘ might these limbs around  
‘ Such fetters, thrice compress’d, be strictly bound,  
‘ And all the gods and goddesses behold,  
‘ So might these arms the queen of love infold!’

He spake—loud peals burst forth : all laugh’d again,  
All, save the God, the monarch of the main :  
He, evermore, to Vulcan urged his prayer,  
Mindful of Mars, to loose the guileful snare.

‘ No more,’ the fire-God answer’d, ‘ thus entreat,  
‘ No more for Mars thy earnest prayer repeat.’

‘ Free him,’ he said, ‘ and ’mid the powers divine,  
‘ I pledge my word, Mars shall the mulct resign.’

‘ The pledges for the base,’ he cried, ‘ are vain :  
‘ How can I ’mid the gods thy might enchain ;  
‘ If Mars, the adulterer, at my mercy laid,  
‘ Should now escape my bonds, the mulct unpaid ?’

‘ If Mars escape, unpaid the promised fine,  
‘ I will redeem the pledge—the debt is mine—’

Thus Neptune spake : the fire-God thus replied—  
‘ Ne’er be by me thy pledge, thy prayer denied.’

He spake, and loosed the chain—thus freed at last,  
Swift to their separate seats the lovers pass’d :  
Mars to his Thracians ; and the queen of love  
Sought her famed Cyprian fane, and Paphian grove.  
The Graces there came forth her limbs to lave,  
And bathed with oil that brighter beauty gave  
E’en to celestial charms ; then, richly dress’d,  
Robed the bright Goddess in the ambrosial vest—  
A wonder to behold.

Thus closed the song :  
And the guest joy’d, the applauding chiefs among.

Then the king bade his sons unmatch’d in dance,  
Laodamas and Halius sole advance :

They took the ball that Polybus had made,  
And splendidly in purple dye array'd :  
This, bending back, with heaven-directed view,  
Up to the clouds the purple splendour threw ;  
The other, springing, with aerial bound,  
Swift caught it ere his foot regain'd the ground.

Tired with the ball, the aerial game complete,  
Quick glanced on earth the twinkle of their feet  
In ceaseless interchange, while, band on band,  
That throng'd the circus clapp'd the applauding hand.

' Illustrious king! whose sceptred virtues guide  
' This blissful realm,' Laertes' son replied,  
' Not vain thy boast : unmatched thy dancing choir,  
' All, perfect—to behold is to admire.'

That praise with gladness fill'd Alcinoüs' breast,  
Who, joyful, thus Phæacia's chiefs address'd :

' Princes, and rulers of Phæacia, hear !  
' Wise was his word :—such wisdom wins the ear.  
' Be ours such hospitable gifts to give  
' As suits the honour'd stranger to receive.  
' Twelve high-born princes sway the obedient land,  
' The thirteenth, I, supreme, the whole command :

- ‘ Let each a tunic give, and robe of state,
- ‘ And of pure gold a talent’s solid weight :
- ‘ Then all collecting, give them to our guest
- ‘ That he with gladder mind enjoy the feast :
- ‘ And let Euryalus, whose taunt defamed,
- ‘ By word and gift soothe him unjustly blamed.’

They heard their king, and all with one consent  
To gather in their gifts their heralds sent.

- ‘ Illustrious king!’ Euryalus replied,
- ‘ Thou, famed Phæacia’s lord, and glorious guide !
- ‘ Yes—I will soothe him—his, this brazen blade,
- ‘ Whose handle gleams of silver metal made,
- ‘ This matchless falchion, that now sleeps beneath
- ‘ The unsullied ivory’s pure and polish’d sheath.’

Then to Ulysses’ hand consign’d the sword,  
And, more to soothe him, spoke this welcome word :

- ‘ Hail, guest revered ! may scattering tempests bear
- ‘ Each harsh expression to the void of air !
- ‘ And favouring gods, thy toils, thy miseries o’er,
- ‘ Thee to thy wife, and native land restore.’

‘ And thou too hail, my friend!’ Ulysses said,  
‘ Be on thy brow, heaven’s choicest blessings laid—  
‘ Ne’er mayst thou in thy need, require this sword,  
‘ The gift that suits thy reconciling word.’

Then round his shoulder the bright falchion hung.  
And now, as twilight her faint shadow flung,  
The heralds to the hall the gifts convey’d,  
Which her loved sons before Arete laid.  
Alcinoüs to his palace led the way  
Where on their high-throned seats the princes lay.

‘ Bring, queen,’ the monarch spake, ‘ thy brightest  
chest,  
‘ There place a tunic, and resplendent vest :  
‘ Then heat the brazen bath, and warm the wave,  
‘ That there, our honour’d guest his limbs may lave,  
‘ And when his eye at leisure lingers o’er  
‘ The glorious gifts, Phæacia’s gather’d store,  
‘ Intenser joy his banquet may prolong,  
‘ And sweeter to his ear the minstrel’s song.  
‘ I too will give, what most I matchless hold,  
‘ Gift beyond price, this cup of solid gold,  
‘ That when he pours the sacred wine to Jove,  
‘ May still remind him of Alcinoüs’ love.’

The queen then bade her maidens o'er the flame  
Hang the capacious tripod's brazen frame :  
Her maids the caldron hung, there pour'd the flood,  
Heap'd the dry logs, and fired the fissile wood.  
The flame the caldron crown'd, and warm'd the wave,  
The while her brightest chest Arete gave,  
A coffer fit Phæacia's stores to hold,  
Each radiant garment, and each gift of gold,  
With these her mantle, and resplendent vest,  
Then—thus with gracious words the chief address'd :

‘ View well the lid, and chain it o'er and o'er,  
‘ Lest thou on way regret thy plunder'd store,  
‘ While as thy vessel glides along the deep  
‘ Falls on thy languid eye soft soothing sleep.’

He closed the lid, and chain'd it o'er and o'er,  
With artful cunning learnt from Circe's lore.  
Then as the matron bade Ulysses lave,  
Most sweet to him the bath, and tepid wave :  
For since he left Calypso's grot, the chief  
Had ne'er enjoy'd the soothing bath's relief :  
But with the Goddess, in her rich abode,  
The tended mortal seem'd a worshipp'd god.

Now—when the maids had ceased his limbs to lave,  
And smooth with oil, that added lustre gave,  
O'er him a radiant robe and tunic cast,  
He left the bath, and to the banquet pass'd :  
There, 'gainst a column, with fix'd look intent,  
Bright as a goddess, fair Nausicaa leant,  
And—wondering at his beauty—ere to part—  
Thus in her last farewell, pour'd forth her heart :

' Hail stranger ! me too, in thy father's hall,  
' Me—who from death first rescued thee, recal.'

' Yes, daughter of Alcinoüs !—royal Maid !'  
Thus to Nausicaa, wise Ulysses said,  
' So Juno's thunder-wielding lord, once more  
' Me to my hearth, and native realm restore,  
' As I to thee will there life's debt repay,  
' And as a goddess worship, day by day.'

Then—where they crown'd the cup, and shared the  
meat,  
Throned by the king, Ulysses graced his seat.  
The herald there the bard high-honour'd led,  
And where a column tower'd his table spread,

Amid the chiefs—Then, carving from the chine  
No slender portion of the fatted swine,  
Thus spake Laertes' son :—‘ Go, herald, bear  
‘ To famed Demodocus, his envied share :  
‘ Say, tho’ a stranger, and bow’d down by woe,  
‘ Thus on the bard, due honour I bestow,  
‘ Honours that paid by all, alone belong  
‘ To the great masters of immortal song,  
‘ The gifted bards, who glow divinely fired,  
‘ Loved by the muse, and by the muse inspired.’

The herald on his board the portion placed,  
And the bard gladden’d, by Ulysses graced.  
And now, when thirst and hunger sunk allay’d,  
Thus to Demodocus, Ulysses said :

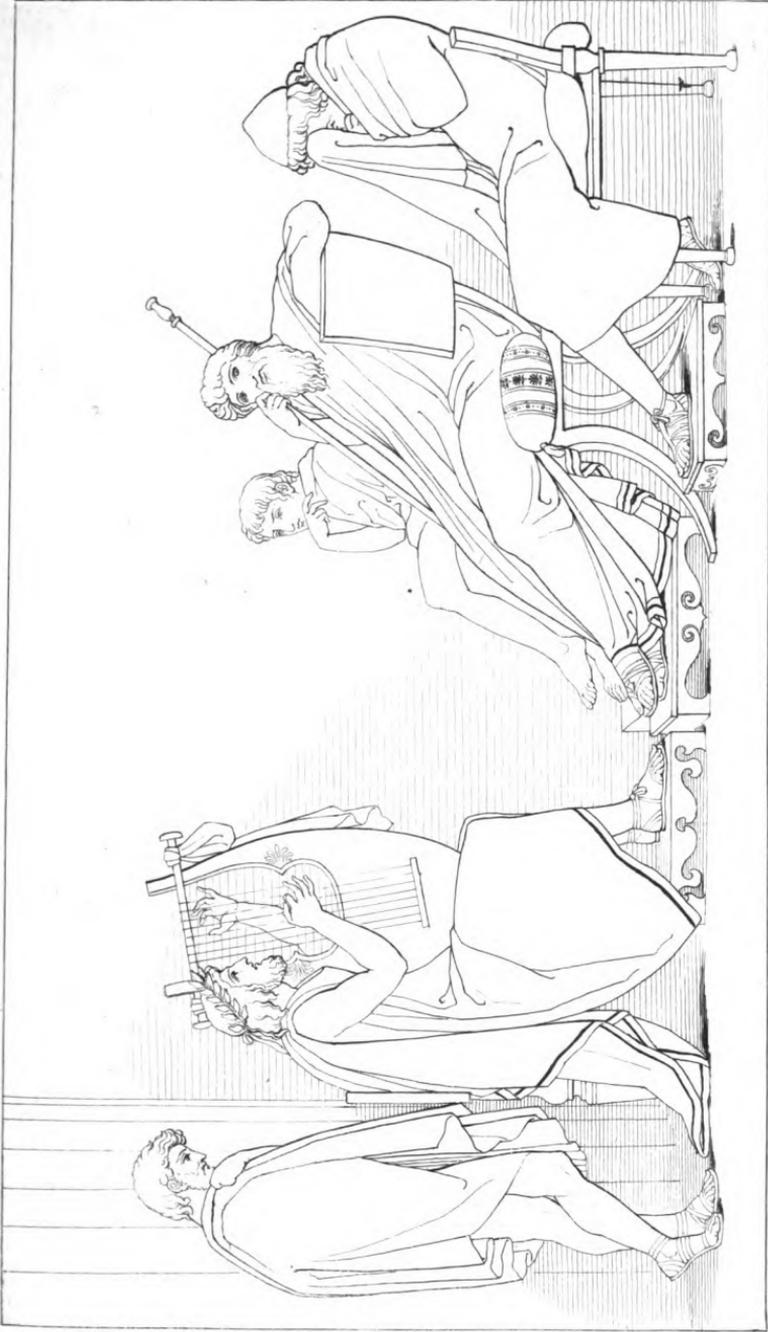
‘ Thee I extol, thee far o’er all mankind,  
‘ Whether the muse or Phœbus gift thy mind :  
‘ Thy song has all the Achæan fate disclosed,  
‘ Their deeds, their sufferings, and their toils exposed,  
‘ As thou thyself hadst seen, or haply heard  
‘ From those who witness’d, each recording word.  
‘ Sing then the wooden horse, divinely made  
‘ By skill’d Epeus, and Minerva’s aid,

- ' Whom erst Ulysses in Troy's fortress led
- ' Pregnant with chiefs, who death o'er Ilion spread.
- ' If thou in order due, thy lay rehearse,
- ' And blazon in traditionary verse,
- ' I will thy glory spread all realms among,
- ' And say, a god inspired thy heavenly song.'

Fired by the god, the bard began his lay,  
And told the dawning of that dreadful day,  
When to their fleet, the Argive force withdrew,  
And their tents flamed before Troy's wistful view.  
He told, how in the Forum, hid by night,  
They, in that horse couch'd round Ulysses' might:  
He told, that Troy unconscious of the wile,  
Had in the fortress drawn that ambush'd guile.  
There stood the horse, while Troy to doubts resign'd  
Sat round, and triply rack'd her wavering mind  
Piecemeal to cleave its bulk, or headlong thrown  
Down hurl it from the rock's aerial stone,  
Or as an offering, place before the shrine—  
All, in that last resolve, at length combine—  
Thus 'twas their doom to perish, thus to fall,  
When once that steed found rest within their wall,  
Whose womb the bravest of her foes enclosed,  
Who meditating slaughter there reposed.

He told, how Troy unpeopled met her doom,  
When the arm'd deluge burst the wooden womb.  
And now, the minstrel's song diversely praised  
Some chief, who here and there, had Ilium razed,  
But most Ulysses, who like Mars in force,  
Against Deïphobus impell'd his course,  
And with Atrides, spread destruction round,  
And greatly conquer'd by Minerva crown'd.

Thus sung the bard, while from Ulysses stole  
Tear after tear, and bathed in grief his soul.  
As hanging o'er her lord, who newly slain,  
Dies for his children, on his native plain,  
Welters in blood, before the city wall,  
While they, for whom he bleeds, behold his fall,  
His wife, ere yet the last deep death-pang o'er,  
Shrieks to his groan, and bathes her lip in gore,  
While hostile spears, unfelt, her shoulders wound,  
As the foe drags her to a foreign ground  
To pine in servitude: thus fell his tear,  
As bow'd the chief, the tale of Troy to hear:  
Yet fell the tear to all alike unknown,  
Save to Phæacia's pitying king alone.  
Throned side by side, his groans Alcinoüs heard,  
When thus to all went forth his royal word—



Flour-son 100

Flour-son 100

### ULYSSES WEEPS AT THE SONG OF DEMODOCUS

*Scene, Technical, about 1, 1933, by C. K. W. Sperry, Fort Hall*

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‘ Attend Phæacian chiefs!—thou too contain  
‘ Sweet bard, awhile thy harp, and heavenly strain.  
‘ Not loved by all the song—since flow’d the feast,  
‘ Ne’er till the harping of the minstrel ceased,  
‘ Ne’er has the stranger known a soft relief,  
‘ Nor found in all our joys a pause from grief.  
‘ Cease then the harp—be one our sole employ,  
‘ So may the hosts and guest share equal joy.  
‘ To honour him, our gifts have freely flow’d,  
‘ And the ship waits to cleave his liquid road.  
‘ E’en to one slightly wise, a stranger guest,  
‘ And suppliant, comes a brother to his breast.  
‘ Nor thou with base design, the truth conceal,  
‘ Speak what I ask, and unreserved reveal.  
‘ The name thy parents gave thee, freely tell,  
‘ How call’d by those who nigh or round thee dwell:  
‘ None nameless breathe: or good, or bad, on earth  
‘ None without name imposed on them at birth.  
‘ Thy land, thy nation, and thy town declare,  
‘ So shall our ship, self-steer’d, convey thee there.  
‘ No pilot’s skill Phæacia’s vessels guides,  
‘ Their rudder shifts not with the varying tides:  
‘ They know each wish and will that moves the mind,  
‘ All realms and fertile regions of mankind;  
‘ In clouds and darkness closed, their swift-wing’d flight  
‘ Can skim the deep, and, where they will, alight—

- ' No dread of danger could their course detain,
- ' Nor ruin cross them traversing the main.
- ' Yet—what my sire once told, I now relate,
- ' Why, Neptune's wrath hangs o'er our naval state.
- ' Why?—that our ships which every peril brave
- ' Yield, free to all, safe conduct o'er the wave.
- ' He said, that after convoy back again,
- ' The God would wreck our vessel 'mid the main,
- ' And, to a mountain changed, its towering height
- ' Should o'er our city spread eternal night.

- ' Thus spake my sire : yet ocean's lord, at will
- ' May all imperfect leave, or all fulfil.
- ' But—stranger ! now by thee be truly said
- ' Where thou hast wander'd, what far realms survey'd.
- ' Tell of their towns, their nations—what their kind,
- ' If rude their nature, and unjust their mind,
- ' Or hospitality there cheer the guest,
- ' And heaven's due reverence humanize the breast ?
- ' Why didst thou weep, reluctant to recall
- ' The Argive host, and Ilion's fated fall,
- ' Doom'd by the gods, so falling, to prolong
- ' The tale of Troy divine in endless song.
- ' Fell there thy sire-in-law those walls before,
- ' Or lay thy son-in-law there bathed in gore,

- ' Dear as thy native blood ? or fell thy tear
- ' On some surpassing friend's untimely bier ?
- ' For like a brother to the bosom bound
- ' Is he the friend for sense and worth renown'd.'



**THE NINTH BOOK**  
**OF**  
**THE ODYSSEY.**

**ARGUMENT.**

**Ulysses reveals himself, and relates his wanderings and adventures with the Ciconians, the Lotophagi, and Polyphemus.**

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK IX.

- ‘ALCINOÛS,’ thus Laertes’ son replied,
- ‘Lord of the realm, Phæacia’s glorious guide,
- ‘Sweet the delight a bard like thine to hear,
- ‘Whose voice, as breathed from heaven, enchants the  
ear ;
- ‘For sure, no bliss so fascinates the mind,
- ‘As a whole realm to revelry resign’d,
- ‘When rightly ranged the guests enjoy the song,
- ‘When the charged boards the social hours prolong,
- ‘And from the beaker with rich nectar crown’d,
- ‘The steward fills the cup, and passes round—
- ‘This seems supreme delight—But now your mind
- ‘Turns, ’mid these joys, to other thoughts inclined.
- ‘You bid me here the train of toils pursue,
- ‘And woes that more than former grief renew :

- ‘ What first, what next, what last shall I relate,  
‘ On whom the gods have heap’d such ruthless fate ?  
‘ First, hear my name, that if escaped from woe,  
‘ Your generous realm their guest may surely know,  
‘ And that my dome—from yours tho’ far away—  
‘ May your kind welcome gratefully repay.  
‘ I am Ulysses, I, Laertes’ heir,  
‘ Heaven hears my fame, my wisdom all declare ;  
‘ My realm is Ithaca, whose woods outspread  
‘ Their shade round Neritus’ exalted head :  
‘ Near isles my realm surround ; here Samos towers,  
‘ Dulichium there, and dark Zacynthus’ bowers :  
‘ Low lies the isle, and furthest seeks the west,  
‘ The east and summer suns illumine the rest.  
‘ Rough is the soil, but brave its youthful birth,  
‘ And to my sight the loveliest land on earth.  
‘ In vain within her bower and bright alcove,  
‘ Calypso woo’d me for her wedded love :  
‘ And to espouse her, in her dome enchain’d,  
‘ Deceitful Circe me in vain detain’d :  
‘ They moved me not : for what the heart can move  
‘ Like our sweet birth-place, and parental love ?  
‘ Estranged from those who nursed our infant day  
‘ Earth’s fairest spot would vainly tempt our stay—  
‘ But I must now my Jove-inflicted fate,  
‘ And sad return from captured Troy relate.

