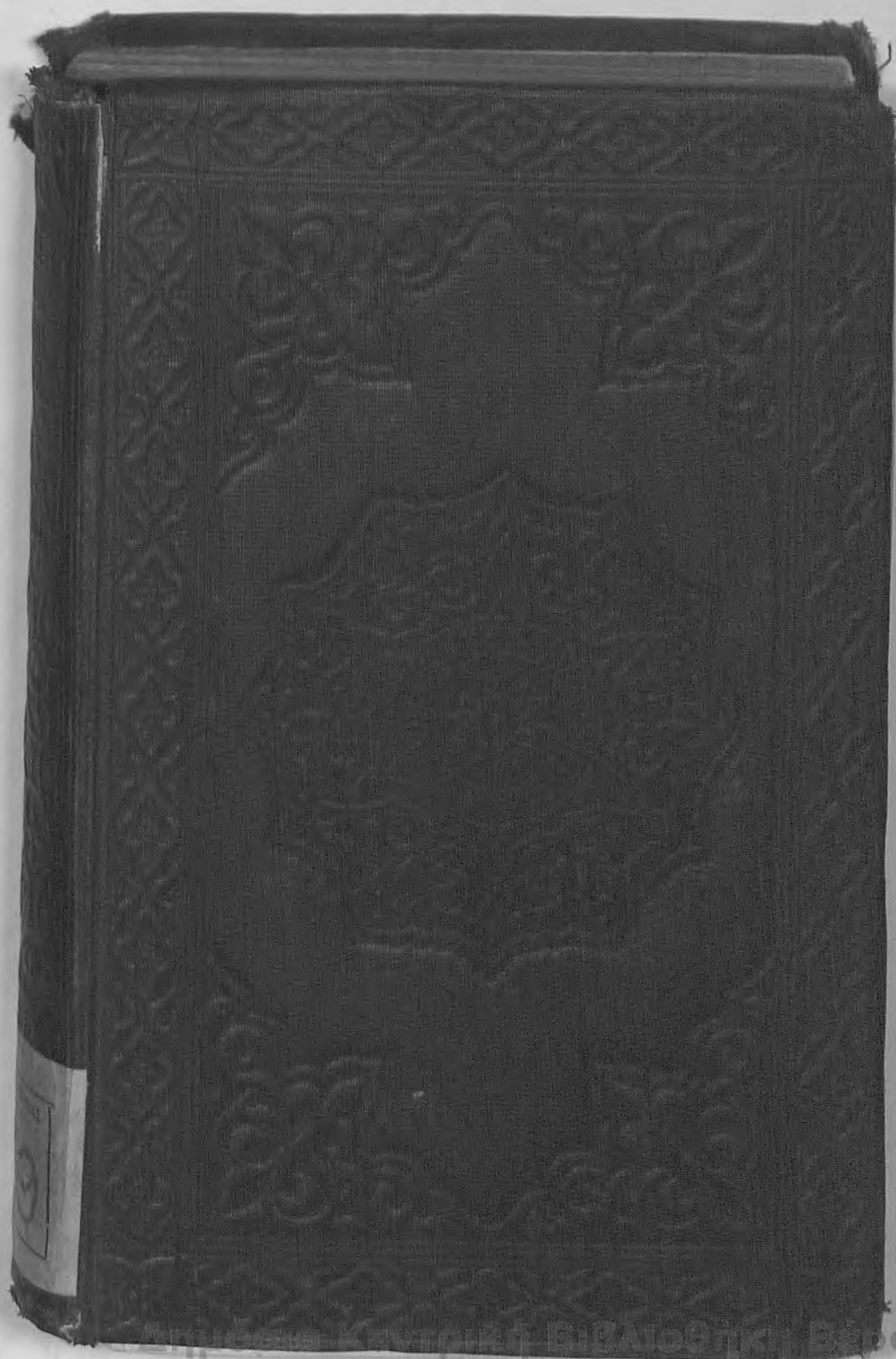




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Had the limits of the volume permitted, a more critical investigation of the various readings and conjectures of scholars would have been given; but the editor trusts that what has been done will be found sufficient for the wants of the student.

The frequent quotations from the brilliant paraphrases of Chapman, Congreve, and Shelley, cannot, he thinks, fail to prove interesting to the general reader.

For the translation of the Pseudo-Herodotean *Life of Homer*, the reader is indebted to the industry of Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq. It is the earliest memoir of the supposed author of the *Iliad* we possess, and, as such, merits translation. /

T. A. B.



THE  
LIFE OF HOMER.

ATTRIBUTED TO HERODOTUS OF HALICARNASSUS.

TRANSLATED

BY KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame though not in life."

King Richard III. iii. 1.

"Certè similis nemo Homeri."

Cicero, De Divin. li. 47.

THE  
LIFE OF HOMER,  
ATTRIBUTED TO HERODOTUS.

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HERODOTUS of Halicarnassus,<sup>1</sup> in the pursuit of truth, writes this history of the birth and life of Homer.

I. When, many years ago, the city of Cumæ in Æolia was built, there flocked to it many persons of the various nations of Greece, and, among them, were some from Magnesia.<sup>2</sup> One of these was Menapolus, the son of Ithagenes, the son of Crito. This man, far from possessing riches, had scarcely the means of subsistence. When settled in Cumæ, he married the daughter of Omyretis. By this marriage, he had one child, a girl, whom he called Critheïs. The husband and wife both

<sup>1</sup> Some editions of the History bore, as we find from Aristotle, (*Rhetoric* ii. 9, § 1,) the following variation from our usual superscription or preface: "This is the exposition of the historical researches of Herodotus of *Thurium*," &c. It is to be presumed that the edition which Aristotle mentioned was one of those revised after his retiring to that town from Halicarnassus, (now called Budrun,) in the fortieth year of his age, B. C. 444. Thurium was built near the ruins of Sybaris, in Lucania, by some Athenians. Some say, that the banished Thucydides, (afterwards recalled,) and Lysias, son of Cephalus, the celebrated orator, accompanied Herodotus, (*Strabo* vi.; *Plin.* xii. 4; *Mela* ii. 4,) but this is doubtful.

<sup>2</sup> The present Mansa.

died, leaving this child very young. The father, before his death, appointed Cleanax of Argos, one of his most intimate friends, her guardian.

II. In the course of time, by a secret intrigue, Critheis found herself with child. This was for some time concealed; but Cleanax, having discovered it, was much afflicted by the occurrence, and privately reproached her with her fault, laying before her the dishonour she had brought upon herself. To repair the evil as much as possible, was now the subject of his thoughts. The inhabitants of Cumæ were at this time building a town in the basin of the Hermæan Gulf.<sup>3</sup> Theseus<sup>4</sup> wishing to render the name of his wife immortal, called it Smyrna. He was a Thessalian, and of one of the most illustrious families in that country. His father was Ennelus, son of Admetus,<sup>5</sup> from whom he inherited a considerable

<sup>3</sup> The present gulf of Smyrna; the river on which that place is situated, then called Meles, now Sarabat or Kedous. Some of the ancients suppose that Homer composed his poems in a cave near the sources of this river, and thence called his compositions *Meleæa chartæ*. Strabo xii.; Stat. ii.; Sylv. vii. 34; Tibull. iv. el. i. 201; Paus. vii. 5. Smyrna was built by the Cumæans, B. C. 1015. Eratosthenes. Some say that Smyrnâ was the name of an Amazon: according to our author, it was named after the wife of Theseus, of whom mention will presently be made. Alyattes expelled the Cimmerians from Smyrna. Herodotus i. 16. Alexander, or, as Strabo affirms, Lysimachus, rebuilt the town, which had remained ruinous and desolate for four hundred years, i. e. from the time of Alyattes. Marcus Aurelius repaired the damage done to it by an earthquake, n. c. 180. The Smyrnæans had a building, and a brass coin, called *Homerium*. Strabo xii. and xiv.; Ital. viii. 565; Paus. v. § 8; Mela i. 17; Herod. i. 55; v. 101; D'Anville's *Géographie abrégée*, tom. ii. p. 8.

<sup>4</sup> Tacitus (*Annal.* iv. 56) confounds this Theseus with the early mythical king of Attica. The commentators on Tacitus have passed over this life in silence. In the Anthology there is an inscription for a statue of Peisistratus, which seems to attribute the building of Smyrna to the Athenians.

<sup>5</sup> The following is the genealogy of Theseus, omitting the mystical period, and commencing at the mythical age:—

property.<sup>6</sup> Cleanax conducted Critheïs secretly to that town, and committed her to the charge of Ismenias of Bœotia, a friend of his, on whom the lot had fallen to go to that colony.

III. Critheïs, being near her confinement, resorted to a festival held on the bank of the river Meles, in company with other women; while there, the pains of childbirth came upon her, and she brought forth Homer, who, far from being blind, had excellent eyes. She named him Melesigenes, having been born by the river Meles. Critheïs remained some time with Ismenias, but afterwards left him, supporting herself and son by the work of her hands,<sup>7</sup> and upon the proceeds of the charity of her fellow-citizens, educating the boy as she could.

IV. There lived at Smyrna, at this time, a man named Phemius, a teacher of literature and music;<sup>8</sup> who not be-

Iapetus, m. Asia or Clymene. (Hes. Theog.)

Prometheus.

Deucalion, m. Pyrrha. (B. c. 1503.)

Hellen, m. Orseïs (king of Phthiotis, circ. B. c. 1495).

Æolus (emig. to Asia Minor, B. c. 1124).

Cretheus m. Tyro. (Apollod. i. 7.)

Pheres, m. Clymene (built Phæræ in Thessaly).

Admetus, m. Alcestitis. (Eurip. in Alcestitis.)

Eumelus (went to Troy with eleven ships). *Il.* β. v. 764.

Theseus (B. c. 1030.)

<sup>6</sup> Eumelus, being the son of a king, must have had both power and riches. Aristides (*Monodiâ de Smyrnâ*) mentions Theseus as one of the founders of the city, but without further notice. But see Herodotus, (i. 16,) who says that Smyrna was founded from Colophon.

<sup>7</sup> It is supposed by Eustathius (Comment. ad *Il.* xii. page 913) that Homer commemorated the honest endeavours of his mother to support herself and son, in the following lines: "As a just and industrious woman, holds the scale, and weighs the wool by which she lives; she is attentive to equalize the balances, so that she may afford her children a poor subsistence, the price of fatiguing labour." *Il.* xii. 433—435.

<sup>8</sup> Music was the general term under which the ancients comprehended

ing married, engaged Critheïs to manage his household, and spin the flax he received as the price of his scholastic labours. She acquitted herself of the task so satisfactorily, and conducted herself so modestly, that she won his esteem. He proposed to marry her, and, as an inducement to it, promised to adopt her son, intimating that the boy, carefully educated and instructed, would become a clever man; for he perceived in him a thoughtful and studious disposition. Critheïs, moved by these solicitations, consented to become his wife.

V. Care and an excellent education seconding the happy talents with which nature had endowed him, Melesigenes soon surpassed his schoolfellows in every attainment, and when older, he became as wise as his instructor. Phemius died,<sup>9</sup> leaving him heir to his property; his mother did not long survive her husband. Melesigenes, now his own master, taught in the school of Phemius, where every one applauded him. He excited the admiration, not only of the inhabitants of Smyrna, but also of the numerous strangers who resorted to that port on account of the trade carried on there, particularly in the exportation of corn, much of which came from the environs of the town. These, when their business was finished, frequented his school in great numbers.

VI. Among these strangers, was one whose name was Mentès. He had come from the island of Leucadia<sup>10</sup> to buy corn; the vessel in which he had arrived was his own; he also was a lettered man, and well educated for those times.

the knowledge of philosophy, logic, literature, harmonics, and in fact all that concerns mental culture. Gymnastics was its parallel, as the art of beautifying and strengthening the body. Aristophanes several times calls the art of dramatic writing, Music. Conf. Sch. Aristoph. Equites 188. Plato Repub. ii. 17.

<sup>9</sup> Homer, in gratitude to his preceptor, has celebrated his praise in the *Odyssey*, i. 154, 155, 325, &c.; xvii. 261; and xxii. 330—356.

<sup>10</sup> Now called *Santa Maura*, one of the Ionian Isles, on the coast of Epirus.



This man persuaded Melesigenes to close his school, and accompany him on his travels. He promised to defray all the expenses, and give him a certain stipend, telling him that, while he was young, it was imperative on him to see with his own eyes the countries and cities of which he might thereafter have occasion to speak. These reasonings prevailed, I think, the more easily, as he had some idea, at that time, of devoting himself to the study of poetry, [which would be facilitated by travel, as his innate prejudices would thereby be stifled.] He quitted his school, and embarking with Mentès, examined all the curiosities of the countries which they visited, and informed himself of every thing by interrogating every one he met. We may also suppose, that he recorded in writing all the information he thought worthy of preservation.

VII. After having traveled in Tyrrhenia and Iberia,<sup>11</sup> they arrived at the island of Ithaca. Melesigenes, who had already suffered pains in his eyes, now became much worse. Mentès, obliged to go to Leucadia, his native country, on business, left him at Ithaca in the care of a particular friend of his, called Mentor, the son of Alcimus. He promised Melesigenes to return to him, that they might continue their voyages. Mentor's assistance was given to Melesigenes most zealously. He was rich, and was reputed a just and hospitable man. It was here, and during this period, that Melesigenes acquired a knowledge of all the legends respecting Odysseus. The inhabitants of Ithaca assert "that Melesigenes became blind in their island." I myself incline to the opinion, that he was cured of his disease, or that it was alleviated, and that afterwards, when at Colophon, he permanently lost his sight. And so think the Colophonians.

VIII. Mentès, having sailed from Leucadia, arrived at Ithaca. Finding Melesigenes cured, he took him on board,

<sup>11</sup> Wesseling throws a doubt on the probability of these voyages, supporting his assertions by a reference to Herodotus, (i. 163; viii. 132,) which is refuted by Larcher in his note on the passage.

and proceeded from place to place with him, coming at length to Colophon. It was there that Melesigenes was again attacked by the disease, which, raging more malevolently, left him totally blind. This misfortune determined him to depart from Colophon, and to return to Smyrna, where he studied the art of poetry and harmonics with much attention.

IX. After some time, the bad state of his affairs induced him to go to Cumæ. Setting out, he travelled over the Hermaean plain, and arrived at Neon-teichos,<sup>12</sup> a colony of Cumæ. It is related, that being at that city near an armourer's<sup>13</sup> workshop, he recited these, his first verses:

"O ye, citizens of the amiable daughter of Cumæ,<sup>14</sup> who cover the feet of Mount Sædena with your habitations, whose summit is shaded by refreshing woods, and whence flow the waters of divine Hermus, create of Zeus, respect the misfortunes of a stranger, who possesses no refuge for shelter."

<sup>12</sup> See Herod. i. 149.

<sup>13</sup> Literally, "*a currier's yard*," but Larcher has been followed in the translation of the phrase, as the terms are almost synonymous, for the arms of the Greeks of that period were made of ox-hides, stretched on a metal frame, and faced with the same material. Thus, in ancient times the trades were exercised simultaneously. See the description of the shield of Ajax, (Il. vii. 219,) and Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities.

<sup>14</sup> See Isaiah xxiii. 12. Paulinus, bishop of Nola, also says, in speaking of Massilia, the present Marseilles, founded by the Phœceans, (Thucyd. i. 13. Herod. i. 166,) "*Massilia Granum filia*." It serves to heighten the poetic effect of the verses. These verses are to be found in the Aldine and Florentine editions. The text of the third verse is corrupt, it runs, "*ναίετ' ἐς ἄδην, ἣς πόδα*." Bernard Martin proposes the following emendation, "*ναίετ' Σαίδην ἣς πόδα*." Stephen of Byzantium (Ἑθνικά, edit. Westermann, Lips. 1839, 8vo) mentions Mount Sædena, which makes the reading more probable. Sædena may be a corruption of Sardena mentioned by older authors, therefore to restore Sardena, as Larcher does, would be to destroy a proof of the late origin of the Life. This is a fact worthy of notice in dating the composition of this treatise. Stephen of Byzantium lived under the reign of Justinian II., therefore this treatise must have been written some where about the same time.

For the river Hermus flows near Neon-teichos, and Mount Sædena overlooks both. The name of the armourer was Tychius. These verses gave him such pleasure that he invited Melesigenes to his house. Full of commiseration for a blind man reduced to beggary, he promised to share all that he had with him. Melesigenes having entered, seated himself, and in the presence of several of the citizens, manifested his capabilities, by singing the exploits of Amphiaraiis against Thebes,<sup>15</sup> and the Hymns to the gods.<sup>16</sup> Each gave his opinion, and Melesigenes having drawn a just conclusion from their criticisms, his hearers were struck with admiration.

X. Whilst at Neon-teichos, his poems furnished him with the means of subsistence. The place he customarily occupied during the recitation of his verses is still shown. It is held in great estimation even now, and is shaded by a poplar which was planted about the time of his arrival.<sup>17</sup>

XI. But at length, compelled by necessity, and finding scarcely sufficient to keep him alive, he determined to proceed to Cumæ, to see if he could meet with better fortune there. When ready to depart, he recited these verses :

"May my limbs support me to that honourable town, whose inhabitants possess no less prudence than sagacity."

Having departed for Cumæ, he went by way of Larissa,<sup>18</sup>

<sup>15</sup> This was probably the poem known by the title of the Thebais, attributed by Callinus (a. c. 700) to Homer. Paus. ix. 9; Welck. Ep. Cycl. p. 298. It consisted of 700 lines. On which see Mure, Greek Literature, vol. ii. 267—276; Leutsch, Theb. Cycl. Relic.; Ritschl Dic. Alex. Bibl. p. 101. Conf. Livy, xxxvii. 19. Düntzer (Epic. Græc. Fragm.) has collected all the fragments of the Cyclic poems. His work is well worthy of reference.

<sup>16</sup> On the Hymns, see Mure, vol. ii. 317—337, and Voss's German translation of the hymn to Dêmêtêr, Heidelb., 1826.

<sup>17</sup> Should we not read "*my* arrival?" Poplars can hardly live so long.

<sup>18</sup> According to Xenophon, (Cyropæd. vii. 1,) this city was afterwards given by Cyrus to some Egyptians in recompence for their bravery in the Assyrian war, and was still in the possession of their descendants at the time of that author

considering that road the most convenient. It was there, as the Cumæans say, that he composed the epitaph of Gordius, king of Phrygia, at the request of the father and mother of the wife of that prince. It is engraven on the pillar of the monument of Gordius, where it may yet be seen.

"I am a maiden sculptured in bronze. Placed on the monument of Midas, as long as water may be seen to flow in the plains, and the trees to flower in spring; as long as the rising sun makes men to rejoice, and the moon, by the brilliancy of her light, dissipates the darkness of the night; as long as the rivers flow rapidly along between their banks, and the ocean covers the shore with its waves, I shall be continually seen reposing on this sad tomb, announcing to the passengers that Midas lies here interred."<sup>19</sup>

XII. When Melesigenes arrived at Cumæ, he frequented the assemblies of the elders, and there recited his verses. Admiring their beautiful structure, they fell into an ecstasy of delight. Joyful at the reception his poems had prepared for him among the Cumæans, and at the pleasure with which they had heard him, he one day proposed to them, that if the state would maintain him, he would make the city of Cumæ very celebrated. His hearers approved of the proposition, and engaged him to present himself before the council, where they would support him with all their interest. Melesigenes, encouraged by their approbation, presented himself at the House of Assembly on an audience day, and addressing the person who had the office of presenting those who had any request to prefer, he begged to be allowed to enter. This officer did not neglect to present him the first opportunity that offered. Melesigenes, as soon as that ceremony was over, addressed the assembly regarding the proposition he had formerly made. His speech ended, he retired, in order that

<sup>19</sup> Conf. Plat. Phædrus, § 106; Diog. Laert. i. 89. Simonides there attributes them to Cleobulus of Lindus, and with much apparent probability.

the representatives might deliberate on the answer necessary to give him.

XIII. He that presented him, and all those representatives belonging to the Elders' Assembly, where he had recited, voted for him. It is said that one only opposed the measure, giving for his reasons, "that if they thought to feed *homers*,<sup>20</sup> they would find themselves encumbered with useless folks." From this time the name of Homer, bestowed thus opprobriously on Melesigenes in consequence of his misfortune, was most generally used in speaking of him; for the Cumæans, in their dialect, called blind persons *homers*. Strangers always used this name in discoursing of the poet.

XIV. The Archon concluded with saying, "that it was impolitic to maintain the blind man." This caused the majority of the representatives to vote against the measure, the second time, and thus the Archon obtained more votes than opposers. The presenting officer communicated with Melesigenes on the subject, informing him of the progress of the debate, and of the decree. Deploring his ill fortune, he recited these verses: "To what sad fate has father Zeus destined me? I, who have been carefully educated at the feet of a beloved mother during the time that the people of Phriconis,<sup>21</sup> skilful in taming horses, and breathing only war, raised the Æolian city, honourable Smyrna,<sup>22</sup> on the

<sup>20</sup> See Wakefield, Ep. to Fox, and Coleridge, sub init. Blomfield (Mus. Crit.) in reviewing Wakefield condemns the whole notion, and with reason. On the name signifying *collector* or *arranger*, see Welcker in *Der Epische Cyclus*, p. 127, and Wilson's Syst. of Hindu Mythology, Intro. p. lxii. For the various etymologies, Bode's Gesch. der Hellen. Dichtkst., vol. i. p. 55, n. 259, n.

<sup>21</sup> Larcher translates this "the people of Phricium." Phricium was a town and mountain near Thermopylæ. A colony from thence built Cumæ. Hence Cumæ is occasionally called Phriconis. See § xxxviii., and Herod. i. 149.

<sup>22</sup> Smyrna, as we have seen, (δ ii.) was built by the Cumæans. See note 6, p. ix.

borders of the ocean, by the behest of Zeus, that city traversed by the sacred waters of Meles. The illustrious daughters of Zeus, on their departure from these places, wished to immortalize this sacred town<sup>23</sup> by my verses; but, deaf to my voice, the brutish herd disdained my harmonious lays.<sup>24</sup> No, it shall not continue so! whoever in blind folly heaped insults on my head, shall not escape unscathed. I will courageously endure the ills dealt out to me by the Deity. 'Tis over, I will no longer rest in Cumæ. My feet burn to depart hence, and my panting heart urges me to seek a foreign clime, and there to dwell, however insignificant the place may be."

XV. On leaving Cumæ for Phocæa he pronounced a malediction against the Cumæans, to the following effect: "that there never might be born in Cumæ a poet, who could render it celebrated, and give it glory." Arrived at Phocæa, he supported himself as he had done at Cumæ and elsewhere, assiduously frequenting the places of assembly, at which he recited his verses. There was, at that time, an unprincipled man named Thestorides at Phocæa, a teacher of the rudiments of literature. Having observed the talents of Homer, he offered to shelter and take care of him, if, as a recompence, Homer would permit him to take down his verses in writing, and if he would do the same with those he might hereafter compose. Homer, being poor and destitute, accepted his offer.

<sup>23</sup> The poet refers again to Cumæ.

<sup>24</sup> The old reading (and the reading of the Harleian MS., No. 5600) is as follows:

Οἱ δ' ἀπαντράσθην ἱερὴν ὄπα, φημὶ ἀοιδῶν,  
Ἀφραδίην τῶν μὲν τε παθίων τίς φράσσειται ἀσθίη  
Ὅς σφιν . . . . κ. τ. λ.

The present translator has followed the emendation of Larcher, who suppresses the point after ἀοιδῶν and places it after ἀφραδίην, which is changed into ἀφραδίη; causing ἀφραδίη to relate to οἱ δ' ἀπαντράσθην. See Larcher's note.

XVI. During his residence in Phocæa, at the house of Thestorides, he composed the Little Iliad,<sup>25</sup> of which the two first verses are as follows:

"I sing of Ilium and Dardania, abounding in excellent horses,<sup>26</sup> and the ills the Greeks, servants of Mars, endured in their plains."

He next composed the Phocæid,<sup>27</sup> as the Phocæans say.

<sup>25</sup> The Little Iliad ('Ιλιάς μικρά) is generally considered to be the composition of Lesches or Lescheos, who flourished about the eighteenth Olympiad. This poem, and the Æthiopis of Arctinus, a more ancient writer, who lived in the beginning of the Olympiads, treated of the same subject, and so gave rise to an absurd anachronism, concerning a contest between the two poets. It has been (like all the cyclic poems) variously ascribed to Homer himself, to Thestorides of Phocæa (§ xvi.), Cinnethon of Lacedæmon, and Diodorus of Erythræ. The poem was divided into four books, according to Proclus, who preserves an extract. It narrated the fate of Ajax, the exploits of Odysseus, Neoptolemus, and Philoctetes, and the final capture and sacking of Troy, (Arist. Poet. xiii.) which part of the poem received the name of the Destruction of Troy ('Ιλίου περίεργον). The poem possessing no unity excepting historical and chronological succession, Aristotle (loc. cit.) justly observes that eight tragedies might be made from it, while only one can be composed from the Iliad or Odyssey. Conf. Müller's History of Greek Literature, vi. § 3; Welcker, *Der Epische Cycl*, pp. 132, 251, 272, 358, 368; Suidas, s. v. "Ὀμηρος; Clemens Alex. i. p. 381; Saumaise, *In exercitationibus Plinianis*, p. 847, et seq.; Mure, *Greek Literature*, vol. ii. 284, 285.

<sup>26</sup> Homer, in the Iliad, frequently calls the plains of Troy "rich in horses." There is some resemblance in Sophocles, (Œdip. Col. v. 669,) where the Chorus tells Œdipus that he had come to the land "renowned for the steed," speaking of Colonus.

<sup>27</sup> Of this poem nothing is known. It was probably a history of the founding and progress of the town of Phocæa, now called Phokia. Fabricius conjectures that we should read Phæcid, instead of Phocæid. See Ovid, *Epist.* iv. ep. 12, l. 27.

"Dignam Mœoniis Phæacida condere chartis  
Cum te Pierides perdocuere tuæ."

But see Cardinal Quirini (*De primordiis Coreyræ*, p. 19 et 20); Mure, vol. ii. 369, sqq; Welck. *Ep. Cycl.* p. 248.



When Thestorides had written down that poem, and the rest he had received from Homer, he neglected him, and determining to appropriate them to himself, left Phocæa, Homer thus addressed him :

"Thestorides, of the many things hidden from man, the most obscure is the human heart." Thestorides, having sailed from Phocæa, retired to Chios, where he established a school of literature, and by his having recited Homer's verses, which he did, attributing them to himself, he obtained great praise and much money. As to Homer, he continued in the same way of life as heretofore, being supported by his verses.

XVII. Shortly afterwards some merchants of Chios, having come to Phocæa, went to the assemblies where Homer recited. Surprised to hear those verses recited that they had so often applauded when spoken by Thestorides, they informed Homer that there was at Chios a teacher of literature, who was much esteemed for the recitation of the same poems. Homer, perceiving who it was, prepared for a journey to Chios. Having gone down to the port, he found no ship that was going to that island, but met with one about to sail for Erythræ,<sup>20</sup> to fetch timber. As that town seemed to be convenient for passing over into Chios, he accosted the seamen courteously, entreating them to allow him to accompany them, and, as an inducement, promised to recite some of his verses to them. They agreed to this, and on his having entered the vessel, and seated himself, after extolling their hospitality, he addressed these verses to them :

"Give ear to my prayer, powerful Poseidon, who reigneth over the vast plains of Helicon;<sup>21</sup> send us a favourable breeze, and allow a joyful return to these mariners, fellows in the

<sup>20</sup> A town of Ionia, opposite Chios, now called Ritæ. It was built by Neleus, son of Codrus. See Paus. x. 12; Livy, xxxviii. 39; xlv. 28.

<sup>21</sup> The text (Harl. MSS. No. 5600) is as follows: 'Εὐρυχόρου μεδίων ἥδ' ἑλικοῦ Ἰλίου πόντος. See Larcher's note. Why Helicia, as with him, I am at a loss to conjecture

voyage, and to the master of the vessel. May I arrive safely at the foot of frowning Mimas, and meet with just and worthy men! May I also avenge myself on the man, who, by deceit, has irritated Zeus, the hospitable god, against him; who, admitting me to his table, afterwards violated the sacred duties of the host in my person."

XVIII. Arrived at Erythræ, with favourable winds, Homer remained for the rest of the day on board the vessel, but, next morning, begged the sailors to allow some one of them to conduct him to the town. They granted his request. He departed, and having come to Erythræ, which is situated in a naked and rocky country, recited the following verses:

"Holy Mother Gaia, who dispensest thy riches to mankind, prodigal in goodness to those whom thou favourest; to those who offend thee thou apportionest only a rocky and sterile soil."

On his arrival he made inquiries concerning the navigation to Chios. A person who had known Homer in Phocæa, remembering him with regard, approached and embraced him. Homer begged his aid, which he readily gave.

XIX. Not finding any ship<sup>30</sup> in the harbour, they went to that part of the strand whence the fishermen usually put off, where they found one about to sail for Chios. The conductor of Homer entreated them to take him across with them; but, deaf to his prayers, they continued their preparations for departure. Homer, on this occurrence, made the following verses:

"Mariners, who traverse the seas, continually exposed to the hard vicissitudes of fortune, and who, to regale the more luxurious, seek a hardly-earned subsistence on the waves, honour Zeus, the god of hospitality, who reigns over us. His wrath is dreadful; beware lest it burst on your heads, should you offend him."

<sup>30</sup> Πλοῖον must be understood with ἀποστολον. Conf. Ὁ μὲν δὲ ἀπόστολος ἐς τὴν Μίλητον ἦν, . . . κ. τ. λ. Herod. i. 21. See Larcher's note on the passage quoted.

The fishermen, all being ready, at length departed, but being driven about by adverse winds, were forced to return. They found Homer still seated on the strand. Hearing the noise of their return, he addressed them thus: "The winds are contrary; receive me on board, and they will change." The fishermen, regretting their inhospitality, promised not to desert him, if he would come on board.

XX. He enters the vessel, they leave the shore, and now they approach the opposite coast. They begin to fish. Homer passed the night on the sea-shore, but, at the dawn of day, he departed. Wandering about, he came to a hamlet called Pithys,<sup>31</sup> where he lay down to rest. During his sleep, the fruit of a pine-tree fell on him. Some call this fruit by the name of *strobilus*, others call them pine-cones.<sup>32</sup> The following verses were made by Homer on this occasion:

"On the summit of Mount Ida there are pine-trees continually agitated by the winds, whose fruit is more agreeable than that of these. From the bosom of that mountain, iron shall come, sacred to the god of battles, when it shall be occupied by the Cebrenians."

For about this time the Cumæans were building Cebrene, on the heights of Mount Ida, near the place where the iron-mines are.

XXI. Homer, having set out from Pithys, went towards a troop of goats, being attracted by their cries. The dogs,

<sup>31</sup> Pithys signifies a cone. The island was probably very woody, as Salamis, celebrated for its woods, bore that name in very ancient times.

<sup>32</sup> Galen (*De Alimentorum facultate*, tom. iv. p. 325) says, "The cone, or fruit of the pine, gives a juice of good quality, thick, and nourishing, but not easy of digestion. The Greeks of the present time do not call them *cones*, but *strobili*." The occurrence of the word *strobilus* upsets, in Wesseling's opinion, the probability of this having been a work of so early an age as Herodotus. May not, as Larcher plausibly conjectures, a word have been drawn into the text, through the ignorance of copyists, which had originally been placed in the margin as explanatory. See his note.

seeing him approach, began to bark at and annoy him. Glaucus, for that was the name of the shepherd, hearing his cries, ran hastily, calling his dogs back, and menacing them.<sup>33</sup> This man, surprised to see a blind person alone, and not knowing how he came there, was rendered speechless from astonishment. Having accosted him, he asked him how he came to an uninhabited place, where there were no paths, or who had guided him thither. Homer related his misfortunes to him. Glaucus had a tender heart, and was touched by the narration. He guided Homer to his own house, lighted a fire, prepared a repast, and setting it before him, pressed him to eat.

XXII. The dogs, instead of eating, continued to bark at Homer, as dogs usually do at strangers. Homer, observing it, recited these verses :

" Glaucus, keeper of these flocks,<sup>34</sup> understand thoroughly what I shall say. Give your dogs their food in the porch. This advice is good. They will then hear the steps of men or beasts going towards your enclosures more easily."

Glaucus, finding the advice good on trial, praised the giver of it more than ever. When they had eaten, animated conversation followed. Homer narrated his adventures in the various countries and cities he had seen. Glaucus was delighted, but as it was time to sleep, they went to rest.

XXIII. The following morning, Glaucus thought it necessary to inform his master of the agreeable acquaintance he had made. Confiding the flocks to the care of his fellow slave,

<sup>33</sup> Conf. Odyss. xiv. 34. That passage and another in the same book (290) seem plainly to refer to circumstances mentioned in the text, i. e. the punishment of the dogs by Glaucus, and (§ xvi.) the flight of Theseus.

<sup>34</sup> The Florentine and Aldine editions, and that of Stephens (1573), as well as Harleian MSS., (No. 5600,) have, Γλαῦκε πέπτιων ἐπιών τὸ ἔπος τὸ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θήσω. But Suidas (art. "Ὅμηρος") gives the following, Γλαῦκε βροτῶν ἐπιόπτα.

and leaving Homer in the house, assuring him that he would not fail to return quickly, he departed. Arrived at Bolissus,<sup>35</sup> a small town, at a little distance from the farm, he related to his master all that he knew of Homer, speaking of his arrival as an astonishing thing, and demanding to know his wishes on the subject. His master did not like the occurrence, and blamed Glaucus for his foolishness, in admitting a blind man to his table. Nevertheless, he ordered Homer to be brought to him.

XXIV. Glaucus, on his return, related to Homer all the particulars of his visit, and begged him to follow him thither, telling him that all his future happiness and good fortune depended on his going to Bolissus. Homer acquiesced in what he said. Glaucus presented him to his master, who found him to be a man of information and talent, and offered to retain him in his house if he would instruct his children, who were yet very young.<sup>36</sup> Homer accepted these proposals. It was at Bolissus, in the house of this Chian citizen, that he composed the *Cercopia*,<sup>37</sup> the *Batrachomyomachia*,<sup>38</sup> the *Epic-*

<sup>35</sup> Bolissus, now called Voliso, is a small town on the north-eastern coast of Chios, and near Cardamyle. Thucyd. viii. 24.

<sup>36</sup> See Larcher's note.

<sup>37</sup> Included by Suidas and Proclus among his works. The word signifies "deceivers." The Greek verb, *κερκοπιζειν*, means "to act fraudulently." See Lobeck, *Aglauph.* p. 1296; Müller, *Dor.* vol. i. p. 457; Welck. *Ep. Cycl.* p. 409, note; Mure, vol. ii. p. 367—369.

<sup>38</sup> This poem, "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," is a mock-heroic, in three books; and of the best of its kind. It is evidently not by Homer, as many of the passages are direct parodies on parts of the *Iliad*. Curiously enough the *Batrachomyomachia* was the first of the Homeric poems printed at the revival of letters. It was edited by Laonicus of Crete, (Venice, 1486,) and printed in alternate black and red lines. The author is now considered to be Pigres, and he likewise is responsible for the *Margites*, which last, however, Bode (*Geschichte der Hellenischen Dichtkunst*, i. p. 279) denies, though Suidas is confirmed by Plutarch (*de Herod. malign.* 43, p. 873, f.). He was a Halicarnassian, and brother or son of Artemisia, queen of Caria, according to some ac-

chlidia,<sup>39</sup> and all those other amusing books and poems that have gained him such celebrity. When Thestorides heard that Homer was in Chios, he left the island.

XXV. Some time after, Homer begged the Chian citizen to take him to the town of Chios: he there established a school,<sup>40</sup> in which he taught the maxims of poetry to young people. He acquitted himself of this task so efficiently, in the opinion of the Chians, that the greater part held him in high estimation. He thus acquired a considerable fortune, mar-

counts. The Margites was a comic poem, the subject of which was the adventures and actions of one whose character is, in the fragments, summed up thus, "For much he knew, but little knew he well," and that little he displays with the greatest self-glorification in the world. The poem was believed by Plato (Alcib. ii. p. 147, c.) and Aristotle (Ethic. Nicom. vi. 7, Magn. Moral. ad Eudem. v. 7) to be a Homeric production, was highly esteemed by Callimachus, and in the time of Demosthenes, the name of Margites was proverbial for stupidity (Harpoer. s. v. *Μαργίτης*; Phot. Sex. p. 247, ed. Porson; Plut. in Demosth. 23; Æschin. adv. Ctesiph. p. 297). The Margites was considered by Aristotle as the essence of comedy, as the Iliad and Odyssey were of heroic and narrative poetry. Poetic. § 7. Lindemann, in his work *De Lyra*, (i. p. 79, &c.,) has collected all the fragments of this poem. See Mure, ii. 358, sqq. and ii. 363—367.

<sup>39</sup> Homer is said to have called one of his poems, *Ἐπικηλίδες*, because when he sang to the boys they rewarded him with fieldfares. See Payne Knight, Prolegg. ad Homer. p. viii.; Athenæus, ii. 24, xiv. 9; Mure, ii. p. 362; and Welcker, *Ep. Cycl.* 412.

<sup>40</sup> Speaking of the antiquities of the island of Chios, Chandler says (Travels, vol. i. p. 61): "The most curious remain which has been named, without reason, The School of Homer. It is on the coast, at some distance from the city northward, and appears to have been an open temple of Cybele, formed on the top of a rock. The shape is oval, and in the centre is the image of the goddess, the head and an arm wanting. She is represented, as usual, sitting. The chair has a lion carved on each side, and on the back. The area is bounded by a low rim or seat, and about five yards over. The whole is hewn out of the mountain, is rude, indistinct, and probably of the most remote antiquity." Pope also, in his Introductory Essay, mentions a ruinous building in the neighbourhood of Bolissus, as being traditionally named the house of Homer.

ried,<sup>41</sup> and had two daughters, one of whom died single, the other married a Chian.<sup>42</sup>

XXVI. He shows great gratitude to his benefactors in his poems, particularly to Mentor of Ithaca, in the *Odyssey*, on account of his having taken care of him during his blindness, while in that island. He mentions his name in that poem, placing him amongst the companions of *Odysseus*, and relates that that prince, on his departure for Troy, appointed him steward of his house and lands, knowing him to be the most just and worthy man in Ithaca. Homer often mentions him in other parts of his poem, and when *Athenè* is represented speaking to some one, it is under the form of Mentor.<sup>43</sup> He also testifies his gratitude to *Phemius*, who, not content with instructing him in literature, had also maintained him at his

<sup>41</sup> His wife's father seems to have been *Creophilus*, (according to other accounts he was Homer's son-in-law, and received the *Οἶχαλία* as a dowry,) an epic poet of Chios, Samos, or Ios. *Plato*, *Rep.* x. 3; *Callim. Epig.* 6; *Strab.* xiv. p. 638; *Sext. Empir.* ad *Math.* i. 2; *Eustath.* ad *Hom.* Il. ii. 730; *Suidas*, s. v. *Plutarch* reports that it was in the possession of his family that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were discovered. *Mure*, ii. 276, sqq.

<sup>42</sup> For Chian read Cyprian, as *Stasinus*, the son-in-law, was a poet of Cyprus. He contests the honour of the authorship of the *Cypriacs*, with Homer, (*Welcker*, *Ep. Cycl.* p. 300,) and *Hegesias*, (or *Hegesinus*, according to *Photius*, *Cod.* 239, p. 319, ed. *Bekker*,) a Salaminian. Two lines of the *Cypriacs* are preserved in *Plato's Euthyphron*, (p. 12, a, where the *Scholias*t attributes them to Homer,) where that philosopher censures them as untrue, by the mouth of *Socrates*:

"Almighty Zeus unwillingly you name,  
For ever linked with fear is bashful shame."

The extant hymn to *Aphroditè*, is conjectured by *Schoel* (*Histoire de la Littérature Grecque Profane*, vol. i. p. 167) to be a fragment of this poem. By some, this poem is stated to have been a dowry with Homer's daughter. The number of books it contained is doubtful; *Athenæus*, however, quotes the eleventh. It related the events which led to the Trojan war, on which see *Smith*, iii. p. 899; *Mure*, ii. 279—282. *Herod.* ii. 117. Compare with the plot of the *Cypriacs*, *Eurip.* *Orest.* 1635, and *Helen*, 38.

<sup>43</sup> *Odyssey*, ii. 399.



own expense. It may be observed in these verses particularly :<sup>44</sup>

"A herald placed a magnificent lyre in the hands of Phēmius, the worthiest pupil of Apollo ; unwillingly he takes it, constrained to sing among those lovers. Traversing the lyre with light and active fingers, he produces melodious sounds."

He also celebrates the sea-captain with whom he had traveled through so many lands. His name was Mentes, and these are the verses :<sup>45</sup>

"My name is Mentes ; born of Anchialus, illustrious by his valour, I reign over the expert-rowing Taphians."

He also speaks of the armourer, Tychius, who had hospitably entertained him at Neonteichos. The verses in his praise occur in the Iliad, thus :<sup>46</sup>

"Already the son of Telamon waits on him near, carrying a tower-like shield. Tychius, at Hylæ resident, unequalled in industry by any of his fellows, made him this buckler, a master-piece of his art, formed of the spoil of seven mighty oxen, bound by a strong covering of brass."

XXVII. These poems rendered Homer celebrated in Ionia, and his reputation began to spread itself in the continent of Greece. On this account, many persons visited him during his residence in Chios, and some advised him to go to Greece. He had always desired to do so, and thus the counsel pleased him.

XXVIII. He had praised the town of Argos very frequently,<sup>47</sup> but remembering that he had no where mentioned

<sup>44</sup> Our author has, however, substituted *Φημίω ὅς δὴ πολλὸν ἐκαίνυτο παντὰς ἀείδων*, "Phēmius excelling in the art of song," for *Φημίω, ὅς ῥ' ἦεν παρὰ μνηστῆρων ἀνάγκη*, as it stands in the *Odyssea* (i. 154). And then he connects the second and third verses by *καὶ πάλιν*, as if there were several lines between them. Perhaps, as Larcher thinks, the writer quoted from memory ; or very possibly his authority was a corrupt and ill-written copy.

<sup>45</sup> *Odys.* i. 180.

<sup>46</sup> *Il.* vii. 219.

<sup>47</sup> *Conf.* Herod. v. 67.

Athens, he introduced some verses into the larger Iliad<sup>48</sup> in its praise, where he speaks of that city in the most flattering manner. It occurs in the Catalogue of the Ships:<sup>49</sup>

"The city of generous Erechtheus, which the fruitful Earth produced, and Athenè, daughter of Zeus, fostered."<sup>50</sup>

He then highly extols Menestheus. He excels, says he, in arranging the chariots and infantry in order of battle. Here are the lines:

"The son of Peteus, Menestheus, led these troops. Of all the mortals fed by Earth, none equalled this chief in the art of ordering the chariots and forces for battle."<sup>51</sup>

He placed Aias, son of Telamon, near the Athenians; he commanded the Salaminians. That is in the following verses:

"Aias, son of Telamon, conducted twelve long ships<sup>52</sup> from Salamis, and placed them beside the Athenian squadron."<sup>53</sup>

Lastly, in the Odyssey, he feigns that Athenè, after an interview with Odysseus, goes to Athens, the town she honoured above all others:

<sup>48</sup> Viz. the Iliad, which is thus distinguished from the Lesser Iliad.

<sup>49</sup> The ancients distinguished the different parts of the Iliad by various titles, a practice which gave rise to the theory of Lachmann. Aristotle (Poetic. xvi. § 3) speaks of the "Washing of Odysseus," and "the Tale of Alcinous" (in § 5). Peisistratus put a period to these distinctions at his revision of the text.

<sup>50</sup> Il. ii. 547. The compliment is intended to the autochthoneity of the Athenians. Pindar, the old poem called the Danais (Harpokr. s. *Ἀνδροχθών*), Euripides (Ion. 21), and Apollodorus (iii. 14, 6; 15, 1), name Erichthonius, son of Hephæstos and Gaia, as being the person brought up by Athenè. Conf. Plato (Timæus, § 6). But the Scholiast (Il. ii. 546) treats them as the same person under two names, a view now generally accepted. Conf. also Etymologicon Magn. *Ἐρεχθεύς*, Plato (Critias, § 4), Ovid (Metam. ii. 759), and Grote, vol. i. pp. 271, 278, 279.

<sup>51</sup> Il. ii. 552.

<sup>52</sup> The long ships were vessels of war; the round ships, merchantmen and transports. See Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities.

<sup>53</sup> Il. ii. 577. The reputed interpolation of Solon.

"Taking flight towards the Marathonian plains, she proceeded to the magnificent town of Athens, the famous dwelling-place of long-departed Erechthens."<sup>54</sup>

XXIX. After inserting these lines in his poems, Homer prepared to set out for Greece, and passed over to Samos on his way thither. The Samians were employed on his arrival in celebrating the Apaturian games. An inhabitant of Samos, who had seen him in Chios, observing him descending from the vessel, ran to inform his countrymen of the arrival of the poet, whom he praised most enthusiastically. The Samians deputed him to fetch Homer. He immediately retraced his steps, and meeting Homer, thus addressed him: "Chian host, the Samians celebrate the Apaturian festival: the citizens bid you to the feast." Homer consented, and accompanied the messenger.

XXX. During their walk, they encountered some women offering a sacrifice to Kourotrophos.<sup>55</sup> The priestess observing him, said angrily to him, "Man, get thee from our sacrifices." Homer reflected awhile on these words, having asked of his conductor who had addressed them to him, and to what deity they sacrificed. The Samian replied, "that it was a woman sacrificing to Kourotrophos." On this, Homer composed and repeated the following lines:

"Hear my prayer, O Kourotrophos! May that woman abhor the caresses of amiable youth! May she be only pleased by those of men whose hair is white with age, whose heart is burning, and whose senses are blunted."<sup>56</sup>

XXXI. When arrived at the place where the Phratrium feasted, Homer paused on the threshold, and recited these verses to his conductor, while a fire was kindling in the hall:

<sup>54</sup> Odys. vii. 81.

<sup>55</sup> Kourotrophos is, with some probability, supposed to be identical with the Roman Lucina. See Larcher's note.

<sup>56</sup> These verses were applied by Sophocles to a scornful mistress. Athen. xiii. p. 592, A.

though some contend that the fire was not lighted until afterwards:

"A man is proud of his children; a town of its battlements; a plain of its horses; the ocean of its navies;<sup>57</sup> riches ornament the house; just judges seated in the hall of justice, are a noble spectacle; but the most pleasant sight, in my opinion, is that of a burning fire, on a day when the son of Saturn decks the ground with snow and frost."

He entered, and seating himself with the Phratrium, received much attention and respect from its members. Here he passed the night.

XXXII. The next day he went out. Some potters having observed him while they were mending their fire, invited him to enter, and not the less readily from having a knowledge of his talents. They entreated him to sing some of his verses, promising to recompense him for his kindness by presenting him with some of their vases, or in any other way they could. Homer sung them those verses which are called "The Poem of the Furnace":<sup>58</sup>

"Potters, if ye bestow on me the stipulated reward, I will sing these favourable verses to you.<sup>59</sup> Hear my prayer, Athene, protect the furnace. Grant that the cotylæ and the baskets<sup>60</sup> be covered with a shining black; may they also bake quickly. May they sell for much in the Agora, for much in the street. Grant, O goddess, that I may increase in wisdom. But if you shamelessly endeavour to deceive me, I

<sup>57</sup> An ancient British inscription, cut in wood, and given by the Rev. Horne, (Bibliography, vol. i. p. 105,) says, *Enoiaog meiciad o' i voc.* "The swineherd is proud of his swine."

<sup>58</sup> These verses, as Jul. Pollux cites them, (Onomastic, x. 85, p. 1284,) are entitled, *Κεραμεῖς*, "the clay-potters." That grammarian mentions that some attribute them to Hesiod. Mure (Greek Literature, vol. ii. p. 362) cites the Song of the Bell of Schiller, as resembling this poem.

<sup>59</sup> "May the following happen to you." Athenê was one of the tutelary deities of the potters, as a patroness of the arts.

<sup>60</sup> The potters made vases like baskets; hence their name.

invoke all the pests of your trade, the Syntripi, Asbeti, Abacti, and Omodami,<sup>61</sup> on your furnace. May the hearth and the home become the prey of the flame, and, during the confusion caused by the fire, may nothing be heard save the lamentations of the potters. As the trembling of the terrified horse, so may be that of the furnace at the bursting of the vases. Circe, dread daughter of the Sun, celebrated for thy many enchantments, poison the potters, and destroy their work. And thou, Chiron, bring thy dire hosts of Centaurs<sup>62</sup> and their victims to aid in the destruction of these places. May the furnace fall under the stroke of the destroyers! may the potters, to enhance their grief, be the miserable spectators of the frightful scene! I shall rejoice at your misfortunes! May those who approach to extinguish the flames, be consumed by the fire, that all the world may learn not to commit injustice."

XXXIII. He passed the winter at Samos. At the Neomenia, [or New Moons,] he frequented the houses of the rich, where he sang the Eirisionic hymn,<sup>63</sup> thus earning his

<sup>61</sup> *Syntrips* signifies the bruising sustained by the vases in rubbing against each other; *smaragos*, the noise they make in breaking; *asbestos*, is an inextinguishable fire in the workshop; *abaktos*, the consequent astonishment of the potters; and *omodamos*, the annihilation of every thing.

<sup>62</sup> In the preceding verse we read *πῆθε πύρρ' αἰθουσαν*. Barnes corrects it to *πῆθε πύρ' αἰθουσαν*, and his correction is admitted by Reynolds. Circe, daughter of Helios, (the Sun,) was herself a goddess, and is parallel to Medea. According to Hesiod (Theog. 1001) she had two children by Odysseus, Agrius and Latinus. Conf. Apollod. i. 9. Strabo v. Virgil, Ecl. viii. v. 70. Æn. iii. v. 386; vii. v. 10. Hygin. *fab.* cxxv. Ovid. *Metam.* xiv. *fab.* i. and iv.

<sup>63</sup> The Eirision was (Schol. Aristoph. Plut. 1055, and Equit. 725) a branch of olive, and sometimes of laurel, rolled in bandages of linen entwined. To the pendent ends, figs, bread, honey, oil, and wine, were fastened, Clemens Alex. (*Stromat.* iv. p. 566) says, "The Eirision carries figs, bread, and honey, in a cotylus, anointing oil, and wine, the enervating vapour of which inspires gentle slumber." Again, in a fragment of the Polyidus of Sophocles, preserved by Porphyrius (*de Abstinentiâ*, ii. § 19, p. 134): "We see there the wool of the sheep, the liquor of the vine,

subsistence during his visits, he was usually surrounded by the children of the most noble men of the island.

"We directed our steps towards the mansion of a wealthy man, full of precious things. Gates fly open!<sup>64</sup> Plutos presents himself, accompanied by joyous Mirth and gentle Peace. May the goblets overflow, may the flame ascend from the hearth, may the table groan under its plenteous burden! May the wife of the son of the house come to you drawn by mules, and in a chariot! may she, seated in an amber chair,<sup>65</sup> joyfully spin her wool! I shall return, yea, I shall return, like unto the swallow every year!<sup>66</sup> I am at your gate! Whether you present me with any thing or no, I remain not; I purpose not to live with you!"

These verses are sung every time tribute is levied in the honour of Apollo Pythos.<sup>67</sup>

XXXIV. The spring having arrived, Homer desired to leave Samos for Athens. He sailed for that place, in company with some Samians, and arrived at the island of Ios.<sup>68</sup> They

bunches of grapes, grains of wheat, oil, and artistically worked veins of honey and wax made by the bees." See also *Ædip. Colon.* 475, and *Mure*, ii. 362.

<sup>64</sup> "Lift up your heads, O ye gates," Psalm xxiv. 7.

<sup>65</sup> The Eridanus, whence the electron (amber) was brought, was not then sufficiently known, and perhaps these are wrongly ascribed to Homer. See *Plin. Hist. Nat.* xxvii. 2; *Humboldt's Cosmos*, vol. ii. p. 493, n. (Bohn's edition); *Gesner de Electro veterum in Commentar. Societatis Regiæ Gottingensis* (tom. iii. p. 85); *Smith, Grecian Antiquities*, *Herod.* iii. 115; *Sophocles (Antig.* v. 1033); and *Buttmann, Mythologia* (vol. ii. p. 337).

<sup>66</sup> *Conf. Aristoph. Equit.* v. 416.

<sup>67</sup> In the Greek religious calendar, the first days of the months were always sacred to Apollo; and that festival (The Neomenia) was one of the most popular in every age of classical antiquity. *Hesiod, Works and Days*, 770; *Herod.* iv. 35, and vi. 57; *Philok.* ap. *Scholl. min. et Scholl. Buttm. ad Odyss.* xx. 155; xxi. 258; *Mure*, vol. i. p. 381, and *Larcher's* note on *Herod.* iv. 35.

<sup>68</sup> The present Nio

did not stop at the town, but at some distance off, on the sea-shore. Homer, feeling himself very ill, was carried on shore. Contrary winds retarding the departure of the vessel, the travellers remained several days at anchor. Some of the inhabitants visited Homer, and they no sooner heard him speak than they felt a great degree of veneration for him.

XXXV. While the sailors and the townspeople were speaking with Homer, some fishermen's children ran their vessel on shore, and descending to the sands, addressed these words to the assembled persons: "Hear us, strangers, explain our riddle if ye can." Then some of those that were present ordered them to speak. "We leave," say they, "what we take, and we carry with us that which we cannot take." No one being able to solve the enigma, they thus expounded it. "Having had an unproductive fishery," say they in explanation, "we sat down on the sand, and being annoyed by the vermin, left the fish we had taken on the shore, taking with us the vermin we could not catch."<sup>69</sup> Homer, on hearing this, made these verses: "Children, your fathers possess neither ample heritages, nor numerous flocks."

XXXVI. Homer died in Ios of the disease he had contracted on his arrival, and not, as some authors have related, [caring more for interest than truth,] of grief at not understanding the enigma of the fisher-boys.<sup>70</sup> He was buried

<sup>69</sup> The enigma is founded on the distinction made by the ancients between *having* and *possessing*, which Plato (*Theætet.* § 126) causes Socrates to define. "To *possess*, therefore, does not appear to me to be the same as to *have*; for instance, if any one, having bought a garment, and having it in his power, should not wear it, we should not say that he *has* it, but that he *possesses* it." Cary's trans. vol. i. p. 348, Bohn's Classical Library. Similarly our own poet wrote, (*Othello*, iv. 1.) "They have it very oft that have it not," where the word is used in two different senses. Somewhat akin to it is the riddle alluded to by Plato, *Rep.* v. c. 22. Lactantius has translated this Homeric enigma into Latin, *Symposium*, tom. ii. p. 255.

<sup>70</sup> The following passage occurs in Pseudo-Plutarch's *Life of Homer*.



near the shore of the island of Ios, by his companions, and those citizens who had visited him during his illness. Many years after, when his poems, become public, were admired by all, the inhabitants of Ios inscribed these elegiacs on his tomb; they are certainly not composed by himself.

"THE EARTH HERE COVERS THE HEAD OF DIVINE HOMER, WHOSE POETRY HAS IMMORTALIZED HEROES."<sup>71</sup>

XXXVII. It may be seen from what I have said, that Homer was neither a Dorian, nor of the island of Ios, but an Æolian.<sup>72</sup> This may also be conjectured from the great poet only speaking of [what he thinks] the most admirable customs, and he would naturally suppose those of his own country to be the best.<sup>73</sup> It may be judged from these verses:

"They raise the heads of the oxen toward heaven, cut their throats, and sever them in pieces; they separate the thighs, and place over them a double layer of fat, and bleeding morsels from every part of the victim."<sup>74</sup> The kidneys are not men-

"He was warned by an oracle to beware of the *young men's riddle*. The meaning of this remained long unexplained to him, till he arrived at the island of Ios; there, as he sat conversing with the fishermen, some of them proposed a riddle in verse to him, and, not comprehending it, he died of grief." Pope, in his Introductory Essay, says, "The story refutes itself, by carrying superstition at one end, and folly at the other. It seems conceived with an air of derision, to lay a great man in the dust after a foolish manner." This completely sets the question of the authenticity of this *Life at rest*, since the writer plainly refers to this idle tale, recorded by an author of so much later date.

<sup>71</sup> The translation of Grotius is as follows:

"Ista tegit tellum sacrum caput illud Homeri  
Cantibus Heroum qui res cœlestibus æquat."

<sup>72</sup> Simonides of Kêos calls Homer a Chian. *Fragm.* 69, ed. Schneidewin.

<sup>73</sup> Exactly the idea of Herodotus, iii, 33.

<sup>74</sup> Il. i. 459, and ii. 422. Victims were variously sacrificed. In sacrificing to the celestial deities they raised the heads of the victims, while they immolated them to the infernal gods with their heads down. The Grecian ceremonies differed widely from the Jewish, but much resem-

tioned here, the Æolians being the only people of Greece who do not burn them. Homer also shows his Æolian descent in the following verses, there again describing the customs of that country:

"The elder burns the sacrifice on the wood of the altar, pouring over it libations of wine. The youths stand around holding five-barred gridirons."<sup>75</sup>

The Æolians are the only people of Greece who roast the entrails on *five-barred gridirons*, those of the other Greeks having but *three*. The Æolians also say πέμπε for πέντε [five].

XXXVIII. I have now concluded that which concerns the birth, life, and death of Homer. It remains for me to determine the time at which he lived. This is most easily done in the following manner. The island of Lesbos was not colonized<sup>76</sup> till the hundred and thirtieth year after the Trojan war, and eighteen years subsequently Smyrna was built by the Cumæans. At this time Homer was born.<sup>77</sup> From the birth of the poet to the passage of Xerxes into Greece, six hundred and twenty-two years elapsed. The course of time may easily be calculated by a reference to the Archonships. It is thus proved that Homer was born one hundred and sixty-eight years after the taking of Troy.

bled the Roman, of which they formed the basis. The thighs and small pieces "from every part," were burnt, the rest roasted in slices like the Oriental *Kabobs*. See Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities.

<sup>75</sup> II. i. 463.

<sup>76</sup> It was not, however, destitute of inhabitants, for the Pelasgi, driven from Thessaly (a. c. 1540) by Deucalion, settled there. Dionys. Halicarn. Antiq. Roman. i. § 18. The Æolians arrived a. c. 1140, and as the Pelasgi lived in wandering tribes, they were soon reduced.

<sup>77</sup> See Clinton Fasti Hellen. vol. iii. p. 146. Conf. Grote's Animadversions on Clinton, Hist. of Greece, vol. ii. part i. chap. xix. pp. 47—78.

# THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.

## BOOK I.

### ARGUMENT.

In an assembly of the gods it is determined that Ulysses shall be sent to Ithaca, from the island of Calypso. Minerva then goes to Ithaca to Telemachus, assuming the figure of Mentès, king of the Taphians, an old friend of Ulysses. Entering into conversation with Telemachus, she advises him to go to Pylos, to Nestor, and to Menelaus, at Sparta, to make inquiries about his father, whether he is still alive; after which she departs, giving manifest proofs of her divinity. Telemachus rebukes his mother Penelope, and desires her to go up-stairs: and then, during a banquet, threatens the suitors that he will be revenged on them for their insolent conduct.

O MUSE,<sup>1</sup> sing to me of the man full of resources, who wandered very much after he had destroyed the sacred city of Troy, and saw the cities of many men, and learned their manners.<sup>2</sup> Many griefs also in his mind did he suffer on the sea, although<sup>3</sup> seeking to preserve<sup>4</sup> his own life, and the return of his companions; but not even thus, although anxious, did he extricate<sup>5</sup> his companions: for they perished by their own infatuation, fools! who devoured the oxen of the Sun who jour-

<sup>1</sup> Thus rendered by Horace, A. P. 141, "Dic mihi, Musa, virum, capte post mœnia Trojæ Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes." See Schrader on Mus. p. 121, sq.

<sup>2</sup> I have translated νόον "manners," on the authority of Horace.

<sup>3</sup> πέρω quando participiis postponitur, reddi potest per *quamevis*. Loewe.

<sup>4</sup> ἄρνυμαι = expeto, anxie requiro. Clarke. There is a sort of zeugma, "seeking to ransom or buy off his own life, and [to procure] a return for his companions." Hor. Epist. i. 2. 18, "Dum sibi, dum socii reditum parat."

<sup>5</sup> Literally, "to draw away." See Buttmann Lexil. p. 303—308, Fishlake's Translation.

neys on high; but he deprived them of their return.<sup>6</sup> O goddess, daughter of Jove, relate to us also some<sup>7</sup> of these things.

Now all the others,<sup>8</sup> as many as had escaped from utter destruction, were at home, having escaped both the war and the sea. But him alone, anxious for a return [home], and for his wife, the venerable nymph Calypso, a divine one of the goddesses, detained in her hollow grot, desiring him to be her husband. But when, after revolving years,<sup>9</sup> the time had now arrived, in which the gods destined him to return home to Ithaca, not even then was he freed from labours, although amongst his own friends. But all the gods pitied him except Neptune; but he was unceasingly angry with godlike Ulysses, before he arrived in his own land. But he [Neptune] had gone to the Æthiopians who dwell afar off, (the Æthiopians who are divided into two parts, the most distant of men, some at the setting of the sun, others at the rising,) in order to obtain<sup>10</sup> a hecatomb of bulls and lambs. There sitting down he was delighted with a feast; but the other [gods] were assembled together in the palace of Olympian Jove. And unto them the father of men and of gods began discourse; for he remembered in his mind the noble Ægisthus, whom far-famed Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, slew: and remembering him, he spoke [these] words to the immortals.

"Alas!<sup>11</sup> How, forsooth, do mortals reproach the gods! For they say that their evils are from us: whereas they themselves, through their own infatuation, suffer griefs beyond what is destined. Thus even now Ægisthus, contrary to the degrees of fate, married the wedded wife of Atreides, and slew him on his return, although aware that utter destruction [awaited himself]; since we forewarned him, (having sent the trusty Mercury, the slayer of Argus,) neither to kill him, nor to woo his wife; for from Orestes revenge shall<sup>12</sup> follow

<sup>6</sup> Literally, "the day of return."

<sup>7</sup> ἀμύθεν, ποθέν, Hesych. "ab aliqua parte."

<sup>8</sup> i. e. of the Grecian princes.

<sup>9</sup> This is the genitive absolute, and so translated by Virgil's "volventibus annis."

<sup>10</sup> ἀντιόων is the Attic future, as shown by Buttm. Lexil. p. 142.

<sup>11</sup> A word used by the Dryopians and Scythians to signify gods, (cf. Alberti on Hesych. s. v.,) and hence used as a term of surprise or deprecation. σχελιαστικὸν ἐπίρρημα, Schol.

<sup>12</sup> Jove quotes the very words of Mercury, which accounts for the bold change of tense. See Ernesti.

for Atrides, when he grows to man's estate, and longs for his country. Thus spoke Mercury: but although he gave good advice, he did not persuade the mind of Ægisthus; but now has he at once atoned for all these things."

The blue-eyed<sup>13</sup> goddess Minerva then answered him: "O father mine, thou son of Saturn, highest of kings, of a truth he has perished by a fitting destruction; so too may another perish who perpetrates such deeds. But my heart burns<sup>14</sup> for the prudent<sup>15</sup> ill-fated Ulysses, who, away from his friends for a long time, is suffering calamities in a sea-girt island, where is the centre<sup>16</sup> of the sea, a woody island: and in her mansion a goddess dwells, the daughter of all-wise Atlas, who kens the depths of the whole sea, and holds up the lofty columns which separate the earth and the heaven; but his daughter detains [Ulysses] unhappy, lamenting: and she continually soothes him with soft and winning words, that he may forget Ithaca. But Ulysses, longing to behold even the smoke leaping up from his own land, desires to die. Nor does thy heart, O Olympian [Jove], at all turn towards him. Did not then Ulysses gratify thee, performing sacrifices in spacious Troy near the ships of the Argives? Why then, O Jove, art thou so angry with him?"

But her the cloud-compelling Jove in answer addressed: "My child, what word has escaped thy lips?<sup>17</sup> How could I forget divine Ulysses, who excels amongst mortals in understanding, and has abundantly given sacrifice to the immortal gods, who possess the wide heaven? But earth-possessing Neptune is for ever immovably angry on account of the Cyclops,<sup>18</sup> whose eye he blinded, the godlike Polyphemus, whose power is greatest amongst all the Cyclops: him the nymph Thöosa brought forth, the daughter of Phorcys, ruler of the barren sea, embraced by Neptune in a hollow cave.

<sup>13</sup> This translation is rather conventional than correct. The true meaning of *γλαυκός*, for which we have no direct equivalent in English, is "*caesi, quales sunt felis, leonis, et nocturnæ oculi*," according to Plin. H. N. viii. 21. See Loewe.

<sup>14</sup> So Virgil, "*talia flammato secum dea corde volutans*."

<sup>15</sup> I have followed Butmann, p. 211, who says that *δαίμων* must bear this sense throughout the Odyssey. In the Iliad it almost always means

"warlike."

<sup>16</sup> Literally, "navel."

<sup>17</sup> Literally, "the enclosure of thy teeth."

<sup>18</sup> See Od. IX.

On this account, then, does earth-shaking Neptune not kill Ulysses, but causes him to wander from his native land. But come, let all of us contrive his return, in what way he may come, and Neptune remit his anger; for he will not indeed be able against the will of all the immortal gods, to contend alone against all.

Then the blue-eyed goddess Minerva answered him: "O father mine, thou son of Saturn, highest of kings, if indeed then this is grateful to the blessed gods that prudent Ulysses should return home, let us immediately despatch the messenger<sup>19</sup> Mercury, the slayer of Argus, to the island Ogygia, that he may with all haste declare to the fair-haired nymph our unerring counsel, the return of patient Ulysses, that he may return home. But I will go to Ithaca, that I may rouse his son more, and give strength to his mind, calling the long-haired Grecians to an assembly, to forbid all the suitors, who are continually killing his tender sheep, and curved-footed, crooked-horned oxen. And I will send him to Sparta and to sandy Pylos, to inquire for the return of his dear father, if he can any where hear of him, and that a good reputation amongst men may fall to his lot."

Thus having spoken, she bound under her feet her sandals, beautiful, ambrosial,<sup>20</sup> golden, which bore her both over the moist wave, and over the boundless earth, equally with<sup>21</sup> the gales of the wind. And she took a doughty spear, tipped with sharp brass, heavy, large, thick, with which she subdues the ranks of heroes, against whom she, born of a brave sire, is wrath. And she went darting down from the summit of Olympus, and stood amongst the people of Ithaca, at the portico of Ulysses, at the threshold of the hall; and in her hand she held a brazen spear, likened to a stranger Mentès, the governor of the Taphians. There she found the haughty suitors; some then were delighting their mind before the gates with drafts,<sup>22</sup>

<sup>19</sup> The most natural derivation of *διάκροτος* is from *διάγω*, "transveho," alluding to Mercury's office of escorting the dead to Hades. Buttmann, however, is inclined to consider it as akin to *διάκονος* = "servant of the gods." So Mercury is called *δαίμονιον διάκονος* by Æsch. Prom. 942. So Horace, "te canam, magni Jovis et deorum nuntium." Loewe inclines to the former of these opinions.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. immortal. Cf. Buttmann, Lex. p. 80, sq.

<sup>21</sup> "Rapido pariter cum flamine portant," Virg. Æn. iv. 241.

<sup>22</sup> See Liddell's Lexicon. It appears from Athenæus that the chief fun

sitting upon hides of oxen, which they themselves had slain. There with them were heralds and busy servants; some mixed wine and water in the cups, but others cleansed the tables with much-perforated sponges, and set them out, and cut up much meat. Her did godlike Telemachus see much the first, for he sat among the suitors sorrowing in his heart, eyeing<sup>23</sup> in his mind his excellent father, if coming from any where he should make a scattering of the suitors in the house, and should obtain honour himself and rule over his halls. Meditating on these things, whilst sitting amongst the suitors, he beheld Minerva. He then went straight to the portico, and was indignant in mind that a stranger should stand at the gates for a long time. And standing near her, he took hold of her right hand, and received her brazen spear; and addressing her, [thus] spoke winged words.

"Welcome, stranger; thou shalt be kindly received by us, but after thou hast obtained thy supper, thou shalt then relate what it behoves thee."

Thus having spoken, he led the way, and Pallas Minerva followed. And when they were within the lofty house, he took her spear, and placed it against a tall column within the well-polished armoury, where also stood many other spears of patient Ulysses: and leading her he seated her on a beauteous, variegated throne, spreading a cloth<sup>24</sup> under her; and there was a footstool beneath her feet. And he himself placed near her a variously-worked seat, apart from the other<sup>25</sup> suitors, for fear the stranger, being troubled with the clamour, should be uncomfortable at his meal, coming amongst haughty men, and that he might inquire of him<sup>26</sup> concerning his absent sire.

of the game consisted in driving one piece, called Penelope, which was placed between the two halves of something like a modern backgammon board, twice out of its place by means of another. The winner was supposed to have some chance of gaining Penelope.

<sup>23</sup> Shakspeare, "in my mind's eye." So Buttman renders *Od. V. 81*, *Ὀδυσῆα ὀσσομένην*, "having Ulysses always in her mind's eye." Lex. p. 445.

<sup>24</sup> *λίτα* is shown by Wolf to be the plural number, therefore the epithets must belong to *θρόνον*. See Loewe.

<sup>25</sup> This does not mean that he was himself a suitor, but is a phrase common in Greek. So Milton,

Adam, goodliest of men

Since born his sons, &c.

<sup>26</sup> Minerva has hitherto been mentioned in the feminine gender; but



And a handmaid bringing water, poured it from a beautiful golden ewer, over a silver bowl, to wash in; and near them spread a polished table. And the venerable housekeeper brought bread and set it near them, laying down many dainties,<sup>27</sup> gratifying them as well as she could out of the provisions that were at hand. And the cook taking dishes of all kinds of meat, placed them near, and by their side set golden cups. And the herald went about continually pouring out wine for them. And the haughty suitors entered; they then sat down in order amongst the couches and thrones: and the heralds poured water on their hands; [and they distributed to all beginning with the cups.]<sup>28</sup> And the handmaidens heaped up bread in the baskets; but they stretched forth their hands to the viands lying ready before them, and the boys crowned the goblets with liquor. But when the suitors had taken away the desire of eating and drinking, other things were a care to their minds, the song and the dance; for these are the ornaments of a banquet. Then the herald placed a beautiful harp in the hands of Phemius, who sung among the suitors by constraint. He then, playing on the harp, struck up<sup>29</sup> to sing beautifully; but Telemachus addressed the blue-eyed Minerva, keeping his head near her, that the others might not hear.

"Dear stranger, wilt thou be angry with me on account of what I shall say? To these, these things, the harp and the song, are a care, easily, forsooth, since they are consuming with impunity the livelihood of another man, whose white bones are rotting some where in the shower, lying on the continent, or the wave rolls them in the sea. If, however, they were to see him returning to Ithaca, they would all pray to be swifter of foot than richer<sup>30</sup> in gold and raiment. But now he has thus perished by an evil fate, nor is there any comfort for us, even if any one of men on earth should say that he

Telemachus now addresses her as *Mentes*, whereas Homer before spoke of him as a goddess.

<sup>27</sup> "εἶδ' αὖτε, *pulmenta*, quicquid cum pane et carne comeditur." Loewe.

<sup>28</sup> A doubtful verse. It is, however, pretty certain that *ἐπαρξασθαι* is used in a religious sense, = "auspicari," "by drinking in honour of the gods." See Buttm. Lexil. p. 167, sqq.

<sup>29</sup> *ἀναβάλλομαι* = "to play the prelude," hence "to commence to do any thing."

<sup>30</sup> Observe the two comparatives.

would come back; for his return is lost. But come, tell me this and detail it truly; Who art thou? from whence amongst men? where are thy city and thy parents? in what kind of a ship didst thou come? and how did sailors conduct thee to Ithaca? who do they boast themselves to be? for I do not think that thou didst by any means come hither on foot. And tell me this truly, that I may be well informed; whether art thou just now arrived, or art thou a guest of my father's? since many other men are acquainted with our house; for he was conversant with men."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed in turn: "I will tell thee then, indeed, these things very accurately; I say that I am<sup>31</sup> Mentis, the son of the warlike Anchialus, and I rule over the oar-loving Taphians. And I am now come hither with my ship and my companions, sailing over the dark sea to men of a different language, to Temese, for brass; and I [also] bring shining steel. But my ship is stationed off the country at a distance from the city, in the port Reithrus, under woody Neius. But we say that we are guests of one another's fathers from the first, if thou shouldest go and inquire of the old hero Laertes; whom they say no longer comes to the city, but far off in the country endures griefs in company with an old female servant, who sets before him meat and drink, when labour comes upon his limbs, crawling over the fruitful soil of the wine-producing vineyard. But now I am come; for they for a long time said that thy father is returned; but now the gods hinder him on his journey: for divine Ulysses has not yet died on the earth, but is still detained alive some where on the wide ocean, in a sea-girt island; and cruel men are detaining him, savage, who keep him away some where against his will. But now, indeed, I will prophesy to thee, as the immortals suggest to my mind; and as I think will be brought to pass, not being at all a prophet, nor skilled in omens by birds. He will be absent not a long time from his dear father-land, even if bonds of steel hold him; but he will plan how he may return, since he is full of contrivances. But come, tell me this and detail it truly, whether thou, who art of such an age,<sup>32</sup> art of a truth the son

<sup>31</sup> εἴχομαι εἶναι—"sum." So in vs. 187. The sense of *boasting* is laid aside in this usage. See Loewe.

<sup>32</sup> "tam adultus juvenis." The Attic writers use τηλικούτος and τηλικόσδε in the same sense." Loewe.

of Ulysses himself: for thou art exceedingly like him, as to thy head and thy beauteous eyes; since we frequently kept company with one another before he embarked for Troy, where also others, the best of the Argives, went in their hollow ships; but since that time I have neither seen Ulysses, nor has he [seen] me."

But her prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "I will inform thee, O stranger, very accurately; my mother, indeed, says that I am his, but I know not; for no one ever knew his own father. O would that I were the son of a happy man, upon whom old age had come [when] in the enjoyment of his possessions; but now they say that I was born from him, who is the most ill-fated of mortal men; since thou askest this of me."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva again addressed: "The gods indeed have not ordained thy race to be ignoble hereafter; since Penelope has borne thee such. But come, tell me this and relate it truly, What feast and what assembly is this? what necessity urges you? is it a banquet or a marriage? since this is not a collation;<sup>33</sup> for they seem to me, being exceedingly<sup>34</sup> insolent, to banquet in the house, and any prudent man, coming amongst them, would be wrath, beholding many disgraceful things."

But her prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "O stranger, since thou askest and inquirest these things of me, this house formerly promised to be<sup>35</sup> rich and illustrious, whilst that man was still at home; but now the gods have willed<sup>36</sup> it otherwise, planning evil things, who have made him to be unseen above all men; since I should not grieve so much for him when dead, had he been overcome with his companions amongst the Trojans, or in the hands of his friends, after he had brought the war to an end;<sup>37</sup> then indeed all the

<sup>33</sup> *Ἐπαινος*, a convivial meeting at which every man paid his proportion, at least contributed something. But it seems to have been a meeting at which strict propriety was observed: else Pallas would not have inferred from the noise and riot of this that it was not such a one. Cowper.

<sup>34</sup> See Buttmann, *Lexil.* p. 516, sq. Whatever the adjective may signify in various places, the adverb *ὑπερφιάλως* seems to simply increase the sense, without expressing any specific idea of reproach.

<sup>35</sup> Literally, "was about to be."

<sup>36</sup> On the form *ἔβλεποντο*, see Thiersch, *Gk. Gr.* p. 492, 31. ed. Sandford, and Buttmann, *Lexil.* p. 196.

<sup>37</sup> Literally, "spun out." *μεταφορικῶς καὶ γὰρ τὴν τῶν ἱρίων τῶν ἤδη κατεργασμένων εἰλησιν πολύπην λέγομεν.* Schol.

Greeks would have made him a tomb, and he would have obtained great glory for his son hereafter; but now the Harpies have snatched him away ingloriously: he is gone unseen, unheard of, and has left pains and groanings for me. Nor do I lament and grieve for him alone any longer; since the gods have contrived other evil cares for me. For as many chiefs as govern the islands, Dulichium, Samos, and woody Zacynthus, and as many as rule over craggy Ithaca, so many are wooing my mother and wasting away my estate. But she neither refuses the hateful marriage, nor can she bring it to a conclusion; but they are consuming my estate, and waste it away, and they will soon destroy myself to boot."

But with a conflict of painful feelings, Pallas Minerva spoke: "Alas! very much indeed dost thou stand in need of the absent Ulysses, who might lay his hands on the shameless suitors. For if he should now come and stand at the outward gate of the palace, having a helmet and shield and two darts, being such as when first I beheld him in our house drinking and delighting himself, having come from Ephyre from Ius the son of Mermerus, (for Ulysses went there also in a swift ship, to seek for a deadly drug, that he might anoint his brazen-tipt arrows; but he<sup>38</sup> gave it not to him, for he revered<sup>39</sup> the immortal gods; but my father gave it him, for he loved him exceedingly,) if being such a one Ulysses should come in contact with the suitors, all would be quick-fated, and would have a bitter marriage. But all these things lie on the knees of the gods; whether he returning shall exact vengeance in his own palace, or not. But I exhort thee to consider by what means thou mayest thrust out the suitors from the palace. Come now,<sup>40</sup> attend, and regard my words. To-morrow having convoked the Grecian heroes to an assembly, speak the word before all and let the gods be witnesses: command the suitors to disperse to their own homes. And if thy mother's mind encourages her to marry, let her return to the house of her father, who has mighty influence; and they will make a mar-

<sup>38</sup> Ius.

<sup>39</sup> Literally, "feared the nemesis or ill-will of the gods," for the gods were believed to envy the excessive prosperity of men. Hence cautious persons avoided expressions or actions which displayed arrogance.

<sup>40</sup> The full form of expression would be *εἰ δὲ βούλει, ἄγε*, but the simple *εἰ δ' ἄγε* came to mean simply *age vero*, and be used as an exhortative particle. Loewe.

riage for her, and will prepare very large dowries, such as ought to accompany a dear child. But to thee I will suggest prudently, if thou wilt obey me. Having prepared a ship, whichever is the best, with twenty rowers, go and inquire about thy father long absent, if any one of mortals can tell thee of him, or thou shouldest hear a report<sup>41</sup> from Jove, which especially brings notice to mortals. First then come to Pylos and inquire of divine Nestor; thence to Sparta to auburn-haired Menelaus; for he came last of the Greeks who wear brazen breastplates. If thou shouldest hear that thy father is alive and will return,<sup>42</sup> then, although afflicted, thou mayest yet endure it for a year: but if thou shouldest hear that he is dead, and no longer exists, then returning to thy dear paternal land, erect aloft a monument for him, and perform very many funeral rites, whatsoever are becoming; and bestow upon thy mother a husband. But when thou shalt have concluded and done these things, then consider in thy breast and in thy mind, how thou mayest kill the suitors in thy palace, either by stratagem or openly. Nor oughtest thou by any means to follow childish pursuits, since thou art no longer of such an age. Dost thou not hear what glory the divine Orestes has obtained amongst all men, since he slew the crafty murderer Ægisthus, who slew his renowned father? And do thou, my friend, (for I see that thou art honourable and great,) be brave, that some one of posterity may speak well of thee also. But I will now go to my swift ship, and to my companions, who are in very low spirits through waiting for me. But be this thy care, and do thou regard my words."

But her the prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Stranger, surely thou givest me this advice, being friendly disposed towards me, as a father to his son, and I will never forget it. But come, tarry now, although hastening on thy journey, that having washed thyself, and delighted thy kind heart, thou mayest go to thy ship, rejoicing in thy mind, having a present, precious [and] very beautiful, which will be

<sup>41</sup> It is a mistake to render *δοσαν* "an oracle," as is shown by Buttmann, Lexil. p. 446, sqq., who observes: "*common fame* has almost always an obscure origin, and spreads with such wonderful rapidity, that the ancients looked upon it as not proceeding from men, but as something divine; hence it is said to come *ἐκ Διός*, or is personified, as by Virgil, as a divine being and the messenger of Jove."

<sup>42</sup> Literally, "if you hear of your father's life and return."

a keep-sake from me; [of] such things as friendly hosts bestow on their guests."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva forthwith answered: "Do not any longer detain me, since I am anxious for my journey; but as to the present, whatever thy heart urges thee to give me, give it when I return again, that I may take it home, [yourself] having received a very beauteous [gift]; for it shall be a worthy recompence for thee."<sup>43</sup>

Thus having spoken, blue-eyed Minerva departed, and flew aloft<sup>44</sup> like a bird; but she placed strength and courage in his feelings, and put him still more in mind of his father than before: but he, considering within his breast, was astonished on reflection, for he thought that she was a god. Then the godlike man immediately went amongst the suitors; and the illustrious bard was singing to them, but they sat listening in silence; [for] he was singing the sad return of the Grecians, which Pallas Minerva ordained from Troy. His divine song prudent Penelope, the daughter of Icarus, understood in her mind from the upper chamber;<sup>45</sup> and she came down the lofty stairs of her palace, not alone, for two female attendants followed with her. But when she, divine amongst women, came to the suitors, she stood near the threshold of the stout-built hall, holding up a slender veil before her cheeks; and a modest female attendant stood on either side of her, and weeping she then addressed the divine bard.

"O Phemius, since thou dost ken many other things to cheer mortals, the deeds of men and of gods, which bards are wont to celebrate; do thou sit down then, and sing one of these, and let them drink their wine in silence: but cease from this sad strain, which for ever wears my<sup>46</sup> heart within my breast: for unceasing grief has exceedingly come upon me. For I regret such a person,<sup>47</sup> ever remembering the man,

<sup>43</sup> It was usual for hosts to make presents to their guests, and for guests to return others to their hosts; as in the Iliad, Bellerophon is said to have given χρυσῶν ποτήριον. ζ. v. 220. Old translation, ἀξίον ἵσσεσ' ἀμοιβῆς = "it shall be fit for a recompence for thee."

<sup>44</sup> Such seems to be the sense of ἀνοπαία = ἀνωφερής. See Loewe.

<sup>45</sup> i. e. being in the upper chamber, she understood it.

<sup>46</sup> The young student will remember that in Homer, as in Pindar, φίλος is continually used for the possessive pronoun = "meus, suus."

<sup>47</sup> So in Horace, "Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam cari capitis." Soph. Antig. i. Ἰσμήνης κάρη.



whose glory is far spread through Greece and the middle of Argos."

Her prudent Telemachus addressed in turn: "My mother, why dost thou grudge the agreeable bard to delight in what way his mind incites him; the bards are not the cause, but Jove is sometimes the cause, who suggests to ingenious men, as he chooses to each. There is no blame for him to sing the evil fate of the Grecians. For men celebrate that song most, which is newest to the hearers. But let thy heart and mind endure to hear it. For Ulysses was not the only one who, at Troy, lost his return; but many other men likewise perished. Go then into thy chamber,<sup>48</sup> and attend to thine own employments, the web and the distaff, and bid thy servants hasten their work; but conversation shall be a care to all men, and especially to me; for the authority within the house is mine." She indeed astonished went again within the house; for she revolved in her mind the prudent words of her son. And going to the upper room with her women attendants, she then wept for her dear husband Ulysses, until blue-eyed Minerva shed sweet sleep over her eyelids. But the suitors were rioting within the shaded dwellings, and all longed to recline on a couch with her.

But prudent Telemachus began to address them: "Suitors of my mother, who are possessed of overbearing insolence, now let us delight ourselves feasting, nor let there be any clamour; since this is an honourable thing, to hear such a bard as he is, like unto the gods in his voice. But in the morning let us all go and sit down in assembly, that I may confidently declare this message to you, that you are to go out of this dwelling; and prepare other feasts, consuming your own possessions, taking turns at each other's houses. But if this seems to you more proper and better, to destroy with impunity the livelihood of one man, waste it; but<sup>49</sup> I will call upon the immortal gods; If Jupiter shall grant that deeds shall meet with retribution, then shall ye perish unrevenge within the house."

Thus he spoke; but they all biting their lips<sup>50</sup> marvelled at Telemachus, that he harangued so boldly.

<sup>48</sup> *οἶκον* = *ὑπερῶα* in vs. 362.

<sup>49</sup> i. e. then I will.

<sup>50</sup> Literally, "weeping close their lips on the teeth"



But him Antinous, the son of Eupithes, addressed in answer: "O Telemachus, of a truth the gods themselves teach thee to be a lofty speaker, and to harangue boldly; but never may the son of Saturn make thee king in sea-girt Ithaca, which is hereditary to thee by descent."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Antinous, art thou amazed at what I say? Indeed I should wish to receive this, if Jove would grant it. Dost thou say that this is the worst thing amongst men? For it is by no means a bad thing to be a king; his house forthwith becomes opulent, and he himself more honoured. But indeed there are many other kings of the Grecians in sea-girt Ithaca, young and old; some one of these may possess this, since divine Ulysses is dead. But I will be king over mine own house, and my servants, whom divine Ulysses has obtained for me as his share of booty."

But him Eurymachus, son of Polybus, then answered: "Telemachus, these things of a certainty lie on the knees of the gods, [as to] who of the Grecians shall reign in sea-girt Ithaca; but thou mayest thyself have his possessions, and rule over his house. For never may the man come, who would waste thy possessions by force against thy will, when Ithaca is still inhabited. But I wish to inquire of thee, O most excellent one, about the stranger, from whence this man is, and from what land he boasts himself to be; and where are his race,<sup>51</sup> and his paternal fields.<sup>52</sup> Does he bring any news of thy father's coming, or desiring some debt of his own, does he come hither? For he went away immediately in haste, nor did he wait for us to know him; yet in countenance he was by no means like a mean person."

But him prudent Telemachus addressed in answer: "Eurymachus, truly the return of my father has perished; nor do I any longer give credit to any message, if one should come from any place: nor do I regard an oracle, if my mother, having called any prophet to the palace, should inquire of him. But this man is a guest of my father's from Taphos; he boasts himself to be Mentes, son of warlike Anchialus, but he reigns over the oar-loving Taphians."

Thus spoke Telemachus; but in his mind he knew the im-

<sup>51</sup> "Unde natus sit." Loewe.

<sup>52</sup> γῆ ἀρουμένη. Eustath.

mortal goddess. But they having turned to the dance and the lovely song were delighted; and awaited till evening came on. And dark evening came upon them whilst they were being delighted. They then went each to his home to sleep; but Telemachus, where the lofty chamber of the most beautiful palace was built for him, in a conspicuous place, there went to bed, meditating many things in his mind. Chaste Euryclea, daughter of Ops, son of Pisenor, carried lighted torches with him; she whom formerly Laertes had bought with his wealth, while she was still in the prime of youth, and he gave a hundred beeves [for her]. And he honoured her in his palace, equally with his chaste wife; but he never embraced her on the couch, for he avoided the anger of his wife. She carried lighted torches with him, and loved him most of the female servants, and had nurtured him when little. But he opened the door of the well-made chamber, and sat on the bed, and put off his soft garment, and placed it in the hands of the prudent old woman. She having folded and arranged the garment, and having hung it on a peg near the compact<sup>53</sup> bed, hastened from the chamber, and drew to the door with a silver ring, and fastened the bolt with the thong.

Here he all night, covered with the finest wool,<sup>54</sup> considered in his mind the journey, which Pallas Minerva had advised.

<sup>53</sup> i. e. the bed fastened together by pegs driven through holes. Hesych. τοῖς κατὰ τὰς ἀρμυγὰς τετραμένους. Etym. Magn. Τρητὸν λέχος, παρὰ τὸ τετρηῆσθαι κατὰ τὰ ἐνήλατα, εἰς ἃ ἐμβάλλεται ἡ σπάρτος, ἢ παρὰ τὸ τετρηῆσθαι τοὺς πόδας, εἰς οὓς ἐμβάλλεται τὰ ἐνήλατα. Mr. Burges suggests that this term may really apply to a mattress of straw, stabbed through, in order to keep it in shape, like the modern palliasse.

<sup>54</sup> Literally, "the flower of a sheep." But Buttmann, Lexil, p. 187, regards ἄωτος as equivalent to the Latin "floccus," observing, "as this comes from *flo*, so that comes from *ἄημι*; and both mean the light and airy locks of the sheep or the flax-plant."

## BOOK II.

## ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, having called an assembly, commands the suitors to leave the house of Ulysses: upon which there arises a sharp dispute, and an omen appears favourable to Telemachus. He then informs the suitors of his intention of going in quest of his father, and asks for a ship for that purpose; which they refuse: but Minerva, appearing to him again, furnishes him with a ship and companions. Having obtained provisions from Euryyclea, he sets sail in the evening in company with Minerva, without having informed his mother of his intended departure.

BUT when the mother of dawn,<sup>1</sup> rosy-fingered morning, appeared, then the dear son of Ulysses arose from his bed, having put on his garments: and around his shoulder he slung a sharp sword; and beneath his shining feet he bound beautiful sandals. And he went forth from his chamber like unto a god to behold.<sup>2</sup> And forthwith he ordered the shrill-voiced heralds to call to an assembly the long-haired Grecians. They indeed called them; and they were very quickly assembled. But when they were assembled, and were collected together, he proceeded to go to the forum, and in his hand he held a brazen spear. Not alone, for two swift<sup>3</sup> dogs followed in company with him; and over him Minerva shed divine grace. And all the people gazed at him as he came, and he sat in the seat of his father, and the old men gave way. Then the hero Ægyptius began to harangue them, who was bent with old age, and knew ten thousand things. For his dear son, the warrior Antiphus, went with godlike Ulysses in the hollow ships to steed-excelling Ilium. But the fierce Cyclops slew him in his hollow cave, and prepared for his last<sup>4</sup> supper. And there were three others; but one of them, Eurynomus, associated with the suitors: but two were always employed in their paternal duties. But not even thus did he forget him,<sup>5</sup> lamenting and grieving. He pouring forth tears harangued them and spoke:

"Hear now from me, Ithacans, what I shall say. Never

<sup>1</sup> See Loewe, who rightly prefers this explanation of ἡριγένεια.

<sup>2</sup> "coram," Schaaf, ἐναντίον, φανερώς, Hesych.

<sup>3</sup> Or "white." See Loewe.

<sup>4</sup> Either because Antiphus was his last human victim, or the last of the followers of Ulysses that was eaten. Eustath.

<sup>5</sup> Antiphus.

has our assembly, nor our sitting together, taken place, since divine Ulysses went in the hollow ships. But now who has assembled us here? upon whom does so great a necessity come, whether of young men, or of those who are more advanced? Whether has any one heard some intelligence of an army coming against us, which indeed he can declare clearly to us, since he heard it first? or does he bring forward and advise something else which is public? He appears to me to be a good man, and may he be fortunate.<sup>6</sup> May Jove accomplish for him whatever good he is anxious for in his mind."

Thus he spoke; but the beloved son of Ulysses rejoiced in the omen;<sup>7</sup> nor did he sit still much longer, but was anxious to harangue; and he stood in the middle of the assembly; and the herald Pisenor, who understood prudent counsels, placed the sceptre in his hand. First then, turning towards<sup>8</sup> the old man, he spoke [thus]:

"O old man, not far off is this<sup>9</sup> man who assembled the people (and thou thyself wilt soon know him); but grief comes especially upon me; I have neither heard any intelligence of an army coming against us, which indeed I can clearly declare to thee, since I have heard it first, nor do I bring forward or advise any thing else which is public. But my own necessity, the evil which has fallen upon mine house, which is two-fold. First, I have lost my excellent sire, who was formerly a king amongst you who are here,<sup>10</sup> and he was mild as a father. But now again even a much greater [evil has befallen], which will soon altogether break up my whole house, and will entirely destroy my whole livelihood. Suitors are urging my mother against her will, the sons of the men who are the chief here: they dread to go to the house of her Icarian father, so that he may endow his daughter, and give her to whom he chooses, and to whomsoever should come acceptable to him. But they, spending all their days at my house, sacrificing oxen, and sheep, and fat goats, feast, and drink my ruddy<sup>11</sup> wine to no purpose: but many things are

<sup>6</sup> Supply εἴη with ὀνήμερος.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. in words that seem to prognosticate his own success.

<sup>8</sup> In other passages, as vs. 240, this means "to rebuke."

<sup>9</sup> Telemachus points to himself. Hence ἡγεῖρα, not ἡγεῖρε, is the correct reading.

<sup>10</sup> The Attics use τοῖσδ' [rather, ποισδ', Ed.]. See Aristoph. Ach. 160." Loewe,

<sup>11</sup> Bright, sparkling, glowing wine. See Loewe, and Liddell's Lexicon.

consumed; for there is not present such a man as Ulysses was, to avert the calamity from the house. We are by no means such [as he was] to resist them; and besides we should be both weak, and not skilled in strength. Truly would I resist them, if strength were mine. For no longer are the deeds to be endured that have been done, and no longer does my house perish honourably. Be ye yourselves indignant, and revere other neighbouring men, who dwell around: and dread the wrath of the gods, lest they should make some change, enraged at your evil deeds. I beseech you by Olympian Jove and by Themis, who both breaks up and seats the assemblies of men, withhold, my friends, and suffer me to be afflicted alone with mournful grief, if my father the good Ulysses, being hostile, has at any time done evil to the well-greaved Grecians. Taking revenge upon me for these things, be hostile to me, and do me harm, inciting these. And it would be better for me that ye should consume my household-stuff, and my cattle. But if you should devour them, perhaps there would be a requital hereafter; for so long should we make entreaties through the city, demanding back our goods, until all shall be restored: but now you cast incurable griefs into my mind."

Thus he spoke enraged, and cast the sceptre on the earth, bursting into tears;<sup>12</sup> and pity possessed all the people. Here all the others were silent, nor did any one dare to answer Telemachus with bitter words; but Antinous alone in answer addressed him.

"Telemachus, of lofty speech, intolerable in spirit, what hast thou said, disgracing us! Thou wouldst wish in truth to attach blame [to us]. The suitors of the Grecians<sup>13</sup> are not at all to blame, but thy mother, who is exceedingly skilled in craft: for it is now the third year, and the fourth is going on<sup>14</sup> swiftly, since she deceives the mind of the Grecians in their breast. She makes all hope, and promises every man, sending messages; but her mind hankers after other things. For she planned this other deceit in her mind; having begun a

<sup>12</sup> Literally, "lacrymas incendens." See Buttm. Lexil. p. 484, who compares τὸ δὲ (αἷμα) ἀνὰ στόμα καὶ κατὰ ῥίνας Πηῆσε, "he made the blood stream." II. π. 350.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. "the suitors who are Grecians."

<sup>14</sup> See Loewe, who remarks that this is the only interpretation that prevents inconsistency with vs. 106, sq.

large web in her palace she wove it, slender and very large; and straightway addressed us: 'Youths, my suitors, since godlike Ulysses is dead, stay urging my marriage until I shall finish this veil, that my threads may not perish in vain, a shroud for the hero Laertes, at the time when the destructive fate of long-slumbering death shall seize him. Lest some one amongst the Grecian women be indignant against me, should he lie without a wrapper, having possessed many things.' Thus she spoke, and our proud mind was persuaded. Then during the day she wove the mighty web; but at night, when she had placed the torches near her, she unravelled it. Thus for three years, indeed, she escaped by deceit, and persuaded the Grecians. But when the fourth year<sup>15</sup> came, and the hours advanced on, then indeed some one of the women, who knew it well, told it; and we found her unravelling the splendid web; so that she finished it of necessity, although unwilling. Thus the suitors answer thee, that thou mayest thyself know it in thy mind, and that all the Greeks may know it. Send away your mother, and bid her marry whomsoever her father bids, and she herself pleases. But if she shall for a long time further annoy the sons of the Grecians, caring in mind for those things, which Minerva has given her in abundance, to understand beautiful works, and [to possess] a good disposition, and stratagems, such as we have never heard any one, even of the ancients, [possessed,<sup>16</sup>] of those, who have been heretofore fair-haired Grecian women,<sup>17</sup> Tyro, and Alceme, and fair-haired Mycene; none of these knew the same arts of Penelope. But this indeed she has not planned rightly. For then they will consume thy livelihood and possessions, so long as she has this mind, which the gods have now placed in her breast; for herself indeed she obtains great glory, but for thee a regret for much sustenance.<sup>18</sup> But we will neither go to our employments, nor any where else, before she marries whomsoever of the Grecians she chooses."

Him prudent Telemachus addressed in turn: "O Antinous, it is in no wise possible [for me] to thrust out of my house

<sup>15</sup> i. e. the present one, of which he is now speaking.

<sup>16</sup> With *τινα* we must supply a verb, the sense of which is implied in the preceding *ἐπιστρεφαι*.

<sup>17</sup> Inverted, for "of those beautiful Grecian women, who were heretofore."

<sup>18</sup> i. e. for its loss.

against her will her, who brought me forth, who nourished<sup>19</sup> me; but my father is either alive or dead in some other part of the earth: but it would be a sad thing that I should pay<sup>20</sup> much to Icarus, if I should myself of my own accord send away my mother. For I shall suffer evil from her father,<sup>21</sup> and God will give other [evils], when my mother, departing from the house, shall invoke the hateful Furies; and there will be reproach upon me from men. So I never will utter this word. But if your mind is indignant at these things, go out of my house, and prepare other feasts, consuming your own possessions, taking turns at each other's houses. But if this seems to you more proper and better, to destroy with impunity the livelihood of one man, waste it, but I will call upon the immortal gods; If Jove ever will grant that deeds meet retribution, then shall ye perish unrevenged within the house."

Thus spoke Telemachus; but far-seeing Jove sent thither<sup>22</sup> for him two eagles to fly from aloft from the top of a mountain. They twain for some time flew with the gales of the wind, near one another, stretching out with their wings; but when they came to the middle of the noisy assembly, there turning round they shook their dense pinions, and looked over the heads of all, and portended<sup>23</sup> destruction: for tearing their cheeks and their necks around with their talons, they rushed on the right hand through their<sup>24</sup> houses and city. But they were astonished at the birds, when they beheld them with their eyes, and considered in their mind what things were about to be brought to pass. And the old hero Halitherses, the son of Mastor, addressed them, for he alone excelled those of his age in knowing [the omens of] birds and

<sup>19</sup> Eustathius observes, *εἰσι γὰρ μητέρες, αἱ τίκτουσι μὲν, οὐκ ἐκθρεψονται δέ, ἀλλ' ὡς ἐπείν ἐκθρεψαὶ ταῖς τῶν τοῦ.*

<sup>20</sup> It was a law, that when a man sent a woman away from his house, he was to pay a fine to her father and relations. Scholiast. Nitzsch and Loewe, however, understand "*aliqua injuriæ Icario illatæ expiatio*," which seems more simple than to restrict *ἀπορίνειν* to the mere notion of paying a fine.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. Icarus. See Loewe.

<sup>22</sup> "*πρόσθετε, non tam præmisit, quam illuc misit.*" Loewe.

<sup>23</sup> See Buttm. Lexil. p. 445.

<sup>24</sup> i. e. those of the Ithacans. But we find "*domos avium*," in Lucret. i. 19.



telling things fated; who being kindly disposed, harangued and addressed them [thus]:

"Hear now from me, Ithacans, what I shall say; and I shall speak these things especially setting them forth to the suitors; for a great calamity hangs over them. For Ulysses will not be long away from his friends, but being already some where near at hand, is planning slaughter and death to all these present: and there will be evil upon many of us also, who inhabit Ithaca well situated towards the west.<sup>25</sup> But let us first consider well, how we may check them,<sup>26</sup> and let them cease; for this will soon<sup>27</sup> be better for them. For I do not prophesy being unskilled, but well understanding. For I say that all the things have been fulfilled unto him, as I foretold him, when the Argives embarked for Troy,<sup>28</sup> and crafty Ulysses went with them. I said that he, having suffered many ills, and having lost all his companions, would come home unrecognised by all, in the twentieth year. All these things then are now being brought to pass."

But him Eurymachus, son of Polybus, in turn addressed: "O old man, come now, go home and prophesy to thy children, lest by chance they should suffer some evil hereafter: but I am a much better one than you to prophesy in these things. Many birds indeed fly about under the beams of the sun, nor are all ominous; but Ulysses has perished afar off; as would that thou also hadst perished with him: thou wouldst not have talked so much, uttering oracles, nor wouldst thou have thus excited the enraged Telemachus, expecting a present for thy family, if he should give thee any. But I declare to thee, and this shall be performed: If thou, who art acquainted with many and ancient things, shalt excite a younger man to be angry, deceiving him with thy words, to him first it will be more unpleasant, [and thou wilt not be able to effect at all on account of those things:<sup>29</sup>] but we will impose a fine upon thee, old man, which thou wilt be indignant in thy mind at paying; and there will be bitter grief for thee. But I my-

<sup>25</sup> But Buttman, Lexil. p. 223, follows Eusynthius, deriving *εὐδαιμον* from *εὐ* and *δαίμων*, with *δ* inserted, = *apricus*, "sunny."

<sup>26</sup> i. e. the suitors. Others wrongly refer *καταπαύσομεν* to *κακόν*.

<sup>27</sup> But *ἄρα* refers to *πανεῖσθων* = *statim enim quiescere* *ipsis utilis* est. Loewe.

<sup>28</sup> Cf. Od. A. 210, sq.

<sup>29</sup> A suspected verse.

self will above all suggest to Telemachus [thus]. Let him command his mother to return to her father's; but they<sup>30</sup> will make a marriage for her, and will prepare a very large dowry, such as ought to accompany a beloved daughter. For I do not think that the sons of the Grecians will rest from their troublesome suit before [this]; since we fear no one at all, not even Telemachus, although he is a man of many words. Nor do we regard the oracle, which thou, old man, speakest in vain, and thou art still more hated. But his property will be again evilly consumed, nor will it ever [again] be equal [to what it was],<sup>31</sup> as long as she puts off the Grecians with respect to her marriage: but we, waiting all our days, contend on account of her excellence, nor do we go after others, whom it is proper for each to marry."

But him did the prudent Telemachus answer in turn: "Eury-machus, and others, as many as [are] illustrious suitors, I no longer beseech of you, nor speak these things: for now the gods and all the Grecians know them. But come, give me a swift ship and twenty companions, who may make way<sup>32</sup> with me to different<sup>33</sup> places. For I am going to Sparta and to sandy Pylos, to make inquiries of the return of my long-absent father, if any one of mortals could tell me, or I may hear some report from Jove,<sup>34</sup> which especially brings notice to men. If I should hear of the life and return of my father, then, although afflicted, I would still endure for a year. But if I should hear that he is dead and no longer existing, then indeed, returning to my dear paternal land, I will build<sup>35</sup> a sepulchre for him, and will perform very many funeral rites,

<sup>30</sup> i. e. οἱ ἀμφὶ τὸν πατέρα. Cf. vs. 53, with Loewe's note. It is a mistake to refer it to the suitors.

<sup>31</sup> i. e. we will go on plundering it. See Loewe's note.

<sup>32</sup> See Buttmann Lexil. p. 492, where Fislake compares the German "*einen weg machen*," "to make a way," and the French, "*il fait une partie du chemin*."

<sup>33</sup> Literally, "here and there."

<sup>34</sup> See the note on i. 282, where the same expression occurs.

<sup>35</sup> More literally, "pile, heap up," as the tombs were built like mounds or barrows. Cf. Il. xxiii. 256; xiv. 114; Od. iii. 258. Compare *τῶν βαρῶν ὄχθος* in Æsch. Choeph. 4. "aggeritur tumulo tellus," Virg. Æn. iii. 62. See also my note on Eurip. Alcest. vol. i. p. 240, ed. Bohn. *χεῖμα σπένμα*, however, primarily to indicate the scattering of earth upon a corpse, to prevent pollution, and as the first part of funeral rites. Hor. Od. i. 28; Virg. Æn. vi. 365.

whatever are fit; and I will bestow my mother on a husband."

Thus having spoken, he sat down; but Mentor rose up to them, who was the companion of illustrious Ulysses, and when he went in the ships, he committed to him all his family, that the old man should be obeyed, and should keep all things safe, who being well disposed harangued and addressed them:

"Hear now from me, Ithacans, what I shall say. Let not any sceptre-wielding king be any more provident, gentle, and mild, nor let him consider holy deeds in his mind, but let him always be severe and do unjust<sup>36</sup> things; since not one of the people, over whom he reigned, remembers the divine Ulysses, and that he was mild as a father.<sup>37</sup> But I indeed by no means envy the proud suitors doing violent deeds, by the evil devices of their mind; for risking their own lives,<sup>38</sup> they are violently consuming the house of Ulysses, who they say will no longer return. But now I am indignant at the rest of the people: how ye all sit silent;<sup>39</sup> but not at all rebuking with words, do ye restrain the suitors who are few, whilst ye are many."

But him Leioeritus, son of Evenor, answered: "Thou baleful Mentor, foolish in thy mind, what hast thou said, inciting [the people] to restrain us? but it is a difficult thing for even those who are more in number to fight about a feast.<sup>40</sup> For although Ithacan Ulysses himself, approaching, should be eager in his mind to drive out of the palace the illustrious suitors [who are] feasting in his house, even his wife would not rejoice at his coming,<sup>41</sup> although very much desiring it; for he would there draw on his own cruel fate, if he should fight with those who are more in number: but thou hast not spoken rightly.<sup>42</sup> But come, ye people, disperse each to his

<sup>36</sup> Sacrilegious, according to the Scholiast, *αἰσνλα* being put for *αἰσδ-συλα*, i. e. τοῦ καθήκοντος σεσυλημένα. Loewe.

<sup>37</sup> Cf. vs. 47.

<sup>38</sup> "Caput objectare periculis." Virg.

<sup>39</sup> *ἄνεω* is doubtless wrong, and we must restore the adverbial form *ἄνεω*, = *ἀκίων*, "in silence." See Buttm. Lexil. p. 109, sq.

<sup>40</sup> This passage is very difficult to understand. I have followed Loewe, who has taken the interpretation of Eustathius: "difficile autem et grave erit Ithacensibus, quamvis sint numero majores, nobiscum (i. e. prociis) contendere de convivio nunc finiēdo."

<sup>41</sup> Because she would soon lose him again, *ἅμα γὰρ ἰδοῦσα στερήσεται*. Eustathius.

<sup>42</sup> *κατὰ μοῖραν* is used in the same manner as *κατ' αἶσαν* = *ὀρθως*, *κατὰ λόγον*.

employments; but for him, let Mentor and Halitherses make ready his journey, they who are his companions, friends of his father from the beginning. But I ween, sitting for a long time, he will hear messages in Ithaca, and he will never perform this journey."

Thus he spoke, and he dissolved the assembly quickly.<sup>43</sup> They then were dispersed each to their own homes; but the suitors went to the house of godlike Ulysses. But Telemachus going at a distance on the shore of the sea, having washed his hands in the hoary wave, prayed to Minerva:

"Hear me, thou deity who didst yesterday come to my house, and didst command me to go in a ship over the shadowy sea to inquire concerning the return of my long-absent father; but the Grecians waste all these things, and especially the suitors, who are wickedly haughty."

Thus he spoke praying; but Minerva came near to him, likened unto Mentor both in person and voice, and addressing him spoke winged words.

"Telemachus, thou wilt not be hereafter a coward or foolish; if indeed the excellent disposition of thy father has been instilled into thee, such as he was to perform a deed and a word, thy journey soon will not be vain or unfinished; but if thou art not the son of him and Penelope, I do not expect that thou wilt perform what thou art eagerly bent upon. For few sons are like their father; more are worse; but few are better than their father. But since thou wilt not hereafter be a coward or foolish, nor has the understanding of Ulysses altogether left thee, there is some hope for thee that thou wilt perform these works. Wherefore disregard now the counsel and the mind of the foolish suitors, since they are not prudent or just: nor do they anticipate the death and gloomy fate, which is now nigh to them, for all to perish in one day. But the journey for which thou art anxious will not be long put off. For I, thy father's friend, am such to thee, who<sup>44</sup> will make ready for thee a swift ship, and will myself follow. But do thou go to the house, and associate with the suitors, and get ready provisions, and fit

<sup>43</sup> Nearly equivalent to ἀνέγνω. Cf. II. iv. 182. *τότε μοι χάραι ἐβρίσιν χθώνι*. Virg. *Æn.* iv. 24, "tellus optem prius ima dehiscat." Loewe.

<sup>44</sup> Observe that Minerva uses the masculine pronoun and adjective, in reference to the form under which she accompanied Ulysses.

every thing in vessels, wine in casks, and meal, the marrow of men, in thick skins. But I will immediately collect voluntary companions through the people: for there are many ships in sea-girt Ithaca, both new and old. Of these I will examine which is the best; and having quickly prepared it we will launch it on the wide sea."

Thus spoke Minerva, the daughter of Jove, nor did Telemachus delay a long time, when he heard the voice of the goddess. But he hastened to his house, sorrowing in his heart; and he found the haughty suitors in the palace skinning goats, and roasting fattened swine<sup>45</sup> in the hall. But Antinous laughing went to meet Telemachus, and took hold of his hand, and spoke and called him by name:

"Telemachus, thou lofty speaker, intolerable in spirit, let not any other evil deed or word be a care to thee in thy breast, but eat and drink for my sake<sup>46</sup> as before. But the Grecians will thoroughly get ready all these things, a ship and chosen rowers, that thou mayest more quickly arrive at divine Pylos, in quest of thine illustrious sire."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Antinous, it is not possible for me to feast in quiet<sup>47</sup> and to rejoice peaceably amongst you arrogant<sup>48</sup> ones. It is not enough that hitherto ye suitors have clipped my many and excellent possessions, whilst I was still an infant? But now when I am grown up, and hearing the discourse of others understand it, ay, and<sup>49</sup> my mind increases within me, I will make the experiment, that I may send the evil Fates upon you, either going to Pylos, or here in this people. I will go indeed—nor will the voyage which I mention be vain—as a merchant; for I am not master<sup>50</sup> of a ship nor of rowers; since he has seemed to you to be better."

<sup>45</sup> σιαλός, ὁ σιτεντός χοῖρος, παρὰ τὸ σιτεῖσθαι ἄλις. Eustath.

<sup>46</sup> μοι is not exactly the dative commodi, but is a polite friendly form of expressing a wish. Loewe compares the German "iss und Kiuk mir."

<sup>47</sup> ἀκρόντα is rightly received by Loewe for ἀέκοντα. Cf. xiv. 195.

<sup>48</sup> There is no authority for translating ὑπερφιάλοισι "perfidious," as one of the most inaccurate of former translators seems to have supposed. The term implies "excessive," and hence, "proud, haughty." See Buttm. Lexil. p. 513.

<sup>49</sup> Καὶ δὴ appears here to increase the emphasis. For the sense Loewe, after the Schol., compares Herod. iii. 134. ἀξαναρόμην τῷ σώματι συναυξάνονται καὶ αἱ φρένες.

<sup>50</sup> But γίγνομαι rather means, "I shall not be possessed of a ship, &c."

He spoke, and readily withdrew his hand from the hand of Antinous; but the suitors were at a banquet in the house. And they abused and reproached [him] in words. And thus some one of the haughty youths spoke:

"Telemachus in truth meditates slaughter for us. He will either bring some allies from sandy Pylos, or even<sup>51</sup> from Sparta; since indeed he is exceedingly anxious: or he wishes to go to the rich land Ephyre, that he may bring from thence deadly poisons, and may throw them in a cup and destroy us all."

And then another one of the haughty youths said: "But who knows whether he himself going in a hollow ship may perish far away from his friends, wandering as Ulysses? So indeed he would still more increase our labour; for we should divide<sup>52</sup> all his possessions, and moreover give his house to his mother to possess, and whoever should marry her."

Thus they spoke; but he went down to the spacious lofty-roofed store-room of his father, where, heaped up, lay gold and brass, and garments in chests, and plenty of sweet-smelling oil. And there stood casks of old sweet wine, containing pure, divine drink, fitted in order against the wall; if at any time Ulysses should return home, although having toiled through many griefs. But upon it there were shut doors closely fitted, double; and within there was night and day a female housekeeper,<sup>53</sup> who watched every thing through the long experience of her mind, Euryclea, the daughter of Ops son of Pisenor. Having called her to the store-room, Telemachus then addressed her:

"Nurse, come draw me some sweet wine in the casks, which is the more luscious<sup>54</sup> after that, which you are preserving, in expectation of him, the unfortunate; if from any where noble Ulysses should come, having escaped death and the Fates. But fill twelve, and fit all with stoppers; and pour meal for

at your hands," because he depended upon Minerva. See Loewe, *ἐπιβόλος* = *ἐπιτιμήτης*, from *βάλλω* in the sense of *τυγχάνω*. Moreover, Telemachus alludes to the poverty they had brought upon him.

<sup>51</sup> On the position of the pronoun *ἤγε* cf. Hor. Od. i. 9,—"nec dulces amores sperne puer neque tu choreas."

<sup>52</sup> He ironically calls the task of dividing the property of Telemachus, a labour. Loewe.

<sup>53</sup> *γυνή ταμὴν* is a common pleonasm, literally, "a woman, a house-keeper."

<sup>54</sup> i. e. more luscious than the rest, but inferior to that. See Loewe.



me into well-sewn skins; and let there be twenty measures of ground meal. But do thou only know it. And let all these things be collected; for I shall take them in the evening, when my mother is gone to her upper chamber, and is thinking of bed. For I am going to Sparta and sandy Pylos, to inquire concerning the return of my dear father, if I can any where hear of him."

Thus he spoke; but his dear nurse Euryclea wailed, and mourning she spoke winged words:

"Why, my dear child, is this thought in thy mind? whither dost thou wish to go over much land, being alone beloved? but he, Jove-sprung Ulysses, has perished far away from his country, amongst an unknown people. But they,<sup>55</sup> as soon as thou art gone, will hereafter devise evil things, how thou mayest perish by deceit, and they themselves may divide all these things. But do thou remain here, sitting amongst thine own: nor is it at all fit that thou shouldst suffer harm, or wander over the unfruitful sea."

To her prudent Telemachus [thus] spoke in turn: "Be of good cheer, nurse, since this counsel is by no means without God:<sup>56</sup> but swear that thou wilt not tell these things to my mother, before the eleventh or twelfth day shall arrive, or she herself should inquire, and hear that I am gone; that she may not hurt her beauteous form [by] weeping."

Thus he spoke; but the old woman swore a great oath by the gods. But when she had sworn and concluded the oath, she straightway drew wine for him in the casks, and poured meal into the well-sewn skins. But Telemachus, going into the house, associated with the suitors.<sup>57</sup>

Then again the blue-eyed goddess Minerva thought upon other things; and likened unto Telemachus she went every where through the city, and then standing near each man spoke the word; and bade them in the evening be assembled at the swift ship. She then begged a swift ship of Noemon the glorious son of Phronius; and he willingly promised it to her.

And the sun set, and all the ways were overshadowed; and then she drew down the swift ship to the sea, and placed all

<sup>55</sup> i. e. the suitors.

<sup>56</sup> i. e. "sine numine Divum," as Virgil expresses it, *Æn.* ii. 777.

<sup>57</sup> As we should say in English, "joined their company."



the tackle in it, which well-benched ships carry. And she stood at the extremity of the port; and her excellent companions were collected together around her; and the goddess incited each.

Then the blue-eyed goddess Minerva thought of other things, and hastened to the dwelling of godlike Ulysses: there she shed sweet sleep over the suitors, and caused them to wander while drinking; and cast the cups out of their hands.<sup>58</sup> And they<sup>59</sup> hastened through the city to sleep; nor did they sit any longer, when sleep fell upon their eye-lids. But blue-eyed Minerva addressed Telemachus, having called him forth out of the well-inhabited palace, likened unto Mentor both in her person and her voice.

"Telemachus, already are thy well-greaved companions sitting at their oars, awaiting your approach. Now let us go, nor delay the voyage any longer."

Thus having spoken, Pallas Minerva quickly led the way; but he straightway followed the steps of the goddess. And when they came to the ship and to the sea, then they found their long-haired companions on the shore; and the sacred might of Telemachus<sup>60</sup> addressed them: "Hither, my friends, let us bring provisions; for all things are now collected in the dwelling; and my mother knows it not at all; nor do the other female servants, but one only has heard the matter."

Thus having spoken he led the way; and they followed with him. And bringing all the things, they placed them on the well-benched ship, as the dear son of Ulysses gave orders. Telemachus then embarked in the ship, and Minerva led and sat down in the stern, and near her sat Telemachus. And they loosed the hawsers; and themselves embarking, sat on the benches. But to them blue-eyed Minerva sent a favourable gale,<sup>61</sup> a brisk zephyr whistling over the dark sea. But Telemachus exhorting his companions ordered them to fit their

<sup>58</sup> L. e. caused them to drop from their tired hands.

<sup>59</sup> I. e. the guests who were on a visit to the suitors. Eustathius.

<sup>60</sup> These circumlocutions are very common in Homer, and, as they are always used to express personal might and prowess, it much detracts from the simple grandeur of heroic language to render them merely by the English adjective.

