

" We hear the sea's stupendous roar,
 And broken voices on the shore ;
 The waters from the deep upboil,
 And surf and sand the depth turmoil.
 ' Charybdis ! ' cries my sire, ' behold
 The rocks that Helēnus foretold !
 Haste, haste, my friends, together ply
 Your oars, and from destruction fly.'
 So said, so done : each heeds and hears :
 First Palinure to southward steers,
 And southward, southward all the rest
 With sail and oar their flight addressed.
 Now to the sky mounts up the ship,
 Now to the very shades we dip.
 ' Thrice in the depth we feel the shock
 Of billows thundering on the rock ;
 Thrice see the spray upheaved in mist,
 And dewy stars by foam-drops kissed.
 At last, bereft of wind and sun,
 Upon the Cyclops' shore we run."

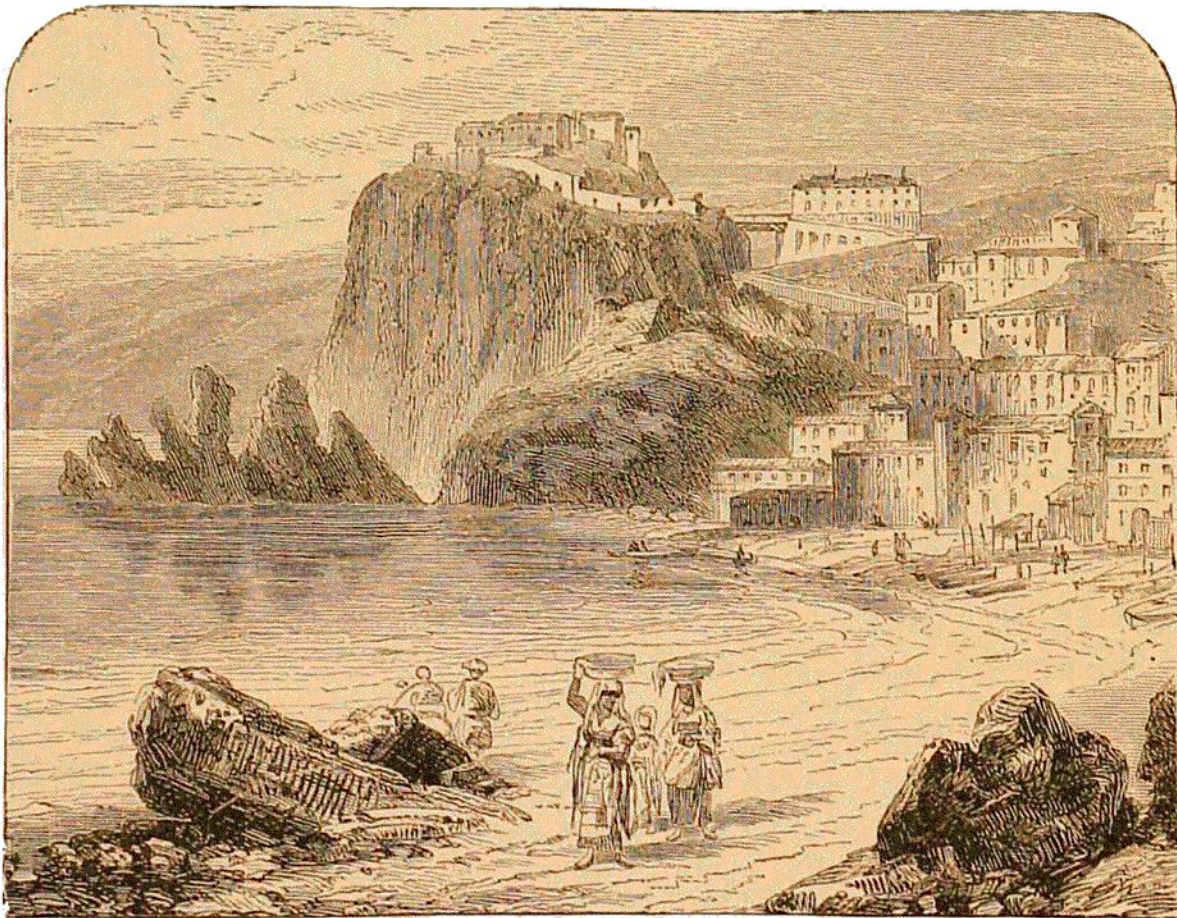


FIG. 221.—VIEW OF SCYLLA, IN THE STRAIT OF MESSINA.

A modern poet, Dante, also makes reference to it :—

" Come fa l'onda là sovra Cariddie,
 Che si frange con quella in cui s'intoppa,
 Cosè convien che qui la gente riddi."*

* [Dante, " Inferno." vii. 22.]