‘ Me first from Troy the wind to Ismarus blew :  
‘ I razed the city, and the natives slew—  
‘ Their wives, their wealth we seized, and duly shared  
‘ That none might grieve deprived of his reward :  
‘ Then with swift foot I bade them fly the land—  
‘ Rash fools! they disobey’d their chief’s command.  
‘ Intoxicate with wine, they bathed the shore  
‘ With slaughter’d sheep and bullock’s fuming gore ;  
‘ The while, aroused, the bold defenders flew,  
‘ And the Ciconians the Ciconians drew,  
‘ An inland numerous race, alike renown’d  
‘ On horse or foot the battle to confound.  
‘ Countless as leaves that load the vernal bower,  
‘ Led on by adverse Jove’s destructive power,  
‘ At morn they rush’d, and, at our ships engaged,  
‘ Spear clash’d with spear as doubtful battle waged.  
‘ From early dawn till flamed the noon of day  
‘ Our force, less numerous, staid their throng’d array :  
‘ But when the ox came loosen’d from the yoke  
‘ The throng’d Ciconian host our battle broke :  
‘ In every ship six warriors bravely bled,  
‘ The rest from fate and dire destruction fled.

‘ From death we gladly fled, yet sorely grieved,  
‘ Of friends so loved, so fatally bereaved.

‘ But ere far off I cross’d the severing main,  
‘ Thrice I invoked the spirits of the slain.  
‘ Then from the north Jove bade the tempest sweep,  
‘ And veil’d in darkest night the earth and deep.  
‘ The ships reel’d to and fro : the warring gales  
‘ Rent and re-rent by fits the rattling sails,  
‘ These, dreading death, we in our vessels cast,  
‘ And to the nearest land, sore-toiling pass’d :  
‘ Two nights and days we lay in ceaseless rest,  
‘ Worn down by labour, and by woe oppress’d ;  
‘ At the third dawn, with sails and masts uprear’d,  
‘ On with propitious gales the helmsman steer’d,  
‘ And I unhurt had gain’d my native land,  
‘ When haply doubling bleak Malea’s strand,  
‘ The sea’s fierce reflux, and the northern gale,  
‘ On to Cythera forced my devious sail—  
‘ Nine days, no coast in sight, no star to guide,  
‘ By tempests toss’d, I wander’d far and wide.  
‘ The tenth, I gain’d a land whose sons devour  
‘ Their vegetable food, the lotus flower.  
‘ We landing there, the purest water drew,  
‘ While at our ships the feast refresh’d the crew :  
‘ The banquet o’er, two youths at my command  
‘ Went with a herald to explore the land,  
‘ And note the race. They went, and quickly found  
‘ The lotus-eaters on their fruitful ground ;

‘ The natives harm’d them not, but mild of mood  
‘ Gave them their flowery feast, their lotus food—  
‘ Who tastes the lotus’ honey’d food, no more  
‘ Forsakes that land, or seeks his native shore,  
‘ But with its dwellers, long as life shall last  
‘ Feeds on the flower, forgetful of the past—  
‘ I forced them weeping from that fruitful ground,  
‘ And underneath the deck in fetters bound :  
‘ Then bade the rest with swiftest speed retreat,  
‘ Fly from that land, and man again the fleet,  
‘ Lest home, so hallow’d once, lose all its power,  
‘ Nor life know joy but in that tasted flower :  
‘ They came—their oars due ranged in order broke  
‘ The sparkling wave that foam’d beneath the stroke.

‘ Thence, tho’ sore grieved, borne on, we reach’d the  
    land

‘ Where the proud Cyclops dwelt, a barbarous band,  
‘ A race who trusting to heaven’s bounteous power,  
‘ Nor cleave with ploughs the glebe, nor plant the bower.  
‘ But their unplanted, and unfurrow’d earth  
‘ With barley teems, and grain of golden birth,  
‘ And vineyards whose luxuriant grape distils  
‘ Wines that Jove’s genial shower with nectar fills.  
‘ Them, common laws, nor common councils guide,  
‘ But they on crests of rocks apart reside,

‘ In hollow caves : each in himself alone  
‘ Law to his wives and race, all else unknown.  
‘ Before the port of the Cyclopean land  
‘ Not far remote, nor close along the strand,  
‘ Lies a low-wooded isle, where goats abound  
‘ And teem at will on that untrodden ground.  
‘ No hunters there with willing toil invade  
‘ The mountain brows, or search the woodland glade,  
‘ None hold the plough, no flocks there teem with birth,  
‘ No mortal haunts the untill’d, unseeded earth,  
‘ But bleating kids alone—The Cyclops’ race  
‘ Nor bright-prow’d barks, nor skilful artist trace,  
‘ Framers of ships, that soothing human care,  
‘ From realm to realm with freighted gifts repair,  
‘ Convey to all the treasure each possess’d,  
‘ By mutual interchange of blessings, bless’d,  
‘ Such as their peopled island might explore,  
‘ And give new fruitage to their fruitful shore.  
‘ For where along the margin of the main  
‘ Swell their soft pastures dew’d with temperate rain,  
‘ There would the vine with clusters load the spray,  
‘ Light ploughs thro’ yielding mould win easy way,  
‘ Due harvests strow the earth with golden heaps,  
‘ Where ’neath that soil luxuriant plenty sleeps—  
‘ The harbour there where rests the ship secured,  
‘ Chain’d by no cable, by no anchor moor’d,

‘ Whence seamen sail at will, or peaceful stay  
‘ Till the fair wind consenting smooth their way.  
‘ There, ’neath a cavern, at the harbour’s head,  
‘ Where the fresh fount a grove of poplars fed,  
‘ ’Twas there we drove amid the depth of night,  
‘ Led by some god when all was veil’d from sight.  
‘ O’er all the ships o’ershadowing darkness lay,  
‘ Nor glimmer’d thro’ the clouds the lunar ray :  
‘ None could discern the island, none behold  
‘ The waves’ huge heave along the sea-beach roll’d,  
‘ Till landed there, and gather’d every sail,  
‘ We, in the port protected from the gale  
‘ The sea-beach sought, then lay in peaceful sleep  
‘ Till the new dawn rose purpling o’er the deep.  
‘ But when Aurora woke the roseate day,  
‘ While, wandering, o’er the isle we wound our way,  
‘ The Jove-born nymphs, our banquet to prepare  
‘ Urged the wild goats that make the mount their lair :  
‘ Swift from their ships, for chase my comrades chose  
‘ Their long-barb’d javelins, and their crooked bows ;  
‘ And in three bands dispersing here and there,  
‘ Slew, till the God gave each an equal share.  
‘ Twelve were our ships, nine goats each singly shared,  
‘ I sole selected ten, the chief’s award.  
‘ Thro’ that continued day till sunlight fail’d,  
‘ The feast of flesh and wine the fleet regaled,

‘ For the wine fail’d not, which our capturing crew  
‘ From the Ciconians’ plunder’d city drew.  
‘ Thence where we view’d the Cyclops’ neighbouring  
    shore,  
‘ And the light smoke curl up our sight before,  
‘ We seem’d at times their voice afar to hear,  
‘ That mix’d with sheep and goats assail’d the ear.  
‘ But when the sun was set, and closed the day,  
‘ We on the sea-beach stretch’d in slumber lay,  
‘ And when day’s roseate dawn the slumberers woke  
‘ I call’d the chiefs, and to the council spoke :

    ‘ Here stay, my friends, while with my bark and crew  
‘ I to explore yon isle my way pursue ;  
‘ If fierce and lawless, or of righteous mind  
‘ To heaven and hospitality inclined.—

    ‘ I went on board and gave my crew command  
‘ To man the bark, and loose my ship from land.  
‘ Soon the near shore we reach’d, there found a cave  
‘ Close on the margin of the billowy wave,  
‘ O’er whose high roof the laurels stretch’d their shade,  
‘ While sheep and goats there flock’d in slumber laid—  
‘ Built of hewn stones a court enclosed it round,  
‘ With loftiest pines and oaks gigantic crown’d.

‘ There dwelt a monstrous form, who lonely fed  
‘ His flock where far remote the pastures spread.  
‘ He join’d not others, but from all apart  
‘ Held commune with his own inhuman heart.  
‘ Not man his form, but like the wood-girt crest  
‘ Of some huge rock that towers above the rest  
‘ Lone in its vastness. Then I bade my train  
‘ There stay, and in their guarded bark remain.  
‘ Twelve chosen men I led, and with them brought  
‘ A goat skin with dark wine delicious fraught ;  
‘ ’Twas Maron’s gift, who served the Archer God  
‘ Who oft on hallow’d Ismarus made abode :  
‘ ’Twas Maron’s gift to me who saved his life,  
‘ And snatch’d from death his children and his wife.  
‘ Priest of the God, his haunt Apollo’s grove,  
‘ And his each precious gift of grateful love ;  
‘ Seven weighted talents wrought of beaten gold,  
‘ A burnish’d beaker all of silver mould,  
‘ Twelve amphoræ replete with choicest wine,  
‘ Sweet and unmix’d, and fit for feasts divine,  
‘ To all his household, save his wife, unknown,  
‘ And one, the guardian of his stores, alone.  
‘ They who ere quaff that nectar juice, combine  
‘ Of water twenty parts with one of wine ;  
‘ And such, so sweet the cup’s ambrosial scent,  
‘ That none who tasted willingly forewent.

‘ With this I fill’d a skin of ampler size,  
‘ And charged a sack with food and fit supplies :  
‘ For much my mind misgave me, rashly bold,  
‘ That there a monster of gigantic mould  
‘ Would suddenly appear. We reach’d his rock  
‘ While far away the shepherd fed his flock :  
‘ But in his cave, we, wandering, all explored,  
‘ Cheeses on cheeses in his strainers stored.  
‘ His lambs and kids seem’d throng’d in straiten’d space,  
‘ Yet, tho’ close pent, each held its separate place :  
‘ Apart the old, apart the young were seen,  
‘ Apart the race that ranged the extremes between.  
‘ There every vase with tempting whey o’erflow’d,  
‘ Each bowl and pail in which he milk’d the load.  
‘ Me then my comrades earnestly implored  
‘ With many a plunder’d cheese to speed on board,  
‘ And, from their stalls driven forth, without delay  
‘ O’er ocean bear the lambs and kids away.  
‘ But I obey’d not—would I had obey’d !  
‘ Nor there his sight and gifts awaiting, staid !  
‘ For ne’er that monster, when the fiend appear’d  
‘ My hapless comrades by his presence cheer’d.  
‘ We lit the fire, and sacrificing, pray’d,  
‘ And of the Cyclops’ cheese our banquet made :  
‘ Then waited till slow-pasturing back his flock,  
‘ The Cyclops drove them to his hollow rock.

‘ He came, and brought a weight of driest wood  
‘ To feed the flame that dress’d his evening food ;  
‘ Without the cave the thundering burden cast,  
‘ While to its darkest nook we swiftly pass’d.  
‘ Then severing his charge, the monster drave  
‘ All whom he wont to milk, within the cave ;  
‘ But left the rams and goats : then, heaved alone,  
‘ And closed the cave with an enormous stone,  
‘ Mass of a rock, that to remove again  
‘ Twice ten strong cars, four-wheel’d, would toil in vain.  
‘ And now he milk’d his flocks, then placed their brood  
‘ Each underneath its dam to press its food.  
‘ Then half the milk coagulating, laid  
‘ In straining sieves of woven wicker made,  
‘ And half in brimming bowls his thirst to slake,  
‘ And for his evening meal fresh beverage make :  
‘ His day’s last labour o’er, the wood he fired,  
‘ And, as he first discern’d us, thus enquired :

‘ Whence ?—and who are you ?—wherefore cross the  
    main ?

‘ Steer you, on commerce bent, your course for gain ?  
‘ Or like rash pirates roam wild waves among  
‘ And risk your lives to do the stranger wrong ?

‘ He spake : our hearts within us sunk with fear  
‘ That bulk to view, that voice terrific hear.  
‘ Yet thus I answer’d :

We along the main,  
‘ Achæans, seek from Troy our realm again ;  
‘ But, tempested, uncertain of our way,  
‘ And doom’d by Jove’s harsh vengeance, widely stray.  
‘ From Agamemnon’s conquering host we came,  
‘ Great Atreus’ son, immortalized by fame,  
‘ So vast the city that his power o’erthrew,  
‘ And such the numbers that his army slew.  
‘ But now we clasp thy knees, and thus implore  
‘ Some gift to bless thy hospitable shore.  
‘ Thou too, most generous host ! the gods revere,  
‘ Nor from the prostrate suppliants turn thine ear ;  
‘ Jove, hospitable Jove, their cause defends,  
‘ And where the stranger comes, the God attends.

‘ Or thou art senseless, stranger,’ he replied,  
‘ Or wanderest from some region far and wide,  
‘ Who bidst me fear the gods—we dread not Jove,  
‘ The Cyclops reverence none : no power above :  
‘ For we are greater far. If disinclined,  
‘ ’Tis not the dread of Jove would move my mind

‘ To spare thee and thy friends—but now declare  
‘ Where moor’d thy ship, near, or at distance ? where ?

‘ Me well aware, the Cyclops vainly tried,  
‘ When with deceitful words, I thus replied :

‘ Wreck’d ’mid high rocks, on your far-distant strand,  
‘ The Sea-God whirl’d us on this unknown land,  
‘ Against a fore-cliff cast : but safe on shore  
‘ Me and my friends, the billowy surges bore.

‘ The Cyclops then no further answer gave,  
‘ But starting up, snatch’d from the inmost cave  
‘ Two men at once, and dash’d them on the ground  
‘ Like whelps, and spread their brains and blood around,  
‘ And piecemeal rent the quivering feast of blood,  
‘ And gorged it as the lion bolts his food,  
‘ Nor left what once a trace of life had shown,  
‘ Entrails, or flesh, or marrow-nurtured bone.  
‘ We, on that sight, with desperate horror gazed,  
‘ And our clasp’d hands to heaven devoutly raised.  
‘ But when the fiend his paunch with flesh had fill’d,  
‘ And charged with milk full many a goblet swill’d,  
‘ Amid his flocks, along his flinty bed  
‘ He his enormous limbs at large outspread :  
‘ Then by my heart’s bold impulse wholly sway’d,  
‘ Near him I drew, and fain had bared my blade,

‘ And pierced his stomach labouring to and fro,  
‘ But prudence check’d me ere I struck the blow.  
‘ Not all our strength combined could stir the stone,  
‘ The rock’s huge fragment laid by him alone.  
‘ Slow o’er our misery toil’d that baleful night :  
‘ At length, Aurora spread her roseate light.  
‘ When the huge giant rose refresh’d from sleep,  
‘ Relumed his fire, remilk’d his goats and sheep,  
‘ And, for their nurture, placed the suckling brood  
‘ Each underneath its dam to press its food :  
‘ That done, two men at once the monster seized,  
‘ And his fell lust with human food appeas’d ;  
‘ Then with that banquet sated, led his flock  
‘ From the dark covert of the sheltering rock,  
‘ Roll’d back the stone, and back with ease reposed,  
‘ As if his hand a quiver’s lid had closed ;  
‘ Then with loud hissing, as they left the cave,  
‘ On to the mount his flock the Cyclops drave.  
‘ Then pondering long on vengeance for the slain,  
‘ And how I might by Pallas glory gain,  
‘ This best beseem’d—it chanced, before me laid  
‘ I saw the giant’s club of olive made,  
‘ Yet green, but doom’d, when dried, some future day  
‘ His burden to sustain, and prop his way.  
‘ There as it lay, to our astonish’d eyes  
‘ It seem’d a vessel’s mast, of lofty size,

‘ A trader, twenty-oar’d, of sea-proof strength,  
‘ Such and so vast its massy breadth and length :  
‘ From this a fathom I hew’d off, and gave  
‘ That portion to my friends to smooth and shave :  
‘ Thus smooth’d, I sharpen’d it, and ’mid the flame  
‘ Held, hardening into strength, its pointed frame,  
‘ Then hid it ’neath the dung, whose fuming bed  
‘ Along the folding cave was largely spread—  
‘ And now I bade my friends by lot decide  
‘ Whom chance might link to their adventurous guide,  
‘ To lift the club, and when in slumber hid  
‘ Crush his pierced eye-ball thro’ the unclosing lid.  
‘ The lots they cast, and fortune kindly gave  
‘ Those I most wish’d, the bravest of the brave,  
‘ They four, and I, the fifth. Within the cave  
‘ At eve, the Cyclops all his cattle drove,  
‘ All ;—in the court no straggler left behind :  
‘ Whether suspicion moved, or heaven his mind :  
‘ Then closed the entrance with that ponderous rock,  
‘ And seated, duly milk’d each separate flock,  
‘ And, as they bleated, placed their suckling brood  
‘ Each underneath its dam to press its food.  
‘ That labour o’er, two men at once he seized,  
‘ And his fell lust with human flesh appeased.  
‘ Near him I came, and held a bowl of wine,  
‘ And veil’d in artful words my deep design.

‘ Drink—temper down with wine thy feast of gore,  
‘ So learn what nectar here our vessel bore.  
‘ I too to thee had due libation made,  
‘ If thou hadst sent me home by pity sway’d :  
‘ But mad thy deeds—and none, who cross the main,  
‘ Shall hail thy barbarous coast, and thee again.

‘ He took, and drank, and by its flavour fired,  
‘ Ere drain’d the first, another bowl required.  
‘ Give me another, quick—thy name declare,  
‘ Give, and my hospitable present share.  
‘ We too have wine : and this our genial earth  
‘ Yields to the Cyclops, grapes of generous birth.  
‘ Jove swells with showers our clusters, but thy vine  
‘ Pours nectar and ambrosial streams divine.

‘ Another yet he craved, another gain’d,  
‘ And thrice his senseless lip the goblet drain’d :  
‘ And when its spirit had his brain inflamed  
‘ Thus my soft word the fraudulent answer framed.

‘ Thou bidst me mention my illustrious name ;  
‘ And let me too thy promised present claim.  
‘ My name is Noman ; me, my comrades, all,  
‘ My father, and my mother, Noman call.

PLATE.



Flanagan del.