<sup>61</sup> Loewe, however, derives *ἱκμεον* from *ἱκμας* = *ὕγρον ποῖον*. He observes however that it is rather to be regarded as a general epithet of Zephyr, than as implying rain on the present occasion.

tackle; and they hearkened to him exhorting them, and raising up the fir-mast placed it within the hollow mast-hole; and bound it with the fore-cables, and drew the white sails with well-twisted thongs. And the wind swelled the middle of the sail; and the purple wave roared loudly around the keel, as the ship made its way: and it ran through the waves passing on its way; having then bound the tackle through the swift black ship, they set crowned cups of wine; and made libations to the immortal eternal gods, but most of all to the blue-eyed daughter of Jove. Then it passed along the way through the whole night and in the morning.

### BOOK III.

#### ARGUMENT.

On reaching Pylos with Minerva, Telemachus finds the Pylians sacrificing bulls to Neptune. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Telemachus states the object of his voyage, and Nestor in reply relates what had happened to himself, and the circumstances of their sailing from Troy; but having no tidings of Ulysses, he advises him to go to Menelaus. Minerva departs, having discovered who she is; upon which Nestor offers sacrifice to her; and then sends Telemachus with his son Pisistratus in a chariot to Sparta. They arrive at Phœæ in the evening, and are entertained by Diocles.

BUT the sun, having left the very beauteous sea,<sup>1</sup> rose upwards into the brazen heaven,<sup>2</sup> that it might shine to the immortals and to mortal men over the bounteous earth. And they came to Pylos, the well-built citadel of Neleus: now they<sup>3</sup> were offering sacrifices on the shore of the sea, all-black bulls to the azure-haired Shaker of the earth.<sup>4</sup> There were nine seats and five hundred sat in each, and they allotted nine

<sup>1</sup> On *λίμνη* put for *θάλασσα* or *ᾠκεανός*, see Loewe. Cf. Hesych. s. v. *λίμνη* and *ποταμός*, with Alberti's note, t. ii. p. 481. Strabo, v. p. 225, uses the compound *λιμνοθάλαττα*.

<sup>2</sup> It was the old opinion that the heaven was solid, and framed of brass. Cf. Pind. Nem. vi. 5, *ὃ δὲ χάλκεος ἀσφαλὲς αἰὲ ἔδος μένει οὐρανός* (hence perhaps the brazen shoulders attributed to Atlas in Eur. Ion, i.). The phrase seems merely equivalent to *στερεός*.

<sup>3</sup> The Pylians.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. Neptune. Cf. Virg. *Æn.* iii. 119, whose verses have been compared with the present by Gellius, xiii. 25. Macrob. Sat. iii. 4.

bulls to each. Then they tasted<sup>5</sup> the entrails, and burnt the thighs for the god. But they came ashore straight, and having lifted up the sails of the equal<sup>6</sup> ship furl[ed] [them], and moored it; and they themselves disembarked. Telemachus then disembarked from the ship: but Minerva led the way: the blue-eyed goddess Minerva first addressed him:

"Telemachus, no longer hast thou need of modesty, not even a little; for on that account hast thou sailed over the sea, that thou mayest inquire about thy father, where the earth conceals him, and what fate he has drawn on himself. But come now, go straight to horse-taming Nestor; let us see<sup>7</sup> what counsel he has concealed in his breast. But beseech him to tell thee what is true: but he will not speak a falsehood; for he is very prudent."

Prudent Telemachus then addressed her in turn: "Mentor, how shall I approach, how shall I salute him? I am not at all experienced in prudent discourse; besides there is diffidence<sup>8</sup> for a young man to question an older."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva again addressed: "Telemachus, thou wilt thyself perceive some things in thine own mind, and the deity<sup>9</sup> will suggest others: for I do not think that thou wast born or nourished against the will of the gods."

Thus having spoken, Pallas Minerva quickly led the way. And he went immediately after the steps of the deity; and they came to the assembly and seats of the Pylians. There sat Nestor with his sons; and around were his companions preparing the feast, roasting flesh, and fixing other things on spits. They then, when they saw the strangers, all came together, and in salutation took them by the hand, and bade them sit down. Pisistratus, son of Nestor, first coming

<sup>5</sup> *πάσσωμαι* in the active form signifies *to sprinkle*, in the middle, *to eat or taste*.

<sup>6</sup> Carrying equal weight on both sides.

<sup>7</sup> *εἰδομεν* is put for the infinitive.

<sup>8</sup> *αἰδώς* is rendered by Loewe, "*sensus pudoris*." Translate more freely, "there is a sense of diffidence in a young man addressing an elder."

<sup>9</sup> Whatever Maximus Tyrius, Diss. xxvi., may say, we must remember that *δαίμων* only came to mean a guardian spirit in the writings found after the time of Homer. See Rudolf on Ocellus Lucan. iii. § 3, who has carefully discussed the subject, observing, "*antiquissimis temporibus δαίμων nihil aliud erat, quam Deus*."

near, took the hand of both, and placed them near the banquet, on soft fleeces, on the sand of the sea, near his brother Thrasymedes and his father. And then he gave them parts of the entrails, and poured wine into a golden cup; and stretching out the right hand,<sup>10</sup> called upon Pallas Minerva, the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove:

"Pray now, O stranger, to king Neptune; for at his feast have ye met coming here. But when ye have made libations and have prayed, as is the custom,<sup>11</sup> then to him also give the cup of sweet wine to make a libation; since I think that he also prays to the immortals; for all men have need of the gods: but he is younger [than thou], and of equal age with myself:<sup>12</sup> therefore I will give the golden cup first to thee."

Thus having spoken, he placed the cup of sweet wine in her hands; and Minerva was pleased on account of the prudent just man, because he gave the golden cup to her first. And she straightway prayed much to king Neptune.

"Hear, thou earth-containing Neptune, nor envy us beseeching thee to accomplish these works. To Nestor first and to his sons give glory; but afterwards to others grant a grateful recompence, to all the Pylians, for their illustrious hecatomb: and grant besides that Telemachus and I may return, having performed [the things] on account of which we came hither with a swift black ship."

Thus then she prayed; and she herself accomplished all things, but she gave the beautiful round cup<sup>13</sup> to Telemachus. In the same manner prayed the dear son of Ulysses. And when they had roasted the upper<sup>14</sup> flesh and had taken it off, having distributed the shares, they made a glorious feast. But when they had removed the desire of drinking and eating, to them the Gerenian knight Nestor began discourse:

<sup>10</sup> The form of drinking a toast. Athenæus i. 11. ἐδεξιόοντο, προπίνοντες ἑαυτοῖς, ταῖς δεξιαῖς. On the reduplicated form δειδισκόμενος, see Thiersch Gk. Gr. p. 495, Sandford's translation.

<sup>11</sup> See Loewe.

<sup>12</sup> Literally, there is equal age to him with myself.

<sup>13</sup> But ἀμφικύπελλον (which is an adjective, always being found joined with another word) rather means a vessel which has a κύπελλον, or cup, at both ends. See Buttm. Lexil. p. 93, sq. A similar vessel is used to measure a penny or halfpenny-worth of hazel nuts in the streets of London.

<sup>14</sup> So called in opposition to the viscera.

"Now then it is more proper to ask and inquire of the strangers, who they are, since they are satisfied with food. O strangers, who are ye? from whence do ye sail over the moist ways?<sup>15</sup> Do ye wander on account of some business or at random, as pirates over the sea? who wander exposing their lives, bearing ills to strangers?"

Prudent Telemachus in turn answered him, taking confidence; for Minerva herself had infused confidence into his mind, that he might inquire of him concerning his absent father, [and that he might obtain great glory amongst men.]<sup>16</sup>

"O Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Grecians, thou askest from whence we are; and I will tell thee. We have come from Ithaca, [situate] under Neius, and this is a private, not a public business, which I mention. I come [to inquire] after the wide renown of my father, if I should any where hear of him, godlike, patient Ulysses: whom they say, some time ago, fighting together with thee, sacked the city of the Trojans. For all the others, as many as made war with the Trojans, we have heard of, [as to] where each perished in sad destruction: but his death the son of Saturn has made unheard of. For no one can tell clearly where he has perished: whether he has been subdued on the continent by hostile men, or whether in the sea amongst the waves of Amphitrite.<sup>17</sup> Wherefore I now come to [beseech thee by] thy knees, if thou art willing to tell of his mournful death, if thou hast any where beheld it with thine eyes, or hast heard the tale of any one else wandering: for his mother brought him forth exceedingly calamitous. Nor by any means reverencing me soothe me, nor pitying me, but tell me plainly, as thou hast happened to witness it;<sup>18</sup> I beseech thee, if ever my father, the good Ulysses, has performed any word or deed for thee, having promised it, amongst the people of the Trojans, where you Greeks suffered ills, be mindful of these things now, and tell me truly."

<sup>15</sup> It must be remembered that piracy was not esteemed dishonourable in the heroic ages. See Thucyd. i. 5. The same feeling prevailed among the Lacedæmonians and the ancient Germans, (cf. Davis on Cæs. B. G. vi. 23,) the Danes (Steph. on Saxo Grammat. ii. p. 69). Compare Mal'et's Northern Antiquities, ix. p. 173, seq. ed. Bohn.

<sup>16</sup> A doubtful verse.

<sup>17</sup> The wife of Neptune, here put for the sea.

<sup>18</sup> Literally, "as you have met the sight [of it]."

But to him the Gerenian knight Nestor made answer : " O friend, since thou hast put me in mind of the toil, which we sons of the Grecians, irresistible in might, suffered amongst that people, both whatever things [we endured] with ships wandering over the darkling sea after booty, wheresoever Achilles led us, and whatever, when we fought about the great city of king Priam, where afterwards were slain as many as were the bravest : there lies warlike Ajax, and there Achilles, and there Patroclus, a counsellor equal to the gods, and there my dear son, both brave and blameless, Antilochus, exceeding swift in running, and a warrior : and many other evils besides these we suffered. Who, indeed, of mortal men could relate them all ? Not even if waiting five or even six years, thou shouldst inquire what ills the divine Grecians suffered there. Sooner indeed wouldst thou sorrowing arrive at thy paternal land : for nine years we planned<sup>19</sup> evil things, attacking them around with all kinds of stratagems ; and the son of Saturn with difficulty brought them to an end. There no one wished to be equal in counsel to him, since divine Ulysses, thy sire, surpassed very much in all kinds of deceit ; if in truth thou art his son ; astonishment possesses me as I behold thee ; for indeed thy discourse is like, nor would you say that a younger man speaks so like. Whilst, then, I and divine Ulysses were there, we never spoke at variance in the assembly or in the council, but having one mind, we considered in our thoughts and prudent reflection, by what means the best possible things might be done by the Grecians. But when we had thoroughly destroyed the lofty city of Priam, and had gone away in the ships, and the deity had dispersed the Grecians ; then indeed Jove devised in his mind a sad return for the Greeks ; for they were by no means all prudent or just : wherefore many of them drew on themselves an evil fate, from the pernicious wrath of the blue-eyed goddess, born of a mighty sire, who set contention between both the sons of Atreus. But they having called all the Grecians to an assembly in vain, but not according to what was right, at the setting sun, (for the sons of the Grecians came heavy with wine,) related the cause, on account of which they assembled the people. There Menelaus commanded all the Grecians to be mindful of a return over the wide back of the sea. But it was not altogether pleasing to Agamem-

<sup>19</sup> Literally, " sewed." Cf. xv. 379, 423.

non; for he wished to detain the people, and to offer sacred hecatombs, that he might appease the dreadful wrath of Minerva, foolish man, nor knew he at all that he would not persuade her; for the intention of the gods who exist for ever is not soon turned. Thus they stood answering one another with bitter words; but the well-greaved Greeks leaped up with vast clamour; for the counsel pleased them in a divided manner. During the night we rested, meditating in our mind pernicious things to one another; for Jove was preparing further bane of evil. But in the morning we drew our ships into the boundless sea, and stowed our goods in them, and our deep-bosomed women: but half the people were detained, remaining there with Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, the shepherd of the people; but half of us having embarked weighed anchor. And these sailed very quickly; for a god smoothed<sup>20</sup> the whale-like<sup>21</sup> sea. And arriving at Tenedos we offered sacrifices to the gods, longing for home;<sup>22</sup> but Jupiter did not yet design our return, severe indeed, who excited evil contention again a second time. The others with the prudent crafty king Ulysses embarked on the ships, rowed on both sides, having turned back again, gratifying<sup>23</sup> Agamemnon, the son of Atreus. But I, with the collected ships which followed me, fled, since I knew that the deity meditated evil things. And the warlike son of Tydeus fled, and incited his companions. But auburn-haired Menelaus came late to us, and found us in Lesbos planning a long voyage, whether we should sail about rough Chios, to the island Psyria, keeping it on our left, or below Chios, near windy Mimas.<sup>24</sup> We besought the god to show us a sign; and he showed us one, and commanded us to cut the middle of the sea to Eubœa, that we might escape away from evil as quickly as possible. But a shrill wind sprang up and blew; and the ships ran very swiftly through the fishy way; and during the night were carried to Geræstus; and we offered many thighs of bulls to Neptune, having measured the mighty sea. It was

<sup>20</sup> Literally, "spread," "strowed out." Cf. Apoll. Rhod. i. 1154, *ιστορήσεν δῖνας*. Theocrit. ζ. 57, *στορήσειν τε τὰ κύματα τὸν τε θάλασσαν*. Quint. Calab. vi. 102, *εὐρέα πόντον ὑποστορήσει γαλήνη*. Cf. Virg. Ecl. ix. 57. Æn. v. 821.

<sup>21</sup> The epithet *μεγαλήτεα* merely denotes magnitude.

<sup>22</sup> More literally perhaps, "having a homeward longing."

<sup>23</sup> Literally, "bearing agreeable things to."

<sup>24</sup> A mountain opposite the island Chios, so called from one of the giants.



the fourth day when the companions of horse-subduing Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, stopped their equal ships in Argos: but I kept towards Pylos; nor did the wind ever drop, after the god first sent it forth to blow. Thus I arrived, my dear child, without any knowledge, nor have I learnt any thing of them, who of the Greeks were saved, and who perished. But whatever things I have heard whilst sitting in my palace, as far as is right, thou shalt know, nor will I conceal them from thee. They say that the spear-living<sup>25</sup> Myrmidons returned well, whom the glorious son of magnanimous Achilles led; and Philoctetes [returned] well, the famous son of Pæas; and Idomeneus led all his companions to Crete, who had escaped from the war, and the sea took away no one from him; but you yourselves, although at a distance, hear of the son of Atreus, both how he came, and how Ægisthus devised sad death for him. But he indeed very miserably paid the forfeit: so good a thing is it that a son of a murdered man should be left, since he avenged himself upon the murderer of his father, crafty Ægisthus, who slew his illustrious sire. And do thou, my friend, for I see that thou art noble and great, be brave, that any one even of posterity may speak well of thee."

But him prudent Telemachus addressed in turn: "O Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Grecians, he did indeed revenge him greatly, and the Greeks will bring to him renown far and wide, and for those who shall be hereafter to learn. Would that the gods would give me so much power to be revenged on the suitors for their troublesome overbearing, who insulting me devise impious things. But the gods have not destined such happiness for my father and me; and now it is necessary to endure it.

But him the Gerenian knight Nestor then answered: "O friend, since thou hast put me in mind of, and hast spoken these things, they say that many suitors on account of thy mother devise evil things in thy palace, against thy will; tell me, whether art thou overcome willingly, or do the people hate thee publicly, following the voice<sup>26</sup> of God? But who knows whether he himself shall some time or other come, and

<sup>25</sup> *ἐγχεσίμαροι*, "quibus fatum et sors in armis est." Loewe.

<sup>26</sup> i. e. obeying some oracle, *πολλὰκις γὰρ μεθίστασαν τοὺς βασιλεῖς, μαντείᾳς ἐπιγινομένης*. Eustath.

revenge their violence, being alone, or even all the Greeks together? For if blue-eyed Minerva was so willing to love thee, as she then took exceeding care of glorious Ulysses amongst the people of the Trojans, where we Grecians suffered griefs; (for I have never seen gods so openly loving, as Pallas Minerva openly stood by him;) if she was thus willing to love thee, and would care [for thee] in her mind, then forsooth some one of them would be forgetful of marriage."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Old man, I do not at all think that this word will be brought to pass; for thou hast spoken an exceeding great thing; astonishment possesses me; these things would not happen to me if I hoped them, nor if the gods should so be willing."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva in turn addressed: "Telemachus, what word has escaped thy lips? God, if willing, could easily save a man even from a distance. But I should rather wish, having suffered many griefs, to come home and behold the day of my return, than coming to perish at my own hearth, as Agamemnon perished by the stratagem of Ægisthus and his own wife.<sup>27</sup> But indeed not even the gods are able to ward off death, which is common to all,<sup>28</sup> even from a beloved man; whenever the pernicious Fate of long-slumbering death seizes him."

But her<sup>29</sup> prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Mentor, let us no longer talk of these things although grieving. For him there is no more a sure return, but already the immortals have decreed death and black Fate for him. But now I wish to inquire and ask something else of Nestor; since he above others is acquainted with justice and prudence; for they say that he has thrice ruled over generations of men; so that to me he seems like unto the immortals to behold. O Nestor, son of Neleus, do thou tell me the truth, how did wide-ruling Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, die? Where was Menelaus? What destruction did crafty Ægisthus contrive for him? since he slew one much his better. Was he<sup>30</sup> not in Achæan Argos? or was he wander-

<sup>27</sup> But construe ὦλ. ἐπ' Ἀργ. καὶ ἦς ἀλ. δόλω, "et id quidem dolō malo."

<sup>28</sup> So πόλιμος ὁμοῖος, in which all run equal risk. Od. xviii. 264. Cf. Hor. Od. iv. 7, 23, sqq.

<sup>29</sup> i. e. Minerva speaking as Mentor.

<sup>30</sup> Menelaus.

ing some where else amongst men; and did he, having taken courage, slay him?"

Then the Gerenian knight Nestor answered him: "I will indeed then tell thee all things true, my son; for thou thyself dost suspect this, as it in truth happened. If auburn-haired Menelaus, son of Atreus, coming from Troy had found Ægis thus alive in the palace; he would not have poured<sup>31</sup> upon him when dead the crumbled earth, but certainly dogs and birds would have eaten him lying on the plain far from Argos; nor would any one of the Grecian women have mourned him; for he devised a very heinous<sup>32</sup> deed. For we sat there accomplishing many labours; but he at leisure in the recess of horse-pasturing Argos soothed the wife of Agamemnon very much with words; the divine Clytemnestra herself indeed before refused<sup>33</sup> the disgraceful deed, for she possessed a good understanding: for there was with her a man, a bard, to whom the son of Atreus, when he set out to Troy, gave earnest charge to preserve his wife. But when the Fate of the gods bound her that she should be subdued, then leading the bard to a desert island, he<sup>34</sup> left him to become a spoil and prey for birds; but he willing led her willing<sup>35</sup> to his own home. And he burnt many thighs on the sacred altars of the gods, and suspended many ornaments and tapestry, and gold, after he had accomplished the heinous deed, which he had never expected in his mind. Now we indeed setting out from Troy sailed together, the son of Atreus and myself, having a friendly disposition towards one another: but when we came to sacred Sunium, the promontory of Athens, there Phœbus Apollo,<sup>36</sup> coming against him with his soft darts, slew the pilot of Menelaus, while holding in his hands the rudder of the ship as it went along, Phrontis, son of Onetor, who surpassed the tribes of men in steering a ship, when tempests pressed upon it. Thus he, although hastening on

<sup>31</sup> See my note on ii. 222.

<sup>32</sup> The word μέγα constantly signifies *heinous*, as here. So Pindar, Nemean x. vs. 120,

μέγα ἔργον ἐμήσαντ' ὠκείως. Old Translator.

<sup>33</sup> Cf. Buttm. Lexil. p. 118.

<sup>34</sup> i. e. Ægisthus.

<sup>35</sup> Probably imitated by Euripides, Iph. Aul. 75, ἐρῶν ἐρώσαν φέρει ξανάρπασας. Ἑλένην.

<sup>36</sup> Sudden deaths were attributed to the arrows of Apollo.

his voyage, was detained here, that he might bury his companion, and perform the funeral rites. But when he also, going over the dark sea in his hollow ships, came running to the lofty mountain of the Maleans, then far-beholding Jove decreed a hateful journey for him, and poured upon him the blast of the shrill winds, and the mighty swollen waves, equal to mountains; there having divided the fleet, he made part approach Crete, where the Cydonians dwelt, about the streams of Iardanus. But there is a certain smooth lofty rock in the sea, at the extremity of Gortys, in the shadowy main. There the south wind thrusts the great wave to the dangerous<sup>37</sup> promontory to Phæstus; but a small rock wards off a mighty wave. The ships then came here, and the men with great care avoided death, but the waves broke the ships against the crags; but the wind and wave bearing five azure-prowed ships, made them approach to Egypt. Thus far he, collecting much property and gold, wandered with his ships to men of a different language. But in the mean time Ægisthus devised these sad things at home, having slain the son of Atreus; and the people were subdued under him. For seven years then he reigned over Mycene rich in gold; but in the eighth year divine Orestes came back from Athens, an evil for him, and slew the murderer of his father, crafty Ægisthus, who slew his illustrious father. He then having slain him gave a funeral banquet<sup>38</sup> to the Argives for his hateful mother and unwarlike Ægisthus;<sup>39</sup> but on the same day Menelaus strenuous in battle came to him, bringing many possessions, whatever his ships carried as their burden.

"And do not thou, my friend, wander long at a distance from home, leaving thy possessions and men so overbearing in thine house; lest they should consume all, dividing your possessions, and you should have come a vain journey. But I advise and exhort thee to go to Menelaus; for he has lately come from elsewhere, from those people; from whence that man could not hope in his mind to come, whomsoever first the storms

<sup>37</sup> σκαῖον, like the Latin "lævum," *unlucky, fatal*.

<sup>38</sup> τάφος, περιδαιπνον ἐπὶ τῇ τῶν οἰχομένων τιμῇ, Hesychius. Cf. II. ψ. 29. Hesiod, ἐργ. 735. The Latins called it "silicernium."

<sup>39</sup> The question whether Homer was acquainted with the legend of Orestes' persecution by the Erinyes has been discussed by Muller, Eumenid. § 87, p. 204, note.

had driven out of his course<sup>40</sup> to so vast a sea; from whence not even birds can come in the same year, since it is vast and terrible. But go now with thy ship and thy companions; or, if thou dost prefer it on land, there is a chariot and horses ready for thee, and my sons are ready, who will be thy conductors to divine Lacedæmon, where auburn-haired Menelaus dwells. And beseech him, that he may tell thee true: but he will not speak a falsehood; for he is very prudent."

Thus he spoke: but the sun set, and darkness came on; and the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed them:

"Old man, of a truth thou hast spoken these things rightly; but come, cut<sup>41</sup> indeed the tongues, and mix the wine, that having made libations to Neptune and the other immortals, we may think of our bed; for [this is] the hour for it. For now the light is gone under the gloom; nor is it right to sit long at a feast of the gods, but to return."

The daughter of Jove spoke, and they heard her addressing [them]. And the heralds poured water upon their hands, and the youths crowned the bowls of wine; and they distributed to all, beginning with the cups; and they threw the tongues in the fire, and standing up poured out a libation. But when they had made a libation, and had drunk as much as their mind wished, then indeed Minerva and godlike Telemachus both desired to go to their hollow ship; but Nestor hindered them, chiding them with words:

"May Jove hinder this, and the other immortal gods,<sup>42</sup> that ye should go from me to your swift ship, as from one who is altogether without a garment, or poor, who has neither cloaks or many blankets in his house, nor wherein for himself or his guests to sleep softly. But I indeed have cloaks and beautiful blankets. The dear son of this man Ulysses shall by no means lie down on the deck of a ship, whilst I am alive; but afterwards may my sons be left in my palace to entertain the guests, whoever may come to my house."

<sup>40</sup> This is the full sense of ἀποσφῆλσιν, understanding ὁδοῦ. See Loewe.

<sup>41</sup> It was customary at a feast, to cut off the tongues of the sacrifices and burn them, when it was time to retire to bed; meaning that conversation should cease; and that the company should now go to rest. See the Scholiast.

<sup>42</sup> On this formula, Ζεὺς καὶ θεοὶ ἅλλοι, see my note on Æsch. Prom. p. 3, n. 3, ed. Bohn.

The blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed him in turn: "Thou hast spoken these things well, O dear old man; but it is fit for thee to persuade Telemachus, since thus it is much better. But he will now follow in company with you, that he may sleep in your palace; but I am going to my black ship, that I may cheer on my companions, and order every thing; for I alone boast myself to be older amongst them, but the others younger men follow on account of friendship, all of an equal age with high-minded Telemachus. There I may now rest in the hollow, black ship; but at dawn I am going to the magnanimous Cauconians, where a debt is owed me, not by any means recent, or little; but do you, since he has come to thy house, send him, with a chariot and your son; and give him horses, which are the fleetest to run, and most excellent in strength."

Having thus spoken, blue-eyed Minerva departed likened unto an eagle; and astonishment seized all who beheld; and the old man wondered, when he saw her with his eyes; and he laid hold of the hand of Telemachus, and spoke, and said:

"O friend, I do not expect that thou wilt be a coward and unwarlike, since the gods thus accompany thee, who art young, as thy conductors. For this was no one else of those who possess the Olympian houses, than the daughter of Jove, most glorious Minerva,<sup>43</sup> who honoured also your excellent sire amongst the Grecians. But, O queen, be propitious and grant me good renown, for myself, and my children, and my venerable wife; but to thee I will sacrifice a cow of one year old, of a wide forehead, untamed, which man has not yet led under the yoke. Her I will sacrifice to thee, having poured gold round her horns."

Thus he spoke praying: but Pallas Minerva heard him. But the Gerenian knight Nestor led them, his sons, and his sons-in-law to his beautiful palace. And when they came to the all-illustrious palace of the king, they sat in order on the couches and the thrones. And the old man mixed for them as they came a bowl of sweet wine, which the housekeeper opened in the eleventh year, and loosed the fastenings.<sup>44</sup> Of

<sup>43</sup> *Τειρομένη* is an epithet of Minerva, most probably derived from the old Boeotian word *τεῖρω* = *caput*, referring to the story of Minerva being sprung from the head of Jove.

<sup>44</sup> Not "stoppers." See Loewe.

this the old man mixed a bowl, and pouring forth a libation prayed much to Minerva, daughter of Ægis-bearing Jupiter.

But when they had made libations, and drank as much as their mind desired, some of them went to sleep, each to their own home; but the Gerenian knight Nestor made Telemachus, the dear son of divine Ulysses, sleep there in wrought<sup>45</sup> beds under the echoing portico: and near him Pisistratus, skilled in the spear, chieftain of men, who of his sons was still unmarried in his palace: but himself again slept in the recess of his lofty house: and for him his wife the queen prepared a couch and bed.

But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, the Gerenian knight Nestor arose from his bed. And coming out he sat down on the polished stones which were before his lofty gates, white, shining with oil, on which Neleus before used to sit, a counsellor equal to the gods. But he, already subdued by fate, had gone to Hades. But Gerenian Nestor, the guardian of the Grecians, then sat there, holding his sceptre; and around him his sons were assembled together, coming from their chambers, Echephron, and Straius, and Perseus, and Aretus, and godlike Thrasymedes; and after them the sixth, the hero Pisistratus, came; and leading godlike Telemachus they seated him near him. And the Gerenian knight Nestor began an address to them.

"Quickly, my dear children, accomplish my desire: that I may supplicate Minerva first of the gods, who came manifest to me to a solemn feast of the god. But let one go to the plain for a heifer, that a herdsman may come with all haste, and bring a heifer. And let another go to the black ship of magnanimous Telemachus, and bring all his companions, but let him leave two only: and let another command the goldsmith Laercæus to come hither, that he may pour gold about the horns of the heifer. But do the rest of you remain here together, and bid the handmaidens within prepare a glorious feast in the palace, and place seats and wood around, and bring clear water."

Thus he spoke; and they all were busily occupied; a heifer

<sup>45</sup> Cf. i. 440, *παρὰ τρητοῖς λεχέεσσιν*. Loewe thinks the simplest way of understanding this usage, is to take *τερεῖν* as freely used for the *sculpture* or *frame*, so that *τρητὸν λέχος* is the same as *κλισίη δινωτή* or *ἐβρυκτός*.



then came from the plain: and the companions of magnanimous Telemachus came from the swift equal ship; and the smith came, having his brazen instruments in his hands, the implements of art, an anvil and hammer, and well-made tongs, with which he worked the gold; and Minerva came to partake of the sacred rites: and the old horseman Nestor gave the gold: but he then, having prepared it, poured it around the horns of the heifer, that the goddess might rejoice on beholding the ornament. But Stratius and divine Echephron led the heifer by the horns: and Aretus came, bringing water from the chamber in a cauldron embossed with flowers; and in the other hand he held cakes in a basket. But Thrasymedes, persevering in the fight, stood near, holding in his hand a sharp axe, to strike the heifer. And Perseus held the vessel for catching the blood;<sup>46</sup> and the old horseman Nestor began with [sprinkling] the water and the cakes: and having offered the first-fruits, he prayed much to Minerva, throwing the hairs of the head in the fire. But when they had prayed and thrown forth the cakes, straightway high-minded Thrasymedes, the son of Nestor, standing near struck the blow; and the hatchet cut the tendons of the neck, and loosed the strength of the heifer. But they shouted, the daughters and daughters-in-law, and Eurydice, the venerable wife of Nestor, the eldest of the daughters of Clymenus. They then raising it up from the spacious earth held it; but Pisistratus, chieftain of men, killed it. And when the black blood flowed from it, and life had left its bones, they quickly divided it; and soon cut off all the thighs, as was right, and covered them with fat, having doubled them; and put the raw parts upon them: and the old man roasted them on the faggots, and poured glowing wine over them; and near him the young men held in their hands five-pronged spits. But when the thighs were burnt, and they had tasted the entrails, they both cut up the other parts into bits, and fixed them on spits, and roasted them, holding in their hands the sharp spits. But meanwhile beautiful Polycaste, the youngest daughter of Nestor, the son of Neleus, washed Telemachus. But when she had washed him, and anointed him with rich oil,<sup>47</sup> and had thrown a beautiful

<sup>46</sup> ἀμνίον, τὸ τοῦ αἵματος δεκτικὸν ἀγγεῖον. Eust.

<sup>47</sup> Heyne, on Hom. Il. x. 577, regards this as an old substantive, λίψ, λίπος, used for an adjective.

vest and garment around him, he went out of the bath like unto the immortals in person; and going near Nestor, the shepherd of the people, he sat down. But when they had roasted the upper parts and had separated them, they sat down and feasted; and the excellent men arose, pouring wine into the golden cups. But when they had taken away the desire of eating and drinking, the Gerenian knight Nestor began to address them:

"My sons, come, lead forth, and yoke under the chariot beautiful-haired horses for Telemachus, that he may perform his journey."

Thus he spoke: but they quickly heard and obeyed him; and they swiftly yoked the swift horses under the chariot; and the housekeeper placed in it bread and wine, and dainties, such as Jove-nourished kings eat. Telemachus then mounted the very beautiful chariot; and near him Pisistratus, the chieftain of men, son of Nestor, mounted the chariot, and took the reins in his hands, and scourged them that they might go on; and they twain flew not unwilling to the plain, and left the lofty citadel of Pylos. And all the day they shook the yoke holding it on both sides: and the sun set, and all the ways were overshadowed. And they came to Pheræ, to the house of Diocles, son of Orsilochus, whom Alpheus begot for his son. There they rested during the night; and he gave them hospitable gifts.

But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, they yoked the horses and mounted the variegated chariots: [and drove out of the vestibule, and the resounding portico.]<sup>47</sup> And he scourged them that they might go on; and they twain flew not unwilling: and they came to the wheat-producing plain; there then they finished their journey; for so quickly the swift horses ran. And the sun set, and all the ways were overshadowed.

<sup>47</sup> A suspected verse.

## BOOK IV.

## ARGUMENT.

Menelaus entertains Pisistratus and Telemachus; the latter of whom relates the state of matters in Ithaca, and makes inquiries respecting his father. Menelaus then gives him the particulars of the return of the Grecians, as far as he is acquainted with them; and informs Telemachus that he had been acquainted by Proteus, that Ulysses was being detained by Calypso. At Ithaca, in the mean time, the suitors in council determine to lay wait for Telemachus on his return, and put him to death. Minerva comforts Penelope, who was afflicted at her son's absence, by a dream, appearing to her in the form of Iphthime, the sister of Penelope.

THEY came to hollow Lacedæmon with its many clefts;<sup>1</sup> and they drove to the house of glorious Menelaus. And they found him making a nuptial feast in his house, of his son and spotless daughter, to many friends.<sup>2</sup> Her he sent to the son of the warlike Achilles; for in Troy he first promised and agreed that he would bestow her: and the gods brought their marriage to pass. He sent her to go there with horses and chariots, to the illustrious city of the Myrmidons, over whom he reigned: and to his son he brought from Sparta the daughter of Alector, who was born to him in his old age, brave Megapenthes, from a slave: but the gods no more gave an offspring to Helen, after she had first brought forth her lovely daughter Hermione, who had the form of golden Venus.

So these neighbours and friends of glorious Menelaus feasted in the lofty-roofed, large house, delighted: and amongst them a divine bard sang, playing on the harp; and two dancers amongst them turned round in the middle, the song having commenced.<sup>3</sup> But they themselves and their horses,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Buttman Lexil. p. 379—383, where he has completely set at rest the old interpretations of this word, which he derives primarily from *χάω*, *χάσσω*. Loewe has adopted the same view. *Κοίλη* is applied to Lacedæmon, because it was situated in the valley between Mounts Taygetus and Parthenius.

<sup>2</sup> His son Megapenthes wedded the daughter of Alector, and his daughter Hermione, Neoptolemus.

<sup>3</sup> In the old prose translation, the author of which is seldom guilty of losing an opportunity for a blunder, we have an amusing oscillation between *ἐξάρχοντες* and *ἐξάρχοντος*. Had he been aware that the commentary of Eustathius on this passage is simply a quotation from Athenæus, who read *ἐξάρχοντος*, he would have seen that the reading, not the interpretation, was the question.

the hero Telemachus and the illustrious son of Nestor, stood in the vestibule of the house: but excellent<sup>3</sup> Eteoneus, the trusty servant of glorious Menelaus, coming forward, saw them; and he hastened through the house to announce them to glorious Menelaus; and standing near him spoke winged words:

"There are some strangers here, O Menelaus, nourished of Jupiter, two men, and they are like unto the race of mighty Jove. But say, whether we shall loose their swift horses, or send them to go to some one else, who may receive them kindly."

Auburn-haired Menelaus very indignant addressed him: "Formerly indeed thou wast not foolish, O Eteoneus, son of Boëtheus, but now, like a child, thou speakest foolish things. We indeed having consumed many hospitable gifts from other men came here; [to see] if Jupiter even hereafter shall allow us to cease from toil;<sup>4</sup> but loose the horses of the strangers, and bring them in immediately to be feasted."

Thus he spoke; and he hastened from the palace, and exhorted his other trusty servants to follow him. But they loosed the horses sweating under the yoke; and bound them to the horses' manger: and they set oats near them, and mixed white barley with them; and they tilted the chariot against the shining walls, and led them into the divine house: but they, beholding, marvelled at the house of the Jove-nurtured king. For there was a splendour like as of the sun and the moon, through the lofty-roofed house of glorious Menelaus. But when, beholding with their eyes, they were satisfied, going into the well-polished baths they washed themselves. When therefore the maid-servants had washed them, and anointed them with oil, and had also thrown woollen cloaks and garments around them, they set them on thrones near Menelaus, the son of Atreus. And a handmaid bringing water in a beautiful golden ewer, poured it over a silver cauldron, to wash in: and she spread a polished table near at hand. And the venerable housekeeper brought bread and set it near them, serving up many dainties, gratifying them as well as she could out of the provisions that were at hand. And the waiter lifting up dishes of all kinds of flesh placed them near; and

<sup>3</sup> On this meaning of *επειων* see Loewe.

<sup>4</sup> I have some doubts about this passage.

set near them golden cups. Auburn-haired Menelaus then giving them his right hand addressed them :

"Both taste food and rejoice ; but when ye twain have eaten of supper, we will inquire of you, who of men you are ; for the race of your parents has not perished ; but ye are the race of Jove-nurtured, sceptre-bearing kings ; for bad men would not produce such as ye are."

Thus he spoke, and he set near them the fat back of an ox, taking in his hands the roasted part, which they had placed near him as an honour : and they stretched forth their hands to the viands lying ready before them. But when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, then Telemachus addressed the son of Nestor, holding his head near, that the others might not hear :

"Consider, thou son of Nestor, most pleasing to my mind, the shining of the brass throughout the resounding house, and of gold, and amber, and silver, and ivory. Some such, forsooth, is the hall of the Olympian Jupiter within. How many vast things are here ! astonishment possesses me as I behold them."

Auburn-haired Menelaus understood him speaking, and addressing them, spoke winged words :

"My sons, no one indeed of mortals would contend with Jove ; for immortal are his houses and possessions ; but any one of mortals would either contend with me in possessions, or not. Certainly, having suffered many things, and having wandered much, I was brought in my ships, and I returned in the eighth year : having wandered to Cyprus, and Phœnice, and the Egyptians, I came to the Æthiopians and Sidonians, and Erebbians, and Libya, where the lambs immediately become horned. For the sheep bring forth thrice in a whole year : there indeed neither king nor shepherd is in want of cheese and flesh, nor of sweet milk ; but they always furnish milk for milking throughout the year. Whilst I wandered collecting much livelihood in those places, in the mean while another slew my brother secretly, unexpectedly, through the deceit of his pernicious wife : so I by no means rejoicing rule over these possessions. And ye must have heard these things from your fathers, whoever they be ; for I have suffered very many things, and have lost my house, which was very well inhabited, containing many and excellent things. Of which

I would wish having even the third part to dwell in my house, and that the men should be safe who then perished in spacious Troy far from horse-pasturing Argos. But however mourning and grieving for all, oftentimes sitting in my palace, sometimes I am delighted in my mind with grief, at other times again I rest; but the satiety of chilly grief is quick. I do not so much lament for all these, although saddened, as for one, who makes my sleep and my food hateful to me, when I call him to mind; since no one of the Grecians laboured so much, as Ulysses laboured and endured; but for him indeed it was fated that there should be sad cares, but to me grief never to be forgotten on account of him, since indeed he is a long time absent, nor do we know at all whether he is alive or dead. Old Laertes, and prudent Penelope, and Telemachus whom he left lately born in his house, are now some where mourning for him."

Thus he spoke; and he excited in him the desire of grief on account of his sire. And he shed tears from his eyelids on the ground, hearing of his father, holding up a purple mantle before his eyes with both his hands. And Menelaus perceived him, and then he meditated in his thoughts and in his mind, whether he should leave him to make mention of his father, or should ask him first, and inquire of him every thing.

Whilst he meditated these things in his thoughts and in his mind, Helen came out of the sweet-smelling, lofty-roofed chamber, like unto Diana of the golden distaff. For her Adrasta immediately placed a well-made seat; and Alcippe brought tapestry of soft wool; and Phylo brought a silver basket, which Alcandra the wife of Polybus gave her, who dwelt in Egyptian Thebes, where very many possessions lie in his house: who gave to Menelaus two silver baths, and two tripods, and ten talents of gold; and his wife moreover gave beautiful gifts to Helen; she presented a golden distaff, and a round basket, silver, but the lips were finished with gold. This indeed the handmaid Phylo brought and placed near her, filled with well-dressed thread; and upon it the distaff was stretched, containing violet-coloured wool. And she sat on the seat, and a foot-stool was under her feet: and she straightway inquired every thing of her husband with words:

"Do we know, O thou Jove-nurtured Menelaus, what

men these are who profess to come to our house? Shall I say false, or shall I speak the truth? For my mind exhorts me. For I say that I have never seen any man or woman so like (reverence possesses me as I behold him) as he is like unto Telemachus, the son of magnanimous Ulysses, whom that man left lately born in his house, when ye Grecians came to Troy on account of me, immodest one, arousing fierce war."

Auburn-haired Menelaus answering addressed her: "So now I too am thinking, my wife, as thou dost conjecture. For such are his feet, and such his hands, and the cast of his eyes, and his head and his locks above. And I just now, making mention of Ulysses, related what things he undergoing labour suffered on my account; but he shed a bitter tear from his eyelids, holding up his purple mantle before his eyes."

Pisistratus, the son of Nestor, addressed him in answer: "O Menelaus, son of Atreus, nurtured of Jove, chieftain of the people, he is truly his son, as thou sayest; [but he is prudent, and is indignant in mind, coming hither first to show the forwardness by entering first on the discourse in your presence,<sup>5</sup> with whose voice, as of a god, we are delighted.] But the Gerenian knight Nestor sent me forth, to accompany him as a guide; for he desired to see thee, that thou mayest suggest some word or some deed to him. For the son of an absent father, to whom there are no other assistants, suffers many griefs in his palace; so now is it with Telemachus; he indeed is gone, nor are there others amongst the people who may ward off calamity."

But him auburn-haired Menelaus answering addressed: "O gods!<sup>6</sup> of a truth the son of a very dear man, who for my sake hath laboured through many toils, has come to my house. And I said that I would receive him with kindness above the rest of the Grecians, upon returning, if wide-thundering Olympian Jove had granted that there should be a return for us over the sea in our swift ships: and I would have founded a city in Argos for him, and would have built

<sup>5</sup> The Scholiast explains these words in three different ways: "to shew the reproaches thrown upon him by the suitors," or "to relate the reproaches cast on his house," or as it is here translated, "he is too modest to speak first." Old Transl. See Loewe, who, with one of the Scholiasts, is inclined to condemn these verses as spurious.

<sup>6</sup> See on i. 32.



houses, bringing him from Ithaca with his possessions and his son, [and all his people, having sacked one city of those, which are inhabited around, but are ruled over by me myself.] And we being here, would frequently have associated together; nor would any thing else have separated us twain, being kind to and delighting one another, before at least the time when the black cloud of death had enveloped us. But perhaps the deity himself would have envied these things, who made him alone wretched without a return."

Thus he spoke, but he excited in them all a desire of grief. Argive Helen born of Jupiter wept, Telemachus wept, and Menelaus the son of Atreus; nor did the son of Nestor keep his eyes tearless: for he remembered in his mind blameless Antilochus, whom the glorious son of shining Aurora slew; remembering him he spoke winged words:

"O son of Atreus, aged Nestor said that thou art prudent above mortals, when we mentioned thee [in his palace, and were inquiring of one another]. And now, if it is at all possible, obey me; for I am not delighted, weeping at supper-time; but Aurora, the mother of dawn, will soon be present; I am not at all indignant at weeping for one, who amongst mortals is dead, and has drawn on his fate. This indeed is the only honour to be paid to wretched mortals, to clip the hair, and to pour the tear down from the cheeks. For my brother too died, who was by no means the worst of the Grecians, as thou must be aware; for I have not met with nor seen him, as they say that Antilochus excelled others, that he was exceeding fleet to run, and a warrior."

Auburn-haired Menelaus addressed him in answer: "O friend, since thou hast spoken such things, as a prudent man would speak and do, even one who was more advanced; (for thou art born of such a father, wherefore thou speakest prudent things;) but the son of a man, to whom the son of Saturn has destined happiness when he marries, and when he begets children, is easily to be distinguished. As he has now given to Nestor all his days continually, that he himself should grow old comfortably in his palace, and that his sons should be prudent, and excellent in the use of the spear. But let us indeed leave off our mourning, which was before: and let us again remember our supper, and let them pour water on our hands: but in the morning there shall be conversation

between Telemachus and me, that we may discourse with one another."

Thus he spoke; but Asphalion, the trusty servant of glorious Menelaus, poured water over their hands. And they stretched forth their hands to the viands that were lying ready. There then Jove-descended Helen planned other things. She straightway cast a drug into the wine, from whence they were drinking, that frees men from grief and from anger, and causes oblivion of all ills. Whoever should drink down this, when it is mixed in a cup, would not shed a tear down his cheeks for a whole day, not even if both his mother and father should die, nor if they should slay with the steel a brother or a beloved son before him, and he should behold it with his eyes. Such cunning and excellent drugs the daughter of Jove possessed, which Polydamna, the wife of Thone, gave her, an Egyptian; where the bounteous land produces very many drugs, many excellent when mingled, and many fatal; and each physician<sup>7</sup> is skilled above all men; for truly they are of the race of Pæon.<sup>8</sup> But when she put it in, and ordered them to pour wine over it, straightway addressing them with words, she spoke:

"O Menelaus, thou Jove-nurtured son of Atreus, and also these sons of brave men—but the god Jupiter gives both good and evil, sometimes to one and sometimes to another; for he is able [to do] all things—now however feast, sitting in the palace, and delight yourselves with conversation; for I will relate fitting things. I could not indeed relate or name all things, as many as are the labours of patient Ulysses: but what that was, which the brave man did and suffered amongst the people of the Trojans, where ye Greeks suffered calamities. Having inflicted on himself unseemly blows, throwing vile garments about his shoulders, like a servant, he entered the city of the enemy with its spacious streets. But concealing himself he likened himself unto another man, a beggar, he who was by no means such a one at the ships of the Grecians; like unto him he entered the city of the Trojans; and they all knew him not;<sup>9</sup> but I alone recognised him, although he

<sup>7</sup> I. e. the physicians of Egypt. Cf. Herodot. ii. 77, 84.

<sup>8</sup> Homer distinguishes between Apollo and Pæon. Cf. Il. v. 401, and Loewe's note.

<sup>9</sup> Could not tell who he was. Cf. Alberti on Hesych. γ. ἀβανίτην.

was such a one; and I put questions to him, but he avoided me by his craft. But when indeed I washed him and anointed him with oil, and put garments on him, and swore a firm oath, that I would not make Ulysses manifest to the Trojans, before he came to the swift ships and the tents; then at length he declared to me the whole intention of the Grecians. And having slain many of the Trojans with the long-pointed steel, he came to the Argives; and he brought back much intelligence.<sup>10</sup> There the other Trojan women wailed shrilly; but my heart rejoiced; for now indeed my mind was inclined to return home again; but I lamented the calamity, which Venus had given, when she led me thither from my dear paternal land, and separated my daughter [from me], and my chamber, and my husband, who was not at all deficient, either as to his understanding or his form."

But auburn-haired Menelaus addressed her in turn: "Of a truth, wife, thou hast spoken all these things rightly. I have now, indeed, learned the counsel and mind of many heroes, and have passed over much land; but I have not yet seen such a one with my eyes, so kind as was the heart of patient Ulysses, and such a thing as that which the brave man did and suffered in the polished horse, wherein we all, chiefs of the Grecians, sat in ambush, bringing slaughter and fate upon the Trojans. Then thou camest thither; but the deity, who wished to give glory to the Trojans, must have exhorted thee, although godlike Deiphobus followed thee as thou wentest. And thrice didst thou go round the hollow ambush,<sup>11</sup> feeling it about, and called the chiefs of the Grecians by name, imitating the voice of the wives of all the Greeks. But I, and the son of Tydeus, and divine Ulysses sitting in the middle, heard how thou calledst aloud. Both of us indeed were anxious, having rushed forth either to go out, or to answer thee immediately from within; but Ulysses hindered us and restrained us, although desirous. [There all the other sons of the Grecians were silent; but Anticlus alone wished to answer thee with words; but Ulysses without ceasing pressed

<sup>10</sup> The Scholiast explains this passage thus: καταφρόνησιν αὐτῶν ἡγάγεν· τούτῳστιν, ἡ αὐτὸς καταφρόνησε τότε αὐτῶν, ἢ τοὺς Ἕλληνας ἰποῖησιν αὐτῶν καταφρόνησαι δι' ὧν ἐπεισε τὴν Ἑλένην· ἢ φρονήσιως ἀπείρου ἑαυτῷ περιέθετο τὸ ὄνομα ταῦτα ποιήσας· οἱ δὲ νεώτεροι, φρόνιν τὴν ἑλάν ἀπεδίξαντο. But see Loewe.

<sup>11</sup> i. e. the wooden horse.

upon his mouth with his strong hands, and saved all the Grecians: he held him so long until Pallas Minerva led thee far away.]”

But him prudent Telemachus addressed in turn: “O Menelaus, Jove-nurtured son of Atreus, chieftain of the people, it is more grievous; for these things did in no wise avert sad death from him, not even if his heart was of steel within. But come, send us to bed, that we may now be delighted with sweet sleep, being laid down to rest.”

Thus he spoke; and Argive Helen ordered the maid-servants to place couches under the portico, and to throw on them beautiful purple rugs, and to strew tapestry on the top, and to place on them woollen cloaks to cover them above. But they went from the palace, holding a torch in their hands: and they strewed the couches; and the herald led out the guests. They indeed, the hero Telemachus and the illustrious son of Nestor, lay there in the vestibule of the house; but the son of Atreus slept in the recess of the lofty house, and near him lay long-robed Helen, a divine one amongst women. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, Menelaus, gallant in the din of battle, arose from his bed, having put on his garments; and around his shoulder he girded a sharp sword, and beneath his shining feet he bound beautiful sandals; and hastened from the chamber like unto a god to behold, and he sat near Telemachus, and spoke, and called him by name:

“What necessity brought thee hither, O hero Telemachus, to divine Lacedæmon, over the wide back of the sea? Public or private? tell me this truly.”

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: “O Menelaus, Jove-nurtured son of Atreus, chieftain of the people, I am come [to see] if perchance thou couldst tell me any report concerning my father. My house is being consumed, and rich tillages are perishing. And my house is full of hostile men, who are constantly slaying my tender sheep, and my curve-footed, crooked-horned oxen, suitors of my mother, possessing over-bearing insolence. Wherefore I come to thy knees, if thou art willing to tell of his mournful death, if thou hast any where beheld it with thine eyes, or hast heard the tale of any one else wandering: for his mother brought him forth exceedingly calamitous. Nor by any means reverencing me,

be gentle, nor pitying me, but tell me plainly as thou hast met with the sight [of it]; I beseech thee, if ever my father, good Ulysses, has accomplished any word or deed for you, having undertaken it amongst the people of the Trojans, where ye Greeks suffered losses, be mindful of these things now, and tell me true."

And auburn-haired Menelaus mourning greatly addressed him: "O gods! indeed they have sought to lie in the bed of a stout-hearted man, themselves being weak. As when a hart, having laid her new-born suckling fawns in the den of a strong lion, feeding, searches the thickets<sup>12</sup> and grassy valleys, but he then has entered his lair, and on them both has brought a severe fate; so Ulysses will bring a severe fate upon those men. I wish, O father Jupiter, and Minerva and Apollo, being such formerly, in well-built Lesbos, rising he wrestled in contention with the son of Philomela,<sup>13</sup> and threw him with violence, and all the Greeks rejoiced. Should Ulysses, being such a one, engage with the suitors, [all would be quick fated, and would have a bitter marriage.] But as to these things, which thou inquirest and beseechest of me, I would not tell thee other things besides, indirectly, nor will I deceive thee: but as to the things which the true old man<sup>14</sup> of the sea told me, of these I will by no means hide or conceal a word from you.

"The gods detained me in Egypt, desiring to return hither, since I did not offer up to them perfect hecatombs: [but the gods always wish that we should be mindful of their commands.] There is a certain island then in a boisterous sea, before Egypt,—they call it Pharos,—so far distant as a hollow ship would make in a whole day, when a whistling wind should blow on from behind. But in it there is a haven with good mooring, from whence they take equal ships into the sea, having drawn black water. There for twenty days the gods detained me, nor did favourable winds ever appear blowing on the sea, which are the conveyers of ships over the wide back of the ocean. And now all my provisions would have been consumed, and the strength of my men [would have failed], had not one of the goddesses taken pity on me, and preserved me, Idothea, daughter of illustrious Proteus, the old man of the

<sup>12</sup> Or, the foot of a mountain.

<sup>13</sup> Patroclus

<sup>14</sup> Proteus.

sea: for I very much moved her mind, who met me wandering alone, at a distance from my companions; for they, constantly wandering about the island, fished with crooked hooks; for hunger subdued their belly. But she standing near me spoke, and said, 'Thou art exceedingly foolish, O stranger, or remiss in mind, or thou art willingly neglectful, and art delighted at suffering griefs; thus now thou art a long time detained in an island, nor canst thou discover any means of escape, and the heart of thy companions wastes away.'

"Thus she spoke; and I addressed her in answer: 'I will tell thee, indeed, whoever thou art of the goddesses, that I am by no means willingly detained; but I must have sinned against the immortals, who possess the wide heaven; but do thou tell me, for the gods ken all things, who of the immortals hinders me, and has bound me from my journey, and [tell me of] my return, how I shall go over the fishy sea.'

"Thus I spoke; but she, the divine one of goddesses, immediately answered: 'I will tell thee, indeed, O stranger, very correctly. A certain true old man of the sea has his haunts here, immortal Proteus the Egyptian, who is acquainted with the depths of the whole sea, the servant of Neptune; they say that he is my father, and that he begot me. Him if thou couldst by any means insnare and take, he would tell thee the way and the measures of the track, and thy return, how thou mayest go over the fishy sea. And he will tell thee, besides, O noble one, if he chooses, what evil and good has happened in thy palace, whilst thou wast absent on a long and difficult journey.'

"Thus she spoke; but I addressed her in answer: 'Do thou now thyself bethink thee of the snare for the divine old man, lest by any means foreseeing me, or knowing beforehand, he should escape me: for a god is difficult to be subdued by a mortal man.'

"Thus I spoke; but she, divine one of goddesses, straightway answered: 'Therefore, O stranger, will I tell thee very correctly. When the sun has gone round up to the middle of the heaven, then the unerring old man of the sea comes forth from the deep, under the breathing of the west wind, covered with the black foam; and having gone out, he lies down to rest under the hollow caves. But around him sea-calves, the



offspring<sup>15</sup> of fair Halosydna, sleep together, emerging from the hoary sea, breathing forth a bitter smell of the deep sea. There I will lead thee, together with the appearance of morn, and lay thee in order; but do thou choose well three companions, who are the best at your well-benched ships; but I will tell thee all the terrible tricks<sup>16</sup> of the old man. First he will reckon and go over the sea-calves; and when he has numbered all on his five fingers, and has seen them, he will lie down in the middle, as a shepherd among a flock of sheep. And when thou shalt have first seen him laid to sleep, then let strength and force be thy care to keep him there, although desirous and striving to escape. But he will make the attempt, becoming all things, whatsoever reptiles are upon the earth, and water, and fire that blazes from the gods;<sup>17</sup> but do thou keep him firmly, and press him still more. But when he himself shall ask thee with words, being such as thou sawest him when asleep, then, O hero, desist from force, and loose the old man: but ask him, who of the gods hurts thee, and about thy return, how thou mayest go over the fishy sea.

“Thus having spoken, she dived under the billowy sea: but I went to the ships, where they stood on the sands; but my heart was deeply troubled<sup>18</sup> much as I went. But when I came to the ship and to the sea, we made ready a supper, and ambrosial night came on; then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, then I went to the shore of the wide-wayed sea, much supplicating the gods; and I took three companions, in whom I most trusted for every attempt. But in the mean time she, having dived beneath the wide bosom of the sea, brought from the deep four skins of sea-calves; and all were fresh-skinned, and she planned a stratagem against her sire;

<sup>15</sup> *Νέποδες* = “without feet,” or “that make their way by swimming.” But Eustathius says, *Νέποδες γὰρ θαλάσσης, αἱ πόδες ὅ ἐστι τέκνα. Νέπους γάρ, κατὰ τινα γλῶσσαν, ὁ ἀπόγονος.* See Loewe.

<sup>16</sup> Probably *δολοφώια* is derived from *δολοῦ* and *φαίνω*, because these tricks, though not terrible, seemed so. Loewe.

<sup>17</sup> Cf. Buttm. *Lexil.* p. 357. 4.

<sup>18</sup> *Πορφύρειν, τὸ βαθεῖως διαλογίζεσθαι, ὡς ἀπὸ θαλάσσης, ἐφ' ἧς καὶ τὸ πορφύρειν καὶ τὸ ἰοδινεῖς καὶ τὸ μέλαν καὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα λέγεται. τὸ δ' ἀντὶ καὶ καλχαίνειν, ἀπὸ τῆς κάλχης, ὃ πορφύραν δηλοῖ.* See Donaldson ou Soph. Antig. 20.



and having hollowed out beds in the sands of the sea, she sat waiting, but we came very near to her; and she laid us down in order, and threw a skin over each of us. There, however, the ambush was most grievous; for a most pernicious smell [from the skins] of sea-nourished calves afflicted us horribly: for who would sleep near a whale of the sea? But she preserved us and bethought her of a mighty remedy; she brought ambrosia and placed it under the nostrils of each, which breathed very pleasantly, and destroyed the smell of the whale. And we waited the whole morning with patient mind. And the sea-calves came together from the sea; they then lay in order near the shore of the sea. And the old man at mid-day came from the sea, and found the well-nourished sea-calves; and he went over all and counted their number. And he counted us first amongst the whales, nor did he at all suspect in his mind that it was a trick; and then he himself also lay down. But we immediately shouting rushed upon him; and threw our hands around him: nor did the old man forget his wily art. And first indeed he became a lion with noble mane, and then a dragon, and a leopard, and a great boar; and he became liquid water and a lofty-leaved tree. But we held him firmly with patient mind; and when at length the old man mourned, skilled in terrible tricks, then inquiring of me with words he addressed me; 'Who of the gods, thou son of Atreus, planned counsels for thee, that thou mightest take me against my will, having insnared me? of what hast thou need?' 'Thus he spoke; but I addressed him in answer: 'Thou knowest, old man—why dost thou ask me these things, deceiving me? Since I am now detained a long time in the island, nor can I find any means of escape, and my heart wastes away within me. But do thou tell me, for the gods know all things, who of the immortals hinders me, and has bound me from my journey, and [tell me about] my return, how shall I go over the fishy sea.'

"Thus I spoke; but he answering again addressed me: 'But thou oughtest by all means to embark, having offered favourable sacrifices to Jupiter, and the other gods, that thou mayest come as quick as possible to thy country, sailing over the dark sea. For it is not the destiny for thee to behold thy friends and to come to thy well-built house and thy paternal land, before thou shalt return again to the water of

the Egyptian river filled by Jove,<sup>19</sup> and shall offer sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods, who possess the wide heaven: and then the gods will grant thee the journey for which thou art anxious.'

"Thus he spoke; but my dear heart was grievously afflicted, because he commanded me to go again to Egypt over the shadowy sea, a long and difficult journey. But even so answering him with words I addressed him: 'These things I will indeed so perform, O old man, as thou commandest. But come, tell me this and relate it truly, if all the Grecians have returned with their ships, unhurt, whom Nestor and I left when we set out from Troy, or has any one perished with unlooked-for death in his ship, or in the hands of his friends after he had brought the war to an end?'<sup>20</sup>

"Thus I spoke; but he again answering addressed me: 'O son of Atreus, why dost thou ask me these things? It is not at all fit that thou shouldst know or learn my mind; nor do I think that thou wilt long be without weeping, when thou hast heard all things rightly. Many of these have been subdued and many have been left. But two leaders only of the brazen breastplated Grecians have perished in their return; for thou also wast present at the battle: and one is still detained some where alive on the wide sea. Ajax indeed was subdued amongst the long-oared ships; first Neptune made him approach to the great rocks Gyrae, and saved him from the sea; and now he would have escaped death, although hated by Minerva, had he not thrown out a haughty expression, and he was greatly hurt:<sup>21</sup> for he said that he would escape the mighty wave of the sea against the will of the gods. And Neptune heard him boasting great things. Immediately then taking his trident in his sturdy hands, he struck the Gyrean rock, and cut it off. And one [part] remained there, but another fragment fell into the sea; upon this Ajax at first sitting was greatly hurt, for it carried him into the vast billowy sea. [Thus he perished there, when he drank salt water.] But thy brother by some means avoided death, and escaped in his hollow ships; for venerable Juno preserved

<sup>19</sup> i. e. "by rain sent from Jove," *ὕετ' ἡ πληροῦμένον*. Eustath.

<sup>20</sup> See on i. 238.

<sup>21</sup> Where the former prose translator learnt that *μέγ' ἄσθη* meant "greatly offended her," I am unable to discover. Cf. vs. 509.

him. But when he was now immediately about to come to the lofty mountain of the Maleans, then at length, the storm snatching him away bore him along, mourning greatly, through the fishy sea, to the extreme part of the country, where Thyestes before dwelt in his house, but then Ægisthus, son of Thyestes, dwelt there. But when his return from thence at length appeared safe, and the gods turned the wind back, and they came home, he indeed rejoicing stept on his paternal land, and touching his country kissed it; and many warm tears were shed by him, as he gladly beheld his land.<sup>22</sup> The spy indeed saw him from a place of look-out, whom crafty-counselling Ægisthus having led, had seated there; and he promised him two talents of gold as a reward. And he watched for a year, lest coming he [Agamemnon] should escape him, and be mindful of doughty valour. And he hastened to tell it at the house of the shepherd of the people; and Ægisthus immediately planned a deceitful stratagem. Having chosen out of the people twenty of the most excellent men, he set them in ambush, and elsewhere he ordered a banquet to be prepared. But he himself went to invite Agamemnon, the shepherd of the people, with horses and chariots, meditating disgraceful deeds. Entertaining him at a banquet he led him unawares to death, and slew him, as if any one has slain an ox at its manger. Nor was any one left of the companions of the son of Atreus, who had followed him, nor any one of those of Ægisthus; but they were [all] slain in the palace.

"Thus he spoke; but my heart was broken: and sitting on the sands I wept; nor did my heart desire to live any longer and behold the light of the sun. But when I was satiated with weeping, and rolling myself [on the ground], then the unerring old man of the sea addressed me. 'No longer, O son of Atreus, weep thus for a long time without ceasing, since we shall not find any profit from it; but try as quickly as possible, by what means thou mayest now reach thy paternal land. For thou wilt either find him<sup>23</sup> alive; or Orestes being before-hand has slain him; but thou wilt be present at the burial feast.'

"Thus he spoke. But my heart and noble mind was again delighted in my breast, although I was sorrowful; and ad-

<sup>22</sup> Perhaps Æschylus conceived the beautiful speech of the herald (Agam. 516, sqq.) from this passage.

<sup>23</sup> Ægisthus.

dressing him I spoke winged words. 'These indeed I know; but do thou name the third man, who is still detained alive in the wide sea[, or dead; for I wish although grieving to hear].'

"Thus I spoke; but he answering again addressed me: 'The son of Laertes, who inhabits dwellings in Ithaca: him I saw in an island, shedding the moist tear, in the palace of the nymph Calypso, who detains him by necessity; nor is he able to come to his paternal land: for he has not ships fitted with oars, and companions who may conduct him over the wide back of the sea. But for thee, O noble Menelaus, it is not decreed by the gods to die, and meet with thy fate in horse-pasturing Argos; but the immortals will send you to the Elysian plain, and the boundaries of the earth, (where is auburn-haired Rhadamanthus, there of a truth is the most easy life for men. There is nor snow, nor long winter, nor ever a shower, but ever does the ocean send forth the gently blowing breezes of the west wind, to refresh men;) because you possess Helen, and are the son-in-law of Jove.'

"Thus having spoken, he plunged beneath the billowy sea. But I went to my ships together with my godlike companions; and my heart was troubled much as I went. But when we came to our ship and to the sea, and prepared supper, and ambrosial night came on, then we slept on the shore of the sea. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, first of all we drew our ships into the divine sea, and placed the masts and sails in the equal ships; and they embarking sat on the benches, and sitting in order smote the hoary wave with their oars. And I brought the ships back to the waters of Egypt, to the river filled by Jove, and I offered up perfect hecatombs. But when I had appeased the anger of the gods who exist for ever, I built a tomb for Agamemnon, that his renown<sup>24</sup> might be inextinguishable. Having performed these things, I returned; for the immortals, who sent me quickly to my dear country, gave me a prosperous gale. But come now, remain in my palace until the eleventh or twelfth day; and then I will send thee [away] well, and will give thee splendid presents, three horses and a well-polished chariot; but furthermore I will give thee a beautiful cup, that

<sup>24</sup> "That my fame"! is the version of the old translator, according to his usual taste and judgment.

thou mayest make libations to the immortal gods, mindful of me all thy days."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "O son of Atreus, do not now detain me here a long time. For indeed I could endure to sit with thee for a year, nor would a regret for home and for my parents possess me; for I am very much delighted at hearing thy words and discourse. But now my companions in divine Pylos are wearied; and thou art detaining me here for a long time. But let the present, whatever thou wouldst have given me, be some furniture: for I will not take horses to Ithaca, but will leave them here as an ornament for thee; for thou rulest over the wide plain, in which there is abundance of lotus, and cypress, and wheat, and rye, and wide-springing white barley. But in Ithaca there are neither wide courses, nor is there any meadow: it is fit for feeding goats, although<sup>25</sup> it is more pleasant [to me] than [a land] that pastures horses. For there is not any of the islands, which are shut up by the sea, fit for driving horses, or that has good meadows; and above all Ithaca."

Thus he spoke; but Menelaus strenuous in the din of battle smiled, and stroken him down by the hand, and spoke and addressed him: "Thou art of a good race, my son, such words dost thou say. Wherefore I will change these things for you: for I am able. But of presents, whatever effects lie in my house, I will give thee that which is most beautiful and most valuable. I will give thee a wrought cup; and it is all silver, but the lips are worked with gold. It is the work of Vulcan; but the hero Phædrius, king of the Sidonians, gave it, when his house covered me being about to return from thence; but I wish to give this to thee."

Thus they indeed spoke such things to one another; but the banqueters had gone to the dwelling of the divine king; and they led forth sheep, and brought heartening wine; and their wives with beautiful fillets brought bread for them. Thus they were arranging about supper in the palace.

But the suitors before the palace of Ulysses were delighted

<sup>25</sup> The explanation of this passage is due to Loewe, who alone has seen that *kai* is equivalent to *quamvis*, the sense being, "Ithaca sana non est locus equis pascendis bene inserviens, quamvis sit longe gratior mihi quam terra equos pascens, sc. tanquam terra quæ me genuit, quæ me aluit."

with quoits and hurling small javelins on a worked pavement, where before they practised their insolence. But Antinous and godlike Eurymachus, chiefs of the suitors, had sat down, for they were by far the best in virtue. To them Noemon, son of Phronius, coming near, inquiring of Antinous with words addressed them: "Do we then know any thing in our minds, or not, O Antinous, when Telemachus returns from sandy Pylos? He has gone having taken my ship; but I have need of it, to pass over to wide-wayed Elis, where I have twelve mares, and under them untamed mules patient in toil: some one of which I would by driving subdue."

Thus he spoke; but they were astonished in their mind; for they did not suppose that he was gone to Neleian Pylos, but was present some where there in the country, or amongst the sheep, or with the swineherd.

Antinous, the son of Eupithes, immediately addressed him: "Tell me unerringly, where did he go, and what youths chosen from Ithaca followed him? Are they his own hired men and servants? And could he accomplish this? And tell me this truly, that I may know well, whether did he take away thy black ship by force against thy will, or didst thou give it him willingly, when he kindly addressed thee with words?"

But him Noemon, the son of Phronius, addressed in turn: "I gave it him willingly. What would another do, when such a man, having cares in his mind, should beg him? It would be difficult indeed to deny a gift. But those youths follow him, who excel amongst us in the people: and I perceived Mentor, or some god, (but he was in all respects like him,) embarking as captain. But I marvel at this. I saw divine Mentor here yesterday in the morning; but at that time he embarked in the ship to Pylos." Thus having spoken, he went to the house of his father. But the noble mind of both<sup>26</sup> of these was astonished: and the suitors sat together, and ceased their games. But Antinous, son of Eupithes, grieving, spoke amongst them; for his darkened thoughts were very much filled with rage, and his eyes were like unto shining fire.

"O gods! a great work indeed has been most daringly performed, this voyage of Telemachus; we said that it would not be accomplished by him. Against the will of so many of us, a young boy has gone away at random, having drawn out

<sup>26</sup> Antinous and Eurymachus.

a ship, and having chosen out the best amongst the people. He will begin to be even a further evil; but may Jupiter destroy his might, before he begets harm for us. But come, give me a swift ship and twenty companions, that I may lie in ambush for him, and watch him as he is returning, in the strait of Ithaca and rugged Samos; so that to his sorrow he may sail for the sake of his father."

Thus he spoke; and they all praised and urged him [to go]: immediately then rising they went into the house of Ulysses; nor was Penelope long without hearing their words, which the suitors meditated deeply in their minds. For the herald Medon told it her, who heard their counsels, being outside the hall; but they had planned their counsel secretly. He was hastening through the house to tell it to Penelope; but as he was crossing the threshold Penelope addressed him.

"O herald, why have the illustrious suitors sent thee forward? Is it that thou mayest tell the handmaidens of divine Ulysses to cease from their employments, and prepare a feast for them? Would that, not wooing me, nor keeping company any where else, they would now sup here for the last and most extreme time. Ye who, assembled together, consume much livelihood, the possession of prudent Telemachus, have ye not before heard from your fathers, when ye were children, what a man was Ulysses amongst your parents, neither treating any one unjustly, nor speaking aught amongst the people, which is the custom of divine kings; in that one may hate some mortals, and may love others. But he never at all treated a man unjustly: but your mind and disgraceful deeds are apparent, nor is there any gratitude afterwards for benefits."

Medon, acquainted with prudent things, addressed her in turn: "I would indeed, O queen, this may be the worst evil, but the suitors are planning another much greater, and more grievous, which may not the son of Saturn accomplish: they desire to kill Telemachus with the sharp brass, as he is returning home; but he has gone for news of his father to sacred Pylos, and to divine Lacedæmon."

Thus he spoke; and her knees and heart were loosed; and speechlessness seized her for a long time: and her eyes were filled with tears, and her full voice was checked. But at length answering him with words she addressed him: "O



herald, wherefore is my son gone? it was not at all necessary that he should embark on swift ships, which for men are horses of the sea, and pass over the vast wave? Is it that his name may not be left amongst men?"

Then Medon, acquainted with prudent things, answered her: "I know not whether some god excited him, or his own mind was urged to go to Pylos, that he may inquire of either the return of his father, or what fate he has drawn on himself."

Thus having spoken, he departed to the house of Ulysses. But soul-wasting grief was shed around her, nor did she any more endure to sit on her seat, although many were in the house; but she sat on the threshold of her much-laboured chamber, mourning piteous: and around her all her hand-maidens wailed, as many as were in the house, young and old: Penelope, mourning violently,<sup>27</sup> addressed them:

"Hear me, friends, for Olympus<sup>28</sup> has given me grief above the measure of all those, as many as were brought up and born with me; I who before indeed have lost my excellent husband, lion-hearted, adorned amongst the Grecians with all kinds of virtues, excellent; whose glory is wide throughout Greece and the middle of Argos. But now the tempests have snatched away my dear son from the palace, inglorious; nor did I hear of his setting out. Wretched ones, you did not each of you place it in your mind to raise me from my bed, knowing clearly in your soul when he embarked on the hollow black ship. For if I had known that he was setting out on this voyage, then he should have either remained, although anxious for his voyage, or should have left me dead in the palace. But let some trusty servant call old Dolius, my servant, whom my father gave me on coming hither, and he keeps my garden that abounds in trees; that as quickly as possible, sitting by Laertes, he may tell him all these things, if by chance contriving some counsel in his mind, going out he may make lamentations amongst the people on account of those, who desire to destroy his own offspring, and that of divine Ulysses."

Her dear nurse Euryclea in answer addressed her: "Dear mistress, do thou slay me with the cruel steel, or leave me in the palace; but I will not by any means conceal the tale. I

<sup>27</sup> Cf. Buttm. Lexil. p. 32, sqq.      <sup>28</sup> i. e. heaven, put for the gods.

knew all these things, and I gave him whatever he commanded, bread and sweet wine; but he received a great oath from me, that I would not tell thee, before the twelfth day came, or thou thyself didst desire me, and hadst heard of his having set out; so that thou mightest not hurt thy beauteous person by weeping. But having washed thyself, and putting clean garments on thy body, ascending to the upper room, with thy women attendants, pray to Minerva the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove: for she will then save him, even from death. But do not grieve the afflicted old man; for I do not think that the race of the son of Arcesius<sup>29</sup> is altogether hated by the blessed gods: but some one will survive, who shall possess the lofty-roofed houses, and the rich fields afar."

Thus she spoke; and laid her grief to sleep, and restrained her eyes from grief. But she, having washed herself, and putting clean garments on her body, ascended to the upper room with her women attendants: and she put cakes in a basket, and prayed to Minerva. "Hear me, thou daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, unsubdued, if ever much-counselling Ulysses has burnt in his palace the fat thighs of an ox or a sheep, of these, I pray thee, be mindful now, and save my dear son, and ward off the suitors who are wickedly overbearing."

Thus having spoken she lamented; but the goddess heard her prayer. And the suitors were making a tumult in the shaded palace; and thus some one of the overbearing youths spoke: "In truth the much-wooed queen is preparing nuptials for us; nor kens she at all that slaughter is devised for her son." Thus some one said; but they knew not these things, how they were destined. But Antinous harangued and addressed them:

"Sirs, avoid all vaunting words entirely, lest by chance some one may tell them even within. But come, standing up thus in silence, let us accomplish our design, which even now has pleased us all in our breasts."

Thus having spoken, he chose twenty of the best men; and they hastened to the swift ship and the shore of the sea. First of all they drew the ship into the deep of the sea; and placed a mast and sails in the black ship: and fitted the oars to the

<sup>29</sup> Laertes was the son of Arcesius, son of Jupiter.

leather thongs, [all things rightly: and above they spread out the white sails.] And the high-minded servants brought arms for them, and they moored it<sup>30</sup> on high in the moist sea; and they themselves embarked, and there they took supper, and waited till evening came on.

But prudent Penelope, having ascended to the upper room, lay without taking food, without taking any thing to eat or drink, meditating whether her blameless son would escape death, or whether he would be subdued by the overbearing suitors. But as many things as a lion is wont to meditate in a crowd of men, fearing, when they bring the deceitful circle around him; upon her meditating so many things sweet sleep fell: and she slept reclining; and all her limbs were relaxed. Then the blue-eyed goddess Minerva thought of other things; she made an image, and it was like in its body to the lady Iphthima, the daughter of magnanimous Iearius; whom Eumelus, who inhabits a house in Pheræ, had married. And she sent her to the house of divine Ulysses; if she could by any means make Penelope, mourning and grieving, cease from her wailing and tearful grief. But she entered the chamber near the thong of the bolt, and she stood over her head and addressed her in words.

"Art thou sleeping, Penelope, sorrowing in thy dear heart? the gods who live easily by no means suffer thee to weep, nor to be sad, since thy son is still about to return; for he is not at all a sinner against the gods."

But her prudent Penelope answered, sleeping very sweetly at the gates of dreams:<sup>31</sup> "Why, my sister, hast thou come hither? for before thou hast not visited me, since thou dost inhabit a house very far off: and thou exhortest me to cease from my toil, and the many pains which irritate me in my mind and breast: I who before lost my excellent husband, lion-hearted, adorned amongst the Grecians with all kinds of virtues, excellent; whose glory is wide throughout Greece and the middle of Argos. Now my beloved son is gone in a hollow ship, childish, nor well experienced in labours, or

<sup>30</sup> Ὀρμιζεν ἑψοῦ ἐν νοτίῳ sc. ἡ γὰρ ἐστὶν solventium e portu vel e litore, cum navis deducta stat in aqua alta; at Ὀρμιζεν ἑψοῦ ἐν ξηρῷ est appellentium, cum navis finito cursu subducitur. Ernesti.

<sup>31</sup> i. e. in a very deep sleep, ὡς τῶν οὕτω ὑπνωττόντων καὶ ὄνειρους ὡς εἰκὸς ἐντυγχάνοντων. Eustath. See Loewe.

commerce. I am now even more grieved for his sake, than for that one. For him I tremble and fear, lest he should suffer something, either from those amongst the people where he is gone, or on the sea: for many enemies are devising snares against him, desiring to kill him before he comes to his paternal land."

The obscure image answering addressed her: "Be of good cheer, nor be too fearful in thy mind: for such a guide has accompanied him, whom others also have desired to be with them, (for she is able,) Pallas Minerva: and she pities thee lamenting; who now sent me forward, to tell these things to thee."

But her prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "If indeed thou art a goddess, and hast heard the voice of a goddess, come tell me of him in a sea calamitous,<sup>32</sup> whether he is still some where alive, and beholds the light of the sun, or is already dead, and in the dwellings of Pluto."

The obscure image answering addressed her: "I will not tell thee of him altogether, whether he is alive or dead, but it is base to speak vain things." Having thus spoken, she vanished by the bolt<sup>33</sup> of the entrance into the gales of the winds. But the daughter of Icarus started from her sleep, and her dear heart was rejoiced, so manifest had the dream come upon her in depth of night.<sup>34</sup>

But the suitors, having embarked, sailed over the watery ways [of the sea], meditating in their minds a severe death for Telemachus. Now there is a certain rocky island in the middle of the sea, between Ithaca and rugged Samos, Asteris, not large; and in it there are havens fit for ships, with two entrances; there the Grecians waited in ambush for him.

<sup>32</sup> i. e. Ulysses.

<sup>33</sup> My friend, Mr. G. Burges, well compares the lines in Gay's Fables;

"Just as she spoke, a faery sprite

Popp'd through the key-hole swift as light."

<sup>34</sup> I have followed Buttmann, Lexil. p. 89, sqq. His admirable remarks are too copious for the limits of a note, but will amply repay the trouble of perusal.

## BOOK V.

## ARGUMENT.

Jupiter despatches Mercury to the island of Calypso, commanding her to send Ulysses away; which she consents to with reluctance: and gives him materials to form a raft. On the eighteenth day after he had set out Neptune sees him, and raises a great storm, which destroys his raft. Having undergone great danger, by the assistance of a sea-nymph, who gives him a scarf to support himself with, he arrives safe on shore at Phœacia.

AURORA rose from her bed beside illustrious Tithonus,<sup>1</sup> that she might bear light to immortals and men: but the gods sat in conclave, and amongst them Jupiter, who thunders from on high, and whose power is greatest. To them Minerva related the many toils of Ulysses, remembering [him]; for he was her care, when in the house of the Nymph.

"O father Jove, and ye other blessed gods who exist for ever, let no sceptre-bearing king be any more provident, mild, and gentle, nor thinking rightful things in his mind, but let him ever be severe and do unlawful things; since no one of the people, over whom he reigned, is mindful of divine Ulysses, and he was mild as a father: but he lies in an island suffering great grief, in the palace of the Nymph Calypso, who detains him by necessity; and he is unable to come to his paternal land. For there are not ships for him fitted with oars, and companions who may conduct him over the wide back of the sea. Now again they desire to slay his beloved son, about to return home; but he has gone to divine Pylos and mighty Lacedæmon<sup>2</sup> for news for his father."

But her, cloud-collecting Jove addressed in answer: "My child what word has escaped thy lips? For hast thou not indeed thyself devised this plan, that Ulysses may indeed return and be revenged on them? But do thou skilfully conduct Telemachus, for thou art able, that he may reach his paternal land unhurt; but let the suitors return back<sup>3</sup> in their ship."

<sup>1</sup> The son of Laomedon, brother of Priam, and husband of Aurora.

<sup>2</sup> Loewe regards *ἔτιαν* here as equivalent to *εὐρίαν*, like *λακεδαίμονα εὐρύχορον*.

<sup>3</sup> Notwithstanding the suppositions of ancient grammarians, that *παλιμπερις* is the contracted nominative plural, it is clearly shown by Buttmann to be the adverbial neuter. See Lexil. p. 296, sqq.

28 He spoke and addressed his beloved son Mercury: "Mercury, for thou art a messenger also in other things, tell<sup>4</sup> our unerring decree to the fair-haired Nymph, the return of the patient Ulysses, that he may go back, neither under the guidance of the gods, nor of mortal men, but let him come on the twentieth day to fertile Scheria<sup>5</sup> on a raft lashed together with many chains, having suffered calamities, to the land of the Phæaci-  
 40 acians, who are nearly related<sup>6</sup> to the gods; who will honour him in their heart, like as a god, and will send him in a ship to his dear paternal land, giving him abundance of brass and gold, and raiment, so many things as Ulysses would never have taken from Troy, even if he had returned unharmed, having been allotted his share of booty. For so it is fated for him to behold his friends, and return to his lofty-roofed house, and his own paternal land."

42 Thus he spoke; nor did the messenger, the slayer of Argus, disobey him. Immediately then he bound his beautiful sandals beneath his feet, ambrosial, golden; which carried him both over the moist wave,<sup>7</sup> and over the boundless earth, with the breath of the wind. And he took the rod with which he soothes the eyes of men, whom he wishes, and again rouses those who are asleep. Holding this in his hands, the strong slayer of Argus flew, and going over Pieria, he descended from the air into the sea. Then he rushed over the wave like a bird, a sea-gull, which hunting for fish in the terrible bays of the barren sea, dips frequently its wings in the brine; like unto this Mercury rode over many waves. But when he came to the distant island, then going from the blue sea, he went to the continent; until he came to the great cave in which the fair-haired Nymph dwelt; and he found her within. A large fire was burning on the hearth, and at  
 59 a distance the smell of well-cleft cedar, and of frankincense,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> But see Loewe on i. 292.

<sup>5</sup> Corcyra, anciently called ἡ Δρεπάνη, now Corfu.

<sup>6</sup> Their kings were said to be the third in descent from Neptune. Schol. But Eustathius rather regards this epithet as said in praise of their virtues and hospitality.

<sup>7</sup> With this description of Mercury compare the notes of Newton on Milton, Par. Lost, v. 285.

<sup>8</sup> Some render *θύον* "citron," on the authority of Macrob. Sat. ii. 15. See Anthon and others on Virg. Georg. ii. 126. It seems more probable that *θύον* is frankincense. Cf. Dionys. Perieg. 935. with the notes of

that were burning, shed odour through the island: but she within was singing with a beautiful voice, and going over<sup>9</sup> the web, wove with a golden shuttle. But a flourishing wood sprung up around her grot, alder and poplar, and sweet-smelling cypress. There also birds with spreading wings slept, owls and hawks, and wide-tongued crows of the ocean, to which maritime employments are a care. There a vine in its prime was spread about the hollow grot, and it flourished with clusters. But four fountains flowed in succession with white water, turned near one another each in different ways; but around there flourished soft meadows of violets, and of parsley. There indeed even an immortal coming would admire it when he beheld, and would be delighted in his mind; there the messenger, the slayer of Argus, standing, admired. But when he had admired all things in his mind, he immediately came to the wide cave; nor was Calypso, divine one of goddesses, when she saw him before her, ignorant who he was. (For the immortal gods are not unknown to one another, even if any one inhabits dwellings at a distance.) But he did not find magnanimous Ulysses within. For he was weeping, seated on the shore, where before wasting his mind with tears, and groans, and griefs, he used to look o'er the barren sea, pouring forth tears. But Calypso, divine one of goddesses, sitting on her shining, brilliant throne, inquired of Mercury:

"Why hast thou come unto me, O Mercury, with a golden rod, thou who art revered and beloved? hitherto thou dost not visit me often. Tell me of what thou art thinking; for my mind exhorts me to perform it, if at least I can accomplish it, and if it is to be performed. But follow onward, that I may place before thee the rites of hospitality."

Thus having spoken, the goddess set near him a table, having filled it with ambrosia; and mixed ruby<sup>10</sup> nectar. But the messenger Mercury drank and ate. But when he had supped and refreshed his mind with food, then answering her with words he addressed her:

"Dost thou, who art a goddess, ask me a god who am come?"  
Hill. Eustathius and Hesychius (cf. Alberti, T. ii. p. 1746) merely say that it is *εἶδος δένδρου εὐώδους* or *δύομα δένδρου*.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. moving backwards and forwards. The ancients wove standing.

<sup>10</sup> I am indebted to Milton, Par. Lost, v. 633.

"And rubied nectar flows

In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold."



but I will relate to you my word unerringly; for thou biddest me. Jupiter commanded me to come here against my will. For who would willingly run through so much salt water, immense as it is? nor is there any city near of mortals, who offer up to the gods sacrifices and chosen hecatombs. But indeed it is not possible that any other god should either transgress the will of Ægis-bearing Jupiter, or make it vain. He says that there is a man with thee, the most in calamity of all the men who fought for nine years about the city of Priam, and in the tenth, having destroyed the city, went home; but on their return they sinned against Minerva, who stirred up an evil wind and mighty waves against them. Then all the others, his excellent companions, perished, but him the wind and the wave carrying drove hither; he now commands thee to send him away as quickly as possible. For it is not the destiny for him to perish here at a distance from his friends, but it is still his destiny to behold his friends, and to reach his lofty-roofed house, and his own paternal land."

Thus he spoke. But Calypso, divine one of goddesses, shuddered, and addressing him spoke winged words: "Severe are ye gods, envious above others, who grudge that goddesses should sleep openly with men, if any one has made for herself a dear husband. As when rosy-fingered Aurora took Orion, so long you gods who live easily envied her, until in Ortygia chaste Diana of the golden throne slew him, attacking him with her mild weapons; and as when fair-haired Ceres, yielding to her passion, was united in love and in the couch with Jason, in thrice-ploughed fallow land; nor was Jupiter a lone time without knowing it, who slew him, striking him with his white thunder. So now you gods grudge that a mortal man should be present with me, whom I indeed saved when going alone on the keel of a ship; when Jupiter striking his swift ship with white thunder, cleft it in the middle of the dark sea. [Then all the others, his excellent companions, perished, but him the wind and the wave carrying, drove hither:] him indeed I loved and nourished, and I said that I would make him immortal and free from old age all his days. But since it is not possible that any other god should either transgress the will of Ægis-bearing Jove or make it vain, let him go over the barren sea, if he excites and commands him; but I will not send him any where: for I have not ships

equipped with oars, and companions, who may conduct him over the wide back of the sea. But I will prudently suggest it to him, nor will I conceal it, that he may by all means reach his paternal land unharmed."

And her the messenger Mercury addressed in turn: "So now send him away, and look to the wrath of Jupiter, lest perhaps hereafter angry he should be harsh to thee."

Thus having spoken, the stout slayer of Argus departed. But the venerable Nymph went to strong-hearted Ulysses, when she had heard the messages of Jupiter. But she found him sitting on the shore; nor were his eyes ever dried from tears, but his pleasant life was wasted away, as he bewailed his return, since it did not please the Nymph.<sup>11</sup> But during the nights indeed he slept even by necessity in the hollow caves, against his will, near her who was willing; but during the day sitting on the rocks and shores, [wasting his mind with tears, and mournings, and griefs,] he looked over the barren sea, pouring forth tears; but the divine one of goddesses standing near addressed him:

"Ill-fated one, do not lament here any longer, nor let thy life waste away; for now I will readily send thee away. But come, having cut long planks, join together a wide raft with brass, but fix ribs<sup>12</sup> upon it on high, that it may carry thee over the shadowy sea. But I will put in it bread and water, and red wine giving strength, which may ward off hunger from thee. And I will put garments about thee; and I will send a prosperous gale from behind, that thou mayest come unscathed to thy paternal land, if at least the gods who possess the wide heaven are willing, who are better than me, both to plan and to determine."

Thus she spoke; but then much-enduring divine Ulysses shuddered, and addressing her spoke winged words: "Thou, indeed, O goddess, art planning something else, nor by any means my voyage, thou who biddest me pass over the great gulf of the sea, terrible and difficult, on a raft; but not even swift equal ships can pass over this, rejoicing in the prosperous gale of Jove. Nor would I embark on a raft against thy will, unless thou, who art a goddess, wouldst endure to

<sup>11</sup> That he should return.

<sup>12</sup> The upright beams of the ship, supporting the upper decks

swear to me a great oath, that thou wilt not plan any other evil calamity against me."

Thus he spoke; but Calypso, the divine one of goddesses, smiled, and laid hold of him by the hand and spoke and said: "Thou art mistaken,<sup>13</sup> and yet art thou acquainted with cunning things! what a word is this thou hast thought to speak! Now let earth and wide heaven above know this, and the water which is poured from Styx, (which is the greatest and most terrible oath to the immortal gods,) that I will not devise any other evil calamity against thee. But I devise and consider the things, which for myself I should take care of, should such a necessity come upon me. For my intention is proper, nor is my mind in my breast of steel, but of pity."

Thus having spoken, the divine one of goddesses quickly led the way; and he went immediately after the footsteps of the goddess, and the goddess and the man came to the hollow cave; and he sat there on the throne from whence Mercury rose; and the Nymph set near him all kinds of food, to eat and drink, such as mortal men eat: and she herself sat opposite divine Ulysses, and near her the handmaids placed ambrosia and nectar, and they stretched forth their hands to the food lying ready before them. But when they were satiated with eating and drinking, Calypso, divine one of goddesses, began speaking to them:

"O noble son of Laertes, crafty Ulysses, so now dost thou wish to go immediately to thy dear paternal land? but however<sup>14</sup> be happy. If indeed thou knewest in thy mind, how many cares it is fated for thee to fill up, before thou comest to thy paternal land, certainly thou wouldst remain here and guard my house, and thou wouldst be immortal; although thou art anxious to see thy wife, of whom thou art ever desirous all thy days. I do not indeed consider myself to be inferior to her, either in person or nature, since it is by no means fit that mortal women should contend with immortals in person and form."

But her the crafty Ulysses in answer addressed: "O sacred goddess, do not be angry with me on this account; for I myself know very well, that the prudent Penelope is inferior

<sup>13</sup> Ironically.

<sup>14</sup> τὸ ἐμπης ἐν τοῦτῳ τῷ τόπῳ ὅπως σημαίνει. Schol.

to thee in form, and in stature, to look at; for she is mortal, but thou art immortal and free from old age: but even so I wish and desire all my days, both to go home and behold the day of my return. But if any one of the gods breaks me down on the dark sea, I will endure it, having a patient mind in my breast; for I have already suffered very many things, and have endured many toils in the waves and in war; and let this happen after these."<sup>15</sup>

Thus he spoke; but the sun set, and darkness came on; they then going to the recess of the hollow cave, were delighted with love, remaining near to each other.

But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, Ulysses immediately put on a cloak and a garment, and the Nymph herself put on a large white veil, thin and graceful, but around her loins she placed a beauteous golden girdle; and she placed a head-dress on her head: and then she prepared the voyage<sup>16</sup> for the strong-hearted Ulysses. She gave him a large axe, fitted to his hands, of steel sharpened on both sides: and with it a very beautiful handle, of olive wood, well fitted to it: then she gave him a well-polished adze; and she led the way to the extreme part of the island, where tall trees sprung up, alder, and poplar, and there was pine reaching to heaven, long since seasoned, very dry, which would sail lightly for him. But when she had shown where the tall trees had sprung up, Calypso, divine one of goddesses, returned to the house; but he began to cut<sup>17</sup> the wood, and his work was quickly performed. And he felled twenty in all, and cut them with the steel, and polished them skilfully, and directed them by a rule. In the mean time Calypso, divine one of goddesses, brought augers, and he then perforated all, and fitted them to one another: and he fixed it with pegs and cramps. As large a bottom of a wide ship of burden, as any man, who was well-skilled in workmanship, would mark out, so large did Ulysses make the wide raft. And erecting the ribs, fixing them with many beams,<sup>18</sup> he made it, and

<sup>15</sup> i. e. quum illa mala jam toleraverim, facile etiam hoc tolerabo malum. Loewe.

<sup>16</sup> Literally, "the sending, escort."

<sup>17</sup> The tense implies, "he was engaged in cutting."

<sup>18</sup> Which were placed crosswise from one end of the ship to the other for the purpose of holding the ribs together. Old Transl.

finished it with long decks.<sup>19</sup> And he made a mast in it, and a sail-yard fitted to it; and he made a rudder besides that he might guide it. And he dammed it all round with willow wicker-work, to be a defence against the wave; and he heaped much ballast<sup>20</sup> upon it. But in the mean time Calypso, divine one of goddesses, brought linen for making sails; and he contrived these also well: and he bound in it upper ropes,<sup>21</sup> cables, and sheets.<sup>22</sup> And then he drew it into the divine sea with levers. It was the fourth day, and all things were finished for him; on the fifth then divine Calypso sent him from the island, having clad him in perfumed garments, and having washed him. And the goddess placed in it for him one skin of black wine, and another large one of water; and provisions in a wallet, and in it many strength-recruiting dainties: and she sent a harmless and favourable wind forward. And divine Ulysses gladly spread his sails to the prosperous gale; but sitting down he guided it skillfully with the rudder; nor did sleep fall upon his eye-brows, as he contemplated both the Pleiads, and setting Bootes, and the Bear, which they also call by name the Wain, which turns itself in the same place, and observes Orion; but it alone does not share in the washing of the ocean. For Calypso, divine one of goddesses, had commanded him to pass over the sea, keeping to the left hand. Seventeen days indeed he sailed, passing over the sea, but in the eighteenth the shadowy mountains of the land of the Phæacians appeared, where it was nearest for him; but it appeared as a shield in the dark sea.

The powerful Shaker of the earth,<sup>23</sup> as he was returning from the Ethiopians, beheld him from a distance from the mountains of the Solymi; for he was seen by him sailing over the sea; but he was very wrathful in his heart; and moving his head he spoke [thus] to his own mind:

"O gods, certainly indeed the deities have now consulted differently about Ulysses, when I was amongst the Ethiopians; and now he is near the land of the Phæacians, where

<sup>19</sup> More literally, "plankings, floorings," *σανίδες ἐκ πρώρας εἰς πρύμναν* *στρωθῆναι καὶ ἐπεννεγμέναι*. Eustath.

<sup>20</sup> Ἐλῆ, the rough fragments of wood, used as ballast.

<sup>21</sup> ὑπεράς, i. e. the ropes which bind the yard-arms to the mast.

<sup>22</sup> πόδες, ropes hanging from each corner of the sail.

<sup>23</sup> i. e. Neptune

there is destiny for him to escape the great limit of misery, which befalls him: but still I think that he will undergo enough of calamity."

Thus having spoken, he collected the clouds, and disturbed the sea, taking his trident in his hands; and stirred up all the storms of all kinds of winds; and he with clouds covered the earth and the sea at the same time; and night arose from heaven. And the South-east and the South rushed together, and the hard-blowing West, and the cold-producing North, rolling the mighty wave. And then the knees and the dear heart of Ulysses were loosed, and sorrowing he said to his strong-hearted mind:

"Alas me, wretched one that I am! what will become of me at length? I fear, lest indeed the goddess has told all things unerringly, who said that I should accomplish toils by sea, before I reached my paternal land; all these things are certainly now brought to pass. With what clouds does Jupiter crown the wide heaven! and [how] he has troubled the sea! and the tempests of all manner of winds hasten on; now bitter destruction is certain for me. Thrice and four times blessed are the Grecians, who formerly perished in spacious Troy, gratifying the sons of Atreus! How I would that I had died and drawn fate upon myself in that day, when many Trojans hurled their brazen spears about the son of Peleus, who was dead. Then I should have obtained by lot funeral rites, and the Grecians would have celebrated my renown. But now it is destined for me to be seized by a miserable death."

As he was speaking thus, a mighty wave from the top<sup>24</sup> thrust him on, rushing terribly upon him, and whirled round the raft. And he himself fell at a distance from the raft, and let go the rudder from his hands; and a terrible storm of the winds mixed together coming upon it broke the middle of his mast. And the sail and the yard-arm fell at a distance in the sea, and kept him a long time under the wave: nor was he able to hold himself up immediately, from the rush of the great wave; for the garments which divine Calypso had given him were heavy; late, however, he came up, and vomited the bitter brine from his mouth, which trickled in abundance from his head. But not even thus was he forget-

<sup>24</sup> "A vertice pontus," Virg. *Æn.* i. 118. Loewe makes it equivalent to *desuper*, or rather, to *funditus*.



ful of the raft, although afflicted, but rushing through the waves, he seized hold of it; and sat in the middle avoiding the verge of death. But a great wave carried it here and there through the stream. And as when the autumnal North wind carries thorns over the plain, but they are held close to one another; so the winds carried it here and there through the sea. Sometimes the South wind threw it forward to the North to carry, sometimes again the East wind gave it up to the West to pursue. But him fair-footed Ino Leucothoe, who was previously a mortal that had speech,<sup>25</sup> but now in the main of the sea had a share in the honour of the gods, the daughter of Cadmus, saw; she indeed pitied wandering Ulysses, undergoing toils, and like unto a cormorant in flight, she came up from the deep; and she sat on the raft bound with many chains, and addressed him:

“O ill-fated one, why is the earth-shaking Neptune so violently wrath with thee, that he produces many evils for thee? He will not however destroy thee, although very anxious to do so. But do thus, (for thou seemest to me not to be unwise,) having put off these garments, leave thy raft to the winds to carry; but swimming with thine hands seek for your return to the land of the Phæacians, where there is destiny for thee to escape. And take<sup>26</sup> this head-gear, which is immortal, and spread it under thy breast; then there is no fear that thou wilt suffer any thing, or perish. But when thou hast reached the shore with thine hands, taking it off again throw it into the dark sea, far from the continent, and do thou turn thyself away at a distance.”

Thus having spoken, the goddess gave him the scarf, and she, like unto a diver, again went under the billowing sea: and the black wave covered her. But much-enduring, divine Ulysses, hesitated, and mourning spoke to his strong-hearted mind:

“Woe is me! does not some one of the immortals contrive again a deceit against me, since she orders me to go from the raft. But however I will by no means obey her; since at a distance with my eyes I beheld the land, where she said

<sup>25</sup> i. e. capable of speaking after the manner of mankind. See Loewe.

<sup>26</sup> *ῥῆ* is considered by Buttmann, Lexil. p. 505, as an old imperative formed from a root *TA*—, Anglice, *Take*, like *ζῆν*. It is equivalent to *λάβε*. Cf. Thiersch, Gk. Gr. p. 521, 143. Sandford's Translation.



I must escape. But thus will I do, and it seems to me to be the best; as long as the planks are firm in the cramps, so long will I remain here, and will endure to suffer toils. But when indeed the wave has shaken my raft to pieces, I will swim; since it is not in my power to devise any thing better."

While he meditated these things in his breast and in his mind, earth-shaking Neptune raised a mighty wave against him, terrible, severe and lofty,<sup>27</sup> and drove him. But as a violently blowing wind shakes a heap of dry chaff, which it scatters in different places; so it scattered its<sup>28</sup> long planks. But Ulysses mounted on one plank, driving it on as a single horse, and he put off the garments, which divine Calypso had given him. And he immediately spread the scarf under his breast; and he fell prone into the sea, stretching out his hands, seeking to swim; but king Neptune saw him, and shaking his head, spoke to his own mind:

"Thus now wander over the sea, suffering many evils, until thou art mixed with Jove-nurtured men, but not even so do I think that thou wilt make little of thy toil."

Thus having spoken, he scourged his beautiful-haired horses, and came to Ægæ, where are his illustrious palaces. But Minerva, the daughter of Jove, meditated other things; for she bound the courses of the other winds, and commanded all of them to cease, and be laid to sleep: but she roused the nimble North, and broke the waves before, until that noble Ulysses should be mixed with the oar-loving Phæacians, having avoided death and the Fate. Here he wandered two nights and two days on the compact<sup>29</sup> (not broken) wave; and his heart often saw death before his eyes. But when at length fair-haired Aurora completed the third day, then indeed the wind ceased, and there was a breathless calm; and he saw the land near, looking very sharply forward, being lifted aloft by a great wave. As when the life of a father appears welcome to his children, who lies in a disease suffering severe pain, wasting away a long time, and a hateful deity has grazed near upon him; and the gods have freed him welcome from his evil

<sup>27</sup> Literally, "lofty-roofed," i. e. covering as with a roof every thing upon which it fell, *τὸ καλύπτον εἶκην ὀρόφου*. Eustathius.

<sup>28</sup> *τῆς*, i. e. *navis*.

<sup>29</sup> *Πηγόν*, well-nourished, fat, stout, (cf. *Il. ix. 124, ἔπποι πηγοί*), and hence, great, large.

plight; so welcome did the earth and wood appear to Ulysses; and he swam, hastening to step on the main-land with his feet; but when he was so far distant as one is heard shouting out, then he heard the noise of the sea against the rocks; for the mighty surge bursting terribly roared against the dry [coast] of the continent; and all things were rolled over with the foam of the sea; for there were not havens to contain ships, nor places of shelter;<sup>30</sup> but the shores were prominent, and there were crags and rocks. Then the knees and dear heart of Ulysses fainted, and mourning he spake unto his strong-hearted mind:

408 "Alas for me! since Jupiter has granted me to behold the unexpected land, and I indeed have passed over this wave, having cut through it, there has appeared no where any egress out of the hoary sea; for without there are sharp rocks, and a dashing surge rages around, and a smooth cliff runs up, and near it the sea is deep; and it is not possible to stand on both my feet, and to escape an evil plight, lest by chance a mighty billow snatching me, as I am going out, dash me against a stony cliff, and my attempt be vain. But if I shall swim still farther, in case I may some where find sloping shores, and ports of the sea, I am afraid, lest the storm snatching me again should bear me to the fishy sea, mourning sadly, or even the deity should send a mighty whale against me from the sea, such as illustrious Amphitrite nourishes in great numbers: for I know how illustrious Neptune is enraged against me."

414 Whilst he meditated these things in his breast and in his mind, in the mean time a mighty billow bore him to the rough shore. There his skin would have been lacerated, and his bones fractured, had not the blue-eyed goddess Minerva prompted his mind; and rushing on, he seized hold of a rock with both his hands, which he held groaning, until the great billow had passed by. And this he thus avoided; but the returning wave rushing upon him, struck him again, and cast him far out into the sea. As when many stones hold to the claws of a polypus drawn out of its bed, so was the skin torn from his strong hand against the rocks: and a mighty billow covered him.

425 There at length unhappy Ulysses would have perished con-

<sup>30</sup> Scil. against the wind.

trary to his fate, had not blue-eyed Minerva given him prudence; coming up from out of the wave, where it vomits out against the shore, he swam beyond, looking to the land, if he could any where find sloping shores, and ports of the sea. But when he came swimming to the mouth of a beautiful flowing river, where it seemed to him to be the best place, smooth from rocks, and there was a shelter from the wind; he knew that it was flowing forward, and he prayed in his mind:

"Hear me, O King, whoever thou art; for unto thee who art much wished for I come, flying from the threats of Neptune, from the sea. He indeed is revered even by the immortal gods, whoever of men comes wandering, as I now do, to thy stream, and come to thy knees, having suffered many things. But take pity, O King: I profess to be thy suppliant."

Thus he spoke; but he<sup>31</sup> immediately stopped his stream, and restrained the wave; and made a calm before him; and preserved him to the mouth of the river; but he bent both his knees, and his sturdy hands; for his heart was overcome by the sea. But he was swollen over all his body, and the sea came forth in quantities through his mouth and his nostrils: and he lay breathless and speechless, with his strength wasted, and terrible fatigue came upon him. But when he recovered his breath, and his mind was collected in his breast, then he loosed from him the scarf of the goddess; and he cast it into the river flowing into the sea, and a great wave carried it back through the stream; and Ino immediately received it in her dear hands; but he going away from the river reclined amongst the bulrush, and kissed the bounteous earth; and mourning spake unto his strong-hearted mind:

"Alas for me, what shall I suffer? What will at length become of me? If I shall watch through the severe night in a river, [I fear,] lest the evil rime, and the prolific dew together, overcome my worn-out mind, on account of my weakness; for the breeze blows chill from a river in the morning.<sup>32</sup> But if I should go up to the hill and shady

<sup>31</sup> i. e. the river god.

<sup>32</sup> So Dante, *Purgat.* xxiv.

"E quale annunciatrice de gli albori  
L'aura di Maggio muovesi, et olezza  
Tutta impregnata da l' herba, e da' fiori."

wood, and should sleep amongst the thick shrubs, even though the cold and weariness should leave me, and sweet sleep come upon me, I fear that I should be a booty and prey for wild beasts."

474 So then it seemed to him to be better as he considered: then he hastened to the wood; and found it near the water in a conspicuous place, and he came under two shrubs, which sprang from the same place; one of wild olive, the other of olive. Neither the strength of the moistly blowing winds breathes through them, nor has the shining sun ever struck them with its beams, nor has the shower penetrated entirely through them: so thick were they grown entangled with one another; under which Ulysses came. But he immediately heaped up a wide bed with his hands; for there were great numbers of leaves spread about, as many as would shelter either two or three men in the winter season; although it were very severe. The much-enduring divine Ulysses on seeing it rejoiced, and he lay down in the middle of it, and heaped a heap of leaves over himself; and as when any one has hidden a torch in black ashes, at the extremity of a farm, which has not any other neighbours, preserving the seed of the fire, that he may not have to light it from any where else; so Ulysses covered himself with leaves; and over his eyes Minerva shed sleep, that she might as soon as possible cause him to cease his laborious toil, having covered around his dear eyelids.

## BOOK VI.

### ARGUMENT.

Minerva appears to Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, in a dream, and desires her to go to the river to wash her clothes, since she should shortly be married. After she has done washing, her attendants and herself begin to play; Ulysses, sleeping in a wood hard by, is awakened by the noise, and, coming out, begs of Nausicaa to supply him with food and clothing; he then follows her to the city.

Thus the much-enduring divine Ulysses slept here, oppressed<sup>1</sup> with sleep and with toil; but Minerva went to the people and

<sup>1</sup> Loewe follows Thiersch. Gk. Gr. p. 489, 24, in deriving ἀρημνός from *φαρ*, whence βαρύς, βαπτ-ος, and the Gothic *barran*, *bar*, for to bear,

city of the Phæacians; who formerly indeed dwelt in wide Hyperæia, near the Cyclops, overbearing men, who injured them, and were superior in strength. Godlike Nausithous removing them led them from thence, and settled them in Scheria far away from enterprising men; and he drew a wall around the city, and built houses, and made temples for the gods, and divided the plains. But he already subdued by Fate had gone to Orcus; but Alcinous then ruled, experienced in counsels from the gods. The blue-eyed goddess Minerva went to his house, to plan the return of strong-hearted Ulysses. And she hastened to a much-variegated chamber, in which lay a damsel, like unto the immortals in nature and form, Nausicaa, daughter of strong-hearted Alcinous; and near her two handmaids, possessing beauty from the graces, on each side of the portals; and there were shining doors upon them. But she, like as a breath of wind, rushed into the chamber of the damsel, and stood above her head, and addressed her, likened unto the daughter of Dymas, a famous sailor, who was her equal in age, and was pleasing to her mind; likened unto her, blue-eyed Minerva addressed her:

"Nausicaa, why has thy mother brought thee forth thus careless? For thy splendid garments lie neglected, but thy marriage is near, when it is fit that thou shouldst put on beautiful garments thyself, and shouldst give some to others, who will conduct thee. For from these things a good report goes up amongst men; and a father and venerable mother rejoice. But let us go to wash them together with the dawn of morning, and I will follow as thine assistant, that thou mayest prepare them as quick as possible; since thou wilt not be yet a long time a virgin. For now the chiefs amongst the people of all the Phæacians woo thee, where also is thine own race. But come, incite thy illustrious sire early in the morning to prepare mules and a chariot, which may carry thy girdles, and garments, and splendid cloaks: for thus it will be much more honourable for thee than to go on foot; for the places for washing are far distant from the city."

Thus having spoken, blue-eyed Minerva departed to Olympus, where they say is for ever the firm seat of the gods, it is

bore; and with the strengthening α, (ἀφαρμένος, ἀαρμένος,) ὄρημένος heavily laden. It was hitherto wrongly connected with ὕρημένος.

neither shaken by the winds,<sup>2</sup> nor is it ever bedewed by the shower, nor does the snow approach it: but a most cloudless serenity is spread out; and white splendour runs over it; in which the blessed gods are delighted all their days. To this place Minerva departed, when she had admonished the damsel.

Immediately the beautiful-throned morning came, which roused well-clad Nausicaa; but she marvelled at her dream. And she hastened through the house, that she might tell it to her parents, her dear father and mother; and she found them within. Her mother was sitting upon the hearth with her female attendants turning her sea-purpled threads [of wool]; but her father she met at the door, going to the illustrious princes, to a council, where the noble Phæacians had invited him. She therefore, standing very near, addressed her dear father:

"My dear father, wouldst thou prepare<sup>3</sup> a lofty chariot with good wheels for me, that I may take my beautiful garments to the river to wash them, which lie begrimed? And it is fit for thee thyself, when going amongst the chiefs, to consult counsels, having clean garments on thy body; and five dear sons are born to thee in thy palace, of whom two are married, but three unmarried, in the bloom of life: but they always desire to go to the dance having their garments fresh washed; and all these things are a care to my mind."

Thus she spoke; for she was ashamed to mention to her dear father her blooming marriage; but he understood all, and answered her with words: "I grudge thee not the mules, my child, nor any thing else; go, and the servants shall prepare for thee a lofty, well-wheeled chariot, fitted with a covering."

Thus having spoken, he commanded the servants; and they obeyed. They without prepared the swift chariot drawn by mules, and led the mules under, and yoked them under the chariot; and the damsel brought out her beautiful shining vesture from the chamber, and placed it in the well-wrought

<sup>1</sup> These verses are splendidly expressed by Lucret. iii. 18.

"Apparet Divom numen, sedesque quietæ,  
Quas neque concutiant venti, neque nubila nimbis  
Aspergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina  
Cana cadens violat, semperque innubilis æther  
Integrit, et large diffuso lumine ridet."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Thiersch, *Gk. Gr.* § 352, 6, 6, referred to by Loewe.



chariot: and her mother put varied food, grateful to the mind, in a chest, and she put in it dainties, and poured wine into a flagon of goat-skin; and the damsel mounted the chariot; and she<sup>4</sup> gave to her<sup>5</sup> moist oil in a golden cruse, that she might anoint herself with her women attendants. And she took the whip, and the beautiful reins, and lashed [the mules] that they might go on; and there was a noise of the mules: for they were on the stretch without ceasing: and they carried the garments and her, not alone; [for] other handmaidens also went with her.

When they had now reached the most beautiful stream of the river, where were continual places for washing, and much beautiful water flowed out, [enough] even to cleanse very filthy things: there they loosed the mules from under the chariot, and drove them close to the eddying river, that they might eat the sweet grass; but they took the garments out of the chariot with their hands, and put them into the black water; and they trod them in the cisterns, quickly showing rivalry. But when they had washed and cleared all the filth, they spread them in order on the shore of the sea, where the wave most washed the stones to the beach. And having washed and anointed themselves with the smooth oil, they then took their meal near the banks of the river: but they waited for their garments to be dried by the beams of the sun. But when her handmaidens and herself were satiated with food, they played at ball, having thrown off their head-dresses; and white-armed Nausicaa began the song for them. Such as Diana<sup>6</sup> who rejoices in the bow, traverses over the mountain, either lofty Taygetus or Erimanthus, delighting herself with boars and fleet stags, and with her the rural nymphs, daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove, sport; and Latona rejoices in her mind; and she is [eminent] above all by her head and her forehead, for she is easily known, but all of them are fair: so this chaste virgin excelled amongst her handmaidens. But when they were now about to return home again, having yoked the

<sup>4</sup> The mother of Nausicaa.

<sup>5</sup> Nausicaa.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, ix. 386.

— "like a wood-nymph light,  
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
Betook her to the woods, but Delia's self  
In gait surpassed, and goddess-like deport."



mules, and folded the beautiful garments, then the blue-eyed goddess Minerva meditated other things, that Ulysses should be roused, and behold the beautiful damsel, who might lead him to the city of the Phæacians. Then the queen threw the ball to a handmaiden: it missed the handmaiden, and fell into a deep eddy. But they cried out loudly; and divine Ulysses was aroused; and sitting up, he deliberated in his soul and in his mind.

"Woe is me, into the land of what mortals am I now come? Are they violent and wild, and not just? Or are they hospitable, and have they a holy mind? Since a female voice of damsel nymphs, who possess the lofty summits of the mountains, and the fountains of the rivers, and the grassy marshes, has come around me; or am I by chance near men who possess the power of speech? But come, I myself will try, and see."

Thus having spoken, divine Ulysses went from under the thickets; and with his strong hand he broke a branch of eaves from the thick wood, that he might cover the unseemly parts of a man around his body. And he hastened, like as a lion nourished in the mountains, trusting in his might, that goes rained and blown upon; and his eyes burn; and he comes after oxen, or sheep, or the wild stags; for hunger commands him to enter even a close abode to make an attempt upon the flocks: thus Ulysses, although naked, was about to mingle with the fair-haired damsels; for necessity came upon him. But he appeared dreadful to them, being defiled by the brine; and they fled in terror each in different ways through the projecting shores. But the daughter of Alcinous alone remained; for Minerva put confidence in her mind, and took fear from her limbs; and she stood keeping herself before him. But Ulysses meditated, whether taking hold of her knees he should supplicate the beautiful damsel, or as he was standing at a distance should beseech her with mild words, if she would show him the city, and give him garments. So, indeed, as he considered, it seemed to him to be better, standing at a distance, to beseech her with mild words, lest the damsel should be wrath with him in her mind, taking hold of her knees. Forthwith he spoke a mild and crafty word:

"I supplicate thee, O queen; whether thou art some god-

dess, or a mortal; if indeed thou art some goddess of those who possess the wide heaven, I consider thee most like unto Diana, the daughter of mighty Jove, in form, stature, and nature; but if thou art some one of mortals who dwell on the earth, thrice blessed thy sire and venerable mother, and thrice blessed thy brothers; much I ween their mind is ever delighted with joy on account of thee, when they behold such a branch entering the dance. He moreover is above others most blessed in his heart, who shall lead thee home, having loaded himself with bridal gifts. For never have I seen such a mortal with my eyes, either man or woman; a reverential feeling possesses me as I look upon thee. Lately I saw such a young shoot of a palm growing up in Delos, near the altar of Apollo: for I came thither, and much people followed me on that journey, which was about to produce evil cares for me: in the same manner also when I beheld that, I was a long time astonished in my mind; for never had such a tree sprung up from the earth. So I admire and am astonished at thee, O lady, and I fear very much to touch thy knees. But hard grief comes upon me. Yesterday in the twentieth day I escaped from the black sea; for a long time the wave and the swift storms continually carried me from the island Ogygia; but now the deity has cast me here, that I may still perhaps suffer evil even here; for I do not think that it will cease; but even before this the gods accomplish many things. But do thou, O queen, pity me, for having suffered many miseries, I come to thee first; but I know no one of the other human beings who possess this city and land. Show me the city, and give me an old garment to put on, if by chance coming here thou hast the wrapping of old garments. But may the gods grant thee as many things as thou desirest in thy mind, a husband, and house, and excellent concord may they grant; for there is not any thing more excellent and better than this, than when a husband and wife, agreeing in their counsels, manage a house; [causing] many griefs to their enemies, and joys to their well-wishers; and they themselves particularly are sensible of it."

But him white-armed Nausicaa answered in turn: "O stranger, since thou art not like unto a worthless or foolish man, and Olympian Jove himself distributes happiness to men, good or bad, to each as he chooses; and perhaps he has given

these things to thee, but however it is fit that thou shouldst endure them. But now, since thou comest to our city and land, thou shalt neither be in want of clothing, nor any thing else of the things which are fit for a suppliant from afar<sup>7</sup> who meets here. And I will show thee the city, and will tell thee the name of the people. The Phæacians possess this city and land; but I am the daughter of strong-hearted Alcinous, on whom the strength and might of the Phæacians depends."

She spoke, and gave order to her fair-haired handmaidens: "Stop, I pray you, handmaidens; whither are ye flying, when ye behold a man? whether do you think that he is some one of hostile men? There is not that man a living mortal, nor could there be, who would come to the land of the Phæacians, bringing hostility: for we are very dear to the immortals; and we dwell at a distance, the farthest in the sea of many waves, nor does any other of mortals mingle with us. But this one comes here, some wretched wanderer, whom now it is fit to take care of: for all strangers and beggars are from Jove; and even a little gift is grateful. But, O handmaidens, give meat and drink to the stranger: and wash him in the river where there is a shelter from the wind."

Thus she spoke, but they stood and commanded one another: and then they placed Ulysses under shelter, as Nausicaa, the daughter of strong-hearted Alcinous, bade them; and near him they placed a mantle and tunic and garments; and they gave him liquid oil in a golden cruse, and they desired him to wash himself in the streams of the river. Then, indeed, Ulysses addressed the handmaidens: "O handmaidens, stand at a distance thus, until I myself shall wash the brine from my shoulders, and shall anoint them around with oil; for ointment has been a long time away from my body; but I will not wash before you; for I am ashamed to be naked, being come amongst fair-haired damsels."

Thus he spoke, and they went to a distance and told it to the virgin. But divine Ulysses washed away the brine, which surrounded his back and wide shoulders, from his body in the river; and from his head he wiped off the froth of the barren sea.

<sup>7</sup> Ταλαπείριος, ἀντί τοῦ ξένου, καὶ πόρρωθεν πεπερακώς, ἢ μακρόθεν ἰφίγμενος. Schol. This word must not be confounded with ταλαίπωρος. See Loewe.

