

Alive and well the shores of Ceta's land.
 Come, come! The trouble lasts not one whole day:
 Take heart; receive me; put me where thou wilt,
 In hold, or stern, or stem, where least of all
 I should molest my fellow-passengers.
 Ah, by great Zeus, the suppliant's god, consent;
 I pray thee, hearken. On my knees I beg,
 Lame though I be and powerless in my limbs.
 Nay, leave me not thus desolate, away
 From every human footstep. Bring me safe,
 Or to my home, or where Chalkodon holds
 His seat in fair Eubœa: thence the sail
 To Ceta and the ridge of Trachis steep,
 And fair Sperchios is not far for me,
 That thou mayest show me to my father dear,
 Of whom long since I've feared that he perchance
 Has passed away. For many messages
 I sent to him by those who hither came,
 Yea, suppliant prayers that he would hither send,
 Himself, to fetch me home. But either he
 Is dead, or else, as happens oft with men
 Who errands take, they holding me, 'twould seem,
 In slight account, pushed on their homeward voyage.
 But now, for here I come to thee as one
 At once my escort and my messenger,
 Be thou my helper, my deliverer thou,
 Seeing all things full of fear and perilous chance,
 Or to fare well, or fall in evil case;
 And one that's free from sorrow should look out
 For coming dangers, and, when most at ease,
 Should then keep wariest watch upon his life,
 Lest unawares he perish utterly.

Neop. If it please you, let us sail at once.
 And let him, too, be quick to start with us;
 Our ship will take him, will not say him nay.

This only pray I, that the gods may bring us
 From this land safe to where we seek to sail.

Philoctetes then asks Neoptolemos to go to his cave with him for the purpose of getting some herbs that he uses to soothe the pain of his wound. He also looks about to see if, through neglect, he has dropped one of his precious arrows where it might afterwards be found by some stranger, and, as he comes out with his bow in his hand, Neoptolemos asks him if that is the far-famed bow.

Phil. This, and none other hold I in my hands.

Neop. And may I have a nearer view of it?
 And hold it, and salute it as a god?

Phil. Thou shalt have this, my son, and if aught else
 Of mine shalt please thee, that, too, shalt be thine.

Neop. I wish and long, and yet my wish stands thus:
 I fain would, were it right; if not, refuse.

Phil. Thou askest but thy due, and it is right,
 My son, who only giv'st me to behold
 The light of day, and yon Cetaean shore,
 My aged father, and my friends, — whose arm,
 When I was trodden down, has raised me up
 Above my foes. Take heart: it shall be thine
 To touch them, yea, and give them back to me,
 And boast that thou, alone of all that live,
 Hast, for thy virtue's sake, laid hands on them:
 For I, too, gained them by good deeds I did.

Neop. I grieve not now to see thee as a friend
 And take thee with me, for a man that knows,
 Receiving good, to render good again,
 Would be a friend worth more than lands or goods;
 Go thou within.

Phil. And I will take thee, too :
My ailment makes me crave to have thy help.

* * * * *

As they enter the cavern a paroxysm of pain comes upon Philoctetes; but before he is completely exhausted by it, he implores Neoptolemos not to desert him. Neoptolemos gives him the deepest sympathy, and asks what he shall do to help him.

Neop. Dost thou then wish
That I should hold thee, touch thee?

Phil. Nay, not so :
But take my bow and arrows, which but now
Thou asked'st for, and keep them till the force
Of the sharp pain be spent ; yea, guard them well,
For slumber takes me, when this evil ends ;
Nor can it cease before : but thou must leave me
To sleep in peace ; and should they come meanwhile,
Of whom we heard, by all the gods, I charge thee,
Nor with thy will, nor yet against it, give
These things to them, by any art entrapped,
Lest thou should'st deal destruction on thyself,
And me who am thy suppliant.

Neop. Take good heart,
If forethought can avail. To none but thee
And me shall they be given. Hand them me,
And good luck come with them !

Phil. (*Giving his bow and arrows to Neoptolemos.*)
Lo there, my son !
Receive thou them, but first adore the Power
Whose name is Jealousy, that they may prove
To thee less full of trouble than they were
To me, and him who owned them ere I owned.

* * * * *

The sufferings of Philoctetes become so intense that he prays for death, but when the agony is over he falls asleep, and seems like one dead.