H. Stone sculp.

### ULYSSES GIVING WINE TO POLYPHEMUS.

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‘ The monster thus replied : Thee, Noman, last,  
‘ When all thy friends have furnish’d my repast,  
‘ Thee will I last devour—that present—thine—  
‘ He spake, and as he spake, fell down supine.  
‘ With thick neck bent aslant, the monster lay,  
‘ And lost in sleep, each sense dissolved away.  
‘ From his strain’d throat the wine’s sore burden flow’d,  
‘ And the gorged flesh an undigested load.  
‘ ’Twas then I thrust amid the ember’d bed  
‘ The club to catch the fire that inly fed,  
‘ Cheer’d all my friends, and with bold words address’d,  
‘ Lest fear invading, should unman their breast.  
‘ But when, ere long, tho’ green, the olive stake,  
‘ Fierce glow’d, swift whitening to a fiery flake,  
‘ I drew it forth, stepp’d near, while onward trod  
‘ My friends, embolden’d by some favouring god.  
‘ They took the brand, and where the eye-ball swell’d,  
‘ With stedfast aim the sharpen’d point impell’d,  
‘ While I in fearless vigour raised above  
‘ Whirl’d it around, and deep and deeper drove.  
‘ As when an artist famed for naval skill,  
‘ Bores a thick plank with unreposing drill,  
‘ While some, each side, below, alternate twirl  
‘ The string that wheels it with perpetual whirl,  
‘ Thus thro’ the orb we bored, while boiling blood  
‘ Burst from the gash around the ignited wood,

‘ And o’er his brows and eyelids stream’d the smoke,  
‘ And the roots crackled, and the pupil broke.  
‘ As when a smith a glowing hatchet takes,  
‘ And in cold water, loudly hissing, slakes,  
‘ So tempers into strength, thus hiss’d the sound  
‘ From the consuming eyeball’s fiery wound.  
‘ Loud roar’d his cry, the echoing cavern rung,  
‘ While we in terrour crouch’d the crags among.  
‘ Now forth the blood-stain’d brand the monster drew,  
‘ Then with a madman’s rage at distance threw.  
‘ His cry the Cyclops roused, who lay at rest  
‘ In caverns on the mount’s aerial crest :  
‘ Down, here and there, at his repeated roar  
‘ They rush’d, and thronging stood his cave before :

‘ What Polyphemus, the outrageous wrong  
‘ That swell’d thy cry, and roused us all night long ?  
‘ What mortal dares thy cattle drive away,  
‘ Or threatens thee by fraud or force to slay ?

‘ Noman—the monster from his cave replied—  
‘ By fraud or force to take my life has tried.

‘ If no man, then—his brethren answer gave—  
‘ Has dared attack thee in thy lonely cave,

‘ What Jove inflicts thou canst not turn away,  
‘ But to thy sire, the Sea-God, humbly pray.

‘ They spake, and went their way, while laugh’d my  
heart

‘ At my successful name, and prosperous art.  
‘ But he, with anguish rack’d, groan following groan,  
‘ Felt with his hands and backward roll’d the stone,  
‘ Then sat with outstretch’d arms the cave before  
‘ Lest with his passing flocks we pass’d the door ;  
‘ Fool! rating thus my folly : but my mind  
‘ Long rack’d by doubt a surer fraud design’d  
‘ Me and my friends to save : and oft I wove  
‘ Plot after plot, and deeply thoughtful, strove :  
‘ Life was at risk : the impending doom drew near :  
‘ At length this last device appeased my fear.  
‘ His rams I view’d, a race well-fleeced, well-fed,  
‘ Lofty and large, with sable wool o’erspread,  
‘ These silently with flexile twigs I bound,  
‘ On which the monster lay in slumber drown’d,  
‘ Three I conjoin’d : a man the midmost bore,  
‘ And one, each side, to guard him thro’ the door.  
‘ Thus each link’d triad bore one human charge :  
‘ And I, where tower’d a ram, more tall, more large,  
‘ King of the flock, I seized him, and beneath  
‘ His belly, buried in the fleecy wreath,

- ‘ Lay at my length, and with unswerving hold
- ‘ Clung to the thickness of the woolly fold.
- ‘ There anxiously we wore the night away,
- ‘ And watch’d the roseate dawn lead on the day.
- ‘ The males then rush’d afield, while round the rock
- ‘ Bleated with un milk’d loads the female flock,
- ‘ Bow’d by their udders : nor less bow’d with pain
- ‘ The Cyclops felt each one, train after train,
- ‘ Handling their backs, but ne’er the dotard knew
- ‘ What charge of men beneath they onward drew.
- ‘ Then to the door that monarch ram, the last,
- ‘ Bow’d by his fleece, and me deep-pondering, pass’d :
- ‘ He felt him and address’d—

Whence this delay ?

- ‘ Why, ram beloved, why linger on thy way,
- ‘ Thou, who once wont, high-stalking, meet the beam,
- ‘ Crop the fresh flower, and foremost drink the stream,
- ‘ And first at eve returning to the rock,
- ‘ Proudly to rest amid thy subject flock,
- ‘ Now last—Or, dost thou mourn deprived of day
- ‘ Thy master’s eye, that when in sleep I lay
- ‘ Drunk, senseless, reft by Noman and that race,
- ‘ Whose guilt ere long their life-blood shall efface.
- ‘ Ah ! couldst thou feel like me, like me couldst speak,
- ‘ And point him out whom now I vainly seek,

‘ Then, as I dash’d him down, his blood and brain  
‘ Should spatter’d here and there the cave distain.  
‘ So should my lighten’d heart some solace take  
‘ And Noman’s, Noman’s blood my vengeance slake—

‘ Then forth he sent the ram. Scarce left the cave  
‘ I loosed myself, and sped the rest to save :  
‘ Then onward urging where the vessel lay  
‘ Drove many a fatted sheep in haste away.  
‘ Thus ’scaped from death we join’d our friends again,  
‘ Where bitter tears deplored each comrade slain :  
‘ But I to each made sign, forbade to weep,  
‘ And urged to ship the flock, and cross the deep.  
‘ They enter’d in, and seated on their banks  
‘ Swept with their oars the sea in order’d ranks.  
‘ Then, where a voice at distance might be heard,  
‘ I fired the monster with my scornful word :

‘ Cyclops! thou didst not in thy cave devour  
‘ The friends of one devoid of fame and power.  
‘ Thy deeds recoil on thee who madest thy food  
‘ The guest beneath thy roof—blood calls for blood.

‘ Then from the mountain’s brow the monster hurl’d  
‘ A rock’s vast weight that thunder’d as it whirl’d,  
‘ And where it fell, before the vessel cast,  
‘ Nigh crush’d the o’ershadow’d rudder as it pass’d.

‘ Upboil’d the waves, and where the burden fell  
 ‘ The refluent billows with a sweepy swell  
 ‘ Bore back the vessel tow’rds that barbarous strand,  
 ‘ Where the huge surge nigh heaved it on the land :  
 ‘ I grasp’d a pole’s vast length, and once again  
 ‘ Drove the forced vessel back to meet the main,  
 ‘ And gave the signal as each restless oar  
 ‘ Long-labouring, clear’d at length the fatal shore.  
 ‘ And when we twice as far the waves had plough’d,  
 ‘ Again my scornful voice was heard aloud  
 ‘ Maddening the Cyclops, while my friends around  
 ‘ Strove thus to move me with persuasive sound :—

‘ Why rouse that monster whose resistless force  
 ‘ The mountain hurl’d that backward turn’d our course,  
 ‘ Back to impending death ? and if his ear  
 ‘ Now, or our shout, or voice, at distance hear,  
 ‘ Hurl’d by his arm, a rock, would all alike  
 ‘ Us and our ship, at once to shivers strike.

‘ They moved me not : but my heroic mind  
 ‘ Thus with just wrath indignantly rejoin’d :

‘ Cyclops, if ever man in after day  
 ‘ Ask, whose the hand that reft thy orb away,

- ‘ Say, that the deed was by Ulysses done,  
 ‘ The city-waster, famed Laertes’ son,  
 ‘ Whose seat is Ithaca.

He groan’d and said,—

- ‘ The prophecies of yore now stand display’d :  
 ‘ A prophet, Telemus, renown’d of fame,  
 ‘ The son of Eurymon, here whilome came ;  
 ‘ He ’mid the Cyclops dwelt till bow’d with age,  
 ‘ And, all foreknowing, deign’d my fate presage.  
 ‘ Warn’d of the danger that my orb of sight  
 ‘ Should by Ulysses’ hand be reft of light,  
 ‘ Methought, for such a deed, so rashly bold,  
 ‘ A man of giant strength, of giant mould,  
 ‘ Would venturous come : but—one of pigmy race,  
 ‘ Worthless and weak has wrought this deep disgrace,  
 ‘ And blinded me inebriate. But, I pray,  
 ‘ Come where my social gifts shall thee repay.  
 ‘ I will implore my sire : O come, receive  
 ‘ What Neptune, moved by me, will gladly give,  
 ‘ So guide thee home—He too, at will, alone  
 ‘ Can heal me, else nor god nor mortal, none.

- ‘ Were mine the power,—I then responsive said,  
 ‘ Now would I hurl thee to the infernal shade,

‘ Thus gash’d and reft of sight : then never more,  
‘ Could Neptune’s utmost power thy sight restore.

‘ He answer’d not, but raised his arms in air,  
‘ And thus to Neptune pour’d his bitter prayer—

‘ Hear, dark-brow’d Neptune! thou that gird’st the  
earth,  
‘ Hear, if thou truly glory in my birth,  
‘ Let not the city-waster reach again,  
‘ Laertes’ son, Ulysses, his domain :  
‘ But if once more restored, let him alone  
‘ Sail, late-returning, all his comrades gone,  
‘ In a strange vessel, and his palace view  
‘ The haunt of woe, and rapine’s shameful crew!

‘ Him Neptune heard—The Cyclops then upbore  
‘ A rock’s vast weight far heavier than before,  
‘ Strain’d all his strength, the mass before us threw,  
‘ That nearly crush’d the rudder as it flew.  
‘ The sea boil’d up, and where the mountain fell  
‘ The billow bore us with its sweepy swell,  
‘ Well nigh the shore : but when at length we gain’d  
‘ The island where deep grief our crew detain’d,  
‘ We thrust our vessel on the level sand,  
‘ Went forth, and gladly stepp’d upon the land :

‘ Then of the Cyclops’ flock the feast prepared,  
‘ Where each glad guest the equal portion shared,  
‘ To each his lot : but all to me decreed,  
‘ To me alone the ram, my honour’d meed,  
‘ That victim to the God all gods above  
‘ I slew, and burnt his thighs, the feast of Jove.  
‘ He reck’d it not, but with relentless mind,  
‘ To all my friends and fleet dire doom design’d.  
‘ Ne’er thro’ that day, till sunk the sun-beam, ceased  
‘ The flowing goblet, and the flesh-charged feast ;  
‘ And there, all night, beneath its peaceful shade,  
‘ We on the beach our limbs in slumber laid,  
‘ At the new dawn I call’d the crew from sleep,  
‘ Bade them the cables loose, and plough the deep :  
‘ They swift obey’d, and seated on their banks,  
‘ Swept with their oars the sea in order’d ranks :  
‘ Thence gladly ’scaped from death, we onward sped,  
‘ Yet, our lost friends regretting, wept the dead.



**THE TENTH BOOK**  
**OF**  
**THE ODYSSEY.**

#### ARGUMENT.

**Ulysses relates his arrival at Æolia, and his hospitable reception by its monarch, Æolus, who binds up the adverse winds in a bag, which the folly of his companions unties :—then, the destruction of all the ships, and their crews, his own excepted, by the Læstrygonians :—and lastly, his detention by the enchantress Circe, and her dismissal of him to consult, in the shades of the departed, Tiresias on his future course.**

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK X.

- ' WE reach'd the Æolian island, famed abode
- ' Of Æolus, beloved of every god,
- ' A floating isle, fenced by a brazen bound,
- ' And by smooth rocks high towering girt around.
- ' Beneath his roof twelve children bless'd his arms,
- ' Six sons, six daughters in youth's blooming charms,
- ' These to his sons in manhood's prime and pride
- ' The father join'd, to each a blissful bride.
- ' They, with their parents, at the self-same board
- ' Enjoy the festival profusely stored :
- ' The fragrance-breathing dome and court around
- ' Ring all the day with joy's re-echoing sound,
- ' And all the night, when day's long pleasures close
- ' They with their wives in stateliest beds repose.
- ' One month his guest, I told, oft-ask'd, the tale
- ' Of Troy, our fleet, and home-returning sail—

‘ All I rehearsed. Nor when I urged his aid  
‘ To guide and guard me home the king delay’d ;  
‘ But gave a nine-year’d bull’s flay’d skin, and bound  
‘ The stormy winds in its capacious round :  
‘ For Jove had made him master of the wind,  
‘ To soothe or swell it, as his will inclined.  
‘ Round it he twined a cord of silver wreath  
‘ That not the slightest breath should outward breathe :  
‘ Then gave the western wind to smooth the wave :  
‘ But—my rash comrades’ folly oped their grave.

‘ Nine days and nights we sail’d : the tenth appear’d,  
‘ And Ithaca’s near fires each spirit cheer’d.  
‘ Then sleep at last my wearied eyelids closed,  
‘ For at the rudder fix’d I ne’er reposed,  
‘ Ne’er gave its guidance to another hand,  
‘ That sooner we might gain our native land.  
‘ Then to his comrades thus a seaman said,  
‘ That homeward, gold and silver I convey’d,  
‘ Gift of Hippotades, the Æolian lord ;  
‘ And thus they interchanged their wily word—

‘ O heavens! where’er this man may chance to roam  
‘ He finds in each strange land a welcome home :  
‘ He homeward bears sack’d Ilion’s chosen spoil,  
‘ But all our labour unrequited toil.

‘ No treasure, ours, but lo! to greet his friend,  
‘ The Æolian lord’s vast gifts on him attend.  
‘ Haste—search that full-swoln skin, and there behold  
‘ The charge of silver, and the freight of gold.

‘ They spake : that baleful counsel sway’d their mind :  
‘ They loosed the bag, and freed each rushing wind.  
‘ At once the fury of each adverse blast  
‘ Them, weeping, from their country backward cast.  
‘ I rose in doubt to plunge beneath the main,  
‘ Or yet once more the load of life sustain.  
‘ I life endured : and hid in darkness lay  
‘ While the blast whirl’d them from their course away  
‘ Back to the Æolian isle in deep and dire dismay.

‘ We stepp’d on shore, and there fresh water drew,  
‘ And a swift meal revived the wearied crew.  
‘ And now, all hunger ceased, and thirst allay’d,  
‘ I, with a herald, and a comrade’s aid,  
‘ The palace sought, and there the monarch found  
‘ At feast, his queen and children throned around.  
‘ We at the threshold stood, while they, amazed,  
‘ Their eager voices thus enquiring raised :

‘ How, hast thou come, Ulysses? wrathful heaven,  
‘ Ill-fated man! thee here has backward driven.

‘ We sent thee forth, full-fraught, to gain thy shore,  
‘ Thine, or another, had it pleased thee more.’

‘ Bad men, I cried, and slumber wrought these wrongs :  
‘ Yet—aid me, friends—to you the power belongs—

‘ Fain had I soothed them with persuasive tone :  
‘ They answer’d not—the king replied alone :

‘ Worst of the worst, begone—hence, no delay !  
‘ I may not harbour here, nor guide on way  
‘ Him whom the gods pursue with ceaseless hate.  
‘ Hence ! hated of the gods—go, meet thy fate !

‘ He spake, and drove me forth : compell’d by force,  
‘ Sore grieved at heart we onward urged our course,  
‘ While they with toil-worn hand scarce plied the oar,  
‘ And mourn’d their folly when hope cheer’d no more.  
‘ Six days and nights we sail’d : the seventh we came  
‘ Where a proud city told of Lamus’ fame,  
‘ The Læstrygonian city, at whose wall  
‘ The herdsman hears the shepherd’s wakeful call,  
‘ This driving in his charge, that, forth to feed ;  
‘ The sleepless here might gain a double meed,  
‘ Now pasturing the flock, and now the kine,  
‘ For day and night’s rich herbage nearly join.

‘ We reach’d its beauteous port, whose shelter’d bound  
‘ High towering rocks on either side surround.  
‘ There, beetling cliffs that beetling cliffs oppose  
‘ O’er the near entrance hang, and half enclose.  
‘ There they the ships within the harbour moor’d,  
‘ And near each other, duly ranged, secured.  
‘ No dimpling wave there glides, no billow sweeps,  
‘ But the smooth sea one silver level keeps—  
‘ Thus they : but I without the harbour’s round  
‘ Fast to a rock far off my vessel bound :  
‘ I scaled its crest, but gazing from its height  
‘ No works of men or oxen met my sight ;  
‘ But where I saw from earth the smoke ascend,  
‘ Bade two selected friends their footsteps bend,  
‘ And with a herald search the unknown land,  
‘ What race there dwelt, and whose the chief command.  
‘ They, where the cars along the level road  
‘ Brought from the wood-girt mounts to town their load,  
‘ Pursued the track, and at Artacia’s spring  
‘ Met on her way the daughter of the king,  
‘ Who, where the fountain pour’d its ceaseless tide,  
‘ Drew from the source whose stream the town supplied.  
‘ Of her they sought how named that stranger land,  
‘ And o’er the realm who held the sceptred hand ?  
‘ She to the palace led them : there the queen,  
‘ Huge like the summit of a mountain seen,

‘ Struck them with horreur : down they shrunk appall’d,  
‘ While the fierce monster from the forum call’d  
‘ Antiphatas, her lord, a giant fraught  
‘ With evil deeds that dire destruction wrought.  
‘ One man he seized, and slew, and raw devour’d,  
‘ The others gain’d their ship by dread o’erpower’d.  
‘ Roused at their king’s fierce call, the town, the land  
‘ Pour’d down the Læstrygonians’ countless band,  
‘ Not men but giants, whose vast prowess flung  
‘ Rock after rock that fell the fleet among.  
‘ Dire rang the crash of ships, and dire the sound  
‘ Of death from mangled numbers bleeding round.  
‘ While spear’d like fish they upward drew their prey,  
‘ The living banquet from the straiten’d bay,  
‘ I bared my sword, and with its trenchant blade  
‘ Sever’d the hawser that my vessel staid,  
‘ And bade my comrades strain at once each oar  
‘ To ’scape from death, and that accursed shore.  
‘ All row’d at once, and from those rocks again  
‘ My willing vessel singly cleaved the main :  
‘ The rest all perish’d, in one common grave  
‘ Confusedly crush’d beneath the encumber’d wave.

‘ Thence, gladly ’scaped from death, we onward sail’d,  
‘ But with deep groans our friends’ sad fate bewail’d.



*W. H. Storer sculp.*

THE KING OF THE I.E. STRIGONS SEIZING ONE OF THE COMPANIONS OF ULYSSES.