But when he had washed himself all over, and anointed himself with oil, and had put on the garments which the chaste virgins gave him; Minerva, born of Jove, made him greater and stouter to behold: and from his head she made his hair curled, like unto a hyacinthine<sup>s</sup> flower. As when some skilful man, whom Vulcan and Pallas Minerva have instructed in a cunning art, pours gold round silver, and performs beautiful works; so she shed grace on his head and shoulders. Then, going to a distance, he sat down on the shore of the sea, shining with beauty and gracefulness; and the virgin admiring beheld him; then she spoke [thus] to the fair-haired handmaidens:

“Listen to me, ye white-armed handmaidens, whilst I shall say something. This man does not come amongst the god-like Phæacians, against the will of all the gods who possess the wide heaven. For he before appeared to me to be unseemly, but now he is like unto the gods, who possess the wide heaven. I wish such a one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and it might please him to remain here. But, O handmaidens, give to the stranger meat and drink.”

Thus she spoke, and they heard her, and immediately obeyed, and near Ulysses they placed meat and drink. Much-enduring divine Ulysses indeed drank and eat greedily; for he had been a long time without tasting food. But white-armed Nausicaa thought upon other things; having folded the garments, she placed them on the beautiful chariot, and yoked the solid-hoofed mules; and she herself mounted it; and she encouraged Ulysses, and spoke and said:

“Rise now, O stranger, to go to the city, that I may conduct thee to the house of my prudent sire, where I think that thou wilt see as many as are the chief of all the Phæacians. But by all means do thus, for thou seemest to me not to be without understanding; whilst we go through the fields and the tillage of men, so long do thou come quickly with the handmaidens, after the mules and chariot: and I will lead the way. But when we shall go up to the city, around which

<sup>s</sup> Imitated by Milton, P. L. iv. 300:

“His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering.”

there is a lofty turret, and a fair port on each side of the city, and a narrow entrance; and on the way the ships rowed on both sides are drawn up; for in each there is a station for all; and there is their forum, around the beautiful temple of Neptune, fitted with large<sup>9</sup> stones dug out of the earth. There they take care of the tackle of the black ships, the ropes, and the cables, and they sharpen the bars. For neither the bow nor the quiver are a care to the Phæacians, but masts and oars of ships, and the equal ships, rejoicing in which, they pass over the hoary sea. Their harsh report I shun, lest some one should blame me behind my back; for they are very overbearing amongst the people. And perchance some worse one meeting us would say, 'Who is this handsome and portly stranger who follows Nausicaa? where did she find him? will he now indeed be her husband? She has either brought from her own ship some one of men from a far country who was wandering; for there are none near. Or some much-prayed-for god, descending from heaven, has come to her at her entreaty; and she will have him all her days. It were better for her, if she herself had, departing, found a husband elsewhere; for she despises these Phæacians amongst the people, who woo her, numerous and excellent.' So they will say, and these things would be reproaches against me: but I should be indignant with another, who should do such things, who should have intercourse with men against the will of her dear father and mother still alive, before her nuptials came openly. Do thou, O stranger, thus attend to my word, that thou mayest as quickly as possible obtain a conduct and return from my father. We shall find a beautiful grove of Minerva, near the way of poplars: and in it a fountain flows, and round it there is a meadow. There is the allotted estate<sup>10</sup> of my father, and the flourishing orchard, so far from the city as one shouting out makes [others] hear; sit down there and wait for some time, until we come to the city, and reach the house of my father. But when thou thinkest that we have come to the house, then go to the city of the Phæacians, and inquire for the house of my strong-hearted father, Alcinous. But it is easily known, and even a boy would lead thee: for the houses of the

<sup>9</sup> Literally, "drawn stones," for they were so large that it was necessary to draw them.

<sup>10</sup> τίμενος, πᾶς ἀποκτημένος εἰς τὴν γῆν. Apoll. Lex.

Phæacians are not made like it, such is the house of the hero Alcinous. But when the house and the hall conceal thee, go very quickly through the palace, until thou comest to my mother: but she sits on the hearth in the beam of the fire, turning the sea-purple threads of wool, wondrous to behold, reclining against a pillar, and her handmaidens sit behind her. There the throne of my father is reclined near her; in this he sitting, as an immortal, drinks wine; passing by him, place thine hands upon the knees of my mother, that rejoicing thou mayest behold the day of thy return, quickly, although thou art very far off. If indeed she shall be kindly disposed in her mind, then there is a hope that thou wilt see thy friends, and come to thy well-built house, and to thy paternal land."

Thus having spoken, she lashed the mules with the shining scourge, and they quickly left the streams of the river: they ran well, and curvetted briskly with their feet. She also drove well, in order that the handmaidens and Ulysses might follow together on foot; and she threw the lash with skill. And the sun set, and they came to the illustrious grove, sacred to Minerva, where divine Ulysses sat down: then he immediately prayed to the daughter of mighty Jove:

"Hear me, O thou unsubdued daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, now at length listen to me, since thou hast never before listened to me being shipwrecked, when illustrious Neptune shipwrecked me. Grant that I may come friendly and an object of pity to the Phæacians."

Thus he spoke praying, but Pallas Minerva heard him; but she did not yet appear before him; for she had an awe of her father's brother;<sup>11</sup> for he was vehemently wrathful with godlike Ulysses, before he arrived at his own land.

<sup>11</sup> Neptune.

## BOOK VII.

## ARGUMENT.

Nausicaa reaches the city; but Ulysses on his way thither is met by Minerva, who shows him the house of Alcinous; arriving at which, he throws himself at the feet of Arete, the wife of Alcinous, and entreats her to send him home to his own country. Alcinous bids him rise, and gives him food to eat. But Arete, recognising his garments, inquires of him whence he got them: upon which he relates the history of his voyage and wreck, and his meeting with Nausicaa.

THUS then much-enduring divine Ulysses prayed there, but the strength of the mules carried the damsel to the city. But when she at length arrived at the illustrious house of her father, she then stood in the portico; and her brothers stood around her, like unto the immortals; and they loosed the mules from the chariot, and carried her garments within. But she herself went to her chamber; and for her an old woman of Epirus lighted a fire, the chambermaid Eurymedusa, whom formerly ships rowed on both sides brought from Epirus; but they chose her out as a prize for Alcinous, because he was ruler over all the Phæacians, and the people listened to him, as to a god; who nurtured white-armed Nausicaa in the palace; and who kindled her fire, and set out supper within. And then Ulysses started to go towards the city, and Minerva, having a friendly disposition towards Ulysses, shed much darkness around him, lest any one of the high-minded Phæacians, meeting him, should both reproach him with words, and inquire of him who he was. But when he was about to enter the lovely city, then the blue-eyed goddess Minerva met him, likened unto a virgin young woman bearing a pitcher; and she stood before him, and divine Ulysses inquired of her:

"O child, couldst thou not lead me to the house of the man Alcinous, who reigns amongst these men? For I am come hither a stranger from afar,<sup>1</sup> having experienced labour, far off from a distant<sup>2</sup> land: wherefore I know none of the men who possess this city and fields."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the meaning of *ταλαπείριος* see my note on vi. 193.

<sup>2</sup> The student must bear in mind that this epithet in Homer does not designate the Peloponnesus, but is simply equivalent to *τῆς ἀλλοδαπῆς, καὶ μακρὰν ἀπεχούσης γῆς*, as in Eustath., Apoll., Hesych., &c. See Buttm. Lexil. p. 154, and Loewe's note.

<sup>3</sup> I consider myself justified in rendering *ἐργα, fields, tilled lands*, from



But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed in turn: "I will show thee then, O father stranger, the house which thou desirest me; since he dwells near my illustrious sire. But go thus in silence; and I will lead the way. Nor do thou look at, nor inquire of any man; for they do not easily tolerate strange men, nor loving one who comes from elsewhere, do they receive him in a friendly manner. Trusting in their swift ships, they pass over the mighty gulf, since Neptune has granted that to them; their ships are swift as a bird or a thought."<sup>4</sup>

Thus having spoken, Pallas Minerva quickly led the way; but he went immediately after the steps of the goddess. But the sea-famed Phæacians did not perceive him coming through the city amongst them: for fair-haired Minerva did not permit them, shrewd goddess, who indeed shed a divine cloud about him, counselling kind things in her mind. But Ulysses marvelled at the havens and the equal ships, and the forms of the heroes themselves, and the long walls, lofty, fitted with stakes, a wonder to behold. But when they came to the illustrious palace of the king, the blue-eyed goddess Minerva began to address him:<sup>5</sup>

"This then, O father stranger, is the house which thou badest me show thee; and thou wilt find the Jove-nurtured kings banqueting at a feast: but do thou go within, nor fear at all in thy mind; for a bold man is better in all affairs, even if he comes from some where else. First, indeed, thou wilt find the queen in the palace, and her surname is Arete: and she is from the same ancestors who gave birth to king Alcinoüs. Nausithoüs first earth-shaking Neptune begat, and Peribæa, in form the finest of women, youngest daughter of strong-hearted Eurymedon, who formerly reigned over the haughty giants: but he destroyed the impious people, and

the similar use of the word in other passages. So also Oppian. ii. 151, *πάντη δ' ἔργα βῶν*. Virg. Georg. i. 325, "et pluvia ingenti sata læta bo-umque labores." Cf. Hesych. *ἔργα, ποτὲ μὲν τὰ κατὰ τὴν γεωργίαν*. It may however mean, "buildings," "structures." See Bæhr, on Herodot. i. Introd. And this view is somewhat favoured by vs. 43, sqq. and Virg. Æn. i. 425, sqq.

<sup>4</sup> "Themistius, Or. 8, alludes to this passage, *θάλλον πτεροῦ καὶ νοήματος*. And *πτερόν* and *νόημα* are fitly joined, since *πτερόν τοῦ ἀνθρώπου λογισμὸς αὐτοῦ*, Chrys. Hom. ii. *περὶ τῶν ἄνδρ.*" Duport, Gnom. Hom. p. 180, sq.

<sup>5</sup> I am still dissatisfied with *τοῖσι*.

himself was destroyed. But with her Neptune had intercourse, and begat a strong-hearted son, Nausithoüs, who reigned amongst the Phæacians. But Nausithoüs begat Rexenor and Alcinous. The former silver-bowed Apollo smote, being without male offspring, a bridegroom in the palace, leaving only one daughter, Arete: but her Alcinous made his wife, and honoured her as no other [woman] is honoured on the earth, whatsoever women at least now keep house under husbands, as she has been honoured in heart and is still, both by her dear children and by Alcinous himself, and the people, who, looking upon her as a goddess, welcome her with words, when she goes through the city. For she herself is by no means in want of good understanding, and she settles disputes amongst men, to whom she wishes well. If then indeed she shall be kindly disposed towards thee in her mind, there is a hope for thee hereafter to behold thy friends, and come to thy lofty-roofed house, and thine own paternal land."

Thus having spoken, blue-eyed Minerva departed over the barren sea; and left lovely Scheria: and she came to Marathon, and wide-stretched Athens, and she entered the compact house of Eretheus. But Ulysses went to the illustrious dwellings of Alcinous; and his heart meditated many things, as he stood before he arrived at the brazen threshold: for it was as the shining of the sun or moon, through the lofty-roofed house of strong-hearted Alcinous. For brazen walls were firmly built<sup>6</sup> each way, to the recess from the threshold; and around it a cornice of blue colour; and golden doors enclosed the firm house within; and silver pillars stood on the brazen threshold, and there was a silver lintel over it, and a golden ring.<sup>7</sup> And on each side there were golden and silver dogs, which Vulcan made with his skilful mind, to guard the house of magnanimous Alcinous, being immortal<sup>8</sup> and free from old age all their days. But within thrones were firmly set here and there around the wall, throughout, from the threshold to the recess: there were thrown over them slender well-woven mantles, the works of women. Here the leaders of the Phæa-

<sup>6</sup> The reading *ἐρηρίδαρ* for *ἐληλάδαρ* is now fully established. See Ernesti and Loewe.

<sup>7</sup> Or *fastening*. Cf. i. 441, *θύρην δ' ἐπ' ἐρυσσε κορώνη Ἀργυρή*. See Pollux. vii. 26. Hesych. *ὁ κρίκος τῆς θύρας*.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. the dogs.

cians sat drinking and eating; for they held it all the year. But golden youths stood upon the well-built pedestals, holding in their hands burning torches, which shone during the night to the banqueters through the house. And there were fifty women servants in the house; some grind apple-coloured corn in the mill, others weave the webs, and whirl the spindles as they sit, like as the leaves of a tall poplar; and moist oil drips from the well-woven linen. As much as the Phæacians are skilled above all men to guide a swift ship in the sea, so are the women in weaving the web: for Minerva granted them exceedingly to be acquainted with beautiful works, and [endowed them with] a good understanding. But without the hall there is a large garden, near the gates, of four acres; but around it a hedge was extended on both sides. And there tall flourishing trees grew, pears, and pomegranates, and apple-trees producing beautiful fruit, and sweet figs, and flourishing olives. Of these the fruit never perishes, nor does it fail in winter or summer, lasting throughout the whole year; but the west wind ever blowing makes some bud forth, and ripens others. Pear grows old after pear, apple after apple, grape also after grape, and fig after fig. There a fruitful vineyard was planted: one part of this ground, exposed to the sun in a wide place, is dried by the sun; and some [grapes] they are gathering, and others they are treading, and further on are unripe grapes, having thrown off the flower, and others are slightly changing colour. And there are all kinds of beds laid out in order to the furthest part of the ground, flourishing throughout the whole year: and in it are two fountains, one is spread through the whole garden, but the other on the other side goes under the threshold of the hall to the lofty house, from whence the citizens are wont to draw water. Such indeed were the glorious gifts of the gods in the house of Alcinous. There much-enduring divine Ulysses standing admired it. But when he had admired all things in his mind, he quickly passed over the threshold within the house. And he found the leaders and chieftains of the Phæacians making libations in their cups to the watchful Argus-slayer, to whom they last made libations, when they were thinking of bed. But much-enduring divine Ulysses went through the house, having a heavy mist, which Minerva shed around him, until he came to Arete and king Alcinous, when Ulysses threw his

hands around the knees of Arete. And then indeed the divine mist was again dispersed from him. But they became speechless in the house on beholding the man, and seeing him they marvelled; and Ulysses besought her:

"O Arete, daughter of godlike Rexenor, I come to thy husband and to thy knees, having gone through many toils, and to these guests, to whom may the gods grant to live happily, and may each hand down to his children the possessions in his palace, and whatever honour the people has given him. But for me prepare ye an escort, that I quickly reach my paternal land; since for a long time I suffer griefs away from my friends."

Thus having spoken, he sat down on the hearth in the dust near the fire; but they were all speechless in silence. At length however the aged hero Echeneus addressed them, who was the oldest of the Phæacians, and surpassed in speaking, being acquainted with both many and ancient things. He, thinking well, harangued and addressed them:

"O Alcinous, this is not more honourable<sup>9</sup> for thee, nor is it seemly, that a stranger should sit on the ground on the hearth in the dust; but these restrain themselves, awaiting thy command. But come now, raise up the stranger and set him on a silver-studded throne; and do thou command the heralds to mix additional wine, that we may make libations to thunder-rejoicing Jove, who attends venerable suppliants: but let the housekeeper give a meal to the stranger from the things that are within."

And forthwith when the sacred might of Alcinous<sup>10</sup> heard this, taking the prudent Ulysses, cunning in counsel, by the hand, he raised him from the hearth, and set him on a shining throne, removing his son, Laodamas beloved of men, who sat near him, and loved him especially. And a handmaiden bringing water in a beautiful golden ewer, to wash in, poured it over a silver cauldron; and near him she spread a polished table; and the venerable housekeeper, bringing food, placed it near him, putting upon it many dainties, gratifying him out of the means present: but much-enduring divine Ulysses drank and eat. And then the mighty Alcinous addressed the herald:

"O Pontonous, having mixed a cup, distribute wine to all

<sup>9</sup> καλλιον = καλον.

<sup>10</sup> See my note on ii. 409.

throughout the palace, that we may make libations to thunder-rejoicing Jove, and who attends upon venerable suppliants."

Thus he spoke; and Pontonous mixed the grateful wine; and distributed to all, having first begun with the cups.<sup>11</sup> But when they had made libations, and drunk as much as their mind wished, Alcinous harangued and addressed them:

"Hear me, ye leaders and rulers over the Phæacians, that I may speak the things which my mind commands me in my breast. Now, indeed, having feasted ye may go home and sleep; but in the morning convoking more old men, we will entertain the stranger in the palace, and will offer fitting sacrifices to the gods: and afterwards we will be mindful of his escort, that the stranger may return rejoicing to his own paternal land without labour and affliction under our escort, quickly, although he is very far off: nor in the mean time may he suffer any evil and calamity, before he steps upon his own land. There then he will suffer whatever things Fate and the heavy Destinies spun with the thread for him at his birth, when his mother brought him forth. But if any one indeed of the immortals has come from heaven, then this is something else which the gods are contriving: for always hitherto the gods appear manifest unto us, when we offer up illustrious hecatombs, and they feast sitting with us where we are. But if even any traveller going alone has met them, they by no means conceal themselves; since we are close unto them, like as the Cyclops<sup>12</sup> and the savage tribes of Giants [are like one another]."

But him the much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O Alcinous, let something else be a care in thy mind; for I am not like unto the immortals, who possess the wide heaven, either in my person or my nature, but unto mortal men, whomever of mankind thou knowest especially enduring toil; to these indeed I should liken myself in my griefs: and I could relate to you even more evils, all the labours indeed which I have suffered by the will of the gods. But permit me, al-

<sup>11</sup> i. e. having first made the due libations.

<sup>12</sup> The Scholiast explains the passage thus: "We resemble the gods in righteousness as much as the Cyclops and Giants resembled each other in impiety. But in this sense of it there is something intricate and contrary to Homer's manner. We have seen that they derived themselves from Neptune, which sufficiently justifies the above interpretation." Cowper. I have followed the Scholiast, with Loewe.

though grieved, to take my supper. For there is not any thing more shameless at the time of a hateful belly,<sup>13</sup> which commands one to be mindful of itself by its necessity, although one is much afflicted, and has grief in one's mind. Thus too I indeed have grief in my mind, but it always exhorts me to eat and drink; and it makes me forget all things, as many as I have suffered, and commands me to fill myself. But do thou hasten, as soon as morning appears, that thou mayest place me, wretched one, in mine own country, although I have suffered many things; and may even life leave me on beholding my possession, and my servants and lofty-roofed large house."

Thus he spoke, but they all approved and advised to conduct the stranger, since he had spoken rightly. But when they had made libations, and drunk as much as their mind wished, they, each of them, went home about to sleep; but divine Ulysses was left behind in the palace, and near him sat Arete, and godlike Alcinous; and the handmaidens took away the preparations of the feast. But white-armed Arete began speaking to them, for she knew the veil and the tunic, when she beheld the beautiful garments, which she herself had wrought with her women attendants; and addressing him, she spoke winged words:

"O stranger, I will myself first ask thee this, who art thou? from whence art thou amongst men? who gave thee these garments? Surely thou dost not say that thou camest here wandering over the sea?"

But her the much-planning divine Ulysses addressed in answer: "It is difficult, O queen, to relate my griefs entirely through, since the heavenly gods have given me many; but I will tell thee this which thou askest, and inquirest of me. A certain island, Ogygia, lies far off in the sea, where deceitful Calypso, daughter of Atlas, a fair-haired crafty goddess, dwells: nor with her does any one of gods or mortal men associate; but fortune led me alone, unhappy one, to her hearth,

<sup>13</sup> The student must beware of regarding this as = *στυγερὴς γαστήρ*. It rather means "tempore ventris esurientis, i. e. esurienti cuique nihil molestius est (sc. ea ipsa)." Loewe. Translate therefore, "There is nothing more shameless than hunger, when the stomach craves for food." Cf. Oppian. Hal. iii. 399, *ὥς οὐδὲ λιμοῖα κακώτερον οὐδὲ βαρείης γαστέρος, ἥ κρατεῖ μὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἀπηνής, καὶ χαλεπὴ δίστοια συνίσταται*.



when Jupiter, having struck my swift ship with white thunder, cleft it in the middle of the dark sea. There all the others my excellent companions perished; but I, laying hold of the keel of the ship rowed on both sides, with my arms, was borne along for nine days; but in the tenth black night the gods made me approach the island Ogygia, where Calypso, the fair-haired crafty goddess, dwells. She taking me loved me earnestly, and nurtured me, and said that she would render me immortal, and free from old age all my days; but she did not at all persuade the mind in my breast. There I remained continually for seven years, and ever bedewed with tears the garments which, not mortal-like, Calypso gave to me; but when at length the eighth revolving year came, then indeed she commanded me, inciting me to return, through a message from Jove, or else her own mind was turned; and she sent me on a raft bound with many chains; and she gave me many things, bread and sweet wine, and put immortal garments on me: and she sent forth a harmless and gentle wind. For seventeen days indeed I sailed, passing over the sea, but on the eighteenth the shady mountains of thy land appeared; and the dear heart of me, ill-fated one, rejoiced; for still was I about to be conversant with much calamity, which earth-shaking Neptune raised up against me; who, having aroused the winds against me, hampered my journey, and troubled the immense sea: nor did the wave at all permit me mourning ceaselessly to be borne on the raft: this then indeed the storm scattered; but I cut through this gulf swimming; until the wind and the water carrying me, made me approach thy land. There, as I was going out, a billow forced me upon the shore, dashing me against mighty rocks and an unpleasant place; but retiring back I swam again, until I came to the river, where there appeared to me [to be] the best place, smooth from rocks; and there was also a shelter from the wind. And I came out, collecting my senses:<sup>14</sup> and ambrosial night came on; but I, going out at a distance away from the Jove-replenished river, slept among the thickets; and drew leaves about me; and a deity poured abundant sleep upon me. Here indeed amongst the leaves I slept all night, sorrowing in my heart, even until morn, and mid-day, and the

<sup>14</sup> συνάγων καὶ ἀνακτώνμενος ψυχὴν, Eustath. "gathering strength, reviving," Thiersch, Gk. Gr. p. 485.



sun set;<sup>15</sup> and sweet sleep left me.<sup>16</sup> And I perceived the handmaidens of thy daughter, playing on the shore; and amongst them she herself was like unto goddesses. I supplicated her. And she by no means failed of an excellent disposition, (so as thou wouldst not expect a younger one meeting you would do; for the younger are ever foolish,) who gave to me plenty of food and dark wine, and washed me in the river, and gave me these garments. Thus, although grieving, I have told thee the truth."

But him Alcinous answered and addressed in turn: "O guest, certainly my daughter did not consider this properly, because she by no means brought thee to my house with her women attendants; thou, however, didst supplicate her first."

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "Hero, do not on that account reprove thy spotless daughter: for she commanded me to follow with her women attendants. But I was not willing, fearing and being ashamed, lest by chance thy mind should be angered when thou didst behold me: for we tribes of men upon the earth are suspicious."

But him Alcinous answered and addressed in turn: "Guest, I have not such a heart within my breast, so as to be wrath in vain; but all things that are proper are better. Would that, O father Jove, and Minerva, and Apollo, being such a one as thou art, and thinking the things which I do, thou wouldst have my daughter, and be called my son-in-law, remaining here; and I would give thee both a house and possessions, if thou wouldst remain willingly; but no one of the Phæacians shall detain thee against thy will; let not this be acceptable to father Jove. But as to this I intend thy voyage to-morrow, that thou mayest be well assured; but until then thou mayest lie down overcome with sleep; and they will quietly row thee, until thou comest to thy country, and house, and if it is any where else agreeable to thee:

<sup>15</sup> Observe that *δύσετό τ' ἥλιος* refers to *εἶδον παννύχιος*, the intermediate words describing the time *during which he slept*. See the following note.

<sup>16</sup> I have punctuated this passage to agree with Loewe's explanation. He well remarks, that although the sun had set, yet extreme darkness might not have yet come on, so that it was still necessary for Minerva to envelope him in a shade (cf. vii. 14). He also cautions us against joining the words *δύσετό τ' ἥλιος* with the following ones, as being repugnant to vi. 110, sqq.

although it is a great deal farther than Eubœa; for they, who of our people saw it, when they conducted auburn-haired Rhadamanthus to see Tityus, the son of Earth, say that it is most distant: and they arrived from hence, and accomplished it without labour in the same day, and brought him back home. And thou wilt thyself know how much my ships and youths are the best, to cast up the sea with the blade of the oar."

Thus he spoke; and much-enduring divine Ulysses rejoiced; and then praying he spoke and said a word, and called [on Jove] by name: "O father Jove, may Alcinous perform all the things, whatever he has said! then indeed his glory would be inextinguishable over the bounteous earth, and I should reach my country."

Thus they spoke to one another. But white-armed Arete had commanded her handmaidens to place couches under the portico, and to throw upon them beautiful purple rugs, and to strew tapestry above, and to place woollen cloaks upon them, to spread over him. And they went from the palace, holding a torch in their hands; but when they had strewn the thick bed, hastening,<sup>17</sup> they urged Ulysses with words, standing near him: "Rise to go to rest, O stranger; thy bed is made."

Thus they spoke; and it appeared to him delightful to go to rest. Thus much-enduring divine Ulysses slept there in the compact beds, under the sounding portico. But Alcinous lay down in the recess of the lofty house; and near him his wife the queen prepared a couch and bed.

<sup>17</sup> Literally, "stirring up the dust," a metaphor derived from the race-course. See Blomfield on *Æsch. S. Th.* 60.

## BOOK VIII.

## ARGUMENT.

An assembly of the Phæacians is convoked respecting Ulysses, and a vessel is prepared for his departure. Alcinous entertains the Phæacian nobles at his house; and the games begin. Demodocus the bard first sings the amours of Mars and Venus, and then the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy. Ulysses is affected by his song, and Alcinous, perceiving it, asks who he is, from whence he is come, and what is the occasion of his sorrow.

BUT when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, the sacred<sup>1</sup> might of Alcinous rose from his bed, and noble Ulysses, the sacker of cities, rose also. And the sacred might of Alcinous led them to the assembly of the Phæacians, which was prepared for them near the ships. And having come, they sat down on the polished stones near [each other]; but Pallas Minerva went through the city, likened unto the herald of prudent Alcinous, planning a return for strong-hearted Ulysses. And standing near each man she addressed them:

"Hither come, ye leaders and chiefs of the Phæacians, to go to the assembly, that ye may hear of the stranger, who lately came to the house of prudent Alcinous, having wandered over the sea, in person like unto the immortals."

Thus having spoken, she incited the might and mind of each. And the forums and seats were quickly filled with men assembling together; for many admired the prudent son of Laertes, as they beheld him, and Minerva shed divine grace over his head and shoulders; and she made him taller and greater to behold, that to all the Phæacians he might be dear and awful and venerable, and might perform many contests, at which the Phæacians tried Ulysses. But when they were collected and assembled together, Alcinous harangued and addressed them:

"Hear, ye leaders and rulers over the Phæacians, whilst I speak what my mind commands me in my breast. This stranger, I know not who [he is], has come wandering unto my house, whether from eastern or western men; but he incites

<sup>1</sup> Ernesti observes that this epithet is applied to Alcinous, as a king, like "sanctitas" in Latin. Cf. Sueton. Cæs. 6.

us [to grant him] an escort, and prays for it to be safe. But let us, as hitherto, make ready the escort. For no other person who comes to my house, remains here a long time lamenting on account of an escort.<sup>2</sup> But come, we will draw a black ship for its first voyage<sup>3</sup> into the divine sea; and let two and fifty youths<sup>4</sup> be chosen amongst the people as many as hitherto have been the best. And do ye all, having bound the oars well to the benches, come out: but afterwards, coming to my house, make ready a hasty feast; and I will supply it well for all. These things I enjoin the youths; but do ye the rest, sceptre-bearing princes, come to my fair dwellings, that we may entertain the stranger kindly in our palace, nor let any one refuse; and call the divine bard Demodocus, for to him the deity has granted song exceedingly, to delight in whatever his mind incites him to sing."

Thus having spoken, he led the way; and the sceptre-bearers followed with him; but the herald went for the divine bard. And two and fifty youths, being chosen, went, as he commanded, to the shore of the barren sea. But when, indeed, they came to the ship and to the sea, they drew the black ship into the deep of the sea, and they placed a mast and sails in the black ship; and they fitted the oars in the leather loops, all rightly, and they spread out the white sails; and they moored her high out upon the sea; but afterwards they hastened to the great house of the prudent Alcinous. And the porches and the enclosures and houses were filled with men [collected together; and there were many young and old men]. And Alcinous sacrificed twelve sheep for them, and eight swine with white tusks, and two curve-footed oxen; these they skinned and managed, and made ready a delightful feast. And the herald came near, leading the harmonious bard, whom the Muse loved exceedingly; but she gave him both good and evil; she deprived him indeed of his eyes, but gave him sweet song.<sup>5</sup> For him Pontonous placed a silver-studded throne in

<sup>2</sup> i. e. "through wanting one."

<sup>3</sup> Not only nearly built, but also ἡ πρώτη κατὰ τὸ πλεῖον—*ναυαρχία*. Eustath.

<sup>4</sup> Observe that *κόνη* is made to agree with the dual *δύω*, not with *πεντήκοντα*, the plural. Cf. vii. 48 and 51, with the note of Eustathius.

<sup>5</sup> The blindness of bards is almost proverbial. See some quaint and

the middle of the guests, leaning it against a tall pillar: and from a peg the herald had hung the clear-toned harp over his head, and taught him how to take it with his hands: and near him he placed a basket, and a beautiful table, and near him a cup of wine to drink, when his mind should incite him; they then stretched forth their hands to the food lying ready before them.

But when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, the Muse encouraged the bard to sing the glories of men, a song of which the fame then reached the wide heaven, the strife of Ulysses and Achilles, son of Peleus, how they formerly contended with vehement words in a splendid banquet of the gods; but Agamemnon, king of men, rejoiced in his mind, when the chiefs of the Grecians contended; for so Phœbus Apollo, giving an oracle, told him in divine Pylos, when he passed over the stone threshold to consult the oracle: for then the beginning of harm rolled on to the Trojans and the Grecians, through the will of mighty Jove.

These things the illustrious bard sang; but Ulysses, taking a large purple veil in his sturdy hands, drew it over his head, and covered his beauteous face; for he was ashamed before the Phæacians, shedding tears from under his eyebrows. But when the divine bard had ceased singing, having wiped away the tears, he took the veil from his head, and taking a round cup,<sup>6</sup> he made libations to the gods: but when he<sup>7</sup> began again, and the chiefs of the Phæacians incited him to sing, since they were delighted with his verses, Ulysses again, covering his head, mourned. Then indeed he escaped the notice of all the others, shedding tears, but Alcinous alone, sitting near him, marked and perceived him; for he heard him mourning heavily; he immediately therefore addressed the oar-loving Phæacians:

"Hear, ye leaders and rulers over the Phæacians, we are

amusing illustrations in Duport, *Gnomol. Hom.* p. 184. So Milton, *Par. Lost*, iii. 32:

"Nor sometimes forget

Those other two, equall'd with me in fate,  
So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,  
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old."

<sup>6</sup> But on the ἀμφικύπελλον, see my note on iii. 63.

<sup>7</sup> The bard.

now satisfied in our mind with the equal banquet, and the harp, which is suited to the abundant feast; but now let us go out, and try all the contests; that also the stranger, returning home, may tell his friends how much we excel others in pugilism, wrestling, and leaping, and in the race."

Thus having spoken he led the way, and they followed together; and from the peg he hung the clear-toned harp: and the herald took the hand of Demodocus, and led him out of the palace; and he went before him the same way which the others, the chiefs of the Phæacians, had gone, to behold the contests. But they went to the forum, and a great crowd followed together, myriads. And there stood up many and excellent youths. There arose indeed Acronæus, and Ocyalus, and Elatreus, and Nauteus, and Prymneus, and Anchialus, and Eretmeus, and Ponteus, and Proreus, (and) Thoon, and Anabesineus, and Amphialus, son of Polynæus, son of Tecton; and there also rose up Euryalus, equal to manslaughtering Mars, and Naubolides, who was the most excellent of all the Phæacians in form and person, after the blameless Laodamas; and there arose the three blameless sons of Alcinous, Laodamas, and Halius, and divine Clytonæus. Some then indeed first made trial in the race; and a course was extended for them from the goal, and they all flew swiftly together, raising the dust along the plain. Of them the blameless Clytonæus was the best in running; and as far as is the distance between mules [and oxen] in fallow land,\* so far running on before, he came up to the people, but the others were left behind. But others made trial of laborious wrestling; in this Euryalus excelled all the chiefs; but in leaping Amphialus was the best of all. But on the other hand Elatreus was the most excellent of all with the quoit; and again Laodamas, the doughty son of Alcinous, in pugilism. But when all were delighted in their mind with the contests, Laodamas, son of Alcinous, addressed them:

"Come, my friends, let us ask the stranger if he knows and has learnt any contest. Indeed he is not mean as to his nature, his thighs, and legs, and both his hands above, and his stout neck and mighty strength; nor is he wanting at all in

\* Literally, "as far as is the distance of mules in fallow land." Clytonæus was as far in advance of his competitors, as there is left space between mules and oxen, when they are yoked together to plough a fallow land. Eustath. Cf. II. x. 352. Loewe.

youth, but he is broken down by many ills. For I do not think that there is any thing else worse than the sea to weaken a man, even though he be very strong."

Euryalus answered and addressed him in turn: "O Laodamas, thou hast spoken this word very rightly; do thou now go and challenge him, and speak to him a word." But when the excellent son of Alcinous heard this, he then stood, going in the middle, and addressed Ulysses: "Do thou also come hither, O father stranger, and make trial of the contests, if thou hast by chance learnt any: and it is likely that thou art acquainted with contests. For there is not any greater renown for a man, whilst he exists, than what he shall have done with his feet and his hands. But come, make trial, and disperse cares from thy mind: for thy voyage will not long be delayed; but the ship has just now been drawn out, and companions are ready."

Much-planning Ulysses answering addressed him: "O Laodamas, why do ye command these things, cutting me to the heart? griefs are even more in my mind than contests, I who before indeed suffered very many things, and have endured many labours: but now I sit in your assembly desiring a return, entreating the king and all the people."

But him Euryalus answered in turn, and chided openly: "I by no means liken thee, O stranger, to a man skilled in contests, such as there are many amongst men. But [I liken thee] to him, who constantly being in a many-benched ship, [is] a ruler of sailors, who are also merchants, and is mindful of his freight, and a superintendent of provisions, and rapacious profits; nor art thou at all like unto a wrestler."

But him much-planning Ulysses, looking sternly, addressed: "O stranger, thou hast not spoken well; you are like unto an injurious man: thus the gods do not bestow graceful accomplishments on all men, neither nature, nor mind, nor eloquence; for one man in appearance is weaker, but God adorns his form with words, and others look upon him with delight. But he discourses safely with mild modesty, and excels amongst those who are assembled together: and they look upon him, when coming through the city, as upon a god. Another again is like unto the immortals in his form, but grace does not crown his words." So also thy form is handsome,

\* Literally, "grace is not set as a crown around his words."



nor would a god fashion it otherwise; but thou art foolish in thine understanding: thou hast provoked my mind in my breast, having spoken not according to propriety; but I am not unskilled in contests, as thou, forsooth, dost say, but I think that I was amongst the first, when I trusted in my youth, and in my hands. But now I am held fast by calamity and griefs; for I have endured many things, both wars amongst men, and passing over the grievous waves; but even thus, although having suffered many evils, I will make trial of the contests, for thy language is galling to the mind;<sup>10</sup> and thou hast provoked me by thy words."

He spoke, and rushing with his garment as it was,<sup>11</sup> he seized a very large and thick quoit, no little firmer, than with what the Phæacians played at quoits with one another. Whirling this round, he hurled it from his strong hand; but the stone whizzed; and the Phæacians, who use long oars, sea-famous men, crouched down upon the earth from the throw of the stone; but it flew over all the marks, rushing easily from his hand; for Minerva, likened in person unto a man, had set the boundaries, and spoke and said:

"Even a blind man, O stranger, groping about, would distinguish the mark; since it is by no means mingled with the multitude, but is far the foremost; but do thou be confident, at least as to this contest; no one of the Phæacians shall reach this, nor pass beyond it."

Thus she spoke; but much-enduring divine Ulysses was glad, rejoicing, because he perceived a kind friend in the ring, and then he addressed the Phæacians more lightly: "Reach this now, O youths; but I think that I will soon send another as large, or even larger. Of the others, whomsoever<sup>12</sup> his heart and mind exhorts, let him come hither and make trial (since ye have irritated me very much) either in pugilism, or in wrestling, or even in the race, I grudge not at all, of all the Phæacians, [I say,] except Laodamas himself: for he is my host; and who would contend with one who receives him? That man in-

<sup>10</sup> Tasso, Gier. canto x. st. 10:

"Ne il mordace parlar' indarno è tale  
Perche della virtù cote è lo sdegno."

<sup>11</sup> i. e. without stripping, after the manner of combatants. Schol. σὺν τῷ ἡματιῷ ὡς εἶχεν.

<sup>12</sup> Observe the poetic form ὄντινα for ὄντινα. Cf. Thiersch, Gk. Gr. § 206, 26.

deed is foolish and worth nothing, whoever proposes a strife in contests with his host, among a foreign people; and he makes all his own affairs worse: but of the others I refuse not nor despise any one, but I wish to know and to make trial openly; for I am not insignificant in all things, as many contests as there are amongst men. For I know well how to handle the well-polished bow; I could hit a man the first, darting arrows in a crowd of hostile men; even though very many companions should stand near, and should direct their bows against the men. Philoctetes indeed alone excelled me with the bow, amongst the people of the Trojans, where we Greeks used our bows. But of the others I say that I am far the best, as many as are now mortals eating food upon the earth. But I am not willing to contend with former men, neither with Hercules, nor Eurytus the Æchalian, who contended even with the immortals about bows: therefore mighty Eurytus died immediately, nor did he attain to old age in his palace; for Apollo, wrath with him, slew him, because he challenged him to a contest of archery. And I dart with a spear, as far as no one else would with an arrow. I fear for my feet alone, lest any one of the Phæacians should pass me; for I have been very greatly beaten down in many waves: since there was no continual provision<sup>13</sup> for oneself in a ship; therefore my limbs are relaxed."

Thus he spoke, but they all were speechless in silence; and Alcinous alone answering addressed him: "O stranger, since thou dost not speak these things unpleasant to us, but dost wish to show thy prowess, which accompanies thee, being angry, because this man standing in the contest has chided thee; in order that no mortal may blame thy prowess, whoever in his mind knows how to speak fitting things; come now, understand my word, that thou mayest relate to another also of the heroes, when thou dost feast in thy palace, near thy wife and thy children, mindful of our excellence, what works Jove enjoins upon us throughout, even from our an-

<sup>13</sup> From the passage at vs. 452, *ἰπειρὴ λίπε δῶμα Καλυψοῦς ἠὲ κόμοιο*: *τόφρα δὲ οἱ κομιδὴ γε, θεῶν ὥς, ἐμπίδος ἦεν*, referring to v. 264, sqq. I think there is no doubt that food, sustenance, is meant, especially if we remember Homer's ideas on the weakness produced by hunger, as implied in the words *γυῖα λιλύονται*. Cf. *Il. xix. γυῖα βαρύνεται, κ. τ. λ.*, and Dupont, *Gnom. Hom.* p. 106, sqq.

cestors. For we are not faultless pugilists, nor wrestlers, but we run swiftly with our feet, and are the best in [managing] ships: and ever dear to us [is] the banquet, and the harp and dances, and changing of garments, and warm baths, and beds. But come, ye dancers of the Phæacians, as many of you as are the best, play; that the stranger returning home may relate to his friends how much we excel others in sailing, and in the race, and in the dance, and the song. But let some one go immediately, and bring the clear-toned harp for Demodocus, which lies some where in our house."

Thus spoke godlike Alcinous; but the herald rose to bring the sweet harp from the house of the king. And all the nine public chosen umpires<sup>14</sup> rose up, who managed every thing well in the contests: and they made the floor smooth, and widened the beautiful ring. And the herald came near, bringing the clear-toned harp to Demodocus; and he then went into the middle; and around him there stood youths in the prime of life, skilled in the dance: and they struck the divine floor<sup>15</sup> with their feet: but Ulysses regarded the twinklings<sup>16</sup> of their feet, and marvelled in his mind.

But he playing on the harp struck up<sup>17</sup> to sing beautifully, about the love of Mars and beautifully-crowned Venus, how they at first had intercourse stealthily in the house of Vulcan: for he gave her many things, and disgraced the couch and bed of king Vulcan; but to him there immediately came as a messenger the Sun, who perceived them mixed in love. But Vulcan, when he heard the heart-paining tale, hastened to his smithy, deeply planning evils in his mind: he placed a mighty anvil on the stock, and forged chains not to be broken or loosed, that they might remain there fixed. But after he had contrived the stratagem, enraged with Mars, he hastened to the chamber, where his dear bed lay. And then around the bed-posts he puts chains in a circle on every side; and many were fitted above from the ceiling, as slender cobwebs, which no one could see, even of the blessed gods; for they were made exceedingly cunning. But when he had spread all the snare around the bed, he pretended that he would go to Lemnos, a

<sup>14</sup> The term *αἰσχυμνήτης* was originally applied to the governors of the Cumæans, and hence to rulers in general.

<sup>15</sup> The primary meaning of *χορὸς* is "a place for dancing."

<sup>16</sup> *Micaciones*, quick, rapid movements

<sup>17</sup> See on i. 155

well-built city, which to him is by far the dearest of all lands.<sup>18</sup> Nor did golden-bridled Mars keep a blind look-out, when he beheld Vulcan, illustrious for his art, going to a distance; he hastened to the house of illustrious Vulcan, desirous of the love of beauteous-crowned Venus. But she having lately come from her father, the powerful son of Saturn, sat down; but he went within the house, and laid hold of her by the hand, and spoke and addressed her:

"Come, dear one, let us twain turn to bed to lie down; for Vulcan is not at home, but is now gone some where to Lemnos, to the barbarous Sintians."

Thus he spoke; and to her it seemed delightful to go to bed. They twain mounting the couch laid down to rest; but the artful chains of ingenious Vulcan were spread around them, nor could they by any means move their limbs, nor rise up. And then indeed they knew that there were no longer means of escape. But illustrious Vulcan came near them, returning again before he reached the land of Lemnos: for the Sun kept a look-out for him, and told him the affair: [and he hastened home, sorrowing in his dear heart;] and he stood in the vestibule; and fierce anger possessed him, and he shouted terribly, and called aloud to all the gods.

"O father Jove, and ye other blessed gods who exist ever, come, that ye may behold deeds not to be laughed at nor endured; how Venus, the daughter of Jove, always dishonours me who am lame, and loves all-destructive Mars; because he is handsome and sound-footed, but I am become weak; but there is no one to blame for me, but my two parents, who ought not to have produced me. But see where they sleep together in love, having ascended my bed; but I am grieved at beholding them. I do not indeed expect that they will any more, even a little while, lie so, although loving each other very much: perhaps they will not both wish to sleep; but a snare and chain shall detain them, until her father shall

<sup>18</sup> The student will doubtless remember that each deity had a favourite place of abode and worship. Thus Venus possessed Paphos, (*infra*, 363,) Juno Samos, Argos, and Carthage, (*Virg. Æn.* i. 19. *Ovid. Met.* viii. 220. *Apud. Met.* vi. p. 458. *Eustath. on Dion. Pierieg.* 530.) Æsculapius Epidaurus, &c. The reason of Vulcan's preference is explained by Eustathius thus, διὰ τοὺς ἐκεῖ κρατῆρας τοῦ πυρός, καὶ ὅτι καὶ πόλις δύο περὶ αὐτὴν, ὧν μία καὶ ἡ Ἡφαίστεια.

repay all the dowries, whatever I gave him, for the impudent damsel, because his daughter is fair, but not chaste."

Thus he spoke; and the gods were assembled at the brazen house: earth-shaking Neptune came, all-beneficent<sup>19</sup> Mercury came, and the far-darting king Apollo came: but the female deities each remained at home through shame. And the gods, bestowers of good things,<sup>20</sup> stood in the vestibule; and there arose an inextinguishable laughter amongst the blessed gods, when they saw the arts of ingenious Vulcan. But thus some one<sup>21</sup> said, looking to another who was near: "Evil works do not succeed: the slow overtakes the quick: as now Vulcan, although slow, has caught Mars, the swiftest of the gods who possess Olympus, he being lame, [has caught him] by his art; wherefore he owns a fine for being detected in adultery."

Thus they spoke such things to one another; and king Apollo, the son of Jove, addressed Mercury: "O Mercury, son of Jove, messenger, giver of good things, wouldst thou be willing, pressed in strong chains, to sleep in the bed near golden Venus?"

But him the messenger, the slayer of Argus, immediately addressed: "I wish this might happen, O king, far-darting Apollo, (and) might thrice so many immense chains surround me, and ye gods behold, and all the goddesses, yet I would sleep near golden Venus."

Thus he spoke, and laughter arose amongst the immortal gods. But laughter did not possess Neptune; but he constantly entreated the illustrious artificer Vulcan, that he would loose Mars: and addressing him, spoke winged words: "Loose him; and I promise that he shall pay, as thou commandest, all the things that are proper amongst the immortal gods."

But him illustrious Vulcan addressed in turn: "Do not, O earth-shaking Neptune, command me these things. Wretched indeed are the sureties to be received for the bad."<sup>22</sup> How could I

<sup>19</sup> ἐριούνης, ἐπὶ δυνάσας τοῦς ἀνθρώπους, μεγαλοφέλεις, πολυωφέλης. Schol. Cf. Alberti on Hesych. t. i. 1432.

<sup>20</sup> On this sentiment respecting the heavenly bestowal of "every good gift," see Dupont, Gnom. Hom. p. 190, and Barth. on Gratius, Cynege. l.

<sup>21</sup> τις = one to another.

<sup>22</sup> I follow Loewe, understanding δαίλαι ἢ ὥστε ἐγγυᾶσθαι, in the sense of λαμβάνειν ἐγγύας, as Eustathius rightly says.

oblige you, among the immortal gods, if Mars should go away, having escaped the debt and the chain?"

But him Earth-shaking Neptune addressed in turn: "O Vulcan, even though Mars, escaping from the debt, should go away flying, I myself will pay thee these things."

But him illustrious Vulcan immediately answered: "It is not possible, nor is it meet to reject thy word."

Thus speaking, the might of Vulcan loosed the chain. When they were loosed from the chain, although it was strong, both rushing forth immediately, he (Mars) went to Thrace, but she, the laughter-loving Venus, came to Cyprus, to Paphos, where is her grove and incensed altar: here the Graces washed her, and anointed her with immortal oil, such as glosses over the gods who exist for ever: and they put beautiful garments around her, a marvel to behold.

These things the illustrious bard sang; and Ulysses was delighted in his mind as he heard it, and also the other Phæacians who use long oars, illustrious sailors. But Alcinous commanded Halios and Laodamas to dance alone, since no one rivalled them. When then they had taken the beautiful purple ball in their hands, which skilful Polybus made for them, one of them, bent backwards, threw it towards the shadowy clouds; and the other, having raised himself on high from the earth, easily laid hold of it, before he reached the ground with his feet. But when they had made trial with the ball straight upwards, they afterwards danced on the fruitful earth, frequently throwing it from one to another, and the other youths applauded, standing in the ring; and a great noise arose under [their feet]. Then divine Ulysses addressed Alcinous:

"O King Alcinous, most illustrious of all the people, you certainly engaged<sup>23</sup> that you were the best dancers, and certainly these things have been accomplished; astonishment possesses me as I behold."

Thus he spoke; and the sacred might of Alcinous rejoiced; and he immediately addressed the oar-loving Phæacians: "Listen, ye leaders and rulers over the Phæacians, the stranger seems to me to be very prudent. But come, let us give him a present of hospitality, as is just; for twelve excellent princes rule, chieftains amongst the people, and I myself

<sup>23</sup> Literally, "threatened," which we sometimes say in English, with a jocular meaning.



am the thirteenth; of whom do each of you bring a well-washed veil, and a tunic, and a talent of precious gold. And let us all together immediately bring them, that the stranger, having them in his hands, may go to supper rejoicing in his mind: but let Euryalus appease him with words and a present; since he did not speak rightly."

Thus he spoke; but they all praised, and ordered it; and each of them despatched a herald to fetch the gifts; but him Euryalus answered, and addressed in turn:

"O king Alcinous, most illustrious of all the people, therefore I will appease the stranger, as thou commandest; I will give him this all-brazen sword, whose hilt is silver, and a scabbard of newly-sawn ivory is set around it; and it will be worth much to him."

Thus saying, he placed the silver-studded sword in his hands, and speaking winged words, addressed him:

"Hail, O father stranger; and if any grievous word has been uttered, may the storms, having snatched it up immediately, carry it away; but to thee may the gods grant both to behold thy wife, and to reach thy country; since thou art suffering misfortunes a long time away from friends."

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "Much hail thou also, friend, and may the gods give thee happiness; nor mayest thou hereafter at all have regret for this sword, which thou hast given me, appeasing me with words."

He spoke, and girt about his shoulders the silver-studded sword; and the sun set, and the famous gifts were present for him. And the noble heralds bore them to [the house] of Alcinous; and the sons of illustrious Alcinous having received them, placed the very beautiful gifts near their venerable mother. And the sacred might of Alcinous led the way for them, and coming they sat on lofty thrones; then truly mighty Alcinous addressed Arete:

"Hither, lady, bring a handsome chest, whichever is best; and in it place a well-washed cloak, and a tunic; and warm for him a brazen vessel with fire, and heat water, that both having washed himself, and having seen all the presents placed in order, which the illustrious Phæacians have brought here, he may be delighted both with the banquet, and by hearing the chaunt of song: and I will give him this my cup,



very beautiful, golden, that remembering me all his days, he may pour forth libations in his palace, both to Jove and the other gods."

Thus he spoke; and Arete told her handmaidens, with all haste to place a large tripod on the fire. And they placed a three-footed laver on the bright fire; and poured water in it, and taking wood kindled it beneath. The fire encircled the belly<sup>24</sup> of the tripod, and the water was warmed. But in the meanwhile Arete brought out of her chamber a very beautiful chest for the stranger, and placed in it handsome presents, a garment, and gold, which the Phæacians gave him; and in it she put a cloak and beautiful tunic, and speaking, addressed to him winged words:

"Thyself now look to the lid, and quickly put a chain upon it,<sup>25</sup> lest any one should defraud thee on thy way, when again thou sleepest sweet slumber, going in the black ship."

But when much-enduring divine Ulysses heard this, he immediately fitted on the lid, and quickly put upon it a various chain, which venerable Circe sometime taught him in his mind. And the housekeeper bade him forthwith wash himself, having gone into the bathing tub: and he gladly in his mind beheld the warm bath; because he had not been at all used to take care of himself since he left the dwelling of the fair-haired Calypso; but so long at least care of himself was continual to him, as to a god. When therefore the handmaidens had washed and anointed him with oil, and had thrown about him a beautiful mantle and tunic, having gone out of the bath, he went to the men who were drinking wine; but Nausicaa, possessing beauty from the gods, stood by a pillar of the well-made roof; and she admired Ulysses, seeing him with her eyes, and speaking she addressed to him winged words: "Farewell, stranger, that sometime being in thy paternal land thou mayest remember me, that thou owest to me first the debt of preservation of thy life."

But her much-counselling Ulysses addressed in answer: "Nausicaa, daughter of strong-hearted Alcinous, thus now may Jove, the mighty-sounding husband of Juno, grant to

<sup>24</sup> Or the lower part, τὸν ποσὶμένα. Schol.

<sup>25</sup> "In ancient times it was the custom to secure boxes with straps. Keys were a more modern invention." Eustath.

me both to go home, and to see the day of my return : then there also to thee, as to a deity, would I pray still all my days ; for thou hast saved my life, O damsel."

He spoke, and sat on a throne near king Alcinous. And they now both divided the shares [of the feast], and mixed wine. And a herald came near, bringing the harmonious bard, Demodocus, honoured by the people ; and he sat him in the midst of the feasters, having propped him against a lofty column. Then indeed much-planning Ulysses addressed the herald, having first cut off [a portion] from the back ; and a great part of a white-tusked swine was left, and rich fat was about it.

"Herald, take and give this flesh to Demodocus, that he may eat ; and I will embrace him, although grieved. For by all earthly men bards are allotted honour and respect, because indeed the Muse has taught them songs, and loves the tribe of bards."

Thus he spoke ; but the herald, bringing it, placed it in the hands of the hero Demodocus ; and he received it and rejoiced in his mind. And they stretched forth their hands to the food which lay ready before them. But when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, then truly much-planning Ulysses addressed Demodocus :

"O Demodocus, I indeed praise thee above all mortals ; either the Muse, child of Jove, has taught thee, or Apollo at least ; for thou singest well in order the fate of the Achæans, both what things they did, and suffered, and what things the Achæans laboured ; as if perchance either being thyself present, or having heard from another. But come now, change [the strain] and sing the preparation of the wooden horse, which Epeus made with Minerva, which divine Ulysses formerly brought into the citadel, a stratagem, having filled it with men who sacked Ilium. If indeed thou shouldst tell me these things in order, I will immediately tell to all men, how a kind god has bestowed on thee divine song."

Thus he spoke ; and he, inspired by the god, began, and showed forth his song, taking it from thence, how the Argives, some indeed having embarked in the well-benched ships, sailed away, having hurled fire into their tents ; and others now were sitting around all-famous Ulysses in the forum of the Trojans,

being covered in the horse; for the Trojans themselves had drawn it into the citadel. Thus it stood;<sup>26</sup> and they sitting about it spoke many undecided things; and counsel pleased them three ways, either to cut through the hollow wood with the hard brass, or having dragged it to a summit, to cast it down the rocks, or to permit the great image to be a propitiation of the gods, as it was even afterwards about to be brought to pass. For it was fated that it should perish, when the city should cover around<sup>27</sup> a great wooden horse, where all the best of the Argives sat, bearing slaughter and Fate to the Trojans. And he sang how the sons of the Greeks destroyed the city, being poured forth from the horse, having left the hollow ambush. He sang that one laid waste<sup>28</sup> the lofty city in one way, and another in another; but that Ulysses, like Mars, went to the house of Deiphobus with godlike Menelaus. There indeed he said, that he, having dared a very fierce battle, conquered afterwards by means of strong-hearted Minerva. These things, then, the very famous bard sang; but Ulysses was melted, and a tear moistened his cheeks under his eyelids. And as a woman weeps falling about her dear husband, who falls before his own city and people, warding off the fatal day from his town and children; she indeed, gazing on him dying and gasping, spread about him laments shrilly; but they behind smiting her with spears on the back and the shoulders, lead her into captivity, to have both toil and calamity, and with most piteous grief her cheeks fade. So Ulysses poured a piteous tear from under his eye-brows. Then indeed he escaped the notice of all the others, pouring forth tears, but Alcinous alone observed and perceived him, sitting near him, and heard him mourning heavily; and immediately addressed the oar-loving Phæacians:

"Hear, ye leaders and rulers over the Phæacians, and let Demodocus now stop his clear-toned harp; for somehow he does not sing these things gratifying to all. From the time when we were supping, and the divine bard began, from this time the stranger has not by any means ceased from mournful grief; some great sorrow surrounds his mind; but come, let him stop, that we may all alike be delighted, hosts and guest; since

<sup>26</sup> Compare Virg. *Æn.* ii. 31, sqq. Petron. *Arb.* § 123. Eurip. *Troad.* 540, sqq. Tryphiodor. 238, sqq.

<sup>27</sup> i. e. contain.

<sup>28</sup> Literally, "lopped, cropped down."

thus it is much more honourable. For these things are prepared on account of the venerable stranger, an escort, and grateful presents, which we entertaining [him] bestow on him. The stranger and suppliant is considered in the place of a brother by a man who partakes of understanding even a little. Do thou therefore now not conceal by crafty thoughts what I shall ask thee; but it is better that thou shouldst say. Tell the name, whatever both thy mother and father there called thee, and others who dwell in and around the city; for no one of men is altogether nameless, neither bad nor good, since he was first born, but parents give [names] to all, when they bring them forth. And tell me thy land, and people, and city: that our ships calculating in thought<sup>29</sup> may conduct thee thither. For there are no pilots for the Phæacians, nor are there rudders at all, which other ships have; but they themselves ken the thoughts and minds of men. And they ken the cities and rich fields of all men; and very swiftly pass over the ridge of the sea, covered with darkness and a cloud; nor is there fear at any time for them, that they will be either harmed at all or perish. But I have heard my father Nausithous sometime telling these things thus, who said that Neptune was indignant with us, because we are harmless conductors of all. He said that he would sometime destroy a well-worked ship of the Phæacian men returning from a conduct on the shadowy sea, and that a great mountain [of waves]<sup>30</sup> should cover around our city. Thus the old man spoke; which things the god will either accomplish, or they will be not accomplished, as is grateful to his mind. But come, tell me this and inform me truly, both whither thou hast wandered, and to what lands of men thou hast come; both themselves and their well-inhabited cities. And how many are both cruel, and rough, and not just; and who [are] hospitable, and have a mind which regards the gods. Say too at what thou weepest, and art grieving within thine heart, on hearing the calamity of the Argives, Danaans, and Ilium. That [calamity] the gods indeed devised, and destined destruction for men, that it may be a [subject of] song even to

<sup>29</sup> These "thinking ships" of Homer's are almost as clever as the "prophesying Argo" of Valerius Flaccus, i. 2.

<sup>30</sup> Virg. *Æn.* i. 109, "præruptus aquarum mons," Ovid, *Trist.* i. 2, 19, "quanto montes voluntur aquarum;" ii. 10, 20, "Inque modum tumuli concava surgit aqua."

posterity. Has indeed some relation of thine perished before Ilium, who was brave, a son-in-law, or father-in-law, who are nearest to us after both our own blood and race? Or perchance even some man thy companion, knowing things pleasing to thee, brave; since he indeed is not at all inferior to a brother, who, being a companion, kens what is prudent."

## BOOK IX.

### ARGUMENT.

Ulysses begins the narrative of his adventures. He relates how he fought with the Ciconians, and destroyed Ismarus; that he then came to the Lotophagi; and afterwards to the land of the Cyclops; where he was shut up in the cave of Polyphemus, who devoured six of his companions; but that after he had intoxicated him with wine, he blinded him while asleep, and escaped with the rest of his companions.

BUT him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O King Alcinous, thou most illustrious of all the people, of a truth it is a fine thing to listen to such a bard as he is, like unto the gods in his voice; for I do not think there is any event<sup>1</sup> more delightful, than when joy possesses a whole people, and the banqueters sitting in order through a house listen to a bard; and near them tables are filled with bread and meat; and the cup-bearer drawing wine from a bowl, carries it, and pours it into the cups; this seems to me in my mind to be something most excellent. But thy mind has turned to inquire concerning my sad griefs, that still more lamenting I may mourn. What first, indeed, what next, and what last of all shall I relate? For the heavenly gods have given me many griefs. But now I first will tell my name, that ye both may know; and that I hereafter, having escaped from a cruel day,<sup>2</sup> may be a host unto you, although inhabiting houses at a distance. I am Ulysses, the son of Laertes, who am an object of attention to men in all kinds of craft, and my fame reaches heaven. And I inhabit Ithaca, well situated towards the west; and in it there is a mountain.

<sup>1</sup> *τέλος* appears to mean nothing more than "thing, event." See Casaub. on Athen. ii. 3.

<sup>2</sup> "c. death.

Neritus, leaf-shaking,<sup>3</sup> very conspicuous; and around it there are many islands very near to one another, Dulichium, and Samos, and woody Zacynthus; but it lies low, the highest<sup>4</sup> in the sea towards the west, (but those that are separated from it [lie] towards the east and the sun,) craggy, but a good nourisher of youths; I cannot at all behold any thing else sweeter than this island. Certainly, indeed, Calypso, divine one of goddesses, kept me away from thence [in her hollow caves, desiring that I should be her husband];<sup>5</sup> so in like manner did Ææan Circe, crafty, detain me in her palace, desiring that I should be her husband; but they did not at all persuade the mind in my breast. Since nothing is sweeter than one's own country and one's parents, although one should inhabit a wealthy house at a distance, in a foreign land, far from one's parents. But come, I will tell also of my very toilsome return, which Jove sent upon me when I went from Troy.

"The wind bearing me from Ilium made me approach the Ciconians in Ismarus; and there I laid waste the city, and destroyed them.<sup>6</sup> And taking their wives and many possessions out of the city, we divided them, that no one might go deprived of an equal share. Then indeed I ordered that we should fly with a moist foot;<sup>7</sup> but they very foolish did not obey me. There they drank much wine, and slew many sheep near the shore, and beeves curve-footed, bent-horn. But in the mean time the Ciconians going called upon the Ciconians, who were their neighbours, both more in number, and braver, who inhabit the continent, knowing how to fight with men from horses, and, when there is need, being on foot. Then they came in the morning, as many in number as are the leaves and flowers in spring; then at length evil fate from Jove stood over ill-fated us, that we should suffer many griefs. And having placed themselves [in array], they engaged in battle

<sup>3</sup> i. e. woody.

<sup>4</sup> παννιπεράτη is to be explained by the fact that the sea at a distance seems to rise; hence the island farthest seemed higher than the nearest. Strabo, x. p. 454, quoted by Eustath., had a glimpse of the meaning. See my note on Phil. 513, and Arnold on Thucyd. i. 112. G. Burges.

<sup>5</sup> A very doubtful verse.

<sup>6</sup> The Ciconians.

<sup>7</sup> There are different ways of explaining this word; the most probable way of taking it seems to be that chosen by the Scholiast, *with a moist foot*, metaphorically for *in a ship*. Old Transl. The same view is adopted by Loewe and Ernesti.



near the swift ships, and struck one another with brass-tipped spears. Whilst it was morning, and sacred day grew on, so long we remained, warding them off, although they were more in number: but when the sun changed its journey towards evening,<sup>8</sup> then at length the Ciconians, subduing the Achæans, put them to flight. Six well-greaved companions out of each ship perished; but the rest of us escaped death and fate. And from thence we sailed forward sorrowing in our heart, rejoicing [at our own escape] from death, having lost our dear companions. Nor yet<sup>9</sup> did my ships rolling on both sides proceed, before we thrice cried out to each one<sup>10</sup> of our wretched companions, who died in the plain, slain by the Ciconians. And cloud-compelling Jove stirred up a north wind against our ships, with a divine whirlwind, and he covered the earth and the sea together with clouds; and night arose from heaven. They then were borne along to leeward, and the force of the wind rent their sails in three and four places. And these<sup>11</sup> we let down into the ships, dreading destruction, and we drew them<sup>12</sup> eagerly forward to the continent. There two nights and two days we lay continually, consuming our mind at the same time both with toil and griefs: but when at length fair-haired morning brought about the third day, having set up our masts, and drawn up our white sails, we sat down; and the wind and the helmsman guided them straight along. And now I should have reached my paternal land unharmed, but the billow and the stream and the north wind thrust me away as I was doubling Malea, and made me wander to Cythera. And from thence I was carried for nine days over the fishy sea by baleful winds; but on the tenth we came

\* Literally, "towards the time when oxen are loosed from labour." Buttm. Lexil. p. 89, observes: "this is in truth a great and beautiful idea, full of spirit and meaning; the moment at which it may be supposed, that in the whole agricultural world the wearied steer is loosed from his daily labour." Cf. Heliodor. Ethiop. ii. p. 91, ed. Bourd. *Καὶ ἦν μὲν ὥρα περὶ βουλυτὸν ἡδῆ.* Hesychius interprets it, ἡ δεῖλη, ὥρα, ἢ τὸ ἀποτρον λύεται, τῶν βοῶν.

<sup>9</sup> ὥρα is emphatic. See Clarke.

<sup>10</sup> Join *ἕκαστον τινα*, not, as the former prose translator supposed, *τινα αὐταί.* On the custom here mentioned see Virg. *Æn.* iii. 67, "animamque sepulcro condimus, et magna supremum voce ciemus." vi. 506, "et magna manes ter voce vocavi." Cf. Eur. Suppl. 773, 804. *Alceat.* 625, with my notes on the former passage, t. i. p. 331, ed. Bohn.

<sup>11</sup> The sails.

<sup>12</sup> The ships.



upon the land of the Lotophagi, who eat flowers as food. There then we landed on the continent, and drew water; and immediately my companions took supper near the swift ships. But when we had tasted of meat and drink, then at length I sent my companions, having chosen two men, giving a herald as third,<sup>13</sup> in company with them, to go<sup>14</sup> and inquire, what men they were who eat food upon the land. But they, going immediately, were mingled with the Lotus-eating men: nor did the Lotophagi devise destruction for our companions, but they gave them to taste of the lotus. But whoever of them eat of the pleasant food of the lotus, he no longer wished to bring back news, nor to return, but they preferred to remain there with the Lotophagi eating lotus, and to be forgetful of return. Them indeed weeping I by force led to the ships, and dragging, bound them under the benches in the hollow ships. But I exhorted my other beloved companions, to hasten and embark on the swift ships, lest by chance any one eating of the lotus, should be forgetful of return. But they immediately embarked, and sat down on the benches; and sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oars.

"And from thence we sailed forward, sorrowing at heart: and we came to the land of the monstrous<sup>15</sup> Cyclops, who have no laws, who, trusting in the immortal gods, neither plant a plant<sup>16</sup> with their hands, nor plough: but all these things unsown, untilled, spring up, wheat and barley, and vines, which bear wine from large clusters, and the shower from Jove nourishes them. Among them [there are] neither assemblies for consulting, nor rights: but they inhabit the summits of lofty mountains in hollow caves; and every one gives judgment to his children and wives; nor do they care for one another. There a long<sup>17</sup> island is stretched out from the haven

<sup>13</sup> I am unwilling to deprive my readers of the following brilliant specimen of accurate construing found in the old and (most wisely) anonymous prose translation, "giving a herald to the third." And yet Eustathius had written, *ἑταῖροι δύο στέλλονται καὶ τρίτος κήρυξ*.

<sup>14</sup> On the Lotophagi the student will find very copious and interesting information in the notes of Loewe on this passage, and of De Pinedo on Steph. Byz. v. *λωτοφόρος*, p. 432.

<sup>15</sup> Cf. Buttm. Lexil. p. 514, where he regards the Cyclops as "monstrous children of nature, who needed no social or legal relations among themselves, and consequently did not acknowledge them towards others."

<sup>16</sup> An antiquated and somewhat oriental style of repetition.

<sup>17</sup> See Ernesti. I myself should prefer the reading preserved in Eusta-

of the land of the Cyclops, not very near, nor far off, woody: and in it wild goats are produced in boundless number; for the step of men does not interfere with them: nor do hunters, who undergo toils in the wood, searching the tops of mountains, go over it. It is neither kept by flocks, nor by ploughings, but itself, for all days unsown and untilled, is bereft of men, and feeds bleating goats. For the Cyclops have not vermilion-prowed ships, nor are there men amongst them builders of ships, who can make well-benched ships, which would perform every thing, going to the cities of men: as frequently men, who have prepared for themselves a well-inhabited island, pass in ships over the sea, one to another: for it is not at all bad, but would produce every thing in season. For there are in it watery, soft meadows, near the banks of the hoary sea; and the vines would be very unperishable. And in it the tillage is light; and they would always reap a deep harvest in season, since the soil is very rich below. And there is a haven with a good station, where there is no need of cable, nor to cast anchors, nor to bind the halsters, but driving in to remain so long, until the mind of the sailors should excite them, and the winds should blow. But at the head of the haven flows clear water, a fountain from under a cave; and around poplars spring up. There we sailed, and some deity conducted us through the dark night; nor did it appear so as to be seen. For there was a dense mist about the ships, nor did the moon shine from heaven, for it was covered with clouds; from thence no one beheld the island with his eyes; nor did we perceive the long waves rolling to the beach, before the well-benched ships struck against it. But when the ships struck, we took down all the sails, and we ourselves disembarked upon the shore of the sea; there having fallen asleep, we awaited divine morning. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, admiring the island we went round about it. And the nymphs, the daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove, roused the mountain-dwelling goats, that my companions might take their meal. Immediately we took our bent bows and long-pointed javelins from the ships; and arrayed in three bands, we struck them; and the deity straightway gave us a strength-recruiting prey. Twelve thus, ἰλάχια = ἰλαχίστη. There is, however, great uncertainty both respecting the orthography and the meaning of this word.

ships indeed followed me, and to each nine goats were allotted; and they selected ten for me alone. Thus, then, during the whole day, until the setting sun, we sat feasting on much flesh and sweet wine. For the ruby wine was not yet expended from the ships, but was in [them]: for each of us drew much in kegs, when we captured the sacred citadel of the Ciconians. And we looked to the land of the Cyclops, who were near, and [perceived]<sup>18</sup> smoke, and their voice, and that of sheep and goats.<sup>19</sup> But when the sun set and darkness came on, then at length we went to rest on the shore of the sea: but when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, then I, having made an assembly, spoke amongst all: 'Do ye others, my beloved companions, now remain, but I, with my own ship and my companions, will go, and make trial of these men who they are, whether they are insolent, and wild, nor just; or are hospitable, and their mind is god-like.' Thus having spoken, I embarked in my ship; and commanded my companions both to embark themselves, and to loose the halsers. But they immediately embarked, and sat down on the benches; and sitting in order, they smote the hoary sea with their oars. But when indeed we came to the country near at hand, there we beheld a cave on the extreme part [of the land], near the sea, lofty, covered with laurels; there much cattle, both sheep and goats, were sleeping; and around a lofty hall was built with stones dug out of the earth, and tall pines, and lofty-tressed oaks. There a monstrous man was sleeping, who was pasturing his cattle alone at a distance; nor did he herd with others, but being apart (by himself) he kenned lawless things. And truly he was a monstrous prodigy; nor was he like unto a man who feeds on bread, but unto the woody top of lofty mountains, when it appears alone [separated] from others. Then indeed I ordered my other beloved companions to remain there near the ship, and to draw up the ship, but I, having chosen twelve the best of my companions, went. And I had a goat's skin of black wine, pleasant, which Maron, son of Euanthes, priest of Apollo, who guarded<sup>20</sup> Ismarus,

<sup>18</sup> On this Zeugma, *ἀεὶσσομεν—φθογγην*, see my note on *Æsch. Prom.* p. 2, n. 7, ed. Bohn.

<sup>19</sup> On this subsequent story of the Cyclops Euripides has grounded a Satiric Drama of the same name. See the note to my translation of Euripides, t. ii. p. 288, n. 4, ed. Bohn.

<sup>20</sup> Or, "presided over." Cf. *Il.* i. 37.

gave me: because, reverencing him, we saved him with his children and his wife; for he dwelt in the woody grove of Phœbus Apollo; he therefore gave unto me illustrious presents; he gave to me indeed seven talents of well-wrought gold; and he gave me a cup all silver; but besides drawing wine in twelve casks in all, pleasant, unadulterated, a divine drink; nor did any of his servants know of it, nor his hand-maidens in his house, but himself and his dear wife, and his one housekeeper alone. But when he drank this sweet ruby wine, filling one cup, he poured in it up to twenty measures of water; and a sweet odour wafted from the cup, divine; then it would by no means have been agreeable to abstain. Having filled a large skin with this, I carried it, and provisions in a satchel; for my noble mind immediately conjectured, that a man would come endued with great might, wild, not well acquainted with justice, nor rights. And we quickly reached the cave, nor did we find him within; but he was pasturing his cattle in the rich pasture. And coming to the cave we regarded every thing; his presses indeed were filled with cheeses, and his pens were straightened with lambs and kids; and each were shut up separate; the older ones apart, and the middle-aged apart, and again the tender ones<sup>21</sup> apart; and all his vessels swam with cream, his milk pails, and bowls, wrought, into which he milked. Then my companions first of all besought me with words, that we should go back, having taken some of his cheeses; but afterwards, quickly driving kids and lambs from the pens to the swift ship, to sail over the briny water. But I did not obey them, (it would indeed have been much better,) in order that I might both see him, and whether he would give me hospitable presents. Nor was he about to be, when he appeared, agreeable to my companions. But there having lighted a fire we sacrificed; and we too taking of the cheeses eat; and we waited for him, sitting within until he came, having pastured [his flocks]; but he was bearing a vast weight of dry wood, that it might serve as a light for him at supper.<sup>22</sup> And throwing it without the cave, he made a clamour; and we, afraid, rushed

<sup>21</sup> Literally, "dew-like," αἱ νεογνὰ καὶ ἀπαλαὶ καὶ δροσώδεις. Cf. Æsch. Ag. 141, Dind. with Bloomfield's note.

<sup>22</sup> So the Scholiast explains πορεύεσθαι, which literally means "useful at supper."

to the innermost part of the cave. But he drove all the fatted flocks, whatever he milked, into the wide cave, but the males he left at the door, both rams and goats, outside the deep hall. But then lifting up a large barrier on high, he fixed it, of great weight: two and twenty good wains, with four wheels, would not have moved it from the threshold, such a lofty<sup>23</sup> rock did he place at the door. And sitting down he milked the sheep and bleating goats all rightly, and he set its young one under each. But immediately, having thickened half of the white milk, collecting it into woven sieves he laid it aside; and then he put half in vessels, that it might be for him to drink when he wished, and might be useful at supper. But after he had hastened in performing his employments, then he lighted a fire, and saw and inquired of us:

"O strangers, who are ye? from whence do ye sail over the moist ways? Whether on account of some business, or do ye wander in vain? as robbers over the sea, who wander, exposing their lives, bringing evil to foreigners."

"Thus he spoke; but our dear heart was broken down, fearing his heavy voice, and him a monster. But even so, answering him with words, I addressed him: 'We Grecians, wandering from Troy with all kinds of winds over the mighty ridge of the sea, on returning home, have come another journey, by other ways; so perhaps Jove wished to contrive. But we profess ourselves to be the people of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whose renown, now at least, is the greatest under heaven: for he has sacked so mighty a city, and destroyed [so] many people; but we coming to thy knees supplicate thee, if thou wouldst afford us hospitable entertainment, or otherwise wouldst give us a present, which is the right of strangers. But reverence the gods, O best one; for we are thy suppliants. And hospitable Jove, who attends upon strangers to be pitied, is the avenger of suppliants and strangers.'

"Thus I spoke; but he answered me again with a cruel mind: 'Ye are foolish, O stranger, or have come from a distance, who command me either to fear or avoid the gods; for the Cyclops care not for Ægis-bearing Jove, nor the blessed gods; since we are much superior to them. Nor would I, avoiding the hatred of Jove, spare either thee or thy com-

<sup>23</sup> Literally, "sun-traversed." Virg. *Æn.* viii. 211, "saxo occultabat aprico."

panions, if my mind does not exhort me. But tell me, where, when thou camest, hast thou kept thy well-worked ship; whether some where on the extreme part of the island, or near, in order that I may know.'

"Thus he spoke, trying me; nor did he escape me who ken many things, but I addressed him in return with deceitful words: 'Earth-shaking Neptune has broken my ship, dashing it against rocks, at the limits of thy land, driving it against a headland: and a wind brought it from the sea; but I with these escaped from bitter destruction.'

"Thus I spoke; but he answered me not at all with his cruel mind; but he rushing, threw his hands on my companions, and snatching two together, like whelps, he dashed them against the earth, and the brains flowed out on the ground, and bedewed the earth. And cutting these up, limb by limb, he made ready supper: and he eat like a mountain-nurtured lion, nor did he leave entrails or flesh, or marrowy bones. But we weeping held up our hands to Jove, beholding the cruel deeds; and despair possessed our mind. But when the Cyclops had filled his enormous belly, eating men's flesh, and drinking pure milk after it, he lay within the cave, stretched out in the midst of the sheep. I indeed took counsel in my strong-hearted mind, going near, having drawn my sharp sword from my thigh, to wound him in the breast, where the vitals contain the liver, reaching him with my hand, but another consideration hindered me. For there we also should have perished in dreadful destruction; for we should not have been able to thrust with our hands the immense stone from the lofty gates, which he placed at them. Thus then mourning, we waited for divine morning. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, then he lighted a fire, and milked all his fine cattle rightly, and set its young one under each. But after he had hastened in performing his employments, he again snatching two together, made ready his meal. And having banqueted he drove his rich cattle out from the cave, easily taking away the large gate; but afterwards he placed it back again, as if he were placing the cover on a quiver. And with much clamour the Cyclops turned his rich cattle towards the mountain; but I was left deeply planning evil things, if by any means I might be revenged on him, and Minerva would give me glory. But



this plan appeared to me in my mind to be the best. For there lay a vast club belonging to the Cyclops, near the fold, green, of olive-wood; this he had cut, that he might carry it when dried; this when we saw it we likened it [to be] as large as is the mast<sup>24</sup> of a twenty-oared black merchant vessel, wide, which passes over the mighty ridge; so large it was in length, and so large in width to behold. Of this I, standing near it, cut off as much as the length of a fathom, and gave it to my companions, and ordered them to sharpen it at the end. And they made it smooth; and I standing near sharpened the point, and immediately taking it, I burnt it in the hot fire; and I laid it aside well, hiding it under the dung, which was spread in very large quantities in the cave. But I ordered the others to be settled by lot, whoever should dare with me, raising the bar, to thrust it in his eye, when sweet sleep should come upon him. And four were chosen by lot, whom even I myself would have wished to choose, and I was chosen the fifth after them. And in the evening he came acting the shepherd to his beautiful-haired cattle; and immediately he drove all his rich sheep into the wide cave; nor did he leave them at all outside the deep hall, either suspecting something, or perhaps a deity so commanded him. And afterwards he put up the large barrier, raising it on high, and sitting down he milked the sheep and bleating goats, all rightly, and he set its young one under each. But after he had hastened in performing his employments, again snatching two together, he made ready his supper; and then I addressed the Cyclops standing near him, holding in my hands an ivy-wreathed<sup>25</sup> cup of black wine: 'O Cyclops, take, drink wine, since thou hast eaten man's flesh; that thou mayest know what this drink was which our ship concealed; but to thee I have brought a libation, if pitying me thou wouldst send me home; but thou art raging in a manner no longer to be endured. O cruel one, how dost

<sup>24</sup> A common hyperbole. So Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 292:

"His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand."

<sup>25</sup> This seems to be the proper interpretation of *κισσῖβιον*. Cf. Kiessling on Theocrit. i. 27. Villos, on Apoll. Lex. p. 400. Others suppose it to be a cup made of ivy-wood. See Alberti on Hesych. t. ii. p. 268.



thou think any one else of many men would come to thee hereafter, since thou hast not acted rightly?’

“Thus I spoke; but he received it and drank it off: and he was greatly pleased on drinking the sweet liquor; and he again asked of me a second time: ‘Kindly give me more, and forthwith tell me thy name, that I may give thee a hospitable gift, in which thou mayest rejoice. For the fruitful plain bears for the Cyclops, wine that is produced from large clusters, and the shower from Jove nourishes it. But this is what comes of ambrosia and nectar.’

“Thus he spoke; and I again gave him dark wine; thrice bearing it I gave it, and thrice he without thought quaffed it. But when the wine came about the mind<sup>26</sup> of the Cyclops, then at length I addressed him with mild words: ‘O Cyclops, didst thou ask of me my name in common report? I will tell thee; but do thou give me a hospitable gift, as thou didst promise: No-man<sup>27</sup> is my name; my mother, and my father, and all the rest of my companions call me No-man.’

“Thus I spoke; but he again answered me with a cruel mind: ‘No-man I will eat the last after his companions, but the others first; this indeed shall be thy hospitable present.’

“He spoke, and reclining fell supine; but then he lay slanting his fat neck; and all-subduing sleep seized on him; and the wine and human gobbets rushed out of his throat; and he, heavy with wine, belched. And then I drove the bar under a great quantity of cinders, until it was warm; and I encouraged all my companions with words, lest any one fearing should decline it. But when the bar of olive wood was soon about to be kindled in the fire, although it was green, for it shone very much, then I carried it near him from the fire, and my companions stood around; but a deity inspired them with great courage. They, taking the bar of olive wood, sharp at the point, thrust it into his eye; but I raised above on high moved it round; as when any man bores a timber plank with an auger, but they below, having bound it with a thong on each side, move it, and it constantly runs round; thus taking the fire-tipt bar we moved it round in his eye, and the blood flowed round it, being hot. And the vapour burnt all his eye around, and his eye-brows, when the pupil was

<sup>26</sup> Or, as we should say, “got to his head.”

<sup>27</sup> This is the only English translation that preserves the equivocal.

burning; and the roots crackled with the fire. And as when a brazier dips a large hatchet or axe in cold water, sounding greatly, tempering it (for this is the strength of steel); so his eye hissed around the bar of olive-wood. And he howled very horribly; and the rock resounded about: and we fearing hastened away; but he drew from his eye the bar polluted with much blood; then raving he threw it from his hands. But he called loudly to the Cyclops, who dwelt round about him in caves throughout the windy promontories. And they, having heard his voice, came from different places; and standing around the cave, inquired what afflicted him.

"How, Polyphemus, hast thou so much hurt thus cried out through the ambrosial night, and made us sleepless? Is any one of mortals driving away thy sheep against thy will? or is some one killing thyself by deceit or by force?' But them strong Polyphemus addressed in turn from the cave: 'O my friends, No-man kills me by deceit, and not by force.' And they answering addressed to him winged words:

"If indeed no man<sup>28</sup> treats thee, who art such a one, with violence, it is by no means possible to avoid a disease from great Jove; yet do thou at least pray to thy father,<sup>29</sup> king Neptune.'

"Thus they spoke departing; but my dear heart laughed, because my name and blameless counsel had deceived him. But the Cyclops groaning, and travailing, on account of his pain, groping with his hands, took away the stone from the door; but he sat within the gate, stretching out his hands, if by chance he could lay hold of any one going out of the door with the sheep; for he expected that I was thus foolish in my mind. But I consulted how it would be the best, if I could discover any escape from death for my companions and for myself; and I wove all kinds of deceit and craft, as concerning life, for a great evil was near at hand; and this counsel seemed to me in my mind to be the best.

"The male sheep were well-nurtured, thick-fleeced, beautiful, and large, having wool of a dark-violet colour: these I silently bound together with well-twisted osiers, (on which the Cyclops slept, vast, knowing in lawless things,) taking three

<sup>28</sup> Observe the pun upon *No-man* and *no man*, οὐτις and μήτις.

<sup>29</sup> πατήρ refers to the fact that Polyphemus was the son of Neptune by the nymph Thoosa. Cf. i. 71, sqq.

together; the one in the middle carried a man, but the other two went on each side, preserving my companions. And three sheep carried each man; but I, for there was a ram, far the best of all the cattle, laying hold of its back, having rolled myself round under its shaggy belly; but being twisted firmly with my hands to the excellent wool, I held to it with an enduring mind; thus then mourning we awaited the divine morning.

"But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, then the male cattle immediately rushed to the pasture: and the unmilked females bleated through the pens, for their teats were distended; but the master, afflicted with evil pains, felt the backs of all the sheep which stood upright; but, foolish one, he did not perceive that they<sup>30</sup> were bound under the breasts of the fleecy sheep. The last ram of the cattle was going out of the door, weighed down with the thick wool, and with me who planned crafty things; laying hold of this, strong Polyphemus addressed him:

"Dear ram, why hast thou come thus the last of the cattle out of the cave? Before thou by no means camest left behind by the sheep, but much the first thou didst pasture upon the tender flowers of grass, stalking with large steps;<sup>31</sup> and first reached the streams of rivers; and in the evening thou didst desire to return first to the stall; now on the contrary thou art the last of all; dost thou regret the eye of thy master? which an evil man has blinded, with his troublesome companions, having subdued my mind with wine, No-man, whom I think has not yet escaped destruction. But if thou hast a thought for me, and wast able to speak, tell me where he avoids my strength; then in truth the brain of him dashed here and there through the cave should flow on the ground; and my heart would rest from the evils which No-man, a fellow of no value, has brought upon me."

"Thus speaking, he sent away the ram from him out of the door. And coming a little way from the cave and the hall, I first loosed myself from under the ram, and loosed my companions. And we quickly drove the long-legged cattle, rich with fat, enclosing many, until we came to the ship; and we, who had escaped death, appeared welcome to our dear

<sup>30</sup> The companions of Ulysses.

<sup>31</sup> Or perhaps, as we should say, "stepping out well."

companions; but weeping they mourned for the others. But I did not allow them to weep, but I nodded to each with my eyebrows; and I ordered them quickly, lifting the many beautiful-haired cattle into the ship, to sail over the briny main. They immediately embarked and sat down on the benches, and sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oars. But when I was so far distant, as one makes himself heard shouting out, then I addressed the Cyclops with reproaches:

“O Cyclops, thou wast not indeed destined to eat the companions of a weak man in thy hollow cave, with strong might. But truly thou wert destined to find thy evil deeds, thou cruel one! Since thou didst not fear to eat strangers in thine house; therefore Jove and the other gods have been revenged upon thee.”

“Thus I spoke; but he immediately was more wrath in his heart; having broken off the top of a large mountain he hurled it, and threw it before the black-prowed ship, [and it wanted little to reach the extreme part of the rudder;] and the sea was disturbed by the descending rock; and a reflux wave, an inundation from the sea, immediately bore the vessel towards the shore, and made it approach so as to reach the continent. But I, seizing with my hands a long pole, thrust it away; and exhorting my companions, I commanded them to lay on their oars, that we might escape from evil, nodding with my head; and they, falling forward, rowed. But when at length we were twice<sup>32</sup> as far distant, having passed over the sea, then too I addressed the Cyclops; and my companions around hindered me, one here, one there, with mild words: ‘O foolish one, why dost thou wish to irritate a fierce man? who even now has hurled a bolt into the sea, and driven our ship again to the shore, and surely we thought that we should perish there. But if he heard any one speaking or calling out, he would dash our heads together, and our ship’s planks, striking us with the rough marble; for he throws so far.’

“Thus they spoke, but they did not persuade my strong-hearted mind, but I again addressed him with wrathful feelings: ‘O Cyclops, if any one of mortal men should inquire of thee about the unseemly blindness of thine eye, say that Ulysses,

<sup>32</sup> “The seeming incongruity of this line with line 473, is reconciled by supposing that Ulysses exerted his voice, naturally loud, in an extraordinary manner on this second occasion.” Cowper.

the sacker of cities, the son of Laertes, who possesses a house in Ithaca, blinded thee.'

"Thus I spoke; but he wailing answered me in discourse: 'Alas, surely the oracles spoken of old are come upon me. There was a certain prophet here, a good and great man, Telemus Eurymedes, who excelled in prophesying, and he grew old prophesying amongst the Cyclops. He told me that all these things would hereafter be accomplished, that I should be deprived of my sight by the hands of Ulysses. But I have been still expecting that some large and beautiful man would come here, clad in mighty strength. But now, one who is little, worth nothing, and weak, has bereft me of my sight, after he had subdued me with wine. But come hither, Ulysses, that I may give thee hospitable presents, and may urge illustrious Neptune to give thee an escort; for I am his son, and he professes to be my father: but he, if he shall be willing, will cure me, nor any other either of the blessed gods or mortal men.'

"Thus he spoke; but I answering addressed him: 'I wish indeed I could send thee within the house of Pluto, having deprived thee of thy soul and life; so not even Neptune will cure thine eye.'

"Thus I spoke; but he immediately prayed to King Neptune, stretching forth his hands to the starry heaven: 'Hear me, O earth-containing, azure-haired Neptune, if I am truly thine, and thou dost profess to be my sire, grant that Ulysses, the sacker of cities, [the son of Laertes, who possesses a house in Ithaca,] may not reach home. But if it is a destiny for him to behold his friends, and to come to his well-built house, and his own paternal land, may he come late to his coast, having lost all his companions, on a foreign ship, and may he find calamities in his home.'

"Thus he spoke praying; and he of azure hair heard him. But he immediately raising a much larger stone, sent it whirling it round; and he exerted enormous strength. And he hurled it behind the dark-prowed ship, and it wanted little to reach the extreme part of the rudder; and the sea was disturbed by the descending rock. But it the wave bore forward, and made it approach so as to reach the continent. But when at length we reached the island where the other well-benched ships remained together, and our companions

sat around, weeping, still expecting us, when we came there, we drew our ship up on the sands, and we ourselves disembarked on the shore of the sea. And taking the cattle of the Cyclops from the hollow ship, we divided them, so that no one might go deprived of an equal share. But when the cattle were being divided, my well-greaved companions gave the ram to me alone, as an especial mark of distinction; and sacrificing it on the shore to black-cloudy Jove, the son of Saturn, who rules over all, I burnt its thighs: but he regarded not my sacrifices, but meditated how all my well-benched ships and my beloved companions might perish.

"Thus then during the whole day until the setting sun we sat feasting on quantities of flesh and sweet wine; but when the sun went down, and darkness came on, then we slept on the shore of the sea. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, then I exhorting my companions commanded them to embark, and to loose the halsters; and they quickly embarked and sat down on the benches. And sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oars. And from thence we sailed forward sorrowing in our heart, rejoicing [at our escape] from death, having lost our dear companions.

## BOOK X.

### ARGUMENT.

Ulysses continues his narrative, relating his arrival at the island of Æolus, who gave him the winds bound up in a skin; which his companions untied, while he was asleep, having mistaken it for gold; and hence his ships were driven by the winds back to Æolus, who rejected him as an impious person. He then tells of his arrival amongst the Læstrygonians, who destroyed all his fleet, except his own ship with its crew. Thence he came to the island of Circe, who transformed half his sailors into swine; but, by the assistance of Mercury, he compelled the goddess to restore them to their former shape. After spending a whole year with Circe, by her advice, he prepares to go to the infernal regions.

"AND we arrived at the Æolian island, and here dwelt Æolus, son of Hippotas, dear to the immortal gods, in a floating<sup>1</sup> island; but around the whole of it there is a brazen

<sup>1</sup> Or "a circumnavigable island," which is preferred by Riccius and Ernesti. But cf. Hesych. v. *πλωρή*, Herod. ii. 126. Thiersch, Gk. Gr. p.

wall, not to be broken;<sup>2</sup> and a smooth rock runs up it; and twelve children of him are born in his palace; six daughters, and six sons in full vigour. There he gave his daughters<sup>3</sup> to be wives to his sons. They always banquet near their dear father and their good mother; and near them lie many dainties. And the sweet-odoured dwelling sounds around the hall during the days, and at nights they sleep again near their chaste wives, on tapestry, and on compact beds: and we came indeed to their city and beautiful houses. And he entertained me during a whole month, and inquired every thing, of Ilium, and the ships of the Argives, and the return of the Grecians; and I told him all things rightly. But when at length I asked for a journey, and desired him to send me, he did not at all refuse, but prepared an escort, and having skinned a bladder of an ox of nine years old, he gave it me, in which he bound the ways of the blustering<sup>4</sup> winds; for the son of Saturn made him the keeper of the winds, both to still and to raise whichever he wishes. And he bound it in the hollow ship with a shining silver rope, that not even a little breath might escape. But for me he sent forward the blast of the west wind to blow, that it might waft both my ships and ourselves. Nor was he destined<sup>5</sup> to accomplish it; for we perished by our own infatuation.

463, seems to prefer the common explanation. But a passage of Dionys. Pierieg. 461, sqq., evidently imitated from Homer, favours Ernesti's interpretation, where he says that the Æolian Isles are called *πλωται*, because *μέσσον ἔχουσι περίπλοον ἀμφιέλικτον*, which Eustathius there explains by *ὅτι περιπλέονται*. Cf. De Pinedo on Steph. Byz. p. 45. Quintus Calaber, iii. 696, sqq., and xiv. 473, sqq., deserves to be compared with Homer, whom he has imitated with some success.

<sup>2</sup> Observe the force of *ἀρρήκτος*. Cf. Æsch. Prom. 6, *ἐν ἀρρήκτοις πέδαις*.

<sup>3</sup> Figuratively, signifying the twelve winds, "quia venti facili commiscetur," as Riccius, p. 412, observes. It may be well to observe that some authors make Æolus the son of Jove, others of Neptune. Cf. Serv. on Æn. i. 56. Hyginus, Fab. 125, Poet. Astr. ii. 18, and Pliny, Hist. N. vii. 56, make him the son of Hellen.

<sup>4</sup> The Scholiast explains *βυκτῶν*, *that blow constantly, or well-blowing*, from the root *BY* (cf. Liddell and Scott). I think there is a sort of mixed sense, = densely filling the sails, *ἀθρόως πνεόντων καὶ πληρούντων τὰ ἱστία*. Schol. Ambros. Cf. Apoll. Rh. iii. 1327, *βυκτῶν ἀνέμων βρόμος*. In a MS. Lexicon, quoted by Alberti on Hesych. p. 779, it is interpreted, "valde resonantium," like Virgil's "luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonantes," Æn. i. 57.

<sup>5</sup> I cannot understand the difficulties raised about *αὐτοῦς* and *αὐτῶν*



"For nine days however we sailed both nights and day; but on the tenth our paternal fields now appeared, and we at length beheld those who were kindling fires, being near at hand. Then sweet sleep came upon me wearied; for I always guided the rudder of the ship; nor did I give it up to any other of my companions, that we might more quickly reach our paternal land. But my companions spoke to one another with words, and said that I was taking gold and silver home, presents from magnanimous Æolus, son of Hip-potas. And thus some one would speak, looking to another who was near:

"O gods, how beloved is he, and how honoured by all men, to whosoever city and land he comes. He brings much beautiful property in booty from Troy, but we, having accomplished the same journey, are returning home, having empty hands. And now Æolus, gratifying him on account of his friendship, has given him these things: but come, let us quickly see what these things are, how much gold and silver is in the skin."

"Thus they spoke; and the evil counsel of my companions prevailed, they loosed the skin, and all the winds rushed out. The storm immediately snatching them bore them mourning into the sea, from their paternal land: but I waking, meditated in my blameless mind, whether, falling from the ship, I should perish in the sea, or should endure it in silence, and still be amongst the living. But I endured it, and remained; and I lay, having covered myself in the ship: but they were again borne by the evil tempest of the wind to the Æolian island: and my companions mourned. There we went on shore, and drew water; and my companions immediately took supper near the swift ships. But when we had tasted of both meat and drink, then I, having chosen both a herald and companion, went to the illustrious house of Æolus; but him I found feasting near his wife and his children. But when we came

(vs. 27) in this passage. The commentators, even Loewe, are any thing but clear on the subject. I think it simply amounts to this. In vs. 26, *νῆας τε καὶ ἀνρούς* means, "the ships, and us the sailors," the cognate substantive being supplied from *νῆας*, as in Virg. *Æn.* i. 43, "*Pallasne exurere classem Argivum, atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto.*" In vs. 27, *ἀνῶν* is loosely used, because Ulysses speaks of the conduct of the majority, not of himself.

to the house, we sat down at the door on the threshold; and they were astonished in their mind, and inquired:

"How didst thou come, O Ulysses? what evil deity has pressed upon thee? certainly we sent thee away carefully, that thou mightest come to thy country, and house, and wherever is agreeable to thee."

"Thus they spoke; but I addressed them, sorrowing in my heart. 'Both evil companions have injured me, and in addition to these, unhappy sleep; but cure me, O friends, for the power is with you.'

"Thus I spoke soothing them with mild words; but they became dumb; and their father answered me in discourse: 'Away with thee quickly from the island, thou vilest of the living! for it is not lawful for me to receive or escort away that man, who indeed is hated by the blessed gods. Away; since thou art come hither, hated by the gods.'

"Thus having spoken, he sent me away from the house mourning heavily. And from thence we sailed onward, sorrowing in our heart. But the mind of the men was wearied by the difficult rowing, through our own folly; since there no longer appeared an escort.

"For six days however we sailed both night and day; but on the seventh we came to the lofty city of Lamos, spacious<sup>6</sup> Læstrigonia, where a shepherd on going in calls a shepherd, but he going out listens. There a man who has no sleep would receive double pay, the one for feeding herds, the other for pasturing white sheep: for the ways<sup>7</sup> of night and of day are near. There when we came to the famous

<sup>6</sup> Or, "having a large gate;" but the Scholiast, "large or extensive, having its gates far apart." See Loewe.

<sup>7</sup> There is much difference of opinion respecting this passage: the Scholiast understands it "that the nightly and daily pastures are near the city." Chapman remarks, "some have understood, that the days in that region are long, and the nights short; so that Homer intends, that the equinoctial is there (for how else is the course of day and night near or equal?). But therefore the nights-man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the other; and the night being more dangerous. And if the day were so long, why should the nights-man be preferred in wages?" Cowper says, "It is supposed by Eustathius, that the pastures being infested by gadflies and other noxious insects in the day-time, they drove their sheep a-field in the morning, which by their wool were defended from them, and their cattle in the evening, when the insects had withdrawn." This latter interpretation seems the most probable, and has been followed by Riccius and Loewe.

haven, around which there was a lofty rock, continual on both sides; and prominent shores opposite to one another project at the mouth: but the entrance is narrow: there indeed they all kept their ships, rowed on both sides, within. They indeed were bound within the hollow haven, near one another; for in it the wave was never raised, neither large nor small; for there was a white calm around. But I alone kept my black ship out, there at the extreme part, having bound the cables from the rock.

“And I stood, ascending a rugged promontory; there indeed appeared neither the works of oxen nor of men, but we saw the smoke only rushing forth from the earth. Then I sent forward my companions to go on and inquire what men they were, eating food upon the earth, choosing two men, giving them a herald as a third. But they, having disembarked, went the smooth way, by which waggons carried wood to the city from the lofty mountains. And they met a damsel before the city, carrying water, the strong daughter of the Læstrygonian Antiphates. She went down to the fair-flowing fountain Artacia; for they carried water from thence to the city. But they standing near addressed her, and inquired of her, who was their king, and over whom he ruled. But she immediately showed the lofty-roofed house of her sire. And when they entered the illustrious dwelling, they found the mistress as mighty as the summit of a mountain, and they shuddered at her. But she quickly called illustrious Antiphates, her husband, from the forum, who indeed devised miserable destruction for them: immediately snatching up one of my companions, he prepared his meal; but the two rushing away in flight came to the ships. But he made a clamour through the city; and the strong Læstrygonians came rushing one after another in great numbers, not like unto men, but giants; who pelted them with weighty stones from the rocks: and soon an evil sound arose at the ships of the men who perished, and of the ships broken at the same time. And sticking them through like fish, they carried away their sad feast. Whilst they destroyed those within the deep haven, in the mean time I, having drawn my sharp sword from my thigh, with it cut the cables of the azure-prowed ship. And quickly exhorting my companions, I ordered them to throw themselves upon their oars, that we might escape from evil. And they

all turned up the sea [with their oars] together, dreading destruction. And my ship gladly fled the lofty rocks into the sea; but the others perished there together. But from thence we sailed onward, sorrowing in our heart, glad [at our escape] from death, [but sorry at] having lost our dear companions.<sup>8</sup> And we came to the island *Ææa*; but fair-haired Circe, a clever goddess, possessing human speech, dwelt there own sister to all-wise<sup>9</sup> *Æætas*; and both were born from the Sun who gives light to mortals, and from a mother *Perse*, whom Ocean begot as his daughter. But there we were led up on the shore silently in the ship to the ship-receiving haven; and some god conducted us. There then disembarking, we lay two days and two nights, consuming our mind with labour and grief together.

"But when at length the fair-haired morn produced the third day, then I, taking my spear and sharp sword, quickly went up from the ship to a place of look-out, if by any means I could perceive the works of men, and could hear their voice. And I stood, having ascended a rugged promontory. And there appeared to me smoke from the wide-wayed earth, in the palace of Circe, through the dense thickets and wood. And then I meditated in my soul and in my mind to go and inquire, when I beheld the black smoke. But thus, on considering, it seemed to me to be better that I should, first going to the swift ship and the shore of the sea, give a supper to my companions, and send them on to inquire. But when I was now coming near to the ship rowed on both sides, then some one of the gods pitied me, who was alone, who sent a large lofty-horned stag into my very path: it came down to the river from the pasture in the wood, to drink (for already the strength of the sun seized hold of him): but I struck him, as he was going out, at the spine in the middle of the back: and the brazen spear passed right through him; and he fell moaning in the dust, and life fled away. But I stepping upon him, drew the brazen spear out of the wound; again reclining it on the earth, I left it: but I drew twigs and osiers, and having woven a well-twisted cable on both sides as long as an ell, I bound together the feet of the terrible monster.<sup>10</sup> And I went to the black ship, carrying it across my neck,

<sup>8</sup> Referring to ἀπαχήμενοι ἦτορ.

<sup>9</sup> See Loewe on l. 52.

<sup>10</sup> These words appear merely to refer to its magnitude.

leaning upon my spear, since it was by no means possible to carry it on my shoulder with one hand, for it was a very large beast; and I threw it down before the ship; and I aroused my companions with mild words, standing near each man:

“O my friends, we shall not yet go down to the house of Pluto, although grieving, before the fated day comes upon [us]. But come, whilst there is meat and drink in the swift ship, let us be mindful of food, nor be wasted with hunger.”

“Thus I spoke; and they quickly obeyed my words; and having uncovered the stag near the shore of the sea, they admired it; for it was a very large beast. But when they were delighted, beholding it with their eyes, having washed their hands they get ready a most glorious banquet. Thus then during the whole day, until the setting sun, we sat feasting upon abundance of flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun set and darkness came on, then we slept on the shore of the sea. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, then I, having made an assembly, spoke amongst all:

“Hear my words, O companions, although suffering evil things. O my friends, since we know not where is the west, nor where the morning, nor where the sun that gives light to mortals descends beneath the earth, nor where he rises up again; yet let us quickly consider, if there is still any counsel remaining; but I do not think that there is. For, having ascended a rugged promontory, I beheld the island, around which the boundless sea forms a crown;<sup>11</sup> but it lies low: and I saw smoke in the middle with mine eyes through the dense thickets and the wood.”

“Thus I spoke; but their dear heart was broken, when they remembered the deeds of the Læstrygonian Antiphates, and the violence of the strong-hearted<sup>12</sup> cannibal Cyclops. And they wept piercingly, shedding the warm tear. But there was not any advantage to them wailing. And I numbered all my well-greaved companions into two parties, and I gave a chieftain to both. I commanded one party, and godlike Eurylochus the other. And we quickly shook lots in a brazen helmet, and the lot of magnanimous Eurylochus leaped out. And he hastened to go, and with him two and twenty companions weeping; and they left us mourning behind. And

<sup>11</sup> I. e. encircles.

<sup>12</sup> An epithet but indifferently chosen.

they found the house of Circe built in the woods with polished stones, in a lofty situation. And around her were mountain wolves, and lions, which she herself had tamed, since she had given [them] evil drugs. Nor did they rush against the men, but they stood up fawning around them with their long tails. As when dogs fawn about their master when coming from a feast, for he always brings things soothing to their mind. So the strong-hoofed wolves and lions fawned<sup>13</sup> around them; but they were afraid when they beheld the terrible monsters. And they stood in the gates of the fair-haired goddess: and they heard Circe within singing with a beautiful voice, busied over a large immortal web: such as are the slender, graceful, and illustrious works of goddesses. But Polites, the chief of men, began speaking to them, who was the most familiar of my companions, and the most prudent:

“O my friends, some one indeed within is going over the great web and singing beautifully, (and all the pavement sounds around,) either a goddess or woman; but let us quickly shout out.”

“Thus then he spoke; and they calling shouted out. And she immediately coming out opened the shining doors and calls them; but they all followed together through their ignorance: but Eurylochus remained, thinking that it was a stratagem. And leading them in, she made them sit down on benches and thrones. And she mixed cheese and meal and pale honey with Pramnian wine for them; but she mingled grievous drugs in the food, that they might altogether forget their paternal land. But when she had given it and they drank it off, immediately then striking them with a rod, she shut them up in styes. But they had the heads, and voice, and hairs, and body of swine; but their understanding was firm, as before. Thus they weeping were shut up: but Circe threw near them mast and acorn, and cornel fruit to eat, such things as ground-wallowing swine always eat. But Eurylochus immediately came to the swift black ship, to tell the news of his companions, and of their bitter fate. Nor was he able to speak out any word, although desirous, afflicted at heart with great grief: and his eyes were filled with tears, and his mind thought of mourning. But when we all marvelled, in-

<sup>13</sup> Literally, “wagged their tails.” This is the proper meaning of *εὐαίρειν*. Cf. Blomf. on *Æsch. Pers.* 97. Dind.

quiring of him, then he related the destruction of his other companions.

"We went, as thou didst command, through the thickets, illustrious Ulysses; we found in the dells a beautiful house built [with polished stones, in a conspicuous place]. And there some one, either goddess or woman, going over the great web, sang piercingly: but they calling shouted out: and she immediately coming out, opened the shining doors, and invited them; and they all followed together through their ignorance; but I remained, thinking that it was some deceit. And they all vanished together, nor did any one of them appear without; but sitting down I watched a long time.'

"Thus he spoke; but I girt my silver-hilted sword around my shoulders, large, of brass; and my bow around me. And I immediately commanded him to lead the same way. But he laying hold of my knees with both his hands entreated me, [and lamenting addressed to me winged words]:

"Do not take me there against my will, O thou nourished of Jove, but leave me here. For I know that neither thou thyself wilt come back, nor wilt thou bring any other of thy companions: but let us quickly fly with these; for yet we may escape the evil day.'

"Thus he spoke; but I answering addressed him: 'O Eurylochus, do thou then remain here in this place eating and drinking near the hollow black ship: but I will go, for strong necessity comes upon me.'

"Thus having spoken, I went up from the ship and the sea. But when I was just going near the sacred dells, about to reach the great dwelling of Circe skilled in many drugs, there golden-wanded Mercury met me as I was coming to the house, like unto a young man having the first down on his cheek, whose youth is most graceful; and he laid hold of my hand, and spoke and addressed me:

"Where thus, wretched one, art thou going alone, to no purpose, through the wolds,<sup>14</sup> being unacquainted with the place? but those thy companions are shut up in Circe's house, like swine possessing many hiding-places. Whether dost thou come hither to loose them? I do not think that thou wilt thyself return, but thou wilt remain there where the others do.

<sup>14</sup> For this rendering of ἀκριας I am indebted to the old prose translator



But come now, I will free thee and preserve thee from evils : take this excellent drug, and keeping it, go to the house of Circe, the power of which will ward off the evil day from you. And I will tell you all the cunning tricks of Circe. She will prepare a mixture for you, and will put drugs in the food. But not even thus will she be able to charm you ; for the excellent drug which I will give you, will not permit it : but I will tell you every thing. When Circe strikes you with a long rod, then do thou draw thy sharp sword from thy thigh, and rush at Circe, as if desirous to kill her. But she crouching in fear will exhort thee to lie down : then do thou no longer refuse the bed of the goddess, that she may loose your companions and convey thee back thyself : but exhort her to swear a great oath of the blessed gods, that she will not plan any other evil harm for thee, nor make thee naked, weak, and unmanly.'

" Thus having spoken, the Argus-slayer gave me the remedy, pulling it out of the earth, and he showed me its nature. It was black in the root, and its flower was like unto milk ; and the gods call it Moly ; but it is difficult for mortal men to dig up ; but the gods are able to do every thing. Then Mercury departed to great Olympus, through the woody island : but I went to the house of Circe ; and my heart planned many things as I went. And I stood at the gate of the fair-haired goddess ; there standing I called out, and the goddess heard my voice. She immediately coming out, opened the shining doors, and invited me : but I followed sorrowing in my heart. And leading me in, she made me sit down on a silver-studded throne, beautiful, variegated, and beneath my feet was a footstool. And she prepared a mixture for me in a golden cup, that I might drink ; and she put the drug in it, meditating evil things in her mind. But when she gave it me, and I drank it off, she did not soothe me any more ; striking me with a rod, she spoke and said, ' Go now to the sty, lie with thine other companions.'

" Thus she spoke ; but I, having drawn my sharp sword from my thigh, rushed at Circe, as desiring to kill her. But she, crying out loudly, ran under, and laid hold of my knees, and lamenting addressed to me winged words :

" ' Who art thou ? from whence amongst men ? where are thy city and parents ? Astonishment possesses me, that thou wast not soothed, drinking these drugs. For not yet has any

other man sustained these drugs, whoever shall have drunk them, and they shall have first passed his lips: [but thou hast some mind in thy breast which cannot be charmed.] Art thou Ulysses with many turns, whom the golden-wanded Argicide always told me would come, as he was returning from Troy in a swift black ship? But come now, place thy sword in the sheath, and then we will ascend my bed, that being mixed in the bed and in love, we may trust in one another.'

"Thus she spoke, but I answering addressed her: 'O Circe, how dost thou command me to be mild to thee, who hast made my companions swine in thy palace? But detaining me here, planning deceit dost thou command me to go to thy chamber, and to ascend thy bed, that thou mayest make me naked, weak, and unmanly? I would not be willing to ascend thy bed unless thou wouldst endure, O goddess, to swear a great oath to me, that thou wilt not devise any other evil harm against me.'

"Thus I spoke; and she immediately swore, as I commanded: but when she had sworn and confirmed the oath, then I ascended the beautiful bed of Circe.

"And four handmaidens, who are her servants in the house, were busy in the palace. But they indeed were sprung from the fountains and from the groves, and from the sacred rivers, which flow forth into the sea. One of them threw beautiful blankets up on the thrones, purple above, but under she put beautiful linen: another extended silver tables before the thrones, and set upon them golden dishes: a third mixed sweet honeyed wine in a silver bowl, and distributed golden cups: but the fourth carried water, and lighted a great fire under a large tripod; and the water was warmed. But when the water boiled in the shining brass, having put me in a bath, she washed me from the large tripod, pouring [water] pleasantly over my head and shoulders, until she took away from my limbs mind-destroying labour; but when she had both washed me and anointed me with rich oil, she threw a beautiful cloak and garment around me, and leading me in, seated me on a silver-studded throne, beautiful, variegated; and a footstool was under my feet. [But a handmaiden bringing water in a beautiful golden ewer, poured it over a silver cauldron, to wash in: and she spread a polished table near. But the venerable housekeeper bringing food placed it

near me, putting on many dainties, gratifying us as well as she could from the stores at hand.] And she ordered me to eat, but it did not please my mind: but I sat thinking upon other things, and my mind brooded upon evils: but Circe, when she perceived me sitting down, and not stretching out my hands for food, but having violent grief in my mind, standing near, she spoke winged words:

“‘Why thus, O Ulysses, dost thou sit down like unto one that is dumb, consuming thy mind? and dost not touch food, or drink? dost thou think of some other stratagem? It is no longer fit that thou shouldst fear; for I have already sworn a strong oath.’

“Thus she spoke; but I in answer addressed her: ‘O Circe, what man, who is just, would endure to taste food and drink, before he had redeemed his companions, and beheld them with his eyes? But if indeed thou dost kindly command me to drink and to eat, loose them, that I may behold my beloved companions with my eyes.’

“Thus I spoke; and Circe went out from the palace, holding a rod in her hand, and she opened the gates of the sty, and drove them out, like unto swine of nine years old. They then stood opposite: but she going through them, anointed each with another drug. And the hairs flowed down from their limbs, which the pernicious poison, which venerable Circe gave them, had before produced: and they quickly became younger men than they were before, and much finer and mightier to behold. But they knew me, and each clung to me with their hands. And delightful mournings came upon all, and resounded greatly through the house: and even the goddess herself pitied us: and the divine one of goddesses standing near me addressed [me]:

“‘O noble son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, now go to the swift ship, and to the shore of the sea: first of all draw ye your ship to the shore, and lay up your possessions and all your arms in caves: and do thou thyself come back, and bring thy beloved companions.’

“Thus she spoke; but my noble mind was persuaded; and I hastened to the swift ship, and the shore of the sea; then I found my beloved companions at the swift ship, lamenting miserably, shedding the warm tear. And as when field-dwelling calves all skip together opposite, around cows of the herd,

when they come to the dung-heap, after they have been satisfied with pasture; nor did the stalls any longer contain them, but continually lowing, they run about their mothers; so they, when they beheld me with their eyes, weeping were poured around me: and their mind seemed to be in the same state as though they had come to their country and their city of rough Ithaca, where they were nurtured and were born. And lamenting, they addressed to me winged words: 'We so rejoice at thy return, O noble one, as if we had come to our paternal land, Ithaca: but come, relate the death of our other companions.'

"Thus they spoke; but I addressed them with words: 'First of all let us draw the ship to the shore, and let us lay up our possessions and all our arms in the caves: and do ye all together hasten to follow me, that ye may see your companions, drinking and eating in the sacred house of Circe: for they have abundance.'

"Thus I spoke; but they quickly obeyed my words: but Eurylochus alone detained all my companions, [and addressing them, spoke winged words]:

"'Ah wretched ones, where shall we go? why do ye long for these evils, to go down to the palace of Circe? who will make us all either swine, or wolves, or lions; who must guard her great house, even by necessity. So also the Cyclops did, when our companions came to his abode, and bold Ulysses followed with them: for they also perished through his infatuation.'

"Thus he spoke; but I meditated in my mind, drawing my long sword from my stout thigh, having cut off his head, to throw it to the ground, although he was very near to me in kindred;<sup>15</sup> but my companions one with another restrained me with gentle words: 'O noble one, let us leave him, if thou desirest it, to remain here near the ship and to guard the ship. But do thou lead us to the sacred dwelling of Circe.'

"Thus having spoken, they went up from the ship and the sea. Nor was Eurylochus left at the hollow ship, but he followed; for he feared my terrible threat. But in the mean time Circe had carefully washed and anointed with rich oil my other companions in her house; and she threw woollen

<sup>15</sup> Eurylochus had married Ktimene, sister of Ulysses.

cloaks around them and garments; and we found them all banqueting in the palace. But when they beheld one another, and thought of all things, they wept mourning, and the house resounded with groans on all sides. And she, the divine one of goddesses, standing near me addressed [me]:

“O noble son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, no more now excite fresh mourning; even I myself know both what griefs thou hast suffered in the fishy sea, and what harms hostile men have done to thee on the shore. But come, eat food and drink wine, until thou again receivest thy mind in thy breast, such as when first thou didst leave thy paternal land of rugged Ithaca: but now thou art wearied<sup>10</sup> and spiritless, ever mindful of thy severe wanderings: nor is thy mind ever in joyfulness since thou hast suffered very many things.’

“Thus she spoke; but our noble mind was immediately persuaded. There we sat all the days for a full year, feasting upon abundance of flesh and sweet wine: but when it was now a year, and the seasons turned round, [the months waning, and the long days were brought round to a conclusion,] then my beloved companions calling me out, spoke:

“‘Wretched one, now at length be mindful of thy paternal land, if it is foretold for thee to be saved, and reach thy lofty-roofed house, and thine own paternal land.’

[‘Thus they spoke; but my noble mind was persuaded. Thus then we sat during the whole day until sun-set, feasting upon abundance of flesh and sweet wine: but when the sun set and darkness came on, they slept in the shadowy palace.] But I, having ascended the beautiful bed of Circe, besought her at her knees; and the goddess heard my voice, and addressing her, I spoke winged words:

“‘O Circe, perform for me the promise, which thou didst promise, that thou wouldst send me home; for my mind now urges me, and that of my other beloved companions, who waste away my dear heart, mourning around me, when thou indeed dost happen to be at a distance.’

“Thus I spoke; but she, the divine one of goddesses, immediately answered me: ‘O noble son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, do not ye any longer remain in my house against your will. But ye must first perform another voyage, and come to the house of Pluto and awful Proserpine,

<sup>10</sup> Literally, parched, dry

to consult the soul of Theban Tiresias, a blind prophet, whose mind is firm; to him even when dead Proserpine has given understanding, alone to be prudent; but the rest flit<sup>17</sup> about as shades.'

"Thus she spoke; but my dear heart was broken; and I sat down on the bed and wept, nor did my mind wish to live any longer and behold the light of the sun. But when I was satiated with weeping and rolling about, then answering her with words I addressed her:

"O Circe, who will conduct me on this voyage? no one has yet come to Pluto's in a black ship.'

"Thus I spoke; but she, the divine one of goddesses, immediately answered me: 'O noble son of Laertes, much-conceiving Ulysses, let not the desire of a guide for thy ship be at all a care to thee: but having erected the mast, and spread out the white sails, sit down: and let the blast of the north wind carry it. But when thou shalt have passed through the ocean in thy ship, where is the easy-dug<sup>18</sup> shore, and the groves of Proserpine, and tall poplars, and fruit-destroying willows, there draw up thy ship in the deep-eddying ocean, and do thou thyself go to the spacious house of Pluto. Here indeed both Pyriphlegethon and Cocytus,<sup>19</sup> which is a stream from the water of Styx, flow into Acheron, and there is a rock, and the meeting of two loud-sounding rivers. There then, O hero, approaching near as I command thee, dig a trench, the width of a cubit each way: and pour around it libations to all the dead, first with mixed honey, then with sweet wine, again the third time with water:<sup>20</sup> and sprinkle white meal

<sup>17</sup> *ἀτασσω* is properly used of the wandering, uncertain motion of ghosts. So Eur. *Hec.* 31.

<sup>18</sup> I cannot profess myself satisfied with this interpretation of *λάχεια*, which was a doubtful word in the days of Eustathius. (See on *Od.* ix. 116.) Probably we should read *ἐλάχεια* in this passage also. Cf. *intpp.* Hesych. t. i. p. 1165, sq. t. ii. p. 435. Villosius on *Apoll. Lex.* s. v.

<sup>19</sup> Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 577:

"Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;  
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage."