Neoptolemos has the bow and arrows in his possession, and might take them to Odysseus, claiming that the work he had undertaken was accomplished, but he begins to realize that unless he brings Philoctetes also, the weapons will be of no avail, so he patiently awaits the awakening of the sufferer. When Philoctetes, waking, finds Neoptolemos still with him, he expresses great surprise, and his confidence in this late-found friend is redoubled. Neoptolemos begins to feel the stings of conscience when he sees that he has accomplished all that he was instructed to do, by deceit. He repents, and at last tells Philoctetes the truth, that he will take him not to the home that he so longs to see, but back to Troy, where he will be shown to the Argive host, and the oracle will be fulfilled. Philoctetes exclaims that he is lost, betrayed, and more wretched than before, but he demands the return of his bow and arrows. Neoptolemos refuses to give them up, and while this exciting conversation is going on Odysseus comes to them. As soon as Philoctetes recognizes him, he determines to throw himself over the cliff into the sea, but Odysseus orders the sailors to hold him fast. They seize him, and bind his hands behind his back. Addressing Odysseus, Philoctetes exclaims :—

O hands ! What shame ye suffer lacking now
The bow-string that ye loved so well, and thus
Made prisoners by this man ! O thou, whose soul

Has never known a generous, healthy thought,
 How hast thou tricked me, ta'en me in a snare,
 Putting this boy I knew not as thy blind,
 Who nothing knew except to do his task :
 And, clearly, now he grieves, sore vexed at heart,
 At all his faults, at all my sufferings.
 But thy base soul, that ever peeps and spies
 Through chinks and crannies, taught him but too well,
 Guileless and all unwilling as he was,
 The subtlety of fraud. Perdition seize thee !
 And now why take ye me? Why drag me off?
 What aim have ye in this? How if I should sail,
 Could ye unto the gods burn sacrifice,
 Or pour libation? 'Twas on that pretence
 Ye cast me forth. Perdition seize you all !
 O my fatherland, and all ye gods who look on me, avenge,
 Avenge me on them all in time to come,
 If ye have pity on me.

Odys. Ho, leave him there !

Lay no hand on him ; let him here remain.
 With these thine arms we have no need of thee :
 Teucros is with us, skilled in this thine art ;
 And I, too, boast that I, not less than thou,
 This bow can handle, with my hand shoot straight ;
 What need we thee? In Lemnos walk at will ;
 And let us go. And they perchance will give
 As prize to me what rightly thou might'st claim.

Odysseus tells Neoptolemos to go also without looking at Philoctetes, for fear he will ruin the success they have gained by his sympathy. Philoctetes gives vent to his misery and despair, for without his bow and arrows he will not be able to supply himself with food. He begs the followers of Neoptolemos to give him a

sword or an axe, or any other weapon with which he may destroy himself. While he is eagerly talking to them, Neoptolemos and Odysseus return. Neoptolemos has repented of the deceit that he practised on Philoctetes, and in spite of Odysseus he returns the bow and arrows to Philoctetes.

Neoptolemos then tells him the whole story of the prophecy in regard to the taking of Troy by means of the darts which only Philoctetes can shoot from his magic bow. He also assures him that he can be healed of his wound by going with them of his own free will and putting himself under the care of the son of Asclepios, Machaon, the great surgeon of the Grecian army.

Philoctetes pleads to be taken to his own country instead of to Troy, and Neoptolemos finally consents to take him there in his ship. Just as they are ready to start Heracles appears, descending from the sky, in glory. He bids them not to go until they hear his words, and after convincing Philoctetes that it is the voice of Heracles that speaks, he says :—

List thou to these my words :
 Going with this youth to Troia's town,
 First thou shalt respite find from thy sore plague,
 And for thy valor chosen from the host,
 Shalt with my arrows take away the life
 Of Paris, who was cause of all these ills,
 And shalt sack Troia, and shalt send its spoils
 To thine own dwelling (gaining highest prize
 Of valor in the army) by the plains

Of Ceta, where thy Pœas dwells.
 And all the spoils thou gainest in this war,
 As true thank-offerings for these darts of mine,
 Lay thou upon my grave. (*To Neoptolemos.*) And now to thee.
 Achilles' son, I this declare ; — nor thou
 Apart from him, nor he apart from thee,
 May Troia take. But ye as lions twain
 That roam together, guard thou him, he thee.

(*To Philoctetes.*) And I will send as healer of thy wounds,
 Asclepios to Ilion. Yet once more
 By this my bow must it be captured. Then
 (Give heed to this) when ye the land lay waste,
 Shew all religious reverence to the gods ;
 For all things else our father Zeus counts less.
 [Religion e'en in death abides with men ;
 Die they or live, it does not pass away].

* * * * *

Philoctetes no longer objects to returning to Troy.
 He says a few words of farewell to his island-home ;
 then, with Neoptolemos and the sailors, praying to the
 sea-nymphs for protection, they all embark for the voy-
 age to Troy.

* * * * *

Discuss with your class this question : — Is your sense of justice to all
 the characters in this play satisfied with the way it ends ?
 Compare the island-home of Philoctetes with that of Robinson Crusoe ;
 of Enoch Arden ; of Alexander Selkirk.
 Which of all these stories appeals most strongly to your sympathies ?

Among the many adventures met with by Ulysses,
 while returning from Troy to his native land, his visit
 with his companions to the land of the Lotos-eaters
 seems to possess a peculiar charm for modern writers,

and allusions to it are frequent. Tennyson's version of
 the fascinating story, found among his early poems,
 appears below.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

From the "Odyssey," Book IX. — BRYANT'S TRANS.