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- ‘ We reach’d Ææa, where a goddess dwelt,  
‘ Circe whose song had power the soul to melt,  
‘ The bright-hair’d nymph, resplendent as the morn,  
‘ Æætēs’ sister, both of Phœbus born,  
‘ And beauteous Perse, daughter of the God  
‘ Who holds beneath the sea his dark abode,  
‘ Oceanus : there, favouring heaven our aid,  
‘ We in her spacious port the vessel staid.  
‘ With length of toil worn down, with woe oppress’d,  
‘ Two days and nights we lay in needful rest ;  
‘ But when bright morn the third new day display’d,  
‘ I grasp’d my sharpen’d spear, and battle blade,  
‘ Left my lone ship, and scaled a lofty height  
‘ If voice might greet my ear, or man my sight.  
‘ I stood, and saw the craggy mount beneath  
‘ A smoke wind up from earth its wavy wreath,  
‘ Wind thro’ the woods and groves whose bowers en-  
closed  
‘ The haunt where Circe in her dome reposed.  
‘ I doubted long if there to bend my way,  
‘ And learn whence rose the smoke that burst to day :  
‘ But best it seem’d to gain the ship once more,  
‘ Then feast the crew, and send them to explore.  
‘ But as I near’d the ship, some power unknown,  
‘ Some god who view’d me on my way alone,  
‘ A high-branch’d antler’d stag before me sent,  
‘ Who to the fresh springs at hot noon-tide went

‘ To slake his thirst. Him, passing on, my spear  
‘ Struck in the spine : down fell at once the deer :  
‘ On thro’ the back the brazen weapon flew :  
‘ He, bleating, fell, and died beneath my view.  
‘ On the huge beast I stood, and from the wound  
‘ Drew forth the spear, and laid it on the ground,  
‘ And many an osier twig, and sallow spray  
‘ Twined round the feet of that enormous prey.  
‘ Then on my spear, not ported as before,  
‘ Propp’d, the huge burden on my shoulders bore ;  
‘ And cast it nigh the ship, and roused the crew,  
‘ And, cheering, strove their courage to renew :

‘ Friends ! tho’ afflicted, none before the hour  
‘ Shall fall beneath stern Hades’ joyless power.  
‘ While in our vessel food and drink remain,  
‘ Feast on, nor feel a dread of want again.

‘ They heard, and stepp’d on shore, and all amazed,  
‘ On the huge stag’s vast bulk in transport gazed :  
‘ And when at length their admiration ceased,  
‘ With fresh-laved hands prepared the welcome feast.  
‘ Thus all that day, e’en to the sun’s decline,  
‘ We crown’d the feast of flesh with flowing wine,  
‘ And at late eve, beneath the nightly shade  
‘ Stretch’d on the beach our limbs in slumber laid :

‘ But when the roseate dawn the day awoke,  
‘ I call’d the council, and thus foremost spoke :

‘ Hear, comrades ! hear my words, tho’ sore distress’d,  
‘ We know not where the east or where the west,  
‘ Where the low sun his way to darkness bends,  
‘ Nor where his orb in glory reascends.  
‘ But now consult, if council can avail,  
‘ Yet much I dread our wisdom all will fail :  
‘ For when I scaled the cliff, I view’d around  
‘ A land in solitude of ocean bound :  
‘ Low was the isle, but from its centre broke  
‘ Thro’ the thick woods a wreath of rising smoke.

‘ Down sunk their hearts—all, struck with horror,  
view’d

‘ The Læstrygonian feast of blood renew’d ;  
‘ And the fell Cyclops that their friends devour’d  
‘ Rush’d on their minds with hopeless grief o’erpower’d.  
‘ But grief avail’d not. Then, by my command  
‘ The crew was sever’d in a two-fold band,  
‘ To either separate band a separate head,  
‘ These, brave Eurypolus, and those I led—

‘ In the brass helm the lots we swiftly threw,  
‘ And forth Eurypolus’s foremost flew.

‘ He went, and with him two and twenty join’d,  
‘ In tears they went, we tearful staid behind.  
‘ They found, high-raised amid a woody glade  
‘ Fair Circe’s dome of polish’d marble made :  
‘ Around it, mountain wolves, and lions play’d,  
‘ Their savage nature by her charms allay’d.  
‘ They roar’d not as they came, but upright stood,  
‘ And wagg’d their length of tails, and fawn’d, and woo’d ;  
‘ As fawning round their lord just left the board  
‘ The mastives lick his hand with viands stored,  
‘ Thus round them fawn’d the beasts, while dire affright  
‘ Came o’er them awed at that unwonted sight.  
‘ They at the threshold stood, and thrill’d to hear  
‘ A song whose witching sweetness charm’d their ear,  
‘ While her ambrosial web fair Circe wove  
‘ Fine as the veils that flow at feasts of Jove  
‘ Wrought by celestial hands. Then, thus the rest  
‘ Polytes, dearest to my soul, address’d :

‘ Friends ! o’er her web, while all the pavement rings,  
‘ A goddess, or a mortal sweetly sings :  
‘ Let us accost her. Glad, with one consent  
‘ They hail’d : and forth the Goddess quickly went,  
‘ And oped the portal of her palace gate,  
‘ And led them in. Fools ! reckless of their fate :

‘ All, save Eurylochus, who, firm of mind,  
‘ Suspecting ill, alone remain’d behind.  
‘ She seated them on thrones, and spread their board  
‘ With cheese, and flour, and recent honey stored,  
‘ And Pramnian wine, but mix’d with their repast  
‘ Drugs, whose strange power in deep oblivion cast  
‘ All sense and memory of their native land.  
‘ She gave, and as they drank, with magic wand  
‘ Swiftly the Enchantress struck them, and enclosed  
‘ Where wallowing in their sties her herds reposed.  
‘ All were transform’d, their voice, shape, face divine,  
‘ And their smooth hair rose bristling into swine :  
‘ But with the changes of their outward frame  
‘ Changed not their soul, their sense remain’d the same.  
‘ And bitterly they wept, when Circe cast  
‘ Before them in their sties the beechen mast,  
‘ Corneils and berries of the wood-land waste,  
‘ And acorns suited to the swinish taste.

‘ Eurylochus return’d to tell the fate  
‘ Of his loved comrades and their hapless state.  
‘ Long from his lip no faltering accent broke,  
‘ And sore he strove to speak, but never spoke :  
‘ And from his eye-lids stream’d the frequent tear,  
‘ When burst the word we sought, yet fear’d to hear,

‘ The tale that told their loss.—At thy command,  
‘ We thro’ the thickets went, and search’d the land,  
‘ And found, conspicuous ’mid the woody glade  
‘ A stately dome of polished marble made.  
‘ There, o’er the web, the while a goddess sung,  
‘ Or soft-voiced woman, sweet the echo rung.  
‘ They loudly call’d, and issuing at their call,  
‘ She open flung her radiant palace hall,  
‘ And woo’d them in—they in their folly went,  
‘ I sole remain’d, suspecting her intent.  
‘ They disappear’d : of them no vestige found,  
‘ Tho’ long I staid, and keenly watch’d around.—

‘ He spake, then, round me girt, my sword I hung,  
‘ While my charged quiver from my shoulders swung,  
‘ And bade him lead the way, but, sore distress’d  
‘ He clasp’d my knees, and suppliant thus address’d :—

‘ O force me not unwilling, leave me here,  
‘ Thou and thy comrades ne’er will reappear.  
‘ Fly now with these, while flight is in thy power,  
‘ Nor prematurely urge the evil hour.—

‘ He spake : I answer’d, stay, if thus inclined :  
‘ Here stay—I force not thy reluctant mind,

- ‘ With wine and food, at rest, delight thy heart,
- ‘ I, where necessity commands, depart.

- ‘ Then from the sea-shore I my journey wound
- ‘ Thro’ the close bowers of Circe’s sacred ground,
- ‘ But ere I reach’d her dome, before me trod
- ‘ Hermes the bearer of the golden rod,
- ‘ A youth, in youth’s fair prime, when first the down
- ‘ Diffuses o’er the lip a shade of brown :
- ‘ He clasp’d my hand, and spake ;

Where, wanderer, stray

- ‘ Thus, o’er these hills, alone, untaught thy way,
- ‘ The while your friends in Circe’s precincts lie
- ‘ Like swine, enclosed, and wallowing in their sty ?
- ‘ Hopest thou to free them ? thou return’st no more,
- ‘ But, shalt like them transform’d, the change deplore.
- ‘ Yet I will save thee. Take this holy charm :
- ‘ This gift shall magic of its power disarm.
- ‘ I will her arts unfold. With drugs embrued
- ‘ Her hand will proffer the alluring food :
- ‘ But vain her incantation, vain her wiles,
- ‘ This powerful present counteracts her guiles.
- ‘ Hear all her arts. When Circe’s outstretch’d hand
- ‘ Shall strike thee with the Enchantress’ length of wand,

‘ Draw forth thy sword, and grasp’d, without delay  
‘ Rush fiercely on her, as in act to slay :  
‘ Then will she, fearful, woo thee to her arms,  
‘ Nor thou reject the Goddess’ proffer’d charms,  
‘ So she may liberate each imprison’d friend,  
‘ And added glory on thyself attend.  
‘ But bind by that tremendous oath her soul  
‘ That bows the gods beneath its dread controul,  
‘ That fraud nor force against thee raise her hand,  
‘ And leave thee vile, and worthless, and unmann’d.

‘ He spake, and gave me, pluck’d from earth, the root,  
‘ And taught the nature of that hallow’d shoot.  
‘ Black was the root, but white as milk its flower,  
‘ And Moly call’d by each celestial power :  
‘ Arduous for mortal to uproot from earth,  
‘ But all is easy to immortal birth.

‘ Then Hermes passing, sought his heavenly home,  
‘ And I went onward to the Enchantress’ dome.  
‘ And my heart burnt within me as I stood  
‘ Lone on her threshold, ’mid the magic wood.  
‘ I call’d aloud : the Goddess heard my call,  
‘ Came forth, and open’d wide her palace hall,  
‘ And woo’d me in : her footstep I pursued,  
‘ Tho’ grief and fear my spirit half subdued.

‘ She led me on, and to repose me, placed  
‘ A throne of silver with a footstool graced.  
‘ Then in a golden bowl the beverage pour’d  
‘ That I might gladly drink it thus allured ;  
‘ And inly cast her drugs : then gave the bowl :  
‘ I took, and drank, nor felt unmann’d my soul,  
‘ When, as she struck me, thus I heard her cry,—  
‘ Go to thy friends, and wallow in their sty.—

‘ I drew my sword, and swift with fell intent  
‘ Sprung on her as in act of murder bent.  
‘ She, loudly shrieking, rush’d beneath my sword,  
‘ And clasp’d my knees, and weeping, spake the word :—

‘ Who art thou ? what thy parents ? city ? whence ?  
‘ How drink these drugs with unenchanted sense ?  
‘ None whoe’er drank them tasted unsubdued  
‘ When once their magic had the lip embued.  
‘ Thou in thy mortal body bear’st enshrined  
‘ An iron and indomitable mind—  
‘ Thou art the wise Ulysses, oft foretold  
‘ By Hermes, bearer of the rod of gold,  
‘ Who here should sail from Troy : but, sheathe thy  
    blade,  
‘ And let us on the couch of pleasure laid,

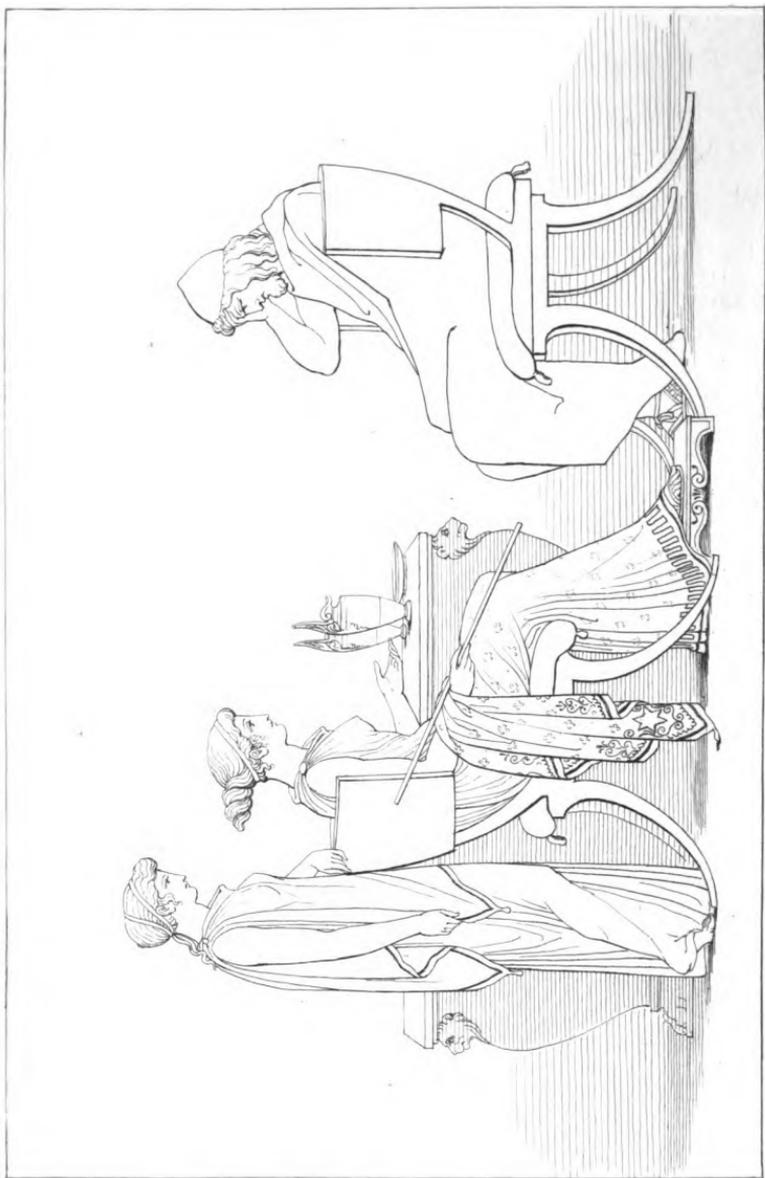
‘ The fore-past scene in sweet oblivion close,  
‘ And on each other’s faith in love repose.

‘ How bid me, I replied, to thee incline,  
‘ Thou, who hast thus transform’d my friends to swine ?  
‘ And here detain’st, and woo’st me to thy bed  
‘ To heap thy frauds, Enchantress! on my head,  
‘ And leave me vile, unmann’d. Not thus betray’d,  
‘ E’er shall Ulysses on thy couch be laid,  
‘ Till sworn the oath, that binds the gods above,  
‘ Thou wilt not injure whom thou lurest to love.

‘ She heard, and swore the oath with swift assent,  
‘ Then to the Goddess’ stately couch I went.  
‘ Four beauteous maidens, all of perfect skill,  
‘ Within her palace watch their sovereign’s will,  
‘ Sprung from the founts, the woods, and streams that  
    sweep  
‘ Winding their waters to the boundless deep.  
‘ One deck’d her thrones with linen white as snow  
‘ Strow’d o’er with arras flush’d with purple glow :  
‘ One ranged before the thrones, in order placed  
‘ Tables of silver with gold baskets graced :  
‘ One with sweet wine the silver beakers stored,  
‘ And charged with golden cups the banquet board :

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ULYSSES AT THE TABLE OF CIRCE

‘ The fourth pure water brought, and lit the flame,  
‘ That spread beneath a tripod’s ample frame ;  
‘ Then led me to the bath my limbs to lave,  
‘ When bubbled in the brass the hissing wave ;  
‘ There sweetly o’er my shoulders and my head  
‘ The stream, that soothed all sense of labour, shed :  
‘ And now when laved and smooth anointed, wound  
‘ A tunic and rich robe my limbs around :  
‘ And leading, throned me on a silver seat,  
‘ And placed a splendid stool beneath my feet.  
‘ From a gold ewer on a silver stand,  
‘ A nymph pure water pour’d to lave my hand,  
‘ And a bright table spread, where richly stored,  
‘ The skill’d dispenser served the alluring board,  
‘ And bade me banquet : but my mournful mind,  
‘ Suspecting ill, to other thoughts inclined.  
‘ Then Circe, who perceived my gloomy mood,  
‘ And that I loathed to touch the tempting food,  
‘ Thus spake :

Ulysses, silent as thou art,

‘ Why loathe the feast, and feed with grief thy heart ?  
‘ Suspect’st thou yet deceit ? such fears remove :  
‘ I swore the oath that binds the gods above.

‘ O Circe ! what just mortal, I rejoin’d,  
‘ Would to the feast turn joyfully inclined,

- ‘ Ere freed his comrades ? Ere his eye discern’d
- ‘ His friends to man’s similitude return’d ?
- ‘ Will’st thou I feast, them to their shape restore—
- ‘ Now let me view my much-loved friends once more.

- ‘ Swift, with her wand she issued, and unclosed
- ‘ The loathsome sties wherein the swine reposed,
- ‘ And drove them thro’ the dirt that round them roll’d,
- ‘ Like fatted hogs in semblance nine years old.
- ‘ They stood before her : thro’ the herd she pass’d,
- ‘ And smearing each with oil unlike the last,
- ‘ From their smooth limbs the bristles’ beastly load,
- ‘ Fruit of the baleful unguent, downward flow’d.
- ‘ They men became, but younger than before,
- ‘ More beauteous far, and far majestic more :
- ‘ They knew me, all, all hung upon my hand,
- ‘ And a sweet sorrow burst from all the band :
- ‘ Loud rung the dome : e’en Circe seem’d to melt,
- ‘ And thus her pity witness’d what she felt :

- ‘ Divine Ulysses ! versed in every art,
- ‘ Now to the strand, where moor’d thy ship, depart ;
- ‘ There, foremost, draw the vessel on the shore,
- ‘ And lodge in caves your arms and treasured store,
- ‘ Then here return, thy courage undismay’d,
- ‘ Thou and thy friends. She spake, and I obey’d.

‘ I reach’d the ship, and there my comrades found  
‘ In bitterness of anguish weeping round.  
‘ As when the impatient calves at eve discern  
‘ From the green mead the pastured cows return,  
‘ All tow’rds them leap at once, no stalls delay  
‘ The herds that bleating on their joyful way  
‘ Frisk round their dams : thus, at my presence moved,  
‘ Before me pour’d my friends, long tried, long loved,  
‘ Shedding sweet tears : they seem’d to gain once more  
‘ Their distant city, and their native shore,  
‘ Rough Ithaca, their birth-place, and their rest :  
‘ Yet thus, lamenting, proffer’d their request :

‘ How we rejoice to see thee, thus again,  
‘ As if we hail’d with thee our native plain :  
‘ Yet not the less, chief! dear to Jove, relate  
‘ Our long-lost comrades miserable fate.

‘ Yes, I replied, but foremost draw on shore  
‘ The ship, and lodge in caves our arms and store ;  
‘ Then each one boldly follow where I lead,  
‘ And to great Circe’s residence proceed ;  
‘ There view how sumptuously our friends regale,  
‘ ’Mid flowing bowls, and flesh that ne’er shall fail.

‘ I spake, and all save one my word obey’d ;  
 ‘ And fain Eurylochus had all delay’d,  
 ‘ Who thus address’d them :

Wherefore ? whither run ?