<sup>20</sup> On these lustrations to the dead, see my notes on *Æsch. Pers.* pp 72, 83, ed. Bohn, and on *Soph. CEd.* Col. vs. 999, do.

over it. And entreat much the powerless heads of the dead, [promising, that] when thou comest to Ithaca, thou wilt offer up in thy palace a barren heifer, whichever is the best, and wilt fill the pyre with excellent things; and that thou wilt sacrifice separately to Tiresias alone a sheep all-black, which excels amongst thy sheep. But when thou shalt have entreated the illustrious nations of the dead with prayers, then sacrifice a male sheep and a black female, turning towards Erebus, and do thou thyself be turned away at a distance, going towards the streams of the river; but there many souls of those gone dead will come. Then immediately exhort thy companions, and command them, having skinned the sheep which lie there slain with the un pitying brass, to burn them, and to invoke the gods, both mighty Pluto and dread Proserpine. And do thou, having drawn thy sharp sword from thy thigh, sit down, nor suffer the powerless heads of the dead to go near the blood, before thou inquirest of Tiresias. There the prophet will immediately come to thee, O leader of the people, who will tell to thee the voyage and the measures of the way, and thy return, how thou mayest go over the fishy sea.'

"Thus she spoke; and the golden-throned morn immediately came. And she put a cloak around me, and a tunic, as garments. But the Nymph herself put on a large white veil, slender and graceful, and around her loins she threw a girdle, beautiful, of gold; and she put a head-dress on her head. But I, going through the house, incited my companions with mild words, standing near each man: 'No longer now slumbering crop the flower of sweet sleep: but let us go; for now venerable Circe has counselled me.'

"Thus I spoke; and their noble mind was persuaded: nor even from thence did I lead away my companions unharmed, for there was a certain Elpenor, the youngest, not very courageous in war, nor proper in his understanding, who, heavy with wine, lay down, desiring coolness at a distance from his companions in the house of Circe: but having heard the noise and bustle of his companions moving, he rushed up on a sudden, and forgot in his mind to descend backwards, when he came to a long ladder; but he fell straight down from the roof; and his neck was broken from the vertebræ, and his soul went down to Hades. And I spoke words to them when they came:

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“Ye think perhaps that ye will come home to your dear paternal land, but Circe has showed to us another way, to the houses of Pluto and severe Proserpine, to consult the soul of Theban Tiresias.”

“Thus I spoke; but their dear heart was broken: and sitting down they wept there, and tore their hair. But there was not any advantage to them wailing.

“But when now we went sorrowing to the swift ship and the shore of the sea, shedding the warm tear; in the mean time Circe, going to the black ship, bound to it a male sheep, and a black female, easily escaping our notice; for who could see with his eyes a god who was unwilling, going either here or there?

## BOOK XI.

### ARGUMENT.

Ulysses describes his voyage to the infernal regions, his interview with Tiresias respecting his own and his companions' safety; the heroes and heroines he saw in Hades, and amongst others his mother, and some of the chiefs who had died whilst fighting with him at Troy.

“But when we were come down to the ship and the sea, we first of all drew the ship into the divine sea; and we placed a mast and sails in the black ship. And taking the sheep we put them on board; and we ourselves also embarked grieving, shedding the warm tear. And fair-haired Circe, an awful goddess, possessing human speech,<sup>1</sup> sent behind our dark-blue-prowed ship a moist wind that filled the sails, an excellent companion. And we sat down, making use of each of the instruments in the ship; and the wind and the pilot directed it. And the sails of it passing over the sea were stretched out the whole day; and the sun set, and all the ways were over-shadowed. And it reached the extreme boundaries of the deep-flowing ocean; where are the people and city of the Cimmerians, covered with shadow and vapour, nor does the shining sun behold them with his beams, neither when he goes towards the starry heaven, nor when he

<sup>1</sup> See on v. 334.

<sup>2</sup> Duport, Gnom. Hom. p. 204, compares the proverb, “comes pro vehiculo.”

turns back again from heaven to earth; but pernicious night is spread over hapless mortals. Having come there, we drew up our ship; and we took out the sheep; and we ourselves went again to the stream of the ocean, until we came to the place which Circe mentioned. There Perimedes and Eurylochus made sacred offerings; but I, drawing my sharp sword from my thigh, dug a trench, the width of a cubit each way; and around it we poured libations to all the dead, first with mixed honey, then with sweet wine, again a third time with water; and I sprinkled white meal over it. And I much besought the unsubstantial heads of the dead, [promising, that] when I came to Ithaca, I would offer up in my palace a barren heifer, whichever is the best, and would fill a pyre with excellent things; and that I would sacrifice separately to Tiresias alone a sheep all black, which excels amongst our sheep.

"But when I had besought them, the nations of the dead, with vows and prayers, then taking the sheep, I cut off their heads into the trench, and the black blood flowed: and the souls of the perished dead were assembled forth from Erebus, [betroted girls and youths, and much-enduring old men, and tender virgins, having a newly-grieved mind, and many Mars-renowned men wounded with brass-tipped spears, possessing gore-smeared arms, who, in great numbers, were wandering about the trench on different sides with a divine clamour: and pale fear seized upon me.] Then at length exhorting my companions, I commanded them, having skinned the sheep which lay there, slain with the cruel brass, to burn them, and to invoke the gods, both Pluto and dread Proserpine. But I, having drawn my sharp sword from my thigh, sat down, nor did I suffer the powerless heads of the dead to draw nigh the blood, before I inquired of Tiresias. And first the soul of my companion Elpenor came; for he was not yet buried beneath the wide-wayed earth; for we left his body in the palace of Circe unwept for and unburied,<sup>3</sup> since another toil [then] urged us. Beholding him, I wept, and pitied him in my mind, and addressing him, spoke winged words: 'O Elpenor, how

<sup>3</sup> It is a well-known superstition, that the ghosts of the dead were supposed to wander as long as they remained unburied, and were not suffered to mingle with the other dead. Cf. Virg. *Æn.* vi. 325, sqq. Lucan. i. 11. Eur. *Hec.* 30. Phocylid. *Γρωμ.* 96. Heliodor. *Æth.* ii. p. 67.

didst thou come under the dark west? Thou hast come sooner, being on foot, than I with a black ship.'

"Thus I spoke; but he groaning answered me in discourse, [<sup>s</sup>O Jove-born son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses,] the evil destiny of the deity and the abundant wine hurt me. Lying down in the palace of Circe, I did not think to go down backwards, having come to the long ladder, but I fell downwards from the roof; and my neck was broken from the vertebrae, and my soul descended to Hades. Now, I entreat thee by those who are [left] behind, and not present, by thy wife and father, who nurtured thee when little, and Telemachus, whom thou didst leave alone in thy palace; for I know, that going hence from the house of Pluto, thou wilt moor thy well-wrought ship at the island of *Ææa*: there then, O king, I exhort thee to be mindful of me, nor, when thou departest, leave me behind, unwept for, unburied, going at a distance, lest I should become some cause to thee of the wrath of the gods: but burn me with whatever arms are mine, and build on the shore of the hoary sea<sup>4</sup> a monument for me, a wretched man, to be heard of even by posterity; perform these things for me, and fix upon the tomb the oar with which I rowed whilst alive, being with my companions.'

"Thus he spoke; but I answering addressed him: 'O wretched one, I will perform and do these things for thee.'

"Thus we sat answering one another with bitter words; I indeed holding my sword off over the blood, but the image of my companion on the other side spoke many things. And afterwards there came on the soul of my deceased mother, Anticlea, daughter of magnanimous Autolycus, whom I left alive, on going to sacred Ilium. I indeed wept beholding her, and pitied her in my mind; but not even thus, although grieving very much, did I suffer her to go forward near to the blood, before I inquired of Tiresias. But at length the soul of Theban Tiresias came on, holding a golden sceptre, but me he knew and addressed:

"[O Jove-born son of Laertes,] why, O wretched one, leaving the light of the sun, hast thou come, that thou mayest see the dead and this joyless region? but go back from the

<sup>4</sup> See my note on Eur. *Alcest.* t. i. p. 240, ed. Bohn, and on *Od.* ii. 222.

trench, and hold off thy sharp sword, that I may drink the blood and tell thee what is unerring.<sup>7</sup>

"Thus he spoke; but I retiring back, fixed my silver-hilted sword in the sheath; but when he had drunk the black blood, then at length the blameless prophet addressed me with words:

"Thou seekest a pleasant return, O illustrious Ulysses; but the deity will render it difficult for thee; for I do not think that thou wilt escape the notice of Neptune, who has set wrath in his mind against thee, enraged because thou hast blinded his dear son. But still, even so, although suffering ills, thou mayest come, if thou art willing to restrain thy longing, and that of thy companions, when thou shalt first drive thy well-wrought ship to the Trinacrian island, escaping from the azure main, and find the beeves pasturing, and the fat cattle of the sun, who beholds all things, and hears all things; if indeed thou shalt leave these unharmed, and art careful of thy return, even then thou mayest come to Ithaca, although suffering ills; but if thou harmest them, then I foretell to thee destruction for thy ship and thy companions; but even if thou shouldst thyself escape, thou wilt return late, in calamity, having lost all thy companions, in a foreign ship; and thou wilt find troubles in thine house, overbearing men, who consume thy livelihood, wooing thy goddess-like wife, and offering thyself for her dowry gifts. But certainly when thou comest thou wilt revenge their violence; but when thou slayest the suitors in thy palace, either by deceit, or openly with sharp brass, then go, taking a well-fitted oar, until thou comest to those men, who are not acquainted with the sea, nor eat food mixed with salt, nor indeed are acquainted with crimson-cheeked<sup>8</sup> ships, nor well-fitted oars, which also are wings to ships. But I will tell thee a very manifest sign, nor will it escape thee: when another traveller, now meeting thee, shall say that thou hast a winnowing fan<sup>9</sup> on thine illustrious shoulder, then at length having fixed thy well-fitted oar in the earth, and having offered beautiful sacrifices to King Neptune, a ram, and bull, and boar, the mate of swine, return home, and offer up sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods, who possess the wide heaven, to all in order:

<sup>7</sup> i. e. crimson-prowed.

<sup>8</sup> Mistaking the oar for a corn-fan. A sure indication of his ignorance of maritime concerns. Cowper. *πλάτη γὰρ θαλασσία, τὸ ἐριγρόν, καὶ πλάτη χερσαία, τὸ πτύον.* Eustathius.

but death will come upon thee away from the sea, gentle, very much such a one, as will kill thee, taken with gentle old age; and the people around thee will be happy: these things I tell thee true.'

"Thus he spoke; but I answering addressed him: 'O Tiresias, the gods themselves have surely decreed these things. But come, tell me this, and relate it truly. I behold this the soul of my deceased mother, she sits near the blood in silence, nor does she dare to look openly at her son, nor to speak to him. Tell me, O king, how she can know me, being such a one.'

"Thus I spake; but he immediately answering addressed me: 'I will tell thee an easy word, and will place it in thy mind; whomever of the deceased dead thou sufferest to come near the blood, he will tell thee the truth; but whomsoever thou grudgest it, he will go back again.'

"Thus having spoke, the soul of king Tiresias went within the house of Pluto, when he had spoken the oracles: but I remained there firmly, until my mother came and drank of the blood; but she immediately knew me, and lamenting addressed to me winged words:

"My son, how didst thou come under the shadowy darkness, being alive? but it is difficult for the living to behold these things; [for in the midst there are mighty rivers and terrible streams, first indeed the ocean, which it is not possible to pass, being on foot, except any one have a well-built ship.] Dost thou now come here wandering from Troy, with thy ship and companions, after a long time? nor hast thou yet reached Ithaca? nor hast thou seen thy wife in thy palace?"

"Thus she spoke; but I answering addressed her, 'O my mother, necessity led me to Hades, to consult the soul of Theban Tiresias. For I have not yet come near Achaia, nor have I ever stepped upon my own land, but I still wander about, having grief, since first I followed divine Agamemnon to steed-excelling Ilium, that I might fight with the Trojans. But come, tell me this, and relate it truly, what fate of long-sleeping death subdued thee? Whether a long disease? or did shaft-rejoicing Diana, coming upon thee with her mild weapons, slay thee? And tell me of my father and my son, whom I left, whether my property is still with them, or does some other of men now possess it, and do they think that I shall not any more return? And tell me the counsel and

mind of my wooed wife, whether does she remain with her son, and guard all things safe? or now has one of the Grecians, whoever is the best, wedded her?

"Thus I spoke; but my venerable mother immediately answered me: 'She by all means remains with an enduring mind in thy palace: and her miserable nights and days are continually spent in tears. But no one as yet possesses thy noble property: but Telemachus manages thy estates in quiet, and feasts upon equal feasts, which it is fit for a man who is a prince to prepare; for all invite him: but thy father remains there in the country, nor does he come to the city; nor has he beds, and couches, and clothes, and variegated rugs. But he sleeps indeed, during the winter, where the servants [sleep], in the house, in the dust, near the fire, and he puts sad garments about his body: but when summer arrives, and flourishing autumn, his bed is strewn on the ground, of the leaves that fall on every side of his wine-producing vineyard. Here he lies sorrowing, and he cherishes great grief in his mind, lamenting thy fate; and severe old age comes upon him: for so I also perished, and drew on my fate. Nor did the well-aiming, shaft-delighting [goddess], coming upon me with her mild weapons, slay me in the palace. Nor did any disease come upon me, which especially takes away the mind from the limbs with hateful consumption. But regret for thee, and cares for thee, O illustrious Ulysses, and kindness for thee, deprived me of my sweet life.'

"Thus she spoke; but I, meditating in my mind, wished to lay hold of the soul of my departed mother. Thrice indeed I essayed it, and my mind urged me to lay hold of it, but thrice it flew from my hands, like unto a shadow, or even to a dream: but sharp grief arose in my heart still more; and addressing her, I spoke winged words:

"Mother mine, why dost thou not remain for me, desirous to take hold of thee, that even in Hades, throwing around our dear hands, we may both be satiated with sad grief? Has illustrious Proserpine sent forth this an image for me, that I may lament still more, mourning?"

"Thus I spoke; my venerable mother immediately answered me: 'Alas! my son, unhappy above all mortals, Proserpine, the daughter of Jove, by no means deceives thee, but this is the condition of mortals, when they are dead. For

their nerves no longer have flesh and bones, but the strong force of burning fire subdues them, when first the mind leaves the white bones, but the soul, like as a dream, flitting away. But hasten as quick as possible to the light; and know all these things, that even hereafter thou mayest tell them to thy wife.'

"Thus we twain answered each other with words; but the women came—for illustrious Proserpine excited them—as many as were the wives and daughters of chiefs. And they were assembled together around the black blood. And I took counsel how I might inquire of each; and this plan in my mind appeared to me to be the best, having drawn my long sword from my stout thigh, I did not suffer them all to drink the black blood at the same time. But they came one after another,<sup>7</sup> and each related her race; but I inquired of all. There then I saw Tyro first, born of a noble father, who said that she was the offspring of blameless Salmoneus. And she said that she was the wife of Cretheus, son of Æolus. She loved the divine river Enipeus, which flows far the fairest of rivers upon the earth; and she was constantly walking near the beautiful streams of the Enipeus. Earth-shaking Neptune, therefore, likened unto him, lay with her at the mouth<sup>8</sup> of the eddying river: and the purple wave surrounded them, like unto a mountain, arched, and concealed the god, and the mortal woman; [and he loosed her virgin zone, and shed sleep over her.] But when the god had accomplished the deeds of love, he laid hold of her hand, and spoke and addressed her:

"Rejoice, O woman, on account of our love; for when a year has rolled round, thou shalt bring forth illustrious children; since the beds of the immortals are not in vain; but do thou take care of them, and bring them up, but now go to thine house, and restrain thyself, nor mention it; but I am Earth-shaking Neptune.'

"Thus having spoke, he dived beneath the billowy sea; but she having conceived, brought forth Pelias and Neleus, who both became noble servants of Jove. Pelias, indeed,

<sup>7</sup> Προμνηστίσαι, ἐπὶ μίαν ἐξῆς, ἢ ἐπάλληλοι, ἢ ἐπὶ σίχον, καὶ ἔστι κατὰ τὸ ἔνυμνον προμνηστίσαι (so Buttm.). Schol.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. at its junction with the sea. Schol. on Apoll. Rh. i. 11. τῶν ποταμῶν οἱ συμβάλλοντες τόποι τῇ θαλάσσῃ, προχοαὶ λέγονται. Cf. Alberti on Hesych. l. ii. p. 1063.



abounding in cattle, dwelt in spacious Iolcus; but the other in sandy Pylos. And the queen of women brought forth the others to Cretheus, Æson, and Pheres, and steed-rejoicing Amithaon.

"After her I beheld Antiope, the daughter of Asopus, who also boasted to have slept in the arms of Jove; and she brought forth two sons, Amphion and Zethus, who first laid the foundations of seven-gated Thebes, and surrounded it with turrets; since they were not able, although they were strong, to dwell in spacious Thebes without turrets.

"After her I beheld Alemene, the wife of Amphitryon, who, mingled in the arms of great Jove, brought forth bold, lion-hearted Hercules. And Megara, daughter of high-minded Creon, whom the son of Amphitryon, ever unwasted in strength, wedded.

"And I beheld the mother of Ædipus, beautiful Epicaste,<sup>9</sup> who committed a dreadful<sup>10</sup> deed in the ignorance of her mind, having married her own son; and he, having slain his father, married her: but the gods immediately made it public amongst men. Then he, suffering grief in delightful Thebes, ruled over the Cadmeians, through the pernicious counsels of the gods; but she went to the [dwellings] of strong-gated Hades, suspending the cord on high<sup>11</sup> from the lofty house, held fast by her own sorrow; but she left behind for him very many griefs, as many as the Furies of a mother accomplish.

"And I saw the very beautiful Chloris, whom Neleus once married, on account of her beauty, when he had given her countless dowries, the youngest daughter of Amphion, son of Iasus: who once ruled strongly in Minyea Orchomenus; and he reigned over Pylos; and she bore to him noble children, Nestor, and Chromius, and proud Periclymenus; and besides these she brought forth strong Pero, a marvel to mortals, whom all the neighbouring inhabitants wooed; nor did Neleus at all offer [her] to any one, who could not drive away from Phylace the crumple-horned oxen of mighty

<sup>9</sup> In the Tragedians, Jocasta. But see Schol. on Eur. Phœn. 13. Nicolaus Damascenus, from a MS. in the Escorial, agrees with Homer

<sup>10</sup> μέγα is used by an euphemism to denote her illicit intercourse. See Schol.

<sup>11</sup> See my note on Æsch. Ag. p. 121, n. 1, ed. Bohn.

Iphicles, with wide foreheads, [and] troublesome;<sup>12</sup> a blameless seer alone promised that he would drive these away; but the severe Fate of the gods hindered him, and difficult fetters, and rustic herdsmen. But when the months and days were now completed, a year having again gone round, and the hours came on, then at length the mighty Iphicles loosed him, having told all the oracles; and the counsel of Jove was fulfilled.

“And I beheld Leda, the wife of Tyndareus, who brought forth two noble-minded sons from Tyndareus, steed-subduing Castor, and Pollux who excelled in pugilism; both of these the fruitful earth detains alive; who, even beneath the earth, having honour from Jove, sometimes live on alternate days, and sometimes again are dead, and they have obtained by lot honour equally with the gods.

“After her I beheld Iphimedia, wife of Aloëus, who said that she had been united to Neptune: and bore two sons, but they were short-lived, godlike Otus, and far-famed Ephialtes; whom the fruitful earth nourished, the tallest, and far the most beautiful, at least after illustrious Orion. For at nine years old they were also nine cubits in width, but in height they were nine fathoms. Who even threatened the immortals that they would set up a strife of impetuous<sup>13</sup> war in Olympus: they attempted to place Ossa upon Olympus, and upon Ossa leafy Pelion, that heaven might be accessible. And they would have accomplished it, if they had reached the measure of youth: but the son of Jove, whom fair-haired Latona bore, destroyed them both; before the down flowered under their temples, and thickened upon their cheek with a flowering beard.

“And I beheld Phædra and Procris, and fair Ariadne, the daughter of wise Minos, whom Theseus once led from Crete to the soil of sacred Athens, but he did not enjoy her; for Diana first slew her in the island Dia, on account of the testimony of Bacchus.

“And I beheld Mæra and Clymene, and hateful Eriphyle, who received precious gold for her dear husband. But I can-

<sup>12</sup> Cf. vs. 293, δέσμοι ἀργαλείοι, and the glosses of Hesych., ἀργαλείους, χαλεποὺς, δεινοὺς. Ἀργαλειώταιοι, δεινότατοι.

<sup>13</sup> Hesych. πολυαῖκος, πολλὰς ὁρμὰς καὶ κινήσεις ἔχοντος τῶν μαχομένων.

not relate nor name all, how many wives and daughters of heroes I beheld; for even the immortal night would first waste away. But it is time for me to sleep, either going to the swift ship to my companions, or here; but my conduct will be a care to the gods and to you."

Thus he spoke; but they all had been hushed in silence, and fast held by the soothing [of his words] through the shadowy palace. But white-armed Arete began speaking to them:

"O Phæacians, how does this man appear to you to be, in form, and size, and in equal mind within? He indeed is my guest: but each of you shares the honour: do not therefore dismiss him in haste, nor be sparing in presents to one thus in want, for many possessions lie in your houses through the kindness of the gods."

The aged hero Echenëus, [who was the oldest of the Phæacians,] also addressed them: "O my friends, the prudent queen does not speak to you away from the mark, nor from propriety; but do ye obey [her]; but both the deed and word of this depends upon Alcinous."

But him Alcinous answered in turn, and said: "This word shall indeed be so, if I reign alive over the oar-loving Phæacians. But let the stranger endure, although very much craving a return, to remain at all events till to-morrow, until I shall complete the whole gift; for his conduct shall be all men's care, but mine especially; for mine<sup>14</sup> is the power amongst the people."

But him much-counselling Ulysses answering addressed: "O King Alcinous, most glorious of all the people, if thou shouldst command me to remain here even for a year, and shouldst prepare my conduct, and give me noble gifts, I should wish it indeed, and it would be much better, that I should come to my dear country with a fuller hand; and I should be more honoured, and beloved by all men, as many as should behold me returning to Ithaca."

But him Alcinous answered in turn, and said: "O Ulysses, looking upon thee, we do not suspect that at all, that you are an impostor and thief, many such as far-scattered men the black earth feeds, contriving falsehoods, from whence no one would perceive it; but thou hast both a fashion of words and good

<sup>14</sup> τοῦδ' ἄνδρος is often put for ἑμου.

understanding; and thou hast related thy story skilfully, as a bard, the sad cares of all the Greeks and of thyself. But come, tell me this, and relate it truly, if thou hast seen any of thy godlike companions, who followed together with thyself to Ilium, and drew on their fate there. This night is very long, immense;<sup>15</sup> nor is there any time to sleep in the palace; but do thou relate to me wondrous deeds: and I could bear it even until divine morning, when thou wouldst endure to recount to me in my palace thine own sorrows."

And him much-planning Ulysses answering addressed: "O King Alcinous, most illustrious of all the people, there is a season for many words, and a season also for sleep. But if thou still desirest to listen, I would not grudge to relate to thee other even more grievous sorrows of my companions, who perished afterwards; who escaped indeed from the sad war of the Trojans, but perished on their return, by the design of an evil woman. When chaste Proserpine had dispersed the souls of women in different places, the soul of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, came up, sorrowing; and the rest were assembled around him, as many as died, and drew on their fate in the house of Ægisthus together with him; and he immediately knew me, when he had drunk the black blood; and he wept shrilly, shedding the warm tear, holding out his hands to me, desiring to lay hold of me. But he had no longer firm strength, nor power at all, such as was before in his bending limbs. I wept indeed, beholding him, and pitied him in my mind, and addressing him I spoke winged words:

"O most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, what fate of long-sleeping death subdued thee? Did Neptune subdue thee in thy ships, raising an immense<sup>16</sup> blast of cruel winds? Or did unjust men injure thee on land, while thou wert cutting off their oxen, and beautiful flocks of sheep, or contending for a city, or for women?"

"Thus I spoke; but he immediately addressed me, answering:

<sup>15</sup> Milton, *Par. Lost*, vii. 98:

"And the great light of day yet wants to run  
Much of his race, though steep; suspense in Heaven,  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His generation," &c.

<sup>16</sup> ἁμύγατον, ἀφθόνητον, ἀζήλωτον, ἡ πολὺν, ἡ μέγαν. Hesych. Cf. Blomf. on Æsch. *Prom.* 401. Dind.

‘O Jove-born son of Laertes, much-planning Ulysses, neither did Neptune subdue me in my ships, raising an immense blast of cruel winds, nor did unjust men injure me on land; but Ægisthus, having contrived death and Fate for me, slew me, [conspiring] with my pernicious wife, having invited me to his house, entertaining me at a feast, as any one has slain an ox at the stall. Thus I died by a most piteous death; and my other companions were cruelly slain around me, as swine with white tusks, which [are slain] either at the marriage, or collation,<sup>17</sup> or splendid banquet of a wealthy, very powerful man. Thou hast already been present at the slaughter of many men, slain separately, and in hard battle; but if thou hadst seen those things, thou wouldst have especially lamented in thy mind, how we lay in the palace about the cups and full tables; and the whole ground reeked with blood. And I heard the most piteous voice of the daughter of Priam, Cassandra, whom deceitful Clytemnestra slew near me; but I, raising my hands from the earth, dying, laid them on my sword; but she, impudent one, went away, nor did she endure to close my eyes with her hands, and shut my mouth, although I was going to Hades. So there is nothing else more terrible and impudent than a woman, who indeed casts about such deeds in her mind: what an unseemly deed has she indeed contrived, having prepared murder for her husband, whom she lawfully married!<sup>18</sup> I thought indeed that I should return home welcome to my children and my servants; but she, above all acquainted with wicked things, has shed disgrace over herself, and female women<sup>19</sup> about to be hereafter, even [upon one] who is a worker of good.’

‘Thus he spoke; but I addressed him answering: ‘O gods! of a truth wide-thundering Jove most terribly hates the race of Atreus, on account of women’s plans, from the beginning: many of us indeed perished for the sake of Helen; and Clytemnestra has contrived a stratagem for thee when thou wast at a distance.’

‘Thus I spoke; but he immediately addressed me in

<sup>17</sup> *ἱπᾶνος* was a feast to which all the guests invited sent or contributed something.

<sup>18</sup> This seems, on the whole, the most probable interpretation of *καυπιδιος* in this passage. But the question is a very uncertain one, and is left undecided by Buttmann, *Lexil.* p. 392, sqq.

<sup>19</sup> Observe the pleonasm.

answer; 'Now therefore do not thou ever be mild to thy wife, nor inform her of every thing with which thou art well acquainted: but tell one thing, and let another be concealed. But for thee indeed there will not be murder at the hands of thy wife, O Ulysses: for prudent Penelope, the daughter of Icarus, is very wise, and is well acquainted with counsels in her mind. We left indeed her, when we came to the war, a young bride; and she had an infant boy at her breast, who now probably sits amongst the number of men, happy one; for his dear father will surely behold him, when returning, and he will embrace his sire, as is right; but she my wife did not suffer me to be satiated in mine eyes with my son, for she first slew even me myself. But I will tell thee something else, and do thou lay it up in thy mind; hold thy ship towards thy dear paternal land secretly, not openly; since confidence is no longer to be placed upon women. But come, tell me this and relate it truly; if thou hearest of my son any where yet alive, either some where in Orchomenus, or in sandy Pylos, or some where near Menelaus in wide Sparta? for divine Orestes has not yet died upon the earth.'

"Thus he spoke; but I addressed him in answer: 'O son of Atreus, why dost thou inquire these things of me? I do not know at all, whether he is alive or dead; and it is wrong to utter vain words.'

"We twain stood thus mourning, answering one another with sad words, shedding the warm tear. And the soul of Achilles, son of Peleus, came on, and of Patroclus, and spotless Antilochus, and Ajax, who was the most excellent as to his form and person of all the Danaans after the blameless son of Peleus. And the soul of the swift-footed descendant of Æacus knew me, and lamenting addressed me [in] winged words:

"O Jove-born son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, wretched one, why dost thou meditate a still greater work in thy mind? how didst thou dare to descend to Orcus, where dwell the witless dead, the images of deceased mortals?"

"Thus he spoke; but I addressed him in answer: 'Achilles, son of Peleus, by far the most excellent of the Grecians, I came for the advice of Tiresias, if he could tell me how by any plan I may come to craggy Ithaca. For I have not yet come any where near Greece, nor have I ever gone on my

land any where, but I still have troubles: but there was no man before more blessed than thou, O Achilles, nor will there be hereafter. For formerly we Argives honoured thee when alive equally with the gods, and now again, when thou art here, thou hast great power amongst the deceased; do not therefore when dead be sad, O Achilles.'

"Thus I spoke; but he immediately addressed me in answer: 'Do not, O illustrious Ulysses, speak to me of death; I would wish, being on earth, to serve for hire with another man of no estate, who had not much livelihood, rather than rule over all the departed dead. But come, tell me an account of my noble son; did he follow to the war so as to be a chief or not? and, tell me if thou hast heard any thing of blameless Peleus; whether has he still honour amongst the many Myrmidonians? or do they dishonour him in Greece and Pthia, because old age possesses his hands and feet? for I am not assistant to him under the beams of the sun, being such a one, as when I slew the best of the people in wide Troy, fighting for the Grecians. If I should come as such a one even for a short time to the house of my father, so I would make my strength and unconquerable hands terrible to any, who treat him with violence, and keep him from honour.'

"Thus he spoke; but I answering addressed him: 'I have not indeed heard any thing of blameless Peleus. But I will tell thee the whole truth, as thou biddest me, about thy dear son Neoptolemus; for I myself led him in an equal hollow ship from Scyros to the well-greaved Grecians. Of a truth when we were taking counsels concerning the city Troy, he always spoke first, and did not err in his words: and godlike Nestor and myself alone contended with him. But when we were fighting about the city of the Trojans, he never remained in the number of men, nor in the crowd, but ran on much before, yielding to no one in his might; and many men he slew in the terrible contest: but I could not tell nor name all, how great a people he slew, defending the Greeks. But [I will relate] how he slew the hero Eurypylus, son of Telephus, with the brass,<sup>20</sup> and many Cetean<sup>21</sup> companions were slain

<sup>20</sup> i. e. with the sword.

<sup>21</sup> Some render this *large*, as a metaphor taken from whales; but the Scholiast informs us that the Ceteans were a people of Mysia of whom Telephus was king. Cf. Serv. on Virg. Ecl. vi. 72. Hygin. Fab. 12.



around him, on account of gifts to a woman:<sup>22</sup> him certainly I beheld as the most beautiful, after divine Memnon. But when we, the chieftains of the Grecians, ascended into the horse, which Epeus made, and all things were committed to me, [both to open the thick ambush and to shut it,] there the other leaders and rulers of the Greeks both wiped away their tears, and the limbs of each trembled under them; but him I never saw at all with my eyes, either turning pale as to his beauteous complexion, or wiping away the tears from his cheeks; but he implored me very much to go out of the horse; and grasped the hilt of his sword, and his brass-heavy spear, and he meditated evils against the Trojans. But when we had sacked the lofty city of Priam, having his share and excellent reward, he embarked unhurt on a ship, neither stricken with the sharp brass, nor wounded [in fighting] hand to hand, as oftentimes happens in war; for Mars confusedly raves.<sup>23</sup>

"Thus I spoke; but the soul of the swift-footed son of Æacus went away, taking mighty steps through the meadow of asphodel, in joyfulness, because I had said that his son was very illustrious. But the other souls of the deceased dead stood sorrowing, and each related their griefs. But the soul of Ajax, son of Telamon, stood afar off, angry on account of the victory, in which I conquered him, contending in trial at the ships concerning the arms of Achilles; for his venerable mother<sup>23</sup> proposed<sup>24</sup> them: [but the sons of the Trojans<sup>25</sup> and Pallas Minerva adjudged them.] How I wish that I had not conquered in such a contest; for the earth contained such

<sup>22</sup> Priam had either promised Eurypylus one of his daughters in marriage; or Priam had given presents to his wife, in order that she might persuade him to come to the war: in this case it would be, *he was slain on account of the presents which had been given his wife*, which appears to me the best way of translating it. Old Transl. from the Scholiast. Hesychius, who has not always met with due attention from the editors of Homer, interprets this, *διὰ γυναικῶν δωροδοκίαν*. So also Apollon. Lex. Hom. *διὰ δωροδοκίαν*, clearly confirming the latter interpretation, which I have accordingly followed.

<sup>23</sup> Thetis.

<sup>24</sup> Observe that *τίθημι* is properly used of laying down a prize to be contested for.

<sup>25</sup> In order that the arms might be adjudged fairly, the captive Trojans were summoned before the Grecian chiefs, and asked which of the two, Ajax or Ulysses, had done most harm to the Trojans; they said Ulysses, upon which the arms were given to him, as having been of most use to the Greeks. Old Transl.

a person on account of them, Ajax, who excelled in form and in deeds, the other Greeks, after the blameless son of Peleus; him indeed I addressed with mild words:

“O Ajax, son of blameless Telamon, art thou not about, even when dead, to forget thine anger towards me, on account of the destructive arms? for the gods made them a harm unto the Grecians. For thou, who wast such a fortress to them, didst perish; for thee, when dead, we Greeks altogether mourned, equally as for the person of Achilles, the son of Peleus; nor was any one else the cause; but Jupiter vehemently hated the army of the warrior Greeks; and he laid fate upon you. But come hither, O king, that thou mayest hear our word and speech; and subdue thy strength and haughty mind.’

“Thus I spoke; but he answered me not at all, but went to Erebus amongst the other souls of the deceased dead. There however, [although] angry, he would have spoken to me, or I to him, but my mind in my breast wished to behold the souls of the other dead.

“There then I beheld Minos, the illustrious son of Jove, having a golden sceptre, giving laws to the dead, sitting down; but the others around him, the king, pleaded their causes, sitting and standing through the wide-gated house of Pluto.

“After him I beheld vast Orion, hunting beasts at the same time, in the meadow of asphodel,<sup>26</sup> which he had himself killed in the desert mountains, having an all-brazen club in his hands, for ever unbroken.

“And I beheld Tityus, the son of the very renowned earth, lying on the ground; and he lay stretched over nine acres; and two vultures sitting on each side of him were tearing his liver, diving into the caul:<sup>27</sup> but he did not ward them off with his hands; for he had dragged Latona, the celebrated wife of Jove, as she was going to Pythos, through the delightful Panopeus.

“And I beheld Tantalus suffering severe griefs, standing in a lake; and it approached his chin. But he stood thirsting, and he could not get any thing to drink; for as often as the old man stooped, desiring to drink, so often the water being

<sup>26</sup> Asphodel was planted on the graves and around the tombs of the deceased, and hence the supposition, that the Stygian plain was clothed with asphodel. Cowper.

<sup>27</sup> Or, dipping in the beak. See Loewe.

sucked up, was lost to him; and the black earth appeared around his feet, and the deity dried it up. And lofty trees shed down fruit from the top, pear trees, and apples, and pomegranates producing glorious fruit, and sweet figs, and flourishing olives: of which, when the old man raised himself up to pluck some with his hands, the wind kept casting them away to the dark clouds.

"And I beheld Sisyphus, having violent griefs, bearing an enormous stone with both [his hands]: he indeed leaning with his hands and feet kept thrusting the stone up to the top: but when it was about to pass over the summit, then strong force began to drive it back again, then the impudent<sup>28</sup> stone rolled to the plain; but he, striving, kept thrusting it back, and the sweat flowed down from his limbs, and a dirt arose from his head.

"After him I perceived the might of Hercules, an image; for he himself amongst the immortal gods is delighted with banquets, and has the fair-legged Hebe, [daughter of mighty Jove and golden-sandaled Juno]. And around him there was a clang of the dead, as of birds, frightened on all sides; but he, like unto dark night, having a naked bow, and an arrow at the string, looking about terribly, was always like unto one about to let fly a shaft. And there was a fearful belt around his breast, the thong was golden: on which wondrous forms were wrought, bears, and wild boars, and terrible lions, and contests, and battles, and slaughters, and slayings of men; he who devised that thong with his art, never having wrought such a one before, could he work any other such. But he immediately knew me, when he saw me with his eyes, and pitying me, addressed winged words:

"O Jove-born son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, ah wretched one, thou too art certainly pursuing some evil fate, which I also endured under the beams of the sun. I was indeed the son of Jove, the son of Saturn, but I had infinite labour; for I was subjected to a much inferior man, who enjoined upon me difficult contests: and once he sent me lither to bring the dog, for he did not think that there was any contest more difficult than this. I indeed brought it up

<sup>28</sup> I have been unwilling to qualify this bold and picturesque epithet by destroying the metaphor, especially after the remarks of Aristotle, *Rhet.* iii. 11.

and led it from Pluto's, but Mercury and blue-eyed Minerva escorted me.'

"Thus having spoken, he went again within the house of Pluto. But I remained there firmly, if by chance any one of the heroes, who perished in former times, would still come; and I should now still have seen former men, whom I wished, [Theseus, and Pirithoüs, glorious children of the gods:] but first myriads of nations of the dead were assembled around me with a divine clamour; and pale fear seized me, lest to me illustrious Proserpine should send a Gorgon head of a terrific monster<sup>29</sup> from Orcus. Going then immediately to my ship, I ordered my companions to go on board themselves, and to loose the halsers. But they quickly embarked, and sat down on the benches. And the wave of the stream carried it through the ocean river, first the rowing and afterwards a fair wind.

## BOOK XII.

### ARGUMENT.

He relates his return from the infernal regions to Circe's island, and her advice respecting his return home. How he escaped the Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis. His arrival in Sicily, where his companions, having eaten the oxen of the Sun, were shipwrecked and lost; he concludes by relating his arrival, alone, carried on the mast of his ship, at the island of Calypso.

"But when the ship left the stream of the river Ocean, and came back to the wave of the wide-wayed sea, to the island of *Æsea*, where are the abodes and dancing-places<sup>1</sup> of *Aurora*, the mother of dawn, and the risings of the sun: having come here, we drew up our ship on the sands, and we ourselves disembarked upon the shore of the sea. Here lying down to sleep we awaited divine morning: but when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, then I sent forward my companions to the house of *Circe*, to bring the corpse, the

<sup>29</sup> Hence Milton, *Par. Lost*, ii. 610:

"But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
The ford."

<sup>1</sup> I prefer taking *χοροῖσι* in this sense, although "dances" is by no means unsuitable. See my note on *Æsch. Ag.* p. 95, n. 3, ed. Bohn.

dead Elpenor. And immediately cutting trunks, where the shore projected the farthest, we buried [him] in sorrow, shedding the warm tear. But when the corpse was burnt, and the arms of the dead, having built a tomb, and having erected a column over it, we fixed the well-fitted oar at the top of the tomb.

"We indeed went through every thing; nor yet returning from Hades did we escape Circe, but she came very quickly, hastening: and her female attendants with her brought bread, and much flesh, and dark-red wine. And she, the divine one of goddesses, standing in the middle of us, addressed us:

"Wretched ones! who alive have come under the house of Pluto, twice dead, when other men die but once. But come, eat food and drink wine here through the whole day; and ye shall sail together with morn appearing; but I will show you the way; and will instruct you in every thing; that ye may not grieve at all, suffering harm either on the sea or on land by some grievous bad counsel."

"Thus she spoke; but our noble mind was forthwith persuaded. Thus, then, during the whole day until sun-set, we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine; but when the sun had sunk, and darkness came on, they indeed slept near the cables of the ship; but she, taking me by the hand, at a distance from my dear companions, made me sit down, and reclined opposite,<sup>2</sup> and inquired every thing of me; and I related all things rightly to her. And then indeed venerable Circe addressed me with words:

"All these things indeed have thus been performed; but do thou listen, how I will tell thee, and a deity himself will make thee remember it. First indeed thou wilt come to the Sirens, who charm all men, whoever comes to them. Whosoever through ignorance has approached and heard the voice of the Sirens, by no means do his wife and infant children stand near him when he returns home, nor do they rejoice. But the Sirens, sitting in a meadow, soothe him with a shrill song, and around there is a large heap of bones of men rotting, and skins waste away round about. But sail beyond; and anoint the ears of thy companions, moulding sweet wax, lest any one of the others should hear; but do thou thyself hear, if thou

<sup>2</sup> So Clarke and Cowper, but I think the Scholiast is more correct in explaining it, spoke to.

wilt. Let them bind thee hands and feet in the swift ship, upright in the mast hole; and let cables be bound from it; that, delighted, thou mayest hear the voice of the Sirens; but if thou entrest thy companions, and biddest them loose thee, let them then bind thee in still more bonds. But when thy companions shall have sailed beyond these, then I cannot tell thee accurately which will afterwards be thy way; but do thou thyself consider in thy mind; but I will tell thee of both ways. There indeed are lofty rocks; and near them the vast wave of dark Amphitrite resounds; the blessed gods call them the Wanderers; here nor birds pass by, nor timid doves, which carry ambrosia to father Jove; but the smooth rock always takes away some one of them, but the father sends another to make up the number. From this not yet has any ship of men escaped, whichever has come to it; but the wave of the sea and the storms of destructive fire take away planks of ships and bodies of men together. That sea-traversing ship alone has sailed by it, Argo, a care unto all, which sailed from Æetes: and now perhaps it<sup>3</sup> would have quickly dashed it there against mighty rocks, but Juno sent it on, since Jason was dear [to her]. But as to the two rocks,<sup>4</sup> the one reaches the wide heaven with its sharp top, and a dark-grey cloud surrounds it: this indeed never withdraws,<sup>5</sup> nor does a clear sky ever possess its top, either in the summer or in the autumn; nor could a mortal man ascend it, or descend, not if he had twenty hands and feet; for the rock is smooth, like unto one polished around. But in the middle of the rock there is a shadowy cave towards the west, turned to Erebus;<sup>6</sup> where do thou, O illustrious Ulysses, direct thy hollow ship. Nor could a young man darting an arrow from a bow from a hollow ship reach the deep cave. Here Scylla dwells, shrieking out terribly; her voice indeed is as of a new-born whelp, but she herself is a vast monster; nor would any rejoice seeing [her], not even

<sup>3</sup> Viz. the wave.

<sup>4</sup> Put for τῶν δὲ δύο σκοπέλων. See Thiersch, *Gk. Gr.* § 276, 6, referred to by Loewe, and my note on Æsch. *Prom.* p. 8, ed. Bohn.

<sup>5</sup> So in *Il. B.* 179. ἀλλ' ἴθι νῦν κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν, μηδὲ τ' ἐρώει. See Buttm. *Lexil.* p. 310, sq.

<sup>6</sup> With this periphrasis for the West we may not inaptly compare Ἰσπερος θεός for Hades in *Soph. Œd. T.* 177.

if a god should meet her. She has twelve slender<sup>7</sup> feet in all; and she has six very long necks; and on each there is a terrific head, and in it three rows of teeth, thick and frequent, full of black death. She is sunk in the middle through her hollow cave: and she holds forth her heads out of the terrible abyss, and fishes there, watching about the rock, for dolphins, and dogs, and if she can any where take a larger whale, which deep-groaning Amphitrite feeds in countless numbers. By whom unharmed never at any time do sailors boast that they have fled by in their ship; but snatching a man with each of her heads from a dark-prowed ship, she bears him away. But thou wilt see the other rock lower, O Ulysses, each near to the other; and thou couldst reach it with an arrow. In this there is a large wild fig-tree flourishing with leaves; under this divine Charybdis sucks in black water. For thrice in a day she sends it out, and thrice she sucks it in terribly: mayest thou not come thither when she is gulping it; for not even Neptune could free thee from ill. But by all means sailing to the rock of Scylla, drive thy ship quickly beyond; since it is much better to regret<sup>8</sup> six companions in a ship, than all together.<sup>9</sup>

"Thus she spoke; but I answering addressed her; 'Come then, tell me this truly, O goddess; if I can by any means escape out from destructive Charybdis, should I be revenged upon her, when she has harmed my companions?'

"Thus I spoke; but she, the divine one of goddesses, immediately answered: 'O wretched one, are warlike deeds and labour still a care to thee? nor wilt thou yield to the immortal gods? She is not indeed mortal, but is an immortal evil, terrible, and difficult, and fierce, nor to be fought with. Nor is there any defence; it is best to flee from her: for if thou shouldst delay, arming thyself, by the rock, I fear lest again attacking thee she would reach thee with so many heads, and would take away so many<sup>9</sup> men. But sail on very quickly and call for help to Crataeis, the mother of Scylla, who brought her forth a destruction to mortals, who will immediately hinder her from attacking thee afterwards.

<sup>7</sup> λεπτοί, ἢ παραιωρούμενοι καὶ ἀσθενεῖς. Eust.

<sup>8</sup> Neatly expressed by Virg. *Æn.* i. 221, "*Amissos longo socios sermone reguntur.*" Cf. 309, *μνησάμενοι δὲ ἔπειτα φίλους ἐκλαίων ἑταίρους.*

<sup>9</sup> i. e. as many as before.



“And thou wilt come to the island Trinacria;<sup>10</sup> where are fed many oxen and fat sheep of the Sun,<sup>11</sup> seven herds of oxen, and as many beautiful flocks of sheep, and fifty in each; but there is no increase of them, nor do they ever perish; but goddesses are their shepherdesses, the fair-haired nymphs, Phaethusa, and Lampetie, whom divine Neera bore to the sun who journeys above. Whom having nourished and brought them forth, their venerable mother sent them away to the Trinacrian island, to dwell afar off, to guard their father's sheep and crumpled-horned oxen. If thou leavest these unharmed, and carest for thy return, thou mayest yet come to Ithaca, although suffering evils; but if thou harmest them, then I foretell to thee destruction to thy ship and thy companions; and although thou shouldst thyself escape, thou wilt return late, in misfortune, having lost all thy companions.’

“Thus she spoke; but golden-throned morning immediately came. The divine one of goddesses then went away through the island; but I, going to my ship, excited my companions to embark themselves, and to loose the halsters. But they immediately went on board, and sat down on the benches, and sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oars. Then the fair-haired Circe, an awful goddess, possessing human speech, sent a prosperous gale behind our dark-prowed ship, that filled the sails, an excellent companion. Immediately having got ready all our tackle in the ship, we sat down; and the wind and the helmsman directed it. Then sorrowing in my heart, I addressed my companions:

“O my friends, it is not fit that one or two only should know the oracles, which Circe, divine one of goddesses, has spoken unto me; but I will tell you, that being aware we may either die, or avoiding it may escape death and Fate. First she commands us to shun the voice of the divine Sirens, and their flowery mead; she ordered me alone to hear their voice; but do ye bind me in a difficult bond, that I may remain there firmly, upright in the mast-hole: and let cables be fastened from it. But if I entreat you, and command you to loose me, do ye then press me with still more bonds.’

“I indeed telling every thing, related it to my companions: but in the mean time the well-made ship came quickly to the island of the Sirens; for a harmless prosperous gale urged it

<sup>10</sup> i. e. Sicily, “Triquetris insulæ” in Lucretius.

<sup>11</sup> Cf. l. 8, sqq.

on. Immediately then the wind ceased, and there was a windless calm, and a deity hushed the winds to sleep. And my companions rising up, furled the sails of the ship, and placed them in the hollow ship; and they sitting on their oars, whitened the water with their polished blades of fir. But I having cut in small pieces a large circle of wax with the sharp brass, pressed it with my strong hands: and the wax immediately became warm, for the great force compelled it, and the shining of the sun, the king, the son of Him that journeys on high: and I anointed it in turn upon the ears of all my companions. But they bound me both hands and feet together in the ship, upright in the mast-hole, and they fastened cables from it; and they themselves sitting down smote the hoary sea with their oars. But when we were so far distant as one makes himself heard shouting out, going on swiftly, the ship passing the sea quickly, driving near, did not escape them, but they prepared a tuneful song.

“Come hither, O much-praised Ulysses, great glory of the Grecians, stop thy ship, that thou mayest hear our voice; for no one has yet passed by here in a black ship, before he has heard the sweet voice from our mouths; but he goes away delighted, and acquainted with more things. For we ken all things, whatever the Grecians and Trojans suffered by the will of the gods in spacious Troy; and we know whatever things are done in the food-abounding earth.”

“Thus they spoke, uttering a sweet sound; but my heart wished to hear them, and I ordered my companions to loose me, nodding with my eye-brows; but they falling forward rowed; and Perimedes and Eurylochus immediately rising, bound me with more bonds, and pressed me still more. But when it passed by them, and we no longer heard the voice of the Sirens, nor their song, my beloved companions immediately took away the wax, which I anointed on their ears, and loosed me from the bonds. But when we had now left the island, immediately I saw smoke and a vast wave, and heard a noise. The oars flew from the hands of them terrified; and all making a noise [went] down the stream; but the ship was stopped there, since they no longer urged the extended oars with their hands. But I went through the ship, and incited my companions with mild words, standing near each man:

“O my friends, we are not by any means ignorant of mis-

fortunes. This evil indeed does not come greater upon us than when the Cyclops shut us in his hollow cave by powerful force; but we escaped even from thence by my valour, and counsel and prudence; and I think that you will some time remember<sup>12</sup> these things. But now come, let us all obey, as I direct; do ye smite the deep billow of the sea with your oars, sitting on the benches, if Jove will by chance grant us to escape from and avoid this death. But to thee I order thus, O helmsman, and lay it up in thy mind, since thou art managing the rudder of the hollow ship; keep the ship off from this smoke and wave; and do thou observe the rock, lest rushing out thence she escape thy notice, and thou cast us into evil.'

"Thus I spoke; and they quickly obeyed my words. But I did not speak of Scylla, an unavoidable<sup>13</sup> evil, lest my companions, terrified, should cease from rowing, and huddle themselves within. And then I forgot the terrible command of Circe, for she ordered me not to arm myself; but I, having put on my noble arms, and taking two long spears in my hands, went to the deck of the ship's prow; for I expected that rocky Scylla, who brought harm to my companions, would appear from thence first. Nor could I perceive her any where; but my eyes toiled, looking every where to the dark rock. And we sailed through the strait, mourning, for on one side was Scylla, and on the other divine Charybdis terribly sucked in the briny water of the sea. When she vomited it out, it all murmured, bubbling up as a cauldron on a large fire, and the foam fell on high upon both the lofty rocks. But when she drank up the briny water of the sea, it all appeared bubbling up within; and thundered terribly about the rock, and the earth appeared below with azure<sup>14</sup> sand; and pale fear seized them. We indeed looked to this, fearing destruction. And Scylla in the mean time took six of my companions from the hollow ship, who were best in their hands and their strength. And looking to the swift ship and to my companions at the same time, I now perceived the feet and hands above of them raised on high; and calling out, they addressed me by my name, there for the last time, sorrowing at heart.

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Virg. *Æn.* i. 202, sqq.

<sup>13</sup> *ἀπορηκτον* is equivalent *ἀπορον*, *ἀμήχανον*.

<sup>14</sup> Probably a pale, greenish grey is the colour meant.

As when on a jutting rock a fisherman with a very long rod throwing food as a snare for little fishes, sends the horn of a rustic ox into the sea, and then snatching it [a fish] up, throws it out panting: so they panting were raised up to the rocks: and there at the door she fed upon them crying out, stretching out their hands to me in dreadful calamity. That of a truth was the most miserable of all the things that I witnessed with mine eyes, whatever I suffered, searching out the ways of the sea.

“But when we escaped the rocks, both terrible Charybdis and Scylla, we came immediately afterwards to the blameless island of the god; there were beautiful oxen with wide foreheads, and many fat sheep of the Sun that journeys above. Then I, still going on the sea in a black ship, heard the lowing of oxen in stalls, and the bleating of sheep: and there came into my mind the word of the blind prophet, Theban Tiresias, and of Ææan Circe, who charged me very often to avoid the island of the mortal-rejoicing Sun. Then I addressed my companions, sorrowing in my heart:

“Hear my words, O companions, although suffering evils, that I may tell you the oracles of Tiresias, and of Ææan Circe, who charged me very often to avoid the island of the Sun that journeys above; for she said that from hence would be a most terrible evil unto us. But drive the black ship beyond the island.”

“Thus I spoke; but their dear heart was broken down. And Eurylochus immediately answered me with a harsh speech; ‘Thou art severe, O Ulysses; thou hast exceeding might, nor art thou fatigued as to your limbs; surely all of them are of iron, [since] thou dost not suffer thy companions, wearied out with toil, and [oppressed with] sleep,<sup>15</sup> to go upon the land, where we may again prepare an agreeable supper in the sea-girt island; but thou commandest us to wander in vain through the swift night, straying from the island in the misty sea. During the nights troublesome winds arise, the destruction of ships: how could any one escape from utter destruction, if a storm of wind should by chance come on a sudden, either from the South or hard-blowing West, which especially destroy ships, against the will of the gods, who are kings? But let us indeed now obey black night, and let us

<sup>15</sup> I follow Clarke's interpretation. See Loewe.

get ready supper, remaining near the swift ship; and, embarking in the morning, let us enter on the wide sea.'

'Thus spoke Eurylochus; and my other companions approved; and then I knew that the deity meditated evils: and addressing him I spoke winged words:

"O Eurylochus, surely now ye compel me much, being alone; but come, all of you, now swear a strong oath to me, if we find any herd of oxen, or great flock of sheep, no one will kill either ox, or even sheep, through his infatuation: but quiet do ye eat the food which immortal Circe gave us.'

"Thus I spoke; and they immediately swore as I commanded: but when they had sworn and finished the oath, we stationed the well-made ship in the hollow port, near the sweet water: and my companions went out of the ship, and then skilfully prepared supper. But when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, then calling to mind their dear companions whom Scylla eat, having taken them out from the black ship, they wept; and sweet sleep came upon them weeping. But when it was the third part of the night, and the stars went down, cloud-collecting Jove raised against us a strong wind, with a mighty whirlwind, and covered earth and heaven at the same time with clouds; and night arose from heaven. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, we moored our ship, drawing it into a hollow cave; there were the beautiful dancing-places and the seats of Nymphs; and then I, having formed an assembly, spoke unto them all:

"O my friends, there is food and drink in the swift ship; but let us abstain from the oxen, lest we suffer any thing. For these are the oxen and fat sheep of a dread god, the Sun, who overlooks all things, and hears all things.'

"Thus I spoke; and their noble mind was persuaded. But the South wind blew without ceasing for a whole month, nor was there any other wind afterwards except the East and South. But they, whilst they had food and red wine, so long abstained from the oxen, being desirous of life: but when all the provisions were now consumed out of the ship, then wandering of necessity they followed after booty, fish and birds, acceptable, whatever came to their hands, with crooked hooks: but hunger wore down their belly. Then I went away through the island, that I might pray to the gods, if any one

would show me the way to return. But when now I avoided my companions, going through the island, having washed my hands where there was a shelter from the wind, I made vows to all the gods who inhabit Olympus: and they poured sweet sleep over my eyebrows. But Eurylochos was the beginner of evil counsel unto my companions.

“Hear my words, O companions, although suffering evils: all deaths are hateful to wretched mortals; but, through hunger, it is most miserable to die and draw on one's fate. But come, having driven away the best of the oxen of the Sun, we will sacrifice to the immortals who possess the wide heaven. But if we come to Ithaca, our father-land, we will immediately build a rich temple to the Sun, who journeys on high, where we may place many and excellent images. But if by any means wrathful on account of the straight-horned oxen, he should wish to destroy our ship, and the other gods follow, I had rather at once lose my life gaping in the wave, than waste away any longer, remaining on a desert island.’

“Thus spoke Eurylochos; and my other companions approved. But immediately having driven the best of the oxen of the Sun from near at hand, (for the beautiful black oxen, with their broad foreheads, pastured not far away from the dark-prowed ship,) they stood around them, and prayed to the gods, having cropped the tender leaves of a lofty-tressed oak; for they had not white barley on the well-benched ship.

“But when they had prayed, and slain and skinned them, they cut off the thighs, and covered them with fat, doubling them, and they set the raw parts upon them: nor had they wine to make libations over the burnt sacrifices, but making libations with water, they roasted all the entrails. But when they had burnt the thighs, and tasted the bowels, they cut up the other parts, and fixed them on spits: and then sweet sleep rushed away from my eyebrows: and I hastened to the swift ship and the shore of the sea. But as I was now going near the ship rowed on both sides, then the sweet vapour of the fat came upon me: and mourning, I cried out to the immortal gods:

“O father Jove, and ye other blessed gods, who exist for ever, certainly ye laid me to sleep in a pitiless sleep, to my harm, but my companions remaining here have devised a heinous deed.’

"But quickly to the Sun, who journeys above, came Lampetia, wearing a large garment, as a messenger, that we (my companions) had slain his oxen. And he immediately addressed the immortals, enraged at heart :

"O father Jove, and ye other blessed gods, who exist for ever, punish the companions of Ulysses, the son of Laertes, who have insolently slain mine oxen, in which I rejoiced both coming to the starry heaven, and turning back again to earth from heaven. But if they do not repay me a proper return for my oxen, I will go down to Pluto's, and will shine amongst the dead."

"But him cloud-collecting Jove answering addressed : 'O Sun, do thou by all means shine amongst the immortals and mortal men, over the fruitful plain. And then I, striking a little their swift ship with a white thunderbolt, will quickly cleave it in the middle of the dark sea.'

"But these things I heard from fair-haired Calypso ; and she said that she had heard them from the messenger Mercury. But when I came to the ship and the sea, I chided them one after another, standing near them, nor could we find any remedy ; for the oxen were now dead. Then the gods immediately showed prodigies to them ; the skins crawled, and the flesh lowed on the spits, both roast and raw ; and there was a voice as of oxen. For six days then my beloved companions feasted, driving away the best of the oxen of the Sun : but when Jove, the son of Saturn, brought on the seventh day, then the wind ceased raging with a tempest : and we, straightway embarking, committed ourselves to the wide sea : having erected the mast and drawn up the white sails.

"But when we had now left the island, nor did any other land appear, but the heaven and the sea, then the son of Saturn reared an azure cloud above the hollow ship ; and the sea became dark beneath it. But it ran for no very long time ; for immediately came the clamouring West wind, rushing with a mighty tempest : and the storm of the wind broke both the cables of the mast ; and the mast fell backwards, and all the tackle was thrown in confusion into the hold ; and he struck the head of the helmsman backward in the ship, and broke all the bones of his head together ; and he fell like unto a diver from the deck, and his noble mind left his bones ; and Jove thundered together, and hurled a thunderbolt upon the ship :



and it was entirely whirled round, stricken with the thunder-bolt of Jove, and it was filled with sulphur; and my companions fell from the ship. And they, like unto gulls, were borne on the waves around the black ship; for the deity took away their return. But I kept going about through the ship, until the storm loosed the sides from the keel; and the wave bore it along naked.<sup>15</sup> And it broke out the mast at the keel: but a thong was thrown upon it, made from the skin of an ox. With this I bound both together, the keel and the mast: and sitting upon them I was borne by the destructive winds.

"Then indeed the West wind ceased raging with a storm, and quickly the South wind came on, bringing grief to my mind, that I should again measure my way to destructive Charybdis. I was borne along during the whole night; and together with the rising sun I came to the rock of Scylla, and terrible Charybdis. She gulped up the briny water of the sea; but I, raised on high to the lofty fig-tree, held clinging to it, as a bat, nor could I any where either fix myself firmly with my feet, or ascend: for the roots were far off, and the branches were wide apart, and both long and vast, and they overshadowed Charybdis. But I held without ceasing, until she vomited out again the mast and keel; and it came late to me wishing for it: as late as a man has risen from the forum to go to supper, adjudging many contests of disputing youths, so late these planks appeared from Charybdis. And I put down my feet, and my hands over them, to be carried along, and I fell with a noise in the middle on the long planks, and sitting upon them, I rowed with my hands. Nor did the father of men and of gods permit Scylla to behold me any more; for I could not have escaped bitter destruction. From thence I was borne along nine days; but in the tenth night the gods drove me to the island Ogygia; where fair-haired Calypso dwelt, an awful goddess, possessing human speech, who received me kindly, and took care of me. Why should I recount these things to thee? for I have already related them yesterday in thine house, to thee and thy illustrious wife; but it is hateful to me to recount again things that have been told full plainly."

<sup>15</sup> So Horace, "nudum remigio latus."

## BOOK XIII.

## ARGUMENT.

Having concluded his narrative, Ulysses is carried asleep to Ithaca by the Phæacians, and put on shore with the presents he had received from them. Neptune, as had been foretold, transforms the ship into a rock just before its arrival in Phæacia. Minerva meets Ulysses and converses with him respecting the destruction of the suitors; she then hides his treasures in a cave, and transforms Ulysses into an old man.

Thus he spoke; but they all became still in silence, and were possessed with soothing delight in the shady palace. But him Alcinous answered in turn, and addressed [him]:

"O Ulysses, since thou hast come to my brazen-founded, lofty-roofed house, therefore I think that thou wilt return back, not wandering at all back again, although thou hast suffered very many things. But to each man of you I speak these things, charging you, as many of you as constantly drink the dark honorary<sup>1</sup> wine in my palace, and listen to the bard; there already lie garments for the stranger in a well-polished chest, and much-wrought gold, and all other presents, whatever the senators of the Phæacians have brought here; but come, let us give to him a large tripod and cauldron, each man;<sup>2</sup> but we again will pay it back, being assembled among<sup>3</sup> the people, for it is a difficult thing for one to give as a present."<sup>4</sup>

Thus spoke Alcinous; and his words pleased them. And each of them went home about to sleep. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, they hastened to the ship, and brought man-strengthening brass; and the sacred might of Alcinous arranged these things well, he himself going through the ship under the benches, lest they should hurt any

<sup>1</sup> γερούσιον οἶνον, "the best, richest wine," served up to the senators and people of distinction. ὃ ἐν τῷ τῶν γερόντων ἦτοι ἐντίμων συμποσὴ πινόμενος. Eustath.

<sup>2</sup> ἀνδράκας κατ' ἄνδρα ἕνα ἕκαστον. Hesych. It is originally a substantive, (as in Nicander, Ther. 642,) but is used adverbially by Homer.

<sup>3</sup> Notwithstanding Clarke's observation that ἀγείρομαι is always used passively in Homer, the old prose translator has utterly mistaken the passage, rendering it, "we will again repay ourselves, making a collection through the people." An Homeric sentiment, forsooth!

<sup>4</sup> Literally, "for nothing," genitive of πρὸς τί, a gift. See Thiersch, Gk. Gr. p. 398.

of his companions who were driving on, when they hastened with their oars. But they went to Alcinous's,<sup>5</sup> and made ready a feast. And the sacred might of Alcinous sacrificed an ox for them to Jove, the dark-clouded son of Saturn, who rules over all. And burning the thighs, they banqueted a glorious banquet, delighting themselves: and amongst them the divine bard sang, Demodocus, honoured by the people: but Ulysses frequently turned his head towards the shining sun, anxious for it to go down; for now he desired to return. And as when a man is longing for his supper, for whom during the whole day two dun steers have drawn the compact plough through a fallow, and welcome to him the light of the sun is setting, that he may go to supper, and his knees are hurt as he goes: so welcome to Ulysses did the light of the sun set. And he immediately conversed with the oar-loving Phaeacians, and addressing Alcinous especially, he spoke words:

"O King Alcinous, most glorious of all the people, having made libations, do ye send me unharmed,<sup>6</sup> and yourselves farewell: for now are the things completed which my dear mind wished, an escort and friendly gifts, which may the heavenly gods make prosperous for me: and returning, may I find my spotless wife at home, with my friends, in safety. But do ye, remaining here, delight your virgin-wedded wives and children; and may the gods accord them every kind of virtue; and may there be no public evil."

Thus he spoke, and they all approved, and ordered them to send the stranger, since he had spoken rightly. And then Alcinous addressed the herald:

"O Pontonous, having mixed a cup, distribute wine to all in the palace: that having prayed to father Jove, we may send the stranger to his paternal land."

Thus he spoke; but Pontonous mixed the sweet wine, and distributed it to all in succession;<sup>7</sup> but they made libations to

<sup>5</sup> I have imitated the ellipse in the original.

<sup>6</sup> Where the former prose translator got the words "as you have promised," I cannot tell. His version appears, at times, to have been made without looking at the text.

<sup>7</sup> Hesychius gives several interpretations of this word, *ἐθεστηκώς*, ἢ *προστασία*; ἢ *κατὰ τὸ ἐξῆς*. Cf. Od. xii. 392, and Apoll. Rhod. i. 293, *ἀμφίπολοι γούασκον ἐπιστάδων*, where the Scholiast explains it by *ἐθεστηκώς*, but Hoelzlinus more correctly, *ex ordina*. See also Buttmann, Lexil. p. 170.

the blessed gods who possess the wide heaven, in the same place from their seats; and divine Ulysses rose up, and he placed the round cup in the hands of Arete, and addressing her, spoke winged words:

"Farewell, O queen, continually, until old age comes, and death, which happen to men. But I am going, and do thou be delighted in this house with thy children, and the people, and king Alcinous."

Thus speaking, divine Ulysses went over the threshold; but with him the strength of Alcinous sent forward a herald, to conduct him to the swift ship and the shore of the sea. And Arete sent women servants with him; one having a well-washed robe, and garment, and another she sent with him to carry a heavy coffer: and another carried both bread and red wine. But when they came to the ship and the sea, his illustrious conductors immediately receiving the things, placed them in the hollow ship, all the drink and meat: and then they strewed a rug and linen for Ulysses, on the deck of the hollow ship, that he might sleep without waking,<sup>8</sup> at the stern; but he himself embarked and laid down in silence; and each of them sat on the benches in order; and they loosed the cable from the perforated stone:<sup>9</sup> there they, reclining, threw up the sea with the oar, and sweet sleep fell upon his eyelids, unwakeful, most pleasant, the nearest like death. But it,<sup>10</sup> like as four-yoked male horses in the plain, all incited together by the blows of the scourge, lifting themselves on high, swiftly pass over the way; so its prow indeed lifted itself up, and the mighty purple billow of the much-rolling sea rushed behind. And very safely it ran, steadily: nor could a falcon-hawk, swiftest of birds, have followed it close. So it running swiftly cut the waves of the sea, bearing a man who possessed counsels equal to the gods: who before had suffered very many griefs in his mind, both wars of men, and passing the terrible waves: then indeed he slept fearlessly, forgetting whatever things he had suffered.

When a very shining star arose, which especially comes

<sup>8</sup> λέπει τὸ ὕπνον. Eustath.

<sup>9</sup> Which served as a kind of land anchor. Hesych. εἰδοθαι ἐπὶ τῶν λιμένων τρυπῶν λίθους, ἵνα ἐξ αὐτῶν τὰ ἀπόγμια σχοινία ἐξάπτωσιν οἱ ναῦται.

<sup>10</sup> The ship.

announcing the light of the morning, the mother of day; at that time then the ship that passes over the sea neared the island.

Now there is a certain haven of Phorcys, the old man of the sea, amongst the people of Ithaca; and there are two abrupt projecting shores in it, inclining towards the port,<sup>11</sup> which swell from the great wave<sup>12</sup> of hard blowing winds from without; but within well-benched ships remain without a chain, when they reach the goal of the mooring-station. But at the head of the port there is a large-leaved olive; and near it a delightful cave, shaded, sacred to the Nymphs, who are called Naïds. And there are stone cups and casks in it; and there then the bees stow away their honey.<sup>13</sup> And in it there are stone distaffs of a great length, and there the Nymphs<sup>14</sup> weave their sea-purple robes, a marvel to behold. And in it there are perpetual flowing waters;<sup>15</sup> and it has two doors: these to the North to be descended by men, but those on the other hand, to the South, are more sacred; nor do men enter at all by that way; but it is the way of the immortals.

There they drove in, being before acquainted with it; it<sup>16</sup> indeed ran ashore more than half its length, hastening; for by the hands of such rowers was it urged on. And they disembarking from the well-yoked ship to the shore, first lifted Ulysses out of the hollow ship, with his very linen and beautiful rug, and placed him, overcome with sleep, on the sand. And they took out the property which the illustrious Phæacians gave him when returning home, by means of magnanimous Minerva. And they placed the things

<sup>11</sup> So Ernesti, with the Schol. *ἔσω νενεκνύται*, deriving it from *προσπεντάννυμι*, not from *προσπίπτω*.

<sup>12</sup> Clarke's Latin, "a ventis defendunt raucis magnum fluctum extra," is not suited to the sense. *Κῦμα* I think is here equivalent to "swelling mass." See Alberti on Hesych. s. ν. *κῦμα ὕδατος*.

<sup>13</sup> Or, "make their honey." Hesych. *ἐναποτίθενται, ἀποθησαυρίζουσι τὴν τροφήν αἱ μέλιται*. Porphyry, de antro Nymph. p. 259, *τὸ τίθεσθαι τὴν βόσιν*. Βόσις δὲ καὶ τροφή, τιθάσας, τρέφειν, &c. See Liddell and Scott. s. ν. The allegorical meanings of honey are somewhat whimsically discussed by Porphyry, *ibid.* p. 260, sqq.

<sup>14</sup> If we may believe the statement of Artemidorus Ephesius apud Porphyry, de Nymph. antro. p. 252, there was really a port at Ithaca, named Phorcys, and a cave sacred to the Nymphs.

<sup>15</sup> Because the nymphs *ναμάτων καὶ πηγῶν προσετῶσι*, being hence called Pegææ and Naides. Porphyry, *ib.* p. 258.

<sup>16</sup> The ship.

together near the root of the olive-tree, out of the way, lest by chance any one of way-faring men coming should do them harm before Ulysses awoke. And they themselves went home again; nor did Neptune forget the threats with which he first threatened godlike Ulysses; but he asked the counsel of Jove:

"O father Jove, no longer shall I be honoured amongst the immortal gods, since mortals do not honour me, the Phæacians, who are however of my race. For I just now said that Ulysses should come home, having suffered many ills; but I by no means took away his return altogether, since thou first didst promise and grant it. But they, having taken him asleep over the sea in a swift ship, have placed him in Ithaca, and given him abundance of gifts, plenty of brass and gold, and a woven garment, as many things as Ulysses would never have taken from Troy, if he had returned unharmed, having obtained by lot his share of the booty."

But him cloud-compelling Jove answering addressed: "Alas! powerful Neptune, what hast thou said? the gods by no means dishonour thee; difficult would it be to aim at the oldest and most excellent with insults. But if any one of men, yielding to violence and strength, does not honour thee, thou hast always the means of revenge hereafter. Do as thou wilt, and as is dear to thy mind."

But him earth-shaking Neptune immediately answered: "I would quickly do as thou advise, O thou black-clouded one: but thy wrath I always hold in awe and avoid. Now then I wish to destroy the beautiful ship of the Phæacians, returning from the escort [of Ulysses] on the misty sea, that now they may abstain and cease from the escort of men: and that a mighty mountain should cover their city around."

But him cloud-compelling Jove answering addressed: "My friend, thus indeed to my mind it seems to be best. When all the people from the city are now looking to it driving along, place a stone near the land like unto a swift ship, that all men may marvel; and that a great mountain may cover their city around."

But when earth-shaking Neptune heard this, he hastened to Scheria, where the Phæacians are born, he remained there; and the sea-traversing ship came very near, swiftly making its way: and the Earth-shaker came near it, who

made it a stone, and rooted it below, striking it with his hand laid flat <sup>17</sup> downwards; and he went to a distance. But they, the long-eared Phæacians, men illustrious at sea, spoke winged words to one another. And thus some one said, looking to another near him:

"Alas, who has bound the swift ship in the sea while driving home? just now it all appeared before us." Thus some one said; but they knew not how these things were done. And Alcinous harangued and addressed them:

"Alas,<sup>18</sup> surely now upon me are come the oracles uttered of old by my sire, who said that Neptune would be wrath with us, because we are safe conductors of all men. He said that some time or other he would destroy a very beautiful ship of the Phæacian men when returning home from an escort in the misty sea, and that a great mountain should cover the city around. Thus the old man spoke, and all these things are now accomplished. But come, let us all obey, as I command. Cease from the conduct of men, when any one comes to our city; and we will sacrifice twelve chosen bulls to Neptune, if he would pity us, and a great mountain may not cover our city around."

Thus he spoke; and they feared, and got ready the bulls. Thus the leaders and chiefs of the people of the Phæacians prayed to king Neptune, standing near the altar. But divine Ulysses awoke sleeping on his paternal land; nor did he know it, having been a long time absent; for the deity, Pallas Minerva, the daughter of Jove, shed a mist around him; that she might make him unknown, and might tell him every thing, that his wife might not know him, and his citizens and friends, before he had taken revenge for all their transgression upon the suitors. Therefore all things appeared of a different form to the king, both the long roads, and all-sheltering ports, and the sun-traversed rocks, and flourishing trees.

And he stood, having risen up in haste, and beheld his paternal land; and then he mourned, and struck his thighs with his hands laid flat downwards; and lamenting spoke thus:

"Woe is me! to the land of what mortals am I come? are they indeed injurious and fierce, nor just? or are they kind to strangers, and is their mind godlike? Where now shall I bear

<sup>17</sup> On the contracted form *καταπρηνῆ* see Thiersch, Gk. Gr. p. 384, 30

<sup>18</sup> See my note on i. 32.



these many possessions? and where do I myself wander? would that I had remained there with the Phæacians; I indeed might have come to some other powerful king, who would have entertained me, and escorted me so as to return. But now I know not where to place them; I will not indeed leave them here, lest they become a booty to others. Alas! the leaders and chiefs of the Phæacians were not wise nor just in every thing, who have taken me away to another land; they said in truth that they would take me to western<sup>19</sup> Ithaca,<sup>20</sup> but have not performed [their promise]. May suppliant Jove exact vengeance on them, who also regards other men, and punishes whoever errs. But come, I will now count the possessions, and see whether they have gone, taking away any thing in the hollow ship."

Having thus spoken, he numbered the beautiful tripods and cauldrons, and the gold, and the beautiful woven garments; of these he missed none; but he lamented his paternal land, creeping along the shore of the much-rolling sea, bewailing much. But Minerva came near him, like in person unto a young man, a shepherd of sheep, very delicate, and as are the sons of kings, having a double well-wrought cloak about her shoulders; and she had sandals under her soft feet, and a javelin in her hand: Ulysses rejoiced seeing her, and came to meet her, and addressing her, spoke winged words:

"O friend, since I meet thee first in this country, hail, and do not thou meet me at all with an evil mind; but preserve these things, and preserve me; for I entreat thee, as a god, and come to thy dear knees. And tell me these things truly, that I may be well informed, what land is this? what people? what men are born here? is it some western island? or does some shore of the very fruitful continent lie inclined towards the sea?"

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed in turn: "Thou art foolish, O stranger, or thou hast come from a distance, if indeed thou inquierest of this land: it is not by any means so nameless; but very many know it, both as many as dwell towards the East and the Sun, and as many as [dwell] behind towards the misty darkness. It is rough indeed, not fit for driving horses, yet not very barren, but it is not

<sup>19</sup> Or "sunny." Cf. Buttm. Lexil. p. 224, &c.

<sup>20</sup> See Stank. on Æsch. Suppl. 1. Hemsteck. on Lucian. Tim. sub init.

spacious. For in it there is abundance of wheat, and there is wine; and still the shower and flourishing dew possess it. It is excellent for feeding goats and oxen; there is every kind of wood, and there are perpetual irrigations in it. Therefore indeed, O stranger, the name of Ithaca would reach even to Troy, which they say is far from the Grecian land."

Thus he spoke; but much-enduring divine Ulysses was glad, rejoicing in his own paternal land, as Pallas Minerva, the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, told him. And addressing her, he spoke winged words, nor did he say what was true, but he took up discourse the contrary way, even revolving crafty design in his breast.

"I heard of Ithaca even in spacious Crete, far over the sea; but now I am myself come with these chattels: but I am flying away, having left as many things for my children, since I have slain the dear son of Idomeneus, swift-footed Orsilochus, who in spacious Crete excelled enterprising men with his swift feet: because he wished to deprive me of all my Trojan booty, on account of which I suffered griefs in my mind, both wars of men, and passing over the terrible waves, because I did not serve his father amongst the people of the Trojans, gratifying him, but I ruled over other companions. Him indeed I struck with a brazen spear, as he was coming home from the country, lying in wait for him near the road with a companion. But very dark night possessed heaven, nor did any one of men perceive us; but I escaped his notice, taking away his mind.<sup>21</sup> But when I had slain him with the sharp brass, I immediately going in a ship to the illustrious Phæacians, besought them, and gave them booty gratifying their mind. Then I requested to carry me, and place me at Pylos, or to divine Elis, where the Epeans rule. But in truth the force of the wind thrust them from thence, much against their will; nor did they wish to deceive [me]. But wandering from thence we came here by night; and with exertion we rowed into the port, nor to us was there any mention of supper, although much wanting to obtain it: but all of us going out of the ship at random<sup>22</sup> laid down. Here sweet sleep came upon me wearied. But they, taking my chattels out of the hollow ship, laid them down, even where I myself was lying on the

<sup>21</sup> i. e. his life.

<sup>22</sup> Hesych. ἄντως, μάτην

sands: and they embarking went to well-inhabited Sidonia; but I was left, sorrowing at heart."

Thus he spoke: but the blue-eyed goddess Minerva smiled, and stroked him down with the hand; but she became in her person like a woman, both fair, and large, and skilled in splendid works; and addressing him she spoke winged words:

"Cunning would he be and deceitful, whoever should surpass thee in all kinds of craft, even if a god should meet thee. O thou hard one, various in plans, insatiable in deceit, thou wert not about, even when in thine own land, to cease from thy deceits, and crafty words, which are dear to thee from thy birth.<sup>23</sup> But come, let us no longer speak of these things, since we are both skilled in cunning; for thou art the best of all mortals in counsel and words; but I am celebrated amongst all the gods for my judgment and cunning; didst thou not know Pallas Minerva, the daughter of Jove, [me] who always stand by thee in all labours, and guard thee, and have made thee dear unto all the Phæacians? But now I am come here that I may weave some counsel with thee, and may hide the possessions, whatsoever the illustrious Phæacians have given thee, returning home by my counsel and mind. And that I may tell thee what sorrows it is fated for thee to endure in thy built house; but do thou endure them even by necessity, nor tell any one, either of all men or women, that thou hast come wandering; but in silence suffer many griefs, sustaining the violence of men."

But her much-planning Ulysses in answer addressed: "It is difficult, O goddess, for a man who meets thee to know thee, although he be very skillful; for thou makest thyself like unto every one. But I know this well, that thou wert before kind to me, while we sons of the Grecians fought in Troy. But when we had destroyed the lofty city of Priam, and embarked in our ships, and the deity dispersed the Grecians, I did not afterwards behold thee, nor did I perceive thee embarking on my ship, that thou mightest avert any grief from me. [But I was continually wandering, having my heart overcome in my mind, until the gods freed me from mischiefs; before thou didst encourage me with thy words in the

<sup>23</sup> Literally, "from the plain," a metaphor derived from plants. See the Schol. and Eustath. Hesychius interprets it, ἀρχῆθεν, ἐκ πίστεως, ἀπὸ γενέσεως, ἐκ παίδων

rich people of the Phæacians, and thyself didst conduct me to the city.] But now, by thy father, I entreat thee, for I do not think that I am come to western Ithaca, but am now in some other land: but I think that thou sayest these things, mocking me, that thou mayest deceive my mind. Tell me if in truth I am come to my dear country."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva immediately answered: "Thou hast ever such a thought in thy breast: therefore I cannot leave thee, who art unhappy, because thou art a man of words, and shrewd, and prudent. For any other man gladly returning from wandering would desire to see his children and wife in his palace; but it is not yet agreeable for thee to know or inquire, before thou shalt make some trial of thy wife, who in vain sits in thy palace, but unto her mourning the nights and days always waste away. But I never mistrusted this, but knew in my mind that thou wouldst return, having lost all thy companions. But I did not wish to contend with my uncle Neptune, who had set wrath against thee in his mind, enraged, because thou didst blind his dear son. But come, I will show thee the seat of Ithaca, that thou mayest believe. This is the port of Phœreys, the old man of the sea: and this is the large-leaved olive at the head of the port, [and near it there is a delightful shadowy cave, sacred to the Nymphs who are called Nāids]. But this is the wide-covered cave, where thou didst sacrifice many perfect hecatombs to the Nymphs: and this is Neritos, a mountain clothed with wood."

Thus having spoken, the goddess dispersed the mist; and the earth appeared: and much-enduring divine Ulysses was then glad, rejoicing in his own land: and he kissed the bounteous plain. And immediately uplifting his hands, he prayed to the Nymphs.

"O Nāid Nymphs, ye daughters of Jove, I never thought that I should behold you; but now I salute you with mild prayers: but we will also give gifts, even as before, if the daughter of Jove, the huntress, will willingly permit both myself to live, and will make my dear son increase."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva addressed in turn: "Be confident, let not these things be a care to thee in thy mind. But come, let us now straightway put the chattels in the recess of the divine cave, that even these may remain

here safe: and let us then consult, in what way things may best be done."

Thus having spoken, the goddess descended the dark cave, seeking hiding-places through the cave; but Ulysses carried all the things near, the gold, and the brass not worn down, and the well-made garments, which the Phæacians had given him. And he set them well in order; and Pallas Minerva, daughter of *Ægis-bearing Jove*, placed a stone against the door. And they sitting down near the roots of the sacred olive, plotted destruction against the overbearing suitors. And the blue-eyed goddess Minerva began a discourse to him:

"O *Jove-born son of Laertes*, much-planning Ulysses, consider how thou mayest lay thy hands upon the shameless suitors, who now for three years are lording it over thy palace, wooing thy godlike wife, and giving her bridal gifts. But she, ever lamenting in her mind for thy return, gives hopes to all, and makes promises to each man, sending forth messages to them; but her mind meditates other things."

But her much-planning Ulysses answering addressed: "O gods, surely I was now about to perish in my palace, after the evil fate of *Agamemnon*, son of *Atreus*, hadst not thou, O goddess, told me every thing rightly. But come, weave a counsel, how I may be revenged on them: and do thou thyself stand near me, putting confident courage within me, such as when we destroyed the noble head-gear<sup>24</sup> of *Troy*. If thou wouldst stand near me thus eager, O blue-eyed one, I would fight even with three hundred men, together with thee, O venerable goddess, when thou wouldst readily assist me."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva then answered: "I indeed will be present with thee, nor shalt thou escape my notice, when indeed we shall have prepared these things, and I think that some one of the suitors, who are consuming thy property, will pollute the vast pavement with his blood and brains. But come, I will make thee unknown to all mortals; I will wither thy beautiful skin on thy bent limbs, and will destroy the auburn hairs from thine head, and will put a cloak around thee, which a man would loathe seeing one wear it. And I will blear thine eyes, which before were beautiful, that thou mayest appear unseemly to all the suitors, and to thy wife

<sup>24</sup> Properly, "a head-dress," but here used metaphorically for turrets.

and son, whom thou didst leave in thy palace. But do thou first go to the swineherd, who is the guardian of thy swine; but however he is kindly disposed towards thee, and loves thy son, and prudent Penelope. Thou wilt find him sitting with the swine: and they are pastured near the rock of Córax, and at the fountain Arethusa, eating strength-giving acorns, and drinking muddy water, which things nourish the flourishing fat in swine. Remain there, and sitting near him, inquire all things of him, while I go to Sparta of fair women, to call Telemachus, thy dear son, O Ulysses, who is gone to Lacedæmon with wide grounds, to Menelaus, to inquire for tidings of thee, if thou still art any where in existence."

But her much-planning Ulysses answering addressed:  
"Why didst thou not tell him, since thou knowest all things in thy mind? was it that he wandering over the barren sea might suffer griefs? but others consume his livelihood."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva then answered:  
"Let not him indeed be too much in thy thoughts; I myself conducted him, that going there he might obtain excellent renown: but he has not any labour; but he sits quiet in the house of the son of Atreus, and abundance lies near him. Young men indeed lie in ambush for him with a black ship, desiring to kill him, before he reaches his paternal land. But I do not think these things [will happen], before the earth detains some one [of the suitors, who are consuming thy property]."

Thus having spoken, Minerva touched him with a rod; and withered his beautiful skin on his bent limbs, and destroyed the auburn hairs from his head, and put around all his limbs the skin of an aged old man. And she bleared his eyes, which before were beautiful. And she put around him another evil, a ragged garment, and a cloak, torn, sordid, begrimed with foul smoke. And she put around him a large bare skin of a swift stag; and she gave him a staff and an unseemly satchel, ragged in many places; and there was a twisted thong in it to hold it up.

When they twain had thus consulted, they separated; she indeed then went to divine Lacedæmon for the son of Ulysses.

## BOOK XIV.

## ARGUMENT.

Ulysses, under the guise of a beggar, arrives at the house of Eumæus, a swineherd, the most faithful of his servants, who receives him hospitably. He gives a feigned account of himself, stating, however, that Ulysses will shortly return, pretending to have heard so from the king of the Thesprotians. He then passes the night in the swineherd's dwelling.

BUT he went from the haven by the rugged path up the woody country, through the wolds, where Minerva had informed him the divine swineherd [would be], who chiefly, among the servants whom divine Ulysses possessed, had a care for his livelihood. But him he found sitting in the portico, where his lofty abode was built, in a conspicuous situation, both beautiful and large, that could be run round,<sup>1</sup> which the swineherd himself had built for his swine, when the king was absent, without the knowledge of his mistress and of old Laertes, with stones drawn thither,<sup>2</sup> and he topped it with sloe; and outside he drove stakes all round here and there, close and frequent, having cleft the dark part.<sup>3</sup> And within the abode he made twelve styes, near one another, beds for the swine; and in each were kept<sup>4</sup> fifty ground-wallowing swine, females for breeding;<sup>5</sup> but the males slept without, much fewer; for them the godlike<sup>6</sup> suitors diminished, eating them: for the swineherd always sent the best of all the well-fatted swine; but they were three hundred and sixty [in number]. And near them four dogs always slept, like unto wild beasts, which the swineherd, chieftain of men,<sup>7</sup> had nourished. But he himself about his own feet was fitting shoes, cutting a bull's skin, of a beautiful colour; but the others had now gone each a different way, three with the pasturing swine; but the fourth he had sent to the city to take a sow to the overbearing suitors through necessity; that sacrificing they might satiate their mind with flesh.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. detached.

<sup>2</sup> Literally, "drawn." Cf. vi. 267.

<sup>3</sup> περισχίσας, περίκοψας, Hesych. s. v.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Thiersch, Glk. Gr. p. 503, 58.

<sup>5</sup> "brood females," like "brood mares," would be a more literal rendering of τρεκάδες.

<sup>6</sup> So Homer styles Paris θεοειδής. Eustath.

<sup>7</sup> Merely a complimentary phrase, as Clarke rightly observes.



But on a sudden the dogs, practised in barking,<sup>8</sup> beheld Ulysses, they indeed ran on clamouring; but Ulysses sat down with cunning, and his staff fell from his hand: there indeed he would have suffered unseemly grief at his own stall, but the swineherd following quickly with his swift feet, ran through the vestibule; and the skin fell from his hand. Then chiding the dogs, he drove them different ways with frequent stones: and he addressed the king:

"O old man, but for a little the dogs would have destroyed thee on a sudden; and thou wouldst have poured out abuse against me. And to me the gods have given other griefs and sorrows; for mourning and grieving for a godlike king I sit, and I nourish fat swine for others to eat; but he, perhaps desirous of food, wanders amongst the people and the city of foreign men, if he is still alive, and beholds the light of the sun. But follow, and let us go to the resting-place, O old man, that thou thyself, being satisfied as to thy mind with food and wine, mayest relate from whence thou art, and how many griefs thou hast undergone."

Thus having spoken, the divine swineherd led the way to the resting-place. And having brought him in, he made him sit down, and he put thick rushes<sup>9</sup> under him, and he strewed over it the skin of a wild shaggy<sup>10</sup> goat, there as a couch, great and thick. And Ulysses rejoiced because he had thus received him; and he spoke, and addressed [him]:

"May Jove, O stranger, and the other immortal gods, give thee whatever thou dost most wish, because thou hast kindly received me."

But him the swineherd Eumæus answering addressed: "O stranger, it is not right for me, even if a more wretched one than thou shouldst come, to dishonour a stranger; for all strangers and beggars are from Jove; but our gift is both small and friendly; for this is the custom of servants, who are always in

<sup>8</sup> So Hesych. Apollon, Etym. M. οἱ περὶ τὸ ὑλακτεῖν μεμορημένοι ὅπερ ἴσθιν ἴσον τῷ πεποννημένοι.

<sup>9</sup> See Thiersch, Gk. Gr. p. 374, 29.

<sup>10</sup> This seems preferable to Apion's interpretation, τῆς λύσσης θοῶς. Apollon, Lex. s. v. quotes from the Chrysa of Sophocles, ἐγὼ μίαν μὲν ἐξιορθίζω τρίχα. Cf. Alberti on Hesych. t. ii. p. 53. Etym. Magn. F. 102, A. ἰονθος, ἡ πρώτη ἐκφυσις τῶν τριχῶν. Schol. Theocr. xli. 24. φύσκει-αἱ λεγόμεναι ἰονθοί, ἡ ὄνθοι, ὡς κατὰ τὸ ἀνθος τῆς ἡλικίας γενόμενοι ἕς ψυδρακίῳ ἱκάνουν.

fear, when young masters rule over them : for certainly the gods have hindered the return of him<sup>11</sup> at least, who indeed loved me earnestly, and would have given me possessions, such as a kind master is used to give to his servant, a house, and allotment, and a much-wooded wife, who has served him much, and God increases<sup>12</sup> his toil ; as also for me this labour is increased, in which I abide. Thus my master would have profited me much, if he had grown old here ; but he has perished ; so I wish that the race of Helen had perished entirely, since she loosed the knees of many men : for he too went on account of the honour of Agamemnon to steed-surpassing Ilium, that he might fight with the Trojans."

Thus having spoken, he quickly fastened his cloak with a girdle ; and he hastened to the styes, where the litters of pigs were kept : from thence having taken two, he brought them, and sacrificed both ; and he scalded them, and cut them up, and stuck them on spits. And having cooked all, then carrying it, he set it near Ulysses, warm on the very spits ; and he sprinkled white meal [over the flesh], and in an ivy cup he mixed sweet wine ; and he himself sat opposite him, and encouraging addressed him :

"Eat now, O stranger, the pigs<sup>13</sup> which are at hand for the servants ; but the suitors are eating the fatted swine, not thinking in their minds of observation or pity. The blessed gods indeed love not impious works, but honour, justice, and the righteous works of men ; and even enemies and hostile men, who make incursions on a foreign land, and unto whom Jove has given booty, and [who], having filled their ships, have each gone home, upon these also strong fear of observation falls in their minds. But they<sup>14</sup> even somewhat know, and have heard some voice of a god, [about] his miserable death, since they are not willing to woo justly, nor to return to their own [house] ; but securely they violently destroy his goods, nor is there any sparing. For as many nights and days as are from Jove, they never sacrifice even one victim or two only ; and they waste his wine, violently drawing it off. For truly his

<sup>11</sup> i. e. his own proper master, implied in *ἀνακτες οἱ νέοι*.

<sup>12</sup> i. e. prospers.

<sup>13</sup> *χοῖραι* seems to mean porkers, not yet fully fatted, in opposition to *σώλους*. See Eustath. on vs. 81.

<sup>14</sup> The suitors.

livelihood was immense, no one of heroes, either of black Epirus, or Ithaca itself, possesses so much; nor do twenty men together possess so much wealth; but I will reckon it for thee. He has twelve herds on the continent; as many flocks of sheep, as many herds of swine, and strangers and herdsmen there feed as many large flocks of goats. And there they feed large flocks of goats, eleven in all, on the extreme part of the land; and excellent men superintend them. Each of them daily brings home a goat, whichever appears to be the best of the fatted goats. But I guard and keep these swine, and having chosen out the best of the swine, I send it away to them."

Thus he spoke; but he briskly eat the meat, and greedily drank the wine, in silence; and he planted (in mind) evils for the suitors. But when he had supped, and strengthened his mind with food, having filled the cup from which he himself drank, he<sup>15</sup> gave it to him, full of wine; but he received it, and rejoiced in mind, and addressing him spoke winged words:

"O friend, who thus opulent and powerful, as thou sayest, purchased thee with his possessions? thou sayest that he perished for the sake of the honour of Agamemnon. Tell me, in case by chance I know him, who is such a one. For Jove perhaps knows this, and the other immortal gods, if having seen him I could give news of him; for over many [lands] have I wandered."

But him the swineherd, chieftain of men, immediately answered: "O old man, no man having come after wandering, bringing news of him, would persuade his wife and beloved son. But wandering fellows, in want of support, speak falsehoods<sup>16</sup> to no purpose, nor do they wish to relate the truth. But whoever, having wandered, arrives at the people of Ithaca, he, coming to my mistress, speaks deceitful things. But she, having received him well, entertains him, and investigates every thing, and the tears fall from the eyes of her weeping, as is the wont of woman, when her husband perishes elsewhere. Perhaps thou, even thyself, O old man, would fabricate some story, [if any one would give thee a cloak and tunic as garments]. But the dogs and swift birds already have

<sup>15</sup> Eumæus.

<sup>16</sup> So Cassandra says of herself in *Æsch. Ag.* 1195. ἡ ψευδόμαντις ἐμυ θυροκόπος φλέδων;

torn the skin from his bones; and life has left him; or him the fishes have eaten in the sea, and his bones lie upon the shore, wrapped up in much sand. Thus he perished from hence; but for all his friends hereafter sorrows are prepared, and especially for me; for I shall no longer find another master so mild, wherever I go, not if I should again come to the house of my father and mother where I was first born, and they nurtured me. Nor do I much lament for them, although desiring to behold them again with mine eyes, being in my paternal land; but regret for absent Ulysses possesses me. I have awe in naming him,<sup>17</sup> O stranger, although not present; for he loved me exceedingly, and took care of me in his mind, but I call him 'honoured<sup>18</sup> senior,' although at a distance."

But him much-enduring divine Ulysses addressed in turn: "O friend, since thou dost altogether deny it, nor thinkest at all that he will return, but thy mind is ever incredulous, yet I will not merely say, but [will say it] with an oath, that Ulysses returns: but let this be the reward of my good news; immediately, when he shall return to his house, [put on me a cloak and tunic, beautiful garments;] but before that, I would not receive them, although very much in want. For he is hated by me, equally with the gates of hell, who, yielding to poverty, speaks deceiving words. Now be witness, Jove, first of the gods, and the hospitable table, and the hearth of blameless Ulysses, to which I am come; surely all these things shall be performed, as I relate them; but Ulysses will return here in this same year; when this month wanes, and another begins, he will return home, and will be revenged upon him, whosoever here dishonours his wife and his noble son."

But him answering thou didst address, O swineherd Eumæus: "O old man, I shall neither pay this reward for good news, nor will Ulysses any more return home; but drink in peace, and let us be mindful of other things besides, nor put me in mind of these things: for surely my mind in my breast is grieved, whenever any one makes mention of the

<sup>17</sup> "Propter magnam beneficiorum, quæ in me contulit, copiam et benignitatem, qua me amplexus est, vel absentem solo Ulyssio nomine appellare revercor, sed vel tunc eum voco fratrem majorem, ut qua reverentia in eum sim affectus, significem." Loewe.

<sup>18</sup> Τὸ δὲ ἡθεῖε προσφώνησις ἐστὶ νεωτέρου πρὸς μείζονα, Schol. Ambros. So Hesych. ἡθεῖος—σεπτικὴ προσαγόρευσις πρὸς πρεσβύτερον.

good king. However we will leave alone the oath; but may Ulysses come, as I wish he should, and Penelope, and aged Laertes, and godlike Telemachus. Now again I lament unceasingly for the son, whom Ulysses begot, Telemachus: since the gods had nourished him, like unto a plant; and I said that he would not be at all inferior amongst men to his dear father, admirable as to his frame and form; but some one of the immortals has injured his mind which was equal within, or some of men; but he has gone in quest of news of his father, to divine Pylos: but for him the illustrious suitors lie in ambush as he is returning home, that the clan of godlike Arce-sias may perish entirely from Ithaca without a name. But however we will leave him, whether he is wandering or flying away, and may the son of Saturn hold his hand over him. But come, do thou, O old man, relate to me thine own sorrows, and tell me this truly, that I may know it well, who art thou? from whence art thou of men? where are thy city and parents? in what kind of ship didst thou come? how did the sailors conduct thee to Ithaca? whom did they boast themselves to be? for I do not think at all that thou camest here on foot."

But him much-planning Ulysses answering addressed: "Then I will tell thee these things very truly. If now we had for a long time both food and sweet wine, when we are within your lodge, to feast at ease, but should others attend to their business: I should not easily then finish, even for a whole year, telling of the sorrows of my mind, all the things whatever I have toiled through by the will of the gods. I boast myself to be of the race of spacious Crete, the son of an opulent man: but many other sons also were both nourished and born in his palace, legitimate from his wife; but me a purchased mother brought forth, a concubine, but Castor Hylacides, of whose race I boast myself to be, honoured me equally with his legitimate sons; who formerly was honoured, as a god, by the people amongst the Cretans, on account of his prosperity, and riches, and his glorious sons. But however the fates of death came bringing him to the abodes of Pluto; and his high-minded sons divided his livelihood, and cast lots [for the shares]: but to me they gave very few things, and allotted me a dwelling. But on account of my excellence I married a wife fit for wealthy men: since I neither was vain, nor cowardly in war; but now all things

have failed; however I think that thou wilt know [the ear] when thou beholdest the straw:<sup>19</sup> for much woe possesses me. Mars indeed and Minerva bestowed courage on me, and power to break through ranks, whenever for an ambush I chose excellent men, sowing evils for mine enemies: nor did my noble mind ever set death before mine eyes; but having leaped on far the foremost with my spear, I slew whoever of hostile men gave way to me with their feet. Such a one I was in war; but work<sup>20</sup> was not agreeable to me, nor house-keeping, which nurtures noble children: but oar-equipped ships were always loved by me, and wars, and well-polished javelins, and arrows, mournful things, which are objects of shuddering to others. But to me these things were dear, these things the deity placed in my mind; for different men are delighted with different employments. For before the sons of the Grecians embarked against Troy, nine times I was commander over men, and swift ships, against foreign men: and all things turned out well for me; from these<sup>21</sup> I chose out what was agreeable to my mind, and many things I afterwards obtained by lot; but my house rapidly increased, and then I became mighty and revered amongst the Cretans. But when wide-seeing Jove determined on this hateful expedition, which loosened the knees of many men, then they ordered me and illustrious Idomeneus to take the command of the ships to Troy; nor was there any contrivance to refuse it, for the clamour of the people was harsh. There indeed for nine years we sons of the Grecians waged war, but in the tenth having destroyed the city of Priam, we embarked homewards with our ships; and the deity dispersed the Grecians. But for wretched me planning Jove devised evil; for for a month only I remained delighted with my parents, and my virgin-wedded wife, and my possessions. But then my mind incited me to sail to Egypt, having well-equipped ships with godlike companions. I equipped nine ships, and quickly were the people collected together. For six days then my beloved companions feasted; but I gave [them] many victims, both to sacrifice to the gods, and to furnish a banquet for themselves. But on the seventh,

<sup>19</sup> i. e. seeing me in my present infirm old age, thou wilt guess what I was when young. See Loewe.

<sup>20</sup> i. e. agriculture.

<sup>21</sup> i. e. from the booty, the results of my labours.



embarking from spacious Crete, we sailed with a clear, beautiful north wind, easily, and as if down the stream; nor indeed was any one of my ships injured, but we sat unscathed and free from disease; and the wind and the helmsmen directed them. But on the fifth day we came to fair-streamed Egypt; and I stationed my ships, rowed on both sides, in the river Egyptus;<sup>22</sup> then indeed I ordered my beloved companions to remain there near to the ships, and to draw up the ships; and I urged watches to go to watch-places. But they, yielding to insolence, following their own impulse, very quickly laid waste the beautiful fields of the Egyptians, and took away their wives and infant children, and slew them. And the clamour soon reached the city; and they, hearing the cry, came together with the shining morn: and the whole plain was filled with foot and horse, and the glittering of brass: but thunder-rejoicing Jove cast a cowardly panic upon my companions, nor did any one dare to remain opposed to them;<sup>23</sup> for evils surrounded them<sup>24</sup> from on every side. There they slew many of us indeed with the sharp brass, and some they led away alive, to work for them by necessity. But Jove himself put this thought in my breast, (would that I had died, and drawn on my fate there in Egypt! for calamity still then awaited me): I immediately took the well-made helmet from my head, and the shield from my shoulders, and I threw my spear out of my hand: but I came opposite the horses of the king, and taking hold of his knees I kissed them; but he freed me, and took pity on me: and having set me in his chariot, he led me home shedding tears. Many of them indeed rushed against me with their ash-shafted spears,<sup>25</sup> desiring to kill me, (for they were very wroth,) but he warded them off: for he revered the anger of hospitable Jove, who is especially indignant at evil deeds. Then indeed I for seven years remained there, and collected many possessions amongst Egyptian men, for all offered gifts. But when at length the eighth year came revolving round, then a Phœnician man came, knowing deceitful things, crafty, who indeed had worked many evils for men; who took me away, over-per-

<sup>22</sup> The Nile. Cf. Pausan. ix. 40, Ὀμηρος τοῖς ἀρχαίοις ἐχρήσατο δνόμασιν, καθότι καὶ Ἀγυπτον τὸν ποταμὸν εἶπεν, οὐ Νεῖλον. Loewe

<sup>23</sup> The Egyptians.

<sup>24</sup> The companions of Ulysses.

<sup>25</sup> This is the full meaning of μελίησιν.



suading me by his wit, until we came to Phœnicia, where his houses and possessions lay. There with him I remained for a full year. But when the months and days were now finished, the year revolving round again, and the seasons came on, he set me in a sea-traversing ship, [to go] to Libya, having plotted false things, that I take freight together with him, but in order that he might transport me thither [to be sold as a slave], and receive a vast price [for me]. I attended him in the ship by necessity, although suspecting. And it ran with a clear beautiful north wind to the middle main beyond Crete: but Jove devised destruction for them. But when we had now left Crete,<sup>26</sup> nor did any other land appear, but the heaven and the sea, then at length the son of Saturn reared an azure clond above the hollow ship; and the sea grew dark<sup>27</sup> beneath it. But Jove thundered frequently, and hurled a thunder-bolt upon the ship: and it was all whirled about, stricken by the thunder-bolt of Jove, and it was filled with sulphur, and all (the sailors) fell from the ship. And they, like unto gulls, were borne on the waves around the black ship: and God took away their return. But Jove gave to me in mine hands, although having griefs in mind, the unbroken mast of the azure-prowed ship, that I might still escape calamity. Clinging around this, I was borne along by the destructive winds: for nine days I was borne, but in the tenth black night a mighty rolling billow drifted me to the land of the Thesprotians. There the hero Pheidon, king of the Thesprotians, entertained me without expense: for his dear son, coming to me subdued with cold and toil, led me home, having raised me by the hand, until he reached the house of his sire. And he put on me a cloak and tunic as garments.

"There I heard of Ulysses; for he said that he entertained him, and received him kindly, as he was returning to his paternal land. And he showed me the possessions which Ulysses had collected together, brass, and gold, and much-wrought steel. And it would feed another family even to the tenth generation; so much treasure lay for him in the palace

<sup>26</sup> Cf. xii. 403, sqq. Moschus, Id. ii. 127. ἡδ' ὅτε δὴ γαίης ἀπο πατρίδος ἦεν ἀνυθὲν φαίνεται δ' οὐτ' ἀκτὴ τις ἀλγίροος, οὐτ' ὄρος αἰπὸν, ἄλλ' αἶψα μὲν ὑπερθεῖν, ἐνερθε δὲ πόντος ἀπείρων.

<sup>27</sup> So Alciphron, Op. i. 1. ἐπιφρίκει μὲν δὲ πόντος μελανόμορος. Paccuvius, "inhorrescit mare, tenebræ conduplicantur, noctisque et nimbūm occæcat nigror."

of the king. But he said that he was gone to Dodona, that he might ask the counsel of the deity from the lofty-tressed oak of Jove, how he should return to the rich people of Ithaca, having now been a long time absent, whether openly or secretly. And he swore to me myself, making libations in his house, that the ship was launched, and that his companions were ready, who should at length escort him to his dear paternal land. But me he sent away first; for a ship of the Thesprotians happened to be going to wheat-abounding Dulichium. Then he ordered them to conduct me diligently to king Acastus: but an evil plan concerning me pleased them in their mind, that I might still be in woe in addition to calamity. But when the sea-traversing ship had sailed far away from the land, they immediately plotted for me the day of slavery. They took off my cloak and tunic, my garments, and then around me threw another sordid rag, and tunic, tattered, which even thou thyself beholdest with thine eyes. But in the evening they came to the tilled-lands of Western Ithaca; there indeed they bound me down in the well-benched ship, firmly, with a well-twisted cable; but they disembarking, hastily took a supper near the shore of the sea. But the gods themselves easily bent back my bond; and wrapping a rag around my head, I descended down the polished rudder, and made my breast approach the sea: then I rowed on with both my hands, swimming, and I was very quickly out of the way, at a distance from them. Then going up where there was a thicket of a flourishing wood, I lay crouching down; but they walked about groaning greatly: but it did not appear to them to be better to search further; therefore they embarked again in the hollow ship: but the gods themselves easily concealed me; and leading me away, made me approach the abode of a skilful man; for still it is fated for me to live."

But him thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "Ah wretched one of strangers! thou hast excited my mind very much, relating each of these things, how much thou hast suffered, and how much thou hast wandered. But I do not think that these things are right, nor wilt thou persuade me, speaking about Ulysses; why is it fit that thou, being such a one, shouldst speak falsely, to no purpose? But I myself well know as to the return of my master, that

he was very much hated by all the gods, because they did not subdue him amongst the Trojans, or in the hands of his friends, when he had spun out the toil of the war. Then for him would all the Grecians have made a tomb, and he would have obtained mighty renown, even for his son hereafter. But now the Harpies have snatched him away ingloriously. But I am out of the way amongst the swine; nor do I go to the city except by chance prudent Penelope encourages me to come, when intelligence arrives from any where. But they sitting near him, inquire every thing, both those who are grieving for our long absent king, and those who rejoice, consuming his livelihood with impunity. But to me it is not pleasant to inquire and ask, from the time since an *Ætolian* man deceived me by his tale, who indeed having slain a man, having wandered over much land, came to my abode; and I cherished him very much. He said that he saw him with *Idomeneus* amongst the *Cretans*, repairing his ships, which the tempests had shattered: and he said that he would come, either in the summer or the autumn, bringing many possessions, with his godlike companions. And do thou, O much-sorrowing old man, since the deity has brought thee unto me, neither gratify me at all with falsehoods, nor soothe me at all. For I shall not on that account reverence or entertain thee, but [as] fearing hospitable *Jove*, and pitying thee."

But him much-planning *Ulysses* answering addressed: "Surely thou hast a certain incredulous mind in thy breast, Thee alone, having made an oath, I have not brought over, nor do I persuade thee. But come now, we will make a covenant; but let the gods also, who possess *Olympus*, be witnesses unto both [of us]. If thy master shall return to this house, having put a cloak and tunic as garments upon me, send me to go to *Dulichium*, where it is pleasing to my mind [that I should go]: but if thy master shall not come, as I tell thee, having charged thy servants, cast me down a great rock, that another beggar also may avoid to flatter [with false hopes]."

But him the divine swineherd answering addressed: "O stranger, thus indeed for me there would be glory and excellence amongst men, both immediately, and for the future, if I, when I had brought thee into my tent, and bestowed hospitality on thee, I should afterwards slay thee, and take away

thy dear life, willingly then should I supplicate Jove, the son of Saturn. But now it is time for supper; very soon will my companions be within, that we may prepare an abundant supper in the tent."

Thus they indeed spoke such words to one another. But the swine drew near, and the men who feed the swine came; they fenced them in their accustomed places to sleep; and an immense clamour arose from the swine entering their sty. But he, the divine swineherd, exhorted his companions: "Bring the best of the swine, that I may sacrifice it for my guest from afar; but besides we will ourselves enjoy it, who have toiled for a long time, suffering on account of the white-tusked swine; but others are consuming our labours with impunity."

Thus having spoken, he cleft wood with the hard steel; but they brought in a very fat sow of five years old; they immediately placed it on the hearth; nor was the swineherd forgetful of the immortals, (for he possessed an excellent disposition,) but, having offered the first-fruits, he threw the hair of the head of the white-tusked sow in the fire, and prayed to all the gods, that wise Ulysses might return to his home. But he struck it with a splinter of oak, lifting [it] up, which he left there, having cut it; and life left it: but they cut up and roasted it; and they quickly singed it; but the swineherd put the raw parts over the rich fat, taking away on all sides some flesh for sacrifice<sup>28</sup> from the limbs. And he threw other parts in the fire, having sprinkled them with the fruit of meal, and they cut up the other parts, and stuck them on spits, and roasted them skilfully, and drew it all off:<sup>29</sup> and they threw it all together on the dressers:<sup>30</sup> and the swineherd stood up to carve it (for he understood in his mind what was right); and carving it, he distributed the whole into seven parts: one part, indeed, having made a vow, he gave to the Nymphs, and to Mercury, the son of Maia, and the rest he distributed to each; but he honoured Ulysses with the continuous back of the white-tusked sow: and he delighted

<sup>28</sup> I am indebted to Buttmann for this correct explanation of ἀρχόμενος. See Lexil. p. 169.

<sup>29</sup> See Buttm. Lexil. p. 304, 2.

<sup>30</sup> I am indebted to the note of the old translator for this rendering of ἀλειψας, which Eustathius interprets, ταῖς μαγειρικοῖς τραπέζαις.

the mind of the king; and much-planning Ulysses speaking addressed him: "Mayest thou be so dear to father Jove as thou art to me, since thou honourest me, being such a one, with good things."

But him thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "Eat, O divine one of guests, and delight thyself with these things, such as are present; for God bestows one thing, and refuses another, whatever he wills in his own mind; for he can [do] all things."

He spoke; and made the first offerings to the immortal gods: and having made a libation of dark wine, he placed it in the hands of city-destroying Ulysses, and he sat near his share. And Mesaulius portioned out bread to them, whom the swineherd himself alone<sup>31</sup> had purchased, when his master was absent, without the knowledge of his mistress and of old Laertes. But he bought him from the Taphians with his own possessions. And they stretched out their hands to the viands lying ready before them: but when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, Mesaulius took away the food; and they, satiated with bread and flesh, hastened to bed. But an evil dim-mooned night came on, and Jove rained all night: and the mighty West wind, that ever brings rain, blew. And Ulysses addressed them, trying the swineherd, if any how he would take off his cloak and give it to him, or would urge some one else of his companions to do so: since he took great care of him:

"Hear me now, O Eumæus, and all ye others his companions, I shall speak some word boasting: for maddening wine encourages me, which has excited even a very wise man to sing out loudly, and has set him on to laugh affectedly,<sup>32</sup> and to dance, and has given vent to a word, which was better unspoken. But since I have first cried out, I will not conceal it. Would that I were as young, and my strength as firm, as when we led an ambush under Troy, having contrived it. But Ulysses and Menelaus, the son of Atreus, led, but with them I the third ruled: for they desired me. But when indeed we came to the city and the lofty wall, we lay down near the fortifications amongst the thick bushes, crouching under our arms amongst the reeds and marsh: but an evil night

<sup>31</sup> i. e. with his own money

<sup>32</sup> Cowper well renders ἀπαλὸν γέλασαι, to titter.

came on, the North wind having fallen, frosty, but above there was snow, like as hoar-frost, cold, and ice was congealed around our shields. There all the others had cloaks and garments, and they slept quiet, wrapping round their shoulders with their shields; but I, having set out with my companions, foolishly left my cloak, since I did not suppose that it would be excessively cold: but I followed, having a shield only and a shining girdle. But when it was now the third part of the night, and the stars had departed, then I addressed Ulysses, being near me, nudging him with my elbow (but he readily listened): 'O noble son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, I shall no longer be amongst the living, but the weather overcomes me; for I have not a cloak: a deity deceived me, so that I should only have one garment: but this can now no longer be avoided.' Thus I spoke, but he immediately had this plan in his mind, such a one was he to take counsel, and to fight. And speaking in a low voice, he thus addressed me: 'Be silent now, for fear some one else of the Grecians should hear thee.' He spoke, and he held his head upon his elbow, and spoke: 'Hear me, friends, a divine dream has come upon me in my sleep; for we have come very far from the ships: but let some one go to tell Agamemnon, son of Atreus, the shepherd of the people, in order that he may incite more [men] to come from the ships.' Thus he spoke, but Thoas, son of Andraemon, quickly arose, and he threw off his purple cloak, and set out to run to the ships; but I lay in his garment gladly; and golden-throned Morning shone. Would that I were now thus young, and my strength was firm, then some one of the swineherds in the stalls would give me a cloak, on both accounts, through love and through reverence of such a man: but now they disregard me, having evil garments on my body."

But him thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "O old man, the story is blameless for thee, as to what thou hast related, nor hast thou spoken any profitless word contrary to what is right. Therefore thou shalt not now be in want of a garment, nor of any thing else of the things that are needful for a suppliant who has undergone much, and entreats one; but in the morning thou shalt shake thine own rags about thee. For there are not many cloaks and change of garments here to put on, but one only for each man. [But

when the dear son of Ulysses returns, he himself will give thee a cloak and tunic as garments, and will send thee wherever thy heart and mind commands thee.”]

Thus having spoken he leaped up; and he placed a bed for him near the fire, and on it he threw skins of sheep and goats. Then Ulysses lay down; and he spread over him a thick and large cloak, which afforded him a change, to put on, when any terrible storm arose.

Thus then Ulysses slept there, and the young men slept near him, but a bed there did not please the swineherd, to sleep away from the swine: and going out, he armed himself; and Ulysses rejoiced, because indeed he took care of his property when he was at a distance. First then he girt a sharp sword around his sturdy shoulders, and put on a very thick garment, to ward off the wind, and he took the fleece of a large, well-nourished goat, and he took a sharp javelin, for a warder off of dogs and men. And he set out to lie down where the white-tusked swine slept under a hollow rock, under shelter from the North wind.

## BOOK XV.

### ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, whilst staying at Lacedæmon with Pisistratus, son of Nestor, is admonished by Minerva in a dream, and sets out for Ithaca. After a brief stay at Phere, he reaches Pylos, when, just as he is on the point of embarking, Theoclymenus, an Argive prophet, entreats him to take him on board, as he was a fugitive, having committed murder. Meanwhile Eumæus relates to Ulysses how he reached Ithaca. Telemachus arrives at Ithaca, commands his companions to take the ship to the city, commits Theoclymenus to the care of one of them, and himself goes to Eumæus.

BUT Pallas Minerva went to wide<sup>1</sup> Lacedæmon, to put the glorious son of magnanimous Ulysses in mind of his return, and to incite him to go back. And she found Telemachus and the glorious son of Nestor sleeping in the vestibule of renowned Menelaus: the son of Nestor indeed [she found] overcome with soft sleep; but sweet sleep did not possess Telemachus, but in his mind he raised up cares for his father throughout

<sup>1</sup> See Loewe on vi. 4.



the ambrosial night: and blue-eyed Minerva standing near addressed [him]:

"O Telemachus, no longer to advantage art thou wandering a long time from thine home, leaving both thy possessions, and men so overbearing in thine house: lest they, having made a division, should consume<sup>2</sup> all thy possessions, and thou shouldst have come a vain journey. But as quickly as possible exhort Menelaus, gallant in battle, to send thee, that thou mayest still find thy blameless mother at home; (for now her father and brothers encourage her to marry Eurymachus; for he surpasses all the suitors in gifts, and has increased the bridal presents;) for fear some property should be taken away from thine house against thy will. For thou knowest what is the mind in the breast of a woman; she wishes to increase the house of that man, whoever weds her, but she no longer is mindful of her former children and virgin-wedded<sup>3</sup> husband, who is dead, nor does she inquire for him. But do thou thyself go and commit every thing to [one] of the servants, whoever appears to thee to be the best, until the gods show thee a good wife. But I indeed will tell thee something else; and do thou set it in thy mind. The chiefs of the suitors carefully lie in ambush for thee in the strait of Ithaca and rugged Samos, longing to slay thee, before thou dost reach thy paternal land. But I do not think these things [will happen]; the earth will first hold some one of the suitors, who are consuming thy livelihood. But keep thy well-built ship far away from the island, and sail, nevertheless, in the night; and [one] of the immortals will send thee a prosperous gale from behind, whoever guards and preserves thee. But when thou shalt reach the first shore of Ithaca, hasten thy ship and all thy companions to the city; and do thou first go to the swineherd, who is the guardian of thy swine; but, nevertheless, he has a kind disposition. And sleep there during the night; and urge him [to go] within the city to give a message to prudent Penelope, that thou art safe, and hast arrived from Pylos."

Thus having spoken, she departed to lofty Olympus. But he roused the son of Nestor from sweet sleep [moving him with his heel, and addressed him in words]: "Rise, O Pisis-

<sup>2</sup> Cf. xiv. 223, *οικωφέλῃ*.

<sup>3</sup> Or rather, "true, legitimate." See Buttm. Lexil. p. 393.

tratus, son of Nestor, leading the solid-hoofed steeds, yoke them under the chariot, that we may perform our journey."