On the tenth day we reached the land where dwell
 The Lotos-eaters, men whose food is flowers.
 We landed on the mainland, and our crews
 Near the fleet galleys took their evening meal.
 And when we all had eaten and had drunk,
 I sent explorers forth — two chosen men,
 A herald was the third — to learn what race
 Of mortals nourished by the fruits of earth
 Possessed the land. They went and found themselves
 Among the Lotos-eaters soon, who used
 No violence against their lives, but gave
 Into their hands the lotos plant to taste.
 Whoever tasted once of that sweet food
 Wished not to see his native country more,
 Nor give his friends the knowledge of his fate.
 And then my messengers desired to dwell
 Among the Lotos-eaters, and to feed
 Upon the lotos, never to return.
 By force I led them weeping to the fleet,
 And bound them in the hollow ships beneath
 The benches. Then I ordered all the rest
 Of my beloved comrades to embark
 In haste, lest, tasting of the lotos, they
 Should think no more of home. All straightway went
 On board, and on the benches took their place,
 And smote the hoary ocean with their oars.

* * * * *

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

TENNYSON.

I.

"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
 "This mounting wave will bear us shoreward soon."
 In the afternoon they came unto a land
 In which it seeméd always afternoon.
 All round the coast the fragrant air did swoon;
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream;
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream,
 Along the cliff, to fall and pause and fall, did seem.

II.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
 And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
 Rolling a sheen of slumbrous foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river onward flow
 From the inner land: far off three mountain-tops,
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flushed, and, dewed with showery drops,
 Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

III.

The charméd sunset lingered low adown
 In the red West: through mountain clefts the dale
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
 Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale;
 A land where all things always seemed the same.
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came,

IV.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
 Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
 And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

V.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Before the sun and moon upon the shore;
 And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,
 Of child and wife and slave; but evermore
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
 Then some one said, "We will return no more";
 And all at once they sang, "Our island home
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG.

I.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
 Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
 Or night-dews on still waters between walls
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
 Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
 Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
 Here are cool mosses deep,
 And through the moss the ivies creep,

And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

2.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

3.

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

4.

Hateful is the dark blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

5.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

6.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives,
 And their warm tears ; but all hath suffer'd change ;
 For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us ; our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle ?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The gods are hard to reconcile ;
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There is confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labor unto aged breath,
 Sore tasks to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

7.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelids still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill.
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the dark-twined vine —
 To watch the emerald-color'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

8.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone :
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is
 blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard when the surge was
 seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the
 sea.
 Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind
 In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :
 Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
 Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deep and
 fiery sands,
 Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and
 praying hands.
 But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
 Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong ;
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
 Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil ;
 Till they perish and they suffer — some, 'tis whisper'd, down
 in hell
 Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
 Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore

Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar ;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ULYSSES.

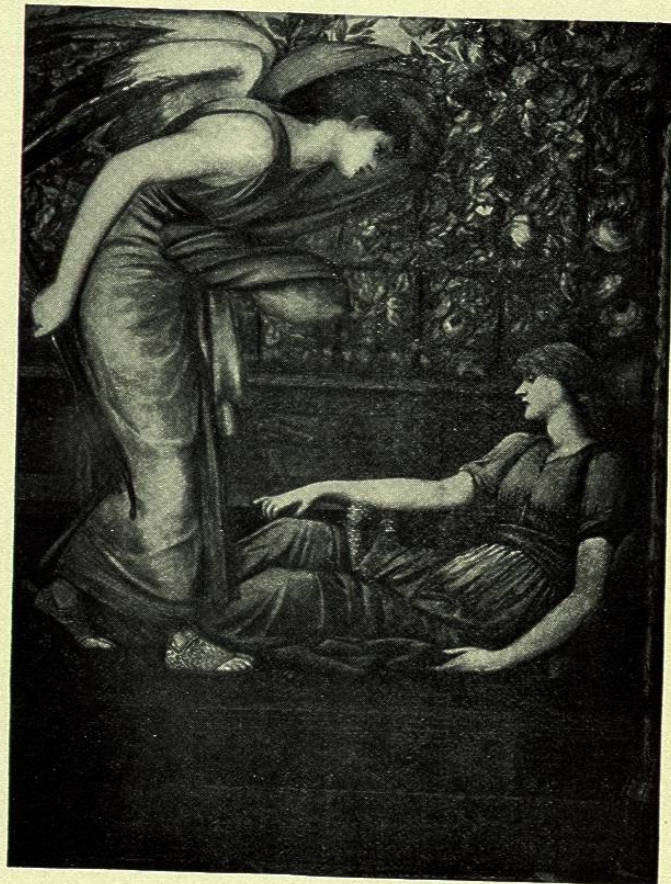
TENNYSON.

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel ; I will drink
Life to the lees ; all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all ;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains : but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things ; and vile it were

For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port : the vessel puffs her sail :
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old ;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles

And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides : and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Students are referred to "The Adventures of Ulysses," by Charles Lamb, told in inimitable prose; to "The Story of Ulysses," by Alfred J. Church; and to a humorous poem called "Polyphemus and Ulysses," by John G. Saxe.



"The young, unawakened maid lies by the rose-trellis, under the eyes of the conquering but now conquered god."