‘ Why covet ills that all would gladly shun ?  
 ‘ Why Circe seek ? whose power shall change to swine,  
 ‘ Fierce lions and gaunt wolves, man’s form divine  
 ‘ To guard her dome compell’d—’Twas thus, perforce,  
 ‘ Our comrades suffer’d, those whose fatal course  
 ‘ With rash Ulysses gain’d the Cyclops’ cell,  
 ‘ And by his folly, all untimely fell.

‘ While half-resolved, indignant at the word,  
 ‘ To smite his brow to earth, I raised my sword,  
 ‘ Tho’ to my blood by kindred blood allied ;  
 ‘ My comrades, soothing, turn’d my wrath aside :

‘ Great chief ! to guard the ship here fix his stay,  
 ‘ While thou to Circe’s palace guidest our way.

‘ This said, they left the shore : yet not alone,  
 ‘ To guard the ship, and heave the unsolaced groan  
 ‘ Eurylochus was left ; but, where I led,  
 ‘ In dread of my rebuke he onward sped.

‘ In Circe’s dome, the partners of our toil  
‘ Meanwhile were laved, and bathed in fragrant oil :  
‘ And when we reach’d the hall her guests we found  
‘ With tunics and rich mantles robed around :  
‘ But when they met and communed, loud with woe  
‘ Rung the wide dome, and tears were seen to flow.

‘ Then standing near me,—Much experienced chief,  
‘ The Goddess said, not now renew thy grief :  
‘ I know thy dangers on the deep, I know  
‘ On land thy sufferings, all, foe after foe :  
‘ But now enjoy the banquet, drain the bowl,  
‘ Revive the vigour of thy former soul,  
‘ Reanimate the hope that braced thy breast,  
‘ When first you left the mansion of your rest.  
‘ Now, woe-begone, all sense of pleasure o’er,  
‘ Ye, dwelling on past toils, their pangs restore.

‘ Her word our spirits cheer’d. Swift flew away  
‘ A year, in feast and wine, one banquet day.  
‘ But when the hours return’d, and many a sun  
‘ And many a moon their circling course had run,  
‘ My friends thus roused me :

Chief! recall to mind

‘ Thy Ithaca, thy realm long-left behind,

‘ If fated yet that thou shalt reach once more  
‘ Thy high-roof’d palace, and thy native shore.—

‘ They roused my soul : yet, still throughout that day  
‘ We feasted till the sun-beam sank away :  
‘ And when the day had closed, and darkness spread,  
‘ Beneath the o’ershadowing roof each found his bed :  
‘ I to the stately couch of Circe went,  
‘ And clasp’d her knees, and urged my sad lament :

‘ O perfect now thy promise ! o’er the main  
‘ Guide me in safety to my realm again,  
‘ Me and my friends, whose misery racks my breast,  
‘ And who—thou absent—breathe but one request.

‘ Yes, much experienced chief, the Goddess said,  
‘ Be none by me unwillingly delay’d.  
‘ But you must first another realm explore,  
‘ Dark Proserpine’s, and Hades’ sunless shore,  
‘ Tiresias’ soul consulting, him, the blind,  
‘ Thebes’ sightless prophet with the all-seeing mind,  
‘ To whom alone Hell’s Goddess wisdom gave,  
‘ The rest mere phantoms, shadows of the grave.

‘ My heart seem’d cleft in twain : with grief o’erdone  
‘ I wept, nor wish’d to live, but loathed the sun :

‘ But when o’ersated misery sank to rest,  
‘ Thus my responsive voice its fear confess’d :

‘ Who there, O Circe! shall my voyage guide?  
‘ What ship of man ere reach’d the Stygian tide?

‘ The Goddess answer’d—Cast off doubt and fear,  
‘ Nor seek the experienced guide thy course to steer,  
‘ Raise but the mast, but freely to the gale  
‘ Expand the fulness of the inviting sail,  
‘ Then rest in peace, while blowing fresh and fair  
‘ The north’s clear breeze your ship shall onward bear.  
‘ But when the ship hath borne thee thro’ the flood  
‘ To Proserpine’s low coast, and hallow’d wood,  
‘ Poplars and sallows that their fruitage cast,  
‘ There safely land, and make thy vessel fast ;  
‘ But go thyself to Pluto’s sunless caves  
‘ Where Acheron receives the confluent waves,  
‘ Where dark Cocytus flowing forth from Styx,  
‘ And Pyriphlegethon their torrents mix,  
‘ And a bold rock that hangs the water o’er  
‘ Swells the commingling rivers’ rush and roar.  
‘ There, close approaching, delve profound and wide  
‘ A trench, an ell in breadth on every side :  
‘ There thy libations pour : but first combine  
‘ Milk with pure honey mix’d, next, luscious wine,

‘ Fresh water last, and all with meal o’erspread ;  
‘ So warmly supplicate the impassive dead.  
‘ Then vow, at home, that on thy gifted pyre  
‘ The prime of all thy herds shall feed the fire,  
‘ A barren heifer, and of sable hue  
‘ Thy choicest ram to Thebes’ blind prophet due :  
‘ And when thou hast implored the illustrious dead,  
‘ There a ram’s blood, and sable ewe’s be shed,  
‘ Each turn’d tow’rds Erebus : but thou aside  
‘ Bend where the rivers mix their confluent tide.  
‘ Then many a soul of bodies now no more,  
‘ Shall in fleet shadows sweep along the shore :  
‘ Then urge and strictly bid thy comrades flay,  
‘ And burn the beasts that slain before them lay,  
‘ With fervent prayer hell’s potent monarch hail,  
‘ And with due rites dire Proserpine regale :  
‘ There watch, nor suffer, waving wide thy blade,  
‘ The issuing souls, each incorporeal shade,  
‘ To hover nigh the blood, ere thou hast heard  
‘ When Thebes’ blind seer ascends, his answering word :  
‘ He shall thy course, and measured tract explain,  
‘ And open all the passage o’er the main.

‘ Morn came : me richly robed, the nymph array’d :  
‘ Round her fair limbs light silvery vesture play’d,

‘ Gold was the zone that spann’d her slender waist,  
‘ And a transparent veil her forehead graced.

‘ I roused my comrades, with kind words address’d,  
‘ And strove to cheer, man after man, each breast :

‘ No more sweet sleep indulge, no more delay ;  
‘ Come forth : e’en Circe now prepares our way.—  
‘ They came : yet vain my wish, my labour vain,  
‘ To lead uninjured all my following train.  
‘ One, youngest far, Elpenor, not renown’d  
‘ For feats of courage, or for sense profound,  
‘ Who, charged with wine, on Circe’s roof on high  
‘ Had slept in air, apart, beneath the sky,  
‘ Roused at the gathering of his comrades round,  
‘ Came reeling forth confusedly at the sound,  
‘ And reckless of the stairs fell downward prone  
‘ And broke his neck, and pass’d to Acheron.

‘ You dwell, I said, my friends, on your return :  
‘ Far other course from Circe’s warning learn.  
‘ To Pluto’s realm and Proserpine’s we steer,  
‘ There to consult the sightless Theban seer.

- ‘ Their hearts sunk down : they wept, they tore their  
hair,  
‘ But nought avail’d lament and dire despair.  
‘ In tears, in bitterness of grief downcast  
‘ We to the sea beach and our galley pass’d :  
‘ The while, the Enchantress where our vessel moor’d  
‘ A ram and sable ewe on board secured.  
‘ She pass’d unseen : for how can earthly eye  
‘ On passage see the unwilling deity ?’

**THE ELEVENTH BOOK**  
**OF**  
**THE ODYSSEY.**

**VOL. I.**

**S**

#### ARGUMENT.

**Ulysses relates his arrival in Hades, where Tiresias predicts his future adventures. He then recounts his conference with his mother, and enumerates the shades of many heroes and heroines inhabiting the infernal regions.**

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK XI.

‘ WE reach’d the ship, and launching in the deep,  
‘ Fix’d the firm mast, and sails, and stow’d the sheep,  
‘ And, weeping, enter’d. Then a favouring gale  
‘ That freshly blew, and fill’d the swell of sail,  
‘ And knew no pause, companion of our way,  
‘ Rose from melodious Circe’s magic lay :  
‘ We idly sat amid our well ranged store  
‘ As us the breeze and helmsman onward bore.  
‘ Wide flew, throughout the day, our sails display’d,  
‘ Till the sun set, and night had spread her shade :  
‘ ’Twas then we reach’d the confines of the main,  
‘ Where the Cimmerian nation held their reign,  
‘ Closed in such darkness, that the God of day  
‘ Ne’er yet beheld them with his searching ray,  
‘ Not when he climbs high heaven’s ethereal plain,  
‘ Or sinking down revisits earth again :

‘ But o’er that nation’s miserable head  
‘ Fell night, and ever-during darkness spread.  
‘ ’Twas there we moor’d, and leading forth the sheep,  
‘ We went along the flowing of the deep,  
‘ Nor rested till we reach’d the place assign’d,  
‘ The spot mark’d out by Circe’s warning mind.  
‘ There, Perimedes, to appease the dead,  
‘ And brave Eurylochus the victims led.  
‘ I drew my sword, and delved profound and wide  
‘ The trench, an ell in breadth on every side,  
‘ Then, libating the ghosts with rites divine,  
‘ First, milk with honey mix’d, then luscious wine,  
‘ Pure water, last, and all with meal o’erspread,  
‘ And fervently implored the impassive dead,  
‘ And vow’d, at home, that on the gifted pyre  
‘ The prime of all my herds should feed the fire,  
‘ A barren heifer, and of sable hue  
‘ A ram, the choicest, to Tiresias due.  
‘ The dead thus soothed, the supplications o’er,  
‘ I shed within the fosse the victim’s gore :  
‘ Dark gush’d the blood, and from their sunless bed  
‘ Gather’d the souls of the impassive dead,  
‘ Brides, unspoused youths, gray men with grief bow’d low,  
‘ And tender virgins pang’d with recent woe,  
‘ And war-slain men, who yet in shadow wore,  
‘ Gash’d with death-wounds, their armour grim with  
gore ;

‘ All shrilly shrieking reel’d the trench around,  
‘ As my soul shudder’d at the appalling sound.  
‘ ’Twas then I urged, and bade my comrades flay,  
‘ And burn the beasts, that slain before them lay,  
‘ With many a prayer hell’s potent monarch hail,  
‘ And with due rites dire Proserpine regale :  
‘ The while I drew my sword, and watch’d the ground,  
‘ And backward drove the ghosts that swarm’d around,  
‘ Nor suffer’d them to hover nigh the blood  
‘ Till first Thebes’ answering seer before me stood.

‘ Foremost, the spirit of Elpenor came,  
‘ For earth not yet had hid his lifeless frame :  
‘ His body yet in Circe’s mansion lay  
‘ Unwept, untomb’d, when forth we went our way  
‘ With other duties charged :—I saw his shade,  
‘ Saw, and sore wept, and thus in pity said :

‘ Elpenor! how ’mid realms that loathe the sun  
‘ Hast thou with fleeter foot our ship outrun ?

‘ Son of Laertes! much experienced chief,  
‘ Thus from Elpenor burst the word of grief.  
‘ Ill fate, and wine o’erpower’d me—couch’d aloof,  
‘ I slept throughout the night on Circe’s roof,

‘ Thence headlong fell, unheedful of the way,  
‘ Broke with the fall my neck, and lifeless lay.  
‘ But thee, by those now absent, I implore,  
‘ Thy wife, thy sire who watch’d thy cradle o’er,  
‘ And rear’d thee up, and by that only one,  
‘ Him whom thou left’st, Telemachus, thy son ;  
‘ For well I know that from hell’s drear domain  
‘ Thy ship shall reach the Ææan isle again :  
‘ Then, king ! I charge thee, there forget me not  
‘ Unwept, untomb’d, on that deserted spot,  
‘ Lest I become thy curse. But heap my pyre,  
‘ And with my weapons feed the hallow’d fire,  
‘ And on the beach my sepulchre upraise  
‘ Still to be praised by all succeeding days ;  
‘ And fix upon the tomb my faithful oar  
‘ Whose stroke oft wing’d your way from shore to shore.

‘ All shall be done, Elpenor, I replied,  
‘ No want, no wish of thine, by me denied.

‘ While thus we interchanged each mournful word,  
‘ And o’er the blood I held my outstretch’d sword,  
‘ A shadow of the dead before me moved,  
‘ Antolycus’s child, in life beloved,  
‘ My mother Anticlea, on whose day  
‘ Shone the bright sun, when Ilion shaped my way.

‘ I saw, and pitying, wept : yet not the more  
‘ Gave to her spirit to approach the gore,  
‘ Till from the Theban sightless seer I heard  
‘ My future fate unfolded by his word.  
‘ Then came the Theban seer, whose hallow’d hand  
‘ Bore yet in death the augurer’s golden wand.

‘ He knew me, and address’d—Why leave the light  
‘ To view the dead, and joyless realm of night ?  
‘ But stand aside : thy sheathed sword repose,  
‘ That I may drink the blood, and deeds to come disclose.

‘ I stood apart, my sheathed sword reposed ;  
‘ He drank the blood, and thus the fates disclosed :

‘ A bless’d return thou seek’st, heroic chief !  
‘ But the God dooms thee to severer grief.  
‘ Hope not to ’scape fierce Neptune’s vengeful might,  
‘ Thou who hast wrong’d his son and reft his sight.  
‘ Yet—tho’ sore suffering, hail thy home again,  
‘ If thou thy comrade’s wish, and thine restrain,  
‘ When first you moor, the ocean dangers o’er,  
‘ Thy strong-built vessel on Trinacria’s shore.  
‘ There view at food, the flock and stately steers  
‘ Of the bright sun who all beholds and hears ;

- ‘ Be these uninjured, thou shalt reach again,
- ‘ Tho’ thro’ dire woes, the Ithacensian plain :
- ‘ If these thou injure—mark what I relate,
- ‘ To thee, thy ship, and crew, destructive fate :
- ‘ And if thou ’scape, thro’ peril, toil, and pain,
- ‘ Thy friends all lost, thou shalt thy realm regain
- ‘ In a strange ship, and then thy palace view
- ‘ Spoil’d by proud wasters and their reeling crew,
- ‘ Each, wooer of thy wife with nuptial bribe :
- ‘ Yet thy just wrath shall crush this worthless tribe.
- ‘ And when by fraud or force, thy arm has slain
- ‘ Round thy wrong’d hearth, the suitors and their train,
- ‘ Go with thine oar, nor turn thy course aside
- ‘ Till reach’d a race unconscious of the tide,
- ‘ Who know not salt, nor e’er have seen the sweep
- ‘ Of oars that wing the vessel o’er the deep.
- ‘ Now hear, by thee henceforth be ne’er forgot :
- ‘ When thou shalt meet on that predestined spot
- ‘ A wanderer, who, beholding thee, declares
- ‘ The oar a winnow that thy shoulder bears,
- ‘ Plant in that earth thy oar, and duly slay
- ‘ To him, the God who rules the watery way,
- ‘ A ram, and bull, and boar : then, home return,
- ‘ And sacred hecatombs in order burn
- ‘ To all the gods : then, slow-approaching death
- ‘ Shall far from ocean steal away thy breath

‘ In the soft lapse of age, while round thee dwell  
‘ Thy blissful subjects :—such thy fate—farewell !

‘ Tiresias, I replied, the gods above  
‘ When first I breathed, what thou denoucest, wove.  
‘ But answer now, and deign the truth unfold :  
‘ The form of her who bore me I behold,  
‘ There, silent, nigh the blood—but, ah ! no more  
‘ The mother looks upon the son she bore,  
‘ Nor deigns a word. By my entreaty won,  
‘ Say how her shade may recognize her son ?

‘ Not hard the answer, Thebes’ blind seer replied,  
‘ They, at thy will, who drink the gory tide,  
‘ Shall without fail, the truth to thee unfold :  
‘ But they whom thou repell’st the word withhold.

‘ My fate announced, Tiresias’ shade withdrew,  
‘ And now my mother’s image fix’d my view.  
‘ She drank the blood, and recognized her son,  
‘ And bitterly lamenting, thus begun :

‘ How hast thou reach’d, loved son ! these realms of  
    night ?  
‘ The realms invisible to living sight.

‘ Vast streams, and fearful floods before them spread,  
‘ And the great deep’s unfathomable bed,  
‘ Which none on foot can pass—or sail’st thou here,  
‘ Thou, and thy friends, thus late, since year on year  
‘ Has closed o’er prostrate Troy: the while unseen  
‘ Thy Ithaca, thy palace, and thy queen ?

‘ Mother, I answer’d, keen, intense desire,  
‘ My fate from Thebes’ blind prophet to enquire  
‘ Has forced me here: ne’er has my woe-worn toil  
‘ Found rest in Greece, or on my native soil:  
‘ But I have ceaseless wander’d since the hour  
‘ I leagued ’gainst Troy with great Atrides’ power.  
‘ But truly tell me how thou sank’st to death,  
‘ If long disease wore out thy lingering breath,  
‘ Or Artemis, exultant in her bow,  
‘ Thee by soft touch insensibly laid low ?  
‘ Say, of my sire, my son, whom there I left:  
‘ Reigns he, his father’s heir, or lives bereft,  
‘ Spoil’d by some chief who mocks my late return ?  
‘ And let me from thy lip, O mother! learn  
‘ If with her son, my wife her state maintains,  
‘ Or with some mighty lord at distance reigns ?

‘ Yet in thy palace, with enduring mind,  
‘ Thy wife, woe-worn, yet dwells, the shade rejoin’d,

‘ All day, all night, in tears. No spoiler’s hand  
‘ Reaves from thy son the sceptre of command :  
‘ He rules in peace thy heritage, and shares  
‘ Each feast that for their prince the realm prepares,  
‘ For all invite him. In his labour’d field  
‘ Thy father dwells in solitude conceal’d,  
‘ Nor e’er frequents the town : for him outspread,  
‘ Nor splendid cloths, nor cushions smooth his bed.  
‘ At winter, in his home, where hinds repose,  
‘ He, nigh the hearth, in dust his body throws,  
‘ Clad in vile garb : and in the autumnal hours,  
‘ Abroad, beneath the vine-empurpled bowers,  
‘ On the fallen leaves, his lairs diversely found,  
‘ Strown here and there at random on the ground :  
‘ There grieved he lies, and o’er thy misery weeps,  
‘ While on his weakness age her burden heaps.  
‘ And thus I died—not, in my palace, death  
‘ By Dian’s gentle arrows closed my breath,  
‘ Nor by disease, that gradual day by day  
‘ Thro’ slow consumption lengthens out decay,  
‘ But by regret for thee, thy griefs, o’erdone,  
‘ And longing for thy tenderness, my son !