But him Pisistratus, the son of Nestor, answered in turn: "O Telemachus, it is not possible for us, although hastening on our journey, to drive through the gloomy night: but it will soon be morning. But remain, until the spear-renowned hero Atrides, Menelaus, bringing presents, shall place them in our chariot, and addressing us with kindly words, shall send us away. For a guest all his days is mindful of that hospitable man who affords entertainment."

Thus he spoke; and immediately the golden-throned morning came; and Menelaus, gallant in battle, came near them, rising from his bed, from fair-haired Helen. But when the dear son of Ulysses perceived him, the hero hastening put a shining tunic about his body, and threw a large robe over his sturdy shoulders: and he went out of the door, and Telemachus, the dear son of divine Ulysses, standing near addressed him: "O Menelaus, Jove-nurtured son of Atreus, chieftain of the people, now then send me away to my dear paternal land; for now my mind desires to reach home."

But him Menelaus, gallant in battle, answered: "O Telemachus, I will not detain thee here for much time, since thou art anxious for thy return: I should also be indignant at any other man who receives guests, who should love one very much, or hate one very much; but all things that are proper are best. He is an equal evil, both he who urges a guest who is not willing to return, and he who detains one hastening [to depart]. [It is fit to receive a guest kindly when present, and to send him away willingly.<sup>1</sup>] But remain, until I bring beautiful gifts and place them on the chariot, and thou mayest behold them with thine eyes; and I will tell the women to prepare a banquet in the palace, enough of the things that are within. It is both a glory, and honour, and an advantage, [for men] to set out over a long, boundless tract, having feasted. But if thou dost wish to turn your course through Hellas, and the middle of Argos, then I will myself attend thee, and will yoke my horses, and will show thee the cities of men; nor will any one send us away in vain, but will give

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Theocrit. Id. xvi. 27. μηδὲ ξεινοδόκον κακὸν ἐμμεναι· ἀλλὰ τραπέζῃ μελίσσαντ' ἀποτίμψαι, ἐπὶ αὖ ἐθίλιοντι νέεσθαι.

us some one thing at least to carry away, either some one of brazen tripods, or cauldrons, or two mules, or a golden cup."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: O Menelaus, Jove-nurtured son of Atreus, chieftain of the people, I would rather<sup>5</sup> now return to my own home: (for on setting out I did not leave behind a guard over my possessions,) lest seeking for my godlike sire, I myself should perish, or some excellent treasure should be lost to me from the palace."

But when Menelaus, gallant in battle, heard this, he immediately commanded his wife and maid-servants to prepare a feast in the palace, enough of the things that were within. And Eteoneus, son of Boëtheus, came near him, rising from his bed, since he did not dwell far off from him: him, Menelaus, gallant in battle, ordered to light a fire, and to roast meat: and he, having heard, did not disobey him. But he himself descended to his fragrant chamber, not alone, [for] Helen and Megapenthes went with him. But when they came there, where lay his treasures, the son of Atreus then took a round cup, and ordered his son Megapenthes to carry a silver bowl; and Helen stood near the chests, where were her all-variegated garments, which she herself wrought. Helen, divine one of women, having taken one of these, brought it, which was the most beautiful in its embroidery and the largest: and it shone like a star, and lay lowest of all. And they set out to go onward through the house, until they came to Telemachus; but him auburn-haired Menelaus [thus] addressed:

"O Telemachus, may Jove, the loud-sounding husband of Juno, so accomplish thy return, as thou desirest in thy mind. But of the presents, whatever treasures lie in my house, I will give thee that which is most beautiful and precious. I will give thee a wrought bowl: but it is all silver, and the lips are bound with gold; it is the work of Vulcan: but the hero Phædimus, king of the Sidonians, gave it [to me], when his house sheltered me, as I was returning from thence; but I wish to give this to thee."

Thus having spoken, the hero Atreides placed the round cup in his hands; but strong Megapenthes bringing the shining silver bowl, placed it before him: and fair-checked Helen

\* Cf. Buttm. Lexil. p. 195.

stood near him, having a garment in her hands, and spoke and said:

"I also give thee this gift, dear child, a memorial of the hands of Helen, against the time of thy most desirable marriage, for thy wife to wear: but in the mean time let it lie in thy palace near thy dear mother; and mayest thou rejoicing reach thy well-built house, and thy paternal land."

Thus having spoken, she placed it in his hands; but he received it rejoicing. And the hero Pisistratus having received them, placed them in the basket,<sup>6</sup> and regarded all things in his mind. But auburn-haired Menelaus led them to the house; and they then sat down on the benches and thrones. And the handmaiden bringing water in a beautiful golden ewer, poured it over a silver cauldron to wash in; and near them she spread a polished table. And the venerable housekeeper bringing food, set it near them [putting many dainties on it, gratifying them as well as she could from the things at hand]. And near [them] the son of Boëthius divided the meat, and distributed the shares, and the son of glorious Menelaus poured out wine: and they stretched out their hands to the food that was lying ready before them. But when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, then Telemachus and the illustrious son of Nestor yoked the horses, and mounted the variegated chariot: and they drove out of the vestibule and resounding portico. And auburn-haired Menelaus, son of Atreus, went after them, having sweet wine in his right hand, in a golden cup, that they might go, having made a libation. And he stood before the horses; and pledging them, he spoke:

"Farewell, O youths, and bid Nestor the shepherd of the people [hail], for to me he was mild as a father, as long as we sons of the Grecians waged war in Troy."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "And by all means, O thou nurtured of Jove, as thou desirest, when we arrive we will relate all these things to him; so may I, having returned, reaching Ithaca, tell Ulysses in his house how I come, having met with all kindness from thee, and I bring many and excellent treasures."

<sup>6</sup> Hesych. περίρθηος, πλέγμα, τό ἐπὶ τῆς ἀμάξης. Schol. on II. xxiv. 190. περίρθηα, τό ἐπικείμενον τῇ ἀμάξῃ πλωθίον, ἐφ' οὗ φέρουσι τὰ φορτία, & καὶ ὑπερτιρίαν καλοῦσι.

As he was thus speaking a bird flew on his right hand, an eagle, bearing a large white goose in its talons, tame, from the court : and men and women followed shouting : and it, coming near to them, rushed on their right hand before the horses, and they beholding it rejoiced, and the mind of all was delighted in their breasts. But to them Pisistratus, son of Nestor, began the discourse : " Now tell me, O Jove-nurtured Menelaus, chieftain of the people, if God has shown this as a sign to us, or to thee thyself."

Thus he spoke : but Mars-beloved Menelaus meditated, reflecting in what way he should answer him rightly. But long-robed Helen spoke, anticipating him : " Listen to me, and I will prophesy, as the immortals put it in my mind, and as I think it will be accomplished. As this [eagle] coming from the mountain, where is its race and birth, snatched away the goose, which had been nurtured delicately in the house ; so Ulysses, having suffered many ills, and having wandered much, will return home and be revenged ; or is already at home, and devises evil for all the suitors."

But her prudent Telemachus answered in turn : " May Jove, the loud-sounding husband of Juno, so bring it to pass, then would I, even there, make vows to thee, as to a god."

He spoke, and threw the scourge upon the horses : and they very quickly rushed to the plain from the city, eager. And they all the day, having the yoke around [their necks], shook it : and the sun set, and all the ways were overshadowed. And they came to Pheræ, to the house of Diocles, son of Orsilochus, whom Alphæus begot as his son. And there they slept during the night ; and he set before them hospitable gifts. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, they yoked the horses, and mounted the variegated chariot : and they drove out of the vestibule and resounding portico. And he scourged them that they should go on ; and they not unwilling flew. And they quickly came to the lofty citadel of Pylos : and then Telemachus addressed the son of Nestor :

" O son of Nestor, how, having promised what I ask, wouldst thou perform it ? throughout we profess ourselves to be acquaintances from the friendship of our fathers ; but we are also of equal age ; and this journey will more confirm us in unity of mind. Do not take me beyond out of the way of

the ship, but leave me here, lest the old man should detain me against my will in his house, longing to entertain me: but it is necessary for me to return immediately."

Thus he spoke; but the son of Nestor considered in his mind, how, having made a promise to him, he might perform it rightly. And thus to him considering it seemed to be better; he turned the horses to the swift ship and the shore of the sea; and he took out [and placed in] the stern of the ship the beautiful presents, the garment and gold, which Menelaus gave him; and urging him, he spoke winged words:

"In haste now embark, and order all thy companions, before I reach home, and inform the old man. For I know this well in my breast and in my mind, how violent is his temper, nor will he let thee go: but he will himself come here to call thee: nor do I think that thou wilt go away empty; for he will be very wrath."

Thus having spoken, he drove the beautiful-haired horses back to the city of the Pylians, and quickly reached the dwelling. And Telemachus commanded his companions, urging them on: "Put in order the tackle, my companions, in the black ship; and let us ourselves embark, that we may perform our voyage."

Thus he spoke; and they heard him well, and obeyed. And they quickly embarked and sat down upon the benches. He indeed was toiling thus, and praying, and he sacrificed to Minerva near the stern of the ship; and a foreigner came near him, flying from Argos, a prophet, having slain a man:<sup>7</sup> but he was a descendant of the race of Melampus, who formerly dwelt in Pylos, the mother of sheep, opulent, inhabiting a very excellent house amongst the Pylians: then indeed he came to another people, flying his country, and magnanimous Neleus, most illustrious of the living, who kept his great possessions for a whole year by force: but he in the mean time

<sup>7</sup> On this exile of murderers the student will do well to consult Müller's *Eumenides*, § 44, p. 129, &c. He remarks that "in the Heroic age the punishment for homicide was on the whole more severe than in the Attic courts and Platonic scheme of laws. For," as he observes in reference to the present passage of Homer, "the pursuit of vengeance was carried beyond the frontiers; neither was it limited in its operation as by Attic law, but was exercised in all its relentlessness; even in foreign countries the fugitive murderer was in constant apprehension of the avenger."



was bound in the palace of Phylacus<sup>8</sup> in a difficult bond, suffering violent griefs, on account of the daughter of Neleus, and a heavy calamity, which the goddess, dreadful to be approached,<sup>9</sup> the Fury, placed in his mind. But he escaped death, and drove the loud-lowing bees to Pylos from Phylace, and took revenge on godlike Neleus, for his shameful conduct, and brought home a wife for his brother. And he came to another people, to horse-pasturing Argos; for there it was fated for him to dwell, ruling over many Argives. There he married a wife, and built a lofty-roofed house, and begot Antiphates and Mantius, brave sons. Antiphates begot magnanimous Oileus: but Oileus begot people-stirring Amphiarus, whom Ægis-bearing Jove and Apollo loved exceedingly in their heart, in every kind of friendship; but he did not reach the threshold of old age, but perished in Thebes, on account of woman's presents.<sup>10</sup> His sons were Alemæon and Amphiloehus. Mantius besides begot Polyphides and Clytus: but golden-throned Aurora snatched away Clytus, on account of his beauty, that he might live amongst the immortals. But Apollo made noble-minded Polyphides a prophet, far the most excellent of mortals, (when Amphiarus had died,) who ruled over Hyperesia, enraged with his father; there he dwelling prophesied to all mortals. His son approached, but Theoclymenus was his name, who then stood near Telemachus; and he found him making a libation and praying near the swift black ship; and addressing him, he spoke winged words:

"O friend, since I find thee sacrificing in this place, I entreat thee by the sacrifices and the deity, but afterwards by thine own head, and thy companions who follow thee, tell me

<sup>8</sup> Iphiclus, the son of Phylacus, had seized and detained cattle belonging to Neleus; Neleus ordered his nephew Melampus to recover them, and, as security for his obedience, seized on a considerable part of his possessions. Melampus attempted the service, failed, and was cast into prison; but at length escaping, accomplished his errand, vanquished Neleus in battle, and carried off his daughter Pero, whom Neleus had promised to the brother of Melampus, but had afterwards refused her. Cowper.

<sup>9</sup> Δασπληγίς, δυσπληγίς τις οὖσα, ὅ ἐστι δυσπέλαστος. Schol. Ambros. Cf. Etym. M. F. 55, A. Schol. on Theocrit. ii. 14. Alberti on Hesych. t. i. p. 891, sq.

<sup>10</sup> See xi. 326, sqq. Eriphyle is meant.



truly who am inquiring of thee, nor conceal it. Who art thou? from whence art thou amongst men? Where are thy city, and thy parents?"

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Therefore I will tell thee very accurately, O stranger. I am from Ithaca by race, and my father is Ulysses, if he ever was alive:<sup>11</sup> but now he has perished by a miserable death. Therefore now taking companions and a black ship, I have come to inquire after my long-absent sire."

But him godlike Theoclymenus addressed in turn: "So also am I indeed away from my country, having slain a kindred man: but he had many brothers and friends in horse-pasturing Argos, and the Grecians have great power. Avoiding death and black fate at their hands, I fly; since it is now destiny for me to wander amongst men. But put me on board thy ship, since flying I have besought thee, lest they should slay me: for I think that they are pursuing."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "I will not certainly reject thee from my equal ship, if thou art desirous [of going]; but follow, and there thou shalt be entertained with such things as we have."

Thus having spoken, he received from him his brazen spear, and extended it on the deck of the ship rowed on both sides: and he himself embarked in the sea-traversing ship. And then he sat down in the stern; and he seated Theoclymenus near himself: and they (the sailors) loosed the halsers. And Telemachus exhorting his companions, bade them make ready the tackle; and they eagerly obeyed. And raising the pine mast, they placed it within the hollow mast hole, and bound it down with cables; and they hoisted the white sails with well-twisted bull-hides. And to them blue-eyed Minerva sent a favourable gale, blowing sharply upon them through the air, that the ship running along might very quickly make its way over the briny water of the sea. [And they came to Crouni, and to fair-streamed Chalcis.]<sup>12</sup> But the sun set, and all the ways were overshadowed. And it reached Phœæ,<sup>13</sup> driven on by a favourable gale from Jove; and to divine Elis,

<sup>11</sup> An exclamation of grief. See Loewe.

<sup>12</sup> See Loewe.

<sup>13</sup> Properly, "took a right aim so as to hit Phœæ." Cf. Porphy. *Quest. Hom. i.*

where the Epeans rule. From thence he sent it on to the swift<sup>14</sup> islands, meditating whether he should escape death or be taken.

In the mean time Ulysses and the divine swineherd were feasting in the tent: and near them the other men feasted. But when they had taken away the desire of eating and drinking, Ulysses addressed them, trying the swineherd, whether he would still kindly entertain him, and desire him to remain there in the stall, or would incite him *to go* to the city:

"Hear me now, O Eumæus, and ye all the rest of his companions, at dawn I desire to go to the city, in order to beg, that I may not waste away thee and thy companions. But suggest to me well, and also give me a good guide, who indeed may lead me thither: but I myself will wander through the city by necessity, [to see] if any one will give me a small measure of wine, and a meal-cake. And coming to the house of divine Ulysses, I would fain tell the news to prudent Penelope: and I would be mixed with the overbearing suitors, [to see] if they will give me a meal, since they have countless dainties. Quickly would I well perform amongst them, whatever they wished. For I will tell thee, but do thou understand and listen to me, by the will of the messenger Mercury, who indeed awards grace and renown to the works of all men, in serving no other mortal would contend with me, both to keep up a fire well, and to cleave dry faggots, and to carve, and roast, and pour out wine, such things as inferiors are wont to do for the good."

But him thou, O swineherd Eumæus, didst address in great sorrow: "Ah me! stranger, why has this thought been in thy mind? certainly thou altogether desirest to perish there, if thou art willing to enter the crowd of suitors, whose insolence and violence reaches to the steely heaven. There are not such attendants for them, but [there are] young men, clothed well in cloaks and tunics, and always shining as to their heads and beautiful faces, who attend upon them: and the well-polished tables are heavily laden with bread and meat, and wine. But stay here; for no one is hurt by thee being present, neither I, nor any other of my companions, whom I have. But when

<sup>14</sup> i. e. rapidly vanishing from the sight. Cf. Virg. *Æn.* iii. 72, "terraque urbesque recedunt," 270, sq. Lucret. iv. 388, sqq. Valer. Flacc. ii. 8, Silius iii. 156. Rutil. Itin. i. 223.

the dear son of Ulysses comes, he will put on thee a cloak and tunic as garments, and will send thee wherever thy heart and mind bids thee."

But him much-enduring divine Ulysses then answered: "Mayest thou be as dear to the father Jove, O Eumæus, as [thou art] to me, because thou hast made me cease from my wandering and grievous toil: for there is nothing else worse for mortals than wandering. But on account of their pernicious belly men possess evil cares, upon whom wandering and calamity and grief come. But now, since thou detainest me, and commandest me to wait for him, come, tell me about the mother of divine Ulysses, and his sire, whom when he set out he left upon the threshold of old age, if they are by chance still alive under the beams of the sun, or are now dead, and in the houses of Pluto."

But him the swineherd, chief of men, addressed in turn: "Therefore I will tell thee very truly, O stranger: Laertes is still alive, but is for ever praying to Jove, that his life may perish from his limbs in his own palace: for he is violently grieved for his absent son, and his skilful virgin wife, who most of all grieved him when she died, and placed him in an immature old age. But she, through sorrow for her renowned son, perished by a miserable death;<sup>15</sup> so may not any one die, whoever dwelling here is a friend to me, and does friendly acts. Whilst indeed then she was alive, although grieving, so long was it dear to me to inquire and ask her, because she herself nurtured me with long-robed Ctimena, her illustrious daughter, whom she bore youngest of her children: with her I was brought up, and she honoured me but little less. But when we both reached much desirable youth, they immediately sent her to Samos, and received large [dowries]. But me she sent to the country, having clad me with a cloak and tunic, very beautiful garments, and having given me sandals for my feet; but she loved me in her heart still more. But now I am in want of these things; yet the blessed gods increase for me the work, in which I abide; from these things I have eaten and drunk, and have given to objects of pity.<sup>16</sup> But from my mistress I cannot hear any

<sup>15</sup> She either died of a broken heart, or hung herself. See Eustathius.

<sup>16</sup> Venerable, because objects of a regard almost amounting to superstition, as being the necessary objects of hospitality.

soothing word, or [experience]<sup>17</sup> any deed [of kindness]; since evil has fallen upon the house, overbearing men; and the servants greatly desire to speak before their mistress, and to inquire every thing: and to eat and drink: and then to carry something into the country, such things as ever delight the mind of servants."

But him much-counselling Ulysses answering addressed: "Alas! how when thou wast little, O swineherd Eumæus, didst thou wander far from thy country and parents. But come, tell me this, and relate it truly, whether was the wide-wayed city of men plundered, in which thy father and venerable mother dwelt; or did hostile men take thee in ships, when left alone with sheep or oxen, and transport thee to the house of this man, and did he give a fit price [for thee]?"

But him the swineherd, chief of men, addressed in turn: "O stranger, since thou askest of me and inquirest these things, now attend in silence, and delight thyself, and sitting down, quaff wine; but these nights are exceedingly long; it is in our power to sleep, and it is in our power to listen delighted: nor is it fit that thou shouldst go to rest before the time; even much sleep is a pain. But whomsoever of the others his heart and mind commands, let him sleep, having gone away: but together with the shining morn having made his meal, let him attend upon my master's swine. But let us drinking and feasting in the tent, be delighted, recalling to mind the grievous cares of one another: for after a time a man is delighted even with griefs, whosoever has suffered very many things and has wandered much. But I will tell thee this which thou askest and inquirest of me. There is a certain island called Syria (if thou by chance hast heard of it) beyond Ortygia, where are the dials<sup>18</sup> of the sun. It is not so very large; but it is excellent, fit for pasture, rich in sheep, full of wine, abounding in wheat; and hunger never comes upon the people, nor is there any other hateful disease upon wretched mortals; but when the tribes of men grow old in the city, silver-bowed Apollo, coming with Diana, attacking them with his mild weapons, slays them. There

<sup>17</sup> Observe the *zeugma* in ἀκούσαι.

<sup>18</sup> This is the meaning, according to Menage on Diog. Laert. i, followed by Loewe, and Palmer on Hesych. v. Ὀρτυγίη ἡελίου. t. ii. p. 790. But Mr. Burges suggests that it rather denotes "the point where the sun begins to set," from Hesych. l. c.

are two cities, and all things are divided twofold; but my father Ctesius Ormenides, like unto the immortals, reigned over both of them.

But there Phœnicians came, men illustrious by sea, cunning fellows bringing numberless trinkets in their black ship.<sup>19</sup> Now there was a Phœnician woman in the house of my sire, beautiful, and large, and skilled in illustrious weaving works. Her then the crafty Phœnician seduced; some one first mingled with her as she was washing, near the hollow ship, in the couch and in love; which things seduce the minds of women, although one should happen to be a good work-woman. Then indeed he asked her, who she was, and whence she came: and she immediately mentioned the lofty-roofed house of her father: 'I boast to be from brass-abounding Sidon, and I am the daughter of with wealth flowing Arybas; but the Taphians, men given to robbery, snatched me away as I was returning from the fields; and taking me away, they transported me for sale to the house of this man; but he gave a fit price [for me].' But her the man, who mingled with her secretly, again addressed: 'Wouldst thou now again come home together with us, that thou mayest behold the lofty-roofed house of thy father and mother, and them too themselves? for they are still alive, and are called opulent.' But him the woman again addressed and answered in discourse. 'This might be, if ye at least were willing, O sailors, to be pledged with an oath, that ye will take me home unharmed.' Thus she spoke, but they all swore as she commanded. But when they had sworn and completed the oath, the woman again addressed and answered them in discourse: 'Now be silent; let not any one of your companions speak to me with words, when he meets me, either in the road, or by chance at the fountain; for fear some one coming to the house, should tell the old man: but he, suspecting me, should bind me with a difficult bond, and should plan destruction for you. But keep your words in your breast, and hasten the purchase of provisions. But when indeed the ship is now full of means of livelihood, then let a message come quickly to me to the house; for I will bring both gold, whatever comes under my hand, and I would also willingly give other things, as payment for my passage: for I nurse the son of the excellent man in

<sup>19</sup> Cf. Herodot. i. 2, where he gives a similar account respecting Io.

the palace, a very cunning child, that can run with one out of doors; him I would take on board ship; and he would gain a large price for you, wheresoever ye may transport him [for sale] to foreign men.

Thus having spoken, she departed to the beautiful house: but they, remaining there amongst us for a whole year, purchased much substance in their hollow ship: but when the hollow ship was now laden<sup>20</sup> for them to return, then they sent a messenger, to tell the woman; a very skillful man came to the house of my sire, having a golden necklace, and it was set in amber: the handmaidens and my venerable mother turned it round and round with their hands in the palace, and beheld it with their eyes; promising a price [for it]: but he made the sign to her in silence. He however, having made the sign, went to the hollow ship; but she, laying hold of me by the hand, led me out of doors from the house: and she found in the portico both the cups, and the tables of the men who had been feasting, who attended upon my sire: they indeed had gone out to the session, and to the assembly of the people: and she quickly concealing three bowls under her bosom, carried them out; and I followed through my thoughtlessness; and the sun set, and all the ways were overshadowed. And we going swiftly reached the renowned haven; there was the fast-sailing ship of the Phœnicians. They then embarking sailed over the moist ways, having put us on board; and Jove sent a favourable gale. For six days we continually sailed both nights and day; but when Jove, the son of Saturn, brought on the seventh day, then shaft-rejoicing Diana struck the woman; and she resounded as she fell in the hold, like a sea gull: and they threw her out to become a prey to sea-calves, and fishes; but I was left sorrowing at heart. And the wind and the water carrying them along made them approach Ithaca; there Laertes purchased me with his possessions. Thus I beheld this land with my eyes."

But him Jove-born Ulysses answered in discourse: "O Eumæus, very much hast thou moved my mind in my breast, relating each of these things, how many griefs thou hast suffered in thy mind. But however Jove has given good unto thee even with misfortune, since having toiled much thou hast come to the house of a mild man, who liberally affords thee

<sup>20</sup> See Buttmann, Lexil. p. 465.

meat and drink; and thou livest a good life: but I come here, having wandered over many cities of mortals."

Thus they spoke to one another; but they slept for no long time, but for a very little while; for beautiful-throned Morn soon came. But upon the shore the companions of Telemachus loosed the sails, and quickly took down the mast, and drew it on to the port with their oars. And they threw out the anchors, and bound down the halsers. And they themselves went out upon the beach of the sea, and got ready a meal, and mixed the dark wine. But when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, to them prudent Telemachus began discourse:

"Do ye indeed now drive the black ship to the city, but I will go to the country and to [my] shepherds; but in the evening, having seen my fields, I will go to the city: and in the morning I will give you wages for your journey, an excellent feast of flesh and sweet-drinking wine."

But him godlike Theoclymenus addressed in turn: "Where shall I go, my dear son? to the house of whom of the men, who rule over rugged Ithaca, shall I come? Should I go direct to thy mother's and thine house?"

And him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Otherwise I should desire thee to go to our house; for there would be no lacking of hospitable entertainment; but it is worse for thee [to do so]: since I shall be absent, nor will my mother see thee; for she does not by any means appear frequently to the suitors in the house, but away from them weaves a web in the upper room. But I mention to you another man, to whom thou mayest come, Eurymachus, the noble son of wise Polybus, whom the Ithacans now regard equally as a god. For he is by far the best man, and is especially desirous to marry my mother, and to obtain the honour due to Ulysses. But Olympian Jove, who dwells in the sky, knows this, if their evil day will end before marriage."

Whilst he spoke thus, a bird flew on his right hand, a hawk, the swift messenger of Apollo; and in its feet it tore a dove, holding it, and poured the feathers down on the ground, between the ship and Telemachus himself. But Theoclymenus, calling him apart from his companions, took hold of him by the hand, and spoke and addressed him:

"O Telemachus, this bird did not fly on thy right hand



without [the design of] the deity; for when I saw it before me, I perceived that it was an omen. There is no other family more kingly than thine amongst the people of Ithaca, but ye are always powerful."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "I wish this word may be brought to pass, O stranger: then thou wouldst quickly experience my friendship, and many gifts from me, so that any one who met thee would give thee joy."

He spoke, and addressed Piræus his faithful companion: "O Piræus, son of Clytius, since thou even in other things dost obey me most of my companions, who attended me to Pylos; now also, taking the stranger to thy house, entertain him carefully, and honour him until I come."

But him spear-renowned Piræus answered in turn: "O Telemachus, although thou remain here for a long time, I will take care of this man, and there shall be no lack of hospitable entertainment for him."

Thus having spoken, he went on board the ship, and he ordered his companions both themselves to embark, and to loose the halsters. But they quickly went on board, and sat down on the benches. But Telemachus bound beautiful sandals under his feet, and took a strong spear, tipped with sharp brass, from the deck of the ship: and they loosed the halsters. They having thrust out sailed to the city, as Telemachus, the dear son of divine Ulysses, desired them. But his feet carried him on quickly advancing, until he came to the abode, where were his numberless swine, amongst which the swineherd, excellent as he was, slept, having kind feelings towards his masters.

## BOOK XVI.

## ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, having been kindly received by Eumæus, converses with his father, without recognising him, and sends Eumæus to the city, to hear the news of his return to Penelope. Minerva in the mean time restores Ulysses to his former appearance, and he makes himself known to his son. The suitors, who had lain in ambush for Telemachus, return to Ithaca, and meditate fresh plots, for which Antinous is rebuked by Penelope. Eumæus returns at night to Telemachus and Ulysses.

THEY in the mean time, Ulysses and the divine swineherd, were preparing their meal in the lodge together with the dawn, having lit a fire, and they sent out the herdsmen with the field-pasturing swine. But the barking dogs fawned about Telemachus, nor did they bark at him as he approached: but divine Ulysses perceived the dogs fawning, and the sound of feet came about him: and he quickly addressed to Eumæus winged words:

“O Eumæus, certainly some companion of thine will come hither, or some one else, who is known: since the dogs do not bark, but fawn around him: and I hear somewhat the noise of feet.”

Scarcely had he finished speaking, when his dear son stood in the portico: and the swineherd rushed up astonished; and the vessels, with which he was busied, mixing the dark wine, fell from his hands. And he came to meet the king; and he kissed his<sup>1</sup> head, and both his beautiful eyes, and both his hands: and the warm tear fell from him. And as a father being kindly disposed embraces his son, when he comes from a foreign land in the tenth year, his only one, born to him in his old age,<sup>2</sup> for whom he has toiled through many griefs; so then the divine swineherd clinging to godlike Telemachus, kissed him all over, as having escaped from death: and then lamenting he spoke winged words:

“Thou art come, O Telemachus, my sweet light; I said that I should not behold thee again, when thou wentest in a ship to Pylos: but come now, my dear child, enter, that I may be delighted in my mind, beholding thee within, who art lately come from elsewhere: for thou dost not frequently

<sup>1</sup> Observe the force of *ἑπὶ*.

<sup>2</sup> And thence, “tenderly beloved.” Cf. Buttm. Lexil. p. 512.

come to the country, or the herdsmen, but thou dwellest among the people; for so it pleased thy mind, to be a witness of the destructive<sup>3</sup> crowd of suitors."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Thus shall it be, my friend; but I come hither on account of thee, that I may behold thee with mine eyes, and may hear thy account whether my mother still remains in the palace, or whether some other man has now wedded her; and the bed of Ulysses through lack of furniture lies some where possessing foul cobwebs."<sup>4</sup>

But him the swineherd, chief of men, addressed in turn: "She by all means remains in thy palace, with a patient mind: and by her weeping all her wretched nights and days waste away."<sup>5</sup>

Thus having spoken, he received his brazen spear; and he went within, and passed over the stone threshold. And to him approaching his father Ulysses gave way from his seat: but Telemachus on the other side forbade him, and said: "Sit down, O stranger; and we shall find a seat elsewhere in our stall; and the man is near who will place it [for me]."

Thus he spoke; but he going immediately sat down: and the swineherd spread green twigs under for him, and a fleece above; there then the dear son of Ulysses sat down. And near them the swineherd placed dishes of roasted flesh, which they eating had left on the day before: and he hastily heaped up bread in baskets, and mixed sweet wine in an ivy cup: and himself sat opposite divine Ulysses. And they stretched forth their hands to the food lying ready before them. But when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, then Telemachus addressed the divine swineherd:

"My friend, whence has this stranger come? how did sailors bring him to Ithaca? whom did they boast to be? for I do not at all think that he came hither on foot."

<sup>3</sup> On ἀϊόλος see Buttm. Lexil. p. 51, sqq.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Propert. iii. 6, 33, "Patris et in vacuo textetur aranea lecto." In interpreting *ἐνευναίων*, I follow the second explanation of the Scholiast, τῶν περιβολαίων. So Pollux, x. 27, τὰ μὲν στρώματα καὶ ἐπιβλήματα—καὶ τὸ παρ' Ὀμήρῳ ἱμάτιον ἐνευναίων, and Hesych. v. χήτη ἐνευναίων.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Ovid, Ep. i. 7, "Non ego deserto jacuisssem frigida lecto; Nec quererer tardos ire relicta dies: Nec mihi, quærenti spatiosam fallere noctem, Lassaret viduas pendula tela manus."

But him thou didst thus address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "Therefore I will tell thee all things truly, child. He boasts his race [to be] from wide Crete, and he says that wandering he has been tossed about to many cities of mortals; for so for him the deity destined these things. He has now at length come to my stall, having escaped from a ship of the Thesprotians: but I will give him in charge to thee: do as thou desirest; he professes himself to be thy suppliant."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "O Eumæus, truly thou hast spoken this word very grievous to my mind: for how shall I receive the stranger in my house? I myself am young, and I do not yet trust in my hands to ward off a man, when any one is first wroth with me; and my mother's mind is meditating in doubt in her breast, whether she should remain here with me, and should take care of the house, reverencing the bed of her husband, and the voice of the people, or should now accompany him of the Grecians, whatever most excellent man woos her in the palace, and offers her most [gifts]. But as to the stranger, since he has come to thy house, I will put on him a cloak and tunic, beautiful garments; and I will give to him a double-edged sword, and sandals for his feet, and I will send him wherever his heart and mind commands him. But if thou desirest it, take care of him, detaining him in thy stalls: and I will send hither garments, and all his food to eat, that he may not waste away thee and thy companions. But I will not suffer him to go there amongst the suitors; for they possess too infatuate insolence, lest they scoff at him, and there will be grievous sorrow for me. But it is difficult for one man to do any thing amongst many, although [he be] mighty; since they are much superior."

But him much-enduring divine Ulysses addressed in turn: "O my friend, since indeed it is lawful for me to answer, ye much gall my heart, in truth, when I hear what shameful things you say the suitors devise in the palace, against the will of thee who art such a one. Tell me, whether thou art willingly subdued, or do the people, following the voice of a deity, hate thee publicly: or dost thou find any fault with [the conduct of] brothers,<sup>6</sup> in whom, fighting, a man is wont to trust, even if a mighty contest should arise. For would that

<sup>6</sup> See Eustathius.

I were so young in this mind, or the son of blameless Ulysses, or even himself [should come wandering, for there is still some chance of hope], immediately then another man might cut off my head, if I became not an evil to all of them, having come to the palace of Ulysses, the son of Laertes. But if on the contrary they should with numbers overcome me who am alone, I should wish to die slain in mine own palace, rather than always behold these unseemly deeds, strangers harshly insulted,<sup>1</sup> and [men] dragging women servants in an unseemly way through the beautiful house: and wine drawn off, and [the suitors] eating bread uselessly, to no purpose, without an end, for a work that will never be accomplished."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Therefore, O stranger, I will tell thee very truly; neither are all the people wroth with me, hating me, nor do I find fault with brothers, in whom fighting a man is wont to trust, even if a mighty conquest should arise. For thus has the son of Saturn made our race single; Arcesius begot an only son, Laertes, his father again begot Ulysses alone; but Ulysses having begotten me alone, left me in the palace, nor did he have any joy from me: therefore there are numberless enemies in our house. For as many chieftains as rule over the islands, Dulichium, and Samos, and woody Zacynthus, and as many as rule over rugged Ithaca, so many woo my mother, and waste our household. But she does not refuse the hateful marriage, nor can she bring it to a conclusion: but they waste away my property, consuming it; and they will soon destroy me also myself. But however these things lie at the knees of the gods. O father, do thou go quickly, tell to prudent Penelope, that I am safe, and have come from Pylos. But I will remain here; and do thou return hither, having told it to her alone; let not any one of the other Grecians hear it: for many devise evils against me."

But him thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "I know it; I perceive it; thou speakest to one who understands. But come, tell me this, and relate it truly, shall I go a messenger on this same journey to unhappy Laertes, who hitherto greatly grieving for Ulysses, used to oversee the works, and drank and eat with the servants in the house, when the mind in his breast commanded him: but

<sup>1</sup> *Πεσych. στυφελίζομένους, σκληρῶς ὑβρίζομένους.*

now, since thou hast gone in a ship to Pylos, they say that he no longer eats and drinks any thing, nor looks over the works, but he sits lamenting in groaning and sorrow, and his flesh wastes away around his bones."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "It is rather sad; but however we will leave him although sorrowing. For if all things were by any means to be chosen by mortals themselves, first indeed I should choose the return of my father. But do thou, when thou hast told thy news, come back, nor do thou wander in the country after him: but tell my mother to hasten the handmaiden, her housekeeper, as quickly as possible, secretly: for she could inform the old man."

He spoke, and urged on the swineherd: but he took sandals in his hands; and having bound them under his feet he went to the city; nor did the swineherd Eumæus, going from the stall, escape the notice of Minerva: but she came near him, and in her person she was likened unto a woman fair and large, and killed in renowned works of weaving. And she stood at the entrance of the lodge, appearing to Ulysses; nor did Telemachus behold or perceive her; (for the gods do not by any means appear manifest to all;) but Ulysses and the dogs saw her; and they did not bark, but with a yelping they fled to the other side through the stall. But she nodded with her eye-brows, and divine Ulysses perceived her; and he came out of the house, outside the great wall of the hall, and he stood before her; and him Minerva [thus] addressed:

"O Jove-born son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, now tell it to thy son, nor conceal it, that having planned death and Fate for the suitors, thou mayest go to the all-illustrious city: nor will I myself be a long time away from thee, for I am longing to fight."

She spoke, and Minerva struck him with a golden rod: first she placed a well-washed robe and tunic about his breast; and she increased his person and youth. And he again became dark-coloured, and his cheeks were lengthened out; and dark hairs sprang up about his chin. She indeed having done thus, went away again; but Ulysses went to the lodge; and his dear son was astonished at him. And fearing he turned his eyes elsewhere, lest it should be a god; and addressing him, he spoke winged words:

"To me, O stranger, thou appearest just now a different man from what thou wast before, thou hast other garments, and thy complexion is no longer the same. Thou art certainly some god, [of those] who possess the wide heaven. But be propitious, that to thee we may offer grateful sacrifices, and wrought golden presents: and spare us."

But him much-enduring Ulysses immediately answered: "I am no god: why likenest thou me to the immortals? but I am thy father, for whose sake, thou mourning, dost suffer many griefs, having endured the violence of men."

Thus having spoken, he kissed his son, and from his cheeks he dropped a tear on the ground; but before he had restrained himself without ceasing. But Telemachus, (for he by no means believed that it was his father,) immediately answering in words addressed him:

"Thou art not my father Ulysses; but a deity cheats me, that still more lamenting I may mourn: for a mortal man could not have contrived these things by his own mind, except when a god himself coming upon him should easily, if he wished, make him young or old: for thou lately wast certainly old, and wast clothed in unseemly guise, but now thou art like unto the gods, who possess the wide heaven."

But him much-contriving Ulysses addressed in answer: "O Telemachus, it is not right that thou shouldst beyond measure marvel and be astonished at thy dear father being within. For no other Ulysses will any more come here. But I, who am such, having suffered ills, and wandered much, have come in the twentieth year to my paternal land. But this is the work of the huntress Minerva, who made me such a one, as she wishes;—for she has the power—at one time like unto a beggar, at another again like unto a young man, and to one that has beautiful garments around his body. But it is easy for the gods, who possess the wide heaven, both to exalt and to debase a mortal man."

Thus having spoken, he sat down; but Telemachus, throwing himself round his excellent father, wept, shedding a tear. And upon both of them a desire of mourning arose, and they wept shrilly, more violently<sup>a</sup> than eagles, or crooked-taloned vultures, from whom countrymen have taken their young

<sup>a</sup> See Buttm. Lexil. p. 32, 7, and p. 35, 5.



before they are fledged;<sup>9</sup> so they indeed shed a lamentable tear under their eyelids. And now, to them weeping, the light of the sun would have set, had not Telemachus quickly addressed his father:

"In what ship, my dear father, did sailors bring thee hither to Ithaca? whom do they boast to be? for I do not at all think that thou camest here on foot."

But him much-enduring divine Ulysses addressed in turn: "Therefore I will tell thee the truth, my child: the ship-renowned Phæacians brought me, who also escort other men, whoever comes to them. And bringing me asleep in a swift ship over the sea, they placed me in Ithaca; and they gave to me splendid gifts, brass, and gold in abundance, and woven garments. And they lie in caves by the will of the gods. But I am now come hither, by the suggestion of Minerva, that we may consult about the slaughter of our enemies. But come, enumerate the suitors to me, detail them, that I may know both how many, and what men they are: then meditating in my blameless mind, I will consider, if indeed we shall be able to resist them alone without others, or must also seek for others."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "O father, indeed I have always heard of thy great glory, that thou wast a warrior as to thine hands and prudent in counsel. But thou hast spoken something very great, astonishment possesses me: it would not be possible, that two men should contend with many and strong men. There are truly not ten suitors, nor twice ten only, but many more; and you will now soon know the number. From Dulichium indeed there are two and fifty chosen youths, and six servants follow them; and from Samos there are four and twenty men; and from Zacynthus there are twenty youths of the Grecians; and from Ithaca itself twelve, all most excellent: and with them there is the herald Medon, and the divine bard, and two servants, skilled in cooking. If we should meet with all these within, [I dread] lest coming thou wouldst bitterly and grievously<sup>10</sup> be revenged on their violence. But do thou, if thou

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Æsch. Ag. 47, *τρόπον αἰγυπίων, οἷτ' ἱκατίοις ἀλγιστὶ παίδων ὕπατοι λεχέων στροφοδινούνται, Πτερόγων ἱετρωσίαν ἱρυσσόμενοι, Διμιοστήρ πόνου ὀρταλίων ὀλέσαντες.*

<sup>10</sup> i. e. to thy cost.

canst think of any assistant, mention him; whoever would aid us with a ready mind."

But him much-enduring divine Ulysses addressed in turn: "Therefore I will tell thee; and do thou attend, and listen to me, and consider, if Minerva, with father Jove, will suffice for us, or shall I think of some other assistant?"

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "These twain whom thou mentionest are excellent assistants, although sitting on high in the clouds; they also rule over other men, and the immortal gods."

But him much-enduring divine Ulysses addressed in turn: "They twain indeed will not be a long time absent from the severe contest, when the strength of Mars is determined in my palace between the suitors and us. But do thou go home, with the dawning morn, and associate with the perfidious suitors: but the swineherd shall afterwards take me to the city, like unto a sordid beggar and aged man. And if they shall dishonour me in the house, let thy dear heart endure it in thy breast, when I am ill treated, although they should drag me through the house by my feet, or should strike at me with weapons: but do thou looking on restrain thyself; but, however, desire them to cease from their foolishness, speaking to them with mild words; but they will not obey thee; for their fatal day now stands near them. [And<sup>11</sup> I tell thee something else, but do thou lay it up in thy mind; when much-counselling Minerva shall put it in my mind, I will nod to thee with my head; do thou then, when thou perceivest it, take as many warlike arms as lie in the palace, and place them in the recess of the lofty chamber; but deceive the suitors with mild words, when desiring them they inquire of you, [saying,] 'I have placed them out of the smoke; since they are no longer like unto those, which Ulysses left, departing for Troy, but they are soiled, as far as the vapour of the fire has reached them. But this also of still greater consequence the son of Saturn has put in my mind, lest by chance intoxicated, having raised a quarrel amongst you, ye should wound one another, and disgrace the feast, and the wooing; for the steel of itself draws on a man.'<sup>12</sup> But for us alone

<sup>11</sup> There is much doubt respecting this passage as far as vs. 298. See Clarke.

<sup>12</sup> Clarke aptly compares Tacitus, Hist. i. 80, "et visa inter temulentos arma cupidinem sui movere." Cf. Dupont, *Gnom. Hom.* p. 235.

leave two swords and two spears, and two shields of bulls' hides to take in our hands: that rushing upon them we may seize them; but then Pallas Minerva and provident Jove will soften them.<sup>13</sup>] But I tell thee something else, and do thou lay it up in thy mind; if thou art truly mine and from my blood, let no one hear of Ulysses as being within, let not Laertes know this, nor the swineherd, nor any one of the servants, nor Penelope herself: but thou and I alone may learn the disposition of the women; and we may besides try the men-servants, both who honours us and fears us in his mind, and who disregards us, and dishonours thee who art such."

But him his glorious son in answer addressed: "O father, truly I think thou wilt know my mind even hereafter; for laxity of mind does not by any means possess me; but I do not think this will be a profit to either of us; and I exhort thee to consider. For thus thou wilt sit for a long time trying each, going over the works; but they quiet in the palace are consuming thy possessions with violence, nor is there any sparing. But, however, I exhort thee to find out the women, both who dishonour thee, and who are innocent; but I should not wish that we should try the men at their abodes, but to manage these things afterwards, if at least thou art surely acquainted with some sign from Ægis-bearing Jove."

Thus they spoke to one another. But in the mean while the well-built ship, which brought Telemachus and all his companions from Pylos, was drawn up to Ithaca: but when they now came within the very deep haven, they drew the black ship upon the shore, and the noble-minded servants took away their arms; and they immediately carried the beautiful presents to Clytus' [house]. And they sent a herald forward to the house of Ulysses, to tell the news to prudent Penelope, that Telemachus was in the country, but had commanded the ship to sail to the city: that the noble queen, fearing in her mind, might not shed a tender tear. And the herald and the divine swineherd met together, on account of the same message, to tell it to the lady. But when they reached the house of the divine king, the herald said in the middle of the handmaidens: "Now indeed, O queen, thy dear son is arrived."

But the swineherd, standing near Penelope, told all the

<sup>13</sup> i. e. make them cowards.

things, whatever her dear son had commanded him to relate. And after he had told all his commission, he then went to go to the swine, and he left the enclosures and the palace. But the suitors were vexed and astounded in their mind: and they come out of the palace, outside the great wall of the hall, and there they sat before the doors: but Eurymachus, son of Polybus, began to harangue them:

"O friends, a daring deed has in truth been performed with mighty boldness by Telemachus, this voyage [forsooth]; but we said it would not be accomplished. But come, we will draw out a black ship, whichever is the best; and will collect together fishermen for rowers, who with all haste may bid them return home quickly."

Scarcely had all been said, when Amphinomus, turning from his place,<sup>14</sup> beheld the ship within the very deep haven, and [the crew] furling the sails, and holding the oars in their hands. And laughing pleasantly, he addressed his companions:

"We need not any more urge on any message; for they are within; either some one of the gods has told this to them, or they have themselves seen the ship passing, but could not reach it."

Thus he spoke; but they rising up, went to the shore of the sea. And they immediately drew the black ship on the shore, and the noble-minded servants took away their arms. But they went together to the assembly, nor did they suffer any one of the others, either young or old, to sit with them: but Antinous, son of Eupithes, addressed them:

"Alas! how have the gods freed this man from evil. During the days, spies in continual succession sat on the windy promontories; and with the setting sun we never slept on shore during the night, but sailing with our swift ship in the sea, we waited for the divine Morn, lying in ambush for Telemachus, that having taken, we might destroy him: but in the mean while the deity has brought him home. But let us here devise mournful destruction for Telemachus; nor let him escape us; for I do not think that, while he is alive, at least, these things will be accomplished.<sup>15</sup> For he is himself knowing in counsel and in thought; nor do the people any longer at all

<sup>14</sup> i. e. changing his position. See Ernesti.

<sup>15</sup> The marriage of Penelope.

bring agreeable things to us. But come, before he collects the Greeks together to a meeting; (for I do not think that he will leave off, but he will be wrath with us, and rising up, he will tell amongst all, that we planned violent death for him, and did not reach him. But they, hearing [our] evil deeds, will not approve;) for fear they should do evil, and drive us out of our own land, and we should come to another people. But let us anticipate him, destroying [him] in the country at a distance from the city, or on the way: and let us ourselves have his property and possessions, dividing them amongst us by shares, and afterwards we may give the house to his mother to possess, and to whomsoever weds her. But if this advice displeases you, and you wish both that he should live, and possess all his ancestral property, then let not us, here assembled, consume his mind-delighting property to excess; but let each out of the palace woo her, seeking her with dowries; and she then may marry whoever gives her most [gifts], and comes destined [for her husband]."

Thus he spoke, but they all became mute in silence. And Amphinomus harangued and addressed them, the illustrious son of Nisus, son of king Aretias, who led the suitors from wheat-abounding, grassy Dulichium; and he especially pleased Penelope by his words; for he possessed an excellent mind. Who being well-disposed, harangued and addressed them:

"O friends, I indeed should not wish to slay Telemachus: it is a terrible thing to slay one of royal race: but first let us ask the counsel of the gods; and if the oracles of mighty Jove advise it, I myself will slay him, and will encourage all the rest; but if the gods turn us away from it, I exhort you to cease."

Thus spoke Amphinomus; and his discourse pleased them: immediately then rising up, they went to the house of Ulysses, and when they came they sat down upon polished thrones. But prudent Penelope thought of something new, to appear to the suitors who possess extravagant insolence; for she heard in the palace of the [threatened] destruction of her son; for the herald Medon, who heard their counsels, told her. And she went to the palace, with her women attendants; but when the divine one of women had come to the suitors, she then stood near the pillar of the firmly-made roof, holding up

a slender veil before her cheeks; and she chided Antinous, and spoke and addressed him by name:

"O Antinous, thou who possessest insolence, thou contriver of evil, they say indeed that thou art the most excellent amongst those of thine age in the people of Ithaca in counsel and in words: but thou indeed art not such a one. Frantic one, why dost thou devise death and fate for Telemachus, nor revere suppliants, for whom Jove is a witness? it is not holy to devise evils against one another. Dost thou not know, when thy father came hither a fugitive, dreading the people? for they were very wroth, because following Taphian pirates he injured the Thesprotians; and they were our friends; they wished to destroy him, and to tear in pieces his dear heart, and to consume his large strength-yielding livelihood: but Ulysses hindered and kept them off, although anxious. His house thou now consumest in dishonour, and wooest his wife, and slayest his son, and dost greatly afflict me. But I charge thee to cease, and to exhort the others [to do so]."

But her Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered in turn: "O daughter of Icarus, prudent Penelope, be confident, let not these things be a care to thee in thy mind. There is not that man, nor will there be, nor can there be born, who shall lay his hands on thy son Telemachus, at least whilst I am alive, and behold [the light] upon the earth. For thus I tell thee, and it shall indeed be performed, his black blood shall quickly flow around my spear; since city-destroying Ulysses often having seated me on his knees, put roasted flesh in my hands, and gave me ruby wine. Therefore to me Telemachus is far dearest of all men; nor do I advise him at all to fear death from the suitors; but from the gods it is not possible to avoid it."

Thus he spoke, cheering [her], but he himself prepared destruction for him. She ascending to the splendid<sup>16</sup> upper rooms, wept then for her beloved husband Ulysses; until blue-eyed Minerva shed sweet sleep over her eye-brows. And in the evening the divine swineherd came to Ulysses and his

<sup>16</sup> Σιγαλόεντα—οὐ τὰ σιγῶντα, ἀλλὰ τὰ ἐμποιοῦντα σιγὴν τῷ βλεπόντι διὰ τὸ θαυμαστὰ εἶναι, says Eustathius. So also Hesych. λαμπρὰ ποικίλα. If this is true, we may compare the popular English phrase, "stunning," as applied to things in general.

son : and they were preparing supper skilfully,<sup>17</sup> having slain a pigling porker of one year old : but Minerva, standing near Ulysses, son of Laertes, having smote him with a rod, again made him an old man : and she put sad garments about his body ; that the swineherd might not know him, beholding him opposite, and come telling the news to prudent Penelope, nor keep it in his mind. And to him Telemachus first addressed discourse :

"Thou art come, divine Eumæus ; what is now the report through the city ? are the haughty suitors now from their ambush ? or do they still wait for me as I return home ?"

But him thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus : "It was not a care to me to inquire and ask these things, as I was going through the city ; but my mind urged me, having given my message, to return hither again as quickly as possible. But a swift messenger, a herald from thy companions, met with me, who first told the thing to thy mother. But this I know, for I beheld it with mine eyes ; I was just now going beyond the city, where is the Hermæan hill,<sup>18</sup> when I beheld a swift ship coming down to our port ; and there were many men in it ; and it was heavy with shields and double-edged spears ; and I thought that it was they ; yet I know not [for certain]."

Thus he spoke, but the sacred might of Telemachus smiled, looking upon his father with his eyes ; but he avoided the swineherd. But when they had ceased from toil, and had got ready a feast, they feasted ; nor was their mind at all in want of an equal banquet. But when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, then they were mindful of the couch, and enjoyed the gift of sleep.

<sup>17</sup> See note on xiii. 52. Here I follow the second interpretation of Hesychius, ἐμπείρωσ.

<sup>18</sup> A heap of stones in the road was so called See the Scholiast.



## BOOK XVII.

## ARGUMENT.

the following day Telemachus goes to the city, and gives an account of his voyage to Penelope: Theoclymenus, whom he introduces, foretells the speedy return of Ulysses, whom Eumæus conducts to the city, and takes to the palace, where he is recognised by his old dog Argus, who dies at his feet. Ulysses then goes amongst the suitors, by whom he is treated with insolence: Penelope hearing of him, as a stranger, from Eumæus, sends for him; but he declines to go to her until the evening, when the suitors have left the palace. Eumæus then returns to the country.

BUT when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, then Telemachus, the dear son of divine Ulysses, bound beautiful sandals under his feet: and he took a strong spear which fitted his hands, setting out towards the city, and he addressed his swineherd:

"Father, I am going to the city, that my mother may see me (for I do not think that she will cease from hateful mourning and tearful grief before she beholds me myself): but thus I charge thee, bring the unhappy stranger to the city, that he may there beg a meal; but whoever chooses will give him a meal-cake and a small measure<sup>1</sup> [of drink]; but it is not possible for me to support all men, having griefs in my mind. But if the stranger is very wroth, it will be sadder for him; for the truth is dear to me to speak."

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O my friend, I myself indeed do not wish to be detained; it is better for a beggar to beg a meal in a city, than in the country; for whoever chooses will give to me. For I am no longer of such an age to remain at the stalls, so as to obey a master who commands me in every thing. But go; this man, whom thou desirest, will lead me to the city immediately, at least when I am warmed with the fire, and there is heat from the sun; (for these garments which I have are very sad ones;) lest the morning frost should overcome me; and ye say the city is far off."

Thus he spoke: but Telemachus went through the abode, swiftly stepping forward with his feet: and he brooded evils for the suitors. But when he reached the well-built dwelling,

<sup>1</sup> See Liddell's Lexicon.

taking his spear, he placed it against the lofty column, and he himself went in, and passed over the stone threshold.

And him did the nurse Euryclea behold much the first, as she was spreading fleeces upon the variegated thrones: then weeping she went straight forward; and the other handmaidens of wretched Ulysses were assembled around him, and embracing him they kissed his head and shoulders. And prudent Penelope came from her chamber, like unto Diana and golden Venus: and she threw her arms around her dear son, weeping. And she kissed his head and both his beautiful eyes; and lamenting addressed to him winged words:

"Thou art come, O Telemachus, my sweet light: I did not think that I should behold thee any more, when thou didst go in a ship to Pylos secretly, against my will, to inquire for thy dear father; but come, tell me what sight thou hast encountered."

But her prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "O my mother, do not raise grief unto me, nor excite the heart within the breast of me, who have escaped bitter destruction. But having washed thyself, and taken clean garments for thy body, [ascending to the upper-rooms with thy women attendants,] vow to all the gods that thou wilt offer up sacred hecatombs, if Jove will by any means execute deeds of vengeance. But I will go to the place of meeting, that I may invite a stranger, who attended me from thence, as I was coming hither. Him I sent on indeed with my godlike companions: and I ordered Piræus, leading him home, to entertain him, and honour him heartily, until I should come."

Thus he spoke; but the word was unwinged.<sup>2</sup> But she, having washed herself, [and] taken clean garments for her body, vowed to all the gods, that she would offer up sacred hecatombs, if by any means Jove would execute deeds of vengeance. But Telemachus then went through out of the palace, holding his spear: and swift-footed dogs accompanied him. But Minerva shed divine grace upon him: and all the people admired him as he came. And the haughty suitors were assembled around him, speaking good words, but they planned evils deeply in their minds. And he immediately

<sup>2</sup> i. e. it proved effectual, it made an impression on the mind of Penelope, *μη' ἀπόπτας, ἀλλ' ἐπιμείνας τῇ γυναικι*, Eustathius. But see Apollon. Lex. and Hesych.

avoided the great crowd of them; but where Mentor sat, and Antiphus, and Alitherses, (who from the beginning were his ancestral friends,) there going, he sat down; and they inquired every thing [of him]. And spear-renowned Piraus came near them, bringing the stranger through the city to the forum: nor was Telemachus a long time turned far away from the stranger, but he stood near him. And him Piraus first addressed in words:

“O Telemachus, quickly incite women [to go] to my house, that I may send away the presents, which Menelaus gave to thee.”

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: “O Piraus, we know not how these things will be; if the haughty suitors, slaying me secretly in the palace, should divide all my ancestral property, I wish that thou or some one of these should keep and enjoy them; but if I shall plant death and fate for them, then rejoicing bring them to me rejoicing, to my dwelling.”

Thus having spoken, he led the much-worn stranger home. But when they reached the well-built house, they laid their cloaks down upon the benches and thrones, and going into the well-polished baths they washed themselves. But when the handmaidens had washed them, and anointed them with oil, they threw woollen cloaks and garments around them, and going out of the bath, they sat down upon the benches. And a handmaiden bringing water in a beautiful golden ewer, poured it over a silver cauldron, to wash in; and near them she spread a polished table. And the venerable house-keeper bringing food set it near them, placing on it many kinds of meat, gratifying them as well as she could out of what was present. But his mother sat opposite [to him], near a column of the palace, reclining on a bench, twisting her slender distaff. And they stretched forth their hands to the food lying ready before them. But when they had taken away the desire of drinking and eating, prudent Penelope began speaking to them:

“O Telemachus, I indeed ascending to the upper room, will lie down on my bed, which to me has become mournful, ever being bedewed with my tears, since Ulysses went with the Atridae to Ilium: nor hast thou endured, before the haughty suitors came to this house, to tell me clearly con-

cerning the return of thy father, whether thou hast any where heard of him."

And her prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Therefore I will tell thee, mother, the truth. We went to Pylos, and to Nestor, the shepherd of the people; and he, having received me in his lofty house, entertained me heartily, as a father does a son who has just come from elsewhere after a long season; so diligently did he take care of me, with his renowned sons. But he said that he had not heard of wretched Ulysses, alive or dead, from any one of men upon the earth; but he sent me on with horses, and a compact chariot, to spear-renowned Menelaus, son of Atreus. There I beheld Argive Helen, on whose account the Argives and Trojans toiled much, through the will of the gods. Immediately then Menelaus, gallant in the din of battle, inquired, what wishing, I had come to divine Lacedæmon. But I told him the whole truth. And then indeed answering me with words, he addressed me: 'Alas! surely indeed they being weak have wished to sleep in the bed of a noble-minded man. As when a stag having put to sleep her new-born suckling kids in the den of a strong lion, tracks out the slopes and grassy vales, seeking pasture; but he has quickly entered into his lair, and upon both of them has brought unseemly fate: so will Ulysses bring unseemly fate upon them. May he, O father Jove, and Minerva, and Apollo, being such, as once in well-built Lesbos, having risen up, he wrestled in contest with Philomelides, and threw him nobly, and all the Grecians rejoiced: [would that], being such, Ulysses may engage with the suitors: all would then be quick-fated, and bitterly married. But as to these things, which thou askest and entreatest of me, I will not tell thee other things out of the way, turning aside, nor will I deceive thee: but the things which the true-speaking old man of the sea told me, of these I will not conceal or hide a word. He said that he beheld him in an island having violent griefs, in the palace of the nymph Calypso, who detains him by necessity; but he cannot come to his paternal land; for there are not ships with oars for him, and companions who may escort him over the wide back of the sea.' Thus spoke spear-renowned Menelaus, son of Atreus. Having finished these things, I returned: and the immortals, who sent me quickly to my dear country, gave me a prosperous gale."

Thus he spoke, and he moved her mind in her breast. But godlike Theoclymenus addressed them:

"O venerable wife of Ulysses, son of Laertes: he indeed does not know 'it clearly; but do thou regard my discourse; for I will prophesy accurately to thee, nor will I conceal it. Now let Jove, first of the gods, be witness, and thine hospitable table, and the hearth of blameless Ulysses, to which I come, that Ulysses indeed is now sitting in his paternal land, or walking, inquiring concerning these evil deeds, but he is planting evil for all the suitors. Such angury I beheld, sitting on the well-benched ship, and I called out to Telemachus."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "I wish, O stranger, this word may be accomplished, then wouldst thou speedily experience my friendship, and [receive] many gifts from me, so that any one meeting with thee would give thee joy."

Thus they spoke to one another. But the suitors before the palace of Ulysses were delighted with quoits, and hurling with javelins on the wrought pavement, where even before they practised their insolence. But when it was now supper-time, and the cattle came from the country on all sides, and they brought them, who before [used to bring them]: then indeed did Medon address them, for he most pleased them of the heralds, and with them was present at the feast:

"O youths, since ye have all been delighted in your mind with contests, come to the house, that we may make ready a feast, for it is by no means bad to take supper at the proper season."

Thus he spoke, but they rising up went, and obeyed his word. But when they came to the well-built dwelling, they laid their cloaks down on the benches and thrones, and sacrificed large sheep and fat goats: and they sacrificed fatted swine, and a cow from the herd, making ready a feast: but Ulysses and the divine swineherd hastened to go from the country to the city. But to them the swineherd, chief of men, began discourse:

"O stranger, since thou indeed desirest to go to-day to the city, as my master ordered, (go); certainly I should wish thee to be here a guardian of the stalls; but I reverence and fear him,

lest afterwards he should be wroth with me: now the chidings of masters are severe. But come now, let us go: for the day is now almost gone by,<sup>3</sup> but soon indeed towards evening it will be more chilly."

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "I know it, I am aware of it; thou commandest these things to one who understands. But let us go: do thou then lead the way throughout. But give me, if thou by chance hast one cut, a staff to lean upon, since thou sayest that it is a slippery way."

He spoke; and around his shoulders threw an unseemly satchel, densely ragged; but there was a twisted cord<sup>4</sup> to hold it. But Eumæus gave him a mind-delighting staff. They twain went along: but the dogs and herdsmen remaining behind, defended the stall: and he led his master to the city, like unto a squalid beggar and an old man, leaning on a staff: and miserable garments were put upon his body. But when now treading the rugged way they were near the city, and reached the beautiful-flowing fountain, wrought by men's hands,<sup>5</sup> from whence the citizens drew water, which Ithacus and Neritus and Polyctor made: and around there was a grove of water-nurtured poplars circular on all sides, and cold water flowed down from a rock from on high; and there was an altar of the Nymphs built above it, where all travellers made offerings. There Melanthius, son of Dolius, found them, bringing those goats which surpassed all the flocks, as a supper for the suitors: and two attendants followed him. But seeing [them], he chided them, and spoke and addressed them in a violent and unseemly manner; and he roused the heart of Ulysses [by saying thus]:

"Now indeed by all means the vile leads the vile; so the deity ever brings the like to the like.<sup>6</sup> Where, O unenvied

<sup>3</sup> Observe the perfect μέμβλωκε from βλώσσω.

<sup>4</sup> στρόφος ἀορτήρ is what we should call in English "a bracer," or "suspenders." Hesych. ἀορτεὺς φορεὺς τοῦ ξίφους. ἀορτήρες, οἱ ἀναφορεῖς τοῦ ξίφους. Cf. Alberti, t. i. p. 417, sq., and Bekker, Anecdot. ii. p. 414, v. ἀορτήρ.

<sup>5</sup> τικτήν.

<sup>6</sup> Aristot. Eth. viii. 1. ὅθεν τὸν ὁμοῖόν φασιν ὡς ὁμοῖον, καὶ κολοῖόν ποτὶ κολοῖόν. Rhet. i. 11. ὅθεν καὶ αἱ παροιμίαι εἰρηγται, ὡς ἡλιὸς ἡλικά τέρπει. Cf. Plato Phædr. p. 342, B. Theophrast. Char. xxix. Aristænet. Ep. i. 10. Cicero de Senect. 3.

swineherd, dost thou lead this hungry fellow, a wretched beggar, a destroyer of feasts: who, standing near many door-posts, will rub his shoulders, begging morsels, not tripods or cauldrons?<sup>7</sup> If thou wouldst give him to me to be a guard of my stalls, and to be a sweeper of the folds, and to carry a branch [of herbs] for the kids,<sup>8</sup> then drinking whey, he would render his thighs stout. But since then he indeed has learnt evil works, he will not be willing to go to work,<sup>9</sup> but crouching amongst the people, he prefers<sup>10</sup> asking alms to feed his insatiable belly. But I tell thee plainly,<sup>11</sup> and this shall be accomplished, if he comes to the dwelling of divine Ulysses, the sides of him being pelted through the house will wear out<sup>12</sup> many foot-stools [thrown] about his head from the hands of men."

Thus he spoke; and going by him, he in his foolishness leapt upon his haunch with his heel; nor did he thrust him out of the path, but he remained without stumbling; and Ulysses meditated, whether rushing swiftly upon him, he should take away his life with a club, or should dash his head against the earth, raising him on the ground. But he endured it, and he refrained in his mind: but the swineherd chided him, looking at him: and uplifting his hands, he prayed aloud:

"O fountain Nymphs, ye daughters of Jove, if ever Ulysses has burnt thighs for you, covering them with the rich fat, of lambs or kids, accomplish this work for me, that that man may come, and the deity may bring him: then would he disperse all the boasting, which you now insulting bear, wandering ever throughout the city: but evil herdsmen destroy the cattle."<sup>13</sup>

But him Melanthius the goatherd in turn addressed: "O

<sup>7</sup> i. e. who does not enter the lists in the public contests, of which such gifts were the customary rewards. See Eustathius.

<sup>8</sup> This appears to be an allusion to the custom of holding out a branch of herbs or fodder, in order to lure the cattle homeward. The proper Greek phrase is *προσσειν θαλλόν*. See Ruhnk. on Tim. v. *θαλλός*, p. 136, sqq.

<sup>9</sup> Or "set about work."

<sup>10</sup> On the difference between *βούλομαι* and *ἐθέλω*, see Buttm. Lexil. p. 194, sqq.

<sup>11</sup> *ἔκ* seems to answer to our phrase "to speak out."

<sup>12</sup> Literally, "rub away."

<sup>13</sup> Cf. Theocrit. iv. 13, *δαίαια γ' αὐται, τὸν βουκόλον ὥς κακὸν εἶπον*. See Plato Theætet. p. 128, A. ed. Læm.



gods, what has the dog, who kens evil things, uttered? him whom I some time will remove far from Ithaca, in a well-benched black ship, that he may gain much livelihood for me. For may silver-bowed Apollo strike Telemachus to-day in the palace, or may he be subdued under the suitors, as the day of return is lost to Ulysses afar off."

Thus having spoken, he left them there going slowly, but he went on, and very quickly reached the dwelling of the king. And he immediately went in, and sat down among the suitors, opposite Eurymachus: for he loved him very much. Those who ministered placed near him his share of food, and the venerable housekeeper bringing bread, set it near him to eat: and Ulysses and the divine swineherd coming stood near; and the sound of the hollow lyre came about them; for Phemius struck up to sing; but he, taking the swineherd by the hand, [thus] addressed him:

"Eumæus, of a truth this dwelling of Ulysses is very beautiful and easy to distinguish, even to behold amongst many. There is one [story] above another; and the court is ornamented with a wall and battlements, and there are well-closing<sup>14</sup> folding-doors; no man would scoff at it.<sup>15</sup> But I perceive that many men are making a banquet in it; since the smoke of the fat<sup>16</sup> rises up, and the lyre speaks within, which the gods have made a companion to the feast."

But him thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "Thou knowest it well; since as to other things thou art not unintelligent: but come, let us now consider how these things will be. Either do thou first enter the well-built house, and go amongst the suitors, and I will remain behind here: but if thou wilt, remain, and I will go before: nor do thou delay, lest some one seeing thee without, should either strike [thee] or drive thee away; I exhort thee to consider these things."

But him much-enduring divine Ulysses then answered: "I know it; I am aware of it; thou commandest these things to one who understands. But do thou go before, and I will remain here: for I am not at all inexperienced in stripes or

<sup>14</sup> i. e. safe. Cf. Hesych. s. v.

<sup>15</sup> Or "treat it with arrogant contempt," Buttm. Lexil. p. 520, where he justly ridicules the old explanation "to take by force of arms."

<sup>16</sup> Hesych. κρῖσα, ἀτμός, καπνός τῶν θυσίων.

blows; my mind is daring, since I have suffered many evils on the waves, and in war: and let this happen after these. But it is not possible to conceal a craving belly, pernicious, which gives many evils to men: on account of this even well-yoked ships are fitted out for the barren sea, bringing evils to the hostile."

Thus they spoke to one another. But Argus, the dog of patient Ulysses, lying down, held up his head and ears, [the dog] which he himself formerly nourished, nor did he enjoy the use [of him]: but he previously went away to sacred Ilium: but young men had before led him against wild goats, and harts, and hares. There he lay cast out, his master having gone away, amongst much dung of mules and oxen, which was spread before the doors in great quantities: until the servants of Ulysses should take it away to manure the extensive ground: there lay the dog Argus, full of vermin. Then, when he saw Ulysses near, he fawned with his tail, and laid down both his ears: but he could no more come nearer his master; but he beholding him at a distance wiped away a tear, easily escaping the notice of Eumæus: but he inquired of him immediately:

"O Eumæus, it is indeed a wonder; this dog lies in the manure; he is beautiful as to his body, but this I do not well know, whether besides his beauty of form he was swift to run, or uselessly, as are the dogs at the tables of men, his masters take care of him for the sake of ornament."

But him thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "This indeed is the dog of a man who has died far off. If he were such, both in body and in feats, as Ulysses left him, when going to Troy, thou wouldst soon be surprised, beholding his swiftness and courage. For he did not fly from any monster that he had pursued in the thickets of the deep wood: and he was well acquainted with their tracks: but he is now possessed by misfortune; and his master has perished elsewhere away from his country; and the neglectful women do not take care of him. But servants, when their masters no longer rule over them, are then no longer willing to do proper things: for loud-sounding Jove takes away half the excellence of a man, when the day of slavery seizes hold of him."

Thus having spoken, he entered the well-built house: and he went straight through the palace to the illustrious suitors.

But the fate of black death laid hold of Argus immediately when he saw Ulysses in the twentieth year. But godlike Telemachus much the first beheld the swineherd coming to the house: and then he quickly nodded calling [him] to him: but he looking about took a seat that lay there, where the carver sat, distributing much meat to the suitors, who were feasting in the palace. Taking it, he set it down at the table of Telemachus opposite to him: and there he himself sat down: and the herald, taking a share, gave it to him, and lifted bread out of the basket. And Ulysses entered the house soon after him, like unto a poor beggar and an aged man, leaning upon a staff: and sad garments were put around his body: and he sat down on the ashen threshold within the doors, leaning against a pillar of cypress wood, which formerly an artificer had polished skillfully, and had straightened according to a plumb-line.<sup>17</sup> But Telemachus, calling the swineherd to him, addressed him, taking also a whole loaf from the beautiful basket, and meat, as much as his hands were extended when he put them round it:

"Give these to the stranger, bearing [them to him]; and order him to beg, going about to all the suitors; shame is not good for a beggar in need."

Thus he spoke; but the swineherd went, when he heard what was said, and standing near addressed to him winged words: "O stranger, Telemachus gives thee this, and orders thee to beg, going about to all the suitors: and he says that shame is not good for a beggar."

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O king Jove, that Telemachus may be happy amongst men, and may all things succeed for him, whatever he meditates in his mind."

He spoke, and received it in both [his hands], and laid it down there, before his feet, on his unseemly satchel. And he eat while the bard was singing in the palace; but when he had done feasting, the divine bard ceased. And the suitors made a clamour in the palace; but Minerva, standing near, incited Ulysses, the son of Laertes, that he might collect meal-cakes amongst the suitors, and that he might know who were just, and who lawless. But not even thus was she about to free

<sup>17</sup> Hesych. *στάθμη, σπάρτος, ἐν ᾗ ἀπορροῦσιν οἱ τέκτονες*. See also the Schol. on Il. O. 410, and Suidas, s. v.

any one from evil.<sup>18</sup> And he set out on the right hand to beg of every man, stretching out his hand every where, as if he were a beggar of old. But they, pitying him, bestowed on him, and were astonished at him; and asked of one another, who he was, and whence he came. But them Melanthius, the goatherd, [thus] addressed:

"Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious queen, with regard to this stranger: for I have seen him before. The swineherd forsooth brought him hither; but I do not clearly know him, from whence he boasts his race to be."

Thus he spoke; but Antinous rebuked the swineherd with words: "O notorious swineherd, why didst thou bring him to the city? have we not enough of wanderers, and other sordid beggars, the destroyers of banquets? dost thou profit at all, that assembled here they consume the property of thy master? and from whence didst thou invite him?"

But him thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "O Antinous, although thou art good, thou dost not speak honourable things: for who, when he himself comes from elsewhere, invites another stranger, except [one] of those, who are public officers? a prophet, or curer of ills, or carpenter of planks, or even a divine bard, who may delight them, singing? for these mortals over the boundless earth are invited:<sup>19</sup> no one would invite a beggar, who will devour him himself. But thou art always, above all the suitors, severe to the servants of Ulysses, and especially to me; but I care not, so long as prudent Penelope and godlike Telemachus live in the palace."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Be silent, do not answer him much with words. But Antinous is ever accustomed to contend evilly with bitter words, and he encourages others also."

He spoke, and to Antinous addressed winged words: "O Antinous, thou takest good care of me, as a father of his son, thou who commandest me to send a stranger from the palace by a violent speech; may not the deity bring this to pass. Take and give to him: I grudge it not: for I advise it. Nor in this regard my mother, nor any other of the servants, who are in the house of divine Ulysses. But thou hast no such

<sup>18</sup> i. e. from the death that awaited them.

<sup>19</sup> i. e. welcome. Cf. Plato, *Sympos.* p. 115, G.

thought in thy breast; for thou desirest thyself to eat, much rather than to give to another."

But him Antinous addressed in answer: "Telemachus, thou lofty speaker, intolerable in might, what hast thou said? if all the suitors were to bestow so much on him, the house would keep him at a distance even for three months."<sup>20</sup>

Thus he spoke; and taking a footstool lying under the table, he showed it, upon which he placed his soft feet, when banqueting. But all the others gave [to him], and filled his satchel with bread and meat: and Ulysses, again going to the threshold, was now about to taste the bounty of the Greeks; but he stood near Antinous, and addressed discourse to him:

"Give, O friend; thou dost not appear to me to be the worst of the Grecians, but the best, since thou art like unto a king: therefore it behoves thee to give something better than the others, [something better] than bread: and I would celebrate thee over the boundless earth. For I also once happy inhabited an opulent house amongst men, and oftentimes gave to such a wanderer, whatever kind of man he might be, and whatever he came in need of. And I had great numbers of servants, and other things, by which men live well, and are called opulent: but Jove, the son of Saturn, was my ruin, (for he somehow willed it,) who sent me with much-wandering robbers to go to Egypt, a long journey, that I might perish: but I stationed in the river Egyptus the ships rowed on both sides. Then indeed I bade my beloved companions remain there near the ships, and draw up the ships; and I urged watches to go to places of looking out. But they, yielding to insolence, and drawn on by their own spirit, very quickly laid waste the most beautiful fields of the Egyptians, and took away their wives, and infant children, and slew them: but an alarm soon reached the city; and they, hearing the clamour, came together with the shining morn; and the whole plain was filled with foot and horse, and the glittering of brass: but thunder-rejoicing Jove infused evil panic into my companions; nor did any one dare to remain opposed to them; for evils stood around them on every side. There they slew many of us with the sharp brass, and led some away alive, to

<sup>20</sup> i. e. he would get such a beating, that he would be afraid to come again. Eust. Or, as one Schol. says, "He would get enough good living to keep him from the house for three months."

work for them by necessity. But me they gave to a stranger who met them [to take to] Cyprus, Demeter, son of Iasus, who reigned by his might over Cyprus. From thence I am now come hither to this place, suffering harm."

But him Antinous answered and addressed in turn: "What deity brought this pest to [us], a trouble of our feast? Stand out, then, in the middle far off from my table, lest soon thou shouldst reach a bitter Egypt and Cyprus: since thou art some daring and shameless beggar. Thou standest near all in their turn; but they foolishly give to thee: since there is no restraint, nor commiseration to give of another's property, since each has much.

But him much-planning Ulysses, on retiring, addressed: "Alas! thou hast not a mind in addition to thy beauty of form: thou wouldst not give even a grain of salt from thine house to thine own suppliant, thou, who now sitting down at another man's [table], hast not had the heart to give some bread to me, taking it away: but thou hast much before thee."

Thus he spoke; but Antinous was still more wrathful at heart, and looking sternly upon him, he addressed to him winged words: "Now indeed I no longer think that thou wilt retire well through out of the palace, since thou now speakest reproachful things."

Thus he spoke: and taking a footstool, he struck his (Ulysses') right shoulder at the bottom, on the back: but he stood firm, as a rock; nor did the weapon of Antinous cause him to stumble, but in silence he moved his head, deeply devising evils; and going back to the threshold, he sat down, and put down his well-filled satchel; and addressed the suitors:

"Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious queen, whilst I speak the things which the mind in my breast commands me. There is no sorrow in one's mind, nor grief at all, when a man fighting for his own possessions is stricken, either for his oxen, or white sheep: but Antinous struck me on account of my sad belly, pernicious, which gives many evils to men. But if there are any where gods and Erinnyes of poor men, may the end of death reach him before his marriage."

But him Antinous, son of Eupithes, addressed in turn: "Eat quiet, O stranger, sitting down, or go away elsewhere; lest young men drag thee through the house (such things thou speakest!) either by the foot, or by the hand, and flay thee entirely."

Thus he spoke: but they were all excessively indignant; and thus some one of the proud youths spoke: "Antinous, not well didst thou hurl at the wretched wanderer, O thou doomed to destruction, if there is any god in heaven. For the gods, like unto foreign strangers, being [seen] in all forms, go about cities, looking into the insolence and the good conduct of men."

Thus spoke the suitors, but he heeded not their words. And Telemachus cherished great grief in his heart for him that was stricken, nor did he shed a tear from his eye-lids on the ground, but he moved his head in silence, deeply devising evils.

When then prudent Penelope heard of him that was stricken in the palace, she spoke to her handmaidens: "So may bow-renowned Apollo strike thee thyself." But her the house-keeper Eurynome addressed in turn:

"Ay, if an end were made to our prayers, no one of these would reach the beautiful-throned morn."

But her prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "Nurse, they are all hateful, since they contrive evils: but Antinous is especially like unto black Fate. Some unhappy stranger is wandering through the house, asking alms of the men; (for need ordered him;) there all the others filled [his satchel] and gave to him; but he<sup>21</sup> with a footstool struck his right shoulder at the bottom."

Thus she spoke amongst her women servants, sitting in the chamber; but divine Ulysses feasted: and she having called the divine swineherd to her, addressed him:

"Come, O divine Eumæus, going desire the stranger to come, that I may converse somewhat with him, and inquire, whether he has either heard of patient Ulysses, or beheld him with his eyes: for he is like unto one who has wandered much."

But her thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "If indeed, O queen, the Grecians would be silent, such things as he relates would soothe thy dear heart. For I had him for three nights, and detained him three days in my lodge; (for he came to me first, having escaped from the ship;) but he has not yet finished relating his misfortunes. And as when a man looks upon a bard, who from the gods skilfully sings verses delightful to mortals, and they desire to hear his voice without ceasing, when he sings; so he, sitting near me in my house, soothed me. And he says that he is an ancestral friend

<sup>21</sup> i. e. Antinous.

" 12



of Ulysses, dwelling in Crete, where is the race of Minos. He now indeed came hither from thence, suffering harm, rolling onwards from place to place ;<sup>22</sup> and he persists in (saying) that he heard of Ulysses being alive, in a rich people near the Thesprotians ; and he brings many treasures home."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn : "Come, call him hither, that he himself may speak in my presence. But let these, either sitting at the doors, or here in the house, delight themselves ; since their mind is glad. For their possessions lie uninjured in their houses, bread and sweet wine, these their servants eat : but they, frequenting our house all their days, sacrificing oxen and sheep, and fat goats, are feasting and drinking dark wine vainly : and many things are consumed ; for there is no man present, such as Ulysses was, to ward off hostility from the house. But if Ulysses should come and reach his paternal land, soon would he with his son be revenged upon the violence of men."

Thus she spoke, but Telemachus sneezed loudly, and the house resounded violently around : but Penelope laughed, and quickly to Eumæus addressed winged words :

"Come, call the stranger hither to my presence. Dost thou not see, that my son has sneezed to all my words ? Therefore may there be no imperfect death to all the suitors, nor may any one escape death and the Fates. But I tell thee something else, and do thou lay it up in thy mind, if I know that he speaks all things true, I will put a cloak on him, and a tunic, beautiful garments."

Thus she spoke ; and the swineherd went, when he heard her discourse : and standing near him, addressed winged words :

"O father stranger, prudent Penelope, the mother of Telemachus, calls thee ; her mind exhorts her to make some inquiries concerning her husband, although she suffers griefs. But if she knows that thou speakest all things true, she will put a cloak on thee, and a tunic, of which thou art most in need ; and begging bread throughout the people, thou wilt feed thy belly ; and whoever chooses will give to thee."

But him much-enduring divine Ulysses addressed in turn : "O Eumæus, soon will I tell all things true to prudent Penelope, daughter of Icarus. For I know well concerning him,

<sup>22</sup> See Scholiast.

and we have undergone the same toil. But I dread the crowd of cruel suitors, whose insolence and violence reaches the steely heaven. For even now when this man striking me, as I was going through the house, when I had done no harm, gave me pain, neither did Telemachus nor any other ward off this. Now therefore desire Penelope to remain in the palace, although anxious, until sun-set: and then let her ask me concerning the return of her husband, having made me sit down nearer before the fire; for I have had sad garments; and thou thyself knowest it, since I first entreated thee."

Thus he spoke. And the swineherd went, when he heard his discourse, and Penelope addressed him as he was going over the threshold:

"Dost thou not bring him, O Eumæus? what is this the wanderer has thought of? whether fearing any one greatly? or in any other way has he awe in the palace? but had is a modest beggar."

But her thou didst address in answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "He speaks rightly, as another also would think, shunning the insolence of haughty men. But he desires thee to wait until sun-set. And thus it is much better for thyself, O queen, to speak to the stranger alone, and to listen to him."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "The stranger does not appear to be foolish, whoever he may be: for not any where do any men among mortal men thus insolent contrive infatuate deeds."

Thus she spoke; and the divine swineherd went to the crowd of suitors, when he had informed [her of] all things. And he immediately to Telemachus addressed winged words, holding his head near him, that the others might not hear:

"O friend, I am going away, to guard the swine and other things, yours and my livelihood: but let all things here be thy care. First preserve thyself, and consider in thy mind, that thou dost not suffer any thing: for many of the Grecians devise evil things; whom may Jove destroy, before harm befall us."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "So shall it be, father; but do thou go when thou hast spent the afternoon here;<sup>23</sup> but in the morning come, and bring beautiful sacrifices, but all these things shall be a care to me and the immortals."

<sup>23</sup> I am indebted to Buttm. Lexil. p. 229, sq. and the Schol.

Thus he spoke; and he sat down again on a well-polished seat, and having satiated his mind with eating and drinking, he went to the swine: and he left the enclosures and the palace full of feasters; but they were delighted with the dance and the song; for afternoon<sup>24</sup> had now come on.

## BOOK XVIII.

### ARGUMENT.

While Ulysses is begging among the suitors, another beggar named Irus comes; they fight, and the latter is conquered by a single blow. Having cast out Irus, Ulysses threatens Amphinomus with vengeance, asserting that the king will shortly appear. Penelope comes to the suitors, and reminds them of the presents she ought to receive from each; and they accordingly send their servants for presents. Eurymachus casts a stool at Ulysses, which hits the cup-bearer; a confusion ensues, and the suitors depart to their own dwellings.

AND there also<sup>1</sup> came a public beggar, who begged through the city of Ithaca, and he surpassed others<sup>2</sup> in his raving belly, to eat and drink without ceasing:<sup>3</sup> nor had he might or force; but he was very large in form to behold. And Arnaeus was his name; for this his venerable mother gave him from his birth: but all the young men called him Irus, because he went as a messenger,<sup>4</sup> whenever any one ordered him any where. Who coming wished to drive Ulysses from his own house, and chiding him, he spoke winged words:

"Go, old man, from the portico, lest thou soon be drawn by the foot: dost not thou perceive that all are winking at me, and desire me to drag thee out? but I however am ashamed. But rise, lest soon between us there be contention even with our hands."

But him much-planning Ulysses regarding, sternly addressed: "Sirrah, I neither do nor speak any evil to thee, nor do I grudge that any one should give to thee, although

<sup>24</sup> See Buttm. *ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> ἐπὶ = besides Ulysses.

<sup>2</sup> The notion of "others" is implied in μετὰ.

<sup>3</sup> Hesych. ἀζηγίς, διηνεκίς, ἀδιάλειπτον. The word also means *dry, parched*. Cf. Alberti, t. i. p. 119, intpp. on Apoll. Rhod. ii. 99.

<sup>4</sup> "Verte: quia pro nuncio ibat. Irus ergo sonat nuncium, atque Iri ergo nunciam." Ernesti. Cf. Alberti on Hesych. t. ii. p. 71.

thou receivest much. This threshold will contain us both; nor is it fit that thou shouldst grudge what belongs to others: but thou seemest to me to be a wanderer, even as I; but the gods have the power to bestow wealth.<sup>5</sup> But do not challenge me too much to [strife of] of hands, lest thou shouldst make me wroth, lest, although being aged, I shall defile thy breast and lips with blood; and to-morrow there would be still more quiet for me: for I do not at all think that thou wilt return a second time to the house of Ulysses, son of Laertes."

But him the wanderer Irus enraged addressed: "O gods! how glibly this gluttonous fellow harangues, like unto an old woman covered with soot;<sup>6</sup> against whom I would devise evil, smiting him with both [hands], and would drive all the teeth out of his jaws upon the ground, as of a swine that eats the wheat in the field. Now gird thyself, that all these may behold us fighting; but how wouldst thou contend with a younger man?"

Thus they before the lofty gates on the polished threshold were irritated [each other] with all their mind. And the sacred might of Antinous set them twain together, and laughing out pleasantly, he addressed the suitors:

"O friends, such a thing has never before been done: what a delight has the deity brought to this house! The stranger and Irus are contending with one another, so as to come to blows with their hands; and we will soon set them together."

Thus he spoke; and they all rose up laughing; and they formed a ring round the ill-clad beggars. And them Antinous, son of Eupithes, addressed:

"Hear me, noble suitors, whilst I say something. These paunches of goats are cooking on the fire; and having filled them with fat and blood, we lay them aside for supper: but whichever conquers, and is the superior, let him, rising up, take whichever of them he chooses; and afterwards he shall always feast amongst us, nor will we suffer any other beggar to come amongst us to ask alms."

<sup>5</sup> This seems the best way of expressing *μῖλλοναι δαΐζειν*. Mr. Burges would render it, "delay to give," quoting Orest. 420, *μῖλλαι τὸ θῆτον γ' ἰστί τοιοῦτον φῦσαι*.

<sup>6</sup> Perhaps, "an old cinder-wench." See Eustathius, with Hesych. t. i. p. 858, and t. ii. p. 132.

Thus spoke Antinous; and his discourse pleased them. But them much-planning Ulysses, thinking cunningly, addressed:

"O friends, it is not possible for an old man, spent with toil, to fight with a younger man; but my ill-working belly excites me, that I should be subdued by blows. But come now, all of you swear a strong oath to me, that no one gratifying Irus will wickedly strike me with his stout hand, and violently subdue me for him."

Thus he spoke; and they all swore that they would not [do so], as he desired them. But when they had sworn, and had concluded the oath, them the sacred might of Telemachus addressed in turn:

"O stranger, if thy heart and noble mind incites thee to drive him out, do not fear any one else of the Grecians: since whoever strikes thee will contend with greater numbers. I am the host, and the kings Eurymachus and Antinous, both prudent men, agree with me."

Thus he spoke; and they all approved: but Ulysses girded his middle around with rags, and showed his beautiful and large thighs; and his broad shoulders, and breast, and strong arms appeared: but Minerva, standing near him, increased the limbs of the shepherd of the people. And all the suitors were excessively astonished, and thus some one said, looking to another near him:

"Soon indeed will Irus, unhappily so called,<sup>7</sup> have evil drawn on himself, such a thigh does the old man show from out his rags."

Thus they spoke; but the mind of Irus was sadly moved, but even so the attendants, having girded him, brought him by force, although afraid: and his flesh trembled on his limbs. But Antinous chided him, and spoke and said:

"Now, O mighty boaster,<sup>8</sup> mayest thou no longer live, or exist, if indeed thou tremblest at and greatly fearest this old man, overcome with the toil which comes upon him. But I tell thee plainly, and this shall be accomplished; if he conquers thee, and is superior to thee, I will send thee to Epirus,

<sup>7</sup> Literally, "Irus no-Irus."

<sup>8</sup> From *βοῦς* = great, large, (see note on *Æsch. Ag.* p. 96, n. 7, ed. Bohn,) and *γαῖα* or *γάω* = to boast, brag. Cf. *Apollon. Lex.* s. v. and *Hesych.* *βουγάϊον, μέγας ἐφ' ἑαυτῷ γαυριῶντα.*

casting you into a black ship, to king Echetus, the injurer of all mortals; who will cut off thy nose and ears with the cruel brass, and drawing out thy privy parts, will give them raw to the dogs to feed upon."

Thus he spoke: but trembling still more seized upon his limbs: and they brought him into a middle spot, and both held up their hands. Then much-enduring divine Ulysses meditated, whether he should strike him so that life should leave him falling there; or should strike him lightly, and prostrate him on the earth. And thus to him considering it seemed to be better to strike him lightly, that the Grecians might not have any notion of him.<sup>9</sup> Then both uplifting [their hands], Irus struck him on his right shoulder; but he struck his neck under the ear, and broke his bones within: and the purple blood immediately came through his mouth, and he fell stretched in the dust groaning, and gnashed his teeth together, kicking the earth with his feet: but the noble suitors lifting up their hands were ready to die with laughter: but Ulysses, taking him by the foot, dragged him through out of the portico, until he reached the court and the doors of the portico; and he set him down, reclining him against the fence of the court; and he put his staff in his hand, and addressing him, spoke winged words:

"Sit now here, and keep off the dogs and swine; nor do thou, being a pitiful wretch, be the prince of strangers and beggars, lest by chance thou shouldst reap some even greater evil."

He spoke; and threw his unseemly satchel around his shoulders, very tattered; and there was a twisted cord to hold it.<sup>10</sup> And going back to the threshold, he sat down; but they went within laughing pleasantly, and greeted him with words:

"May Jove and the other immortal gods grant thee, O stranger, whatever thou most desirest, and is dear to thy mind, thou, who hast made this insatiable fellow cease to beg amongst the people; for we will soon take him over to Epirus, to king Echetus, the injurer of all mortals."

Thus they spoke; but divine Ulysses rejoiced in the omen; and Antinous placed a large paunch near him, full of fat and blood; and Amphinomus, taking two loaves out of a basket, placed them near him, and pledged him with a golden cup, and spoke:

<sup>9</sup> i. e. guess who he really was

<sup>10</sup> See on xvii. 199

"Hail, father stranger! may there be happiness for thee hereafter, but now thou art possessed by many ills."

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O Amphinomus, thou seemest to me to be very prudent: for [thou art] of such a sire: since I have heard his excellent renown, that he is Dulichian Nisus, both brave and opulent: from him they say that thou art born; but thou art like unto an eloquent man. Therefore I tell thee; and do thou consider it, and listen to me. The earth nourishes nothing weaker than man, of all the things, whatever breathe and creep upon the earth. For he says that he shall never suffer any ill hereafter, while the gods give him excellence, and his knees move; but when the blessed gods bring to pass grievous things also, then he bears them too, unwillingly, with a suffering mind. For such is the mind of men upon the earth, as is the day which the father of men and of gods brings on.<sup>11</sup> For I once was prosperous amongst men, and did many infatuate things, yielding to violence and strength, trusting in my father and my brothers. Therefore let not any man be at all lawless, but let him in silence keep the gifts of the gods, whatever they give him. What impious things I perceive the suitors devising, wasting the possessions and dishonouring the wife of a man, whom I do not think will be long absent from his friends and his paternal land; but [he is] very near! yet may the deity take thee out away homeward in secret, nor mayest thou meet him, when he returns to his dear paternal land; for I do not think that the suitors and he will separate without blood, when he comes under the roof."

Thus he spoke; and having poured out a libation, he drank sweet wine: and again he placed the cup in the hands of the leader of the people. But he went through the house, grieving in his dear heart, nodding with his head: for his mind already foreboded. But not thus did he escape Fate; for Minerva bound him, so that he should be bravely overcome by the hand and spear of Telemachus. And he sat down again on the throne from whence he rose. But the blue-

<sup>11</sup> Thus translated by Cicero apud August. de Civ. Dei, v. 8:

"Tales sunt hominum menteis, qualis pater ipse  
Jupiter auctiferus lustravit lumine terras."

ax. Tyr. Diss. i. p. 6, and Duport, Gnom. Hom. p. 252, sq.



eyed goddess Minerva put it in the mind of the daughter of Icarus, prudent Penelope, to appear to the suitors, that as much as possible she might lay open the mind of the suitors, and be more honoured by her husband and son, than she was before. And she laughed feignedly, and spoke and said :

"Eurynome, my mind desires, though [it did not] before, to appear to the suitors, however detested. But I would speak a word to my son, which would be better, not altogether to associate with the overbearing suitors, who speak well indeed, but intend evilly afterwards."

But her the housekeeper Eurynome addressed in turn : "Of a truth indeed, my child, thou hast spoken all these things rightly ; but go, and tell thy son, nor conceal it, having washed thy body and anointed thy cheeks. Do not go thus, defiled as to thy face with tears ; since it is worse to grieve for ever without ceasing. For now thy son is of such an age, as thou especially didst pray to the immortals, when he was born, that thou shouldst see him with a beard."

But her prudent Penelope addressed in turn : "O Eurynome, do not advise me this, although anxious for me, to wash my body and anoint myself with oil : for the gods who possess Olympus, have destroyed my beauty, since he departed in his hollow ships. But command Autonoe and Hippodamia to come to me, that they may stand near me in the palace, for I will not go alone amongst men ; for I am ashamed."

Thus she spoke ; and the old woman went through out of the palace, to bear word to the women, and to urge them to return. Then the blue-eyed goddess Minerva meditated something else ; she shed sweet sleep upon the daughter of Icarus, and lying down she slumbered, and all her limbs were loosed there in the couch : in the mean time the divine one of goddesses gave her immortal gifts, that the Grecians might admire her : first she anointed her beauteous face with ambrosial loveliness, such as that with which beautiful-crowned Venus is anointed, when she goes to the delightful chorus of the Graces. And she made her taller and larger to look upon : and she made her whiter than sawn ivory. The divine one of goddesses thus having done, departed. And the white-armed handmaidens came from the palace, talking as they

came:<sup>12</sup> but sweet sleep left her, and she wiped her cheeks with her hands, and spoke:

"Truly a very soft slumber has covered me who suffer grievous things; would that chaste Diana would now immediately give me as soft a death, that no longer lamenting in my mind, I might waste away my life, regretting the various excellence of a dear husband: since he was conspicuous among the Grecians."

Thus having spoken, she descended from the splendid<sup>13</sup> upper-rooms, not alone: [for] two handmaidens followed with her. But when the divine one of women reached the suitors, she stood near the pillar of the strong-made roof, holding up a slender veil before her cheeks: and a prudent handmaiden stood on each side of her. And their knees were loosed, and their minds were soothed with love: and all desired to lie near her on her couch.

But she then addressed her dear son Telemachus: "O Telemachus, no longer is thy mind firm, nor thy counsel: when thou wert still a child, thou didst even more meditate what was profitable in thy mind: but now, when thou art large, and hast reached the measure of youth, and a foreign man would say, that thou art the offspring of a happy man, looking at thy size and beauty; thy mind and thy counsel are no longer proper. What a deed is this which has now been done in the palace, thou who hast suffered a stranger to be treated thus in an unseemly way? How now? if any stranger sitting in our house, thus suffer from terrible violence, it would be a shame and disgrace to thee amongst men."

But her prudent Telemachus addressed in answer: "My mother, I am not indignant that thou shouldst be angry; but I consider and know every thing in my mind, both what is good and what is worse: (but before I was still a babe:) but I cannot perceive all things that are prudent; for these astound me, meditating evils, sitting one with another; and I have no assistants. The conflict however between the stranger and Irus was not made by the will of the suitors; but he was superior in strength. Would that, O father Jove, and Minerva, and Apollo, the suitors may now thus nod their heads,

<sup>12</sup> Literally, "coming with talking."

<sup>13</sup> See note on xvi. 445.

overcome in our palace, some in the court, and some within the house, and the limbs of each were loosed; as now that Irus sits at the court gates nodding with his head, like unto a drunken man, nor can he stand upright on his feet, nor return home, wherever he has to return: since his limbs are loosed."

Thus then they spoke to one another, but Eurymachus addressed Penelope in words:

"O prudent Penelope, daughter of Icarus, if all the Grecians in Iasian Argos should behold thee, more suitors would feast in thine house in the morning, since thou excellest women, in form and size, and equal mind within."

But him prudent Penelope then answered: "O Eurymachus, the immortals indeed destroyed my excellence, and form, and person, when the Grecians embarked for Troy: and amongst them was my husband Ulysses. If he should come and manage my household, so would my fame be greater and more noble; but now I am grieved, for so many evils has the deity made to rush upon me. When indeed he went away, leaving his paternal land, taking my right hand by the wrist, he addressed me: 'O lady, I think not that all the well-greaved Greeks will return from Troy unharmed, for they say that the Trojans are warriors, both javelin-men, and drawers of arrows, and mounters on swift-footed steeds, who would very soon determine the great contest of equal war. Therefore I know not, whether God will let me return, or whether I shall be taken there in Troy; but let all things here be a care to thee. Be mindful of my father and mother in the palace, as now, or still more, when I am away. But when thou seest our son with a beard, marry whom thou wilt, leaving him in thine house.' Thus he spoke; but all these things are now accomplished. It shall be night when hateful marriage shall meet with me undone; from whom Jove has taken away fortune. But this severe grief comes upon my heart and mind: nor was this the usual custom of suitors hitherto, who wish to woo a good wife, and the daughter of a rich man, and contend with each other: they indeed bring oxen and rich sheep, as a feast for the friends of the damsel, and give glorious gifts; but do not consume the livelihood of others with impunity."

Thus she spoke; and much-enduring divine Ulysses re-

joiced, because she drew gifts from them, and soothed their mind with mild words; but his<sup>14</sup> thoughts meditated other things.

But her Antinous, son of Eupithes, addressed in turn: "O prudent Penelope, daughter of Icarus, receive gifts from whoever of the Greeks chooses to bring them hither; for it is not well to refuse a present. But we will neither go to our employments, or any where else, before thou art wedded to whoever is the best of the Grecians."

Thus spoke Antinous, and his discourse pleased them: and each sent a herald to bring presents. For Antinous indeed, he brought a large, beautiful, variegated robe; and there were twelve golden clasps in all upon it, fitted with well-bent eyes.<sup>15</sup> And for Eurymachus, he immediately brought a much-variegated necklace of gold set with amber, like as the sun. And two servants brought ear-rings for Eurydamas, set with triple eye-like drops, beautifully wrought, and much beauty shone from them. And the servants of Pisander, the king, son of Polyctor, brought a collar, a very beautiful ornament. And different of the Grecians brought different handsome gifts. The divine one of women then ascended to the upper rooms; and with her the handmaidens carried the very beautiful presents. But they turning themselves to the dance and lovely song were delighted; and they remained until evening came: and black evening came over them while being delighted. Immediately they placed three braziers<sup>16</sup> in the palace, that they might give light: and they put dry wood around, dried some time ago, very arid, lately cleft with brass: and they mixed brands with them: and the women-servants of patient Ulysses lit them up by turns; but the noble much-planning Ulysses himself addressed them:

"Ye women-servants of Ulysses, the long-absent king, go to the house, where is the venerable queen: and near her turn the distaff; and sitting in the palace, delight her, or comb the wool with your hands. But I will give light to all these. For even if they desire to wait till beautiful-throned morn, they shall not overcome me: for I am able to endure much."

Thus he spoke; but they laughed, and looked at one another. But fair-cheeked Melantho chided him shamefully:

<sup>14</sup> It is doubtful whether the *νόος* refers to Penelope or Ulysses.

<sup>15</sup> See Loewe.

<sup>16</sup> *λαμπτήρας, ἐσχάρας μετεώρου*. Scholiast.

her Dolius indeed begot, but Penelope brought her up, and nurtured her as her own child, and gave her play-things to delight her mind: but not even thus did she possess the grief of Penelope in her breast. But she was mingled with Eurymachus and loved him; she then chided Ulysses with reproachful words:

"Wretched stranger, thou art some one stricken out of thy senses: thou dost not wish to sleep, going to a brazier's house, or to the public meeting-place; but here thou [boldly speakest much amongst many men; nor dost thou fear at all in thy mind: either wine has laid hold of thine understanding, or thou hast always such a disposition, thou who utterest vain words]. Dost thou exult vainly, because thou hast conquered the vagrant Irus? [Take care], lest some other better than Irus should soon rise up, who, cutting thee about the head with his sturdy hands, will send thee out of the house, besmearing thee with much blood."

But her much-planning Ulysses, sternaly beholding, addressed: "Surely I will soon go thither, impudent one, and tell Telemachus, what things thou speakest, that he may forthwith cut thee up limb by limb."

Thus having spoken, he terrified<sup>17</sup> the women with his words: and they went through the house; and the limbs of each were loosed under them through fear; for they said [within themselves] that he spoke truly. But he stood looking upon all, giving light near to the burning hearths: moreover his heart meditated in his breast things which were not to be unaccomplished. But Minerva did not suffer the haughty suitors altogether to refrain from their mind-paining insolence, that grief might still more come upon the heart of Ulysses, son of Laertes. And Eurymachus, son of Polybus, began to speak to them, scoffing at Ulysses; and he caused laughter amongst his companions.

"Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious queen, whilst I speak the things which the mind in my breast commands me. This man does not come to the house of Ulysses without the will of some god: to me however the flame of the torches seems to be from him, and his head; since he has no hair, not even a little."

He spoke, and at the same time addressed city-destroying

<sup>17</sup> Literally, "fluttered."

Ulysses: "Stranger, art thou willing to serve, if I would take thee, at the extreme part of the country, (but thou shalt have sufficient pay,) collecting heaps of stones, and planting tall trees? There indeed I would supply thee with food for a whole year, and would put garments on thee, and would give thee sandals for thy feet. But since indeed thou hast learnt evil works, thou wilt not be willing to hasten to work; but thou desirest to beg through the people, until thou hast wherewith to feed thine insatiable belly."

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "Eurymachus, if there were to be a contention of work between us in the spring season, when the days are long, in the grass, and I had a well-bent sickle, and thou also hadst such a one, that we might make trial of our work, fasting until dark, and there was grass at hand; or if again there were oxen to drive, which are the best, sleek, large, both well fed with grass, of equal age, bearing equal burdens, whose strength was not weak, and there was a field of four acres, and the glebe yielded to the plough, then thou wouldst see me, if I would cut through continual furrows. If again the son of Saturn should to-day raise up war from any place, but I had a shield and two spears, and a helmet, all brass, fitted upon my temples; then thou shouldst see me mixed amongst the first fore-fighters; nor wouldst thou speak, reproaching my belly. But thou insultest me very much, and thy mind is cruel; and thou thinkest that thou art some great and mighty person, because thou dost associate with few, and those not excellent: but if Ulysses should come and reach his paternal land, soon the gates, although they are very wide, would be narrow for thee when flying out of doors through the portico."

Thus he spoke; but Eurymachus was more wroth at heart, and sternly regarding him, he addressed to him winged words:

"Ah! wretched one, surely I will soon accomplish some evil upon thee, such things dost thou speak boldly amongst men; nor dost thou at all fear in thy mind; wine in truth has laid hold of thine understanding, or thou hast always such a disposition, thou who utterest vain words. [Dost thou exult vainly, because thou hast conquered the wanderer Irus?"]

Thus having spoken, he took a stool : but Ulysses sat down at the knees of Dulichian Amphinomus, fearing Eurymachus : and he struck the cup-bearer on his right hand ; and the bowl, falling on the ground, resounded ; but he, groaning, fell supine in the dust. And the suitors made a tumult in the dark palace ; and thus some one said, looking to another near him :

" Would that the stranger, wandering, had perished elsewhere, before he came [here] ; then would he not have caused so great a tumult. But now we are contending about a beggar ; nor will there be any delight in an excellent banquet, since the worst things prevail."

Then the sacred might of Telemachus addressed them : " Sirs, ye are mad, and no longer eat and drink in quiet : some one of the gods irritates you. But having feasted well, go home, and lie down, when your mind commands you ; but I drive no one away."<sup>18</sup>

Thus he spoke ; and they all biting their lips with their teeth, marvelled at Telemachus for what he boldly spoke. But Amphinomus, the illustrious son of king Nisus, son of Aretias, harangued and addressed them :

" My friends, no one surely attacking [him] with hostile words, would be angry with what has been spoken justly. Neither insult the stranger any more, nor any other of the servants who are in the house of divine Ulysses. But come, let the cup-bearer make the first offerings with the cups, that having made libations, we going home may lie down : and let us leave the stranger in the palace of Ulysses for Telemachus to take care of : for he has come to his kind house."

Thus he spoke ; and he spoke words pleasing to all of them. And the hero Mulus, the Dulichian herald, mixed a bowl for them ; but he was the servant of Amphinomus ; and he distributed to all in succession : and they having made libations to the blessed gods, drank sweet wine. But when they had made libations, and drunk as much as their mind wished, each went to his own home to lie down to rest.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. go when you choose.



## BOOK XIX.

## ARGUMENT.

During the night Ulysses and Telemachus remove the arms from the hall to an upper chamber. Ulysses then gives a feigned account of himself to Penelope. Euryclea, while washing his feet, recognises him by a scar on his knee; then follows an account of the way in which he was wounded by a boar while hunting in Parnassus.

BUT divine Ulysses was left in the palace, meditating destruction for the suitors with Minerva. And he immediately addressed to Telemachus winged words:

"Telemachus, it behoves [thee] to lay up all the warlike arms within; but to deceive the suitors with mild words, when desiring them they inquire of thee; [saying], I have placed them out of the smoke; since they are no longer like unto those which Ulysses once left, when going to Troy, but are become soiled, as much as the vapour of fire has reached them. But the deity has put this still greater matter in my mind, lest by chance intoxicated, having made a quarrel amongst you, ye should wound one another, and disgrace the feast, and the wooing; for the steel itself draws on a man."

Thus he spoke; and Telemachus obeyed his dear father: and calling out the nurse Euryclea, he addressed her:

"Nurse, come now, shut the women in the palace, whilst I lay up the beautiful arms of my sire in the chamber, which the smoke besmears, not taken care of in the house, whilst my sire is absent: but I was yet a child; but now I wish to lay them up, where the vapour of fire will not reach them."

But him the dear nurse Euryclea addressed in turn: "Would that, my child, thou wouldst at length assume prudence to thyself, to take care of thy house, and to guard all thy possessions. But come, who then going with thee, shall carry a light? Thou dost not suffer the handmaidens, who would have given light, to come forward."

But her prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "This stranger [will]: for I will not allow him to be without employment, whoever touches my food,<sup>1</sup> although having come from afar."

<sup>1</sup> *Χοῖνιξ* is properly a measure containing two sextarii; and from thence signifies any thing that is measured, or, as it is here used, *food* in general. See Eustathius.

Thus he spoke; but the word was unwinged;<sup>2</sup> and she shut the gates of the well-built palace. But Ulysses and his glorious son hastening, carried in the helmets, and embossed shields, and sharp spears: and Pallas Minerva before [them], holding a golden lamp, gave a very beautiful light. Then Telemachus quickly addressed his sire:

"O father, truly I behold this a great marvel with mine eyes: the walls of the palace, and the beautiful intercolumniations,<sup>3</sup> and the fir-tree beams, and the lofty columns, shine altogether before mine eyes, as with burning fire. Certainly some god is within, [of those] who possess the wide heaven."

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "Be silent; and restrain thy thoughts, nor make inquiries: this indeed is the right of the gods who possess Olympus. But do thou go and lie down; and I will remain here, that I may still excite the handmaidens and thy mother: but she mourning will ask me concerning every thing."

Thus he spoke; and Telemachus went through out of the palace to his chamber to lie down, (shining under the light of torches,) where he before lay down, when sweet sleep came upon him. There indeed he at that time also lay down, and waited for divine morn. But divine Ulysses was left in the palace meditating destruction for the suitors, with Minerva. And prudent Penelope came from her chamber, like unto Diana, and golden Venus: for her indeed they placed a seat near the fire, upon which she sat, turned with ivory and silver; which formerly the artificer Iemalius wrought, and under it he put a footstool for the feet, joined to it, upon which a large fleece was spread. There then prudent Penelope sat down. And white-armed handmaidens came from the palace: and they took away much bread, and the tables, and the cups, from which the over-violent men drank. And they threw the fire from the hearths upon the ground; and heaped up much other wood upon them, to be a light and to give warmth. And Melanthe a second time chided Ulysses:

"O stranger, still wilt thou trouble us here, ranging through the house in the night? and wilt thou watch the women?"

<sup>2</sup> See on xvii. 57.

<sup>3</sup> I prefer this interpretation, but the student may take choice among *τὰ μεταξὺ τῶν δοκῶν*, or *διαφράγματα ἢ διαστήματα μεταξὺ τῶν κίονων*. Eustath.

But depart out of doors, wretched one, and enjoy thy meal: or soon, ay, stricken with a torch, thou shalt go out of doors."

But her much-planning Ulysses, sternly regarding, addressed: "Impudent woman, why dost thou thus press upon me with angered mind? is it because I am squalid, and am clothed on my body in bad garments? and beg through the people? for necessity presses upon me. But such are beggars and wanderers. For I also, once wealthy, inhabited an opulent house amongst men, and I often gave to such a wanderer, whoever he might be, and whatever he came wanting. And I had innumerable servants, and many other things, by which men live well and are called opulent: but Jove, the son of Saturn, destroyed me; for he somehow willed [to do so]. Therefore, woman, [beware] lest thou lose all thy beauty, with which thou art now adorned amongst the women-servants, for fear thy mistress, enraged with thee, should be wroth, or Ulysses should return: for there is still some share of hope. But even if he has perished, and is no longer able to return, yet by the will of Apollo he has now such a son, Telemachus; and no one of the women acting impiously in the palace will escape him: since he is no longer of such an age."

Thus he spoke; but prudent Penelope heard him; and she chided her handmaiden, and spoke, and addressed her:

"In no wise, O bold, O shameless one, shalt thou escape me, doing a heinous deed, which thou shalt atone with thine head. For thou knewest full well, since thou didst hear from me myself, that I intend to inquire of the stranger in my palace concerning my husband, since I am continually grieved."

She spoke, and addressed the housekeeper, Eurynome: "O Eurynome, bring a seat and [spread] a skin upon it, that the stranger sitting down may tell me, and hear from me; for I wish to inquire of him."

Thus she spoke; and she very quickly bringing a well-polished seat, set it down, and spread a skin upon it: there then much-enduring divine Ulysses sat down. And to them prudent Penelope began discourse:

"O stranger, I myself will first ask of thee, who art thou? from whence art thou amongst men? where are thy city and parents?"

But her much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer:

"O lady, no one of mortals over the boundless earth would find fault with thee; for thy fame reaches the wide heaven, as of some blameless king, who, godlike, ruling over many and mighty men, upholds equity: and the dark earth produces wheat and barley, and the trees are heavy laden with fruit; and it brings forth strong sheep, and the sea furnishes fish on account of his good government; and the people are virtuous under him. Now therefore inquire of me the other things in thine house: but do not ask my race and paternal land, lest thou shouldst the more fill my mind with pains, as I call things to my recollection; but I am a man of much grief; nor is it at all fit that I should sit in another person's house mourning and wailing; since it is worse to grieve for ever without ceasing; for fear any one of the servants should blame me, or even thou thyself; and should say that I increase my tears, having my mind heavy with wine."

But him prudent Penelope thus answered: "Stranger, of a truth the immortals destroyed my excellence, and form, and person, when the Grecians embarked for Ilium; and amongst them was my husband Ulysses. If he indeed coming should manage my property, so would my fame be greater and more honourable: but now I am grieved; for the deity has made so many evils rush upon me. [For as many chiefs as rule over the islands, Dulichium, and Samos, and woody Zacynthus, and those who govern in western Ithaca itself, these woo me against my will, and waste away mine house.] Therefore I have no regard for strangers, or for suppliants, or at all for heralds, who are public officers: but regretting Ulysses I am melted away in my dear heart. And they hasten on my marriage; but I wind<sup>4</sup> deceits: first of all the deity inspired my mind to weave a large garment in the palace, having begun<sup>5</sup> a large web, slender and round; but I straightway addressed them: 'Youths, my suitors, since divine Ulysses has died, do ye remain, urging my marriage; until I shall finish this garment, (that my threads may not perish in vain,) a shroud for the hero Laertes, for the time when the destructive fate of long-sleeping death shall seize on him. Lest some one of the Grecian women amongst the people should be indignant with me, if he, who having possessed many things,

<sup>4</sup> i. e. plan, devise.

<sup>5</sup> Literally, "having set up."

should lie without a shroud.\* Thus I spoke; and their haughty mind was persuaded. Then during the day I wove the large web, but at night, when I had set the torches near me, I unravelled it. Thus for three years I escaped them, and persuaded the Grecians: but when the fourth year came, and the hours advanced, [the months waning, and many days were completed,] then they caught me, coming upon me through means of the women servants, careless creatures! and chided me with words. So I finished it, although against my will, by necessity; but now I neither can escape marriage, nor do I discover any other counsel: and my parents very much exhort me to marry: and my son grieves at their consuming his property, knowing [that they are doing so]: for now he is a man by all means able to take care of the house, to whom Jove gives renown. But even so tell me thy race, from whence thou art: for thou art not born of an old-fabled oak, or from a rock."

But her much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O venerable wife of Ulysses, son of Laertes, wilt thou not yet cease inquiring my race? But I will tell thee; thou wilt indeed give me up to more griefs, than [those] by which I am already possessed: for this is the wont, when a man is absent from his country so long a time, as I now am, wandering over many cities of mortals, suffering griefs: but even so I will tell thee that which thou askest and inquirest of me. There is a certain land, Crete, in the middle of the dark sea, beautiful and rich, surrounded with water; and in it there are many men, numberless, and ninety cities. And there is a different language of different men, mixed together; there are in it Achæians, and magnanimous Eteocretans, and Cydonians, and crest-shaking<sup>6</sup> Dorians, and divine Pelasgians. And amongst them is a large city, Cnossus: there Minos reigned, who every nine years<sup>7</sup> conversed with mighty Jove, the father of my sire, magnanimous Deucalion. And Deucalion

<sup>6</sup> Or, "inhabiting three cities;" for some inhabited Eubœa, others Peloponnesus, and others Crete. Others say, "having three crests." Others, "shaking their crests in battle." See Eustathius.

<sup>7</sup> This is evidently the correct interpretation, as we may learn from Plato de Legg. i. p. 565, Lem., τοῦ Μῖνος φοιτῶντος πρὸς τὴν τοῦ πατρὸς ἐκάστοτε συνουσίαν δι' ἐννιάτων ἔτους, καὶ κατὰ τὰς παρ' ἐκείνου φήμας ταῖς πόλειςιν ἡμῖν θεῶδες τοὺς νόμους; See also Minos, p. 46, F. Dion. Chrysost. Or. i. p. 56. Cicer. Tusc. Q. ii. 13.

begot me, and king Idomeneus; but he went in the crooked ships to Ilium, together with the sons of Atreus: and my renowned name is Æthon, the youngest in birth; but he was first and best. There I saw Ulysses, and gave him hospitable gifts. For the strength of the wind drove him to Crete, as he was making for Troy, making him to wander from the Maleans; and placed him in Amnisus, (where too is the cave of Pytheia,) in a dangerous haven; and he scarcely escaped the storms. But immediately coming up to the city, he inquired for Idomeneus; for he said that he was a dear and venerable guest of his. And he had now set out about ten or eleven days with his crooked ships for Troy. I however leading him to my abode, treated him well, entertaining him heartily, having many things in my house: and I gave to him, and to his other companions, who followed with him, meal from the public stores, and dark wine, having collected it, and beeves to sacrifice; that they might satiate their mind. There the divine Grecians remained for twelve days; for a great North wind drifted them, nor suffered them to stand even on land; for some evil deity raised it; but on the thirteenth day the wind fell; and they weighed anchor."

He stopt,<sup>8</sup> telling many falsehoods like unto truths: and the tears flowed down from her, hearing it, and her body wasted away. And as the snow has melted on the lofty mountains, which the East wind has melted,<sup>9</sup> when Zephyr poured it upon them, and the rivers as they flow are filled by it melting; so were her fair cheeks melted, as she shed tears, bewailing her husband, who was sitting near her; and Ulysses indeed pitied in his mind his grieving wife, but his eyes stood [firm] as horn or steel, without trembling in his eyelids: and by artifice he concealed his tears. When then she was satiated

<sup>8</sup> See Buttmann, Lexil. p. 275-279, and on Od. xxii. 31, who would almost prefer ἴσπεν to ἴσκειν, the true meaning of which is very difficult to settle. For my own part I feel inclined to change the punctuation, joining λέγων ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα, and rendering, "He [thus] counterfeited many false things, speaking words like unto truth." This does least violence to the proper meaning of ἴσχει.

<sup>9</sup> Observe the continued repetition, τήκετο—κατατήκετο—κατέτηξεν. Cf. Il. i. 251, sqq. v. 266, sqq. Hesiod, Opp. 27, sq. 97, sq. Pseud-Orpheus Arg. 717, sq. Theocrit. xxvii. 66, sqq. Such instances are chiefly found in heroic verse

with tearful mourning, she straightway in answer addressed him:

"Now indeed, O stranger, I think that I will put thee to the test, if in truth, as thou sayest, thou hast entertained my husband with his godlike companions in thy palace. Tell me what kind of garments were put around his body, and himself, what kind of a man he was, and his companions who followed him."