‘ Touch’d by her plaint, I fervently essay’d  
‘ To clasp my mother in that lifeless shade ;

‘ Thrice, fondly tried, my arms thrice round her threw,  
‘ Thrice from my arms the impassive image flew,  
‘ Swift as a nightly dream, while more and more  
‘ Thrill’d my rack’d heart with woe unfelt before.

‘ Why wilt thou not, I cried, my mother! rest,  
‘ That we may meet caressing and caress’d?  
‘ That, tho’ in Hades, interchange of grief  
‘ Breathed in each other’s arms, may seem relief:  
‘ Dire Proserpine has here a semblance sent  
‘ A shade to rouse and deepen my lament.

‘ Thou wretchedest of men, my mother said,  
‘ Not to afflict thee with delusive shade  
‘ Me, Proserpine has sent. Know, such our fate,  
‘ Such is the dead’s inevitable state.  
‘ Our nerves are fleshless, boneless, when the flame  
‘ Has, wasting, fed on the corporeal frame:  
‘ Soon as the spirit leaves the imprisoning clay,  
‘ Like a night dream the soul flies swift away.  
‘ Now seek the light, and to thy consort tell  
‘ All that my voice has warn’d of fate—farewell!

‘ While thus we spake, by Proserpine’s command  
‘ Flock’d thickly forth the females’ shadowy band,

‘ All, wives and daughters of famed chiefs of yore,  
‘ And gathering round the trench, drew near the gore :  
‘ But in my mind I cast, how best to gain  
‘ From each an answer, and my wish obtain :  
‘ This best beseem’d : with threatening sword I stood,  
‘ Nor suffer’d all at once to drink the blood,  
‘ But, one by one, that each might thus relate,  
‘ Each, as I ask’d in turn, her race and fate.

‘ Then, first, the high-born Tyro fix’d my view,  
‘ Who her famed lineage from Salmonius drew,  
‘ To Cretheus spoused, the while her alien mind  
‘ In love’s first ardour with Enipeus join’d,  
‘ Fairest of rivers, by whose beauteous stream  
‘ The wandering Tyro fed her love-sick dream,  
‘ When Neptune, in Enipeus’ form array’d,  
‘ Where the flood swell’d the sea, embraced the maid.  
‘ The empurpled billow, like a mountain, stood,  
‘ And o’er the God and mortal arch’d the flood :  
‘ Then Neptune loosed her virgin zone, and shed  
‘ Sleep’s sweet oblivion o’er her bridal bed :  
‘ And when the God, love’s ardour had suppress’d,  
‘ He hung upon her hand, and thus address’d :

‘ Joy in this love, and, ere another year  
‘ Bring forth the illustrious birth, and fondly rear.

‘ Go, blissful mother of a glorious race :  
 ‘ Not unprolific is a god’s embrace :  
 ‘ Go to thy palace, there the secret keep—  
 ‘ Lo! Neptune, I, the God who rules the deep.

‘ He spake, and plunged beneath the billowy roar :  
 ‘ And pregnant Tyro, Pelias, Neleus, bore,  
 ‘ Illustrious both, and destined from their birth  
 ‘ The mighty ministers of Jove on earth :  
 ‘ This dwelt in wide Iolchus’ sheep-fed plain,  
 ‘ And that, o’er sandy Pylos held his reign.  
 ‘ The queen then bore to Cretheus’ mortal seed—  
 ‘ Bold Amythaon skill’d to tame the steed,  
 ‘ Æson and Pheres.—

Next, a form appear’d

‘ Asopus’ child to heaven’s great king endear’d,  
 ‘ The fair Antiope, who bore to Jove  
 ‘ The boasted offspring of celestial love,  
 ‘ Famed Zethus and Amphion, chiefs renown’d,  
 ‘ Who foremost built, and turretted around  
 ‘ Seven-portal’d Thebes, nor there, unfenced by towers,  
 ‘ Had dared abide, tho’ famed for martial powers—

‘ Then fair Alcmena stood before my sight  
 ‘ Who bore the lion heart, the Herculean might,

‘ Amphytrion’s wife, yet clasp’d in Jove’s embrace :  
‘ Then, Megara bore of haughty Creon’s race,  
‘ The Herculean spouse. Then Epicaste came,  
‘ Who did unwares the deed without a name,  
‘ Mother and wife of him who slew his sire,  
‘ And felt the force of heaven’s divulged ire.  
‘ He to the gods and ruthless fate a prey  
‘ Bow’d down by woe, o’er Thebes held regal sway ;  
‘ The while her hand by maddening misery forced,  
‘ Wreathed the fell cord that life and soul divorced,  
‘ And left for him to bitterest woe resign’d,  
‘ The furies of a mother’s curse behind.

‘ Then Chloris, fairest of the fair, came on,  
‘ Whom for her beauty Neleus woo’d and won ;  
‘ By bridal treasures won, nymph youngest born  
‘ Of all who wont Amphion’s race adorn.  
‘ He in Orchomenos and Pylos reign’d,  
‘ Where Chloris’ glorious sons his strength sustain’d,  
‘ Nestor and Chromius, chiefs of mighty fame,  
‘ And Periclymenus’ high-honour’d name ;  
‘ Then Pero bore, whose beauty all subdued,  
‘ And by each chieftain as a wonder woo’d :  
‘ Yet ne’er would Neleus plight his daughter’s hand  
‘ Save to the chief, who at his stern command,

‘ Should drive from Iphicles and all his train,  
‘ The herds that pastured the Phylacian plain.  
‘ A blameless bard sole dared the deed—in vain—  
‘ Fate and harsh gods, and peasants bound his chain.  
‘ But when moons wax’d and waned, their courses o’er,  
‘ And the revolving year return’d once more,  
‘ Then Iphicles who heard the seer relate  
‘ Events yet sleeping in the womb of fate,  
‘ Freed him at Jove’s high will. Then Leda came,  
‘ Who bore to Tyndarus twins of deathless fame ;  
‘ Castor, whose skill could tame the wildest steed,  
‘ And Pollux, glorying in the cestus’ meed :  
‘ Tomb’d in the fruitful earth both live and breathe,  
‘ And honour’d both, by Jove the earth beneath,  
‘ Alternate days they live, alternate die,  
‘ And each alike a worshipp’d deity.

‘ Then onward famed Aloëus’ consort moved,  
‘ Iphimedia, by the Sea-God loved.  
‘ Two sons she bore, but soon to sink in night,  
‘ The god-like Otus, Ephialtes’ might :  
‘ Forms hugest far of all most huge on earth,  
‘ And fairest save Orion’s fairer birth :  
‘ At nine years old, their breadth nine cubits length,  
‘ Their height nine ells, so vast their size and strength :

‘ Not less their menace than to front in fight  
‘ The powers of heaven on heaven’s Olympian height,  
‘ Ossa on Olympus heave, on Ossa roll  
‘ Pelion with all his woods, so scale the starry pole :  
‘ Nor had they fail’d, if to man’s stature grown,  
‘ But first they fell by Phœbus’ shafts o’erthrown,  
‘ Ere youth’s soft down had spread their cheeks around,  
‘ And bristling into beard their chin embrown’d—

‘ There Phædra, Procris, there, and there thy shade,  
‘ Fair Ariadne, Minos’ loveliest maid,  
‘ Whom, from her Crete to Athens Theseus led,  
‘ But never there enjoy’d her bridal bed,  
‘ In Dia’s isle by Artemis detain’d,  
‘ When Bacchus saw his shrine by love profaned.

‘ There Eriphyle came, who basely sold  
‘ The husband of her youth for barter’d gold ;  
‘ There Clymene and Mæra—But in vain  
‘ To number and to name the innumerable train,  
‘ The heroes’ wives and race : ere told the tale,  
‘ Hour after hour the night would wholly fail.  
‘ Now let me rest, or here, or ’mid my friends,  
‘ On Heaven and you my future course depends.

He spake, and silent all awhile remained,  
All in sweet transport by his tale detained.

Then, thus the queen, ‘ Phæacians! how appears  
‘ To you this man, whom woe yet more endears?  
‘ What grandeur in his port, what grace combined  
‘ With the high gift of a superior mind!  
‘ He is my guest, yet all the honour share;  
‘ Speed him not hence, nor your abundance spare:  
‘ Supply his wants, and to his use be given  
‘ Your treasure’s large excess, the gift of Heaven.

Then Echeneüs spake, the first in years,  
And thus address’d Phæacia’s list’ning peers:

‘ Wise the queen’s words, nor from the purpose stray:  
‘ Yet—hear the sovereign’s counsel, and obey.

‘ That word,’ Alcinoüs said, ‘ not heard in vain,  
‘ Shall all be done, if here I live, and reign.  
‘ Let the guest wait, tho’ longing to return,  
‘ Here wait till we another day discern,  
‘ And store our gifts. His convoy all our care:  
‘ Yet chiefly mine: that charge I gladly bear.

‘ Oh king!’ the wise Ulysses thus replied,  
‘ Thou, the Phæacians’ boast and sovereign guide,

‘ Here the whole year delighted would I stay,  
‘ Graced with your gifts, while you prepared my way:  
‘ Far better, thus enrich’d, return once more  
‘ To my proud palace, and my native shore,  
‘ More loved, more honour’d, while the public voice  
‘ Would at the presence of their king rejoice.

‘ Ulysses,’ then Phæacia’s monarch said,  
‘ We deem thee not, thus seen, for falsehood made,  
‘ A base deceiver, such as oft the earth  
‘ Engenders of mankind’s wide-scatter’d birth,  
‘ Weaver of frauds, when none suspect the guilt ;  
‘ But fair thy form of speech on wisdom built,  
‘ And like a poet, in melodious verse,  
‘ Thy words all Grecia’s, and thy woes rehearse.  
‘ But of thy brave compeers, the truth unfold,  
‘ Didst thou amid the swarm their shades behold,  
‘ Those, who with thee in arms to Ilion pass’d,  
‘ And in that hostile region breathed their last ?  
‘ Long will the night endure : not now repose :  
‘ But their heroic feats at large disclose.  
‘ Glad would I listen till the dawn of day,  
‘ So would’st thou deign thy various toils display.’

‘ Alcinoüs,’ thus the prudent chief replied,  
‘ King ! leader of thy land, its grace and guide !

‘ There yet is time for speech, and time for sleep,  
 ‘ And if thou joy o’er others’ woe to weep,  
 ‘ I will at large a tale more grievous tell,  
 ‘ The death of those who, thence returning, fell :  
 ‘ Who ’scap’d Troy’s slaughtering sword, but met their  
     fate  
 ‘ By a pernicious woman’s deadly hate.—  
 ‘ Now, when chaste Proserpine had turn’d aside  
 ‘ The females swarming round the gory tide,  
 ‘ Near me Atrides’ mournful spirit drew,  
 ‘ And those, who with their Lord, Ægisthus slew.  
 ‘ At once he knew me, as he drank the blood,  
 ‘ And from his eyelids gush’d the ceaseless flood :  
 ‘ He stretch’d his arms to clasp me to his breast,  
 ‘ But on in vain th’ impassive shadow press’d,  
 ‘ The nerves that braced his living limbs unstrung :  
 ‘ I saw, and wept, and loosed to grief my tongue :

‘ Atrides! king of kings! what form of death  
 ‘ Thee, glorying in thy fame, deprived of breath?  
 ‘ Say, did the Sea-God, tempesting the wave,  
 ‘ Hurl thee ’mid whirlwinds to a watery grave,  
 ‘ Or ruthless foe-men on the mainland slay,  
 ‘ The while thou dravest their herds and flocks away :  
 ‘ Died’st thou thy city to defend, or save  
 ‘ Thy females from the yoke that galls the slave?

‘ Atrides thus replied, Not such, my friend ;  
‘ Not such, Ulysses, my untimely end ;  
‘ Not by fierce whirlwinds tempesting the wave  
‘ The Sea-God hurl’d me to a watery grave ;  
‘ Nor foe o’erpower’d me on the solid land :  
‘ I fell beneath Ægisthus’ fraudulent hand,  
‘ His, and that wife—Within my festive hall  
‘ I fell, as falls a bullock in his stall.  
‘ Such my most wretched death : and me around  
‘ Lay my slain followers bleeding on that ground,  
‘ Like boars without or stint or pity gored,  
‘ That load the rich lord’s feast, or nuptial board.  
‘ Thou oft hast witness’d many a warrior slain,  
‘ Stretch’d one by one along the battle plain :  
‘ But deeper misery horrifies his soul  
‘ Who views, between the banquet and the bowl,  
‘ Death rushing in, and all the festive floor  
‘ Reek o’er the guests that float in recent gore.  
‘ I heard Cassandra, Priam’s youngest child,  
‘ I heard her shriek, when near me, blood defiled,  
‘ Stern Clytemnestra stabb’d her : lowly laid  
‘ I raised my hand, and strove to grasp my blade ;  
‘ But the fiend fled, nor, as I died away  
‘ Dared press my lip, or close my eye from day.  
‘ No—nought more fell than one of womankind  
‘ Who broods o’er coming guilt with wistful mind,

‘ Like her who pledged to me her bridal truth,  
‘ And slew the man who clasp’d her virgin youth.  
‘ I deem’d ’twas glorious to my race and home  
‘ My glad return to my ancestral dome :  
‘ But this fell demon, blasting her fair fame,  
‘ Has branded all her sex to come with shame,  
‘ E’en her of virtuous life.—

Thus spake the shade.

‘ Jove has the burden of his hatred laid  
‘ On all of Atreus gender’d, I replied,  
‘ By female perfidy severely tried.  
‘ For Helen’s sake they fell : but baser far  
‘ Thy wife betray’d thee leading on the war.

‘ Therefore, Atrides’ mournful shade rejoin’d,  
‘ Be not too fondly to thy wife inclined :  
‘ Not thy whole mind too confident reveal,  
‘ This partly tell, and partly that conceal.  
‘ But from Penelope no ruin dread,  
‘ Icarius’ daughter was to wisdom bred.  
‘ When forth to Ilion’s walls we march’d in arms  
‘ We left her newly spoused in bridal charms,  
‘ And at her breast the babe, who now uprears  
‘ His manly brow amid his equal peers,

- ‘ Whom, thou returning, greatly shalt admire,
- ‘ And, he revering, clasp his honour’d sire.
- ‘ But me, that fiend first plunged in viewless night,
- ‘ Ere on my son I fed a father’s sight.
- ‘ Now mark my word : when thou return’st once more,
- ‘ Moor thou thy ship in secret on the shore :
- ‘ No woman trust.—But now the truth declare,
- ‘ Heardst thou where breathes my son the vital air ?
- ‘ Or in Orchomenos, or Pylos’ sand—
- ‘ Or where my brother rules the Spartan land :
- ‘ Orestes is not dead—

Why thus enquire ?

- ‘ How answer, I replied, thy keen desire ?
- ‘ I know not if he live, or breathe no more :
- ‘ Such vain enquiries—idle all—give o’er.

- ‘ While thus we wept, and either side the flood
- ‘ Held woeful converse o’er the trench of blood,
- ‘ The image of Pelides onward moved,
- ‘ And his Patroclus still in death beloved,
- ‘ Antilochus, and Ajax loftiest seen
- ‘ Of all our host in majesty and mien,
- ‘ All save Achilles. Me that hero knew,
- ‘ And from my breast his plaint deep pity drew :

‘ Rash chief! he cried, Laertes’ son divine,  
 ‘ What deed audacious prompts thy bold design ?  
 ‘ Why Hades seek, where glide, in darkness hurl’d  
 ‘ The unreal shadows of the living world ?

‘ Achilles, son of Peleus, I replied,  
 ‘ The Achæan glory and their battle-guide,  
 ‘ I seek Tiresias, from the seer to learn  
 ‘ What counsel best may guide my home return :  
 ‘ For I have wander’d long, worn out with toil,  
 ‘ Far from Achaia, and my native soil.  
 ‘ But as for thee, no, not the times of old,  
 ‘ Nor times to come shall one so bless’d behold ;  
 ‘ Thee whom in life we honour’d like a god,  
 ‘ And now wide-ruling in death’s dark abode ;  
 ‘ Therefore, tho’ dead, repine not.

At the word,

‘ Thus bitterly rejoin’d the shadowy lord,—  
 ‘ Talk not of consolation—not in death !  
 ‘ Far gladlier would I serve, recall’d to breath,  
 ‘ Serve like a hind, for hire, some needy slave,  
 ‘ Than rule o’er all the swarms that crowd the grave.  
 ‘ But of my noble son the truth declare,  
 ‘ Strives he to gain the prize where heroes dare ?

‘ And say of Peleus all that thou hast heard,  
‘ Reigns he yet throned, by all obey’d his word,  
‘ Or scorn’d of Hellas and the Phthian land,  
‘ Trembles the sceptre in his aged hand ?  
‘ I cannot aid him, in the light of day  
‘ No more Achilles can his strength display.  
‘ O might I such, as when on Ilion’s coast,  
‘ Bulwark of Greece, I slew Troy’s bravest host,  
‘ Tho’ for one moment, in my Pelian home  
‘ In terrour stalk thro’ that ancestral dome,  
‘ How would the usurpers of his regal right  
‘ Cower at the uplifting of my arm of might !

‘ ’Tis vain, I cried, of Peleus to enquire,  
‘ Nought have I heard of thy age-honour’d sire :  
‘ But as thou bidst, of that transcendant youth,  
‘ Thy Neoptolemus, hear all the truth ;  
‘ For in my vessel, I from Scyros’ coast  
‘ Led the brave hero to the Achæan host.  
‘ Whene’er our council met on Ilion’s plain  
‘ He always foremost spake, nor spake in vain :  
‘ Nestor by age matured, and I alone  
‘ In the keen war of words superior shone.  
‘ And when round Troy the war we hotly waged  
‘ Not in the crowded ranks that chief engaged,

‘ But first before the van that hero flew,  
‘ And many a foe in desperate combat slew.  
‘ I cannot name and number all who bled,  
‘ The host that perish’d when our force he led,  
‘ But now alone one hero’s death record,  
‘ The son of Telephus who dared his sword.  
‘ He fell, and round him his Cetean band,  
‘ By the bribed women gain’d to guard the land.  
‘ Fair was his form, the fairest ere beheld,  
‘ Save Memnon’s, who in beauty all excell’d.  
‘ And when the Achæan chiefs in arms array’d  
‘ Sat ambush’d in the steed Epeus made,  
‘ And to my charge consign’d the high command  
‘ Or to retain or loose the secret band,  
‘ There, while the other leaders shed the tear,  
‘ And their limbs shook with unaccustom’d fear,  
‘ I ne’er beheld his blooming colour fade,  
‘ Ne’er saw him wipe a tear that dread betray’d:  
‘ But as he grasp’d his sword, and brazen spear  
‘ He bade me loose him to his free career.  
‘ And when in dust proud Ilion prostrate lay,  
‘ Charged with choice spoils the conqueror sail’d away,  
‘ By the near sword unscathed, or flying lance,  
‘ The common lot of war’s precarious chance.