But her much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O lady, difficult it is to tell, when so long a time has elapsed between: for it is now the twentieth year since he went thence, and departed from my country; but even so I will tell thee, as my heart makes it seem<sup>10</sup> to me. Divine Ulysses had a purple woollen cloak, double; but there was a clasp of gold made for it with two fastenings:<sup>11</sup> and in front it was variegated: a dog held in its fore feet a spotted fawn, enjoying it<sup>12</sup> panting; and all marvelled at it, how they being of gold, the one strangling the kid was enjoying it, but the other, eager to escape, was convulsively struggling with its feet. That beautiful garment I perceived around his body, like as the rind of a slender onion. So soft was it, and it was shining as the sun: many women indeed gazed upon it. But I will tell thee something else, and do thou lay it up in thy mind; I know not whether Ulysses put these garments on his body at home, or whether some one of his companions gave them to him, as he was going in the swift ship, or perhaps some stranger; since Ulysses was dear to many; for there were few of the Grecians like unto him. And I gave to him a brazen sword, and a beautiful, purple, double cloak, and a garment reaching to his feet; and I sent him away honourably, on a well-benched ship. And a herald, a little older than himself, followed him; and I will tell thee concerning him, what kind of a man he was; round-shouldered, dark-coloured, with curly hair, and his name was Eurybates: but Ulysses honoured him chief among his companions, because he knew in his mind what was proper."

<sup>10</sup> Hes. Ἰνδᾷλλεται, ὁμοιοῦται, φαίνεται, δοκεῖ, στοχάζεται. Timaeus Lex. φαντάζεται. See Ruhnck. p. 150.

<sup>11</sup> Some call ἀνλός, the ring of a clasp; but the Scholiast says it is, a straight pipe or channel, in which the clasp was shut up. Old Transl.

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Alberti on Hesych. γ. λάων, t. ii. p. 467.



Thus he spoke, and still more encouraged the desire of grief in her, recognising the signs, which Ulysses told her plainly. She therefore, after she was satiated with tearful mourning, then indeed addressed him in answer :

"Now indeed, O stranger, although thou wast before an object of pity in my palace, thou shalt be dear and revered: for I myself gave him these garments, which thou dost mention, having folded them up from my chamber: and I put the shining clasp upon them, to be an ornament for him: but him I shall not receive again, returning home to his dear country. Therefore Ulysses went by evil fate in the hollow ship, to see that ill-Troy, not to be named."

But her much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O venerable wife of Ulysses, son of Laertes, now no longer waste thy beauteous person, nor consume thy mind, mourning for thy husband: however, I could not be angry with thee at all: for any woman, having lost her lawful husband, (to whom she has borne children, and having been mingled with him in love,) though inferior to Ulysses, whom they say is like unto the gods, laments for him. But cease from thy grief, and attend to what I say: for I will tell thee truly, nor will I conceal it, that I lately heard of the return of Ulysses, of his being alive, in a rich people near the Thesprotians: but he brings much and excellent treasure, begging it through the people: but he has lost his beloved companions and his hollow ship, in the dark sea, as he was going from the island of Trinacria: for Jove and the Sun were wrath with him, for his companions slew the oxen [of the Sun]. All of them perished in the boisterous sea; but the wave drove him up on the keel of the ship to the shore, to the land of the Phæacians, who are near to the gods. But him they honoured exceedingly, like as a god, and gave him many things, and themselves wished to escort him home unharmed; and Ulysses would have been here some time ago; but it seemed to him in his mind to be better to go over much land and collect possessions; since Ulysses knew many means of gain above mortal men: nor would any other mortal contend with him, as Pheidon, king of the Thesprotians, told me. And he swore to me myself, pouring out a libation in the house, that the ship was drawn down, and that companions were ready, who

would at length escort him to his dear paternal land. But me he sent away first; for a ship of the Thesprotians happened to be coming to wheat-abounding Dulichium. And to me he showed the possessions, whatsoever Ulysses had collected; and they would support another man even to the tenth generation, so many treasures of his lie in the palace of the king. And he said that he was gone to Dodona, that he might ask the counsel of God from the lofty-tressed oak of Jove, in what way he should return to his dear paternal land, having been now a long time absent, whether openly or secretly. So he is thus safe, and will come now very near, nor any more will he for a long time be far away from his friends and paternal land; however I will plight thee an oath: now let Jove first be witness, the highest and most excellent of the gods, and the hearth of blameless Ulysses, to which I am come, all these things shall surely be brought to pass, as I relate them: Ulysses will come here in this same year, when this month wanes, and the next begins."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "Would that, O stranger, this word might be accomplished: then shouldst thou soon experience my friendship, and [receive] many gifts from me; so that any one who met thee would congratulate thee. But thus does it appear to me in my mind, even as it will be: neither will Ulysses any more come home, nor will thou obtain an escort: since there are not masters in the house, such as was Ulysses amongst men, (if ever he was) to send away and to receive venerable strangers. But wash him, hand-maidens, and place a bed for him, couches and cloaks, and beautiful rugs, that being well warmed he may reach the golden-throned Morn. But very early in the morning wash and anoint him, that sitting within near Telemachus he may take care of his meal: but it shall be more sad for him, whoever of them afflicting him in mind causes him sorrow, and he shall no more effect any work here, although exceedingly enraged. For how, stranger, wilt thou know of me, whether I excel other women at all in thought, or prudent counsel, if thou featest in the palace, squalid, ill-clad? but men are short-lived. Whoever is himself cruel, and knows what is cruel, upon him all mortals imprecate griefs hereafter when alive; but all scoff at him when dead: but whoever is him-

self blameless, and knows what is blameless, his fame strangers bear far and wide amongst all men: and many call him excellent."

But her much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O venerable wife of Ulysses, son of Laertes, cloaks and beautiful rugs are indeed a burden to me, since I was first separated from the snowy mountains of Crete, going in a long-oared ship. But I will lie, as I have hitherto rested during the sleepless nights. For already have I lain many nights in an unseemly bed, and have waited for beautiful-throned divine morning. Nor are foot-baths for my feet at all agreeable to my mind; nor shall any of the women, who are servants in thy house, touch my foot, unless there is some old woman, who kens what is prudent, who has endured so many things in her mind, as I have, I would not grudge that she should touch my feet."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in answer: "Dear stranger! for not yet has any foreign stranger come, thus prudent, or more welcome to my house, so very skilfully dost thou speak all things that are prudent: I have an old woman, who possesses prudent counsels in her mind, who nurtured well and brought up him, wretched one, having received him in her hands, when his mother first brought him forth, she will wash thy feet, although having but little strength. But come now, O prudent Euryclea, rising up, wash one who is of equal age with thy master: such perhaps is Ulysses now as to feet and hands. For quickly do mortals grow old in misfortune."

Thus she spoke: but the old woman covered her face with her hands, and shed warm tears; and she uttered a mournful word:

"Alas for me! child, I know not what to do on thine account; surely Jove hates thee above men, thee who didst possess a godlike mind. For no one of mortals has ever burnt so many rich thighs to thunder-rejoicing Jove, nor chosen hecatombs, as thou hast given him, praying that thou mightest reach a quiet old age, and mightest bring up thine illustrious son: but now he has thus altogether taken away from thee the day of return. So perchance the women of foreign hosts mock at him, when he comes under their illustrious dwellings, as these impudent ones all mock at thee; shunning

whose insolence and many reproaches, thou dost not suffer them to wash thee: but the daughter of Icarus, prudent Penelope, desires me who am not unwilling. Therefore I will wash thy feet, both for Penelope's sake and thine: since my mind is troubled within with cares: but now understand the word which I say, many wretched strangers have already come here, but I do not think that I have ever seen any one thus like, as thou art like unto Ulysses, both in body and voice and feet."

But her much-counselling Ulysses addressed in answer: "O old woman, so they say, as many as have beheld both of us with their eyes, that we are very like one another; as thou thyself wisely sayest."

Thus he spoke; but the old woman took a shining cauldron, in which she washed his feet, and into it she poured much cold water; and then she mixed warm with it: but Ulysses sat on the hearth, but he quickly turned towards a dark place: for he immediately reflected in his mind, that she, finding the scar, would discover him, and that his deeds would become manifest. And she, going near her master, washed him; and she immediately recognised the scar; which once a boar had inflicted upon him with its white tusk, as he was going to Parnassus with Autolycus and his sons, the excellent sire of his mother, who surpassed men in deceitfulness and in oaths: but to him the god Mercury himself gave [this gift]: for to him he burnt the acceptable thighs of lambs and kids; but he willingly accompanied him. But Autolycus coming to the rich people of Ithaca, found the son of his daughter lately born; him Euryclea placed on his dear knees when he ceased from supper; and she spoke and said:

"Autolycus, do thou now thyself find out a name, which thou mayest give to the dear son of thy daughter; for by many prayers has he been obtained."

But her Autolycus answered and addressed in turn: "Do ye, my son-in-law and my daughter, give him the name which I mention; since I have come hither, hated by many men and women, through the many-feeding earth, therefore let the name given to him be Ulysses:<sup>13</sup> but I, when he, being grown up, comes to Parnassus, to his great maternal house,

<sup>13</sup> Ὀδυσσεύς, from the verb ὀδύσσω, to be wroth. See Eustathius.

where are my possessions, will give him some of them, and will send him away rejoicing."

On account of these things came Ulysses, that he might give to him handsome presents. Autolycus, and the sons of Autolycus, welcomed him with their hands and with mild words. But his maternal grandmother Amphithea, embracing Ulysses, kissed his head and both his beautiful eyes. And Autolycus commanded his glorious sons to make ready a banquet; and they heard him inciting them. And they immediately brought a male beeve of five years old: they skinned it, and handled it, and severed it all. And they cut it up skilfully, and fixed it on spits, and roasted it cleverly, and divided the shares. Thus then they feasted during the whole day until sunset; nor did the mind at all want an equal feast. But when the sun set, and darkness came on, then they lay down to rest, and took the gift of sleep. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, they set out to the hunt, both the dogs, and the sons of Autolycus; and divine Ulysses went with them: and they came to the lofty mountain of Parnassus, clad in wood; and they soon reached the windy heights. The sun had just then struck upon the fields from the gentle-flowing, deep-streamed ocean; and the huntsmen came to the dell; and the dogs went before them, searching out their tracks; but behind came the sons of Autolycus, and with them divine Ulysses, near the dogs, brandishing a long-shadowing spear. There a large boar lay down in a dense thicket; which neither the force of the moist-blowing winds breathed through, nor did the shining sun strike it with its beams, nor did the shower penetrate through it; so thick was it, but there was a great mass of dry leaves shed in it. And around him came the sound of the feet of men and dogs, as they came driving on; but he opposite, out of the woody lair, bristling well his neck, and looking fire with his eyes, stood near them; but Ulysses rushed on much the first, holding up his long spear with his strong hand, eager to wound him; but the boar anticipating him, struck him over the knee; and he tore out much flesh with his tusk, rushing obliquely, nor did he reach the bone of the man. But him Ulysses wounded, hitting him on the right shoulder, and straight through him the point of the shining spear passed; and he fell groaning in the dust: and life flew from him. Him however the kind

sons of Autolycus took care of, and they skilfully bound the wound of godlike blameless Ulysses; and they stopped the black blood by a spell, and quickly reached the house of their dear sire. Autolycus then, and the sons of Autolycus, having healed him well, and having given him splendid gifts, quickly rejoicing, sent him rejoicing to dear Ithaca: but on his return his father and venerable mother rejoiced, and inquired every thing of him, as to the scar, what he suffered: but he related it well to them, how the boar struck him with his white tusk as he was hunting, having come to Parnassus with the sons of Autolycus.

But the old woman, taking it<sup>14</sup> in her hands placed flat, and wiping it, recognised it: and she let his foot fall: and his leg fell in the cauldron; and the brass resounded, and was turned on one side: and the water was poured out on the ground. And joy and grief possessed her mind at the same time; and her eyes were filled with tears: and her warm voice was choked. And touching Ulysses by the beard, she addressed him:

"Certainly, my dear child, thou art Ulysses: nor did I know thee before I had handled my master all round."

She spoke, and looked at Penelope with her eyes, wishing to tell her that her dear husband was within. But she was neither able to look opposite to her, nor to perceive her; for Minerva turned away her thoughts: but Ulysses holding out his hand, took her by the throat with his right hand; and with the other he himself drew her near and addressed her:

"Nurse, why dost thou wish to destroy me? thou thyself didst nourish me at thy breast, but now, having endured many toils I am returned in the twentieth year to my paternal land. But since thou hast perceived me, and God has put it in thy mind, be silent, lest any other in the palace should hear it. For thus I tell thee, and this shall be accomplished, if God shall subdue the proud suitors under me, I shall not spare thee, although thou art my nurse, when I slay the other women servants in my palace."

But him prudent Euryclæa addressed in turn: "My child, what word hast thou uttered? thou knowest how firm my mind is, that it does not yield; but I will keep like as some hard rock, or steel: and I will tell thee something else, and

<sup>14</sup> i. e. the wounded foot

do thou lay it up in thy mind; if God shall subdue the proud suitors under thee, then will I enumerate to thee the women in the palace, who dishonour thee, and who are innocent."

But her much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "Nurse, why shouldst thou point them out? it is not at all requisite that thou shouldst: I myself can tell them well, and shall know each one. But hold thy peace in silence, and commit it to the gods."

Thus he spoke: and the old woman went through out of the palace, to bring a foot-bath; for all the first was poured out. But when she had washed, and anointed him with the smooth oil, Ulysses again drew his seat nearer the fire to warm himself, but he covered the scar with rags. And prudent Penelope began speaking to them:

"O stranger, I myself will ask this of thee for a little longer; for soon it will be time for delightful sleep, [for] whomsoever sweet sleep lays hold of, although in trouble. But to me the deity has given immeasurable grief; for I am delighted during the days mourning, grieving, looking to my works and those of my handmaidens in the house: but when night comes, and bed receives all, I lie down on my couch, and constant, sharp cares about my heart irritate me, lamenting continually. As when the daughter of Pandarus, the swarthy nightingale, sings beautifully when the spring newly begins, sitting in the thick branches of trees, and she frequently changing, pours forth her much-sounding voice, lamenting her dear Itylus, (whom once she slew with the brass through ignorance,<sup>15</sup>) the offspring of the king Zethus: so also two ways is my mind excited on one side and the other, whether I should remain with my son, and guard all things firmly, my property, and my servants, and my large lofty-roofed house, reverencing the bed of my spouse, and the voice of the people; or whether I should follow him that is the best of the Grecians, who woos me, in the palace, and gives me infinite bridal gifts. But my son, as long as he was still a child, and weak-minded, did not suffer me to marry, leaving him in the house of my husband; but now when he is full grown, and arrived at the age of manhood, he

<sup>15</sup> She intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it by the envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only two, but through mistake she slew her son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale. Cowper



begs of me to go away from the palace, angry on account of the wealth, which the Grecians are consuming for him. But come, expound a dream for me, and hearken to it: twenty geese in my house eat wheat out of the water, and I was delighted, looking at them; but a large crooked-beaked eagle coming from a mountain, broke the necks of all of them, and slew them: and they were strewn together in the palace, but he was lifted up into the divine air. But I wept and wailed, although in a dream, and the fair-haired Grecian women were assembled around me complaining piteously, that the eagle had killed my geese. But coming back he sat down on the projecting roof; and restrained me with a mortal voice, and spoke: 'Be of good cheer, O daughter of far-famed Icmrus; it is not a dream, but an excellent vision,<sup>16</sup> which shall be brought to pass. The geese are the suitors; and I before was an eagle, but now am come, thy husband, who will bring unseemly fate upon all the suitors.' Thus he spoke; and sweet sleep left me. And looking about, I saw the geese in the palace, eating wheat near the trough, where they before [eat it]."

But her much-counselling Ulysses addressed in answer: "O lady, it is not possible to expound the dream turning in any other way; since Ulysses himself told thee how it will be performed; but destruction has appeared to all the suitors; nor will any one escape death and fate."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "Stranger, dreams are indeed uncertain, and speak things which cannot be determined, nor are all brought to pass for men. For there are two portals of unsubstantial dreams; these are made of horn, and those of ivory; whichever of them<sup>17</sup> comes through the sawn ivory, they deceive, bringing promises which will never be fulfilled; but those which come out of doors through the polished horn, accomplish what is true, when any one of mortals sees them. But I think not that the terrible dream came to me from thence; so it would be delightful for me and for my son. But I will tell thee something else, and do thou lay it up in thy mind: this is now the

<sup>16</sup> This distinction between *ὄναρ* and *ὕπαρ* is illustrated by Blomf. on *Æsch. Prom.* 482. Valcken. on *Ammon.* p. 217, 218. Alberti on *Hesych.* s. v. *ὕπαρ*.

<sup>17</sup> Of dreams.

hateful morning which will take me away from the house of Ulysses; for now I will propose as a contest the pole-axes which he used to place in order in his palace, like the ribs of a ship,<sup>18</sup> twelve in all, and he, standing a great way off, shot the arrow through them. Now I will propose this contest to the suitors; whoever shall most easily stretch the bow in his hands, and shoot the arrow through all the twelve hatchets, him will I follow, leaving this house, which I entered when a virgin, very beautiful, full of wealth; which I think I shall some time or other remember, even in a dream."

But her much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "O venerable wife of Ulysses, son of Laertes, no longer now put off this contest in the house; for much-planning Ulysses will come here before they, handling this well-polished bow, stretch the string, and shoot the arrow through the steel."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "If thou wast willing, O stranger, sitting by me in the palace to delight me, sleep would not be shed over my eyelids. But it is not possible for men to be always without sleep; for in every thing the immortals have given their lot to mortals over the fruitful plain. But I indeed, going to the upper room, will lie down on my bed, which has become sad to me, ever moistened with my tears, from the time when Ulysses went to behold ill-Troy, which ought not to be named. There will I lie down; but do thou lie in this house, either strewing [a bed] upon the ground, or let them lay down a couch for thee."

Thus having spoken, she ascended to the beautiful upper rooms, not alone: [for] other handmaidens also went with her. And having ascended to the upper room with her women attendants, she then wept for Ulysses, her dear husband; until blue-eyed Minerva cast sweet sleep upon her eye-lids.

<sup>18</sup> Twelve stakes (rather, pole-axes) were fixed in the earth, each having a ring at the top; the order in which they stood were so exact, that an arrow sent with an even hand through the first ring, would pass them all. Cowper. I have followed the explanation of Liddell and Scott, v. *δρυοχοί*.

## BOOK XX.

## ARGUMENT.

Ulysses is reassured by a vision of Minerva, but upon waking he hesitates whether or not to destroy the women servants, he however resolves to spare them for the present. The suitors, who had been meditating fresh plots against Telemachus, while feasting are struck by a panic; from whence Theoclymenus foretells their ruin, but they deride his prophecy.

BUT divine Ulysses slept in the vestibule; he strewed upon the ground an undressed bull's hide, but above it many skins of sheep, which the Grecians had sacrificed. And Eurynome threw a cloak over him when he lay down. There Ulysses meditating evil in his mind against the suitors, lay awake; and the women, who were before mingled with the suitors, went out of the palace, furnishing laughter and merriment to each other. And his mind was excited in his breast; and much he meditated in his soul and in his mind, whether, rushing upon them, he should cause death to each of them, or should still suffer them to be mingled with the overbearing suitors for the last and latest time: and his heart was greatly disturbed<sup>1</sup> within him. And as a bitch going about her tender whelps, growls at a man when she knows [him] not, and is eager to fight with him; so his heart growled within him, marvelling at their evil deeds. And smiting his breast, he chided his heart in words:

"Endure it now, my heart; thou once didst endure something else even more severe, in that day when the Cyclops, intolerable in might, eat thy stout companions, but thou didst endure it, until stratagem took thee out of the cave, when thou thoughtest that thou wouldst die."

Thus he spoke, rebuking the dear heart in his breast: and his heart remained at rest,<sup>2</sup> unceasingly enduring it; but he turned himself on one side and the other. As when a man, while a large fire is blazing, turns a paunch full of fat and

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "barked." Cf. Stat. Sylv. ii. l. 12, "stat pectore demens Luctus, et admoto latrant præcordia tactu."

<sup>2</sup> This is somewhat a free translation of ἐν πείσῃ κραδίη μένει, which properly means, "remained at anchor," πείσῃ signifying "a cable." Cf. Hesych. πείσῃ, πείσματι καὶ χώρα, aid. Alberti on T. i. p. 1255, γ. ἐν πείσῃ, where this interpretation is fully confirmed.

blood, from side to side, and is anxious that it should be roasted very quickly; so did he roll himself on one side and the other, meditating how he might lay his hands upon the shameless suitors, being alone amongst many; but Minerva came near to him, descending from heaven: and in her person she was like unto a woman, and she stood over his head, and addressed him in words:

"Why dost thou still watch, thou who art ill-fated above all mortals? this is thy house, and this is thy wife in the house, and thy son, such a one as any one desires his son to be."

But her much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "Of a truth, O goddess, thou hast rightly spoken all these things. But my mind meditates this in my breast, in what way I, being alone, shall lay my hands upon the shameless suitors; but they are always collected together within. And besides I meditate this also a greater thing in my mind, if I should slay them, by Jove's and thy will, how should I escape out of the way? I entreat thee to consider this."

But him the blue-eyed goddess Minerva in turn addressed: "Wretched one, a person would obey even a worse companion, who is even a mortal, and who kens not so many counsels: but I am a deity, who guard thee throughout in all thy labours; and I will tell thee openly; even if fifty bands of articulately-speaking men should surround us, anxious to slay us in the fight, even so shouldst thou drive away their bees and rich sheep. But let sleep take hold of thee: even to watch all night awake is a sorrow; but thou wilt soon escape from misfortunes."

Thus she spoke and shed sleep over his eyelids; and the divine one of goddesses herself went back to Olympus, when sleep seized upon him, loosing the cares of his mind, relaxing his limbs: but his wife knowing prudent things was awake: and sitting on her soft couch, she wept; but when she was satiated in her mind with weeping, the divine one of women first of all prayed to Diana:

"O Diana, venerable goddess, daughter of Jove, would that thou, now striking an arrow into my breast, wouldst take away my life immediately: or that a tempest snatching me away would speedily go, and bear me to the dark ways, and cast me in the mouths of the back-flowing ocean. As when the

tempests took away the daughters of Pandarus, whose parents the gods had destroyed: but they were left orphans in the palace, and divine Venus nurtured them with cheese, and sweet honey, and pleasant wine: and Juno gave them beauty and prudence above all women, and chaste Diana gave them stature, and Minerva taught them to work excellent works. When divine Venus went to high Olympus, to beg for the damsels the accomplishment of flourishing marriage, to thunder-rejoicing Jove; (for he well kens every thing, the happiness and unhappiness of mortal men:) in the mean time the Harpies snatched away the damsels, and gave them to the hateful Furies, to serve them: so may those who possess the Olympian dwellings destroy me, or may fair-haired Diana strike me, that eyeing Ulysses, I may even come under the hateful earth, nor may I at all delight the mind of a worse man. But this evil is even to be borne, when any one weeps during the day, continually sorrowing in his heart, and sleep possesses him during the nights: (for he becomes unmindful of all things, good and evil, when it covers his eyelids around;) but upon me the deity has also made evil dreams rush. For during this night one lay near to me like unto him, such as he was when he went with the army; but my heart rejoiced, since I did not think it was a dream, but now a real vision."

Thus she spoke; and golden-throned Morn immediately came. And divine Ulysses heard the voice of her weeping; then he doubted, for she seemed to him in his mind, now knowing him, to stand near his head. Then taking up the cloak and skins on which he slept, he placed them on a throne in the palace; but taking the bull's hide, he put it out of doors: and holding up his hands he prayed to Jove:

"O father Jove, thou hast brought me willingly over the dry and the moist to mine own land, since thou hast afflicted me very much, let some one of the men who are awake within speak an omen to me: and let some other sign appear from without from Jove."

Thus he spoke praying; and provident Jupiter heard him: and he immediately thundered from shining Olympus, on high from the clouds: and divine Ulysses rejoiced. And a mill-woman near [him] uttered a word of good omen from the house, where were the mills of the shepherd of the people; and twelve women in all were constantly working at them,

making meal of barley and wheat, the marrow of men. The rest indeed were sleeping, when they had ground their wheat: but she alone had not yet ceased, for she was the weakest: she then, stopping the mill, spoke a word, a sign to her master:

"O father Jove, who rulest over gods and men, thou indeed hast thundered very loudly from the starry heaven, nor is there a cloud any where: thou showest this as a sign to some one: perform even now for wretched me a request, which I crave: may the suitors for the last and latest time on this day take a delightful banquet in the palace of Ulysses: they who have now loosed my knees with grievous toil, grinding their meal; now may they feast for the last time."

Thus she spoke, and divine Ulysses rejoiced in the omen, and in the thunder of Jove; for he thought that he should be revenged on the sinners. But the other handmaidens in the beautiful house of Ulysses waking, lighted an unwearied fire upon the hearth. And Telemachus, godlike man, arose from his bed, having put on his garments; and around his shoulder he girt a sharp sword: and he bound beautiful sandals under his smooth feet, and he took a strong spear tipped with sharp brass. And going to the threshold he stood there, and addressed Euryclea:

"Dear nurse, how hast thou honoured the stranger in the house with a bed and food? or does he lie where he can, uncared for? for such is my mother, although prudent; she foolishly honours one of articulately-speaking men, who is worse, and sends away a better, having neglected [him]."

But him prudent Euryclea addressed in turn: "Thou shouldst not, my child, blame one that is blameless. For sitting down he drank wine, as long as he listed; and he said that he no longer hungered for bread; for it was asked of him. But when she was now mindful of rest and sleep, she desired the handmaidens to strew a couch [for him]; but he, as one altogether overcome with toil, and ill-fated, did not wish to sleep on a bed and in rugs, but lay down in the vestibule on an undressed bull's hide and skins of sheep: and we put a cloak over him."

Thus she spoke; and Telemachus went through out of the palace, holding his spear: and swift-footed dogs followed him. And he went to the forum amongst the well-greaved Grecians,



and the divine one of women, Euryclea, daughter of Ops, son of Pisenor, exhorted the handmaidens:

"Assemble yourselves together, do some of you, busying yourselves, sweep the house, and sprinkle it; and lay the purple tapestry on the well-made thrones; and do others wipe all the tables with sponges, and clean the cups, and the embossed round bowls: and others of you going to the fountain for water, bring it quickly: for the suitors will not be a long time away from the palace, but they return very early, since there is a feast for all."<sup>3</sup>

Thus she spoke; and they heard her very well, and obeyed her. Twenty went to the black-water fountain; and others laboured skilfully there in the house. And the servants of the Greeks came; they then cleft wood well and skilfully; and the women came from the fountain; and the swineherd came to them, bringing three fatted swine, which were the best amongst all. And then he left to pasture in the beautiful courts, and himself addressed Ulysses in mild [words]:

"Stranger, do the Grecians now regard thee more, or do they dishonour thee in the palace, even as before?"

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer: "Would that indeed, O Eumæus, the gods would revenge the insolence with which they, insulting, contrive disgraceful things in another man's house, nor have they a particle of shame."

Thus they discoursed to one another. And near them came Melanthius the goatherd, bringing goats, which surpassed all the flocks, as a feast for the suitors; and two attendants followed him, and he bound them<sup>4</sup> under the surrounding portico, and himself then addressed Ulysses with scoffing words:

"Stranger, wilt thou still now give trouble here in the house, begging alms of the men? and wilt not thou go out of doors? I no longer think that we shall at all settle our quarrel, before we try our hands; since thou beggest not rightly; there are also other feasts of the Grecians."

Thus he spoke; but much-planning Ulysses did not address him at all, but moved his head in silence, deeply devising evils. And after them Philætiüs, chief of men, came

i. e. a public feast to Apollo. See Scholiast.

\* The goats.



third, bringing a heifer and fat goats for the suitors. (But ferryman brought them over, who also conduct other men, whoever comes to them;) and he bound them safely under the resounding portico, and himself then inquired of the swineherd, standing near him:

"What stranger is this, O swineherd, that has lately come to our house? from what men does he boast himself to be? where are his race and paternal country? unhappy one, he is indeed in his person like unto a king. But the gods inflict much-wandering men with woe; when they destine toil even for kings."

He spoke; and standing near him, welcomed him with his hand, and addressing him spoke winged words: "Hail, O father stranger, mayest thou have happiness hereafter: but now thou art possessed with many ills. O father Jove, no other one of the gods is more destructive than thou; thou pitiest not men, when thou hast begotten them thyself, but dost mix them up in misfortune and sad griefs. I sweat when I behold him, and mine eyes wept as I remembered Ulysses; since I think that he, having such garments, is wandering amongst men, if he is any where still alive, and beholds the light of the sun. But if he is now dead, and in the house of Pluto, alas! then for blameless Ulysses, who set me over his beeves when I was still little, in the people of the Cephale-nians; but now they are numberless, nor in any other way would the race of broad-foreheaded beeves increase under a man: them others desire me to bring for themselves to eat: nor care they at all for his son in the palace, nor do they fear the vengeance of the gods; for they are now anxious to divide the possessions of the long-absent king. But my mind often revolves this in my dear breast: it is very wicked, when the son is alive, going to another people with the cattle themselves, to take them to foreign men: but this is more sad, remaining here and sitting over another man's beeves, to suffer griefs. I indeed would long ago have fled and gone to some other proud king; since these things are no longer to be borne, but still I think of him, wretched one, if coming from any where he should make a dispersing of the suitors to their houses."

But him much-planning Ulysses addressed in answer:  
"O herdsman, since thou art not like unto an evil or a foolish

man, but I myself also know that prudence reaches thy mind, therefore I will tell thee, and swear a great oath besides. Now let Jove, first of the gods, be witness, and the hospitable table, and the hearth of blameless Ulysses, to which I am come, Ulysses will certainly come home while thou art here; and if thou desirest, thou wilt with thine eyes behold the suitors being slain, who reign here."

But him the man, herdsman over the oxen, addressed in turn: "Would that, O stranger, the son of Saturn may bring this word to pass: thou shouldst know what my power and hands are."

In like manner Eumæus prayed to all the gods, that wise Ulysses should return to his own home.

Thus they spoke such things to one another. But the suitors were preparing death and fate for Telemachus; but a bird flew on their left hand, a high-flying eagle, and it held a timid dove. But Amphinomus harangued and addressed them:

"O friends, this plan, the death of Telemachus, will not succeed for us; but let us be mindful of the feast."

Thus spoke Amphinomus; and his words pleased them. But coming to the house of divine Ulysses, they spread cloaks upon the benches and the thrones: and they sacrificed large sheep and fat goats, and they sacrificed fatted swine and a cow from the herd: and having roasted the entrails, they distributed them: but they mixed wine in the bowls; and the swineherd distributed the cups. Then Philætius, chief of men, distributed bread to them in beautiful baskets; and Melanthius poured out wine. But they stretched forth their hands to the food lying ready before them. And Telemachus, considering what was profitable, placed Ulysses within the well-built palace, near the stone threshold, putting an unseemly seat near, and a small table; and near him he placed a share of the entrails, and poured wine in a golden cup, and addressed discourse to him:

"Sit here now, drinking wine amongst the men; but I will ward off from thee the scoffings and the hands of all the suitors; since this house is by no means public, but belonging to Ulysses: and he obtained it for me. But do ye, O suitors, restrain your mind and hands from offending, lest some strife and contention should arise."

Thus he spoke; but they all gnashing with their teeth in their lips, marvelled at Telemachus, for that he boldly spoke. And Antinous, son of Eupithes, addressed them:

"Let us put up with the language of Telemachus, O Grecians, although it is severe: he speaks, threatening us very much. For Jove, the son of Saturn, did not suffer us, otherwise we should already have stopped him in the palace, although he is a sharp speaker."

Thus spoke Antinous; but he did not regard his words. And the heralds brought a sacred hecatomb of the gods through the city; and the long-haired Grecians were assembled under the shady grove of far-darting Apollo: but when they had roasted the upper flesh, and had drawn it out, having divided the shares they made a most delightful feast. And those who served, set an equal share near to Ulysses, as they themselves were allotted: for so Telemachus, dear son of divine Ulysses, commanded them. But Minerva did not suffer the haughty suitors altogether to refrain from mind-grieving insolence: that sorrow might still more come upon Ulysses, son of Laertes, in his heart. And there was a certain man amongst the suitors, who was acquainted with lawless deeds, his name was Ctesippus, and he inhabited a house in Samos; who, trusting in the possessions of his father, wooed the wife of long-absent Ulysses: he then addressed the overbearing suitors:

"Hear me, noble suitors, whilst I speak something: the stranger, forsooth, of old has an equal share, as it seems; for it is not honourable or just to sadden the guests of Telemachus, whoever comes to this house. But come, I also will give him a hospitable present; that he himself also may give a reward either to the bath-keeper, or to any other of the servants, who are in the house of divine Ulysses."

Thus having spoken, with his strong hand he threw the foot of an ox, which was lying near, taking it from the basket: but Ulysses avoided it, gently bending his head: and he smiled in his mind with a very Sardonic smile; but he struck the well-built wall: and Telemachus chided Ctesippus in words:

"O Ctesippus, truly this was very much better for thee in thy mind; [that] thou didst not hit the stranger: for he avoided the blow; for I would certainly have struck thee in

the middle with a sharp spear, and thy father would have been occupied about burial here for thee instead of marriage: therefore let not any one show unseemly behaviour to me in mine house; for I now understand and know every thing, both good and bad: but before I was still a child. But, however, we have endured to see these things, when our sheep were killed, and our wine drunk, and our bread [eat]:<sup>b</sup> for it is difficult for one to hinder many. But come, no more do evil things to me, being hostile to me; but if thou now desirest to slay me myself with the brass, I would even wish it, and it would be much better to die, than for ever to behold these unseemly deeds, strangers treated disgracefully, and men dragging women-servants in an unseemly way through the beautiful palace."

Thus he spoke; but they were all mute in silence. But Agelaus, son of Damastor, at length addressed them:

"My friends, no one surely, chiding with opposing words, would be angry with what has been justly spoken. Neither insult the stranger any more, nor any other of the servants, who are in the house of divine Ulysses. But I would fain speak a kind word to Telemachus and his mother, if it would please them both in their hearts. As long as our mind expected in our breasts that wise Ulysses would return to his own home, so long there was no blame for her to remain, and restrain the suitors in the house: (since this was better, if Ulysses returned, and on his return reached his house:) but this is now evident, that he is no longer able to return. But come, sitting near thy mother, tell her this, to marry whatsoever man is best, and will give her the most [bridal presents]: that thou rejoicing mayest manage all thy paternal property, eating and drinking: and she may come to the house of another."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "No, by Jove, O Agelaus, and the griefs of my father, who has either perished or is wandering some where far away from Ithaca, I do not delay the marriage of my mother; but I order her to marry whomsoever she chooses, and who gives her abundant presents. But I am ashamed to thrust her from the palace against her will with a violent word; may not God bring this to pass."

Thus spoke Telemachus; but Pallas Minerva raised in-

<sup>b</sup> Observe the *zeugma*.

extinguishable laughter amongst the suitors, and made their thoughts wander. And they now laughed with other men's jaws;<sup>6</sup> and they eat meat polluted with blood: and their eyes were filled with tears; and their mind thought of grief. And godlike Theoclymenus addressed them:

"Ah wretched ones; what evil is this ye are suffering? your heads and faces and knees below are involved in night. And mourning has burst forth; and your cheeks are wet with tears: and the walls and beautiful intercolumniations are besprinkled with blood. And the portico is full, and the hall also is full of images, that are going under darkness to Erebus: and the sun has died away from heaven, and evil murkiness has run around us."

Thus he spoke; but they all laughed pleasantly at him, but Eurymachus, son of Polybus, began to address them:

"The stranger is silly, having lately come from elsewhere: but, O youths, send him quickly out of the house through the door to go to the forum; since he likens these things to the night."<sup>7</sup>

But him godlike Theoclymenus addressed in turn: "O Eurymachus, I by no means desire thee to give me conductors: I have eyes, and ears, and both my feet, and a mind made not at all unseemly in my breast: with these will I go out of doors, since I perceive that evil is coming on you, which no one of the suitors will escape or avoid, [of you,] who insulting men, in the house of godlike Ulysses, are contriving impious things."

Thus having spoken, he went out of the well-built house: and he came to Piræus, who willingly received him. But all the suitors, looking at one another, irritated Telemachus, laughing at the strangers; and thus some one of the haughty youths spoke:

"O Telemachus, there is no one else that has worse guests than thou: what a begging<sup>8</sup> vagabond this is whom thou hast, in want of bread and wine: not at all skilled in works, nor strong, and to no purpose a burden of the earth. This other

<sup>6</sup> i. e. not with an honest, hearty laugh, but with a laugh that seemed to forebode their fate. See Eustathius and Loewe.

<sup>7</sup> I must confess that I am hardly satisfied with this passage.

<sup>8</sup> It is worth while to observe, that this word occurs no where else in Homer: the same may be observed of *κατάνηται*, v. 387. Old Transl.

one too rose up to prophesy. But if thou wouldst obey me, this would be much better: putting the strangers in a many-benched ship, let us send them to the Sicilians, whence one could gain a fit price."

Thus spoke the suitors; but he did not regard their words; but silently looked towards his father, always expecting, when he should at length lay his hands upon the shameless suitors. But prudent Penelope, daughter of Icarus, placing a very beautiful seat opposite, heard the words of each of the men in the palace. They however laughing, prepared a feast, pleasant, and gratifying to the mind, since they had sacrificed very many things: but there could not be another more ungrateful feast, [than that] which the goddess and the noble man were soon about to make; for they first contrived unseemly things.

## BOOK XXI.

### ARGUMENT.

Penelope proposes to the suitors to contend for her hand with the bow and arrows of Ulysses. They make vain attempts to bend the bow, but Ulysses, calling Eumæus and Philætius aside, orders them to shut the doors, and desires Eumæus to give the bow to him. After some opposition from the suitors, he obtains it, and shoots an arrow through the twelve rings erected for the occasion.

AND then the blue-eyed goddess Minerva put it in the mind of prudent Penelope, daughter of Icarus, to place the bow and the hoary steel for the suitors in the palace of Ulysses as a subject of contest and a beginning of slaughter.<sup>1</sup> And she ascended the lofty stairs of the house; and in her plump<sup>2</sup> hand took a well-bent key, beautiful, of brass: and upon it was a handle of ivory: and she hastened to the farthest chamber with her women attendants; where lay the treasures of the king, both brass, and gold, and much-wrought steel. There lay the unstrung<sup>3</sup> bow, and an arrow-containing quiver,

<sup>1</sup> "Not so from the design of Penelope, but of Minerva, *ut inde fieret cadis occasio et initium.*" Ernesti.

<sup>2</sup> Not "thick" or "crassa," but "plump, well-fleshed," in opposition to "macilenta." See Ernesti.

<sup>3</sup> Literally, "bent back," i. e. by the relaxation of the string.



and there were many grievous shafts in it: presents, which a stranger meeting him in Lacedæmon gave him, Iphitus, son of Eurytus, like unto the immortals. But they met one another in Messene, in the house of warlike Orsilochus: Ulysses indeed came after a debt, which the whole people owed to him: for Messenian men had taken away from Ithaca three hundred sheep, and their shepherds, in many-benched ships. On account of these Ulysses came a long voyage, on a public mission,<sup>4</sup> being yet a boy: for his father and the other chiefs sent him on. But Iphitus [came] to seek the horses which he had lost, twelve mares, and under them hard-working mules, which soon became death and fate for him: since he came to the noble-minded son of Jove, the hero Hercules, skilled in mighty deeds; who slew him, although being his guest in his own house; wretched one, nor did he reverence the anger of the gods, nor the table, which he placed near him: but afterwards he also killed himself: and himself kept the solid-hoofed steeds in his palace. Asking for them he met Ulysses, and gave him a bow which mighty Eurytus before bore, but he, dying in his lofty house, left it to his son. But to him Ulysses gave a sharp sword and a strong spear, a beginning of kindly hospitality, nor did they know one another's table: for the son of Jove first slew Iphitus, son of Eurytus, like unto the immortals; he gave him the bow; but divine Ulysses did not take it, when going to the war on the black ships; but there it lay as a memorial of the kind stranger in the palace: and he carried it over his own land.

But when the divine one of women now reached the chamber, and came to the oaken threshold, which once an artificer polished skilfully, and made straight according to the rule, and in it fitted pillars, and upon it placed shining doors: immediately then she quickly loosed the thong of the ring, and put in the key, and struck back the bolts of the door, taking aim opposite to them: and they resounded, like as a bull pasturing in a meadow: so many beautiful doors stricken with the key resounded, and they were quickly opened to her. And she then went upon the lofty floor, where stood the chests, and in them lay perfumed garments. From thence stretching out, she took down the bow from the peg, with the bow-case

<sup>4</sup> ἔξεσθια, ἡ δημόσια πρεσβεία, Eustathius, who compares ἔξεσθαι in Herodotus v. 40. Cf. Alberti on Hesych. i. p. 1286.



itself, which shining surrounded it. And then sitting down there, placing it on her knees, she wept very shrilly; and she took out the bow of the king. But when she was satiated with tearful grief, she proceeded to the palace, to the illustrious suitors, holding the unstrung bow in her hand, and the arrow-containing quiver; and in it there were many grievous shafts. And her handmaidens brought a chest with her; where-in lay much steel and brass, prizes of her king. But when the divine one of women came to the suitors, she stood near the pillar of the stoutly-made roof, holding up a slender veil before her cheeks: [and a prudent handmaiden stood near her on each side:] and she immediately addressed the suitors, and spoke:

"Hear me, ye noble suitors, who press heavily upon this house to eat and drink without ceasing, my husband being absent for a long time; nor have ye been able to make any other pretext for your sedition,<sup>5</sup> but as desiring to marry me, and make me your wife. But come, suitors, since this contest has appeared; for I will put down the great bow of divine Ulysses, and whoever shall most easily stretch the bow in his hands, and shall dart an arrow through the whole twelve hatchets, him will I follow, leaving this house which I entered when a virgin, very beautiful, full of the means of livelihood: which I think I shall sometime remember, even in a dream."

Thus she spoke; and she ordered the divine swineherd, Eumæus, to place the bow and the hoary steel for the suitors. But weeping Eumæus received it and laid it down: and the herdsman wept from the other side, when he beheld the bow of his master, but Antinous chided [them], and spoke and addressed them:

"Foolish countrymen, who think upon things of a day, ye wretched pair, why now do ye shed a tear, and excite the lady's mind in her breast? whose mind even otherwise lies in grief, since she has lost her dear husband. But feast in silence,

<sup>5</sup> I am unwilling to desert the authority of Eustathius, Apoll. Lex. p. 464, Hesych. t. ii. p. 628, Etym. Magn. s. v. *μῦθος*, Cyrill. Lex. MS., (quoted by Alberti on Hesych. v. *μυθητῆρες, στασιασταί*,) and the Scholiast, in interpreting *μῦθος* in this passage. I am, however, willing to admit, with Loewe, that Barnes' explanation, making *μῦθος* here equivalent to *πρᾶγμα*, is more simple.

sitting down, or going out of doors, weep, leaving the bow there, no despicable<sup>6</sup> contest for the suitors: for I do not think they will easily stretch this well-polished bow. For there is not such a man amongst all these, as Ulysses was; and I myself saw him,—for I am able to remember,—but I was still a child.”

Thus he spoke; but his mind hoped in his breast, that he would [be able to] stretch the string, and dart an arrow through the steel. He however was the first to taste the arrow from the hands of blameless Ulysses, whom he once dishonoured, sitting in the palace, and excited all his companions against him. And the sacred might of Telemachus addressed them:

“Alas! truly hath Jove, the son of Saturn, made me foolish. My dear mother, although she is prudent, says, that she will follow another, leaving this house: but I laugh, and am delighted in my foolish mind. But come, suitors, since this contest has appeared, there is not such a woman now in the Grecian land, nor in sacred Pylos, nor in Argos, nor Mycene, [nor Ithaca itself, nor black Epirus,] and ye yourselves know this; why need I praise my mother? But come, do not draw aside with pretext, nor turn any more away a long time from the stretching of the bow, that we may see you. And I myself would try the bow; but if I shall stretch it, and dart an arrow through the steel, my venerable mother, going with another, should not leave this house for me sorrowing, when I am left behind, able even now to obtain the glorious prizes of my sire.”

He spoke; and rushing upright, he put his purple cloak off his shoulders; and put his sharp sword from off his shoulders. First indeed he placed the hatchets, digging one long trench for all, and he directed it according to a rule; and he stamped in<sup>7</sup> the earth about them: but astonishment possessed all, seeing how orderly he placed them; and he never before had seen them. And he stood, going upon the threshold, and tried the bow: thrice he bent it, anxious to draw it, but thrice he let go the bow, hoping this in his mind, that he would [be able to] stretch the string, and dart an arrow through the

<sup>6</sup> I have followed Buttmann, Lexil. p. 4, 7, whose discussion of the meanings of *ἀδάρως* deserves the attention of the student.

<sup>7</sup> See Ernesti.

steel. And now he would have stretched it by force, drawing it a fourth time, but Ulysses nodded to restrain him, although eager. And the sacred might of Telemachus addressed them :

"Alas ! I shall either hereafter be a coward and weak, or I am younger, and do not yet trust in my hands to ward off a man, when any one first provokes me. But come, you who are better than me in strength, try the bow, and let us end the contest."

Thus having spoken, he laid the bow from him upon the ground, reclining it against the well-polished glued panels : and he reclined the swift weapon there against its beautiful tip.<sup>8</sup> And he sat down again on the throne, from whence he arose. But Antinous, son of Eupithes, addressed them :

"Rise in order to the right, all of you, beginning from the place from whence the wine-pourer begins."

Thus spoke Antinous, and his words pleased them. But Leiodes, son of Enops, rose first, who was their soothsayer, and sat always inmost near the golden bowl : but wicked deeds were hateful to him alone, and he was indignant at all the suitors : he then first took the bow and the sharp shaft ; and he stood, going on the threshold, and tried the bow ; nor did he stretch it ; for he first wearied his hands, drawing it, they being unpractised and tender, and he addressed the suitors :

"O friends, I cannot stretch it ; but let another also take it ; for this bow will deprive many chieftains of their mind and soul : since it is much better to die, than living to fail of [the prize], on account of which we are always assembled here, waiting all our days. Now indeed some one hopes in his mind and meditates to marry Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, but when he shall try the bow, and see it, then let him woo some other of the well-clad Grecian women, seeking her with bridal gifts ; and let her then marry whoever gives her most [bridal gifts], and comes destined to her."

Thus he spoke, and placed the bow from him, reclining it against the well-polished glued panels, and he reclined the swift weapon there against its beautiful tip ; and he sat down again on his seat, from whence he arose. But Antinous chided him, and spoke a word and addressed him :

<sup>8</sup> Eustathius interprets κρώνη, either by τὸ τοῦ τόξου ἄκρον, or τὸ τῆς θύρας ἐπισπαστρον, preferring, however, the former.

"O Lelodes, what word has escaped thy lips, terrible and grievous? I am indignant at hearing it, if this bow shall in truth deprive the chieftains of their mind and soul; since thou canst not stretch it. For thy venerable mother did not bring thee forth such a one as to be a drawer of the bow and arrows; but other noble suitors will soon stretch it."

Thus he spoke; and he commanded Melanthius the goat-herd: "Hasten now, light a fire in the palace, O Melanthius, and near it place both a large seat, and skins upon it, and bring out a large roll of suet, which is within, that we young men, warming it,<sup>9</sup> anointing it with fat, may try the bow, and end the contest."

Thus he spoke; and Melanthius immediately lighted the unwearied fire; and bringing a seat, he placed it near, and skins upon it, and he brought out a large roll of suet, which was within, with which the young men, having warmed it, tried it: nor could they stretch it, for they were very deficient in strength. But Antinous still persisted, and godlike Eurymachus, chiefs among the suitors: and they were far the best in excellence. But the herdsman and the swineherd of divine Ulysses went out of the house, both going together. And after them divine Ulysses went out of the house. But when they were now out of the gates, and the court, addressing them he spoke to them in mild words:

"O herdsman, and thou, swineherd, shall I tell some news, or shall I myself conceal it? but my mind incites me to speak. What kind of men would ye be to defend Ulysses, if he should come from any where very suddenly, and some god should bring him? would ye assist the suitors of Ulysses? Tell me, in what way your heart and mind commands you."

But him the herdsman of oxen addressed in turn: "O father Jove, would that thou wouldst accomplish this wish, so should that man come, and the deity should bring him, thou shouldst know what my power and hands are."

In like manner Eumæus prayed to all the gods, that wise Ulysses should return to his own home. But when he knew their true disposition, immediately answering them with words, he addressed them:

"Within indeed here am I myself, having suffered many evils, I have come in the twentieth year to my paternal land.

<sup>9</sup> i. e. the bow.

And I know how I am come welcome to you only of the servants: but I have not heard any one of the others praying that I should again come returning home. But to you I will tell the truth, how it shall be. If God subdues the noble suitors under me, I will bring wives for both of you, and will bestow possessions, and houses built near mine; and afterwards ye shall be the two companions and brothers of Telemachus. Come, I will now show you some other plain sign, (that ye may know me well, and be confirmed by a testimony in your mind,) the scar which once a boar inflicted on me with its white tusk, when I went to Parnassus, with the sons of Autolychus."

Thus having spoken, he drew back the rags from the great scar. But they, when they had beheld it, and had well ascertained every thing, wept, throwing their hands around wise Ulysses, and embracing him, they kissed both his head and shoulders. In like manner Ulysses kissed their heads and hands. And the sun would have set whilst they were weeping, had not Ulysses himself restrained them and spoke:

"Cease from weeping and mourning; lest any one coming out of the palace should see us, and should tell it also within. But enter one after another, not all together; first I, and afterwards you: but let this sign be made; all the others indeed, as many as are noble suitors, will not suffer you to give me the bow and quiver; but do thou, O divine Eumæus, bringing the bow through the palace, place it for me in my hands: and tell the women to lock the closely-fitted doors of the palace. But if any one should hear either a groaning or a noise within, of the men in our courts, let them not advance out of doors, but remain there in silence at their work. But to thee, O divine Philæti, I give in charge to lock with a key the gates of the court, and quickly put the chain over it."<sup>10</sup>

Thus having spoken, he entered the well-built house; then he went and sat down upon the seat, from whence he had arisen: and the servants of divine Ulysses also went in. But Eury-machus was now moving the bow about in his hands, warming it on both sides with the flame of fire; but even so he

<sup>10</sup> "The *δεσμός* seems to have been a strap designed to close the only aperture by which the bolt could be displaced, and the door opened." Cowper.

could not stretch it; and his glory-seeking heart groaned greatly, and mourning he then spoke and said:

"Alas! truly there is grief for me both about myself, and about all: I do not so much lament concerning the marriage, although sorrowing: there are also many other Grecian women, both in sea-girt Ithaca itself, and in other cities; but if we are indeed so much inferior in strength to godlike Ulysses, that we cannot stretch the bow; a disgrace even for posterity to hear."

But him Antinous, son of Eupithes, addressed in turn: "O Eurymachus, it will not be so; and thou thyself also knowest it. For now there is a holy feast of the god<sup>11</sup> amongst the people; and who could stretch the bow? but lay it aside quietly: and let us also suffer all the hatchets to stand, for I think not that any one will take them away, entering the palace of Ulysses, son of Laertes. But come, let the wine-pourer make the first offerings with the cups, that having made libations we may lay aside the crooked bow. But in the morning desire Melanthius the goatherd, to bring goats, far the best in all the flocks, that offering thighs to bow-renowned Apollo, we may try the bow, and end the contest."

Thus spoke Antinous; and his discourse pleased them. And the heralds poured water upon their hands, and youths crowned the bowls with wine; and they distributed to all, having made the first offerings with the cups. But when they had made libations, and drunk as much as their mind wished, much-planning Ulysses, devising a stratagem, addressed them:

"Hear me, ye suitors of the illustrious queen, [while I speak the things which the mind in my breast desires me]. But I especially beseech Eurymachus and godlike Antinous, since he has spoken this word rightly: now indeed cease from the bow, and commit it to the gods: but in the morning the deity will give strength to whom he is willing. But come, give me the well-polished bow, that I may try my hands and strength with you, if I have still the strength, such as I before had in my bending limbs, or whether now my wandering and want of care has destroyed it for me."

Thus he spoke; but they all were exceedingly indignant, dreading lest he should stretch the well-polished bow. And

<sup>11</sup> Apollo.



Antinous chided him, and spoke a word, and addressed him:

“Ah wretched one of strangers! thou hast not even a little understanding; art thou not content, that thou featest quietly amongst us most<sup>12</sup> noble men? nor art thou at all deprived of the banquet, but thou hearest our words and conversation: nor does any other stranger and beggar hear our discourse. Sweet wine hurts thee, which harms others also, whoever takes it too abundantly, nor drinks properly. Wine also inspired the illustrious Centaur Eurytion in the palace of magnanimous Pirithous, when he came to the Lapithæ: but he, when he had injured his mind with wine, in madness did wicked deeds in the house of Pirithous: but grief seized upon the heroes, and rushing upon them, they dragged them out of doors through the vestibule, having cut off their ears and nostrils with the sharp brass; but he, injured in his feelings, went about, enduring that calamity with a frantic mind, from whence there was strife between the Centaurs and men, for overcome with wine he brought the evil upon himself first. So also I declare great mischief to thee, if thou stretchest the bow: for thou wilt not meet with any defence in our house, but we will soon send thee in a black ship to king Echetus, who injures all mortals; and thou wilt not be saved from thence. But drink quietly, nor contend with younger men.”

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: “O Antinous, it is not indeed honourable or just to vex the guests of Telemachus, whoever comes to this house. Dost thou expect, if the stranger should bend the great bow of Ulysses, trusting in his hands and his own might, that he would lead me home, and make me his wife? He did not himself ever hope this in his breast. Nor let any one of you, on that account grieving his mind, banquet here; since indeed it is not fit.”

But her Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered in turn: “O prudent Penelope, daughter of Icarus, we do not think that he will carry thee home; nor is it likely: but being ashamed of the rumour of men and women, lest at some time some other of the Grecians who is worse should say, Very inferior men indeed woo the wife of a blameless man;

<sup>12</sup> Observe this sense of ὑπερφιάλοισι. See Buttm. Lex. p. 414.



since they cannot bend the well-polished bow. But some other beggar man coming as a wanderer, easily bent the bow, and sent [the arrow] through the steel. Thus they will speak; but these things would be reproaches to us."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "O Eury-machus, it is not possible that they should be glorious amongst the people, who consume the property of an excellent man, doing him wrong. Why do ye bring these reproaches upon yourselves? But this stranger is very mighty [in stature] and well-compacted, and in race he boasts himself to be the son of a good man. But come, give to him the well-polished bow, that we may see: for thus I tell you, and this shall be performed; if he should bend it, and Apollo should give him glory, I will put a cloak on him, and a tunic, beautiful garments. And I will give to him a sharp javelin, to ward off dogs and men, and a double-edged sword: and I will give him sandals under his feet, and will send him, wherever his heart and mind desires him."

But her prudent Telemachus answered in turn; "O my mother, no one of the Grecians is better than me, to give and refuse the bow, to whom I am willing: neither as many as rule over rugged Ithaca, nor as many as [rule] in the islands of horse-feeding Elis. Of these no one shall force me against my will, if I choose even to give the bow altogether to the stranger, to take away. But going into the house, take care of thine own works, the web, and the distaff, and desire thy handmaidens to hasten their work: but the bow shall be a care to all men, but especially mine: for the power in the house is mine."

She indeed astonished went back again into the house; for she laid up in her mind the prudent discourse of her son. And ascending to the upper room, with her women attendants, she then bewailed Ulysses, her dear husband; until blue-eyed Minerva shed sweet sleep over her eye-lids. But the divine swineherd taking the bow, carried it; and all the suitors in the palace chided him; and thus some one of the proud youths spoke:

"Where now art thou bearing the crooked bow, O unenviable swineherd, wandering fellow? The swift dogs which thou hast nourished over thy swine shall soon consume thee

away from men, if Apollo and the other immortal gods are propitious to us."

Thus they spoke; but he taking them, laid them in their place, fearing, because many in the palace chided him. But Telemachus from the other side cried out threatening:

"Friend, bear the bow forward; (perchance thou wilt not obey all with advantage;) lest I, although younger, should drive you to the country, pelting thee with stones; for I am thy superior in strength. For would that I were so much superior to all the suitors, as many as are in the house, in my hands and strength; then would I soon send some one in a sad way to depart from my house; since they devise evil things."

Thus he spoke, but all the suitors laughed pleasantly at him; and relaxed their severe anger against Telemachus: but the swineherd taking the bow through the house, standing near to warlike Ulysses, placed it in his hands. And calling her aside he addressed the nurse Euryclea:

"Telemachus desires thee, O prudent Euryclea, to lock the closely-fitted doors of the palace. And if any one should hear a groaning or a noise within in our courts, let them not advance out of doors, but keep there in silence at their work."

Thus he spoke; but the word was unwinged: and she locked the doors of the well-built palace. And Philactius leaped out of doors in silence from the house, and then he locked the gates of the well-enclosed court. But there lay under the portico a rope of a ship rowed on both sides, made of the tree Byblos, with which he secured the gates, and himself went in. Then going he sat down upon the seat from whence he had arisen, looking at Ulysses: but he was now handling the bow, turning it up on all sides, trying it on one side and the other, for fear worms had eaten the horn, whilst the king was absent. And thus some one said, looking at another near him:

"Surely he is some admirer or stealer of bows, or he has such a one of his own at home, or he desires to make it: so much does the wanderer, skilled in evils, turn it in his hands on this side and that."

But another of the proud youths spoke in turn: "Would

that he may meet with so much profit, as he will some time or other be able to bend this."<sup>13</sup>

Thus spoke the suitors; but much-planning Ulysses, as soon as he handled the large bow, and looked at it upon all sides, as when a man skilled in the harp and in song easily stretches a cord upon a new pin, joining on both sides the well-twisted entrail of a sheep; so did Ulysses bend the great bow without difficulty. But with his right he laid hold of the string and tried it; and it twanged beautifully, like unto a swallow in voice. But great grief came upon the suitors, and the colour of all changed: but Jove thundered loudly, showing forth signs. Then much-enduring divine Ulysses rejoiced, because the son of wily-counselling Saturn had sent him an omen. And he took a swift arrow, which lay near him on the table, naked; but the others lay within the hollow quiver, which the Grecians were soon about to experience. Taking it upon his elbow, he drew the string, and the notch [of the arrow], from thence, sitting on his seat; and he sent forth the arrow, aiming opposite; but he did not miss all the hatchets from the first ring,<sup>14</sup> and the brass-tipped arrow came entirely through the door; but he addressed Telemachus:

"O Telemachus, the stranger sitting in the palace does not disgrace thee; I have not at all missed the mark, nor did I labour for a long time stretching the bow: still is my strength firm; not even thus do the suitors, dishonouring me, blame me. But now it is time for the Grecians to prepare a supper in the light, but then also to be otherwise rejoiced<sup>15</sup> with the song and harp: for these are the adornments of a feast."

He spoke, and nodded with his brows; but Telemachus, the dear son of divine Ulysses, girt his sharp sword around him: and he threw his hand round his spear; and stood by him near his seat, armed with shining brass.

<sup>13</sup> i. e. as there is chance of his doing so, spoken ironically.

<sup>14</sup> *Στελεῖν* signifies that part of a hatchet in which the handle is inserted, and through which the arrow was then to be shot. Old Transl.

<sup>15</sup> But see Eustathius apud Loewe.

## BOOK XXII.

## ARGUMENT.

Ulysses, with the aid of Telemachus, Eumæus and Philætius, slays all the suitors: and twelve of the female servants who had had intercourse with the suitors, are hanged by Telemachus and the herdsman. Melanthius is also killed with greater torments. The herald Medon and the bard Phemius only are saved.

BUT much-planning Ulysses stripped himself of his rags,<sup>1</sup> and leaped upon the large threshold, holding the bow, and the quiver full of arrows: and he poured out the swift arrows there before his feet; and addressed the suitors:

"This decisive<sup>2</sup> contest has at length been accomplished: but now I will see whether I can hit<sup>3</sup> another mark, which no man as yet has struck, but may Apollo give me glory."

He spoke, and directed the bitter arrow against Antinous. He indeed was about to take up a beautiful cup, golden, with two ears; and he was now handling it with his hands, that he might drink of wine: but slaughter was not a care to him in his mind; (who, forsooth, would think amongst men banqueting, that one alone amongst greater numbers, although very strong, would prepare evil death and black fate for him?) But Ulysses catching him on the throat, struck him with the shaft: and the point came right through his tender neck. And he was rolled to the other side, and the cup fell from the hand of him stricken: and immediately a thick channel of human gore came through his nostrils; and quickly he thrust the table from him, striking it with his foot, and he poured the viands to the ground: both bread and roasted flesh were polluted. But the suitors made a tumult in the house, when they beheld the man fallen. And they leaped out of their thrones, aroused throughout the house, looking about on all sides to the well-built walls: nor was there any where a shield, or doughty spear, to lay hold of. And they chided Ulysses with wrathful words:

<sup>1</sup> It is most easy to translate *γυμνώθη* as if it were the middle voice.

<sup>2</sup> See Fishlake on Buttm. Lexil. p. 4, note.

<sup>3</sup> I have construed these words as equivalent to *εἶσομαι αἱ κε τύχῃμαι σκοποῦ ἄλλου*.

"Stranger, evilly dost thou shoot thine arrow at men: no more wilt thou meet with other contests; now bitter destruction is safe for thee. For thou hast just now slain a man, who is far the best of the youths in Ithaca; therefore shall the vultures eat thee here."

Each man reflected,<sup>4</sup> since they said that he did not willingly slay the man; but this, fools! they did not perceive, how the limits of destruction were closely touching them, even all [of them]. But much-planning Ulysses regarding them sternly, addressed them:

"O dogs, you no longer thought that I should come returning home from the people of the Trojans, wherefore ye consume my property, and lie perforce with my women-servants, and woo my wife, I myself being alive, neither dreading the gods, who possess the wide heaven, nor [fearing] that there will be any vengeance from men hereafter. Now the limits of destruction have closely touched you, even all [of you]."

Thus he spoke; and pale fear seized all of them; [and each looked about, where he might escape bitter destruction.] But Eurymachus alone answering addressed him:

"If indeed thou, the Ithacan Ulysses, hast come, thou hast spoken these things rightly, how many things the Greeks have done, many wicked deeds in the palace, and many in the country. But he now lies down, who was the cause of all, Antinous: for he brought together these deeds: by no means so much desiring or craving marriage, but thinking of other things, which the son of Saturn has not accomplished: that he might himself reign over the people of well-inhabited Ithaca, and having insnared thy son he would have slain him. But he is now slain in fate; and do thou spare thy people: but we afterwards appeasing thee throughout the people, [as to] whatever has been drunk and eaten in the palace, each bringing as payment twenty beeves, will give both brass and gold, until thy heart is glad: but before there was no cause of reproach for thy being angry."

But him much-counselling Ulysses sternly regarding, addressed: "O Eurymachus, even if thou wouldst give me all your paternal property, whatever thou now hast, and should add other things from any where, not even thus would I stop

<sup>4</sup> See Buttm. Lexil. p. 276, sqq. The interpretation of *τακτ* is very doubtful.

mine hands from slaughter, before I had revenged all their overbearing conduct upon the suitors. Ye now have the choice, either to fight against me, or to fly, whoever can escape death and the Fates. But I do not think any one will escape bitter destruction."

Thus he spoke; and there their knees and heart were loosed. But Eurymachus again a second time addressed them:

"O friends, for<sup>5</sup> this man will not restrain his invincible hands; but since he has taken the well-polished bow, and the quiver, he will shoot arrows from the polished threshold, until he has slain all of us: but let us be mindful of battle: and do ye draw your swords, and hold up the tables against the quick-fated arrows; and let us all hold together against him, if we can thrust him out from the threshold and the door. But let us go through the city, and let an alarm be raised as quickly as possible. Then will this man soon shoot an arrow for the last time."

Thus having spoken, he drew his sharp sword of brass, sharpened on both sides; and he leaped against him, shouting dreadfully: but at the same time divine Ulysses sending forth a shaft, struck him upon the breast, near the nipple, and he fixed the swift weapon in his liver; and he threw his sword upon the ground from his hand, and rushing round the table<sup>6</sup> he fell staggering; and he poured the viands on the ground, and the round cup: and he smote the ground with his forehead, sorrowing in mind; and he shook his throne, kicking it with both his feet: and darkness was shed over his eyes. And Amphinomus came against glorious Ulysses rushing upon him: and he drew his sharp sword, in case he might give way from the door: but Telemachus anticipated him, striking him from behind with a brass-pointed spear between the shoulders, and he drove it through his breast: and he resounded as he fell, and struck the ground with his whole forehead. But Telemachus rushed away, leaving the long spear there in Amphinomus; for he very much feared, that some

<sup>5</sup> It is somewhat difficult to express the force of γὰρ in this passage. Ernesti renders it by *enimvero*, observing, "habet πάθος ἐμφανί, απ-  
tans huic loco. Enimvero, ut hic se comparat et loquitur, non cessabit  
vim facere."

<sup>6</sup> i. e. the table where he sat.

one of the Grecians, as he was drawing out the long spear, would either rush upon him and pierce him with a sword, or strike him with a downward [blow].<sup>7</sup> But he went running; and quickly came to his dear father: and standing near him he addressed to him winged words:

"O my father, now will I bring thee a shield and two spears, and a brazen helmet, fitted to thy temples, and I myself will go and clothe myself; and I will give others to the swineherd and to the herdsman; for it is better to be armed."

But him much-planning Ulysses answering addressed: "Run, bring them, while I have arrows to defend myself; lest they move me, being alone, away from the door."

Thus he spoke; and Telemachus obeyed his dear father. And he went to the chamber, where his illustrious arms lay. From thence he took out four shields, and eight spears, and four brazen helmets dense with horse-hair plumes; and he went, carrying them, and very quickly he came to his dear father. But he first of all put on brass around his body; and in like manner the two servants put on beautiful arms, and stood around wise, various-planning Ulysses. But he, as long as he had arrows to ward them off, so long did he still strike one of the suitors in his own house, aiming at him, and they fell near to each other. But when the arrows failed the king shooting, he reclined his bow to stand against a pillar of the well-built palace, against the all-shining walls: and he girt a four-fold shield around his shoulders, and on his illustrious head he placed a well-made helmet with a horse-hair plume, and a terrible crest nodded from above; and he took two strong spears tipt with brass.

Now there was a certain high-raised door<sup>8</sup> in the well-built

<sup>7</sup> Supply a cognate substantive from *τύψας*.

<sup>8</sup> Few passages in the *Odyssey* present greater difficulties than the present one. The ancient critics were quite uncertain, as will be evident from the following remarks. Eustathius observes, "*Ὅρασθ' ὅρα* here signifies some conspicuous entrance, having a high approach, which no one could reach without using a ladder, or jumping and leaping up to it, whence it was called *ὄρασθ' ὅρα*, i. e. *θύρα εἰς ἣν ὀρνυται τις*, wishing to see out from thence." The same etymology is given in *Etym. Magn.* s. v. fol. 136, A. 2, *Hesych.* t. ii. p. 789, *δὲ ἧς ἐστὶν ὀρῶσαι καταβαίνοντα*, and *Apoll. Lex. Hom.* s. v. Pollux, i. 8, 2, makes the *ὄρασθ' ὅρα* the same as the *ἀμφίθυρος*, opposite to which, as Kuhn there observes, another entrance (*ἀντιθυρος*) stood. The Schol. on *Eur. Med.* 134, explains *ἀμφίπυλον* to mean *τὸ ἔχον δύο πύλας καὶ εἰσόδους, μίαν*



wall: and near the farthest threshold of the well-reared palace was a way to a narrow street, but well-fitted doors enclosed it: this Ulysses desired the swineherd to guard, standing near it; for it was the only approach. But Agelaus addressed them, speaking the word to all:

"O friends, will not some one go up to the high-raised door, and tell the people? and there would very quickly be an alarm: then perchance this man will shoot an arrow for the last time."

But him Melanthius, the goatherd, addressed in turn: "It is not possible, O Jove-nurtured Agelaus; for very near are the beautiful doors of the hall, and difficult is the mouth of the

μήν τήν αἰθνητικὴν, ἵτιραν δὲ, ἣν Ὀμηρος λέγει ὁρσοθύρην. As none of the commentators appear satisfied on the point, I will propose my own explanation. The particle δὲ in vs. 127, is used adversatively, and shows that the ὁδὸς εἰς λαύρην, was distinct from the ὁρσοθύρην. Eumæus (ὅτις ἰφορβός in vs. 129) is ordered to guard the former way, while the suitors, especially Agelaus, sought to reach the ὁρσοθύρην, which led to the armoury-chamber, to which Melanthius afterwards ascended, (vs. 142,) and there met his death (174, sqq.). The expression ῥῶγας μεγάροιο, in vs. 143, appears to be identical with the ὁρσοθύρην, especially if we compare ἀνέβαινε in vs. 142, with ἀν' ὁρσοθύρην ἀναβαίη in vs. 132. Now, although the alarm might be given from the chamber, to which the ὁρσοθύρην led, (vss. 133, sq.,) yet there was but one entrance, (μία ἰφορμή, vs. 130,) by which the people could have rushed to the assistance of the suitors, and defeated the purpose of Ulysses (vs. 134). But Melanthius objects that it was no use to give the alarm, because the door of the hall was close by, and the entrance to the λαύρα was difficult (i. e. narrow, hard of access). It appears to me that the chief difficulty arises from misunderstanding the sense of λαύρα, which the grammarians (see Alberti on Hesych. t. ii. p. 434, and Pollux, ix. 5) unite in interpreting "a narrow street," εἰ' ἧς ὁ λαὸς εἰσέρχεται, or στενωπός. Hesychius is perhaps nearest the truth, when he also says, τόπος πρὸς ὑποχώρησιν ἀνέμενος, the *exedra* of the Latins, (cf. Vitruv. v. 11,) or the παραστάδες of Pollux, vii. 27. But I believe that λαύρην here = κοπρῶνα, or ἵπνον, (cf. Pollux, v. 14,) "a jakes" or "draught." So it is used by Aristoph. Pac. 157, ποῖ παρακλίνεις τοὺς μυκτῆρας πρὸς τὰς λαύρας. Nor am I quite without ancient authority for this supposition; for Hipponax, according to the Etym. Magn. s. v. ὁδός, fol. 132, A. 2, understood it in the same sense. If we compare the house of Sallust discovered at Pompeii, (see Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Pompeii, vol. ii. pp. 109, 121,) we shall find that the λαύρα was situated very near the αἶλη, as well as that it was closely connected with the private apartments; we may therefore fairly understand the mention of the αἶλη in vs. 137, as well as the difficulty of entrance, (ἀργαλέον στόμα λαύρης,) of which Melanthius speaks. I have however translated the passage according to the old interpretation, leaving this new explanation to the consideration of other scholars.

narrow road; and even one man, who is valiant, would hinder us all. But come, I will bring you arms from the chamber wherewith to be equipped: for within, I think, nor any where else have Ulysses and his illustrious son laid up the arms."

Thus having spoken, Melanthius the goatherd ascended to the chambers of Ulysses, through the narrow parts of the palace: from thence he took out twelve shields, and so many spears, and so many brazen helmets, dense with horse-hair: and he went, and quickly carrying them, gave them to the suitors. Then the knees and heart of Ulysses were loosed, when he beheld them putting on the arms, and shaking the long spears in their hands; but it appeared to him a dreadful deed. And quickly he addressed to Telemachus winged words:

"O Telemachus, certainly some one of the women in the palace, or Melanthius, excites an evil war against us."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "O father, I myself erred in this, (nor is any one else the cause,) who having opened the closely-fitted door of the chamber left it: but their spy was better. But come, divine Eumæus, shut the door of the chamber, and see if it is any one of the women who does these things, or Melanthius, son of Dolius, whom I think [it is]."

Thus they spoke to one another. But Melanthius the goatherd went again to the chamber, to bring the beautiful arms: but the divine swineherd perceived him, and immediately addressed Ulysses being near:

"O noble son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, again is that wicked<sup>9</sup> man, whom we ourselves suspected, going to the chamber: but do thou tell me plainly, whether I shall kill him, if indeed I should be superior [to him]; or bring him here for thee, that thou mayest be revenged for the many overbearing deeds which he has devised in thine house."

But him much-planning Ulysses answering addressed: "I myself and Telemachus will keep off the noble suitors within the palace, although very eager: but do ye two turning back his feet and hands above, throw him into the chamber, and fasten the doors behind you; and binding a twisted rope from him, draw him up a lofty pillar, and make him

<sup>9</sup> On ἀνέηλος see *Latium. Lexil.* p. 47, sqq.

draw nigh to the rafters, that for a long time, being alive, he may suffer severe griefs."

Thus he spoke; but they indeed heard him, and obeyed: and they went to the chamber; and they escaped the notice of him who was within. He indeed was searching for arms in the recess of the chamber: but they stood on each side remaining near to the pillars. When Melanthius, the goatherd, came over the threshold, in one hand indeed bearing a beautiful helmet, but in the other a wide shield, old, spoiled with dryness, belonging to the hero Laertes, which he had carried when a youth: at that time it lay aside, and the sewings of the thongs were loosed. But they rushing upon him seized him, and dragged him within by the hair: and they cast him down on the pavement sorrowing in his heart. And they bound his hands and feet together with a mind-grieving bond, having turned them very well entirely back, as the much-enduring son of Laertes, divine Ulysses, had commanded them. And binding a twisted rope from him, they drew him up a lofty pillar, and made him draw near to the rafters. But him thou didst with gibing address, O swineherd Eumæus:

"Now, O Melanthius, shalt thou watch during the whole night, lying down upon a soft bed, as becomes thee: nor will the mother of dawn coming upon thee in her golden throne, from the streams of the ocean, escape thee, when thou drivest goats for the suitors to the house, to get ready a feast."

Thus was he left there, stretched in a woeful bond. But they, having put on arms, and shut the shining door, went to wise, crafty Ulysses. There they stood breathing forth might; those who were upon the threshold, four in number; but those within the house, many and brave. But Minerva, daughter of Jove, came near them, likened unto Mentor both in person and voice. And Ulysses rejoiced on seeing her, and spoke thus:

"Mentor, ward off the fight, and remember me a dear companion, who have done thee good, and thou art of the same age with me."

Thus he spoke, thinking that it was Minerva, the defender of the people. But the suitors from the other side were threatening in the palace; first indeed Agelaus, son of Damastor, chided her:

"Mentor, let not Ulysses wrongly persuade thee with

words to fight against the suitors, and to defend him himself. For thus I deem that our counsel will be accomplished; when we have slain them, both father and son, then thou wilt be slain amongst them, such things dost thou meditate to do in the palace; and thou wilt atone for them with thy own head. But when we shall have taken away thy strength with the brass, thy possessions, whatever thou hast, both those within, and those out of doors, we will mix with the possessions of Ulysses: nor will we suffer thy sons or daughters to dwell in thy palaces, nor thy prudent wife to abide in the city of Ithaca."

Thus he spoke; but Minerva was more enraged at heart, and she chided Ulysses with wrathful words:

No longer is thy strength firm, O Ulysses, nor hast thou any courage, such as when thou foughtest after nine years with the Trojans, ever, without ceasing, for white-armed, noble-born Helen: and many men didst thou slay in terrible strife, and by thy counsel was the wide-wayed city of Troy taken. How now then, when thou art come to thine own house and possessions, dost thou fail in being valiant<sup>10</sup> against the suitors? But come hither, my soft friend, stand near me, and behold a deed, that thou mayest see, what a one Mentor Alcimedes is amongst hostile men, to requite benefits."

She spoke; and did not yet altogether give them a decided<sup>11</sup> victory, but still tried the strength and courage both of Ulysses and of his glory-seeking son. But rushing up to the roof of the shining palace, she sat down, like unto a swallow to behold. But Agelaus, son of Damastor, incited the suitors, as also [did] Eurynomus, and Amphimedon, and Demoptolemus, and Pisander, son of Polyctor, and warlike Polybus; for in valour they were far the best of the suitors, as many as were still alive, and they fought for their lives: but the others the bow and the fleet arrows had already subdued. And Agelaus spoke to them, addressing discourse to all:

"O friends, now will this man restrain his invincible hands; even Mentor has gone, having spoken vain prayers for him, and they are left alone at the first gates. Now therefore do

<sup>10</sup> *δλοφύρειαι*. Schol. *ἀποδείλιαις, ὑποκρίνῃ, ὑποδείσσειρος γίνῃ.*

<sup>11</sup> Cf. *Æsch.* Pers. 956, and Alberti on Hesych. i. ii. p. 1481. The more literal meaning would be, "she did not yet give them a victory that overcame the other side." The word appears to be here used actively = "conquering the other side." It is generally the reverse.

not all at the same time send forth your long spears; but come, six of you hurl first, if Jove will grant that Ulysses may be wounded, and that we obtain renown: but for the others there is no care, when he at least shall have fallen."

Thus he spoke; and they all eager hurled their javelins, as he commanded; but Minerva made them all vain. One of them struck the pillar of the well-reared palace, another the closely-fitted door; and the ashen shaft of another, heavy with brass, fell in the wall. But when they had avoided the spears of the suitors, to them much-enduring divine Ulysses began discourse:

"O friends, now would I say that we should hurl our javelins into the crowd of the suitors, who desire to slay us in addition to the former evils."

Thus he spoke; and they all hurled their sharp spears, aiming opposite: Ulysses slew Demoptolemus, and Telemachus Euryades, and the swineherd Elatus, and the herdsmen of oxen slew Pisander: then all of them bit the immense floor with their teeth. But the suitors retreated to the recess of the palace: but they rushed upon them, and took out the spears from the dead. And the suitors again eager hurled their sharp spears; but Minerva made many of them vain. One of them struck the pillar of the well-reared palace, another the closely-fitted door; and the ash of another, heavy with brass, fell in the wall. But Amphimedon struck Telemachus on the hand at the wrist, so as to graze, and the brass hurt the surface of the skin. But Ctesippus grazed Eumæus upon the shoulder over his shield, with his long spear, but it flew over and fell to the ground. But they again with wise, crafty Ulysses, hurled their sharp spears into the crowd of suitors; then city-destroying Ulysses struck Eurydamas, and Telemachus Amphimedon, and the swineherd Polybus; then the herdsman of oxen struck Ctesippus on the breast; and boasting over him, addressed him:

"O son of Polytherses, lover of gibing, do not, yielding to thy folly, altogether speak bigly, but leave words to the gods; since they are much superior. This is a hospitable gift for thee in turn for the foot which thou once gavest god-like Ulysses, while begging through the house."

The herdsman of curved-horned oxen spoke; but Ulysses wounded the son of Damastor hand to hand with a long spear:

and Telemachus wounded Leiocritus, son of Evenor, with a spear, in the middle of the belly, and he drove the brass entirely through; and he fell on his face, and smote the earth with his whole forehead. Then Minerva held up her man-destroying Ægis on high from the roof; and their minds were fluttered. And they fled through the palace, like herding cattle, upon which a swift gad-fly has rushed, and thrown into confusion, in the spring time, when the days are long.<sup>12</sup> They, like as crooked-clawed, bow-beaked<sup>13</sup> vultures, coming from the mountains, pounce upon the birds which go along, crouching at the nets in the plain, but they, leaping upon them, destroy them, nor is there any defence, or escape; and men rejoice in the prey: so they, rushing upon the suitors in the house, struck them upon all sides; and there arose an unseemly mourning from them, while their heads were stricken; and the whole pavement bubbled with gore. And Leiodes rushing seized the knees of Ulysses, and supplicating him, spoke winged words:

"I implore thee, O Ulysses; and do thou reverence me, and pity me; for I do not think that to any of the women in the palace I have spoken or done any thing wicked: but I even restrained the other suitors, whoever did such things. But they did not obey me, so as to keep off their hands from evil deeds. Therefore through their wickedness they have drawn on an unseemly fate. But I, a soothsayer amongst them, having done nothing, will fall. Thus are there no thanks hereafter for good deeds."

But him much-counselling Ulysses sternly regarding, addressed: "If indeed thou dost profess to be a soothsayer amongst them, oftentimes then thou must have prayed in the palace, that the end of a sweet return might be far from me, and that my dear wife might follow thee, and bring forth children [to thee]: therefore shalt thou not escape sad-slumbering death."

Thus having spoken, he took in his strong hand a sword, lying down, which Agelaus, when slain, threw from him upon the ground; with this he smote him in the middle of the neck. And the head of him crying out was mixed in the dust.

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Virg. Georg. iii. 146, sqq. Apollon. Rhod. i. 1265, sqq. with the Scholiast.

<sup>13</sup> So Cowper.



But Phemius, son of Terpius, the bard, avoided black Fate, who indeed had sung amongst the suitors through compulsion; and he stood holding the clear-toned harp in his hands, near the high gate: and he meditated two ways in his mind, whether, going out of the palace, he should sit at the well-built altar of mighty Herceæan Jove, where Laertes and Ulysses burnt many thighs of oxen; or rushing to Ulysses, should supplicate him at his knees. And thus to him considering it seemed to be better to take hold of the knees of Ulysses, son of Laertes. He indeed placed the hollow harp upon the ground, between the cup and the silver-studded throne: but he himself then rushing to Ulysses, laid hold of his knees, and supplicating him, spoke winged words:

"I entreat thee, O Ulysses; and do thou revere me and pity me: there will be sorrow to thee thyself hereafter, if thou slayest me, a bard, who sing to gods and men. But I am self-taught; and God has breathed into my mind all kinds of songs; and I am able to sing to thee as to a god; therefore do not be desirous to cut off my head. Even Telemachus, thy beloved son, would say thus, how neither willingly, nor desiring [to do so], I have resorted to thy house, to sing at feasts to the suitors, but many more and superior men brought me by compulsion."

Thus he spoke; and the sacred might of Telemachus heard him, and he immediately addressed his father, who was near:

"Restrain thyself, nor by any means wound this blameless man with the brass. And we will save the herald Medon, who always took care of me in our house, while I was a child; if indeed Philætiüs, or the swineherd, have not already slain him, or he has met with thee when aroused in the house."

Thus he spoke; but Medon, who kenned prudent things, heard him; for he lay crouching under a throne, and a newly-flayed skin of an ox was put around him, avoiding black Fate. And he immediately arose from the throne, and quickly put off the ox hide: then rushing to Telemachus, he laid hold of his knees, and supplicating him, spoke winged words:

"O friend, I indeed am here; but do thou restrain thyself; and speak to thy father, lest, being excessively powerful, he destroy me with the sharp brass, enraged against the suitors, who have wasted his wealth in the palace, but, fools! did not honour thee."



But much-planning Ulysses, smiling on him, addressed him: "Be confident, since he has freed thee and saved thee, that thou mayest know in thy mind, and mayest also tell to another, how far better doing good is than doing evil. But going out of the palace into the hall, sit out of doors, away from the slaughter, thou and the much-voiced bard, whilst I labour in the house, what I have need."

Thus he spoke; and they two went out, going from the palace. Then they sat at the altar of mighty Jove, looking about on all sides, continually expecting death. But Ulysses looked about in his house, whether any one of men still alive was concealed, avoiding black Fate. And he saw them all fallen in blood and dust, in great numbers, as fish, which the fishermen have drawn upon the hollow beach out from the hoary sea with a net of many holes: and they all regretting the waves of the sea have been poured out upon the sands, but their life the shining Sun has taken away: thus then the suitors were poured over one another. Then at length much-planning Ulysses addressed Telemachus:

"Telemachus, come, call to me the nurse Euryclea, that I may tell her something which is in my mind."

Thus he spoke; and Telemachus obeyed his dear father; and moving the door, he addressed the nurse Euryclea: "Now arise [to come] hither, O ancient old woman, thou who art the overseer of our women-servants in the palace: come; my father calls thee, that he may tell thee something."

Thus he spoke; and to her the word was unwinged; and she opened the gates of the well-inhabited palace, and hastened to go: but Telemachus first led the way. She then found Ulysses amongst the slain and dead, besmeared with blood and gore; like as a lion who comes, having devoured a field-dwelling ox, and all his breast, and his cheeks on both sides are bloody; and he is terrible in his visage to behold: thus was Ulysses besmeared as to his feet and hands above. But she, when she beheld the corpses, and the immense quantity of blood, proceeded to shout out, since she beheld a terrible deed; but Ulysses restrained and hindered her, although eager, and addressing her, he spoke winged words:

"Rejoice, O aged woman, in thy mind, and restrain thyself, nor shout out; it is not holy to boast over slain men. But the fate of the gods has subdued these, and their foolish deeds;

for they respected no one of mortal men, either wicked or good, whoever came to them; therefore through their infatuation they have drawn on an unseemly fate. But come, do thou enumerate to me the women in the palace, both who dishonour me, and who are innocent."

But him the dear nurse Euryclea addressed in turn: "Therefore, my child, will I tell thee the truth. Thou hast fifty women-servants in the palace, which we have taught to work works,<sup>14</sup> to card fleeces, and to endure servitude: of these twelve have trod the path of shamelessness, neither respecting me nor Penelope herself. But Telemachus has but lately grown up, nor did his mother suffer him to give directions to the women-servants. But come, ascending to the beautiful upper-room, I will tell thy wife, upon whom some god has brought on sleep."

But her much-planning Ulysses answering addressed: "Do not yet rouse her up; but do thou bid the women come hither, who have before devised disgraceful deeds."

Thus he spoke; and the old woman went through the palace to tell the women, and to incite them to return. But he, calling Telemachus and the herdsman and swineherd to him, spoke winged words:

"Now begin to carry away the dead, and bid the women [do so]; and then clean the very beautiful thrones and tables with water and much-perforated sponges. But when ye have arranged all things in the house, taking the handmaidens out of the well-reared palace, strike them with long-pointed swords between the dome and the spotless court of the hall, until ye have taken away the lives of all of them, and they have forgotten Venus, whom they enjoyed with the suitors, and were mingled secretly [in love]."

Thus he spoke; and the women came all together, lamenting sadly, shedding the warm tear. First indeed then they carried away the dead corpses, and they placed them under the portico of the well-enclosed court, resting against each other:<sup>15</sup> and Ulysses himself gave directions, hastening them: and they carried them out even by compulsion. But when they had cleansed the very beautiful thrones and tables, with water, and much perforated sponges. But Telemachus and the herds-

<sup>14</sup> Observe the ancient pleonastic form of expression.

<sup>15</sup> In order to support the weight.

man and swineherd polished the pavement of the stout-built house with scrapers; and the handmaidens carried away [the dirt], and put it out of doors. But when they had put in order the whole palace throughout, leading out the handmaidens from the well-made palace, between the dome, and the spotless court of the hall, they shut them up in a narrow place, from whence it was not possible to escape. And prudent Telemachus began to address them:

"I would not indeed take away the life of these [women] with a pure death,<sup>16</sup> these, who have poured reproaches upon my head, and upon my mother, and have slept with the suitors."

Thus he spoke; and fastening the cable of an azure-prowed ship to a tall column, he threw it round the dome, stretching it out on high, that no one might reach the ground with her feet. But as when either broad-winged thrushes or doves strike against a net, which stood in a thicket, as they are entering their nest, and a hateful bed has received them: so they held their heads in order, and around all their necks were cords, that they might die as miserably as possible. And they struggled convulsively with their feet for a little while, not very long. And they brought Melanthius out through the vestibule and the hall; his nostrils and ears they cut off with the cruel brass; and his secret parts they drew out, for the dogs to eat raw, and they lopped off his hands and feet, with wrathful mind. They then having washed their hands and feet, went to the house, to Ulysses: and the work was completed. But he addressed the dear nurse Euryclea:

"Bring sulphur, O old woman, as a remedy for ills,<sup>17</sup> and bring me fire, that I may fumigate the palace: and do thou desire Penelope to come hither, with her women attendants: and order all the handmaidens in the house to come."

But him the dear nurse Euryclea addressed in turn: "Of a truth, indeed, my child, hast thou spoken these things rightly. But come, I will bring thee garments, both a cloak

<sup>16</sup> Eustathius observes, καθαρὸς μὲν ὁ διὰ ξίφους ἰδόμενος θάνατος, μαρὸς δὲ ὁ ἀγχονισμὸς. Nevertheless, hanging, in later days, was the favourite death with the heroines of tragedy.

<sup>17</sup> It was customary to make a lustration in a house in which murder or slaughter had been committed. The student will find illustrations in Lomcier de Lustration, § xxx.

and tunic: nor do thou stand thus in the palace, having thy broad shoulders covered with rags: it would be matter for indignation."

But her much-planning Ulysses answering addressed: "First of all now let me have fire in the palace."

Thus he spoke; nor did the dear nurse Euryclea disobey him, and she brought fire and sulphur: and Ulysses well fumigated the palace, and the house, and the hall. The old woman then went up through the beautiful house of Ulysses, to tell the women, and to urge them to come: and they came from the palace, holding a torch in their hands. They indeed were poured around him, and greeted Ulysses, and embracing him, they kissed his head and shoulders, laying hold of his hands: but a sweet desire of wailing and mourning possessed him; for he knew them all in his mind.

## BOOK XXIII.

### ARGUMENT.

Penelope, after some hesitation, recognises Ulysses, and he gives satisfactory proofs of his return. He gives a brief narrative of his adventures. In the morning Ulysses, Telemachus, Eumæus, and Philætiüs, leave the city in order to go to Laertes.

AND the old woman went up to the upper-room exulting, to tell her mistress that her dear husband was within; and her knees were strengthened, and her feet hastened on;<sup>1</sup> and she stood over her head, and addressed her:

"Arise, Penelope, dear child, that thou mayest behold with thine eyes, things which thou desirest all thy days: Ulysses has arrived, and has reached home, although having come late. And he has slain the haughty suitors, who injured his house, and consumed his wealth, and treated his son with violence."

But her prudent Penelope addressed in turn; "Dear nurse, the gods have driven thee frantic; who indeed are able to make one foolish, although one be very wise, and have

<sup>1</sup> Ὑπερικταίνοντο, (from ἵκταρ,) = ἐκινούντο. Lex. MS. apud Alberti on Hesych. t. ii. p. 1459, "pedes cito commovebat propter lætitiā."

changed a vain-minded person to prudence; they have hurt even thee; but before thou wast right in thy understanding. Why dost thou taunt me, who have a much-sorrowing mind, speaking these out of the way things? and why hast thou upraised me from pleasant sleep, which bound me, covering around my dear eyelids? For never have I slept such a sleep, since Ulysses went to see Ill-Troy, not to be named. But come, descend now, and go back to the palace. For if any one else of the women, whom I have, had come telling me these things, and had raised me up from sleep, then would I soon have sent her back severely, to return again within the palace; but in this thy old age will profit thee."

But her the dear nurse Euryclea addressed in turn: "I do not taunt thee, dear child; but Ulysses truly is come, and has reached home, as I say, the stranger, whom all dishonoured in the palace; but Telemachus some time since knew him, being within, but by his prudence he concealed his knowledge of his father, that he might be revenged on the violence of haughty men."

Thus she spoke; but she rejoiced, and leaping from her bed, embraced the old woman, and from her eyelids sent forth a tear; and addressing her, she spoke winged words:

"Come, dear nurse, tell me truly, if he indeed has reached home, as thou sayest, how did he lay hands upon the shameless suitors, being alone, whilst they always remained together within."

But her the dear nurse Euryclea addressed in turn: "I did not see, nor did I inquire, but I heard only the groaning of them being slain; but we, affrighted, sat in the recess of the well-built chambers, and the well-fitted doors held fast; before that thy son Telemachus called me from the palace: for his father sent him on to call me. Then I found Ulysses standing amongst the slain corpses; but they around him possessing the stone-paved ground, lay upon one another: thou wouldst have rejoiced in thy mind, beholding him [bedaubed with blood and gore, like a lion]. Now indeed they are all together at the court gates: but he is fumigating the most beautiful house, having kindled a great fire: but he sent me on to call thee. But follow, that both of you may obtain delight in your dear hearts; since ye have suffered many evils. But now at length this long hope is accomplished. He himself

has come alive to the hearth, and he has found thee, and his son in the palace; but the suitors who treated him evilly, he has revenged himself upon all of them in his own house."

But her prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "O dear nurse, do not by any means boast greatly, exulting; for thou knowest how welcome he would appear to all in the palace, but especially to me, and to my son, to whom we gave life. But this is not a true tale, as thou tellest it; but some one of the immortals has slain the noble suitors, being indignant at their mind-grieving insolence and evil deeds: for they honoured no one of mortal men, either bad or good, whoever came to them; wherefore through their infatuation have they suffered ill: but Ulysses has lost his return, far away from Achaia, and has himself perished."

But her the dear nurse Euryclea then answered: "My child, what word has escaped thy lips? didst thou never think that thy husband, who was within at the hearth, would never come home? but thy mind is ever incredulous. But come, I will tell thee some other very plain sign, the scar, which once a boar inflicted upon him with his white tusk, this I perceived whilst washing him: and I wished to tell thee thyself; but he, taking hold of me upon the mouth with his hands, did not allow me to tell thee, through the great knowledge of his mind. But follow; and I<sup>2</sup> will lay down a pledge for myself,<sup>3</sup> if I deceive thee, that thou shalt kill me by a most grievous destruction."

But her prudent Penelope then answered: "Dear nurse, it is difficult for thee to know the counsels of the gods, who are for ever, although thou art very skilful; but, however, let us go to my son, that I may see the dead suitors, and him who slew them."

Thus having spoken, she went down from the upper-room; but much did her heart meditate, whether she should inquire of her dear husband afar off, or standing near him, should kiss his head, taking hold of his hands. But when she entered and passed over the stone threshold, then she sat opposite

<sup>2</sup> The full force of *αὐτὰρ* seems to be, "and I, for my part, will," &c.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. II. x. 254, *θεοὺς ἐπιδώμεθα*, "let us give the gods as witnesses." See Thiersch, p. 481, sq. *ψ.* 485, *τρίποδος περιδόμεθα ἢ λιβητος*. Hesychius, *περιδόμεσθαι, συνθηκοποιήσθαι*, i. e. "I will make this stipulation with thee." See Alberti on γ. *περιδόμεθα*.



Ulysses in the light of the fire, against the other wall: but he sat against a tall pillar, looking down, expecting, whether his noble wife would speak to him, when she beheld him with her eyes. But she sat in silence for a long time, and astonishment came upon her heart. At one moment indeed she looked face to face at him with her eyes, but at another moment she knew him not, having evil garments on his body. But Telemachus chided her, and spoke, and addressed her:

"O mother mine, ill-mother, who hast a cruel mind, why dost thou thus keep away from my father, nor sitting near him, dost question [him] with words, or inquire? No other woman indeed would thus with hardy mind have stood away from her husband, who, having suffered many ills had reached his paternal land in the twentieth year: but thy heart is harder than stone."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "My child, my mind in my breast is astonished; neither can I speak any word to him, nor inquire of him, nor regard his face opposite; but if indeed it is Ulysses, and he has reached home, even better shall we know one another; for there are signs between us, which we know, secreted from others."

Thus she spoke; but much-enduring divine Ulysses smiled, and he immediately addressed to Telemachus winged words:

"Telemachus, suffer then thy mother in the palace to try me; and soon she will know me more certainly. But now, because I am squalid, and am clothed with evil garments around my body, therefore does she disregard me, and does not yet account that I am he. But let us consider, how it will be best. For a man having slain one man amongst a people, who has not many avengers hereafter, flies, leaving his relations and his paternal land: but we have slain the defence of a city, those who are far the best of the youths in Ithaca; therefore I beg of thee to consider."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Dost thou look to these things, my dear father; for they say that thy plan is the best amongst men, nor would any other man among mortal men contend with thee. But we eagerly will follow with thee, nor do I think that we shall at all want courage, whatever power we have."

But him much-counselling Ulysses answering addressed:  
"Therefore will I say, as it seems to me to be best. First



then wash yourselves, and put on tunics, and order the hand-maidens in the palace to take their garments: and let the divine bard, having the tuneful harp, lead for us the sport-loving dance, that any one may say it is a marriage, hearing it from without, either going along the way, or [if he be of those] who dwell around: lest the wide rumour of the slaughter of the suitors should arise throughout the city, before we go out to our much-wooded farm: there then will we consider, what gain Jove will vouchsafe us."

Thus he spoke; and they heard him well, and obeyed: first then they washed themselves, and put on tunics; and the women made themselves ready, and the divine bard took the hollow harp, and stirred up amongst them the desire of the sweet song, and the harmless dance. And the great house resounded around with the feet of men and beautiful-girded women, sporting. And thus some one said, hearing it from without the dwelling:

"Of a truth, indeed, some one has married the much-wooded queen: foolish woman! nor has she endured to guard the large house of her virgin husband continually, until that he should come."

Thus indeed some one said; but they knew not these things, how they were done. And the housekeeper, Eurynome, washed magnanimous Ulysses in his own house, and anointed him with oil; and she threw a beautiful robe around him, and a tunic. But Minerva shed much beauty down from his head, [and made him]<sup>4</sup> taller and larger to behold: and from his head she sent down curled hair, like unto an hyacinthine flower. As when some skilful man pours gold around silver, whom Vulcan and Pallas Minerva have taught all kinds of art, and he executes graceful works: so around his head and shoulders did she pour grace. And he went out of the bath in person like unto the immortals: and he sat down again on the throne, from whence he arose, opposite his wife, and addressed her in words:

"Honoured lady, they who possess the Olympian houses have given thee a heart hard above female women: no other woman indeed would thus, with enduring mind, have stood away from her husband, who, having suffered many ills, had reached his paternal land in the twentieth year. But

<sup>4</sup> Observe the zeugma in *χρῆεν*.

come, nurse, strew a bed for me, that I may lie down by myself: for surely her mind is of steel in her breast."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "Sir, I neither magnify thee at all, nor disregard thee, nor do I very much wonder at thee: but I very well know, what a one thou wast, when thou didst depart from Ithaca in a long-oared ship. But come, Euryclea, strew a dense bed for him without the well-reared chamber, which he himself made. There place for him a thick bed, and throw clothing on it, fleeces, and cloaks, and beautiful rugs."

Thus indeed she spoke, trying her husband; but Ulysses grieving addressed his wife, who knew prudent things:

"O lady; very grievous indeed is this word thou hast uttered. Who has placed my bed elsewhere? difficult would it be even for one who is very skilful, except the deity himself, coming, were with ease, if he wished it, to put it in another place. No living mortal among men alive, even if he were in the vigour of youth, would easily move it away; since a great sign is wrought in the well-worked bed; which I laboured, nor any one else. There was a thick-leaved shrub of olive within the court, in full vigour, and flourishing; and it was thick, like as a pillar: I, putting a chamber round this, built it, until I finished it with close-set stones, and roofed it well above: and I placed on it glued doors, closely fitted. And then I cut off the leaves of the thick-leaved olive; and lopping off the trunk from the root, I polished it round with brass, well and skilfully, and straightened it according to a rule, working out a bed-post; and I bored all with a wimble. And beginning from this I polished the bed until I finished it, variegating it with gold and silver and ivory, and I stretched out the thong of an ox shining with purple. Thus I show thee this sign; nor do I at all know, lady, whether the bed is still firm, or some one of men has now placed it elsewhere, cutting off the root of the olive."

Thus he spoke; but her knees and dear heart were loosed, as she recognised the signs which Ulysses told her evidently. Then weeping she ran straight forward, and threw her hands around the neck of Ulysses, and kissed his head, and addressed him:

"Lour not upon me, O Ulysses, since in other things indeed thou art especially prudent among men; but the gods

have given thee toil, who envied that we, remaining near one another, should be delighted with youth, and reach the threshold of old age. But do not now be angry with me for this, nor indignant, that I did not at first thus embrace thee, when I beheld thee; for my mind always shudders in my breast, for fear some one of mortals coming should deceive me with words, for many devise evil means of gain. Nor would Argive Helen, born of Jove, have been mingled with a foreigner in love and in the couch, if she had known that the warlike sons of the Grecians were about to bring her home again to her dear country. But her the deity indeed excited to do an unseemly work: but she did not before lay up in her mind the sad calamity, from which grief first came also upon us. But now, since thou hast told me evident signs of our bed, which no other mortal has beheld, but only thou and I, and one handmaiden only, Actoris, (whom my father gave to me coming hither, who kept for us the door of the close chamber,) now thou persuadest my mind, although it is very difficult [to be persuaded]."

Thus she spoke, and in him excited still more the desire of grief; but he wept, holding his delightful wife, who knew prudent things. And as when the land has appeared welcome to [men] swimming, whose well-built ship Neptune has wrecked in the sea, urged by the wind, and the dark billows, but few have escaped from the hoary sea, swimming to the shore, and much brine has incrustured round their body, but they gladly have stepped upon the land, escaping evil; so her husband was welcome to her beholding him: but she had not yet altogether let go her white arms from his neck. And now the rosy-fingered morning would have appeared while they were weeping, had not blue-eyed Minerva thought of other things. She detained the long night towards the end, and still kept the golden-throned Morn in the ocean, nor did she suffer her to yoke her swift-footed horses, that bear light to men, Lampus and Phaethon, steeds that lead the Morn. And then indeed much-planning Ulysses addressed his wife:

"O wife, we have not yet arrived at the end of all our toils, but still there will be an immeasurable labour behind, great and difficult, all which it behoves me to accomplish. For thus the soul of Tiresias foretold to me on that day, when I went down to the house of Pluto, seeking for a return for my

companions and myself. But come, wife, let us go to bed, that even now going to rest, we may be delighted with sweet sleep."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "A bed indeed then there shall be for thee, whenever thou desirest it in thine own mind; since the gods have made thee reach thy well-built house, and thy paternal land. But since thou hast mentioned it, and God has put it in thy mind, come, tell me the toil; since I think I shall hear it afterwards: but it is not worse to hear it immediately."

But her much-counselling Ulysses answering addressed: "Unhappy one! why indeed dost thou again desire me to speak, urging me very much? but I will relate [my adventures], nor will I conceal them. Thy mind indeed will not rejoice; for neither do I myself rejoice; since he has desired me to go to very many cities of mortals, having in my hands a well-fitted oar; until I come to those men, who know not the sea, and who do not eat food mixed with salt, they indeed neither know the purple-cheeked ships, nor the well-fitted oars, which are wings for ships. But he told me this plain sign; (nor will I conceal it from thee;) when indeed another traveller meeting me should say that I have a winnowing-fan<sup>5</sup> upon my glorious shoulder, then he desired me, having fixed an oar in the earth, and having offered excellent sacrifices to king Neptune, a ram, and a bull, and a boar, the mate of swine, to go away home, and to offer up sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods, who possess the wide heaven, to all in order: but death will come upon me away from the sea, gentle, such a one as will kill me overcome by happy old age: and around me the people will be prosperous; all these things, he said, would be performed."

But him prudent Penelope addressed in turn: "If of a truth the gods make for thee a better old age, then indeed there is hope that there will be a refuge from ills."

Thus they spoke to one another; but in the mean time Eurynome and the nurse prepared a bed of soft clothing, by the light of shining torches, busying themselves. And when they had strewed the thick bed, the old woman went back to the house to lie down. But the chambermaid Eurynome led them going to bed, holding a torch in her

\* See xi. 127.

hands; and having conducted them into the chamber, she went away again: they then gladly came to the rites of their ancient bed.<sup>6</sup> But Telemachus and the herdsman and swineherd stopped their feet from dancing, and made the women stop: and they slept in the shady palace. But when they twain were satiated with agreeable love, they were delighted telling to one another with words, she indeed, divine one of women, what things she had endured in the palace, beholding the destructive company of suitors; who on her account slew many [cattle], oxen and fat sheep, and [by whom] much wine was drawn from the casks. But Jove-sprung Ulysses, [relating] what cares he had brought upon men, and what he himself suffering had toiled through, told all; she then was delighted hearing it, nor did sleep fall upon her eyelids, before he had related all. And he began, how first he subdued the Ciconians, but then came to the fruitful land of the men Lotophagi; and how many deeds the Cyclops did, and how he avenged the destruction of his doughty companions, whom he eat,<sup>7</sup> nor did he pity them: and how he came to Æolus, who kindly received him and sent him away; nor yet was it fated for him to reach his paternal land; but the tempest snatching him away again, bore him mourning heavily over the fishy sea; and how he came to Læstrigonia to Telephus, who<sup>8</sup> destroyed his ships, and his well-greaved companions [all; but Ulysses alone escaped in a black ship];<sup>9</sup> and he related the deceit and the various contrivance of Circe; and how he came into the spacious dwelling of Pluto, in a many-benched ship, to consult the soul of Theban Tiresias, and saw all his companions, and his mother, who brought him forth and nourished him, being little: and how he heard the voice of the assembled Sirens; and how he came to the wandering rocks, and to terrible Charybdis and Scylla, which men have never escaped unharmed: and how his companions slew the beeves of the Sun, and how high-thundering Jove struck the swift ship with smouldering thunder; and all his excellent companions perished together, but he himself escaped from the evil Fates: and how

<sup>6</sup> According to Eustathius, the grammarians, Aristarchus and Aristophanes, terminated the *Odyssey* at this line, considering the subsequent portion as spurious. But see Clarke.

<sup>7</sup> The Cyclops.

<sup>8</sup> *οἱ, scilicet, οἱ Λαιστρόγυες.*

<sup>9</sup> A doubtful verse.

he came to the island Ogygia, and the nymph Calypso, who indeed detained him, desiring him to be her husband, in her hollow grot, and nourished him, and said that she would make him immortal and free from old age all his days: but she did not by any means persuade his mind in his breast: and how he came to the Phæacians, having toiled much, who honoured him in their heart as a god, and escorted him with a ship to his dear paternal land, giving him brass and gold in abundance, and garments. This was the last word he said, when sweet sleep loosing his limbs rushed upon him, relaxing the cares of his mind. But the blue-eyed goddess Minerva again thought of other things: when she now expected that Ulysses was satiated in his mind with the bed of his wife and with sleep, she immediately excited the golden-throned mother of dawn from the ocean, that she might give light to mortals: but Ulysses arose from his soft bed, and enjoined a command to his wife:

"O wife, we are now both of us satiated with many labours; thou indeed weeping for my toil-fraught return: but Jove and the other gods bound me anxious from my paternal land. But now, since both of us have reached our much-wished-for bed, take care of the possessions which I have in the palace: but as to the sheep, which the overbearing suitors have consumed, I myself will seize many as booty, and the Greeks shall give others, until they fill all my stalls. But I indeed am going to the well-wooded farm, to see my excellent sire, who is continually grieved for me. But to thee, O wife, I enjoin these things, although thou art prudent: for forthwith with the rising sun a rumour will go [abroad] concerning the suitors whom I have slain in the palace. Going to the upper room, with your women attendants, sit down, nor look out or inquire of any one."

He spoke, and around his shoulders he girt his beautiful arms; and he roused Telemachus and the herdsman and swineherd, and desired all to take their warlike weapons in their hands. And they did not disobey him: but they were armed with brass, and they opened the doors and went out: but Ulysses led the way. Now indeed light was upon the earth; but Minerva concealing them in night, led them quickly out of the city.



BOOK XXIV.<sup>1</sup>

## ARGUMENT.

Mercury escorts the souls of the slain suitors down to Hades. Ulysses discovers himself to his father Laertes. By the aid of Minerva they quell an insurrection of the people, who attempt to revenge the slaughter of the suitors. Eupheithes, their leader, is slain by Ulysses.

BUT Cyllenian Mercury called out the souls of the suitors; and he held in his hands a beautiful golden rod, with which he soothes the eyes of men whom he wishes, and upraises them again when sleeping. With this indeed he drove them, moving them on; and they gibbering<sup>2</sup> followed. And as when bats in the recess of a divine cave flit about gibbering, when one falls from the link<sup>3</sup> off the rock, and they cling to one another: so they went together gibbering, and harmless Mercury led them down the murky<sup>4</sup> ways. And they came near the streams of the ocean and the Leucadian rock, and they went near the gates of the Sun, and the people of dreams: and they quickly came to the meadow of Asphodel, where dwell the souls, the images of the dead. And they found the soul of Achilles, son of Peleus, and of Patroclus, and of blameless Antilochus, and of Ajax, who was the most excellent in form and person of the other Greeks, after the blameless son of Peleus. Thus they were assembled round him: but the soul of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, came near sorrowing; and the others were assembled around him, as many as had died with him in the house of Ægisthus, and had drawn on their fate.

<sup>1</sup> The objections raised against the authenticity of this portion of the Odyssey, are carefully detailed in the notes of Clarke and Loewe.

<sup>2</sup> I am indebted to the Old Translator for this word. Eustathius well observes: *ιστίον δὲ ὅτι μυθικῶς ταῖς ψυχαῖς ἐπελήχθη τρισμός, οἷα λόγος μὲν ἐνάρθρου ἐστρημέναις, ἄλλως δὲ θορυβοῦσαις*. A low, wailing, inarticulate sound must be understood.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the string of bats, which they form by clinging to one another, τοῦ τῶν νυκτεριδῶν ἀθροίσματος. Hesych. s. v. ὄρμαθός.

<sup>4</sup> "Situ obsita." See Gataker on Anton. iv. 6. So Hesiod. Op. 152, βῆσαν δ' εὐρώεντα δόμον κρυεροῦ αἵδαο. Cf. Alberti on Hesych. t. i. p. 1528.



And him the soul of the son of Peleus addressed first: "O Atrides, we thought that thou wast all thy days beloved above heroes by thunder-rejoicing Jove, because thou didst rule over many and illustrious men, in the people of the Trojans, where we Grecians suffered griefs. But of a surety pernicious fate was destined to come upon thee first of all, [fate] which no one avoids, whoever is born. Now oughtest thou, enjoying the honour, over which thou didst rule, to have drawn on death and fate amongst the people of the Trojans: then would all the Grecians have made a tomb for thee, and thou wouldst have obtained great glory for thy son hereafter; but now it was destined for thee to be overcome by a most miserable death."

And him the soul of the son of Atreus addressed in turn: "Happy son of Peleus, O Achilles, like unto the gods! thou who didst fall at Troy, far from Argos: and around thee the other most excellent sons of the Trojans and Grecians were slain, fighting for thee: and thou didst lay mighty, and mightily extended in a whirlwind of dust, forgetful of horsemanship. But we fought during the whole day: nor should we at all have ceased from war, if Jove had not made us stop with a whirlwind. And when we had brought thee off from the war to the ships, we laid thee on a couch, cleansing thy beautiful body with lukewarm water and ointment: and around thee the Grecians shed many warm tears, and cut their hair. And thy mother, hearing the news, came from the sea with the immortal Sea-nymphs;<sup>5</sup> and a divine clamour arose over the sea: and a trembling seized upon all the Grecians: and now rushing forth they would have gone to the hollow ships, had not a man detained them, who knew both ancient and many things, Nestor, whose counsel before also appeared the best: who thinking well harangued and addressed them: 'Stop, O Argives, fly not, ye youths of the Grecians; this his mother comes from the sea with the immortal Nymphs of the sea, to meet her dead son.'<sup>6</sup> Thus he spoke; and the magnanimous Grecians were restrained in their fear. And around thee stood the daughters of the old man of the sea,

<sup>5</sup> For this interpretation I have the authority of the Scholiast, on II. 2. 86. Cf. Hesych. ἀλῆται, θαλαττῖαις.

<sup>6</sup> Compare the similar scene at the end of the Rhesus, where the Muse appears with the body of her son Rhesus.

lamenting miserably, and around thee they put immortal garments. And all the nine Muses, responding with a beautiful voice, lamented: there thou wouldst have perceived not one of the Grecians tearless; for so did the tuneful Muse excite them. There we mourned thee seventeen nights and days equally, both immortal gods and mortal men; but on the eighteenth day we committed thee to the fire, and around thee slew many very fat sheep and curved-horned oxen. And thou wast burnt in the clothing of the gods, and in much ointment, and in sweet honey; and many Grecian heroes clashed with their arms around the pile of you burning, both infantry and cavalry: and much clamour arose. But when the flame of Vulcan had at length consumed thee, in the morning we collected thy white bones, O Achilles, in pure wine and ointment: and thy mother gave us a golden vessel: and she said it was the gift of Bacchus, and the work of illustrious Vulcan. In this were laid thy white bones, O illustrious Achilles, and those of dead Patroclus, son of Menæti<sup>us</sup>, mixed together; but separately those of Antilochus: whom we honoured chief of all thy other companions, at least after dead Patroclus. And then we, the sacred army of the warrior Grecians, heaped up a large and noble tomb around them, on a projecting shore, in the wide Hellespont:<sup>†</sup> so that it might be seen far off from the sea by those men, who are now born, and who shall be hereafter. But thy mother, having entreated the gods, proposed very beautiful contests in the middle of a ring to the chieftains of the Grecians. Already hast thou met with the burial of many heroes, when, a king having perished, young men are girded and prepared for the contests; but on beholding those, thou wouldst have most marvelled in thy mind, what very beautiful contests the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, made for thee; for thou wast very dear to the gods. So thou hast not even when dead lost thy name, but for thee there will ever be excellent fame, O Achilles, amongst all men; but what pleasure was this for me, when I had brought the war to a close? For on my return Jove devised miserable destruction for me under the hands of Ægisthus and my pernicious wife."

Thus they spoke such things to one another. But the

<sup>†</sup> viz. on the promontory of Sigeum. See Cicero pro Archia.

messenger, the slayer of Argus, came near them, bringing the souls of the suitors who were overcome by Ulysses. But they, astonished, went straight [to meet them], when they beheld them. And the soul of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, knew the son of Melanthius, illustrious Amphimedon: for he had been his host, inhabiting a house in Ithaca.

And him the soul of the son of Atreus first addressed: "O Amphimedon, to what suffering have ye come beneath the gloomy earth, all picked men, and of equal age? neither in any other way would [any one] choosing through a city select the best men. Whether has Neptune subdued you in ships, having stirred up difficult winds and long billows? or have hostile men by chance destroyed you on the continent whilst cutting off their bulls, and the beautiful fleeces of sheep? or fighting about a city and women? Tell me, inquiring, for I boast myself to be thy guest. Dost thou not remember when I came there to thine house, inciting Ulysses, with godlike Menelaus, to attend us to Troy, in the well-benched ships? But we passed over all the wide sea in a whole<sup>a</sup> month, scarcely persuading city-destroying Ulysses."

But him the soul of Amphimedon addressed in turn: "[O most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men,] I remember all these things, and will relate well and accurately the evil end of our death, what a one befell us. We wooed the wife of long absent Ulysses: and she did not refuse the hated marriage, nor did she bring it to a conclusion, devising death and black Fate for us. But she planned this other stratagem in her mind; having begun a mighty web, she wove it in the palace, slender and round; and she forthwith addressed us: 'Youths, my suitors, since divine Ulysses is dead, cease urging my marriage until I finish the robe, (lest my threads should perish in vain,) a funeral garment for the hero Laertes, for the time when the pernicious fate of long-sleeping death shall seize hold of him: lest any one of the Grecian women amongst the people should be indignant at me, if he lies without a shroud, having possessed many things.' Thus she spoke; and our noble mind was persuaded. Then during the day she wove the large web, but at night she unravelled it, when she placed the torches near her. Thus for

<sup>a</sup> In English we should say, "we were a whole month passing over the sea."

three years she escaped notice by deceit, and persuaded the Grecians. But when the fourth year came, and the hours advanced, [the months waning, and many days were completed,] then indeed some one of the women, who knew it well, told us, and we found her unravelling the splendid web. Thus she finished it, although not willing, by necessity. When she showed the robe—having wove the mighty web, washing it, like unto the sun or the moon—then an evil deity brought Ulysses from some where or other to the extremity of the country, where the swineherd inhabited a dwelling. There came the beloved son of divine Ulysses, arriving with a black ship from sandy Pylos. And they, having contrived evil death for the suitors, came to the illustrious city; Ulysses indeed last, but Telemachus first led the way. And the swineherd brought him, having evil garments on his body, like unto a wretched beggar and an old man, [leaning upon a staff: but evil garments were put round his body]. Nor was any one of us able to know him being [present], having appeared on a sudden, not even those [of us] who were the oldest: but we chided him with evil words and with blows. And he then being beaten and chided in his own palace endured it with a patient mind; but when the counsel of Ægis-bearing Jove aroused him, with Telemachus taking the very beautiful arms, he placed them in a chamber, and fastened the bolts; and he through his great cunning ordered his wife to place the bow and hoary steel for the suitors, as a subject of contest for us, ill-fated, and a beginning of death. Nor was any one of us able to stretch the string of the sturdy bow, but we were very deficient [in strength]. But when the mighty bow came to the hands of Ulysses, then we all rebuked him with words, that he should not give him the bow, although he spoke very many things: but Telemachus alone urging commanded him. And much-enduring divine Ulysses received it in his hand, and he easily bent the bow, and sent [the shaft] through the steel. And he stood going up on the threshold, and he poured out the swift arrows, looking about terribly: and he smote king Antinous. And then he sent forth his grievous shafts against others, taking aim opposite: and they fell near one another. But it was evident that some one of the gods was an ally to him. For immediately following upon us with their might through the dwelling, they slew us

upon all sides: and an unseemly groaning arose from them,<sup>9</sup> their heads being stricken, and the whole pavement bubbled with blood. Thus did we perish, O Agamemnon, whose bodies even now lie without funeral rites in the palace of Ulysses: for our friends do not yet know in the dwellings of each, who, having washed the black gore from our wounds, laying us down would mourn for us: for this is the honour of the dead."