‘ I spake ; but at the close no voice replied :  
‘ Along the flower-robbed mead with haughty stride

‘ Achilles stalk’d, exulting that his son  
‘ Had from his brave compeers high honour won.

‘ The other spirits, each impassive shade,  
‘ Came grieving, and their separate woes display’d.  
‘ But from the rest, in solitude, alone  
‘ Stood the proud shade of Ajax Telamon,  
‘ Indignant still that I the arms had won  
‘ That Thetis brought to glorify her son,  
‘ When at the fleet the sons of Troy decreed,  
‘ And Pallas’ voice to me assign’d the meed.  
‘ O that I ne’er had conquer’d, ne’er that earth  
‘ So soon had held the Telamonian birth,  
‘ Ajax, the first in form, the first in fame  
‘ Save great Pelides’ all-unrivall’d name.

‘ Ajax, I gently spake, thou greater son  
‘ Of thy great sire, illustrious Telamon,  
‘ Wilt thou not now, in death, thy wrath assuage ?  
‘ Do those pernicious arms still swell thy rage ?  
‘ Heaven’s baleful gift that plunged thee ’mid the dead,  
‘ Tower of our host, mourn’d like Pelides’ head.  
‘ Not we, but Jove the cause, whose vengeful hate  
‘ On all our host and thee hurl’d ruthless fate.  
‘ Come, king! deign hear my word, thy wrath controul,  
‘ And temper into peace thy generous soul.

‘ He scorn’d reply, and to the spirits pass’d  
‘ Where round them Erebus its shadow cast.  
‘ There, tho’ enraged, the chief had answer deign’d,  
‘ Or I with him had further speech maintain’d,  
‘ But, otherwise intent, my wistful mind  
‘ To view and hear the other chiefs inclined.

‘ Judge of the dead, stern Minos first appear’d :  
‘ Jove’s son, enthroned, his golden sceptre rear’d.  
‘ The shades flock’d round, and pleading each his cause,  
‘ Heard in vast Hades’ dome the eternal laws.

‘ Then huge Orion on his course I traced,  
‘ Who the wild beasts’ mid flower-robed meadows chased,  
‘ Those whom his arm in desert mounts had quell’d,  
‘ And still his shadowy arm a mace, all brazen, held.

‘ I, Tityus saw, the son of earth, who spread  
‘ His length, nine acres, o’er the infernal bed.  
‘ A vulture, on each side, his liver tore,  
‘ And ’mid his entrails bathed his beak in gore,  
‘ Vain was his arm to save. Vile wretch! who strove  
‘ To force Latona, the beloved of Jove,  
‘ Passing to Pytho thro’ Panopeus’ grove.

‘ And Tantalus I saw, intensely pain’d,  
‘ Fix’d in a lake whose height his chin attain’d,  
‘ He look’d all thirst, and when, in act to drink,  
‘ Oft as he bow’d upon the water’s brink,  
‘ So oft it sank absorb’d, and dark the sod  
‘ Beneath his foot, drain’d by the avenging God.  
‘ Tall trees of stately growth hung down their head,  
‘ Their fruits, the apple, pear, pomegranate, spread,  
‘ Figs, and vivacious olives : but in vain,—  
‘ Oft as he upright stretch’d the fruit to gain,  
‘ All pass’d to viewless night blown by fierce gusts  
    amain.

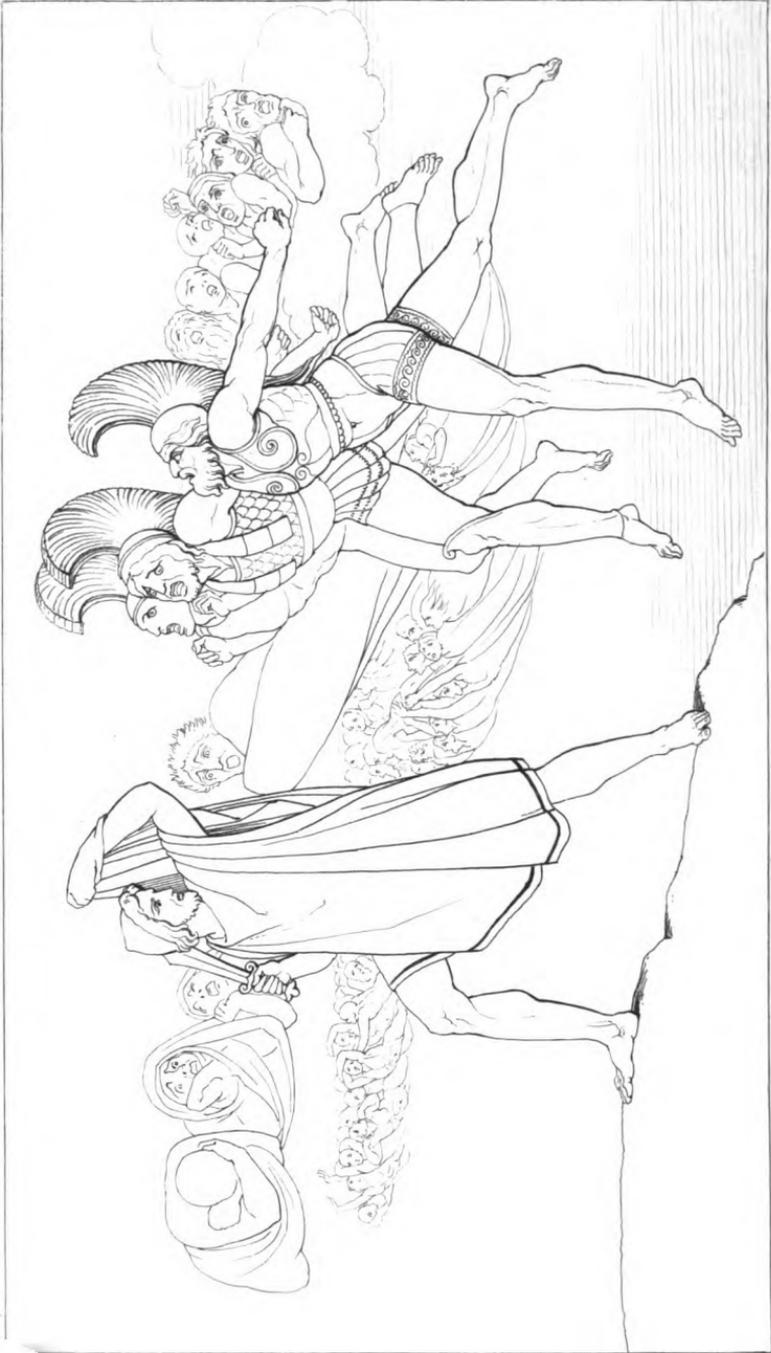
‘ There Sisyphus I saw, severely pain’d,  
‘ Who with both arms a rock’s huge mass sustain’d,  
‘ And on his hands and feet, sore-straining, strove  
‘ Up a hill’s height, the enormous stone to move,  
‘ And now had reach’d it, when the rock again  
‘ Rapidly, revolant, rattled down the plain.  
‘ Again, he straining strove, while seen to flow  
‘ Large sweat-drops bathed his limbs, and reek’d around  
    his brow.

‘ Then the vast strength Herculean I survey’d,  
‘ Yet—but a semblance, an unreal shade,

‘ The while a dweller in the realms above,  
 ‘ He sat enthroned ’mid gods at feast with Jove,  
 ‘ With fine-heel’d Hebe, his fair consort given,  
 ‘ Daughter of Juno and the King of heaven.  
 ‘ Round him the ghosts dire clang’d, as shrilly ring  
 ‘ Birds rushing thro’ the air on stretch of wing,  
 ‘ While straining on the cord his arrowy flight,  
 ‘ He, as in act to loose it, dark as night  
 ‘ Gazed with keen aim.—A sword-belt braced his breast,  
 ‘ Whence wondrous works shone forth on gold im-  
     press’d,  
 ‘ Huge bears, fierce lions, and the mountain boar,  
 ‘ Wars, battles, slaughter, murders grimed with gore :  
 ‘ He, who had there work’d out his wondrous thought,  
 ‘ Had ne’er before or since such marvels wrought.  
 ‘ On me the hero fix’d his searching view,  
 ‘ And, mournful hail’d me, as my form he knew :

‘ Divine Ulysses! thou, in this thy day  
 ‘ Bear’st what I bore beneath the solar ray :  
 ‘ I, offspring of Saturnian Jove, I bore  
 ‘ Infinitude of woes ne’er felt before :  
 ‘ I, serving one inferior, wrought his will,  
 ‘ Ordain’d, whate’er his dictates, to fulfil.  
 ‘ He sent me here to seize hell’s furious hound,  
 ‘ The direst toil that all my labours crown’d.

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H. M. ...

Illustrations by ...

ULYSSES TERRIFIED BY THE GHOSTS

‘ I dragg’d him forth from Hades’ into light,  
‘ By guardian Hermes’ and Minerva’s might.

‘ He spake, and downward sank, yet there I staid  
‘ By ardent hope, and keen desire delay’d,  
‘ The spirits of the heroes to behold  
‘ Shades of the mighty men who died of old.  
‘ And I had seen, and there had proudly trod  
‘ Pirithous, Theseus, each a son of god,  
‘ But swarms of spirits rush’d, shrill-shrieking, round,  
‘ And fear o’erpower’d me at the unearthly sound,  
‘ Lest the horrific fiend, the Gorgon head  
‘ Should tower above the shadows of the dead,  
‘ Sent by dire Proserpine.—I swift withdrew,  
‘ And reach’d my ship, and urged on board my crew.  
‘ They swift obey’d, and loosed the ship from shore,  
‘ Bow’d o’er their banks, and with wide sweep of oar  
‘ Furrow’d the wave, and then with spread of sail  
‘ Flew with unlabour’d speed before the gale.



THE TWELFTH BOOK  
OF  
THE ODYSSEY.

VOL. 1.

U

#### ARGUMENT.

**Ulysses** relates his return from the infernal regions to *Ææa* the island of **Circe**, who predicts his future adventures, and informs him how he may safely hear the song of the Syrens, and pass the erratic rocks of **Scylla** and **Charybdis** : he then narrates the destruction of his comrades, who had slain the flocks and herds of the **Sun** : and, lastly, his own shipwreck, and arrival at the island of **Calypso**.

# THE ODYSSEY.

## BOOK XII.

- ‘ THE ship now left the river’s winding sweep,
- ‘ And reach’d Ææa ’mid the boundless deep :
- ‘ There, bright Aurora’s dome, and festive choir,
- ‘ And rising suns relume their daily fire.
- ‘ We moor’d along the sand, and peaceful laid,
- ‘ Slept till the morn with light the earth array’d.
- ‘ I bade my comrades forth at dawn of day
- ‘ From Circe’s haunt Elpenor’s corse convey :
- ‘ We fell’d the wood where high the cliff uprose,
- ‘ And weeping, there his house of burial chose :
- ‘ Then with his corse and arms the flame we fed,
- ‘ And heaved the mound that sepulchred the dead,
- ‘ And on the tomb the honouring pillar placed,
- ‘ And with his oar the far-seen summit graded.

‘ While thus we labour’d, our return once more  
‘ Escaped not Circe as we gain’d the shore :  
‘ She came adorn’d, and her attendants stored  
‘ With bread, and flesh, and wine our banquet board.

‘ Ah! hapless men, she cried, who, doubly dead,  
‘ When others die but once, have bow’d the head  
‘ Alive to Hades—yet, throughout this day,  
‘ Feast, drain the bowl, then sail at dawn away.  
‘ I will point out your course, and all relate,  
‘ Lest or on earth or sea, you mourn your fate  
‘ By evil counsel urged.

Thus Circe said,

‘ And every willing heart her voice obey’d.  
‘ Throughout that day, we, till its late decline  
‘ Prolong’d the feast, and drain’d the o’erflowing wine :  
‘ But when the sun had set, and darkness spread,  
‘ My comrades nigh the cables made their bed ;  
‘ She clasp’d my hand, and, leading to her seat,  
‘ Bade me, my various toils at large repeat :  
‘ I all in order told, as each occur’d,  
‘ And from her warning voice the future heard.

‘ Attend, she cried, these are accomplish’d all :  
‘ Hear what a god himself will deign recall.

- ‘ Thou wilt approach the Syrens, there to hear  
‘ The voice that fascinates the human ear.  
‘ Whoe’er imprudently approaching nigh  
‘ Lists unawares the syren melody,  
‘ Not his loved wife, or child’s endearing voice,  
‘ Shall e’er again at his return rejoice,  
‘ But ever bending o’er the syren lay  
‘ In their green mead his life dissolves away,  
‘ Where putrid men on bones unburied lie,  
‘ And their skin wastes beneath the unshelter’d sky.  
‘ But thou pass on, and on my word repose,  
‘ So thou with wax the ears of others close.  
‘ But if thou wilt, thrill o’er the enchanting sound,  
‘ If both thy hands and feet are firmly bound  
‘ Strait to the mast: there, link’d each guardian chain,  
‘ Securely list the fascinating strain.  
‘ But when thou bidst thy friends the links unbind  
‘ Then be each limb in closer gyves confined.  
‘ When thou hast pass’d this danger, I no more  
‘ Will mark thy course minutely as before;  
‘ But leave to thee the choice, when fully known  
‘ The perils of the two-fold ways foreshown.  
‘ Here rocks immensely tower, whose bulk around  
‘ The thundering billows of the deep resound;  
‘ The gods call these erratic. None on flight,  
‘ No bird can pass their intercepting height,

- ‘ No, not the doves that Jove’s ambrosia bring :  
‘ One, the smooth rock cuts off on stretch of wing,  
‘ Yet Jove renews the number. None, no sail  
‘ Has pass’d them borne before the prosperous gale,  
‘ But furious tempests and the flame-wing’d air  
‘ On, in one wreck, the ships and seamen bear.  
‘ One ship that left Ææta pass’d alone,  
‘ Yet there had split, against the mountains thrown,  
‘ The far-famed Argo, had not Juno’s aid  
‘ As there her Jason sail’d, the mountains staid.  
‘ Two rocks there tower, in heaven one darkly shrouds  
‘ His pointed peak amid a night of clouds  
‘ That ne’er disperse, tho’ jocund earth below  
‘ Beam with the summer or autumnal glow.  
‘ None can descend, none scale that slippery seat,  
‘ Tho’ arm’d with twenty hands and twenty feet,  
‘ For smooth the stone, and glass’d in every part,  
‘ And polish’d as a work of perfect art :  
‘ In midst, towards Erebus, a gloomy cave  
‘ Turns to the west, there cleave, forewarn’d, the wave.  
‘ Not, from the ship, a youth in all his might  
‘ Could reach that cavern with his arrowy flight.  
‘ There Scylla dwells, whose howl of horrid sound  
‘ Rings like the yelping of a new-born hound.  
‘ Tremendous fiend, whose unendurable sight  
‘ No, not a god could view without affright.

‘ Hers twelve strange feet, six necks of hideous length,  
‘ On every neck a head of matchless strength,  
‘ Teeth in each head, thick set, a triple row,  
‘ And from each jaw dark blood and death o’erflow.  
‘ Half hid within the cave the monster lies,  
‘ But, thrusting forth her heads, affronts the skies,  
‘ Peers round the rock, and, fishing, snaps her prey,  
‘ Dogs, dolphins, whales that heave the deep on way  
‘ Hugest of ocean.—Ne’er yet vessel flew  
‘ Thro’ that dire gulf with undiminish’d crew :  
‘ But grasp’d by that fell fiend, in every head,  
‘ In each a seaman on whose flesh she fed.  
‘ More low the other rock, yet near in sight,  
‘ And not more distant than an arrow’s flight.  
‘ There a vast fig-tree spreads, beneath whose gloom  
‘ Charybdis draws an ocean in her womb :  
‘ Disgorges, daily, thrice : thrice drains the deep :  
‘ Thou, when she drains it, on at distance sweep.  
‘ Not then, not Neptune’s self could guard and save  
‘ Thee and thy vessel from the absorbing grave.  
‘ By Scylla closely speed : Charybdis shun :  
‘ Less grief o’er six thus lost, than all at once, each one.

‘ Yet truly say, O Goddess ! I replied,  
‘ If from Charybdis I my vessel guide,

‘ May I not arm, and daringly repel  
 ‘ Ere Scylla seize my friends, that fiend of hell ?

‘ Rash man, she cried, toil yet, yet battle thine !  
 ‘ Wilt thou not combating the gods decline ?  
 ‘ No mortal this that feels an earthly blow :  
 ‘ A deathless, dire, unconquerable foe.  
 ‘ Not force, but flight prevails. If there thou stay,  
 ‘ And, arming, near the rock thy course delay,  
 ‘ I fear—a victim grasp’d by every head,  
 ‘ Thou too, with them art number’d with the dead.  
 ‘ Speed on, invoke Cratæis, on whose breast  
 ‘ Mother of Scylla, hung this human pest.  
 ‘ She shall allay her rage. Then, reach the strand  
 ‘ Where ocean flows round rich Trinacria’s land.  
 ‘ There the Sun’s sheep and beauteous bullocks feed,  
 ‘ Seven herds and flocks that graze the flowery mead,  
 ‘ Fifty in each : they neither breed nor die,  
 ‘ While pasturing nymphs their easy wants supply.  
 ‘ Here, Phaëthusa guards, Lampetia there,  
 ‘ Whom to the sun divine Neæra bare,  
 ‘ And, rearing up, to far Trinacria sent,  
 ‘ To guard their father’s herds alone intent :  
 ‘ If these thou leave uninjured, thou once more  
 ‘ Tho’ sorely toil’d, shalt reach thy native shore ;

‘ If injured—O beware! my words foreshow  
‘ Both to thy friends and ship destructive woe,  
‘ And, if thou haply ’scape, thou long shalt roam,  
‘ And late—thy friends all lost—regain thy home.