And him the soul of the son of Atreus addressed in turn: "O happy son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, surely didst thou gain thy wife with great valour. How excellent was the mind of blameless Penelope, daughter of Icarus, how mindful of Ulysses, her virgin husband: unto whom the glory of his virtue shall never perish; but the immortals will make for those on earth a beautiful song for prudent Penelope. Not so did the daughter of Tyndarus contrive evil deeds, slaying her virgin husband: but [for her] there will be a hateful song amongst men; and she has given an evil fame to women, even though one be a worker of good." Thus they spoke such things to one another, standing in the houses of Pluto, under the hiding-places of the earth.

But they, when they went from the city, soon reached the beautiful-constructed farm of Laertes, which Laertes had himself acquired, since he had toiled very much: there was his house, and a shed<sup>10</sup> ran round it on all sides, in which his necessary servants fed, and sat, and took rest, who worked what was agreeable to him.<sup>11</sup> And in it there was a Sicilian old woman, who diligently took care of the old man at the farm, away from the city. Then Ulysses spoke words to his servants and his son:

"Do you now go within the well-built house; and quickly sacrifice a meal of swine, whichever is the best. But I will try my father, whether he will know me, and perceive me with his eyes, or whether he will not recognise me, having been away for a long time."

Thus having spoken, he gave his warlike arms to his servants. They then quickly came to the house; but Ulysses

<sup>9</sup> The suitors.

<sup>10</sup> Ernesti observes that the house of Laertes stood in the middle, being surrounded by the slighter dwellings of the slaves, forming a continuous shed. See Loewe.

<sup>11</sup> These words are an epexegetis to ἀναγκαῖοι. But the Schol. Ambr. interprets ἀναγκαῖοι to mean "taken in war, captured by force."

went near the fruitful vineyard to try [his father]: nor did he find Dolius, on going down to the great orchard, nor any of his servants or sons: but they indeed had gone to gather heaps of stones to be a fence for the vineyard: but the old man led the way for them. And he found his father alone in the well-made vineyard, hoeing a plant: and he was clad in a sordid garment, patched, unseemly: and around his thighs he had bound patched greaves of bull's hide, to avoid the tearings [of the thorns];<sup>12</sup> and gloves upon his hands on account of the brambles: but above he had a cap of goat-skin on his head, giving way to his grief. When then much-enduring divine Ulysses saw him wasted with old age, and having great grief in his mind, standing under a lofty pear-tree, he shed a tear. Then he meditated in his soul and in his mind, whether to kiss and embrace his father, and tell [him] every thing, how he came to and reached his paternal land; or, whether he should first inquire of him, and try him in every thing. And thus it appeared to him to be better as he considered, first to try him with reproaching words. Having this intention, divine Ulysses went straight opposite to him; he indeed, holding down his head, was digging round a plant, but standing near him his illustrious son addressed him:

"O old man, want of skill does not possess thee in managing an orchard; but thy care keeps it well; nor is there any plant at all, either fig-tree, or vine, or olive, or pear, or border in the garden destitute of care. But I tell thee something else, but do not thou lay up anger in thy mind: good care does not keep thyself, but thou hast miserable old age at the same time, and thou art evilly squalid, and art clothed in unseemly guise. Thy master does not indeed take care of you [so ill] on account of thy idleness, nor is thy form or size at all serviceable to behold; for thou art like unto a king. Thou art like one who ought, when he has washed and eaten, to sleep softly: for this is the right of old men. But come, tell me this, and relate it correctly, whose servant art thou? whose orchard dost thou tend? and relate this truly to me, that I may well know, if indeed I am come to Ithaca, as this man told me, who just now met me, as I was coming hither, one not very wise: since he did not endure to tell me every thing, or to listen to

<sup>12</sup> γραπτῆς, τὰς τῶν ἀκανθῶδων φυτῶν καταπεριξύσεις καὶ ἀμυχᾶς  
Schol.



my word, when I inquired of him concerning my host, whether he is alive and exists, or is now dead and in the house of Pluto. For I tell thee plainly, and do thou attend, and listen to me: I once entertained a man in my dear paternal land, having come to my house, and never yet has any other mortal of foreign strangers come more welcome to my house. He boasted his race to be of Ithaca, and he said that his father was Laertes, son of Arcesias. Him I entertained well, bringing him to my house, receiving him carefully, when many were in my house, and gave him hospitable presents, such as are becoming. I gave him seven talents of well-wrought gold, and I gave him a cup all silver, embossed with flowers, twelve single cloaks and as many pieces of tapestry, and as many beautiful robes, and as many tunics added to these: besides four beautiful women, skilled in blameless works, whom he himself wished to take."

But him his father then answered, shedding a tear: "Stranger, thou indeed art come to the land, concerning which thou inquirest: but insolent and infatuated men possess it. But thou hast conferred these thy gifts in vain, giving numberless [presents]; for would that thou hadst found him alive amongst the people of Ithaca, then would he have sent thee away, having requited thee with presents and good entertainment; for it is the right [of him], whoever begins. But come, tell me this, and relate it truly, how many years is it since thou didst entertain him thine unhappy guest, my son? if he was so; wretched one, whom some where, far away from his friends and paternal land, either the fish have eaten in the sea, or he has become a prey to the beasts and birds on the shore: nor did his mother mourn him, covering him around, nor his father, we who gave him birth: nor did his well-dowered wife, prudent Penelope, wait for her dear husband in her bed, as was fitting, wasting away her eyes: for this is the honour of the dead. And tell me this truly, that I may know it well; who art thou? from whence art thou amongst men? where are thy city and thy parents? where is the swift ship stationed, which brought thee and thy godlike companions hither? or hast thou come a passenger on another man's ship, and have they gone, having landed thee on shore?"

But him much-planning Ulysses answering addressed: "Therefore will I tell thee these things very accurately. For



I am from Alybas, where I inhabit an illustrious dwelling, the son of Apheidas, son of king Polypemon, and my name is Eperitus: but the deity made me wander so that I should come hither from Sicania, against my will: but my ship is stationed over against a field at a distance from the city. But this is now the fifth year since Ulysses went away from thence, and departed from my country, unhappy one: but there were excellent birds<sup>13</sup> on the right for him as he was going, in which I rejoicing sent him away, and he rejoiced as he went: and our mind still hoped to be mixed in hospitality, and to bestow glorious gifts."

Thus he spoke; and a black cloud of grief covered him: and taking up the dust of ashes in both his hands, he poured it upon his hoary head, groaning continually. But his mind was excited, and now vehement passion beat against his nostrils, as he beheld his dear father. And he kissed him, embracing him and leaping upon him, and he addressed him:

"That one himself indeed am I, O father, after whom thou inquirest, I am come in the twentieth year to my paternal land. But refrain from weeping and tearful mourning. For I tell thee plainly; (but it is by all means fit to hasten;) I have slain the suitors in my palace, revenging their grievous insolence and evil deeds."

But him Laertes answered again, and addressed him: "If indeed thou art Ulysses, my son, and hast come here, tell me now some evident sign, that I may believe it."

But him much-counselling Ulysses answering addressed: "First regard the scar with thine eyes, which a boar inflicted on me with its white tusk in Parnassus, when I went there: but thou didst send me on, and my venerable mother, to Autolycus, the dear father of my mother, that I might receive the gifts, which he promised me on coming here, and declared that he would give me. Come, I will recount to thee the trees also, through the well-made vineyard, which once thou gavest me, for I asked each of thee, being a child, following thee through the garden: but we came through them, and thou didst name them and didst tell me each. Thou gavest me thirteen pear-trees, and ten apple-trees, and forty fig-trees: and thus thou saidst thou wouldst give me fifty rows of vines,

<sup>13</sup> i. e. omens.

and each was sown between with corn: but there are all kinds of grapes, when the seasons of Jove come heavy upon them."

Thus he spoke, but his knees and heart were loosed, as he recognised the signs, which Ulysses told him truly. And he threw his arms around his dear son: and much-enduring divine Ulysses drew him fainting to him. But when he recovered, and his mind was raised to his breast, he immediately answering addressed him:

"O father Jove, surely ye gods<sup>14</sup> are still in lofty Olympus, if indeed the suitors have paid for their infatuate insolence. But now I very much dread in my mind, lest all the Ithacans should soon come here, and hasten messages on all sides to the cities of the Cephallenians."

But him much-counselling Ulysses answering addressed: "Be of good cheer, let not these things be a care to thee in thy mind: but let us go to the house which lies near the orchard. For there I sent forward Telemachus and the herdsman and swineherd, that they may get ready supper as quickly as possible."

Thus having conversed, the two went to the beautiful house. But when they now reached the well-built dwelling, they found Telemachus and the herdsman and swineherd cutting up much meat, and mixing the dark wine. But in the mean time the Sicilian handmaiden washed magnanimous Laertes in his house, and anointed him with oil: and she threw a beautiful cloak around him, and Minerva standing near increased the limbs of the shepherd of the people, and made him mightier and stouter to behold than before. And he went out of the bath: but his dear son marvelled at him, when he saw him with his eyes, like unto the immortal gods to look at. And addressing him, he spoke winged words:

"O father, certainly some one of the immortal gods has made thee noble in thy form and size to behold."

The prudent Laertes answered him in turn: "For would that I, O father Jove, and Minerva, and Apollo, such as when I took Nericus a well-built citadel, a town of the continent, ruling over the Cephallenians, being such a one yesterday in our palace, having arms upon my shoulders, I had stood against and warded off the suitors: then would I have loosed

<sup>14</sup> See Duport, *Gnom. Hom.* p. 288, sq.

the knees of many of them in the palace, and thou shouldst have rejoiced in thy mind within thee."

Thus they spoke to one another. But they, when they had ceased from their labour, and prepared the feast, sat down in order on benches and thrones: then they laid their hands on the meal: and the old man Dolius came near them, and with him the sons of the old man, labouring from their toils, for the mother, the Sicilian old woman, who nourished them, went and called them: and she diligently took care of the old man, since old age had seized upon him. But they, when they beheld Ulysses, and considered him in their mind, stood astonished in the palace; but Ulysses reproving them with gentle words, addressed them:

"O old man, sit down to the meal, and do ye forget astonishment: for we remain in the palace for a long time, eager to lay our hands upon the viands, still expecting you."

Thus he spoke; and Dolius went straight to him, stretching out both his hands; and taking the hand of Ulysses, he kissed it at the wrist, and addressing him spoke winged words:

"O dear one; since thou hast returned to us wishing [for thee], but not expecting thee, but the gods have brought thee, hail! and rejoice greatly, and may the gods give thee prosperity. And tell me this truly, that I may know it well, whether does prudent Penelope already know that thou hast returned hither, or shall we urge on a messenger?"

And him much-counselling Ulysses answering addressed: "Old man, she already knows it, what need is there for thee to care about these matters?"

Thus he spoke; and he again sat down upon the well-polished seat. In like manner the sons of Dolius saluted illustrious Ulysses with words, and took hold of his hands; and they sat down in order near Dolius their father. Thus then they prepared a meal in the palace.

Now a report swiftly went as a messenger every where through the city, telling of the hateful death and Fate of the suitors. But they, as soon as they heard it, went one one way, one another, with murmuring and groaning before the house of Ulysses: and they carried the dead bodies out of the house, and each buried them. But those from other cities they sent to fishermen to take each [to his own] home, placing them in their swift ships: and they went together to the

forum, sorrowing in their heart. But when they were assembled, and were collected together, Eupithes rose up, and addressed them, for not-to-be-forgotten grief lay upon his mind for his son, Antinous, whom divine Ulysses slew first: for whom he pouring forth tears, harangued and addressed them:

"O friends, indeed this man has done a heinous deed against the Grecians; some indeed taking in his ships, many and brave men, he has lost his hollow ships, and destroyed all<sup>15</sup> the people; but others he has slain on his return, far the best of the Cephallenians. But come, before this man either quickly reaches Pylos, or divine Elis, where the Epeians rule, let us go; or hereafter we shall always be ashamed. For these things indeed are a disgrace even for posterity to hear. But if we shall not be revenged on the murderers of our sons and brothers, it would not be pleasant for me in my mind to live: but dying as soon as possible, might I be amongst the deceased. But let us go, lest they anticipate us, passing over."

Thus he spoke, shedding tears, and pity seized all the Grecians. But Medon and the divine bard came near them from the palace of Ulysses, when sleep had left them. And they stood in the middle; and astonishment seized each man. And Medon, knowing prudent things, addressed them:

"Hear me now, Ithacans; for Ulysses did not devise these deeds without the will of the gods; I myself saw an immortal god, who stood near Ulysses, and he was in every thing like unto Mentor. But the immortal god at one time appeared before Ulysses, encouraging him, and at another inciting the suitors, made them rush in flight through the palace; and they fell near to one another."

Thus he spoke; and pale fear seized upon all of them. And the old hero Alitherses, son of Mastor, addressed them; for he alone saw what was past and what was to come; he, thinking well, harangued and addressed them:

"Listen now, Ithacans, to what I am going to say. These deeds, my friends, were done by your own wickedness: for ye did not obey me nor Mentor, the shepherd of the people, so as to make your sons cease from their foolish deeds; who have done a heinous deed through their evil infatuation, wasting the property and insulting the wife of an excellent man, who

<sup>15</sup> Observe the tenesis for ἀπώλεσι.

they thought would no more return. And now may it happen thus: obey me, according as I advise; let us not go, lest by chance some one should meet with an evil drawn upon himself."

Thus he spoke; but they rushed out with a great shout, more than half of them; but the rest remained there together. For what he said did not please them in their mind, but they obeyed Eupithes: and quickly then they rushed to arms. But when they had put the shining brass around their bodies, they were assembled together before the wide-wayed city. But Eupithes led them in their folly: and he said that he would revenge the murder of his son; nor was he destined to return back, but to draw on his fate there. But Minerva addressed Jupiter, the son of Saturn:

"O father mine, thou son of Saturn, highest of kings, tell me, asking, what does thy mind now conceal within it? whether wilt thou first cause evil war and terrible strife? or hast thou made friendship on both sides?"

But her cloud-compelling Jove answering addressed: "My child, why dost thou ask and inquire of me these things? For hast not thou thyself devised this plan, that Ulysses having returned should be revenged upon them? Do as thou wilt: but I tell thee how it is fitting. Since divine Ulysses has been revenged on the suitors, making faithful oaths, let him always reign, but let us make oblivion of the deaths of their sons and brothers; and let them love one another as before; and let there be wealth and peace in abundance."

Thus having spoken, he incited Minerva, who was before eager, and she went rushing down from the tops of Olympus. But when they had taken away the desire of sweet food, much-enduring divine Ulysses began speaking to them: "Let some one, going out, see whether they are coming near."

Thus he spoke; but a son of Dolius went out, as he desired; and going he stood on the threshold, and he saw all of them near at hand: and immediately he addressed to Ulysses winged words:

"They are now near, but let us arm ourselves quickly." Thus he spoke; but they rose up, and were clad in their arms, the four with Ulysses, and the six sons of Dolius; and with them Laertes and Dolius put on their arms, although they were hoary, warriors through necessity. But when they had

put the shining brass around their bodies, they opened the gates, and went out, but Ulysses led the way. And Minerva, the daughter of Jove, came near them, likened unto Mentor both in person and voice. Much-enduring divine Ulysses rejoiced on seeing her, and he immediately addressed his dear son Telemachus:

"Telemachus, thou wilt now know this thyself, coming on, (when men are fighting, where the best are judged to be,) not to disgrace the race of your fathers, we, who before excelled over all the earth in valour and manliness."

But him prudent Telemachus answered in turn: "Thou shalt see if thou desirest, my dear father, in my mind, that I dishonour not the race, as thou sayest."

Thus he spoke; but Laertes rejoiced, and spoke thus: "What day now is this, my dear friends? Very much do I rejoice; my son and my grandson are having a contention about excellence."

But blue-eyed Minerva standing near addressed him: "O son of Arcesias, far dearest of all my companions, praying to the blue-eyed damsel, and father Jove, very quickly brandish, and send forth a long-shadowing spear."

Thus she spoke; and Pallas Minerva breathed into him great strength; then praying to the daughter of mighty Jove, he very quickly brandished and sent forth a long-shadowing spear, and struck Eupithes through the brazen-cheeked helm; but it did not keep off the spear, but the brass passed entirely through. And he resounded as he fell, and his arms clashed upon him. And Ulysses and his glorious son fell upon the first-fighters; and they beat them with swords and double-edged spears. And now they would have destroyed all, and deprived them of their return, had not Minerva, the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, cried out with her loud voice and restrained all the people: "Refrain from difficult war, O Ithacans, that without bloodshed ye may be separated as soon as possible."

Thus spoke Minerva; and pale fear seized them; and the weapons flew from the hands of the frightened, and all fell on the earth, when the goddess had uttered a sound; and they were turned towards the city, anxious for their lives. But much-enduring divine Ulysses shouted out terribly, and he rushed on, gathering himself up like a lofty-flying eagle. And

then at length the son of Saturn sent forth a smouldering thunderbolt, and it fell before the blue-eyed [daughter] of an illustrious sire. And then blue-eyed Minerva addressed Ulysses :

“O noble son of Laertes, much-contriving Ulysses, refrain; and check the contest of equally destructive war, lest by chance far-sounding Jove, son of Saturn, be wrath with thee.”

Thus spoke Minerva; and he obeyed, and rejoiced in his mind. Afterwards Pallas Minerva, daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, propounded oaths to both sides, likened unto Mentor, both in person and in her voice.



## PREFACE

TO

### THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

WHOEVER be the author of this little poem, it is replete with legitimate humour, and evinces no ordinary taste for parody. I cannot give a better sketch of its contents than in the words of Coleridge, whose analysis is as follows:

“A mouse, *Psicharphax* (*Crumb-Filcher*), exhausted with flying from a weasel, came to a pool to drink; a wanton frog *Physignathus* (*Puff-Cheeks*), having apparently never seen such a wild-fowl before, enters into conversation with him, the result of which is that the mouse mounts upon frog’s back, and goes to sea. It should seem that frog meant to be honest, but a water-snake lifting up his head at no great distance, he is so frightened, that, forgetful of his poor landsman, down he dives to the bottom. *Crumb-Filcher* struggles, sputters, makes a speech denouncing his perfidious betrayer to the vengeance of every feeling mouse, and then sinks amongst the bulrushes. The deceased was son and heir of the king of the mice, (a weasel and a gin had bereaved him of two brothers,) and his father, by his influence, induces every mouse in the field to take arms and avenge him of the injurious frog. The frogs perceive the bustle; and, arming themselves, are foolish enough to leave their more proper element, and meet their assailants on dry land. Meantime Jupiter

holds a council on the subject, but at the suggestion of Minerva—who, though extremely angry with the mice for nibbling one of her petticoats into rags, is still so incensed with the frogs for depriving her of sleep, that she will assist neither party—it is resolved that the gods shall be passive spectators of the contest. The battle begins: great prowess is displayed on either side; but at length the mice get the better, and the entire race of frogs is on the very point of extermination, when Jupiter interferes with lightning and thunder. The mice, however, pay no attention to these hints of the divine will, and are pursuing their advantage, when Jupiter, as a last resource, orders a detachment of crabs to make an *échelon* movement upon the victors. This manœuvre effectually checks the mice, who, some with their tails, and some with legs bitten off, retire to their holes, and leave the remnant of the frogs to croak dolefully over their defeat and loss."

# BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

## NAMES OF THE

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ EXPLAINED.

#### MICE.

PSICHARPHAX, *crumb-filcher*.  
 TROXARTES, *bread-muncher*.  
 LICHOMYLE, *lick-meal*.  
 PTERNOTROCTAS, *chaw-bacon*.  
 LICHOPINAX, *lick-dish*.  
 EMBASICHTTROS, *pot-stalker*.  
 LICHENOR, *lick-man*.  
 TROGLODYTES, *one who runs into holes*.  
 ARTOPHAGUS, *bread-eater*.  
 TYROGLYPHUS, *cheese-scooper*.  
 PTERNOPHAGUS, *bacon-eater*.  
 CNISSODIOCTES, *one who follows the steam of the kitchen*.  
 SITOPHAGUS, *wheat-eater*.  
 MERIDAPRAX, *one who plunders his share*.

#### FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *puff-cheeks*.  
 PELEUS, *the muddy*.  
 HYDROMEDUSE, *water-queen*.  
 HYPSEBOAS, *loud-bawler*.  
 PELION, *the muddy*.  
 TEUTLEUS, *beet-mom*.  
 POLYPHONUS, *great-talker*.  
 LIMNOCHARIS, *lake-rejoicing*.  
 CRAMBOPHAGUS, *cabbage eater*.  
 LIMNISIUS, *of the lake*.  
 CALAMINTHIUS, *of the reed*.  
 HYDROCHARIS, *water-rejoicing*.  
 BORBOROCOETES, *lying in the mud*.  
 PRASSOPHAGUS, *garlic-eater*.  
 PELUSIUS, *the muddy*.  
 PELOBATES, *mud-walking*.  
 PRASSEUS, *garlic*.  
 CRAUGASIDES, *croaking*.

On commencing,<sup>1</sup> I first implore the quire of the muses to descend from Helicon into mine heart, for the sake of the song which I now commit to tablets [placed] upon my knees,<sup>2</sup> a

<sup>1</sup> Chapman renders this, "entering the fields," where there seems to be a typographical error for "field." 'Αρχόμενος is generally joined with some other word, as in Apoll. Rhod. i. 1, ἀρχ. σὺ Φοῖβε. So ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, Aratus, Phæn. i. The old paraphrase runs thus, ἀρχὴν ποιούμενος καταρχὰς ἐκ τοῦ ὄρους τοῦ Ἑλικωνος ἐλεύσεσθαι εἰς τὴν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν εὐχὴν ποιῶμαι τῆς ποιήσεως ἥτινα αἰοιδὴν βιβλίος ἐθηκε.

<sup>2</sup> Join ἐμοῖς γόνασι, and compare Hippocrat. Ep. ad Damag. p. 12, ὁ Δημόκριτος εἶχεν ἐπὶ τοῖν γονάτοιιν βιβλίον ὃ ἔγραφεν ἐγκείμενος. Maittaire.

boundless strife, a war-clattering deed of Mars, desiring all men to receive it into their ears—how that the mice went victorious against the frogs, imitating the deeds of the earth-born hero giants, as was the report among men. Now it had such an origin.

Once on a time a thirsting mouse having escaped danger from a weasel,<sup>3</sup> dipped his smooth<sup>4</sup> beard into a lake near at hand, delighting himself with the sweet water. But him a talkative, lake-rejoicing [frog] beheld, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, who art thou? Whence comest thou to the shore? And who begat thee? Speak all things truly, lest I catch thee telling falsehoods. For if I perceive thee to be a proper friend, I will lead thee to my dwelling, and will give thee gifts of hospitality, numerous and good. Now I am king Puff-Cheeks, who am honoured throughout the marsh, through all days ruling over the frogs. And Muddy, my sire, of erst gave me birth, mingling in embrace<sup>5</sup> with Water-Queen by the banks of Eridanus. And I perceive that thou too art handsome and valiant above other [mice], a sceptre-wielding king, and a warrior in battles.<sup>6</sup> But come, quickly detail thy pedigree."<sup>7</sup>

But him Crumb-Filcher answered and addressed:

"Why askest thou concerning my race, which is well known to all, both men, and gods, and birds of the sky? I am hight Crumb-Filcher, but I am the son of my great-souled sire Bread-Muncher, and my mother indeed is Lick-Meal, daughter of king Chaw-Bacon. But she brought me forth in a hut, and nurtured me with viands, with figs, and nuts, and all sorts of eatables. But how canst thou make me a friend, who am no ways like [thee] in nature? For thy sustenance is in the waters, but it is my wont to feed upon as many things as are among men. Nor does the short-baked<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Not a cat, for "in agris mures non timent feles, sed mustelas." Maittaire compares Arist. Hist. An. vi. [μύας] αἱ γὰρ αἱ ἀγρίαι μάλιστα ἀναιροῦσι, and Phædr. fab. i. 22.

<sup>4</sup> λείπον, the reading of the Oxford MS. seems more recherché than ἀπαλόν.

<sup>5</sup> "Mix'd in nuptial knot." Chapman.

<sup>6</sup> A seeming imitation of Il. iii. 179, ἀμφοτέρων βασιλεύς τ' ἀγαθός, κρατερός τ' αἰχμητής.

<sup>7</sup> This is probably the sense, though not the exact meaning of γρισκο-

loaf escape me in the well-rounded basket, nor the large flat<sup>8</sup> cake, having plenty of sesame-cheese, nor a slice of ham, nor white-vested tripe, nor cheese newly pressed from sweet milk, nor nice honey-cake, which even the blessed [gods] long for, nor [in short] as many things as cooks prepare for the banquets of men, decking the dishes with all kinds of dainties. Never have I fled from the sad cry in war, but going straight forwards to the fight, I have mingled with the foremost combatants. I dread not man, although possessing a mighty frame, but going to his bed, I nibble the tip of his finger, and catch him by the heel, nor does pain attack the man, nor<sup>9</sup> does sweet sleep leave him, when I bite. But there are two [creatures alone] which I dread very much throughout the whole earth, the hawk<sup>10</sup> and the weasel, who bring great grief upon me, and the lamentable trap, where there is death by stratagem. But above all I dread the weasel, which is excellent [in cunning], which even in my hole hunts [me] out, when taking refuge in my hole.<sup>11</sup> I do not eat radishes, nor cabbages, nor gourds, nor do I feed upon fresh beets, nor parsley, for these are the viands of you who [dwell] in the marsh."

To this Puff-Cheeks, smiling, answered thus: "O stranger, thou boastest too much of the belly. Among us, also, both in the marsh, and on the land, there are very many wonders to behold. For unto the frogs hath the son of Saturn granted a two-lived sustenance, to leap along the earth, and to hide

πάνστος, to the same purpose as Horapollo, Hieroglyph. § 47, p. 39, ed. Cassin., says that if there is a great choice of bread, the mouse always selects τὸν καθαρῶτατον. Chapman translates,

"Thrice boulded, kneaded and subdued in paste;  
In clean round kimmels."

<sup>8</sup> If τανύπεπλος be correct, it must simply mean large, stretched out on all sides, like a modern seaman's biscuit. But I think we should read τανύπεπλον, referring it to σπασμότυρον, i. e. "having a thick paste (cf. Liddell, s. γ. τύρος.) of sesame spread all over it like a robe." The metaphor is very humorously expressed by Chapman, "That crusty-weeds wear, large as ladies' trains."

<sup>9</sup> One would almost expect οὐδ' ἀπίφειγ' ὕπνος, but I have some doubts whether οὐδὲ may take the second place in the sentence.

<sup>10</sup> "Night-hawk." Chapman.

<sup>11</sup> "For by that hole, that hope says, I shall 'scape,  
At that hole ever she commits my rape." Chapman.

our bodies beneath the waters, [to dwell in houses placed apart in two elements.]<sup>12</sup> But if thou art willing to learn these things also, it is easy. Get upon my back, and take hold of me, lest thou perish, so that, rejoicing, thou mayest come to mine home."

Thus then he spake, and presented his back, and he mounted very quickly, putting his hands round his smooth neck, with a nimble leap. And at first he rejoiced, when he beheld the harbours near at hand, delighting himself with the swimming of Puff-Cheeks. But when he was now buried under the purple waves, weeping much, he lamented with too-late repentance, and plucked out his hairs, and drew up his feet to his belly,<sup>13</sup> and his heart palpitated unusually,<sup>14</sup> and he longed to reach the land. And dreadfully he groaned under the pressure of chill fear. But there suddenly appeared a water-serpent, a dreadful sight to both, and raised his neck straight up above the water. Seeing him, Puff-Cheeks dived down, in no wise reflecting what a companion he was about to leave to perish. And he went to the depth of the marsh, and avoided black fate; but he, (the mouse,) immediately he was let go, fell on his back in the water, and he cramped up his hands, and perishing, squeaked. Oftentimes indeed he sank beneath the water, and oftentimes again he came to the surface, kicking about, but it was not permitted him to avoid his destiny. First he stretched his tail over the waters, drawing it along like an oar, and, beseeching the gods that he might reach the land, he was washed away by the purple waves. And much he clamoured, and spake such a discourse, and harangued with his voice:

"Not thus<sup>15</sup> did a bull bear the burthen of love on his shoulders, (when he carried Europa through the waves to Crete,) as this frog, swimming, hath carried me home on his

<sup>12</sup> Ernesti with reason rejects this line as spurious.

<sup>13</sup> "With his feet fetch'd up to his belly." Chapman.

<sup>14</sup> Or "through inexperience," i. e. dread at the unusual attempt he was making. Mattaire well compares Lucian, *Dial.*, ὑπὸ ἀγέλης ἐπιβάσα δαήματος παραδόξου κατέπεσεν ἐς τὸ πύλαρος. Chapman, "for the insolent plight in which his state did stand."

<sup>15</sup> From Chapman's translation, he appears to have read verses 82—89 after vs. 71. But he was probably misled by supposing that the phrase οὐχ οὕτω was used in praise and boasting, not in complaint.

back, having stretched out his pallid body on the white stream." But his moistened hairs drew a very great weight upon him, and at length, perishing, he spoke such words:

"Thou shalt not escape notice, O Puff-Cheeks, having done these things deceitfully, having cast [me] shipwrecked from thy body, as from a rock.<sup>16</sup> On the earth, O basest one, thou wast not my better in the pancratium, nor in wrestling, nor the course.<sup>17</sup> But having deluded me, thou hast cast me into the water. God has an avenging eye, who, forsooth, will straightway requite a just punishment<sup>18</sup> and revenge, (with which indeed the army of the mice shall punish thee, nor shalt thou escape.)"

Having spoken thus, he breathed his last in the water, but him Lick-Dish perceived, as he sate upon the soft banks, (and he truly went to the mice, a most swift messenger of his fate,) and he uttered a dreadful cry, and ran and told it to the mice.<sup>19</sup>

But when they heard [their companion's] fate, bitter wrath entered them all, and they then gave orders to their heralds, at dawn to summon a council to the house of Bread-Muncher, the unhappy sire of Crumb-Filcher, who was floating on his back in the marsh, a lifeless corse, nor was unhappy he any longer near the banks, but was swimming in the middle of the stream. But when they hastening came at dawn, first arose Bread-Muncher, enraged on account of his son, and spoke thus:

"O friends,<sup>20</sup> although I alone among the frogs have suffered many ills, yet evil fate is the appointed destiny of all. But I am now an object of pity, since I have lost three sons.

<sup>16</sup> One would rather expect *ἐπὶ πέτρῃ*, "shipwrecked upon a rock." Mattaire, however, thinks that *πέτρα* here signifies "*rupes* sive *scopulus* in mari."

<sup>17</sup> Thus paraphrased by Parnell:

"At land thy strength could never equal mine,  
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine,  
But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes;  
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers, rise!"

<sup>18</sup> This passage has rather the characteristics of a Christian writer. See Ernesti.

<sup>19</sup> This is a strange tautology. Verse 99 must be an interpolation, as Ernesti suspected.

<sup>20</sup> "O friends, though I alone may seem to bear  
All the infortune; yet may all met here  
Account it their case. But 'tis true, I am  
In chief unhappy—"

Chapman.



For the first, indeed, a most hateful weasel slew, having snatched him away, catching him outside his hole. But another, in turn, ruthless men brought to his doom, having, by a new art, discovered a wooden engine, which they call a trap, being a destruction to mice. The third was beloved by me and his revered mother—him has Puff-Cheeks suffocated, leading him into the deep. But come, let us be armed, and go forth against them, having equipped our bodies in variegated arms."

Thus having spoken, he persuaded them all to be armed, and then did Mars, who has a care for war, urge on [to the fight]. First indeed they placed greaves around their shins, having broken off, and deftly worked, green bean [shells], which<sup>21</sup> they themselves, coming by night, had devoured. And they had breastplates made of reed-strengthened skins,<sup>22</sup> which, having stripped a weasel, they had skillfully made. But their shield was the boss of a lamp, while their spear was a good long needle, the all-brazen work of Mars. But the helmet on their foreheads was the shell of a nut.

Thus indeed were the mice armed; but when the frogs perceived [it], they swam up out of the water, and coming into one place, they assembled a council concerning evil war. But while they were considering whence [was] the tumult, and what the gathering, a herald came near, bearing a staff in his hands, Pot-Stalker, the son of great-souled Cheese-Scooper, bearing news of the evil report of war, and he spoke thus:

<sup>21</sup> i. e. the beans, for *κνάρους* must be taken both for the shell and the bean. Compare Chapman's version:

"First on each leg the green shales of a bean  
They closed for boots, that sat exceeding clean;  
The shales they broke ope, but chaling by night,  
And eat the beans; their jacks, art exquisite  
Had shown in them, being cats' skins, every where  
Quilted with quills: their fenciful bucklers were,  
The middle rounds of can' sticks; but their spear  
A huge long needle was—"

<sup>22</sup> Ernesti wonders how the mice could have got at the weasel skin, and how one skin would suffice for so many. Hence he would read *θυρσῶν*, "intelligens *caules* in qua significatione *θυρσός* scribi, Eustathius tradit. *Caules plantarum demorsos stramineis vinculis junxere.*" He would then omit the following verse. I must confess that even Chapman's ingenious translation fails to satisfy me as to *καλαμοστίφειον βυρσῶν*.

"O frogs, the mice, threatening you, have sent [me] to bid you be armed for war and battle. For in the water they have seen Crumb-Filcher, whom your king Puff-Cheeks slew. But fight, ye, who among the frogs are most valiant."

Thus having spoken he declared [the matter], but the speech of the mice, entering into their ears, disturbed the minds of the haughty frogs. And, as they complained, Puff-Cheeks arose and said:

"O friends, I did not slay the mouse, nor did I behold him perishing. He must needs have been suffocated, playing near the marsh, imitating the swimmings of the frogs, but these most base ones now charge me who am innocent. But come, let us seek counsel, how we may utterly destroy these deceitful mice. Wherefore I will speak, as seems to me to be best. Having arrayed our bodies in arms, let us all make a stand near the furthestmost brinks, where the land is precipitous. But when making an onslaught against us, they come out, having seized them by the helmets, whosoever shall come near against us, let us hurl them straight into the marsh with them.<sup>2</sup> For thus having choked in the waters these creatures who cannot swim, we may here, with a good courage, upraise a trophy over the slain mice."

Thus having spoken, he clad them all in arms. With the leaves of mallows indeed they surrounded their shins, and they had breastplates made from wide, fresh beets, and they had well prepared the leaves of cabbages for shields, and a long sharp red was fitted to each as a spear, and helmets of light cockle-shells encircled their heads with a defence. And having armed themselves, they stood upon the high banks, brandishing their spears, and were each filled with wrath.

But Jove, having summoned the gods to the starry heaven, and having pointed out the forces of war, and the valiant combatants, both numerous and mighty, and bearing long spears, such an army as comes of the centaurs and giants—smiling pleasantly, he asked, who of the immortals would be allies to the frogs, or to the mice, and addressed Minerva:

"O daughter, goest thou in order to bear aid to the mice? For of a truth they are all continually leaping about thy temple, where they are delighted with the steam and delicacies from the offerings."

<sup>2</sup> See Ernesti.

Thus spake the son of Saturn, but him Minerva addressed: "O father, never will I come as an assistant to the mice in trouble, since they have done me many ills, having befouled my garlands, and lamps, for the sake of the oil. But this thing, such as they have done, has particularly eaten into my soul, they have nibbled away a garment, which I had worked with mine own toil, of delicate thread, and I wove a delicate web, and they have made holes in it. But the †weaver<sup>24</sup> presses me, and demands usury of me, [and] on this account I am worn out. For having borrowed, †I worked it, and have not the wherewithal to pay back. But even thus I shall not be willing to aid the frogs. For neither are they discreet in mind, but yesterday, when I was returning from battle, when I was very tired, and wanted to sleep, they, making a noise, would not suffer me to close my eyes even for a minute,<sup>25</sup> and I lay sleepless with a headache, until the cock crowed. But come, let us gods avoid aiding these, lest some one of us be wounded by a sharp dart, [and lest any one be stricken as to his body with a spear or a sword;]<sup>26</sup> for they are going to fight hand to hand, even if a god were to come against them, and let us all be amused, beholding the strife from heaven."

Thus then she spoke, and her the other gods all obeyed. But they all at once came together into one place, and two heralds, bearing the portent<sup>27</sup> of war, and then [with them]

<sup>24</sup> Chapman renders ἡπητής, a *darner*. But there is much difficulty in the whole passage. Coleridge, Introduction, p. 282, says, "I do not pretend to understand this passage exactly; there is evidently some confusion in the text. If πράσσει με τόκους, *exacts usury of me*, is genuine, is it possible to reconcile such an allusion to the Homeric age?" Parnell's version is very witty, but it is not to the sense:

"For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve;

The gods, that use no coin, have none to give."

Coleridge considers that ἡπητής means "the man of whom Minerva got the stuff;" but Chapman's translation is confirmed by Prynichus, who compares it with ἀκιστής. Ernesti would read χρήστην, *creditorum*. The Leipsic MS. reads καὶ πολὺ με πράσσει, which certainly gets rid of some of the difficulty; but the passage is by no means satisfactory.

<sup>25</sup> οὐδ' ὀλιγον,

"nor would stay

Till one wink seized mine eyes."

Chapman.

<sup>26</sup> Justly regarded as spurious by Ernesti.

<sup>27</sup> "Bell signum," Virg. *Æn.* viii. l. Cf. II. xi. 4. The verse however is wanting in two MSS., and since Jupiter is said to have given the

gnats, having large trumpets, sounded the dreadful signal of war, and Jove, the son of Saturn, looking down from heaven, thundered a portent of evil war.

Then first Loud-Roarer wounded Lick-Man with his spear, while standing among the foremost combatants, on the belly, in the middle of the liver, and he fell prone, and defiled his tender hairs in the dust. [And falling, he gave a crash, and his arms resounded upon him.]<sup>28</sup> But after him Hole-Creeper took aim at Mud-Son, and he fixed the sturdy spear in his breast, and black death seized him as he fell, and the soul flew from his limbs. But Beet-Man then slew Pot-Stalker, having smote him to the heart. And Bread-Munch struck Loud-Talker on the belly, and he fell prone, and the soul fled from his limbs. But when Love-Marsh beheld Loud-Talker perishing, he wounded Hole-Creeper with a mill-stone, coming upon him unawares, in the middle of the neck; but him darkness shadowed as to his eyes; [but<sup>29</sup> grief possessed Ocimides, and he let fly with a sharp bulrush. But he drew the sword of him who had made the attack upon himself, nor did he draw out the sword, but fell immediately before.]<sup>30</sup> But Lick-Man took aim at him with his shining spear, and smote him (nor did he miss) in the liver. But when Cabbage-Eater perceived this, he leaped down the deep banks in flight. But even thus he escaped not in the waters, for he (Lick-Man) smote him, and he fell, nor breathed again, and the marsh was stained with purple gore, and he himself was stretched out near the bank, swelling with the fat intestines [round] his flank. But he [also] slew Cheese-Scooper upon the very banks, and Reedy, perceiving Chaw-Bacon, fell into dismay, and leaped into the lake in flight, having cast away his shield. But Love-Water also slew king Chaw-Bacon, having smote him upon the forepart of the head with a stone,

signal by thunder, (vs. 201,) as in Od. xxi. 101. I think that it might be well spared.

<sup>28</sup> A doubtful insertion from the Iliad.

<sup>29</sup> These three lines are very awkward, and are apparently wanting in the MSS. The student must consult Maistre's notes, where the con-  
tones of the Iliad and Odyssey, out of which this description of the battle  
seems chiefly composed, are diligently collected. The name, *Οκίμίδης*,  
seems to be derived from the herb ocimus, the *βασιλικός* of the Greeks.  
See Casaub. on Pers. Sat. iv. 21.

<sup>30</sup> The confusion of persons in these lines is inextricable.

and the brain trickled out from his nostrils, and the earth was defiled with gore. But faultless Mud-Bed slew Litraeus,<sup>31</sup> and Lick-Dish killed faultless Mud-Bed, rushing at him with his spear, but darkness veiled him as to his eyes. And Munch-Garlick, perceiving [him], dragged Saviour-Hunter by the foot, and choked him in the marsh, having seized him by the tendon of his foot. But Crumb-Fileher came to the aid of his slain companions, and smote Munch-Garlick on the belly, in the midst of the liver. And he fell before him, and his soul went to Hades-ward.<sup>32</sup> But Mud-Stalker looking on, hurled a handful of mud against him, and befouled his forehead, and within a little blinded him. And he then was enraged, and taking in his sturdy hand a stone which lay on the plain, a heavy burthen of the field, with it smote Mud-Stalker beneath the knees, and the whole of his right shin was broken, and he fell supine in the dust. But Croak-Son came to his aid, and went in turn against him, and smote him in the middle of the belly; and the sharp bulrush went right through him, and on the ground were poured out all his entrails, as the spear was drawn out by the sturdy hand. And Wheat-Eater, as he perceived it on the banks of the river, limping gave back from the fight, and was grievously pained. And he leaped into the ditch, in order that he might escape utter destruction. But Munch-Bread smote Swell-Cheeks on the tip of the foot, and pained, he swiftly leaped into the marsh in flight.<sup>33</sup> But when Munch-Bread perceived him fallen in, yet half-alive, he forthwith ran up, longing to put an end to him. But when Garlick saw him fallen in, yet half-alive, he came through the foremost combatants, and took aim with a sharp bulrush. Nor did he break his shield, for the point of the spear was detained in it. [But noble Origanum, imitating Mars himself, smote him on the four-potted<sup>34</sup> blameless hel-

<sup>31</sup> This name was restored by Barnes, in lieu of Φιτράϊον.

<sup>32</sup> I am unwilling to lose the full force of αἰδόσθε.

<sup>33</sup> Evidently an interpolated line. For how, asks Ernesti, could the mouse attack him, when he had leaped into the lake. The whole passage is omitted more or less in the MSS., and is in a most unpromising state of mutilation.

<sup>34</sup> A hopeless epithet. Ernesti conjectures τετραφάλῃον. But as we read above, vs. 130, ἡ δὲ κόρυς τὸ λέπνον ἐπὶ κροτάφοις κατόνιοι, that the helmet of the mice consisted of a nutshell; is it not likely that the lost word is to be thus replaced: ἀμέμονα, τετραλέπνον, of four thicknesses

met, who alone among the frogs fought gallantly in the crowd. And they rushed upon him, but he, when he perceived, awaited not the valiant heroes, but dived beneath the depths of the marsh.]<sup>35</sup>

Now<sup>36</sup> among the mice there was a certain young one, surpassing the others, a fighter hand to hand, the beloved son of blameless Bread-Plotter, a general, showing himself a very Mars, valiant Share-Snatcher, who alone among the mice was surpassing in the fight. And he stood beside the marsh, exulting alone, apart from the rest; and he had determined to lay waste the race of warrior-frogs. And he would certainly have accomplished it, since mighty was his strength, had not the father of men and gods quickly perceived. And the son of Saturn then took pity on the perishing frogs, and having moved his head, he uttered such a speech:

"O gods! surely 'tis a great deed I behold with mine eyes. Not a little has Share-Snatcher astounded me, raging to slaughter the frogs in the marsh.<sup>37</sup> But let us with all haste despatch war-clattering Pallas, and Mars, who may restrain him from the fight, although being valiant."

Thus indeed spake the son of Saturn, but Mars replied in words: "Neither the might of Minerva, nor indeed of Mars, will be able to avert utter destruction from the frogs. But come, let us all go as assistants, or let thy mighty weapon, Titan-slaining, of mighty deeds, be moved, [the weapon] by which thou didst slay far the best of all the Titans, [with which too thou didst once slay Capaneus, a mighty hero,]<sup>38</sup> and didst chain down Enceladus, and the wild tribe of giants, [let it be moved, for thus will he be taken, whoever is best.]"

Thus indeed he spoke, and the son of Saturn hurled his smouldering bolt. First indeed he thundered, and shook mighty Olympus, and then, brandishing, he sent his dreadful

of nutshell?" Such a compound is, I think, well suited to the bombast of this quasi-epic poem. The corruption is easily accounted for.

<sup>35</sup> These lines are found only in the edition of Lycius, and partly in the MSS. See Ernesti.

<sup>36</sup> Cf. II. v. 9, sqq.

<sup>37</sup> The comma after *λίμνην* must be removed, and we must join *βαρπ-κατὰ λίμνην*.

<sup>38</sup> This line is most awkwardly interposed between the mention of the Titans and Enceladus, and as it is omitted in some MSS, it may well be spared. Perhaps vs. 273 should also be omitted.



bolt, the weapon of Jove, and it flew down from the hand of the king. Having hurled it, he terrified all<sup>39</sup> both frogs and mice. But not even thus did the army of the mice rest, but still the more desired to lay waste the race of warrior frogs; unless the son of Saturn had compassionated the frogs, [looking down] from Olympus, who indeed then forthwith sent allies to the frogs. And they came anvil-backed,<sup>40</sup> curve-clawed, sidelong in gait, squinting, their mouths armed with pincers, shell-clad, bony, wide-backed, shining on the shoulders, crook-kneed, with outstretched hands, having sight in their breasts, eight-footed, two-headed, not to be handled, and they are called Crabs, who indeed with their mouths clipped off the tails, and feet, and hands of the mice, and their spears were bent. These too the timid mice dreaded, nor awaited them; but they turned to flight, and the sun now set, and the end of the war was brought to pass in one day.

<sup>39</sup> Cf. Hor. Od. i. 2, 2, "et rubente Fulmine sacras juculatus arces, terruit urbem; terruit gentes."

<sup>40</sup> Compare Cowper's spirited version:

"—— Sudden they came. Broad-back'd  
They were, and smooth like anvils, sickle-claw'd,  
Sideling in gait, their mouths with pincers arm'd,  
Shell-clad, crook-kneed, protruding far before,  
Long hands and claws, with eye-holes in the breast,  
Legs in quaternion ranged on either side,—  
And Crabs their name."



## HYMNS.

### I. TO APOLLO.<sup>1</sup>

I WILL call to mind, nor will I be forgetful of far-darting Apollo, whom even the gods dread as he goes through the house of Jove, and all rise up from their seats, as he comes near, when he stretches his glorious bow.<sup>2</sup> But Latona alone remains by the side of thunder-rejoicing Jove, who both relaxes his bow, and shuts up his quiver, and taking with her hands the bow from his mighty shoulders, hangs it up against a column of her sire's, from a golden peg, and conducting, seats him on a throne. And unto him his sire gives nectar in a golden goblet, receiving his dear son,<sup>3</sup> and then the other gods

<sup>1</sup> On the antiquity of this hymn, as attested by Thucydides, see Müller, *Gk. Lit.* v. § 1, and vii. § 3; and for an elegant analysis of its contents, Coleridge, pp. 284—291. Müller thinks that "a large portion of it has been lost, which contained the beginning of the narration, the true ground of the wanderings of Latona." This he conjectured to have been "the announcement, probably made by Here, that Latona would produce a terrible and mighty son: of which a contradiction is meant to be implied in Apollo's first words, where he calls the cithera his favourite instrument, as well as the bow, and declares his chief office to be the promulgation of the counsels of Zeus." See *Herm.* on vs. 29. Coleridge thinks that two distinct hymns, the second commencing at line 178, have been joined together, the first being "a distinct hymn to the Delian Apollo, prefixed without much skill to another hymn to the Pythian." The same idea has been adopted by Grote, *Hist. of Greece*, vol. i. p. 61, sqq., where he has amply discussed the matter of this hymn. The beginning is imitated by Callimachus in *Del.* vs. 8.

<sup>2</sup> "Poeta initio universe reverentiam describens, quam dii præstant Apollini, ipsum deum eo habitu, auditoribus ostendit, quo ille maxime est admirabilis." *Herm.*

<sup>3</sup> i. e. acknowledging his immortality by offering the drink of the gods. *Hor. Od.* iii. 3, 12, "Quos inter Augustus recumbens Purpureo bibit ore nectar." Cf. *Virg. Ecl.* iv. 63, *Æn.* i. 83, and Hemsterhus. on *Lucian, Dial. Deor.* vol. ii. p. 259, ed. Bipont. *Helladius* apud *Phot.* p. 866, νεκταρ οὐ μὲν ἐστὶ δυνατόν τοις θνητοῖς τουτέστι τοῖς κτεινομένοις μετασχεῖν.

sit down here, and venerable Latona rejoices, for that she has borne a bow-bearing and valiant son. Hail! O blest Latona, since thou hast brought forth glorious children, both king Apollo, and shaft-delighting Diana, her indeed in Ortygia, but him in rugged Delos,<sup>4</sup> reclining against the long mountain and the hill of Cynthus, near a palm tree, beneath the streams of Inopus. For how shall I hymn thee, who art altogether worthy to be hymned, for by thee, O Phoebus, in every strain of song allotted,<sup>5</sup> both through the calf-nurturing mainland and through the isles. And all the high watches and lofty summits of towering mountains please thee, and the rivers which run onward into the ocean, and the shores stretched down to the sea, and the harbours of the sea. Shall I sing how first Latona bore thee, a delight to mortals, having reclined against mount Cynthus in a rugged isle, in sea-girt Delos; while on both sides the dark billow went forth against the land with clear-breathing winds. Starting from hence,<sup>6</sup> thou rulest over all mortals, as many as Crete contains within, and the people of Athens, and the island of Ægina, and ship-renowned Eubœa, and Ægæ,<sup>7</sup> and Iresia, and Peparethus near the sea, and Thracian Athos, and the lofty heads of Pelion, and Thracian Samos, and the shadowy mountains of Ida, Scyrus, and Phocœa, and the high mountain of Autocane, and well-built Imbrus, and Lemnos destitute of harbour, and divine Lesbos, the dwelling of Macar the son of Æolus, and Chios, which lies in the sea, the richest of isles, and irregular<sup>8</sup> Mimas, and the lofty heads of Corycus, and splendid Claros, and the high mountain of Æsagea,<sup>9</sup> and watery Samos, and the lofty heads of Mycale, and Miletus, and Cos, the city of articulate-speaking<sup>10</sup> men, and lofty Cnidus, and windy Car-

<sup>4</sup> See Spanh. on Callim. in Apoll. 60, in Del. 255.

<sup>5</sup> But Hermann reads *μυέληται ἀοιδῆς . . . νόμος*.

<sup>6</sup> After vs. 29, there is probably a lacuna.

<sup>7</sup> Hermann shows that this is the Achaian Ægæ, mentioned in Il. viii. 203, not the city of Eubœa.

<sup>8</sup> Hermann renders *παιπαλόεις* "tortuosus," and says that it is so called "a multiplici littorum flexu."

<sup>9</sup> Ruhnken would read *Αἰγαγέης*, which is a mountain in Asia. The other name is found no where.

<sup>10</sup> But Holstenius on Steph. p. 186, 6, considers *μυρόπων* as a proper name. If so, translate, "the city of the Meropes."

pathus, and Naxos, and Paros, and rocky Rhenea. Over so<sup>11</sup> great [an extent of country] went Latona, about to bring forth the Far-Darter, [seeking] whether any one was willing to afford a dwelling to her, a child<sup>12</sup> of the earth. But these [lands] trembled much, and dreaded, nor did any one dare to receive Phœbus, although being very fertile, until that venerable Latona came to Delos, and questioning her,<sup>13</sup> spoke winged words:

"O Delos, if thou art not willing<sup>14</sup> to be the dwelling of my son Phœbus Apollo, and to erect a wealthy temple, no other shall ever touch, nor entreat<sup>15</sup> thee, nor do I think that thou wilt be rich in beeves, nor in sheep, nor wilt thou bear an harvest, nor produce countless plants. But if thou wilt possess a temple of far-darting Apollo, all men, assembling hither, shall escort to thee hecatombs, and to thee shall there ever be a mighty savour, [if thou wilt long<sup>16</sup> cherish thy king, and the gods shall preserve thee from the hands of others, since thou hast not a fertile soil.]"

Thus she spoke, and Delos rejoiced, and answering addressed her: "Latona, most glorious, daughter of mighty Cronus, joyfully indeed would I receive the birth of the far-darting king, for I indeed have too ill a report among men, but thus I should become greatly honoured. But this thing I dread, O Latona, nor will I conceal it from thee. For they say that Apollo will be very haughty, and will lord it greatly over the immortals, and over mortal men upon the bounteous earth. Wherefore I greatly dread in my mind and soul, lest, when he first beholds the light of the sun, he will despise the

<sup>11</sup> This is Barnes's excellent emendation. The order is ἐπὶ τόσσου ἵκετο.

<sup>12</sup> I cannot see how this term applies to Latona. Hermann's reading γαίμων ἰθῆλοι ἦν does not remove the difficulty. Perhaps we should read εἰ τις οἱ γαίμων ὕδρ' ἰθῆλοι οἴκτα θέσθαι.

<sup>13</sup> Delos is here personified.

<sup>14</sup> I have translated Ernesti's emendation εἰ γ' οὐκ ἰθέλεις, but am hardly yet satisfied. Hermann reads εἰ γὰρ κ' ἰθέλοισι, but a negative is evidently required by what follows.

<sup>15</sup> Ruhnken would read οὐδὲ σ' ἀτίσαι, *contemnet*. Ernesti prefers τίσαι "nec te honore, beneficio adficiet." This seems probable, as the mistake might easily arise from the duplication of the σ.

<sup>16</sup> Any thing more frigid than the phrase δηρὸν cannot be imagined. Perhaps Δήλῳ is the true reading, agreeing with τοι in the preceding line. Hermann has bracketed both this and the following verse.

island, because I am of a rugged soil, and, having overturned it with his feet, spurn it into the billows of the deep, where me, indeed, the mighty wave will ever wash over the head; but he will go to another land, which may please him to build a temple and foliated grove. But in me the polypuses and black sea-calves will make their unpleasing abodes, through lack of people. But if, O goddess, thou wouldst endure to swear unto me a mighty oath, that he will here first erect a beauteous temple, to be a place of oracles for men, but afterwards among all men, since he is of many names.<sup>17</sup>

Thus she spoke; and Latona swore the mighty oath of the gods [thus]: "Now may the earth and wide heaven above be witness to these things, and the down-flowing water of the Styx, (which is the mightiest and most dreadful oath to the blessed gods,) truly here shall there always be an incense-altar and enclosure of Phœbus, and he shall honour thee above all." But when indeed she had sworn, and had ended the oath, Delos rejoiced much at the birth<sup>18</sup> of the far-darting king. But Latona for nine days and nine nights was pierced with unexpected throes, and all the goddesses were within<sup>19</sup> [with her], as many as were best, both Dione, and Rhea, and Ichnæan<sup>20</sup> Themis, and loud-resounding Amphitrite, and the other immortals save only white-armed Juno; for she sat in the palace of cloud-compelling Jove, and birth-presiding Hylthia alone<sup>21</sup> had not known [of her labour]. For she was sitting

<sup>17</sup> Ernesti understands "tum ego utique te libenter, receperim," from vss. 62, 63. Hermann thinks there is a lacuna.

<sup>18</sup> i. e. at the prospect of being his birth-place, for he was not yet born.

<sup>19</sup> Hermann reads *ἐνθαδὲ* for *ἐνδοθι*. The latter phrase could be understood, if Latona had been regularly brought to bed in a palace or dwelling, and, in my opinion, it is metaphorically used, as though such were really the case. Chapman has well expressed the idea:

"Latona, thou nine days and nights did fall  
In hopeless labour, at whose birth were all  
Heaven's most supreme and worthy goddesses."

The reader will perhaps call to mind the delivery of Sabra in the "Seven Champions," where there is a similar attendance of heathen goddesses, amusingly brought to the aid of the Christian knight's lady.

<sup>20</sup> So called from the city Ichnæa. Steph. Byz. s. v. p. 340, ed. Pined. *Ἰχναία ἡ θῆμος διωκομένη γὰρ ὑπὸ τοῦ Διὸς, κατελείφθη ἐν τοῖς τῶν Ἰχναίων τόποις. Καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ διωχθῆναι κατ' ἰχθὺς ἀνομάσθη.* See Alberti on Hesych. t. ii. p. 88, and Muller, Dor. vol. i. p. 471, note, Append. i. § 5.

<sup>21</sup> There is much inelegance in *νόσφιν* λ. "Ἥρης and μύνην δ' οὐκ

beneath the golden clouds on lofty Olympus, through the devices of white-armed Juno, who kept her back<sup>22</sup> through envy, because fair-haired Latona was then about to bring forth a blameless and mighty son. But they sent Iris from the well-built island, to bring Ilithyia, promising [to her as a gift] a mighty necklace woven with golden threads, nine cubits [in length]. But they ordered [Iris] to call her apart from white-armed Juno, lest she should then by words divert her from going. But when Iris, with feet swift as the wind, heard this, she set out to run, and swiftly passed through all the midst. But when she reached the dwelling of the gods, lofty Olympus, straightway having called Ilithyia out of doors from the house, she addressed [to her] winged words, in all exactly as the possessors of the Olympian dwellings had enjoined. And she persuaded her mind within her breast, and they both set out, like in step to timid does. But when Ilithyia, who presides over labour, reached Delos, then indeed labour seized [Latona], and she was ready to bring forth. And she threw her arms around the palm,<sup>23</sup> and rested her knees on the soft meadow; and the earth smiled beneath. And he leaped forth into the light, and all the goddesses gave a shout.<sup>24</sup> There, O archer Phœbus, the goddesses washed thee<sup>26</sup>

ἐπέπυστο, κ. τ. λ. I cannot help thinking that ἦστο γὰρ ἐν μεγάροις Διὸς νεφεληγερέας is a clumsy addition by a sciolist who thought it necessary to state where Juno was. At all events vs. 99 renders it utterly redundant and pointless.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. prevented her attending upon Latona.

<sup>23</sup> The reason of this is not badly explained by the Schol. on Apollon. Rh. i. 1131, ἔθος ἐστὶ ταῖς κυούσαις τῶν παρακειμένων λαμβάνεσθαι, καὶ ἀποκουφίζειν ἐαυτὰς τῶν ἀλγηδόνων· ὡς καὶ Ἀητὼ ἐλάβετο τοῦ φοίνικος. Reference is also made to the present passage in Theognis, 5, φοῖβε ἀναξ, ὅτε μὲν σε θεὰ τέκε πότνια Ἀητὼ Φοῖνικος ῥαδιῶνς χερσὶν ἐφαρμένη; and Callim. in Del. 208, Ἀδάτο δὲ ζώνην, ἀπὸ δ' ἐκλίθη ἱμῶν ὥμοις Φοῖνικος ποτὶ πρέμνον, ἀμχανίης ὑπὸ λυγρῆς Τειρομένη. The same tree is mentioned in Odys. vi. 162, and was said to be in existence in the time of Pliny, Hist. Nat. xiv. 44.

<sup>24</sup> Job xxxviii. 7, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

<sup>25</sup> "And thee, O archer Phœbus, with waves clear  
Wash'd sweetly over, swaddled with sincere  
And spotless swath-bands; and made them to flow  
About thy breast, a mantle, white as snow;  
Fine, and new made; and cast a veil of gold  
Over thy forehead."

Chapman.

in the fair water purely and holily, and swaddled thee in a white robe, fine, beautiful, and around they put on a golden roller.<sup>26</sup> Nor in truth did his mother suckle gold-falchioned Apollo, but Themis with her immortal hands offered him nectar and pleasant ambrosia, and Latona rejoiced, because she had brought forth a bow-bearing and valiant son. But when, O Phoebus, thou hadst tasted the immortal food, no longer did the golden swaddling-clothes hold thee panting, nor did the bandage keep thee, but all the restraints were broken. And straightway Phoebus Apollo spake among the immortals: "May a lyre and bending bow be mine, and I will declare to men the unerring counsel of Jove."<sup>27</sup>

Having spoken thus, Phoebus the far-darting, with unshorn locks, went from the wide-wayed earth, and all the immortal goddesses were terrified.<sup>28</sup> But then all Delos became heavy with gold,<sup>29</sup> beholding the offspring of Jove and Latona; rejoicing, because the god had chosen it out of the islands and the mainland, to settle [in it] his dwelling, and had loved it more from his heart.<sup>30</sup> It flourished, as when the summit of a mountain [flourishes] with the blossoms of the wood. But thou thyself, O thou of the silver bow, far-darting king Apollo, sometimes indeed didst walk on rocky Cynthus, and sometimes thou wouldst flee to the islands and their inhabitants?<sup>31</sup> Thine are full many temples and foliaged groves, and all the high rocks are dear [to thee], and the lofty summits of towering mountains, and the rivers that flow on into the sea. But thou, O Phoebus, art chiefly delighted in heart at Delos. There the long-trained Ionians are assembled in honour of thee, with their children<sup>32</sup> and respected wives. But they, mindful, delight thee with boxing, and dancing, and song, when they be-

<sup>26</sup> i. e. a swath-band decked or woven with gold.

<sup>27</sup> Cf. *Æsch. Eum.* 19, with Stanley's note. So in Callimachus in *Dian.* 6, Diana claims her prerogative from her father Zeus. On these offices of Apollo, cf. pseud-*Orpheus*, *hymn.* xxxiv. p. 295, ed. Herm.

<sup>28</sup> Cf. vs. 2, and Muller, *Dorians*, Bk. ii. ch. 6, p. 315. In the preceding line Matthiæ rightly reads *ἐπι* for *ἀπό*.

<sup>29</sup> This is expressed by Callimachus in his usual exaggerated style, in *Del.* vs. 260, sqq.

<sup>30</sup> Call. *ibid.* 269, *Δῆλιος Ἀπόλλων ἐκλήσεται, οὐδὲ τις ἄλλη Γαῖαν τοσσόνδε θεῶν περιλήσεται ἄλλῃ.*

<sup>31</sup> But Hermann on Vig. p. 718, and Ilgen, understand *ἀνέρας* of the inhabitants of the mainland, in contradistinction to *νήσους*.

<sup>32</sup> Hermann rightly reads *αὐτοῖσιν παῖδες*.

gin the contest. A man would say that they were immortal and without age, the Ionians who are then assembled †opposite † thee.<sup>33</sup> For he would perceive the pleasure of all, and would be delighted in mind, both contemplating the men, and the well-girt women, and the swift ships, and their many possessions. And besides these, this mighty marvel, the glory of which shall never perish, the Delian girls, the servants<sup>34</sup> of the Far-Darter, who, after they have first chaunted Apollo in hymns, and then Latona and shaft-rejoicing Dianna, calling to mind the heroes and heroines of old, sing a hymn, and charm the crowds of men. And they ken how to imitate the voices and modulation<sup>35</sup> of all men. And each single man would say that he himself spoke, so beautiful a song is contrived by them. But come now, O Latona, and Apollo, with Diana, and hail all of you!<sup>36</sup> And be mindful of me hereafter also, when any one of earthly men, coming hither as a sad stranger, shall ask: "O virgins, what man among you dwells here, the sweetest of bards, and in whom do ye take most delight?" But do ye all answer, "[He is] of us, a blind man, and he dwells at rocky Chios, whose songs shall all hereafter excel. But we<sup>37</sup> shall bear our own renown [with us], how far soever over the earth we shall visit the well-inhabited cities of men." And they will be persuaded, since it is also true. But I will not cease hymning far-darting Apollo of the silver bow, whom fair-haired Latona bore.

O king,<sup>38</sup> thou who possessest both Lycia, and pleasant Mæo-

<sup>33</sup> Hermann, after Ilgen, reads  $\delta\epsilon\ \tau\omicron\tau'\ \epsilon\pi\alpha\nu\tau\iota\alpha\sigma\epsilon\iota$ ,  $\delta\tau'\ \iota\alpha\omicron\nu\epsilon\varsigma\ \alpha\theta\rho\omicron\omicron\iota$   $\epsilon\iota\epsilon\nu$ , which seems the most satisfactory reading yet proposed.

<sup>34</sup> Cf. Callim. in Del. 296, sqq.

<sup>35</sup> See Ernesti.

<sup>36</sup> The following translation of these beautiful lines is given in Coleridge, p. 286:

"Virgins! farewell—and oh! remember me  
Hereafter, when some stranger from the sea,  
A hapless wanderer, may your isle explore,  
And ask you, maids, of all the bards you boast,  
Who sings the sweetest, and delights you most—  
O! answer all—'A blind old man and poor—  
Sweetest he sings—and dwells on Chios' rocky shore!'"

These lines are quoted by Thucydides, iii. 104.

<sup>37</sup> Ruhnken would omit these four verses, which Hermann, I think, vainly defends.

<sup>38</sup> Here begins the hymn to the Pythian Apollo, of which Muller, Gk. Lit. vii. § 4, observes, "it belongs to a time when the Pythian sanctuary was still in the territory of Crissa: of the hostility between the Pythian



nia, and Miletus, a maritime, pleasant city, and who also<sup>39</sup> ruled mightily over sea-washed Delos. But the son of all-renowned Latona goes to rocky Pytho, playing on his hollow harp, wearing immortal incense-scented garments, while his harp beneath the golden quill<sup>40</sup> utters a pleasant twang. But hence from the earth he goes to heaven, when [he has] the mind, to the house of Jove, after the assemblage of the other gods; and straightway the harp and song are a care to mortals. The muses indeed, all at once answering with beauteous voice, sing the immortal gifts of the gods, and the sufferings of men, as many things as they possessing at the hands of the immortal gods, live destitute of counsel<sup>41</sup> and resources, nor are able to find a remedy for death and a defence against age. But the fair-tressed Graces, and the wise Hours, and Harmony, and Hebe, and Venus, the daughter of Jove, dance, holding each others' hands by the wrist. To them no mean nor trivial<sup>42</sup> [songstress] plays, but shaft-rejoicing Dian, the foster-sister of Apollo, most mighty to behold, and in aspect wondrous. Here again with them sport Mars and well-watching Mercury, but Phœbus Apollo strikes the harp, taking grand and lofty steps, and a shining haze surrounds him, and glittering of feet, and of his well-fitted tunic. And both golden-tressed Latona and deep-planning Jove are delighted at it, as they perceive his mighty mind, their darling son sporting among the immortal gods.

How then shall I hymn thee who art altogether worthy to be hymned? Shall I sing of thee among suitors and love, how once on a time, wooing,<sup>43</sup> thou didst approach the Azanian girl, in company with godlike Ischys, the son of Elation,

priests and the Crisseans, which afterwards led to the war of the Amphictyons against the city of Crissa, (in Olymp. 47,) there is no trace; a passage also shows that horse-races had not as yet been introduced at the Pythian games, which began immediately after the Crissean war: the ancient Pythian contests had been confined to music."

<sup>39</sup> Hermann says that *αὐτὸς* is *ideas*.

<sup>40</sup> The plectrum, with which the strings of the lyre were struck. Polux. iv. 9, 3. The modern mandolin is played in the same manner.

<sup>41</sup> Barnes rightly reads *ἀμφοτέρας*.

<sup>42</sup> Read *οὐτ' ἐλαχίστη* with Barnes, as in Od. ix. 116, etc.

<sup>43</sup> Hermann reads *ὅππῃ ἀγαιόμενος*, observing, "indignatum coronidi Apollinem constat." So Hom. Od. xx. 16, *ἀγαιόμενον κακὰ ἔργα*. This certainly approaches the vestiges of the old reading, *ἀνωόμενος*. The present one, adopted by Ernesti, is due to Bernard Martin.

of noble steeds, or with Phorbas, son of Tropus,<sup>44</sup> or with Ereutheus, or with Leucippus, and the wife of Leucippus, [thou] on foot, but he with steeds? †Nor yet was Triopus wanting.† Or [shall I sing] how first seeking an oracle for men, thou didst traverse the earth, O far-darting Apollo? For thou first wentest down from Olympus in Pieria, and didst pass over sandy Lecton,<sup>45</sup> and the Magnesians, and through the Perrhæbians. And quickly didst thou reach Ioleus, and come to Cenæum in ship-renowned Eubœa. And thou didst stand upon the Lelantian plain, which pleased not thy mind so that thou shouldst [there] erect a temple and foliaged wood. But from hence, O far-darting Apollo, having crossed the Euripus, thou, divine one, wentest over the verdant mountain,<sup>46</sup> and quickly camest from it to Mycalessus and grassy-couched Teumessus. And thou camest to the land of Thebe clad with woods; for not yet did any one of mortals dwell in sacred Thebe, nor were there as yet any roads or ways through the wheat-bearing plain of Thebe, but it was overgrown with wood.<sup>47</sup> But from hence, O far-darting Apollo, thou wentest onwards, and didst reach Onchestus, the splendid wood of Neptune, where a newly-broken foal breathes again, laden as he is,<sup>48</sup> dragging the handsome chariot, and the driver, though skilful, falling from the chariot to the ground, goes on his way. But they so long indeed rattle along the chariot, having cast off their ruler. But if indeed he guides his chariot into the foliaged grove,<sup>49</sup> they rub down

<sup>44</sup> Read *Τριόπω γένος* with Ilgen. Hermann transposes vs. 211, 212, and thinks, with reason, that there is a lacuna after vs. 212, and also after vs. 214, the next line probably commencing with *ἰδός*, depending on *Τριόπος*.

<sup>45</sup> But Ilgen and Matthiæ read *Ἠμαθίην τε παρίστιχες ἤδ' Ἐμῆνας*. For *Λέκτον* Hermann reads *Δύκον*, which was a city near Emathia.

<sup>46</sup> Hermann marks a lacuna after vs. 222. The mountain was Messapius in Bœotia.

<sup>47</sup> ἔλη, Barnes's correction, seems necessary to the sense. But the whole line appears to me a clumsy repetition from vs. 225.

<sup>48</sup> Ilgen reads *κῆρ* = "pained to the soul," which is approved by Hermann. But there is no occasion to alter the old reading, if we translate *ἀναπνέει* "recovers his spirits," i. e. does not give way. So Chapman.

"Where new-tamed horse bred, nourish nerves so rare

That still they frolic, though they travail'd are

Never so sore—"

<sup>49</sup> I am more inclined to suppose something wanting here.

their steeds, but leave the chariots, having tilted them.<sup>50</sup> For thus at the first was the religious custom; but they pray to king [Apollo], and then the destiny of the gods saves the chariot. But from hence thou wentest onwards, O far-darting Apollo, and thou didst next reach fair-streamed Cephissus, which pours forth fair-flowing water from Lilæum. Having passed over this, O Far-Darter, and over well-turreted Ocalea, thou camest from thence to grassy Haliartus. And thou wentest on to Delphusa,<sup>51</sup> where the harmless country pleased thee, that thou shouldst erect a temple and foliaged grove. And thou stoodest very near her and addressed her in words:

"Delphusa, here indeed I design to build a very beautiful temple, as a shrine for men, who in my honour shall ever bring perfect hecatombs hither, ay, as many [men] as possess rich Peloponnesus, and as many as [dwell in] Europe and the sea-girt isles, in quest of oracles. But to them all will I declare unerring counsel, giving responses in my rich temple."

Thus having spoken, Phœbus Apollo began to lay down the foundations, wide, and very long in extent. But Delphusa, perceiving, was wroth at heart, and spake thus:

"Phœbus! far-darting king, what word shall I speak to thy mind? since thou designest to build here a very beautiful temple, to be a shrine for men, who indeed shall always bring hither to thee perfect hecatombs. But I will speak out to thee, and do thou cast it in thy mind; the noise of fleet steeds shall ever harass thee, and the [noise of the] mules coming to water from my sacred fountains. Here any one of men will rather wish to behold the well-wrought chariots of men, and the rattling of swift-footed steeds,<sup>52</sup> than a great temple

<sup>50</sup> "Currus solutis equis reclinatos relinquunt." Ernesti. If we consider the light make of the old Grecian chariots, and that they had but two wheels, this operation will appear easy.

<sup>51</sup> Or "Telphusa," which orthography is followed by Hermann, Grote, and others.

<sup>52</sup> "While seeking a site for a temple in Bœotia, Apollo is recommended by a water-goddess, Tilphussa or Delphussa, to place it in the territory of Crissa, in the ravine of Parnassus; her advice being prompted by the malicious hope that a dangerous serpent, which abode there, would destroy the youthful god. Apollo accepts her counsel, but frustrates her intent: he founds his temple in this solitary glen, slays the dragon, and then punishes Tilphussa by stopping up her fountain." Muller, *Gk. Lit.* i. c. § 4.

and many possessions within it. But if thou wilt be persuaded, (but thou art greater and braver, O king, than I am, and thy strength is mightiest,) erect for thyself [a temple] in Crissa, beneath the folds of Parnassus, where neither are the handsome chariots shaken along, nor will there be a noise of swift-footed steeds around thy well-built altar. And even thus the glorious tribes of men will bring offerings to Io-Pæan, and do thou, rejoicing in thy mind, receive the fair offerings of the neighbouring men.

Thus speaking, she persuaded the mind of the Far-Darter, that to Delphusa there should be her own renown o'er the earth, and not that of the Far-Darter. But from hence thou wentest onward, O far-darting Apollo, and thou camest into the city of the insolent Plegyan men, who, caring not for Jove, dwelt upon the earth in a beauteous dell, near the lake of Cephissus. From hence thou swiftly camest rushing<sup>53</sup> to the rock, and thou didst reach Crissa,<sup>54</sup> below snowy Parnassus, turned at its base towards the west, but above the rock is suspended aloft, and a rugged, hollow cave runs below. Here king Phœbus Apollo resolved to construct a pleasant temple, and thus he spoke: "Here indeed I design to build a very beautiful temple, to be a shrine of oracles for men, who shall always bring hither to me perfect hecatombs, ay, as many [men] as possess rich Peloponnesus, and as many as [dwell in] Europe<sup>55</sup> and the sea-girt isles, coming in quest of oracles. But to them all will I declare unerring counsel, giving responses in my rich temple."

Thus having spoken, Phœbus Apollo began to lay down the foundations, wide, and very long in extent. And upon them Trophonius and Agamedes, the sons of Erginus, dear to the immortal gods, laid a stone threshold. But innumerable troops of men built the temple around with hewn stones, so that it should ever be a subject of song. And near it [is] the fair-flowing fountain, where the royal son of Jove, with his strong bow, slew the serpent, a stoutly-nourished, mighty, a savage portent, which did many ills to men upon the earth, many to themselves, and many to their long-footed sheep, since it was a blood-thirsty bane. † And once on a time hav-

<sup>53</sup> But Hermann reads *θελων* for *θούων*.

<sup>54</sup> See Muller, Dorians, vol. i. p. 238, sqq.

<sup>55</sup> On this early mention of Europe as a territory, see Hertn.

ing received from golden-throned, dreadful, and grievous Typhaon, a bane to mortals,†<sup>56</sup> whom once Juno brought forth, enraged against father Jove, when indeed the son of Saturn begat glorious Minerva in the top of his head, and hallowed Juno was enraged, and she also spoke among the assembled immortals: "Hear me both all ye gods and all ye goddesses, how cloud-compelling Jove begins to insult me first, since he made me his wife, knowing prudent things. And now apart from me has he given birth to dark-eyed Minerva, who is conspicuous among all the blessed immortals. But my son Vulcan has been rendered lame amongst all the gods, being halt as to his feet, whom I myself hurled down, seizing him with my hands, and cast into the wide sea.<sup>57</sup> But him Thetis, the silver-footed daughter of Nereus, received, and led to her own sisters. †Would that she might grant another favour to the blessed gods!†<sup>58</sup> Wretch! crafty-planner! what else dost thou now devise? How daredst thou alone produce dark-eyed Minerva? I have not become a mother, and yet I have been called thy [wife] among the immortals, who possess the wide heaven. And now,† therefore, will I try some device, so that a son may be mine,<sup>59</sup> who may excel among the immortal gods, neither dishonouring thy sacred couch, nor mine own. Nor will I go to the couch with thee, but being far away from thee, I will be among the immortal gods."<sup>60</sup>

Thus speaking, she went far away from the gods, enraged as she was,<sup>61</sup> and straightway large-eyed venerable Venus prayed, and with pressed-down hand she smote the earth, and said: "Hear now me, earth, and wide heaven above, and ye Titan gods,<sup>62</sup> who dwelling beneath the earth †around

<sup>56</sup> Ruhnken would omit these two lines, and with reason.

<sup>57</sup> See my note on Il. xviii. 395, sqq.

<sup>58</sup> This line is far from satisfactory.

<sup>59</sup> Hermann well renders, "ut meus aliquis nascatur filius."

<sup>60</sup> This seems a contradiction to vs. 331, ἀπὸ νόσφι θεῶν. I have little doubt that θεοῖσι μετέσσομαι ἀθανάτοισιν is copied from θεοῖσι μετὰ πρέποι ἀθανάτοισιν in vs. 327, and has thus supplanted the genuine reading.

<sup>61</sup> I certainly prefer χωμένη κῆρ with Barnes. Virg. Æn. i. 54. "Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans." Aristoph. Lysistr. 9, κάομαι τὴν καρδίαν.

<sup>62</sup> Observe the anacoluthon. As there is much awkwardness in the

mighty Tartarus, from whom † are men and gods. Hear me now, all of you, and give me offspring without Jove, nought inferior to him in might; but let him be as much better, as wide-seeing Jove [is better] than Saturn."

Thus having spoken, she smote the earth with her strong hand, and the life-bearing earth was moved. But she, perceiving it, was delighted in her mind, for she thought that the thing was accomplished. And from this time for a full year she never went to the bed of deep-planning Jove, nor, sitting by him on his various-decked throne as before, did she deliberate prudent counsels. But large-eyed, hallowed Juno, remaining in her prayer-fraught<sup>63</sup> temples, was delighted with her own rites. But when now the nights<sup>64</sup> and days were accomplished, the year being again rolled round, and the season came, she brought forth dreadful and grievous Typhon, like neither unto gods nor mortals, a bane to men. And<sup>65</sup> immediately large-eyed hallowed Juno received him, then bearing him, she gave evil to evil.<sup>66</sup> But she received him, † who did many evils to the glorious tribes of men. † Whoever met her, him the fatal day carried off, before that the far-darting king, Apollo, had aimed his strong shaft at him. But she [now] lay tortured with bitter pains, panting greatly, rolling about on the ground. And a wondrous, boundless noise arose. But she kept continually rolling here and there in the wood, and gave up her life, breathing forth gore. But over her Phæbus Apollo vaunted: "Here now rot upon the man-feeding earth.

passage as it stands, I am strongly inclined to read ὑπὸ χθονὶ ναιετάουσι, omitting the next line.

<sup>63</sup> Barnes's rendering, "multis votis frequentatis," or Chapman's, "vow-frequented," seems better than Ernesti's "optatissimis."

<sup>64</sup> Herm. μῆνες τε καὶ ἡμ.

<sup>65</sup> Ruhnken would omit vs. 353, 354, 356, which are certainly very awkwardly placed. "Sed ita de Typhaone erunt accipienda, quæ ad draconem pertinere, indicat tota sequens oratio," observes Ernesti, who would merely omit vs. 355.

<sup>66</sup> i. e. adding a new monster to the serpent already born. See Barnes-Chapman:

"— which, received to hand  
By Juno, instantly she gave command  
(Ill to ill adding) that the dragoness  
Should bring it up; who took, and did oppress  
With many a misery, to maintain th' excess  
Of that inhuman monster, all the race  
Of men, that were of all the world the grace."



No longer shalt thou be an evil destruction to living mortals who, eating the fruit of the much-nurturing earth, bring hither perfect hecatombs. Nor shall Typho, nor Chimæra, of ill-omened name, avert death from thee, but here shall the black earth and rouser<sup>67</sup> Hyperion rot thee."

Thus he spoke, vaunting, but darkness veiled her eyes, and the sacred might of the sun caused her [carcass] to putrefy there, from whence he is now called Pytho, but they call him the Pythian king with reason, because there the might of the piercing sun rotted<sup>68</sup> the monster. And then indeed Phœbus Apollo perceived in his mind that the fair-flowing fountain had deceived him. And enraged he went to Delphusa, and quickly reached her, and stood very near her, and addressed her in words:

"Delphusa, thou wast not destined to deceive my mind, possessing a pleasant country to send forth<sup>69</sup> [thy] fair-flowing water. Here then shall my renown also be, not thine only." He spoke, and the far-darting king, Apollo, pushed the summit into †the water-streaming rocks,†<sup>70</sup> and hid the streams, and made a temple in the foliaged wood, very near the fair-flowing fountain. But here all pay vows to the king, Delphusian by surname, because he defiled the streams of sacred Delphusa. And then indeed Phœbus Apollo bethought him in mind, what men he should lead in as ministers of his rites, who do him service in rocky Pytho. Deliberating on these things,<sup>71</sup> he perceived on the dark sea a swift ship, and in it were men both many and good, Cretans<sup>72</sup> from Minoian Cnossus, who indeed both perform sacred rites to the king, and proclaim the laws of Phœbus Apollo of the golden sword, whatsoever he may say, uttering in oracle from

<sup>67</sup> Compare the epithet *ἡλεκτρὶς* given to the moon in the pseud-Orphic hymns, ix. 6, ed. Herm. Cf. II. xix. 398, with Heracl. Pontic, Alleg. Hom. p. 469, ed. Gale, and Alberti on Hesych. t. i. p. 1621, sq.

<sup>68</sup> Ruhnken is by no means favourable to the retention of this passage, but Ernesti and Hermann with reason defend it, despite its absurdity.

<sup>69</sup> I read *προχέειν*, with Barnes.

<sup>70</sup> "Locum petrae, ubi profundetur aqua e rupe prosiliente," is Ernesti's interpretation, who compares the imitation of the passage in Callim. in Del. 133, ἀλλὰ οἱ Ἄρης Παγγαίον προβέλνυμα καρχάτα μύλλεν, αἰεὶρας ἔμβραλέιν δίνῃσι, ἀποκρύψει δὲ ῥέεθρα.

<sup>71</sup> This passage is terribly misplaced. Hermann rightly places vs. 394 after 390, and vs. 391 after 396, marking a lacuna after *ἀνακτί*.

<sup>72</sup> Cf. Grote, Hist. of Greece, vol. i. p. 65.



the laurel, beneath the valleys of Parnassus. They indeed were sailing into sandy Pylos, and the Pylian-sprung men for traffic and business in a dark ship, but Phoebus Apollo met them. And into the sea he made a spring, in body likened to a dolphin,<sup>73</sup> into the swift ship, and he lay a mighty and dreadful monster. And no one of them in his mind could regard or observe<sup>74</sup> him, \* \* \* he moved in all directions, and shook the timbers of the ship. But they in silence sat in the ship, in dread, nor did they loose the cables throughout the hollow black ship, nor did they loose the sail of the black-prowed ship; but as they who first set to work with [ropes of] bull hides, so they sailed, and the light south wind † from behind pressed on<sup>75</sup> the swift ship.† And they first passed by Malea, and came to the Lacedæmonian land, the sea-girt city, and Tanarus, the country of the mortal-rejoicing sun, where the dense-fleeced sheep of the king Sun ever feed, and possess a pleasant country. They indeed here wished to stop the ship, and, disembarking, to observe and behold with their eyes the mighty marvel, whether the monster would remain on the plain [decks] of the hollow ship, or would make a spring into the fishy wave of the sea around. But the well-built ship obeyed not the rudders, but keeping rich Peloponnesus at its side, it went on its way. And by the wind Apollo, the far-darting king, easily directed it; and she, making her way, came to Arene, and pleasant Argyphen, and Thryum, the ford of Alpheus, and handsome Æpy, and sandy Pylos, and the Pylos-born men. And he went past Crunîi, and Chalcis, and by Dyme, and by divine Elis, where the Epeians rule. And she reached Phæræ,<sup>76</sup> rejoicing in the gale of Jove. And to them out from the clouds appeared the lofty crag of Ithaca, and Dulichium, and Same, and woody Zacynthus. And it indeed passed by over<sup>77</sup> all Peloponne-

<sup>73</sup> "This, I imagine, was not the dolphin of modern times, which is a slender, elegant, and comparatively small fish; but, as seems clear from the descriptions in the classic poets generally, nothing more or less than the porpoise." Coleridge, p. 290.

<sup>74</sup> I read τῶν δ' οὐτις κατὰ θυμὸν ἐπιφράσας' οὐδ' ἐνόησεν, with Matth. and Herm., placing a mark of lacuna after the line.

<sup>75</sup> I read ἐπείγε, with Ruhnken, instead of ἐγείρε. Cf. Od. xii. 167, ἐπείγε γὰρ οὐδὲς ἀπήμων.

<sup>76</sup> Cf. Od. xv. 295.

<sup>77</sup> Hermann has changed ἐπὶ to ἐπι, which he says is "adverbialiter de superficie dictum," as in Il. xvii. 650, μάχη δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσα φαάνθη.

sus, and when now the boundless bosom of Crissa appeared, which divides off rich Peloponnesus, there came a mighty west wind, clear, from the will of Jove, vehement, blowing briskly from the clear sky, that with all speed the ship might make its way, running along the briny wave of the sea. And backwards they then sailed towards the morn and the sun; and king Apollo, the son of Jove, was leader. And they came into western Crissa abounding in vines, into the port; but the sea-traversing ship drew nigh to the sands. Here the far-darting king, Apollo, bounded from the ship, like unto a star at mid-day, but from it flitted many sparks, and the brilliancy reached to heaven,<sup>78</sup> and he went into his recess through the high-valued tripods. And then he kindled a flame, showing forth his shafts,<sup>79</sup> and the gleam occupied all Crissa. But the wives and fair-girdled daughters of the Crissæans raised a shout, under the influence of Phœbus's shock, for a mighty fear seized each. Here again, like thought, he leaped in flight to the ship, likened unto a youthful and vigorous man just reached puberty, enwrapping his broad shoulders in his hair, and addressing them, he spoke winged words:

"O strangers, who are ye? Whence do ye sail o'er the watery ways? Is it for traffic, or do ye wander at random, like pirates, over the seas, who indeed wander, risking their lives, bearing evil to men of other lands?<sup>80</sup> Why stand ye thus astounded, and do not disembark upon the land, nor stow the cables in the black ship? For this indeed is the business of adventurous men, when, worn out with toil, they have come in the dark ship from the sea to land, but straightway love of pleasant food seizes them in their minds."

Thus he spake, and set boldness in their breasts. And

<sup>78</sup> Chapman:

" — And then forth brake  
The far-shot king, like to a star that shows  
His glorious forehead, where the mid-day glows,  
That all in sparkles did his state attire,  
Whose lustre leap'd up to the sphere of fire."

<sup>79</sup> Barnes compares Il. xii. 280. The following translation is given in Coleridge, p. 291:

" — right through the tripods he  
Pass'd to his secret fane, and there in flames  
Burn'd visible with terrors manifest."

<sup>80</sup> Cf. Od. iii. 71, sqq., with my note.

him the ruler of the Cretans, answering, addressed in turn : " Stranger, since thou art not indeed by any means like<sup>81</sup> unto mortals, neither in body, nor in stature, but to the immortal gods,<sup>82</sup> hail! and hail greatly! and may the gods give thee prosperity. And do thou tell me this truly, that I may well know; what people, what land, what mortals gave thee birth? For with our minds another way have we sailed o'er the mighty wave, into Pylos, from Crete, where we boast our race to be. But now we have come hither with the ship, not wishing [to do so], longing for our return, by another way, another path. But some one of the immortals has led us hither against our will."

But them far-darting Apollo answering addressed: " Strangers, who before dwelt around rich-foliaged Cnossus, but [who] shall now never return back each to your pleasant city and handsome dwellings, and to your dear wives, but ye shall here keep my rich temple, honoured<sup>83</sup> amongst many men. But I am the son of Jove, and I boast to be Apollo; and I have led you hither o'er the mighty wave of the sea, having no evil design, but here ye shall keep my rich temple, much honoured among all men, and ye shall ken the counsels of men, by whose will ye shall ever be honoured throughout all your days. But come, as I say, with all haste obey. First let down the sails, having loosed the [cables of] bull hides, and then haul the swift<sup>84</sup> ship upon the mainland, and take the stowage and tackle out of the equal ship, and make an altar upon the shore of the sea, kindling a fire, and sacrificing upon it white wheat, and afterwards pray, standing around the altar. As I indeed first, in the shadowy sea, leaped upon the swift ship, likened unto a dolphin, so pray ye to me under the title of Delphin,

<sup>81</sup> I am scarcely satisfied with the accumulation in *ἐπεὶ οὐ μὲν γάρ τι*, and Hermann's apology, "dictum negligenter, ut in sermone communi," I don't understand.

<sup>82</sup> Matthiæ thinks that some such verse as the following has been lost:

*\*Ἰλῆθ'· εἰ δὲ τις ἰσσι καταθνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,*

which seems not improbable.

<sup>83</sup> I read *τετιμέναι* with Hermann, who says that this epithet is always applied to men, not things, referring to Il. xx, 426; xxiv. 533; Od. viii. 472; xiii. 28.

<sup>84</sup> But Matthiæ reads *ἔπειτα μέλαιναν, ἐπ' ἡπείρου*, to avoid the hiatus.

and the altar itself shall be Delphian<sup>85</sup> and ever an object to be seen. And afterwards take repast near the swift dark ship, and make a libation to the blessed gods, who possess Olympus. But when ye have dismissed the desire of sweet food, come together with me, and sing Io-Pæan, until ye come to the place where ye shall keep [my] rich temple."

Thus he spoke, but they willingly heard him, and obeyed. They first let down the sails, and loosed the [cables of] bulls' hides, and let down the mast to its receptacle, lowering it by the main-stays. And they themselves got out upon the shore of the sea, and from the sea drew up the swift ship upon the mainland, high upon the sands, and by it stretched out the long props.<sup>86</sup> And they made an altar upon the shore of the sea, and kindling fire upon it, and sacrificing white wheat, they prayed as he bade them, standing by, around the altar. They then took repast near the swift dark ship, and made libations to the blessed gods, who possess Olympus. But when they had dismissed the desire of drink and food, they set out to go, and king Apollo, the son of Jove, led the way, having his lyre in his hands, playing wondrously, taking stately and lofty steps. But the Cretans, with reverential dread, followed [him] to Pytho, and chanted Io-Pæan, like as the Pæans of the Cretans, and [of them], into whose breasts the goddess Muse has implanted sweet-voiced song. And untired they reached the hill with their feet, and quickly reached Parnassus and the pleasant country, where he was about to dwell, honoured by many men. And leading [them] here, he pointed out his enclosed plain, and rich temple. But the mind in their breasts was aroused, and him the leader of the Cretans, questioning, addressed:

"O king, since thou hast led [us] far away from our friends and father-land, (for thus it somehow seemed good to thy mind,) how shall we now live—this we exhort thee to consider. This [country] is neither pleasant<sup>87</sup> in bearing vines,

<sup>85</sup> But Ilgen and Hermann elegantly read *αὐτὴν ἄρ' ἀφνειὸς καὶ ἰπ.*

<sup>86</sup> Matthiæ reads *ὑπὸ δ' ἔρματα*. Hermann says, "videntur trabes vel lapides ab utraque parte navibus suppositi fuisse, ut naves sola carina, non latere arenam contingerent."

<sup>87</sup> But Hermann reads *ἥδε γ' ἐπι ῥάχης*, "adjacet jugum montis Parnassi, nec fragum neque herbarum ferax." This seems to me very unpoetical.

nor of good pasturage, so that from it we should be able both to live well, and to do service to men."

But them Apollo, the son of Jove, smiling, answered: "Infant-like men, of sad cares, who wish for anxiety, and grievous toils, and groans in your mind, I will tell you an easy word, and set it in your minds. Let each of you, having a cutlass in his right hand, always slay sheep, (but they shall be at hand in all abundance,) as many as the renowned tribes of men bring to me. And guard my temple, and receive the tribes of men assembled hither, and regulate my banquet, as to if there be any vain word or deed, or injury, as is the wont of mortal men.<sup>88</sup> And hereafter there will be other governors among you, under whose control ye will be restrained all your days."

All things are spoken unto thee, but do thou keep them in thy mind. And thou, indeed, hail! O son of Jove and Latona, and I will be mindful of thee and of another song.<sup>89</sup>

## II. TO MERCURY.<sup>1</sup>

O MUSE, praise Mercury, the son of Jove and Maia, who rules over Cyllene, and sheep-abounding Arcadia, the bene-

<sup>88</sup> There is evidently something lost after this line, as Hermann well observes: "*Excidit conditio, qua minabatur Apollo malum Cretensibus: nisi feceritis, quod jussi, duros nanciscemini dominos.*"

<sup>89</sup> Chapman:

"Both thee and others of th' immortal state,  
My song shall memorize to endless date."

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge, p. 292, observes that "in this hymn Hermes is gifted with the character of a perfect Spanish Picaro, a sort of *Lazarillo de Tormes* among the gods, stealing their goods, playing them tricks, and telling such enormous, such immortal lies, to screen himself from detection, that certainly no human thief could ever have the vanity to think of rivalling them on earth." On the importance of this hymn as showing the connexion between the rites and attributes of Apollo and Mercury with each other, see Grote, vol. i. p. 83. The remarks of Muller, who has called its antiquity into question, are important. "A considerably later age is indicated by the circumstance that the lyre or the cithara—for the poet treats these two instruments as identical, though distinguished in

ficial messenger of the immortals, whom Maia brought forth, a fair-tressed, hallowed nymph, mingled with Jove in love. And she shunned the company of the blessed gods, dwelling<sup>2</sup> within a shady cave, where the son of Saturn was mingled with the fair-tressed nymph in the depth of night, whilst sweet sleep held white-armed Juno,<sup>3</sup> unknown to the immortal gods and mortal men. But when now the counsel of mighty Jove was on the point of fulfilment, and to her the tenth month was now fixed<sup>4</sup> in the heaven, she led him into the light, and remarkable deeds were wrought, and she there brought forth her cunning son, of fair speech, a thief, a stealer of cattle, an escorter of dreams, a looker-out for night,<sup>5</sup> a gate-keeper, who was quickly about to show forth glorious deeds amongst the immortal gods. Born at dawn, he played the lyre at mid-day, in the evening he stole the cows of far-darting Apollo, on the fourth day of the month, on which his mother Maia gave him birth. Who also, when he had leaped from the immortal limbs of his mother, did not long remain lying in the sacred cradle,<sup>6</sup> but he indeed, leaping forth, sought the cows of Apollo, crossing the threshold of the high-roofed cave, where finding a tortoise, he acquired immense wealth. [Hermes indeed first devised the musical tortoise,]<sup>7</sup> which fell to his notice at the doors of the court, feeding on the well-grown grass before the house, walking slowly on its feet.

more precise language—is described as having been at the very first provided with seven strings; yet the words of Terpander are still extant in which he boasts of having introduced the seven-stringed cithara in the place of the four-stringed.” Hist. of Gk. Lit. vii. 5.

<sup>2</sup> But Valck. on Phæn. 727, justly finds fault with *ἔσω* being used for *ἔνδον*, and hence Hermann has well proposed *ἀντρον ἔσω δύνουσα*, comparing Od. xiii. 366, xi. 578.

<sup>3</sup> “Cum nympha concubuit, donec Juno dormiret.” Herm.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Arat. Phæn. 10, *αὐτὸς γὰρ τάγε σήματ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἐστῆριξεν*.

<sup>5</sup> Because adapted for thievish purposes. The thefts of Mercury are amusingly described by Lucian, Dial. Deor. vii. 2, 3, who observes *οὕτως δέσχευε ἑατὶ καθάπερ ἐν τῇ γαστρὶ ἐκμελετήσας τὴν κλεπτικὴν*.

<sup>6</sup> “The basket in which the infant (Bacchus) is carried is of twigs interwoven, of that sort called *λυκόν*, used by the Greeks for the two purposes of winnowing corn and cradling children.” Libr. of Entertaining Knowledge, Townley Gallery, vol. i. p. 125, 126, to which I must refer the reader for some excellent information. See also Spanh. on Callim. in Jov. 48, Gesner on Orph. Hymn, xli. ed. Herm.

<sup>7</sup> A doubtful line.

But the beneficial son of Jove, beholding it, laughed, and straightway spoke thus:

"A very useful god-send<sup>8</sup> [art thou] for me now, I will not disdain thee. Hail! thou pleasant by nature, choir-resounding, companion of the feast, who hast luckily made thy appearance. Whence is this beautiful plaything? thou art the varied shell, the tortoise that dwells on the mountains. But I will take and bear thee to my dwelling; thou wilt be of some use to me, nor will I despise thee, but thou first shalt benefit me. It is better to be at home, since out-of-doors is hurtful.<sup>9</sup> For living, thou wilt certainly be a defence against the baleful attack, but if thou diest, thou wilt then sing very beautifully."

Thus then he spoke, and having taken [it] up in both hands, he straightway went back to his dwelling, bearing the pleasant plaything. Here having deceitfully scooped it out<sup>10</sup> with a scalpel of hoary steel, he extinguished the life of the mountain tortoise. And as when the swift thought passes through the breast of a man, whom frequent cares occupy, or when flashes<sup>11</sup> are rolled from the eyes, so at once, word and deed, did glorious Mercury devise. And cutting them in due measure, he fixed cut joints of reed, having pierced through

<sup>8</sup> i. e. an omen of a discovery that will prove useful. Shelley renders:

"A useful god-send are you to me now,  
King of the dance, companion of the feast,  
Lovely in all your nature!"

<sup>9</sup> Chapman: "'Tis best to be at home; harm lurks abroad."

<sup>10</sup> The word ἀναπηλῆσας cannot be right. Burnes would read ἀναπηλῆσας; Stephens, ἀναπειρήνας from vs. 48. Ernesti prefers ἀναφηλῆσας: "deceptæ vitam scalpro exterebravit." Hermann reads ἀναπιλῆσας, "constipans." I cannot decide. The following is Chapman's version:

"Where, giving to the mountain tortoise, vents  
Of life and motion, with fit instruments  
Forged of bright steel, he straight informed a lute.  
Put neck, and frets to it; of which a suit  
He made of splitted quills, in equal space  
Imposed upon the neck, and did embrace  
Both back and bosom."

"Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye." Chapman  
"not swifter wheel

The flashes of its torture and unrest,  
Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son  
All that he did devise hath featly done." Shelley



the back of the stone-shelled tortoise. And around by his own skill he stretched the hide of a bull, and put the arms, and upon both he fixed the bridge. And he stretched out seven concordant strings<sup>12</sup> of sheep. But when he had formed it, bearing his pleasant plaything, with a quill he tried it note by note, and it sounded deeply beneath his hands, and the god sang beautifully beneath it, making an extemporaneous attempt, like as full-grown boys at feasts scoff at each other in turn. [He sang] of Jove the son of Saturn, and fair-slippered Maia, how they were formerly wont to dally in stealthy love, and his own birth, naming his renowned name. And he celebrated the attendants and the glorious gifts of the nymph, and the tripods and durable caldrons in the house. And these things indeed he sang, but he thought of others in his mind, and putting down his hollow lyre, which he bore in the sacred cradle, he, in quest of meat, ran from the sweet-scented dwelling to the mountain, devising a mighty stratagem in his mind, such an one as thieves are wont to plan at the season of dark night. The sun indeed was setting beneath the earth towards the ocean, with his horses and chariot, but Mercury came running to the shady mountains of Pieria, where the immortal cattle of the blessed gods possessed their stalls, pasturing on pure, pleasant meadows. From the flock of them then the watchful son of Maia, the slayer of Argus, cut off fifty loud-lowing heifers, and drove them, wandering, through the sandy country, having reversed their footsteps,<sup>13</sup> for he was not forgetful of his cunning art, having bent contrariwise the fore hoofs, backwards, and the back ones, forwards. And he himself walked backwards, and immediately cast his sandals upon the sands of the sea. He devised an unmentioned and unthought-of marvellous work, mingling together tamarisks and tamarisk-like boughs, of them he then bound together a small bundle of leafy wood, and [thus]

<sup>12</sup> Literally, "intestines." But Antigonus Caryst. § 7, seems to quote *ἑπτὰ δὲ θηλυτέρων ὄτων ἔτ.*

<sup>13</sup> The same stratagem was afterwards pursued by Cacus. Virg. *Æn.* viii. 211.

"Atque hos, nequa forent pedibus vestigia rectis,  
Cauda in speluncam tractos, versisque viarum  
Indiciis raptos, saxo occultabat opaco;  
Quærentem nulla ad speluncam signa ferebant."

without harm<sup>14</sup> he bound the light sandals beneath his feet, leaves and all, which the renowned slayer of Argus had plucked, avoiding the way of a traveller<sup>15</sup> from Pieria, inasmuch as he was pressing on a long journey, roughly equipped.<sup>16</sup> But him an old man, who was tending a sun-basking vineyard, perceived seeking the field through grassy Onchestus. Him the son of glorious Maia first addressed:

"O old man, who with bent shoulders art grubbing these stumps, surely thou wilt have journeyed far, when all these things shall bear fruit.<sup>17</sup> But seeing, see not, and hearing, [be thou] mute, and keep silence, since nought of thine is hurt."<sup>18</sup>

Having spoken thus much, he smote the stout heads of the cows, and glorious Mercury drove them through many shadowy mountains, and resounding ravines, and flowering plains. But gloomy divine night, his ally, had well nigh passed away, and morn, arousing the people to work, chanced to be arising; but the divine moon, the daughter of king Pallas, son of Megamedes, had just gone into her watch-tower.<sup>19</sup> Then to the river Alpheus the valiant son of Jove drove the wide-fronted cows of Phœbus Apollo, and untired he came into the lofty stall, and to the troughs in front of the beautiful meadow.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. without the likelihood of being discovered. This is well expressed by Chapman:

"and then fear'd no eyes  
That could affect his feet's discoveries."

<sup>15</sup> "Mercurius cavisse dicitur, ne pedibus ut viator ingrederetur, et ita vestigia pedum relinqueret." Herm.

<sup>16</sup> "Ut in procinctu." Ernesti. Hermann would read ἀντιτορήσων.

<sup>17</sup> After vs. 91, Hermann puts a mark of lacuna, reading πολυοινήσεις, "thou wilt reap a rich vintage, when all these bear fruit."

<sup>18</sup> The sense seems to require, "lest aught of thine be injured." But Chapman has well rendered:

"But see not thou, whatever thou dost see;  
Nor hear, though hear; but all, as touching me,  
Conceal, since nought it can endamage thee."

This old man was Battus. See Ovid, Met. ii. fab. 7, and Antoninus Liberalis, § 23.

<sup>19</sup> Chapman:

"and in her watch-tower shone  
King Pallas-Megamede's seed (the moon)."

The passage is not very satisfactory as regards mythology. See Barnes.

Here when he had well fed the loud-lowing cows with grass, and had driven them together in flocks into the shed, having cropped the lotus and dewy rush-grass, he then brought together much wood, and sought out the art of [producing] fire,<sup>20</sup> having taken a splendid branch of laurel, he pared it with the steel, having rubbed it in his hand, and upwards the warm vapour breathed<sup>21</sup> forth. Mercury then first bestowed fire-implements and fire. And having taken together many dry faggots, he placed them abundantly in a low trench, and the flame shone forth, sending afar the crackling<sup>22</sup> of a much-burning fire. But whilst the might of glorious Vulcan was kindling, he meantime drew two lowing heifers with crumpled horns out of doors, near to the fire, for mighty was his power. But he threw them both panting to the ground, on their backs, and he rolled them over and over, bending down, and boring out their lives. And he wrought toil upon toil,<sup>23</sup> cutting their flesh together with the rich fat, and he roasted it being pierced through with the wooden spits, both the flesh and the well-prized backs, and the black blood kept within the intestines, but they lay there upon the ground. And he stretched out the skins upon a rough rock. †So do we<sup>24</sup> still cut up those which have been born for a long time, a long and incalculable time after this.† But then rejoicing Mercury drew off the fat spoils upon a smooth plane, and cut them into twelve parts, distributed by lot, and he offered the perfect honour to each [of the twelve gods]. Here glorious Mercury longed for the

<sup>20</sup> But Hermann reads *τέχνην*, illustrating the construction of *μαίωμα* with a genitive, from *Il. x. 401. Od. v. 344.*

<sup>21</sup> Ernesti prefers *τάχα ἄμπνυτο*.

<sup>22</sup> For which the laurel (vs. 109) was remarkable. Cf. *Virg. Ecl. viii. 82. Nemesian. Ecl. iv. 65.*

<sup>23</sup> Cf. *Theocrit. Id. xv. 20. πέντε πόκως ἔλαβ' ἰχθὺς, ἅπαν ῥύπος ἔργον ἐπ' ἔργω.*

<sup>24</sup> "And thus were these now all in pieces shred,  
And undistinguish'd from earth's common herd;  
Though born for long date, and to heaven endear'd;  
And now must ever live in dead event."

Chapman.

I am but half satisfied respecting these two lines, nor does Hermann seem quite settled as to their correction. His text has *τάμερ' ἄσσα πολυχρόνια*, but in the notes he proposes *τάμερ' ἄσσα πολυχρόνια* π. giving the following explanation of *ἀκρίτον*, "quemadmodum nunc quæque, multo post, tenduntur, quæ natura ad diuturnitatem, facta sunt."

sacrifice of flesh,<sup>25</sup> for the savour now struck<sup>26</sup> him, although being immortal, but not even thus did his noble mind give way, although greatly longing to convey [the banquet] down his sacred throat! But these indeed he placed in the lofty shed, the fat and abundant flesh. And he forthwith piled them aloft, as a sign of the recent slaughter;<sup>27</sup> and having raised dry faggots upon them, he consumed the whole feet and heads in the vapour of fire. But when the gods had accomplished all things rightly, he cast his sandals into eddying Alpheus, and throughout the night he quenched the coals, and trampled them to black dust; but beauteous shone the light of the moon. But he again came forthwith to the divine heights of Cyllene, at dawn, nor did any one meet him during the long journey, neither of the blessed gods, nor of mortal men, nor did the dogs bark. But Mercury, the beneficial [son] of Jove, bending himself up, slipped through the key-hole of the house, like unto an autumnal breeze, like unto a vapour. And he came straight through the rich temple of the cave, stepping onwards on tip-toe, for he made no noise, as if [he were walking] on the earth. And glorious Mercury came hastily to his cradle, having wrapped his swaddling-clothes around his shoulders, like an infant child, playing with the coverlet with his [right] hand on his knees, and holding his beloved lyre in the left. But god as he was, he escaped not the notice of his goddess mother, and she spake thus:

"Why, whence comest thou hither, O cunning plotter, at this time of night, clad in impudence? Now I think that thou, having fetters round thy sides, from which there is no escape, wilt shortly pass from the vestibule under the hands of Apollo, or that thou wilt elude him even while holding thee in his arms. Away with thee! a great care hath thy sire begotten thee to mortal men and immortal gods."

But her Mercury answered with cunning words: "Mother<sup>28</sup>

<sup>25</sup> i. e. he was first possessed with the desire of being honoured, as a god, with sacred rites.

<sup>26</sup> Ernesti well compares Sueton. Claud. 33, "nidore prandii ictus."

<sup>27</sup> Hermann prefers *σῆμα νίκης φανής*, and *ἀγυπαρ*, (with Iigen,) i. e. "raising them up as a trophy of his first theft." The old reading was *νίκης φανής*, altered to *νεοσφαγίης* by Ruhnken. Hermann seems right.

<sup>28</sup>

"Dear mother,"

Replied sly Hermes, "wherefore scold and bother?

As if I were like other babes as old,

mine, why dost thou scold me like an infant child, who knows very few fitting things in his mind, timid, and [who] dreads his mother's scoldings. But I will make use of a scheme, which is most excellent, considering for myself and thee. Nor among the immortal gods will we endure to remain here giftless, and without food, as you would have. It is better to associate with the immortals all one's days, being rich, opulent, with abundant spoil, than to sit at home in a shadowy cave. I also will aim at the sacred honour which Apollo [claims]. But if indeed my father will not give it, surely I will make the attempt, [and] I am equal to being the captain of thieves. But if the son of glorious Latona shall trace me out, I think that I shall make some other and greater attempt against him. For I will go to Pytho, in order to break into his great dwelling, where I will pillage enough of beauteous tripods, and caldrons, and gold, and enough of shining iron, and much apparel; and thou mayest see me if thou wilt."

Thus they indeed discoursed with each other in words, both the son of Ægis-bearing Jove, and hallowed Maia. But Morn, the mother of dawn, bearing light to mortals, arose from the deep-flowing ocean. But Apollo came to Onchestus, going to the pleasant and pure grove of the heavy-roaring Earth-Shaker, where he found the toothless<sup>29</sup> old man forming the hedge of his vineyard along the wayside, whom first the son of glorious Latona addressed:

"O old man, hedge-pruner of grassy Onchestus, I come hither, seeking heifers from Pieria, all females, all with crumpled horns, [stolen] from my herd, but the black bull was pasturing alone, away from the rest, and four savage dogs followed in the rear, like men of one mind. They indeed, the dogs and the bull, were left, (which indeed is a great marvel,) but they [the heifers] have left the soft meadow, just as the sun was setting, from the sweet pasture. Concerning these tell me, O ancient-born old man, if any where thou hast seen a man making his way to these cattle."

But him the old man, answering in words, addressed: "O friend, it is difficult indeed to tell all things which one has

And understood nothing of what is what;  
And cared at all to hear my mother scold." Shelley.

<sup>29</sup> I cannot see any objection to this epithet. Hermann would read *νωχάλος*, i. e. *ράθυμος*, *χαῖνος*.

beheld with one's eyes; for many travellers make their way, of whom some having many evil designs, but others very good, go along; but it is difficult to learn each one. But throughout the whole day till sun-set I have been digging around the hill of the vineyard; but, O best one, I thought I saw—but I know not how to distinguish clearly—a boy, which infant boy was following with fair-horned cows. And he had a staff, and walked in a wavering manner, and urged them from behind, and kept their heads opposite to himself."

The old man spake, and Phœbus Apollo went quicker on his way. But he saw [the truth like as] a wing-stretching bird of augury, and forthwith perceived that the thief was the son of Saturnian Jove. But the son of Jove, Apollo, quickly entered divine Pylos, seeking the bent-footed heifers, having concealed his broad shoulders in a purple mist. And the Far-Darter perceived the footprints, and spake thus:

"O gods! surely I behold this a mighty marvel with mine eyes. These indeed are the footsteps of straight-horned heifers, but they are turned backwards towards the meadow of asphodel. And these are the steps neither of man nor woman, nor of hoary wolves, nor bears, nor lions, nor are they like [those] of a shaggy-necked centaur, whoever walks thus terribly with his swift feet, heavily on this side of the way, and heavier on that side of the way."<sup>30</sup>

Thus having spoken, king Apollo, the son of Jove, went on, and came to the wood-clad mountain of Cyllene, into the heavy-shaded lair of the rock, where also the immortal nymph brought forth the son of Saturnian Jove. But a pleasant savour was scattered through the divine mountain, and many long-footed sheep were browsing on the grass. Here then hastening, far-darting holy<sup>31</sup> Apollo descended the stony ground, into the murky cave. But when the son of Jove and Maia perceived him, far-darting Apollo, enraged about his heifers, he got within his incense-scented swaddling-clothes, like as the cinder of wood<sup>32</sup> has enveloped much ash of boughs, so did

<sup>30</sup> Ernesti well observes that this repetition is dramatic, the speaker being supposed to point with his hand to each side of the road as he walks along.

<sup>31</sup> For *αὐτὸς* Hermann elegantly reads *ἀγνός* 'Απόλλων.

<sup>32</sup> I have some doubts whether *ῥηγ* should be joined with *πρίμνων* or with *σποδός*.



Mercury, perceiving the Far-Darter, draw himself away.<sup>33</sup> And in a small place he gathered up his head, and hands, and feet, because just washed, seeking sweet sleep after hunting, and he held the new-formed<sup>34</sup> lyre under his shoulder. But the son of Jove and Latona recognised, nor failed to perceive the all-beauteous mountain nymph and her dear son, a little boy, swathed up in crafty tricks. And having looked around every cranny of the large dwelling, taking a shining key, he opened three recesses full of nectar and delightful ambrosia. And much gold and silver lay within, and many purple and white-woven garments of the nymph, such as the sacred dwellings of the blessed gods contain within. Here after the son of Latona had searched out the crannies of the large dwelling, he addressed glorious Mercury in words:

"O boy, who reclinest in a cradle, at once tell me where my bulls are, since we shall otherwise quarrel not fittingly. For I will hurl thee into murky Tartarus, into sorrowful and inextricable darkness; nor shall thy mother nor thy sire bring thee forth into the light, but beneath the earth shalt thou perish, acting as leader<sup>35</sup> over a few men."

But him Mercury answered with crafty words: "O son<sup>36</sup> of Latona, what hard word is this thou hast said? And why

<sup>33</sup> *Quasi se sibi subtrahit, se fugit,*" Ernesti. Hermann, however, more rightly reads *ἀλέειν*, *ἐ αὐτόν*.

<sup>34</sup> But Herm. reads *ἐγρήσσων ἐτιόν γε χέλυς δ' ὑπ*.

<sup>35</sup> Matthiæ, however, reads *ἡπεροπεύων*, and Hermann *δολοῖσιν ἐν ἄνδρ*, which produces an amusing meaning.

<sup>36</sup> I cannot refrain from quoting Shelley's eloquent paraphrase:

"Son  
Of great Latona, what a speech is this!  
Why come you here to ask me what is done  
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?  
I have not seen them, nor from any one  
Have heard a word of the whole business;  
If you should promise an immense reward,  
I could not tell you more than you now have heard.  
An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,  
And I am but a little new-born thing,  
Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong:—  
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling  
The cradle-clothes about me all day long,—  
Or half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,  
And to be wash'd in water clean and warm,  
And hush'd, and kiss'd, and kept secure from harm."



comest thou hither, seeking field-dwelling heifers? I have not seen [them], nor learnt [about them], nor heard report from another. I cannot tell, I could not receive a reward for intelligence. Nor am I [myself] like unto a driver away of cows, a strong man. This is not a work for [such as] me, and hitherto other things have been my care. Sleep, and my mother's milk are my care, and to wear swaddling-clothes about my shoulders, and a warm bath. Let no one learn this, whence this quarrel has arisen. For truly it would be a mighty marvel among the immortals, that a boy just born should pass through the vestibule with field-dwelling heifers. And this thou speakest not beseemingly. I was born [but] yesterday, and my feet are tender, but the ground beneath is rugged. But if thou wilt, I will swear by the head of my sire, a mighty oath, neither do I myself confess to be guilty, nor have I perceived any one else the stealer of your cattle, whoever these heifers be, for I have heard the report only."

Thus then he spake, and winking frequently from his eyelids, he rapidly moved with his brows, glancing hither and thither, whistling to a long distance, as though hearing a vain story.<sup>37</sup> But him far-darting Apollo, gently smiling, addressed:

"O soft young cheat, deviser of tricks, truly I deem that thou, often breaking into well-built dwellings, wilt by night leave not one man only bare upon the ground,<sup>38</sup> filching noiselessly throughout the house; such things dost thou say. But many field-dwelling<sup>39</sup> shepherds wilt thou annoy in the ravines of a mountain, when, longing for flesh, thou shalt meet with herds of cows and flocks of sheep. But come, [take heed] lest thou enjoy thy last and final sleep, come out of thy cradle, thou comrade of black night. For this honour shalt thou hereafter possess among the immortals, thou shalt be called the captain of thieves all thy days."

Thus then he spake, and Phœbus Apollo took up and carried the boy, but then the brave slayer of Argus, taking counsel, as he was lifted up in his arms, sent forth an augury into

<sup>37</sup> Hermann reads *ἄλιον τὸν μύθον* from II. v. 715, "As if he idle thought Apollo's spell." Chapman.

<sup>38</sup> A proverbial phrase, like *ἀκράτιστον ἐπὶ ξηροῖσι καθίξει* in Theocrit. i. 51.

<sup>39</sup> See my note on II.

his hands, a sad report from his belly, an impudent messenger. And quickly after it he sneezed.<sup>40</sup> But Apollo heard it, and cast glorious Mercury from his hands upon the ground. (But he<sup>41</sup> sat down before [him], although hastening on his way,) reproaching Mercury, and addressed him in words:

"Be of good courage, thou enswaddled son of Jove and Maia; I will hereafter find my stout heads of heifers by these omens, but well shalt thou hereafter be leader of the way."

Thus he spake, but Cyllenian Mercury again leaped up quickly, going in haste. But with his hands he pulled the swaddlings, with which he was enwrapped<sup>42</sup> as to his shoulders, around his ears also, and spoke thus:

"Whether bearest thou me, O Far-Darter, most powerful of all the gods? Surely thou art thus teasing<sup>43</sup> me, enraged on account of these heifers. O gods! may the race of cows perish! For I did not steal your cows, nor saw I another, whoever these cows are, for I hear the report alone. But give and receive<sup>44</sup> justice<sup>45</sup> in presence of Saturnian Jove."