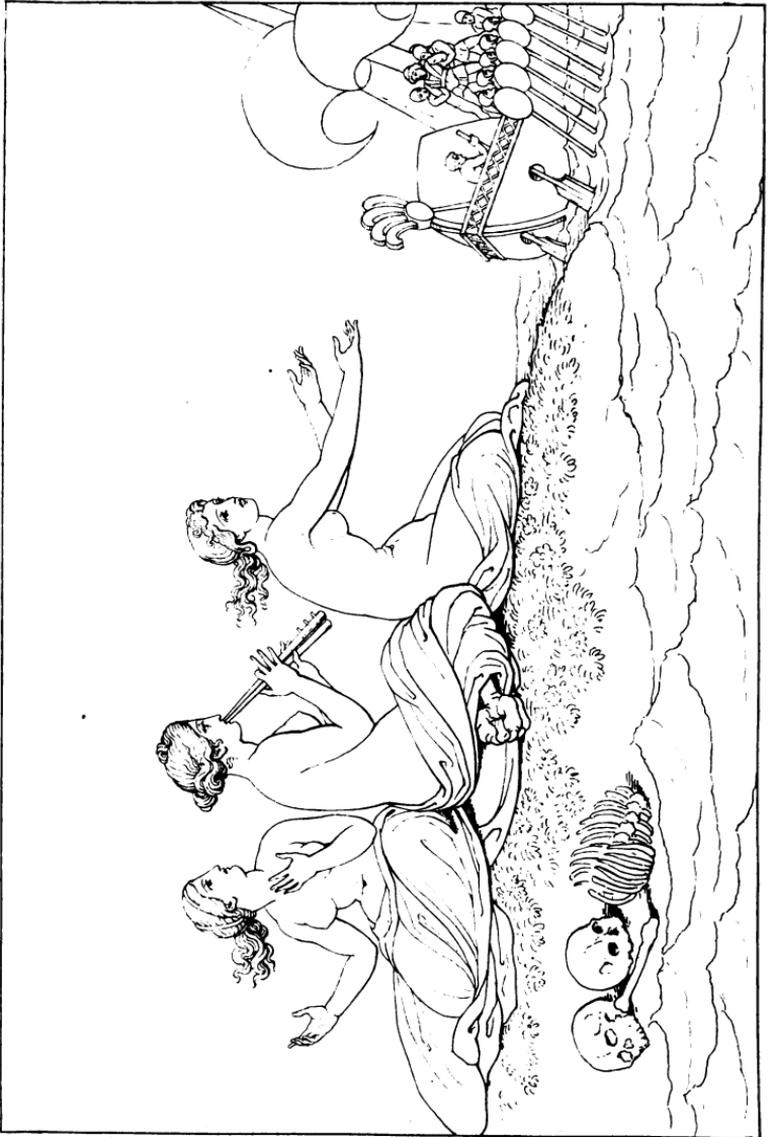
‘ She spake : morn golden-throned, her radiance cast :  
‘ Along the isle the Nymph celestial pass’d.  
‘ I to the vessel went, and urged my crew  
‘ To loose the cables, and our course renew.  
‘ They enter’d in, and with their oary sweep,  
‘ All on their banks in order lash’d the deep,  
‘ And as it swell’d the sail, sweet Circe’s lay  
‘ Sent the fair breeze, companion of our way,  
‘ And we, on stores arranged, in peace reclined,  
‘ Steer’d by the helmsman and consentient wind.

‘ Hear friends, I said, to one to all be told  
‘ The impending doom that Circe deign’d unfold,  
‘ That all, revolving what I now relate,  
‘ Whether we live or die, may know their fate.  
‘ Hers was the word that bids you all abstain  
‘ From the green mead that hears the syren strain :  
‘ I, I alone may catch the enchanting sound  
‘ To the firm mast in fetters closely bound,  
‘ And when I bid you loose them, straiten more,  
‘ And add new chains to those that clasp’d before.

‘ While to my friends I all at large explain’d,  
‘ The vessel closer on the island gain’d,  
‘ Urged by the breeze : but when in slumber laid  
‘ Beneath some god, the wind and water staid,  
‘ They furl’d the sails, and in the vessel stow’d,  
‘ And, whitening all the ocean, swiftly row’d.  
‘ Then I minutely cut the waxen store,  
‘ Chafed with my hands, and press’d it o’er and o’er,  
‘ And the wax warm’d beneath the moulding force,  
‘ And melted in the sun’s meridian course.  
‘ With this I closed their ears—but me they bound  
‘ Both hand and foot the mast’s strong base around :  
‘ And when not further distant than the ear  
‘ The utterance of a voice could plainly hear,  
‘ While the ship flew, the Syrens watch’d our way,  
‘ And thus breathed forth their fascinating lay :

‘ Ulysses, highly praised famed chiefs among,  
‘ Here moor thy ship, and list the Syren’s song,  
‘ None ere yet glided by this silent main  
‘ Unheard the breath of our melodious strain,  
‘ But charm’d, sail’d on with fresh instruction fraught,  
‘ And wisdom by the voice of Syrens taught.  
‘ For we, whate’er ennobled Phrygia’s shore,  
‘ All that the Argives wrought, and Trojans bore,

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THE SIRENS.

‘ All that the God ordain’d should there befall,  
‘ And all now done on earth, we know them all.

‘ They sung—my heart responded to the strain,  
‘ I woo’d my friends, and bade them loose the chain,  
‘ And added sign on sign : but more and more  
‘ Bow’d o’er the banks, they plied the ceaseless oar,  
‘ While Perimedes press’d with heavier hand,  
‘ And stern Eurylochus link’d band on band.  
‘ But when we pass’d the less’ning coast along,  
‘ Nor longer heard the voice and syren song,  
‘ They took the wax away that barr’d the sound,  
‘ And from my fetter’d limbs the chains unbound.  
‘ When we had left the isle, a cloud of smoke  
‘ Burst up, and ocean’s roar like thunder broke,  
‘ From their tired hands the oars thro’ terrour fell,  
‘ Loud and more loud the billows surging swell,  
‘ And the ship staid forgetful of its course,  
‘ Unaided by the oars’ propelling force :  
‘ Throughout the deck I pass’d, and one by one  
‘ Cheer’d the pale crew, by desperate fear undone.

‘ Not ignorant of ill, not worse this woe  
‘ Than when death aim’d the exterminating blow  
‘ In the dire Cyclops’ cave—yet thence we fled,  
‘ My valour, wisdom, saved you from the dead ;

‘ So shall delighted memory this recall,  
‘ If what I order, all obey me, all—  
‘ Now, bending o’er your banks, with bolder sweep  
‘ Ply your broad oars, and lash the raging deep,  
‘ So Jove may deign his aid : and thou, whose hand  
‘ Holds, steering on the ship, supreme command,  
‘ From the swoln waves, and smoke, now guide aright,  
‘ Yet on that rock fix thy unswerving sight,  
‘ Lest there the vessel drive, and unaware  
‘ Plunge us in depth of horreur and despair.

‘ I spoke, yet ne’er disclosed, ne’er told the rest,  
‘ Dire Scylla’s threat, the immedicable pest,  
‘ Lest they should drop their oars, and wild with dread,  
‘ Crowd underneath the deck for safety fled.  
‘ Then I forgot kind Circe’s strict command  
‘ Ne’er ’gainst the gods to raise a warring hand.  
‘ I clasp’d my arms, and in each hand a lance,  
‘ Tower’d on the prow in prominent advance,  
‘ For there, methought, before my watchful eyes,  
‘ The monster bearing death, would first arise.  
‘ In vain my wearied eye peer’d round and round,  
‘ No form came forth from that dark cave profound.  
‘ Sad ’mid that strait we steer’d : here, Scylla tower’d,  
‘ Charybdis there the ocean flood devour’d,

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S C Y I L A,

‘ And when she cast it forth, as girt with flame  
‘ The bubbling water shakes the caldron’s frame,  
‘ All roar’d confused, and from the billowy shock  
‘ Wing’d froth and foam fell thick on either rock.  
‘ But when she reabsorb’d the briny wave  
‘ All seem’d confused within the engulfing cave.  
‘ Horribly roar’d the rock; and sable sand  
‘ Appear’d below spread o’er a waveless land.  
‘ Dread fell on all, and every eye intent  
‘ On fierce Charybdis fear’d some dire event.  
‘ Scylla the while with fury unappeased  
‘ Six men at once, the best and bravest seized ;  
‘ And as I backward from the vessel gazed,  
‘ And saw their hands and feet in air upraised,  
‘ I heard their cry, as loud their last, last breath  
‘ Me, by my name invoked ere mute in death.  
‘ As when an angler on a rocky brow  
‘ Baits his long rod, and lures the fish below,  
‘ Sinks his horn’d line, and with its subtle play  
‘ Casts forth on land his palpitating prey,  
‘ Thus were they lifted to that craggy height,  
‘ A palpitating prey before my sight.  
‘ I saw them gorged at entrance of her cave,  
‘ Saw their hands stretch’d tow’rds me who could not  
    save :  
‘ Of all that cross’d me traversing the main,  
‘ This the severest woe, fate doom’d me to sustain.

‘ When we had fled the rocks, we shaped our way  
 ‘ To the bright island of the God of day :  
 ‘ There his white flocks the verdant pastures fed,  
 ‘ And broad-horn’d bullocks cropp’d their flowery bed.  
 ‘ I heard amid the murmurs of the deep  
 ‘ The bellowing of the bulls, and bleat of sheep ;  
 ‘ Then to awaken’d memory recurr’d  
 ‘ The warning from the Theban prophet heard,  
 ‘ And the Ææan Circe’s strict command  
 ‘ To pass unsearch’d the Sun’s forbidden land :

‘ Hear, I exclaim’d, my friends long-suffering, hear !  
 ‘ I speak the presage of the Theban seer,  
 ‘ And the Ææan Circe’s strict command  
 ‘ To pass unsearch’d the Sun’s forbidden land.  
 ‘ Friends, thus forewarn’d, avoid your bitterest doom,  
 ‘ Sail swiftly on, and fly the opening tomb.

‘ Their hearts, while thus I spake, within them died,  
 ‘ And sternly thus Eurylochus replied :

‘ Harsh man ! thou scorn’st fatigue, unknown to yield,  
 ‘ Stern as thy spirit, all thy limbs are steel’d.  
 ‘ Thou suffer’st not, by weariness oppress’d,  
 ‘ Thy friends on this fair isle awhile to rest,

‘ Where we at last, with toil and woe subdued,  
‘ May taste the solace of refreshing food,  
‘ But bidst us, wandering thro’ the night, again  
‘ Confront the dangers of the boundless main,  
‘ When fiercer rage the storms, and none can save  
‘ The vessel reeling on the mountain wave ;  
‘ When from the south and west, tho’ gods defend,  
‘ Tempestuous blasts the shipwreck’d vessel rend.  
‘ Now let us yielding to the night, prepare  
‘ Here, resting nigh the ship, our needful fare,  
‘ At morn, the broad sea brave.

All gave consent,

‘ Then, then I knew the demon’s fell intent,  
‘ And thus replied :

Ye all ’gainst one combined

‘ Force me reluctantly to change my mind :  
‘ But swear the solemn oath, if here you find  
‘ A herd of bulls, or flock of fleecy kind,  
‘ That none a sheep or bullock madly slay,  
‘ But with kind Circe’s stores your wants allay.

‘ All gave consent, and now when all obey’d,  
‘ And each had perfected the vow he made,

‘ They in the circling port the vessel moor’d,  
‘ And by a fount of living flow secured :  
‘ Then stepp’d on land, and skilfully prepared  
‘ The tempting feast that each in common shared.  
‘ And now when satiate thirst and hunger fail’d,  
‘ We the companions of our toil bewail’d,  
‘ By Scylla gorged, till wearied out with grief,  
‘ Soft soothing slumber gradual gave relief.  
‘ At the third night watch, when the stars wax’d pale,  
‘ Jove with the whirlwind’s fury arm’d the gale,  
‘ Veil’d earth and sea in clouds, and thickly hurl’d  
‘ Strange darkness o’er the universal world.  
‘ But when Aurora beam’d, and cheer’d our view,  
‘ We in a hollow cave our vessel drew,  
‘ Where wont the nymphs to dance or peaceful rest,  
‘ And there my warning voice the crew address’d :

‘ Friends, in our vessel food and wine remain :  
‘ Beware, and from the sun’s fair flocks abstain :  
‘ Touch not the dreadful God’s devoted steers,  
‘ The God of light who all discerns and hears.

‘ They yielded—but throughout a month, unchain’d  
‘ No other wind save east and southern reign’d.  
‘ While their food lasted, of the God afraid,  
‘ To violate his cattle none essay’d.

‘ But when provision fail’d, by famine forced,  
‘ They, wandering thro’ the isle; at random coursed,  
‘ Intent to catch all kinds that wing the air,  
‘ Or gorge on crooked hooks the baited snare ;  
‘ I from the rest seceded, lone to pray,  
‘ And woo some god to show my homeward way.  
‘ Then while in peace within a sheltering cove  
‘ I laved my hands, and call’d each god above,  
‘ They o’er my closing lids soft sleep diffused,  
‘ The while Eurylochus my trust abused :

‘ Hear, sufferers, hear ! all deaths mankind appal,  
‘ But death by famine far more dire than all.  
‘ Come then, be here the Sun’s choice bullocks driven,  
‘ And hail with sacrifice the powers of heaven :  
‘ And vow if gain’d our Ithaca once more,  
‘ We to the Sun upon our native shore  
‘ A glorious temple will sublimely rear,  
‘ And with rich gifts and hecatombs revere :  
‘ But if, in vengeance for his cattle slain,  
‘ He wreck the ship, nor him the gods restrain,  
‘ Far better plunge at once beneath the wave,  
‘ Than by slow famine make this isle our grave.

‘ He spake : and all his frantic counsel praised,  
‘ And seized the Sun’s choice bulls that peaceful grazed,

‘ For near their vessel and the sea-beat strand  
 ‘ The beauteous bullocks cropp’d the flowery land.  
 ‘ Round them they stood, and all the gods adored,  
 ‘ And all with supplicating voice implored :  
 ‘ And, as their barley fail’d, for offering broke  
 ‘ The tender branches of the sapling oak.

‘ Their prayers now o’er, the slaughter’d bulls now  
     flay’d,  
 ‘ The thighs they sever’d, and with fat o’erlaid  
 ‘ Doubling the caul, and o’er it duly spread  
 ‘ The red raw flesh that quiver’d as it bled,  
 ‘ And as the hallowing wine had wholly fail’d,  
 ‘ With water libating, the gods they hail’d.  
 ‘ The thighs now burnt, the entrails duly dress’d,  
 ‘ They on the spit in pieces laid the rest.  
 ‘ Then from my eyelid fell the charm of sleep,  
 ‘ And to the ship I pass’d and sounding deep :  
 ‘ Round me sweet fragrance gather’d as I came,  
 ‘ And the gods heard me groaning thus exclaim :

‘ Jove! and ye gods! from you this baleful sleep,  
 ‘ While dire their deeds o’er whose rash guilt I weep.

‘ Lampetia told the Sun how madly slain  
 ‘ Bý my rash crew the bulls that grazed his plain.



*Harmon del.*

*H. Moore sculp.*

LAMPIA COMPLAINING TO APOLLO.

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‘ Then to the gods the Sun indignant cried :  
‘ Jove, and ye powers, who here in heaven reside !  
‘ Now crush Ulysses’ friends, by whose fell deed  
‘ The stateliest of my steers, my choicest, bleed,  
‘ Whom gladly I beheld at dawn of light,  
‘ Or when from starry heaven I pass’d to night.  
‘ If vengeance crush not their devoted head  
‘ To Hades I descend, and light the dead.

‘ Shine, Sun ! Jove spake, on all of heavenly birth,  
‘ Shine on all mortals, and illumine earth !  
‘ Soon shall the flaming bolt of Jove descend,  
‘ And ’mid the deep yon ship in shivers rend.

‘ This from Calypso’s lip I clearly heard,  
‘ Such as the Goddess caught from Hermes’ word.

‘ I reach’d the ship, and all rebuked—in vain :  
‘ There the Sun’s chosen bulls lay freshly slain.  
‘ Then heaven-wrought prodigies our souls appall’d ;  
‘ The boneless skins before us crept and crawl’d,  
‘ And the flesh, raw and roasted, breathed a sound  
‘ Such as the low of oxen heard around.  
‘ Six days my comrades revell’d at the board  
‘ With the Sun’s chosen bullocks richly stored ;

‘ But when the seventh the world with light array’d,  
‘ Jove the fierce raging of the storm allay’d :  
‘ While launching forth the vessel ’mid the main  
‘ We fix’d the mast, and spread the sail again.

‘ When we had left the isle, nor saw around  
‘ Or earth or heaven, but sea without a bound,  
‘ Then o’er the ship Jove fix’d a gloomy cloud,  
‘ And veil’d the ocean in night’s starless shroud.  
‘ Not long the ship held on its steady course,  
‘ The west wind roaring with the whirlwind’s force :  
‘ Ere long the fury of the unceasing blast  
‘ Broke the strong ropes that firmly bound the mast :  
‘ Back fell the mast, and rattling as they roll’d  
‘ The cords and fractured cables fill’d the hold.  
‘ In its prone fall the mast with ponderous stroke  
‘ The steersman’s shatter’d skull and temples broke,  
‘ And like a diver, from the lofty deck  
‘ He headlong plunged, and lifeless left the wreck.  
‘ Jove, peal on peal, his bolts of thunder hurl’d,  
‘ And when the lightning struck, the vessel whirl’d.  
‘ The fuming ship with flames sulphureous flash’d,  
‘ The crew, from off the vessel, downward dash’d,  
‘ Like sea-mews, toss’d on the tempestuous wave  
‘ That deep beneath them oped their watery grave.

‘ On lone I paced, till the resistless tides  
‘ Drove from the sever’d keel the parted sides :  
‘ There the mast broke in twain, but coil’d around  
‘ The broken part a leathern brace was bound :  
‘ With that I closely join’d the keel and mast,  
‘ And on them seated rode before the blast.  
‘ Then the fierce west wind fell, the southern rose,  
‘ And rack’d my bosom with unwonted woes,  
‘ Lest thro’ the night remeasuring my way,  
‘ I should Charybdis reach at dawn of day.  
‘ So wore the night, and when the dawn appear’d,  
‘ Charybdis, here, her rock, there Scylla rear’d.  
‘ That time she gorged the deep, while upward flung  
‘ I on the aerial fig tree closely clung,  
‘ Clung like a bat : yet ne’er fit station found  
‘ Or to ascend, or fix my foot on ground :  
‘ Far off the roots, and large and lofty spread  
‘ The boughs that o’er Charybdis darkness shed.  
‘ I closely clung, till the swoln wave upcast,  
‘ Gave to my longing eye the keel and mast.  
‘ What time a judge, from many a cause released,  
‘ Comes from the forum to his evening feast,  
‘ That time emerging from the reflux flood  
‘ Again beneath me rose the floating wood :  
‘ I loosed my hands and feet and downward fell  
‘ Where the wood floated on the ocean swell :

‘ And ever as the billow onward flow’d,  
‘ There seated, with each arm unwearied row’d.  
‘ Jove veil’d keen Scylla’s eye in darkest night,  
‘ Or I had ne’er with life escaped her sight.  
‘ Nine days thus borne I toil’d, the tenth, a god  
‘ Gave me to reach Calypso’s lone abode,  
‘ The Ogygian isle, where in her secret grove  
‘ The Goddess lured me with her song of love.  
‘ But why to thee, and to thy queen unfold  
‘ The events that yesterday minutely told :  
‘ That tale, so told, ’twere needless to relate,  
‘ And would, repeated, but disgust create.’

END OF VOL. I.

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