But after vagrant Mercury and the glorious son of Latona had said these things openly, having their mind in different ways, for the latter indeed demanded a true confession,<sup>46</sup> not satisfaction for the cows, from renowned Mercury, but he of Cyllene by wiles and cunning speeches wished to deceive him of the silver bow. But when he, being cunning in counsel, met with one of many devices, then quickly he walked through the sand before, but the son of Jove at Latona behind. And soon they came to the heights of incense-fraught Olympus, to the Saturnian sire, they the beauteous children of Jove, (for

<sup>40</sup> See Hermann's explanation of these amusing omens.

<sup>41</sup> Mercury. I have put the line in an enclosure. Cf. vs. 304.

<sup>42</sup> Hermann reads *ἐλμύνος* from cod. Moscov, observing, "quo expeditor incederet Mercurius, fascias, quibus humeri erant constricti, sursum versus aures trudebat."

<sup>43</sup> See Blomf. gloss. on Æsch. Pers. 10.

<sup>44</sup> See Ernesti.

<sup>45</sup>

"as for Phœbus, he  
Sought not revenge; but only information,  
And Hermes tried with lies and roguery  
To cheat Apollo.—But when no evasion  
Served—for the cunning one his match had found—  
He paced on first over the sandy ground."

Shelley.

<sup>46</sup> But Hermann more correctly reads *φωινείν*, "jure," inquit, "Apollo comprehenderat propter boves Mercurium, is ut vera diceret." I am not satisfied with the text as it stands.

there the balance of justice lay for both.) And music<sup>47</sup> possessed snowy Olympus, and the undying<sup>48</sup> immortals were assembled into the recesses of Olympus. But Mercury and silver-bowed Apollo stood before the knees of Jove. But high-thundering Jove questioned his glorious son, and addressed him in words:

"O Phœbus, whence drivest thou this gentle prey, a new-born boy, possessing the mien of a herald? This is an important subject which has come to the assembly of the gods."

But him the far-darting king Apollo in turn addressed:

"O sire, soon indeed shalt thou hear no trivial story, rebuking me [as thou art wont], as if I alone were a lover of plunder. I have caught this boy, an open thief, on the mountains of Cyllene,—having passed over much country,—an abusive fellow, such another as I have not seen among gods nor men, as many as are cheats upon earth. But having stolen my cows from the meadow, he at even-tide went away, driving them along the coast of the much-resounding sea, and driving straight to the ford, but there are mighty double foot-steps, such as to cause astonishment, and the work of an illustrious deity. For the dark dust appeared to have the footprints of the cows turned towards the asphodel meadow [whence they came]. But this fellow alone, besides [them],<sup>49</sup> is incomprehensible, for he came through the sandy country neither on his feet nor his hands, but having some other stratagem, he passed on his way. Such marvels [were his footsteps], as though some one should walk in slender oak-toppings.<sup>50</sup> As long, then, as he passed through the sandy country, all his footsteps were easily extinguishable in the dust; but when he had passed over the great tract of sand, forthwith the track of the bulls, and of himself, became imperceptible, through the hardness of the soil, but a mortal man perceived him driving the race of wide-fronted cows on to Pylos. But after he had sacrificed them in quiet, and had

<sup>47</sup> I read *εἰμελίη*, "music," as in Diodor. iv. 84, or rather *ἐμμελίη*, from Pollux, iv. 57. Plato, legg. vii. 816. Herm.

<sup>48</sup> A somewhat useless pleonasm, which Groddeck and Hermann remove by reading *ἀθρόοι*, "together."

<sup>49</sup> I have my doubts about *κερδς*, which Ruhnken elegantly corrected to *ἔξοχ' ἀμήχανος*. But see Hermann's note.

<sup>50</sup> On account of the buskins which Mercury had platted for himself. Cf. vss. 80, sqq.

scattered the [ashes of the] fire<sup>51</sup> all about the way, some here, some there, he lay in his cradle, like unto black night, in the darkness of the murky cave; nor would even a sharp-seeing eagle have perceived him, and much he rubbed his eyes with his hands, thinking of wiles. But he himself spoke out a speech at once: I did not see, I learnt not, I heard not report from another, nor could I tell, not even if I received a price for intelligence."

Thus then<sup>52</sup> speaking, Phœbus Apollo sat down. But Mercury, on the other side, making answer, spoke, and directed [his discourse] to the Saturnian ruler over all the gods:

"O father Jove, surely I will tell thee the truth. For I am unerring, and know not how to lie. [This god] came to our dwelling, seeking his bent-footed cows, this day, when the sun had just arisen, nor did he bring any witnesses or beholders from among the blessed gods, but under much compulsion bade me give information. And much he threatened me, that he would hurl me into wide Tartarus, because he, forsooth, possesses the flower of glory-loving youth, but I was born [but] yesterday, (but this he himself also knows,) nor [am] I like to a strong driver away of cows. Be persuaded (for truly thou boastest to be my dear father) that I did not drive the cows home, (so may I be blest!) nor went I across the threshold. But this I spake truly; I both venerate the sun and the other gods, and I love thee, and cherish this one; thou also thyself knowest that I am not guilty. But I add<sup>53</sup> a mighty oath. No, by these well-adorned vestibules of the gods, [I did not do it,] and at some time I will repay him for his cruel speech.<sup>54</sup> But do thou aid the younger party."

Thus spake Argus-slaying Cyllenius, winking, and he held his swaddling-band on his arm, nor did he cast it away. But

<sup>51</sup> So Ernesti. But the cod. Mosc. gives *πῦρ παλάμῃσιν*, whence Ilgen and Hermann read *πυρπαλάμῃσιν*, "quum multa hic illic in via callide machinatus esset."

<sup>52</sup> Barnes wished to read *ἦτοι ὅγ'* from Il. i. 67, but as Hermann observes, this is rendered unnecessary by the immediate mention of Apollo by name.

<sup>53</sup> This meaning of *ἐπιδαίνομαι*, although approved by Ernesti, is very uncertain. Barnes reads *ἐπιδόσσομαι*, with the approbation of Hermann. Cf. Eustath. on Il. x. 254, and Hesych. t. i. p. 1350.

<sup>54</sup> But Hermann reads *φάργην* from cod. Mosc.

Jove laughed greatly, seeing the evil-plotting boy lying well and skilfully about the heifers. And he ordered them both, having a concordant mind, to go in search, and messenger Mercury to lead the way, and to show the place with innocence of mind, where he had hidden the stout heads of cattle. And the son of Saturn beckoned [to him] with a nod, and glorious Mercury obeyed, for the mind of Ægis-bearing Jove easily persuaded. And these two beauteous children of Jove hastened to sandy Pylos, to the ford<sup>55</sup> of Alpheus, and they reached the fields and lofty shed, where wealth, forsooth, was increased during night-time. Here then Mercury, indeed, going to<sup>56</sup> the stone cave, drove the strong heads of cattle into the light, and the son of Latona looking aside, perceived the skins of the cows upon a lofty rock, and quickly he asked glorious Mercury:

"How wast thou able, O cunning cheat, to cut the throats of two cows, being thus new-born and infantine? I myself shall hereafter dread<sup>57</sup> thy power. It does not behove thee to grow very much, O Cyllenian son of Maia."

Thus then he spoke, and with his hands he threw around him strong bands of withy, but they beneath his feet were forthwith fastened<sup>58</sup> upon the earth, although strongly entwined in each other, and [the same thing took place] easily with all the field-dwelling cows, by the devices of deceitful Mercury, but Apollo, beholding, marvelled. But then the strong slayer of Argus kept looking about the place, frequently darting his eyes, desiring to hide himself. But he very easily appeased the far-darting son of glorious Latona, as he himself wished, although being valiant. But taking [his lyre] in his left hand,<sup>59</sup> he tried it with the quill, note by note, and it uttered a powerful sound beneath his hand; and Phœbus Apollo laughed, rejoicing, and the pleasing voice of the divine song penetrated through his soul, and sweet love possessed him in

<sup>55</sup> I read *ἐς Πύλον ἡμαθύντα*, ἐπ' Ἀλφειοῦ, with Herm.

<sup>56</sup> I prefer *ἐς λαΐνον ἀντρον*, with cod. Mosc.

<sup>57</sup> Hermann has conjecturally restored the almost obsolete verb *θαμβάινω*, found also in one MS. of the hymn to Venus, vs. 84.

<sup>58</sup> Hermann defends *φύοντο*, which Bernard Martin had changed to *λύοντο*, but in vs. 412 he would read *ρεῖ' ἄγνοι πάσσαι*, which he thus explains: "Apollo bobus injecit, vincula viminea, illa autem ita, ut confortia erant, in omnibus bobus statim sub eorum pedibus solo inhaeserunt."

<sup>59</sup> Hermann with reason supposes there is a lacuna after vs. 418.

his mind as he heard it.<sup>60</sup> And the son of Maia, playing pleasantly on the lyre, stood boldly at the the left hand of Phœbus Apollo. And soon after, playing clearly on the lyre, he sang with uplifted voice, (for a pleasing voice accompanied him,) celebrating<sup>61</sup> the immortal gods, and the murky earth, how they were first born, and how each obtained his share by lot. Mnemosyne indeed, the mother of the Muses, he honoured first of the goddesses in song, for she had obtained the son of Maia, and the glorious son of Jove honoured the other immortal gods according to age, and as each had been born, speaking all things in order, striking the lyre in his arms. But insatiable sweetness possessed the mind in his breast, and having addressed him, he spoke winged words:

"Cow-slayer, crafty-plotter, labouring<sup>62</sup> comrade of the feast, thou hast devised these things worth fifty cows. I think that our strife will now be easily settled. But come now, tell me this, O cunning son of Maia; did these marvellous works accompany thee from thy birth, or did some one of the immortals, or of mortal man, bestow the glorious gift, and teach divine song. For I hear this wondrous new voice, which I say that no one ever learnt, neither of men, nor of the immortals who possess the Olympian dwellings, save thee, O thief, son of Jove and Maia. What art, what muse, what study [is there which assuages] difficult cares? for truly all these three are present at once, so that one may take joy, and love, and sweet sleep. And truly I am a follower of the Olympian Muses, to whom the quire and the glorious path<sup>63</sup> of song are a care, and flourishing song, and the pleasant noise of pipes. But never yet was any other thing thus a care<sup>64</sup> in my mind, such performances as are suited to the banquet of youths. I marvel at these, O son of Jove, so pleasantly dost thou play. But now since, although being little, thou knowest glorious arts, sit down, dear one, and praise the discourse

<sup>60</sup> The verse θεσπεσίης ἐνοπήs, καὶ μιν γλυκὺς ἥμερος ἦρει, is added from cod. Mosc.

<sup>61</sup> Κραίνων cannot have this meaning, and Hermann seems rightly to read κλείων. For ἀμβολάδην, Ernesti compares the Latin "sublata voce."

<sup>62</sup> I have removed the comma after πονεύμενε.

<sup>63</sup> The cod. Mosc. has ἕμνος ἀοιδής.

<sup>64</sup> Hermann, from the vestiges of cod. Mosc., reads ἀλλ' οὕτω τί μοι ἄλλο μετὰ φρεσὶν ὧδε μέλησεν, which I have followed.



of thine elders, for now glory shall be thine among the immortal gods,<sup>65</sup> both to thyself and to thy mother. But I will tell this truly: yea by this cornel javelin, I will lead thee among the immortals, glorious and prosperous, and will give thee splendid gifts, and in the fulfilment [of my promise]<sup>66</sup> will not deceive thee."

But him Mercury answered with cunning words: "Thou askest me wisely, O Far-Darter; but I envy not that thou shouldst make an attempt at my art. This day shalt thou know; but I wish to be gentle towards thee in counsel and in words, but thou in thy mind well knowest all things. For thou, O son of Jove, sittest first among the immortals, both noble and valiant; and counselling Jove loves thee in all justice, and has given thee glorious gifts. And they say that thou hast learnt thy prerogative<sup>67</sup> from the voice of Jove, and oracles, O Far-Darter, from Jove, all things fated. And now I myself recognise [his] wealthy<sup>68</sup> son. But 'tis thine promptly to learn whatever thou desirest. And since then thy mind desires to touch the lyre, sing, and strike the lyre, and practise delights, having received [the power] from me, and do you, my friend, render me glory. Chant, having this sweet-voiced comrade in thy hands, which skilfully knows<sup>69</sup> how to sound well and in due order. Then quietly bear joy<sup>70</sup> to the pleasant banquet, and the delightful dance, and the laughter-loving<sup>71</sup> revel, both by night and day. Whoever indeed, being well learned in art and wisdom, shall inquire of it, uttering, it teaches all pleasant things to the mind, sporting easily in gentle intercourse,<sup>72</sup> avoiding grievous toil. But whoever, being unskilful, first inquires violently [of it], vainly afterwards babbles vain things. But 'tis thine promptly to learn

<sup>65</sup> These two verses are from cod. Mosc. See Herm.

<sup>66</sup> "Nec, quod ad effectonem promissorum attinet, te fallam." Herm.

<sup>67</sup> On this meaning of *τιμας* see Monk on Eur. Alcest. 30. But Martin places the stop after *τιμας*, which Hermann follows, reading *σε δε φασι*. This certainly gets rid of much harshness. On the oracles received by Apollo from Jove, see Broukhuis. on Tibull. iii. 4, 47.

<sup>68</sup> Although the wealth of the Delphian temple may account for this epithet, still there is much greater aptitude and elegance in Hermann's reading, *πανομφαιον*.

<sup>69</sup> Read *επισταμεν*, with Barnes.

<sup>70</sup> Join *φειν* with *εὐφροσύνην*.

<sup>71</sup> *φιλομυθία*, Cod. Par. B. C. Ruhnck. Herm.

<sup>72</sup> But see Hermann.



whatever thou desirest. And I will give this to thee, O glorious son of Jove. But we in turn, O Far-Darter, will attend to the pasturage of the field-dwelling cows both through the mountain and the horse-pasturing plain. Hence will our cows, mingling with the bulls, bring forth enough, both females and males promiscuously, nor need thou, although fond of gain, be very wrathfully angered."

Thus speaking, he stretched forth [the lyre], and Phœbus Apollo received it, and to Mercury he intrusted his shining goad, and committed [to him] the care of the herds. But the son of Maïa received it joyfully. Then the glorious son of Maia, far-darting Apollo, taking the lyre in his left hand, tried it with the quill note by note, and it gave a clear sound beneath his hand,<sup>73</sup> and to it the god sang beautifully. Here they twain indeed turned the cows<sup>74</sup> towards the divine meadow, but the beauteous descendants of Jove themselves went back towards snowy Olympus, delighted with the lyre, and counselling Jove rejoiced, and brought both of them together into friendship. And Mercury indeed loved the son of Latona thoroughly, as [he] now also [loves him],<sup>75</sup> as a pledge then [Mercury] gave the pleasant lyre to the Far-Darter, but he, having learnt it,<sup>76</sup> played on it under his arm. And he himself in turn contrived a trick of another kind of skill: he made the far-sounding voice of the syrinx. And then the son of Latona addressed Mercury in words:

"I fear, O son of Mercury, cunning-plotting messenger, lest thou rob<sup>77</sup> me of my lyre and bent bow. For thou hast the prerogative from Jove, to arrange all craft among men throughout the bounteous earth. But if thou wilt endure to swear me the mighty oath of the gods, either nodding with thy head or [swearing] by<sup>78</sup> the dreadful water of the Styx, that thou wilt do<sup>79</sup> all that is joyful and pleasant to my mind—"

<sup>73</sup> Hermann reads ἡ δ' ὑπο νίθην.

<sup>74</sup> βόας cod. Mosc. for βύες.

<sup>75</sup> This is very tame and trivial. Hermann ingeniously reads διαμπερές ἐξέρι κείνου, referring to Apollon. Rh. ii. 782, iv. 430. Il. ix. 106. Od. viii. 245. Cf. Hesych. t. i. p. 1288.

<sup>76</sup> But the old editions join ἡμερτήν διδάσας, ὃ δ' ὑπ., which Hermann follows.

<sup>77</sup> The cod. Mosc. reads ἅμα κλέψης.

<sup>78</sup> For ἡ ἐπὶ Hermann reads ἡδ'.

<sup>79</sup> Read ἔρδων with Hermann, and for the want of apodosis compare hymn, Apoll. 79.

And then the son of Maia assented, promising that he would never steal any thing that the Far-Darter possessed, nor ever approach his well-built dwelling. But Apollo, the son of Latona, assented to agreement and friendship, that no other descendant of Jove, neither god nor man, should be dearer [to him] among the immortals. "But, [said he,] I will make a perfect pledge<sup>80</sup> among the immortals, and among all,<sup>81</sup> faithful and precious to my soul. But then I will give [thee] a most beauteous rod of wealth and riches, of gold, of three leaves, perfect, which shall protect thee, having power over all the gods,<sup>82</sup> in all good words and deeds, as many as I profess to have learnt from the voice of Jove. But the divination after which thou seekest, O best one, it is not lawful for thee, nor any other of the immortals, to understand; for this the mind of Jove [alone] kens; and when I was intrusted with the gift, I assented, and swore a mighty oath, that no other of the ever-existing gods, but me, should know the deep-counselling will of Jove. Nor do thou, O brother with the golden wand, bid me proclaim the destinies, as many as far-seeing Jove devises. But I will hurt one man, and benefit another, going about many tribes of mighty men. And he indeed shall be benefited by my voices, whoever shall come with the voice and wings of perfect birds.<sup>83</sup> He shall be benefited by my voice, nor will I deceive [him].<sup>84</sup> But he who, relying on vain-speaking birds, shall wish to learn an oracle contrary to my mind, and to understand more than the gods who are for aye, he, I say, shall go a vain journey, but I will receive his gifts nevertheless.<sup>85</sup> But I tell thee another thing, O son of the gods Maia and Ægis-bearing Jove, thou beneficial deity. There are a certain three Thrians,<sup>86</sup> virgin sisters born, ex-

<sup>80</sup> i. e. a pledge that shall be ratified.

<sup>81</sup> I am scarcely satisfied respecting this passage.

<sup>82</sup> Here the reading is manifestly absurd. Hermann well reads ἐν-  
κραίνοντο ὁμοῦς ἐπὶ τὸν κ. τ. λ.

<sup>83</sup> Understand πῆγας from vs. 542.

<sup>84</sup> This line is, with reason, condemned by Ernesti.

<sup>85</sup> "That man shall sea-ways tread that leave no tracts,  
And false, and no guide find for all his facts.  
And yet will I his gifts accept as well  
As his to whom the simple truth I tell."

Chapman.

<sup>86</sup> I have adopted this masterly restitution of Hermann's, in lieu of the common reading Μοῖραι, and cod. Mosc. σιμυαί. He refers to Apollodor.

ulting in their swift pinions, and with their heads strewed with hoary wheat, who dwell in habitations beneath the dell of Parnassus, teachers of prophecy [dwelling] apart, which, while a boy with the herds, I studied, but my father cared not. From thence, then, flying each in different ways, they feed on honey, and bring all things to pass. But when indeed they wander about, feeding on the fresh honey, they are willing to tell the truth promptly. But if they are deprived of the sweet food of the gods, they then endeavour to lead one out of the way. These will I afterwards give to thee, but do thou, accurately inquiring, delight thy own mind; †and if thou knowest a mortal man, often will he hear thy voice, if he chance.†<sup>87</sup> Possess this, O son of Maia, and attend to the field-dwelling crumpled-horn cows, and the horses, and hard-toiling mules: and that thou, glorious Mercury, shalt rule over dreadful lions, and white-tusked boars, and dogs, and sheep, and over all cattle, as many as the wide earth nourishes, and that thou alone shalt be the perfect messenger into Hades, and, although not a giver, shalt give not the least of gifts."

Thus did king Apollo cherish the son of Maia with all manner of affection, but Saturnian [Jove] gave good will. And he associates with all mortals and immortals; little, indeed, does he benefit, but countlessly deceives the tribes of mortal man through the gloomy night. And do thou then hail! O son of Jove and Maia, but I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

iii. 10, 2. Zenob. Prov. Cent. v. 75. Etym. Magn. p. 455, 34. Schol. Callim. in Apoll. 45. Compare Hesych. t. i. p. 1732, *θρίαί αι προμάνεις* (so Berkel. on Steph. s. v. *θρία*). See Pinedo on Steph. Byz. p. 340.

<sup>87</sup> Of this line I can make nothing, and Ernesti has come to the same conclusion, observing, "sensus videtur requirere: si mortales juveris sc. prædictionibus tuis, tum utique sæpe te consulent."

III. TO VENUS.<sup>1</sup>

SING to me, O Muse, the deeds of golden Cyprian Venus, who both has excited sweet love among the gods, and has subdued the tribes of mortal men, and the heaven-descended birds, and all beasts, as many indeed as the mainland, and as many as the sea<sup>2</sup> cherish in great numbers. But to all of them the occupations of elegantly-crowned Cytherea are a care. But three minds she is unable to persuade or deceive, [namely] the daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, dark-eyed Minerva; for her the occupations of golden Venus delight not, but wars and the deeds of Mars please her, and conflicts, and battles, and to practise renowned deeds. He first taught mortal<sup>3</sup> workmen to make waggons and various chariots in brass, and she taught soft-fleshed virgins splendid works in their dwellings, setting them in the mind of each. Nor does smile-loving Venus overcome in dalliance resounding Artemis of the golden distaff. For to her the bow is pleasant,<sup>4</sup> and to slay beasts o'er mountains, and lyres, and choirs, and piercing shouts, and shadowy woods, and a city of just men. Nor indeed do the occupations of Venus please the hallowed virgin, Vesta, to whom first wily Saturn gave birth, and last again,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An elegant paraphrase of this hymn, which Coleridge (p. 299) considers as "conceived in an older, more Homeric spirit, than any of the other hymns," will be found in the second volume of Congreve's works. Muller, Lit. of Greece, vii. 6, says, "it is an obvious conjecture that this hymn (the tone and expression of which has much of the genuine Homer) was sung in honour of princes of the family of Æneas, in some town of the range of Ida, where the same line continued to reign even until the Peloponnesian war." Grote, vol. i. p. 73, rather thinks that it was "probably sung at one of the festivals of Aphrodite in Cyprus."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Eurip. Hippol. 2, sqq., and 447, *ποιτᾷ δ' ἀν' αἰθέρ', ἔστι δ' ἐν θαλάσσει Κλυδωνί Κυπρίε, πάντα δ' ἐκ ταύτης ἔβη*. Lucret. i. 17, "Denique per maria ac montis, fluviosque rapacis. Frondiferasque domos avium, camposque virentis, Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem, Efficit, ut cupide generatim secla propagent."

<sup>3</sup> Hermann prefers *ἐπιχθονίοις*, joining it with *ποιήσαι*.

<sup>4</sup> Compare the prayer of Artemis to her father Jove, in Callimach. in Dian. 6, *δός μοι παρθενίην αἰώνιον, ἄππα, φυλάσσειν . . . δός δ' ἰοῦς καὶ ῥόξα, κ. τ. λ.*

<sup>5</sup> "Nemo quod sciam hunc locum explicare conatus, Vestam nempe

by the counsel of Ægis-bearing Jove, hallowed Neptune and Apollo wooed; but she was altogether unwilling, and vehemently refused. And the divine of goddesses swore a mighty oath, which indeed was accomplished, touching the head of her sire, Ægis-bearing Jove, [to the effect] that she would be a virgin all her days. But to her her father granted a fair gift instead of marriage, for she sat down in the midst of the dwelling,<sup>6</sup> enjoying the savour. And she possesses honour in all the temples of the gods, and among all mortals is the most honoured of the gods. Of these [three] she is unable to persuade or beguile the minds, but of others there is nought that can escape Venus, neither among the blessed gods, nor mortal men. Nay, she even turns aside the mind of thunder-rejoicing Jove,<sup>7</sup> who is both mightiest, and has been allotted the mightiest honour; and having beguiled his mind, when she wishes, she easily mingles him with mortal dames, escaping the notice of his sister-wife, who is much the most beauteous in form among the immortal goddesses. For wily Saturn and her mother Rhea brought forth her most glorious, but Jove, who kens imperishable counsels, made her his hallowed wife, knowing good things. But into [Venus] herself Jove cast sweet desire in her mind, that she should enjoy the embraces of a mortal man, that with all speed she herself might not be excluded from the mortal couch, and smile-loving Venus, sweetly smiling, might at some time boast among all the gods, how that she had mingled the gods with mortal women, and mortals had borne<sup>8</sup> [children] to immortals, and how she had mingled the goddesses with mortal men. And he infused into her mind sweet fondness for Anchises, who then on the lofty mountains of many-rilled Ida,<sup>9</sup> was pasturing his herds, like unto the immortals in

*primam Saturno genitam, hoc est seniore; et tamen juniorem, ultimamque; cum sunt Juno et Ceres, priores. Ipse tamen poeta mox explicat quodammodo, ubi πῶρυ καὶ πυμάρι 'Ἐστὶν σπένδασθαι λέγει, xxviii. vs. 5.'* Barnes.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the place where Venus was supposed to preside. Firmicus de Err. Prof. Rel. p. 19. "Vesta autem quid sit discite, ne putetis antiquum aliquid, aut cum summo terrore inventum. Ignis est domesticus, qui in fociis quotidianis usibus servit." Albricus de Deor. Imagg. § 17, "erat enim templum (Vestæ) latum et spatiosum, cum ara in medio." Cf. Serv. on Virg. Æn. ii. 296.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Eur. Hipp. 453, sqq.

<sup>8</sup> Read *τίσιν* with Hermann.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Coleridge, p. 299.

frame. Him then when smile-loving Venus had beheld, she loved, and violently did love seize her in mind, and coming into Cyprus, she entered her incense-fraught temple at Paphos, where she has a temple and an incense-fraught altar. Here she entering, put to the shining doors, and here the Graces<sup>10</sup> washed her, and anointed her with ambrosial oil, such as blossoms on the gods who are for ever, ambrosial, precious, which was offered in honour of her. And smile-loving Venus, when she had put on all her beauteous garments around her form, being adorned with gold, set out to Troy, quitting sweet-scented Cyprus, swiftly making her way through the clouds on high. And she reached many-rilled Ida, the mother of wild beasts, and went straight through the mountain to the stall, and after her fawning went the hoary wolves and savage lions, the bears and swift pards, insatiate after the hinds. But she was delighted in mind, as she perceived [them], and into their breasts inspired love.<sup>11</sup> And they all in pairs retired to rest in the shadowy recesses. But she herself came into the well-built huts, and found the hero Anchises left in the stalls, apart from the rest, possessing beauty from the gods. But they all were following the herds through the grassy pastures, but he, left alone from the rest in the stalls, was pacing to and fro, clearly striking the lyre. And near before him stood Venus, the daughter of Jove, like in height and figure<sup>12</sup> to an unwedded virgin, lest he should be terrified on perceiving her. But Anchises, when he beheld, reflected and marvelled at her form, and height, and splendid garments. For she had put on a robe more shining than the flame of fire, and she had bended circlets and shining pendant drops,<sup>13</sup> and there were most beautiful necklaces around her neck, beautiful, golden, all-variegated, and around her smooth breast she shone like the moon, a marvel to behold. But love seized Anchises, and he addressed her in words:

"Hail, O queen, whoever thou art of the blest that comest

<sup>10</sup> Cf. *Odyss.* 9. 362, sqq., where these lines also occur.

<sup>11</sup> Cf. *Lucret.* above quoted.

"For every glance she gives, soft fire imparts,  
Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.  
Inflamed with love all single out their mates,  
And to their shady dens each pair retreats."

Congreve.

<sup>12</sup> "Virginis os habitumque gerens." *Virg. Æn.* i. 319.

<sup>13</sup> I am in some doubt about the meaning of *κάλυκας*.

to this dwelling, Diana, or Latona,<sup>14</sup> or golden Venus, or well-born Themis, or dark-eyed Minerva, or whether thou hast come hither [being] one of the Graces, who associate with all the gods, and are called immortal, or one of the nymphs who inhabit beautiful woods, or of the nymphs who dwell on this beautiful mountain,<sup>15</sup> and the fountains of rivers and the grassy valleys. But unto thee I will make an altar on a lofty rock, in a conspicuous place, and I will offer thee beautiful victims at all hours. But do thou, having a well-wishing disposition, grant that I may be a conspicuous hero<sup>16</sup> among the Trojans, and make my progeny hereafter flourishing, but [grant] that I myself may live well and long, and behold the light of the sun, blest among the people, and may reach the threshold of old age."

But him Venus, the daughter of Jove, then answered: "Anchises, most glorious of men born upon the earth, I am no god indeed; why dost thou equal me with the immortals? But [I am] both mortal, and a woman mother gave me birth. But my father is renowned Atreus, if perchance thou hast heard his name, who rules over all well-fortified Phrygia. But I know your language and our own clearly, for a Trojan<sup>17</sup> nurse cherished me in my home, and she trained up me, a little girl, having received me from my mother. Thus therefore I well understand your language also. But now the golden-wanded slayer of Argus has snatched me away out of the choir of golden-distaffed, resounding Diana. For we, a number of nymphs and Alpheisibœan virgins, were at play, and a countless multitude crown-like surrounded us; whence the golden-wanded slayer of Argus snatched me away. And he led me to many works of mortal men, and also to much unallotted and unbuilt [country], through which flesh-devouring wild beasts make their way in shady recesses, nor did I seem to touch the life-breathing earth with my feet. But he said that I should be called a wedded wife at the bed of Anchises, and should bear thee glorious children. But after he

<sup>14</sup> Compare the similar address of Æneas in Virg. *Æn.* i. 332: "O dea certe; An Phœbi soror, an nympharum sanguinis una?" Cf. Heliodor. *Ethiop.* i. 2, Chariton, i. p. 1, with D'Orville's notes.

<sup>15</sup> I agree with Ruhnken in condemning this line as a frigid interpolation.

<sup>16</sup> But Hermann reads *αἰεὶ* instead of *ἀνδρα*, and with reason.

<sup>17</sup> Ernesti's emendation is confirmed by cod. Mosc.



had shown and spoken this, straightway the potent slayer of Argus went back to the tribes of the gods. But I have come to thee, and there was a strong necessity for me [to do so]. But I beseech thee by Jove and by thy excellent parents, (for no mean pair could have produced such a one [as thee],) leading me, untouched, and unskilled in love, show me to thy father, and to thy mother who is skilled in prudence, and to thy sisters, who are of the same race to them. I will not be an unworthy daughter-in-law to them, but such as is meet. Whether I shall in aught be an unworthy woman, or not so.<sup>18</sup> And send a messenger quickly to the swift-horsed Phrygians, to tell my sire and my mother, anxious as she must be. But they will send enough both of gold and of woven vesture; but do thou receive the many and glorious gifts. But doing this, celebrate the pleasant feast of nuptials honourable to men and to the immortal gods."

Thus having spoken, the goddess instilled sweet desire into his mind, and love seized Anchises, and he spoke, and addressed her: "If indeed thou art mortal, and a mortal mother bore thee, and thy illustrious father is high Atreus, as thou sayest, and thou hast come hither at the behest of the immortal messenger Mercury, and thou shalt be called my wife all my days, then no one neither of gods nor of mortal men shall here restrain me, before I forthwith be mingled in thine embrace; no, not if far-darting Apollo himself let fly the grievous shafts from his silver bow. I would then be willing, O woman like unto the goddesses, having ascended thy couch, to enter within the dwelling of Hades."<sup>19</sup>

Thus saying, he took her hand, and smile-loving Venus turning round, went, casting down her beauteous eyes, to the well-spread couch, which before was spread for the king with soft garments, but above there lay the skins of bears, and loud-voiced lions, which he himself had slain on the

<sup>18</sup> This is hopeless nonsense, as the text now stands. Ruhnken seems right in considering this verse as an awkward compound of two others, but I can find no satisfactory emendation.

<sup>19</sup> "Nor should Apollo with his silver bow  
Shoot me to instant death, would I forbear  
To do a deed so full of cause so dear.  
For with a heaven-sweet woman I will lie;  
Though straight I stoop the house of Dis, and die."

Chapman.

lofty mountains. But when they had ascended the well-wrought couch, he first took the shining ornaments off her body, the brooches, and bended circlets, and the pendant drops and necklaces. And Anchises loosed her girdle, and stripped off her splendid garments, and placed her on the gold-studded throne. But he then, under the behest and destiny of the gods, was couched with the immortal goddess, not clearly knowing it. But when the shepherds again return back into the stall, and the cows and sturdy<sup>20</sup> sheep from the flowery pastures, then indeed she breathed sweet sleep into Anchises, painless, but she herself put beautiful garments around her body. And when the divine one of goddesses had put on all [her garments] around her body, she stood by the couch of the well-made dwelling, she raised her head, and immortal beauty shone from her cheeks, such as is [the beauty] of beautifully-crowned Cytherea. And she aroused him from slumber and spoke, and addressed him:

"Arise, son of Dardanus, why sleepest thou an unwakeful sleep? and say, whether I seem to be at all like what thou at first didst perceive me with thine eyes."<sup>21</sup>

Thus she spoke, but he heard very briskly from his sleep, but when he beheld the neck and beauteous eyes of Venus, he dreaded, and turned his eyes another way. And again he hid his fair face in his garment, and beseeching her, he spoke winged words: "Immediately, O goddess, that I first beheld thee with mine eyes, I perceived that thou wast a goddess; but thou didst not speak the truth. But, I implore thee by Ægis-bearing Jove, leave me not to live weak<sup>22</sup> among mor-

<sup>20</sup> Perhaps answering to the "petulci" of Virgil; "fat and frolic sheep," is Chapman's version.

<sup>21</sup>

"— Anchises, wake;

Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake:

Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,

Behold me well—say, if I seem the same." Congreve.

<sup>22</sup> Anchises seems to have been subsequently punished by paralysis caused by a flash of lightning. Cf. Servius on *Æn.* ii. 649, "Cum inter æquales exultaret Anchises, gloriatus traditur de concubitu Veneris: quod cum Jovi Venus quæstæ esset, emeruit ut in Anchisem fulmina mitterentur; sed Venus cum eum fulmine posse vidisset interimi, miserata juvenitas; in aliam partem detorsit: Anchises tamen afflatus igne cœlesti, semper debilis vixit." Hesych., ἀμνηνᾶ, ἀσθενῆ, κατὰ στήρησιν τῆς δυνάμειος.

tals, since that man is not long-lived, who couches with the immortal goddesses."

But him Venus, the daughter of Jove, then answered: "Anchises, most glorious of mortal men, be of good cheer, and fear not over-much in thy mind. For there is no fear that thou wilt suffer evil from me at least, nor from the other blessed gods, since thou art dear to the gods. And thou shalt have a beloved son who shall rule over the Trojans, and children shall be born to [his] children throughout. But his name shall be *Æneas*, since sad<sup>23</sup> grief possessed me, because I had fallen into the bed of a mortal man. But from thy race the gods shall ever be most near to mortal men both in form and mien. Thus counselling Jove snatched away yellow-haired Ganymede on account of his beauty, that he might dwell with the immortals, and in the house of Jove he is cup-bearer to the gods, a marvel to behold, honoured among all the immortals, pouring ruby nectar from a golden cup. But unceasing grief possessed the mind of Tros, nor knew he whither the heaven-sent whirlwind had snatched away his beloved son. Him then he mourned continually throughout all days. And Jove pitied him, and gave him rewards instead of his son, swift-footed steeds, which bear along the immortals. Them he gave to him as a gift, and the messenger, the slayer of Argus, told him each matter, at the behest of Jove, that he should be immortal and free from old age all his days. But when he heard the messages of Jove, he no longer groaned, but rejoiced within his mind, and rejoicing was carried by his swift-footed steeds. And in like manner golden-throned Morn snatched away Tithonus [sprung] from your race, like unto the immortals. But she went to beseech the black-clouded son of Saturn, that he might be immortal and live all days; and to her Jove assented, and fulfilled her request. Foolish she! nor did revered Morn think in her mind to ask for youth [for him], and to rub off pernicious old age. So as long as much-loved youth possessed him, delighting himself with golden-throned Morn, the mother of day, he dwelt at the stream of ocean, at the boundaries of the earth. But when the first white hairs were poured from his beautiful head and noble beard, then indeed revered Morn abstained from his bed, but nurtured him in turn, keeping him in her dwellings, with

<sup>23</sup> A pun on *αἰνός*, grief, and *Æneas*.

food, and ambrosia, and giving him beauteous garments. But when hateful old age was completely pressing on, and he was not able to move or raise his limbs, then this seemed to her in her mind the best plan: she placed him in a bedchamber and put shining doors to it. His voice indeed flows<sup>24</sup> over talkatively, nor is there any longer such strength in his flexible members as [there was] before. I would not choose thee to be such among the immortals, to be immortal, and to live all days. But if indeed, being such in form and figure, thou couldst live, and be called my husband, grief would not then surround my deep thoughts. But now old age, equal [to all], will quickly surround thee, merciless! which afterwards comes upon men, destructive, toilsome, which the gods hate. But to me will there be great reproach all days on account of thee, among the gods, who hitherto dreaded my converse and devices, by which I have at sometime mingled all the immortals with mortal women. For my device has subdued all. But now indeed no longer will my mouth be opened<sup>25</sup> to mention this among immortals, since I am much hurt, hardly, unbearably, and have wandered in mind, and, couched with a mortal, have conceived a son beneath my zone. Him indeed, as soon as he shall first behold the light of the sun, shall the mountain-dwelling, deep-bosomed nymphs nourish, who inhabit this mighty and divine mountain, who indeed are neither mortals nor immortals.<sup>26</sup> Long,<sup>27</sup> indeed, they live, and eat

<sup>24</sup> But Ilgen reads *ρεῖ ἄσπερον*, from Il. xvii. 332, meaning, I suppose, to express the indistinct accents of a person who speaks under the influence of fear. Hesych. *ρεῖν φοβεῖσθαι, φέγγειν*.

"All pow'rs so quite decay'd, that when he spake,  
His voice no perceptible accent brake." Chapman.

"Of youth, of vigour, and of voice bereft." Congreve.

<sup>25</sup> I have adopted *χσιεταί*, Martin's conjecture, with Ernesti and Hermann.

<sup>26</sup> Hermann rightly explains this sense of *ἔπονται*, "quæ neque in mortalibus neque in immortalibus numerantur." Congreve has well expressed this:

"They nor of mortal, nor immortal seed,  
Are said to spring, yet on ambrosia feed."

<sup>27</sup> The reader will find some good illustrations of this fable in Barnes, but I cannot help transcribing the following quaint remarks from a note on Congreve's Translation, vol. ii. p. 476. "Ausonius, from Hesiod, computes the life of a man at ninety-six years; a crow, he says, lives nine

ambrosial food, and the immortals raise up the beauteous quire. And with them the Sileni and the sharp scout, the slayer of Argus, were mingled in love, in a recess of the pleasant caves. But together with them at their birth were born either beech trees or high-crested oaks upon the bounteous earth, beauteous, standing exposed to the sun in lofty mountains, but they call them the groves of the immortals, which mortals never crop with the steel; but when the destiny of death is now at hand, the beauteous trees are first dried up upon the earth, and the bark perishes round them, and the boughs fall off, and at the same time their life quits the light of the sun. They indeed shall cherish my son, having him with them. And when pleasant youth first possesses him, the goddesses will lead him hither to thee, and show thy son. And unto thee—that I may pass over all these matters in my mind—I will come after five years, bringing thy son. But when thou shalt first behold this branch with thine eyes, thou wilt rejoice at the sight, for he will be very godlike, and thou wilt straightway lead him to wind-swept Thuriæ. But if any one of mortal men shall ask thee what mother conceived a dear son for thee beneath her girdle, to him be thou mindful to say, as I bid thee, [thus:] They say,<sup>28</sup> that he is the offspring of the nymph Calycopis, who inhabit this mountain clad in wood. But if indeed thou shalt speak out and boast with foolish mind, that thou wast mingled in dalliance with well-crowned Cytherea, Jove, enraged, shall smite thee with the smouldering lightning. All is told to thee, but do thou, understanding in thy mind, restrain thyself, nor mention my name. But guard against the wrath of the gods."

Thus having spoken, she leaped forth towards the windy heaven. Hail, O goddess, ruling over well-built Cyprus, and I, beginning from thee, will pass on to another hymn.

times as long; a deer four times as long as a crow; a raven three times as long as a deer; the phoenix ten times as long as a raven; and these Hamadryades live ten times as long as the phoenix. But the most received opinion was, that they lived just as long as their trees. Therefore, this from Ausonius, seems rather to refer to the Dryades, and the duration of a whole wood; for there are frequent instances where they were indifferently called Dryades and Hamadryades by the ancient poets. They were very sensible of good offices, and grateful to them who at any time preserved their trees."

<sup>28</sup> But Matthiæ and Hermann, with reason, read *φᾶσθαι*, "say that he is." &c.

IV. TO THE SAME.<sup>29</sup>

I WILL sing hallowed, golden-crowned, beauteous Venus, who has obtained the fortresses of all maritime Cyprus, where the force of gentle-breathing Zephyr bore her o'er the wave of the much-resounding sea, on the soft foam. But her the golden-frontleted Hours joyfully received, and put on her immortal garments, and upon her immortal head they put a well-wrought crown, beauteous, golden, and in her perforated ears a gift of orichalcum and precious gold. And they decked her tender neck and white bosom around with golden carcanets, with which also the Hours themselves, with golden frontlets, were adorned, whenever they went to the pleasant dance of the gods and the dwelling of their sire. But after they had put the whole ornaments around her form, they led her to the immortals; but they, when they beheld, saluted her, and welcomed her with their right hands, and wished each that she might be his wedded wife, and to lead her home, marvelling at the form of violet-crowned Cytherea. Hail! thou eye-winker, sweet-voiced one, and grant that I may bear off the victory in this contest, and aid my song. But I will be mindful of thee and another song.

## V. BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

CONCERNING<sup>1</sup> Bacchus, the son of glorious Semele, I will make mention, how he appeared on the shore of the unfruitful sea, upon a jutting beach,<sup>2</sup> like unto a young man in the first

<sup>29</sup> These minor hymns are considered by Coleridge to be "mere preludes or short preparatory addresses to, or eulogies of, the divinity at whose festival the rhapsode was present, and was about to recite some poem of greater length." Introd. p. 285. The brief mythological notes of Barnes may prove useful to the student.

<sup>1</sup> This formula of commencing a hymn is well illustrated by Barnes from Aristoph. Nub. 505, and Suidas, v. ἀμφιανακτίζειν.

<sup>2</sup> But Ernesti would read ἀκρη, comparing Nonnus xlv. p. 1164,

bloom of youth, while his beauteous dark tresses were shaken around, and he wore a purple mantle about his sturdy shoulders. But quickly came Tyrrhenian pirates from the well-benched ship upon the dark sea, and evil fate led it on. But they, perceiving [him], beckoned to one another, and quickly leaped out, and speedily having seized him, they seated him in their ship, rejoicing at heart. For they said that he was a son of Jove-nurtured princes, and wished to bind him in grievous fetters. But him the fetters restrained not, and the withy hands fell far off from his hands and feet; and he sat smiling with his dark eyes, but the pilot, perceiving, straightway gave orders to his comrades, and addressed them.

"Miserable men! who is this powerful god who ye, having seized, have bound? Nor is the well-constructed ship able to bear him. For either he is Jove, or silver-bowed Apollo, or Neptune; since he is not like unto mortal men, but to the gods who possess the Olympian dwellings. But come, let us forthwith leave him upon the dark mainland, nor lay your hands upon him, lest, being at all enraged, he stir up troublesome gales and a mighty whirlwind."

Thus he spake, but him the captain rebuked with bitter speech: "My good man, look to the prosperous gale, and at the same time draw up the sail of the ship, having made full tackle. But this one shall be a care to men. I hope that he will come or to Egypt, or to Cyprus, or to the Hyperboreans, or yet farther, and that he will at last declare both his friends, and all his possessions, and his brethren; since fortune has presented him to us."

Thus having spoken, he drew up the mast and sail of the ship, and the wind breathed upon the middle of the sail and around it they stretched out the cordage. But quickly to them appeared wondrous deeds.<sup>3</sup> First indeed sweet-scented

*αἰγιαλοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσιν.* He forgot Od. xxiv. 82, ἀκτὴ ἐπὶ προΐχουσα, which Hesych. t. i. p. 212, interprets, ἐν τῷ ἰεῖχοντι μέρει τοῦ αἰγιαλοῦ. The same grammarian also explains it by παραθαλάσσιος τόπος. There is the same distinction between our words "shore" and "bench." More-over, that ἀκτὴ means the projecting rocky parts of the shore, which are most beaten by the waves, but θινεὶς the sandy, is evident from the Schol. on Il. ii. 395, on Soph. Aj. 414, and Ammonius, p. 9, where see Valck.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Seneca, CEd. 449. "Te Tyrrhena puer rapuit manus, Et tumidum Nereus posuit mare, Cœrula cum pratis mutat freta. Huic vernus platanus folio vires, Et Phœbo laurus carum nemus. G. cœrula per ramos



wine bubbled through the swift black ship, and an ambrosial savour arose, and dread seized all the sailors as they beheld. And straightway a vine was stretched out by the highest top of the sail, on this side and that, and many clusters hung down. And around the mast the dark ivy, flourishing in blossoms, was entwined, and the pleasant fruit sprang forth, and all the thongs [of the oars] were furnished with crowns. But they perceiving it, then bade Medides,<sup>4</sup> their pilot, put to land. But he in their sight became a dreadful lion within the ship, upon its summit, and he roared mightily, and in the middle [of the ship] he made a shaggy-necked bear, showing forth marvels. And he arose eagerly, but dreadful<sup>5</sup> was the lion upon the top of the bench, scowling savagely, but they fled terrified to the poop, and stood astounded around the pilot who [alone] possessed a prudent mind. But he<sup>6</sup> hastily making an onslaught, seized the captain, and they, shunning evil fate, all at once leaped out, when they beheld him, into the boundless sea, and became dolphins. But pitying the pilot, [Bacchus] restrained him, and rendered him all fortunate, and spake thus:

"Be of good cheer, noble pilot,<sup>7</sup> most grateful to my mind. But I am Bacchus the loud-sounding, whom a Cadmeian mother Semele bore, mingling in the embrace of Jove."

Hail! son of fair-faced Semele; never is it possible, forgetting thee, to adorn the sweet song.<sup>8</sup>

avis obstrepit, vivaces ederas ramus tenet, Summa ligat vitis carchesia, Idæus prora fremuit leo," &c. Cf. Propert. iii. 17, 25. Ovid, Met. iii. 606, sqq. Hygin. Fab. cxxxiv. Lactant. Placid. Arg. Ovid. Met. iii. fab. 9, 10.

<sup>4</sup> In other authors he is called Acetes. I myself think, with Hermann, that an accusative is wanting. He ingeniously reads *νῆ' ἡδῆ*.

<sup>5</sup> This must be the sense, as *δεινὸν ὑποδρα* can hardly be joined.

<sup>6</sup> Bacchus, in his lion's form.

<sup>7</sup> This word is very doubtful. See Hermann.

<sup>8</sup> "And thus, all excellence of grace to thee,  
Son of sweet-count'nance-carrying Semele.

I must not thee forget, in least degree;

But pray thy spirit to render so my song,

Sweet, and all ways in order'd fury strong."

Chapman.

VI. TO MARS.<sup>1</sup>

Most mighty Mars, weigher down of chariots,<sup>2</sup> gold-casqued, great-minded, shield-bearing, city-preserver, brass-equipped, strong-handed, untired, powerful in the spear, bulwark of Olympus, father of well-warred victory, aider of justice, tyrant over opponents, leader of most upright men, chieftain of valour, revolving thy fiery circle in æther among the seven wandering stars,<sup>3</sup> where thy flaming steeds ever uplift thee above the third chariot.<sup>4</sup> Hear, O helper of mortals, giver of daring youth, gently pouring down a gleam<sup>5</sup> from on high for our livelihood, and martial valour, that I may be able to ward off bitter evil from mine head, and in my thoughts subdue the deceitful inclination of my soul, and also restrain the sharp wrath of anger, which incites me to enter on the chill battle. But do thou, O blest one, give courage, and [grant] me to remain in the harmless laws of peace, escaping the conflict and violent fate of hostile men.

## VII. TO DIANA.

Sing, Muse, Diana, the foster-sister of far-darting Apollo, the shaft-rejoicing virgin, who, having washed her steeds in deep-rushed Meles,<sup>6</sup> swiftly drives<sup>6</sup> on her all-golden chariot

<sup>1</sup> This hymn is rightly regarded as Orphic, not Homeric, by Ruhnken, and Hermann has accordingly published it among his Orphica, p. 553. A comparison with a similar hymn to Mars, p. 334, will show how correct this view is.

<sup>2</sup> Not the Pleiades, as Chapman supposed, but the planets. Cf. Hygin. Poet. Astron. ii. 42; iv. 19. But Eur. Iph. Aul. 7, has *ἑπταπόρου Πλειάδος*.

<sup>3</sup> "*Tertio loco inter planetas equi te vehunt, nempe initio numerandi superne facti ab Saturno.*" Ernesti.

<sup>4</sup> It must be remembered that the star of Mars was called *πυρόεις* on account of its superior brilliancy, "*quia ignitis fulgorum ardoribus sanguinolentus, et minaci luminis coruscatione terribilis est,*" says Jul. Firmicus, Astron. i. 2.

<sup>5</sup> A river near Smyrna, whence Homer took his surname of Me-sigenes.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. Æsch. Pers. 84, *Σύριον θ' ἄρμα διώκων*.

through Smyrna into vine-bearing Clarus, where silver-bowed Apollo sits awaiting the far-darting [maid] who rejoices in arrows. And do thou thus hail—and with thee all the goddesses—in song! But I indeed will both first begin from thee<sup>7</sup> to sing, and, having begun from thee will pass on to another hymn.

### VIII. TO VENUS.

I WILL sing Cyprus-sprung Cytherea, who both gives pleasant gifts<sup>8</sup> to mortals, and with pleasant visage is ever smiling, and bears a lovely flower [of beauty]. Hail! goddess, ruling over well-built Salamis and all Cyprus,<sup>9</sup> and grant [me] pleasant song, but I will be mindful of thee, and of another song.

### IX. TO MINERVA.

I BEGIN to sing Pallas Minerva, the dread guardian of cities, to whom, in company with Mars, warlike deeds are a care, and cities overthrown, and the din of wars.<sup>10</sup> †And she also guards the people both on going and returning.†<sup>11</sup> Hail! goddess, and grant to us fortune and prosperity.

### X. TO JUNO.

I SING golden-throned Juno, whom Rhea brought forth, the immortal queen, possessing surpassing beauty, both sister and glorious wife<sup>12</sup> of loud-resounding Jove, whom all the gods through long Olympus venerating honour equally with thunder-rejoicing Jove.

<sup>7</sup> See my note on the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, vs. 1.

<sup>8</sup> Cf. Pindar, Ol. i. 120, φίλια δῶρα κυπριας. Hesiod, Scut. Herc. τερπόμενος δῶροισι πολυχρύσου Ἀφροδίτης. See int. pp. on Virg. *Æn.* iv. 33.

<sup>9</sup> In the cod. Mosc. there are evidently two versions of this hymn mixed up together, the following lines being added in Hermann's ed.:

χαῖρε μάκαιρα, κυθήρης εὐκτεμένης μεδίσουσα,  
ἔιναιλινς τε κύπρου· δὸς δ' ἡμερόσσαν ἀοιδὴν.

<sup>10</sup> Observe the hendiadys.

<sup>11</sup> Evidently an interpolation: *νίσσομαι* cannot bear such a meaning.

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Il. xvii. 356, with my note.

XI. TO CERES.

I BEGIN to sing fair-haired Ceres, a venerable goddess, herself and her most beauteous daughter Proserpine. Hail! goddess, and preserve this city,<sup>13</sup> and direct my song.

XII. TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS.

SING to me, sweet<sup>14</sup> Muse, daughter of mighty Jove, the mother both of all gods and all men, to whom the noise of cymbals and drums,<sup>15</sup> and with it the drone of pipes is pleasant, and the howling of wolves and terrible lions, and the echoing mountains, and woody recesses. And do thou thus hail, and with thee all the goddesses, in song.

XIII. TO LION-HEARTED HERCULES.

I WILL sing Hercules the son of Jove, whom Alcmena bore, the most valiant of earthly beings, in Thebes of beauteous quires, having been embraced by dark-clouded Jove. Who in days of yore, wandering o'er boundless earth and sea, at the behest of king Eurystheus, himself both did and suffered many grievous deeds.<sup>16</sup> But now he dwells delighted on the fair seat of snowy Olympus, and possesses fair-ancled Hebe. Hail! O king, son of Jove, and give valour and prosperity.

XIV. TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

I BEGIN to sing the healer of diseases, Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, whom divine Coronis bore in the Dotian<sup>17</sup> field, the

<sup>13</sup> Barnes well compares Callim. in Cer. 135.

<sup>14</sup> Cf. Alcman, fragm. i. 1, ed. Welcker.

<sup>15</sup> On this miscellaneous musical taste, cf. Lucret. ii. 618, sqq., Catull. lxi. 28, sqq., and Lilius Gyraldus de Diis, Synt. iv. p. 140, ed. Amst.

<sup>16</sup> Here there is another similar interpolation to the one in Hymn viii. See Hermann.

<sup>17</sup> In Thessaly. See Barnes.

daughter of king Phlegyas, a great joy to men, an appeaser of evil pangs. And do thou thus hail, O king! but I implore thee in song.

#### XV. TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.<sup>18</sup>

SING, O sweet Muse, Castor and Pollux, the sons of Tyndarus, who were sprung from Olympian Jove, whom hallowed Leda brought forth beneath the height of Taygetus, being stealthily overcome by the dark-clouded son of Saturn. Hail! ye sons of Tyndarus, mounters of fleet steeds.

#### XVI. TO MERCURY.

I SING Cyllenian Mercury, the slayer of Argus, who rules over Cyllene and Arcadia rich in flocks, the beneficial messenger of the immortals, whom hallowed Maia, the daughter of Atlas, brought forth, mingling in the embrace of Jove. But she shunned the company of the blessed gods, dwelling in a shady cave, where the son of Saturn mingled with the fair-haired nymph in the depth of night, when sweet sleep possessed white-armed Juno.<sup>19</sup> And she escaped the notice both of the immortal gods and mortal men. And do thou thus hail, son of Jove and Maia. But commencing from thee, I will pass on to another hymn. Hail! Mercury, thou giver of joys, messenger, giver of good things.

#### XVII. TO PAN.

SING to me, O Muse, concerning the dear son of Mercury, goat-footed, two-horned, lover of the dance,<sup>20</sup> who goes through woody Pisa in company with the nymphs who are accustomed to the dance, who also step along the tracks<sup>21</sup> of

<sup>18</sup> See below, Hymn xxxi.

<sup>19</sup> "When golden sleep shut Juno's jealous eye." Chapman.

<sup>20</sup> Chapman is more literal: "amorous of noise."

<sup>21</sup> I read κέλευθα from a MS. with Hermann.

the lofty rock, calling upon Pan, the god of shepherds, with beauteous hair, [yet] squalid,<sup>22</sup> who has been allotted every snow-capped height, and the summits and rocky heads of mountains. And he goes hither and thither through the dense thickets, sometimes allured by the gentle streams, but sometimes again he passes over the sun-traversed mountains, ascending the loftiest height that overlooks the flocks, and oftentimes he runs over the long hoary mountain-ranges, and oftentimes he passes through the feet of the hills, slaying wild beasts, looking sharply about. And then he drives his sheep into their cave,<sup>23</sup> returning from the chase, playing a sweet song on the reeds. Him not even the bird, which pouring forth her song among the leaves of flowery spring, pours forth a sweet lay, would surpass in song. And with him<sup>24</sup> then the sweet-songed mountain-nymphs, coming frequently on foot to the dark-watered fountain, raise the song, and the echo sounds around the height of the mountain. And the god going hither and thither in the midst of the dances, moves frequently with his feet. But on his back he wears the blood-stained skin of a lynx, delighting his mind with sweet lays in the soft meadow, where the crocus and fragrant hyacinth flourishing are mingled with abundant grass. And they hymn the blessed gods and mighty Olympus, as,<sup>25</sup> for instance, beneficial Mercury above all, how he is the swift messenger of all the gods. And he indeed came into many-rilled Arcadia, the

<sup>22</sup> "On Pan, the bright-hair'd god of pastoral,  
Who yet is lean and loveless,"

Chapman.

<sup>23</sup> This is partly the emendation of Bernard Martin, partly of Ruhaken. But Hermann prefers *τότε δ' ἑσπερος ἐκλαγεν οἶος*, "circa vespertim solus fistula canit Pan, a venatione redux; ibi conveniunt deinde nymphæ." This certainly seems almost required by the following words, *δονάκων ἐπὶ μοῦσαν ἀθήρων*. And the *solitude* of Pan well agrees with the words of Theocritus, i. 16, *τὸν Πᾶνα δεοίκαμεν, ἣ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀγρᾶς Τανίκα κικ- μακῶς ἀρπαύεται*. For descriptions of Pan, see Moll. on Longus Past. ii. 17. Lucian Diall. Deorr. 4, and 22, and Lilius Gyrard. Syntagm. xv. p. 451, sq. ed. Amst. "Artists of modern times evidently took their idea for the graphic representation of the devil from the ancient figures of Pan."

Townley Marbles, vol. i. p. 211.  
<sup>24</sup> i. e. Pan, *σφιν* being here the singular number. See Herm. on Orph. p. 792, 797.

<sup>25</sup> Surely we should read *οἶον*, "Mercury alone above others."

mother of sheep, where there is a temple of Cyllenius<sup>26</sup> in his honour. Here he, although a god, tended shabby-fleeced sheep with<sup>27</sup> a mortal man. For soft desire, which had come upon him, flourished, that he should mingle in love with the fair-haired nymph Dryope. And he accomplished joyful nuptials,<sup>28</sup> and in her dwelling she bore a dear son to Mercury, a marvel to behold forthwith,<sup>29</sup> goat-footed, two-horned, fond of the dance, sweetly laughing. And she fled, leaping up, and the nurse left the child; for she was smitten with dread<sup>30</sup> as she beheld his unpleasant, hairy visage. But him, beneficent Mercury, having received, took in his arms, and the god rejoiced greatly in his mind. And swiftly he went to the dwellings of the immortals, having covered the boy in the thick skins of a mountain hare. And he seated him with Jove and the other immortals, and showed his son. But all the immortals were delighted in mind, and above others Bacchus Dionysus. And they called him Pan, because he delighted the minds of all.<sup>31</sup> And do thou thus hail, O king, and I will beseech thee in song. But I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

### XVIII. TO VULCAN.

SING, sweet Muse, Mercury the renowned artificer, who with dark-eyed Minerva taught glorious works to men upon the earth, who before dwelt in caves<sup>32</sup> in the mountains, like wild beasts, but now being instructed in works by Vulcan the renowned artificer, they easily in security pass through life, the

<sup>26</sup> Κυλληνίου is the elegant reading of three Paris MSS. Cf. in *Cer.* 37, and *Herm.* on Orph. p. 801.

<sup>27</sup> Παρά rather means, "in the service of a mortal man."

<sup>28</sup> A customary euphemism where the gallantries of the gods are described.

<sup>29</sup> i. e. from his very birth. πρόσθεν is used in nearly the same manner in *Hymn* xxiv. 7, of the birth of Minerva.

<sup>30</sup> Probably as much terrified as the mother of Mother Shipton is traditionally reported to have been on a similar occasion.

<sup>31</sup> This etymology is, if possible, nearly as bad as any to be found in Plato's *Cratylus*. It is, at all events, quite as frigid.

<sup>32</sup> See my notes on *Æsch.* *Prom.*



whole year through, in their own dwellings. But be propitious, O Vulcan, and grant excellence and prosperity.

### XIX. TO APOLLO.

O PHÆBUS, thee indeed the swan also sings sweetly, flapping its wings,<sup>33</sup> leaping upon the bank by the eddying river Peneus, but thee the sweet-voiced bard, having his clear-toned lyre, ever sings both first and last. And do thou thus hail, but I appease thee by song.

### XX. TO NEPTUNE.<sup>34</sup>

CONCERNING Neptune, a mighty god, I begin to sing, the stirrer of the earth and unfruitful sea, marine, who possesses both Helicon and wide Ægæ. A twofold honour have the gods granted thee, O earth-shaker, to be both a tamer of steeds, and a preserver of ships. Hail! earth-encircling Neptune, with dark locks, and do thou, blessed one, having a kindly disposition, give aid to voyagers.

### XXI. TO JOVE.

I WILL sing Jove, the best and mightiest of gods, far-sounding, ruling, bringing things to pass, who also holds prudent converse with Themis as she sits reclining. Be propitious, O far-sounding son of Saturn, most glorious, most great.

### XXII. TO VESTA.

O VESTA, who tendest the sacred dwelling of the far-darting king, Apollo, at divine Delphi, ever does the fluid oil stream

<sup>33</sup> Not "sub alis," but "cum plansu alarum, applaudens cantui," says Ernesti. Cf. Virg. *Æn.* i. 411, "Ut reduces illi (cyeni) ludunt stridentibus alis . . . cantusque dedere."

<sup>34</sup> Ruhnken regards this hymn as Orphic in its character, not Homeric.

down from thy locks.<sup>35</sup> †Come to this dwelling, come, having thy mind,† with counselling Jove, and also grant grace to my song.

### XXIII. TO THE MUSES AND APOLLO.

FROM the Muses<sup>36</sup> I commence, and from Apollo and Jove, for from the Muse and far-darting Apollo are bards and minstrels upon the earth, and from Jove are kings. But blessed is he whom the Muses love! sweet flows the voice from his mouth. Hail! children of Jove, and honour my song; but I will be mindful of you and of another song.

### XXIV. TO BACCHUS.

I BEGIN to sing ivy-crowned, roving Bacchus, the glorious son of Jove and renowned Semele, whom the fair-haired nymphs, receiving him from his royal sire in their bosoms, nurtured, and brought up assiduously in the valleys of Nyssa. But he grew up under the care of his sire in a fragrant-smelling cave, being numbered among the immortals. But when the goddesses had trained up him of much renown, then indeed he used to go through the woody recesses, thickly crowned with ivy and laurel; but the nymphs followed with him, and he led the way, and noisy possessed the mighty<sup>37</sup> wood. And do thou thus hail, O many-clustered Bacchus, and grant that we rejoicing may again come round to the seasons, and from the seasons again to many years.

### XXV. TO DIANA.

I SING Diana, of the golden distaff, mistress of the cry,<sup>38</sup> the hallowed virgin, striker of stags, rejoicing in arrows, own sister of golden-sworded Apollo; who, delighting in the chace,

<sup>35</sup> There must surely be a lacuna here. The next line is hopeless.

<sup>36</sup> These first four verses are from Hesiod, Theog. 94, sqq.

<sup>37</sup> I should prefer reading ἄσπετος, referring the epithet to βρόμος.

<sup>38</sup> i. e. of the chace.

stretches her bow, sending forth deadly shafts o'er the shadowy mountains and wind-swept summits. And the heads of lofty mountains tremble, and the shady wood re-echoes dreadfully from the noise of beasts,<sup>39</sup> and the earth and fishy sea are stricken with terror. But she, having a valiant heart, turns in all directions, destroying the offspring of wild beasts. But when the arrow-rejoicing watcher of wild beasts has rejoiced herself, and is gladdened in mind, relaxing her well-bent bow, she comes into the mighty dwelling of her dear brother, Phœbus Apollo, into the rich abode of Delphi, having equipped the beauteous quire of muses and graces. Here having hung up her bending bow and arrows, she takes the lead, having beauteous ornaments about her form, leading the dance. But they, emitting an ambrosial voice,<sup>40</sup> hymn fair-anceled Latona, how she brought forth children among the immortals, far the best both in counsel and in deeds. Hail! children of Jove, and fair-haired Latona. But I will be mindful of you and of another song.

## XXVI. TO MINERVA.

I BEGIN to sing Pallas Minerva, a renowned goddess, dark-eyed, of much counsel, possessing an unsoftened heart, a hallowed virgin, guardian of cities, valiant, Tritogenia, whom counselling Jove himself begat from his reverend head, possessing warlike arms of gold, all-gleaming. And reverence seized all the immortals as they beheld; but she hastily leaped forth<sup>41</sup> from the immortal head of Ægis-bearing Jove, brandishing a sharp spear. And mighty Olympus trembled fearfully under the dread dark-eyed [maid], and the earth around shrieked fearfully, and the sea was stirred, troubled with its purple waves. But the brine stood still forthwith, and the glorious son of Hyperion stopped his fleet-footed steeds a long time till the virgin, Pallas Minerva, had taken off her godlike arms from her immortal shoulders; and counselling Jove re-

<sup>39</sup> Ruhnken elegantly reads *νεβρων*, i. e. "at the noise of her bow."

<sup>40</sup> The true reading is probably αἶ δ' ἀμβροτον δασαν ἱάσαι, from Hesiod, Theog. 43. Hermann.

<sup>41</sup> But *πρόσθεν* contains the idea of haste and celerity. Cf. Lucian, Dial. Deorr. 8, p. 27, ed Bip., with the note of Hemsterhusius.

joined. And do thou indeed thus hail, child of Ægis-bearing Jove; but I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

## XXVII. TO VESTA AND MERCURY.

O VESTA, who hast obtained an immortal seat in the lofty dwellings of all, both immortal gods and earth-traversing men, an honour due to age,<sup>43\*</sup> possessing a fair privilege and honour. For without thee [are there] no banquets for mortals, where [the host] beginning [the libations], pours out sweet wine to Vesta not first nor last. †And thou, for me, O slayer of Argus, son of Jove and Maia, messenger of the blest, bearer of a golden wand, giver of good things, †ye dwell in beauteous abodes, dear to each other in your minds.† Do thou, being propitious, give aid, with hallowed and beloved Vesta; for ye both, knowing good works, accompany the mind and youth of men upon the earth. Hail, daughter of Saturn, both thou and golden-wanded Mercury; but I will be mindful both of you and of another song.

## XXVIII. TO [EARTH],<sup>44\*</sup> THE MOTHER OF ALL.

I WILL sing Earth, the mother of all, with well-laid foundations, most ancient, who feeds all things,<sup>45</sup> as many as are upon the earth, and as many as traverse the boundless earth, and as many as [inhabit] the sea, and as many as fly, these are fed out of thy riches. And from thee, hallowed one, are [men] rich in children and fruitful, and on thee it depends to bestow life, and take it away from mortal men. But blest is he, whom thou indeed shalt willingly honour in thy mind, and to him are all things in abundance. To him<sup>46\*</sup> the life-

<sup>43</sup> This is the only interpretation of *πρεσβηίδα* at all agreeable to the sense. Ernesti would read *γαίαν* for *τιμὴν*. Vss. 4, 5, 6, are condemned by Ilgen as spurious, and vs. 9 put after vs. 11, by Martin and Matthiæ. To me there appears to be a mixture of two hymns.

<sup>44</sup> γῆν is added in edd. Flor. Aldd.

<sup>45</sup> Cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 16, γῆ τε μητρὶ, φιλότατ' τροφήν ἢ γὰρ νέοντες ἔρποντας εὐμενῇ πέδῳ "Ἀπαντα πανδοκοῦσα παιδείας ὄλον, ἔθρεψατ'.

<sup>46</sup> σφιν is here the singular number. The enallage of number commences with αὐτοὶ δ' εὖν, in vs. 11.

bearing harvest grows heavy, and in the fields he is rich in beasts of burden, and his house is filled with good things. And they themselves rule under good laws through the city of fair dames, and much prosperity and riches follows [them], and their children exult in juvenile joy, and their virgins with joyous mind leap sportingly<sup>47</sup> in the flowery circle o'er the soft blossoms of the grass, they whom thou, forsooth, dost honour, unstinting<sup>48</sup> goddess! Hail! mother of the gods, wife of the starry heaven, and willingly award me a pleasant life in reward for my song: but I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

## XXIX. TO THE SUN.

O CALLIOPE, child of Jove, again begin to hymn the shining Sun, whom large-eyed Euryphaessa bore to the son of the earth and the starry heaven. For Hyperion wedded his own sister, Euryphaessa all-renowned, who bore him beauteous children, both rosy-fingered Morn, and the fair-haired Moon, and the unwearied Sun, like unto the immortals, who shines unto mortals and to the immortal gods, mounting his steeds. And dreadfully with his eyes he glances from his golden casque, and from him the bright rays flash splendidly, and down from his temples the cheek-plates<sup>49</sup> [of his helmet], shining from his head, guard his beauteous face, shining afar, and with the gale of the winds his beauteous garments glitter around his form, and his male steeds beneath. Here indeed, at even,<sup>50</sup> he, having stopped his golden-yoked chariot and steeds, sends them through heaven towards the ocean. Hail! O king, and willingly grant a pleasant life; and commencing from thee, I will celebrate the race of articulate-voiced men, demigods, whose deeds the gods have shown forth unto mortals.

<sup>47</sup> I read *παίζουσαι σπείρουσαι* with Ruhnken, and *εὐανθέσαι* with Hermann. By *χοροῖς* the latter scholar rightly understands "locos, in quibus choreæ ducuntur."

<sup>48</sup> Matthiæ would read *ἄφθιτε*. Ruhnken condemns this line, but Hermann defends it.

<sup>49</sup> See Hermann, who however cannot find any example of this signification. Pearson would read *περὶ κρατάφοισι τ' ἔθειραι*.

<sup>50</sup> This is Ruhnken's elegant emendation for *θεσπίσιος*.

## XXX. TO THE MOON.

COME, sing the wing-stretching Moon, ye Muses, sweet-voiced daughters of Jove the son of Saturn, skilled in song, [of the Moon,] whose heaven-shown gleam surrounds the earth, her gleam shining forth,<sup>†</sup><sup>51</sup> and the dark night is illumined by her golden crown, and her rays<sup>52</sup> are diffused around, when that, having laved her fair form in Ocean, the divine Moon, having put on her far-shining garments, having yoked her stout-necked, glittering foals, swiftly drives her fair-haired steeds onwards, at even, at the middle of the month, when her great orb is full, and the rays of her then increasing are most brilliant in heaven, and she is a mark and a sign to mortals. With her the son of Saturn once mingled in love and the couch, and she, becoming pregnant, brought forth a daughter, Pandeia,<sup>53</sup> possessing surpassing beauty among the immortal gods. Hail! white-armed queen goddess, divine Moon, benignant, fair-haired; and commencing from thee, I will sing the praises of demigod heroes, whose deeds bards, the servants of the Muses, celebrate, from their pleasant voices.

## XXXI. TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

SING, Muses, concerning the sons of Jove, the sons of Tyndarus, the glorious children of fair-anceled Leda, both horse-breaking<sup>54</sup> Castor and blameless Pollux, whom she, beneath the height of the mighty mountain of Taygetus, mingling in love with the dark-clouded son of Saturn, brought forth, her sons, the saviours of men<sup>55</sup> upon the earth, and of swift-

<sup>51</sup> Hermann's text has ἥς αἴγλη περί γαίαν ἑλίσσεται οὐρανόδεκτος. In the next line Ruhnken would read στίλβει δ' ἐπιλάμπειος ἀήρ, Hermann ἀπολάμπειος, taking ἀπο for a privative, and referring to Koenon Gregor. p. 250.

<sup>52</sup> Read ἀκτῖνες with Barnes.

<sup>53</sup> See Barnes.

<sup>54</sup> Cf. Il. iii. 237, and Orph. Arg. 950, Κάστορα θ' ἱππόδαμον καὶ πῆξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδῆκεα. Hor. Od. i. 12, 25,—"puerosque Ledaë Hunc equis illum superare pugnis nobilem."

<sup>55</sup> Cf. Theocrit. Id. xxii. 6, ἀνθρώπων σωτήρας ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἤδη ἐόντων.

journeying ships, when the wintry tempests wax violent on the unsoftened sea. But they, making vows from their ships, invoke the sons of mighty Jove with [offerings of] white lambs, having ascended the heights of the poop, which the mighty wind and the billow of the sea have brought below the waves. But they forthwith appear,<sup>56</sup> flitting through the sky on their swarthy wings. And straightway they appease the eddyings of troubling winds, and smoothly spread the waves and the billows of the white sea for the sailors, fair signs of toil for their sake; but they perceiving it, rejoice, and cease from their grievous toil.<sup>57</sup> Hail! sons of Tyndarus, mounters of swift steeds: but I will be mindful of you and of another song.

XXXII. TO CERES.<sup>58</sup>

I BEGIN to sing fair-haired Ceres, a hallowed goddess, herself and her long-anced daughter, whom Pluto snatched away (but heavily-thundering, far-seeing<sup>59</sup> Jove gave her) from

<sup>56</sup> Theocrit. l. c. 19, sqq. Hor. l. c.:

"quorum simul alba nautis

Stella refulsit,

Defluit saxis agitatus humor,

Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes,

Et minax—quod sic voluere, ponto

Unda recumbit."

<sup>57</sup> But Matthiæ and Hermann read *πλόου*, and the latter scholar thinks this hymn should end at vs. 15.

<sup>58</sup> I have placed this hymn, and the fragment of the hymn to Bacchus, at the end of the rest, in order to prevent any difficulty of reference to the ordinary editions of Homer. The student will, I think, find this hymn immeasurably superior to the rest both in interest, variety, and poetic spirit. Grote, vol. i. p. 55, after an admirable analysis of its contents, elegantly observes: "It is interesting not less as a picture of the Mater Dolorosa, (in the mouth of an Athenian, *Dēmêtēr* and *Persephonê* were always The Mother and Daughter, by excellence,) first an agonized sufferer, and then finally glorified,—the weal and woe of men being dependent upon her kindly feeling,—than as an illustration of the nature and growth of Grecian legend generally. Though we now read this hymn as pleasing poetry, to the Eleusinians, for whom it was composed, it was genuine and sacred history. They believed in the visit of *Dēmêtēr* to Eleusis, and in the mysteries as a revelation from her, as implicitly as they believed in her existence and power as a goddess."

<sup>59</sup> Or "far-sounding." Hesych. t. ii. p. 1528, *ἡ τὸν μὲγᾱλως ἐφορῶντα αἰδὲ τὸν μὲγᾱλως ἤχους ἀποτελοῦντα, οὐδὲ τὸν βροντῶν.*



golden-sworded<sup>60</sup> Ceres, renowned for fruits, as she was sporting with the deep-bosomed daughters of Oceanus, and culling flowers through the soft meadow, roses, and crocus, and beauteous violets, and iris, and hyacinths, and narcissus, which earth, at the behest of Jove, brought forth as a snare to the virgin, favouring the Many-receiver,<sup>61</sup> wondrously flourishing, a marvel then for all to behold, both immortal gods and mortal men. And from its root a hundred heads sprang forth, and the whole wide heaven above was scented with its fragrance, and the whole earth laughed, and the briny wave of the sea. But she, astonished, stretched out both her hands to seize the pretty plaything; but the wide-wayed earth gaped in the Mysian plain, where the many-receiving king, the many-named son of Saturn, leaped forth with his immortal steeds, and having snatched away her unwilling in his golden chariot, he led her away weeping, and she shrieked aloud with her voice, calling upon her supreme and best sire, the son of Saturn. But no one of the immortals nor of mortal men heard her voice, no, nor the olives with their rich fruit,<sup>62</sup> save only the daughter of Perseus, mild in spirit, light-veiled Hecate, who heard her from her cave, and the king Sun, the glorious son of Hyperion, [heard] the girl calling on her Saturn-descended sire. But he said apart, away from the gods, in his well-fastened temple, receiving beauteous offerings from mortal men. But her father's brother, the Many-receiver, who rules over many, the many-named son of Saturn, bore her away against her will with his immortal steeds. Now as long as the goddess beheld the earth and the starry heaven, and the much-flowing fishy sea, and the rays of the sun, and still hoped to behold her careful mother, and the tribes of the gods who are for ever, so long did hope soften her mighty mind, although grieving. But the heights of the

<sup>60</sup> This epithet has given rise to much doubt, and Ruhnken seems to be right in reading χρυσοθρόνον. Lucas translates:

“ — who widely wields  
Her golden sceptre o'er the fruitful fields.”

<sup>61</sup> Pluto or Hades.

<sup>62</sup> Ruhnken is very dissatisfied with the mention of olives here, and, considering that an animate object ought to be mentioned, he would read οὐδ' ἀγλαόμορφοι ἑταῖραι. Lucas defends it, observing, “nothing is more common with poets than to feign an attention in mountains, woods, rivers, &c., to persons singing or bewailing.” He compares Virg. Ecl. x. 8.

mountains and the depths of the sea resounded with her immortal voice, and her revered mother heard her. And quickly grief seized her mind, and with her hands she rent the veil above her ambrosial locks, and cast the dark-blue raiment from both her shoulders, and she rushed, like a bird, o'er dry and wet,<sup>63</sup> seeking her; but to her no one either of gods or mortal men was willing to tell the truth, nor did any one of birds [of augury] come to her as a true messenger. Then for nine days did hallowed Ceres perambulate the earth, bearing blazing torches in her hands, nor ever did she, grieving, taste ambrosia or sweet-drinking nectar, nor lave her form in the bath. But when indeed to her the tenth shining morn had come, Hecate met her, bearing a light in her hands, and bringing news, spoke to and addressed her.

"Revered Ceres, bearer of seasons, giver of glorious things, who of the heavenly gods or mortal men has snatched away Proserpine, and grieved thy dear mind? For I heard her voice, but I perceived not with mine eyes who it was. But quickly could he tell thee all truly<sup>64</sup> \* \* \* \*."

Thus then spake Hecate, but her the daughter of fair-haired Rhea answered not in words, but quickly sped forth with her, bearing lighted torches in her hands. And they went to the Sun, the surveyor both of men and gods, and they stood in front of his steeds, and the divine one of goddesses asked [him]:

"O Sun, compassionate me on behalf of a goddess,<sup>65</sup> if ever either by word or deed I have gratified thy heart and mind. My daughter whom I bore, a sweet blossom, beauteous in form, whose frequent cries I have heard through the unfruitful air, as though she were being forced away, but I have not beheld her with mine eyes—but do thou (for thou from the divine æther dost look down with thy rays upon all the earth and sea) tell me truly, dear son, if thou hast any where seen him, of the gods or mortal men, who, without my consent, has seized her perforce, and carried her off."

Thus she spoke, but her the son of Hyperion answered in discourse: "Daughter of fair-haired Rhea, queen Ceres, thou

<sup>63</sup> i. e. land and sea. Cf. Rittersh. on Oppian. Cyn. i. 11.

<sup>64</sup> Hermann thinks that the lacuna should probably be filled up thus; σοὶ δ' ὅκα λέγου νημὶ πάντα Ἥλιος, ὃς παντ' ὁρᾷ καὶ παντ' ἰσχυροῦ.

<sup>65</sup> i. e. her daughter. See Hermann.

shalt know; for I indeed grieve for and pity thee much, sorrowing for thy slender-ankled daughter. But no other of the immortals is guilty, save only cloud-compelling Jove, who has given her to his own brother Hades, to be called his blooming wife. And he, having snatched her away with his steeds, has led her, loudly shrieking, beneath the murky darkness. But come, O goddess, cease thy great wrath.<sup>66</sup> It in no wise behoves thee vainly to entertain boundless wrath. Pluto, who rules over many, is by no means an unseemly kinsman [to have] among the immortals, thine own brother and of the same seed. And he has moreover obtained a prerogative, when division was first made threefold by lot; he dwells among those of whom he is appointed master by lot."

Thus having spoken, he cheered on his steeds, and they, at his exhortation, swiftly bore along the fleet chariot, like wing-expanding birds. But upon her mind a more sad and ruder grief fell, and then, enraged at the dark-clouded son of Saturn, going apart from the council of the gods and mighty Olympus, she went to the cities and rich fields of men, obscuring her form for a long time. Nor did any one of men or deep-bosomed women, seeing, recognise her, before that she came to the dwelling of prudent Celeus, who was at that time the ruler of sweet-scented Eleusis. And she sat near the way-side, saddened at heart, by the Parthenian well,<sup>67</sup> whence the citizens drew their water, in the shade, (but above her there was an olive tree,) like unto an aged old woman, who is shut off both from child-birth, and from the gifts of crown-loving Venus, such as are the nurses of the children of law-administering kings, and housekeepers in their echoing dwellings. But the daughters of Eleusinian Celens perceived her as they were coming for clear-flowing water, that they might bear it in golden ewers<sup>68</sup> to the beloved dwellings of their sire,<sup>69</sup> four [in number], like goddesses, possessing the flower of youth,

<sup>66</sup> Hermann well reads, γάλον for γάον, observing, "verba οὐδέ τι σε χροῖ semper apud Homerum progressam orationem repetunt." II. xix. 67; vii. 209, 492, &c. This somewhat resembles the parallelism of the Hebrew poetry. See Hengstenberg in Barnes's Preface to his Notes on Isaiah, § 8, p. 54, sqq. ed. Cumming.

<sup>67</sup> The beautiful simplicity of this narrative justifies a comparison with Genes. xxiv. 11, sqq.

<sup>68</sup> Cf. Eur. Hippol. 121, sqq.

<sup>69</sup> Matthiæ would read φίλου, without necessity.

Callidice, and Clisidice, and lovely Demo, and Callithoe, who was the eldest of them all. But they knew her not, for difficult are the gods for mortals to behold; but standing near, they addressed [to her] winged words:

"Who, whence art thou, old woman, among ancient-born men? And why hast thou walked far away from the city, nor dost approach the dwellings, where there are women of thine own age in the shady abodes, even as thou art, and younger ones also, who, forsooth, may receive thee kindly in word and deed?"

Thus they spoke, but she, hallowed one of goddesses, answered in words: "Dear children, whoever ye are<sup>70</sup> of the sex of women, hail! But I will tell my story to you. It is by no means unfitting to tell the truth to you who ask. My name indeed is Dos,<sup>71</sup> for this my revered brother gave me. But now have I come not willingly upon the wide back of the sea, but pirates by compulsion led me away unwilling. They then put to at Thoricus in their swift ship, where numerous women disembarked upon the mainland,<sup>72</sup> and they themselves made ready supper near the halsters of the ship. But my mind cared not for the pleasant feast, but privily setting out through the dark mainland, I fled from my overbearing masters, that they might not enjoy my price, having sold me [purchased] for nothing.<sup>73</sup> Thus have I come hither, wandering, nor know I aught what land this is, and who are its inhabitants. But to you may all those who possess the Olympian dwellings grant blooming husbands, and to bring forth children, as parents are wont to wish! But take pity on me, ye damsels, kindly, dear children, until I reach the dwelling of a man and woman, that I may willingly work for them in such things as are the business of an aged woman. And truly I could nicely nurse a young infant, having him in mine arms, and could take care of the house, and could spread my master's bed in the recess of the well-built chambers, and could manage<sup>74</sup> the works of woman." The goddess spoke, but

<sup>70</sup> I read  $\phi\iota\lambda' \alpha\iota\omega\tau\epsilon\varsigma$ , with La Fontaine.

<sup>71</sup> See Ruhnken.

<sup>72</sup> Hermann says there is a lacuna: "nam ipsos nautos dixisset navem reliquisse antequam cibum caperent, ut Od. ix. 85; x. 56; xv. 498."

<sup>73</sup> This seems to be the sense of  $\alpha\pi\rho\iota\alpha\rho\eta$ .

<sup>74</sup> But I am strongly prepossessed in favour of the elegant emendation of Voss,  $\epsilon\rho\gamma\alpha \delta\iota\delta\alpha\sigma\kappa\eta\sigma\alpha\iota$ .

her the untouched virgin Callidice, most beauteous in form of the daughters of Celeus, forthwith answered :

"O nurse, we mortals must needs endure the lot given<sup>75</sup> us by the gods, although grieving, for they indeed are much more powerful [than we]. But this will I clearly suggest to thee, and will name the men to whom there is here great power of dignity, and who take the lead among the people, and by counsels and upright judgments guard the battlements of the city. There is shrewd-counselling Triptolemus,<sup>76</sup> and Diocles, and Polyxeines, and blameless Eumolpus, and Dolichus, and our noble sire, all whose wives tend their houses; not one of whom at first sight despising thy appearance, would dismiss thee from her dwellings, but they will receive thee, for truly thou art godlike. But if thou wilt, remain, that we may go to the abode of our sire, and tell all these matters thoroughly to our deep-bosomed mother Metaneira, if perchance she will bid thee come to our dwelling and not seek for the house of another. And a darling son is nurtured by her in the well-built house, a subject of many prayers, and beloved. If thou couldst train him up, and he should reach the measure of youth, with reason indeed would any one of the race of women, seeing, envy thee; such great rewards for thy nursing would he give thee." Thus she spoke, but [the goddess] nodded assent; and they, having filled the vessels with water, bore them rejoicing. And quickly they reached the great house of their sire, and soon told their mother what they had both seen and heard. But she immediately bade them go and call her with [a promise of] boundless hire. And they, like as hinds or heifers gambol through the meadow in the season of spring, having satiated their mind with food,<sup>77</sup> so they, uplifting the folds of their beauteous robes, sped along

<sup>75</sup> δῶρα θεῶν is not here used in a good sense, as in Plato, *Tim.* p. 533. D. Læm. Jamblich. V. P. 6. p. 23. Simplic. in Epictet. 29. p. 125. Theodor. Melit. apud Fabric. *Bibl. Gr.* t. ix. p. 199. Sotadis apud Stob. 43. p. 151. 49. Athenag. de Resurr. p. 23. It rather means "quidquid divinitus fit."

<sup>76</sup> For the sake of avoiding baldness, I have turned these into nominatives. They however depend upon κράτος τιμῆς, "tanquam si dixisset ὦν ἐστὶ κράτος ἐνθάδε τιμῆς." Herm.

<sup>77</sup> Hermann compares Lucret. i. 259,—"hinc nova proles Artibus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas Ludit, lacte mero mentes percussa novellas."

the waggon-furrowed way, and about their shoulders their curls, like unto the crocus flower, sported. And near the way they found the renowned goddess, where they had left her before. But then they led her to the dwelling of their sire, and she, sorrowing at heart, followed behind them, with her head veiled, and the dark robe shook loosely around the tender feet of the goddess. And quickly they reached the house of Jove-nurtured Celeus, and went through the portico, where their hallowed mother awaited them by the lintel of the well-built tenement, having her son, a young off-shoot, at her bosom. But they ran up to her, and she came to the threshold on her feet, and truly she reached the top of the dwelling, and filled the doors with divine light. But admiration, and wonder, and pallid fear possessed her, and she yielded up her seat, and bade her be seated. But season-bearing Ceres, of glorious gifts, was not willing to be seated on the shining seat, but she remained silent, casting down her beauteous eyes, until at length Iambe, knowing prudent things, offered her a compact seat, and above it spread a silver-woven fleece. Here sitting down, she stretched forth her veil [over her face] with her hands, and for a long time sat speechless, grieving, in her seat, nor did she apply herself to any word or deed, but without a smile, unfed or by food or drink, she sat, wasting away with longing for her deep-bosomed daughter; until that Iambe, knowing prudent things, much joking her with banterings, turned the hallowed, holy [goddess] to smile, and to laugh, and to have an appeased mind. Here, in after-times also, she pleased her with orgies. And to her Metaneira gave a cup of sweet wine, having filled it; but she refused it, "for," said she, "it was not lawful for her to drink the ruby wine;" but she bade her, having mixed wheat and water with pounded pennyroyal, give it her to drink. But she, having made the mixture, gave it to the goddess, as she commanded, and all-hallowed Ceres, having received it, obtained<sup>78</sup> the sacred honour. But to them well-girt Metaneira began discourse:

"Hail! lady, since I deem that thou art not from mean parents, but good ones, since modesty and grace are conspicuous in thy countenance, like as [among the descendants] of law-administering kings. But we men must needs endure the lot given by the gods, although grieving; for the yoke lies

<sup>78</sup> I read *δωίης ἐνὶ βῆτι*, with Voss.



upon our neck. And now, since thou hast come hither, thine shall be whatever is mine. But cherish for me this boy, whom born late, and un hoped-for, the immortals have bestowed [on us], and to me he is a subject of many prayers. If thou wilt train him up, and he reach the measure of youth, with reason will any one of womankind, seeing, envy thee, such great gifts will I<sup>79</sup> give thee for his nursing." But her in turn well-crowned Ceres addressed:

"And thou too, lady, all hail! and may the gods grant thee good things. But I will willingly receive thy boy, as thou biddest me, to nurture,<sup>80</sup> nor, I trust, will charms harm him, nor [deadly] plant,<sup>81</sup> through the carelessness of his nurse. For I know a remedy much more efficacious † than wood cutting, † and I know an excellent antidote for baleful spells."

Thus having spoken, she received him in her fragrant bosom and immortal hands, and his mother rejoiced in mind. Thus she indeed trained up in the palace Demophoon, the glorious son of prudent Celeus, whom well-girt Metaneira bore. But he grew up like unto a god, neither eating food nor sucking.<sup>82</sup> But Ceres anointed him with ambrosia, as though sprung from a god, breathing sweetly upon him, and having him in her bosom. But at night she concealed him in the might of fire, like a brand, without the knowledge of his dear parents. But to them he was a great marvel, how blooming he sprang up, and was like unto the gods in person. And truly she would have rendered him free from old age, and immortal,<sup>83</sup> unless well-girt Metaneira, in her folly, watching by night, had looked out from her perfumed chamber, and shrieked, and smitten both her thighs, fearing for her son, and she was greatly disturbed in mind, and bemoaning, she addressed winged words: "My child Demophoon,

<sup>79</sup> Perhaps *δοῦναι* would be better. But see Hermann.

<sup>80</sup> I read *τρέφαι*, with Herm., who compares Hesiod, Theog. 479.

<sup>81</sup> I can make nothing of *οὐθ' ὑποταμνόν*, nor can Ruhnken. I have followed Liddell's interpretation, "plant cut off at the root for magical purposes," but am by no means satisfied.

<sup>82</sup> See Hermann.

<sup>83</sup> Apollodorus, i. 5, says that he actually perished in the fire. "The same story is told in regard to the infant Achilles. His mother Thetis was taking similar measures to render him immortal, when his father Peleus interfered and prevented the consummation. Thetis immediately left him in great wrath (Apollon. Rhod. iv. 866)." Grote, vol. i. p. 53.



the strange woman is concealing thee in a great fire, but to me she causes groans and grievous sorrows." Thus she spoke, weeping, and the divine one of goddesses heard her. But fair-crowned Ceres, enraged with her, put from her to the ground with her immortal hands the dear son, whom, unhopèd-for, she had brought forth in the palace, having taken him out of the fire, being very wrathful in mind, and at the same time she addressed well-girt Metaneira:

"Ignorant and unwise men, who neither foresee the destiny of coming good nor evil! And thou, too, by thy folly hast erred most greatly. For let the pledge of the gods bear witness, the water of the Styx that yields no forgiveness, I would have made thy dear son immortal and free from age for all days, and would have afforded him unperishing honour. But now it is not possible for him to escape death and the Fates; but unperishing honour shall always be his, because he has sat upon my knees, and slept in mine arms. But when he is of age, in revolving years, the sons of the Eleusinians will ever throughout all days stir up<sup>84</sup> battle and grievous conflict among each other. But I am honoured Ceres, who is the greatest benefit and joy to immortals and mortals. But come, let all the people build for me a great temple, and under it an altar, below the city and the lofty wall, above Callichorus, upon the jutting hill. But I myself will teach my orgies, so that hereafter, performing them holily, ye may appease my mind."

Thus having spoken, the goddess changed her magnitude and mien, having put off old age, and beauty was breathed around her, and a pleasant odour was scattered from her scented robes,<sup>85</sup> and far gleamed the light from the immortal flesh of the goddess, and her yellow curls flourished on her shoulders, and the close dwelling was filled with the sheen, as of lightning. And she went out from the palace. But straightway the knees [of Metaneira] were relaxed, and for a long time she became speechless, nor did she at all bethink her of her darling son, to take him up from the ground. But his sisters heard his piteous voice, and they leaped up from their well-spread couches. One then, taking up the boy in

<sup>84</sup> Hermann reads *συνάξουσ'*, and places a mark of lacuna after this verse.

<sup>85</sup> Cf. Virg. *Æn.* i. 406, sqq.

her hands, placed him in her bosom, but another kindled the fire, and another ran with her tender feet to raise up her mother from the fragrant chamber. And gathering around him, they washed him, tending him yet panting, but his mind was not comforted, for inferior nurses and attendants now possessed him. They indeed, trembling with fear, kept appeasing the renowned goddess throughout the night, but together with the dawn appearing they told truly to Celeus of wide power, how the goddess, fair-crowned Ceres, had commanded. But he, having summoned the numerous people into council, ordered them to erect a rich temple to fair-haired Ceres, and an altar, upon the jutting hill. But they immediately obeyed, and hearkened to him speaking, and they built, as he commanded; but he<sup>86</sup> kept increasing by the will of the deity. But when they had finished, and rested from their toil, they went each one homewards. But yellow-haired Ceres, sitting down here, far apart from all the blessed gods, remained, wasting away with longing for her deep-bosomed daughter. And she rendered that year a most grievous and cruel one for men upon the many-nurturing earth, nor did the earth give forth any seed, for well-crowned Ceres concealed it. And the steers dragged many bent ploughs over the fields to no purpose, and much white barley fell upon the earth in vain. And she indeed would have destroyed the whole race of articulate-voiced men by grievous famine, and would have deprived those possessing the Olympian dwellings of the glorious honour of gifts and sacrifices, had not Jove perceived, and taken counsel in his mind. And he first sent golden-pinioned Iris to call fair-haired Ceres, possessing a most lovely appearance. Thus he spake; but she obeyed dark-clouded Jove, the son of Saturn, and swiftly ran through the mid way with her feet. And she reached the city of incense-fraught Eleusis, and found dark-robed Ceres in the temple, and having addressed her, spoke winged words:

“O Ceres, thy father Jove, knowing imperishable [counsels], calls thee to come to the tribes of the gods who are for ever. But come, nor let my message from Jove be unaccomplished. Thus she spoke; but her mind was not persuaded. Again then [Jove] sent on all the blessed ever-existing gods. And they, coming one after another, called her, and gave

<sup>86</sup> The son of Celeus.

many beauteous gifts and honours, whatever she wished to choose among the immortals. But no one was able to persuade her mind and inclination, wrathful in mind; but she obstinately rejected their discourse. "For never," said she, "would she step upon incense-fraught Olympus, nor let forth the fruit of the earth, before she should behold her fair-faced daughter with her eyes." But when heavy-thundering, far-seeing Jove heard this, he sent the golden-wanded slayer of Argus down into Erebus, in order that, having beguiled Hades by soft words, he might lead away chaste Proserpine from the murky darkness to the gods, that her mother, having beheld her, might cease from her wrath. But Mercury was not disobedient, but straightway sped briskly beneath the earth, having left the dwelling of Olympus. And he found the king within his abode, sitting on a couch with his chaste spouse, who was grieving much through longing for her mother; but she, on account of the shameful deeds of the gods, devised a destructive counsel.<sup>87</sup>

Then the bold slayer of Argus, standing near, addressed him: "Dark-haired Hades, who rulest over the dead, the sire, Jove, bids thee lead forth noble Proserpine from Erebus to their<sup>88</sup> company, that her mother, having beheld her, may cease<sup>89</sup> from her wrath and bitter anger against the immortals; since she devises a dreadful deed, to destroy the weakly tribes of earth-born men, concealing the seed beneath the ground, and wasting away the honours of the immortals. But she cherishes grievous wrath, and does not associate with the gods, but sits afar off within her incense-fraught temple, possessing the rocky city of Eleusis." Thus he spoke, but Pluto, king of the dead, smiled from beneath his eyebrows, and did not disobey the behest of king Jove. And quickly he bade prudent Proserpine [thus]: "Go, Proserpine, to thy dark-robed mother, having a mild spirit and disposition in

<sup>87</sup> i. e. in withholding the fruits of the earth. I have adopted Hermann's emendation, ἡ δ' ἐπ' ἀλάστοις Ἐργοισιν μακάριον ὄλον μητίετο βουλὴν. He compares Hesych. ἀλαστοὶ ἀτλητα. In a copy of Ruhnken's edition in the British Museum, the late Charles Burney has conjectured, ἡ γ' ἐπὶ ἔργοις Ἀτλήτοισι θεῶν πικρὴν ἔφρ. βουλὴν.

<sup>88</sup> i. e. to the assembly of the other gods.

<sup>89</sup> Read λήξειεν, with Hermann, and Burney in note MS.

thy breast, nor do thou give way to sadness excessively beyond others: In no wise shall I be an unseemly consort among the immortals, [being] own brother of sire Jove. Coming hither, thou shalt be mistress of all beings, as many as live and walk, and thou shalt ever possess<sup>90</sup> the greatest honours among the immortals. And there shall for all days be judgment upon those who have done injury, who do not appease thy power with sacrifices, piously performing them, offering suitable gifts."

Thus he spoke, but prudent Proserpine rejoiced, and quickly leaped forth through joy. But he had privily given her the sweet grain of a pomegranate to eat, offering it her in private,<sup>92</sup> that she might not remain all days above with hallowed Ceres, of dark robes. And Pluto, who rules over many, yoked his steeds in front beneath the golden chariot, and she mounted the chariot, and by her the strong slayer of Argus, seizing the bridles and scourge in his hands, drove [the steeds] straight out from the abodes, and they twain flew along not unwillingly. And swiftly they passed o'er the long tracks, nor did the sea, nor the water of rivers, nor the grassy valleys, nor the heights, restrain the rush of the immortal steeds, but they cut through the deep darkness above them,<sup>93</sup> as they went. And he stopped driving them, where well-crowned Ceres stood, before the incense-fraught temple. But she, perceiving, leaped forward, like a manad on the shaded mountain of a wood.<sup>95</sup>

"And thou shalt dwell with me and thy sire, the dark-clouded son of Saturn, honoured by all the immortals. But if thou hast tasted<sup>95</sup> [aught], again going beneath the hiding-places

<sup>90</sup> Hermann reads *τιμάς δ' αὖτε ἐχρησθα*, observing, "si genuina est codicis scriptura, (i. e. *τιμάς δὲ σχήσθησθα*,) exemplum habemus futuri conjunctivi, contra grammaticorum sententiam."

<sup>91</sup> Read *ἀντρί*, with Voss.

<sup>92</sup> I have done my best with Hermann's correction, *ἀμφὶς νομήσας*, but am by no means satisfied.

<sup>93</sup> Burney, in note MS., would read *ἀνράων* for *ἀντράων*.

<sup>94</sup> Here the MS. is mutilated: the meeting of the mother and daughter, and the inquiries of the former, whether Proserpine, by eating any thing, had rendered herself subject to the dominion of the shades, formed the missing portion.

<sup>95</sup> Read *εἰ δ' ἐπάσω*, with Wyttenb., Ruhnck., Herm.

of the earth, thou wilt dwell the third part of the year<sup>96</sup>  
 \* \* , but the [other] two with me and the other immortals.  
 But when the earth flourishes with all kinds of sweet-scented  
 spring flowers,<sup>97</sup> then again shalt thou return back from the  
 murky darkness, a mighty marvel to gods and mortal men.<sup>98</sup> \*  
 \* \* \* And by what stratagem did the strong Many-  
 receiver beguile thee?" But her beauteous Proserpine ad-  
 dressed in turn: "Therefore will I tell thee all things truly,  
 mother. When beneficial Mercury, the swift messenger,  
 came from the Saturnian sire and the other gods, then he led<sup>99</sup>  
 me out from Erebus, that thou, having beheld me with thine  
 eyes, mightest cease from thy wrath and grievous anger  
 against the immortals, but I leaped forth for joy. But [my  
 husband] privily threw to me the grain of a pomegranate,  
 pleasant to eat, and compelled me perforce, against my will, to  
 taste it.<sup>100</sup> But how, having snatched me away through the  
 cunning device of my sire, the son of Saturn, he went bearing  
 me beneath the hiding-places of the earth, I will speak out,  
 and detail all things, as thou askest. We indeed were all at  
 play in the pleasant meadow, Leucippe, and Phæno, and  
 Electra, and Ianche, and Melite, and Iacche, and Rhæa, and  
 Callirrhoe, and Melobate, and Tyche, and rosy Ocyrrhoe, and  
 Chryseis, and Ianeira, and Acaste, and Admeta, and Rhodope,  
 and Pluto,<sup>1</sup> and lovely Calypso, and Styx, and Urania, and  
 lovely Galaxyre, and battle-rousing Pallas, and arrow-rejoicing  
 Diana, and were plucking the pleasant flowers with our hands,  
 the beauteous crocus,<sup>2</sup> and the iris, and hyacinth, and the rose-  
 buds, and the lilies, a marvel to behold, and the narcissus,  
 which, like the crocus,<sup>3</sup> the wide earth produced. But I was

<sup>96</sup> For conjectures as to the supplying of this line, see Ruhnken and Hermann.

<sup>97</sup> I prefer *ελαρος ὄρη*, with La Fontaine.

<sup>98</sup> Here there is evidently a lacuna, as Ruhnken observes, to whom *τίνα σ' ἐξαπατήρησε* is due.

<sup>99</sup> Read *ἦγε δὲ μ' ἐξ' Ἐρέβους, ἵνα μ'*, with Herm.

<sup>100</sup> But see Hermann.

<sup>1</sup> A nymph, not Hades.

<sup>2</sup> Read *μύδα κρόκον τ' ἀγανόν*, with Voss.

<sup>3</sup> This is very tame. Hermann reads *ὥσπερ κόνη*, "abundant as the dust," comparing Il. ix. 385, *οὐδ' εἴ μοι τόσα δοίη, ὅσα ψάμαθος τε κόνης τε*. Burney in note MS., proposes *ὄν ἐφύσεν ἐδύχρον*.

plucking them with joy, when the earth yawned beneath and out leaped the strong king, the Many-receiver, and went bearing me beneath the earth in his golden chariot, grieving much, and I cried aloud with my voice. These things have I told thee all truly, although grieving."

Thus then indeed they, having a concordant mind, mutually fondling each other, greatly appeased the heart and mind of each other, and the mind [of both] was rested from sorrows. And they received and gave delights<sup>4</sup> mutually. But near to them came delicately-veiled Hecate, and much she fondled the chaste daughter of Ceres, because the queen had been her attendant and servant.<sup>5</sup> But to them loud-thundering, far-seeing Jove sent a messenger, fair-haired Rhea, to bring dark-robed Ceres to the tribes of the gods, and he pledged himself to give her honours, whatever she might choose among the immortal gods. And he granted to her that her daughter should pass the third part of the revolving year under the murky darkness, but the two [other parts] with her mother and the other immortals. Thus he spake, nor did the goddess disobey the message of Jove, but she quickly sprang forth from the heights of Olympus, and she came to the Rarian<sup>6</sup> [plain], heretofore the life-bearing udder of corn-land, but then no longer affording sustenance, but it remained idle and leafless, and concealed the white barley, by the contrivance of fair-ancled Ceres; but it was then destined forthwith to bloom with long ears, as the spring advanced, and the rich furrows<sup>7</sup> to abound in ears, and there to be bound in bundles. Here she first descended from the unfruitful air. But gladly they beheld each other, and rejoiced in mind; and her fair-veiled Rhea first addressed: "Hither, child, loud-thundering, far-seeing Jove calls thee to come to the tribes of the gods, and he has pledged himself to give thee honour, whatsoever thou mayest choose amongst the immortal gods. And he has consented that thy daughter [shall pass] the third part of the revolving year beneath the

<sup>4</sup> Read γηθοσύναγ—ἐδιδόν τε, with Ruhnken.

<sup>5</sup> I scarcely understand this line.

<sup>6</sup> It is important for the student to remember that 'Ράριος is the only Greek word beginning with ρ, that is not aspirated. See Schol. Venet. on Il. i. 56.

<sup>7</sup> Hermann says that ὄγμοι is "de segete demessa intelligendum."

murky darkness, but the [other] two with thee and the other immortals,<sup>8</sup> \* \* \* But come, child, and obey, nor be thou too immoderately wrathful against the dark-clouded son of Saturn. And straightway increase the life-bearing fruit for men."

Thus she spoke, nor did well-crowned Ceres disobey; but she straightway sent forth the fruit from the rich-soiled fields. And all the wide earth was weighed down with leaves and flowers; and she went to the law-administering kings, Triptolemus, and horse-goadng Diocles, and the might of Eumolpus, and Celeus, leader of the people, and showed<sup>9</sup> [them] the performance of her sacred rites, and she appointed her hallowed orgies for all, for Triptolemus, and Polyxenus, and moreover, Diocles, which it is in no wise lawful either to neglect, or to inquire into, or mention,<sup>10</sup> for a mighty reverence of the gods restrains the voice. Blest is he of mortal men who has beheld these, for he who is initiated, and he who partakes not<sup>11</sup> in these rites, have by no means the same fortune, although dead, beneath the murky darkness. But when the divine one of goddesses had suggested all, they set out to go to Olympus, to the assembly of the other gods. And here they dwell by thunder-rejoicing Jove, both venerable and revered. Greatly blessed is he, whomsoever of mortal men, they love with a kindly mind, and straightway they send to the hearth of his noble dwelling Plutus, who affords riches to mortal men.

But come,<sup>12</sup> ye who possess the state of incense-fraught Eleusis, and sea-girt Paros, and rocky Antron, hallowed, the giver of glorious gifts, bearer of seasons, queen Ceres, thyself, and thy all-beauteous daughter Proserpine, willingly grant me a pleasant life for my song. But I will be mindful of thee and of another song.

<sup>8</sup> I follow Hermann's supplement from vs. 447. The next fragments of lines are a mistaken interpolation from 448—450, as the same scholar observes. But see his whole note.

<sup>9</sup> Read *δειξεν* for *εἶπε*, from Pausanias, Corinth. 14. See Ruhnken.

<sup>10</sup> I read *οὐτε χανείν*, with Ilgen, and Burney, note MS., and *ἀγος*, with Valckenaer.

<sup>11</sup> I read *ὅς δ' ἀτελής ἱερῶν, ὅς τ' ἔμμορος*, "dispar conditio initiatorum est et non initiatorum," with Hermann.

<sup>12</sup> Read *ἀλλ' ἄγ'*, with Ruhnken.



FRAGMENT OF THE HYMN TO BACCHUS.<sup>13</sup>

"AND they shall raise up many images to him in temples, and as<sup>14</sup> men thrice always offer to thee perfect hecatombs at the three-year periods." The son of Saturn spoke,<sup>15</sup> and nodded with his dark-blue brows, and the ambrosial curls shook down from the immortal head of the king, and he made great Olympus tremble. Thus speaking, counselling Jove nodded<sup>16</sup> with his head. Be propitious, O thou sewn [formerly in the thigh of Jove],<sup>17</sup> woman-mad. But we bards sing thee both commencing and ending,<sup>18</sup> nor is it possible to be mindful of sacred song, forgetting thee. And do thou thus hail, O thigh-sewn Bacchus, with thy mother Semele, whom they call Thyone.

<sup>13</sup> This is apparently a cento made up from different passages, but is partly preserved by Diodorus Siculus. See Ruhnken's note.

<sup>14</sup> I cannot understand this line.

<sup>15</sup> These three lines are from Il. i. 528, sqq.

<sup>16</sup> Read ἐπίνευσε, with Ruhnken.

<sup>17</sup> Cf. Porphy. de Abst. iii. p. 287 and Hesych. t. i. p. 1112.

<sup>18</sup> See Ruhnken.

## EPIGRAMS.<sup>1</sup>

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### I. TO THE CUMÆANS.

RESPECT one who is in want of hospitable gifts and a home, ye who inhabit the lofty city Cyme, beauteous maid,<sup>2</sup> the extreme foot of high-foliaged Sardene, drinking the ambrosial water of the divine river of eddying Hermus, whom immortal Jove begat.

### II. ON RETURNING TO CUMA.

SWIFTLY may my feet bear me to the city of merciful men, for their mind is willing and their prudence excellent.

### III. ON MIDE,<sup>3</sup>

I AM a brazen virgin, and am placed upon the sepulchre of Midas. And as long as water flows, and the lofty trees flourish, and the rising sun gives light, and the shining moon, †and the rivers overflow, and the sea inundates,†<sup>4</sup> remaining here upon the mournful tomb, I will inform the passers-by, that Midas is buried here.

<sup>1</sup> "Under the title of Epigrams are classed a few verses on different subjects, chiefly addressed to cities or private individuals." Coleridge, p. 317. Mr. Justice Talfourd rightly observes that the authenticity of these Fragments depends upon that of the pseud-Herodotean life of Homer, from which they are taken. (See Lit. of Greece, p. 38, in the Encycl. Metropol.) If so, their authenticity is as doubtful as their poetical value. I shall enter but little into the hopeless obscurity and corruption of some of them, as there is little to repay the trouble.

<sup>2</sup> From whom the city took its name.

<sup>3</sup> See Barnes.

<sup>4</sup> This line may be well dispensed with, and is wanting in some copies.

IV. HE LAMENTS HIS BLINDNESS TO THE  
CUMÆANS.

To what a fate did the father Jove give me to become a sport, when he nurtured me an infant upon the knees of my revered mother! [The city]<sup>5</sup> which the people of Phricon once fortified at the advice of Ægis-bearing Jove, the valiant mounters of swift steeds, contending in the contest of savage fire, Æolian Smyrna, neighbouring on the sea, lashed by the waves,<sup>6</sup> and through which the clear water of sacred Meles passes—hence setting out, the daughters of Jove, glorious children, wished to celebrate the divine earth and city of men. But they rejected the divine voice, the song, I say, through folly. Of whom some one having had experience,<sup>7</sup> will, hereafter, bethink him, because he has brought a rebuke for ever upon them through my fate.<sup>8</sup> † But I will endure the fate, which the god gave to me at my birth, bearing \* \* \*<sup>9</sup> with resolute mind. Nor do my limbs desire to remain in the sacred streets of Cumæ, but my mighty mind urges me, although weak, to go to another people.

## V. BEGINNING OF THE LITTLE ILIAD.

I SING Ilium and Dardania renowned for steeds, on account of which the Greeks, the servants of Mars, suffered much.

## VI. TO THE SON OF THESTOR.

Son of Thestor, although there are many things obscure to

<sup>5</sup> There is an awkward hyperbaton. The construction must be taken as if it were πόλις ἔστιν ἣν ποτ . . . ἐνθεν, κ. τ. λ.

<sup>6</sup> I read ποντοτινακτον, with Pearson.

<sup>7</sup> I read ἀφραδίῃ, with Ilgen, and ὁ σφιν ὀνειδος ἔσαιεν ἰμὴν διὰ μήσατο πότμον, with Hermann, who interprets it, "intelliget se popularibus suis propter meam sortem æternum peperisse opprobrium," taking ὁ for ὅτι.

<sup>8</sup> i. e. through his neglect of me.

<sup>9</sup> The word ἀκράντα is unintelligible:

"The fate which God allotted at my birth,  
With patient heart will I endure on earth." Coleridge.

mortals, yet nothing is more obscure to men than [their own] mind.

# VII. TO NEPTUNE.

HEAR, O Neptune, of mighty strength, Earth-Shaker, ruling over wide and yellow<sup>10</sup> Helicon, and grant a favourable breeze, and to obtain a safe journey, to the sailors, who are the guides and pilots of the ship. And grant that I, coming to the foot of lofty-cragged Mimas, may meet with merciful and holy mortals.<sup>11</sup> And may I be avenged on the man, who having deceived my mind, injured hospitable Jove and the guests' table.

# VIII. TO THE CITY ERYTHRÆA.

HALLOWED earth, giver of all, giver of agreeable wealth, how fruitful indeed hast thou proved to some men! but to some, with whom thou wast wrathful, how disagreeable and hard a soil!

# IX. TO SAILORS.

SEA-TRAVERSING sailors, like<sup>12</sup> unto hateful fate, having a life that unhappily emulates the timid coots, reverence the deity of hospitable Jove who rules on high, for dreadful is the after-vengeance of hospitable Jove [upon] whoever offends.<sup>13</sup>

# X. TO A PINE.

ANOTHER tree sends forth better fruit than thou, O Pine, on the heights of many-recessed, wind-swept Ida. There shall

<sup>10</sup> But read *Ζαθείου* *divine*, with Hermann.

<sup>11</sup> *αἰδοίων—δυσίωντε*. Hermann.

<sup>12</sup> One would expect some other word like "exposed to," "oppressed by." But perhaps the phrase may be understood from *δύσζηλον* in the next line.

<sup>13</sup> After this epigram, Hermann has elicited the following distich from the prose of the *Life of Homer*.

Ἕμέας, ὃ ξείνοι, ἄνεμος λάβεν ἀντίος ἰλθών,  
ἀλλ' ἐπι νῦν δέξασθε, καὶ ὁ πλοῦς ἴσσεται ἕμιν.

the sword of Mars fall upon earthly men, when the Cebribian men possess it.

#### XI. TO GLAUCUS.

GLAUCUS, overseer of herds, what word shall<sup>14</sup> I suggest to thy mind? First indeed give the supper to thy dogs before the gates of the hall; for thus it is better, since the dog first perceives when a man is coming, or a beast entering the enclosure.<sup>15</sup>

#### XII. ON THE SAMIAN PRIESTESS.

HEAR me praying, O Apollo,<sup>16</sup> and grant that this woman may reject the love and nuptials of the youths, but let her be delighted with hoary-headed sages, whose vigour indeed is blunted, but [whose] mind is eager.<sup>17</sup>

#### XIII. TO THE HOUSE OF THE PHRATRIES.

CHILDREN indeed are the glory of a man, but fortifications, of a city; and houses are the glory of the plain, but ships, of the sea. And money increases a house, but august kings, when they sit in the council, are a glory to each other<sup>18</sup> to behold. But a house is much more honourable to behold than blazing fire, in the winter-time, when the son of Saturn snows.

<sup>14</sup> Read *ἔπος τι τοι ἐν φρεσὶ θήσω*, with Hermann.

<sup>15</sup> i. e. they will keep off all comers.

<sup>16</sup> "*Κουροτρόφος* Apollo dicebatur, cui adolescentes capillos primum attondebant." Lilius Gyrald. Syntagm. 7. p. 222. It was an epithet of several of the gods. Cf. Spanh. on Callim. in Del. 2; Alberti on Hesych. t. ii. p. 334; Lindenberg. on Censorin. de Die Nat. § 1. Chapman has utterly mistaken the meaning.

<sup>17</sup> "Whose powers are passing coy; whose wills would fain."

Chapman.

<sup>18</sup> I prefer, however, *κόσμος λαοῖσιν*, with Ruhnken.

XIV. THE FURNACE, OR THE POT.<sup>10</sup>

If ye will give payment, I will sing, O potters. Come hither, Minerva, and uplift thy hand in defence of the furnace. But may the cups blacken well,<sup>20</sup> and all the vessels be well baked, and fetch a good price, many being sold in the market-place, and many in the streets, and may they gain much, †but we are friendly to them.†<sup>21</sup> But if, turning to shamelessness, ye tell falsehoods,<sup>22</sup> I will then call together the destroyers of the pot, Syntrips,<sup>23</sup> and Smaragus, and Asbetus, and Sabactes, and Omodamus, who bring many ills upon this art. Destroy the furnace<sup>24</sup> and the dwelling, and let the whole furnace be thrown into confusion, while the pots shriek loudly. As the horse's cheek snorts, so may the furnace snort, making all the vessels ashes within it. Hither also, daughter of the Sun, Circe of many spells, bring cruel drugs, and injure them and their works. And hither also let Chiron lead his many centaurs, both those who escaped the hands of Hercules, and who perished. Let them be evilly beaten for these works, and let the furnace fall, and themselves wailing behold the evil deeds. But I will rejoice, beholding their unhappy art. But whoever shall look too closely, may all his face be scorched with fire, that all may learn to do what is right.

## XV. THE OLIVE BRANCH.

We approach the house of a man who possesses great power, who has great influence, and is ever very haughty in his wealth.<sup>25</sup> Ye gates, open of yourselves, for much wealth enters, and with wealth also flourishing joy, and agreeable peace. But may all the vessels, as many as there are, be

<sup>10</sup> The poet is supposed to be called in by potters, to give them a song.

<sup>20</sup> But see Ernesti.

<sup>21</sup> So Ernesti. I can make nothing either of this line, or of the conjectures upon it.

<sup>22</sup> i. e. try to cheat me of my reward.

<sup>23</sup> These names might characteristically be rendered, "Smasher, Crasher," &c.

<sup>24</sup> I read *πυρραΐθουσιν*. See Hermann.

<sup>25</sup> Probably a spurious line, as Ernesti thinks.

full, and do thou, fire, ever approach the kneading-trough, that there may be a barley cake, of goodly appearance,<sup>26</sup> mixed with sesame. But the wife of your son shall be carried in a chariot, and stamping-footed mules shall lead her to this dwelling. But may she herself, seated on amber, weave a web. I will return, I will return every year, like a swallow. I stand at the vestibule, †and if thou wilt give aught; but if not, I will not stand still, for we have not come to live here.†<sup>27</sup>

## XVI. TO FISHERMEN.

FOR from the blood of such fathers are ye descended [as are] neither rich in lands, nor feeding countless flocks.

XVII. MARGITES.<sup>28</sup>

MANY things he knew, but ill he knew them all.

Him the gods had made neither a digger nor a ploughman, nor otherwise wise in aught; but he failed in every art.

<sup>26</sup> See Hermann's notes.

<sup>27</sup> This epigram is so hopelessly corrupt, that I can only refer the reader to the notes of Barnes and Hermann.

<sup>28</sup> See Coleridge, p. 276, sq.

THE END.



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